

Narrative Poetry – Year 6

This week we would like you to explore some narrative poetry by the poet Michael Rosen. You will find him performing some of the poems following this link or the poems are attached with your home learning for you to read:

<https://www.michaelrosen.co.uk/poems-and-stories-about-my-family/>

Day 1 – The Car Trip.

Mum says "Right you two. This is a long car journey. I'm driving, and I can't drive properly if you two are going mad in the back. Do you understand?"

So we go "Okay Mum, okay. Don't worry about it!" And off we go... and we start the moaning.

"Can I have a drink? I want some crisps. Can I open my window? He's got my book. Get off me! That's my ear!"

And Mum tries to be exciting. "Look out the window! There's a lamppost."

And then we go on "Can I have a sweet? He's sitting on me. Are we nearly there? Don't scratch! You never tell him off. Now he's biting his nails. I wanna drink, I wanna drink."

And mum tries to be exciting again. "Look out the window! There's a tree."

Then we go on, "My hands are sticky. He's playing with the door handle now. I feel a bit sick actually. Your nose is all runny. Don't pull my hair! He's punching me, Mum! That's really dangerous, you know?! Mum! He's spitting!"

And mum says, "Right! I'm stopping the car, I am stopping the car!"

She stops the car, "Now, if you two don't stop it, I'm gonna put you out the car and leave you by the side of the road."

"He started it!" "No he started..."

[facepalm] "I don't care who started it, I can't drive properly if you two go mad in the back. Do you understand?"

And we go "Okay Mum, okay. Don't worry about it!"

"Can I have a driiiiiink?"

Day 2 - I'm Tired.

Dad says, "Phooo... I'm tired..."

And mom says, "You're tired? I'm tired?"

Dad says, "I've never ever been as tired as this."

Her mum says, "You don't know what tired is? I'll tell you what tired is! It's me! That's what tired is!"

And dad says, "I'm tired all over. It's my legs, It's my head."

And mum says, "My tired, isn't just inside. Everywhere is tired!"

Dad says, "I haven't even begun to tell you... how tired I am."

And mum says, "I know how tired you are. You've told me! You know something? You telling me you're tired, makes me tired!"

Dad says "And that's it."

No one understands how tired I am! No one listens! In the end, I get tired saying I'm tired.

Her mum says, "What you don't know is that before I was this tired, I didn't know a person could be this tired. If I had known then... how tired I was going to be, I wouldn't have let myself, be this tired."

And I say, "Anyone round here tired?"

Day 3 - Chocolate Cake

I love chocolate cake.

And when I was a boy

I loved it even more.

Sometimes we used to have it for tea

and Mum used to say,

'If there's any left over

you can have it to take to school

tomorrow to have at playtime.'

And the next day I would take it to school

wrapped in tin foil

open it up at playtime and sit in the

corner of the playground

eating it,

you know how the icing on top

is all shiny and it cracks as you

bite into it

and there's that other kind of icing in

the middle

and it sticks to your hands and you

can lick your fingers

and lick your lips

oh it's lovely.

yeah.

Anyway,

once we had this chocolate cake for tea

and later I went to bed

but while I was in bed
I found myself waking up
licking my lips
and smiling.
I woke up proper.
'The chocolate cake.'
It was the first thing
I thought of.
I could almost see it
so I thought,
what if I go downstairs
and have a little nibble, yeah?
It was all dark
everyone was in bed
so it must have been really late
but I got out of bed,
crept out of the door
there's always a creaky floorboard, isn't there?
Past Mum and Dad's room,
careful not to tread on bits of broken toys
or bits of Lego
you know what it's like treading on Lego
with your bare feet,
Yowwww
Shhhhhhh
downstairs
into the kitchen

open the cupboard

and there it is

all shining.

So I take it out of the cupboard

put it on the table

and I see that

there's a few crumbs lying about on the plate,

so I lick my finger and run my finger all over the crumbs

scooping them up

and putting them into my mouth.

oooooooooooooooooooo

nice.

Then

I look again

and on one side where it's been cut,

it's all crumbly.

So I take a knife

I think I'll just tidy that up a bit,

cut off the crumbly bits

scoop them all up

and into the mouth

oooooooooooo mmmm

nice.

Look at the cake again.

That looks a bit funny now,

one side doesn't match the other

I'll just even it up a bit, eh?

Take the knife

and slice.

This time the knife makes a little cracky noise

as it goes through that hard icing on the top.

A whole slice this time,

into the mouth.

Oh the icing on top

and the icing in the middle

ohhhhhh oooo mmmmmm.

But now

I can't stop myself.

Knife –

I just take any old slice at it

and I've got this great big chunk

and I'm cramming it in

what a greedy pig

but it's so nice,

and there's another

and another and I'm squealing and I'm smacking my lips

and I'm stuffing myself with it

and

before I know

I've eaten the lot.

The whole lot.

I look at the place.

It's all gone.

Oh no

they're bound to notice, aren't they,
a whole chocolate cake doesn't just disappear
does it?

What shall I do?

I know. I'll wash the plate up,
and the knife
and put them away and maybe no one
will notice, eh?

So I do that
and creep creep creep
back to bed

into bed

doze off

licking my lips

with a lovely feeling in my belly.

Mmmmmmmmmmm.

In the morning I get up,

downstairs,

have breakfast,

Mum's saying,

'Have you got your dinner money?'

and I say,

'Yes.'

'And don't forget to take some chocolate cake with you.'

I stopped breathing.

'What's the matter,' she says,

'you normally jump at chocolate cake?'

I'm still not breathing,
and she's looking at me very closely now.
She's looking at me just below my mouth.

'What's that?' she says.

'What's what?' I say.

'What's that there?'

'Where?'

'There,' she says, pointing at my chin.

'I don't know,' I say.

'It looks like chocolate,' she says.

'It's not chocolate cake is it?'

No answer.

'Is it?'

'I don't know.'

She goes to the cupboard
looks in, up, top, middle, bottom,
turns back to me.

'It's gone.

It's gone.

'You haven't eaten it, have you?'

'I don't know.'

'You don't know? You don't know if you've eaten a whole
chocolate cake or not?'

'When? When did you eat it?'

So I told her,

and she said

well what could she say?

'That's the last time I give you any cake to take
to school.

Now go. Get out

no wait

not before you've washed your dirty sticky face.'

I went upstairs

looked in the mirror

and there it was,

just below my mouth,

a chocolate smudge.

The give-away.

Maybe she'll forget about it by next week.

Day 4 - Boogy Woogy Buggy

I glide as I ride
in my boogy woogy buggy
take the corners wide
just see me drive
I'm an easy speedy baby
doing the baby buggy jive
I'm in and out the shops
I'm the one that never stops
I'm the one that feels
the beat of the wheels
all that air
in my hair
I streak down the street
between the feet that I meet.
No one can catch
my boogy woogy buggy
no one's got the pace
I rule this place
I'm a baby who knows
I'm a baby who goes, baby, goes.

By Micheal Rosen