

BRAKPAN
KUNSWEDSTRYDVERENIGING
B.K.V.
2025 SILLABUS



www.brakpankunswedstryd.co.za

BRAKPAN EISTEDDFOD
ASSOCIATION
B.E.A.
2025 SYLLABUS



BRAKPAN KUNSWEDSTRYDVERENIGING
BRAKPAN EISTEDDFOD ASSOCIATION

Sewe EN TWINTIGSTE KUNSWEDSTRYD
TWENTY SEVENTH EISTEDDFOD

OPTREE-DATUMS/Dates of participating: 5 Mei 2025 – 30 SEPTEMBER 2025

- ❖ Na afloop van elke afdeling, sal elke deelnemer 'n sertifikaat ontvang en "itemwenner" sal op deelnemer wat die hoogste punt behaal het, se sertifikaat aangedui word, asook op die repliekvorm.
- ❖ At the end of every section, each participant will receive a certificate and "itemwinner" will appear on the certificate and Adjudicator form for the highest marks received.

INSKRYWINGS DATUMS/ Entry dates

Open: 13 Januarie 2025

Sluit/close: 14 April 2025/ 14 April 2025 (ALLE ITEMS) Vir navrae na 31 Maart 2025 of laat

inskrywings kontak: sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za

ALL ITEMS For enquiries after 14 April 2024 or late entries contact

sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za

Slegs aanlyn inskrywings word aanvaar vir individuele inskrywings. Skole mag massa inskrywings met bewys van betaling stuur aan sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za. s nie.

Only online entries will be accepted for individual entries: Schools that has mass entries can send their lists and proof of payment to sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za

- **INSKRYWINGSVORMS EN SILLABUSSE/ Entry forms and syllabus**

Op webtuiste, slegs aanlyn (geen harde kopie) / On the website, no hard copies

- **INSKRYWINGSFOOIE/Entry fees:**

- **Individuele Inskrywings/Individual entries:** R90,00 per item
- Duet of Ensemble R90 per participant
- R200 per Trio/Ensemble
- R250 per Quartet/Ensemble

VOCAL WITH SOUNDTRACK: R95 per vocal solo with soundtrack

R190 per vocal duet with soundtrack

R250 per vocal trio with soundtrack

R300 per vocal quartet with soundtrack

Group Entries:

5 – 10 members per group: R400 per group

Groups more than 10 participants: R600 per group

One act plays/ Tonele: R600 per group

Opvangdag: Adminfooi R50 – Geen itemwenners a.g.v. die feit dat dit buite afdeling is.



- **AANTAL INSKRYWINGS WAT INGESKRYF MAG WORD DEUR SKOLE/Amount of entries which may be entered by schools:**
 10 Seuns en 10 dogters per graad vir voorgeskrewe items/ 10 boys and 10 girls per grade for prescribed items
 Eie keuse slegs 10 deelnemers per graad/ Own choice – 10 per grade

BANKBESONDERHEDE:

***Begunstigde: Brakpan Kunswedstryd Vereniging, Bank:
 ABSA, Tak: Brakpan, Tjek Rekening 9060820968***

BESTUUR 2025

<u>Voorsitter</u>	Me. Elmarie Warnick (011) 813 4160 083 278 0847
<u>Tesourier</u>	Me. Karen Lues (011) 740-9630
<u>Sekretaresse en Ondervoorsitter</u>	Me. Theresa Lottering (011) 740 9630
<u>Adisionele lid (Sosiale media)</u>	Me. Simone Welding (011) 813 4160
<u>Adisionele lid</u>	Me Rochelle van der Merwe



AFDELINGSHOOFDE

Ligte Musiek/Light Music Instrumentaal en Sang Kore/Choirs	Me. Elri Bradford	(011) 740 9870
Afrikaans Grondslagfase + Spreekkoor Gr 4 - 7 + Spreekkoor Hoërskool	Me. Theresa Lottering Me. Mia Jacobs Me. Simoné Welding	(011) 740 9630 (011) 740 9630 (011) 813 4160
English Foundation phase Gr 4 - 7 High School	Me. Rochelle van der Merwe Me. Rochelle van der Merwe Me. Elmarie Warnick	(011) 740 0900 (011) 740 0900 (011) 813 4160
Dans/Dance	Me. Marlize Liebenberg	(011) 740 9630
Kuns/Art	Me. Simoné Welding	(011) 813 4160
Kore/Choirs	Me. Elri Bradford	(011) 740 9870
Redevoering & Public Speaking	Me. Zjanene Nieuwoudt	(011) 743 1842
Skryfkuns/Art of Writing	Me. Simoné Welding	(011) 813 4160
One act plays	Me. Elmarie Warnick	(011) 813 4160
LSEN Schools	Me. Elmarie Warnick Me. Rochelle van der Merwe	
Multimedia videos	Me. Simoné Welding Me. Rochelle van der Merwe	(011) 813 - 4160
Online adjudication (Other Provinces)	Me. Theresa Lottering Me. Karin Luës	(011) 740 9630



Jaarbeplanning/ Dates of participation 2025

Ligte Musiek/Light Music Instrumentaal en Sang Kore/Choirs	Me. Elri Bradford	(011) 740 9870	25 – 27 Sep	L/S Die Arend
Afrikaans Grondslagfase + Spreekkoor Gr 4 - 7 + Spreekkoor Hoërskool	Me. Theresa Lottering Me. Miake Jacobs Me Simone Welding	(011) 740 9630 (011) 740 9630 (011) 813 4160	28 Jul – 2 Aug 4 – 9 Aug 02 – 07 Sep	L/S Brakpan-Oos L/S Brakpan-Oos H/S Die Anker
English Foundation phase Gr 4 - 7 High School	Me. Rochelle van der Merwe Me. Rochelle van der Merwe Me. Simone Welding	(011) 740 0900 (011) 740 0900 (011) 813 4160	11 - 16 Aug 25 Aug – 30 Aug 1 – 5 Sep	Brakpan Primary Dalpark Private H/S Die Anker
Dans/Dance	Me. Marlize Liebenberg	(011) 740 9630	26 - 30 Mei	L/S Brakpan-Oos
Cheerleading/Drum majorettes	Me. Marlize Liebenberg	(011)740 9630	26 - 30 Mei	L/S Brakpan-Oos
Kuns/Art, Skryfkuns/Art of writing	Me. Simone Welding	(011) 813 4160	Indien: 18 - 20 Aug Afhaal: 26 Aug	H/S Die Anker
Redevoering & Public Speaking	Me. Zjanene Nieuwoudt	(011) 743 1842	19 - 23 Mei	Dalpark Primary
Tonele/One act plays	Me Elmarie Warnick	(011) 744 3708	21 – 23 Aug	H/S Die Anker
LSEN SCHOOLS	Me Rochelle van der Merwe/ Me Elmarie Warnick	(011) 740 0900	Per appointment	At LSEN Schools
Multimedia videos	Rochelle van der Merwe Simone Welding	011 740 0900 011 813 4160		Online
Aanlyn beoordeling/ Online adjudication – Ander Provinsies/ Other Provinces	Me T Lottering Me K. Luës	011 740 9630		Online

Opvangdag: Adminfooi: R50

Datum sal later bekend gemaak word, maar geen itemwenners sal aangewys word nie aangesien dit buite afdeling sal wees.



Adres van Skole van Optrede / Address of School of Participation

- Laerskool Die Arend: H/v Hendrik Potgieter en End Str, Brakpan
- Laerskool Brakpan Oos: H/v Wenden en Madeley St, Brakpan
- Brakpan Primary (Ou Hoogland): 37 Stoffberg Ave, Brakpan
- Hoërskool Die Anker: 131 Tweedy Straat, Brenthurst, Brakpan
- Dalpark Primary: Springs Road, Rand Colleries SH, Brakpan



TOEKENNINGS vir uitgenooies by PRESTIGE Geleentheid/Awards for invitees for Prestige Event

MEES UITSTAANDE Deelnemer /Most outstanding participant

Geen punte onder 85 % word in aanmerking geneem nie. Daar mag ook nie afdelingsweners aangewys word onder 85 % nie.

No marks below 85% will be considered.

VOORSKOOLS/ Pre school – Gr RR

- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in AFRIKAANS (Redenaars, skryfkuns, onvoorbereid en voorb. lees ingesluit)/ Most outstanding participant in AFRIKAANS (Redenaars, Skryfkuns, onvoorbereide en voorbereide lees included).
- Most outstanding student in ENGLISH (Public Speaking, art of writing and sight and prep reading – included)
- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in LIGTE MUSIEK (SANG + INSTRUMENTAAL)/ Most outstanding participant in Light Music (Vocal and Instrumental)
- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in KUNS en SKRYFKUNS/ Most outstanding participant in Art and Art of writing
- Mees Uitstaande deelnemer in Dans/ Most outstanding participant in Dance
- VEELSYDIGSTE DEELNEMER IN PRE-PRIMÊRE FASE/ Most versatile participant in the Pre-Primary phase

Grondslag FASE/ Foundation phase Gr R - 3

- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in AFRIKAANS (Redenaars, skryfkuns en onv. en voorb. lees ingesluit)/ Most outstanding participant in Afrikaans (Redenaars, skryfkuns en onvoorbereide en voorbereide lees) included
- Most outstanding participant in ENGLISH (Public Speaking, art of writing and sight and prep reading – included)
- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in LIGTE MUSIEK (SANG EN INSTRUMENTAAL)/ Most outstanding participant in Light Music (Vocal and Instrumental)
- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in KUNS en SKRYFKUNS/ Most outstanding participant in ART and ART OF WRITING
- Mees Uitstaande deelnemer in Dans/ Most outstanding participant in dance.
- VEELSYDIGSTE Participant IN DIE GRONDSLAGFASE/ Most versatile participant in the foundation phase.

SENIOR PRIMÊRE FASE GR 4 - 7

- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in AFRIKAANS (Redenaars, skryfkuns en onv. en voorb. lees ingesluit)/ Most outstanding deelnemer in AFRIKAANS (Redenaars, skryfkuns en onvoorbereide en voorbereide lees) included.
- Most outstanding participant in ENGLISH (Public Speaking, art of writing and sight and prep reading – included)
- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in LIGTE MUSIEK (SANG EN INSTRUMENTAAL)/ Most outstanding participant in Light Music (Vocal and instrumental)
- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in KUNS en Skryfkuns/ Most outstanding participant in ART and ART OF Writing
- Mees Uitstaande deelnemer in Dans/ Most outstanding participant in Dance
- VEELSYDIGSTE Participant IN DIE SENIOR PRIMÊRE FASE/ Most outstanding participant in the Senior Primary phase



HOëRSKOOL/ Highschool

- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in AFRIKAANS (Redenaars, skryfkuns en onvoorbereide lees ingesluit)/ Most outstanding participant in AFRIKAANS (Redenaars, Skrykuns and onvoorbereide lees included)
- Most outstanding participant in ENGLISH (Public Speaking, art of writing and sight and prep.reading – included)
- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in LIGTE MUSIEK EN INSTRUMENTAAL/ Most outstanding participant in Light Music and Instrumental
- Mees uitstaande deelnemer in KUNS of SKRYFKUNS/ Most outstanding participant in ART and ART of WRITING
- Mees Uitstaande deelnemer in Dans/ Most outstanding participant in Dance
- VEELSYDIGSTE deelnemer IN DIE HOëRSKOOL/ Most versatile participant in High School



(INSTRUMENTAAL EN SANG) /Instrumental and Vocal

LAERSKOLE + HOëRSKOLE/ Primary and High School

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings/ Closing dates for entries:	14 April 2025
Datum van beoordeling/Date of adjudication:	11 - 13 September 2025
Lokaal/Venue:	Laerskool Die Arend h/v Hendrik Potgieter & End Strate Dalview, Brakpan
Afdelingshoof/ Section head:	Me. Elri Bradford
Kontak Nommer/Contact details sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za	

ALGEMENE REëLS/ Rules

1. Eie keuse in alle afdelings en daar word **NIE onderskeid getref tussen Afr en Eng nie.**/ Own choice in all sections. Afrikaans or English
2. Geen deelnemer mag vir 2 jaar dieselfde werk lewer nie/ No Participant can use the same word for 2 years.
3. Tydsbeperking van **2 minute** by solo items mag nie oorskry word nie/ Time limit of 2 minutes per solo item and are not allowed to exceed the time limit.
4. Die Kunswedstryd dien as voorbereiding om voor gehore op te tree en daarom behoort deelnemers baie deeglik voorbereid te wees. Kleredrag moet ook toepaslik wees vir openbare optrede/ The Eisteddfod are for preparation to act before a crowd and therefore participants must be well prepared.
5. Klanktoerusting en klankman asook mikrofone sal beskikbaar wees/ A Sound system with a sound engineer will be available as well as microphones.
6. Oorhandig die Stokkie/USB aan die klankman by die aanvang van die kategorie. Die Stokkie/USB moet behoorlik gemerk wees met die deelnemer se besonderhede en die snit wat gesing gaan word/ Please hand all soundtracks in at the sound desk, marked with names of participants.
7. Dit is die deelnemer se verantwoordelikheid om die bladmusiek en die Stokkie/USB weer af te haal na optrede/ It is the responsibility of participants to collect their USB. .
8. Elke leerder mag **slegs een lied per styl/genré** sing of speel/ Every participant can only participate with 1 song per style/genre.
9. Daar mag onder geen omstandighede gesprek met die beoordelaar gevoer word nie. Ontevredenheid moet deur die normale kanaal, soos in die "Reëls vir Mededinging" uiteengesit, hanteer word/ No discussions with the adjudicator is allowed. Complaints must be liased to the secretary of the Eisteddfod via e-mail.
10. NB: Geen lied mag in enige styl/genré **herhaal word nie/ No song** can be repeated in another style or genre.
11. Dieselfde lied mag nie met klankbaan en dan weer met begeleiding gesing word nie/ The same song are not allowed to be presented with soundtrack as well as with accompaniment.
12. **ALLE DEELNEMERS MOET 30 MINUTE VOOR DIE GEGEWE TYD AANMELD/ ALL PARTICIPANTS MUST BE AT THE VENUE 30 MINUTES PRIOR TO THE TIME GIVEN.**



INSTRUMENTAAL – (Styl/Genrés)/ Instrumental (Styles of genres)

Instrumente: **Enige instrument.** (Moet op die inskrywingsvorm aangebring word)./ Instrumental: Any instrument – must be liased upon registration.

- **Instrumentaal: GOSPEL/GEESTELIKE MUSIEK**
- **Instrumentaal: COUNTRY/FOLK**
- **Instrumentaal: BALLADE/BALLAD**
- **Instrumentaal: ROCK**
- **Instrumentaal: POP**
- **Instrumentaal: JAZZ OF BLUES**
- **Instrumentaal: KLASSIEK/ Classical**
- **Instrumentaal: Duo/Trio/Kwartet/Kwintet/Sekstet/Septet**
- **Instrumentaal: SLAGORKES/Strike force**



SANG (Styl/Genrés) Vocal (Styles or Genres)

- **SOLOSANG MET SELFBEGELEIDING/ Begeleiding (ENIGE INSTRUMENT)/ Vocal with own accompaniment/ accompaniment**
- **VERTOLKENDE SANG (KARAKTER)/Interpretive song (Character)**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding/ With soundtrack or accompaniment
Funksionele kostumering en beweging/ Functional costume wear and movement.
- **GOSPEL/GEESTELIKE MUSIEK**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding/ With soundtrack of accompaniment
- **COUNTRY/FOLK**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding/ With soundtrack or accompaniment.
- **BALLADE/BALLAD**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding / With soundtrack or accompaniment
- **ROCK**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding/ With soundtrack or accompaniment
- **POP**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding/ With soundtrack or accompaniment
- **JAZZ OF BLUES**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding/ With soundtrack or accompaniment
- **KABARET/CABARET**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding/ With soundtrack or accompaniment
- **MUSICAL/FILM**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding/ With soundtrack or accompaniment
- **DUET/TRIO/KWARTET**
Met klankbaan en of begeleiding/ With soundtrack or accompaniment
- **SANGGROEP (Meer as vier)**
Met klankbaan of begeleiding/ With soundtrack or accompaniment
Met of sonder dirigent/ With or without a conductor

**VOLTOOI ASB AANLYN INSKRYWINGSVORM/ Please complete online entries or alternatively contact
sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za**



KORE/Choirs

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings:	14 April 2025
Datum van beoordeling:	11 - 13 Sep 2025
Lokaal:	Lokaal sal volg / Venue will be confirmed

Afdelingshoof:	Me. Elri Bradford
Kontak Nommer:	011 740 9870

Alle liedere wat in die programme aangebied word, is EIE KEUSE/ All songs that will be performed in a programme will be own choice

Begeleiding: Klavier en/of melodiese instrumente, ritmiese slagwerk/ Accompaniment: Piano or any melodic instrument.

Programme mag bv. Insluit/ Programme may include-

Gewyde liedere/ Gospel songs
Kanon/ Canon
SA Volkswysies/ South African Folk songs
Dogterskoor/ Girls Choir
Seunskoor/ Boys choir
Gemengdekoor/ Girls and Boys choir
Onbegeleid/ Acapella

Die keuse van die program sal in aanmerking geneem word by beoordeling/ The choice of programme will be considered with adjudication.

- **Grondslagfase Koor – Graad R - 3 / Foundation phase choir – Gr R - 3**

Program van drie liedere. / Programme of 3 songs

- **Laerskool Senior Koor - Graad 4 – 7/ Primary School Senior Choir – Gr 4 - 7**

Program van vier liedere. 2- of meerstemmig/ Programme of 4 songs - Polyphonic

- **Hoërskool Koor Gr 8 – 12/ High School Gr 8 - 12**

Twee of meerstemmig/ Polyphonic

Program van 4 - 5 liedere

**VOLTOOI ASB AANLYN INSKRYWINGSVORM/ Please complete online registration or contact
sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za**



AFRIKAANS

(Gr RRR – 12)

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings: 14 April 2025

Datum van beoordeling: 28 Julie – 2 Aug 2025
Grondslagfase Afdeling (Gr RRR – 3)

Lokaal: Laerskool Brakpan-Oos
h/v Wenden en Madeleystrate.
Brakpan

Afdelingshoof: Me. Theresa Lottering
Kontak nommer: (011) 740 - 9630

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings: 14 April 2025

Datum van beoordeling: 4 -8 Aug 2025
Senior Afdeling (Gr 4 - 7)

Lokaal: Laerskool Brakpan-Oos
h/v Wenden en Madeleystrate
Brakpan

Afdelingshoof: Me. Miake Jacobs
Kontak nommer: (011) 740 9630

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings: 14 April 2025

Datum van beoordeling: 1 – 5 Sep 2025
Hoërskool Afdeling (Gr 8 – 12)

Lokaal: Hoërskool Die Anker
131 Tweedy Weg, Brenthurst
Brakpan

Afdelingshoof: Me. Simone Welding
Kontak nommer: (011) 813 4160



Reëls en Regulasies

1. Poësie: Slegs voorgeskrewe gedigte mag voorgedra word
2. Tensy die aard van die item kostumering vereis, tree deelnemers in skooldrag of swart voorgeskrewe dramadrag op.
3. **Gedramatiseerde spreekkore:** Beweging, kostuum en musiek word toegelaat
4. **Nie Gedramatiseerde Spreekkore:** Geen handgebare/musiek/kostuums. Slegs kop- en skouerbewegings is toelaatbaar.
5. **Spreekkore** se werke is eie keuse, maar moet ouderdomstoepaslik wees.
6. Geen deelnemer of ouer mag gesprekke voer met die beoordelaar nie. Klagtes moet deurgegee word via e-pos aan sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za

ALLE DEELNEMERS MOET 30 MINUTE VOOR DIE AANVANG VAN 'N AFDELING AANMELD.

Voltooi aanlyn Inskrywingsvorm of kontak sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za

ITEMS WAARVOOR INGESKRYF KAN WORD:

VOORGESKREWE POËSIE

(sien voorgeskrewe gedigte onder aan dokument)

EIE POËSIE

Dis eie keuse Poësie. 'n Ouderdomstoeplaslike gedig moet aangebied word. Dieselfde reëls vir aanbidding geld as by voorgeskrewe poësie. (GR. RRR- GR.12)

VOORGESKREWE POËSIE LSEN

(sien voorgeskrewe gedigte onder aan dokument)

VOORGESKREWE LIMERIEKE

(sien voorgeskrewe limerieke onder aan document Gr 1 - 7)

Eie keuse Limerieke (Gr R – 12)

Self geskrewe Limerieke (Gr 4 – 12)

GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE - GRAAD 1 Eie Keuse

Beweging, klanke, musiek en kostuums toelaatbaar

GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE - GRAAD 2 Eie Keuse

Beweging, klanke, musiek en kostuums toelaatbaar.

GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE - GRAAD 3 Eie Keuse

Beweging, klanke, musiek en kostuums toelaatbaar.

GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE – GRAAD 1 -3 Eie Keuse



Beweging, klanke, musiek en kostuums toelaatbaar.

GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE - GRAAD 4 en 5 Eie keuse

Beweging, klanke, musiek en kostuums toelaatbaar.

NIE GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE – GRAAD 4 & 5 Eie Keuse Slegs kop en skouerbewegings toelaatbaar. Geen kostuum.

GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE - GRAAD 6 en 7 Eie Keuse

Beweging, klanke, musiek en kostuums toelaatbaar.

NIE GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE – GRAAD 6 & 7 Eie Keuse

Slegs kop en skouerbewegings toelaatbaar. Geen kostuum

GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE GRAAD 8 – 12 Eie Keuse

Beweging, klanke, musiek en kostuums toelaatbaar

NIE GEDRAMATISEERDE SPREEKKORE GRAAD 8 – 12 Eie Keuse

Slegs kop en skouerbewegings toelaatbaar. Geen kostuum

GEDRAMATISEERDE POËSIE – EIE KEUSE

Die geskrewe woord word verlewendig deur gemotiveerde gebare en bewegings.

MONOLOOG – EIE KEUSE

Gedeelte uit 'n toneelstuk, eenbedryf of verwerkte prosastuk kan gebruik word. Dit is 'n alleenspraak en die uitvoerder is deurgaans dieselfde karakter. Hier is dus geen beskrywende gedeeltes nie. Monoloë word in kostuum gedoen.

KARAKTERUITBEELDING – EIE KEUSE

'n Dramatiese voorstelling deur 'n persoon wat twee of meer karakters uitbeeld. 'n Saamhangende gedeelte uit 'n toneelstuk of enige geskikte stuk kan gebruik word.

MIMIEK – VOORBEREID – EIE KEUSE

'n Dramatiese voorstelling deur gebare. Geen dialoog mag gebruik word nie. **Mag nie dieselfde stuk in Engelse afdeling herhaal nie.**

MIMIEK - ONVOORBEREID

Deelnemer kry onderwerp 5 minute voor optrede

DUO MIMIEK VOORBEREID – EIE KEUSE

Twee persone gee 'n dramatiese voorstelling deur gebare. Geen dialoog mag gebruik word nie.

DUO MIMIEK ONVOORBEREID

Die twee leerders word 'n onderwerp gegee met 5 – 10 minute voorbereidingstyd. Die duo gee 'n dramatiese voorstelling deur gebare. Geen dialoog mag gebruik word nie



GROEPSMIMIEK – EIE KEUSE

'n Groep met 'n minimum van 3 persone gee 'n dramatiese voorstelling deur gebare. Geen dialoog mag gebruik word nie.

SAMESPRAAK – EIE KEUSE

'n Gedramatiseerde voorstelling (komies of dramaties) deur twee persone. 'n Gedeelte van 'n toneelstuk of 'n verwerking van 'n stukkie prosa kan gebruik word. Hier is geen beskrywende gedeeltes nie.

IMPROVISASIE

Geïmproviseerde spel en dialoog. 'n Onderwerp met 'n kort beskrywing sal 5 minute voor die aanvang van die wedstryd voorsien word.

DUO-IMPROVISASIE

Geïmproviseerde spel van 2 minute. 'n Onderwerp met 'n kort beskrywing sal 5 minute voor die aanvang van die wedstryd voorsien word.

GROEPS-IMPROVISASIE

Die onvoorbereide vertolking van 'n gegewe situasie of onderwerp, wat deur 'n groep (3 tot 5 persone), deur spraak en gebare, dramaties uitgebeeld word.

KETTINGVERHAAL

Daar word 'n minimum van 4 leerlinge en 'n maksimum van 6 leerlinge per inskrywing toegelaat. Onderwerp sal 5 minute voor optrede voorsien word, die kettingverhaal mag nie langer as voorgeskrewe tyd wees nie.

KONSERTVOORDRAGPROGRAM

(8 – 12 min)

Hierdie program moet enige 3 van die volgende items bevat:

Gedramatiseerde poësie
Gedramatiseerde prosa
Monoloog (komies of dramaties)
Dansdrama
Mimiek

Die item moet deur middel van bindingstek (voordrag of musiek) ineengeskakel word en moet op 'n bepaalde tema (eie keuse) gebaseer wees. LW! 'n Skriftelike program moet ingehandig word, anders sal die beoordelaar nie die deelnemer beoordeel nie.

Bogenoemde program moet die volgende bevat:

- Inhoudsopgawe wat die tydsduur van elke item sowel as die bindingstek aandui.
- Skutbladsye voor elke item met die items se naam daarop.
- Die item volledig uitgetik of baie netjies uitgeskryf.

EKSPERIMENTELE WERK

(8 – 12 min)



'n Groep deelnemers (ten minste 4, hoogstens 40) kan enige item aanbied, anders as wat reeds voorgeskryf is in hierdie sowel as die sangafdeling. Die aanbieding moet 'n bepaalde tema hê en drie van die volgende voordragte insluit:

Liriese gedig
Prosa (gewone of Bybelprosa)
Ballade of komiese gedig
Sonnet

Komiese of dramtiese monoloog of karakteruitbeelding van twee of meer karakters uit 'n samehandende gedeelte van 'n toneelstuk of gedig.

Kostumering (danse of drama) rekwisiete, musiek, klankeffekte en/of beligting kan ingeskakel word onder die volgende voorwaardes:

Alles word deur die deelnemers voorsien
Deelnemers ontruim dadelik na aanbieding
Slegs 5 minute vir die opstelling toegestaan

VERHAALVERTELLING - ONVOORBEREID

Dit is 'n onvoorbereide vertolking van 'n gegewe onderwerp. Tydens beplanning moet vindingrykheid en verbeeldingskrag gebruik word om die storie realisties en met gemak voor te dra. Die verhaal moet 'n inleiding, klimaks en slot hê. Geen bewegings of gebare.

PRENTVERTELLING - ONVOORBEREID

Kandidaat kry 'n prent wat hy/sy vir 5 minute mag bestudeer. Dan word 'n mondeling verhaal uit die prent gebou. Die verhaal moet 'n naam kry en moet 'n inleiding, klimaks en slot hê. Geen bewegings of gebare.

ONVOORBEREIDE LEES

Hierdie item handel nie slegs oor leesvlotheid nie, maar oor die onvoorbereide vertolking van 'n leesstuk deur emosie, spraak en gesigspel. Leesstuk word deur die beoordelaar voorsien.

VOORBEREIDE LEES – EIE KEUSE

Hierdie item handel nie slegs oor leesvlotheid nie, maar oor die onvoorbereide vertolking van 'n leesstuk deur emosie, spraak en gesigspel. Leesstuk word by die huis voorberei en deur deelnemer saam gebring.

VOORBEREIDE GROEPLEES – EIE KEUSE

'n Groep berei 'n drama, radiodrama of geskikte prosastuk voor en bied dit aan as vertolkende lees. Daar moet verskillende karakters in die stuk wees. Vertelgedeeltes mag deur 'n "verteller" voorgelees word. Byklanke mag gebruik word, maar slegs om die verhaalverloop te ondersteun. (Bv 'n klop aan die deur, donderweer, blaffende honde). Musiek aan die begin en/of einde, moet slegs inleidend en afsluitend wees. Die klem lê op vlot, vloeiend en vertolkende lees. Maksimum tyd 5 minute.

PROSA (STIL) – EIE KEUSE

'n Gedeelte word voorgedra uit 'n erkende boek. Geen bewegings word toegelaat nie.

GEDRAMATISEERDE PROSA – EIE KEUSE

Die geskrewe woord word verlewendig deur gemotiveerde gebare en bewegings.



BYBELPROSA – EIE KEUSE

Voordrag uit enige erkende vertaling van die Bybel. Geen beweging word toegelaat nie.
Skep 'n gewyde atmosfeer.

BEWEGINGSDRAMA – VOORBEREID – EIE KEUSE

'n Bewegingsdrama word opgevoer deur 'n groep van 2 of meer persone. Dit beeld ervarings, emosies en gemoedstoestande uit eerder as gebeure. (Bv. die ervaring van 'n verhouding wat opbreek en die meegaande emosies eerder as hoe dit gebeur, met wie die gebeur en waarom). Dit kan gebaseer word op die ervarings en gevoelens wat 'n spesifieke storie, gedig, lied, ens. oproep. Musiek en byklanke kan gebruik word asook enkele toepaslike objekte. Geen dialoog word gebruik nie.

KREATIEWE GROEPSADVERTENSIE - ONVOORBEREID

'n Minimum van drie kandidate neem deel. Elke groep sal 30 minute voor die aanvang van die afdeling 'n keuse van twee produkte deur die beoordelaar gegee word as stimulus, bv. seeppeier, 'n rekenaar. Geen kostuums of rekwisiete mag gebruik word nie.

VOORGESKREWE POËSIE

GRAAD RRR DOGTERS

(Een van die volgende)

<u>OOIEVAAR</u>	<u>DIE WOONSTEL</u>
Ooievaar, sê tog vir my Waar jy al die babas kry? As jy dit vir my vertel Wil ek een op sig bestel. <i>JF Spies</i>	Ons is nou in 'n woonstel tuis. Drie kamers het dit met kombuis, Pa sê as Ma nog babas kry Koop ons 'n huis om in te bly. <i>Elizabeth Snyman</i>

GRAAD RRR SEUNS

(Een van die volgende)

<u>DIE GROOTMAN</u>	<u>'n SNAAKSE DIER</u>
Ek kan myself al aantrek Dit moet 'n man kan doen Maar sukkel my nog vrek Met die veters van my skoene <i>Marina Labuschagne</i>	My hondjie is 'n snaakse dier Hy kry sommer 'n snaakse gier Dan jaag hy reisie soos 'n perd En dit agter sy eie stert! <i>Julie Heynecke</i>

GRAAD RR DOGTERS

(Een van die volgende)

<u>NAGEREG</u>	<u>ROOI SKOENTJIES</u>
'n Lekker vars rooi aarbe Met 'n skeppie vla daarby!	Skoentjie, skoentjie aan my voet – Jy is rooi, en lyk so goed!



Laat my maag nog honger bly!
Kan ek nog 'n skeppie kry?

Dis sowaar 'n groot geluk,
Dat jy nie my tone druk!

GRAAD RR SEUNS (Een van die volgende)

SEEPSKUIMBOELA

Daar lê 'n vuil modderstreep
Dwarsoor jou regterwang
As jy dit nie gaan afwas nie
Sal seepskuiomboela jou vang.

DIE NUWE KAR

Drr Drrr
Pappie het 'n kar gekoop
Drr Drr
Wie ry saam?
Die mamma en die pappie
En die Christo-kind!

Uit verse wat vonkel

GRAAD R DOGTERS **(Een van die volgende)**

EKKE

Ek is my pappa se oulikste kind
Mamma noem my haar liefste ding
Oupa spog – Jy's vinnig soos die wind.
Maar Dis Oumalief wat
Stories vertel en mooi liedjies sing!

WAAROM?

My mamma draai my hare saans
In knoppies teen my kop
En smôrens kam sy almal uit,
Dan lyk ek nes 'n pop
Dan sê sy altyd baie trots,
Dit is die moeite werd.
Maar waarom – kan jy my dit sê –
Krul 'n vark se stert?

IN DIE KOMBUIS

Mamma berei ons eetgoed voor
Met meel en suiker kan sy tog toor!
Dis proe-proe hier!
En klits-klits daar!
En kyk daar staan 'n groot koek klaar!

Marie Storm

DIE MUIS

In ouma se huis
Woon 'n vet ou muis
In 'n donker gat in die vloer.
Nou kan ek verstaan
Waar kom Kietsie daaraan
Om heeldag daarin te wil loer

Joan Hugo

GRAAD R SEUNS (Een van die volgende)

VLOOITJIE

Daar's 'n vlooitjie
In my kooitjie
En my hondjie soek daarna
Want 'n hondjie

JOU STOUTE KAT

Jou stoute kat –
Gee Pad! Gee Pad!
Jy maak die voëltjies baie bang
Ek skiet jou vrek



Sonder vlooitjie Sal mos altyd, altyd kla!	Met hierdie rek As jy net een ou voëltjie vang <i>Elizabeth van der Merwe</i>
<u>DIE KRAAN HUIL</u> En hoekom huil die kraan, Wie het vir kraan geslaan? Loop en vra vir Oupa Uil Hoekom hierdie kraan so huil. Uil sê: "Hoe-hoe, hie-hie, hiepie! Kraantjie huil nie, kraantjie piepie! <i>F du Plessis</i>	<u>JITTE TOG</u> Jitte tog, Toe Jannie nies Byt 'n vlooi hom in die kies Gryp die hamer, Slaat hom dood! Tandeloos Word Jannie groot! <i>Phillip de Vos</i>

GRAAD 1 DOGTERS

(Een van die volgende)

<u>APPEL</u> 'n Lekker geel appel om lekker te byt	<u>MY NUWE BOETIE</u> Almal het vir my gesê
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O goeiste! O aarde! O liewe tyd! Arme wurmpie se klein ou koppie is skoon mors-morsaf gebyt! <i>Ulrich Gerryts</i>	Dis lekker om 'n baba-boetie te hê. Ons sou kamtig so heerlijk speel Maar moenie glo nie – Wat ek doen, kan hom min skeel. Mamma het hom verniet gekoop En – kan jy jou verbeel – Hy is in 'n rok gedoop! Boonop is daar duur vir hom betaal – Nee wat, hy moet liewer terug na die hospitaal.
<u>AMANDELS</u> Amandels het 'n harde dop, Eendag tel ek self een op. Ek sê vir Boet: “stamp dit vir my Dan kan jy ook 'n stukkie kry” Hy stamp dit netjies middeldeer, En raai net wat het toe gebeur? Hy gee vir my die leë dop En eet toe self die binneste op!	<u>MAAR NET 'N DROOM</u> Klein Kietsie-kietsie-kat Slaap te lekker op 'n mat In sy slaap voel hy so bly, Want hy droom van 'n muispastei! Muispastei en lekker room, Net wat katte graag oor droom! Maar as Kietsie wakker skrik, Voel hy glad nie in sy skik. Waar is tog sy muispastei? Foeitog, dis sy neus verby! <i>Beatrix Viviers</i>

GRAAD 1 SEUNS

(Een van die volgende)

<u>VISVANG</u> As Oupa praat van visvang Dan is ek eerste daar.	<u>GESIGTE TREK</u> My snaakse broertjie het so graag Skewemond vir my getrek.
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Met stok, katrol en aas
Is ek mos vis se baas.

Maar Oupa sê: "Dis net geduld
Wat jou 'n vis laat vang.
En as jy dink jy is die baas,
Moet jy maar weet jy's Klaas!"

Theresa van den Berg

Hy steek sy tong uit, draai sy oë
En ook sy nek word uitgerek!

"Hou op met skewemond te trek,
'n Trein mag fluit of klok mag slaan"
Pas gesê ... of dit gebeur
Toe het sy mond so skeef by staan!

Helene JF Lochner

GRAAD 2 DOGTERS

(Een van die volgende)

MY OUMA

My ouma brei nie true nie,
Ag néé, sy sê sy's hip.
Sy sê sy koop nie wol nie,

AMOK

Mammie koop 'n nuwe hoed:
Vol strikke, linte en allerhande goed.
Want Saterdag trou tant Willemien –



Die skapies het nou griep.

My ouma bak g'n brode nie,
Ag néé, sy sê sy's mod.
Sy sê sy knie nie deeg nie,
Is ek nou skoon verspot?

My ouma dra nie bolla nie,
Ag néé, sy sê sy's koel.
Sy soek nie naalde in haar hare nie,
Dis vir ou anties bedoel!

Tania du Toit

'n deftiger troue is nog nie gesien.

Buite in die tuin wei boerbok Peet.
Net wat sy oë sien, wil hy mos vreet:
Dis Sus se pop en snye koek,
Koerantpapier, selfs Boet se broek.

Hoe dit gebeur het, sal niemand ooit raai,
Maar bok se kind het die hoed geskaai.
Toe Mammie woedend buite kom,
Sluk hy nog net die laaste blom.

EK WORD WAKKER LAAT EEN NAG

Ek word wakker laat en nag
Want ek hoor iemand snik baie sag.
Dis al die tyd my baba-pop wat huil:
"My rok is stukkend, my beentjies is vuil"
Niemand is eintlik vir my lief,
My mamma behandel my baie stief!"
Toe wip ek gou-gou uit die bed
Want sy's die beste poppie wat ek het.
"Ag nee, poppie-lief, jy's regtig laf
Kom ek vee gou jou lyfie met 'n waslap af.
Nou trek jou skoon aan, net watter rokkie jy wil hê
En ek sal jou nooit weer op die vloer laat lê!"

MONSTERMASKER

Vreemde dinge gebeur as ek
my monstermasker aantrek ...
Pappa skrik hom asvaal,
My ma gil hard en lank,
Boetie gaan kruip weg
agter die sitkamerbank.
Die kat se hare
staan regop op haar rug,
terwyl arme ou Wagter
stert tussen die bene vlug.
Agter daardie masker
is dit maar net ek,
maar vreemde dinge gebeur
as ek my monstermasker aantrek ...

Jaco Jacobs



GRAAD 2 SEUNS

(Een van die volgende)

<u>DIE MOTOR WAT Vlieg</u> “My pa het ‘n motor, weet julle, Sê Piet, “wat so vining kan loop Soos ‘n Mauser kan skiet.” Toe sê tant Lena se Corrie: “Kêrels, my pa het ‘n tjorrie, En as hy met hom Pretoria toe ry Is daar geen een wat voor hom kan bly.” “My pappa se kar,” sê klein Theo, “kan vlieg!” Maar toe sê ons: “Theo, hoe kan jy so lieg!” <i>Abraham Fouché</i>	<u>HOMPIE KEDOMPIE</u> Hompie Kedompie sit op die wal, Hompie Kedompie vra: “Is jy mal? Dink jy ek gaan wêér afval? Na my laaste ongeluk het ek baie groot geskrik. Vanoggend het ek my sitvlak stewig met houtlym laat vasplak. My agterwêreld is goed vasgelym, loop soek iemand anders om oor te rym!” <i>Jaco Jacobs</i>
<u>RIEKSJA – MAN</u> Ek is ‘n wilde rieksja – man Ek spring so wat ek kan. Ek sjoel tot hoog in die lug En rieksja dan weer terug. Ek het twee horings aan my kop En dra ‘n vrolike kraletjiesrok. My bene is vol rieksja – goed, En op my kop sit ‘n doemela – hoed. Rieksja, rieksja, wie wil ry? My karretjie is leeg en vry. Betaal maar net ‘n rand, Dan dra ek jou na Speelgoedstrand.	<u>NIE STERK NIE, MAAR SLIM</u> Katjie is vir Brakkie bang, Want Brakkie wil vir katjie vang; Tog is kleine katjie slim, Hy’t geleer om boom te klim. Nou sit Katjie op ‘n tak, En onder staan die kleine brak. Brakkie blaf: “Wa-a-waff! Kom aff!” “Ek sal nie, Brak, jy kan maar blaf, Hier is ek nie bang vir jou – As jy sê “Waff!” sê ek “mie-ou!” Jy moet in jou spoortjies trap, My naels is skerp en ek kan krap!” <i>Beatrix Viviers</i>



GRAAD 3 DOGTERS
(Een van die volgende)

VURINA VUURVLIEGIE

Vurina Vuurvlieg, 'n fyne dame,
 Het tog só 'n groot probleem.
 Haar blasie mag net nooit vol raak,
 Want sy is reeds al aangekla
 Van brandstiging in die hoogste graad.
 Met piepie van pure paraffien
 Kon sy glad nie die gevolge voorsien.
 Boonop was dit nie haar skuld nie
 Dat Sjeef Sjongololo so lank moes neem
 Om sy broekies los te maak.
 Sy kon dit nie meer inhou nie,
 O, haar lyfie was so warm –
 Toe brand daai grasdak darem,
 Al het sy als probeer
 Om daardie piepie te keer.

Myra Scheepers

TWEE MAATS

Die maan loer oor die toring –
 Die toring van die kerk,
 Hy soek vir Uil, sy beste maat,
 Totdat hy hom bemerk.

“Goeienaand, ou maat, hoe gaan dit?”
 “Ag, ek is baie siek!
 Dit lyk of ek die kanker het
 Of anders die koeliek!”

“Ag, kom nou, Uil, laat staan tog maar
 Jou kermery en sugte!
 Jy weet jy's siek van al die steel
 Van Dominee se vrugte!

Jy weet koejawels is sleg
 Vir afgeleefde mense.”
 Nou't hy die waarheid goed gehoor.
 “Goeiendag! My beste wense!”

Henriette Pienaar

PARTYTJIE TYD

Dis Vrydag my verjaarsdag.
 Ek word 'n volle agt.

 Hoe gaan ek dit vier?
 Wat vra jy my nou:
 Is jy seker dat jy 'n geheim kan hou?

 Popcorn en flieks
 Koeldrank en swiets
 Pajamas en kussings
 Vergeet ek nou iets?

 My vriendinne gaan natuurlik kom!
 Hoe hou jy nou vir jou so dom?
 Sanet en Klara
 Louise en Anell ...
 Nou't ek jou méér as genoeg vertel!!!

NUUSKIERIGE JUFFROU

My juffrou is nuuskierig, ja,
 want ai, sy vra so baie vrae:
 Hoeveel is dit, en wat bly oor
 as sente uit jou sak verloor.

Waar is links en waar is regs,
 waar is onder, waar is bo.
 Wat is baie, wat is min.
 Hoe lyk dik, en hoe lyk dun.

Een aand vertel ek vir my pa
 van al die vrae wat juffrou vra.
 “Nee man,” sê hy, “dis in die haak –
 Dis om japsnoetjies slim te maak.”

Cecelia Saayman

GRAAD 3 SEUNS



(Een van die volgende)

VREEMDE TAAL

In ons huis word 'n vreemde taal
Deur Sus en Boet gepraat.
Dis "chill" en "cool" en "check 'it uit" –
My ma het nie meer raad.

My ouma sê: "Ai tog, my kind."
My oupa sê: "O wee..."
My sus sê: "Julle, chill tog net,
Dis cool om so te praat."

Maar Pa sê: "Sulke brabbelspraak
Word nie toegelaat in die huis.
Ek sal dit net nie duld nie
Dat julle ons taal verguis."

Theresa van den Berg

DIE VIS

Ek is 'n wilde woeste haai
Wat jakker in 'n vreemde baai;
Ek flits deur water diep en blou
Om snoek te vang en kabeljou.

O, ek is 'n woeste wilde vis.
Hul koes maar as ek honger is,
Hul is bang vir my, ek swem so gou,
Ek spoor hul op en vreet hul rou.

Ek dartel oral heen en weer,
Die brandes slinger op en neer:
Hul breek in skuim, ek duik weer in,
Bo sien hul net my skerpe vin.

Nou gly ek oor die diep seesang;
Maar ag, daar's Ma weer buitekant!
"Spat jy al weer die vloere nat?
Karools, klim dadelik uit die bad".

Marie Niemeyer

VROEG GAAN SLAAP

My mamma sê ek is so stout
ek wil nie saans gaan slaap nie.
Maar dis nog buite heerlijk lig –
en ek is glad nie vaak nie.

Ek hoor hoe speel die kindertjies,
en Kienie hardloop rond
en ek moet in my bedjie lê
en slaap – al speel my hond!

Ek hoor hoe praat my ma en pa;
daar's iemand by die hek!
My ogies val so stadig toe,
en voor ek weet ... slaap ek!

Mavis de Villiers

OUPA SE BAARD

"Oupa", vra sy kleinseun
eendag 'n ou man,
"as Oupa saans moet bed toe,
hoe maak Oupa dan?
lê daardie baard ook onder,
of bo-op die kombers?
En, is Oupa nie bang nie,
Dit brand dalk in die kers?"

"Ho, ho, ha, ha!" lag Oupa,
en vee die lang baard glad,
maar kon die nag nie slaap nie,
die baard was in sy pad.
Eers onder die kombers toe bo
waai dit heen en weer.
Die môre vroeg sê Oupa:
"Nou word hy afgeskeer!"

GRAAD 4 DOGTERS (Een van die volgende)

MAMMA SE HANDSAK

DIE DRIE



Die bliep en tieng en tinge-linge-ling –
In Mamma se handsak is 'n selfoon wat sing.
Dis soek en sukkel om daai selfoon te kry
Want in Mamma se handsal wil niks ooit bly.

Mamma se handsak is baie vol:
Pepermente en papiertjies styf toegerol,
Daar's pleisters en goeters vir elke kwaal,
Selfs geld om brood en melk te betaal.

As Mamma uiteindelik haar selfkoon kry,
Is daar 'n boodskap wat haar hart verbly.
Dis net Pappa wat gou vir haar wou sê:
"Ek het jou lief en wil jou altyd hê."

Therese van den Berg

'n Huisvol, 'n handvol, 'n hartvol, die drie,
Klein Adrietjie, Inatjie, Madelkietjie
Drie woelwaters hulle, vol terglus en lis,
Te veel om te hê soms, te min om te mis.
"Die kinders" sê Moeder, "moet vroeg al getem
word
Want anders, vir onnut, sal hulle bestem word.
Wie kan in so 'n warboel nou huishou en boer?"
Albasters en poppe lê woës op die vloer.
En leesboekies, lappies, rek, mes, en die res:
Die een sing "Die Stem" en die ander dans Jazz!
"Ek hensop, ou vrou, met die groei word ek
wyser,
Sonder kind was die wêreld, ek wed jou, veel
gryser.

Theo Wassenaar

DIE KONYNTJIE

Hasie Kalbas vryf sy ogies,
En vryf sy ogies weer –
En Hasie vryf sy ogies
Nog vir die derde keer.

Verbyser loer Kalbassie
Na die mooie witte dier,
Met haar lang en sagte hare
Wat maak die nooientjie hier?

Hasie se hart klop vinnig –
Die nooientjie is so fyn
Met haar pels van silwer hare
En ogies van robyn!

En Hasie maak 'n buiging,
Sy hoedjie in sy hand,
Maar die diertjie skrik geweldig –
En vlug deur die mielieland!

Nou voel die haas so treurig,
Sy hartjie is vol pyn –
Maar Nig Dassie spot hom vreeslik
Met sy blonde mak konyn!

Tienie Holloway

SULKE VARKE!

SprokieGenoot het verneem
dat die Drie Varkies beoog
om een van die dae
op 'n groot skaal te betoog.

Varkie 1: "Ek dink dis hoog tyd
vir betoogtyd. Oi-oi-oi-oi!
Wonder mense wraggies nog
waaroor ons wil toyi-toyi?"

Varkie 2: "Dis skokkend. Dis walglik.
Ek verloor somer my aptyt.
Hulle eet glo ham, varkworsies
en spek-en-eier vir ontbyt!"

Varkie 3: "Ek kan nie glo mense
is so verskriklik wreed nie.
Hulle hou van sprokies, maar skroom nie
om die hoofkarakters te eet nie.

Jaco Jacobs

GRAAD 4 SEUNS (Een van die volgende)

DIE ONGELUK

Arme Koekie seep

VOETBAL SPEEL



het 'n ongeluk gekry. Haar lyfie was te glad en toe het sy gegly. Binne – in die bad, daar lê die arme ding. Netnou begin sy smelt – as sy tog net kon spring! Ag tog, hoe naarl Al kleiner, kyk! Teen more is sy niks! Maar wag, wat hoor sy daar? Klein Isak word gewiks. Gaan dadelik jou hande was, en nooit weer aan jou vingers lek! Klein Isak gaan, en een, twee, drie, is koekie Seep weer op haar plek. (Bessie Kotze)	Die seuns is na die voetbalveld Daar sit hul orals rond Kouse, skoene, baadjies uittrek, Laat lê maar op die grond! Die kante word nou eers gekies Dit is 'n kaalvoetspan, Wat skrum en skop en vang en loop, So hard as hulle kan. En Jan, die domkop van sy klas, Is op die voetbalveld, Vir die wat kyk, en die wat speel – Niks anders as 'n held! Hy loop soos wind en vang nooit mis. Hy plant jou op jou kop: So lank as jy nog gras eet daar, Het hy 'n doel geskop! <i>J F Lochner</i>
<u>SPOOKSTORIES</u> Die nagwind treur sag deur Die bome daar buite, En maanlig skyn flou op My kamer se ruite. Hier bo, uit die donkerte, Roep 'n ou uil – Daar ver oor die bult gaan 'n hond aan't huil. My sussie en ek sit Met groot oë en bewe; Ek sidder en bibber, Al is ek al nege. Benoud klop my hart Doef! Doef! Doef! In die duister Terwyl ons na Oupa se Spookstories luister! <i>Anoniem</i>	<u>KATTAKAT SE PLAN</u> Vandag moet Vetmuis uit haar huis uit kom Besluit meneertjie Kattakat. Hy het dae laas geëet En sy maag is plat. Hy sit sy mooiste glimlag op En stryk sy snorbaard glad. Tok-tok-tok klop hy gallant, “Wie's daar?” wil sy eers hoor. “Jou goeie vriend, my skat” Sê hy En sit sy beste voetjie voor “Goeiemôre, mooiste meisie! Ek is so lief vir jou. As jy my nou die jawoord gee, kan ons maar dadelik trou!” “O ja,” sê sy, “dit wil ek baie graag . . . maar wat hoor ek so raas? Is dit miskien die weer, of dalk 'n leë maag?” <i>Cecilia Saayman</i>

GRAAD 5 DOGTERS (Een van die volgende)

<u>STOUTE PAPEGAAI</u> My oupa het 'n grasgroen papegaai Wat heeldag snater en lawaai. As jy hom terg, is hy éérs erg.	<u>HANGBRUG</u> Hul's almal oor En kyk nou terug. Tenk skreeu: “Pasop! Die brug
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Hy jaag jou weg en sê jou sleg! My oupa dink sy papegaai Is tog te slim en tog te fraai. Maar Ouma vra: "Nou watter nare woordeboek Leer daardie voël so lelik vloek?" Kyk net hoe loer die klein parmant, Hy wag vir Ouma om haar rug te draai. Dan skrou die bloubek-papegaai: "Gaan in jou maai!" Die vere gaan vir seker waai, Want Ouma sê daai papegaai Gaan sy nog eendag nek omdraai. Maar raai, daar skree hy weer: "Gaan in jou maai!" <i>Zandra Bezuidenhout</i>	Hang los in die lug!" Sê nou 'n spar gee mee onder my? Of dalk is die kabels al deurgeroes ... Of dalk raak ek dun soos 'n lat en gly Deur 'n spleet na onder Waar die water woës Wit – skuimend donder. Die ander wag almal Op die oorkantste krans Maar die brug maak my naer Met sy skommeldans Tussen hier en daar. Hulle staan aan die oorkant En waai vir my koebaai. Dan begin almal skreeu: "Haai, ons spaai 'n bang Meraai!" <i>Uit: Ruimland 3</i>
<u>GELUKKIGE VERJAARDAG</u> Een van die dae sal Ouma verjaar en wat ons haar gaan gee, weet Pa al klaar. Haar aftreehuisie is lankal vol en groot geskenke sal net lol. Ouma wil vreeslik graag motorfiets ry en dis presies wat sy gaan kry. Oom Wick kom haar met sy Harley oplaai en dan gaan gooi hulle 'n wye draai. Met haar wortelrooi hare pas Ouma op 'n bike en aan haar voete dra sy altyd Nikes. Ouma is cool, dis al wat ons sê ons wil geen ander ouma in die wêreld hê! <i>Johan J Brown</i>	<u>NUUS OF NIES</u> Daar is baie soorte nuus, maar ook baie soorte nies. "Atiêso! Atiêso! Atiêso nog 'n keer! Ag dis hooikoors, kind, wat my verrinneweer." So sê Ouma Tooï, as sy so baie nies. "Aa . . . tiêshou! Dankie my hart, vir 'n daalder en 'n kwart, met 'n bokstert daarby, dan kan jy my kry!" Dis Oupa wat so mooi kan sê en ook so hard kan nies. "Etié! Etié! Etié!" Dis tannie Het, haar nies is toegeknyp, toe sy klein was het dit seker in die Vrystaat doodgeryp. Ons klein bababoet kan ook al amper nies, maar hy't nie klaar geleer nie, jy hoor net: "Tie! Tie! Tie!" ek is sy grootboet nou: "Aaa . . . tié . . . sou!" O tyd, hoor nou! Hier kom Mamma, gou! "Stil maar, stil maar, skapie. Wie nies jou uit jou slapie?" <i>José Louw</i>
GRAAD 5 SEUNS (Een van die volgende)	
<u>PREDIKASIE</u> Geliefde gemeente, hier staan ek nou Om weer my Sondagpreek te hou En , kan ek nie meer verder gaan, Begin ek weer van vooraf aan:	<u>BY DIE ATLETIEKBYEENKOMS</u> 'n Padda met 'n spierwit frokkie aan wil na 'n atletiekbyeenkoms gaan. Almal sê mos hy kan nie sing; nou wil hy wys hoe hy kan spring.



Farao verdruk die nasie – Hier begin die predikasie Israel aanbid die kalf – Hier's die predikasie half. Deur die Dorsland veertig jaar – Predikasie amper klaar. Ramshoring en trompetgeskal – Jerigo se mure val Israel 'n vrye nasie – Einde van die predikasie Joshua blaas op sy fluit – Kollekteer.... Die diens is uit Die liefdegawe ingesamel Lyk my besonder skraps en skamel, En in vervolg mag net die sing Wat Sondag hul kollekte bring. Ek hoop dit is nou goed verstaan Koster, hef die slotsang aan! Amen! A.G. Visser	Ge oefen het hy dag na dag; lepels stroop geëet vir baie krag. Hy sal hulle 'n ding gaan wys: hy gaan wegstap met die eerste prys. Al die verspringers staan in 'n ry. Padda trippel rond om sy spiere los te kry. Skielik blaas 'n fluitjie hard en skril - verskrik bly al die diere stil. Dis koning Leeu wat op die fluitjie blaas. Hy's woedend; hy gaan baie raas. Almal is bekommerd; Wat kan skeel? Padda voel 'n benoudheid in sy keel. Die koning swaai sy septer hoog en kyk Padda reg in sy verskrikte oog. "Jy moet dadelik pad gee hier," brul hy Arme Padda gee sluk op sluk. Verleë begin hy aan sy frokkie pluk. Skamerig kyk hy om hom rond Toe kyk hy vinnig op die grond. O alle wêreld, o liewe tyd: nee ! Nou weet hy waarom almal lag en skree. Hy was só haastig om sy bene te kom rek: hy't vergeet om sy broekie aan te trek ! (B Visser)
<u>LEKKERBEK</u> 'n Lekkerbek is ek, Ja glo my, ek is gek Oor moltone op koue rys Of monsterdsous oor muishondvleis. Die beste, ja, my gunstelingdis Is slym en vla oor warm vis, Of wat van kerriemier reg ingemaak Met spoor van slak en vlermuisplaak? Vir nagereg wil ek graag hê: Vliegvluk goed ingelê, Muskietboud in diep vet gebraai, Gerol in suiker, koud gewaai, Of kathare in melk gedoop Met jellievies en gouestroop. Maar waarvan ek nog mèèr sou hou Is net èen hap, selfs net die geur Van daai heerlike sappige peer van jou! Jan Esterhuyse en Tobeia Brink	<u>MONSTERMOLES</u> Sproetgesig klein Faan met sy Batman-klere aan voel alte selfvoldaan: al die monsters wat saans skuil onder sy bed en hom laat huil gaan hy met sy swaard verslaan! Met 'n boem bam doef daf draf hy gou dié skurke kaf. Maar o aarde, keer! Kyk nou wat het gebeur: Faan het sy toon beseer En sy matras is verrinneweer. Voor jy tot tien kan tel het sproetgesig klein Faan 'n slimme plan beraam: Hy moet net gou vir Pappa bel (op sy nuwe tjoklit-sel) voor Kleinsus eerste vir Mamma vertel! Albi Prinsloo

GRAAD 6 DOGTERS(Een van die volgende)

<u>LIEFSTE DAGBOEK</u> Vandag was die perfekte dag! Vol son en see en speel en lag. Ek het 'n nuwe maat gemaak,	<u>IN DIE EKSAMENSAAL</u> "Boeke oop, koppe af" Kom die opdrag van Meneer maar 'n kussing en 'n bed is nou al wat ek begeer.
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Dit voel of ek vlieg, my voete nie raak. Hoe lank wag ek al my liefste boek? Ek't begin dink ek gaan vir ewig soek! Sy hou van tennis en fietsry en lees – Kan jy glo dat ek so gelukkig kan wees? Vroeg more oggend gaan ons op die rotse stap, Dalk sien ons vissies, miskien 'n groot krap. Vir ewig sal sy bly diep in my hart. My liefste vriendin, Annamart.	Vanuit die hoek van die klas loer 'n rottang vir my! As ek die dag wil oorleef sal ek moet wakker bly. Die horlosie tik te stadig elke sekonde martel my 'n mens kry net niks geleer hoe gaan ek dan wakker bly? Die geritsel van die waaiers fluister saggies in my oor "Jy moet slaap, lekker slaap" Ek sal maak of ek nie hoor. Ek sal... ek kan... ek moet... Maar my ooglede baklei. Die waaiers wen die stryd Tot sy rottang my kom kry. <i>Lourien Leeuwner</i>
<u>OM GROOT TE WORD</u> Om groot te word Is so tussenin. Grootmensdinge is nog ver, Kinderdinge word min. Kom ons lag weer vrolik Vir die maan se vet, geel gesig. Kom ons bring die trane Oor 'n dooie voëltjie terug. Kom ons eet weer slap-tjips En lek ons vingers af. Kom ons word weer kinders. Kom ons word weer laf! Nou huil ons in 'n kussing En wonder waarom. Nou raak ons velief En dink die wêreld glimlag krom. Nou's ons so tussenin, valsnoet, Want: ons word groot <i>Maryke Heyns</i>	<u>DIE VERSTROOIDE PROFESSOR</u> 'n Professor wat een oggend 'n lesing moes gee bring al sy gedagtes saam kamer toe mee. Al peinsend gaan hy in die kamerdeur staan en dink: "Dit word tyd dat ek bed toe moetgaan." Opeens hoor hy iemand skuif onder die bed. Hy dink: "Van 'n dief hoort ek my mos te red." Hy staan dus weer terug en roep bars: "Wie is daar?" "Niemand nie," sê die skelm. "Hier's glad geen gevaar." "Nou, dan het ek my mos so waarlik misgis, want ek was tog seker dat hier wel iemand is." Hy stap dus weer nader met peinsende tred. "Ek het waarlik gedink hier's een onder die bed." <i>Sannie Steyn</i>

GRAAD 6 SEUNS (Een van die volgende)

<u>EXPENSIVE EKSTRATJIE</u> Ek stap eendag in 'n geskieterij Van 'n TV-film op Cape Town station; 'n Man wave sy vingers En vra vir 'n klompie ekstras "Djy en djy," En ek da by! En da staan ek soos Roger Moore Roem en sterredom, wag ek kom!	<u>MEISIEKINDERS</u> Meisiekinders is mooie goed. Met rokkies en skoentjies En glimlaggies so soet. Meisiekinders is oulike goed. Met grappies en stories Tot 'n pop met 'n hoed!
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Ons word geskiet so elke uur
Want ons moet wag vir 'n Cape Flats-trein,
Die Ekstra gaan mos ekstra laat kom,
By die werk, ja, maar nie vir sterredom.

Nou as ek op TV gaan wees
Dan moet ammal mos sien my technicolour taai.
So, dadelik koop ek 'n colour TV
En nooi al die ere-menere van die dorp

Die huis is vol van my admirers
Wat gekom het om die superstar te sien.

"Hier kommie trein!
Hou dop nou mooi,
Hou dop nou mooi!
Daa's twaalfde van links!"

Ma voor hulle kan sien
Is alles
Verby

Pieter Snyders

Meisiekinders is slimme goed.
Kan somme doen en tel,
En sing so soet.

Meisiekinders is nuuskierige goed.
Wil elke dingetjie weet,
Maar geheim hou, se voet!

Meisiekinders is ander goed.
Klein en fyn en fraai,
Met arms vol moed.

Maar ...

Meisiekinders is môre se goed.
Want vandag is daar net tyd
Vir hardloop en speel en lag dat dit toet!

DIE AANSTEEKBORD

Aan dié paadjie het my voete gewoond geword:
vroeg, elke Vrydag, na die aansteekbord.

Ek soek in die skrum
tussen elke stormram.

Ek soek in die lyn
waar my naam moet verskyn ...
aan dié bord het my bril gewoond geword:
waarom is dit my naam wat altyd skort?

Aan dié paadjie het my voete gewoond geword:
weg, elke Vrydag, van die aansteekbord.
Hoog stap ek met my kop om almal te fop.
My tree maak ek groot,
want ek is nog nie dood.

Jaco Jacobs

DIE PAPWÊRELD

Hier strek 'n breë, kaal woestyn,
en daar, onstuimig, bruis die see.
Die strand maak hier 'n wye baai,
en daar 'n skiereiland of twee.
Hier stapel ek 'n reuse-berg
waar wilde ongediertes woon,
met huise, plase aan die voet,
sy kruine, spits, met sneeu bekroon.

En nou verander die toneel:
hier lê my plaas, so groot en fraai;
my kraal kom hier teen hierdie bult,
daar, dink ek, sal ek koring saai.
Ag, dis 'n plaas uit duisend dié!
Daar's volop water om te lei
sodat die saailand, ryk en klam
'n boer se hart laat lekker kry.

Maar net as ek my damme maak
en vorder met my boerdery,
sien tant Kato my altyd raak,
en knorrend sê sy dan vir my:
"Frans, wil jy hê ek moet jou klap?
Jy sit al weer jou pap en krap!"

Elsa Niemeyer

GRAAD 7 DOGTERS (Een van die volgende)

VERGIFNIS

In my bors klop 'n hartseer hart,
Die liefde tussen ons is swart.
Jy't my konfoes, jy't my gekroek,
Jy't ingebreek in my dagboek!

Dit grens vir my aan 'n skandaal,
Dis ongeskik, dis horribaal!
In hemelsnaam, dit maak so seer,

Oë

Twee pers viooltjies
groeï in die oë van my ma,
en 'n stil groen see
lê in die kykers van my pa.



Hoe kon jy ooit probeer? O né, dis net 'n nietigheid, 'n bietjie stout nuuskierigheid? Dit was 'n glipsie, so sê jy, En kan jy nog 'n soentjie kry? Dink jy jy kan jou vingers klap En als word reg? Dis glad geen grap! Nou weet jy dalk wat is my luim, My lief en leed, my groot geheim. Ons liefde sal tóg weer herleef, Voor slaapyd sal ek jou vergeef. Só grootmoedig sal ek wees: Ek weet jy's vier en kan nie lees! (Annemarie Coetser)	'n Lepel fyn mosterdsaad is in Bart s'n gesaai, en Lenie se oë is grys soos die plaasdam as die wind daaroor waai. Maar in my kleinboet se oë, waarvan ek die meeste hou, sien ek my spierwit glimlag in vergeet-my-nietjie-blou. <i>Hester Heese</i>
<u>MELKKANTIEN</u> Wat soek sy hier waar alles glim, die vrou, Verweer en afgewater, kneukels rooi Soos die tamatiesap waarom hul klou? Tussen die kelnerinne, opgetooi Met jong gesigte, almal leeg en hard, Wat soek sy hier, so afgesloof en stroef, In haar verrimpelde gelaat die smart Van anders en alleen wees saamgeskroef? Vir soveel powerheid is daar geen troos: Ek vat die vol glas lomp en sê, ek soek Na 'n apteker, dalk kan sy my help? Sy stoot die vaal haartoutjies terug, oorstelp Van vriendelikheid, beduie tandeloos; Jy meen 'n kemmis? Ja net om die hoek. <i>E Eybers</i>	<u>'n BRIEF VIR MA</u> My liefste Ma Hoe kan ek ooit dankie sê vir wat jy doen? Vir rondry en luister Vir verstaan en vertrou Vir drukkies en soentjies Vir daarwees en onthou Vir raad gee vir aanspoor Vir geloof engebed. Vir reghelp en leer Vir 'n glimlag so teer. Ek wonder of jyweet Hoe lief ek jou het? Tussen my kerm en kla En grootwees en vra Is jy die een Wat my op die hande dra. My liefste Ma Dankie!

GRAAD 7 SEUNS (Een van die volgende)

<u>OUPA WEWENAAR</u> My oupa is nou sewentig jaar 'n bleskop blinkoog wewenaar My oupa knipoog koekeloer kyk Na die weduvroue in die wyk Bobaas-bakster tannie Bes Is net té vaardig met die mes En mooie mevrouetjie Marietjie Se stemmetjie is bietjie suutjie Elaine van Hoogendorenhout	<u>KANNIE VERGEET EN BANG</u> Daar's drie wat my lewe versuur: Dis Kannie, Vergeet en Bang. As ek nog dink: "Vir my kry hul nie!" Het ene my klaar weer gevang. Kannie is kamtig lankal dood. Gmf! Glo in die karringmelkbalie versuip. (So 'n spektakel sou ek graag wou sien!) Maar gou kruip meneertjie weer uit die kantien En sê "Jy kan nie, jy kan nie, al probeer jy ook hoe! En dan bly ek sommer net, sommer net toe.
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Is groot van postuur én boud En ná die vastrap by Arthur M se saal Moes Oupa die Merc se sitplek uithaal Kittie was mos verpleegster op haar dag Sal 'n man se kwale goed kan betrag Maar is oujongnoot wat preek met pille En sukkel om te vry met diklensbrille Nou leer die wewenaar Frans op ys By die pragtige Patricia van Parys Kenner van kuns, cuisine en kultuur... En Oupa word só na die kansel gestuur <i>Adri Troskie-Vivier</i>	Kom Vergeet, die ou bakbeen-hoepelbeen-vrou, Kan jy maar laat staan om iets te onthou. Die dam loop leeg, of die kalwers suip uit, En oe, toggie, eina! Die kweperlat fluit. Bang, dieklein duiwel, kom sit by my oor En fluister van spoke en goeters wat toor: "Pas op, dis hier! Pas op, dis daar! Het jy dit ook (in die hoekie) gewaar?" Ja drie wat my lewe versuur: Dis Kannie, Vergeet en Bang. As ek nog dink "Vir my kry jul nie!" Het een my al klaar weer gevang. <i>Bettie Aucamp</i>
<u>SPOOKMEISIE</u> Op die pad van Uniodale Wag daar 'n bleek meisie Wat rond dwaal, Haar kleres is spookagtig en haar hare is vaal. Waar sy trap lê daar wit spore Sy dwaal net in nagte en verdwyn in die more. Sy sing en Sy treur Oor die heuwels, oor die riviere, oor die strate deur. Sy sal altyd daar wees en huil. Die arme spookmeisie van Uniodale Saans in die nag As jy verby met jou oë moeg en rooi Sal jy sien hoe die spook duimgooi. Die siel dwaal elke nag rond Luister in die nagte na haar stem in die agtergrond. Die meisie sal altyd daar wees en wag. En hou dan net jou oë oop in die nag. <i>Engela Mayer</i>	<u>NAT EN SAP</u> Toe Noag strand teen Ararat, Die Ark begin in puin raak Toe sê hy: "Aarde, maar dis nat! Nou kan 'n mens weer tuin maak!" "Het ek nie met die Ark geswoeg, was ons ook in die pekel. Aan water het ek nou genoeg ... 'n Lewenslange hekel!" "Kom, Sem en Gammie, maak nou gou Vir Pa mooi reguit slootjies; En Jaaf, my kind, kom plant jy nou Vir Pa die wingerdlootjies." Die kromhout groei, en Noag skink Sy sap 'n bietjie later; Daarin is sedert meer verdrink As in die Vloed se water. <i>A.G. Visser</i>

VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOL - GRAAD 8 DOGTERS

<u>ANYWAY</u> Wat ek wou sê is nie vir almal om te hoor nie Ek wil dit fluister teen die wind in Sodat dit deel word van alles Wat jy doen en is Son wat padlangs uitstroom oor hierdie teerpaaie en grashellings Wanneer ek buite loop en opkyk in hierdie rookwit lug Wil ek jou gebare herken in die woke	<u>EK IS DERTIEN</u> Dertien Is mislik en eensaam en lomp is oorgevoelig en afgestomp is verlang na 'n held wat sesuur kom klop en sê ek laai jou nou-nou op vir vanaand se flik en pizzas eet (al voel ek verleë en natgesweet) ek droom my lyf is voorbladmooi
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Jou stem in sonsondergang-voëls in stilstrate

In elk geval
Wanneer hulle wonder en vra, wanneer jy twyfel in jou oë
Anyway when you do that
Wil ek weet van diepsinnighede en gekheid en jy weet
Anyway ja in elk geval
Luister, die wind kom op
Daar's iets op sy tong

T Coetzer

ek wens ek was Neil Spark se nooi

Maar
so what ek koop maar warm chips
taaitoffies en coke en chocolate dips
en skryf op my hand
You know how I feel
Debra is in love with Neil

en ek tjank oor die maan wat so sag
en so ver soos 'n droom lyk vannag
hier waar ek voor my kamervenster kniel
en bid: ag Here ag bless vir Neil.

Beth Murray



VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOL - GRAAD 8 SEUNS

LAG WEER, PA

Pa, jy staan so stil
Hier op die duin
Jou pyprook hang soos
Uitgereënde wolkies in die lug
Jou lag het weggedroog
Dit het verander in 'n sug
Dit sal weer reën, my pa,
Pa sal sien
Ons moet net vra
Ons stemme moet net mooi
In die warm hemel klag
Dan sal die bliksem
Pyp opsteek en wolke blaas

En Pa sal weer
'n rooigras –
Diunpa wees

Thomas Deacon

WOORDE

Goeiemôre, goeiemiddag, goeienaand!
Baie dankie vir 'n wonderlike aand.
Veels geluk en bly te kenne, vat die hand.
Simpatie, want ek voel saam met jou vanaand.

Dis alles woorde –
Net leë woorde –
Op vals akkoorde
En almal sing dit, almal sing, ja almal sing dit saam
Alle sterkte en onthou, daar's krag na kruis.
Kom weer kuier en sê groete by die huis.
Ons hou almal duim vas. Kom tog veilig tuis.
Doen jou plig en eendag sal jy almal wys.

Dis alles woorde –
Net leë woorde –
Op vals akkoorde
En almal sing dit, almal sing, ja almal sing dit saam
Vaarwel.

Net leë woorde
Op vals akkoorde –
Vaarwel.

Koos du Plessis



VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOL - GRAAD 9 DOGTERS

SOLITAIRE

My familie, verbete brugspelers,
Kon telkens 'n vakansie wegstommel
Aan 'n kaartspel.
Veral my pa, gedugte speler,
Kon sy kinders elke toertjie leer.

Met my was dit anders.
Van jongs af uitgesluit van hul harde roepe,
Blydschap oor 'n goeie hand
Of voorgee

Wyl hulle saam om 'n tafel sit
In 'n vakansiedorp by die see
Het ek reeds as kind
Woordeloos geluister
Na die see se ritme
En verbeelde kaarte
Een vir een op die dobbeltafel neergesit.

J Hambidge

HEMEL

My kat is geel soos 'n papawer
Met oë nes botterblommetjies
En 'n voetstap ligter
As 'n sonstreep oor die water

Die mossies in my tuin
Het koppies rond soos okkerneute
En ligte lyfies soos gepunte blare

Maar op 'n dag
Skerp naels tussen fyn veertjies
En meteens die angs
Gestem op die kwint van 'n klein stemmetjie

Dis dan dat ek my voet botter smeer
Om langer hier te bly
En nie by voorbaat weg te loop na daardie land
Waar die wolf by die lam gaan wei
En die mossie haar eiertjies
Tussen die pootjies van die kat sal lê.

Lina Spies



VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOL - GRAAD 9 SEUNS

OP MY OU RAMKIETJIE

Op my ou ramkietjie
Met nog net een snaar
Speel ek in die maanskyn,
Deurmekaar.

Ek sing van Adam
En Eva se val,
Van die ou Paradys,
"Halfpad mal!"

So sê die mense
Wat my hoor speel
As die skemer my wang soen
Soos ferweel.

As die maan my aanhoor
En die sterre knik,
Dan speel ek kordaat voort,
In my skik.

Wat gee ek om mense
Wat sê ek's mal?
As die varings my aanhoor
By die wal.

Wat om my vrinde –
Wat nooit nie verstaan –
As die sterre my toeknik
En die maan?

Op my ou ramkietjie
Met nog net een snaar,
Speel ek in die maanskyn,
Deurmekaar.

C. Louis Leipoldt

BESOEKER

Uit die TV-skerm het hy uitgespring,
'n Marsman,
of in elk geval bewoner van 'n ander planeet
nou op huisbesoek by ons.

Sy aksent is – wel, Marsiaans,
maar tog met verstellings in ons ore
heel verstaanbaar.

Ons het uit wans uit besluit:
as hy wil bly, moet hy
by ons roetines en kodes inval
waarmee hy (skynbaar) akkoord gaan.

Hy is sku
vir familietwiste;
hy ry graag fiets
en treiter honde en kanaries;

sy geografiese kennis is indrukwekkend,
veral van berge, rivierkronkels, woestyne;
maar eiers moet jy van hom weghou,
spinnepoppe en seilende goed,
terwyl babas hom verleë maak.

Soms in die middel van die nag
hoor ons hom skater
(of is dit sý soort huil?)

Dalk het hy 'n ekstra kombers nodig,
ten minste 'n bedmaat.

Ernst van Heerden



VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOL - GRAAD 10 DOGTERS

NOU

Ons moet baie foto's neem, nou, terwyl ons nog oraaiterig lyk.
Want daar kom 'n dag wat my oë nog blink sal wees
Maar my arms te kort wil word vir tydskrif of bybel lees
En ek wragtag na iets tussen gister en talcumpoeier sal ruik.

Ons moet baie love letters skryf, nou, terwyl ons hulle nog self kan lees.
Want daar kom 'n dag wat ek die roomys van jou neus sal moet afvee
Jou pantoffels, die remote, die datum en my naam vir jou moet aangee
En die love en die letters in my briewe vir jou 'n vreemdeling s'n sal wees.

Ons moet baie foto's neem, nou, terwyl ons nog oraaiterig lyk.
Want daar kom binnekort 'n ewigheid, een eindelose dag
Wat ek met my roomysneus alleen vir die bootman moet wag
En ek intussen met kort arms maar na ons oraaiterige foto's sal kyk.

Anna Visser

EK HET VAN JOU GEDROOM

Ek het van jou gedroom gisteraand,
Want vanoggend was my kussing
Nog gedimpel met jou gesig.

Ons was op die strand gewees,
Want tussen die lakens op my bed
Was daar sand by die voetenent.

Ons het hande vasgehou,
Want my palm was nog warm
En my vingers gevorm soos jou hand.

In my droom moes ons gesoen het,
Want my lippe was klam,
Soos jou smaak in my mond opdam.

Ons het saam aan die slaap geraak,
Want my rug was koud,
Maar my voorlyf warm ge-lepel.

In my droom wou ek nog iets vir jou fluister,
Jou met 'n laaste gedagte toevou,
Want op my tong ontdek ek drie woorde:
Ek en Lief en Jou.

Anoniem



VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOL - GRAAD 10 SEUNS

KEN JY DIE SEE

Ken jy die see, Meneer, ken jy die see?
Hy lyk nou soos jou voorstoep blinkgeskuur
En kalm soos min dinge hier benee,
Maar hy's gevaarliker as vlam of vuur.

Dan sê jy nog, Meneer, die vis is duur.

Dié vrede, kalmer as 'n stil, soet kind
Lyk of dit dae, dae lank sal duur.
Maar dan word dié bries 'n bulderende wind,
Dan veg jy vir jou lewe, uur na uur.

En jy sê nog, Meneer, die vis is duur.

Ken jy die see, Meneer, ken jy die see?
Hy wat met groen jaloerse oë na ons gluur,
Ons wat net één ou misstappie moet gee
En hy kom tromp-op op ons afgestuur!

Dan sê jy nog, Meneer, die vis is duur.

Sien jy die krom ou vroultjie daar, mevrou Matthee:
Wat telkens ver, vér oor die golwe tuur?
Sy dink dié briesie bring haar seuns betyds vir tee.
Hul slaap aldrie agter die kerkhofmuur.

Dan sê jy nog, Meneer, die vis is duur...

U Krige

SNOEKTYD

Die kaap is weer dooddollie,
Die bloudam vol blinklywe,
Vanaand eet ons in Roosstraat
Snoekentjies en ywe.
Voor sonop span ons Lightning in
En ry die heuwel af.
Hy's agtien jaar, maar kan nog deur
Die Kaapse strate draf.
En doeltjie blaas die beuel
Wat soos 'n maagsiek spook
Die mense van die Onder-Kaap
Oenang om te koop.
Die motjies is weer volop,
Die motjie skuur die pan
En bak die vis so lekker
Soos net ons motjies kan.
Kyk hoe kom die skuite aan,
Diep met hul vrag, By Roggebaai
Die booia praat weer van die dag
Toe syne daar was, só gelaai.
Die Kaap is weer dooddollie
Die bloudam vol blinklywe
Vanaand eet ons in Roosstraat
Snoekentjies en ywe.

ID du Plessis



VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOL - GRAAD 11 DOGTERS

'n MAAND VOL MEMORIES

Dit is Maartmaande
Wat spoke my
Terugbring
Na koue Herfssaterdag-aande
Met "pimp my ride"
Op die TV
En jou
Cinnamon en suurlemoen pannekoeke
Brood met snoek by die see
Dis in Maartmaande
Wat ek en jy weer deur Oudshoorn strate dice
Met jou grys Toyota

Dis in Maartmaande wat
Mika se Relax
En Timaland se Apologize
Weer nommer een word oor die wêreld
En dit kliphard saam jou deur die strate
Partytjie hou

Dis in Maartmaande
Wat ek weer in George se Town Lodge gaan slaap
En Ocean Basket eet
Ek ruik jou DKNY Delicious
En Mint Stimorol
Ek ruik memories
Jy, ek, maar nie 'n ons nie.

Dalene de Vente

PICASSO

Neef Pablo R Picasso
was 'n rare verf-en-kwas-ou.
Eens in agtien een-en-tagtig
sê sy Spaanse mamma: "Wragtig!
'n Kennis van anatomie
het kleine Pablo werklik nie.
As hierdie kind sy dors wil les,
suig hy my oor – die kleine pes!
Ai, ek is worried en bevrees
my bybie gaan nóóit fymis wees."
Maar tog is sy verkeerd bewys:
Op neëntien reis hy na Parys.
Picasso wou 'n skilder wees,
want dan sou hy gewilder wees.
Sy eerste werk was pessimisties:
Als was blou en realities,
maar kort daarna word als rooskleurig –
alte pragtig, pienk en keurig.
Maar, toe hy op sy bril gaan sit,
skrik Pablo sy kiewe wit.
Alles, alles lyk skoon gek –
'n neus sit op die piepie-plek.
Geen kennis van anatomie
dra Pablo na 'n ramp soos dié,
want deur sy bril lyk als kubisties.
Niks, ja niks lyk realities.
En deur sy erg gekraakte lens
vul hy oplaas sy beurs . . . plus pens.

Phillip de Vos



VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOL- GRAAD 11 SEUNS

HOE SAL EK DIT VIR JOU SÊ?

Hoe sal ek dit vir jou kan sê dat jy my sal glo?
Dat jy die mens is vir wie ek gebore is,
Die mens vir wie ek gemaak is om lief te hê,
Die mens vir wie ek lewe.

Hoe sal ek vir jou kan sê dat jy my hart se spieël is?
Dat ek in elke skadu van elke dag net aan jou dink,
Dat ek my lewe inrig om jou hart te verstaan
Dat jy my asem is.

Hoe salek vir jou kan sê dat jy deel van my is?
Dat my liefde vir jou gevorm is toe die eerste DNS
In dun spirale in my neergelê is,
Dat my weefsel in jou verweef is.

Hoe sal ek vir jou kan sê dat ek jou lief het
Dat die vrees van 'n man se hart eenvoudig is
Dat die liefde van 'n man tasbaar is
Dat ek maar net 'n man is.

Anoniem

NAGEDAGTENIS

Pa jy het min gepraat
ek sien jou met jou hopenoeke eenkant op die stoep
opkyk of jy verskoning maak
dat jy daar sit

in die wit bed met die traliwerk
- verpleegsters het die groen gordyne
rondom versigtig toegetrek –
het jy stil
borrels bloed lê blaas
terwyl jou oë hulle skaam

oor die vlek wat op die kussing groter word:
die ou wond, binne, het weer oopgegaan

klere in jou kas was soos jou woorde min
twee baadjies
kerkmanel
bankboek met drie en tagtig rand
en dertig sent
halwe pakkie peperment
'n winterjas en flenniebroek

'n notaboek
L de V gekoop Berlyn Kersfees 1936 Hebr: 11 vs 13,14
sê jy het 'n vaderland gesoek

IL de Villiers



VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOL - GRAAD 12 DOGTERS

AFSKEID

Die aand kom stil oor die veld geloop
Nugter en alleen –
Die maan klim teen die bloekoms uit
En versplinter alles om ons heen.
Jou blou hempie roer in die wind
Jou hare krul deur my vingers
Sag en blond soos die van 'n kind,
Ons staan stil bymekaar
Ons oë rou
Ons wange huil
Ons palms wentel om mekaar
Want jy gaan weg armie toe
Heidelberg toe vir 'n jaar.
Jy moet altyd so bly soos nou
Moenie dat baie nagte se water
Slote kerf in jou gesig,
Moenie dat baie dae se ligte
Sterre breek in jou oë
Vou saans jou hande
En bid soet woorde teen my bors.

Antjie Krog

HALTE

Twee blink spore
Oor dié haaie kleinkaroo-vlakte
Het my hiër gebring;
Ge-halte
In dié klein verbygaan
Om by jou
Die dieper waarde van stilte te kon leer ...

Hoekom, Heer?
Só het ek dikwels weer bly vra
Indie brons son-dae
In witbleek volmaannagte

En in die klein kring van
Ons menswees
En verlange
Het ons soveel ure om
Gepraat
Geswyg
Verstaan
Gebid.

Klein halte
In die skadu van 'n karoo-peperboom:
'n kraan wat drup –
Lou water om te drink
En besies wat verdowend in my ore skree –

Fontein van rus.

Jy was my halte
In die vaalte
Van die donkie-maande se
Alleen-trek
En vertwyfeling

Jy't water aangebied
En dikwels woordeloos geluister
Na die weeklag van my één-noot-lied
Jou oë vól luister en begrip
Wanneer ek soms voor al die
Weemoed
En
Verlang
Wou swig

Die blink spoor dra my weldraverder –
Ek laat jou hier –
Klein halte
In die vlakte van my kleinkaroo.
(*Magda Potgieter*)



VOORDRAG HOËRSKOOLO GRAAD 12 SEUNS

OUKERSAAND (VIR 'N KIND)

Oukersaand vir 'n kind –
Vir jou, my meisie –
Is 'n grafie en 'n besempie
In kleurpapier gebind
Met stukkies reënbooglint;
'n blokkie sjokolade
En 'n wêreld sonder wind
Waar in kersies vroom en vier
Brand op kaartjies teen 'n muur
En liggies aan 'n boompie blom
Solank die donker duur

Maar Oukersaand is *ou* kerse
In die aand, én in die wind:
Ou flukkerende kerse
En, my kind:
Kersboompies wat nie blom nie;
'n Kersfeesvader wat nie kom nie

Koos du Plessis

JANTJIE VAN DIE BERGE

Lank gelede, by die Kloof, aan die Magaliesberg se hang,
toe dié wat dit vertel nog kinders was.
het 'n siel geswerf wat kind was, maar op sy manier 'n man
- gebore om die berge op te pas.

En as die donderwolke saamsweer teen die kranse by die kloof
en die dag word soos 'n sterrelouse nag;
en die dreuning van die donder elke ander klank verdoof,
het almal op sy vreugdeslied gewag.

Want die kranse was sy mure en die hemel was sy dak
en sy vriende was die donder en die reën;
en wanneer hy klippe berg af rol en doringboompies knak,
was hy, die berg, die storm, alles één.

En die bliksems skeur die hemel en die wind se wolwehuil
nooi die berg se stroefste bome vir die dans;
en mens en dier wat vreesbevange teen die storm skuil,
hoor sy lied weerklink van krans tot krans.

Lank gelede, by die Kloof, aan die Magaliesberg se hang,
ná nagte teen die kranse in die reën,
het 'n siel gesterf wat kind was, maar op sy manier 'n man
- en daarna was die berge weer alleen.

Tog, die mense die vertel my as jy op 'n stormnag
sy spoor vat teen die krans uit en daar skuil,
hoor jy soms iemand iewers bo die donderslae lag
- en somtyds, weer, dan hoor jy iemand huil.

Koos du Plessis

VOORDRAG – LSEN - GRAAD 4
(Een van die volgende)

<u>EK WONDER</u>	<u>TONTELJONS</u>
Ek wonder wat kalkoene Dink van kouse en skoene En of ouma Pop se poue Hou van rokke met lang moue Wat weet mak en wilde ganse Van vandag se nuwe danse En sal langnek-veldvolstruise Aard in tweeverdiepinghuise? Wat doen Sekretaars met penne Of gee hy nou dalk te kenne Hy sale en van die mooi dae Skryf en antwoord op my vrae? <i>Piet Swanepoel</i>	My mamma het so baie troetelnaampies net vir my. As ek siek is, is dit Kokkewiet wat in die bed moet bly. As ek stout is, is ek sommer net ou Stoute Lielie-lou, en soggens word ek wakker met 'n "Boesman, opstaan nou!" En as die dag vol liefde lê en Mamma druk my styf, is ek haar al en enigste, haar klein vaal Veerpatrys. O, daar is baie name: Morsie-Jorsie en Dansdons, maar die lekkerste van almal is haar Hortel-tortel-Jons. <i>Esta Steyn</i>

VOORDRAG – LSEN - GRAAD 5 (Een van die volgende)

<u>MY BALPUNTPEN</u>	<u>DIE VERWAANDE WALVIS</u>
'n Wonderlike ding, My balpuntpen, Skrywe letters en woorde Soveel as hy ken. Nooit word hy stomp nie; Hy skryf net en skryf. Die woorde en goeters Borrel uit sy lyf. Partykeer word hy moeg, Dan skryf hy sleg. Juffrou raas en sê: "skryf reg" Maar my balpuntpen Steur hom niks daaraan nie En skrywe dan goeters Wat niemand verstaan nie. <i>Ulrich Gerrys</i>	Daar was 'n verwaande walvis wat gesê het: "Ek wens ek was ál vis, die enigste-een-in-die-see vis, die ses-minus-drie-minus-twee vis, die enigste, ware alleen-vis." 'n Sardientjie het hom so beluister en sag vir sy maatjie gefluister: "Hoor dié see-toe-verdwaalde landdier, hy is hoegenaamd, absoluut géén vis!" "Sou hy dan nie wis nie hy is nie 'n vis nie? Dié vet hoog-en-droog dier, dié voortydse soogdier!" <i>E.P. du Plessis</i>



VOORDRAG – LSEN - GRAAD 6
(Een van die volgende)

<u>TOETSKOORS</u>	<u>DIE LIKKEWAAN</u>
Een môre – wanneer was dit tog? O ja, toe ons die toets sou skryf, Die oggend voel ek sommer siek Met pyne in my kop en lyf. My ma het aan my kop gevoel En toe gesê “Ja-nee, ou Doors Ek moet bepaald die dokter kry Want jy’t sowaar ‘n hoë koors”. Die dokter het my ondersoek, My longe, ore en my keel. Toe knik hy met sy kop vir Ma: “Mevrou, ek dink ek weetwat skeel”. Hy neem sy spuit en trek dit vol, Ek toe raak ek opreg benoud, Hy trek die lakens weg en sê “Vir skoolsiek – een in elke boud!” <i>Piet Swanepoel</i>	Daar diekant by die Vaalrivier woon iets wat met sy stert kan slaan Ja, Herklaas sê ‘n bose dier, ‘n sluwe, slinkse likkewaan. Hy lê glo hoog daar teen die wal so doodstil langs ‘n soetgraspol net sodat hy op jou kan val en met jou in die water rol. Of anders lê hy net en wag tot jy daar iewers lê en slaap en dan kom hy so stil en sag, die listige, geslepe knaap. Sy dubbeltong flits uit na jou en voor jy nog kan snork of snuit, suig hy jou harsings ewe gou en netjies by jou neusgat uit. Ou Herklaas maak my rêrig bang om na die Vaalrivier te gaan, want daar’s glo ook ‘n waterslang nog erger as die likkewaan.

VOODRAG – LSEN - GRAAD 7 (Een van die volgende)



DIE WARRELWIND

“Aits, aits!” se die wind toe hy vroeg ontwaak
“vandag het ek lus om pret te maak,
oor die berge en dale van plek tot plek
Sal’k huppel en dans dat die stof so trek!”
En hy gaan met ‘n vaart dwarsdeur ‘n groot stad;
Hy ruk aan die vensters dat die ruite so spat.

En net waar jy kyk, het hoede gewaai;
‘n koelie se kar, wat staan op die draai,
Smyt hy om dat die vrugte en groente so rol.
Toe raps hy hom op en geswind gaan hy
Waar die beeste en perde so vreedzaam wei.
Hy gee nou ou Bontrok se kwas so ‘n draai
In sy holderste – bolderste dwarrelswaai.

Toe die sonnetjie sak oor die westerkim,
Het hy ver in die Oos al berge beklim
En onder die newels daarbo gaan rus,
Asof niks gebeur het Glad onbewus
Hoe moedswillig hy was en geniepsig dié dag ...
Maar wat anders sou jy van die kwaaijong verwag?

DIE VLOOI

Daar’s ‘n vlooi
in my kooi,
nou’s daar weer ‘n woelery.
‘n Vlooi is ‘n ding wat spring,
knyp ek hom hier,
spring hy daar,
dis altyd of hy
my eerste gewaar.

‘n Vlooi is ‘n ding wat spring.
Waar’s hy nou?
In my mou –
vang hom gou!
‘n Vlooi is ‘n ding wat byt,
hy kielie my in my nek,
hy maak my byna gek!
‘n Vlooi is ‘n ding wat byt.
Waar’s hy nou?
Ek moet seek
voor hy spring
binne-in my broek.

Dis knoppe hier
en bulte daar,
net waar hy wil
byt hy my gaar –
nou het ek hom!
Jy kan maar spook,
karnallie, jy’t jou
nou vasgeloop.

Waar’s die ding?
so wragtiewaar
weer weggespring!

ID du Plessis



VOORGESKREWE LIMERIEKE Gr 1 - 7

Gr 1

Kragteloos

Die krag is weer af in die nag
Daar's werk in die huis wat nog wag
Trek nader 'n kers
En skryf maar 'n vers
Oor kragteloos voel teen die mag.

Onbekend

Gr 2

Die Spaarsamige

'n Spaarsamige kêrel, Koos Sduit,
Sit 'n ysplaat in vir 'n ruit.
Sy vrou kom die glas
Met kookwater was,
En die vadoek steek buitentoe uit.

CJ Langenhoven

Gr 3

Sakpas

'n Middeljarige man genaamd Attie
Sê een aand aan sy vrou: "My skattie
jy moet harder probeer
en minder spandeer
anders sien ek binnekort my weet-nie-watie!"

Gr 4

Die Optimis

"'n Verkleurmannetjie, a!" skree ou Stander,
En hy vang die blou klipsallemander;
En hy bring hom vir sy vrou,
En sy sê: "Maar hy's dan blou?"
"Wag, vrou," sê die ou, "hy verander."

Onbekend



Graad 5

Kragteloos

Die krag is weer af in die nag
Daar's werk in die huis wat nog wag
Trek nader 'n kers
En skryf maar 'n vers
Oor kragteloos voel teen die mag.

Onbekend

Graad 6

'n Meisie wat woon in die Kaap

'n Meisie wat woon in die Kaap
Praat elke nag glo in haar slaap
Haar taal is gemieks
Dis Spaans, Frans en Grieks
En soms blêr sy soos 'n skaap.

Anoniem

Graad 7

Die tannie

Die tannie woonagtig in Bloem
Was bang toe 'n by om haar soem
Toe slaan sy hom plat,
Dat die heuning spat
En spuit hom glo poegaai met Doom



Closing date for entries: 14 April 2025

Date of adjudication: 11 - 16 Aug 2025
Foundation phase: Gr RRR – Gr 3

Venue: Brakpan Primary School
37 Stoffberg Ave
Brakpan

Section Head: Me. Rochelle van der Merwe
Contact No: (011) 740 0900

Closing date for entries: 14 April 2025

Date of adjudication: 25 Aug – 30 August 2025
Intersen: Gr 4 – Gr 7

Venue: Brakpan Primary
37 Stoffberg Ave
Brakpan

Section Head: Me. Rochelle van der Merwe
Contact No: (011) 740 0900

Closing date for entries: 14 April 2025

Date of adjudication: 1 - 5 Sep 2025
Gr 8 - 12

Venue: Hoërskool Die Anker
131 Tweedy St.
Brenthurst, Brakpan

Section Head: Me. Simone Welding
Contact No: 011 813 4160

GENERAL INFORMATION



- Poetry: Only prescribed poems may be performed in this section.
- Learners participating in an item outside of the allocated time for the relevant item to be adjudicated will not be considered for an "item win".
- No change in the sequence of competing in an item will be allowed.
- Please ensure correct outfits (school uniform/costume/black drama clothes) are worn when performing.
- Learners that use material/pieces for the second time round will be disqualified.
- The grade of the oldest participant will determine the grade of groups.
- Dramatised Choral Verse: Movement, Costumes and Music allowed
- .Undramatised Choral Verse: No gestures, music or costumes. Only head and shoulder movements are allowed.
- No mime items may be repeated in the Afrikaans Section. New material must be presented.
- No discussions with the adjudicator will be allowed. Complaints must be sent to sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za
- All Participants must be at the venue 30 minutes prior to the time when the sections starts.

Please do all entries on-line or alternatively contact sekretaresse@brakpankunswedstryd.co.za

LIST OF ALL ITEMS IN THE ENGLISH SECTION

PRESCRIBED POETRY

See prescribed poems at the end of this section

OWN CHOICE POETRY

Participant must deliver an age appropriate poem. Rules for presentation are the same than prescribed poetry.

PRESCRIBED LIMERICK

See prescribed limericks for grade 1 – 7 at the end of this section

Own choice Limerick Gr 4 – 12

Age appropriate

Self written Limerick Gr 4 – 12

Age appropriate

DRAMATISED POETRY



The individual presentation of a poem using movement, gestures and speech. Movements enhance the spoken word. Rostra/chair may be used. Careful selection of the poem is essential.

Own Choice

PROSE (STILL)

The individual presentation of a passage taken from a book, without movement or gesture.

Own choice

DRAMATISED PROSE

The individual presentation of a passage taken from a book using functional movement, gesture and speech. Sound effects may be used, as my rostra etc. if needed.

Own choice

BIBLE PROSE (UNDRAMATISED)

Interpretation of an extract from the Bible, presented without movement.

Own choice

MONOLOGUE

A presentation of one character from a book or play and should include imaginative character/s. The nature may be humoristic or dramatic. The presentation should entail movement, gesture and speech. Props and basic costumes may be used

Own Choice

CHORAL VERSE DRAMATISED

Group of Learners present a poem (own choice) with movement and gestures. Music may be used.

Own choice - 2-5 min

CHORAL VERSE UNDRAMATISED

Group of Learners present a poem (own choice) without movement, music and gestures. (undramatised)

Own choice - 2-5 min

MIME - PREPARED

A dramatic presentation using gestures. No dialogue may be used. You are not allowed to use the same piece in the Afrikaans section.

Own Choice

MIME – UNPREPARED

Preparation time of 5 minutes. Unprepared presentation of a situation or topic which will be provided by the adjudicator, by means of gestures, emotion and movement. No dialogue may be used. You are not allowed to use the same piece in the Afrikaans section

GROUP MIME PEPAED

A dramatic presentation by a group of 3 or more pupils, using gestures. No dialogue may be used. No group will be allowed to use the same piece in the Afrikaans section.

Own choice

GROUP MIME UNPREPARED

A Topic and 5 minutes preparation time will be provided. A dramatic presentation by a group of 3 or more pupils, using gestures. No dialogue may be used. No group will be allowed to use the same piece in the Afrikaans section.



DUO MIME PREPARED

A dramatic presentation by 2 pupils, using gestures. No dialogue may be used. No group will be allowed to use the same piece in the Afrikaans section.

Own choice

DUO MIME UNPREPARED

A Topic and 5 minutes preparation time will be provided. A dramatic presentation by 2 pupils, using gestures. No dialogue may be used. No group will be allowed to use the same piece in the Afrikaans section.

SIGHT READING

Learners are given a passage from a book to read. The learner must be able to read interpretive and not just fluent.

PREPARED READING

Learners prepare (at home) a passage from a book to read. The learner must be able to read interpretive and not just fluent.

Own Choice

PREPARED GROUP READING

A group should prepare a drama, radiodrama or appropriate prose and present as interpretive reading. There should be different characters and a narrator may be used. Sound effects may be used to support story line for example barking dogs etc. Music at the beginning should only be used for introduction purposes and the same rule to be applied for the ending.

Own Choice

GROUP POETRY DRAMATISED

A dramatised presentation with a minimum of 3 participants. Poems may be linked by using appropriate movement, interludes, sound effects etc. Costumes are allowed.

Own choice

DUOLOGUE

A dramatised performance (comic or dramatic) by two people from a book or play. The presentation should entail movement, gesture and speech. Props, basic costume and sound effects may be used if essential to the portrayal. **Own choice**

IMPROVISATION

Learner will receive a topic from the adjudicator and will have 5 minutes to prepare. Announce choice of situation clearly. An impromptu presentation of a given situation. Emotion, speech and dramatic movements must be used. Participants may use story teller, characterization and interaction with imagined character(s) or may use one character continuously interacting with fictitious characters. No direct contact with audience.

GROUP IMPROVISATION

Learners will receive a topic from the adjudicator and will have 5 minutes to prepare.

An impromptu presentation of a given situation. Emotion, speech and dramatic movements must be used.

STORY TELLING

Preparation time 5 minutes. Unprepared presentation of a given topic. The story should have an introduction, a climax and an ending. No movement or gestures.



PICTURE TELLING

Preparation time 5 minutes. The candidate will be given a picture to study for 5 minutes. A verbal story should be delivered without gestures or movement.

CHAIN STORY TELLING

A maximum of 4 learners will receive a topic 5 minutes prior to participating. They will then take turns in telling the story which must consist of an introduction, climax and ending. No movements and gestures

SPEECH AND DRAMA PROGRAM – OWN CHOICE

8 – 12 min

Learners present a program not exceeding the time allocated below. The program must be based on a theme and well balanced. Versatility must be portrayed by using any 3 of the following items:

Dramatised poetry, dramatised prose, monologue, dance and movement drama, mime. In addition, a written programme should be presented for adjudication.

ENGLISH PRESENTATION PROGRAMME – OWN CHOICE

8 – 15 min

Communication should provide a programme of highly 15 minutes. The programme must be well balanced and the emphasis should be on variety, continuing theme and inter change in presentation. The candidate should prove his versatility.

- a. Lyric poem
- b. Descriptive prose
- c. Dramatic monologue
- d. Comic item (prose, poetry, or drama)



PRESCRIBED POETRY

GRADE RRR GIRLS (One of the following)

I WONDER WHY BOYS WERE INVENTED

I wonder why boys were invented
They're dirty and messy and rude.
They never wash up before dinner
And burp after eating their food

Bruce Lansky

IF SHOES COULD FLY

If shoes could fly.
(Oh what a treat!)
Then we'd wear birds
Upon our feet.

GRADE RRR BOYS (One of the following)

AS I WAS GOING UP THE STAIR

As I was going up the stair
I met a man that wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today.
Oh, how I wish he'd gone away!

COUSIN JANE

Yesterday my cousin Jane
Said she was an aeroplane.
But I wanted further proof –
So I pushed her off the roof.

Colin West

GRADE RR GIRLS (One of the following)

DON'T CRY CATERPILLAR

Don't cry, Caterpillar
Caterpillar, don't cry
You'll be a butterfly – by and by.

Caterpillar, please
Don't worry 'bout a thing

"But," said Caterpillar,
"Will I still know myself – in wings?"

I DON'T LIKE BOYS

I don't like boys
I don't like their toys
They are rough and tough and rude
They always spoil our fun
When we play with Barbies in the sun
They are simply up to no good!

GRADE RR BOYS (One of the following)

TEDDY BEAR

Teddy Bear
Sat on a chair,
With ham and jam
And plum and pear.

"This is queer"
Said Teddy Bear,
"The more I eat
The less is there!"

HOT SAUSAGE

"Roll over!"
said the sausage,
hot from the pan;
"You chips had
Better keep in line;
I'm the Sausage Superman!"



GRADE R – GIRLS
(One of the following)

MARY HAD A LITTLE MOUSE

Mary had a little mouse
Its fur was white as snow.
And every where that Mary went
The mouse was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which wasn't Mary's plan
For when the mouse jumped on her desk,
The teacher screamed and ran!

Joyce Amor

OH PLEASE MR LION

I'm a lion in the forest and ...
I'm looking for my tea.

Oh, please, Mr. Lion ...
Don't eat me!

I'm a lion in the forest and ...
I must have some meat.

Oh, please, Mr. Lion ...
I'm not the one to eat!

I'm a lion in the forest,
And I've waited long ENOUGH!

Oh, please, Mr. lion
You'll find me very tough!

GRADE R – BOYS
(One of the following)

QUESTIONS

I often wonder why, oh why,
All grown-ups say to me:
"When you are old and six foot high,
What do you want to be?"

I sometimes wonder what they'd say
If I should ask them all
What they would like to be, if they
Were six years old and small.

AFTER MY BATH

After my bath
I try, try, try
To wipe myself
Till I'm dry, dry dry.

Hands to wipe
And fingers and toes,
And two wet legs
And a shiny nose

Just think how much
Less time I'd take
If I were a dog
And could shake, shake shake.



GRADE ONE GIRLS
(One of the following)

<u>MY MIRROR</u> I looked in the mirror And who did I see? Someone else looking – just like me! There was a mouth, there was a nose. Right at the bottom – I could see toes! I waved my hand, Someone waved too. “Mummy, mummy – what shall I do? Mummy came quickly, And what did I see? There were two someones – Mummy and me!	<u>Bird on a Wire</u> Blame the starlings the lights have gone out Blame the leaves the trains can't run Blame the sun the wind and the sea But whatever you do don't blame me. <i>Roger Mc Gough</i>	<u>FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL</u> My first day at school Funny sort of day Didn't seem to learn much Seemed all we did was play. The teacher wrote some letters On a board all painted black And then we had a story and ... I don't think I'll go back.
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GRADE ONE BOYS
(One of the following)

<u>JUST JOE</u> I'd like to be like Superman and be big and strong, so I could fight the “baddies”, when they come along. But then I'd need some Krypton, and there's none around, I know. So I'll have to do the best I can and just stay good old Joe! <i>John Davies</i>	<u>A MONSTER MUST HAVE SPILLED MY MILK</u> A monster must have spilled my milk He must have hit my cup. He must have knocked it on the floor And didn't clean it up. So when my mother sees it I'm sure she will agree, A monster must have spilled my milk. It couldn't have been me.	<u>HAPPY BIRTHDAY FROM YOUR LOVING BROTHER</u> My sister plays with Barbie dolls She likes to wear a skirt. Her room's so neat and tidy that I think she's scared of dirt. I know I cannot change her. But I love to see her squirm. And so on her next birthday I am giving her a worm. <i>Bruce Lansky</i>
--	---	--



GRADE 2 GIRLS
(one of the following)

MY BROTHER'S FEET PEW!

My brother's feet are stinky
and he's hard to sit beside!
Mom makes him take his sneakers off
and leave them there, outside.

She really shouldn't do that,
it's not something she can hide
'Cause he brings the smell right with him
on his socks and feet inside.

PEW! That smell is really awful!
His feet must be nearby.
Oh, my brother isn't home now ...
Oh my, it's mine!

Anonymous

THE TEACHER

Well here I am, right up
In front of the class.
She has picked me again.
I did not even ask.
That's three times
She has chosen me.
Three in a row.
I've stood up here three times
In a terrible row.
Up and down. Up and down
Like a stupid yo-yo.
Down and up.
Down and up.
Do you think this is fair?
Maybe next time I'll tell her
I'm stuck to my chair

FRECKLE BATH

I'll tell you what I tried to do,
If you promise you won't laugh.
I tried to wash my freckles off
While I was in my bath.

I scrubbed and rubbed and rubbed and scrubbed
With my washcloth, soap and water.
I tried it with the water cold.
I tried with it much hotter

But my freckles wouldn't budge an inch,
Although I tried my best.
So I kept the freckles where they were
And washed away the rest.

GRADE 2 BOYS
(one of the following)

IMAGINARY FRIEND

I came to school today
With my imaginary friend.
When everyone said "hi" to him,
I said, "He's just pretend."

But no one seemed to notice,
Which I thought was pretty weird.
It turns out he'd imagined me,
And, *poof*, I disappeared.

Ken Nesbitt

SHOW-AND-TELL

I brought my grandma's teeth to school
To share for show-and-tell
Billy showed his sneakers.
It was more like show-and-smell.
Kevin brought a violin and showed he
Couldn't play
Katie brought her snake to school – too bad
It got away
Our class likes show-and-tell a lot, so we
Were sad to hear
Our teacher say that show-and-tell is
Cancelled till next year!

NASTY BOYS ... NICE BOYS

What are nasty boys like?
They pull your hair,
They call you names,
They tell you lies,
They wreck your games!
NASTY BOYS WANT ... MORE ... MORE
... MORE!

What are nice boys like?
They make you laugh,
They hold your hand.
Nice boys always understand ...
They share their toys,
They let you play
THEY CHASE THE NASTY BOYS AWAY!

AND ... I am a nice boy!



GRADE 3 GIRLS (one of the following)

MY BROTHER

My brother's worth two cents
As far as I can see
I simply cannot understand
Why they would want a HE

He spends a good part of his day
Asleep inside his crib
And when he eats
He has to wear a stupid baby bib

He cannot walk and cannot talk
And cannot throw a ball
In fact, he can't do anything
He's just no fun at all!

It would have been more sensible
As far as I can see
Instead of getting one like him
To go on just like ME!

LOST IN WOOLWORTHS

Oh, no! I'm lost in Woolworths
My mum's nowhere in sight!
She was buying me new takkies
(my old ones are too tight).

She was over by the check-out.
I was at the Pick 'n Mix.
But now she's gone and vanished
And I'm in an awful fix.

Oh, the panic! Oh, the horror!
Oh, the heat, the noise, the crowd!
I think I might start crying
And I think it might be LOUD!

WHAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Then joy of joys! I see her!
With my takkies in a packet.
"Oh there you are! Where have you been?
And what an awful racket?"

I take her hand. I smile a bit.
She buys me Juicy Fruits.
And everything's all right again –
'till I get lost in Boots!"

MY TEACHER LOVES HER IPOD

My teacher loves her ipod
It's always in her ear.
She doesn't mind if we joke
Or chat 'cause she can't hear.

If we don't pay attention,
She doesn't seem to care.
Whenever she has music on,
She wears a distant stare.

Our principal dropped by one day.
And she paid no attention.
He took away her ipod.
And he sent her to detention.

GRADE 3 BOYS (one of the following)

NEXT!

Lining up in neat rows
standing two-by-two
we all wait in silence
in that long and winding queue.

But it's not to see a statue
or get into a park,
it's not to see a museum
or a special work of art.

No, we're all lined up in rows
standing two-by-two,
waiting on our school trip
to use the one and only loo.

Andrew Collett

FALLING ASLEEP IN CLASS

I fell asleep in class today,
As I was awfully bored.
I laid my head upon my desk
And closed my eyes and snored.

I woke to find a piece of paper
Sticking to my face.
I'd slobbered on my textbooks
And my hair was a disgrace.

My clothes were badly rumpled,
And my eyes were glazed and red.
My binder left a three-ring
Indentation in my head.

I slept through class, and probably
I would have slept some more,
Except my studentswoke me
As they headed out the door.

By Kenn Nesbitt

I'M IN A ROTTEN MOOD

I'm in a rotten mood today,
A really rotten mood today.
I'm feeling cross
I'm feeling mean.
I'm jumpy as a jumping bean.
I have an awful attitude –
I'M IN A ROTTEN MOOD!

I'm in a rotten mood today
A really rotten mood today
I'm in a snit.
I'm in a stes,
There's nothing that I care to do
But sit all by myself and brood –
I'M IN A ROTTEN MOOD!

I'm in a rotten mood today,
A really rotten mood today
You'd better stay away from me,
I'm just a lump of misery
I'm feeling absolutely rude-
I'M IN A ROTTEN MOOD!

WHERE DO TEACHERS GO?

Where do teachers go
When it's 4 o'clock?
Do they live in houses
And do they wash their socks?

Do they wear pyjama
And do they watch TV?
And do they pick their noses
The same as you and me?

Did they ever, never spell right?
Did they ever make mistakes?
Were they punished in the corner
If they pinched the chocolate flakes?

I'll follow one back home today
I'll find out what they do
Then I'll put it in a poem
That they can read to you.

IF MY DINNER CAME ALIVE

If my dinner came alive
I don't know what I'd do
I'd probably scream and run around
what about you?
My chicken started clucking
and my broccoli started to talk.
My meatloaf got up and stretched
and on my plate began to walk.
I don't know what's causing this nonsense
how did my dinner come to life?
Even my fork came alive!
Then the spoon, and then the knife!
Maybe I am crazy!
It must be all in my head
Then as I looked over the table,
All I saw was dancing bread.

Felicia Juliano

CHILDREN'S PRAYER

Let the teachers of our class
Set us tests that we all pass
Let them never ever care
About what uniform we wear.
Let them always clearly state
It's OK if our homework's late
Let them say it doesn't matter
When we want to talk and chatter

Let our teachers shrug and grin
When we make an awful din.
Let them tell us every day
There are no lessons. Go and play.
Let them tell our mum and dad
We're always good and never bad.
Let them write in their report
We are the best class they have taught!



MOUSE

I cursed the mouse that gnawed my cheese
And trespassed smoothly on my peace.

I growled and vowed I'd do him in –
This wretched scrap of speed and sin!

"You haunt my dreams and days," I cried:
"For my bread's sake it's time you died!"

I laughed to find my cunning trap
Had killed the beastly little chap.

The little chap! Yes that's the name
I used in death and stood in shame.

The story of the righteous deed
Is now a sword on which I bleed.

Clifford Dyment

A GOOD PLAY

We built a ship upon the stairs
all made of the back-bedroom chairs,
and filled it full of sofa pillows
to go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
and water in the nursery pails;
and Tom said, "Let us also take
an apple and a slice of cake";
which was enough for Tom and me
to go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
and had the very best of plays;
but Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
so there was no one left but me.

Robert Louis Stevenson

PUNCTUATION PEOPLE

The full stop is a busy man.
A reading traffic cop.
He blocks the helter-skelter words
And brings them to a stop.

The question marks a little dwarf
He's small but very wise.
He asks too many questions for
A fellow of his size.

The exclamation mark's a gnome,
He's easily excited!
When children laugh and cry and scream
It's then he's most delighted.

Of all the punctuation folk
I like the comma best,
For when I'm getting out of breath
He lets me take a rest.

GRADE 5 GIRLS (One of the following)

ANYONE SEEN MY.....?

VICTORIA'S POEM



The people who keep losing things
Are searching high and low.
They poke and peer – “We left it here.”
But no one seems to know.

The people who keep losing things
Have not a single clue.
The look in vain – “It’s lost, again.
I can’t just wear one shoe.”
For people who keep losing things
There isn’t any cure.
They carry on – “It can’t be gone,
I left it there, I’m sure.”

They wear a look of great surprise
To think that it’s mislaid.
A sock, a vest and all the rest
Are stolen, lost or strayed.

The people who keep losing things –
They worry and they whine.
They can’t think where... but, most unfair,
They go and borrow mine.

M Fatchen

Send me upstairs without any tea,
refuse me a plaster to stick on my knee.

Make me kiss Grandpa who smells of his pipe,
make me eat beetroot, make me eat tripe.

Throw all my best dolls into the river.
Make me eat bacon and onions – with liver.

Tell Mr Allan I’ve been a bad girl,
rename me Nellie, rename me Pearl.

But don’t even if
the world suddenly ends
ever again
Mother,
wipe my face with a tissue
in front of my friends.

Fred Sedgwick

VOICES OF WATER

By Toney Mitton

The water in the rain says Tick Tick Tack
The water in the sleet says Slush
The water in the ice says Crick Crick Crack
The water in the snow says hush

The water in the sink says slosh Slosh
The water in the taps says Drip
The water in the bath ways Wash Wash
The water in the cup says Sip

The water in the pool says Splish Splash
The water in the steam says Trill
The water in the sea says Crish Crash
The water in the pond..... stays still.

The water in the soil says Sow Sow
The water in the cloud says Give
The water in the plant says Grow Grow
The water in the world says Live

MY DAD'S A SECRET AGENT

My dad's a secret agent,
 He's an undercover spy.
 He's the world's best detective
 He's the perfect private eye.

 He's a Pinkerton, a gumshoe,
 He's a snoop and he's a sleuth.
 He's unrivalled at detecting
 And uncovering the truth.

 He's got eyesight like an eagle,
 He's got hearing like a bat.
 He can out-smell any bloodhound
 He's as stealthy as a cat

 He can locate nearly anything
 With elementary ease.
 But no matter how he looks and looks
 My dad can't find his KEYS!

MY PAIN

It doesn't hurt with sudden screams,
 Like cuts, or stings, or scrapes.
 It doesn't help to cover it
 With bandages and tapes.

 It doesn't make me howl like
 I'm waiting for a shot,
 Or when I touch my finger to
 The stove when I should not.

 It isn't like those frozen brains
 You get some summer day
 When ice cream burns behind your eyes
 Then quickly melts away.

 It's more a steady soreness,
 Like a nasty, nagging blister.
 If you have got a pain like mine,
 It's probably your sister.

Ted Scheu

THE HAMSTER

When he wakes up,
 he stretches and yawns,
 and cleans himself up,
 with his tiny cupped paws.
 He runs to his food and picks up a nut,
 then sits on his haunches and gobble it up.

 He runs in his cage without any sound,
 then runs to his wheel and looks all around.
 While all are asleep,
 all you hear is the sound
 of the squeaking wheel,
 as it turns round and round.

 At the crack of dawn,
 he begins to yawn,
 and returns to his nest,
 for a well earned rest.

J Browning



GRADE 6 GIRLS (One of the following)

CAKES IN THE STAFFROOM

Nothing gets teachers more excited
Than cakes in the staffroom at break time.
Nothing gets them more delighted
Than the sight of plates
Piled high with jammy doughnuts
Or chocolate cake.

It's an absolute stampede
As the words get round quickly,
Really, it's the only time they're quiet
When they're cramming cakes into their mouths,

When they're wearing a creamy moustache
Or the jam squirts out like blood,
Or they're licking chocolate
From their fingers.

You can tell when they've been scoffing,
They get languid in literacy,
Sleepy in silent reading,
Nonsensical in numeracy,
Look guilty in assembly.

But nothing gets teachers more excited
Than cakes in the staffroom at break time,
Unless of course,
It's wine in the staffroom at lunch time!
(Brian Moses)

BEES CANNOT FLY

Bees cannot fly, scientists have proved it
It is all to do with wingspan and body-weight.
Aerodynamically incapable of sustained flights,
Bees simply cannot fly, and yet they do.

There's one there, unaware of its dodgy ratio's
A noisy bubble, a helium-filled steamroller.
Fat and proud of it, buzzing about the garden
As if it were the last day of the spring sales.

Trying on all the brightest flowers, squeezing itself
Into frilly numbers three sizes too small.
Bees can fly, there's no need to prove it. And
sting.
When stung, do scientists refuse to believe if?

Roger McGough

THE DIET

I've just stood on the scales.
What a dreadful fright.
I really thought my jeans had shrunk again!
What I didn't realize
was – they're getting far too tight;
NO chips and crisps and cakes for me – that's plain!
I'll try to lose a stone –
That's well within my reach,
before the summer comes and clothes get less!
bikinis don't look good
if you're bulging on the beach –
And I doubt if I can do up my best dress!
So that's my new idea –
Nothing will change my mind,
not anything you DO or EAT or SAY!
Some chocolates – just for me!
Oh, thank you – that's so kind.
A diet? Well – perhaps another day!

Jacqueline Emery

32. GRADE 6 BOYS (One of the following)



LADLES AND JELLYSPOONS

Ladles and jellyspoons:
I come before you
To stand behind you
And tell you something
I know nothing about.
Next Thursday,
the day after Friday,
There'll be a ladies' meeting
For men only.
Wear your best clothes
If you haven't any,
And if you can come
Please stay home.
Admission is free,
You can pay at the door.
We'll give you a seat
So you can sit on the floor.
It makes no difference
Where you sit;
The kid in the gallery
Is sure to spit.

Unknown

MATHS MY WAY

Two plus two is twenty-two
It's plain as day that this is true.
But teacher says she's very sure
That two plus two adds up to four.

Three plus three makes thirty-three
That's the way it ought to be.
But teacher says the answer's six.
I don't know why. Must be a trick.

Four plus four is forty-four.
Not any less, not any more.
My teacher just can't get it straight.
She keeps on saying the answer's eight.

I give up, I'll go along.
I'll do it her way, thought she's wrong.
But in my heart, I know what's true –
Two plus two makes twenty-two.

Carol Diggory Shields

WE'VE GOT A GIRL IN OUR TEAM

We've got a girl in our team and it's against the rules.
Girls were made for skipping not booting footballs.
We've got a girl in our team and that's not fair.
She won't want to head the ball and mess up her hair.
We've got a girl in our team and it makes me sick.
I suppose she'll do her make-up before each free kick.
We've got a girl in our team and look what she's done.
Scored in the last minute and our team's won.

John Coldwell



GRADE 7 GIRLS (One of the following)

WHEN SARAH SURFS THE INTERNET

When Sarah surfs the Internet
She starts by checking mail.
She answers all her messages
From friends in great detail.

She plays a game, or maybe two,
And watches a cartoon,
Then chats with kids in places
Like Rwanda and Rangoon.

She reads about her favorite bands.
She buys and MP3.
She downloads movie trailers
And she looks for stuff for free.

She reads about celebrities
And dreams of wealth and fame,
Then watches music videos
And plays another game.

If you should say, "Your time is up.
I need to use the Net,"
She always whines, "I haven't got
My homework finished yet!"

Kenn Nesbitt

LOVE LETTER

I hold my breath,
drop the letter on his desk,
watch him pick it up,
mouth the words he reads
following as his finger traces them.

"Dear Rodger
I love you
Love from Alison."

He looks up
and I can read nothing in his eyes;
Picks up his pencil,
shields paper with his arm.
I pray Miss Forshaw isn't looking.

The folded note begins its journey
- Godfrey - Colin - John - Carol -
I wrench it open, desperate to know.

"Dear Alison
There is no d in Roger."

Alison Chisholm

WHEN MY DAD WATCHES THE NEWS

When my dad watches the news
You can start lots of fights
And swing from the lights,
You can throw all the cushions about,
You can smash every plate,
Keep on slamming the gate
And wear all your clothes inside out;
Do a dangerous trick
Or make yourself sick
By eating four packets of jelly,
You can "prune" a few plants,
Donated by aunts,
Or draw Superman on his belly;
You can dig up the garden
Burp, and not say pardon,
Or write on the wall with a pen,
You can shout, "There's a fire!"
Or, "Mums joined a choir!"
Or, I'm Leaving school when I'm ten!
You can dance on the table,
For as long as you're able
Then dive off the edge with real "Flair,
You can hair gel the cat,
So she's painful to pat,
You can staple your gran to the chair;
Phone a friend in New York,
And have a long talk.

Or tell him, "You've won a world cruise"
You can juggle with eggs
Or shave the dog's legs,
When my dad watches the news

Coral Rumble



GRADE 7 BOYS (One of the following)

POETRY LESSON

Hey! You there!
The boy on the back row
Who's nearly fast asleep –
Next to the read-headed boy
Who's hiding a comic under his desk.
Yes, you!
Why aren't you paying attention?
What? You were!

Now don't give me that –
Using your arms as a pillow –
You were three parts gone already.
I beg your pardon?
You found it – BORING?
Oh – indeed!!

Then I suppose you'd rather be doing something else –
Like trying out your model aeroplane.
Watching trains,
Or playing football for North Pole United?
Or perhaps you want to take a ride
On that new bike your father bought?
You what? You would?!!!

Al right boy, GO!
(and see you enjoy yourself!)

Class, dismissed!

THE NOISE OF BOYS

The noise that annoys
is the noise of boys

"We think boys are good
we know all our manners
and do just what we should."

"Your behaviour is disgusting
You're rough and tough and rude ...
Your hands are always dirty ...
And you gobble all your food".

The girls always blame us
It isn't really fair
'cause they are all little tell tales
And just see if we care".

"Just the other day
Daddy fell down the stair ...
I was blamed
And I wasn't even there!"

As for girls
They spell trouble
When we see them come ...
We're off on the double.

Anonymous

GRADE 8 GIRLS (One of the following)



INTERRUPTIONS

I loved the grass beneath me
And I loved the clouds above,
I loved the things about me
With a wild and passionate love
I loved the birds in their beauty
And I loved the jungle wild
But I did not love my duty
For I was a willful child.
For how could I learn about history
When Spring was hot in my blood,
When the world was full of sunshine
And gone was the winter mud;
When the oak saplings were budding
And the birds were singing high,
And the white Spring clouds were drifting
So slow across the sky?

“Elizabeth, come to your senses!
Elizabeth, use your brain!”
The veils of my romance lifted
And I faced my teacher again.

Elizabeth du Preez

FAT IS NOT A FAIRY TALE

I am thinking of a fairy tale,
Cinder Elephant,
Sleeping Tubby,
Snow Weight,
where the princess is not
Anorexic, wasp-wasted,
Flinging herself down the stairs.

I am thinking of a fairy tale,
Hansel and Great,
Repoundsel,
Bounty and the Beast
where the beauty
Has a pillowed breast,
and fingers plump as sausage.

I am thinking of a fairy tale
That is not yet written,
For a teller not yet born,
for a listener not yet conceived,
for a world not yet won,
Where everything round is good:
The sun, wheels, cookies and the princess.

Jane Yolen



GRADE 8 BOYS (One of the following)

THE BOGEYMAN

In the desolate depths of a perilous place
The bogeyman lurks, with a snarl on his face.
Never dare, never dare to approach his dark lair
For he's waiting --- just waiting --- to get you.

He skulks in the shadows, relentless and wild
In his search for a tender, delectable child.
With his steely sharp claws and his slaving jaws
Oh, he's waiting ---- just waiting --- to get you.

Many have entered his dreary domain
But not even one has been heard from again,
They no doubt made a feast for the butchering beast
For he's waiting ---- just waiting --- to get you.

In that sulphurous, sunless and sinister place
He'll crumple your bones in his bogey embrace.
Never ever go near if you hold your life dear,
For oh! --- what he'll do --- when he gets you!

By: Jack Prelutsky

MY PRAYING MANTIS

I once had a mantis as a pet.
A praying mantis; you must not forget,

is the tiger of the insect world
hungry, fierce an extremely bold;

and if you are an insect, keep away
should a mantis be lurking where you play.

Anyway, my mantis was my very best friend.
He sat on my shoulder, and I did defend

his insect's right to stay with me,
protect him from people's curiosity;

for they thought it very strange
the way his body was arranged:

For a start, his neck was very long,
and his heart-shaped head did not belong

to that thin neck and bulbous abdomen
or toothed arms as strong as ten,

wings which gave him speed in flight
when he attacked and with delight

grabbed a cockroach for his supper,
tore and ate it with his choppers.

However, one day, Phoebe, the neighbour's cat,
gobbled up my mantis and that was that.

Phoebe licked her lips, seemed satisfied
with a chewed-up mantis in her inside.

I suppose, for a mantis, the moral to this story
is, look out for cats or you'll be sorry.

By: John Lyons



GRADE 9 GIRLS

(One of the following)

PAINT BRUSH

I keep my paintbrush with me
Wherever I may go,
In case I need to cover up
So the real me doesn't show
I'm so afraid to show you me,
Afraid of what you'll do – that
You might laugh or say mean things.
I'm afraid I might lose you.
I'd like to remove all my paint coats
To show you the real true me,
But I want you to try and understand,
I need you to accept what you see.
So if you'll be patient and close your eyes,
I'll strip off all my coats real slow.
Please understand how much it hurts
To let the real me show.

Now my coats are all stripped off.
I feel naked, bare and cold,
And If you still love me with all that you see,
You are my friend, pure and gold.

I need to save my paintbrush, though,
And hold it in my hand,
I want to keep it handy
In case somebody doesn't understand.
So please protect me, my dear friend
And thanks for loving me true,
But please let me keep my paintbrush with me
Until I love me too.

By: Bettie B Youngs

GIVE UP SLIMMING MUM

My Mum is short
and plump and pretty
and I wish she'd give up
slimming

So does Dad

Her cooking's delicious
You can't beat it
But you really can
hardly bear to eat it
the way she sits with her eyes
brimming,
watching you polish off the spuds
and trimming while she has nothing
herself but a small thin dry
diet biscuit
that's all

My Mum is short
and plump and pretty
and I wish she'd give up
slimming

So does Dad

She says she looks as though
someone had sat on her
**BUT WE LIKE MUM WITH A BIT
OF FAT ON HER!**

By: Kit Wright



GRADE 9 BOYS (One of the following)

NEW BOY

He stood alone in the playground
Scuffed his shoes and stared at the ground
He'd come half-way through term from the Catholic School
On the other side of town.

He'd a brand new blazer and cap on
Polished shoes and neatly cut hair
Blew on his fists, looked up and half smiled
Pretending he didn't care.

And I remembered when I'd been new
And no one had spoken to me
I'd almost cried as I stood alone
Hiding my misery.

Heart said I should go over
Share a joke or play the fool
But I was scared of looking stupid
In front of the whole school.

At break someone said they'd seen him
Crying in the Geography test
And when he came out they pointed and laughed
And I laughed along with the rest.

In my dreams I'd always stood alone
Believing I was the best
But in the cold playground of everyday life
I was no better than the rest.

By: Gareth Owen

THE DIVER

I put on my aqua-lung and plunge,
Exploring, like a ship with a glass keel,
The secrets of the deep. Along my lazy road
On and on I steal ----

Over waving bushes which at a touch explode
Into shrimps, then closing, rock to the tune of the tide,
Over crabs that vanish in puffs of sand.
Look, a string of pearls bubbling at my side
Breaks in my hand ----

Those pearls were my breath! --- Does that hollow hide
Some old Armada wreck in seaweed furled,
Crusted with barnacles, her cannon rusted.
The great San Phillip? What bullion in her hold?
Pieces of eight, silver crowns, and bars of solid gold?

I shall never know. Too soon the clasping cold
Fastens on flesh and limb
And pulls me to the surface. Shivering, back I swim
To the beach, the noisy crowds, the ordinary world.

By: Ian Serraillier



GRADE 10 GIRLS (One of the following)

YOU WEREN'T THERE

You weren't there
The day I fell
In the school playground –
My cries shattering the quiet of the sterile corridors.

You weren't there
To wipe away the stains of failure
When I swam my first race –
And lost.

You weren't there
To pick up the shattered pieces of my heart
The night he phoned
And said it was all over.

You weren't there
The day my dreams came true,
I came home
To a lonely emptiness.

You weren't there
To pick me up from school
to plant a caring kiss on my troubled brow
to speak mother/daughter things – trivialities –
yet not so trivial.
You weren't there
Ever.

And soon
I'll be gone –
Like a warm breath
On a cold Highveld morning.

Forever.
Mother

C Esser Kingsmead College

THE RELEASE

All day he shoves the pasteboard in
The slick machine that turns out boxes,
A box a minute; and its din
Is all his music, as he stands
And feeds it; While his jaded brain
Moves only out and in again
With the slick motion of his hands,
Monotonously making boxes,
A box a minute – all his thoughts
A slick succession of empty boxes.

But, when night comes, and he is free
To play his fiddle, with the music
His whole soul moves to melody;
No more recalling day's dumb round,
His reckless spirit sweeps and whirls
On surging waves and dizzy swirls
And eddies of enchanted sound;
And in a flame-winged flight of music
Above the roofs and chimneys soars
To ride the starry tides of music.

By: WW Gibson



GRADE 10 BOYS (One of the following)

THE COFFEE BAR CROWD

We don't do anything wrong.
All we do is sit and drink
Every night talking until it's time to go
But people never stop talking about us.
They say we're good-for-nothing layabouts,
Lazy, bad-mannered and undisciplined.
They think that because they don't know us
They don't understand us. We want more clubs,
More coffee bars, more things for us to do,
The younger generation:
But the older generation is too busy playing bingo.
They think we're all right and well-off,
They don't understand that we get bored
Doing the same thing every night.
The boys at the bar buy motorbikes
To get some fun from this world
The rest of us take things not because
We need them, but for kicks.
The older generation
Don't understand us, and won't even try.

By: Peter Matthews

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds – and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

By: John Gillespie Magee



GRADE 11 GIRLS (One of the following)

VOICES

I heard those voices today again:
Voices of women and children, down in that
hollow
Of blazing light into which swoops the tree-
darkened lane
Before it mounts up into the shadow again.

I turned the bend --- just as always before
There was no one at all down there in the sunlit
hollow:
Only ferns on the wall, foxglove by the hanging
door
Of the blind old desolate cottage. And just as
before.

I noticed the leaping glitter of light
Where the steam runs under the lane: in that
mine-dark archway –
Water and stones unseen as though in the
gloom of night –
Like glittering fish slithers and leaps the light.

I waited long at the bend in the lane,
But heard only the murmuring water under the
archway.
Yet I tell you, I've been to that place again and
again,
And always, in the summer weather, those
voices are plain,
Down near that broken house, just where the
tree-darkened lane
Swoops into the hollow of light before mounting
to shadow again.

Frances Bellerby

THE FROG AND THE GOLDEN BALL

She let her golden ball fall down the well
And begged a cold frog to retrieve it;
For which she kissed his ugly, gaping mouth –
Indeed, he could scarce believe it.

And seeing him transformed to his princely shape,
Who had been by hags enchanted,
She knew she could never love another man
Nor by any fate be daunted.

But what would her royal father and mother say?
They had promised her in marriage
To a cousin whose wide kingdom marched with theirs,
Who rode in a jeweled carriage.

“Our plight, dear heart, would appear past human hope
To all except you and me: to all
Who have never swum as a frog in a dark well
Or have lost a golden ball.”

“What then shall we do now? she asked her lover.
He kissed her again, and said:
“Is magic of love less powerful at your Court
Than at this green well-head?”

Louise Bogan



GRADE 11 BOYS (One of the following)

DO YOU MIND

Do you mind, my mum says,
Not squeezing the toothpaste tube
In the middle and leaving it
A shapeless squashy mess;
And do you mind
Not just fishing the strawberries
Out of the strawberry jam
But eating some of the jelly stuff
In between as well;
And another thing:
Do you mind putting your
Toenail clippings in the waste bin
Instead of shooting them
All around the bathroom;
And my dad joins in with
Oh yes, and while we're about it
Do you mind?
Not filling the car's ashtrays
With sticky sweets papers
So that I get goo on my fingers
Every time I put out a fag;
And my sister,
Who enjoys this, says
Do you mind leaving my comb alone:
I am forever clearing your
Ratty old hairs out of it.
Well actually, I do mind
And I'm thinking of a few things
To throw back at
You perfect people.
But for now:
Do you mind packing in the
Nagging, niggling, binding, bitching,
Picking, pecking, and criticizing and
Do you mind getting of my back?
And
Do you mind me screaming?
HELP!

By: Eric Finney

A SQUARE DANCE

In Flanders fields in Northern France
They're all doing a brand new dance
It makes you happy and out of breath
And it's called the Dance of Death

Everybody stands in line
Everybody's feeling fine
We're all going to a hop
1-2-3 and over the top

See how the dancers sway and run
To the rhythm of the gun
Swing your partner dos-y-doe
All ground the shells explode

Honour your partner from a square
Smell the burning in the air
Over the barbed wire kicking high
Men like shirts hung out to dry

If you fall that's no disgrace
Someone else will take your place
Old soldiers never die ...
... Only young ones

In Flanders fields where mortars blaze
They're all doing the latest craze
Khaki dancers out of breath
Doing the glorious Dance of Death
Doing the glorious (clap, clap)
Dance of Death.

By: Roger McGough



GRADE 12 GIRLS (One of the following)

I HAD RATHER BE A WOMAN

I had rather be a woman
Than an earwig
But there's not much in it sometimes.
We both crawl out of bed.
But there the likeness ends.
Eatwigs don't have to
Feed their children,
Feed the cat,
Feed the rabbits,
Feed the dishwasher.
They don't need
Clean sheets,
Clean clothes,
Clean carpets,
A clean bill of health.
They just rummage about
In chrysanthemums
No one expects them
To have their
Teetotal, vegetarian
Mothers-in-law
To stay for Christmas
Or to feel a secret thrill
At the thought of extending the kitchen
Eatwigs can snap their pincers at life
And scurry about being quite irresponsible.
They enjoy an undeserved reputation
Which frightens the boldest child.
Next time I feel hysterical
I'll bit a hole in a dahlia.

By: Daphne Schiller

THE BEAUTY SEEKER

I seek for beautiful things
And of them, of them would I sing
And weave them in golden words
Like a jewel set in a ring.

I seek for beautiful things
And lo! They are everywhere!
In the life-thronged world around
In earth and in sun and air.

For here to the questing eye
And now to the quickened ear
In day's monotonous round
Many beautiful things appear.

O'er the angriest waves of fate
With a sea-bird's grace they may sweep;
Through the murk of sorrow and pain
Like tranquil stars they may peep.

And ah! Could I sing them so
The beautiful things that I find –
That some other may give them place
In the treasure house of his mind.

And turn to them now and then
For solace and ease of heart;
And have joy in the beautiful things
Set forth by the singer's art.

By: Herbert Tucker



GRADE 12 BOYS (One of the following)

BACK IN THE PLAYGROUND BLUES

Dreamed I was in a school playground, I was about four feet high
Yes dreamed I was back in the playground, and standing about four feet
high
The playground was three miles long and the playground was five miles
wide

It was broken black tarmac with a high fence all around
Broken black dusty tarmac with a high fence running all around
And it had a special name to it, they called it The Killing Ground.

Got a mother and a father, they're thousand miles away
The Rules of the Killing Ground are coming out to play
Everyone thinking: who they going to play with today?

You get it for being Jewish
You et it for being black
Get it for being chicken
Get it for fighting back
You get it for being big and fat
Get it for being small
O those who get it get it and get it
For any damn thing at all

Heard a deep voice talking, it had that iceberg sound;
"It prepares them for life" – but I have never found
Any place in my life that's worse than The Killing Ground.

By Adrian Mitchell

THE CRICKET BAT SINGS

Willow and cane is all I am, with a wisp of waxen thread,
Cane and willow, willow and cane, fondly, perfectly wed;
But never wood for a bounding yacht was picked with a
nicer thought,
And nothing planned by human hand ever was deathlier wrought.
Willow and cane is all I am, but here is a wondrous thing;
Willow and cane is all I am, yet also am I a king!
The flower of the earth my subjects are, and the throne of
the cricket bat
Is the rich green turf of a level mead, and who has a throne
like that?

A century old is the crown I hold; nothing disturbs my reign;
And men to me will bend the knee while centuries more shall
wane;

The sword is great, but he rules by hate, rules with a
bloody hand:
Honesty, peace and comradeship are features of my command!
Scour the earth and you shall not find the like of the power
I wield,

For the home of the brave, the strong, the free, is the elm-girt
cricket field;

Both man and boy they thrill with joy to speed the ball away –
Willow and cane is all I am, yet look at the hosts I sway!

By Eleanor Farjeon



PREScribed LIMERICKS

Gr 1

A Mouse in the Room

A Mouse in her room woke Miss Dowd;
She was frightened and screamed very loud,
Then a happy thought hit her –
To scare off the critter,
She sat up in bed and meowed.

J Hendra

Gr 2

Old Bear at the Zoo

A cheerful old bear at the zoo
Could always find something to do.
When it bored him to go
On a walk to and fro,
He reversed it, and walked fro and to.

J Hendra

Gr 3

Old man with a Beard

There was an old man with a beard
Who said: "It is just as I feared!
Two owls and a hen,
Four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

E Lear

Gr 4

Stately Giraffe

There once was a stately giraffe,
Whose motto was "Nothing by half!"
His old friend, the tapir,
Said, "Cut me a caper –
It's a year since I've had a good laugh!"

M Vandergif



Grade 5

There was a young lady of Cork

There was a young lady of Cork,
Whose Pa made a fortune in pork.
He bought for his daughter,
A tutor who taught her,
To balance green peas on her fork.

Anonomous

Grade 6

There was an old man from Quebec

There was an old man from Quebec,
A beetle ran over his neck,
But he cried: "With a needle,
I'll slay you, o Beetle!"
The angry old man from Quebec

Anonomous

Grade 7

There was a young man from Dealing

There was a young man from Dealing
Who caught the bus from Ealing
It said on the door
Don't spit on the floor
So he jumped and spat on the ceiling

Chris White



DANS / DANCE

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings/Closing date of entries	14 April 2025
Datum van beoordeling/ Dates of adjudication	26 - 30 Mei 2025
Lokaal/Venue	Laerskool Brakpan-Oos h/v Wenden & Madeley Strate Brakpan
Afdelingshoof/ Section head	Me. Marlize Liebenberg
Kontak Nommer/Contact no	(011) 740 9630

Volksdansen and Traditional dancing Contact Theresa Lottering with any enquiries for this specific Section. There will be a different date and venue for this section.

Reëls en Regulasies/ Rules and regulations:

- USB met musiek moet duidelik gemerk wees met deelnemer naam sowel as item en by klanktegnikus ingehandig word/ USB must be marked with participant's name and item and handed in at the sound desk
- Appropriate costumes per dance
- Participants must report 25 minutes prior to scheduled performance
- Solo/Duo performances should not exceed 2 minutes
- Group performances: 10 – 15 minutes
 - No performance shorter than 90 seconds

ALL PARTICIPANTS MUST BE AT THE VENUE 30 MINUTES PRIOR TO THE TIME INDICATED

Cheerleading/ Drum majorettes rules: (All the above does apply)

- Uniforms must be appropriate
- Hair must be appropriate for the activity involved.
- Jewelry prohibited
- Use of mini tramps, Springboards, height increasing apparatus is not permitted.
- Participants must not chew gum or have any candy in their mouth during performances.
- Props allowed: megaphones, poms, signs and flags,
- Jumps, stunts, tumbling, dismounts, pyramids allowed within safety rules.

ITEM	STYL/STYLE	TYD/Time
1	Ballet: Solo/duo/groep 3-10 Ballet Improvisation Solo	Tyd/Time: 1 – 2 min
2	Klopdans/Tap Dance: Solo/duo/groep 3-10 Tap Improvisation Solo	Tyd/ Time: 1 – 2 min
3	Modern Solo/duo/groep 3-10 3.1 Hip Hop 3.2 Lyrical 3.3 Free style 3.4 Fusion 3.5 Improvisation solo	Tyd/Time 1- 2 min



4	<i>Disco: Solo/duo/groep 3-10</i> <i>Disco Improvisation</i>	<i>Tyd/Time 1 – 2 min</i>
5	<i>Ballroom (Duo) or Ensembles</i> 5.1 Waltz 5.2 Tango 5.3 Foxtrot 5.4 Quickstep 5.5 Viennese Waltz 5.6 International Latin Samba 5.7 Cha-Cha 5.8 Rumba 5.9 Duos or Ensembles	<i>Tyd/Time: 1- 2 min</i>
6	<i>Latin American</i> 2.1 Salsa 2.2 Rumba 2.3 Cha-Cha 2.4 Merenique 2.5 Bossa Nova 2.5 Samba 2.6 Tango 2.7 Duos/Ensembles	<i>Tyd/Time: 1 – 2 min</i>
7	<i>Traditioneel/Traditional: Solo/duo/Group 3 – 20</i> <i>Traditional Improvisation Solo</i>	<i>Tyd/Time: 1 – 2 min</i>
8	<i>Volkspele Gr 1 – 3</i> <i>Volkspele Gr 4 – 5</i> <i>Volkspele Gr 6 – 7</i> <i>Volkspele Gr 8 en 9</i> <i>Volkspele Gr 10 - 12</i>	<i>Tyd/Time 10 – 15 min</i> <i>8 tot 16 pare</i> <i>Waar moontlik tradisionele</i> <i>volkspele drag</i> <i>Liedjies en danse – Eie keuse</i>
9	<i>Cheerleading.</i> <i>Gr 4 – 7</i> <i>High School</i>	<i>Tyd/Time 10 – 15 minutes</i>
10	<i>Drum majorettes</i> <i>Gr 1 – 3</i> <i>Gr 4 – 7</i> <i>High School</i>	<i>Tyd/Time 10 – 15 minutes</i>

Visuele KUNSTE / Visual Literacy



Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings/ Closing date of registration: 14 April 2025

Datums/ Dates

Inhandiging/ Submission 18 – 20 Aug 2025 –

Office of the school

Collection: 26 August 2025 – Office of the school

Lokaal/Venue

H/S Die Anker
131 Tweedy Straat, Brenthurst
Brakpan

Afdelingshoof/Section Head

Me. Simone Welding

Kontak Nommer/Contact no

(011) 813-4160

ALGEMENE REËLS:

- Alle werk word vooraf gedoen en ingehandig word by die betrokke lokaal/ All work must be done beforehand and handed in at the venue above
- Enige Laerskool of Hoërskool leerder mag deelneem/ Any High School or Primary School learner may enter.
- Die kunswerke moet gemonteer of geraam wees/ The Art must be mounted.
- Vul die Plakker, etiket of sjabloon in en plak agter op die kunswerk of gemonteerde foto/ Fill in the etiquette supplied on the website and put at the back of the Art work.
- A2 of A3
- Deelnemers mag aan meer as een kategorie deelneem/ Participants may enter into more than one category.
- Werke kan 2 of 3 Dimensioneel wees/ Work may be 2 or 3 Dimensional

***Alle kunswerke moet met plastiek oorgetrek word/ All artwork must be covered in plastic**

DIE VOLGENDE IS BELANGRIK

1. Voorkoms/ Appearance
2. Komposisie/ Composition
3. Tekstuur en detail/ Texture and detail
4. Ruimtelike verhoudings/ Spatial orientation
5. Kreatiewe gebruik van media/ Creativity and use of media

Kategorieë/ Categories:

- Skilderkuns/ Painting
- Teken kuns/ Drawing art
- Grafiese kuns/ Graphic art
- Beeldhoukuns/ Sculpturing
- Fotografie/Photography
- Collage



- Graffiti
- Plakboekwerk/ Scrapbooking
- Mosaik/ Mosaic
- Oop kategorie/ Open category

TEMA/THEME: Eie keuse/ Own choice

Kategorie 1/ Category 1: Skilderkuns/Painting: Medium: Olie, Akriel, Gouache(Waterverf), Gemengde media/Oil, Acrylic, Gouache(Water Painting), Mixed Media.

Kategorie 2/ Category 2: Tekenkuns/Drawing Art: Medium: Potlood, houtskool, kwaswerk, pen en ink, conte/Pencil, charcoal, brush work, pen and ink, conte.

Kategorie 3/ Category 3: Grafiese kuns/ Graphic Art: Medium: Reliëfwerk, Diepdruk, Litografie, Kollografie, Serigrafie, in verwante materiale. Enige medium mag gebruik word/ Reliëf work, Intaglio, litography, Collography, screen printing.

Kategorie 4/ Category 4: Beeldhoukuns/ Sculpturing: Medium: Modelleerwerk , Kerfwerk, of Konstruksie in die volgende materiale: Kier, Gips, Terracotta, Brons of ander gietwerk, klip, hout, metale, Perspex, glas/ modeling work, Crafting, Construction with the following materials: Gypsum, Terracotta, Bronze or any other material used in sculpturing.

Kategorie 5/ Category 5: Fotografie/Photography: Tema/ Theme: Eie keuse/Own choice – Foto grootte is eie keuse, maar nie groter as A4, Keuse van Montering of aanbieding berus by die deelnemer/ Photo size is own choice, but not larger than A4. Choice of mounting or presentation is the choice of the participant.

Kategorie 6/ Category 6: Collage/ Collage: Grootte en tema: Eie keuse
Size and theme: Own choice

Kategorie 7/ Category 7: Graffiti/ Graffiti: Ouderdom gepas/Age appropriate, Woorde gebaseerd/ Word based, op karton of papier/ On carton or paper, Geen plakwerk/ No words glued.

Kategorie 8/ Category 8: Mosaik/ Mosaic: Eie keuse met grootte en tema/ Own choice in size and theme.

Kategorie 9/ Category 9: Oop kategorie/ Open category: Enige ander kunsstuk wat nie genoem word by bogenoemde nie, mag ingehandig word onder oop afdeling. Tema: Eie keuse, Grootte: Eie keuse
Any other Art work that is not mentioned above can be entered in the open category. Theme: own choice, Size: Own choice



Redenaars/ PUBLIC SPEAKING

Sluitingsdatum vir inskrywings/ Closing date for entries:	14 April 2025
Datums van beoordeling/ Dates of adjudication:	19 - 23 Mei/May 2025
Venue:	Dalpark Primary 185 Springs Road Brakpan
Afdelingshoof/ Head of Department:	Me. Zjanene Nieuwoudt
Kontak no/ Contact Number:	011 743 1873

Reëls en regulasies/ Rules and regulations

Alle toesprake moet beredenerend wees, gemotiveer deur argumente en bronverwysings in lyn met A.T.K.V redenaars reëls.

Geheuekaarte is slegs 'n kruks hantering.

Alle deelnemers moet 30 minute voor die aanvang van die gegewe tyd aanmeld.

All speeches should have a point of view, motivated by arguments and resources.

Notes should only be used as a crutch handling.

All participants must be at the venue 30 minutes prior tot the start of a section.

Graad R – 3 Grondslagfase/ Grade R – 3 Foundation phase

Die deelnemer moet uit sy/haar hart praat oor sy/ haar tema. Deelnemers moet 'n standpunt kan inneem gemotiveer deur argumente en aanhalings./

The participant should be able to speak from his/her heart about his/her topic. Participants should have a point of view, motivated by arguments and resources.

Onderwerp/Topic: Eie keuse/ Own choice of topic

Tyd/Time: 2 – 4 min

Graad 4 – 5/ Grade 4 - 5

Deelnemers moet 'n standpunt inneem, gemotiveer deur argumente en aanhalings./

Participants should have a point of view, motivated by arguments and resources.

Onderwerp/Topic: Eie keuse/ Own choice of topic.

Tyd/Time: 3 – 5 min

Graad 6 – 7/ Grade 6 - 7

Deelnemers moet 'n standpunt inneem, gemotiveer deur argumente en aanhalings/ Participants should have a point of view, motivated by arguments and resources.

Onderwerp/Topic: Eie keuse/ Own choice of topic.

Tyd/ Time: 5 – 7 min

Grade 8 - 12



Deelnemer moet 'n standpunt inneem, gemotiveer deur argumente en aanhalings/ Participants should have a point of view, motivated by arguments and resources.

Onderwerp/ Topic: Eie keuse/ Own choice of topic.

Tyd/ Time: 5 – 7 min

Tik Tok/ Reëls/Multimedia

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings/ Closing date of entries:

14 April 2025

Datum van inhandiging/ Date of submission:

29 Aug 2025

Aanlyn/Online: Op whatsapp na Brakpan Kunswedstryd foon of op die Brakpan Kunswedstryd Tik Tok blad/ On whatsapp to the Brakpan Eisteddfod phone or on the Brakpan Eisteddfod Tik Tok page.

Afdelingshoof:

Me. Simoné Welding

Deelnemer se naam, van, Graad en item moet in die “Caption” blok aangeheg wees wanneer die video ingestuur word.

Participant's name, Surname, grade and item should be entered in the caption when submitting the video on whatsapp so that it will be provided to the Brakpan Kunswedstryd's TikTok page.

Video's kan vanaf 2 Junie 2025 opgelaaai word en die Sluitingsdatum is 29 Augustus 2025/ Video's can be submitted from 2 June 2025 to 29 August 2025.

Reëls en Regulasies:

1. Dans: Enige tipe dans is toelaatbaar.
2. Lip sinchronisasie: Sang en “voice over” is toelaatbaar in enige taal Engels of Afrikaans.
3. Oop kategorie: Enige iets is toelaatbaar uitgesluit bogenoemde.
4. Reklameflits: Enige produk wat ouderdomsgepas is kan gebruik word. Die inhoud sal bepaal word deur die produk. Eie verbeelding moet gebruik word. Asook redigerings vaardighede.

Geen ander partye of persone mag in die Tik Tok videos gebruik word nie en die deelnemer se gesig moet te alle tye sigbaar wees vir die volle duur van die Tik Tok opname.

Videos mag nie die 60 sekonde tydsduur oorskry nie.

1. Dancing: Any type is allowed.
2. Lip Synchronising: Singing and voice over is allowed in any Language of preference English or Afrikaans.
3. Open Category: Anything is allowed excluding the above.
4. Flash advertising: Any product that is age appropriate can be used. The content will be determined by the product. Own imagination is of utmost and important criteria.



No other parties or persons may act in the Tik Tok video and the participant's face should be visible at all times during the duration of the Tik Tok recording.

Videos must not exceed the 60 second time frame allowed

SKRYFKUNS / ART OF WRITING
LAERSKOLE / PRIMARY SCHOOLS HOËRSKOLE / HIGH SCHOOLS/ 60 Plussers

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings/Closing date of entries:	14 April 2025
Datum/ Date:	
Inhandiging/Submission:	18 – 20 Aug 2025
Collection:	26 Aug 2025 (Office of the school)
Lokaal:/ Venue	H/S Die Anker 131 Tweedy Straat, Brenthurst Brakpan
Afdelingshoof/ Section head:	Me. Simone Welding
Kontak Nommer/Contact no:	(011) 813 4160

REËLS

- Enige skoler mag deelneem in een of albei afdelings.
- Deelnemers mag slegs werkstukke wat hulle **EIE** is, inhandig.
- Beoordelaars se beslissing is finaal.
- Beoordelaars mag weier om 'n werk te beoordeel, indien daar enige twyfel oor die oorspronklikheid daarvan bestaan.
- Beoordelaars sal aangewys word met die komitee se goedkeuring.
- NB. Taalgebruik moet suiwer wees, geen krutaal mag gebruik word nie, dit moet keurig, vindingryk en oorspronklik wees.
- Deelnemers moet asseblief sorg dra dat geskrewe werk netjies en duidelik leesbaar is, slegs op A4 folio papier. Getikte werk sal aanvaar word.
- Handig in soos per datum hierbo gemeld by Hoërskool Die Anker, in 'n koevert duidelik gemerk vir aandag Me Simone Welding – Afdelingshoof Skryfkuns.
- Alle items moet duidelik gemerk wees met deelnemer naam en van, skool en graad.



- **Ontwerp van 'n kaartjie / Designing a Card**

Tema/Theme: Eie keuse/ Own choice

1. Graad 1 – 12 (Sal beoordeel word op ouderdomsvlak.)
Grade 1 – 12 will be adjudicated on age level.

- **Skryf 'n storie / Writing a story**

Tema/Theme Eie keuse/ Own choice

Let asb op die struktuur van 'n storie

- Inleidende paragraaf.
- 'n Paragraaf waarin die probleem ontstaan.
- 'n Slotparagraaf waar die probleem opgelos word.

Note the structure of the story

- Introduction
- a Paragraph where the problem arise
- An Ending paragraph where the problem is solved.

Bepanning is belangrik voor jy skryf! Please plan before you write!

Graad 1/ Grade 1 Tussen 100 en 150 woorde/ 100 – 150 words
Graad 2/ Grade 2 Tussen 100 en 150 woorde/ 100 – 150 words
Graad 3/ Grade 3 Tussen 100 en 150 woorde/ 100 – 150 words
Graad 4/ Grade 4 Tussen 150 en 200 woorde/ 100 – 150 words
Graad 5/ Grade 5 Tussen 150 en 200 woorde/ 150 – 200 words
Graad 6/ Grade 6 Tussen 200 en 300 woorde/ 200 – 300 words
Graad 7/ Grade 7 Tussen 200 en 300 woorde/ 200 to 300 words

- **Skryf 'n gedig / Writing a poem**

Tema/ Theme: Eie keuse/ Own choice

Graad 1/ Grade 1 6 – 8 reëls/ 6 – 8 lines
Graad 2/ Grade 2 6 - 8 reëls/ 6 – 8 lines
Graad 3/ Grade 3 6 - 8 reëls/ 6 – 8 lines
Graad 4/ Grade 4 8 - 12 reëls/ 8 – 12 lines
Graad 5/ Grade 5 8 - 12 reëls/ 8 – 12 lines
Graad 6/ Grade 6 16 - 24 reëls/ 16 – 24 lines
Graad 7/ Grade 7 16 - 24 reëls/ 16 – 24 lines

SKRYFKUNS / ART OF WRITING



- **Gedig/Poem**

Opsie 1/ Option 1

- Skryf 'n gedig oor enige onderwerp wat van toepassing is op jou ervaringswêreld, dinge wat jy as tiener al beleef het of al in aanraking mee gekom het op jou lewenspad/ Write a poem about any topic that is relevant to your experience, things that you as a teenager experienced or something that happened to you on your life journey.

Opsie 2/ Option 2

Skryf 'n gedig oor dinge wat tans in die wêreld gebeur, dinge wat jy nog nie self ervaar het nie maar wat emosies ontlok bv. jou ontstel, verbly ens/ Write a poem about things that happens in the world right now, things that you not necessarily experienced, but it starts emotions for example: something that upsets you/ makes you happy.

- **Brief/Letter**

Opsie 1 /Option 2

- Skryf 'n brief aan die pers. Dit kan handel oor enige onderwerp en gerig wees aan 'n publikasie van jou keuse, maar moet aan die vereistes van 'n saaklike brief voldoen/ Write a letter to the media. It can handle about any topic and publication of your choice, but must have all the requirements of a business letter.

Opsie 2/ Option 2

- Skryf 'n vriendskaplike brief aan 'n vriend/vriendin om te vertel van jou ervarings na afloop van 'n onlangse Afrikaanse kunstefees/ Write a friendly letter to a friend and tell them about your experiences after a recently Art festival.

- **Opstel/Essay**

Skryf 'n verhaal van 250 – 450 woorde oor een van die volgende onderwerpe/ Write a story of 250 to 450 words on the next captions:

- Dit het my laat dink/ It made me think.....
- Musiek/ Music



Reëls/Rules:

- Enige volwassene bo die ouderdom van 60 mag deelneem in een of albei afdeling/ Any adult over the age of 60 may participate.
- Alle reëls soos bo gestipuleer onder Skryfkuns is van toepassing/ All rules as stipulated above under Art of writing reply

Item:

A. GEDIG: Liries of verhalend

Die gedig moet voldoen aan die vereistes vir 'n goeie gedig.

B. BRIEF: Vriendskaplike brief

Tema: Ek kyk terug... OF

Die kinders! Ai tog...OF

Dis lekker om vir jou te skryf.

C. OPSTEL: (500 woorde)

Tema: Dit het my laat dink. OF

Ek sal dit nooit vergeet nie. OF

Dit was die beste tyd van my lewe. OF

Eie keuse.

ENGLISH:

A. POETRY: Lyrical or narrative

Adhere to all the rules for a good poem.

B. LETTER: Friendship

Theme: When I look back... OR

Oh, my hat! The children! OR I love writing letters to you.

C. ESSAY: (500 words)

Theme: It made me think. OR

I will never forget. OR It was the best time of my life. OR Own choice.



Tonele/ One act plays

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings/Closing date of entries:	14 April 2025
Datum/ Date: I	21 – 23 Augustus 2025
Lokaal:/ Venue	H/S Die Anker 131 Tweedy Straat, Brenthurst Brakpan
Afdelingshoof/ Section head: Kontak Nommer/Contact no:	Me. Simone Welding (011) 813 4160

Reëls/Rules:

1. Enige Laerskool of Hoërskool Toneel kan deelneem. Any Primary School or High School may participate.
2. Die volgende word in ag geneem en beoordeel: Teks, Regie, kostuums, dekor, grimering, klank, beligting, verhoogbestuur, choreografie en selfs bemarking. The following aspects will be adjudicated: Text, Regie, costume wear, make-up, sound and lighting, stage management, choreography and even marketing.
3. Elke Toneelgroep is verantwoordelik vir al die bogenoemde. Klank en beligting sal verskaf word, maar die Toneelgroep moet dit self beheer. Every group are in charge off all the above. Sound and lighting will be provided but it is every groups responsibility to handle it appropriately.
4. Alle toneelgroepe moet op tyd begin en afsluit volgens allokering van tye deur afdelingshoof deurgee. Every act must start and end within the time given by the section head.
5. Die beslissing van die beoordelaar/beoordelaars is finaal en sal nie debatteer word nie. The decision of the adjudicator/adjudicators will be final and will not be debated.



Cheerleading

Sluitingsdatum vir Inskrywings/Closing date of entries:	14 April 2025
Datum/ Date:	26 – 30 Mei 2025
Lokaal:/ Venue	Laerskool Brakpan-Oos
Afdelingshoof/ Section head:	Me. Marlize Liebenberg
Kontak Nommer/Contact no:	(011) 740-9630

Reëls en Regulasies/ Rules and regulations:

- USB met musiek moet duidelik gemerk wees met deelnemer naam sowel as item en by klanktegnikus ingehandig word/ USB must be marked with participant's name and item and handed in at the sound desk
- Appropriate costumes per dance
- Participants must report 30 minutes prior to scheduled performance
- Solo/Duo performances should not exceed 2 minutes
- Group performances: 10 – 15 minutes
 - No performance shorter than 90 seconds

Cheerleading/ Drum majorettes rules: (All the above does apply)

- Uniforms must be appropriate
- Hair must be appropriate for the activity involved.
- Jewelry prohibited
- Use of mini tramps, Springboards, height increasing apparatus is not permitted.
- Participants must not chew gum or have any candy in their mouth during performances.
- Props allowed: megaphones, poms, signs and flags,
- Jumps, stunts, tumbling, dismounts, pyramids allowed within safety rules.

