

## **Level 2**

### ***Learning Outcomes***

#### *Interpretation*

The learner will be able to:

1. Convey style and content
2. Engage with the author's thoughts and feelings
3. Sight-read, making eye contact with the audience.

#### *Technique*

The learner will be able to:

4. Co-ordinate physical and vocal expression
5. Sustain muscular use of articulative organs, appropriate to the text
6. Sustain the thought and vocal power through to the end of the phrase
7. Use body language as an interpretative device
8. Use modulation.

#### *Knowledge*

The learner will be able to describe:

9. Figures of Speech (Grades 4 and 5)
10. Phrasing and Pausing (Grade 5)
11. The content and characters of the book from which the prose selection has been taken.

### ***Amplification of the Learning Outcomes***

*The author's thoughts and feelings* – what is expressed and/or implied through the written word

*Style* – how thoughts are expressed in literary composition; the specific characteristics of the text, including choice of words, syntax and genre

*Sight-read* – to read aloud a previously unseen text

*Modulation* – variations in pitch, intonation, pace, volume, tone colour, use of pause and stress

*Articulative organs* – tongue, teeth, teeth ridge, hard palate, soft palate, lips

*Muscular use of the articulative organs* – using sufficient pressure in order to articulate consonant sounds crisply

*Sustaining thought and vocal power* – keeping sound and thought focused until the end of the phrase so that the voice does not fade away

*Body language* – communicating thought and feeling non-verbally, if appropriate

For amplification of *figures of speech, phrasing* and *pausing* (knowledge requirements) please refer to *Knowledge Matters* (a LAMDA publication).

*Clarity* - clear speech and diction with secure use of the articulative organs.

### **Level Descriptor**

Learners will be able to support their intentions in performance by demonstrating a sound understanding of the material, leading to an imaginative interpretation in which there is consistent application of developing technical skills. Presentation will be audible and intelligible with vocal variation through which shades of mood, meaning and contrasts are communicated. Effective preparation and study will be evident, leading to a secure performance with a sense of spontaneity. Use of voice, body and space will be effectively combined to communicate the text and engage the audience.

### **Repertoire Guidelines and Regulations**

1. The learner will select one verse or one prose passage 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.
2. 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.

3. The own choice verse or prose must not exceed **three** minutes in length.
4. The own choice verse or prose must be published but not set elsewhere in this syllabus specification.
5. The content of the own choice selection must 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).
6. The language of the own choice selection must contain some subtlety in vocabulary and syntax so that there are opportunities for a variety of approaches and interpretative choices.
7. The own choice selection must differ in theme *and* mood from the set selection, enabling the learner to display some contrast.

***Total time allowance for each grade***

15 minutes

## Assembly

Somebody whispered something  
and a little titter  
skittered and scuttled along the rows  
then burrowed under a heap of teachers' frowns.  
Nobody spoke.

The hall was huge with silence.  
No words fluttered on the empty air,  
only dust motes moved

In the curious light  
that chinned itself up to the window  
and peered through.

Somebody coughed.

Feet shuffled themselves.

The headmaster banged his fist  
until the startled lectern jumped with fright.

"You! You down there!  
That boy in the green shirt!"  
His signpost finger zapped us all,  
but nobody moved;  
nobody spoke.

Only the titter, feral as anything,  
blundered around the room,  
seeking escape.

Well, I mean, the school uniform –  
it's grey trousers –  
and the shirt is green.

*by Anne Bell*

## Creative Writing

My story on Monday began:

*Mountainous seas crashed on the cliffs,  
And the desolate land grew wetter...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Remember the capital letter!*

My poem on Tuesday began:

*Red tongues of fire,  
Licked higher and higher  
From smoking Etna's top...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Where is your full stop?*

My story on Wednesday began:

*Through the lonely, pine-scented wood  
There twists a hidden path...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Start a paragraph!*

My poem on Thursday began:

*The trembling child,  
Eyes dark and wild,  
Frozen midst the fighting...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Take care – untidy writing!*

My story on Friday began:

*The boxer bruised and bloody lay,  
His eye half closed and swollen...*

The teacher wrote a little note: *Use a semi-colon!*

Next Monday my story will begin:

*Once upon a time...*

by Gervase Phinn

## Spotlight

Switch the spotlights on.

Make them mainly white  
but have at least one red or blue.

Turn one light on each of you,  
and when you're lit,

break out, have some fun –

dance, one-legged, till you sweat,  
shake, collapsing in a pool,

sing a quaky, wordless song,

pretend to be a vulture,

act the ancient high-bred fool,

lie down, clap your feet,

mime a waking panther,

or a dog that's just been stung –

or any act that takes your fancy

in that round of light.

Don't stand back and crush the wall.

Don't put up a fight.

We need some wild applause,

but first we need SPOTLIGHT!

by Matthew Sweeney

## The Elephant Child

Under an African sun he stands,  
 the elephant child,  
 hot and hungry and thirsty.  
 He's as big as a car  
 but still small for an elephant.  
 Sadly swinging his trunk he stands  
 for many hours beside his mother,  
 trying to coax and nudge her back to life  
 to take him home.  
 He could not help her when the men came.  
 They just laughed at him.  
 And now  
 under an African moon he stands  
 and tries to make sense of her butchered face.  
 Then he cries as only an elephant can cry  
 but he does not understand.  
 Neither do I.

*by Sue Cowling*

## We Are Not Alone

Captain's Log. Starship Saturnalian.  
 Earth year 2030, day 358 -  
 The new drive worked! We've tracked the alien  
 spacecraft that vanished from earth's orbit late  
 last night. We followed its fantastic leap  
 across the galaxy and now can see  
 its sledge-like shape dropping in steep  
 descent to a planet. Incredibly  
 a single cosmonaut whose suit glows red  
 clings to its tail and holds long ropes to steer  
 a group of prancing creatures: from each head  
 sprout aeriels that make them look like deer.  
 The planet's steaming, its surface smooth and  
 dark as Christmas pudding. Prepare to land!

*by Dave Calder*

## Dolphins

Happy, they leap  
 Out of the surface  
 Of waves reflecting  
 The sun fragmented  
 To broken glass  
 By the stiff breeze  
 Across our bows.

Curving, they draw  
 Curlicues  
 And serifs with  
 Lashed tail and fin  
 Across the screen  
 Of blue horizon –  
 Images  
 Of their delight  
 Outside, displaying  
 My heart within.

Across this dazzling  
 Mediterranean  
 August morning  
 The dolphins write such  
 Ideograms:  
 With power to wake  
 Me prisoned in  
 My human speech  
 They sign:  
 'I AM!'

*by Stephen Spender*

## The Street Healer of Karachi

On a not-too-quiet, not-too-busy street  
 In the shade of a great Jamun tree  
 Against a paint-peeling wall  
 On a rickety wooden platform  
 Held by three legs and a rock,  
 Sits an ancient man, peering at passers-by  
 Through thick spectacle lenses.  
 A poster roped to the wall behind  
 States his age-old profession.  
 Scattered on his platform  
 Are bottles, tubes, and jars:  
 Of yellow pills, white pills,  
 Red water, pink powder,  
 All made by gnarled hands  
 With the pain of life and age.  
 He is not a medical practitioner.  
 He sells a few ancient remedies  
 To feed many hungry mouths.

*by Shehnaz Somjee*

## Dear Mum

While you were out  
a cup went and broke itself,  
a crack appeared in the blue vase  
your great-great grandad  
brought back from Mr Ming in China.  
Somehow, without me even turning on the tap,  
the sink mysteriously overflowed.  
A strange jam-stain,  
about the size of a boy's hand,  
appeared on the kitchen wall.  
I don't think we will ever discover  
exactly how the cat  
managed to turn on the washing-machine  
(especially from the inside),  
or how Sis's pet rabbit went and mistook  
the waste-disposal unit for a burrow.  
Also, I know the canary looks grubby  
but it took me ages and ages  
getting it out of the vacuum cleaner.  
I was being good  
(honest)  
but I think the house is haunted so,  
knowing you're going to have a fit,  
I've gone over to Gran's to lie low for a bit.

*by Brian Patten*



## Raven's Gate

There was a car parked between the fire and the fence – Matt thought it might be a Saab or a Jaguar. A man got out but he was silhouetted against the light and Matt couldn't make out who he was. The man raised a hand and the gold signet ring he was wearing momentarily flashed red, reflecting the light of the fire.

He had given a signal. A lorry that was parked on the other side of the clearing immediately began to reverse right up to the corridor that joined the giant sphere of Omega One to the rest of the building. As Matt watched, the doors of the lorry were thrown open and several men emerged, dressed in strange, cumbersome clothes. They congregated together, then lifted something: a large silver box about five metres long. It was obviously heavy. They took a lot of time lowering it to the ground.

Matt couldn't quite see what was going on. He had to get closer. He followed the fence back to the gap he'd discovered the last time he was here and waited, making sure nobody was looking in his direction. But all the villagers were concentrating on the lorry. Matt chose his moment, then dived forward, head first. He felt the jagged edge of the wire tear his shirt and scrape his back, but he was lucky. He hadn't drawn blood. He landed face down on the grass and lay still.

*by Anthony Horowitz*

## Shadowmancer

Beadle grasped his companion's cloak even tighter as a gentle breeze rustled the brown, crisp leaves in the trees.

"Is it a man or is it...them?" He could hardly say the words; his right leg shook, his eyelids twitched, his mouth went dry and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

"Them?" hissed his companion in his face. "Who are *them*? Can't you say the word? What are you frightened of?"

Beadle hunched his shoulders and buried his face in the musty black cloak of his tall, angry companion. "Thulak," he whispered feebly, trying to muffle his voice so they would not hear him.

His companion raised both his hands and cupped his mouth like the bell of a trumpet; he took in a deep breath and with a voice that came from the depths of his soul, he bellowed: "Thulak. Thulak. Thulak." The voice echoed around the woods, the fox scurried from the brush and ran deeper into the undergrowth.

A roost of the blackest rooks lifted from the trees above their heads and their caw-caw-caw filled the night sky as they circled above the branches, dancing in the moonlight.

"... No," whispered the now terrified Beadle. "Please, Parson Demurrall, don't say that word, they will hear and they will come and get us, my mother said..."

He was hastily interrupted.

"Us, Beadle? Did you say *us*?" Demurrall towered over the cowering, frightened form of his servant. "I fear nothing and no one, and they have every reason in the world to fear me.

by G P Taylor

## The Giver

"You're hit, Jonas!" Asher yelled from behind the tree. "Pow! You're hit again!"

Jonas stood alone in the centre of the field. Several of the children raised their heads and looked at him uneasily. The attacking armies slowed, emerged from their crouched positions, and watched to see what he was doing.

In his mind, Jonas saw again the face of the boy who had lain dying on a field and had begged him for water. He had a sudden choking feeling, as if it were difficult to breathe.

One of the children raised an imaginary rifle and made an attempt to destroy him with a firing noise. "Pssheew!" Then they were all silent, standing awkwardly, and the only sound was the sound of Jonas's shuddering breaths. He was struggling not to cry.

Gradually, when nothing happened, nothing changed, the children looked at each other nervously and went away. He heard the sounds as they righted their bicycles and began to ride down the path that led from the field.

Only Asher and Fiona remained.

"What's wrong, Jonas? It was only a game," Fiona said.

"You ruined it," Asher said in an irritated voice.

"Don't play it any more," Jonas pleaded.

by Lois Lowry

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## The Wee Free Men

It was dark inside the tent, as well as stuffy and hot. A skinny figure sat behind a small table. She had a very sharp, thin nose and was wearing a large black straw hat with paper flowers on it. It was completely unsuitable for a face like that.

"Are you a witch?" said Tiffany. "I don't mind if you are."

"What a strange question to spring on someone," said the woman, looking slightly shocked. "Your baron bans witches in this country, you know that, and the first thing you say to me is 'Are you a witch?' Why would I be a witch?"

"Well, you're wearing all black," said Tiffany.

"Anyone can wear black," said the woman. "That doesn't mean a thing."

"And you're wearing a straw hat with flowers in it," Tiffany went on.

"Aha!" said the woman. "That proves it, then. Witches wear tall pointy hats. Everyone knows that, foolish child."

"Yes, but witches are also very clever," said Tiffany calmly. There was something about the twinkle in the woman's eyes that told her to carry on. "They sneak about. Probably they often don't look like witches. And a witch coming here would know about the Baron and so she'd wear the kind of hat that everyone knows witches don't wear."

The woman stared at her. "That was an incredible feat of reasoning," she said at last. "You'd make a good witch-finder. You know they used to set fire to witches? Whatever kind of hat I've got on, you'd say it proves I'm a witch, yes?"

"Well, the frog sitting on your hat is a bit of a clue, too," said Tiffany.

"I'm a toad, actually," said the creature.

by Terry Pratchett

## Chinese Cinderella

"Who are these little hooligans," Niang began, her voice seething with anger, "making such a racket in the living-room downstairs?"

"They're my friends from school."

"Who invited them here?"

"No one."

"What are they doing here?"

"They came to celebrate my winning the election for class president."

"Is this party your idea?"

"No, Niang." I shook my head in denial. "They came of their own accord. I didn't know anything about it."

"Come here!" she screamed. I approached her gingerly, trembling with terror. She slapped my face so hard I almost fell. "Liar! You planned it, didn't you, to show off our house to your penniless classmates. How dare you!"

"No, I didn't." Tears streaked down my cheeks and I found it hard to breathe.

"Your father works so hard to feed and clothe all of you. He comes home for a nap and there's not a moment of peace. What insolence to invite them into our living-room and make such a racket!"

"I never asked them here. They know I'm not allowed to go to their house after school so they decided to visit me instead."

She slapped me with the back of her hand against my other cheek. "Show-off! I'll teach you to be so sneaky!" she screamed loudly. "Go downstairs this minute and tell your hooligan friends to get out! They are not welcome!"

by Adeline Yen Mah

## Out of the Ashes

We were having supper when the phone rang. Auntie Liz answered it. I knew right away something was wrong, and I knew from the moment she looked at me exactly what it was. She handed me the phone. Mum was trying not to cry as she told me. She hadn't wanted to worry me about it yesterday, she said, but the vet had been called in yesterday morning. Dad had found blisters on the feet of one of our sows, Jessica, and was worried about a couple of sheep that were limping badly. Tests had confirmed it. We had foot and mouth disease on the farm. There was an 'A' notice on the farm gate which meant no one was allowed in or out except the vets and the slaughterers. The animals would be put down tomorrow. So I'd have to stay with Auntie Liz until it was all over. It would be the best place for me, she said.

When I asked how Dad was, she said he was very calm, as if he'd been expecting it all along. She said she'd phone again tomorrow, and that she loved me. I don't remember the last time she said that to me. She sounded almost like a different person.

I've been sitting here on the bed in a daze ever since. Not crying. I can't cry. It's me who's done this, it must be. I brought the infection back with me from Mr Bailey's farm. Ruby or Bobs or me, but whichever of us it was, it had been my doing, my fault. I had sentenced our animals to death.

by Michael Morpurgo

## The Diamond of Drury Lane

Pedro gave me a deep bow, accepting the challenge. I was about to run off but he gestured to me to sit on the anchor that dressed the stage. I was surprised: I had thought that Pedro Hawkins was only interested in having the stage to himself. As it would have looked strange if I had refused, I sat down. All these years of living in the theatre, I'd never been on the boards with a full audience in front of me. I felt heady with excitement.

Pedro composed himself to play. Signor Angelini raised his baton and signalled for his protégé to start. Pedro then began the most extraordinary dance I had ever seen. With legs stamping like in an Irish jig, upper body still, he began to play a hornpipe. Sitting so close to him, I could see the beads of sweat flying from his brow, but all the time he kept an impassive expression on his face. From a distance, it would look as if he was having to make no effort. The audience began to clap in time to the music. He went faster and faster. I thought that it must be impossible for him to carry on playing without losing step or fluffing a note, but no. It was almost as if he had found freedom in the dance and would take flight if it did not end soon. I could see him do it: he'd fly out of the theatre, out of the smoke of London, into the blue sky and home to his land of hot sun and friendly faces. But before his wings had a chance to sprout, he brought the hornpipe to an end with a flourish.

The applause was immense.

by Julia Golding

## Wolf Brother

In the Forest, a twig snapped.

Torak spun round.

The darkness was absolute. Everywhere he looked the shadows were bear-shaped.

No wind.

No birdsong.

Just the crackle of the fire and the thud of his heart. The Forest itself was holding its breath.

His father licked the sweat from his lips. "It's not here yet," he said. "Soon. It will come for me soon... Quick. The knives."

Torak didn't want to swap knives. That would make it final. But his father was watching him with an intensity that allowed no refusal.

Clenching his jaw so hard that it hurt, Torak took his own knife and put it into Fa's hand. Then he untied the buckskin sheath from his father's belt. Fa's knife was beautiful and deadly, with a blade of banded blue slate shaped like a willow leaf, and a haft of red deer antler that was bound with elk sinew for a better grip. As Torak looked down at it, the truth hit him. He was getting ready for a life without Fa. "I'm not leaving you!" he cried. "I'll fight it, I —"

"No! No-one can fight this bear!"

Ravens flew up from the trees.

Torak forgot to breathe.

by *Michelle Paver*

## GRADE FOUR

Questions will be based on the following:

- The relationship between two characters of the learner's own choice in the story from which the prose selection has been taken
- Figures of speech (alliteration, assonance, onomatopoeia, antithesis, pun, simile, metaphor, personification).

Definitions must be illustrated with examples from the chosen selections where possible. The learner must be prepared to discuss with the examiner any aspect of theory specified for previous grades.

### The relationship between two characters

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

- What do the characters say about each other?
- What do other people say about them?
- How do the characters relate to each other?
- How does their relationship develop or change and why?

### Figures of speech

A figure of speech is a non-literal expression or one which uses a particular pattern of words for emphasis. Such features are found more commonly in verse than prose, though some are used quite regularly in everyday speech without being recognised for what they are.

(a) **Alliteration.** Alliteration is the repetition of an initial consonant. This can produce a striking effect when the poem

is spoken aloud. One example of the repetition of the crisp 'k' sound is found in the opening line of T.S. Eliot's *The Journey of the Magi*.

*Could Iaming* we had of it...

Leonard Clark uses the liquid 'l' sound for a smoother effect in *Singing in the Streets*.

Firelight, lamplight, the little lame cat...

(b) **Assonance.** Assonance, less commonly used than alliteration, is the repetition of a vowel sound, and again it is particularly noticeable when the lines are spoken. The short 'i' is used in *Lizard* by Moira Andrew, which accentuates the quick movement of the lizard.

...a flicker of light,  
a gleam of gold  
glittering  
just out of sight.

The opening lines of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* provide a good example of alliteration and assonance combined.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure dome decree:  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

(c) **Onomatopoeia.** Onomatopoeia is another device which makes particular use of sounds, as it refers to those words that make a sound similar to their meaning when spoken aloud. Among the simplest are 'pop' and 'hiss'. There are relatively few words which really fulfil this criterion but in poetry there is often an onomatopoeic quality to phrases which enhance the meaning when spoken. One example is from Wilfred Owen's

*Anthem for Doomed Youth.*

The stuttering rifles' rapid rattle...

Brian Lee's *Night Music* also concentrates on sound.

A door clicks; and swishes open, on its own...  
Milk bottles tinkle on a step. A window shrieks  
Upwards; the bath-tap whispers as it leaks...

(d) **Antithesis.** Antithesis occurs when a word, phrase or idea is set in opposition to another, resulting in a strong contrast or ambiguity which can often surprise or shock. In its simplest form it is the placing of opposites beside one another, as in Henrietta Stickland's *Dinosaur Roar*.

Dinosaur roar, dinosaur squeak,  
Dinosaur fierce, dinosaur meek...

It is quite a dramatic device and often used by Shakespeare. A more striking and developed example of antithesis can be seen in one of Romeo's speeches from the first scene of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.  
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate  
O anything, of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness! Serious vanity!

(e) **Pun.** A pun plays with the meanings of words. It uses a word which has two different meanings both of which are relevant in the context. This ambiguity is often humorous, as in Richard Edwards' poem *Waterway Robbery*, which is about a carp who has to pay money to the more dominant pike.

"Thank goodness," the carp thought,  
"That rivers have banks!"



**(f) Simile.** A simile is one of the most commonly used figures of speech, likening one thing to another thing. One simple and well-known example is the opening line of Robert Burns' poem:

My love is like a red, red rose.

A more unusual simile is found in Berlie Doherty's *Quieter than Snow*, where she writes:

Silence hung in the yard like sheets.

You can always recognise a simile by the use of the words 'like' or 'as'.

**(g) Metaphor.** A metaphor is more powerful than a simile as it turns one thing into something else. A clear example comes in Shakespeare's *Othello*, when Iago speaks:

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on.

Some metaphors are extended through a whole piece of writing. In Andrew Young's *Hard Frost*, the frost is seen as an army and the image is sustained through the whole poem.

Look for examples of all these features in your chosen verse. Be prepared to talk through these examples with the examiner.