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Date }

Circular No : 04/2026

To: Provincial Secretaries of Education
Provincial Directors of Education
Provincial Coordinators of English
Zonal Directors of Education
Zonal DDEs/ADEs of English
Principals

English Language and Drama Competitions

Circular Number 10/2025 dated **28.02.2025** on the same subject is cancelled hereby and this new circular will be effective from **15.02.2026**.

02. National Level English Language and Drama Competitions are held annually at school, divisional/zonal, provincial and national levels with the primary aim of enhancing the knowledge of English language and its use among the students in the government schools, government approved private schools and pirivena institutions in Sri Lanka. Further, the following objectives are expected to be achieved through the competitions.

- to enable participation at all levels on an island-wide basis.
- to encourage and motivate the students to learn and use English proficiently.
- to provide recognition to children with the potential to develop their English language skills further.
- to foster students' critical thinking skills.
- to provide recognition to dedicated, innovative and creative teachers.

03. The types of events in the competition.

1. Written events - Hand writing (Print Script), Dictation, Creative Writing.
2. Performing events - Recitation, Oratory (Prepared, Impromptu, Storytelling), Drama

04. School level competitions must be conducted in such a manner that they

- a. get the participation of every child at school level.
- b. promote English use in an interesting manner.
- c. do not disrupt the routine/usual school work.
- d. do not incur unnecessary expenses for the competitors, teachers, schools or parents.

05. Competitors are expected to use accepted Standard English in any event of the competition.

06. The following time schedule must be followed in conducting the competitions:

- **School Level Competitions** From 1st January to 15th March
- **Divisional/Zonal Level Competitions** From 16th March to 31st May
- **Provincial Level Competitions** From 1st June to 15th July
- **National Level Competitions** From 15th September to 15th November

07. Officers concerned must make every effort to conduct the competitions according to the above schedule and submit the results in time, as **late entries may be rejected at all levels**. Provincial level results must reach the Director / English and Foreign Languages, by 15th August with a soft copy of an excel file (using the font - Times New Roman - size 12) according to the format prescribed (Annexure iv and v) by the English and Foreign Languages Branch. Results received after this date may be rejected and such provinces may be excluded from the National Level Competitions.

08. Categories of competitions are listed in the following chart.

Individual Events:

Grade	Hand writing / Print Script	Dictation	Creative Writing	Recitation	Oratory / Prepared	Oratory/ Impromptu	Oratory/ Story Telling
6	√	√	√	√	√	√	√
7	√	√	√	√	√	√	√
8	√	√	√	√	√	√	√
9	√	√	√	√	√	√	√
10	√	√	√	√	√	√	√
11	√	√	√	√	√	√	√
12	√	√	√		√	√	√
13	√	√	√		√	√	√

Drama:

- Junior** Grade 6 - Grade 9
- Senior Dialogue** Grade 10 - Grade 13
- Senior Poetic** Grade 10 - Grade 13

This circular must be adhered to in planning, organizing, conducting, judging and keeping records of the competitions to ensure that they are held in a uniform, impartial and reasonable manner throughout the country.

Nalaka Kaluwewe
Secretary

General Instructions on conducting the English Language and Drama Competitions (from 2025 onwards).

1. Handwriting- Print Script: (Grade 6 – Grade 13)

In this event, the competitors must only use ball point pens. Use of **gel pens** are not allowed. Students from Grade **6 to 13** can participate in this event. Competitors must use block (not joined) letters.

1.1 Competitors are required to copy a given passage within a limited time. Texts are selected from the relevant text books except at national level, where unseen passages are used. The competitors will be provided with single ruled paper.

1.2 The time given for the Hand writing event is **30 minutes**. Length of the text for each grade is given below:

Grade	Length of the text
6, 7	60 to 70 words
8, 9	80 to 90 words
10, 11	100 to 110 words
12, 13	110 to 120 words

1.3 The competitors must copy the whole passage **only once** within the given time. All competitors must submit their entries, whether complete or incomplete at the end of the given period of time. Incomplete work will not be considered. Use of correction fluid is prohibited.

1.4 **Competitors' work will be judged on a countdown system of marking based on the following criteria:**

- Errors in spelling or in missing out / addition of words are accepted to a maximum of three (3). If there are any such errors above three (3), the entry should be rejected.
- Write the letter "R" to indicate that the script is rejected (date and sign).
- Punctuation and other errors must be marked only in the un-rejected entries.
- Reduce 1 mark for each error with reference to the following criteria. A repeated error of any criterion given below must be counted as one error.
- Count the total number of errors (inclusive of the spelling errors up to 3, if there is any) and deduct from 100 to get the final score.

- If there are any ties, award extra points out of 10 for the graphical presentation of the written work. (for the formality and neatness of the handwriting)
 - Accepted formation of letters
 - Stipulated size among letters
 - Legibility
 - Space between words
 - Punctuation
- (Total – 100 marks)

2. Dictation (Grade 6 – Grade 13)

In this event, a passage and a list of 10 words will be dictated. If there is a tie, the list of 10 words will be marked. The Dictation passage is based on the relevant text books at all levels except the national level, where an unseen passage and words will be given.

2.1 The Dictation event is administered as follows:

- **First Reading:** First, the whole text followed by the words is read at normal conversational speed during which competitors are not allowed to write. They must listen and try to understand it.
- **Second Reading:** The competitors will be asked to write at the second reading. The text is read in chunks. After each chunk there will be a pause, during which the competitors are expected to write down what they have heard in a form of a meaningful text in a paragraph. Instruct the students to write the extra words in a form of a vertical list.
- **Third Reading:** Begins after a pause of 1 minute after the second reading. The text and the list of words are read again at normal conversational speed.
- At the end of the third reading, there will be a pause of two minutes. Competitors must use this time to check spelling, capitalization and punctuation.
- Announce the end of the competition.
- Instruct competitors to lay their pens down and the entry upside down on their desks. Each competitor will hand over his/her entry to the supervisor and walk out at the end of the event. They can walk out only after entry has been collected.

2.2 Text length of Dictation passages for each Grade is given below:

Grade	Text Length
6, 7	60 to 70 words
8, 9	70 to 80 words
10, 11	90 to 100 words
12, 13	100 to 110 words

2.3 Competitors' work will be judged in accordance with the original text on the following criteria on a countdown system of marking from 100. (If any clarification is needed, the second judge's notes can be referred):

- i. Entries written in phrases/ chunks will be rejected.
- ii. Accuracy of spelling – Mark every error. Reduce 2 marks for each error. If the same word is misspelt several times in the text, it is counted as one error. Reject entries that carry over 7 errors.
- iii. Write the letter “R” to indicate that the script is rejected (date and sign).
- iv. Punctuation – Punctuation errors must be marked only in the un-rejected entries.
- v. Reduce 1 mark for each punctuation error.
- vi. Omission or Addition of words - If a word is omitted it is also counted as one error. Similarly, if a word is added, that too is counted as one error. Reduce 2 marks for each omission and 1 mark for each addition of words.
- vii. In the case of no error free entries errors up to three (3) may be acceptable for placing.

3. Creative Writing (Grade 6 – Grade 13)

The competitors are required to write on a given story line, which should be selected carefully so that it is within the social, psychological, emotional and cognitive scope of the child. The story line need not be text-based; however, it must be within the experiences and interests of the children of the particular grade. The competitor has the freedom **either to begin writing with the given story line or use it at any point of his/ her piece of writing.**

3.1 Particulars about the event are given in the following chart:

Grades	Time (Minutes)	Number of Words Expected
6 – 9	30	300 - 350
10 - 11	40	400 – 450
12 - 13	45	550 – 600

Any entry that does not have or exceed the expected number of words will be rejected.

3.2 Competitors' work will be judged on the following criteria:

	Criteria	Marks
1	Creativity/Originality	40
2	Organization/ Coherence	30
3	Grammar and Spelling	20
4	Adherence to topic	10
	Total Marks	100

Marks given for each of the above criteria must be clearly indicated at the bottom of the final page of each entry.

<u> </u> 40	,	<u> </u> 30	,	<u> </u> 20	,	<u> </u> 10	=	<u> </u> 100
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4. **Recitation** (Grade 6 – Grade 11)

Poems for Recitation will be prescribed periodically by the English and Foreign Languages Branch of the Ministry of Education. The prescribed list of poems for 2026 is given in Annex 2.

The competitor must face the panel of judges when reciting the poem. There should be a distance of about 3 meters between the competitor and the panel of judges.

Organizers must ensure that separate class rooms are arranged in order to have a quiet atmosphere for the Recitation event. However, if interruptions occur during the Recitation: for example, barking of dogs or other external noises, then the competitor may be given a chance to recite the poem again from the beginning. If a competitor forgets the lines while reciting, marks will be deducted.

4.1 Criteria for judging - Recitation

Criteria	Marks
1. Expression of the content, the tone, the mood of the poem (must be expressed through voice without resorting to action)	30
2. Pronunciation	20
3. Audibility / Pitch / Clarity (Audibility and Pitch should not be at the expense of meaning and expression)	20
4. Accuracy of the poem (This relates to the accuracy judge)	10
5. Posture / Eye Contact	10
6. Pace / Pause / Rhythm	10
Total Marks	100

4.2 Reduce marks for lack of accuracy in recall. Give minus one (-1) each for the addition or omission of a word. If it exceeds minus three (-3), the attempt will be rejected. This relates to number 4 of the above criteria.

5. Oratory (Grade 06 – Grade 13)

Separate class rooms should be arranged to hold the event. The competitor must face the panel of judges when delivering the speech. There should be a distance of about 3 meters between the competitor and the judges.

There are **three** categories of oratorical competitive events.

5.1 **Oratory - Prepared:** A speech delivered by a famous person is to be re-delivered by the competitor. Speech texts will be prescribed periodically by the English and Foreign Languages Branch of the Ministry of Education. Texts of prescribed speeches for 2025 and beyond are given in Annex 3.

5.2 Criteria for Judging Oratory - Prepared:

Criteria	Marks
1. Delivery / Fluency (Understanding of content)	30
2. Pronunciation	20
3. Expression, Tone, Mood	20
4. Audibility / Pitch/ Clarity (Audibility and Pitch should not be at the expense of meaning and expression)	10
5. Posture / Eye Contact	10
6. Accuracy (addition / omission of words)	10
Total Marks	100

* Meaning gestures without resorting to action are allowed.

5.3 Oratory- Story Telling

- In this competition, competitors tell a story or fable, using their voice to bring the characters and plot to life.
- Selected extracts of a story or fable will be prescribed periodically by the English and Foreign Languages Branch of the Ministry of Education. Extracts of a story or fable prescribed for 2026 and beyond are given in Annex 4.

5.4 Criteria for Judging Oratory –Story Telling:

Criteria	Marks
1. Accuracy of recalled events	20
2. Eye contact / gestures / facial expression	30
3. Audibility / Clarity /pronunciation / (Audibility should not be at the expense of meaning and expression.)	30
4. Voice modulation – emphasis / pitch and pace / tone / pause	10
5. Meaningful relation of the story (overall impact)	10
Total Marks	100

5.5 Oratory – Impromptu:

- Each competitor will be given the topic 10 minutes before they are due to present the speech.
- No competitor should be allowed to exceed this timing in order to ensure that all the competitors are given an equal time for preparation.
- The competitors who are awaiting their turn for preparation should be kept in a separate class room to avoid them gaining any advantage by possessing prior knowledge of the kind of topics being given.
- After the topic is given to the first competitor, the next competitor should be called only after 5 minutes to the room where the competition is held.
- Judges should ensure that only those two competitors are kept in the room where the event is held.
- Organizers should deploy a coordinator to call competitors from the waiting room to the room where the competition is held.
- Prior to the event, give clear instructions to all the competitors at the waiting room.
- The time allowed for this event is three minutes.
- A warning bell should be sounded at two minutes and a final bell at three minutes.

5.6 Criteria for Judging Oratory - Impromptu:

Criteria	Marks
Content / Relevance / Organization	20
Fluency	20
Accuracy of language	20
Pronunciation	10
Delivery (Audibility / Pitch / Clarity / Pause / Tone)	20
Posture / Eye Contact	10
Total Marks	100

6. Drama (Grade 6 – Grade 13)

The Drama Competition serves as a platform for students and teachers to promote and demonstrate creativity. Drama motivates students' opportunities to use English and therefore, their command of the language can be improved.

There are four categories of Drama as given below.

Category	Group	Duration in Minutes
Junior	Grade 6 – 9	25
Senior/Dialogue	Grade 10 - 13	30
Senior/Poetic	Grade 10 - 13	30

6.1 Each drama must incorporate one of the following themes:

Love Society and Culture Environment Humanity
Peace and harmony Historical Events Myth/Legend Dynamism

Select themes so that they will instil values amongst students to be more sensitive and appreciative of human beings regarding emotional, social and cultural issues.

The Dialogue Drama is characterized by the use of day-to-day speech as it relates to everyday life. A drama written wholly or mainly in verse or in a heightened poetic form of prose is referred to as a Poetic Drama.

6.2 (a) The duration of the dramas presented for the competitions must adhere to the specified times shown above.

- A drama five (5) minutes shorter or longer than the specified time will be disqualified.
- Three (3) marks will be deducted if the drama is three (3) minutes shorter or longer than the specified time.
- Five (5) marks will be deducted if the drama is **four (4)** minutes shorter or longer than the specified time.

- (b) All dramas presented for the competitions must be original productions (That the drama has not performed for any other competition). **The Principal must certify that the drama is an original production.** Moreover, **the script of the drama should be made available to the organizers in advance.**
- (c) **The responsibility of the Provincial Co-ordinator is to send a personally certified copy of the script of each winning drama of respective category at the Provincial Level to the Director, English & Foreign Languages Branch of the Ministry, along with the Provincial Results.**
- (d) **The cast of a drama should not be less than six or more than twelve. They may perform any number of characters. Students who actively play their roles on stage as main or supporting characters as per the script will only be considered as characters. Students cannot be used on stage as stage props.**
- (e) While performing, the students or teachers of the relevant school can be allowed for any assistance behind the curtain. Competing teams can make arrangements to play a CD or a DVD as well. The organizers, however, are not responsible for any failure or breakdown in this respect. No outside professional assistance and technical equipment (light and sound) are allowed at all levels.
- (f) **Certification from the Principal:-**
- I. The authenticity of the script.
 - II. The authenticity of the production.
- Presentations may not contain more than 10% singing. Priority will be given to dramatic performance and acting and verbalization skills rather than to the use of props, music, expensive costumes etc.
- (g) Poetic drama should reflect the period (Elizabethan / Victorian / Modern and so on) to which the drama belongs (costume, character, stage props).
- (h) **Each team is responsible for setting up (5 Minutes) and clearing of sets and props (5 minutes).** Timing of the presentation starts with the first movement, first word uttered or any sound / lighting effects, once the stage is cleared.
- (i) Service of a prompter is allowed. However, the prompter must do his/her part unobtrusively. The prompter must be one of the students from the competing school,

and is not counted as a member of the cast. Attempts at identifying one's team and addressing judges may only result in loss of time and effect.

(j) Creativity, innovation, effectiveness and economical use of resources will be given preference over mere theatricality.

(k) What is not acceptable (These should be strictly adhered to in preparation of drama):

- i. Use of obscene words, alcohol, sharp objects, fire, inflammable and dangerous chemical substances, items suggesting drugs, smoking.
- ii. Use of attire suggestive of immodesty.
- iii. Interpretation in terms of overt sexual behaviour, and deliberate perversion of morality / values.
- iv. Use of non - English inputs.
- v. Scripts with reference to sensitive issues regarding public sensitivity/ conflict of interest.
- vi. Scripts and adaptations that have already been presented with substantial evidence of such earlier presentations – strongly reminiscent of previous shows

*** Non-adherence to the conditions stated in (k) will lead to disqualification.**

(l) It has been noted that there is a recent tendency for the cast to spill over to the auditorium, and perform to the panel of judges ignoring the stage almost entirely. Performing in this way is not allowed. This relates to the number 3 in the criteria given and marks will be deducted.

(m) Criteria for judging the Drama competition are given below:

	Criteria	Marks
01	Creativity / Authenticity / Consistency of theme and message	20
02	Acting – appropriateness in relation to the role	25
03	Use of stage space, involvement of all actors	10
04	Appropriateness of theme/ plot / message	10
05	Audibility, clarity, accuracy (pronunciation)	20
06	Relevant / economical / effective use of stage props	10
07	Costumes / Makeup	05
	Total Marks	100

As a step towards making use of the 'marks' allotted for each category please make use of the following general outline given below.

3 – 5	-	Weak
6 – 8, 9	-	Acceptable
10 – 15	-	Good
16 – 20	-	Error free commendable

8. Specific instructions related to the competitions.

- i. Students who win the first and the second places **in all the individual events at any level** are eligible to compete at the next (upper) level of the competitions.
- ii. In some provinces, Divisional, Zonal and Provincial Level competitions are initially held at levels of school categories depending on the student population. However, even if the competitions have been organized in this manner, at the Provincial Level, irrespective of the categories, from each individual item, only the **1st and 2nd place winners** should be selected and sent to the National Level.
- iii. However, the Provincial Director has the authority to decide whether to accommodate both the first and second places to compete at any level of the competition or to allow only the first-place winner to compete.
- iv. The students who are in Grade 11 in a particular academic year are not eligible to compete twice for the same grade. (Academic year of any particular grade is considered according to the circular issued by the Ministry of Education). The students who sit for the G.C.E. (A/L) Examination as the first attempt, are not eligible to compete in any event at the competition in the following year.
- v. **It is essential that competitors for divisional/zonal level are selected on the results of the school level competitions, which should be conducted under the supervision and the certification of the Principal, that the competitions were conducted properly and impartially.** After the school level competitions, Zonal authorities may decide whether to conduct Divisional level competitions or Zonal level competitions directly depending on the circumstances.
- vi. The dramas placed first **at one level are eligible to compete at the next level respectively. Only one nomination of drama placed First at Provincial level should be sent to National Level. It is the responsibility of the Provincial director to send only one nomination to the national level.**

- vii. Each competitor can take part **only** in two individual events in addition to drama.
- viii. All competitors must be in basic school uniform for the individual events at all levels.
In order to maintain the anonymity of the competitors during the competitions, arrangements must be made to cover up identifying features on the uniform such as monograms, so that room for criticism of bias in the judgments can be minimized.
- ix. The competitors, judges and authorized officers are allowed to enter the 'competition area' for individual events. Only teachers and students of the respective schools are allowed to watch the dramas on condition that they do not disturb the proceedings.
- x. Competitions need to be conducted systematically and methodically at all levels. Answer scripts, task sheets, and duly filled mark sheets and signature sheets and other relevant documents must be dated and signed by the relevant judges and finally by the Director and preserved for a period of at least three years so that they are available for scrutiny in case of an inquiry.
- xi. **The decision of the judges will be final.** However, any grievances at any level should be submitted in writing immediately after the competition to the relevant authority. No complaints will be received after the day of the competition. All divisional/zonal/provincial level grievances should be solved at the relevant level, before the national level competitions are held. If there is any unsolved complaint at Divisional/ Zonal and Provincial level, no entries should be sent to National level. Therefore, it is the direct responsibility of the Provincial Director of Education not to send any entry without solving any issue at Divisional/Zonal and Provincial level. If any entry is sent to National level without solving the issues at any level, the entry will be rejected at the national level competitions.
- xii. Results of the National Level Competitions will be released only after 10 days from the completion of the competitions which will be informed to the Provincial authorities. It is the responsibility of the relevant provincial coordinator to communicate the said results in writing to the schools that participated in the National Level competitions as soon as they are received. Further, the national level results will be made available on the Ministry of Education website (www.moe.gov.lk) after the results are released.
- xiii. The principal and the teachers in charge of the competitors should take special notice regarding the protection, discipline, and the behaviour of the competitors. The

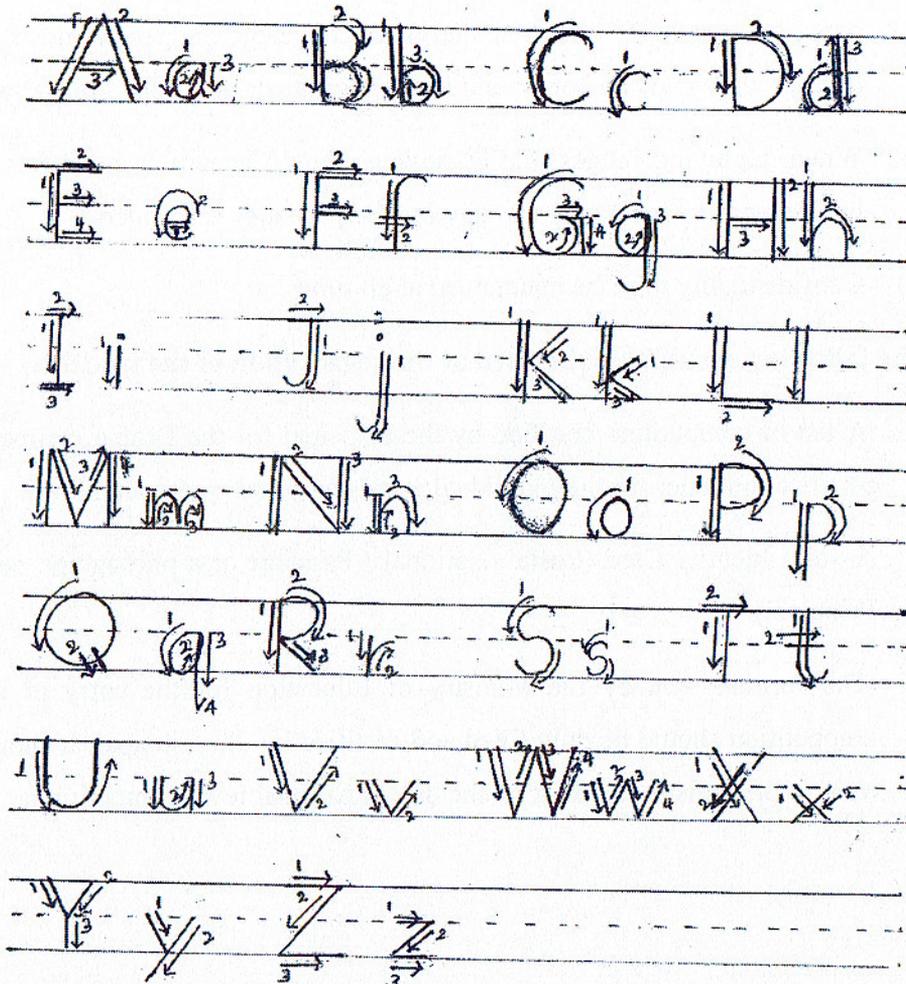
responsibility of female students and male students should be given to a female teacher in charge and male teacher in charge as chaperones respectively.

- xiv. If any disciplinary issue occurred, the chaperone is accountable. Parents and any other well-wishers / parties should not be given any responsibility in any competition related activities. (The principal is accountable for this)
- xv. Only the principal, teachers and the students are allowed to enter the venue of the competition. (Parents and well-wishers are not allowed to enter)
- xvi. All the competitors and the other parties should agree to follow the rules and regulations specified in the competition circular and agree that the decision of the judges are final at any level. Therefore, appeals related to the judgement should not be sent and such appeals will not be accepted.
- xvii. Any official matter of any school related to this competition should be handled only among the relevant principal, Provincial Director of Education and the Director of Education (English and Foreign Languages) for the secretary to the Ministry of Education. It is the direct responsibility of the principal not to get the other parties of the school involved in the official matters of the competition.
- xviii. **Selection of the Panel of Judges:** - The following instructions must to be taken into consideration.
 - (a) Panel of Judges for Zonal /Divisional level Competitions and Provincial level competitions should be appointed by the Zonal Director of Education and the Provincial Director of Education respectively with the recommendations of the Zonal/Provincial English subject Coordinators. It is the responsibility of the Zonal/Provincial English subject coordinators to recommend suitable judges for the competitions. **If teachers are appointed as judges at Divisional, Zonal and Provincial levels, it is the responsibility of the relevant authority to provide adequate training and guidelines for judging. In case of any issue occurred as a result of selecting teachers as judges, the relevant authority should bear all the responsibility.**
 - (b) **For Recitation and oratory competitions, a panel should consist of 3 judges and an additional judge for checking accuracy.**
 - (c) In drama competitions, the panel should consist of 5 or 3 judges in addition to the accuracy judge.

- (d) **Trainers or judges involved in coaching individual events or drama at any level must not be included in the panel of judges.**
- (e) It is the responsibility of the Zonal/Provincial English subject coordinators to appoint competent, qualified and knowledgeable judges in the specific areas. Further, they must be honest and impartial in their decisions / judgements.
- (f) When deploying judges, the organizers should ensure that the panel is selected beforehand in such a way that any biases/ partiality is avoided.
- (g) Confidentiality must be maintained at all times.

ix. The following should be submitted at the registration of the students:

1. A list of competitors certified by the Principal for the Drama competitions and a certification letter for the Individual events at Zonal /provincial level.
2. A valid Identity Card (Postal /National / Passport or a photograph certified by the Principal).
3. The formats sent by the Ministry of Education for the entry of national level competition should be duly filled and certified by the principal. It should be handed over to the registration desk on the day of national level competition.



Amrita

W. A. M. D. P. Welagedara
Asst. Lecturer
09/12/2019

POEMS FOR RECITATION – ENGLISH DAY COMPETITIONS

GRADE SIX

My Doggy Ate My Essay - by Darren Sardelli

My doggy ate my essay.
He picked up all my mail.
He cleaned my dirty closet
and dusted with his tail.

He straightened out my posters
And swept my wooden floor.
My parents almost fainted
When he fixed my bedroom door.

I did not try to stop him.
He made my windows shine.

My room looked like a palace,
and my dresser smelled like pine.

He fluffed up every pillow.
He folded all my clothes.
He even cleaned my fish tank
With a toothbrush and a hose.

I thought it was amazing
to see him use a broom.
I'm glad he ate my essay
On "How to Clean My Room."

Betty At The Party

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty, aged just four,
" A little girl fell off her chair
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls,
Began to laugh , but me -
I didn't laugh a single bit,"

Said Betty seriously.
"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty – bless her little heart! -
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't you laugh, my darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Because it was I that fell."

GRADE SEVEN

Homework, I Love You by Kenn Nesbitt

Homework, I love you. I think that you are
great.
It's wonderful fun when you keep me up late.
I think you're the best when I'm totally
stressed,
Preparing and cramming all night for a test.

Homework, I love you. What more can I say?
I love to do hundreds of problems each day.
You boggle my mind and you make me go
blind,
But still I'm ecstatic that you were assigned.

Homework, I love you, You thrill me inside.
I'm filled with emotions, I'm fit to be tied.
I cannot complain when you frazzle my brain.
Of course, that's because I'm completely insane.

Keep A Poem In Your Pocket

By Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Keep a poem in your pocket
And a picture in your head
And you'll never feel lonely
At night when you're in bed.

The little poem will sing to you
The little picture bring to you
A dozen dreams to dance to you
At night when you're in bed.

So - - Keep a picture in your pocket
And a poem in your head
And you'll never feel lonely
At night when you're in bed.

GRADE EIGHT

The Sheep - by Ann and Jane Taylor

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass, and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?
Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold, you'd be
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing,
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick a scanty dinner, where
All the common's brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day:
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

I Remember, I Remember - by Thomas Hood

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

GRADE NINE

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud - BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat - by Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of
money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have
tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows

And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one
shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married
next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

GRADE TEN

The Dentist and the Crocodile - by Roald Dahl

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."

Sick - by Shel Silverstein

"I cannot go to school today,"
Said little Peggy Ann McKay,
"I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash, and purple bumps.

My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox

And there's one more--that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut - my eyes are blue -
It might be instamatic flu.

I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke -
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,

My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb,
I have a sliver in my thumb.

My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.

My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.

I have a hangnail, and my heart is - what?
What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is - Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"

GRADE ELEVEN

Seven Stages of Man – by William Shakespeare

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

The Charge of the Light Brigade - by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred:

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

PRESCRIBED TEXT FOR ORATORY (PREPARED) GRADE 06

Excerpts from Giovanni Maroki's speech – Smiles are Contagious.

Smiles are contagious. When I meet someone for the first time, I just smile, even before I say, "Hello!" When someone smiles at me, it makes me feel good. And if I'm having a bad day, it always makes me feel better. One time, a kid was not very nice to me and wouldn't let me play. I felt very sad until my friend came over and invited me to play. At that moment, his smile and kindness picked me up. I like to smile at people because it costs nothing, and it's worth a million. Every time I smile at someone, it's sending sunshine into their lives. It's a nice feeling. When my grandpa was in the hospital, they didn't let me visit him because it was flu season. We were missing each other so much. So I decided to FaceTime him. When he answered, we both smiled at each other. It was unexplainable love. A smile cannot be bought, borrowed or stolen, but the value is endless. We all need more happy smiling faces. It's the greatest power ever. If you smile, it can make the world a better place.

PRESCRIBED TEXT FOR ORATORY (PREPARED) GRADE 07

Excerpts from April Qu's speech – The Power of Reading.

Good afternoon, everybody. I am April.

Eight years ago, I got the biggest and best present ever, of my life. After reading me books every night since I was about two, my mom opened a children's bookstore. I still remember the day I stepped into the warm, lovely place. Sunshine glowing on the bookshelves, and I smelled the scent of books. And I still remember the happy moment my mom held me in her arms and read me a book.

"In an old house in Paris

That was covered with vines,

Lived twelve little girls

In two straight lines."

Time passed, and I grew from a little kid who was often mistaken for a boy to a big girl standing in front of you on this stage. However, the love of reading has been kept unchanged, except that I don't suck my fingers anymore while I'm reading.

Having the freedom to read and the freedom to choose is one of the best gifts my mom ever gave me. Although running a bookstore is not always a good choice for making money, mom never regrets quitting her high-salary job and devoting herself to the small bookstore. She is very proud of her work, that brings a passion for reading to me and other children.

PRESCRIBED TEXT FOR ORATORY (PREPARED) GRADE 08

Excerpts from Severn Suzuki's Speech – 1992 Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro

“Hello, I am Severn Suzuki speaking for E.C.O – the Environmental Children’s Organization. We are a group of 12- and 13-year-olds trying to make a difference, Vanessa Suttie, Morgan Geisler, Michelle Quigg and me. We’ve raised all the money to come here ourselves; to come 5,000 miles to tell you adults you must change your ways. Coming up here today, I have no hidden agenda. I am fighting for my future. Losing my future is not like losing an election, or a few points on the stock market.” “I am here to speak for all generations to come. I am here to speak on behalf of the starving children around the world whose cries go unheard. I am here to speak for the countless animals dying across this planet, because they have nowhere left to go. I am afraid to go out in the sun now, because of the holes in our ozone. I am afraid to breathe the air, because I don’t know what chemicals are in it. I used to go fishing in Vancouver, my home, with my Dad until, just a few years ago, we found a fish full of cancers. And now we hear of animals and plants going extinct every day, vanishing forever. In my life, I have dreamt of seeing the great herds of wild animals, jungles and rainforests full of birds and butterflies, but now I wonder if they will even exist for my children to see.” “Did you have to worry of these things when you were my age? All this is happening before our eyes and yet we act as if we have all the time we want and all the solutions. I’m only a child and I don’t have all the solutions, but I want you to realize, neither do you. You don’t know how to fix the holes in our ozone layer. You don’t know how to bring the salmon back up a dead stream. You don’t know how to bring back an animal now extinct. And you can’t bring back the forest that once grew where there is now a desert. If you don’t know how to fix it, please stop breaking it.”

PRESCRIBED TEXT FOR ORATORY (PREPARED) GRADE 09

Excerpts from Chimamanda Adichie's Speech -The danger of a single story

I come from a conventional, middle-class Nigerian family. My father was a professor. My mother was an administrator. And so we had, as was the norm, live-in domestic help, who would often come from nearby rural villages. So the year I turned eight we got a new house boy. His name was Fide. The only thing my mother told us about him was that his family was very poor. My mother sent yams and rice, and our old clothes, to his family. And when I didn't finish my dinner my mother would say, "Finish your food! Don't you know? People like Fide's family have nothing." So I felt enormous pity for Fide's family. Then one Saturday we went to his village to visit. And his mother showed us a beautifully patterned basket, made of dyed raffia, that his brother had made. I was startled. It had not occurred to me that anybody in his family could actually make something. All I had heard about them is how poor they were, so that it had become impossible for me to see them as anything else but poor. Their poverty was my single story of them. Years later, I thought about this when I left Nigeria to go to university in the United States. I was 19. My American roommate was shocked by me. She asked where I had learned to speak English so well, and was confused when I said that Nigeria happened to have English as its official language. She asked if she could listen to what she called my "tribal music," and was consequently very disappointed when I produced my tape of Mariah Carey. She assumed that I did not know how to use a stove. What struck me was this: She had felt sorry for me even before she saw me. Her default position toward me, as an African, was a kind of patronizing, well-meaning, pity. My roommate had a single story of Africa. A single story of catastrophe. In this single story there was no possibility of Africans being similar to her, in any way. No possibility of feelings more complex than pity. No possibility of a connection as human equals.

PRESCRIBED TEXT FOR ORATORY (PREPARED) GRADE 10

Excerpts from Kevin Rudd's speech, delivered on 13 February 2008.

That today we honour the Indigenous peoples of this land, the oldest continuing cultures in human history. We reflect on their past mistreatment. We reflect in particular on the mistreatment of those who were Stolen Generations—this blemished chapter in our nation's history. The time has now come for the nation to turn a new page in Australia's history by righting the wrongs of the past and so moving forward with confidence to the future. We apologise for the laws and policies of successive Parliaments and governments that have inflicted profound grief, suffering and loss on these our fellow Australians. We apologise especially for the removal of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander children from their families, their communities and their country. For the pain, suffering, and hurt of these Stolen Generations, their descendants and for their families left behind, we say sorry. To the mothers and the fathers, the brothers and the sisters, for the breaking up of families and communities, we say sorry. And for the indignity and degradation thus inflicted on a proud people and a proud culture, we say sorry. We the Parliament of Australia respectfully request that this apology be received in the spirit in which it is offered as part of the healing of the nation. For the future we take heart; resolving that this new page in the history of our great continent can now be written. We today take this first step by acknowledging the past and laying claim to a future that embraces all Australians. A future where this Parliament resolves that the injustices of the past must never, never happen again. A future where we harness the determination of all Australians, Indigenous and non-Indigenous, to close the gap that lies between us in life expectancy, educational achievement, and economic opportunity. A future where we embrace the possibility of new solutions to enduring problems where old approaches have failed. A future based on mutual respect, mutual resolve and mutual responsibility. A future where all Australians, whatever their origins, are truly equal partners, with equal opportunities and with an equal stake in shaping the next chapter in the history of this great country, Australia.

PRESCRIBED TEXT FOR ORATORY (PREPARED) GRADE 11

Excerpts from Steve Jobs' 2005 Stanford Commencement Address.

I am honoured to be with you today at your commencement from one of the finest universities in the world. I never graduated from college. Truth be told, this is the closest I've ever gotten to a college graduation. Today I want to tell you three stories from my life. That's it. No big deal. Just three stories. The first story is about connecting the dots. I dropped out of Reed College after the first 6 months, but then stayed around as a drop-in for another 18 months or so before I really quit. So why did I drop out? It started before I was born. My biological mother was a young, unwed college graduate student, and she decided to put me up for adoption. She felt very strongly that I should be adopted by college graduates, so everything was all set for me to be adopted at birth by a lawyer and his wife. Except that when I popped out they decided at the last minute that they really wanted a girl. So my parents, who were on a waiting list, got a call in the middle of the night asking: "We have an unexpected baby boy; do you want him?" They said: "Of course." My biological mother later found out that my mother had never graduated from college and that my father had never graduated from high school. She refused to sign the final adoption papers. She only relented a few months later when my parents promised that I would someday go to college. And 17 years later I did go to college. But I naively chose a college that was almost as expensive as Stanford, and all of my working-class parents' savings were being spent on my college tuition. After six months, I couldn't see the value in it. I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life and no idea how college was going to help me figure it out. And here I was spending all of the money my parents had saved their entire life. So, I decided to drop out and trust that it would all work out OK. It was pretty scary at the time, but looking back it was one of the best decisions I ever made. The minute I dropped out I could stop taking the required classes that didn't interest me, and begin dropping in on the ones that looked interesting. It wasn't all romantic. I didn't have a dorm room, so I slept on the floor in friends' rooms, I returned coke bottles for the 5¢ deposits to buy food with, and I would walk the 7 miles across town every Sunday night to get one good meal a week at the Hare Krishna temple. I loved it. And much of what I stumbled into by following my curiosity and intuition turned out to be priceless later on.

PRESCRIBED TEXT FOR ORATORY (PREPARED) GRADE 12

Excerpts from Barack Obama’s Speech delivered on November 18, 2008

Let me begin by thanking the bipartisan group of U.S. governors who convened this meeting. Few challenges facing America — and the world — are more urgent than combating climate change. The science is beyond dispute and the facts are clear. Sea levels are rising. Coastlines are shrinking. We’ve seen record drought, spreading famine, and storms that are growing stronger with each passing hurricane season.

Climate change and our dependence on foreign oil, if left unaddressed, will continue to weaken our economy and threaten our national security. I know many of you are working to confront this challenge. In particular, I want to commend Governor Sebelius, Governor Doyle, Governor Crist, Governor Blagojevich and your host, Governor Schwarzenegger — all of you have shown true leadership in the fight to combat global warming. And we’ve also seen a number of businesses doing their part by investing in clean energy technologies.

But too often, Washington has failed to show the same kind of leadership. That will change when I take office. My presidency will mark a new chapter in America’s leadership on climate change that will strengthen our security and create millions of new jobs in the process.

That will start with a federal cap and trade system. We will establish strong annual targets that set us on a course to reduce emissions to their 1990 levels by 2020 and reduce them an additional 80 percent by 2050. Further, we will invest \$15 billion each year to catalyze private-sector efforts to build a clean energy future. We will invest in solar power, wind power and next-generation biofuels. We will tap nuclear power, while making sure it’s safe. And we will develop clean coal technologies.

This investment will not only help us reduce our dependence on foreign oil, making the United States more secure. And it will not only help us bring about a clean energy future, saving our planet. It will also help us transform our industries and steer our country out of this economic crisis by generating five million new green jobs that pay well and can’t be outsourced.

PRESCRIBED TEXT FOR ORATORY (PREPARED) GRADE 13

Excerpts from the speech made by Dr Shashi Tharoor: Britain Does Owe Reparations

Madam President and gentlemen, ladies of the house,

I, standing here with eight minutes in my hands in this venerable and rather magnificent institution, I was going to assure you that I belong to the Henry VIII School of public speaking — that as Henry VIII said to his wives “I shall not keep you long”.

But now finding myself the seventh speaker out of eight in what must already seem a rather long evening to you, I rather feel like Henry VIII’s the last wife. I more or less know what’s expected of me but I am not sure how to do it any differently.

Perhaps what I should do is really try and pay attention to the arguments that have advanced by the Opposition today. We had, for example, Sir Richard Ottaway suggesting — challenging the very idea that it could be argued that the economic situation of the colonies was actually worsened by the experience of British colonialism.

Well, I stand to offer you the Indian example, Sir Richard. India share of the world economy when Britain arrived on its shores was 23%. By the time the British left it was down to below 4%. Why? Simply because India had been governed for the benefit of Britain.

In Britain’s rise for 200 years was financed by its depredations in India. In fact, Britain’s industrial revolution was actually premised upon the de-industrialization of India.

The handloom weavers, for example, famed across the world whose products were exported around the world, Britain came right in. There were actually these weavers making fine muslin as light as woven air, it was said, and Britain came right in, smashed their thumbs, broke their looms, imposed tariffs and duties on their cloth and products and started, of course, taking the raw materials from India and shipping back manufactured cloth flooding the world’s markets with what became the products of the dark and satanic mills of the Victorian England.

That meant that the weavers in India became beggars and India went from being a world-famous exporter of finished cloth into an importer when from having 27% of the world trade to less than 2%.

Meanwhile, colonialists like Robert Clive bought their rotten boroughs in England on the proceeds of their loot in India while taking the Hindi word *loot* into their dictionaries as well as their habits.

And the British had the gall to call him Clive of India as if he belonged to the country, when all he really did was to ensure that much of the country belonged to him.

By the end of the 19th century, the fact is that India was already Britain’s biggest cash cow, the world’s biggest purchaser of British goods and exports, and the source for highly paid employment for British civil servants. We literally paid for our own oppression.

And as has been pointed out, the wealthy Victorian British families that made their money out of the slave economy, one fifth of the elites of the wealthy class in Britain in the 19th century owed their money to transporting 3 million Africans across the waters.

And in fact, in 1833 when slavery was abolished, what happened was that a compensation of 20 million pounds was paid not as reparations to those who had lost their lives or who had suffered or been oppressed by slavery but to those who had lost their property.

I was struck by the fact that your Wi-Fi password at this Union commemorates the name of Mr Gladstone — the great liberal hero. Well, I am very sorry his family was one of those who benefited from this compensation.

Prescribed Text for Story telling – Grade 6

An extract from – The Mill on the Floss by George Eliot

It was a great disappointment to Maggie that she was not allowed to go with her father in the gig when he went to fetch Tom home from the Academy; but the morning was too wet, Mrs. Tulliver said, for a little girl to go out in her best bonnet. Maggie took the opposite view very strongly and it was on account of this disagreement that, when her mother was brushing out her thick black hair, Maggie suddenly rushed and dipped her head in a basin of water. She was determined that there should be no chance of curls that day.

‘Maggie, Maggie,’ exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, sitting stout and helpless with the rushes on her lap, ‘what shall we do with you if you’re so naughty? I’ll tell your aunt Glegg and your aunt Pullet when they come next week, and they’ll never love you anymore. Oh, dear! Oh dear! Look at your clean pinafore, wet from top to bottom!’

But Maggie was already out of hearing, making her way towards the great attic that ran under the old high roof, shaking the water from her black hair as she ran, like a terrier escaped from his bath. This attic was Maggie’s favourite retreat on a wet day, when the weather was not too cold; here she got rid of all her bad tempers, and talked aloud to the floors and the shelves and the dark walls covered with cobwebs; and here she sometimes sat and sobbed with disappointment. That was what she did this morning, sobbing with a passion that drove out every other form of consciousness – even the memory of the grief that had caused it. At last the sobs grew quieter, and a sudden beam of sunshine made her run to the window. The sun was really breaking out; the sound of the mill seemed suddenly cheerful. And there was Yap, the queer whit-and –brown terrier, with one ear back, trotting about and sniffing vaguely, as if he were in search of a companion. It was irresistible. Maggie tossed her hair back and ran downstairs, seized her bonnet without putting it on, dashed quickly along the passage in case she should meet her mother, and was quickly out in the yard. Here she danced, ‘Yap! Yap! Tom’s coming home!’ And Yap danced and barked round her, as much as to say, ‘If there’s any noise wanted, I’m the dog for it.’

Prescribed Text for Story telling – Grade 7

An Extract from Black Beauty by Anna Sewell

At the sale there were many old horses – some lame, some broken down and some so miserable that it would have been merciful to shoot them. The men who had come there to buy or sell horses were poor. Some wanted to sell their old horses for whatever money they could get; some were looking for cheap horses for their carts. Among these poor old men were some who were kind and human and whose voices I could trust. I could tell from their looks and words that they would make good masters. But none seemed to be interested in me.

After a while a farmer came towards me with his boy. He stopped to have a close look at me.

‘Look at this horse, Willie. It looks like one that has seen better days,’ he said.

‘Do you think he’d make a good carriage horse, grandpa?’ the boy asked.

‘I’m sure he would, lad,’ said the farmer. ‘Look at his ears, neck and shoulders. There’s no doubt he’s a thoroughbred.’

He gently patted my neck and I lifted my face up to him in answer to his kindness.

‘He’s so gentle, grandpa. I don’t think he’s very old. He’s only been badly used. Won’t you buy him? I’m sure you can make him young again.’

‘Your boy knows his horses well, Sir,’ said the seller. ‘This horse isn’t old. It’s only overwork that has pulled him down.’

The farmer felt my legs and made me trot a little. I did my best to impress him. He seemed to be satisfied, so he bought me. As they led me away, the boy could hardly control his delight and his grandfather seemed to enjoy his happiness.

Then I was turned into a large meadow. The farmer, Mr. Thoroughgood, gave orders that I should have hay and oats every night and morning and the run of the meadow during the day. Willie paid me a visit every day. Sometimes he gave me a carrot; sometimes he stood petting me and talking to me while I had my feed of oats. We grew fond of each other. Sometimes he came with his grandfather.

‘He’s improving steadily, Willie,’ the old man said. ‘He should be all right by spring.’

Prescribed Text for Story Telling – Grade 8

An Extract from The Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain

At half past nine that night, Tom and Sid were sent to bed as usual. They said their prayers, and Sid was soon asleep. Tom lay awake and waited in restless impatience. When it seemed to him that it must be nearly daylight he heard the clock strike ten! He would have liked to toss and fidget but he was afraid he might wake Sid. So he lay still, and stared up into the dark.

Everything was quiet, but by and by, out of the stillness little noises began to make themselves heard; the ticking of the clock, and old beams creaking mysteriously. A muffled snore came from Aunt Polly’s room, then the howl of a far-off dog rose on the night air.

Tom began to doze, and when the clock chimed eleven, he didn’t hear it. And then through his dreams came a loud miaowing. The raising of a neighbouring window disturbed him. A cry of ‘Scat, you devil!’ and the crash of an empty bottle against the back of his aunt’s woodshed brought him wide awake.

A single minute later he was dressed and out of the window. He miaowed with caution once or twice before he jumped to the roof of the woodshed, and thence to the ground. Huckleberry Finn was there with his dead cat. The boys moved off and disappeared into the gloom. At the end of half an hour they were wading through the tall grass of the old graveyard.

A faint wind moaned through the trees and Tom feared it might be the spirits of the dead complaining of being disturbed. The boys talked little, and only under their breath, for the time and the place and the silence weighed heavily upon them.

They found the sharp new heap they were seeking and sat themselves down within the protection of three great elms that grew in a bunch within a few feet of the grave.

Then they waited in silence for a long time. The hooting of a distant owl was all the sound that troubled the dead stillness. Tom’s thoughts became anxious. He said in a whisper, ‘Hucky, do you believe the dead people like us to be here?’

Huckleberry whispered, ‘I wish I knew.’

Conversation died again.

Presently Tom seized his friend’s arm. ‘Ssh!’

'What is it, Tom?' And the two clung together with beating hearts.

'Ssh! There it is again. Didn't you hear it?'

'I'

There! Now you hear it.'

'Tom, they're coming! They're coming, sure. What'll we do?'

'I don't know. Think they'll see us?'

'Oh, Tom, they can see in the dark, same as cats. I wish I hadn't come.'

'Oh, don't be afraid. If we keep perfectly still may be they won't notice us at all.'

'I'll try to, Tom, but I'm all a shiver.'

'Listen!'

The boys bent their heads together and scarcely breathed.

Prescribed Text for Story Telling – Grade 9

An Extract from Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens

The room in which the boys were fed, was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end: out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at mealtimes. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more - except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper, with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months: at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook-shop), hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel per diem, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist. The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered each other, and winked at Oliver; while his next neighbors nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said: somewhat alarmed at his own temerity: 'Please, sir, I want some more.' The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear. 'What!' said the master at length, in a faint voice. 'Please, sir,' replied Oliver, 'I want some more.' The master

aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned him in his arm; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

Prescribed Text for Story Telling – Grade 10

An Extract from Charlie and the Chocolate Factory by Roald Dahl

Charlie entered the shop and laid the damp fifty pence on the counter.

'One Wonka's Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight,' he said, remembering how much he had loved the one he had on his birthday.

The man behind the counter looked fat and well-fed. He had big lips and fat cheeks and a very fat neck. The fat around his neck bulged out all around the top of his collar like a rubber ring. He turned and reached behind him for the chocolate bar, then he turned back again and handed it to Charlie. Charlie grabbed it and quickly tore off the wrapper and took an enormous bite. Then he took another ... and another ... and oh, the joy of being able to cram large pieces of something sweet and solid into one's mouth! The sheer blissful joy of being able to fill one's mouth with rich solid food!

'You look like you wanted that one, sonny,' the shopkeeper said pleasantly. Charlie nodded, his mouth bulging with chocolate.

The shopkeeper put Charlie's change on the counter. 'Take it easy,' he said. 'It'll give you a tummy-ache if you swallow it like that without chewing.'

Charlie went on wolfing the chocolate. He couldn't stop. And in less than half a minute, the whole thing had disappeared down his throat. He was quite out of breath, but he felt marvellously, extraordinarily happy. He reached out a hand to take the change.

Then he paused. His eyes were just above the level of the counter. They were staring at the silver coins lying there. The coins were all five-penny pieces. There were nine of them altogether. Surely it wouldn't matter if he spent just one more ...!

'I think,' he said quietly, 'I think ... I'll have just one more of those chocolate bars.

The same kind as before, please.'

'Why not?' the fat shopkeeper said, reaching behind him again and taking another Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight from the shelf. He laid it on the counter. Charlie picked it up and tore off the wrapper ... and suddenly ... from underneath the wrapper ... there came a brilliant flash of gold. Charlie's heart stood still.

'It's a Golden Ticket!' screamed the shopkeeper, leaping about a foot in the air.

'You've got a Golden Ticket! You've found the last Golden Ticket! Hey, would you

believe it! Come and look at this, everybody! The kid's found Wonka's last Golden Ticket!
There it is! It's right here in his hands!'

It seemed as though the shopkeeper might be going to have a fit. 'In my shop, too!' he yelled.
'He found it right here in my own little shop! Somebody call the newspapers quick and let
them know! Watch out now, sonny! Don't tear it as you unwrap it! That thing's precious!'

In a few seconds, there was a crowd of about twenty people clustering around
Charlie, and many more were pushing their way in from the street. Everybody wanted to get a
look at the Golden Ticket and at the lucky finder.

Prescribed Text for Story telling – Grade 11

An extract from -The Happy Prince by Oscar Wilde

“I have a golden bedroom,” he said softly to himself as he looked around, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. “What a curious thing!” he cried; “there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness.” Then another drop fell. “What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?” he said; “I must look for a good chimney-pot,” and he determined to fly away. But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw— Ah! what did he see? The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity. “Who are you?” he said. “I am the Happy Prince.” “Why are you weeping then?” asked the Swallow; “you have quite drenched me.” “When I was alive and had a human heart,” answered the statue, “I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep.” “What! Is he not solid gold?” said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud. “Far away,” continued the statue in a low musical voice, “far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen’s maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move.” “I am waited for in Egypt,” said the Swallow. “My friends are

flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves." "Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger?"

Prescribed Text for Story Telling - Grade 12

An Extract from Life of Pi by Yann Martel

My name isn't the end of the story about my name. When your name is Bob no one asks you, "How do you spell that?" Not so with Piscine Molitor Patel.

Some thought it was P. Singh and that I was a Sikh, and they wondered why I wasn't wearing a turban.

In my university days I visited Montreal once with some friends. It fell to me to order pizzas one night. I couldn't bear to have yet another French speaker guffawing at my name, so when the

man on the phone asked, "Can I 'ave your name?" I said, "I am who I am." Half an hour later two pizzas arrived for "Ian Hoolihan."

It is true that those we meet can change us, sometimes so profoundly that we are not the same afterwards, even unto our names. Witness Simon who is called Peter, Matthew also known as Levi, Nathaniel who is also Bartholomew, Judas, not Iscariot, who took the name Thaddeus, Simeon who went by Niger, Saul who became Paul.

My Roman soldier stood in the schoolyard one morning when I was twelve. I had just arrived. He saw me and a flash of evil genius lit up his dull mind. He raised his arm, pointed at me and

shouted, "It's Pissing Patel!"

In a second everyone was laughing. It fell away as we filed into the class. I walked in last, wearing my crown of thorns.

The cruelty of children comes as news to no one. The words would waft across the yard to my

ears, unprovoked, uncalled for: "Where's Pissing? I've got to go." Or: "You're facing the wall. Are you Pissing?" Or something of the sort. I would freeze or, the contrary, pursue my activity,

pretending not to have heard. The sound would disappear, but the hurt would linger, like the smell of piss long after it has evaporated.

Teachers started doing it too. It was the heat. As the day wore on, the geography lesson, which in the morning had been as compact as an oasis, started to stretch out like the Thar Desert; the history lesson, so alive when the day was young, became parched and dusty; the mathematics lesson, so precise at first, became muddled. In their afternoon fatigue, as they

wiped their foreheads and the backs of their necks with their handkerchiefs, without meaning to offend or get a laugh, even teachers forgot the fresh aquatic promise of my name and distorted it in a shameful way. By nearly imperceptible modulations I could hear the change. It was as if their tongues were charioteers driving wild horses. They could manage well enough the first syllable, the Pea, but eventually the heat was too much and they lost control of their frothy-mouthed steeds and could no longer rein them in for the climb to the second syllable, the seen . Instead they plunged hell-bent into sing , and next time round, all was lost. My hand would be up to give an answer and it would be acknowledged with a “Yes, Pissing .” Often the teacher wouldn’t realize what he had just called me. He would look at me wearily after a moment, wondering why I wasn’t coming out with the answer. And sometimes the class, as beaten down by the heat as he was, wouldn’t react either. Not a snicker or a smile. But I always heard the slur.

I spent my last year at St. Joseph’s School feeling like the persecuted prophet Muhammad in Mecca, peace be upon him. But just as he planned his flight to Medina, the Hejira that would mark the beginning of Muslim time, I planned my escape and the beginning of a new time for me.

Prescribed Text for Story Telling - Grade 13

An Extract from *Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott

Jo was the first to wake in the gray dawn of Christmas morning. No stockings hung at the fireplace, and for a moment she felt as much disappointed as she did long ago, when her little sock fell down because it was crammed so full of goodies. Then she remembered her mother's promise and, slipping her hand under her pillow, drew out a little crimson-covered book. She knew it very well, for it was that beautiful old story of the best life ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true guidebook for any pilgrim going on a long journey. She woke Meg with a "Merry Christmas," and bade her see what was under her pillow. A green-covered book appeared, with the same picture inside, and a few words written by their mother, which made their one present very precious in their eyes. Presently Beth and Amy woke to rummage and find their little books also, one dove-colored, the other blue, and all sat looking at and talking about them, while the east grew rosy with the coming day.

In spite of her small vanities, Margaret had a sweet and pious nature, which unconsciously influenced her sisters, especially Jo, who loved her very tenderly, and obeyed her because her advice was so gently given.

"Girls," said Meg seriously, looking from the tumbled head beside her to the two little night-capped ones in the room beyond, "Mother wants us to read and love and mind these books, and we must begin at once. We used to be faithful about it, but since Father went away and all this war trouble unsettled us, we have neglected many things. You can do as you please, but I shall keep my book on the table here and read a little every morning as soon as I wake, for I know it will do me good and help me through the day.

Then she opened her new book and began to read. Jo put her arm round her and, leaning cheek to cheek, read also, with the quiet expression so seldom seen on her restless face. "How good Meg is! Come, Amy, let's do as they do. I'll help you with the hard words, and they" explain things if we don't understand," whispered Beth, very much impressed by the pretty books and her sisters, example.

"I'm glad mine is blue," said Amy. and then the rooms were very still while the pages were softly turned, and the winter sunshine crept in to touch the bright heads and serious faces with a Christmas greeting.

"Where is Mother?" asked Meg, as she and Jo ran down to thank her for their gifts, half an hour later.

"Goodness only knows. Some poor creeter came a-beggin', and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. There never was such a woman for givin' away vittles and drink, clothes and firin'," replied Hannah, who had lived with the family since Meg was born, and was considered by them all more as a friend than a servant.

"She will be back soon, I think, so fry your cakes, and have everything ready," said Meg, looking over the presents which were collected in a basket and kept under the sofa, ready to be produced at the proper time. "Why, where is Amy's bottle of cologne?" she added, as the little flask did not appear.

"She took it out a minute ago, and went off with it to put a ribbon on it, or some such notion," replied Jo, dancing about the room to take the first stiffness off the new army slippers.

"How nice my handkerchiefs look, don't they? Hannah washed and ironed them for me, and I marked them all myself," said Beth, looking proudly at the somewhat uneven letters which had cost her such labor.

"Bless the child! She's gone and put 'Mother' on them instead of 'M. March'. How funny!" cried Jo, taking one up.

"Isn't that right? I thought it was better to do it so, because Meg's initials are M.M., and I don't want anyone to use these but Marmee," said Beth; looking troubled.

"It's all right, dear, and a very pretty idea, quite sensible too, for no one can ever mistake now. It will please her very much, I know," said Meg, with a frown for Jo and a smile for Beth.

"There's Mother. Hide the basket, quick!" cried Jo, as a door slammed and steps sounded in the hall.

National Level English Language & Drama Competitions - 20....

Provincial Results Sheet - Province

S.No	Individual Event	Grade	Name of the Student	School and Address	Place

I hereby certify that the above results are true and correct

.....
Provincial Coordinator (English)

.....
Rubber Stamp

National Level English Language & Drama Competitions - 20....

Provincial Results Sheet (Drama) - Province

Category	Name of the School and Address	Contact No.
Primary		
Junior		
Senior Dialogue		
Senior Poetic		

I hereby certify that the above results are true and correct

.....
Provincial Coordinator (English)

.....
Rubber Stamp

