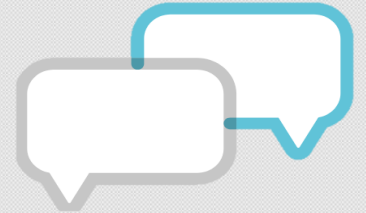


Sister Schools Cultural Exchange

Shenzhen Jianwen Foreign Language School
Newman Catholic College

17 December 2020 (Thursday)



01

1st student performance

- Comments from Newman Teachers
- Comments from Jianwen Teachers

02

2nd student performance

- Comments from Newman Teachers
- Comments from Jianwen Teachers

03

3rd student performance

- Comments from Newman Teachers
- Comments from Jianwen Teachers

Flow chart





Beneath My Bed

BY DARREN STANLEY

I can't go out. My mum just said.
Her eyes are fire. Her face is red.
I have to stay indoors, instead,
Until I've cleaned beneath my bed.

I did the shelves. I've done the floor,
The window-ledge and every drawer.
I scrubbed the crayon off the door.
Could any mother ask for more?

I wonder, has she peeped and see
A mouldy plate or magazine,
Or pants and socks? There can't have been!
It's beautiful – all fresh, and clean.

There are no bugs, or mugs, or mice.
No toenail bits, or chips, or rice.
It's heaven there. It's neat. It's nice.
Since I was three I've cleaned it twice.

I said, "Oh Mum, come on, play fair;
Don't waste your time – there's nothing there."
She frowned: "explain these books, this bear,
This brush, all clogged with crumbs and hair,
That bread, those boots..."

I didn't dare.

I can't go out. My mum just said.
Her eyes are fire. Her face is red.
I have to stay indoors, instead,
Until I've cleaned beneath my bed.

Poem Overview



Beneath My Bed

BY DARREN STANLEY

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Stanza 1





I did the shelves. I've done the floor,
The window-ledge and every drawer.
I scrubbed the crayon off the door.
Could any mother ask for more?



Stanza 2



I wonder, has she peeped and see
A mouldy plate or magazine,
Or pants and socks? There can't have been!
It's beautiful – all fresh, and clean.



Stanza 3



There are no bugs, or mugs, or mice.
No toenail bits, or chips, or rice.
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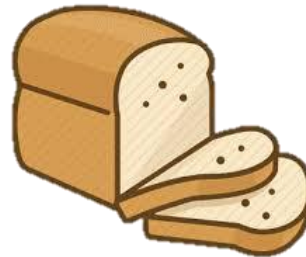
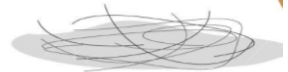


Stanza 4





I said, “Oh Mum, come on, play fair;
Don't waste your time – there's nothing there.”
She frowned: “explain these books, this bear,
This brush, all clogged with crumbs and hair,
That bread, those boots...”



Stanza 5



I didn't dare.



Stanza 6



I can't go out. My mum just said.
Her eyes are fire. Her face is red.
I have to stay indoors, instead,
Until I've cleaned beneath my bed.



Stanza 7



Thank

you

