

Skateboard Poem

Equipment

- > Skateboard poem (see below).
- > This activity can also be used with students' own written work or other poems or stories.

Notes

- > Adapted from *English in the New Zealand Curriculum*.

Achievement objectives

- > Respond to language, meanings and ideas in different texts, relating them to personal experiences. (Written Language – Reading)
- > Tell stories, recite or read aloud, informally for an audience. (Oral Language – Speaking)

Learning outcomes

- > Actively respond to language and meanings in the poem.
- > Be able to read aloud or recite a poem for an audience.

Suggested assessment

- > In groups: Students demonstrate to others the poem with actions.
- > Others provide feedback to the group: what was helpful in emphasising the interesting parts of the poem and any suggestions for revision.



Teaching and learning

- > Draw on students' prior knowledge and experiences as an introduction to the text.
- > Draw attention to significant visual cues and other material to help students' understanding.
- > While discussing and reading the text, encourage students to sample and predict, make approximations, and use cue sources to cross-check and confirm their understanding.
- > Students discuss selected parts of the text that they found interesting and identify words that have a particular impact. They suggest actions they could perform whenever that specific word or phrase is read out loud.
- > In groups: Students explore ways to respond using actions. Some of the group read aloud or recite the poem while others incorporate the actions. Students swap roles.

Ways to adapt

- > Less able students could do the actions as you read the text.
- > More able students could write or choose their own text using interesting words to add actions.

What to watch for

- > Observe how individual students respond to language and read aloud. Note observations in individual records.

Skateboard Poem

By Belle Avery

The old ladies trembled
when they saw me rolling
and rolling
speeding
and speeding
right from the top of the street.
They leaped to the side,
I think they stopped breathing
as I rumbled, cliket
and I rumbled, clacket,
Over the joints in the paving.
Louder
and louder,
nearer
and nearer,
faster
and faster,
with wind in my hair
and power in my thighs,
momentum
MOMENTUM!

The old ladies trembled
and rattled their wrinkles,
breathed in with a squeak
and out with a squawk,
their bright eyes boggled behind their bifocals
for in a red splotch by their long bony feet,
I motionless lay with the skin off my seat.

From *100 New Zealand Poems for Children* edited by Jo Noble.

Notes: