

For the Stage 1 exam, children can choose ONE of the following poems:

## **MY PUPPY**

*by Debra Bertulis*

My puppy is so naughty,  
He always runs away.  
He never hears me when I call,  
Or stops when I say 'STAY!'.

The only time he listens  
And stops tearing down the street,  
Is when he hears his favourite word  
TREAT!  
TREAT!  
TREAT!!!



## **MIX A PANCAKE**

*by Christina Rossetti*

Mix a pancake,  
Stir a pancake,  
Pop it in the pan;

Fry the pancake,  
Toss the pancake –  
Catch it if you can.

For the Stage 2 exam, children can choose ONE of the following poems:

### **THE FOLK WHO LIVE IN BACKWARD TOWN**

*by Mary Ann Hoberman*

The folk who live in Backward Town  
Are inside out and upside down.

They wear their hats inside their heads  
And go to sleep beneath their beds.

They only eat the apple peeling  
And take their walks across the ceiling.



### **DID YOU EVER PLAY TAG WITH A TIGER?**

*by Leroy F. Jackson*

Did you ever play Tag with a tiger,  
Or ever play Boo with a bear?  
Did you ever put rats in the rainbarrel,  
To give poor old Granny a scare?



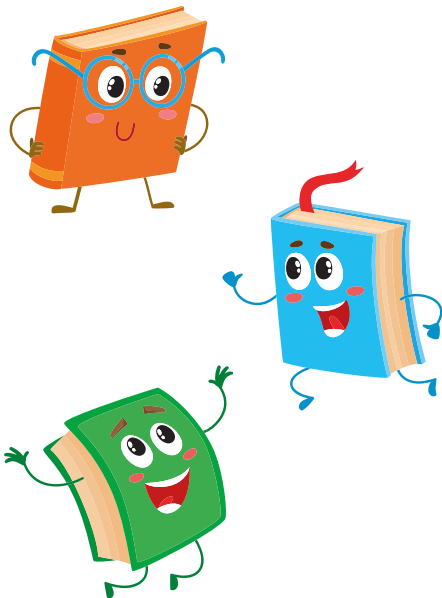
It's fun to play Tag with a tiger,  
It's fun for the bear to say "Boo",  
But if rats are found in the rain barrel,  
Old Granny will put you in too.

For the Stage 3 exam, children can choose ONE of the following poems:

## RIDDLE

by Colin West

Allow me to describe myself,  
I live upon a dusty shelf,  
With other sorts who do the same.  
I have a title to my name,  
Yet wear a jacket without sleeves.  
I'm not a plant but I have leaves.  
(It's also true I'm not a tree,  
Though that is what I used to be.)  
I'm full of words but cannot speak,  
I sometimes vanish for a week  
And then return to my dear nook.  
You've guessed it  
– I'm a library book!



## CATERPILLARS

by Brod Bagert



They came like dewdrops overnight,  
Eating every plant in sight.  
Those nasty worms with legs that crawl,  
So creepy up the garden wall.  
Green prickly fuzz to hurt and sting,  
Each unsuspecting living thing.  
How I hate them! Oh, you know,  
I'd love to squish them with my toe.  
But then I see past their disguise,  
Someday they'll all be butterflies.