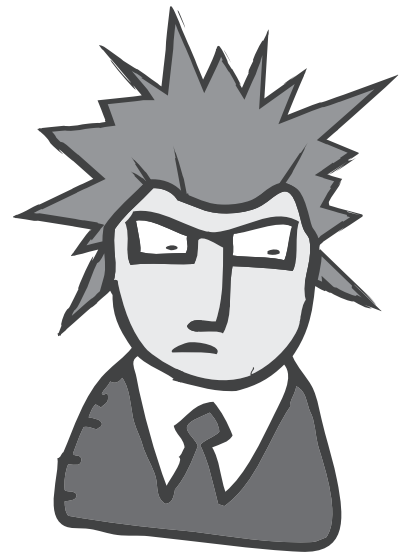
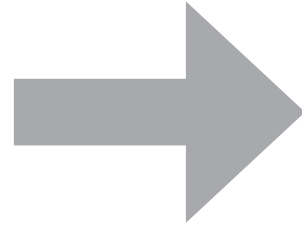


# My teacher has two faces



## Performance tips

→ This is a simple reflective poem. Try acting it with other children showing interesting facial expressions on either side of you.



## Over to you!

How many faces have you got? Do you know anyone else with two faces? Make up a poem of your own where someone's face changes depending on the mood they are in.

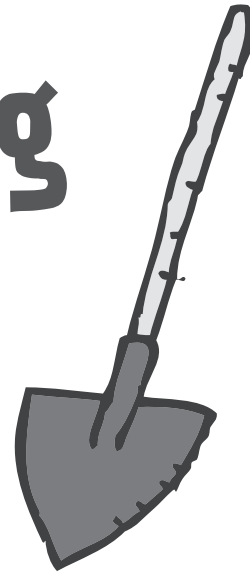
One, stays there, cool and pale as a beach in the morning  
 Tells you things  
 Collects things  
 Reads with you about Henry the Eighth  
 Does maths on the board  
 And talks at the gate  
 To mums and dads  
 Laughs high with a 'hara, hara' sound.

The other one  
 Like a rising storm  
 The Pirate Mario face  
 Sharp like a pencil point  
 Frowns deep as a trench  
 Full of big sound  
 Eyes huge as windows  
 Mouth a small snarling tube  
 We slink and cringe.

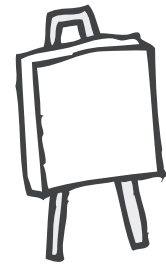
And then, today,  
 Joel asked him about the holidays  
 And another face crept out  
 It was slow  
 We watched it come  
 Like warm rice pudding it was  
 Like gold light  
 'I have a new baby at home,' he said  
 The new face crumbled and wobbled  
 His smile opened into a lake  
 With fields and bright sun.

I'm worried that  
 Now it's lunchtime,  
 He won't have time to mend his face again  
 Will the new face come spilling out?  
 Will the angry pirate Mario face  
 Keep crumbling when he tries to wear it?  
 Will the calm day-by-day face  
 Have too many smiles in it?  
 Will we watch all the faces slip and slide  
 And fall on the floor in bits  
 In maths this afternoon?

# They're digging up my school



They're digging up my school today  
 The builders came at eight  
 They're digging up the Meadow Room  
 We feel the walls vibrate  
 There's drilling in the corridors  
 And workmen on the stairs  
 We can't have French; the cupboard's blocked  
 With stacks of books and chairs.

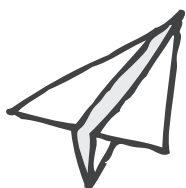


They're digging up my school today  
 I think they'll find some treasure  
 Packed into piles, deep underground  
 More gold than you can measure  
 We'll all be billionaires, I think,  
 We'll buy expensive cars  
 Or rocket ships to zoom us up  
 to Jupiter or Mars.

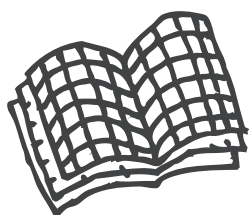


## Performance tips

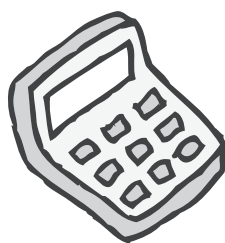
- Bring out the rhythm with a cast of builders all digging.
- Experiment with single voices building to a whole group.



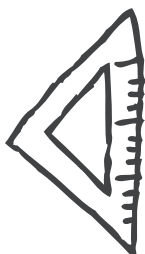
They're digging up my school  
 Oh dear! What if they don't stop?  
 Just keep on digging lava streams  
 Up to their necks in slop.  
 They'll find a race of magic ants  
 With very hairy chests  
 They'll show up in Assemblerlee  
 As highly honoured guests.



If only, when they dig up school  
 They'd find a brand new land  
 And call out, 'Leave your classrooms  
 Lads, we're off across the sand!'  
 We'd cruise across a silver sea  
 See serpents writhe and wriggle  
 We'd catch some silky pink baboons  
 Who'd tickle us and giggle.



I'd like the builders to work quite fast  
 And never stop for tea  
 I'd like them to scoop and probe and pull  
 As the walls fall away, you see  
 For if they crash and crush and wham  
 Knock down each bit of school  
 Then I'll miss maths at ten. Yippee!  
 Now that would be really cool.



## Over to you!

Lots of secret things might be going on in a school. Maybe something odd is happening in the office or the PE cupboard. Make up your own poem about a spectacular discovery and perform it to your group.