

Level 1

Learning Outcomes

Interpretation

The learner will be able to:

1. Convey feeling and changes in mood
2. Use key words to communicate meaning.

Technique

The learner will be able to:

3. Adopt appropriate posture
4. Allow the face to reflect inner feeling
5. Create vocal contrast between moods
6. Create vocal contrast between thoughts
7. Create vocal contrast between narrative and dialogue (Grades 2 and 3)
8. Demonstrate clarity of diction.

Knowledge

9. The learner will be able to describe the general content, meaning and mood of both the verse and/or prose selections. At Grade 3 the learner will also be able to identify the fundamental differences between verse and prose.

Amplification of the Learning Outcomes

Key words – individual words that carry the sense of the phrase

Meaning – the sense behind the words of the text

Mood – the emotion behind the words of the text

Vocal contrast – varying pitch, intonation, pace, volume, tone colour, intensity

Appropriate posture – centred with length in the spine and a relaxed upper body, which supports breath and voice, allowing them to flow freely

Inner feeling reflected on the face – expressing, without overstating, the emotion behind the words through facial expression

For amplification of *the fundamental differences between verse and prose* (knowledge requirements) please refer to *Knowledge Matters* (a LAMDA publication).

Level Descriptor

Learners will be able to demonstrate their knowledge, understanding and skills by producing a thoughtful interpretation, based on creative engagement with the material and careful preparation. They will speak from memory, audibly and clearly, with a sense of spontaneity. Through variations in volume, pace and pitch they will be able to create and convey mood. Their apt use of body and space will complement their vocal performance.

Repertoire Guidelines and Regulations

1. At Grade 1 the learner will select one piece of verse from the list of set selections and one piece of verse of their own choice.
2. At Grades 2 and 3 the learner will select one verse or one prose piece from the set selections, followed by one verse or one prose piece of their own choice. Own choice selections must be prose if verse has been selected for section 1, verse if prose has been selected.
3. Set selections of verse and prose are printed in full in *The LAMDA Verse and Prose Anthology Volume XVII (17)*. The learner will speak the chosen prose selection as presented in *The LAMDA Anthology* and not any other piece from the same book.

- 4. **The own choice verse or prose must not exceed two minutes in length.**
- 5. The own choice verse or prose must be published but not set elsewhere in this syllabus specification.
- 6. The content of the own choice selection may go beyond easily recognisable events and stories so that learners can begin to explore emotions, moods and atmosphere outside their immediate experience (e.g. imagined people and places, other periods).
- 7. The language of the own choice selection must contain a variety of expressive vocabulary and offer some opportunity for interpretative choices.
- 8. The own choice selection must differ in theme *or* mood from the set selection, enabling the learner to display some contrast.

Total time allowance for each grade

10 minutes

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Grade 2

1. Interpretation and Technique

The learner will speak from memory one verse *or* one prose selection from the following:

Verse

Twilight	Leonard Clark
Amanda!	Robin Klein
The Song of Hiawatha	H W Longfellow
The Witch's Brew	Wes Magee
The Sound Collector	Roger McGough
A Fierce Pirate Crew	Eleanor McLeod
Escape Plan	Roger Stevens
The Computer's Swallowed Grandma	Valerie Waite

Prose

Molly Moon's Incredible Book of Hypnotism	Georgia Byng
Alice in Wonderland	Lewis Carroll
Shadow of the Minotaur	Alan Gibbons
Harry's Mad	Dick King-Smith
The Snow Spider Trilogy	Jenny Nimmo
A Handful of Horrid Henry	Francesca Simon
The Owl who was Afraid of the Dark	Jill Tomlinson
Spid	Ursula Moray Williams

The title and author must be announced prior to the performance.

2. Interpretation and Technique

The learner will speak from memory a prose passage of their own choice, if verse was selected in Section 1. If prose was selected in Section 1, then the learner will speak from memory a piece of verse of their own choice. Please refer to *Repertoire Guidelines and Regulations*. The title and author must be announced prior to the performance.

3. Knowledge

The learner will answer questions on the following:

- An outline of the story of the book from which the prose selection has been taken.

The learner will be prepared to discuss with the examiner any aspect of theory specified for previous grades.

Escape Plan

As I, Stegosaurus,
stand motionless
in the museum
I am secretly planning
My escape.

At noon
Pterodactyl
will cause a diversion
by wheeling around the museum's
high ceilings
and diving at the curators and
museum staff
while I
quietly slip out of the fire exit
and melt
into the London crowds.

by Roger Stevens

The Computer's Swallowed Grandma

The computer's swallowed grandma
Yes 'honestly' it's true.
She pressed 'control' and 'enter'
And disappeared from view.

It's devoured her completely
The thought just makes me squirm.
Maybe she's caught a virus
Or been eaten by a worm.

I've searched through the recycle bin
And files of every kind.
I've even used the Internet
But nothing did I find.

In desperation I asked Jeeves
My searches to refine.

The reply from him was negative
Not a thing was found 'online'.

So, if inside your 'inbox'
My Grandma you should see,
Please 'scan', 'copy' and 'paste' her
In an e-mail back to me.

by Valerie Waite

The Song of Hiawatha (Hiawatha's Brothers)

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens'.

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them where'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers'.

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A Fierce Pirate Crew

We are a fierce pirate crew, with cutlasses in hand,
Known throughout the Seven Seas as a bold, bloodthirsty
band;

From the sands of Timbuctoo to the east of Samarkand,
Our death-defying deeds are known on sea or on the land.

Our galleon named the Dirty Dick is sturdy stout and strong,
With great black sails a-billowing wide as we sail along,
She dips and heaves and plunges tall grey foaming waves
among

And as the evening darkens we speed her with a song,

Singing: "Heave away me hearties, our daily plundering's
done,

Heave away me hearties here's a fine old bottle of rum!"
We'll sit and tell bold tales until we see the morning sun
Then look out all you jolly tars, for here the pirates come!

With the cry of "Pirate galley!" the bravest Captain's eyes
Are filled with the greatest horror as the Dirty Dick he spies,
For soon along the quivering plank his gallant crew all dies.
Treachery is on the sea when the Jolly Roger flies.

by Eleanor McLeod

Twilight

Don't say I didn't tell you
about those creepy noises in the dark wood;
I heard them clearly where alone I stood
for a moment under the staring trees there
disturbing the silent air.

It was only owls.

Don't say I didn't warn you
 about those spooky lights on the green pool;
 I saw them plainly coming home from school
 for a moment just beyond the town
 dancing up and down.

It was only stars.

by Leonard Clark

The Witch's Brew

Into my pot there now must go
 Leg of lamb and green frog's toe,
 Old men's socks and dirty jeans,
 A rotten egg and cold baked beans.
 Hubble bubble at the double
 Cooking pot stir up some trouble.
 One dead fly and a wild wasp's sting,
 The eye of a sheep and the heart of a king.
 A stolen jewel and mouldy salt,
 And for good flavour a jar of malt.
 Hubble bubble at the double
 Cooking pot stir up some trouble.
 Wing of bird and head of mouse,
 Screams and howls from a haunted house.
 And don't forget the pint of blood,
 Or the sardine tin and the clod of mud.
 Hubble bubble at the double
 Cooking pot stir up some TROUBLE!

by Wes Magee

Amandal

Don't bite your nails, Amandal
 Don't hunch your shoulders, Amandal!
 Stop that slouching and sit up straight,
 Amandal!

(There is a languid, emerald sea,
 where the sole inhabitant is me –
 a mermaid, drifting blissfully.)

Did you finish your homework, Amanda?
 Did you tidy your room, Amanda?
 I thought I told you to clean your shoes,
 Amandal!

(I am an orphan, roaming the street.
 I pattern soft dust with my hushed, bare feet.
 The silence is golden, the freedom is sweet.)

Don't eat that chocolate, Amandal!
 Remember your acne, Amandal!
 Will you please look at me when I'm speaking to you,
 Amandal!

(I am Rapunzel, I have not a care;
 life in a tower is tranquil and rare;
 I'll certainly never let down my bright hair!)

Stop that sulking at once, Amandal!
 You're always so moody, Amandal!
 Anyone would think that I nagged at you,
 Amandal!

by Robin Klein

The Sound Collector

A stranger called this morning
Dressed all in black and grey
Put every sound into a bag
And carried them away.

The whistling of the kettle
The turning of the lock
The purring of the kitten
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster
The crunching of the flakes
When you spread the marmalade
The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying-pan
The ticking of the grill
The bubbling of the bathtub
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops
On the window-pane
When you do the washing-up
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby
The squeaking of the chair
The swishing of the curtain
The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning
He didn't leave his name
Left us only silence
Life will never be the same.

by Roger McGough

GRADE TWO – PROSE

Spid

First one leg came out of the plughole and then another, and then another and then another and then another and then another and then another and then another.

Spid had arrived.

"I thought spiders only had six legs," said the boy who was looking over the edge of the bath, "but I've been counting yours and I thought they would never stop. You are the biggest spider I have ever seen! Are you sure you only have *eight* legs? You haven't left any down there? Where do you come from, anyway?"

The spider explained that he had been trying to get into the house for some weeks, because hiding in a coalshed was not his idea of happiness. He loved people, he said, and he wanted people to love him too.

"I love spiders," said the boy, "but nobody else does, not in this house! My mother screams when she sees one. My father stamps on them!"

"Ouch!" exclaimed the spider, twitching its feet.

"I know," the boy agreed, "but that is why you can't come to live here, I'm afraid. Besides, my grandmother is coming to stay, and she feels faint if she even catches sight of a spider, and our lady helper catches them in dusters and shakes them out of the window."

"Aiee!" said the spider, bunching itself into a ball.

"My Aunty Bloss traps them in a toothglass and puts them in the boiler," continued the boy. "You do see why you can't come and live here, don't you?"

by Ursula Moray Williams

Harry's Mad

Harry jumped out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, opened the door and (for once) went down the stairs very slowly and quietly. Closing the sitting-room door behind him, he went over to the parrot-cage and stood beside it. It was on a level with his head.

Harry put on his sneering Gestapo interrogator face.

"Ve haf vays of making you talk!" he said between clenched teeth.

The parrot said nothing.

Harry took a deep breath. A hundred times, he said to himself, I'll say it a hundred times. He leaned forward till his lips were almost against the wire bars of the cage, as close as possible to where he thought the bird's ear must be, and, speaking slowly and clearly, as you would to a foreigner or to someone rather deaf, he said, "My... name... is... *Madison*."

The parrot scratched the side of his bare, scaly face with one foot.

"If you say so, buddy," he said clearly, "but that would be a remarkable coincidence. Seeing that my name is *Madison* also."

Harry's mouth fell open. He felt amazement, embarrassment, wild excitement, all at the same time.

"What's the matter?" said *Madison* pleasantly. "Cat got your tongue?"

by *Dick King-Smith*

A Handful of Horrid Henry

It was showtime.

Horrid Henry was not very excited.

He did not want to be a raindrop.

And he certainly did not want to be a raindrop who danced behind a giant green leaf.

Miss Thumper waddled over to the piano. She banged on the keys.

The curtain went up.

I'm not staying back here, he thought, and pushed his way through the raindrops.

"Stop pushing, Henry!" hissed Lazy Linda.

Henry pushed harder, then did a few pitter-pats with the other raindrops.

Miss Tutu stretched out a bony arm and yanked Henry back behind the scenery.

Who wants to be a raindrop anyway, thought Henry. I can do what I like hidden here.

Henry flapped his arms and pretended he was a *pterodactyl* about to pounce on Miss Tutu.

Round and round he flew, homing in on his prey.

Perfect Peter stepped to the front and began his solo.

Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap Tap - CRASH!

One giant green leaf fell on top of the raindrops, knocking them over.

The raindrops collided with the tomatoes.

The tomatoes smashed into the string beans.

The string beans bumped into the bananas.

Perfect Peter turned his head to see what was happening and danced off the stage into the front row.

Miss Tutu fainted.

by Francesca Simon

Molly Moon's Incredible Book of Hypnotism

The room was quiet. Everyone sat wide-eyed and thunder-struck. Molly looked around, satisfied, and very impressed with herself that she hadn't needed to use her voice at all.

"In a minute I will sit down. When I do, I will clap my hands. When you hear me clap, you will all snap out of your trances and you won't remember that I hypnotized you at all... And from now on, whenever you remember nasty things you have said or done to Molly Moon, you will hit yourselves over the head with whatever you are carrying."

Molly left the stage and sat down. She clapped sharply once. She hadn't hypnotized everyone to love her. She didn't need to do that now. She just wanted to be sure she could manage a crowd, and she could. As the room came to life around her, Molly reached into her pocket, pulled out the sheet of paper that she'd found in Adderstone's files and ripped it up.

So far in life, Molly had drawn a short straw. Now she was going to get what was due to her. A life like the world of Molly's favourite adverts. It might be just around the corner. Molly shivered with anticipation as she thought of all the lovely things she'd always wanted but never had. She'd line her pockets with the talent competition prize money, but that would just be for starters. She felt sure that with hypnotism under her belt, she'd never be short of money again.

by Georgia Byng

The Owl who was Afraid of the Dark

Plop opened his eyes and peered down through the leaves. There were people running about in his field, and flames were flickering from a pile of sticks. Another bonfire! Did that mean more fireworks?

Plop watched excitedly. He could see now that the people running about were boys - quite big boys in shorts. They were collecting more wood for the fire.

Suddenly they all disappeared into the woods with squeals and yells. All but one, that is - there was one boy left, sitting on a log near the fire.

Plop forgot about being afraid of the dark. He had to know what was going on. So he shut his eyes, took a deep breath, and fell off his branch.

The ground was nearer than he expected it to be, and he landed with an enormous thud.

"Cool!" said the boy on the log. "A roly-poly pudding! Who threw that?"

"Nobody threw me - I just came," said the roly-poly pudding, "and actually I'm a barn owl."

"So you are," said the boy. "Have you fallen out of your nest?" Plop drew himself up as tall as he could.

"I did not fall - I flew," he said. "I'm just not a very good lander, that's all."

by Jill Tomlinson

Shadow of the Minotaur

It was dark in the palace of King Minos and it took Phoenix a few moments to get accustomed to the gloom.

"You there, Dad?" he whispered.

"Right behind you."

They were edging cautiously down a flight of stone stairs.

"I thought we were starting at the labyrinth," Phoenix hissed.

"We are. These are the steps leading down to the entrance. I should know. I helped design them."

"And that light?"

Phoenix was pointing at a faint glimmer below them.

"Princess Ariadne," said Dad. "She's waiting with the ball of thread and the sword."

"That's OK," Phoenix told him impatiently. "You don't need to tell me everything. I only wanted to know *where* I was. I know the legend better than you, remember."

It was brighter at the bottom of the stairs. Torches stood in iron brackets, flaring with every whisper of breeze. In their flickering light he saw the dark-eyed girl who had watched him break and run. It was hard to believe she was no more than a graphic projection.

"Prince Theseus," said Ariadne, approaching him. "I was only able to slip away for a few minutes. My father is suspicious. Here." She handed him the thread and sword. He felt the usual vibration against his wrist as his score built up. "Take these. The thread will lead you back to the entrance. The sword —"

"Yes," said Phoenix. "I think I know what to do with the sword."

by Alan Gibbons

The Snow Spider Trilogy

Gwyn returned minutes later and, having quietly divested himself of snow-soaked garments, crept barefoot up to the bedroom.

"It's done!" he told Eirlys. "The spell's begun!"

"Your friend was here!" she said.

"Alun? What did he want?"

"To see you! He was angry!"

"Where has he gone?" Gwyn began to feel a terrible apprehension overwhelming him.

"I think he went on to the mountain," Eirlys replied with equal consternation.

"I didn't see him. He must have missed the track!"

"He'll get lost!"

"Trapped!" cried Gwyn. "Trapped and frozen!" He tore down the stairs and out into the snow, forgetting, in his panic, to put on his boots, or his mac, or to shut the front door. He called his friend's name, again and again as he ran, until he was hoarse. The snow had become a fog, still and heavy, like a blanket, smothering any sound.

He found his way, with difficulty, to the place where he had touched the pillar of ice. There was another beside it now, and another and another; they rose higher than he could reach and too close to pass through. A wall of ice! Gwyn beat upon the wall, he kicked it, tore at it with his fingers, all the while calling Alun's name in his feeble croaking voice, and then he slid to the ground, defeated by his own spell.

by Jenny Nimmo

Alice in Wonderland

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

"Who are *you*?" said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, "I – I hardly know, sir, just at present – at least I know who I was when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar sternly. "Explain yourself!"

"I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.

"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," Alice replied very politely, "for I can't understand it myself to being with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing."

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Alice; "but when you have to turn into a chrysalis – you will some day, you know – and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different," said Alice; "all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*."

"*You!*" said the Caterpillar contemptuously. "Who are *you*?"

by Lewis Carroll

GRADE TWO

Questions will be based on the following:

- *An outline of the story of the book from which the prose selection has been taken.*

The learner must be prepared to discuss with the examiner any aspect of theory specified for previous grades.

An outline of the story

When you have read your book, try to answer these questions:

- What happens in the story?
- Where and when is the story set?
- Do you have a favourite part of the story?
- How does the extract you are performing fit into the story as a whole?

When discussing your book with the examiner, remember to answer the questions as fully as possible whilst being concise.