

Lake Macquarie 2022 Championship Set Pieces

10 Years and Under

The Flying Lesson

Bill Condon

The temperature is taken,

The wind is measured twice.

I beg them for a parachute,

But they just give advice:

My father says to flap my wings,

My mother says to glide.

My granny says to find a cloud

And try to hitch a ride.

They push me off the tallest tree –

My wings refuse to flap.

No cloud to ride, I cannot glide –

I land in granny's lap.

I am a baby blackbird,

Whose face is awful red.

I'd like to swoop and loop the loop,

But I just crash instead.

12 Years and Under

Please Don't Call Me A Koala Bear

Don Spencer

I'm a koala not a bear
And I don't think it's fair
The way that people always add a word that isn't there
I'm a marsupial and proud of it
And there can be no doubt of it
I'm closer to a kangaroo than I am to a bear

So please don't call me a koala bear
Coz I'm not a bear at all
Please don't call me a koala bear
It's driving me up the wall
If your name was Tom
And everyone called you Dick
Perhaps you'd understand why I'm sick, sick, sick
I'm simply a koala
And I want the name to stick
So please don't call me a koala bear

I live here in Australia
In a eucalyptus tree
I'm as cuddly, cute and charming
as an animal can be
I don't understand fair dinkum
How anyone could think them
Grizzly bears and polar bears
Are anything like me

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Coz I'm not a bear at all
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If your name was Tom
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THE WEB **Joyce Trickett**

Today I saw a thing of matchless wonder,
More beautiful than music, more frightening than thunder,
Skilful beyond the foolish to believe.
I stayed to watch a long-legged spider weave
A web so delicate, so strong, so fine -
Yet deadly in its intricate design.

He spun and swung and wove for five whole hours
His citadel among the garden flowers;
From his own body came the endless thread
On which his weight he surely plummeted.

Firstly the straight bisection high to low -
Then fanned an upward arc, and planned it so
With such completeness, that a careless fly
Was captured in the first frail radii,
Was packeted and pierced and mesmerised
And sung to silent sleep, anaesthetised -
Before it had the chance to be surprised.

And if a straying, wind-tossed leaf the pattern broke,
This clever weaver mended fast each silken spoke
Lacing and interlacing old with new,
And all the while the centre stronger grew;
Until at last this lovely, circled snare,
Rhythmed and perfect hung against the air,
Invisible to flitting moth or roving bee
A symmetry of silver mesh strange enemy.

And only then the spider slept, content;
And I, who saw, may count the hours well spent.

WIND Ted Hughes

This house has been far out at sea all night,
The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills,
Winds stampeding the fields under the window
Floundering black astride and blinding wet.

Till day rose; then under an orange sky
The hills had new places, and wind wielded
Blade-light, luminous black and emerald,
Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as
The coal-house door. Once I looked up –
Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes
The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope.

The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,
At any second to bang and vanish with a flap:
The wind flung a magpie away and a black-
Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like some fine green goblet in the note
That any second would shatter it. Now deep
In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip
Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought,

Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,
And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,
Seeing the windows tremble to come in,
Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

The Way of Words and Language Elizabeth Jennings

When you are lost
Even near home, when you feel
The tide turning, a strange sea under you
And you are a pale, rubbed pebble, a sea ghost,

When you have lost
All the highways and every dimming sign-post
And the sea is far away and the moon hidden
And your watch has stopped and you have no compass
And feel to yourself like a ghost,

All this later will seem your best
Time for there will be future and memory and the tossed
Tide. Morning will come up and you will open your eyes
And see in the mirror a ghost.

But day will take you and the dawn uncover
The ribbed sand foot by foot and the first light
Will stretch over the grey water and you will know
It is no longer night

But still a time of silence and light like a shielded lamp.
Then you will shake off dreams and recover
What you know is yourself still but changed
And the new sun will come up and pass over
Your hands, your arms, your face and you will discover
A world that the night has re-arranged.

Let this time be. Let the present stay. Do not
Look back. Do not look forward. Let thought
Idle from dream into daylight, and watch, then, the coast
Climb out to dark, to grey, and then to chalk-white
Cliffs till the grey sea goes blue
And then indeed you

Are found and safe at last
And all your thought will grow
And you will unreel it, a silk thread, a long-
Travelling, moving-everywhere line
And it will gradually, as you relax it, become a song
And you will not say 'That is mine'.