

**Catégorie 1 : The elephant (song)**

The elephant goes like this and that  
He's terribly big and he's terribly fat  
He has no fingers, he has no toes  
But goodness gracious, what a nose!

## **Catégorie 2 : We're going on a Bear Hunt, Michael Rosen, 1989**

We're going on a Bear Hunt!  
We're going to catch a big one.  
What a beautiful day.  
WE'RE NOT SCARED.  
Oh-oh! GRASS!  
Long, wavy grass.  
We can't go over it.  
We can't go under it.  
Oh, no!  
WE'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH IT!  
Oh-oh! A RIVER!  
A deep, cold river.  
We can't go over it.  
We can't go under it.  
Oh, no!  
WE'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH IT!  
Splash splosh!  
Splash splosh!  
Splash splosh!  
We're going on a Bear Hunt!  
We're going to catch a big one.  
What a beautiful day.  
WE'RE NOT SCARED.  
Oh-oh! MUD!  
Thick, oozy mud.  
We can't go over it.  
We can't go under it.  
Oh, no!  
WE'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH IT!  
Squelch squerch!  
Squelch squerch!  
Squelch squerch!  
We're going on a Bear Hunt!  
We're going to catch a big one.  
What a beautiful day.  
WE'RE NOT SCARED. [...]

### **Catégorie 3 : When Sarah Surfs The Net, Kenn Nesbitt, 2007**

When Sarah surfs the Internet  
she starts by checking mail.  
She answers all her messages  
from friends in great detail.

She plays a game, or maybe two,  
and watches a cartoon,  
then chats with kids in places  
like Rwanda and Rangoon.

She reads about her favorite bands.  
She buys an MP3.  
She downloads movie trailers  
and she looks for stuff for free.

She reads about celebrities  
and dreams of wealth and fame,  
then watches music videos  
and plays another game.

If you should say, "Your time is up.  
I need to use the Net,"  
she always whines, "I haven't got  
my homework finished yet!"

## Catégorie 4 : Buckingham Palace, A.A. Milne, 1924

# Buckingham Palace

by A. A. Milne

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.  
Alice is marrying one of the guard.  
"A soldier's life is terrible hard,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.  
We saw a guard in a sentry-box.  
"One of the sergeants looks after their socks,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.  
We looked for the King, but he never came.  
"Well, God take care of him, all the same,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.  
They've great big parties inside the grounds.  
"I wouldn't be King for a hundred pounds,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.  
A face looked out, but it wasn't the King's.  
"He's much too busy a-signing things,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.  
"Do you think the King knows all about me?"  
"Sure to, dear, but it's time for tea,"

Says Alice.

## **Catégorie 5 : Don't Quit, Edgar Albert Guest, 1921**

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
when the road you're trudging seems all uphill,  
when the funds are low and the debts are high,  
and you want to smile but you have to sigh,  
when care is pressing you down a bit - rest if you must, but don't you quit.  
Life is queer with its twists and turns.  
As everyone of us sometimes learns.  
And many a fellow turns about when he might have won had he stuck it out.  
Don't give up though the pace seems slow - you may succeed with another blow.  
Often the goal is nearer than it seems to a faint and faltering man;  
Often the struggler has given up when he might have captured the victor's cup;  
and he learned too late when the night came down,  
how close he was to the golden crown.  
Success is failure turned inside out - the silver tint of the clouds of doubt,  
and when you never can tell how close you are,  
it may be near when it seems afar;  
so stick to the fight when you're hardest hit - it's when things seem worst, you must  
not quit.

**Catégorie 6 : *As you Like It* , Acte II, Scene VII, William Shakespeare, 1599**

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.