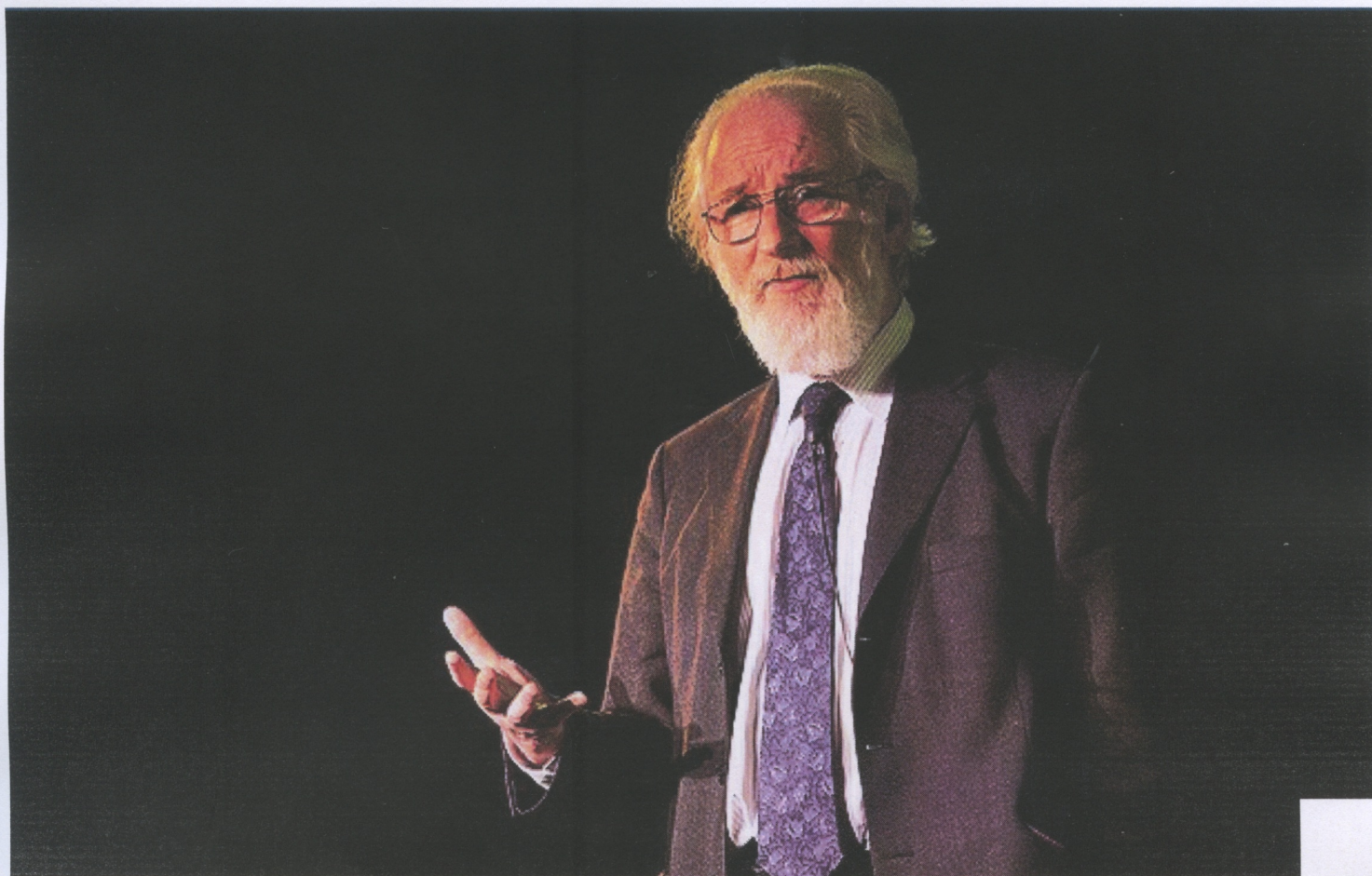


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David Crystal poetry competition

We present the winners of the David Crystal poetry competition.

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In October the Telegraph and Profile Books invited readers to enter a poetry competition inspired by David Crystal's new book, *The Story of English in 100 Words*.

The challenge was to write a poem of no more than 100 words using at least 25 words from Crystal's list.

We are pleased to announce that the winning poem is **Ex-Teacher Tries to Chillax** by

Anne Ryland, and that we have also picked a runner-up, **Subprime Capitalism Blues** by Gavin Woodworth, both published below. We also include our other favourites.

The winning entry...

Ex-teacher Tries to Chillax

by Anne Ryland

Born an *ain't* girl, I edited my grammar,

ink-horned myself out and away.

After trekking through English, German, then PC lingo,

I married a polite alpha-beta-gamma man,

wore my skirts into a royal blue blurb.

Now, I'm too bloody fidgety for taffeta.

My old bridegroom zooms by in his app racing car –

crashes. LOL!

How to avoid the mega-escalator up to Twittersphere?

The doobry down to Alzheimer's?

A fopdoodle at sudoku,

I've put all my eggs into riddles and sonnets.

Lord, let me cherry-pick my way to the bone-house,

muggling along today, lunching on thaumatology tomorrow.

Is it doable? Hello?

The runner-up...

Subprime Capitalism Blues

by Gavin Woodworth

Money men ain't daft

Doublespeak, speechcraft

Cherry-picking data

Sell y'all later

Watergate seems tame

Grand theft, Great Game

Up escalator

Schmooze dictator

Look out dude

We all got screwed

Mega billion take away

They say, 'It's OK'

Debt is in our DNA

Sudoku app, learn the rules

Listen to music, Jazz from Jools

Twittersphere and webzine

The Matrix and Mr Bean

Overspend on Star Trek

Unfriend Ant and Dec

Eat your lunch, egg on toast

Pork for tea, Sunday roast

Potato and a jug of mead

What about the bankers' greed?

And a selection of our favourites...

By **Virginia Price Evans**

It ain't cool, OK? It ain't polite
To schmooze with a dame (you listenin'. dude?),
When your mates have planned a boys' night out
And are waitin' in the street – it's mega rude.
Don't dilly-dally and loaf around
With a piece of skirt; unfriend and get shot
Of your valentine. We've music (hello?),
There's jazz and garage – wicked or what?
Now go get the food to take away,
the pork balls, the egg fried rice and dim sum;
You've got the money and it ain't a trek -
So dump your swain and move your arse, you bum.

The English Dame

By Bernard Green

The English dame, when out on the street
of Badshot Lea decided to eat brunch
of potato inkhorn and egg instead of lunch
With a loaf of bread and glass of mead
She mused; she was in debt, no money
But had chattels; therefore no need to worry
A Scot came by, in his local dialect, said “Hello
gis a kiss for tea,” she replied but wasn't rude

“Take away your merry riddle, wicked wee dude”

Then he lifting the skirt of his plaid kilt

saying “What an unfriend, ok bye y’all”

Showed her his doobry and arse, what gall.

Undeaf Now

By D Browning

See, y’aII, the merry dame in her tajïeta skirt,

At brunch with her dude, her bridegroom , her erstwhile disinterested Swain.

Now undeaf to the riddle of Alzheimer's in his DNA,

They linger on the escalator,

The slow trek to the matrix of music and PC doublespeak of their carers,

Where the cuckoo take tea and schmooze,

And a gaggle of friends dilly-daily,

As the jail of the bonehouse whispers hello.

By **John Warner**

Don’t dilly-dally in the street:

Here’s a royal feast for y’all to eat.

Pork and egg is what you need,

Washed down with bloody tea or mead.

A loaf of bread, potato pie:

A take away for which to die.

No double-speak music informations,

But wicked jazz for celebrations.

This just ain't your bone-house brunch,
It's cherry-picking strine dinkum lunch.

By **Juliet Morton**

A dandy poses on the street,
a fopdoodle, yearning for attention,
shrugging his indifference to a world
set on chattels and money; yet, take away
the dragsman look, edit his music
and trembling below, find the boy
reaching for his absent mum's skirt.

His speech-craft is grunts, a bodgery
of English with few words except bloody
and c***.

His past shaped his current 'dialect',
polite doublespeak was out, he was
deaf to reason, undeaf to garage
and jazz.

He's a new species now,
a robot of 'copy'.

There's no riddle here,
no sudoku to be solved,
what remains is
vulnerability.

By **Liz Sheath**

Dear Valentine

Your merry swain

Doth trek the street

In search of fame

And money.

For you I'll jail

The alphabet

And take away the grammar

And skirt the dialect of love

With meager riddle.

Will this impress you, Honey?

What grand bone-house

The bridegroom builds

To ease the royal debt

He owes to you.

In English speech-craft

Wicked music to your ears

A cherry picking exercise

In love.

I lay my chattels at your feet.

My poems

Waterwheels of bodgery

And doublespeak.

Lol Dude.

By **Michael Katz**

What! Information missing.

Occupy Wall Street

To make the deaf undeaf.

Up the royal arse of the money men!

Scoundrels! Unfriend them.

Release us from our chattels.

No free-lunch here.

One single loaf to share out

Among a billion—

You pork pie! Gotcha!

We're cherry-picking your portfolio. Take the Jag out of the garage.

Don't dilly-dally!

To the bonehouse and drink meade.

Make merry.

Brunch can wait.

Skedaddle you fopdoodle!

We're on your tail.

Jail is too good for you, dude.

This aint no high tea.

Debt? Music to our ears.

No double-speak.

Us muggles have nothing to fear.

A Raunchy Romp

by Pamela M Hughes

“Drink and be merry, pour out the mead.

Serve up potatoes, pork, egg and swede.

Here’s to the bridegroorn and bride in her taffeta.

Pregnant she be but shall not laugh at her.”

‘Twas Valentine’s Day when that Swain did her meet,

Over the lea in Fopdoodle Street.

She lined her skirt, showed her pert little arse.

This babe’s the result of what then came to pass.

They left the Royal Toby, jazz music and Glamour;

Passed Boddington Jail and Watergate Manor.

A UFO they saw and a robot appear

To take them away to the cool tvvittersphere.

Saturday Song

by Sarah Wright

Grab your velvet jacket, dude,

I'm wearing my taiïeta skirt;

1et's have ourselves a wicked lunch

and take the time to flirt.

The market's making merry

and there's music in the air;

let's jazz up the morning,

dilly-dally round the square.

It's ok, the day is ours,

chillax time, a mega treat;

we'll schmooze a leisurely meander,

spend some money, circulate,

raise a wee glass of mead or bubbly,

order up a royal spread,

cherry-picking goodies,

maximising our street cred.

Come on out, drop the sudoku,

doublespeak our debt away,

fly around the twittersphere,

hello World - come out to play!

Love and Money

by Sasha Flatau

We listen to music, chat and drink tea

Have no bloody money

That's you and me

We chillax with sudoku

You play jazz piano

We talk in a riddle

We are mega in love

We forever dilly-dally

Take wee walks in the country

Speak English with bad grammar

But are dinkum and polite

At work we ain't happy

Disinterested at best

I am a robot

Forget unique DNA

On twelve grand a year

What more can I say

In my lunch break I schmooze

To avoid buying food

Lol: What a joke!

Y'all gotta do these things

When you're broke.

A Little Magic

by Sue Pettit

Under the slab-grey sky

the mega Wicked Witch

Wiggles her grand arse

and dilly-dallys down the street

towards the bone- house.

Wearing alaffeta skirt

this dinkum dame

is followed by

a gaggle of fopdoodle swain.

As they trek towards the bloody jail

A billion notes of music,

merry jazz and solemn song,

burst out from a nearby garage.

A missile ares through the air.

Gotcha, you skunk!

The witch kicks the robot.

The robot throws an egg.

What!

You ain't getting away with that.

Furious, she swirls her skirt

and the robot is gone.

Half a Loaf

by Sue Reardon Smith

My taffeta skirt swirling,

we met on an escalator.

'Hello dude, tea for two?'

I stayed for brunch, smoked

cod's roe and scrambled egg,

take-away pork and potato
lunch. We schmoozed away
the night. I felt mega-wicked.
'No bridegroom this', Ma said,
'a fopdoodle going only as far
as jail or the bonehouse. Just
a street jazz musician, not English,
not polite, playing strange music.'
I paid out his bail money, a grand.
OK, a billion reasons to ditch him
but he swore change was doable.
Duff information. He hopped
the twig with a rich merry widow.

The list of words the poet's were asked to use:

THE LIST

- 1 Roe The first word (5th c)
- 2 Lea Naming places (8th c)
- 3 And An early abbreviation (8th c)
- 4 Loaf An unexpected origin (9th c)
- 5 Out Changing grammar (9th c)
- 6 Street A Latin loan (9th c)
- 7 Mead A window into history (9th c)
- 8 Merry A dialect survivor (9th c)

- 32 Music A spelling in evolution (14th c)
- 33 Taffeta An early trade word (14th c)
- 34 Information(s) (Un)countable nouns (14th c)
- 35 Gaggle A collective noun (15th c)
- 36 Doable A mixing of languages (15th c)
- 37 Matrix A word from Tyndale (16th c)
- 38 Alphabet Talking about writing (16th c)
- 39 Potato A European import (16th c)
- 40 Debt A spelling reform (16th c)
- 41 Ink-horn A classical food (16th c)
- 42 Dialect Regional variation (16th c)
- 43 Bodgery Word-coiners (16th c)
- 44 Undeaf A word from Shakespeare
(16th c)
- 45 Skunk An early Americanism (17th c)
- 46 Shibboleth A word from the King James Bible (17th c)
- 47 Bloody Emerging swear word (17th c)
- 48 Lakh A word from India (17th c)
- 49 Fopdoodle A lost word (17th c)
- 50 Billion A confusing ambiguity (17th c)
- 51 Yogurt A choice of spelling (17th c)
- 52 Gazette A taste of journalese (17th c)
- 53 Tea A social word (17th c)

- 54 Disinterested A confusable (17th c)
- 55 Polite A matter of manners (17th c)
- 56 Dilly-dally A reduplicating word (17th c)
- 57 Rep A clipping (17th c)
- 58 Americanism A new nation (18th c)
- 59 Edit A back-information (18th c)
- 60 Species Classifying things (18th c)
- 61 Ain't Right and wrong (18th c)
- 62 Trek A word from Africa (19th c)
- 63 Hello Progress through technology (19th c)
- 64 Dragsman Thieves' cant (19th c)
- 65 Lunch U or non-U (19th c)
- 66 Dude A cool usage (19th c)
- 67 Brunch A portmanteau word (19th c)
- 68 Dinkum A word from Australia (19th c)
- 69 Mipela Pidgin English (19th c)
- 70 Schmooze A Yiddishism (19th c)
- 71 OK Debatable origins (19th c)
- 72 Ology Suffix into word (19th c)
- 73 Y'all A new pronoun (19th c)
- 74 Speech-craft An Anglo-Saxonism
(19th c)
- 75 DNA Scientific terminology (20th c)

76 Garage A pronunciation problem

(20th c)

77 Escalator Word into name into word (20th c)

78 Robot A global journey (20th c)

79 UFO Alternative forms (20th c)

80 Watergate Place-name into word (20th c)

81 Doublespeak Weasel words (20th c)

82 Doobry Useful nonsense (20th c)

83 Blurb A moment of arrival (20th c)

84 Strine A comic effect (20th c)

85 Alzheimer's Surname into word

(20th c)

86 Grand Money slang (20th c)

87 Mega Prefix into word (20th c)

88 Gotcha A non-standard spelling

(20th c)

89 PC Being politically correct (20th c)

90 Bagonise A nonce-word (20th c)

91 Webzine An internet compound

(20th c)

92 App A killer abb (20th c)

93 Cherry-picking Corporate speak (20th c)

94 LOL Netspeak (20th c)

95 Jazz Word of the century (20th c)

96 Sudoku A modern loan (21st c)

97 Muggle A fiction word (21st c)

98 Chillax A fashionable blend (21st c)

99 Unfriend A new age (21st c)

100 Twittersphere Future directions? (21st c)



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