

# **2024 LEETON EISTEDDFOD SPEECH, DRAMA & LITERARY SYLLABUS**

**Adjudicator** Helen Kennedy

FTCL, LTCL, LTCL, LGSM, ATCL

**Competition Dates-** will be conducted for Verse Speaking Choirs and Drama at **The Leeton Soldiers Club** on Monday 26<sup>th</sup> August, 2024

The Debating and Individual Recitals will be conducted in **Uniting Church Hall** Church Street, Leeton from 27<sup>th</sup> August, 2024.

## **RULES**

1. Please refer to the general rules.
2. Number of Competitors 2 or 3 competitors 1<sup>st</sup> place only, 4 to 6 2<sup>nd</sup> place more than 7, 3<sup>rd</sup> place. No section will be contested with only 1 competitor, however in the case of a single competitor they will be invited to perform on the understanding that there will be no prize awarded, only an adjudicator's comment sheet.
3. Prizes: Open Individual Sections 1st \$20.00, 2nd \$15.00 and 3rd \$10.00. 12years and 8 years medals awarded in all places where applicable.  
**Schools:** High Schools 1st \$30.00, 2nd \$15.00 and 3rd \$10.00. Primary School 1st \$25.00, 2nd \$15.00 and 3rd \$5.00.
4. Please note that Public Speaking Sections are in the Recitals Sections 7 and 15.

## **DEBATING RULES**

1. Teams will be advised of the topic in the week commencing 15<sup>th</sup> July, 2024 affirmative or negative.
2. Teachers must ensure that any debater competing in more than one debate does not speak in the same position in both debates. Eg if they were the 1<sup>st</sup> speaker in the 1<sup>st</sup> debate, they cannot be the 1<sup>st</sup> speaker in subsequent debates.
3. Schools need to advise the Speech & Drama Convenor NO LATER than 22<sup>nd</sup> July, 2024 if they intend to withdraw, and if possible, get a replacement team.
4. The convenor will contact all schools and advise of any withdrawals.

## **001. Senior High School Teams Years 11 & 12**

Speakers allowed 7-5-5 minutes respectively.

## **002. Junior High School Teams Years 9 & 10.**

Speakers allowed 5-4-4 respectively.

## **003. Sub Junior High School Teams Years 7 & 8.**

Speakers allowed 5-4-4 respectively.

## **004. Primary School Teams**

Speakers allowed 4-3-3 respectively.

## **DRAMA DIVISION**

Note: Copies of any plays chosen must be provided by entrants (including names of the cast.) Plays must be of an acceptable standard and any copyright fees must be paid by the entrants before performances. Cuts may be made to keep the play within time limits and these must be clearly marked on the copy provided to the secretary. Entrants are responsible for their own props and scenery and these need to be kept to a minimum. Setting up and dismantling the stage is included in the time frame and no curtains are permitted.

**005.** One Act Play or any act or scene from a play. 30 minutes

**006.** One Act Play or any act or scene from a play. Secondary School. 20 minutes

**007.** One Act Play or any act or scene from a play. Primary School 15 minutes

**008.** One Act Play or any act or scene from a play. Infants School. 15 minutes

## **VERSE SPEAKING GROUPS**

**009.** Special Schools. Two Own Choice Poems of contrasting nature.

**010.** Small Schools of less than 100 pupils and no fewer than 10 voices. Two pieces Set Poem MONARCH BUTTERFLIES and Own Choice.

**011.** Infant School. Years K-2 No fewer than 10 voices Two own Choice Poems of contrasting nature.

**012..** Junior Primary School. Years 3-4 No fewer than 10 voices Two pieces Set Poem THE WITCHES BALLOON and Own Choice

**013.** Primary School. Years 5-6. No fewer than 10 voices. Two pieces Set Poem TRAINS, SHIPS, AND THINGS ROADWAYS and Free Choice

## **RECITALS**

### **13 years & over**

- 014.** Set Recital. PIONEERS by BANJO PATERSON
- 015.** Australian Recital. Own Choice.
- 016.** Bible Reading. PROVERBS CHAPTER 27 VERSES 1 TO 10.
- 017.** Humorous Recital. Light verse, own choice.
- 018.** Prepared Reading. A PONY CALLED SECRET
- 019.** Impromptu Reading.
- 020.** Public Speaking – Topic DOES AUSTRALIA NEED MORE IMMIGRANTS’  
Speech should be of 5 minutes duration with a warning bell at 4 minutes.

### **12 years & under.**

- 021.** Character Recital. Own choice.
- 022.** Set Recital. OLD MAN PLATYPUS by BANJO PATERSON
- 023.** Australian Recital. Own choice.
- 024.** Bible Reading. PSALM 55 VERSES 1 TO 9.
- 025.** Humorous Recital. Light Verse. Own choice.
- 026.** Prepared Reading. From INDIGO BLUE by JESSICA WATSON page 143.
- 027.** Impromptu Reading.
- 028.** Public Speaking - Topic THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE. Speech of 3 minutes duration with warning bell at 2 minutes.

### **8 Years & under.**

- 029.** Character Recital. Own choice. Costume Optional
- 030.** Set Recital. THE PELICAN by BENJAMIN GILMORE
- 031.** Bible Reading. ISAIAH CHAPTER 55 VERSES 6 TO 9.
- 032.** Humorous Recital. Light Verse. Own choice.
- 033.** Prepared Reading THE LIBRARY MOUSE by DANIEL KIRK

## **LITERARY DISCIPLINE**

Submissions must be received by 4<sup>th</sup> August, 2024 as a hard copy posted to Speech Section Leeton Eisteddfod P.O.Box 322 Leeton NSW 2705. Competitors will be advised by email when the results will be announced and relevant trophies presented. This will be done during the speech competition.

Unless otherwise stated, the topic for written work is at the discretion of the competitor. To avoid confusion competitors must provide a cover page clearly showing the below details:

**Competitor Name:**

**Competitor Age:**

**Section No:**

**Contact Number:**

**Contact Email:**

**Postal Address:**

Leeton Eisteddfod Society will post your manuscript back to you with the adjudicator’s comments once the Eisteddfod has concluded.

### **OPEN - 18 Years & Over**

- 034.** Original Poem - Maximum 150 words
- 035.** Original Short Story - Maximum 1,000 words
- 036.** Written Expression: Topic *AUSTRALIA ABOUND WITH OPPORTUNITIES*  
Maximum 1,000 words

### **16 & 17 Years**

- 037.** Original Poem - Maximum 150 words
- 038.** Original Short Story - Maximum 1,000 words
- 039.** Written Expression: Topic *THE DEBT WE OWE THE ANZACS* Maximum 750 words

### **14 & 15 Years**

- 040.** Original Poem - Maximum 150 words
- 041.** Original Short Story - Maximum 1,000 words
- 042.** Written Expression: Topic *IS SCHOOL SATISFYING MY NEED FOR EDUCATION?*  
Maximum 500 words

### **12 & 13 Years**

- 043.** Original Poem - Maximum 150 words
- 044.** Original Short Story - Maximum 1,000 words
- 045.** Written Expression: Topic *MY BEST FRIEND* Maximum 500 words

### **Primary Schools**

- 046.** Original Poem - Maximum 150 words
- 047.** Original Short Story - Maximum 1,000 words
- 048.** Written Expression Topic *THE BEST ACTIVITY AT SCHOOL* Maximum 350 words

### **Small Schools Primary Set Piece**

**Monarch Butterflies** by Nicole Davies.

There is a valley  
Where the butterflies come,  
In clouds of orange wings.  
Like autumn leaves played backwards  
They fly up onto the twigs,  
Clothing, covering the trees  
In a thick coat of living flame  
That shimmers as a shiver passes  
From wing to wing to wing.

There is a valley  
Where the butterflies come,  
A place of dreams and magic.

### **Junior Primary School Set Piece**

**The Witch's Balloon** by S.J. Graham

Far far away, where ganders are grey,  
In a land where pixies dwell,  
There once lived a witch who did nothing but stitch,  
And she lived in a coconut shell.  
She stitched by day and she stitched by night,  
She stitched both early and soon.  
For she dreamt of making a wonderful flight  
In a magical gas balloon.  
At last it was done, She chortled, "What fun."  
She puffed till it grew up quite round.  
Fixed a basket below, called out, 'Here we go.'  
And cheered as it flew from the ground.  
Inside she then hopped, and it never stopped,  
High up sailed that magic balloon.  
Alas and alack, she never came back...  
You can see her up there on the moon!

### **Primary School Set Piece**

**Trains, Ships and Things Roadways** by John Mansfield

One road leads to London,  
One road runs to Wales,  
My road leads me seawards  
To the white dipping sails.

One road leads to the river,  
As it goes singing slow;  
My road leads to shipping,  
Where the bronzed sailors go.

Leads me, lures me, calls me  
To salt green tossing sea;  
A road without earth's road-dust  
Is the right road for me.

A wet road heaving, shinning,  
And wild with seagulls' cries,  
A mad salt sea-wind blowing  
The salt spray in my eyes.

My road calls me, lures me  
West, east, south, and north;  
Most roads lead men homewards,  
My road leads me forth.

To add more miles to the tally  
Of grey miles left behind,  
In quest of that one beauty  
God put me here to find.

### **RECITALS 8 years & under**

**The Pelican** by Benjamin Gilmour

He sits alone,  
half asleep,  
with the silent waves  
against his feet.  
He doesn't move  
his milky wings  
as the salty wind  
quietly sings.  
He bows his head  
towards the sea,  
so cool and calm,  
so vast and free,  
The setting sun  
so red and dry  
slowly leaves  
the scarlet sky.  
But the pelican sits  
upon his post,  
till the break of day,

### **RECITALS - 8 years & under Prepared reading**

**Library Mouse – A world to explore** by Daniel Kirk

Suddenly, Sam saw something out of the corner of his eye. Swoosh! Another mouse landed gracefully on the floor right in front of him! "Whoa!" she said. "That was some ride. Good thing I had my parachute."

She stuck out her paw and smiled. "Hi, my name's Sarah. What's yours?"

"I – I'm Sam," he answered. "I live here!"

"I live here, too," Sarah said, "on the other side of the library. I was exploring, and that's when I discovered that playground!"

"Playground?" said Sam

### **RECITAL 12 years & under**

**Old Man Platypus** by A.B.Paterson

Far from the trouble and toil of town,  
Where the reed beds sweep and shiver,  
Look at a fragment of velvet brown—  
Old Man Platypus drifting down,  
Drifting along the river.

And he plays and dives in the river bends  
In a style that is most elusive;  
With few relations and fewer friends,  
For Old Man Platypus descends  
From a family most exclusive.

He shares his burrow beneath the bank  
With his wife and his son and daughter  
At the roots of the reeds and the grasses rank;  
And the bubbles show where our hero sank  
To its entrance under water.

Safe in their burrow below the falls  
They live in a world of wonder,  
Where no one visits and no one calls,  
They sleep like little brown billiard balls  
With their beaks tucked neatly under.

And he talks in a deep unfriendly growl  
As he goes on his journey lonely;  
For he's no relation to fish nor fowl,  
Nor to bird nor beast, nor to horned owl;  
In fact, he's the one and only!

### **RECITALS - 12 years & under prepared Reading**

**Indigo Blue** by Jessica Watson

'Yeah. No email, Facebook or anything, I don't know how you survive,' she joked.

'Ha, I suppose our written words and symbols have a lot more significance and complexity. I'll have to show you a few.'

They began to head back and Sam pushed the throttle down, sending a spray of water over them as they hit the first wave. Alex squealed when the water hit her face. *So much for drying off*, she thought. It was going to be a wet trip home. A light breeze had filled in, causing a small chop to spread over the swell.

Sam grinned the whole way back, laughing every time she was hit by the spray. He even put his arm around her, pulling her towards him to shelter her from the worst of it. She had never seen him so happy and relaxed, and the feelings were infectious.

As they surfed a wave in through the entrance and slowed down into the river, Sam squeezed Alex's shoulder. 'Thanks for today, it was cool to take you underwater and share a little of my world.'

Don't be silly. Thanks for being patient with me,' she told him, matching his smile.

### **RECITALS 13 years & under**

**Pioneers** by Banjo Paterson

They came of bold and roving stock that would not fixed abide;  
They were the sons of field and flock since e'er they learned to ride;  
We may not hope to see such men in these degenerate years  
As those explorers of the bush – the brave old pioneers.

'Twas they who rode the trackless bush in heat and storm and drought;  
'Twas they that heard the master-word that called them farther out;  
'Twas they that followed up the trail the mountain cattle made  
And pressed across the mighty range where now their bones are laid.

But now the times are dull and slow, the brave old days are dead  
When hardy bushmen started out, and forced their way ahead  
By tangled scrub and forests grim towards the unknown west,  
And spied at last the promised land from off the range's crest.

O ye, that sleep in lonely graves by far-off ridge and plain,  
We drink to you in silence now as Christmas comes again,  
To you who fought the wilderness through rough unsettled years –  
The founders of our nation's life, the brave old pioneers.

### **13 Years & over prepared Reading**

"A Pony Called Secret" Chapter 14

"Alice... stammered.."

"Alice!"

The voice calling her name seemed very far away. Alice tried to force her eyes open.

"Alice, you're OK." The voice was familiar; she felt safe. "Look, the ambulance is here now." Alice was aware of someone else crouching besides her, of murmured words.

"Secret." She tried to talk, but words seemed hard to find; her tongue felt too big for her mouth. There was a strange metallic taste, and wiping her sleeve against her lip, she frowned at the red stain on her coat.

"Secret's safe." It was Finn talking, and as Alice glanced up she saw her beloved red pony standing beside Leah, shifting restlessly from foot to foot.

"Kite," she croaked, remembering devon. "Is Kite safe?"

"We've checked. He's safe too." Another voice, one Alice recognized from her happy ride around Hyde Park. Officer Rosie Fairbanks knelt beside her. "We got your message and came as soon as we could."

Alice looked up. The lorry was parked and two ponies, one bay and one grey, stood beside it, police officers clutching lead ropes. She felt a wave of relief.

"And Nick?" she stammered.