

## 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

*Grade 5*

1. Interpretation and Technique

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

**Verse**

The Witch  
Full Moon and Little Frieda  
Remember  
Someone let the Cat out  
The Tunnel  
Mirage  
Water Picture  
Black Monday Lovesong

Mary Elizabeth Coleridge  
Ted Hughes  
Elizabeth Jennings  
Jonathan Lamb  
Brian Lee  
Philip R. Rush  
May Swenson  
A S J Tessimond

## Prose

Noughts and Crosses	Malorie Blackman
The Ratcatcher *	Roald Dahl
I, Coriander	Sally Gardner
The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency	Alexander McCall Smith
A Pack of Lies	Geraldine McCaughrean
War Horse	Michael Morpurgo
Daughter of Venice	Donna Jo Napoli
The Canterville Ghost	Oscar Wilde

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. Interpretation and Technique

The learner will read at sight a text provided by the examiner. One minute may be taken to view the text prior to the reading. Learners diagnosed as dyslexic will be given a large print text to study fifteen minutes prior to the examination. Please refer to the *Reasonable Adjustments* section for further details.

### 4. Knowledge

The learner will answer questions on the following:

- The main plot of the book from which the prose selection has been taken together with its development and outcome.
- Phrasing: sense-groups, breath-groups, parenthesis. Definitions must be illustrated with examples from the chosen pieces where possible.
- Pausing: sense pause, emphatic pause, rhythmical or metrical pause, suspensory pause, caesural pause, emotional pause. Definitions must be illustrated with examples from the chosen pieces where possible.

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

\* Learners who choose to present *The Ratcatcher* must read the whole story in preparation for the discussion and also read one other short story by Roald Dahl.

### **Marking Scheme**

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

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## Water Picture

In the pond in the park  
all things are doubled:  
Long buildings hang and  
wiggle gently. Chimneys  
are bent legs bouncing  
on clouds below. A flag  
wags like a fish-hook  
down there in the sky.

The arched stone bridge  
is an eye, with underlid  
in the water. In its lens  
dip crinkled heads with hats  
that don't fall off. Dogs go by,  
barking on their backs...

Treetops deploy a haze of  
cherry bloom for roots,  
where birds coast belly-up  
in the glass bowl of a hill...

A swan, with twin necks  
forming the figure three,  
steers between two dimpled  
towers doubled. Fondly,  
hissing, she kisses herself,  
and all the scene is troubled:  
water-windows splinter,  
tree-limbs tangle, the bridge  
folds like a fan.

*by May Swenson*

## Someone Let the Cat Out

Someone let the cat out  
 And the cat  
 Spat  
 Whiskered through the night  
 Streaking like a comet  
 Through the low lamp light

Someone let the cat out  
 And the beast  
 Greased  
 Lightning in the sky  
 Flashed between the houses  
 And shook them with his cry

Someone let the cat out  
 And the world  
 Hurlled  
 Curses at his head  
 As they heard the cry and woke  
 And staggered out of bed

Someone let the cat out  
 And the cry  
 Died  
 Sudden in the air  
 A skid a screech a crash  
 And then a silence everywhere

Someone let the cat out  
 And a man  
 Ran  
 Owing life to luck  
 And the people came and shuddered  
 For the cat had squashed a truck

by Jonathan C Lamb

## Mirage

On this, the hottest of summer days,  
 A lake appears in the shimmering haze,  
 A haunting lake on the desert sand,  
 A taunting call to the weary band  
 Who've traipsed for hours in the blazing heat,  
 And rejoice to see the lustrous sheet  
 Of water on the horizon bare.  
 But elation turns to bleak despair  
 As the ephemeral lake is quickly gone,  
 And another appears much further on.

When the midday sun the saltbush sears,  
 In the burnished distance there appears  
 A concrete city, tall and wide,  
 In this uninhabited countryside.  
 The buildings reach for the open sky  
 And the outback traveller can't deny  
 What his own eyes see on the gibber plain.  
 Then the city fades, and he seeks in vain  
 To find the non-existent town  
 Whose spectral walls have tumbled down.

As the warmth disturbs the outback air,  
 I see great castles standing there.  
 And then appears across the sky  
 A herd of camels flying by.  
 The camels leave, and a kangaroo  
 Hops lazily 'cross the distant blue;  
 And twisted trees materialize  
 In the heavens before my very eyes!  
 Mirages daily haunt the track  
 Of those who travel the great Outback!

by Philip R Rush

## Black Monday Lovesong

In love's dances, in love's dances,  
 One retreats and one advances.  
 One grows warmer and one colder,  
 One more hesitant, one bolder.  
 One gives what the other needed  
 Once, or will need, now unheeded.  
 One is clenched, compact, ingrowing  
 While the other's melting, flowing.  
 One is smiling and concealing  
 While the other's asking, kneeling.  
 One is arguing or sleeping  
 While the other's weeping, weeping.

And the question finds no answer  
 And the tune misleads the dancer  
 And the lost look finds no other  
 And the lost hand finds no brother  
 And the word is left unspoken  
 Till the theme and thread are broken.

When shall these divisions alter?  
 Echo's answer seems to falter:  
 'Oh the unperplexed, unvexed time  
 Next time... one day... next time!'

by A S J Tessimond

## Full Moon and Little Frieda

A cool small evening shrunk to a dog bark and the clank of a  
 bucket –  
 And you listening.  
 A spider's web, tense for the dew's touch.  
 A pail lifted, still and brimming – mirror  
 To tempt a first star to a tremor.

Cows are going home in the lane there, looping the hedges  
 with their warm wreaths of breath –  
 A dark river of blood, many boulders,  
 Balancing unspilled milk.

"Moon!" you cry suddenly, "Moon! Moon!"

The moon has stepped back like an artist gazing amazed at a  
 work  
 That points at him amazed.

by Ted Hughes

## The Witch

I have walked a great while over the snow,  
 And I am not tall nor strong.  
 My clothes are wet, and my teeth are set,  
 And the way was hard and long.  
 I have wandered over the fruitful earth,  
 But I never came here before.  
 Oh, lift me over the threshold, and let me in at the door!

The cutting wind is a cruel foe.  
 I dare not stand in the blast.  
 My hands are stone, and my voice a groan,  
 And the worst of death is past.  
 I am but a little maiden still,  
 My little white feet are sore.  
 Oh, lift me over the threshold, and let me in at the door!

Her voice was the voice that women have,  
 Who plead for their heart's desire.  
 She came—she came—and the quivering flame  
 Sunk and died in the fire.  
 It never was lit again on my hearth  
 Since I hurried across the floor,  
 To lift her over the threshold, and let her in at the door.

by Mary Elizabeth Coleridge

## The Tunnel

This is the way that I have to go  
 I've left all my friends behind  
 Back there, where a faint light glimmers  
 Round the long tunnel's bend.

I can't see a roof up above me,  
 I can't find either wall,  
 My shoes slip on the slimy boulders —  
 How far is it down, if I fall?

Beneath me the same stream is flowing  
 That laughed in the fields back there —  
 Here, it is black, like the leeches and weeds,  
 And the bats flitting through the dank air.

It's just the same if I shut my eyes:  
 My companions, all around,  
 Are trickles, drips, splashes, sudden plops,  
 Then, a strange, sucking sound.

One shoe's full of the cold dark water,  
 My hands slither over the stones,  
 My throat's gone dry, my heart pound-pounds,  
 But I can only go on <sup>submerge</sup> ~~on~~

Till I can see them, they can see me  
 And again they start to shout,  
 The rats bite, watch out for the rats,  
 But now I am almost out: <sup>panic</sup>

Dizzy, happy, I blink at the light,  
 The sun's still shining, the birds still sing.  
 Someone is patting me on the back — <sup>good</sup>  
 Now I am one of the gang.

by Brian Lee

**Remember**

Remember wings when you think of spells,  
Wings of the butterfly, wings of a swift,  
Think of the sky and the loop and lift  
Of the seagulls' wings and their swoop and drift.  
A spell is how a bird feels

When it takes to the cloud-puffed air  
And feels the wind for the first time over its wings,  
Feels their delicate flutterings.  
Spells are this and other things,  
Often clasped in a rhyme.

When you think of spells remember the best  
Dreams you had on a day of sun  
When the colour of Poppy and Buttercup ran,  
When the world of creatures first began  
And everything was blessed.

You cannot expect or search for a spell.  
It comes to you with the rise of a breeze,  
Runs through your veins as wind uses trees.  
It is the voice of the changing seas  
Caught in the shape of a shell.

*by Elizabeth Jennings*

## The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency

The man suddenly froze. "Don't make any sudden movement," he said very softly. "There it is. Look."

Mma Ramotswa peered into the engine space. For a few moments she could make out nothing unusual, but then the snake moved slightly and she saw it. She was right; it was a cobra, twined about the engine, its head moving slowly to right and left, as if seeking out something.

The man was quite still. Then he touched Mma Ramotswa on the forearm.

"Walk very carefully back to the door," he said. "Get into the cab, and start the engine. Understand?"

Mma Ramotswa nodded. Then, moving as slowly as she could, she eased herself into the driving seat and reached forward to turn the key.

The engine came into life immediately, as it always did. The tiny white van had never failed to start first time.

"Press the accelerator," yelled the man. "Race the engine!"

Mma Ramotswa did as she was told, and the engine roared throatily. There was a noise from the front, another thump, and then the man signalled to her to switch off. Mma Ramotswa did so, and waited to be told whether it was safe to get out.

"You can come out," he called. "That's the end of the cobra."

Mma Ramotswa got out of the cab and walked round to the front. Looking into the engine, she saw the cobra in two pieces, quite still.

"It had twined itself through the blades of the fan," said the man, making a face of disgust. "Nasty way to go, even for a snake. But it could have crept into the cab and bitten you, you know. So there we are. You are still alive."

*by Alexander McCall Smith*

## War Horse

If it is possible to be happy in the middle of a nightmare, then Tophorn and I were happy that summer. Every day we had to make the same hazardous journeys up to the front line which in spite of almost continuous offensives and counter-offensives moved only a matter of a few hundred yards in either direction. Hauling our ambulance cart of dying and wounded back from the trenches we became a familiar sight along the pitted track. More than once we were cheered by marching soldiers as they passed us. Once, after we had plodded on, too tired to be fearful, through a devastating barrage that straddled the road in front of us and behind us, one of the soldiers with his tunic covered in blood and mud, came and stood by my head and threw his good arm around my neck and kissed me.

"Thank you, my friend," he said. "I never thought they would get us out of that hell-hole. I found this yesterday, and thought about keeping it for myself, but I know where it belongs." And he reached up and hung a muddied ribbon around my neck. There was an Iron Cross dangling on the end of it. "You'll have to share it with your friend," he said. "They tell me you're both English. I bet you are the first English in this war to win an Iron Cross, and the last I shouldn't wonder." The waiting wounded outside the hospital tent clapped and cheered us to the echo, bringing doctors, nurses and patients running out of the tent to see what there could be to clap about in the midst of all this misery.

by *Michael Morpurgo*

## Daughter of Venice

A boy my size but a couple of years younger walks towards me. He's barefoot and in trousers, too, though he has a *barefa* on. I press against the wall to allow him passage. But he catches my

eye, and his own glints. He also hugs the wall closer. I swerve out to go around him, but he quickly swerves himself and our shoulders bash hard.

"What you think you're doing here?" His face is mean. Three rings of dirt circle the creases of his neck. His breath smells of rancid figs. It warms my cheeks.

Warms my cheeks! No veil. I'm outside without a veil. That's what it means to be a boy – but, oh, it makes me feel as if I were naked. I fight the urge to cover my face with my hands.

"This spot's mine."

His language is crude and hard to follow. I have to get away from his nastiness fast. I lower my head and try again to pass.

He grabs me by the hair at the nape of my neck.

"What's this? What you doing with hair like this?"

I twist away, but he pins me to the wall.

"Whatever gimmick you've got, boy, go use it somewhere else."

His face is so close to mine, I fear his lips will brush my cheek.

"Don't ever let me see you begging around here again."

So that's it. "I'm not begging," I say reasonably. "I'm a fisherboy."

"With this white skin?" He pinches my cheek. "If you beg as bad as you lie, you'll not last long in this world. Take your fake fancy talk and go die somewhere else." He spits in my face and walks on.

I'm breathing heavily as I wipe the boy's saliva from my nose and brow. I want to go straight home. Now, this very instant. Straight into the arms of my clean, cooing sisters. But the beggar boy went in the direction of home. Oh, I spy him now, leaning against the wall by the opening of the alley that leads back to my *palazzo*. I have no choice; I hurry in the other direction, shaking with disgust.

by *Donna Jo Napoli*

## I, Coriander

I tried to warn Gabriel not to open the door to the water gate, but everything was happening too fast. He pushed it open and beckoned us towards the steps. I could see no sign of the alligator, only the reflection of the moon on the river's surface. Hester and I scrambled into the boat and Gabriel grabbed the oars as I pushed us hard away from the steps and towards the water gate.

Too late. The raven was upon us, cawing loudly, swooping above our heads. Gabriel lifted an oar and hit out as hard as he could and we began to spin round and round. The raven flew up immediately above us, getting ready to attack. Then there was a swirl in the dark water and I saw a creamy white jaw with a mouthful of sharp pointed teeth take hold of the rope attached to our little boat.

"Sit down!" I shouted. It was just in time, for the boat took off as if we were being propelled by some wondrous machine. We all ducked low under the water gate out into the main flow of the river. The raven circled and flapped his wings but was soon left far behind.

Gabriel seized the oars. As he did so, our furious pace lessened and he soon had control of the boat. I saw the water heave and a dark shape slip back upstream.

"What in heaven's name has happened?" gasped Gabriel.

"I have no idea," I lied. "All that matters is that we have found Hester and she is alive and well."

by Sally Gardner

## The Canterville Ghost

At eleven o'clock the family retired, and by half-past all the lights were out. Some time after, Mr Otis was awakened by a curious

noise in the corridor, outside his room. It sounded like the clank of metal, and seemed to be coming nearer every moment. He got up at once, struck a match, and looked at the time. It was exactly one o'clock. He was quite calm, and felt his pulse, which was not at all feverish. The strange noise still continued, and with it he heard distinctly the sound of footsteps. He put on his slippers, took a small oblong phial out of his dressing-case, and opened the door. Right in front of him he saw, in the wan moonlight, an old man of terrible aspect. His eyes were as red burning coals; long grey hair fell over his shoulders in matted coils; his garments, which were of antique cut, were soiled and ragged and from his wrists and ankles hung heavy manacles and rusty gyves.

"My dear sir," said Mr Otis, "I really must insist on your oiling those chains, and have brought you for that purpose a small bottle of the Tammany Rising Sun Lubricator. It is said to be completely efficacious upon one application, and there are several testimonials to that effect on the wrapper from some of our most eminent native divines. I shall leave it here for you by the bedroom candles, and will be happy to supply you with more should you require it." With these words the United States Minister laid the bottle down on a marble table, and, closing his door, retired to rest.

For a moment the Canterville ghost stood quite motionless in natural indignation; then, dashing the bottle violently upon the polished floor, he fled down the corridor, uttering hollow groans, and emitting a ghastly green light. Just, however, as he reached the top of the great oak staircase, a door was flung open, two little white-robed figures appeared, and a large pillow whizzed past his head! There was evidently no time to be lost, so, hastily adopting the Fourth Dimension of Space as a means of escape, he vanished through the wainscoting, and the house became quite quiet.

by Oscar Wilde

## The Ratcatcher

He looked up at me, a quick surreptitious glance, then over at Claude. His nose-end twitched, sniffing the air. He raised himself up and down a few times on his toes, swaying gently, and in a soft voice and secretive, he said: "Want to see somethin'?" He was obviously trying to retrieve his reputation.

"What?"

"Want to see somethin' *amazin'*?" As he said this he put his right hand into the deep poacher's pocket of his jacket and brought out a large live rat clasped tight between his fingers.

"Good God!"

"Ah! That's it, y'see!" He was crouching slightly now and craning his neck forward and leering at us and holding this enormous brown rat in his hands, one finger and thumb making a tight circle around the creature's neck, clamping its head rigid so it couldn't turn and bite.

"D'you usually carry rats around in your pockets?"

"Always got a rat or two about me somewhere."

With that he put his free hand into the other pocket and produced a small white ferret.

"Ferret," he said, holding it up by the neck.

The ferret seemed to know him and stayed still in his grasp.

"There's nothin' I'll kill a rat quicker'n a ferret. And there's nothin' a rat's more frightened of either."

He brought his hands close together in front of him so that the ferret's nose was within six inches of the rat's face. The pink beady eyes of the ferret stared at the rat. The rat struggled, trying to edge away from the killer.

"Now," he said. "Watch!"

by *Roald Dahl*

## Noughts and Crosses

I glanced at my watch, wondering where Callum had got to. I turned, almost as if thinking about Callum would conjure him up. I gasped. Callum was standing right behind me, his appearance so sudden that he might've been a ghost, able to appear and disappear at will. And he looked so different. He'd shot up like a beanstalk. He was lean now, rather than skinny. He'd definitely sprouted muscles! And his dark cords and leather jacket made him look... mysterious somehow. His hair was longer too, almost shoulder-length. It suited him. Everything about him seemed different. Callum the boy had disappeared and in his place... I smiled, chiding myself. It was as if I'd expected time to stand still for him. I'm glad it hadn't though! Had I changed as much? I guess I must've.

"Good sneaking!" I congratulated him with a wry smile.

Slipping on my sandals, I stepped forward, my arms outstretched for a hug. I expected a similar jovial reply in greeting, but he didn't even smile. And even in this light, I could tell something was wrong. My arms dropped to my sides.

"Callum?"

Callum stepped forward and kissed me. A brief, icy-cold kiss on the lips. He stepped away from me, his eyes filled with regret. And then I saw them behind him. Four of them. Four noughts. Walking towards us. Towards me. A quick glance at Callum. Shock on my face. Confirmation, resignation on his. And I didn't wait to see any more. I turned and ran.

by *Malorie Blackman*

## A Pack of Lies

"Time was only invented by clockmakers, and 'tis only kept by clocks! Well, I'll have none of it in my house! I'll have none of it, see! I'll put a stop to your murderous tick-tocking! You shan't count me out like some old boxer on the canvas!"

It was one minute to midnight.

Dragging the basket chair to the foot of the clock, Finbar turfed out the cushions and climbed up. A heavier man would have put his feet through the wickerwork, but Finbar was a jockey and as light as a whippet. He fumbled at the fastenings of the glass clock-face, and it flew open just as the chain-strung mechanism heaved up its chain like a ship weighing anchor. There was a click and a whirring of springs. Finbar put his finger to the minute hand and forced it backwards.

(Foolish man. He need only have stopped the pendulum.)

The chime mechanism was already triggered. It clanked and churned, and the whole frame juddered. Face to face with the staring dial, Finbar felt the noise of the first chime like a punch on the nose. He reeled sideways, caught his ear on the catch of the clock-face, and snatched his head away in pain.

The basket chair, unnerved by his curses, slid away from beneath him so that Finbar was pitched forward and embraced the great jarring shoulders of the chiming clock. The clock swayed forwards eagerly. Its door fell open, its chain and pendulum and rods and counterweights and chimes spilled out. Fatally wounded, the grandfather clock crashed down on its face.

Beneath it lay a few wicker twigs – the remnants of the basket chair – and Lucky Finbar, terror of the bookies, darling of the fairies – and the most superstitious old fool in the history of all Ireland.

*by Geraldine McCaughrean*

## GRADE FIVE

Questions will be based on the following:

- *The main plot of the book from which the prose selection has been taken, its development and outcome*
- *Phrasing (sense-groups, breath groups, parenthesis)*
- *Pausing (sense pause, emphatic pause, rhythmic or metrical pause, suspensory pause, caesural pause, emotional pause). 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 plot of the book

The plot is a narrative of events with emphasis on cause and effect: what happened, and why? It is the way that a story is arranged. For example, important information may be withheld from the reader or the story might not be told in chronological order.

In the classical novel, *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Bronte, the existence of Mrs Rochester is crucial to the story, although in terms of the plot it is not divulged until half way through the book.

E M Forster defined the difference between a story and a plot. 'A story is a narrative of events in chronological order. A plot is a narrative of events with the emphasis on causality.'

## Phrasing

Grammatically, a **phrase** is a group of words which make sense but not complete sense on their own. For example:

The captain of the *ship* has gone on board.  
Jack was found *after a long search*.

In speech, a **phrase** consists of a group of words linked together by sense. Phrases are sometimes called 'sense-groups'.

**(a) Sense-groups.** Each sense-group introduces a fresh idea. The sense-group may be one word or a number of words. To break a sense-group is to destroy the sense.

In the beginning of *Water Picture* by May Swenson, we read:

In the pond in the park [sense-group]  
all things are doubled: [sense-group]  
Long buildings hang and [sense-group]  
wriggle gently.

**(b) Breath-groups.** Breath-groups and sense-groups frequently coincide, but this is not a rule. The breath-group represents the number of sense-groups that can easily be said on one breath. The ability to adjust breathing to meet the demands of the breath-group depends on an understanding of phrasing and breath control. Breath pauses may be longer than sense pauses and should occur where a longer pause is indicated by the text (often by punctuation, for example a comma or a full stop).

Notice how the breath-groups are slightly altered:

In the pond in the park [breath-group]  
all things are doubled: [breath-group]  
Long buildings hang and [breath-group]  
wriggle gently.

**(c) Parenthesis.** Parenthesis occurs when a word, phrase or sentence is inserted as an explanation, afterthought or an aside into a passage which is grammatically complete without it. It is usually marked by brackets, dashes, or commas. Parenthesis can be made clear in performance with a pause before and after the group of words, or with a change in pitch, pace or volume.

In *The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency* by Alexander McCall Smith, there is a clear example of parenthesis – the phrase between the two commas.

Then, moving as slowly as she could, she eased herself into the driving seat and reached forward to turn the key.

## Pausing

In speech, a **pause** is when sound stops. There are many different types of pauses which help the speaker or reader to bring meaning and mood to life.

**(a) The Sense Pause.** The sense pause is used in connected speech to mark the sense by indicating the end or beginning of a sense-group. It is sometimes referred to as oral punctuation, but this can be misleading as it would seem to imply that it is used in the same places as written punctuation, which is not always the case.

**(b) The Emphatic Pause.** A pause for emphasis may be made before a word or phrase, after the word or phrase, or, for extra strong emphasis, both before and after the word or phrase. The word or phrase is therefore isolated and achieves prominence. Carefully timed, an emphatic pause will build suspense and climax. Holding an emphatic pause for too long will break the sense and alienate an audience.

Observe how effective an emphatic pause is when used before

the final word of the extract from *The Ratcatcher* by Roald Dahl. The Ratcatcher holds up a rat and a ferret, separated by inches.

"Now," he said. "Watch!"

**(c) The Emotional Pause.** In an emotional pause the voice is suspended by the strong working of the emotions. It must be used with great subtlety or it will sound over-dramatic and insincere.

In *Nights and Crosses* by Malorie Blackman, there is an emotional pause before the single spoken word.

And even in this light, I could tell something was wrong. My arms dropped to my sides.

"Callum?"

**(d) The Rhythmic or Metrical Pause.** Rhythmical pauses are used at the ends of lines of verse and between stanzas to indicate the form and pattern of the verse. These pauses should be timed with the rhythm of the verse. A metrical pause is also used when a line of verse is shorter than the surrounding lines so that a pause is needed to balance the rhythm and timing.

Observe the rhythmical pauses in *Black Monday Lovesong*:

In love's dances, in love's dances, [short pause]  
 One retreats and one advances. [short pause]  
 One grows warmer and one colder, [short pause]  
 One more hesitant, one bolder. [short pause]

**(e) The Caesural Pause.** A caesura is a slight pause which occurs mid-line in verse, usually indicated by a break in sense and sometimes indicated by a punctuation mark. This can be seen in *Water Picture* by May Swenson in the middle of each stanza:

The arched stone bridge is an eye, with underlid in the water. In its lens dip crinkled heads with hats [caesural pause on full-stop]

**(f) The Suspensory Pause.** A suspensory pause is indicated by no punctuation at the end of a line of verse, also known as an enjambed line. When it occurs in verse the speaker needs to preserve the meaning without losing the rhythm or form of the verse. The last word of the first line is suspended by pitch and length, in other words, a pause on the word itself. Therefore the speaker must continue on to the next line without a breath pause.

In *Mirage* by Philip R Rush, lines 6 and 7 are enjambed and thus include a suspensory pause on the word 'sheet':

And rejoice to see the lustrous sheet  
 Of water on the horizon bare.

## Line structures in verse which affect pausing

**(a) End-stopping.** In an end-stopped line the sense and rhythm fall silent, or pause, at the end of the line. This is often indicated by a punctuation mark.

**(b) Enjambment.** In an enjambed line the sense of a line of verse continues onto the next line (the opposite of end-stopping).

Now try to find examples of these definitions in your chosen selections.