

**Harmony Tree International Speech Festival (HTISF)**  
2025-2026 Set Pieces for Asia Division

**FINAL**

**Prose Reading**  
*Born in 2016-2017*

## **Just Tricking!**

*by Andy Griffiths, an adapted version.*

All I've got to do is lie here without breathing or blinking.

Well, when I say without blinking, I mean blinking when nobody is looking.

And when I say without breathing, I don't mean not breathing at all - that would be stupid.

The only thing that worries me is, I'm such an excellent practical joker,

I might trick myself into thinking I'm really dead.

As far as I can see, there's nothing really good about being dead, except that you don't have to go to school.

Suddenly Mum bustles into the room. "What? Still in bed? Come on, you'll be late!"

I hear the rattle of the curtains being opened.

The sudden light hurts my eyes, but I remember not to blink.

Any moment now Mum is going to see me. And scream. She's standing right next to me.

"Pooh, what a stink! When's the last time you cleaned this room? It's an absolutely pigsty!

Dirty socks and undies everywhere. Why can't you just put them in the washing basket?

If you're not showered, dressed and out of this house in ten minutes you're going to be late,

and I'm not going to drive you."

She walks out of the room.

I stare at the ceiling. What else would a real corpse do?

It's not as if it would make some brilliantly witty comeback.