

# 2023 PRESCRIBED POETRY



**2023**

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## **ALL NAA EISTEDDFODS 2023 SET POETRY & VOORGESKREWE POËSIE**

Choose one to prepare from the options provided per grade.





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### SET POEM OPTIONS

#### Pre-School

##### **My Flower – Margaret Schroeder**

I had a little seed,  
I put it in a pot.  
I put it in the sunshine,  
And watered it a lot.

I waited and waited,  
I watched it grow and grow.  
And then one day a flower  
came out to say hello!

##### **I have a little frog - Unknown**

I have a little frog  
His name is Tiny Tim.  
I put him in the bathtub,  
To see if he could swim.  
He drank up all the water,  
And gobbled up the soap.  
And when he tried to talk.  
He had a bubble in his throat.

##### **My Teddy Bear – Unknown**

A teddy bear  
Is a faithful friend.  
You can pick him up  
At either end.  
His fur is the colour of breakfast toast,  
And he's always there  
When you need him the most.

##### **Little Penguin – Unknown**

I'm a little penguin,  
Black and white.  
I waddle to the left,  
And I waddle to the right.  
When I'm feeling hungry,  
Splash and splish,  
I jump in the water,  
And catch a fish.

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### GRADE 1 – GRADE 3

##### **It's a BUG! – Sue LaBella**

"It's a bug," said father.  
"It has wings" said Joe.  
Mother said, "Look, six legs!  
What else do we know?"

"It eats other bugs.  
The harmful ones, you see.  
It's also called an insect,"  
Said my Grandpa Lee.

Little Jane exclaimed,  
"It's red with small black dots."  
(Jane is pretty smart  
For such a little tot.)

Then we all smiled,  
As the bug crawled away.  
We called out loud to her,  
"Oh ladybug, please stay!"

##### **I Wish I had a dragon – Shel Silverstein**

I wish I had a dragon  
With diamondstudded scales,  
With claws like silver sabres,  
And fangs like silver nails,  
A dragon fierce and faithful,  
Always ready by my side,  
A dragon to defend me  
Or take me for a ride

I wish I had a dragon  
With eyes of shining gold,  
Who breathed a plume of fire  
Whenever it was told,  
A dragon so ferocious  
It might frighten Frankenstein,  
But not a lazy dragon  
Who sleeps all day...like mine.

##### **Flying Popcorn – Unknown**

A piece of popcorn  
Escaped from the pan  
And flew across the kitchen  
Like Superman.

It ping-ponged back and forth  
Between the oven and the freezer.  
Then shot up to the ceiling



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Like a daredevil trapeezer.

I tried and tried to catch it,  
But it never missed a trick.  
So finally, I gave up,  
And ate a licorice stick.

### **If dogs could talk – Kirk Mann**

If dogs could talk I think our dog  
Would have a lot to say.  
He'll probably tell my little brother,  
"SIT and now just STAY."

He'd probably tell my sister,  
"How about an ice cream cone?"  
He'd probably tell my mother,  
"Please go get me a big bone."

He'd probably tell my father,  
"Make a left turn up ahead,"  
He'd probably tell me,  
"Kid, tonight  
I'm sleeping in your bed."

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### **Grade 4 – Grade 5**

#### **If my dinner came alive – Felicia Juliano**

if my dinner came alive  
I don't know what I'd do  
I'd probably scream and run around  
what about you?  
My chicken started clucking  
and my broccoli started to talk.  
My meatloaf got up and stretched  
and on my plate began to walk.  
I don't know what's causing this nonsense  
how did my dinner come to life?  
Even my fork came alive!  
Then the spoon, and then the knife!  
Maybe I am crazy!  
It must be all in my head  
Then as I looked over the table,  
All I saw was dancing bread.

#### **Our classroom is covered in sparkles – Kenn Nesbitt**

Our classroom is covered in sparkles,  
and tinsel that twinkles and shines.  
The kids are all caked with confetti that glows  
with glistening rainbow designs.

Our teacher is spattered with spangles.  
She's shimmering, shiny, and bright.  
She looks like a disco ball burst overhead  
and splashed her with speckles of light.

Our desks are all glimmering brightly.  
The chairs and the carpets are gleaming.  
There isn't a surface inside of our room  
that isn't bedazzling and beaming.

Our janitor's grumpy and grumbling.  
To him it's just that much more litter.  
I guess that we shouldn't share Valentine's  
cards  
in envelopes loaded with glitter.

#### **Sleepyhead – Paul Kennedy**

Oh, please let me have another half hour in  
bed.  
It feels like the pillow is stuck to my head.

I'm cozy and I'm warm and my dreams are all  
nice.  
I don't want to face a day of frost and of ice,

My eyes keep on closing, my brain's in a fuzz.  
If I don't get up soon, I'll miss the school bus.

Why is the best sleep when it's time to arise?  
I only wish now I could open my eyes.

I'm drifting again; the world's going dim;  
it's the Land of Nod that I'm entering in.

Then suddenly I'm awake, with a start and a  
jump.  
I say to myself you are a great chump.

School is no-go, at least for today.  
Why is that so? Because it's Saturday-hooray.



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### **My big fat cat – Christian Mitewu**

I own a big fat cat-  
The fattest for miles around.  
Wherever there's lots of food,  
That's where he'll be found.

He's really good at eating.  
It's a talent, I suppose.  
I'm sure if he keeps at it  
He'd win the talent shows.

I own a big fat cat-  
He weighs at least a ton.  
He couldn't run to save his life.  
Yes, he isn't much fun.

His favourite room's the kitchen.  
(I'm sure we all know why.)  
He eats just about everything,  
So that's why, with a sigh...

I'd like to tell you, Teacher,  
I'd like to tell you straight,  
I might have "accidentally" dropped  
My homework in his plate.

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### **Grade 6 – Grade 7**

#### **Deep in our refrigerator – Jack Prelutsky**

Deep in our refrigerator,  
there's a special place  
for food that's been around awhile...  
we keep it, just in case.  
'It's probably too old to eat,'  
my mother likes to say.  
'But I don't think it's old enough  
for me to throw away.'

It stays there for a month or more  
to ripen in the cold,  
and soon we notice fuzzy clumps  
of multicolored mold.  
The clumps are larger every day,  
we notice this as well,  
but mostly what we notice  
is a certain special smell.

When finally, it all becomes  
a nasty mass of slime,  
my mother takes it out, and says,

'Apparently, it's time.'  
She dumps it in the garbage can,  
though not without regret,  
then fills the space with other food  
that's not so ancient yet.

#### **Smart Phone – Dumb User – Rick Cotton**

My new phone is "smart." I guess that I'm not.  
Amazing what all this here smart phone has  
got.

TV and Weather and Internet, too.  
There's just no limits to what it can do.  
Check my blood pressure and my temperature  
Without even probing all my apertures.  
I now know the time in Paris or Greece.  
I can track the migration of thousands of  
geese

Or find Chinese food; it's here on this map.  
Oops, my finger just slipped, now where was  
that at?

A camera...a CAMERA! Now I can take shots  
Of everyone I know (who'd rather I not).  
Push this here button and take me a "selfie."  
(If it had a nose would this thing take a  
"smellfie"?)

Email to pester with, video to shoot,  
Maps to drive 'round with, wow that's a hoot!  
A compass to guide me home if I'm lost.  
They're fun and they're useful and "techy"  
and all

...But how do I just simply make a phone call?

#### **Grandad can't see his feet – Graham Craven**

Granddad's got new glasses,  
But he still can't see his feet.  
No, his eyes are not the problem.  
It's the amount of food he eats.

People often stop and ask,  
"Is his belly real,  
Or did he eat a basketball  
With last night's evening meal?"

One day he'll surely pop  
And Gran will go berserk. She'll say,  
"See what you've done, you greedy old fool,  
Making me more work."

Granddad will simply laugh and say,  
"Now look, my turtle dove,  
If I keep getting bigger,



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There'll be more of me to love."

He calls himself the perfect man,  
"Every Grandma's dream,"  
Then a smirk spreads across his face  
Like the cat that got the cream.

Granddad may be extra large,  
But he's a sweet and lovely guy,  
The heavyweight champion of the world,  
And the toffee apple of my eye.

### **My dog ate my homework – Denise Rodgers**

The dog ate my homework  
just like it was kibble.  
He started up slow  
with a cute little nibble  
and then scarfed it down  
with a burp and a snort.  
How was he to know  
that my special report  
was due here this morning  
precisely at 8:00.  
So now it is eaten.  
I'm sorry it's late.  
But what can you do  
when your dog needs a snack  
and your stapled report  
comes under attack?  
I told him to stop  
but he just wouldn't mind.  
When my dog is hungry,  
he's not very kind.  
I'll bring it tomorrow,  
and you'll see it then.  
So long as my dog  
isn't hungry again.

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## High School

### Grade 8 – 9

#### **In Each of us – Nur Hafizah Isnawan**

In each of us,  
There's a sun  
That shines  
And lights the gloomy day away.

In each of us,  
There's a river  
That sometimes flows  
And washes away the pain no one knows.

In each of us,  
There's a thunder  
That may strike  
And sink our voyage of life.

In each of us,  
There's a book  
That always keeps  
And treasures those good and hard times  
together.

In each of us,  
There's a thing called heart  
That beats  
And pours these emotions full of color.

#### **The Walrus and the Carpenter – Lewis Carroll**

"The sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright —  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done —  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead —



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There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
If this were only cleared away,'  
They said, it would be grand!

If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,  
That they could get it clear?'  
I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

### Grade 10 – 12

#### The Dancer – C Randall

“What was she like?” they asked, and then I  
knew  
That I had never looked upon her face  
That I could tell them of her timeless grace,  
Curve of the neck, light gesture of the hand;  
The picture of a swallows flight I drew.  
And hoped, perhaps, that they might  
understand.

“What colour was her hair?” I do not know,  
And yet I think it misted a white arm  
And mingled with her dancing. There was a  
charm  
In every movement, and all most sweet,  
Most unforgotten wind-swept and fro,  
The leaf-blown motion of elfin feet.

“Had her eyes beauty?” I cannot tell, alas!  
I saw the magic in a changing dream...  
A flash of silver on a wandering stream...  
And I have kept for my remembering  
How through the morning skies the wild  
swans pass,  
And I recall the tremor of a wing.

#### The Storm – K Mansfield

I ran to the forest for shelter,  
Breathless, half sobbing,  
I put my arms around a tree,  
Pillowed my head against the rough bark.  
“Protect me,” I said, “I am a lost child.”  
But the tree showered silver drops on my face  
and hair.  
A wind sprang up from the ends of the earth;  
It lashed the forest together.  
A huge green wave thundered and burst over  
my head.

I prayed, implored, “Please take care of me.”  
But the wind pulled at my cloak and the rain  
beat upon me.

Little rivers tore up the ground and swamped  
the bushes.

A frenzy possessed the earth.

I felt that the earth was drowning.

In a bubbling cavern of space.

I alone, smaller than the smallest fly – was  
alive and

Terrified.

Then for what reason I know not,

I became triumphant.

“Well kill me” I cried and ran out into the  
open.

But the storm ceased, the sun spread his  
wings

And floated serene in the silver pool of the  
sky.

I put my hand over my face: I was blushing.  
And the trees swung together and delicately  
laughed.



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### VOORGESKREWE POËSIE

#### Kleuterskool

##### **My pa is rower as jou pa – Jaco Jacobs**

My pa spring tou met 'n ratelslang!  
My pa kan 'n leeu met sy kaal hande vang!  
My pa kan sy tande me Tabasco-sous borsel.  
My pa kan 'n baksteen met sy vuiste  
vermorsel.  
Spider-man en Superman bewonder my pa.  
Hy's bang vir net mooi niks... behalwe my ma!

##### **Ou vrou in 'n skoen – Onbekend**

Daar is 'n ou vrou,  
Sy woon in 'n skoen.  
Sy het so baie kinders  
Sy weet nie wat om met hulle te  
Doen.  
Sy gee hulle sop  
Sonder bitter of brood.  
Dan kry elkeen pak,  
Van klein na groot.

##### **Grootword – C Saaiman**

Ek wonder en wonder  
Hoe word 'n mens groot?  
Maar ek dink tog ek weet:  
Die kos wat ek eet,  
Sak af in my voete en bene  
Dan stoot dit my en my kop  
So op en op en op.

##### **Kaalvoetjies – Onbekend**

Ek loop so graag met voetjies kaal,  
Kaalvoetjies in die sand;  
Ek speel so graag met water,  
Met water buitekant.  
Maar mamma roep my binne,  
Sy sê ek mors te veel.  
Ek wonder tog of iemand  
Ooit sonder mors kan speel.

#### Graad 1 – 3

##### **Ek word wakker laat een nag - Onbekend**

Ek word wakker laat een nag  
Want ek hoor iemand snik baie sag.  
Dis al die tyd my baba-pop wat huil:  
"My rok is stukkend, my beentjies is vuil"  
Niemand is eintlik vir my lief,  
My mamma behandel my baie stief!"  
Toe wip ek gou-gou uit die bed  
Want sy's die beste poppie wat ek het. "Ag  
nee, poppie-lief, jy's regtig laf  
Kom ek vee gou jou lyfie met 'n waslap af.  
Nou trek jou skoon aan, net watter rokkie jy  
wil hê  
En ek sal jou nooit weer op die vloer laat lê!"

##### **Reën – Onbekend**

Dis tog so lekker as dit reën  
So drup-drup-drup op die blare  
En die druppels hang soos pêrels  
Aan ons toutjiesrige hare.  
As dit weer buite skoon is  
En al die slote loop  
Dan kan ons tog te heerlik  
ons voete daarin doop.  
Mammie sê ons kinders  
moet liever binne bly  
want as ons natreën, sal ons dalk  
'n kwaai verkoue kry,  
Maar wat van al die bome  
Wat altyd buite bly?  
Nog nooit het ek gehoor  
Dat een 'n seerkeel kry.

##### **Stink Gogga – Piet Swanepoel**

Stinkgogga se hartjie is so seer  
sy het nie een ou maatjie meer.  
Sy ruik so sleg vertel ek jou  
geen mens of dier kan dit hou!  
Hulle het haar in die bad gestop  
en vir 'n hele dag lank geskrop.  
Reukwater gooi hul oor haar lyfie  
[dis ook maar goed sy was 'n wyfie].  
'n Paar dae en sy ruik weer net so!  
Die goggas wou dit glad nie glo!  
Dis in haar bloed dis wat hulle nie weet nie  
Sy ruik so, dat die ander haar nie eet nie.





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### Ek is bang vir 'n volstruis – Hester Heese

Ek is bang vir Volstruis  
Met sy lang slangnek  
As hy aankom na my  
Moet ek my bene rek  
Ek is bang vir die slurp  
Van ou Olifantbul  
Met sy ore wat flap  
En sy tande wat krul  
Maar ou Trapsuutjies  
Met sy ogies wat draai  
Kan maar enige tyd  
Aan my vinger kom swaai.

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### Graad 4 – 5

#### Vreugde Lied – Jaco Jacobs

“Dis die laaste dag van die skool!  
Kom ons doen 'n dansie!  
Dié nare ou plek sluit sy deure  
vir ses volle weke vakansie!  
Geen simpel skoolklok wat ons gedurig pla  
nie;  
nie een enkele oggend gaan ons vroeg  
opstaan nie.  
Niks meer vervelige klasse nie,  
die eksamen is oor en verby!  
So, waarvoor wag ons nog?  
Kom ons kry ons ry!”  
Op die speelgrond staan die kinders  
en luister verstom  
na die rumoerige liedjie wat uit  
die personeelkamer kom:  
“Dis die laaste dag van skool!  
Kom ons doen 'n dansie!  
Dié nare ou plek sluit sy deure  
Vir ses volle weke vakansie!

#### Voetbal Speel – Helene F. Lochner

##### VOETBAL SPEEL

Die seuns is na die voetbalveld  
Daar sit hul orals rond.  
Kouse, skoene, baadjies uittrek,  
Laat lê maar op die grond!  
Die kante word nou eers gekies.  
Dit is 'n kaalvoetspan,  
Wat skrum en skop en vang en loop,  
So hard as hulle kan.  
En Jan, die domkop van ons klas,  
Is op die voetbalveld,  
Vir dié wat kyk, en dié wat speel –

Niks anders as 'n held!  
Hy loop soos wind en vang nooit mis.  
Hy plant jou op jou kop;  
So lank as jy nog gras eet daar,  
Het hy 'n doel geskop!

#### Meneer se slimste kind - Onbekend

Die skooldag begin met gebed en gesang  
en in die Bybelles hoor ons van “die slang”.  
Wiskunde is vir my geen probleem  
en spelling vorm deel van my sisteem.  
Pouse verkies hul soos een man  
my tot kaptein van die rugbyspan.  
Met geskiedenis gaan dit voor die wind;  
ek is “Meneer se slimste kind”,  
In Engels is ek beter as die res;  
selfs Sotho verloop sonder moles.  
Die skooldag eindig met 'n halfuur se sang  
en net daar word die bordjies verhang.  
My stem is soos die van 'n kraai;  
ek voel hoe die irritasie in my laai.  
Van pure frustrasie begin ek Juffrou verpes.  
Ek's 'n groot steuring vir die les.  
Die hoof se lat praat hard en seer.  
“Juffrou, ek belowe, ek sal nie weer –  
Volgende keer sing ek, niemand sal my keer.  
...  
Al klink dit dan soos .... soos .... donderweer!”

#### Die Boemelaar – Hennie Aucamp

Oupa Bibberbene  
Sit of 'n bank en huil.  
Oupa Bibberbene  
Het nêrens om te skuil.

Die skollies het sy jas gevat  
En ook sy halwe brood.  
Maar niemand wat verbyloop  
Wil luister na sy nood.

Oupa Bibberbene  
Is al bitter oud  
En wanneer oupas oud raak  
Kry oupas baie koud.

Moet hy sy laaste winter  
Soos 'n voel sit op 'n tak?  
Af, mense, wees genadig.  
En geen hom 'n onderdak.

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### Graad 6 – 7

#### Die mot en die kers – CJ Langehoven

Die ander motte was dom en dwaas,  
Maar ék sal vér van die kers af bly;  
Hier vér uit die skemerte sal ek kyk,  
Hier vér is dit veilig en kyk is vry.

Maar ek hoef nie van éénkant net te kyk –  
Ek vlieg op dieselfde afstand om,  
Dan weet ek van álkant hoe hy lyk  
Om beter te sorg om nie nader te kom.

My sirkel is skeef en ingebuig,  
Maar dáár ook nog, waar ek naaste was,  
Het daar niks gebeur – ek maak verniet  
My velling so groot en so vér van die as.

Die wioletjie draai ál vinniger om,  
En die lig en die gloed word ál groter genot:  
En die vellings word nouer ál rondom die as –  
En die end van die wiel is die as van die mot.

#### ‘n Sprokie – Vanuit Wilgerboompies

Ek ken ‘n mooi klein sprokie,  
wat so na waarheid klink –  
dis dat die tortel altyd  
sy water troewel drink.  
Kom hy by helder plassies,  
dan sal hy dinkend neig  
as eers, na sagte roering,  
die modderwolkies styg.  
Dáárom sing hy so droewig  
van donker voël-leed;  
Dáárom tooi hy hom stemmig  
met dowwe verekleed.  
So is daar somber siele  
waar hy my aan laat dink,  
wat, soos die tortel, troewel  
die lewenswater drink.  
Vir alle lewensliefheid,  
vir vreugdesang bevrees,  
drink hulle geen genoeëns  
of dié moet troewel wees.

#### Verslaap – Onbekend

Vroeg vanmôre toe die reën begin  
kruip ek diep-diep onder my kombersie in.  
Toe ek eindelijk wakkerskrik, weet ek  
hierdie dag het skeef begin.

Ek gryp na skoen en trui,  
want Pa wil sommer dadelik ry.  
Daar sit nog wit skuim om my mond,  
maar ons ry, want die klok gaan lui!

Skaars sit ons in die klas  
of ek gryp my hart vas:  
ek het my wiskundeboek vergeet . . .  
Vandag is skool ‘n ware las.

Maar toe sê kwaai juffrou Louw  
(haar oë is mos so bibberblou):  
“Bêre maar julle boeke, klas,  
Juffrou het nie vandag haar boek onthou!”

Vroeg vanmôre toe die reën begin,  
kruip sy diep-diep onder haar kombersie in.  
Toe sy eindelijk wakkerskrik,  
weet sy hierdie dag het skeef begin.

#### Mini-Dinosaurus Dier – Zandra Bezuidenhout

My klein kameleon,  
my mini-dinosaurus dier,  
jy dra die mooiste kleure op jou vel  
jou lyfie is ‘n prentjie  
van bont geskenkpapier.  
Ek sien jou twee-toon kloutjies klim  
tot in die hoogste takke in  
daar waar jy op jou eentjie  
jou diertjie-liedjie sing:  
“My drakielyfie is ‘n kleurestreep,  
daar’s knoppies op my rug;  
ek het ‘n skerp gevreetjie met ‘n lang, dun  
tong  
en ‘n wielie-walie stert.”  
Trap suutjies klein bont monster,  
jy maak ons maklik skrik.  
jy lyk ‘n bietjie soos ‘n baba-likkewaan,  
‘n grillerige hartedief;  
maar met jou ronde oumens-ogies  
en ‘n bekkie wat so honger hap,  
kry elkeen wat jou optel  
en aan jou skurwe lyfie vat  
dié mini-dinosaurusdier  
vir altyd lief!



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### Graad 8 – 9

#### Eksamen – Annesu de Vos

dit is kakofonie  
wanneer jy bang verwilderd  
kantel  
deur die nag  
tussen die bladsye  
van hoofstuk vyf  
se Klimatologie;  
die lêboor van die wyfiesprinkaan  
Klop  
haar eiers stelselmatig stoot  
tot in die veilige vesting  
van jou dop –  
jy sien die dood  
as die Franse Revolusie bloedloos stol  
Sodat die lewensiklus  
van die mielieboorwurm  
in die hamerslae van jou kop  
voltooing vind

tot jy verkorrel  
in die suiker van soet slaap

#### 16-Jarige Gedagtes – Zahn de Bruyn

Ek maak Mona Lisa  
se smile myne  
en gooi klippies  
wat hopscotch speel  
op die water;  
die rimpeltjies  
van jou blou oë kring  
al wyer en wyer  
oor jou songesig.  
Ons skaduwees dans  
ligvoets  
oor die water  
saam met die bloekoms  
en in die wit  
flaffie weerkaatsing  
daaronder  
bou ons 'n eie  
kaia vir die tye.  
Maar ek skrik  
en lag ontsteld  
vir my sestien-jaar-gedagtes  
se onvergeeflike uitspattigheid.

### Graad 10 – 12

#### Ek maak nog deure oop – Onbekend

Ek maak nog deure oop  
op kloppe in die nag.

Dit is net die wind  
wat drome deur die vensters jaag.

Ek kon skryf: die bome sny die maan  
soos 'n skulp uit die nag los,  
maar om oor bome te skryf in dié laat seisoen,  
met winterhande, help nie.

Die wind raak verstrik in die takke,  
wriemel haar los en word stil.

Nou kan ek die laaste reëls  
met en oor jou skryf

en met 'n ander sê: Vannag  
kan ek die treurigste verse skryf.

Hoe het jy in-en uitgewaai  
en tyd nie versteur nie.

Ek kan nie erken  
dat jy nie meer hier is nie,

en luister nog vir 'n klop  
met een oor waar ek skryf.

Niemand sing hier in die agtergrond nie.  
Ek luister en hoor niks.

#### Besoekersboek - Fanie Olivier

op die sel se mure het iemand uitgekrap  
(of liewer: ingekrap): sy naam en al die dae  
van sy duskantse verblyf. gaan mens op stap  
deur duikweë stasies onder brûe bly draai die  
vrae

wie was die peter? waar kom pam vandaan?  
hoe het die vriendskap tussen brian en ed  
begin?  
sou w.a.l. se ouers hom meer as normaal  
geslaan het?  
hoe lank het lieb sy liesbet bly bemin?

ek loer na hiërogliewe. 'n boer het my gewys



## **ALL NAA EISTEDDFODS 2023 SET POETRY & VOORGESKREWE POËSIE**

Choose one to prepare from the options provided per grade.



waar jagtonele oorgebly het teen die kran.  
vóór in die gideons se bybel is 'n lang lys  
lesers wat hul teen sterflikheid probeer  
verskans.

'n kind hoes seer; 'n lam huil stomgemaak. ek  
skraap  
moed bymekaar: ek was hier en hier het ek  
geslaap.