

Drama Digital Grades

SUPPORTING TASK STIMULI – SIGHT READING AND UNSEEN TEXT

These stimuli are for use during the week of

23rd – 29th November 2020

There is a choice of stimulus for each grade. Choose **ONE** stimulus to use in your exam.

Make sure you have followed the instructions for these tasks in the [Support Guide](#) and to access the reflection questions.

SIGHT READING

Performing Text Initial

1. Loreley and the Sailor

There has always been a lot of singing on my banks and the most beautiful singing comes from my daughter, the water nymph, Loreley. She looks and sounds so wonderful that nobody can resist her.

Her favourite spot on the river is a steep rock near a bend where there are whirlpools and high cliffs. Sailors have to be very careful at this point because the navigation is so difficult and dangerous.

Once, a young captain was steering his boat through this narrow part of the river and he heard Loreley singing. He was so charmed that he looked up to see where the enchanting sound was coming from and he saw Loreley sitting high on a rock with her long hair tumbling down towards him. He could not take his eyes from her and his boat went spinning towards the rocks and was smashed to pieces.

2. The Dog's Escape

Sid looked behind him to see if he'd been followed. He'd reached the top of the hill, and he was panting. Down below he could see another dog, but there was no sign of Mo. Sid let out a small yelp of joy – he had escaped!

He had never been to the top of the hill before. Often he had tugged on his lead, but Mo always turned around and headed home.

But here he was at last – a new place, a new smell.

He sniffed the air, wagged his tail with excitement, and followed his nose. A few more steps and then he saw it...a blue carpet of water stretching as far as the eye could see.

Speech and Drama/Performing Text Grade 2

1. Fur and Feathers

The pride and joy of Mama Ostrich were her two baby chicks, hatched from her very own eggs. One day, when Mama Ostrich returned home from gathering food for her two dear chicks, she looked and looked for them but could not find them anywhere. Imagine her alarm when she discovered lion tracks around her two-footed chicks' tracks! Fearful but determined to find her babies, she followed the lion tracks.

The tracks led into the woods and finally ended at the den of Mama Lion. In the opening through the cave there lay her own dear chicks in the arms of Mama Lion.

"What are you doing with my chicks?" cried Mama Ostrich. "Return them to me at once!"

"What do you mean your chicks?" Mama Lion growled. "These are my cubs, that's plain to see."

"It's not at all plain to see," said Mama Ostrich. "Those are chicks -- ostrich chicks -- and I'm an ostrich and you're a lion!"

"Is that so?" snarled Mama Lion. "Then you won't have any trouble finding another animal who agrees with you. I dare you: Find any animal at all that will look me in the eye and tell me that these are not my cubs. Do that, then I'll release them to you." Mama Lion got up, stretched, and roared a ferocious roar.

OR

2. The Girl and the Puma

Five hundred years ago when the Spanish entered South America, Native American tribes often fought back against the invaders. One way tribes could put pressure on the Spanish was to surround their settlements. This is what happened in the early 1500's when Maldonado, a Spanish girl, was 15 years old.

Hostile Native Americans of the Querandi tribe had encircled the Spanish settlement where Maldonado lived. Before long, their food supplies were depleted. The people faced starvation. They begged their captain to allow them to take their chances and leave the settlement in search of food - but this the captain would not allow.

Famished, Maldonado escaped the settlement and fled into the jungle. As night fell, she heard with alarm the calls of wild animals. Where could she safely sleep for the night? But there was one call that drew her closer. It was a cry of pain. She followed the sound to a cave where she found a puma that had just given birth.

Maldonado helped the mother puma clean the cubs. Later, she watched the babies while the mother went out to hunt. And so days went by.

One day, while Maldonado was gathering food and the mother puma was inside the cave with her cubs, the girl was surprised by Querandi warriors. They captured her and brought her to their village. Fearing the worst, Maldonado braced herself for the death she felt certain was to come.

Speech and Drama/Performing Text Grade 3

1. The Obstinate Hodja

Early one morning, when Nasreddin Hodja and his wife were still fast asleep in bed, their donkey started to bray loudly in his stable. The noise woke Hodja up.

The donkey was braying because he was hungry, and Hodja made up his mind to make his wife get up and feed him

So he poked his wife, saying, 'Wake up, dear. The donkey is braying because he is hungry. Please get up and feed him.'

His wife, who was only half awake, said, 'O no, dear. It's your turn,' and she pulled the bedclothes up over her head.

But Hodja did not give up. 'Wake up, dear. The poor Donkey is hungry, he wants his breakfast. He won't be quiet unless you feed him.'

But Hodja's wife answered, 'Don't be so obstinate, husband, you go and feed the donkey, you know it's your turn!' And she did not lift her head from the pillow.

Hodja said, 'You are quite wrong, my dear, it was me, not you, who fed the donkey yesterday. Come along now, up you get!'

Hodja's wife realised that he was determined to make her feed the donkey, but she was just as determined that she was not going to.

So she sat up in bed beside him and said, very firmly, 'No, no, no! Don't you remember our agreement? We would take it in turns to feed the donkey. I fed him yesterday and it's your turn today!'

OR

2. Yuuki and the Tsunami

Yuuki's village was nestled by the shore below a small mountain. One day, Yuuki was playing on top of the small mountain, watching the preparations below for a festival that was going to take place that very night to celebrate a wonderful rice crop.

All of a sudden, Yuuki felt an earthquake beneath his feet. It was not strong enough to frighten anybody, but Yuuki, who had already felt dozens of shocks, thought it was odd - a long, slow, spongy motion. The houses below, by the sea, rocked gently several times, then all became still again. Soon after, Yuuki noticed something even more strange. The sea darkened all of a sudden and it seemed to be rushing backward, toward the horizon.

With a gasp, Yuuki suddenly remembered the words of his grandfather. His grandfather had told the boy how his own father's father had told him that just before a terrible tsunami, the sea suddenly and quickly rolls backward. Yuuki, his breath heavy, ran down the mountainside to warn the people of the impending danger.

"Get back, get back!" shouted the boy. "There is terrible danger!"

"What are you talking about, Yuuki?" laughed one person. "Look at all the great new shells on the beach!"

"No, no! You don't understand!" cried Yuuki. "You must run away! Up to the mountain! Everybody!"

But no one would listen to him. They all laughed in his face and carried on romping in the new sand and watching the sea roll backward even more.

Speech and Drama/Performing Text Grade 4

1. My Uncle Silas by H.E. Bates

My Uncle Silas was a man who could eat anything. He could eat stewed nails. He had lived on them, once, for nearly a week. He told me so.

I was a boy then. At that time we used to drive over to see him, in summer, about one Sunday a month, arriving in time for dinner, tethering the white horse about noon in the shade of the big Pearmain overhanging the lane outside. It was always what were we going to eat and what were we going to wet with? At dinner, once, we had pheasant, which was something very special, and I asked him if he had shot it. 'No,' he said, 'it just fell down the chimney.' Another time we had a goose and I asked him if that fell down the chimney. 'No,' he said, 'it was sittin' on eighteen eggs in the winter oats and I cut its two legs off wi' the scythe. Cut 'em off and never broke egg. Ain't that right, George?'

'Yes, that's right,' my grandfather said.

'Well it ain't, then,' Silas said, cocking his bloodshot eye at him. 'Don't you go tellin' the kid such blamed lies. Cut the goose's legs off wi' the scythe! -tck! tck! tck! tck! Don't you believe it, boy. It's just his tale. He's just stuffin' you. The goose went to sleep in the well-bucket and I went to draw some water one night and let it down unbeknownst and it got drowned.'

'Couldn't it swim?' I said.

'Oh! it was asleep. Never woke. It just went a belly-flopper and was done for.'

OR

2. The Selfish Giant by Oscar Wilde

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. 'How happy we are here!' they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

'What are you doing here?' he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away

'My own garden is my own garden,' said the Giant; 'anyone can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself.'

So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish Giant.

cont.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They used to wander round the high walls when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. 'How happy we were there!' they said to each other.

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Speech and Drama/Performing Text Grade 5

1. Sketches by Boz by Charles Dickens

Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed, in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused — in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened — by the recurrence of Christmas. There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope, or happy prospect, of the year before, dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes — of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now, in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. There are few men who have lived long enough in the world, who cannot call up such thoughts any day in the year. Then do not select the merriest of the three hundred and sixty-five for your doleful recollections, but draw your chair nearer the blazing fire — fill the glass and send round the song — and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glass be filled with reeking punch, instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter, and empty it off-hand, and fill another, and troll off the old ditty you used to sing, and thank God it's no worse.

Who can be insensible to the outpourings of good feeling, and the honest interchange of affectionate attachment which abound, at this season of the year. A Christmas family-party! We know nothing in nature more delightful! There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas.

OR

2. Two Ways of Looking at the Ocean by Bill Scott

First Voice

Rolling its danger shoreward, teeth at the cliff foot
Bombora tangled water coming and going
Growling threat of the wind and the grey water
Under the old moon pull, ebbing and flowing.

Second Voice

Lure of the islands, road of the albatross,
Smooth track of sea road out and away
To mysterious distances, faraway harbours
Where great cities lie in the arms of the bay.

First Voice

Beach vines, castles of sand, gold of the dunes,
Rock pools under headlands, seaweed and shell
Pleasant enough to visit but always present
Echoes the warning roar of treacherous swell.

cont.

Second Voice

Atolls and corals and pearls to be gathered
Out of the deeps and traps of the sea.
Road to many adventures of iceberg and island
Here are the wandering hulls and a way to be free.

First Voice

Warmth of the hearth and the soft glow of the lantern
Safety of walls and peace of the bolted door.
Let the mad hound galewinds rattle the windows
Here the firelight flickers and glows on the floor.

Second Voice

There are sirens that sing in the echoing sound of the seawind
Calling me out to where wild water rolls
I must go, I must go there to follow the music
Of drowned sailors' songs in the call of the gulls.

First Voice

I will stay on the shore and so be safe from the ocean
With the gentle whisper of forests to quiet my fears

Second Voice

And I'll roll and go across the distant horizons
And visit the ports of the world till I end my years.

Speech and Drama/Performing Text Grade 6

1. The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde by Robert Louis Stevenson

Some two months before the murder of Sir Danvers, I had been out for one of my adventures, had returned at a late hour, and woke the next day in bed with somewhat odd sensations. It was in vain I looked about me; in vain I saw the decent furniture and tall proportions of my room in the square; in vain that I recognized the pattern of the bed curtains and the design of the mahogany frame; something still kept insisting that I was not where I was, that I had not wakened where I seemed to be, but in the little room in Soho where I was accustomed to sleep in the body of Edward Hyde. I smiled to myself, and, in my psychological way, began lazily to inquire into the elements of this illusion, occasionally, even as I did so, dropping back into a comfortable morning doze. I was still so engaged when, in one of my more wakeful moments, my eye fell upon my hand. Now, the hand of Henry Jekyll (as you have often remarked) was professional in shape and size; it was large, firm, white and comely. But the hand which I now saw, clearly enough in the yellow light of a mid-London morning, lying half shut on the bed-clothes, was lean, corded, knuckly, of a dusky pallor, and thickly shaded with a swart growth of hair. It was the hand of Edward Hyde.

I must have stared upon it for near half a minute, sunk as I was in the mere stupidity of wonder, before terror woke up in my breast as sudden and startling as the crash of cymbals; and bounding from my bed, I rushed to the mirror. At the sight that met my eyes, my blood was changed into something exquisitely thin and icy. Yes. I had gone to bed Henry Jekyll, I had awakened Edward Hyde.

OR

2. And Death Shall Have no Dominion by Dylan Thomas

And death shall have no dominion.
Dead men naked they shall be one
With the man in the wind and the west moon;
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone,
They shall have stars at elbow and foot;
Though they go mad they shall be sane,
Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;
Though lovers be lost love shall not;
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.
Under the windings of the sea
They lying long shall not die windily;
Twisting on racks when sinews give way,
Strapped to a wheel, yet they shall not break;
Faith in their hands shall snap in two,
And the unicorn evils run them through;
Split all ends up they shan't crack:
And death shall have no dominion.

cont.

And death shall have no dominion.
No more may gulls cry at their ears
Or waves break loud on the seashores;
Where blew a flower may a flower no more
Lift its head to the blows of the rain;
Though they be mad and dead as nails,
Heads of the characters hammer through daisies;
Break in the sun till the sun breaks down,
And death shall have no dominion.

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UNSEEN TEXT

Speech and Drama/Performing Text Grade 7

1. The Idiot by Fyodor Dostoyevsky

'It's exactly one minute before death', the prince began quite readily, carried away by his memories and apparently forgetting everything else in an instant — the moment he has mounted the ladder and stepped on the scaffold. Just then he glanced in my direction. I looked at his face and understood everything. But how am I to tell you about it? I'd be awfully glad if you or someone else would paint it — awfully! You most of all I thought at the time that such a picture would do a lot of good. You see, you must show everything that happened before — everything, everything. He has been in prison, waiting for his execution for a week at least; he had been counting on the usual red-tape, on the paper with his sentence having to be forwarded somewhere and coming back only after a week. But for some reason the usual procedure was cut short. At five o'clock in the morning he was asleep. It was at the end of October; at five o'clock it was still cold and dark. The governor of the prison came in quietly with the guard and touched him gently on the shoulder. He sat up, leaning on his elbow, and saw the light. "What's the matter?" "The execution will take place at ten o'clock." He was still too sleepy to believe it. He began arguing that the paper with his sentence would not be ready for a week, but when he was wide awake he stopped arguing and fell silent — so I have heard it told. Then he said: "All the same, it's very hard that it should be so sudden," and fell silent again, and wouldn't say another word. The next three or four hours were spent on the usual things: the priest, the breakfast at which he was given wine, coffee, and boiled beef. (Isn't that a mockery? Just think how cruel it is, and yet, on the other hand, these innocent people do it out of pure kindness of heart and are convinced that it's an act of humanity.) Then he was dressed for execution (do you know what the dressing of a condemned criminal is like?), and at last they took him through the town to the scaffold.'

OR

2. Aurora Leigh by Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Ofter we walked only two
If cousin Romney pleased to walk with me.
We read, or talked, or quarrelled, as it chanced.
We were not lovers, nor even friends well-matched:
Say rather, scholars upon different tracks,
And thinkers disagreed, he, overfull
Of what is, and I, haply, overbold
For what might be.

But then the thrushes sang,
And shook my pulses and the elms' new leaves;
At which I turned, and held my finger up,
And bade him mark that, howsoe'er the world
Went ill, as he related, certainly

The thrushes still sang in it. And the word
His brow would soften, - and he bore with me
In melancholy patience, not unkind,
While, breaking into voluble ecstasy,
I flattered all the beauteous country round,
As poet use...the skies, the clouds, the fields
The happy violets hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to, carrying gold;
The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths
'Twi'x dripping ash-boughs, - hedgerows all alive
With birds and gnats and large white butterflies
Which looks as if the May-flower had caught life
And palpitated forth upon the wind;
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills;
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
And cottage-chimneys smoking from the woods,
And cottage-gardens smelling everywhere,
Confused with smell of orchards. 'See,' I said,
'And see! Is God not with us on the earth?
And shall we put Him down by aught we do?
Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile
Save poverty and wickedness? Behold!
And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped
And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

Speech and Drama/Performing Text Grade 8

1. Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens

Without one pause, or moment's consideration; without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution: his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin; the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it, softly, with a key; strode lightly up the stairs; and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying, half-dressed, upon it. He had roused her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

'Get up!' said the man.

'It is you, Bill!' said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

'It is,' was the reply. 'Get up.'

There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick, and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

'Let it be,' said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. 'There's enough light for wot I've got to do.'

'Bill,' said the girl, in the low voice of alarm, 'why do you look like that at me!'

The robber sat regarding her, for a few seconds, with dilated nostrils and heaving breast; and then, grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

'Bill, Bill!' gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear,—'I—I won't scream or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done!'

'You know, you she devil!' returned the robber, suppressing his breath. 'You were watched to-night; every word you said was heard.'

'Then spare my life for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours,' rejoined the girl, clinging to him. 'Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up, only this one night, for you. You SHALL have time to think, and save yourself this crime; I will not loose my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill, for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood! I have been true to you, upon my guilty soul I have!'

The man struggled violently, to release his arms; but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would, he could not tear them away.

OR

2. Sonnet 66

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,

cont.

And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

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