

## 'SCARY TALES'



**A fun poetry resource for teachers and kids to enjoy, feel inspired and motivated.**

The tales might be scary, but writing your own doesn't have to be!

### **POETRY FOR PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE STUDENTS**

I ran a poetry competition to celebrate the launch of our book, 'Scary Tales - Rhymes for Brave Children,' a collaboration with awesome illustrator Deborah Hinde. 'Scary Tales' is full of familiar nursery rhymes/fairy tales modernised with a slightly spooky feel. Those entering the competition had to follow the same theme.

There were hundreds of entries, and I decided to not only share the work of winners and finalists, but also other young writers from twenty seven schools around the country. You'll see the big difference editing can make to the end result. The other thing you'll find is how some kids absolutely love anything scary, blood curdling and plain gross, as they can work out the difference between fantasy and reality. Some of the most gruesome entries were the poems kids enjoyed reading the most. I'm sure you can check them out first and share the poems that will work best with your own students.

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THANK YOU to all the teachers involved who helped your students with their work, and to teachers everywhere who understand the value of poetry in the classroom. This poetry resource has been created in digital form for teachers to use, showing their students they too can write a poem. It contains a wide variety of poetry for use with all students, GATE, reluctant and mainstream. There's something for everybody.

Note: I changed a few titles to avoid too many poems with the same one.

#### PLEASE NOTE:

For this specific resource you are welcome to share with others. **A small donation/koha** would be appreciated if you find it of value to you. Details on the last page. You're most welcome to copy individual poems off for students' books, performance, or display purposes. All I ask is that I am acknowledged as the author.

#### Other books by Judi

'Granny Goes To Hip Hop'

'Granny Goes Bungy Jumping'

'Granny Does Karate'

'Granny Does The Boogey' (now only available in PDF format)

'Scary Tales'

**Poetry Rocks** - poetry/drama based resources full of ideas and activities for the classroom.

**Scripts/Plays** - Cinderfella

'Fiasco In The Forest' a panto style script based on 'Little Red Riding Hood.'

'Every Dog Has Its Day.'

**For juniors:** 'Have You Ever Seen A Sheep Dance?'

'Ready..Set..Jump'

Plus other great PDF teacher resources

Check my website out to see what I am about.

Judi's website: [www.rainbowpoetry.co.nz](http://www.rainbowpoetry.co.nz)

Deb's website: [www.deborahhinde.co.nz](http://www.deborahhinde.co.nz)

I always love to hear from teachers and students.

Email: [rainbowpoetry@gmail.com](mailto:rainbowpoetry@gmail.com)

Young authors published in this resource.

**Glenbrook School/ACG Karaka**

Lara Mignouoff

**St Peter Chanel**

Ginny Burt

**Ahititi and Ureti schools**

Jack Smith

Danielle Gillespie

Devan Hawkes

**Verdon College**

Poppy McIvor

**Te Kuiti Primary**

Denzel

Mikayla Law

Jaytin

**Horsham Downs**

Ella Pollard

Joel Currie

Noah Erasmus

Josh Bradley

**St Joseph's Te Kuiti**

Neve Neustroski

Aria Bourke

Ivy Larsen

**Columba College**

Srishti Arya Singh

**Isleworth School**

Joe Greenstreet

**Papakowhai School**

Chloe Weir-Smith

**Waikato Waldorf School**

Zelma Le Cordier

**Te Kowhai School**

Ivy Brinkworth

**Matamata Primary School**

Madison Goldsmith

**Maori Hill School**

Charles French

Alice Bennett

**Marist Primary**

Tasi Hatcher

**Grants Brae School Dunedin**

Levi Simpson

Mia Wall

Maisie Hulls

**Havelock North**

Frances Ratima

**Christchurch Intermediate**

Sebastian Burnett

**Koromatua School**

Julian

Kiki

**Rata St School**

Evelyn/Mady

Rosalind

**Mt Somers Springburn School**

Felix Falcon Flynn Bruce

Cole Wallace

**St Mary's Tauranga**

Otis Jones

Bria McDonald

**Te Totara School**

Katie MacKenzie

**Marlborough School**

Rebekkah Nonu

**Ellerslie School**

Pirerah Kohli

**Waipukurau School**

Breeana O'Keefe

Greer Tennent

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## Hey Mr Wolf

Hey Mr Wolf, we're not scared,  
Our house is strong and you are weird,

So come down the chimney ho ho ho  
And we'll cook you up like a cheerio.

The wolf didn't listen and down he came,  
Down, down, down to the bright orange flame.

The wolf was defeated, the piggies had won  
Now they got back to having their fun.

But once in a while on a still, scary night -  
The ghost of the wolf would give them a fright!

WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO



*This poem by Lara is exactly as it was sent to me. She was the winner in the junior age group.*

## Lost in Wonderland

It was quiet and dark  
I suddenly stared,  
I saw a four way doorway  
I want to go  
Left, no I want to go right,  
I argued and moaned  
All the way through  
The night.

Morning came  
And the sun was bright  
I had made my decision  
And I knew I was right.  
It's left I decided  
I had no fear -  
I made the right choice  
And now I am here...



*This is the poem Ginny entered and was first in the 9 and over category. A few punctuation marks added was all that was required. Ginny shows a mix of rhyming and non rhyming lines and they all work for her.*

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## Night

When it's dark at night,  
Spiders bite,  
Zombies fight,  
Everybody quick! Turn on the light!

Incy wincy spider wakes up ready to eat  
Looks around his web: is there any meat?  
Suddenly he sees a prey struggling in his web  
So incy wincy goes up to him and eats it in a flash!



*I think using the first verse of Tasi's poem still works well. But try rewriting the second verse, keeping the rhyme and rhythm. It could start like this:*

Incy wincy  
Wakes ready to eat  
Looks around  
Searching for meat

.....

## Mary Had a Little Head

Mary had a little head  
A little head, a little head.  
Mary had a little head.....  
And it was the head of her lamb!

Oh no

*Ivy's poem won a commended prize for entertainment, as every time I read it I laughed, and so did everyone else. This is a great example of how a poem doesn't have to be long to be a success. Sometimes keeping it short and simple works best.*



## Alice

Curiouser and curiouser!  
I follow the rabbit down the hole  
Falling and falling  
Not knowing where I'm going.  
Endless darkness below,  
Thousands of feet still to go  
Crying out in despair  
All I feel inside is fear.  
Strange things flying past me  
Clocks, cards, teapots  
Still going, still going  
Time's ticking.....  
Slowing down  
PLONK!  
I hit rock bottom  
SAFE!



*Poppy's poem required little change. A few words upgraded, a few removed and the final line changed from, 'I'm safe now' to simply SAFE to create more impact.*

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*When I first read Levi's work I saw huge potential. I loved his thought process and commended his entry. I had the chance to work with Levi in person when in Dunedin, and it was special sharing ideas with a young author. Like many, rhythm can be the downfall when writing poetry. We worked together, and I love the end result. Below is the original entry, and read on for the final editing.*

### *Incy Wincy Spider*

*Incy wincy spider climbs up the big wall.  
He runs over the scaffolding and scurries into the mall.  
Incy wincy spider decided to look around.  
He scrambled over clothes and then he found...*

*A peculiar looking creature with long yellow hair.  
It had brown eyes and seemed to stare.  
Incy wincy spider walked on to it's arm.  
Then a terrible sound started to alarm.*

*Incy wincy spider had taken a big bite.  
It seemed to go quite dizzy and started to turn white.  
Suddenly it said "Mummy! Help me".  
Then Incy wincy spider realised all wasn't carefree*

*It was an innocent child.  
That was merely wild.  
Suddenly a shadow appeared,  
It seemed quite weird.*

*Then incy wincy spider didn't feel anymore,  
Because he was squished on the damp cold floor.  
The girl jumped on him in so much fright,  
That she ran away out of sight.*

## Incy Wincy Spider

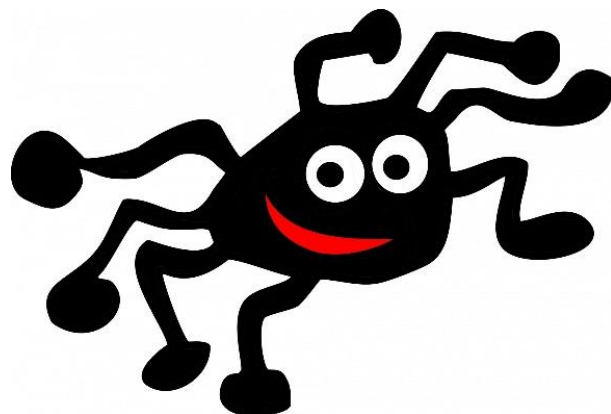
Incy wincy spider climbs up the big wall,  
Runs over the scaffolding, scurries into the mall.  
Incy wincy spider decides to look around,  
Scrambles over lots of clothes and then he found...

A peculiar looking creature with long yellow hair,  
With big, brown eyes, and all it did was stare.  
Incy wincy spider crawls on to its arm,  
Suddenly a terrible sound set off an alarm.

Incy wincy spider takes a big bite,  
But goes quite dizzy and starts to turn white.  
Suddenly it cries out, "Mummy! Help me".  
Then Incy wincy realises all isn't carefree.

Incy wincy spider can't feel anymore  
Because he's squished on the damp cold floor.  
The girl jumps on him as she got a fright,  
Then runs away and disappears.....  
Out of .....

**SIGHT!**



## Hey Doodle Doodle

Hey, doodle doodle  
The cat ate the poodle  
The moose jumped over the star,  
The dog was rude, the cat was mean, and the horse  
Was best by far.

The ghost was ghastly,  
The werewolf was nasty,  
The vampire bald, and needed a wig.  
Let me **tell** you my friend how the story did end....  
They all ran away with a pig!



©Mia Wall and Maisie Hulls 2020

*Below is the original entry showing promise with its quirkiness. When in Dunedin, I got to work with the girls personally to help give their poem a new fun ending.*

## Hey Doodle Doodle

Hey, doodle doodle  
The cat ate the poodle  
The moose jumped over the star  
The dog was rude the cat was mean  
And the horse was best by far.

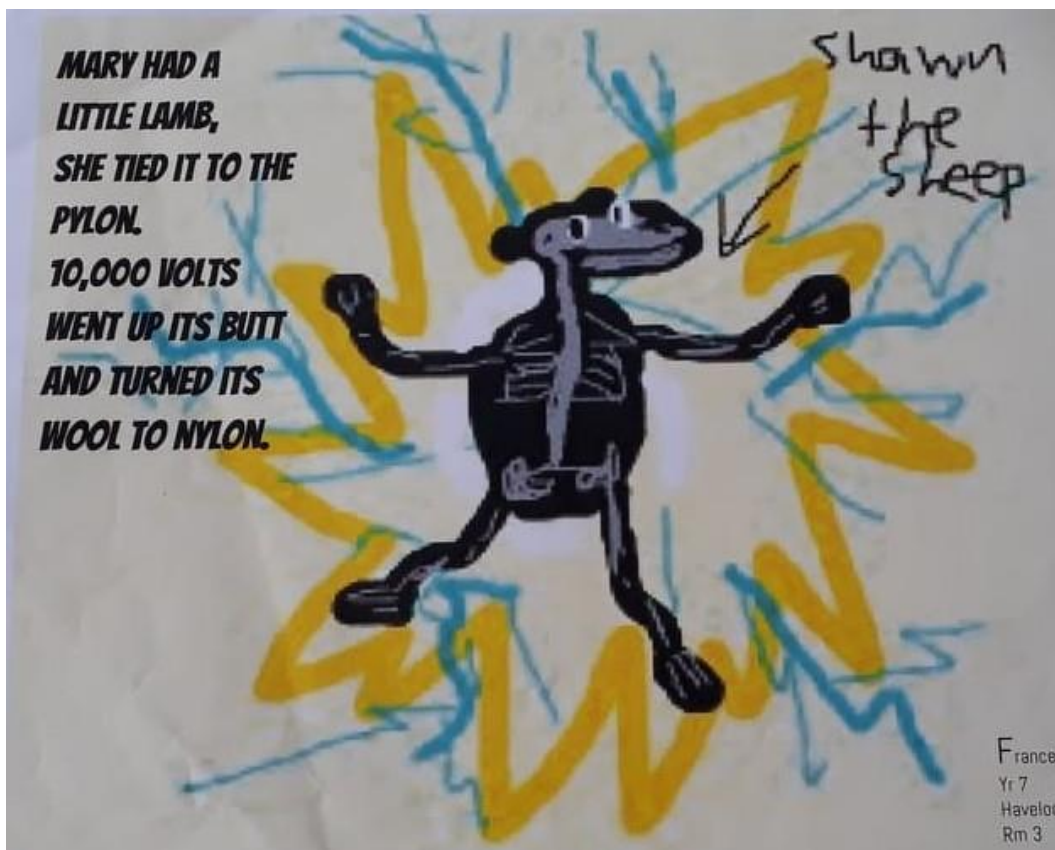
The ghost was ghastly  
The werewolf was a pig  
The vampire was bald and needed a wig  
While that all happened,  
The flea ran away with the twig.

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## Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,  
she tied it to the pylon.  
10,000 volts went up its butt  
and turned its wool to nylon!

*Frances sent this entry in with original art work which added to the fun, and made it a winning entry. Take a look.*



## Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue,  
Ohh please blow your horn,  
There's a zombie invasion,  
The town must be warned.

"But father you know I can't sound the alarm,  
Cause it's hard for a boy when he's missing both arms."



*Frances certainly captured the 'scary tales' element in this short poem. But again shows other writers that you don't always need quantity to create a successful poem. All this needed was a few minor tweaks with punctuation, and the odd word added or removed.*

**Poems from students at Ahititi and Ureti schools.**

*These fun short rhymes are just as they were sent to me.*

Jack had a silly goat  
Its hooves were always crunching.  
Whenever Jack was walking  
The goat was always munching.



© Jack Smith 2019 10 yrs

Danielle had a digging dog  
His paws were sharp as stone.  
Danielle went to the park one day  
And the dog dug up a bone.



© Danielle Gillespie 2019 8 yrs

Devan had a royal mouse  
Its skin was gold and brown.  
Everywhere that Devan went  
That mouse wore a silver gown.



© Devan Hawkes 2019 7 yrs

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'Jackiwa' poems are a lot of fun to use in the classroom. Check out [www.rainbowpoetry.co.nz](http://www.rainbowpoetry.co.nz) for the rules when writing your own. In just eight lines you get to create a story. Give it a go like these talented young writers from Te Kuiti Primary did.

## Siblings

Siblings

Creepy, horrifying.

Faces that cringe.

Trolls with makeup on.

Think they deserve phones,

Gazing, begging, haunting

Savage babies.

Bullies.





## Human Cannonball

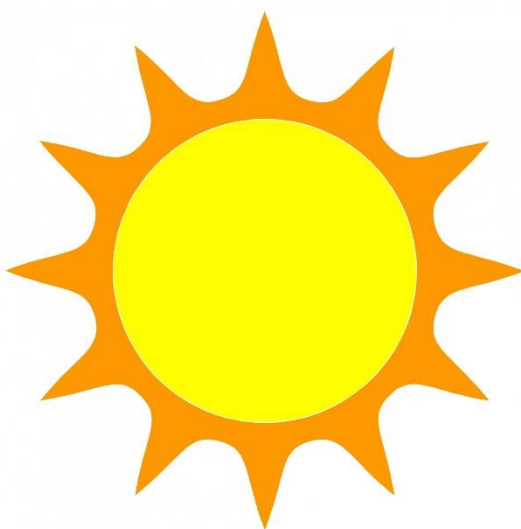
Humpty -  
Round, smooth,  
Falling, cracking, running,  
Humpty, human cannonball  
Cracks, super glued together.  
King's men puzzled  
Sadness, tears,  
Scrambled!



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## Maui

Maui -  
Thief, shape-shifter  
Lassoing the sun,  
Fantail laughing at him,  
Death by Hine-nui-te-po  
Selfish, greedy  
Demi-god.



*This was an inspirational idea using a Maori legend to base a jackiwa poem on. It was also a winning entry.*

## Twinkle Twinkle

Twinkle, twinkle, with that gun,  
How I wonder what you've done!  
Up above the world so high,  
How many people have to die?  
Twinkle, twinkle, what have you done?  
The innocent dead... is fifty-one!



*This is a powerful and emotional poem by Sebastian, based on his life in Christchurch after the Mosque attack. It speaks for itself, and it certainly spoke to me.*

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## Anzac Biscuit Man

Bong! Goes the bell in the rickety tower!

Twelve times means it's spooky hour!

Listen..... Whoooooosh!!! Oohh!!!

What's that sound?

The midnight spooks are coming round!



*The original entry had a second verse that didn't really work with the first verse. But after talking to Julian, hey presto, we deleted it, and came up with an awesome bit of scary, poetic fun!*

## The Vampire Princess

Through the deep dark forest  
It has been heard there lives a vampire  
With fangs sharper than an axe  
Like you've never seen before.  
Eyes bluer than the darkest of skies  
Glowing brighter than sunlight.  
Hair blacker than a dark mood,  
But most of all, with the power of caring.



*Below is the original entry. I could see the huge potential in Kiki's words. I spent time with her, and we made a few changes. Look at the wonderful poem she created. Editing is always worth the time.*

Through the deep dark forest  
There has been heard to live a vampire  
With fangs sharper than axes  
You've never seen before  
And eyes bluer then the darkest of skies  
And glowing brighter than sunlight  
And hair blacker than saddos  
But most of all the power of caring.

## Goldilocks

Goldilocks went strolling in the woods,  
Where she found a little neighbourhood.  
She saw a brick house, it looked empty on sight,  
She pulled the door open with all her might.  
She smelt something good, it was some porridge,  
"Oh yummy," she said, having a forage.  
One was hot, one was cold,  
But on the last one she was sold.  
The chairs were huge, medium and small,  
She soon discovered that wasn't all.  
She went upstairs and found some beds  
To rest her sore and tired head.  
In through the door walked three bears,  
They checked their porridge then gasped at their chairs.  
The bears looked at each other and shook their heads,  
And soon poor Goldilocks was..... DEAD!  
DUN DUN DUN!



*Below is Ella's original entry. I made a few suggestions to give her poem more impact, and through her teacher, we came up with what you have just read. Ella's poem was almost there, but needed a little work to get the rhythm right in places. Shows you the benefit of editing and being prepared to critique your work. Well done Ella.*

Goldilocks went strolling in the woods,  
*Where* she found a little neighbourhood.  
She saw a brick house, it looked empty *on* sight.  
*She* pulled the door *open* with all her might.  
She smelt something *good* which was some porridge,  
"Oh yummy," she said *having* a forage.  
One was hot, one was cold,  
*But on* the last one she was sold.  
She saw some chairs, *lost the rhyming rhythm here*  
One was huge, one was tiny, one was small  
But that *wasn't* all.  
*Maybe:*  
*There were chairs, huge, medium and small,*  
*And she soon discovered that wasn't all.*  
*She went upstairs and found some beds,*  
*To rest her sore and tired head.*  
*In through the door walked* the three bears,  
They checked their porridge then gasped at their chairs.  
The bears ..... shook their head, (*heads*)  
*Needs another few words for the beat*  
*Maybe: looked around*  
And soon *poor* Goldilocks was DEAD!  
Dun dun dun!

## Goldilocks And The Three Bears

One bright, sunny day  
Goldilocks was on her way,  
When she came upon a house  
That was quiet as a mouse.  
She walked up to the door and knocked  
But found it had been left unlocked.

She stepped into the empty home  
And in no time began to roam.  
Goldilocks was very rude  
As she ate up all the baby's food.  
After eating she felt quite drowsy  
But found the first two beds were lousy.  
She lay on the last bed - it felt just right  
Then fell asleep, which wasn't polite.

When the bears all wandered back  
They saw someone had eaten a snack.  
They found a girl in baby bear's bed  
And she wanted to be fed.

"She ate our food,  
How very rude!"  
So they ate..... Goldilocks -  
And left only her socks!





## Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty fell off a wall -  
Humpty Dumpty's middle name was Paul.  
All the king's men and all the king's horses  
Decided to eat him up in three courses.  
"Yum, yum, get into my tum!"  
Man oh man..... Humpty you are so dumb!

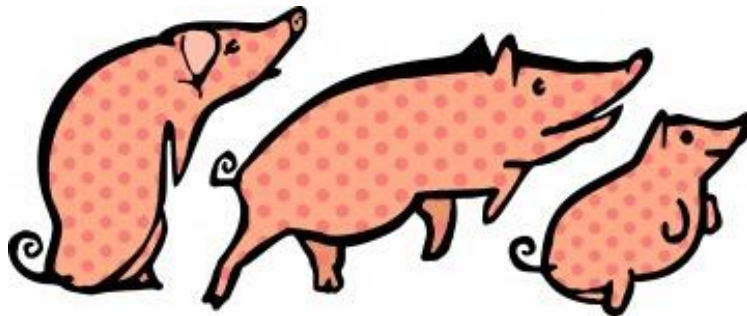


*A few little tweaks and what a fun and creative poem Joel created.*

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## Not The Three Little Pigs

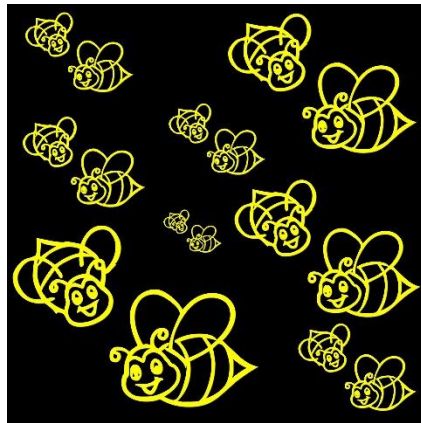
Early one hot, sunny day  
In a forest far, far away,  
One little pig made a house of straw  
But then he heard a grumbling roar!  
The pig ran fast, as fast as he could,  
But there stood a wolf wearing a hood.  
One little chomp would kill the pig  
He thought about it, but wanted... 'PIG BIG.'  
He asked, 'Would you like some tasty dinner?  
Or you'll probably get a lot, lot thinner.'  
Pig said, "Yes, of course, why not!"  
While pig wasn't looking wolf got a pot -  
There was a crackle, there was a bang!  
Wolf killed the pig, then he rang  
Miss Riding Hood for a trade,  
'Okay,' she said, "I'm not afraid!"  
Quickly she was on her way,  
She saw the pig but never paid!  
She shot the wolf, and got the pig -  
Then finished off with a happy jig.



*Josh was great to work with, as while he was happy to look at making changes, he also knew in his mind what he wanted to keep. While every author needs to be open to change, sometimes they need to say, 'No, I like that and it has to stay.' Great poem Josh.*

## Little Miss Merry

Little Miss Merry sat on a berry  
Eating her porridge today.  
Along came some bees to play in the trees  
And frightened the birds away.  
A bee stung Merry who became all wary  
Staggering all over the place.  
She fell in a bush and scratched her tush  
And blushed all over her face.

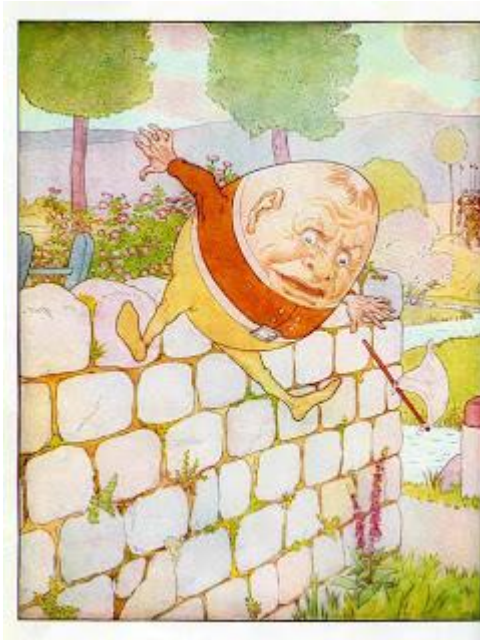


*Write your own poem about being stung by a bee.*

*This was a really fun poem with great use of different words that caught the reader's attention. Only one word was changed.  
Great work Evelyn and Mady.*

## Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a big brick wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had an enormous fall.  
Humpty Dumpty cracked his head,  
Humpty Dumpty went to bed.  
Humpty Dumpty woke up unwell,  
Humpty Dumpty was in hell!



*All this needed was a few punctuation additions. I thought it was an example of excellent creative writing for a 7 year old. I liked the use of comparing feeling unwell to being in hell.*

## Little Red Riding Hoodie

Once upon a time there was a little brat  
Who was naughty and didn't wipe her feet on the mat.  
She wouldn't say thank you, she wouldn't say please,  
And wouldn't bless you if you happened to sneeze.  
One fateful day that happened in May,  
Her mother was strolling through town,  
When she spotted something steamy and brown.  
BROWNIES!!!! The smell took her into the shop  
And Little Red's mother bought quite a lot.  
As soon as she got home she said to Red,  
"Get off your phone, and off your bed.  
Take these brownies to your Granny  
While I give the house a bit of a shammy."  
Red slipped on her hoodie and was on her way,  
She walked and walked without delay.  
She came to a place where a flower bed lay,  
So bright and cheerful she wanted to play.  
Out popped a wolf but seeing this sight  
You'd think Little Red would get a fright.  
The wolf growled, "Little girl, give me your basket,  
NOW get out of my way or you'll end up in a casket!"  
The wolf should've run, but before he could,  
Little Red pulled an arrow out of her hood.  
She aimed at his large furry behind  
Which really wasn't very kind.  
She declared, "I'm Little Red, I'm of the hood,  
Robin is my brother and he owns this wood."  
From that day forth on every journey,  
She didn't wear a hoodie but a wolf skin jersey.



*Madison's entry was in story form, but once I found the rhyming words within, and changed the format, with a few tweaks, it made a good poem full of quirky ideas.*

## The Black Hen

Higgledy-piggledy, my black hen -  
He walks out the barn, sharp at ten.  
He jumps in the boat and quietly rows  
Through calm, black waters; there's something he knows.

Higgledy-piggledy here's the bank,  
He jumps off the boat with a mighty CLANK!  
He waddles along the scary, black street,  
He enters a house, he's got someone to meet.

Higgledy-piggledy the old stairs creak,  
In the silence he hears a tiny wee squeak.  
The squeak's getting louder and closer... Oh my!  
The door opens wide... Is the hen going to die?!

In the middle of the room in a cute little box  
There sat 10 rainbow chicks all chirping:  
"Daddy, Daddy! So nice to see you!"



*Charles created a mood of anticipation, waiting to see what was going to happen. Who was coming to get the big black hen, and would the hen be hurt by them? The surprise ending works too, and we can relax and not worry.*

## Little Bo Peep

Little Bo Peep  
Went to sleep  
On the Eve  
Of a global invasion.  
She woke up to find  
All of mankind  
Enslaved  
By an alien nation.



*Short and to the point, telling a story in just eight lines. Impressive writing from Alice, with no changes needed.*

*Time to have fun with 'jackiwa' poems.*

### Witch

Witch,  
Ugly, scary,  
Causing mischief,  
Laughing and cackling very loudly  
Brewing an evil spell.  
Evil, tall,  
Witch.



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### Witches

Witches,  
Green face,  
Boiling a potion,  
Throwing potions at kids.  
Riding a broomstick,  
Dancing, laughing, hissing,  
Ugly, tall,  
Mean.



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## Witches

Witches,  
Ugly, scary,  
Flying a broomstick  
Casting a wicked spell.  
Dancing around the cauldron  
Doing nasty things.  
Creepy, mean,  
GREEN!



*A 'jackiwa' is a simple poem where you write a complete story in just eight lines. Why not write your own 'witchy' poem. You can find all about writing your own 'jackiwa' at [www.rainbowpoetry.co.nz](http://www.rainbowpoetry.co.nz)*

Be brave as you read the next two scary poems!

### Old McDonald

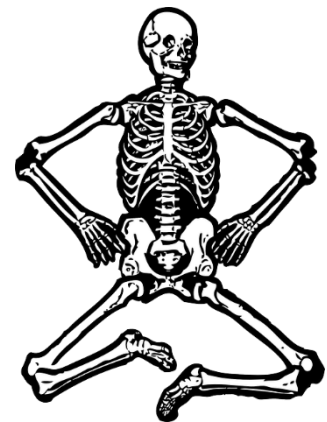


Old McDonald  
Had a farm  
**E I E I O**  
He fell into  
A combine harvester  
Choppity chop chop.  
Chop chop chop  
**E I E I O**  
With a leg over here  
And a head right there  
**E I E I O**

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### Horror Humpty

Horror dumpty,  
Weird, scary, bad.  
Eating tasty people up.  
So good munching them  
Blood, crunch, bones  
Not bad -  
Dead!



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## Three Blind Cats

Three blind cats.

Three blind cats.

See how they pounce.

See how they pounce.

They all pounced after the farmer's rat  
Who knocked them out with a baseball bat....



*This poem needs two last lines. Can you write two fun lines to finish  
Issy's cool poem?*

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## Little Miss Linner

Little Miss Linner,  
Was eating her dinner  
With all her family and friends,  
When the lights turned out  
There was a scream and a shout!  
Then the lights came back on again...  
Her family was gone,  
Something was wrong

*Get scarily creative and try finishing this poem*

*Otis used the last few lines below which add a bit of mystery. Maybe you could use them too?*

The spider dropped dead,  
And Miss Linner was fed,  
As for the spider.....



*But which spider?*



## Delicious Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty charged into a castle  
Full of bats and cobwebs that sparkle.

With a shiver from creatures of the night  
Humpty quickly lit his candlelight.

He spied in the distance a turret wall  
But trying to climb it, he had a fall.

All the King's doctors and all his top cooks  
Came running over to have a good look.

The doctors said, "He's broken his head,  
So may as well be an omelette instead!?"



< From this  
to  
this >

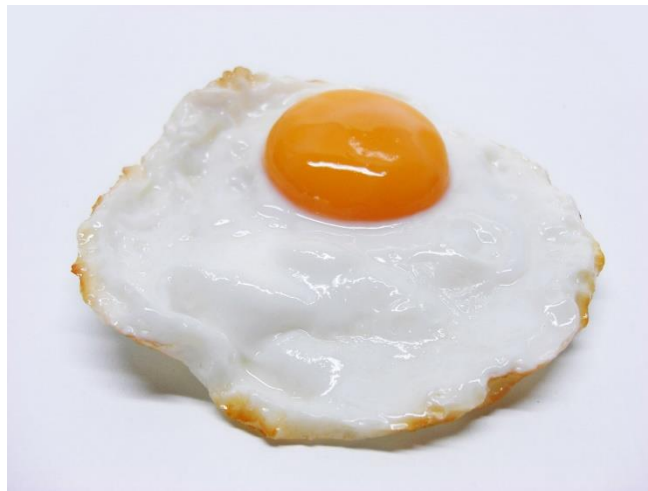
How  
delish!



*All this needed was some punctuation, a word added, one deleted, and you have the perfect poem to act out. Well done Bria.*

## Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall,  
And there were no surgeons at all.  
A little while later, the king found him dead,  
He announced, "Looks like tonight, we're having fried egg!"

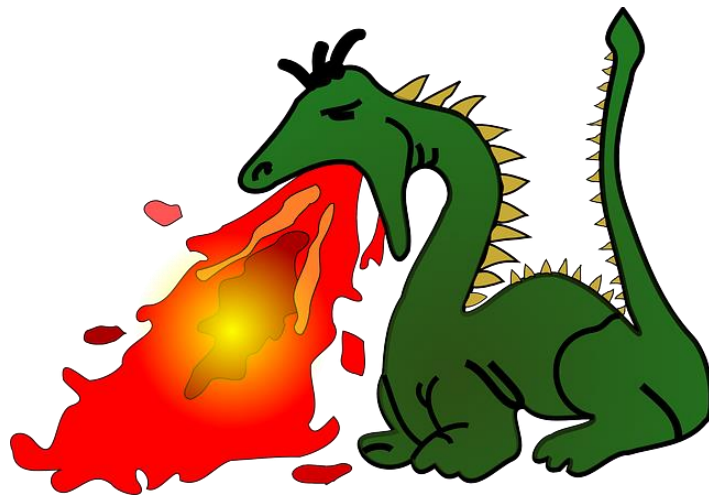


*Next time you eat a fried egg, take a moment to think about poor  
Humpty 😊 😊*

*Act out a scene when Humpty arrives in the kitchen to be cooked for  
dinner.*

The 3 Little Pigs.....  
What Awaits in the Darkness?

Spiders creeping and crawling, all terrified,  
Looking at the human monster that awaits.  
Vampires hiding in the dark as the black cat pads past.  
Big fluffy monsters peeking out from under the bed with fear,  
Waiting till you leave to raid your candy stash.  
Brave fire breathing dragons disguise themselves, so the ice fairies  
won't find them.



*I love how the reader can imagine this poem in their mind when they read Katie's words. You don't need to rhyme to create a successful poem. All it needed was one word in and one word out, and a little punctuation. I'd like to see it end with one last line, maybe telling us what happened to the three little pigs. What could that line be?*

## The Twelve Dancing Witches

In a house near the sea  
Lived twelve girls, beautiful as could be.  
They had long black hair,  
Smiles that made people stare,  
But wickedness filled their hearts  
Like a box of poison darts.  
They traded others health  
For their own personal wealth.  
They went to dances  
Leaving people in trances.



The girls were greedy for money  
And to get it, acted sweet as honey.  
Cheating at games  
Is how they got fame.  
Their cruel, party bags  
Were fit only for hags.  
Once they were opened  
Everything golden was stolen!  
So if you receive their invite,  
IGNORE IT! Or they'll steal your light...

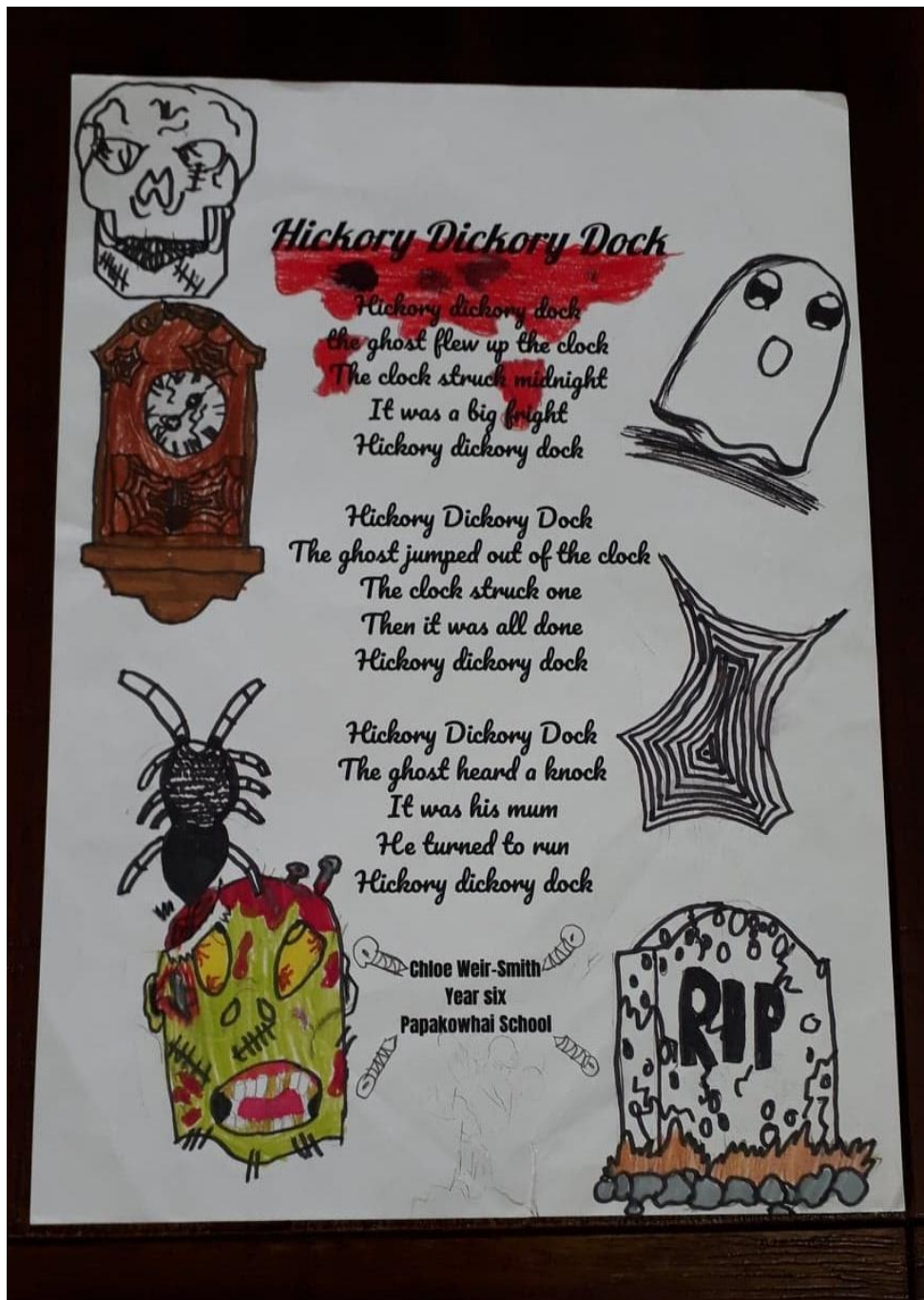


*Remember to run if you see these twelve dancing witches.*

*What do you think would be in their party bags?  
You could write a potion recipe that these twelve witches might make.*

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Chloe did a brilliant job of adding her own art work which really highlighted her poem.

Try drawing your own picture, then use it as inspiration to write a short poem about it.

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## Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a rhyme, tick tock went time.  
A wolf came out of his house, bringing his grandma a freshly baked  
mouse.

But out of nowhere,  
Probably from her LAIR, Little Red Riding Hood did appear!  
She gobbled up the wolf without even thinking,  
Gobbled him faster than her blinking.  
She scurried over to grandma's house,  
She ate her tea, and even her mouse!  
Still having an appetite she ate grandma too,  
The woodcutter arrived to say, "How do you do?"

*Rebekkah had an idea where the woodcutter then finds Little Red asleep, and gets both the wolf and Grandma out in one piece. But before Little Red can escape, a spell seems to be cast upon her. Can you use Rebekkah's idea and write a few lines telling that story, before finishing off with the two lines below?*

But the stones inside her went wiggle, giggle and loop the loop.  
"Aha!" cried the woodcutter, "Now all you can eat is cabbage soup!"



## The Boy who cried Werewolf

The sun has set  
The full moon is out,  
And creepy critters crawl about.  
Through the bushes, trees and straw  
Comes the scariest of them all.  
Here he comes, half wolf, half man,  
With a desperate need to take your sheep clan.  
Even the truth won't set you free  
When that werewolf is **hungry!**  
So don't you go and stray too far,  
As he always knows.... just where you are!



*This is a wonderful piece of creative writing. I spoke with Zelma and we changed one line and the result is perfect.*

## The Two Little Pigs

Watch out! Watch out!  
Two little pigs are about,  
The wolf is behind the twig.  
The pigs' Mum said, "Beware of the wolf"  
But the little pigs kept doing a jig.

*Here are some other lines that Pirerah used, can you use them to create your own ending for this quirky poem?*

1. Both of them went hand in hand  
But found they were in the monster's land.
2. They remembered the huff and puff  
And ran away .....
3. The second little pig went into the wood  
Where he saw someone wearing a hood.
4. But when he heard the wolfy snore  
He scared the wolf with a **LIONY ROAR!**



*I loved Breeana's ideas, and knew all her work needed was attention to the rhythm. Below you'll find the fun I had making a few simple changes, and I love the result. I can imagine children enjoying performing Breeana's poem. Tip: read your poem out loud to check the rhythm.*

In a land far away  
A ginger bread witch was cooking all day  
She had a broom and hat  
All that was missing was ginger cat.  
She whisked and stirred  
Until her creation was alive with a purr.  
The witch was so happy to have her first cat, she jumped up with glee and  
threw her hat.  
The cat was named ginger.  
It moved like a ninja.  
Friends to the end were the witch and the cat  
They lived happily together and that  
Is that.

### **The Gingerbread Witch**

In a land far, far away  
A ginger bread witch was cooking all day.  
She had a broom and she had a hat,  
The only thing missing was a ginger cat.  
She stirred and whisked and whisked and stirred,  
Until her creation was alive and purred.  
The witch was so happy to have a cat  
She jumped with glee and threw up her hat.  
She decided to name her new cat 'Ginger,'  
He moved and jumped just like a ninja.  
Friends to the end were the witch and the cat -  
They lived happily together,  
and that .....is THAT!



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Here's your chance to get creative and add your own line to someone else's poem. I laughed that the bears were off to buy pears. What else might they be off to buy? It's a really cool idea for a title. Great for acting out too.

## Ghostilocks

Once upon a time there lived three bears,  
Off for a walk to buy some pears.  
When in whooshed a ghost straight through the door,

.....

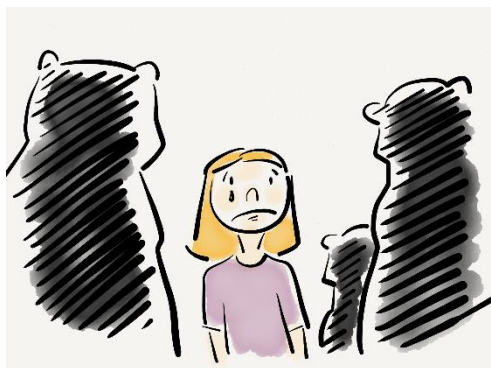
**Ghostilocks** was tired so sat on three chairs,  
But smack, bang went one, so she went up the stairs.  
"Three comfy beds!" **Ghostilocks** clapped, "Hurray!"

.....

Soon enough she dozed off to sleep,  
Heard a voice in her dream, so took a peep.  
A little bear stood angrily staring at her,

.....

**Ghostilocks** was shocked, "You're not scared of me?"  
"Of course I'm not can't you see?"  
**Ghostilocks** whooshed far, far away  
And learnt a good lesson not ever to stay!



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Thank you for downloading this poetry PDF where the work of young writers is acknowledged, and used to inspire other young writers. Thank you to Fiona Byrne, Alison Kroon and Meg Gallagher for proof reading/editing and feedback. Much appreciated.

It has been a labour of love for me, and taken many hours to put it together. I've had the added pleasure of working personally with many of the young authors included. Due to the difficulties of 2020 and Covid 19, I've not been able to speak to all writers. The work that appears in full, and I've not been able to make contact with the author, has only had minimal changes that have not affected the integrity of their work. Others I've taken excerpts from to inspire fellow writers to create their own poetic masterpieces.

All young authors hold the copyright for their individual pieces. Please respect that.

**While I offer this to any teacher who is interested, if you find the resource is of value, a koha towards my time would be greatly appreciated. From \$2.00 to no more than \$5.00.**

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