

### MIRROR, MIRROR

I'll show you if broccoli's jammed in your teeth or toothpaste is smeared on your lip. Your frowns won't escape, every face that you make I'll reflect - don't neglect me, look quick!

Come by, say hello, and I'll make sure you know that there's orange all over your chin, your eyes need a wipe or your nose needs a blow, and I'll even remind you to grin.

So do pop along as I'd love to help out as long as you don't come and gawk. Just take a quick peek to ensure you look chic, and then turn around, honey, and walk.

# **EXPLORER ACTIVITIES**

In this poem, we hear what a mirror has to say for itself.

★ If objects could speak, which of the ones around you would be the most chatty?

Examples of objects that might have something to say include: shoes, doors, keyholes, taps, trees, books, bins.

- ★ What do you think would they say?
- ★ Would they sound different from each other?

E.g. Is your mirror chatty, but your kettle quite quiet? Would the radiator be angry about not being used? Would the fridge be exhausted by working so hard?









Type of object: Pet hates:

Hobbies: What it most wants:

Best friend: Favourite holiday destination:

Favourite food:

Would any of these objects be friends (keys and keyholes for example)? Would they talk to each other? Would they talk to you? If so, what would you say back?

★ Can you turn this into a poem?







Hella!







### LISTENING TO

Brrrrrrrrreeeeeeeeep

iiip iiiiip iiiiip

Raarp rarrp rarrp

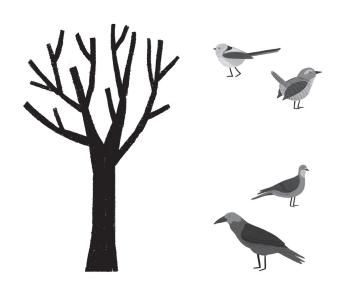
Deecha deecha deecha

Ssshhh-chhh-chhh ssshhh-chhh-chhh

Ooooweepooweep

Nndurrrrr nndurrrrr

**G**yaaaaayk gyaaaaayk



# **EXPLORER ACTIVITIES**

To write this poem, I sat underneath a tree and jotted down whatever I could hear, which was mostly birdsong. I then asked an ornithologist, an expert in birds, to look over my scribbles to find out which birds I had been listening to.

Try writing down all the sounds you can hear right now. That might be the ROAR of cars, the CLANG of keys or the CLOMP of footsteps. Note them all down – and feel free to create words that don't exist. In my poem above, I only used three real words...

ROAR, CLANG and CLOMP are 'onomatopoeic' – this means they sound like the noise they are describing. Try to see if you can spot any of the onomatopoeic words in the word search below.

Once you've finished, try including the words you found, along with your own words, in your own poem about listening...

J	K	N	0	Н	V	Z	G	W	F	S
1	Е	S	Z	U	W	A	R	В	L	E
R	F	M	X	G	J	A	Е	Н	I	Н
С	L	A	N	G	D	S	Т	S	K	J
Е	I	S	W	K	Е	Q	Т	J	Е	R
Н	С	Н	I	R	Р	E	A	0	F	W
W	L	Q	A	G	0	Т	Н	U	M	Р
K	S	Н	R	J	M	Υ	С	M	Р	L
Z	Z	U	В	T	K	U	T	F	W	Е
G	0	В	В	L	Е	F	0	0	W	Y





The words to look out for are: thump, smash, clang,  $chi_rp$ , chatter, yelp, warble,  $gobbl_e$ , buzZ, honk, woof.

#### WORDS THAT MAKE ME SMILE

Tog, toggle, goggle, wiggle, wriggle, giggle, gnu.

Achooo!!

### Achooo!!

Chew, poopy, droopy, soupy, loopy, gloopy, goo.

Eeeuuuwww, slimy.

Stink, sticky, sludge, sm grudge, fudgy, judge.

Wig, jiggy, pig, piggy, piggy, pig pig...

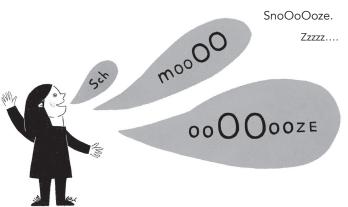
Mud.

Thud.

Thump, thwack, thwart, thought, think, blink, stink.

Shrink, shrivel, fizzle, frizzle, drizzle, dribble, **OOOOOOze.** 

SnoOoOooze.



### **EXPLORER ACTIVITIES**

I didn't mean to write this poem. As I stared out of a train window, I found myself thinking about words that made me smile – so I started writing them down. I wasn't trying to make **ANY SENSE WHATSOEVER**, I was just trying to enjoy words.

I wrote a really, REALLY long list, then cut them down and rearranged them to make a poem. Try thinking of as many words as you can that make you smile. But

# DON'T do it at a desk.

Do it in the bus, train or car, in the park or on the beach. Try doing it with other people (but make sure someone is writing everything down!). Then see if you can make a poem out of all the words...

Think about whether you want to repeat any of the words (I did – Wig, jiggy, pig, piggy, pig pig...), and whether you want any of the words to be

BIG or small.

And finally, think about how you want to perform it. When I perform this poem, I try to pretend I'm falling asleep at the end... And when I'm in a classroom, that usually involves the entire class falling asleep with me.