

**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

*Grade 3*

## 1. Interpretation and Technique

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

**Verse**

The Hurt Boy and the Birds  
The Dentist and the Crocodile  
Snow  
Christmas Thank Yous  
Tracey's Tree  
Dreaming the Unicorn  
Babies are Boring  
Testing

John Agard  
Roald Dahl  
Walter de la Mare  
Mick Gowar  
Wes Magee  
Tony Mitton  
Peter Mortimer  
Bob Sparrow

**Prose**

Artemis Fowl  
What Katy Did  
The Demon Headmaster  
The Blue Roan Child  
Here Lies Arthur  
Smugglers  
The Hundred-Mile-an-Hour Dog  
Hitler's Canary

Eoin Colfer  
Susan Coolidge  
Gillian Cross  
Jamieson Findlay  
Phillip Reeve  
Christopher Russell  
Jeremy Strong  
Sandi Toksvig

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 be asked questions on any of the following:

- Two characters in the story from which the prose selection has been taken.
- The fundamental differences between verse and prose.

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

### **Marking Scheme**

Interpretation	40
Technique	40
Knowledge	20
<b>Total</b>	<b>100</b>
Pass 50 Merit 65 Distinction 80	

## Testing

"Flies taste with their feet."  
They said on T.V.

I thought I'd give it a try  
And walked barefoot  
On the early morning lawn.

I was surprised to find  
That I could make distinctions  
Even with my eyes shut.

Green blades on young grass  
Were juicy like coarse chopped spinach  
And thistle points were hot pin-pricks  
Of grains of pepper.

Buttercups were a disappointment  
So many shiny sweet wrappings,  
All colour and no flavour.  
And daisies kept their heads down  
Not giving much away

But I really enjoyed the moss.  
Full of nice chewy but gentle scrunchiness.

Dad said my brain needed testing,  
So I stood on my head.  
But that didn't work.

by Bob Sparrow

## The Dentist and the Crocodile

The crocodile, with cunning smile, sat in the dentist's chair. He said, "Right here and everywhere my teeth require repair." The dentist's face was turning white. He quivered, quaked and shook.

He muttered, "I suppose I'm going to have to take a look."

"I want you", Crocodile declared, "to do the back ones first.

The molars at the very back are easily the worst."

He opened wide his massive jaws. It was a fearsome sight –

At least three hundred pointed teeth, all sharp and shining white.

The dentist kept himself well clear. He stood two yards away.

He chose the longest probe he had to search out the decay.

"I said to do the *back ones* first!" the Crocodile called out.

"You're much too far away, dear sir, to see what you're about.

To do the back ones properly you've got to put your head

Deep down inside my great big mouth," the grinning Crocky said.

The poor old dentist wrung his hands and, weeping in despair,

He cried, "No no! I see them all extremely well from here!"

Just then, in burst a lady, in her hands a golden chain.

She cried, "Oh Croc, you naughty boy, you're playing tricks again!"

"Watch out!" the dentist shrieked and started climbing up the wall.

"He's after me! He's after you! He's going to eat us all!"

"Don't be a twit," the lady said, and flashed a gorgeous smile.

"He's harmless. He's my little pet, my lovely crocodile."

by Roald Dahl

## Christmas Thank Yous

Dear Auntie

Oh, what a nice jumper  
I've always adored powder blue  
and fancy you thinking of  
orange and pink  
for the stripes  
how clever of you

Dear Uncle

The soap is  
terrific  
So  
useful  
and such a kind thought and  
how did you guess that  
I'd just used the last of  
the soap that last Christmas brought

Dear Gran

Many thanks for the hankies  
Now I really can't wait for the flu  
and the daisies embroidered  
in red round the 'M'  
for Michael  
how  
thoughtful of you

Dear Cousin

What socks!  
and the same sort you wear  
so you must be  
the last word in style  
and I'm certain you're right that the  
luminous green  
will make me stand out a mile

Dear Sister

I quite understand your concern  
 it's a risk sending jam in the post  
 But I think I've pulled out  
 all the big bits  
 of glass  
 so it won't taste too sharp  
 spread on toast.

Dear Grandad

Don't fret  
 I'm delighted  
 So *don't* think your gift will  
 offend  
 I'm not at all hurt  
 that you gave up this year  
 and just sent me  
 a fiver  
 to spend

by Mick Gowar

## The Hurt Boy and the Birds

The hurt boy talked to the birds  
 and fed them the crumbs of his heart.

It was not easy to find the words  
 for secrets he hid under his skin.  
 The hurt boy spoke of a bully's fist  
 that made his face a bruised moon –  
 his spectacles stamped to ruin.

It was not easy to find the words  
 for things that nightly hissed  
 as if his pillow was a hideaway for creepy-crawlies –  
 the note sent to the girl he fancied

held high in mockery.  
 But the hurt boy talked to the birds  
 and their feathers gave him welcome –

Their wings taught him new ways to become.

by John Agard

## Snow

No breath of wind,  
 No gleam of sun –  
 Still the white snow  
 Whirls softly down –  
 Twig and bough  
 And blade and thorn  
 All in an icy  
 Quiet, forlorn.  
 Whispering, rustling,  
 Through the air,  
 On sill and stone,  
 Roof – everywhere,  
 It heaps its powdery  
 Crystal flakes,  
 Of every tree  
 A mountain makes;  
 Till pale and faint  
 At shut of day,  
 Stoops from the West  
 One wintry ray.  
 And, feathered in fire,  
 Where ghosts the moon,  
 A robin shrills  
 His lonely tune.

by Walter de la Mare



## Dreaming the Unicorn

I dreamed I saw the Unicorn  
last night.

It rippled through the forest,  
pearly white,  
breathing a moonlit silence.

Its single horn  
stood shining like a lance.  
I saw it toss its head  
and snort and prance  
and paw the midnight air.  
Its mane was like a mass  
of silver hair.

My mind was wild, unclear.  
I could not think or speak.

Above my head, I heard the branches creak  
and then, from where I stood,  
I watched it flicker off into the wood,  
into the velvet space between the trees.

A sudden rush of rapid midnight breeze,  
that felt both chill and deep,  
awoke me from my sleep,  
and there upon the pillow by my head  
I found a strand of shining silver thread.

I kept that strand of mane,  
I kept it, still,  
inside a box upon my window sill.  
And when the world hangs heavy  
on my brain,  
it helps me dream the Unicorn again.

by Tony Mitton

## Babies are Boring

Babies are boring  
(Oh yes they are!)  
Don't believe mothers  
or a dotting papa.  
Babies are boring  
their hands and their bellies,  
their pink puffy faces  
which wobble like jellies.  
Accountants and grandmas  
and sailors from Chile  
when faced with a baby  
act extraordinarily silly.  
They grimace and they giggle,  
say "diddle-dum-do",  
they waggle their fingers  
(stick their tongues out too).  
They slaver and slurp  
then they tickle its tummy,  
they gurgle and drool:  
"Oh, he's just like his mummy!"  
"Oh, his mouth is like Herbert's!"  
"He's got Uncle Fred's nose!"  
"My word, he looks healthy!"  
"It's his feed, I suppose?"  
Save me from baldness  
and the old smell of kippers,  
but most of all save me  
from all gooey nippers.  
I'm a brute, I'm a fiend  
and no use to implore me  
to tickle its chin,  
because all babies bore me.

by Peter Mortimer

### Tracey's Tree

Last year it was not there,  
the sapling with purple leaves  
planted in the school grounds with care.  
It's Tracey's tree, my friend who died,  
and last year it was not there.

Tracey the girl with long black hair,  
who, out playing one day, ran  
across a main road for a dare.  
The lorry struck her. Now a tree grows  
and last year it was not there.

Through the classroom window I stare  
and watch the sapling sway.  
Soon its branches will stand bare.  
It wears a forlorn and lonely look  
and last year it was not there.

October's chill is in the air  
and cold rain distorts my view.  
I feel a sadness that's hard to bear.  
The tree blurs, as if I've been crying,  
and last year it was not there.

by Wes Magee

## Artemis Fowl

Mulch withdrew his thumbs and, after a quick wipe, thrust them in his mouth, allowing the natural balm in his saliva to begin the healing process. Of course if he'd still had his magic, he could have just wished the scorched digits better. But that was the price you paid for a life of crime.

Wart-face didn't look so good. Smoke was leaking from every orifice in his head. Flameproof goblins may be, but the errant fireball had given his tubes a good scouring. He swayed like a strand of seaweed, then collapsed face down on the concrete floor. Something crunched. Probably a big goblin nose.

The other gang members did not react favourably.

"Look what he did to the boss!"

"That stinkin' stump."

"Let's fry 'im."

Mulch backed up even further. He'd been hoping the remaining goblins would lose their nerve once their leader was out of commission. Apparently not. Even though it was most definitely not in his nature, Mulch had no option but to attack.

He unhinged his jaw and leaped forward, clamping his teeth around the foremost goblin's head.

"Ow, bagg off!" he shouted around the obstruction in his mouth.

"Bagg off or ur briend gedds it!"

The others froze, uncertain of their next move. Of course they'd all seen what dwarf molars could do to a goblin head. Not a pretty sight.

by Eoin Colfer

## What Katy Did

It was a big place, with a very high roof. There was not much wood left in it just now, and the little there was, was piled neatly about the sides of the shed, so as to leave plenty of room. The place felt cool and dark, and the motion of the swing seemed to set the breeze blowing. It waved Katy's hair like a great fan, and made her dreamy and quiet. All sorts of sleepy ideas began to flit through her brain. Swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a great clock, she gradually rose higher and higher, driving herself along by the motion of her body, and striking the floor smartly with her foot at every sweep. Now she was at the top of the high-arched door. Then she could almost touch the cross-beam above it, and through the small square window could see pigeons sitting and pluming themselves on the eaves of the barn and white clouds blowing over the blue sky. She had never swung so high before. It was like flying she thought, as she bent and curved more strongly in the seat, trying to send herself yet higher and graze the roof with her toes.

Suddenly at the very highest point of the sweep there was a sharp noise of cracking. The swing gave a violent twist, spun half round and tossed Katy into the air. She clutched the rope — felt it dragged from her grasp — then down — down — she fell. All grew dark, and she knew no more.

*by Susan Coolidge*

## Mugglers

"Move yourself then, nipper!"

Grampy already had the end of Reuben's cliff rope fastened around his own waist. He thrust the rest of the coil at Reuben and sat down heavily.

"Hurry, or the land crabs'll take the lot!"

Reuben dashed into the sea, knotting the other end of the rope around him as he went. The line, with Grampy as anchor, gave him an advantage. He might be knocked over by the breaking surf but didn't fear being washed away. All around him, squeals of excitement were changing to sudden frightened shouts as yellow plunderers were dragged from their feet by the undertow and reduced to clawing their way back to shore on all fours, like survivors of the wreck itself.

"Survivors. Were there any? She was a good-sized ship: three masts, two of them broken as she'd rolled in the surf before coming to rest. She must have a crew of more than twenty, and none were to be seen."

Reuben was swallowed by a towering wave, and as he clung to his rope amid the swirling roar of water, something banged into him. The wave surged on up the beach and as Reuben staggered, choking, to his feet again, he saw through stinging eyes that he'd been hit by a body. It lay lifeless on its back beside him, its mouth and eyes gaping. Then the spent wave retreated, dragging at the lifeless body as it went, sucking it back into the deep.

"Grab him!" roared Grampy from the beach, the rope taut in his hands.

And Reuben dug his heels into the sliding shingle and clung to the corpse.

*by Christopher Russell*

## Hitler's Canary

"Stick 'em up, pardner," he kept saying in a fake American accent while he used his fingers as a gun. We were in Anton's flat pretending to shoot each other when I managed to corner him on the small balcony outside the living room.

"Now you can't escape!" I cried, holding both hands out as six shooters.

Anton grinned at me. "Oh yes I can, pardner. What you don't know is that I have my trusty horse below this balcony. I shall leap upon him and ride to freedom."

With those words Anton suddenly jumped from the balcony. My heart stopped. I felt sure he was going to kill himself - I couldn't think what I would tell his mother but I knew she would be cross. I looked over the edge of the balcony just in time to see Anton land smack bang on the back of Mrs Jensen's cow. He landed rather well and managed to grab the rope around the poor cow's neck and pretend to ride off. I think he might have got away with it if he hadn't decided to yell "Yee ha!" at the same time. Bess was so startled that she banged backwards into Mama's roses, got a great thorn in her backside and surged forwards into the holly bush. At this point Anton lost his grip and slid sideways into the ornamental fish pond. He came out soaking wet and we both laughed so much we couldn't speak.

by Sandi Toksvig

## The Blue Roan Child

*Be quiet, she told herself. He'll hear you breathing.*

The captain descended the steps and paused at the gateway that led into the southwest quad. Looking down the weapons yard, he gave somebody a nod, then opened the gate just enough to get out. A yard worker arrived to close it behind him. The worker paused to give the pit fire a rake - Sycira could hear the hissing of coals - and returned to the other end of the yard.

Then came the clang of the keep door. *Finally.* The colts were coming out.

She crouched down even farther. She could only hope the colts wouldn't smell her and betray her presence. The fire in the pit was burning well; like all wild things they hated fire, and would stay away from this end of the yard. That was the idea, anyway. Now she could sense their unruly presence, hear their neighs, feel the vibrations of their hooves under her feet. She knew that Davy would have torches and lassos ready, in case they turned on him...

The thought of torches spurred her on.

*This is it.*

She put a hand to the spice pouch under her jerkin. The devil's scratch was with Grulla, but in its place she had put the hank of Arwin's mane, the original one that Grulla had cut off. She couldn't have taken on a job like this without a charm. She took a deep breath.

Now.

by Jamieson Findlay

## The Demon Headmaster

Dinah found herself shivering. Ridiculously, she expected him to have pink eyes, because the rest of his face was so colourless. Or perhaps no eyes at all...

But his eyes were not pink. They were large and luminous, and a peculiar sea-green colour. She had never seen eyes like them before, and she found herself staring into them. Staring and staring.

"Funny you should be so tired," he said, softly. "So early in the morning."

She opened her mouth to say that she was not tired, but, to her surprise, she yawned instead.

"So tired," crooned the Headmaster, his huge, extraordinary eyes fixed on her face. "You can hardly move your arms and legs. You are so tired, so tired. You feel your head begin to nod and slowly, slowly your eyes are starting to close. So tired and sleepy."

He's mad, Dinah thought muzzily. *The whole school's raving mad.* But she felt her eyes start to close, in spite of all she could do. She was drifting, drifting... All she could see was two pools, deep green like the sea, and she seemed to sink into them as she drifted off and off...

She opened her eyes again and gave a nervous laugh. "I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"You fell asleep," the Headmaster said coldly. "You have been asleep for a long time." He put his glasses on again.

"Asleep?" Dinah stared.

"For the whole morning."

by Gillian Cross

## Here Lies Arthur

"They're coming." He's breathless. "Their scouts came at dawn. They saw our men at the ford and heard their challenges, and laughed when they saw how few there were. Now the whole band is moving up, wagons and everything..."

Through the trees behind him we catch distant shouts. Insults are bellowing back and forth across the ford. We strain our ears. We cup our hands around them to catch the drips of sound. We can't make out words, and even if we could, the Saxons speak a different tongue from ours. But we all hear the shouting blur into a roar as the attackers surge forward into the ford. It's that battle-noise again, that ugly music woven out of shouting voices and hoof-falls and the clang of swords. I start to wish I'd stayed with my master. Then we hear the high horns ringing, calling Arthur's hidden riders out of the woods.

"Mount up!" shouts Medrawd, who Arthur's put in charge of us. He feels ashamed at being left to lead this rag-tag army of boys, and he cuffs the heads of those who stand closest and bellows loud to make himself feel better. "Ride!"

by Philip Reeve

## The Hundred-Mile-an-Hour Dog

"Walkies!" I cried and dropped Streaker on to the whirring track.

There was a startled yelp as Streaker was caught by the carpet and hurried backwards at high speed. She shot off the rear of the track, whizzed out through the door, rocketed across the kitchen, and ended up with her backside rammed in the open front of the washing-machine – which luckily wasn't switched on.

Streaker fixed me with a bewildered gaze as if to say, "How on earth did I get into *this* position?" Her front paws were firmly on the ground, but the back half of her was even more firmly wedged in the washing-machine. I ran over and tried to pull her out as gently as I could, but Streaker was jammed there like King Arthur's sword in the stone.

"Now what?" Tina gave me a silent shrug.

"She can't move," I went on. "We've got to get her out. We need help."

Tina shrugged again. "What kind of help?" she said. "Who do we ask? Plumbers? A garage? Fire brigade?"

"Fire brigade!" I leaped to the telephone. "They get cats out of trees and things, don't they? Maybe they get dogs out of washing-machines."

by *Jeremy Strong*

## GRADE THREE

Questions will be based on the following:

- Two characters in the story from which the prose selection has been taken
- The fundamental differences between verse and prose.

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

### Choice of characters

When you have read your book and chosen two characters, think about the following questions:

- Why have you chosen them?
- Are these main characters in the story?
- What do you think these characters look like?
- What do they say about themselves?
- What happens to them and why?
- Do they know each other?

### The fundamental differences between verse and prose

**Prose** is the usual form of written and spoken language. In English, words flow continuously across the page and are broken into sentences and paragraphs. Prose writing usually follows a logical sequence and a grammatical order.

**Verse** is immediately recognisable on the page because the words are arranged into patterns. Verse may be broken up into stanzas but this is not essential. Verse often has little



grammatical order. Insignificant but grammatically necessary words may be omitted and the accepted word order changed. In some modern verse there is little or no punctuation and even a lack of capital letters. Verse may also make more use of figures of speech, such as similes and metaphors, than prose. Verse often rhymes at line endings.

Examples of different verse patterns:

*Testing* by Bob Sparrow

*Snow* by Walter de la Mare.

**Prose** and **verse** both possess rhythm but verse rhythm is more distinct. Rhythm is the beat or pulse you can hear when you say the words. Sometimes the rhythm is arranged in a regular pattern of stressed and unstressed syllables, which is known as **metre**. Verse rhythm can be very strong and easy to feel or quite gentle and subtle.

Verse examples can be found in *The LAMDA Verse and Prose Anthology* (Volume 17).

Some examples of verse with a strong metrical rhythm are:

*The Witch* by Mary Elizabeth Coleridge

*The Dentist and the Crocodile* by Roald Dahl.