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Opening extract from

When Granny Won Olympic Gold

Written by

Graham Denton

Published by

A & C Black Publishers Ltd

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For my friend James Carter,
a good sport if ever there was one.

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WHEN GRANNY WON OLYMPIC GOLD



Chosen by **Graham Denton**

A & C Black • London

When Granny Won Olympic Gold

The runners took their starting blocks.
Their eyes were bright and bold,
while, from the stands, the people watched
to see who'd win the gold.

Then, all at once, they turned and stared,
and silence filled the stands
as Granny walked across the field,
a basket in her hands.

She spread a blanket on the ground
and sweetly gave a smile;
then called out to the runners,
"Sit with Granny for a while.

"I've got a lovely picnic here
with sandwiches and cake.
You've all been playing much too hard.
I'm sure you need a break."

The runners shrugged and gave a sigh
then sat down one by one.
To disappoint a Granny, well,
that simply wasn't done.

She served them ham and cheese on rye
and plates of deviled eggs.
"Now just you sit and eat," she said,
"while I go stretch my legs."

Then, glad to give them each a chance
to rest and eat and talk,
Granny and her orthopedic sneakers
took a walk.

And, as the judges scratched their heads,
around the track she strolled.
And that's how, fourteen minutes later,
Granny won the gold.

So if you are a runner,
here's advice you ought to take:
you'd best beware the basket
of a Granny who can bake.

Eric Ode

MY GRAMP

My Gramp has got a medal.
On the front there is a runner.
On the back it says:
Senior Boys 100 yards
First William Green.
I asked him about it, but before he could reply
Gran said, "Don't listen to his tales.
The only running he did was after the girls."
Gramp gave a chuckle
and went out the back
to get the tea.
As he shuffled down the passage
with his back bent,
I tried to imagine him,
legs flying, chest out,
breasting the tape.
But I couldn't.

John Foster

Sporty family

Dad's always wrestling (with the crossword);
Granny's brilliant at running (the bath);
Mum's good at curling (her hair);
Grandad loves bowls (of ice cream);
My brother's great at diving (into bed);
My sisters are experts at rowing (with each other);
And I'm very keen on polo (mints).
What a sporty family! (not).

Andy Seed

TALKING FOR ENGLAND

Mum says my Aunty Dot could talk for England.
Could somebody else's Aunty speak for Spain
chin-wag for China
prattle for Poland
natter for Norway
jaw for Japan
rabbit on for Russia
or gossip for Greece?
And with all that noise how would we hear who'd won?

Sue Cowling

A Liking for Striking

We are a boxing family—
My dad, my mum, my sis, and me…

My dad's a super heavyweight
A hulky, bulky fighter
My mum's a bruising cruiserweight
(though only that bit lighter)
My sis, a belting welterweight,
Could give you quite a lickin'
And me? Well, I'm a featherweight
'Cause I am just a chicken!

Graham Denton

TOO YOUNG

My dad says I'm still a little too small
To compete in the London 2012s.
So, at the age of eight,
I've decided to wait
And keep my dreams on the shelves.

In another four years (or maybe four more)
Is the date I'm now planning to go—
And each time we have tea
Dad announces to me:
"On your marks, Mark, get set, grow!"

Mike Barfield

Brothers

Big
Strong
Billy
Matthews
Is
Very
Very
Tall,
Which
Makes
Him
Perfectly
Suited
For
Playing
Basketball.

Though his brother who is short
Is also good at sport.

Peter Cole