

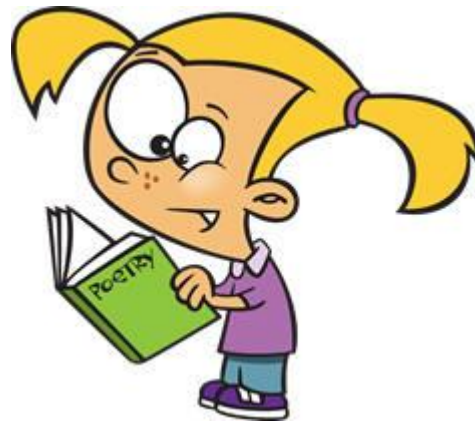
DRAMA

This term we should be presenting a choral verse in groups. However, we are unable to get together so you can learn a poem on your own and recite it to your family.

Note: A **choral verse**: the recitation of a poem by a group of people speaking together.

Instructions:

1. Select **one** poem to recite. (I have provided you with 3 or you might have one of your own.) The poems follow on after these instructions
2. Read through the poem and ensure you understand the meanings of the words.
3. Decide on whether movement or sounds will be used in your poem.
4. Make use of spatial arrangements and different levels.
5. Ensure you have good vocal and physical presence. Have good facial expression.
6. Vary your tone: *Sad, happy, lonely, angry, friendly, cheerful tone, etc.*
7. Vary your pitch: *high and low*
8. Vary the volume: *Loud and soft*
9. Change the pace: *Sometimes you may need to speak fast or slowly*
10. When reciting a poem you can entertain your audience by varying your voice and facial expressions. Do NOT rush through it.
11. Rehearse well so that you remember your lines.
12. Present the poem to your family.



SICK

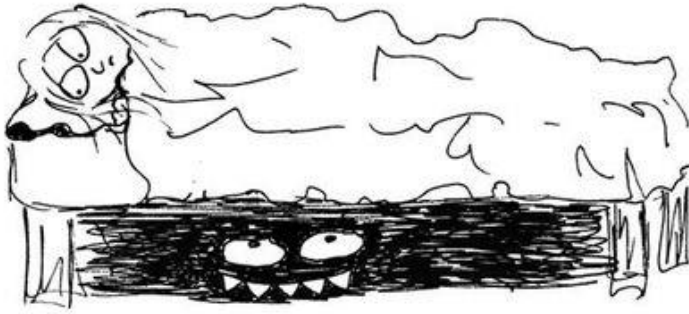
By: Shel Silverstein - 1930-1999

"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!"

MR CRUMPLEDUMP'S SONG by: Shel Silverstein - 1930-1999

Everything's wrong,
Days are too long,
Sunshine's too hot,
Wind is too strong.
Clouds are too fluffy,
Grass is too green,
Ground is too dusty,
Sheets are too clean.
Stars are too twinkly,
Moon is too high,
Water's too drippy,
Sand is too dry.
Rocks are too heavy,
Feathers too light,
Kids are too noisy,
Shoes are too tight.
Folks are too happy,
Singin' their songs.
Why can't they see it?
Everything's wrong!

Something's there



There's something down beneath my bed;
What it is, I'm not quite sure.
But it's only just arrived there;
I'd have noticed it before.
My mother says it's nothing,
And my father shakes his head.
I guess they don't believe in
The thing beneath my bed.

I am sure that it is waiting
Till I turn out the last light
And settle on my pillows
For a very long, dark night.
And when I'm softly drowsing
And my mind is fast asleep,
Out from underneath my bed
That something there will creep.

In the morning they'll be sorry
When they find my bunk empty;
They'll know they should have listened—
I was speaking truthfully.
And they'll forever mourn the day
That they simply didn't care
**And will always look under their bed,
For a something might be there.**