



**NORTH LONDON FESTIVAL OF
MUSIC, SPEECH & DRAMA**

North London Festival of Music, Speech &
Drama

Syllabus for Speech and Drama
competitions on
Sunday 24th November 2024



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Adjudicator: Louise Manders

Enter online via the website — www.northlondonfestival.org.uk.

The Closing Date for entries is **Friday 1st November 2024**.

The Festival Committee is delighted that the Chickenshed Theatre
have agreed to host this year's competitions.

The Chickenshed Theatre,
290 Chase Side, Southgate, London N14 4PE.

www.chickenshed.org.uk/about-us/plan-your-visit/how-to-find-us

Enter via our "Play and Perform" site, which can be accessed from the Speech
and Drama page of the Festival's website — northlondonfestival.org.uk.

For all enquiries regarding syllabus and timing please do not hesitate to contact
the Festival via enquiriesnlf@outlook.com. We can't wait to see you all
perform in November!!

For each class, the entry age is strictly that on **1 September 2024**.

Candidates must provide a clean copy, handwritten or typed **not** photocopied,
of their prose or script for the Adjudicator. Copies of set verse are included in
this syllabus.

All performers will receive a certificate from the Festival.

We are getting in touch with organisations who may be able to provide prizes,
but every prize-winner will receive a medal.

A note from Dan Collins

The original version of the following note was written by Dan Collins for the 2022 Festival. Up until 2024, Dan was the Administrator of the Speech & Drama section of the Festival, but sadly, he passed away in April 2024. He put so much energy, time, enthusiasm, skill, joy and care into his organising of the Speech & Drama classes over recent years. He is greatly missed. The North London Festival committee give our condolences to Dan's family and are very grateful for all he has done for young people in giving them the opportunities to develop their talents.

"Hello everyone – it is fantastic to be organising a live festival again!

As somebody who participated in drama festivals as a shy teenager and who found my voice through standing on a stage, I understand the life skills that it can give, whether that is to become a young actor or to give you the skills to stand up and speak in later life no matter what your job is. As I have said before I look at this role as a parent, as a past participant and as someone who wants to nurture talent and help your children succeed no matter what they wish to do in later life. The festival is such a friendly and motivating occasion, and my aim is to help it grow and be relevant as we enter a new decade.

The festival is your festival though – I have some great ideas for the coming years and would love to encourage authors, poets, and actors to attend to speak to the kids, but I would love to hear the ideas of the teachers, the parents and importantly those entering.

The North London Festival is open to all and we would like to welcome more schools and teachers to enter and make North London a highlight of their dramatic year, whether they are budding poets, verse speakers, musical theatre performers, actors, prose readers or public speakers. Please sign up today."

This year we will perform at a new venue, The Chickenshed Theatre between Southgate and Cockfosters. Chickenshed are delighted to welcome the Festival.

If you have any queries, please always feel free to email the Festival at enquiriesnlf@outlook.com.

Adjudicator:**LOUISE MANDERS LLAM ALAM GODA MSTSD (Adj)**

Louise was born in Westcliff on Sea and first trod the boards when only five days old and has never looked back. Her varied and interesting professional theatrical career began with Haymarket Stage Productions progressing from stage management to acquiring her Equity card as an actress. She enjoyed touring the UK and appearing in all aspects of theatre including repertory and musicals, as well as appearing on television and in films.

Louise is presently not only an adjudicator for the British and International Federation of Festivals and the Guild of Drama Adjudicators but is also an adjudicator member of the Society of Teachers of Speech and Drama. She was Artistic Director of the Phoenix Youth Theatre in Southend, formerly the New Focus Theatre for many years. Louise's extensive work as an adjudicator has taken her all over the UK and abroad. She has adjudicated for festivals in Sri Lanka, Hong Kong and Canada. During the pandemic, Louise also adjudicated online.

She runs workshops and master classes, directs plays (including open air productions) and musicals, devises original drama compositions, writes poetry and has written many musical plays for children and students. She teaches speech, drama, musical theatre, mime and dance drama to all ages of students, including adults and specialises in the LAMDA examinations.

Louise is an experienced theatre director and even finds time to dance flamenco!

A festival is a celebration and enables all entrants to bring their creativity and enthusiasm to fruition. Louise is really looking forward to visiting the North London Festival of Music Speech and Drama and sharing in these celebrations.

All verse speaking to be performed from memory. All verse selection copy is included in this syllabus.

For each class, the entry age is strictly that on **1 September 2024**.

	Verse Speaking	Time (mins)	Fee £
900	Verse Speaking — Year 1, 5—6 years. <i>The Noodle Eater</i> by Chrissie Gittins or <i>Rain</i> by Shel Silverstein or <i>Happy Birthday Mother Dearest</i> by Jack Prelutsky.	N/A	10.00
901	Verse Speaking — Year 2, 6—7 years. <i>In The Rain</i> by Alison Chisholm or <i>Meryl Rose</i> by Peter Dixon or <i>I know All the Sounds that the Animals Make</i> by Jack Prelutsky.	N/A	10.00
902	Verse Speaking — Year 3, 7—8 years. <i>Zebra</i> By Sheila Stevens or <i>The Plight of the Bumblebee</i> by Valerie Bloom or <i>When Tilly Ate The Chilli</i> by Jack Prelutsky.	N/A	10.00
903	Verse Speaking — Year 4, 8—9 years. <i>Nil Nil</i> BY Lindsey Macrae or <i>Blame</i> by Allan Ahlberg or <i>The Invisible Beast</i> by Jack Prelutsky.	N/A	10.00
904	Verse Speaking — Year 5, 9—10 years. <i>Why I haven't Got a Smollypopomous</i> by Brian Patten or <i>Do Televisions Watch Too Many People</i> by Steve Turner or <i>Zonky Zizzibug</i> by Brian Patten.	N/A	10.00
905	Verse Speaking — Year 6, 10—11 years. <i>Vamp Ire</i> by Ros Asquith or <i>The Vegetables Strike Back</i> by Steve Turner (An Excerpt) or <i>I've never heard the Queen sneeze</i> by Brian Patten.	N/A	10.00

All verse speaking may be acted but must be performed from memory. Please note that for the following section no poems from the current LAMDA verse and prose anthology will be allowed or adjudicated if entered. (Please name the poem to be performed on the entry form.)

For each class, the entry age is strictly that on **1 September 2024**.

Verse Speaking Own Choice		Time (mins)	Fee £
906	Verse Speaking — Own Choice — Year 1, 5—6 years.	2	10.00
907	Verse Speaking — Own Choice — Year 2, 6—7 years.	2	10.00
908	Verse Speaking — Own Choice — Year 3, 7—8 years.	3	10.00
909	Verse Speaking — Own Choice — Year 4, 8—9 years.	3	10.00
910	Verse Speaking — Own Choice — Year 5, 9—10 years.	3	10.00
911	Verse Speaking — Own Choice — Year 6, 10—11 years.	3	10.00

Performance		Time (mins)	Fee £
912	Solo Modern Acting — Year 3, 7—8 years. An extract from any play, novel, film, radio, or TV script written after 1910 to be performed from memory.	3	10.00
913	Solo Modern Acting — Year 4, 8—9 years. An extract from any play, novel, film, radio, or TV script written after 1910 to be performed from memory.	3	10.00
914	Solo Modern Acting — Year 5, 9—10 years. An extract from any play, novel, film, radio, or TV script written after 1910 to be performed from memory.	3	10.00
915	Solo Modern Acting — Year 6, 10—11 years. An extract from any play, novel, film, radio, or TV script written after 1910 to be performed from memory.	3	10.00
916	Solo Modern Acting — Year 7, 11—12 years. An extract from any play, novel, film, radio, or TV script written after 1910 to be performed from memory.	4	10.00

Speech and Drama

Notes for Teachers, Performers and Parents

1. Time limits given are the maximum allowed and will be strictly adhered to. The Adjudicator will stop adjudicating 10 seconds over the allotted time and the performance may be stopped. Unless otherwise specified, we will allow 2 minutes setting up time per group. If you go over this time it will be deducted from your allotted performance time.
2. Copies of pieces to be performed should be submitted to the Adjudicator before the start of the class. These should be handwritten or typed, not photocopied.
3. All candidates are reminded that they are creating a performance. They should announce their pieces to the audience clearly and present themselves appropriately.
4. Simple costumes, make-up and props can be used, but no extra marks will be awarded for these. Chairs and tables will be available at the venue, and there are changing facilities within the building.
5. In all Group competitions the age of the oldest competitor determines which class to enter. Age limits refer to the child's age on 1st September 2024.
6. Volunteers are always needed to help on the day. If you are interested and can spare some time, please contact enquiriesnlf@outlook.com.

Set Poems for North London Festival 2024

Year 1: *The Noodle Eater* by Chrissie Gittins **Year 1: *RAIN* by Shel Silverstein**

Chrissie Gittins

I am a noodle eater;
I eat them in the night,
I eat them by the basketful
And give my dad a fright.

I eat them dry;
I eat them wet,
I eat them upside-down.
And best of all I eat them with
—
An eyebrow-meeting frown

I opened my eyes
And I looked up at the rain
And it dripped in my head
And flowed into my brain
So pardon this wild crazy thing I just said
I'm just not the same since there's rain in my
head.
I step very softly
I walk very slow
I can't do a hand-stand
Or I might overflow.
And all I can hear as I lie in my bed
Is the slishity-slosh of the rain in my head.

Year 1: *Happy Birthday Mother Dearest* by Jack Prelutsky

Happy birthday, Mother dearest,
we made breakfast just for you,
a watermelon omelette,
and a dish of popcorn too,
a cup of milk and sugar,
and a slice of blackened toast,
happy birthday, Mother dearest,
you're the one we love the most.

Year 2: *In the Rain* by Alison Chisholm

We're playing football in the rain,
But I don't care- I love the game.
My mum will not be very pleased –
There's mud all over both my knees
Mud's in my eyes and up my nose.
Mud's oozing out between my toes.
Mud's up my arms and in my hair
And down my shorts and everywhere;
And when mum sees my yellow shirt
She'll scream with rage at all that dirt.
But I don't mind- I'll take the blame
'cause football's still my favourite game.

Year 2: *Meryl Rose* by Peter Dixon

Here's a tale of Meryl Rose
Who liked to push things up her nose.....
Lego biscuits
Beads and bread –
Rattled round inside her head.

A foolish girl – who wasted days
Playing with her silly craze –

Until upon school photo day
She got the hamster out to play,
And with a grin and Meryl pout
She pushed poor Hammy up her snout!

'Look this way,' called photo man
'Smile or giggle if you can....'

Sweet Meryl posed
With smile
And pout –

And half a hamster hanging out!

Year 2: *I know All the Sounds that the Animals Make* by Jack Prelutsky

I know all the sounds that the animals make,
And make them all day from the moment I wake,
I roar like a mouse, and I purr like a moose,
I hoot like a duck and I moo like a goose.
I squeak like a cat and I quack like a frog,
I oink like a bear, and I honk like a hog.
I croak like a cow, and I bark like a bee.
No wonder the animals marvel at me!

Year 3: *Zebra* by Sheila Stevens

When I was three and nearly four
I had two pets but wanted more.
'A Zebra, please', I asked, 'with stripes'.
'A what? laughed Dad. My brother said 'Cripes!'
Mum said, 'Zebras must live in a zoo,
Wouldn't you like a cockatoo?
Now please don't start to cry, my dear.
A zebra wouldn't be happy here',
I begged until my birthday came,
But everyone just said the same.
'You can't have a zebra and that is that!'
So, instead I got a stripy cat.
I called her Zebra.

Year 3: *The Plight of the Bumblebee* by Valerie Bloom

I can't make honey any more,
I've given up tasting nectar,
Yesterday I lost my job
As chief pollen collector.

I've done with flying from flower to flower,
Given up smelling the rose,
The perfume from the hyacinth
Now just gets up my nose.

I've just been expelled from the hive,
And I'm going now to pack,
The queen said that they don't need me,
There's something that I lack.

It's not my sting, my stripe, my wing,
Which makes me an underachiever,
The thing that's really hampering me,
Is that I've got hay fever.

Year 3: *When Tillie Ate the Chilli* by Jack Prelutsky

When Tillie ate the chilli,
She erupted from her seat,
She gulped a quart of water,
And fled screaming down the street,
She coughed, she wheezed, she sputtered,
She ran totally amok,
She set a new world record
As she raced around the block.

Tillie's mouth was full of fire,
Tillie's eyes were red with tears,
She was smoking from her nostrils,
She was steaming from her ears,
She cooled off an hour later,
Showing perfect self-control
As she said, "What tasty chilli,
I should like another bowl."

Year 4: Nil Nil by Lindsay MacRae

I've been sent to my room.
It's really boring.
I've un-made my bed,
Kicked the door in,
And counted the squares
On the child-proof flooring.
I can just hear the match
But not who's scoring
And outside the miserable rain is pouring
'You can come out now,' shouts Dad
I ignore him
Cos inside the miserable sulk
Is gnawing
But I'm too cross to read
Or do a drawing
So I creep downstairs
And catch Man U scoring.
My heavy heart is suddenly soaring.
Like the fans in the stands
We hold hands
And start roaring
We leap in the air
Call a truce to our warring.
So there we are roaring
Hearts soaring
About scoring ...
When the ref decides
It's offside.

Year 4: *Blame* by Allan Ahlberg

Graham, look at Maureen's leg,
She says you tried to tattoo it!
I did, Miss, yes - with my biro,
But Jonathan told me to do it.

Graham, look at Peter's sock,
It's got a burn-hole through it!
It was just an experiment, Miss, with the lens.
Jonathan told me to do it.

Alice's bag is stuck to the floor,
Look, Graham, did you glue it?
Yes, but I never thought it would work,
And Jonathan told me to do it.

Jonathan, what's all this I hear
About you and Graham Prewitt?
Well, Miss, it's really more his fault:
He tells me to tell him to do it!

Year 4: *The invisible beast* by Jack Prelutsky

The beast that is invisible
is stalking through the park,
but you cannot see it coming
though it isn't very dark.
Oh you know it's out there somewhere
though just why you cannot tell,
but although you cannot see it
it can see you very well.

You sense its frightful features
and its ungainly form,
and you wish that you were home now
where it's cozy, safe and warm.
And you know it's coming closer
for you smell its awful smell,
and although you cannot see it
it can see you very well.

Oh your heart is beating faster,
beating louder than a drum,
for you hear its footsteps falling
and your body's frozen numb.
And you cannot scream for terror
and your fear you cannot quell,
for although you cannot see it
it can see you very well.

Year 5: *Why I Haven't Got a Smollypopomouse* by Brian Patten

I haven't got a Smurgle or a Zurgle in the house,
I haven't even got a Smollypopomouse.
So I went to the pet shop and said,
What I want is a Smurgle or a Zurgle
Or a Smollypopomouse.
The man behind the counter smiled and shook his head.
You'll have to go to Venus for one of them,' he said.
So I went to the travel shop and said,
What I want is a ticket to go and get a Smollypopomouse.'
He had tickets for Africa and tickets for Peru
But I frowned and said none of them would do.
So I went up the road and had a word with the vet.
He said Smollypopomouses were impossible to get.

So I went down the road and I went to the zoo.
I looked around for ages and there were none there too.
So I went and asked Mum, who said, 'I'll have to think.'
And she asked Dad, who didn't even blink.
They both asked if I'd like another kind of pet
As Smollypopomouses seemed rather hard to get.
That's why I've got a hamster and a kitten in the house,
But haven't got a Smurgle or a Zurgle
Or a Smollypopomouse.

Year 5: *Do Televisions Watch Too Many People* by Steve Turner

Don't you think the telly gets bored
When it looks at you and at me
And says, 'Oh no, not them again
With their eyes on the old TV!
In this bit she sprawls on the floor,
Then he gets a pizza and eats.
I know exactly what happens,
I'm fed up with all these repeats'.
Don't you think the telly gets tired
Of the same old background of chairs,
Of the same old windows and doors
And the same old quizzical stares?
It knows every line that we scream,
It's heard every insult before.
It sees all the drink that we spill
And the cheese that we tread on the floor.

Don't you think the telly gets mad
When we point and clamour and scream,
When we wave our fists in the air
And throw bits of food at the screen?
When tellies watch too many people,
It upsets the way that they think,
Which is why the sound starts to fade
And the picture goes on the blink.

Year 5: *Zonky Zizzibug* by Brian Patten

I've just appeared in this classroom

I did not use the door.

I *have* just materialised

Through the classroom floor.

Do not call *me* a liar.

Do not call *me* a cheat.

No, teacher cannot see me,

Sitting in this seat.

My name is Zonky Zizzibug.

I don't know why you laugh.

This book is not a comic,

It's an extra-terrestrial graph.

I *have* been to Venus.

I *have* been to Mars.

I've even been to Uranus.

And several other stars.

Of course my blood is green!

The aerial on my head?

Oh that's just something

That stops me being dead.

How dare you laugh and scoff!

Shush. Everyone will hear.

Look, now teacher's giving you

A *very* funny stare.

I'm going to drift round the classroom.

I'm going to float up in the air.

Then I'm going back off home

Because laughing is not fair.

Year 6: *Vamp Ire* by Ros Asquith

Count Dracula and Countess Drac
Nearly had two heart attacks
The day they heard their daughter say:
'Parents! Take my plate away.
You know I'm never ever rude
But I cannot abide your food.'
This speech was bad enough, but then
She said, 'I'm vegetarian.'

Dracula raised his wings up high
To loop the loop in the darkening sky.
Vegetarian!
No child of mine will ever ever take that line!
A vampire simply can't survive
Unless it feasts on something live!
The countess wept, the countess wailed,
'Dracky darling, we have failed.
We have reared a nightmare daughter
Refusing blood, demanding water.
I'll become a nervous wreck
If she spurns to bite a neck.'

They tried to tempt her first with fishes
(served in most exotic dishes).
They offered haddock, cod and trout
But she preferred a Brussels sprout.
They proffered pork, made rich beef stew
'Oh, try a mouthful, Vera, do!'
but, however hard they tried,
Vera's fangs were satisfied
With carrots, pumpkin, fresh string beans,
Tureens of healthy juicy greens.

'She's eating spinach!
What is worse, she may try fruit – it is a curse!
And so the vampires moaned and groaned
And groaned and moaned and moaned
And groaned
It seems to me that whatever you do
Can be wrong for your parents
But right for you.

Year 6: *The Vegetables Strike Back* by Steve Turner

"I don't like vegetables at all!"
Said Nathan one evening at tea.
But what the young lad did not know
Was that vegetables could hear and see.
I don't like you as it happens,
Said a voice out from of the mash.
"I was a fine young potato
Until you had me boiled and smashed.
Just think how you would like to be skinned
Or baked alive in your jacket
How would you feel to be crumpled up,
And stuffed inside of a packet.
You tear peas out of their houses,
And drag them away from their mums.
You stick knives into baby beans
And forks into cucumber's bums.

You say you don't like vegetables,
Well we don't like vandals like you,
Who put us in bags and boxes,
Then drown us in steaming hot stew."
The mouth of the boy fell open.
His fork hovered high in the air.
His knife was ready to cut,
But now / did he dare? Did he dare?

Year 6: I've never heard the Queen sneeze by Brian Patten

I've never heard the Queen sneeze
Or seen her blow her nose,
I've never seen her pick a spot
Or tread on someone's toes,
I've never seen her slide upon
A slippery piece of ice,
I've never seen her frown and say
'This jelly is not nice!'
I've never seen her stick a finger
In her royal and waxy ear,
I've never seen her take it out
And sniff, and say 'Oh dear!'
I've never seen her swap her jewels
Or play frisbee with her crown,
I've never seen her spill her soup
Or drop porridge on her gown,
I wonder what she does
When she sits at home alone,
Playing with her corgies
And throwing them a bone?
I bet they've seen the Queen sneeze
And seen her blow her nose,
I bet they've seen her pick a spot
I bet they've seen her slide upon
A slippery piece of ice,
I bet they've seen her frown and say,
'This jelly is not nice!'
I bet they've seen her stick a finger
In her royal and waxy ear,
I bet they've seen her take it out
And sniff, and say 'Oh dear!'
I bet they've seen her swap her jewels
And play frisbee with her crown,
I bet they've seen her spill her soup



And drop porridge on her gown.
So why can't I do all these things
Without being sent to bed?
Or failing that, why can't I
Be made the Queen instead?



NORTH LONDON FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, SPEECH & DRAMA

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For venues, a full list of competitions and an online entry form, visit

www.northlondonfestival.org.uk

or email: enquiriesnlf@outlook.com