

THE GAME

It's only mid-morning, but the heat beats down. You and your team in the grass under the trees – lions in a savannah, quieter and quieter as the game goes on until it's only the sound of the dry-weather insects, their chorus louder with each wicket down.

You put on the pads, stiff as posts, and march out to the crease, a cheer from your team as you go. In the middle, a ring of opponents surround you – their mouths stretched into hungry, wide grins.

You tighten your jaw, narrow your eyes, but your stomach is a stormy sea, churning brown and green, spitting up wood on the shore. The bowler takes his mark. Your hands pulsing, gripping the bat. Your head – swollen breakers, thumping on the sand.

The bowler runs in – closer, closer. "Here we go," you say softly to yourself, wishing for that crack, the sound of ball on bat, to send that thing hurtling over their heads. The bowler's arm wheels around. You steady your feet, lift your bat, the ball – is released.

Louise Wallace



The Game

by Louise Wallace

Text and illustrations copyright © Crown 2014

For copyright information about how you can use this material, go to:
<http://www.tki.org.nz/Copyright-in-Schools/Terms-of-use>

Published 2014 by the Ministry of Education
PO Box 1666, Wellington 6011, New Zealand.

www.education.govt.nz

All rights reserved.

Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

ISBN 978 0 478 44379 0 (online)

Publishing services Lift Education E Tū

Series Editor: Susan Paris

Designer: Adam Pryor

Literacy Consultant: Melanie Winthrop

Consulting Editors: Hōne Apanui and Emeli Sione



[New Zealand Government](http://www.govt.nz)

THE GAME

It's only mid-morning, but the heat
beats down. You and your team
in the grass under the trees –
lions in a savannah, quieter
and quieter as the game goes on
until it's only the sound
of the dry-weather insects, their chorus
louder with each wicket down.

You put on the pads, stiff as posts,
and march out to the crease,
a cheer from your team as you go.
In the middle, a ring
of opponents surround you –
their mouths stretched
into hungry, wide grins.

You tighten your jaw, narrow
your eyes, but your stomach is
a stormy sea, churning
brown and green, spitting up wood
on the shore. The bowler
takes his mark. Your hands pulsing,
gripping the bat. Your head –
swollen breakers, thumping
on the sand.

The bowler runs in – closer,
closer. "Here we go," you say softly
to yourself, wishing for that crack,
the sound of ball on bat,
to send that thing hurtling
over their heads. The bowler's arm
wheels around. You steady your feet,
lift your bat, the ball –
is released.

Louise Wallace



School Journal

SEPTEMBER 2014

The New Zealand
Curriculum
LEVEL
3



SCHOOL JOURNAL LEVEL 3, SEPTEMBER 2014

Curriculum learning area	English Health and Physical Education
Reading year level	Year 5
Keywords	poem, cricket, sport