

1974

Broggies on the playground : some approaches to creative writing

Churchlands Teachers College

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Edith Cowan University

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BROGGIES on the PLAYGROUND

BROGGIES ON THE PLAYGROUND

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SOME APPROACHES

TO

CREATIVE WRITING

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INTRODUCTION

This is the second booklet of children's writing — and some approaches to teaching it — to be produced by this College. Once again all the writing comes from children at the Churchlands Primary School and the lessons were taken by members of an elective group.

There are examples of work from grades four to seven.

The length of each teaching period was only half an hour so there was little opportunity for students to re-write and improve on their first efforts. However, that particular insight which seems to be the prerogative of children is evident to some extent in all the poems and passages chosen for publication. It is this honesty of observation and response that makes these works of special interest and value. Except for one lesson, there were only 6-10 children in each group, so it was pleasing to see how often worthwhile work was produced by such a small number. In printing these works, the original spelling has been maintained, unless the word was too difficult to recognize in its incorrect form. Minor changes in punctuation have also been made.

The ideas for many of the lessons come from two texts being used by the elective group — *My Machine Makes Rainbows* (1) and *Making Poetry* (2). The approaches of these books are very different so they complement each other quite effectively.

It is hoped that this booklet will be a useful source of ideas for teaching, and that the examples of children's writing may inspire more teachers to consider the value of such writing in their own classrooms.

The cover drawing is by Alan Hillier of grade 7.

Richard Rossiter
Churchlands Teachers College
September, 1974.

- (1) ed. R.D. Walshe, Reed (Sydney, 1972).
- (2) Brian S. Powell, Collier-Macmillan (Ontario, 1973).

PERSONIFICATION

Sr. Catherine Brophy

The plan for this lesson was taken from "My Machine Makes Rainbows" (p. 105)

We began by talking about some objects around us e.g. the chairs, tables, pencils etc. and how they would feel if they were people like us. We discussed how they would and would not like to be treated.

Then the children were asked to choose something they were going to personify. We continued the discussion for a few minutes in order to help those who were finding it a bit hard to begin. The majority of the group wrote fairly easily and when they could think of nothing else to write they illustrated their work.

If I were giving the lesson again I would introduce some mime as well as discussion when motivating the lesson, as about half of the group did not understand that they were to be the "thing" telling the story. Instead they wrote a story about a tree, book or table. I think some miming beforehand would have helped them to make this necessary imaginative leap to "feel" that they were the thing itself being personified.

ONE DAY I WENT TO A SHOP TO BUY A CHAIR.
IN THE SHOP I SAW A BEAUTIFUL CHAIR. IT WAS A
GRAND, BIG, FAT ONE AND I LOVED IT AND I THINK
IT LOVED ME.

IT LOOKED LIKE A QUEEN'S CHAIR. MATTER
A FACT IT WAS A QUEEN'S CHAIR. THE MAN SAID
IT WAS.

SO I WENT HOME AND MUM SAID IT WAS
LOVELY.

ARIANNE WEBB

A TREE

THERE'S A TREE OUTSIDE MY WINDOW. IT DOESN'T
LIKE ANYONE CLIMBING IT. AND SCRAPING THINGS ON IT,
IT LIKES WARM SUNSHINE AND IT LOVES PEOPLE GIVING IT
WATER. IT DOES NOT LIKE THE COLD WIND. AND DOES
NOT LIKE PEOPLE CHOPPING IT DOWN. OR PULLING ITS
LEAVES OFF. IT'S NINE YEARS OLD TOMORROW. AND
IT'S GETTING NEW LEAVES.

MAREE BOSUSTOW

A WALL

A WALL WOULD LIKE TO HAVE PICTURES STUCK ON IT
AND WALLPAPER.

A WALL WOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE PEOPLE THROWING
THINGS AT IT AND MUD ALL OVER IT.

MEGAN CONNELL

YOU BE THE TEACHER

Alison Kozuh.

The children were asked to imagine themselves as 'teacher' for the day, in their own class. The group discussed the various activities of their teacher and the general daily routine. During the discussion, the children appeared particularly motivated by the idea of being the 'dispensers of discipline' and some of the writing reflected this. During the time the children were writing, I commented on the stern discipline they were inflicting on their classmates and received the reply, 'kids need it'. To improve the format of this lesson, I suggest some form of role-playing because a number of the children did not put themselves in the position of 'teacher.'

IF MY CHILDREN HAD DONE PAGE 44 AND 45 AND IF THEY CALLED OUT, I WOULD SEND THEM IN THE QUITE CORNER AND I WOULD SAY GOOD MORNING CLASS, AND THEY WOULD SAY GOOD MORNING BACK. IF THEY DIDNT SAY GOOD MORNING THEY HAVE TO SAY IT AGAIN, AND THEN I WOULD HAVE NEWS.

SHELLEY CHADWICK

ONE DAY I CAME TO SCHOOL AND I TOLLD THE CHILDREN TO DO THE MATHS ON THE BORD, SO I WENT AND GOT A BIT OF SOMETHING TO EAT AND THEN CAME BACK, GAVE THEM SOMETHING TO DO, PUT THE HETER ON FOOLLBOR AND SAT THERE EATING THE LOLLIES I BRORT IN THE SHOPS AT PLAY-TIME. I WOULD DO BROGES ON THE PLAY-GROUND.

ROBERT ORR

THE TRAMP

Len Christie

The lesson was introduced by telling the group of pupils something that interested me on the weekend. I told them that I saw an old tramp sleeping under a tree in King's Park.

I asked them if they had seen old tramps, where they had seen them and what they looked like.

I then encouraged them to write a poem entitled 'The Tramp', stressing that it was not necessary to rhyme their poetry. I asked them if they could imagine what it would be like to live the life of a tramp and to portray this in their poem. They would do this either from the point of view of being a tramp or as an outside observer.

AN OLD TRAMP

I'M AN OLD TRAMP
 WHO LIES IN DAMP
 ALL HAIRY AND OLD
 WITH WHISKERS AND
 CLOTHES ALL RAGGED AND
 CRUMPLED AND RIPPED
 AND ALL TORN AND THAT'S
 WHAT A TRAMP IS
 ALL RAGGED AND TORN

JOHN MANERA

A TRAMP

I AM A TRAMP COLD, HUNGRY
 TIRED OF CARRYING MY CLOTHES AROUND
 LYING ON THE COLD GROUND GETTING WET
 BY THE RAIN
 THE PEOPLE GO PAST FEELING SORRY,
 BUT ALL I DO ALL DAY IS WORRY,
 ALL MY CLOTHES ARE TORN AND SOGGY,
 MY HAIR IS ALWAYS STICKING UP.

P.S. PEOPLE WANT TO BE TRAMPS
 BECAUSE THEY GET BORED OF HOME

JOHN MARINKO

A TRAMP

I WOULD HATE TO BE A TRAMP
HE WOULD HAVE OLD CLOTHES ON
AND A BAG TO CARRY THINGS IN
HE WOULD BE COLD AND WET
HE WOULD GET FUNNY REACTIONS
FROM SOME PEOPLE
ALSO HE WOULD GET KIND
REACTIONS FROM OTHERS
HE WOULD FEEL VERY AWFUL
AND HE WOULD WANT SOME
FOOD AND WATER
HE WOULD HAVE RAGGED
CLOTHES AND THEY WOULD BE
TORN AND WET

ROSS SKUTHORP

A TRAMP

IT WOULD BE HORRIBLE TO BE A TRAMP
WITH NOTHING TO EAT OR DO EXCEPT SIT
AND LIE ALL DAY LONG. COLD IT WOULD
BE. COLD. ONE DAY IT WOULD BE HOT,
NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT IN THE PARK.
HE WOULD WANT TO GROW UP AGAIN
IT WOULD BE HORRIBLE
HE WOULD WANT TO HAVE A NEW LIFE.



STUART ROCKE

A COLD MORNING

Robyn Cliff

The aim of this lesson was for the children to write about how they feel and what they see and hear when they get up on a cold winter morning.

I started the lesson by asking questions which would initiate thought on the subject, but this was not enough to motivate them. I then caught their interest by using mime. Each child mimed "getting up on a cold morning" and most of them took it seriously. Those who did produced some reasonable writing. They were able to recall such things as

"a sudden call, angry and wild,
saying to get up."

and

"my dog always barks his head off"

As that particular morning was very cold each child had recently had the experience. Because of this they were all able to relive this experience. Next time I would start the lesson with the mime and follow it up with discussion.

IN THE MORNING

WHEN I WAKE UP IN THE
MORNING I GO NEAR
THE OIL HEATER AND
SIT NEAR IT TILL
BREAKFAST IS READY.
I HAVE TOAST AND
EGGS AND SOMETIMES
I HAVE BACON AND
SOMETIMES I HAVE CEREAL.
THEN I GET READY FOR
SCHOOL BUT WHEN IT
IS RAINING I DON'T
FEEL LIKE GOING TO SCHOOL.
WHEN I GET TO SCHOOL
I STAND NEAR THE HEATER
TILL I AM WARM. THEN
I GO AND PLAY
CHASY.

ARMANDO MENEZES

MORNING

ONE DAY WHEN I WOKE UP IN THE MORNING
I TURNED ON THE RADIO FULL PELT
THEN I GOT COPPED
THEN I HAD BREAKFAST AND THEN GOT DRESSED
BUT I GO BACK TO BED
STAYING UNTIL IT IS TIME TO GO TO SCHOOL.

MICHAEL MORT

MY DOG BARKS
AND WAKES ME UP
AND IT IS HALF LIGHT
AND HALF DARK

PAUL EVERETT

A COLD MORNING

WHEN ITS A COLD MORNING I
WISH I COULD STAY IN.
WHEN MY BROTHER'S ALARM GOES
OFF I KNOW I HAVE TO GET UP.
WHEN I GET UP I GO AND
TURN THE HEATER ON SO I
CAN GET WARM.

AFTER I WENT OUTSIDE AND
GOT THE PAPER AND MILK.
IT WAS EVEN COLDER THAN
INSIDE WHEN I WENT OUTSIDE.
THEN I HAD MY BREAKFAST
AND GOT READY FOR SCHOOL

BRYN WILLIAMS

JUST GETTING UP

A COLD MORNING

A FREEZING MORNING

A SUDDEN CALL, ANGRY AND WILD

SAYING TO GET UP

THEN SOME FOOTSTEPS COMING NEAR TO ME.

BRADLEY GILLETT

I GOT UP IN THE MORNING IT WAS COLD AND CHILLY
I WISH I HAD STAYED IN BED. THE SUN GOT UP TOO
BUT IT WAS STILL COLD. MUM TURNED ON THE HEATER.
IT WAS WARM NOW, WARMER THAN BEFORE. I HAD BREAK-
FAST, FIVE PIECES OF TOAST, AND QUICK, I WENT OUTSIDE
TO GET THE PAPER AND MILK. I THEN CAME INSIDE. I
WAS GLAD BECAUSE IT WAS RAINING OUTSIDE. I THEN GOT
DRESSED FOR SCHOOL AND MUM CHECKED ME. THEN I
WALKED TO SCHOOL AND GOT THERE AT 8.00 AND GOT HOME
AT 5.00

STEVEN ALEXANDER

Seasons of the Year

Elizabeth Gorton

This creative writing lesson on seasons of the year was taken with a group of boys from Grade 5. We discussed firstly what is characteristic of each season and why we may like one in particular. I also explained to the children how seasons throughout literature are often symbolic of the phases of life - spring is youth, summer represents manhood and so on. I read sections of several poems which dealt with different seasons (from 'My Machine Makes Rainbows'), and reinforced the points of our previous discussion which involved the reasons for liking certain seasons, the characteristics of them and how they can be symbolic.

The task set for the children in the written work was to describe what their favourite season meant to them, and in doing so, let me (the reader) guess the season (without the season being mentioned in the lines). If anyone wanted to, they could bring in the symbolic nature of seasons. Each poem had to be three to four lines long so that children could make improvements by reworking or rewriting lines during the lesson.

The writer of the poem on the next page understood the symbolic nature of Spring.

NEW SHOOTS ARE GROWING,
IN THE MOUNTAINS RIVERS
ARE FLOWING.
ALL THE BABYS ARE CRYING
AND HATS FROM PEOPLE
ARE FLYING

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

WINTER

YOU SPLASH OLD LADIES ON YOUR BIKE,
YOU PUT THE CAT OUT EVERY NIGHT
YOU COUGH AND SPLUTTER IN FRONT OF
THE FIRE.

TIM SILBERT

WINTER

BLUSTERY WINDS BLOW
WHEN MAY GOES.
GUSTLY WINDS BLOW
WITH FIERCE SHOWERS.
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE.

JOHH MANERO

SOUNDS

Sr. Catherine Brophy

These lessons on sounds were taken from Brian Powell's book, "Making Poetry" and were given to a group of Grade 5 boys.

We started the first lesson with a discussion of pleasant sounds. For example, the sound of Mum and Dad returning home in the car or the sound of Mum working in the kitchen when we are lying awake in bed and feeling a little frightened. Other examples may be the door bell or the telephone ringing, meat sizzling in the frying pan etc.

The discussion was lively and nearly all the group contributed very well. They were told that the sounds had to be ones that they had actually heard and not just heard on television as some boys wanted to write about the sounds of bombs. Each child's poem began and ended with the line "I like sounds", and they were reminded that each line began with - "The sound of" so that they would not wander away from the point and begin telling about where they had heard the sounds.

They wrote easily and the results were encouraging. Some of their favourite sounds were quite unusual e.g. the "Sound of sand tipping off a truck".

The second lesson was given a week later. This time the boys were asked to pick out some of their favourite sounds of last week's lesson and explain why they liked them. In this lesson I insisted on silence once the writing had commenced as during the lesson of the previous week some boys were inclined to use the thoughts of others. Again, they wrote fairly easily and the results were very interesting.

At the end of the lesson they enjoyed having their work read to the group. They showed appreciation and commented favourably on the work of their classmates.

I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THE WILLOWS.
I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THE BIRDS WHISTLING.
I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THE LIONS ROARING.
I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THE LAUGHING PEOPLE.

TIMMY FISHER

I LIKE THE SOUND OF THE MOTOR OF A MOTOR-BIKE
BECAUSE IT REMINDS ME OF MONKEYS SCREAMING
AND SHOUTING IN CAGES TRYING TO GET OUT.

BRADLEY GILLETT

I LIKE SOUNDS
THE SOUND OF THE TREES SHAKING.
THE SOUND OF THE BALL HITTING A CRICKET BAT.
THE SOUND OF THE RAIN.
THE SOUND OF THE ZIP ON MY PENCIL CASE.
I LIKE SOUNDS

BRYN WILLIAMS

THE SOUNDS I LIKE ARE THE SOUNDS OF
THE SHIPS COMING IN.

THE BIRDS IN THE MORNING,

THE WAVES,

THE RECORD-PLAYER ON HIGH SPEED.

A TRUCK TIPPING SAND OUT.

A SCISSORS CUTTING,

I LIKE SOUNDS.

PAUL EVERETT

I LIKE THE SOUND OF THE SIREN BECAUSE IT
REMINDS ME OF PLAYING CHASY ON THE OVAL
OF THE ELECTRIC WIRES CRACKLING BECAUSE
IT SOUNDS LIKE FAT IN THE FRYPAN,
OF THE DOORBELL WHEN IT RINGS BECAUSE
I KNOW SOMEONE'S VISITING US.

BRYAN WILLIAMS

I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF PEOPLE LAUGHING BECAUSE YOU KNOW
THEY ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME.

I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THE BIRDS WHISTLING BECAUSE THEY
ARE SO GLAD TO BE FREE AND ALONE.

I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THE BOATS COMING IN AT NIGHT
WITH A LOT OF FISH.

I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THE SONGS BEGINNING.

I LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THE POOL BALLS SMASHING EACH
OTHER BECAUSE YOU THINK THEY MIGHT GO INTO
A POCKET.

TIMMY FISHER

CINQUAIN

Angelica Menghini

In this lesson I took a group of Grade 5 children and discussed with them a cinquain. The first line is a single word, the subject. The secone line contains two adjectives separated by a comma. The third line contains three adjectives. The fourth line contains four words forming a phrase or clause. The final line simply repeats the subject, e.g.,

hamburgers,
thick, juicy,
delicious, scrumptious, yummy,
better still with relish,
hamburgers.

desert,
hot, sandy,
sweaty, thirsty, treeless,
bitter cold at night,
desert.

(Making Poetry, P.21)

I read out a few examples from "Making Poetry" then had the boys write down six words which could be used as topics for a cinquain. They then wrote their poems.

FLOOR
SMOOTH, LONG
DIRTY CRACKS
FLAT
THE CRACKS ARE LONG AND DEEP.
FLOOR.

CAMPBELL PARKER

NAUGHTY GIRLS
NASTY, BAD.
NAUGHTY - NOT VERY NICE.
GET LOTS OF WACKS FROM YOUR MOM.
NAUGHTY GIRLS.

C. PARKER

SHELLS.
PRICKLY SHELLS
SMOOTH AND ROUGH
COLOURFUL
SHELLS.

DANIEL KRASENSTEIN

CHOCOLATE,
YUMMY DELICIOUS
MILK CRUNCHY YUM
LIKE BISCUIT WITH CREAM IN.
CHOCOLATE

STUART ROCKE

CAT,

BIG STRONG.

BLACK, SMELLY.

RUNS FAST AND YOU CAN'T

CATCH IT.

CAT

CAMPBELL PARKER.

THEY FLY AND FLOW IN THE AIR

Jenny Ackland

The aim of this lesson was to have the children write a poem on the theme "Animals" following a basic form as described in Brian Powell's "Making Poetry". Having made a choice of an animal to write about they should begin by using one word to portray one of the five senses. Following this, they should find two suitable words to describe that sense. I suggested the possible use of alliteration. The second half of the poem is similar in that the form does not change. The children were simply asked to choose another sense to describe. Emphasis was placed on suitable choice of words and the accuracy of the description of the animal.

The children seemed to enjoy the discussion in which the group as a whole suggested words to describe various animals I named. I was surprised that more of what we discussed did not appear in the children's private writing. Each child seemed anxious to write alone without the assistance from the others.

I found the results of this lesson encouraging, although I do not think I would again mention alliteration in a first lesson with the children as there were perhaps too many cliches in the writing.

SNAKES

THE SNAKE FEELS
SCALY AND
SLITHERY.
THE SNAKE SLYLY
SLIPS THROUGH
SAND.

M. L. LUKE

DOGS

DOGS LOOK
DUMB
DANGEROUS.
THEY DIG HOLES
AND DANCE.

BENITA JONES

BIRDS

BIRDS FEEL
FLUFFY,
FRIGHTENED.
THEY FLY AND
FLOW IN THE AIR.

BENITA JONES

SEAL

A SEAL FEELS
SLIMY,
SOFT
AND LOOKS
NICE.
IT
CRAWLS
CREEPS
AND FLAPS ITS FLIPPERS

KATHRYN ORR

MONKEY

A MONKEY'S SOUNDS ARE MURMERS,
MUMBLES.

A MONKEY LOOKS MISCHIEVOUS,
MESSY.

KATHRYN BAMBACH

SQUIRRELS

A SQUIRRELL FEELS
SOFT,
SILKY
AND SCATTERS
AND SCURRIES ALL ABOUT.

ROSLYN HART

PICTURE STIMULUS

Jan Hill

I presented the children with a selection of pictures and explained that we were going to give the objects or people in them thoughts and feelings. One or two children were not sure of what was meant by this, so we discussed a picture together.

I chose a picture of a dog being patted by a woman. The dog had his tongue hanging out and appeared to be "smiling". The girls decided he was happy because he had "just had dinner", "rescued the lady's daughter from the river", "stopped a burglar" or "made a friend". We then thought about how he was feeling in these situations - "proud, tired, sleepy, relieved".

The children then chose a picture and wrote as if they were the person or thing in the picture.

The results from this activity were pleasing, as the children became completely involved in their objects, for example a football which was - "kicked by rough, spikey, leather boots", or as a horse -

"The rain trinkles down my neck,
And I lick it up,
Drop
by
drop".

The important thing to remember in such a lesson, is to present a wide range of pictures to give children a choice of topics. If a teacher wished to discuss a picture with the group, it is advisable to use one on a different topic than the ones given to the students.

JUST TO GET A GOAL

I'M A FOOTBALL,
I'M KICKED BY ROUGH, SPIKY, LEATHER BOOTS.
ON WINTER DAYS I BOUNCE IN MUD.
THE BOYS RUSTLE AND TUSTLE
JUST TO GET ME,
TO GET A GOAL.

MARIE-LOUISE LUKE

THE STRANGE SOMETHING

I AM BIG,
A THIN FUNNY AND FIDDELY SHAPED LIKE A NOTHING
AND I STAND LIKE A SOMETHING.
I LIKE TO SEE THE GIRLS AND BOYS COME AND STARE
LAUGH AND FEEL ME.
I AM NUMBER 15,
AND I STAND ON GRASS ALL DAY.
CAN YOU GUESS?
I AM A LETTER BOX.

KATHRYN BAMBACH

THE BIG ROUND WHEEL

THE BIG ROUND WHEEL,
SUCH A DIRTY WHEEL,
I DRIVE IN MUD AND DIRT AND SAND -
YET I NEVER GET TO BE CLEAN.
OVER HARD ROCKS,
AROUND THE BLOCKS,
YET I NEVER GET TO BE CLEAN.

ROSLYN HART

THE HOLLOW TREE

I AM A GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER TREE.
I HAVE A BIG HOLLOW IN THE MIDDLE OF MY TRUNK.
LITTLE BOYS COME AND PLAY IN ME.
THE BOYS SAY THEY ARE GOING TO MAKE A CUBBY
IN MY HOLLOW.
THE GIRLS SAY THEY ARE GOING TO MAKE A KITCHEN
OR A NURSERY IN MY HOLLOW.
BOY DO I WISH I WAS A HUMAN

KATHRYN BAMBACH

CLIPPERTY CLOP
CLIPPERTY CLOP
UPON THE FLOODED ROAD,
PULLING A DARK BROWN MILK CART UP AND
DOWN THE STREET
THE RAIN TRINKLES DOWN MY NECK
AND I LICK IT UP
DROP
BY
DROP.
MY MASTER STRIKES ME ONCE OR TWICE
AND I TROT OFF DOWN THE STREET.

MEGAN KIRKLAND

TIGER

I AM A CUB

WITH A NOSE THAT IS SOFT

I HAVE CLAWS WHICH SCRATCH

AND STRIPES WHICH ARE BLACK

I HAVE EARS WHICH FLOP

AND EYES I CAN SEE

I AM A TIGER,

THAT IS ME.

I HAVE A MASTER

HIS NAME IS KEN

I LIKE TO PLAY IN HIS PLAY PEN

I LOOK OUT AT EVERYBODY GOING BY

THEY COME UP TO ME AND SAY HI

NOW IT IS DARK

I CURL UP NEXT TO KEN

HE PULLS THE BLANKETS OVER HIS HEAD

AND I GO TO SLEEP

ON HIS TINY BED.

SHARON RUSH.

HAVE A REST

UP IN THE AIR,

THE YOUNG GIRLS JUMP,

DOING CARTWHEELS OR A ROLL-OVER,

UP AND AROUND THE BARS,

NOW HAVE A REST,

THEN WE WILL START AGAIN,

TEACHER SAYS,

MARIE-LOUISE LUKE.

"I LIKE THAT STUFF"

Rick Joyce

The children had to write a four line verse using the following model from Brian Powell's book "Making Poetry".

"Lovers lie around in it;
Broken glass is found in it;
Grass,
I like that stuff".

"Tuna fish get trapped in it;
Ladies legs come wrapped in it'
Nylon,
I like that stuff".

"Carpenters make cots of it;
Undertakers use lots of it;
Wood,
I like that stuff".

(Adrian Mitchell)

In this model, the third line is a single noun which names the subject. The fourth line is always the same, "I like that stuff". The first two lines conclude with a variety of two word endings, such as "with it, by it, on it, in it". There should be an internal rhyme in these lines just before the last two words; in the examples above it is found in "around and found, trapped and wrapped, cots and lots".

(Powell 1973 Page 120)

To help explain the model and give the children an idea of what can be done with this form of expression I read eight

examples from "Making Poetry". By the time I had read the last example the children were full of ideas and ready to write. They would not accept my suggestion to limit the topic, claiming they had too many ideas outside the topic of "food". The children were really beginning to understand the use of the format when the period ended.

IT HAS RUST IN IT;
IT HAS CRACKABLE CRUSTS IN IT;
IRON,
I LIKE THAT STUFF.

RICHARD LEWIS.

PEOPLE ALWAYS WEAR IT;
YOU ARE UNDERNEATH IT;
UNDERWEAR,
I LIKE THAT STUFF

STEPHEN REYNOLDS

COOKIE MONSTERS LOVE IT;
COOK IT OR BAKE IT;
COOKIES,
I LIKE THAT STUFF.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

I WENT ALL POLITE

Jenny Ackland

I began this lesson with a discussion on the emotions the children had experienced on entering a place they had never been before. I suggested such places as a motel lobby, a cinema or attending a concert. The children seemed eager to relate some of their experiences, and such emotions as shyness, embarrassment, importance, fear and a sudden overwhelming politeness were mentioned. These were revealed in their writing through such lines as

"I was embarrassed and shy"

"I went all polite"

"I felt grand and important" and

"I was frightened".

I think this lesson was a valuable exercise for the children as they were writing from their own experience and discussing various emotions openly with the group. I feel there is a certain genuineness in their writing which would not have come through had the discussion not taken place.

I WAS SHY

I WAS EMBARRASSED AND SHY.

I WENT ALL POLITE

IT WAS ALL KNEW TO ME.

THE CARPET WAS ROSY RED.

THE CHAIRS HAD RED VELVET ON
THEM.

THE WOOD WAS OF THE PUREST QUALITY.

I FELT GRAND BECAUSE OF THE SURROUND-
INGS AROUND ME.

MARIE-LOUISE LUKE.

THE THEATRE

I WENT TO THE THEATRE.
IT WAS STRANGE.
I FELT GRAND AND IMPORTANT.
THE LIGHTS SHONE ON MY FACE.
I WAS FRIGHTENED.

KATHRYN BAMBACH

MOVING

I WAS SHY AND WOULD
NEVER DENY A WORD.
I TRIED MY BEST TO BE POLITE
OR ELSE I WOULD BE A SIGHT ALL EMBARRASSED.

KATE ORR

OBSERVING NATURE

Jan Hill

I started this lesson outside in the playground with a group of grade six girls. Each child had a piece of paper and a pencil. The girls sat by themselves and observed a single aspect or object of nature. This they described in detail and also noted down any associations they may have had with it.

While the students were observing, I went around to each one asking what had been chosen as subjects and what had been discovered. I made sure it was written down as children easily forget small details. I also asked them to think about how they would feel if they were that object.

Our session outside was interrupted by rain, so we had to finish the lesson inside. When inside, I asked the children to write prose or poetry, mentioning briefly and concisely what they saw, whether they would or would not like to be that object, and the reasons for this.

One piece of writing started in a rather hackneyed way with trees swaying in the gentle breeze. The second part of this poem was a genuine observation of how the tree stumps appeared in relationship to the clouds.

"Tree stumps stand very still

While the world goes by".

TREES AND LEAVES

I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE A TREE
BECAUSE ON FREEZING COLD DAYS - WHEN IT'S WET
AND STORMY,
YOU'D FEEL VERY UNCOMFORTABLE
AND YOU'D LOSE ALL YOUR LEAVES
AND SOMETIMES IN THE SUMMER,
MEN WOULD COME AND CHOP YOU DOWN
BUT YOU WOULD HAVE LOTS OF FRIENDS.

ANNE McBRIDE

ANTS

IF I WAS AN ANT I WOULDN'T LIKE TO COLLECT MY OWN
FOOD BECAUSE WHEN YOU'RE A HUMAN BEING YOU BUY
YOUR OWN FOOD OR MAKE IT.
ALSO YOU HAVE TO MAKE YOUR OWN HOUSES, NOT HAVING
BUILDING COMPANIES LIKE HUMAN BEINGS DO,
LOTS OF PEOPLE DON'T LIKE ANTS AND SO ARE VERY
CRUEL AND THEY TREAD ON THEM AND CHILDREN TRY
TO DESTROY THEIR HOUSES.

JENNY JOHNSTON

TREES

I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE A TREE.

IF THERE WAS A BUSH FIRE I WOULD GET BURNT.

I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE CHOPPED DOWN AND AFTER A
WHILE YOU WOULD GET WHITE ANTS.

THE BIRDS WOULD COME AND PECK AT YOU.

THEY WOULD SIT ON YOU AND STAY ALL DAY.

LISA WATERS

FORM WRITING

Alison Kozuh

In order to get the children to write poetry without having forced and often unnecessary rhyme, I used the following method recommended in the book 'Creative Writing In The Primary School' (Lane and Kemp). Although the method may seem rigid, it does show the children that poetry does not always require rhyme for it to be poetry.

The teacher reads out the following sentences - pausing after each to allow the children time to write one sentence.

- close your eyes and see a bird or an animal.
- this is your animal. Do not say his name. See him standing or perching quite still.
- without naming your creature, write a short line to describe his form or silhouette.
- start a new line and write about his eyes. Do not say what he is.
- write words to describe his beak, teeth, claws or feet on another new line.
- shut your eyes again. Your creature is waiting for something. Describe his feelings: waiting, watching, or listening.
- think of a sound which will disturb your creature. Write down the sound words.
- how did your creature react?
- what happens then?

At this point, the children can add extra lines if they wish.

The children now read their poems out loud and others try to guess what it is that was being described.

To be really effective, this method should be tried more than once in order for the children to fully grasp the nature of such poetry.

In this lesson there was no discussion before writing. The group was asked to remain silent while they were writing.

A SHORT LITTLE BLACK THING
WITH BIG BROWN EYES WHICH LOOK AT YOU LOVINGLY,
A SHORT STUBBY NOSE
HE HAS PRETTY LITTLE FEET WHICH MAKE A MESS
WHEN THEY'RE WET.
HE SEEMED TO JUMP UP AT DAD TRYING TO MAKE HIM
GO FOR A WALK IN THE COOL NIGHT AIR,
AS THE CREAKING CLOTHES TROLLEY GOES DOWN THE
PATH
HE IMMEDIATELY GOT UP AND BIT THE WHEEL OF THE
TROLLEY
WHICH, TO HIM, WAS FUN.

KATHY CRAIG

STORMS

Angelica Menghini

In this lesson I took a group of eight girls to a quiet, informal area. As it was raining outside I was provided with a stimulus for discussion based on the topic "Storms".

We looked at the rain pelting down and the trees swaying and then discussed the storms which had occurred previously. The girls mentioned incidents including trees being uprooted, house roofs being torn off and people being stranded in houses and cars during storms.

I gave a problem to the children - how do the trees feel and what would it be like to be a tree alone in the middle of a storm? We talked about the structure of a tree, the tiny fibres working together and what the tree would look like at the end of the storm. The girls closed their eyes and imagined that they were the tree, or, they were looking at a tree.

The girls drew a picture of a tree during a storm, and then wrote on this topic. I asked them to try to identify as closely as possible with the "feelings" of the tree in both drawing and writing.

TREE IN A STORM

THE TREE SWAYED FROM SIDE TO SIDE,
THE STORM WAS BELLOWING,
THE TREE KNEW THIS WAS THE LAST NIGHT IT
WOULD STAND.
BUT IN THE RAGING WIND THE TREE KEPT
ITS BRANCHES UP PROUDLY.

LEE-ANNE SKIPWORTH

STORM

THE WIND WAS LASHING AGAINST THE HOUSE,
THE TREES WERE SWAYING
THE RAIN WAS BELTING DOWN ON THE ROOF.
SUDDENLY ALL WAS SILENT.
THEN IT STARTED UP AGAIN
HARDER THAN EVER.
IT WAS FREEZING COLD OUTSIDE
I WAS IN FRONT OF THE HEATER WATCHING THE STORM
I THOUGHT A TREE WAS GOING TO FALL DOWN ANY MINUTE
BUT IT DIDN'T.

ROBYN WAKEFIELD

STORM

THE WIND WAS HOWLING,
I WAS SWAYING TO AND FRO I WAS SCARED,
MY BOUGHS HURT AS THE WIND PUSHED AGAINST THEM.
I WANTED THE STORM TO GO AWAY.
I WAS ALL NERVOUS INSIDE.
WOULD I BE BLOWN OVER, OR WOULDN'T I.
MY BOUGH BENT SIDEWAYS WHEN THE WIND STOPPED.
I WAS LEFT THAT WAY.

JILLIAN CALDOW

DEAD TREE

THERE HE STOOD ALL CRACKED AND TWISTED.
HE STOOD THERE PATIENTLY WAITING FOR THE STORM
TO END
I COULDN'T SEE THE TOP OR THE BOTTOM OF THE TREE.
IT WAS ALL TWISTED AND CURLED UP LIKE A CAT.
BARK FELL OFF THE SIDES AND DROPPED ONTO THE WET
GROUND
HE STOOD SILENTLY WAITING.

ELIZABETTA GWJ

FAMILIAR OBJECTS

Elizabeth Gorton

This creative writing lesson was taken with a small group of Grade 6 children. I wanted the children to look at the different aspects of their school building and to think how parts of the building and objects within it are used. For instance, doors, walls, sinks, chairs, floors - which they normally take for granted.

We discussed how these would feel if they were alive, in particular we considered their reaction to continual use by students. I found the children's writing very interesting and humorous in showing how they think about and treat room fittings. This was shown in lines like

"A desk...who always had bad feelings".

"... at a quarter to nine it would start".

"... and I got dents".

This lesson took place in an open area where no other children were present. The objects written about were found in this area. Much of the writing reflected incidents which were happening during the lesson (such as the wind slamming doors and someone 'being sick').

THE CHAIR

I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE A CHAIR - BROWNY,
YELLOWY CHAIR, BECAUSE AT A QUARTER TO NINE IT
WOULD START. ALL THE PEOPLE WOULD SIT ON ME AND
I WOULD GET VERY TIRED BY THE END OF THE DAY. BUT
WHEN THE CHILDREN GO HOME I GET VERY LONELY.

ANNE McBRIDE

THE SINK

I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE A SINK BECAUSE EVERY-
ONE WOULD PUT DIRTY WATER AND PAINT IN ME. AND
WHEN KIDS FEEL SICK THEY WILL BE SICK IN ME. IN
THE WINTER THE KIDS WILL RUN COLD WATER ON ME AND
I WOULD FREEZE. IN THE SUMMER I WAS GLAD THAT
THEY RAN COLD WATER ON ME BECAUSE I USED TO GET
VERY HOT.

JENNY JOHNSTON

A DESK

I WAS A DESK WAY BACK IN 1935 WHO ALWAYS HAD
BAD FEELINGS BECAUSE THE CHILDREN ALWAYS SLAMMED
THE (LIDS) ON ME AND IT HURT AND ALSO THEY WOULD
SLAM THE CHAIRS INTO ME AND I GOT DENTS. I WAS
BORN IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA, PERTH, 1935 AND DIED
IN 1972. HE DIED OF A HEART ATTACK.

PAUL CARTER

A DOOR

AT A QUARTER TO NINE THE BELL GOES,
CHILDREN RUN IN, THEY SLAM ME HARD. SOME
CHILDREN JUST PUSH ME OPEN AND DON'T SHUT ME.
THEN THE WIND HAS A GO, SLAM. FINALLY ALL THE
CHILDREN COME IN AND I'M LEFT IN PEACE.

DAVID CLARKSON

OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM

Sr Catherine Brophy

This lesson was taken outdoors and the children were asked to describe the morning through all their senses, with the exception of taste. We talked for a while about the way we rely mainly on our sense of sight but that people who are blind rely more on a sense of touch. We also discussed what winter was like and how our immediate surroundings would be very different in a few months time during the summer.

Somehow, whether because of the limited time or not, the students seemed to be rather insecure at the beginning of the lesson and unsure as to what I really wanted from them. I think I may have hurried the discussion part of the lesson a bit too much. This insecurity probably accounts for the similarity in sentences at the beginnings of some of the work.

If I were giving this lesson again I would take the children outside but after a few minutes I would bring them back to the classroom where they could record their impression of the morning. Here in the classroom they would be able to find a comfortable spot and not be hampered by the cold wind or the strong sun.

THIS MORNING 23RD JULY, I AM SITTING ON A LOG UP ON THE VENTURE PLAYGROUND. IT'S NOT TOO HOT OR NOT TOO COLD BUT IT'S A BIT BLOWY. THE GROUND IS ALL WET. THERE ARE A LOT OF TREES AROUND. I CAN HEAR LOTS OF BIRDS AND THE TRAFFIC. WE HAVE A LOT OF HOUSES AROUND US. WE HAVE A GOOD VIEW FROM UP HERE. THE SKY IS BEAUTIFUL AND BLUE. I HOPE THAT THE VENTURE PLAYGROUND STAYS THE SAME.

ANNE MCBRIDE

THIS MORNING IT IS WARM. NOT TOO HOT AND NOT TOO COLD. FROM WHERE I'M SITTING I CAN HEAR THE TRAFFIC AND BIRDS. I CAN SEE THE VIEW TO HERDSMAN'S LAKE. IT IS GREEN AND BROWN. I CAN'T SEE THE LAKE BUT I CAN SEE THE WEEDS AROUND IT. I CAN SEE THE SHADOWS OF THE TREES. THE GROUND IS WET AND EVERY THING IS GREENER THAN IN THE SUMMER. IT IS A BIT WINDY.

YOU CAN SEE A GREAT VIEW PAST HERDSMAN'S LAKE. IT'S A BIT MISTY UP THERE BUT I LIKE THE VIEW.

THE LOGS UP HERE ARE ALL WET. THE SKY IS BLUE WITH ONLY A FEW CLOUDS.

THERE ARE A LOT OF DIFFERENT SHADES OF GREEN IN THE TREES AND THE GROUND.

IT'S ALL DAMP AND THE WIND IS STARTING TO BLOW HARDER.

FELICITY SILBERT

THERE IS A BIG BROWN TREE THAT HAS GREEN
LEAVES.

I CAN HEAR A LOUD YELLOW TRUCK PASSING ME.
I AM SITTING ON A BIG DEAD BROWN LOG AND
IT HAS LITTLE BUMPS.

REGGIE ABBOTT

I FEEL THE SUN WARMING MY BODY AND THE WIND
ON MY FACE AND GREEN GRASS ON THE GROUND AND
THE TALL TREES. IT FEELS REFRESHING NOT
LIKE OTHER MONTHS AND ALL THE AIR FEELS NEW
AGAIN. IT FEELS FULL.

MICHAEL HARVEY

WHERE I AM SITTING TODAY THE AIR IS NOT TOO HOT AND NOT
TOO COLD.

WHEN YOU SIT ON THE LOGS ON THE ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND YOU
FEEL AS THOUGH YOU ARE FLOATING IN THE AIR.

WHEN YOU SIT ON THE LOGS YOU CAN HEAR ALL THE LEAVES
RUSTLING AROUND ON THE TREES.

WHEN I LOOK AT THE GROUND YOU CAN SEE THAT IT IS WET
BECAUSE IT IS VERY DARK.

WHEN I LOOK UP AT THE SKY YOU CAN TELL IT IS FINE BECAUSE
THE SKY IS ALL BLUE BUT THERE ARE SOME WHITE CLOUDS.

WHEN I SIT UP ON THE LOGS YOU LOOK AT THE LOGS AND YOU CAN
SEE LITTLE ANTS AND OTHER LITTLE INSECTS RUNNING AROUND
TRYING TO FIND HOLES IN THE LOGS FOR THEIR HOMES.

WHEN I AM ON THE ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND YOU CAN SEE THE LONG
GREEN GRASS SHOOTING OUT OF THE DAMP WET SAND.

WHEN I LOOK UP AT THE SKY I CAN SEE BIRDS FLYING AROUND
THE SKY, TRYING TO FIND A TREE TO REST.

JANINE SAGGERS.

FEAR

Richard Rossiter

This lesson began with a discussion of the sorts of things that the group of ten girls found most frightening. Some of the things mentioned were, being at home by yourself, the dark, the screech of a car near you and being followed by a man. This lead on to a discussion of dreams and nightmares; particular examples were recalled vividly by the majority of the group. We then talked about the uses of imagery in poetry, using the examples "the sea was making a sound like a silk dress" and "your lips feel like the rough bark of the tree". The students then wrote their poems.

In the examples that follow there are some notable instances of the symbolic expression of deeply rooted fears. The importance of this expression is well documented in Holbrook's book "Children's Writing" (1)

(1) David Holbrook C.U.P. (London, 1967)

ALL MAGIC THINGS TO MAKE TRAGIC

I WAS ASLEEP

I HEARD A CAR BEEP

THEN SOMETHING WALKED UP THE CORRIDOR

I SAW IN MY BED WAITING AND WAITING

THEN SUDDENLY I SAW TWO EYES PEEP

THROUGH THE DOOR.

THEN WHAT I SAW WAS A

TAIL OF A RAT

A HAIR OF A CAT

THE WINGS OF A BAT

WITCHES BLACK CAT

A HAIR OF A GNAT

ALL THINGS TO MAKE MAGIC

ALL THINGS THAT ARE TRAGIC

THEN I AWOKE

AND SAT UP TO TALK TO SOME HAPPY FOLK.

KATHY CRAIG

MY FIRST NEEDLE WITHOUT MY MUM

WITH A LITTLE BLUE BOW TIE,
AND A BROWN SKIRT,
I WALK CALMLY TO SCHOOL,
AS I REACHED THE SCHOOL GATES
I HESITATED TO GO IN
BUT THE BELL WENT,
SO I WENT IN
I WAITED AND WAITED AND SOON MY NAME WAS CALLED
I REFUSED TO GO BUT WAS SENT TO THE OFFICE
SUDDENLY I SCREAMED AND CRIED
THE HOLE WAS AS BIG AS A BULLET HOLE
AND THE BLOOD WAS AS THICK AS RED MUD.

CAROLYN BOSUSTOW

THE VALLEY OF HEDGES

I WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF NEVER ENDING GREEN HEDGES,
THERE WERE MANY CORNERS AND DEAD ENDS.
YOU COULD KEEP ON TURNING CORNERS
BUT NEVER FINDING A WAY OUT,
GREEN PEOPLE WERE CHASING ME,
WITHOUT EVEN SEEING THEIR FACES PROPERLY,
I RACED AROUND CORNERS
FINDING A GREEN PERSON
WAITING FOR ME.
STARTING TO RUN AGAIN I DODGED BEHIND A GATE OF LEAVES
AND BRANCHES.
EVERYTHING WAS GREEN
EVEN THE SKY,
THERE WERE NO BIRDS OR ANIMALS
ONLY ME AND THE GREEN CREATURES.
NOW I KNEW HOW IT FELT TO BE A MOUSE
WITH A CAT AFTER ME
I FELT AS IF THE GREEN LEAVES WERE CLUTCHING ME.

ELISABETTA GUJ

THE NIGHT

YOU LIE IN BED
WONDERING
AT THE NIGHTLY NOISES,
THE CREAKING OF THE CEILING,
THE GENTLE HUSH OF THE WIND
RUSTLING THE LEAVES ON THE TREE.
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE AWAKE,
THE ONLY ONE TO WITNESS
THE SCREECH OF THE CAR
AS IT
GOES
ON
ITS
WAY

KATHRYN PEACOCK

THE WIND

I WOKE UP ONE NIGHT AND THE WIND WAS
MAKING A SOUND LIKE A CLEANER AT HIGH SOUND.
I LISTENED FOR A WHILE AND SUDDENLY IT
STOPPED. I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW AND
SOON THE WIND WAS BACK. MY FEELING WAS
WONDERING WHAT WOULD THE WIND DO TO ME.

SUSAN CHRISTIAN

CREEPY

I HAD A NIGHTMARE
I WAS SCARED
AS IF I WAS ON MY LAST BREATH
I WAS BEING
SQUASHED
AND
SQUASHED
AS BEING CHEWED UP BY
A GREAT MACHINE.
I FELT
PAIN
OVER
AND
OVER
AGAIN.
I WAS ANXIOUS TO GET IT
OUT OF MY HEAD.

JILLIAN CALDOW

TREES

Elizabeth Gordon

I took a group of ten Grade 6 boys outside their classroom where they could see the many trees and bushes around their school. Each child was to choose one particular tree and take note of its features so that he could later describe it in writing.

I asked the boys to 'show' me the tree they were looking at in five lines or more. I likened this exercise to painting a picture, where the artist doesn't paint the title but shows it through his painting. I wanted the boys to let me gain a mental picture, an image, of the tree at which they were looking.

Unfortunately our lesson was interrupted by rain which forced us to go inside for the rest of the thirty-five minutes, where the children wrote their poems. I feel that if the weather had been better and if I had known my students from other lessons, this creative writing lesson would have been more successful.

However, some of the writing showed how the writers had been observant and sensitive to their surroundings, and may provide scope for further lessons along this line.

I SAW A TREE
A BIG BROWN TREE
WITH LOTS OF LEAVES
GREEN ONES, BROWN ONES
I'M SURE THAT TREE WOULD WEIGH TONNES.

GAVIN SHARP

I SEE A TREE
A DIRTY OLD TREE
WHERE THE BRANCHES SWAY IN THE WIND
AND THE CRACKLING OLD BARK CRUMBLING OFF
AND GENTLY FALLING
TO THE GROUND

CAMERON McLEAN

THE TREE IS DEAD.
THE TREE IS BURNT.
IT HAS LOTS OF MOSS ON IT.
AND THE TREE IS LONG.

REGGIE ABBOTT

IT WAS A BLACK OLD STUMP ABOUT THREE FEET LONG.
IT WAS PARTLY HOLLOW, IT HAD NO LEAVES AND SOME
OF IT HAD BITS OF WOOD STICKING OUT.

DAVID HART

ITS A BIG OLD TREE
A DIRTY TREE
WHERE THE LEAVES BLOW WITH THE WIND.
I'M A GUM
THE KIDS HIDE IN ME
THEY CLIMB ME,
I HAVE A BURNT SPOT IN ME.

BRETT CHARLWOOD

OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM

Elizabeth Gorton

I took my group of Grade 7 children to listen to the sounds outside their school. The purpose of this was for them to write about the sounds and what was happening around them. I wanted each child to use imagery to let me "see and hear" the scene chosen. I was interested in the association aroused in the students' minds, for example:

"the bulldozer sounds like a roaring lion"

"the water...forms a big ocean to insects"

While we were writing outside, a sprinkler pipe on the oval had burst and was flooding a wide area of grass. A few children decided they would like to bring this into their writing. They sat by the opening of the pipe to watch the water gush over a sheet of corrugated iron onto the oval.

The children were eager to write about the water as it was quite a spectacular sight and I think this showed in their writing.

This lesson emphasised the need to allow children to write spontaneously when particular incidents arise unexpectedly. In this case the children wrote because they wanted to and, I feel, gained more from the lesson.

SOUNDS

AS I SIT ON THE GRASS AN AEROPLANE PASSES ABOVE
AND LETS OFF A RUMBLE TO LET US KNOW ITS PASSING.

IN THE FAR DISTANCE YOU CAN HEAR THE ENGINE
OF THE TRACTORS MOVING BACKWARDS AND FORWARD.

A FOOTBALL PASSES ME BY WITH A BOUNCE AS IT
ROLLS DOWN THE GRASSY GREEN BANK.

CLOSE BY THE WATER FLOWS LIKE A WATER FALL -
A SORT OF GRACEFUL SOUND.

JANE WENDEN

SOUNDS

THE AEROPLANE SOUNDS LIKE A ROAR OF THUNDER AS IT PASSES OVER THE LAND. THEN IT FADES INTO THE DISTANCE AND IS HEARD NO MORE.

THE WATER GUSHES OUT OF A PIPE DOWN THE VARIGATED IRON SOUNDING LIKE A FAST FLOWING RIVER THEN IT FLOWS DOWN AS IF A WATERFALL AND FLOODS THE OVAL WITH A HORRIBLE SMELL.

THE LEAVES MAKE A RUSTLING SOUND AS THE WIND BLOWS THEM TO AND FRO.

THE BULLDOZER SOUNDS LIKE A ROARING LION AS IT SPINS AROUND WHILE PICKING UP ITS LOADS AND THEN DROPPING THEM AGAIN.

MEREDITH FISHER

WATER FLOW

THE RUSHING GUSH OF THE WATER AS IT FLOWS FROM THE PIPE, DROWNS OUT ALL THE SOUNDS FROM AROUND US.

AS THE FLOWING WATER RUSHES FROM THE PIPE IT BRINGS THE MOST STENCHY SMELL WATER COULD PRODUCE.

THE WATER AS IT FLOWS RUSHES DOWN A WRINKLED PIECE OF OLD TIN BRINGING WITH IT THE HORRID SMELL OF BAD EGGS.

FLOODING THE GROUNDS THE WATER MAKES A PATH AND FLOWS UNTIL THE RUSHING WATER CAN NO LONGER FLOW THROUGH THE CLOVER COVERED GRASS.

JENNY ABBOTT

SOUND

THE WATER RUNS QUICKLY WITH A LOT OF NOISE.
THE FOAM RUSHES DOWN AND BURSTS LIKE BUBBLES.
AS IT SPREADS AROUND THE OVAL YOU CAN HEAR A
 HISSING SOUND.

AS THE WATER IS TURNED OFF THE HISSING SOUND
 INCREASES
AS THE WATER SINKS IN THE GRASS IN TINY LITTLE
 PIECES

FIONA BOWIE

SOUNDS

THE TRACTOR ROARS LIKE A LION AND SWAYS TO AND
 FRO AS IT GETS A NEW LOAD.
THE WATER COMES GUSHING OUT OF THE PIPE AS IT
 GOES OVER THE VAREGATED IRON AND FORMS
 A BIG OCEAN TO INSECTS.

KATRINA SMITH

PICTURE TALK

Sr Catherine Brophy

In order to stimulate thought for this lesson I showed the girls three large black and white pictures. The first picture was of a girl tending a camp fire in a bushland area, the second one was of boys and girls scooping fish or gilgies out of a bucket and the third was of a boy splashing about in the sea. Immediately, the picture reminded them of their own experiences of fishing, camping and swimming and in a few seconds there was a very lively discussion going on with only a minimal amount of questioning from me. By passing around the pictures and looking closely at them they also seemed to get the "feel" of such experiences. For example, the coolness of the water, the sloshy, slithery feel of the wet mud, the smell of the camp fire and the peculiar taste of the billy tea.

Apart from one child who seemed to have difficulty in beginning, all seemed to write easily and were very keen to hear each others poems at the end of the lesson.

THE OCEAN

SPLASHING ABOUT IN THE WATER
FEELING THE COOL OF THE SEA,
JUMPING OVER THE WAVES
AND TASTING THE SALT OF THE SEA.

DIVING UNDER THE OCEAN,
GETTING AS WET AS CAN BE.
BUT WHEN YOU JUMP OUT OF THE WATER
THE AIR MAKES YOU COLD AS CAN BE.

ROBIN KNIGHT

STANDING IN WITH A NET IN HAND
WAITING PATIENTLY FOR A TADPOLE OR A GILGIE,
THEN UP GOES THE NET WITH ALL BUGS TO SEE,
FIND A DEAD GILGIE AND FIVE TADPOLES,
ONE LITTLE WATER BEETLE COVERED ALL IN MUD.

ROBIN KNIGHT

OCEAN ROMP

JUMPING INTO THE FOAMY WAVES,
SPRAY SKIPPING OVER A SLIPPERY BODY,
DRIPPING STRANDS OF HAIR ON A SALTY HEAD,
COARSE HUNKS OF SAND BENEATH COOL FEET,
SALTY, SANDY, FOAMY WAVES.

KAREN GURRY

BUSH CAMP

GUM FLAVOURED SMOKE,
A BLACKENED BILLY,
RED HOT COALS
AND A STARRY NIGHT.
WILD BUSH SURROUNDINGS

KAREN GURRY

THE SEA

THE SAND BLOWS IN OUR EYES,
AS WE WALK ALONG THE BEACH
LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO SWIM.
THE WATER'S VERY WARM
AS I SPLASH ABOUT.
UNDER OVER, UNDER OVER THE WATER.
IT STARTS TO GET COLD,
I COME OUT
AND LEAVE THE WHIRLING WAVES.

PAULA BIRKETT

OCEANS

BACK AGAIN TO THE CRUNCHY SANDS,
GRAB A HANDFUL AND DROP IT DOWN
UP COMES THE WAVES,
DOWN UNDER GOES I.

ELIZABETH WALLACE

AS THE WIND WHIPS UP THE TIRING WAVES
AND MAKES THEM
SPIT AND ROAR.
THEY DUCK ME AND MAKE ME
SOMERSAULT AND TWIST ABOUT
TILL SUDDENLY I GET UP OUT OF THE
WAVES WAY.

ROBIN UREN

GLASS JAR

Angelica Menghini

I took this lesson with some Grade 7 girls. I suggested we personify things and explained personification to them as "turning an animal or object into something that can feel and talk".

To give them the idea, I suggested a glass jar in a cupboard and asked them "How do you think a glass jar feels? What kinds of thoughts do you think it may have sitting alone in a dark cupboard?"

The children seemed to get the idea of personification so they discussed the thoughts and feelings of the glass jar. Their writing was based on this discussion.

UNWANTED

I FEEL SO LONELY AND UNWANTED BEING DUMPED
INTO THIS DARK AND GLOOMY CUPBOARD.
NO-ONE, NOTHING IN SIGHT, NOTHING TO TALK TO,
I FEEL SO BORED I FEEL LIKE FALLING TO THE
FLOOR AND KILLING MYSELF.

JOANNE ABERLE

DESERTED

IT'S A MONOTONOUS DARK CUPBOARD
AND I'M COMPLETELY DESERTED.
NOTHING TO HOLD WITHIN ME
JUST AN UGLY JAR UPON A SHELF.

NOBODY USES ME
I'M ALL FORGOTTEN.

JENNY ABBOTT

I'D BE FREE FOR ONE DAY

Chris George

I took this lesson after the children had seen the College's Production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers". I knew that the show had impressed them so I started off the lesson by just talking generally about the show. After some excited discussion we got around to talking about the gondolas and how they feel as they carry people to and fro along the canals.

The boys then got onto talking about how other machines have feelings and they were quite interested in this idea. I then simply asked the boys to describe as best they could the feelings of machines, e.g. cars and buses as they serve people.

THE COMPUTER

IT FEELS GREAT TO KNOW EVERYTHING,
BUT PEOPLE ASK SO MANY QUESTIONS,
MY LIFE IS SO MONOTONOUS.
I WISH FOR ONE DAY I DIDN'T KNOW
ANYTHING
THEN NO ONE WOULD BOTHER ME.
I WOULD BE FREE FOR ONE DAY!

BRADLEY CHADWICK

THE FILM PROJECTOR

ALL MY CIRCUITS GO ROUND AND ROUND,
ALL I LISTEN TO IS SOUND
ALL I SEE IS A PICTURE SHOW,
THE REELS ARE ROUND,
VERY ROUND,
THE TAPE IS LONG
SOMETIMES I HAVE A SONG
OR A BOMB ON MY SCREEN
OR A SCREECH OF BRAKES
FROM A FLYING MACHINE
SOMETIMES FAST, SOMETIMES SLOW
I RECKON I'M GOOD FOR A PICTURE SHOW.

CRAIG MATHEWS

THE BUS

I GET VERY TIRED CARTING PEOPLE AROUND,
EVERY DAY IT'S THE SAME THING, CARTING
PEOPLE FROM HERE TO THERE.

IT WOULD BE ALRIGHT IF THEY DIDN'T STICK
THINGS INTO ME,

I FEEL LIKE A PIN-CUSHION, AND I COULD
THROW THEM OFF.

BUT THAT'S NOT THE WORST PART.

CARS BUMP INTO ME AND BLOW THEIR HORNS AT
ME.

I WISH FOR ONCE I COULD BUMP INTO THEM AND
BLOW MY HORN.

NEIL DOLLING

REINCARNATION

Angelica Menghini

I wanted to motivate the children to imagine themselves in the situation where they could be reincarnated after their death.

I began by discussing with the children what reincarnation was. "If you could be reincarnated, what would you like to come back as?" The children voiced their opinions and gave supporting evidence. "I would like to be myself because you can have fun and people care for you, but if you were an animal you wouldn't get much attention".

I asked the girls to write a poem supporting their ideas from the discussion.

TO BE MYSELF

I WOULD LIKE TO BE MYSELF BECAUSE YOU CAN HAVE FUN AND PEOPLE CARE FOR YOU, BUT IF YOU WERE AN ANIMAL YOU WOULDN'T GET MUCH ATTENTION.

IF I WAS AN OBJECT NO ONE WOULD CARE FOR YOU WHAT EVER YOU WERE.

TO BE A HUMAN YOU WOULD HAVE FUN AND DO THINGS ETC., BUT IF YOU WERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU WOULDN'T.

JULIE OTTAWAY

REINCARNATION

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A CHINESE PERSON BUT NOT LIVE IN CHINA OR ANOTHER COMMUNIST COUNTRY. I WOULD LIKE TO BE A CHINESE PERSON BECAUSE THEY WORK 7 DAYS A WEEK, 12 HOURS A DAY AND THEY DON'T GET BORED AND LAZY. ALSO THEY DON'T HAVE STRIKES AND UNIONS LIKE WE DO. I WOULD LIKE TO BE A PERSON BECAUSE IF ANYTHING HAPPENED (BAD) YOU KNOW THAT SOMEONE CARES. I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE AN OBJECT BECAUSE YOU WOULD HAVE NO FEELINGS. I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE AN ANIMAL BECAUSE YOUR LIFE SPAN IS NOT AS LONG.

ANNETTE BAILEY

AS A SEAGULL

I WOULD LIKE TO COME BACK AS A SEAGULL
BECAUSE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY FEELINGS FOR
OTHERS BUT IF YOU WERE A HUMAN YOU WOULD.

ALSO IF YOU WERE A HUMAN YOU WOULD HAVE
PROBLEMS TO FACE.

TRICIA MORRISON

A PERSON

IF YOU WERE AN ANIMAL YOU WOULDN'T GET MUCH ATTENTION. I WOULD LIKE TO BE WHAT I AM NOW. YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT, AND CAN VISIT PLACES. AN OBJECT IS NOTHING. IT CAN'T DO ANYTHING, IT'S DEAD. A PERSON IS THE BEST THING TO BE. ANIMALS AND BIRDS CAN GET KILLED EASILY AND NO ONE WOULD TAKE CARE OF YOU. IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE TO BE AN ANIMAL OR BIRD IN A CAGE. IF YOU BELONGED TO SOMEONE YOU WOULD ONLY GET THE SAME FOOD, TINNED OR SOMETHING, AND AFTER A WHILE NO ONE WOULD PAY ANY ATTENTION TO YOU.

PETRINA SEALE

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE THE THINGS WE USE?

Len Christie

This creative writing lesson was taken with about sixteen grade seven girls and boys. After asking the children if they had ever wondered what it would be like to be a pen, I introduced the topic, "What's it like to be the things we use"?

We then discussed the way in which many household objects are treated during the course of the day. The objects included rubbers, chalk, dusters, toothbrushes and hairbrushes. I then asked the children to think about a household or school object that particularly appealed to them and then to write a poem personifying the object.

CHALK

BEING PUT ON BOARDS

PUT ON BIG, BLACK, UGLY BOARDS

I LIVE A SHORT LIFE.

ROBYN UREN

TOOTHBRUSH

I'M A NORMAL EVERYDAY TOOTHBRUSH
EVERY DAY I GET SLOSHED WITH MUSH,
WHITE STUFF CALLED TOOTHPASTE
WHICH HAS AN AWFUL TASTE,
PUT AND SOAKED UNDER A TAP,
WOKEN UP FROM MY MORNING NAP
PUT IN A MOUTH THAT HAS GOT BAD BREATH,
SOMETIMES I'M NEARLY CHOKED TO DEATH,
ONCE I WAS DROPPED ON THE GROUND
THEN PUT IN SOME WATER AND NEARLY DROWNED,
WHEN I WAS PUT BACK IN MY POSITION
MY FRIEND GAVE ME BRUSH TO BRUSH RESUSCITATION.

ALAN HILLIER

TOAST

IF YOU WERE A PIECE OF TOAST
PEOPLE WOULD EAT YOU AND MISTREAT YOU
YOU WOULD BE BUTTERED AND CUT UP
WHEN YOU GO DOWN IN THE MOUTH
YOU WOULD SEE ALL PARTS OF YOUR
RELATIVES
I WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE A PIECE OF
TOAST.

KATRINA SMITH

A TEACLOTH

WIPING UP THE DISHES
AFTER BREAKFAST LUNCH AND TEA
FULL OF SOPPING SOAP SUDS.
OH WHAT A WAY TO BE!

THEN STUCK INTO A CUPBOARD
WITH SHINY POTS AND PANS
LAUGHING AT MY FILTHY FACE
AND JOINED IN BY THE CANS.

KAREN GURRY

CHALK

BEING PUT ON
AND RUBBED OUT
ALL DAY
WHAT A BORING LIFE

ANNETTE BAILEY

TOOTHPASTE

SAYS THE TOOTHPASTE

"WATCH OUT 'CAUSE HERE I COME"

WITH A SQUIRT AND A BLURT

WITH A RUSH AND A GUSH

"IT'S NOT MY FAULT, YOU SEE

I CAN'T STAY IN WHEN YOU SQUEEZE ME".

SARAH LOVE

TOOTHBRUSH

PUT ME IN YOUR MOUTH,
ROUND AND ROUND, UP AND DOWN
I GET DIZZY.
AFTER THEY'RE FINISHED WITH ME
THEY STICK ME OUT TO DRY
HANGING BY MY HEAD.

MITCHELL WAY

A PEN

I'M JUST AN ORDINARY PEN
AN EVERYDAY PEN
EXCEPT MY OWNER
SLURPS AND SUCKS
CHEWS AND CHEWS
THEN THUMPS ME ON THE DESK
COR WHAT A LIFE I'D RATHER BE
THE PENCIL CASE
IT DOESN'T GET THE KNIFE
LIKE ME.

STEPHEN LEWIS

DATE DUE

10 JUL 1976	8 NOV 1977	
18 APR 1977	11 APR 1978	12 SEP 1984
19 AUG 1975	12 APR 1973	8 NOV 1985
19 MAY 1976	31 AUG 1978	2 JAN 1989
4 JUN 1976	27 APR 1979	
23 JUN 1976	27 APR 1983	
25 JUL 1976	31 AUG 1979	
27 JUL 1976	18 NOV 58	
27 JUL 1976	1 NOV 80	
30 SEP 1976	24 NOV 54	
14 DEC 1976	21 MAY 1982	
9 NOV 1977	15 SEP 1982	
24 MAR 1977	31 MAY 1985	
1 APR 1977	20 JUN 1985	
22 JUL 1977		
30 AUG 1977		

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