

# WATFORD FESTIVAL SET POETRY 2026

## **S0 – RECEPTION YEAR & UNDER**

### ***Cat Kisses***

Sandpaper kisses  
on a cheek or a chin -  
that is the way  
for a day to begin!

Sandpaper kisses -  
a cuddle, a purr.  
I have an alarm clock  
that's covered with fur.

***Bobbi Katz***

### ***My Den***

With a cardboard crate  
and an empty sack,  
a broken buggy  
and a plastic mac,  
  
down in my garden  
under the tree,  
I've built a home  
and it's just for me.

***Tony Mitton***

### ***That's What You Think!***

I made a model dinosaur.  
'My name's T. Rex,' it said.  
I ran to tell our teacher.  
She laughed and shook her head.

'You must have been day-dreaming.  
Models can't talk,' she said.

'That's what you think!' growled a voice.  
Our teacher screamed and fled!

***Doreen Dean***

## **S1 – SCHOOL YEAR 1**

### ***The Flood***

When Paula left the tap on,  
She flooded the whole school.  
The classroom was a lake.  
The hall was a swimming-pool!

Gopal floated paper boats.  
Joanna splashed about.  
The head was in a temper.  
You should have heard her shout!

I had a water fight  
With Mary, James and Paul.  
That's why we spend our playtimes  
Sitting in the hall.

***Charles Thomson and John Foster***

### ***Let's Send a Rocket***

Ten, nine, eight...  
Seven, six, five ...

We'll send up a rocket,  
And it will be *live*.

Five, four, three...  
It's ready to zoom!

We're counting each second,  
And soon it will boom!

Get ready for... two;  
Get ready to go...

It's two -and it's - one-  
We're OFF! It's ZERO!

***Kit Patrickson***

### ***The Unicorn***

Before the rivers and the seas,  
Before the meadows and the trees,  
Before the sunset and the dawn,  
The unicorn was born.

With silver mane and coat of white  
And hooves as black as the blackest night,  
With gentle eyes and twisted horn,  
The unicorn was born.

***Gervase Phinn***

## **S2 – SCHOOL YEAR 2**

### ***The Rooks***

The rooks are building on the trees;  
They build there every spring:  
'Caw, caw,' is all they say,  
For none of them can sing.  
They're up before the break of day,  
And up till late at night;  
For they must labour busily  
As long as it is light.  
And many a crooked stick they bring,  
And many a slender twig,  
And many a tuft of moss, until  
Their nests are round and big.  
'Caw, caw.' Oh, what a noise  
They make in rainy weather!  
Good children always speak by turns,  
But rooks all talk together.

***Jane Euphemia Browne***

### ***The Wind***

I can get through a doorway without any key,  
And strip the leaves from the great oak tree.  
I can drive storm clouds and shake tall towers,  
Or steal through a garden and not wake the flowers.  
Seas I can move and ships I can sink;  
I can carry a house-top or the scent of a pink.  
When I am angry I can rave and riot;  
And when I am spent, I lie quiet as quiet.

***James Reeves***

### ***Can't Wait***

Not having much fun  
At One.  
In a cage (like a zoo)  
At Two.  
Scraping a knee  
At Three.  
Ever asking for more  
At Four.  
Busy bee in a hive  
At Five.  
Playing war with sticks  
At Six.  
Running is heaven  
At Seven.  
I can't wait  
To be Eight.

***John Kitching***

## **S3 – SCHOOL YEAR 3**

### ***Cat***

My cat has got no name,  
We simply call him Cat;  
He doesn't seem to blame  
Anyone for that.

For he is not like us  
Who often, I'm afraid,  
Kick up quite a fuss  
If *our* names are mislaid.

As if, without a name,  
We'd be no longer there  
But like a tiny flame  
Vanish in bright air.

My pet, he doesn't care  
About such things as that:  
Black buzz and golden stare  
Require no name but Cat.

***Vernon Scannell***

### ***Chair Boy***

Mavis Thompson's Mary,  
Julian's a king,  
Geoffrey Jones is Joseph  
but I'm not anything.

Last year I was a palm tree,  
the year before a goat  
and when I was in playgroup  
I wore a shepherd's coat.

But now I am a junior  
and cannot learn by heart,  
I'll always be a chair boy  
and I'll never get a part.

I'll never be a wise man  
an inn man  
or a sage ...  
But I'll always be important  
in a place that's called  
backstage.

***Peter Dixon***

### ***Four O'Clock Friday***

Four o'clock Friday, I'm home at last,  
Time to forget the week that's past.  
On Monday, in break they stole my ball  
And threw it over the playground wall.  
On Tuesday afternoon, in games  
They threw mud at me and called me names.  
On Wednesday, they trampled my books on the floor,  
So Miss kept me in because I swore.  
On Thursday, they laughed after the test  
'Cause my marks were lower than the rest.  
Four o'clock Friday, at last I'm free,  
For two whole days they can't get at me.

***John Foster***

## **S4 – SCHOOL YEAR 4**

### ***Spells***

I crackle and spit. I lick and leap higher.  
This is the spell of the raging fire.

I clasp and I grasp. I grip in a vice.  
This is the spell of torturing ice.

I claw and I scratch. I screech and I wail.  
This is the spell of the howling gale.

I clash and I crash. I rip asunder.  
This is the spell of booming thunder.

I whisper. I stroke. I tickle the trees.  
This is the spell of the evening breeze.

I slither. I slide. I drift and I dream.  
This is the spell of the murmuring stream.

***John Foster***

### ***Questions***

Do trains get tired of running  
And woodworms tired of holes  
Do tunnels tire of darkness  
And stones of being so old?

Do shadows tire of sunshine  
And puddles tire of rain?  
And footballs tire of kicking  
Does Peter tire of Jane?

Does water tire of spilling  
And fires of being too hot  
And smells get tired of smelling  
And chickenpox - of spots?

I do not know the answers  
I'll ask them all one day ...  
But I get tired of reading  
And I've done enough today.

***Peter Dixon***

### ***Ears***

Have you thought to give three cheers  
For the usefulness of ears?  
Ears will often spring surprises  
Coming in such different sizes.  
Ears are crinkled, even folded.  
Ears turn pink when you are scolded.  
Ears can have the oddest habits  
Standing rather straight on rabbits.  
Ears are little tape-recorders  
Catching all the family orders.  
Words, according to your mother,  
Go in one and out the other.  
Each side of your head you'll find them.  
Don't forget to wash behind them.  
Precious little thanks they'll earn you  
Hearing things that don't concern you.

***Max Fatchen***

## **S5 – SCHOOL YEAR 5**

### ***The Boy Who Dropped Litter***

ANTHONY WRIGGLY  
SHAME ON YOU!  
screeched the teacher  
as she spotted him  
scrunching up his crisp packet  
and dropping it carefully  
on to the pavement outside school.

'If everyone went around  
dropping crisp packets like you do  
where would we be?'

(Anthony didn't know, so she told him)

'We'd be wading waist-high in crisp packets,  
that's where!'

Anthony was silent.  
He hung his head.

It looked to the teacher  
as if he was very sorry.

When in fact he was trying to calculate  
just how many packets it would take  
to bring Basildon to a complete standstill.

***Lindsay MacRae***

### ***Hide and Seek***

The trees are tall, but the moon small,  
My legs feel rather weak,  
For Avis, Mavis and Tom Clarke  
Are hiding somewhere in the dark  
And it's my turn to seek.

Suppose they lay a trap and play  
A trick to frighten me?  
Suppose they plan to disappear  
And leave me here, half-dead with fear,  
Groping from tree to tree?

Alone, alone, all on my own  
And then perhaps to find  
Not Avis, Mavis and young Tom  
But monsters to run shrieking from,  
Mad monsters of no kind?

***Robert Graves***

### ***Greedy Dog***

This dog will eat anything.

Apple cores and bacon fat,  
Milk you poured out for the cat.  
He likes the string that ties the roast  
And relishes hot buttered toast.  
Hide your chocolates! He's a thief,  
He'll even eat your handkerchief.  
And if you don't like sudden shocks,  
Carefully conceal your socks.  
Leave some soup without a lid,  
And you'll wish you never did.  
When you think he must be full,  
You find him gobbling bits of wool,  
Orange peel or paper bags,  
Dusters and old cleaning rags.

This dog will eat anything,  
Except for mushrooms and cucumber.

Now what is wrong with those, I wonder?

***James Hurley***

## **S6 – SCHOOL YEAR 6**

### ***The Kite***

How bright on the blue  
Is a kite when it's new!

With a dive and a dip  
It snaps its tail

Then soars like a ship  
With only a sail

As over tides  
Of wind it rides,

Climbs to the crest  
Of a gust and pulls,

Then seems to rest  
As wind falls.

When string goes slack  
You wind it back

And run until  
A new breeze blows

And its wings fill  
And up it goes!

How bright on the blue  
Is a kite when it's new!

But a raggeder thing  
You never will see

When it flaps on a string  
In the top of a tree.

***Harry Behn***

### ***From a Railway Carriage***

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!  
Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill, and there is a river:  
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

***Robert Louis Stevenson***

### ***All Creatures***

I just can't seem to help it,  
I love creatures - great and small,  
But it's ones that others do not like  
I love the best of all.

I like creepy-crawly beetles  
And shiny black-backed bugs,  
Gnats and bats and spiders,  
And slimy fat black slugs.  
I like chirpy little crickets  
And buzzing bumblebees,  
Lice and mice and ladybirds,  
And tiny jumping fleas.  
I like wasps and ants and locusts,  
Centipedes and snails,  
Moles and voles and earwigs  
And rats with long pink tails.  
I like giant moths with dusty wings  
And maggots fat and white,  
Worms and germs and weevils,  
And fireflies in the night.

No, I just can't seem to help it,  
To me not one's a pest,  
It's ones that others do not like,  
I seem to love the best.  
So it makes it rather difficult,  
It's enough to make me cry,  
Because my job's in pest control,  
And I just couldn't hurt a fly.

***Gervase Phinn***

## **S7 – SCHOOL YEAR 7 (1 of 2)**

### ***What is Red?***

Red is a sunset  
Blazing and bright.  
Red is feeling brave  
With all your might.  
Red is a sunburn  
Spot on your nose.  
Sometimes red  
Is a red red rose.  
Red squiggles out  
When you cut your hand.  
Red is a brick  
And the sound of a band.  
Red is hotness  
You get inside  
When you're embarrassed  
And want to hide.  
Fire-cracker, fire-engine  
Fire-flicker red -  
  
And when you're angry  
Red runs through your head.  
Red is an Indian,  
A Valentine heart,  
The trimmings on  
A circus cart.  
Red is a lipstick  
Red is a shout  
Red is a signal  
That says: 'Watch out!'  
Red is a great big  
Rubber ball.  
Red is the giant-est  
Colour of all.  
Red is a show-off,  
No doubt about it -  
But can you imagine  
Living without it?

***Mary O'Neill***

### ***Alone in the Grange***

Strange,  
Strange,  
Is the little old man  
Who lives in the Grange.  
Old,  
Old;  
And they say that he keeps  
A box full of gold.  
Bowed,  
Bowed,  
Is his thin little back  
That once was so proud.  
Soft,  
Soft,  
  
Are his steps as he climbs  
The stairs to the loft.  
Black,  
Black,  
Is the old shuttered house.  
Does he sleep on a sack?  
  
They say he does magic,  
That he can cast spells,  
  
That he prowls round the garden  
Listening for bells;  
That he watches for strangers,  
Hates every soul,  
And peers with his dark eye  
Through the keyhole.  
  
I wonder, I wonder,  
As I lie in my bed,  
Whether he sleeps with his hat on his head?  
Is he really magician  
With altar of stone,  
Or a lonely old gentleman  
Left on his own?

***Gregory Harrison***



## **S7 – SCHOOL YEAR 7 (2 of 2)**

### ***Christmas Thank You's***

Dear Auntie  
Oh, what a nice jumper  
I've always adored powder blue  
and fancy you thinking of  
orange and pink  
for the stripes  
how clever of you

Dear Uncle  
The soap is  
terrific  
So  
useful  
and such a kind thought and  
how did you guess that  
I'd just used the last of  
the soap that last Christmas brought

Dear Gran  
Many thanks for the hankies  
Now I really can't wait for the flu  
and the daisies embroidered  
in red round the 'M'  
for Michael  
how  
thoughtful of you

Dear Cousin  
What socks!  
and the same sort you wear  
so you must be  
the last word in style  
and I'm certain you're right that the  
luminous green  
will make me stand out a mile

Dear Sister  
I quite understand your concern  
it's a risk sending jam in the post  
But I think I've pulled out  
all the big bits  
of glass  
so it won't taste too sharp  
spread on toast

Dear Grandad  
Don't fret  
I'm delighted  
So *don't* think your gift will  
offend  
I'm not at all hurt  
that you gave up this year  
and just sent me  
a fiver  
to spend

***Mick Gowar***

## **S8 – SCHOOL YEAR 8 (1 of 2)**

### ***Our Hamster's Life***

Our hamster's life:  
there's not much  
to it,  
not much  
to it.

He presses his pink nose  
to the door of his cage  
and decides for the fifty six  
millionth time  
that he can't get  
through it.

Our hamster's life:  
there's not much  
to it,  
not much  
to it.

It's about the most boring  
life in the world  
if he only  
knew it.  
He sleeps and he drinks and he eats.  
He eats and he drinks and he sleeps.

He slinks and he dreeps.  
He eats.

This process  
he repeats.

Our hamster's life:  
there's not much  
to it,  
not much  
to it.

You'd think it would drive him bonkers,  
going round and round on his wheel.  
It's certainly driving me bonkers,  
watching him  
do it.

But he may be thinking:  
'That boy's life,  
there's not much  
to it,  
not much  
to it:

watching a hamster go round on a wheel,  
It's driving me bonkers if he only knew it,

watching him  
watching me  
do it.'

***Kit Wright***

### ***Kenneth***

*who was too fond of bubble-gum and met an  
untimely end*

The chief defect of Kenneth Plumb  
Was chewing too much bubble-gum.  
He chewed away with all his might,  
Morning, evening, noon and night.  
Even (oh, it makes you weep)  
Blowing bubbles in his sleep.  
He simply couldn't get enough!  
His face was covered with the stuff.  
As for his teeth - oh, what a sight!  
It was a wonder he could bite.  
His loving mother and his dad  
Both remonstrated with the lad.  
Ken repaid them for the trouble  
By blowing yet another bubble.

Twas no joke. It isn't funny  
Spending all your pocket money  
On the day's supply of gum -  
Sometimes Kenny felt quite glum.  
As he grew, so did his need -  
There seemed no limit to his greed:  
At ten he often put away  
Ninety seven packs a day.

Then at last he went too far -  
Sitting in his father's car,  
Stuffing gum without a pause,  
Found that he had jammed his jaws.  
He nudged his dad and pointed to  
The mouthful that he couldn't chew.  
'Well, spit it out if you can't chew it!'  
Ken shook his head. He couldn't do it.  
Before long he began to groan -  
The gum was solid as a stone.  
Dad took him to a builder's yard;  
They couldn't help. It was too hard.  
They called a doctor and he said,  
'This silly boy will soon be dead.  
His mouth's so full of bubble-gum  
No nourishment can reach his tum.'

Remember Ken and please do not  
Go buying too much you-know-what.

***Wendy Cope***

## **S8 – SCHOOL YEAR 8 (2 of 2)**

### ***Leviathan***

There are salty sea tales,  
Of great white whales,  
And monsters of the deep.  
Of the red-eyed shark,  
Which swims in the dark,  
And never ever sleeps.  
There are octopuses,  
The size of buses,  
And a clam with a giant jaw,  
Gargantuan rays,  
Which spend their days,  
On the ocean's sandy floor.

There are mariners' yarns,  
Of fish with arms,  
And squids that can squeeze you to death.  
Of mermaids fair,  
With seaweed hair,  
That can turn you to stone with their breath.  
There are fire-breathing eels,  
And two-headed seals,  
And a crab with a giant claw,  
Pale creatures of jelly,  
That lie on their belly,  
On the ocean's sandy floor.

But such legends of old,  
Don't compare with those told,  
Of the greatest sea monster of all.  
Its long deadly tail,  
Is covered in scales,  
And its head is a fiery ball.  
The teeth sharp and white,  
Have a venomous bite,  
And it utters a deafening roar.  
The huge eyes they glow,  
As it drags you below,  
To the ocean's sandy floor.

***Gervase Phinn***

## **S9 – SCHOOL YEARS 9 & 10 (1 of 2)**

### ***The Ghost Train***

The station is no longer used,  
The platform's sprouting grass,  
The waiting-room's deserted,  
And full of broken glass.

The signal box is empty,  
The tracks are red with rust,  
The Station Master's Office  
Is locked and filled with dust.

But at the stroke of midnight,  
When all is dark and still,  
You might hear a train approaching,  
Rumbling up the hill.

You might see the clouds of billowing smoke,  
Like phantoms in the night.  
You might hear the piercing whistle,  
As a dark shape looms in sight.

You might smell the oily engine,  
And hear the clickety-clack,  
As through the tunnel comes the train,  
Travelling up the track.

No one knows from where it comes,  
Nor where's its destination,  
But the air is colder than the grave,  
When it pulls into the station.

The engine seems to whisper,  
As the coach doors open wide:  
'The journey is about to start,  
Why don't you step inside?'

Do not listen to the whispers,  
Do not clamber on the train,  
I'm warning you, those that do  
Are never seen again.

So, at the stroke of midnight,  
When all is dark and still,  
Stay close to home and do not roam  
To the station on the hill.

***Gervase Phinn***

### ***Moth***

Drawn by the eyeless glitter of a lamp  
A slickwinged silver moth got in  
My midnight study and ran quick  
Around the switches of a radio.

Antennae searched the compact powerpacks  
And built-in aerials, feet on metal paused  
At words like METER-SELECT, MINIMUM-MAX  
TUNER, VOLUME, TONE -  
Licked up shortwave stations onto neat  
Click-buttons with precision feet.

Unable to let go the next examination  
My own small private moth seemed all  
Transistor-drunk on fellow-feeling,  
A voluptuous discovery pulled  
From some far bigger life.

A thin and minuscule antenna  
Felt memory back-threading as it crawled  
Familiar mechanism, remembering an instrument  
Once known and cherished in its world,  
Forgotten but still loved for old-time's sake.

I switched the wireless on, and the moth  
To prove it had a better bargain  
Mocked me with open wings and circled the light,  
Making its own theatre, which debased all music.

***Alan Sillitoe***

## **S9 – SCHOOL YEARS 9 & 10 (2 of 2)**

### ***My Sister Betty***

My sister Betty said,  
I'm going to be a famous actress.'  
Last year she was going to be a missionary.  
'Famous actresses always look unhappy but beautiful,'  
She said pulling her mouth sideways  
And making her eyes turn upwards  
So they were mostly white.  
'Do I look unhappy but beautiful?'  
'I want to go to bed and read,' I said.  
'Famous actresses suffer and have hysterics,' she said.  
'I've been practising my hysterics.'  
She began going very red and screaming  
So that it hurt my ears.  
She hit herself on the head with her fists  
And rolled off my bed onto the lino.  
I stood by the wardrobe where it was safer.  
She got up saying, 'Thank you, thank you,'  
And bowed to the four corners of my bedroom.  
'Would you like an encore of hysterics?' she asked.  
'No,' I said from inside the wardrobe.  
There was fluff all over her vest.  
'If you don't clap enthusiastically,' she said,  
'I'll put your light out when you're reading.'  
While I clapped a bit  
She bowed and shouted, 'More, more.'  
My mother shouted upstairs,  
'Go to bed and stop teasing, Betty.'  
'The best thing about being a famous actress,' Betty said,  
'Is that you die a lot.'  
She fell to the floor with a crash  
And lay there for an hour and a half  
With her eyes staring at the ceiling.  
She only went away when I said,  
'You really look like a famous actress.'  
  
When I got into bed and started reading  
She came and switched off my light.  
It's not much fun  
Having a famous actress for a sister.

***Gareth Owen***

***For Old Times' Sake: a Tree Speaks***

I live out my life  
in these widening rings  
like a thrown stone's ripples  
from the centre of things.

I grew with each year  
in sunshine and dark;  
each ripple expanded  
my long coat of bark.

How small my beginnings,  
the seed of my heart -  
but growing and flowing  
with life from the start.

So many bird songs  
are caught in my grooves,  
and voices, and laughter,  
and wild horses' hooves!

I once hid a king  
and a highwayman bold;  
I've seen thousands of seasons  
but don't feel that old.

In winter I'm leafless,  
my heart's in my roots.  
But when spring comes, the sun  
drives new life through my shoots.

I've been struck by the lightning,  
been battered by gales;  
but through rain, snow and tempest  
my faith never fails.

It may be this ring  
is the last I shall make,  
but I keep the rings turning -  
for old times' sake.

***James Kirkup***

***The Fawn in the Snow***

The brown-dappled fawn  
Bereft of the doe  
Shivers in blue shadow  
Of the glaring snow,

His whole world bright  
As a jewel, and hard,  
Diamond white,  
Turquoise barred.

The trees are black,  
Their needles gold,  
Their boughs crack  
In the keen cold.

The brown-dappled fawn  
Bereft of the doe  
Trembles and shudders  
At the bright snow.

The air whets  
The warm throat,  
The frost frets  
At the smooth coat.

Brown agate eyes  
Opened round  
Agonize  
At the cold ground,

At the cold heaven  
Enamelled pale,  
At the earth shriven  
By the snowy gale,

At magic glitter  
Burning to blind,  
At beauty bitter  
As an almond rind.

Fawn, fawn,  
Seek for your south,  
For kind dawn  
With her cool mouth,

For green sod  
With gold and blue  
Dappled, as God  
Has dappled you,...

The shivering fawn  
Paws at the snow.  
South and dawn  
Lie below;

Richness and mirth,  
Dearth forgiven,  
A happy earth,  
A warm heaven.

The sleet streams;  
The snow flies;  
The fawn dreams  
With wide brown eyes.

***William Rose Benét***

## **S10 – SCHOOL YEARS 11 — 13 (2 of 2)**

### ***The Legend of the Lambton Worm***

There's a very famous story  
About a serpent and a well -  
The story of the Lambton Worm,  
A story I will tell.

It happened one fine Monday  
In the forest near a lake,  
That the Lord of Lambton Castle  
Came upon a snake.

It was a tiny wriggly thing  
With a rather fishy smell,  
So the Lord of Lambton Castle  
Dropped it down a nearby well.

Then he forgot about it  
And went fighting far away,  
But the worm it grew and grew  
To be slimy, fat and grey.

One day it slithered from the well  
And, roaring like a leopard,  
It swallowed up a flock of sheep,  
The sheepdog and the shepherd.

For years and years the creature lived,  
Devouring all it saw,  
When one day brave Lord Lambton  
Came back from the war.

He put his helmet on his head  
And with his sword and shield  
He climbed up every mountain and  
He looked in every field.

Until he found the Lambton Worm  
With eyes of fiery red  
And he lifted up his great sharp sword  
And chopped off the big black head.

Then he cut it into pieces  
And he dropped it down the well  
And that was the end of the Lambton Worm  
So story-tellers tell.

***Gervase Phinn***

**S0 – Reception Year & Under**

*Cat Kisses* – Bobbi Katz  
*My Den* – Tony Mitton  
*That's What You Think!* – Doreen Dean

*Another Very First Poetry Book*  
*A Green Poetry Paintbox*  
*A Green Poetry Paintbox*

Oxford University Press, 1992  
 Oxford University Press, 1994  
 Oxford University Press, 1994

**S1 – School Year 1**

*The Flood* – Charles Thomson and John Foster  
*Let's Send a Rocket* – Kit Patrickson  
*The Unicorn* – Gervase Phinn

*A Green Poetry Paintbox*  
*A First Poetry Book*  
*Family Phantoms*

Oxford University Press, 1994  
 Oxford University Press, 1979  
 Puffin Books, 2003

**S2 – School Year 2**

*The Rooks* – Jane Euphemia Browne  
*Can't Wait* – John Kitching  
*The Wind* – James Reeves

*Of Caterpillars, Cats & Cattle*  
*A First Poetry Book*  
*A First Poetry Book*

Puffin Books, 1988  
 Oxford University Press, 1979  
 Oxford University Press, 1979

**S3 – School Year 3**

*Cat* – Vernon Scannell  
*Four O'Clock Friday* – John Foster  
*Chair Boy* – Peter Dixon

*A First Poetry Book*  
*The Works 3*  
*The Works 3*

Oxford University Press, 1979  
 Macmillan Children's Books, 2004  
 Macmillan Children's Books, 2004

**S4 – School Year 4**

*Spells* – John Foster  
*Questions* – Peter Dixon  
*Ears* – Max Fatchen

*The Works 3*  
*The Kingfisher Book of Comic Verse*  
*The Kingfisher Book of Comic Verse*

Macmillan Children's Books, 2004  
 Kingfisher, 1991  
 Kingfisher, 1991

**S5 – School Year 5**

*The Boy Who Dropped Litter* – Lindsay MacRae  
*Greedy Dog* – James Hurley  
*Hide and Seek* – Robert Graves

*The Works 3*  
*A First Poetry Book*  
*A First Poetry Book*

Macmillan Children's Books, 2004  
 Oxford University Press, 1979  
 Oxford University Press, 1979

**S6 – School Year 6**

*The Kite* – Harry Behn  
*All Creatures* – Gervase Phinn  
*From a Railway Carriage* – Robert Louis Stevenson

*A First Poetry Book*  
*The Works 3*  
*The Works 3*

Oxford University Press, 1979  
 Macmillan Children's Books, 2004  
 Macmillan Children's Books, 2004

**S7 – School Year 7**

*What is Red?* – Mary O'Neill  
*Alone in the Grange* – Gregory Harrison  
*Christmas Thank You's* – Mick Gowan

*A First Poetry Book*  
*A First Poetry Book*  
*The Kingfisher Book of Comic Verse*

Oxford University Press, 1979  
 Oxford University Press, 1979  
 Kingfisher, 1991

**S8 – School Year 8**

*Our Hamster's Life* – Kit Wright  
*Kenneth* – Wendy Cope  
*Leviathan* – Gervase Phinn

*Of Caterpillars, Cats & Cattle*  
*The Kingfisher Book of Comic Verse*  
*Family Phantoms*

Puffin Books, 1988  
 Kingfisher, 1991  
 Puffin Books, 2003

**S9 – School Years 9 & 10**

*The Ghost Train* – Gervase Phinn  
*Moth-* – Alan Sillitoe  
*My Sister Betty* – Gareth Owen

*Family Phantoms*  
*A Fourth Poetry Book*  
*A Fourth Poetry Book*

Puffin Books, 2003  
 Oxford University Press, 1982  
 Oxford University Press, 1982

**S10 – School Years 11 – 13**

*For Old Times' Sake: a Tree Speaks* – James Kirkup  
*The Fawn in the Snow* – William Rose Benét  
*The Legend of the Lambton Worm* – Gervase Phinn

*A Fourth Poetry Book*  
*Of Caterpillars, Cats & Cattle*  
*Family Phantoms*

Oxford University Press, 1982  
 Puffin Books, 1988  
 Puffin Books, 2003