

September 29th, 2025.

Attention: The Principal,

INVITATION TO THE 29th ANNUAL VERSE SPEAKING COMPETITION

We are delighted to invite your school to participate in the **29th Annual Verse Speaking Competition** for Primary and Kindergarten Schools in Tobago. This exciting event provides a platform for students to express their creativity and passion for poetry.

We are pleased to inform you that approval has been granted by the Division of Education for the hosting of this year's competition. We are engaging all Kindergarten and Primary Schools in the Northern, Eastern and Western Zones to participate.

The competition will feature three (3) categories of participants:

- Kindergarten (3 - 4 years)
- Primary School Students
 - Junior (7 – 10 years)
 - Seniors (11 -13 years)

Key Information:

- Several poems have been provided for each category. Each school is requested to select **one poem** and nominate **one (1) student** per category to participate.
- The competition will be judged by Zones in two (2) phases: **Semi-Finals and Finals**.

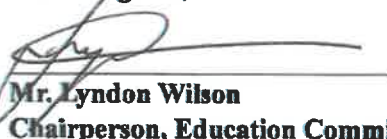
Included in this Package:

- Copies of the Competition Poems
- Copy of Approval from Division of Education
- Registration Form
- Dates and Venues Information
- Competition Rules
- Judging Criteria

We strongly encourage your school's participation in this enriching educational endeavour. It is a wonderful opportunity for students to showcase their talents and develop a deep appreciation for the art of poetry.

We look forward to your school's involvement in this prestigious event.

Warm regards,



Mr. Lyndon Wilson
Chairperson, Education Committee & Events

Lambeau Credit Union Co-operative Society Limited



DIVISION OF EDUCATION, RESEARCH AND TECHNOLOGY
Office of the Administrator

Dutch Fort Plaza, Dutch Fort
Scarborough, Tobago.

Tel.: 299-0781 Email: administrator@thadert.gov.tt

25 September 2025

Mr. Lyndon Wilson
Chairperson
Education and Events Committee
Lambeau Credit Union Cooperative Society Ltd.
Tobago

Dear Mr. Wilson,

Re: Request for Permission to Host the 29th Annual Verse Speaking Competition

The Division of Education, Research and Technology acknowledges receipt of your correspondence dated 17th September 2025, requesting permission to engage Kindergarten and Primary School students in the Eastern, Northern, and Western districts in the 29th Annual Verse Speaking Competition of the Lambeau Credit Union Co-operative Society Limited, under the theme "Rising Voices, Shaping Tomorrow."

We are pleased to inform you that approval has been granted for the requested schools to participate in the preliminary rounds and finals, on the proposed dates and at the venues outlined, namely:

- **Wednesday, 5th November 2025** – Belle Garden Community Centre
- **Thursday, 6th November 2025** – Ann Mitchell-Gift Scarborough Library
- **Thursday, 13th November 2025** – Shaw Park Complex (Finals)

The Division commends the Lambeau Credit Union Co-operative Society Limited for its continued commitment to promoting literacy, self-confidence, and artistic expression among students across Tobago.

Kindly liaise with the Schools Supervisors II & I's and the ECCE Coordinator, within the Division to ensure all logistical requirements and guidelines are duly met.

We extend best wishes for the successful execution of this year's competition and look forward to the continued partnership in nurturing Tobago's young voices.

Yours sincerely,

.....
Ginelle Williams (Ms.)

Administrator

Division of Education, Research and Technology

ADMINISTRATOR
DIVISION OF EDUCATION
RESEARCH AND TECHNOLOGY

cc:

School Supervisor II, Mr. Phillip Rochford

School Supervisor I, Mr. Milton Eastman & Mrs. Corrine Rochford

LAMBEAU CREDIT UNION CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LIMITED
29th ANNUAL VERSE SPEAKING COMPETITION

REGISTRATION FORM

CATEGORY	
NAME OF SCHOOL	
CONTACT TEACHER	
CONTACT NUMBER FOR SCHOOL	
CELL PHONE NUMBER FOR THE TEACHER	
E-MAIL ADDRESS	
STUDENT NAME	
NAME OF POEM	

Principal Signature

Date

Please affix school stamp

Dates and Venues

Preliminary Rounds:

East Zone

Kindergarten East

Date -: Tuesday 5th November, 2025
Time -: 9:30 a.m.
Venue -: Bell Garden Community Centre

Primary East

Date -: Tuesday 5th November, 2025
Time -: 10:30 a.m.
Venue -: Bell Garden Community Centre

West Zone

Kindergarten West

Date -: Wednesday 6th November, 2025
Time -: 10:00 a.m.
Venue -: Anne Mitchell-Gift Auditorium, Scarborough Library

Primary West

Date -: Wednesday 6th November, 2025
Time -: 11:00 a.m.
Venue -: Anne Mitchell-Gift Auditorium, Scarborough Library

Finals

Date -: Tuesday 13th November, 2025
Time -: 10:00 a.m.
Venue -: Shaw Park Complex

COMPETITION RULES

- Only one student per school, per category.
- The poem chosen must be used throughout the competition.
- The same student who performs in the zonal competition must be the student who performs in the finals.
- The first and second-place zonal winners qualify for the finals.
- The Winning School has the highest aggregate score for juniors and seniors. Schools are therefore encouraged to enter students in both categories.
- Judge's decisions are final.
- Registration forms should be submitted to the Lambeau Credit Union by Friday 31st October 2025.

JUDGING CRITERIA

Students are judged according to the following categories:

❖ Expression - 20 points

We are looking for a variety of rhythm as well as facial expressions.

❖ Fluency - 20 points

This refers to the flow of words.

❖ Diction - 20 points

This refers to the quality of feeling that is associated with the words; it includes correct pronunciation.

❖ Tone - 20 points

This can be summed up as the overall performance attitude (be it admiration, awe, respect etc.) towards the subject; and how this is conveyed to the audience.

❖ Presentation - 20 points

This refers to the overall delivery of the poem.

P.S: Please note, costuming is not a criterion for judging.

ZONES

For this competition, the zones were divided into two (2) educational zones.

These are:

1. East Tobago
2. West Tobago

Following is a list of the schools and zonal classifications

EAST TOBAGO

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Charlotteville Methodist | 9. L'Anse Fourmi Methodist |
| 2. Charlotteville S.D.A | 10. Parlatuvier Anglican |
| 3. Speyside Anglican | 11. Glamorgan S.D.A |
| 4. Delaford R.C | 12. Pembroke Anglican |
| 5. Delaford Anglican | 13. Goodwood Methodist |
| 6. Ebenezer Methodist | 14. Mt. St. George Methodist |
| 7. Roxborough Anglican | 15. Hope Anglican |
| 8. Belle Garden Anglican | 16. Mt. St. George Methodist |

WEST TOBAGO

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Scarborough R.C | 15. Pentecostal Light & Life |
| 2. Scarborough Methodist | 16. Table Piece Government |
| 3. St. Andrew's Anglican | 17. Moriah Government |
| 4. Scarborough S.D. A | 18. Mason-Hall Government |
| 5. St. Nicholas Private Primary | 19. North Regional S.D.A |
| 6. Whim Anglican | 20. Castara Government |
| 7. Lambeau Anglican | 21. Golden Lane Government |
| 8. Plymouth Anglican | 21. Bethesda Government |
| 9. Black-Rock Government | 23. Des Vignes Road Government |
| 10. Buccoo Government | 24. Bon Accord Government |
| 11. Montgomery Government | 25. St. Patrick's Anglican |
| 12. Michael Hall Community | 26. Patience Hill Government |
| 13. Signal Hill Government | |
| 14. Golden Lane Government | |

What If

If you give up and quit
You will always wonder "what if"
Take a deep breath and start again
Let learning and failure be a friend.

Stick to the task be like a dog
Giving up keeps you in a fog.
Refocus your thinking
Start at the beginning.

Persistence pays off no matter what
Quitting just closes everything shut
If you are determined you'll find a way
And then you'll never wonder "what if" someday!

By Catherine Pulsifer

I Have Ten Little Fingers

I have ten little fingers,
And they all belongs to me,
I can make them do things,
Do you want to see?
I can close them up tight!
I can open them wide.
I can put them together.
I can make them hide.
I can make them fly high.
I can make them go low,
I can fold them like this and hold them just so.

By: Mem Fox

I Went Out Exploring

I went out exploring
for treasure today
I wasn't successful
I'm sorry to say

Instead of some treasure
I found a few rocks
I found a dead bug
and some stinky socks

I found a small string
from a party balloon,
a bubble gum wrapper
and half of a spoon

I found a flat can and
The cap from a pen
I don't think that
I 'll will go exploring again.

By Kenn Nesbitt

My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

By Robert Louis Stevenson

DREAM BIG

Dream big for what is to come
Hope big for those who need it most
Love big for just yourself and one more
As all in this world do every day

The stars see out into the world
Every dream at night, they remember
Everything you wish upon them, while young
They are the ones to make it true

The dreams you dream every night
Cannot be hidden in the morning's early light.
Your dream catcher watches with great fascination
As you wake, with this new dreaming sensation

Everything seems new and different
From the views you learned in your dream last night
Yet nothing really manages to change
As the ache you feel comes around, hoping that maybe something will be new

The dream you had last night, is one of pure delight
Or possibly it had only fright. Maybe it was a dream of nothingness
Of the change that you dare not make, or do you?

Dream big, Hope big, Love big
For when you do,
Who knows,
It may come true

By Jessica Millsaps

I Should Have Stayed in Bed

I should have stayed in bed today,
In bed is where I belong,
As soon as I got up today,
Things started going wrong,
I got a splinter in my foot,
My puppy made me fall,
I squirted toothpaste in my ear
I crashed into the wall.

I knocked my homework off the desk,
It landed on my toes,
I spilled a glass of chocolate milk,
It's soak through my clothes,
I accidentally bit my tongue,
That really made me moan,
And it was far from funny
When I banged my funny bone.

I scarped my knees, I bumped my nose,
I sat upon a pin,
I leapt up with alacrity,
And sharply barked my shin,
I stuck my finger in my eye,
The pain is quite severe,
I'd better get right back to bed
And stay there for a year.

Saw My Teacher on A Saturday

Saw my teacher on a Saturday!
I can't believe it's true!
I saw her buying groceries like normal people do!

She reached for bread and turned around,
And then she caught my eyes.
She gave a smile and said, "Hello".
I thought that I would die!

"Oh, hi...hello, Miss Appleton"
I mumbled like a fool
I guess I thought that teacher types
Spend all their time at school.

To make the situation worse,
My mom was at my side
So many rows of jars and cans.
So little room to hide.

Oh, please, I thought, don't tell my mom
What I did yesterday!
I closed my eyes and held my breath
And hoped she'd go away.

Some people think it's fine to let
Our teachers walk about.
But when it comes to Saturday
they shouldn't let them out!

By Dave Crawley

My Hand Was in the Cookie Jar

My hand was in the cookie jar
When Grandma wandered in
I knew she caught me in the act
There's no way I could win.

"It's not my fault ", I blurted out.
There's nothing I could do
I heard the cookies calling me
As cookies often do.

I struggled to ignore them
I tried to close my ears
I hummed a tune. But macaroons
Kept chanting cookies, cheers.

"Oatmeal and raisins called to me.
The nut bars did the same
And Chocolate chips may not have lips
But still, they called my name.

"Just take a bite. It's quite all right
Just try us, pretty please!"
They pleaded with me, kneeling
On their little cookie knees!"

But Grandma wasn't angry
No, she wasn't mad at all
She said, "Kids aren't the only ones
That hear the cookies' call.

When pecan cookies call my name
I answer in a blink
I'm not sure how you heard them, though."
She added with a wink.

Then carefully she took the jar
And placed it on the shelf
The jar is empty, "Grandma said.
"I ate the last myself"

By Edgar Guest

The Spider and The Fly

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;
 The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
 And I've a many curious things to shew when you are there."
 "Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain,
 For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
 Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.
 "There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
 And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
 "Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
 They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, "Dear friend what can I do,
 To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
 I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
 I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
 "Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be
 , I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise,
 How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
 I've a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
 If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
 "I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
 And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
 For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again:
 So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly
 And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.
 Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
 "Come hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
 Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head;
 Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
 Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
 With buzzing wings, she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
 Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue—
 Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing
 At last, Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
 Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!
 And now dear little children, who may this story read,
 To idle, silly flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:
 Unto an evil counsellor, close heart and ear and eye,
 And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.

By Mary Howitt

In the Eyes of a Pillar

As the soft gentle breeze tickles my skin and the warm rays of sunshine brush
 across my face, my eyelids rise as though I have been
 awakened from a state of hibernation. The sound of little
 footsteps sprinting down the stairs
 fill my ears whilst notes of elation echo throughout the Temple
 And bounce from pillar to pillar.
 Their smiles like beams of light
 Illuminating the darkest corners of
 the building; students and their teachers
 sharing the same sparkle of anticipation
 in their eyes as they anxiously wait
 for the day to begin. The time has
 finally arrived! A sense of
 euphoria conquers my body as
 I hear the sound "Ding ding".
 "Ding ding", realizing that the
 Once empty white building would
 be filled with exuberance again.
 Their lives have touched mine with
 their ability to bring every inch of
 The world into our community.
 From the new nervous students
 walking past me every day, who
 are oblivious to the adventure
 that awaits them, to the leavers
 gathering on the Astro to throw their
 boaters together in celebration of
 what they have accomplished here.
 They have formed the very fabric of
 My existence as I can remember all
 Of them even though I know some
 Never noticed me. Although my heart
 Sinks at the thought of them departing.
 I know that everything must come to
 An end when I'm reminded by the long
 summers days finishing with a wash of
 golden hue. It is then, when there's nothing but deafening
 silence and I begin to drown in my own thoughts,
 the walls encircling me softly sing the
 sweet songs of the school's choir in reminiscence of the year that
 has just passed. Slowly lured into a trance like state,
 I settle into dormancy once again.

By Lydia Daly

Oh, I Wish I'd Looked After My Teeth

Oh I wish I looked after my teeth
And spotted the perils beneath
All the toffees, I chewed
And the sweet sticky food
Oh, I wish I'd looked after my teeth.

I wish I'd been that much more willin'
When I had more tooth there than fillin'
To pass up gobstoppers,
From repeat to me choppers
And to buy something else with me shillin'

When I think of the lollies I licked,
And the liquorice all sorts I picked,
Sherbet dabs, big and little,
All that hard Peanut brittle,
My conscience gets horribly pricked.

Oh I showed them the toothpaste all night.
I flashed it about late at night,
But up-and- down brushin'
And pokin' and fussin'
Didn't seem worth the time –I could bite!

If I'd know, I was paving the way
To cavities, caps and decay,
The murder of fillin's
Injections and drillin's
I'd have thrown all me sherbet away.

So I lay in the old dentist's chair
And igaze up his nose in despair,
And his drill it do whine,
In these molars of mine.
"two amalgams," he'll say, "for in there."

How I laughed at my mother's false teeth,
As they foamed in the waters beneath.
Nut now comes the reckoning'.
It's me they are beckoning
Oh, I wish I'd looked after my teeth

By Pam Ayres