

DELL'ARTE



Sillabus

2024

Syllabus

Voorsitters / Chairpersons:

D. Visser en DR du Preez

Kontakbesonderhede / Contact Details:

Skoleverteenwoordigers / School representatives: 083 321 2919 / 082 457 6169

info@dellarte.co.za

www.dellarte.co.za

Uit die Bestuur se pen / Word from Management:

Dell'Arte Kunstefees het ten doel om 'n platform te bied waar deelnemers hul talente in 'n professionele en ontspanne omgewing, kan ten toon stel.

Alhoewel dit 'n kompetisie met wenners per item is, is die wenmotief nie ons hoofokus nie en skep ons veel eerder 'n kultuur waar deelnemers wat dieselfde passie deel, mekaar ondersteun, respekteer en bo alles, geniet.

Ons roem onself op 'n regverdige en eerlike kunstefees, waar gekwalifiseerde en onafhanklike beoordelaars, ons opkomende kunstenaars met opbouende kritiek sal help vorm en ontwikkel.

Verder poog ons ook om die OUIERS sover moontlik tegemoet te kom, deur deelnemers aan soveel as moontlik items per afdeling, op EEN dag te laat deelneem. Dus werk ons tot laat in die aand om werkende ouers op hierdie wyse te akkommodeer. Vir dieselfde rede, om tyd en geld te spaar, is daar geen verdere rondtes nie. Ons bekwame beoordelaars wys wenners onmiddellik aan die einde van elke item aan.

Kom ons bemin die KUNS in onself – en nie onself in die kuns nie. Dan alleen, is ons ware wenners in kultuur.

Dell'Arte Bestuur

Dell'Arte Eisteddfod endeavours to create a platform where participants can showcase their talents in a professional and relaxed environment.

Although it is a competition with item winners, the overriding objective is not winning, but creating a culture where participants that share the same passion, can support and respect each other, and above all, have fun.

We pride ourselves on a fair and honest Eisteddfod, where qualified, independent adjudicators assist to guide and develop our upcoming artists with constructive criticism.

We also try and accommodate PARENTS, by scheduling where possible, their children's items in the same section, on ONE day. We work till late in the evening to accommodate working parents. For this reason, (to save time and money), we have one participation round only. Our competent adjudicators announce winners at the end of each item.

Let us love the ART in ourselves, and not ourselves in the art! Then alone, can we truly conquer culture.

Dell'Arte Management

Puntetoekenning / Scoring:

| | |
|------|--------------|
| C | 69 en minder |
| B | 70 - 79 |
| A | 80 - 84 |
| A+ | 85 - 89 |
| A++ | 90 - 94 |
| A+++ | 95 - 100 |

Belangrike Datums / Important Dates:

Inskrywings sluit / Entries close:

Alle Afdelings: 31 Mei 2024

All Categories: 31 May 2024

(Geen laat inskrywings sal aanvaar word nie / No late entries will be accepted)

Program van Optrede / Program of Participation

9 Jul 2024 (Website)

Tentatiewe datums van optrede / Tentative dates of performance:

Sang en Instrumentaal / Vocals and Instrumental:

20 Jul – 25 Jul 2024

Koorfees / Choirs:

26 Julie 2024

Dans / Dance:

27 Jul – 1 Aug 2024

Kuns en Skryfkuns / Art and Art of Writing:

Indiening / Submission: 2 Aug 2024

Oplaaai / Collection: 4 Aug 2024

Indiening van Multimedia videos / Submission of Multimedia videos:

5 Aug 2024 (WhatsApp)

Drama:

12 - 31 Aug 2024

(Kleuterdag 24 Aug en 31 Aug 2024)

Spreekkore / Choral Verse:

30 Aug 2024

Redenaars en Public Speaking:

6 - 7 Sept 2024

Inskrywingsfooie / Entry Fees:

Alle items / All items – R85.00 per item

****Waar deelnemers aan groepsitems (bv. duo, trio ens) deelneem bly die koste R85.00 per individu en nie per item nie.*

****Where participants are in groups (eg. duo, trio etc) the cost remains R85.00 per individual and not per item.*

Kore en Spreekkore:
R 800.00 per koor

Choirs and Choral Verse:
R 800.00 per choir

Pom-Pom/Cheerleading
R800.00 per group

Bankbesonderhede / Banking Details:

Dell'Arte Kunstefees

Capitec Bank

Rekening nr: 1672984430

Branch Code: 470010

LYS VAN AFRIKAANSE DRAMA ITEMS

Improvisasie (Solo item, tema word voorsien, 5 minute voorbereiding)
Improvisasie: Duo (Tema sal aan duo voorsien word, 5 minute voorbereiding)
Improvisasie: Groep (Tema sal aan groep voorsien word, 5 minute voorbereiding)
Karakteruitbeelding
Kettingverhaalvertelling (Tema sal aan groep voorsien word, 5 minute voorbereiding)
Kreatiewe Advertensie (Solo item, tema word voorsien, 5 minute voorbereiding)
Kreatiewe Advertensie (Duo item, tema word voorsien, 5 minute voorbereiding)
Kreatiewe Advertensie: Groep (Tema sal aan groep voorsien word, 5 minute voorbereiding)
Kulkunsie (Verras die gehoor met enige kulkunsie nie langer as 2 min nie)
Lees: Bybel Onvoorbereid
Lees: Bybel Voorbereid
Lees: Onvoorbereid
Lees: Voorbereid
Lees: Nuusvoorlesing (Aktuele nuusvoorlesing uit koerant of ander relevante publikasie)
Limeriek: Eie Keuse
Limeriek: Selfgeskrewe
Limeriek: Voorgeskrewe (Gr 1 – 7)
Mimiek: Duo Onvoorbereid
Mimiek: Duo Voorbereid
Mimiek: Onvoorbereid
Mimiek: Onvoorbereide Groep
Mimiek: Voorbereid
Mimiek: Voorbereide Groep
Monoloog (In Kostuum)
Poësie: Duo Gedramatiseerd
Poësie: Eie Keuse
Poësie: Gedramatiseerd (Geen rekwisiete, swart dramadrag)
Poësie: Gedramatiseerde Groep (In Kostuum)
Poësie: Onvoorbereid (Gedig word voorsien, 5 min voorbereiding)
Poësie: Selfgeskrewe
Poësie: Voorgeskrewe
Prentvertelling (Solo item, 5 minute voorbereiding)
Prosa
Prosa: Bybel (Gememoriseerde aanbieding, geen voorlesing)
Prosa: Gedramatiseerd
Redenaars: Onvoorbereid (Tema word voorsien, geen materiaal, 15 min voorbereiding)
Redenaars: Span (Maksimum 12 min, 4 Lede)
Redenaars: Voorbereid (Tye soos per ATKV)
Redenaars: Inleiding tot Redenaars Gr RRR-R (Enige praatjie, geen struktuur vereistes, maks 2 min)
Samespraak: (In Kostuum)
Skerpskertsery: “Stand-up Comedy” (grappie of snaakse staaljie nie langer as 2 min)
Spreekkoor (Geen beweging, Gr 1-3 / Gr 4-5 / Gr 6-7 Maks10 min)
Spreekkoor: Gedramatiseerd (Met beweging en funksionele kostuum, Gr 1-3 / Gr 4-5 / Gr 6-7 Maks 10 min)
Verhaalvertelling (Solo item, tema word voorsien, 5 minute voorbereiding)

ALLE ITEMS HET 'N MAKSIMUM TYD VAN 2 MIN TENSY ANDERS GESPEFISEER

DRAMADRAG MAG GEEN ATELJEE-EMBLEM VERTOON NIE

AFRIKAANSE AFDELING

VOORGESKREWE POËSIE

VOORSKOOL - GR RRR

Dogters

KLIMKABOUTER

Jou klein klits, jou lawwe kabouter!
Wees versigtig as jy so klouter!
Hou mooi vas, want as jy val,
Is dit weer 'n tranedal.

Seuns

GAWIE IS NIE GAAF NIE

“Tannie, Tannie, kom tog gou!
Gawie slaan my met 'n tou,”
“Gawie, Gawie, jy moet leer:
Ons maak nóóit ons maatjies, seer.”

Elsabie v d Westhuizen

GR RR

Dogters

EK BEL

Trieng-trieng! Trieng-trieng!
“Hallo? Hallo?
En wie praat nou?”
“Ouma, dis Meraai.
Ek is lief vir jou.
Nou sê ek koebaai!”

Kobus Grobler

Seuns

'n SNAAKSE DIER

My hondjie is 'n snaakse dier
Hy kry sommer 'n snaakse gier
Dan jaag hy reises soos 'n perd
En dit agter sy eie stert!

Julie Heynecke

GR R

Dogters

WAAROM?

My mammi 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?

Seuns

DIE KRAAN HUIL

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!

F du Plessis

GR 1

Dogters

VOL NONSENS

“’n Vlooimark? Wat is dit?
Koop jy daar vlooië
om op jou hond te sit?”

“Nee dommie,” sê my suster,
“jy kan daar rondloop
en allerhande nonsens koop.”

“Maar Sussie”, sê ek,
“dan kan ons jǒú mos daar gaan sit,
want Pa sê altyd jy is vól van dit.”

Louwretta Drake

Seuns

LEKKER EET!

Pampoen vir die brein
Wortels laat die hare skyn
Appels sommer twee ‘n dag
laat vir seker die tandarts wag.

Groente is goed,
Ma sê dis ‘n moet
al kos dit soms baklei
om dit in my keel af te kry!

Nicci Thabo

GR 2

Dogters

ONS GAAN RESTAURANT TOE!

Ek is die een wat die alfabet burp.
My Pa is die een wat sy melkskommel slurp.
My sussie druk graag slaptjips in haar neus.
Ouma sukkel altyd om die spyskaart te lees.
Wanneer ons uiteet, kom my hele gesin saam.
En my ma is die een wat haar morsdood skaam.

Jaco Jacobs

Seuns

EET JOU WORTELS

“Eet jou wortels, Jan van Lill,
anders dra jy binnekort ‘n bril,”
sê ma met etenstyd vir my.
Dis net om my aan die eet te kry.
“Maar wortels is haaskos!” praat ek toe teë
en hoop ma sal vir my iets anders gee.
Maar ma het altyd ‘n antwoord reg,
al smaak die wortels ook hóé sleg:
“Wortels is vol mineraal en vitamien!
Het jy al ‘n haas met ‘n bril gesien?”

Hanlie de Wet

GR 3

Dogters

BABASUSSIE

Ma sê my babasussie raak nou groot.
Doeke dra is uit soos stroop op muwwe brood.
Nou hou ek haar mootjies dop.
As dit vir my lyk sy wil piepie, sê ek STOP!
Ek gryp gou die potjie en druk haar daarop plat.
Dan sê ek: "Mooi, kyk, geen kol op die mat."
Wat ek net nie verstaan of weet,
hoekom kry sý dan die lekker om te eet?

Gloudine Kellerman

Seuns

BANKROOF

Iemand het gisteroggend
by ons huis ingebreek.
Die polisieman sê:
"Daar moet méér hierin steek.
Iets is nie pluis nie.
Ek vertrou nie die saak nie.
Dié was beslis
Geen gewone inbraak nie.
Daar's iets wat my pla
van dié misdaadtoneel:
Hoekom sou iemand nét
die rusbank steel?
Niks anders is weg nie
en dis die hele punt:
Hier het ongetwyfeld
'n bankroof plaasgevind."

Jaco Jacobs

GR 4

Dogters

SO SIEK SOOS 'N ... PASIËNT

“Vandag kan ek nie skool toe gaan,”
sê Annatjie van der Laan,
“want ek het masels en pokkies
en koors. Dis daai virus ... streptokokkies?
My mond is nat, my keel voel droog.
Iets kiewel in my linkeroog.
My mangels is skoon uitgeswell!
My skoolloopbaan roep ek vaarwel...”

“Ek’s seker ek’t ‘n been gebreek.
Dink Ma nie ek lyk bitter bleek?
My neus is koud, my derms pyn.
Ek kan nie eet: als proe soos asyn.
My nek is styf; ek voel so swak ...
Ma moenie dink ek praat nou twak,
kom voel: my hart klop skaars.
Ag, hierdie siekte is ... barbaars!

“Wat sê Ma? Dis Saterdag?
Dan moet ek gaan, want Santjie wag
en sy verjaar. Oe, lekker tert en koek!”

Ma sê: “Jou siekte sal ‘n ander pasiënt moet soek.”

Sarina Dönges

Seuns

VREUGDELIED

“Dis die laaste dag van die skool!
Kom ons doen ‘n dansie!
Dié nare ou plek sluit sy deure
vir ses volle weke vakansie!
Geen simpel skoolklok
wat ons gedurig pla nie;
nie een enkele oggend
gaan ons vroeg opstaan nie.
Niks meer vervelige klasse nie,
die eksamen is oor en verby!
So, waarvoor wag ons nog?
Kom ons kry ons ry!”
Op die speelgrond staan die kinders
en luister verstom
na die rumoerige liedjie wat uit
die personeelkamer kom:
“Dis die laaste dag van skool!
Kom ons doen ‘n dansie!
Dié nare ou plek sluit sy deure
vir ses volle weke vakansie!”

Jaco Jacobs

GR 5

Dogters

SEEKAT

Ek wou 'n troeteldier hê.
"Enige soort kat," het ek gesê.

Maar iemand het verkeerd verstaan:
daar kom sowaar 'n séékat aan!

Ma gil: "Dis 'n glibberige dier,
'n grillerige, nuwe modegier!"

Sy kop lyk soos 'n yslike karbonkel;
Boet kraai as sy lyf so krul en kronkel.

Pa reken hy's 'n handige vent: "Dié jonge heer
kan tot vier skoene op een slag poleer!"

En as iemand by ons kom eet,
is alles in 'n kits gereed.

Sy suiers is doopbakkies vir sous!
Met huiswerk kan ek lekker flous.

Alles is klaar. Tjoef-tjaf
is 'n week se werk kafgedraf.

Die mense fluister: "Iets is nie pluis;
Daar woon 'n monster in die huis ..."

"That girl has an ... octopus,"
sê die buurvrou. En: "How awesome, gee whiz!"

Maar ... op 'n dag verdwyn my troetelkat.
Hy is nêrens in die huis; ook nie af in die pad.

Ma probeer troos: "Kind, wat 'n penarie!"
Pa gaan koop gou 'n goudgeel kanarie.

Boet sê: "Toemaar, sus Sarie,
vanaand eet ons ... calamari!"

Sarina Dönges

Seuns

DIE VLOEKWOORD

Moederlief sit by die venster

Besig met die kouse stop.

Binne snel haar seuntjie Jannie,

Asem uit op 'n gallop.

"Moeder," sê die kleine Jannie,

"Moeder, het vir ons geleer:

As ons woorde sê wat stout is
maak ons ma se hart so seer."

"Ja, my kindjie" sê die moeder,

Wat het my kind gesê?"

"Ma, dis Boetie, dis nie ek nie!

Dis 'n vloekwoord wat hy sê"

"Kom nou Jannie, sê die moeder,

Wat het Boetie dan gesê?

Moeder kan hom mos nie straf nie

Voordat jy die saak uitlê."

"Ag," sê Jannie, "dis te vreeslik,

Ma se hart sal sommer breek.

Ma sal seker dit nie glo nie,

Maar hy sê ... hy sê...APTEEK!"

Henriette Pienaar

GR 6

Dogters

JA-NEE

Al vertel sy graag
hoe sy hom haat,
moet jy dit nooit ooit glo nie.
Ons almal weet maar alte goed
dis geheel en al nie so nie.

As die seuns haar voorkeer
en haar terg:
"Jy's mal oor hom, né"?

ruk sy haar op kastig vererg.

Maar vir haar maat
sal sy haar geheim vertel
en as hulle eers weet,
weet elke pel!

"Hou tog my geheim," smee sy.
Hulle belowe plegtig in een koor
en só maak sy doodseker
dat die hele skool gaan hoor!

Soos springmielies
ontploff
haar maters in een keer.
Nou wag sy gloeiend en uitdagend:
hy sál die storie hoor....

Nou waarom dan nie duidelik wys
dat sy tog van hom hou?
Wel, weet jy dan nie meisies sê

op hul eie manier: "Ek hou van jou"?

Anoniem

Seuns

HOE MEER HAAS ...

Juffrou Poggenpoel draf in met 'n spoed:
"Klas, gedra jul vandag tog bitterlik soet!
Die inspekteur is op pad,
maar ek sê julle wat:
as hy hom tot jul wend,
probeer lyk tog intelligent
en beantwoord sy vrae dan mooi en goed!"

'n Lang man kom in en gaan staan voor die bord.
Vreemd begin hy woorde oor ons uit te stort:
"Ek is De Vrey," sê hy,
"ek kan nie baie lank bly,
maar voltooi net gou dié idioom:
Hoe meer haas, hoe ... toe sê vir my!"
Jannie se hand skiet omhoog, "Meneer,
dis rêrig maklik, Meneer," sê hy,
"hoe meer haas, Meneer,
hoe groter mos die haaspastei!"

Pieter Strauss

GR 7

Dogters

VERLIEFGEIT

Heeltemal onskuldig
sit ek en vermenigvuldig

En ek dink:
dis SO vervelig ...
dis SO laerskool ...
Is my nael getjip?

Toe ... skielik
Die snaaksste simptome steek kop-uit.

Ek droom, ek dink,
my hart kloep tjoklits!
Elke outfit word haarfyn beplan.
Oe nee! Kyk hoe lyk my hare!
En ek's gedurig op die uitkyk ...

Die gross simptome raak al erger.
Ek stotter, ek stamel,
my hart kloep marshmallows!
S.O.S.! 'n Zit op my neus!
En ek's gedurig op die uitkyk ...

Die stupid simptome wil nie weggaan.

Ek wik, ek weeg,
my hart kloep kondensmelk!
Ek wonder of hy my ooit raaksien?
Help! Wat kan ek aantrek?
En ek's gedurig op die uitkyk ...

Vir hom ...
die donkerkopseun
met die sagte oë
Dis só opwindend!
Dis só skrikwekkend!
Kan my lewe ASSEBLIEF weer normaal raak?

Alicia Erasmus

Seuns

PEPERJÊMBEK

Frits de Blits is groot en sterk
die girls het hom bewonder.
Laas Sondag sê hy by die kerk:
Kom hier, ek wil jou ...

Donderdag ná skool ontmoet,
jy moet jou alie roer.
En sorg maar vir 'n bietjie spoed,
of ek gaan jou wragtag...

Moerkoffie laat drink as straf.
Ek sê toe: Nee, dis bak.
Ek hou my lyf so raf en taf,
Al weet ek ek gaan ...

Kakkerlakke rond sien hol.
By Quick-Fix-Pix op pad
maak ek toe gou 'n plan:
sou Frits my rol, skop hy sy eie ...

Gatiep druk foto's van ou Frits;
dié plak ek op my kop.
As Frits my op die bakkie klits,
dok sý gesig ook op.

Annette Nel

GR 8

Dogters

EK IS DERTIEN

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 fliék en pizzas eet
(al voel ek verleë en natgesweet)
ek droom my lyf is voorblad mooi
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

Seuns

Gesiggie

Al vergeet jy my vir altyd
Langs 'n mylpaal op jou pad
Onderstreep jy steeds die prentjies
in die hoeke van my hart

Sloop, sloop die mure
Die mure wat ek bou
En alles, alles binne
Gesiggie, hoort aan jou

Leg die kaart van liefde
Al neem dit jou 'n jaar
Tot die mal maak van ons briewe
En die oë op ons bedaar.

Gou gesiggie skud my hand
As die lense vir ons loer
Net 'n oomblik naamloos
Alhoewel jy in my boer

Steve Hofmeyr

GR 9

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 pannekoek
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 Venter

Seuns

MY HART IS IN INTENSIVE CARE

My hart is in intensive care.
My hart word rein gewas.
My hart is soos die digter sê,
Op al die plekke waar ons eenmaal was.

My hart is soos 'n nagmaalbrood,
Gebreek tot net 'n stuk.
Hoe kry mens dit dan reg
Om 'n gebroke hart weer reg te ruk?

Want Baby, jy is my lewe.
Baby, jy is my huis.
Baby, jy is 'n lovesong
Wat oor die see na jou toe reis.
Baby, jy's my trane (in 'n hartklop) vasgevang
En Baby, jy's die een na wie my hart vanaand verlang

Ek voel vanaand so soppig
Soos 'n digter met 'n sigaret
En 'n halwe bottel rooiwyn
Op die tafel langs my bed.

En ek dig tot in die nag se slaap,
Ek dig my hart gesond.
Vat 'n slukkie van die rooiwyn,
Blaas 'n rookie uit my mond.

Ek los 'n boodskap op jou voicemail.
Was dit nou die regte ding?
Toe ek dit laaskeer gedoen het,
Het ek 'n lovesong gesing.

Jak de Priester

Dogters

SKITTERLIG WINK

In 'n silwer rivierstroom,
tussen eggo-krans en kloue,
het sy haar hart in mos gevou,
wyl rooivinke ritmies in riete wieg.

Daar waar spookasem wolke kolk -
staan sy kelkhand, palms na Bo,
om genade en vrede af te smee,
kettings van glisters los te breek.

Haar spieëlbeeld weerkaats,
op kartels van die water,
en dis eers (wat soos eeue voel) later,
dat sy volkome berusting vind.

Wanneer gees sweef na waterval,
waarsku eggo's vanuit die kranse,
haar siel is vry soos sy sag-sink,
as Sy skitterlig haar naderwink.

Evelyn van der Merwe

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 vroujie daar, mevrou Matthee:
Wat telkens ver, vër oor die golwe tuur?
Sy dink dié briesie bring haar seuns betyds vir tee.
Hul slaap aldie agter die kerkhofmuur.

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

U Krige

Dogters

KROMDRAAI SE BOERESPORT

By Kromdraai se boeresport
Is die broekies styf en die rokkies kort.
Die lywe rooi gebrand,
Speel die kinders in die sand.

Die spiere bult en lywe sweet
Tussen baie lag en lekker eet.
Perde maal in die stof
Tot hul langmaanhaar in die eerste skof.

Wulpse meisielywe vlug en lok
So die beurt die bok,
Tot hy rasend hyg,
Oor vrou en kind wat swyg.

Die vrouens lag so uit die keel,
Is min gepla met soentjies-steel.
Genoeg om stil te sit en puf,
Hul susters met 'n pouz te bluf.

As die son die aand kom sak
Word alles opgepak –
Ook die wellus van die dag.
Vergete is die skril gelag.

Môre dra hulle weer
“mevrou-skoene” – egte leer –
Trek rokkie oor die knie
Sê nie pruim nie.

Anoniem

Seuns

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

GR 12

Dogters

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

Seuns

O DIE PYN-GEDAGTE

O Die pyn-gedagte: My kind is dood! . . .
dit brand soos 'n pyl in my.
Die mense sien daar niks nie van,
en die Here alleen die weet wat ek ly.

Die dae kom en die nagte gaan
die skadu's word lank en weer kort;
die drywerstem van my werk weerklink,
en ek gaan op my kruisweg voort.

Maar daar skiet aldeur 'n pyn in my hart,
so, dat my lewe se glans verdwyn;
Jou kind is dood met 'n vreeslike dood!
En – ek gryp my bors van die pyn.

O Die bliksemgedagte! . . . Ja, lieftingskind,
een straal het jou skone liggaam verskroei,
maar bliksemstrale sonder tal
laat my binneste brand en bloei.

Sy was so teer soos 'n vlindertjie,
sy't lugtig omheen geswerf;
'n asempie wind kon haar vlerkies breek
en – kyk watter dood moes sy sterf!

Hoe weinig die kinders wat so moet sterf,
dis een uit die tienduisend-tal,
en ag, dat dit sy was, en ek moes sien
dat sy dood in my arms val!

O Die pyn-gedagte: My kind is dood! . . .
dit brand soos 'n pyl in my;
die mense die sien daar niks nie van,
en die Here alleen die weet wat ek ly.

Totius (JP Du Toit)

VOORGESKREWE LIMERIEKE

| | |
|---|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 1</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>MALSPUL</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Daar was 'n jong man van Natal, hy wil vliegtuig ry, maar hy val, en toe hy opstaan, lyk die son soos die maan, en hy sê: "Die hele wêreld is mal!"</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>W Versfeld</i></p> | <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 2</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>DIE TWEE BOERE</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Herrie en Berrie het 'n merrie gekoop, en 'n raap en 'n skaap om te boer op hoop, en die skaap gepluk, en die wol gesluk, en die merrie geplant en die raap laat loop.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>CJ Langenhoven</i></p> |
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 3</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>DIE OPTIMIS</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">"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."</p> | <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 4</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>`N VLERMUIS WAT LÊ IN DIE GANG</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">'n Vlermuis was lê in die gang maak vir Snippie die muis vreeslik bang. Sy bid: "Liewe Heer, kom kyk wat gebeur: die kat het 'n engel gevang."</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>E Botha</i></p> |
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 5</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>DIE BOER</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Oom Faan was `n boer met `n haan wat `n outydse ses voet hoog staan. Maar toe die boer hom wou voer, tjorts die haan op die boer en hy kraai: " O, ek MIS jou, oom Faan!"</p> | <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 6</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>SAKPAS</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">`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!"</p> |
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 7</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>ONS DORP</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Daar bly stoute vrou tjies in Brakpan, Wat outjies gaan vry by die dorpsdam, Word hulle gevang, Dan skree hulle bang: "Konstabel sê tog net niks vir my man!"</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">Skryf sommer self een vir optrede - sien Limeriek: Selfgeskrewe</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Die rympatroom is</p> <p style="text-align: center;">A A B B A</p> |

Ander Limerieke kan ingeskryf word onder **Limeriek: Eie Keuse**

LIST OF ENGLISH DRAMA ITEMS

Choral Verse (No movement, Gr 1-3 / Gr 4-5 / Gr 6-7 Max 10 min)
Choral Verse: Dramatised (With movement and functional costumes, Gr 1-3 / Gr 4-5 / Gr 6-7 Max 10 min)
Character Portrayal (Karakteruitbeedling)
Chain Story Telling (Theme will be provided to group, 5 minutes preparation)
Creative Advertisement (Solo item, theme will be provided, 5 minutes preparation)
Creative Advertisement (Duo item, theme will be provided, 5 minutes preparation)
Creative Advertisement: Group (Theme will be provided to group, 5 minutes preparation)
Dialogue (In Costume)
Improvisation (Solo item, theme will be provided, 5 minutes preparation)
Improvisation: Duo (Theme will be provided, 5 minutes preparation)
Improvisation: Group (Theme will be provided, 5 minutes preparation)
Reading: Sight Biblical (Unprepared)
Reading: Prepared Biblical
Reading: Prepared
Reading: Sight (Unprepared)
Reading: News Reading (Current news from a newspaper or any other relevant publication)
Limerick: Own Choice
Limerick: Self Written
Limerick: Prescribed (Gr 1 – 7)
Magic Trick: (Surprise the audience with any magic trick not exceeding 2 minutes)
Mime: Duo Unprepared
Mime: Unprepared
Mime: Duo Prepared
Mime: Prepared
Mime: Prepared Group
Mime: Unprepared Group
Monologue (In Costume)
Poetry: Duo Dramatised
Poetry: Own Choice
Poetry: Dramatised (No props, black drama wear)
Poetry: Dramatised Group (In Costume)
Poetry: Unprepared (Poem will be provided, 5 minutes preparation)
Poetry: Self Written
Poetry: Prescribed
Picture Telling: (Solo item, 5 minutes preparation)
Prose:
Prose: Biblical (Memorised presentation, no reading)
Prose: Dramatised
Public Speaking: Unprepared (Theme will be provided, no material, 15 minutes preparation)
Public Speaking: Team (Maximum 12 minutes, 4 members)
Public Speaking: Prepared (Times as per ATKV specifications)
Public Speaking: Introduction to Public Speaking Gr RRR-R (Any speech, no formal structure, max 2 min)
Stand-up Comedy: (a joke or funny story not exceeding 2 min)
Story Telling (Solo item, theme will be provided, 5 minutes preparation)

AL GENRES HAVE A MAXIMUM TIME LIMIT OF 2 MIN UNLESS SPECIFIED DIFFERENTLY

NO DRAMA OUTFITS MAY DISPLAY ANY STUDIO EMBLEMS

ENGLISH SECTION

PRESCRIBED POETRY

PRE-SCHOOL - GR RRR

Girls

SMALL CATERPILLAR

“Who’s that tickling my back?”
Said the wall;
“Me” said a small caterpillar.
“I’m learning to crawl!”

Boys

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!

GR RR

Girls

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!

Boys

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

GR R

Girls

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?”

Boys

HOT SAUSAGE

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

GR 1

Girls

I Wrote Myself a Letter

I wrote myself a letter.
I mailed it right away.
And, sure enough, the carrier,
delivered it today.

I couldn't wait to get it.
I nearly had to shout.
I quickly tore the envelope
and pulled the letter out.

I anxiously unfolded it
but now I must concede,
I'm clueless as to what it says.
I haven't learned to read.

Ken Nesbitt

Boys

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.

GR 2

Girls

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 by best.
So I kept the freckles where they were
And washed away the rest.

Ken Nesbitt

Boys

FRIGHTENED FANNY

I saw a mouse – I saw a mouse –
Oh take me from this dreadful house.

I saw it run across the floor,
It vanished underneath the door –
I never saw a mouse before.

It ran so fast, it ran so light,
Its little eyes were black and bright,
And I shall dream of it tonight.

I saw a mouse – I saw a mouse –
Oh, take me from this dreadful house.

Rose Fyleman

GR 3

Girls

BETTY AT THE PARTY

“When I was at the party,”
Said Betty, aged just four,
“A little girl fell off her chair
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me
I didn’t laugh a single bit,”
Said Betty, seriously.

“Why not?” her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty-bless her little heart!-
Had been so sweetly kind.
“Why didn’t you laugh, my darling?
Or don’t you like to tell?”
“I didn’t laugh,” said Betty,
“Cause it was I that fell.”

Boys

I’M PRACTICALLY PERFECT

I’m practically perfect in every respect.
I haven’t a flaw you could ever detect.
As soon as you know me I’m sure you’ll agree
there’s no one around who’s as perfect as me.

I’m handsome and rich, with a generous heart.
I’m funny, and charming, and totally smart.
At school, in my classes, I only get A’s.
I’m also athletic in so many ways.

My clothes are expensive. My hair is just right.
My teeth are all straight, and they’re shiny and white.
I’m practically perfect. I’m sure you could tell.
And, oh, did I mention? I’m humble as well.

Kenn Nesbitt

GR 4

Girls

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!

WHAAAAAAAAAAA!

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.

Boys

MY PARENTS ARE MAKING ME CRAZY

My parents are making me crazy.
They're driving me utterly mad.
I'm mental because of my mother.
I'm losing it thanks to my dad.

My mom tells me, "Go do your homework,"
and dad's yelling, "Vacuum the floors!"
Then mom says, "Turn off the TV now,"
and dad hollers, "Finish your chores!"

With all of their grouching and griping,
my brain is beginning to hurt.
My dad's shouting, "Clean up the kitchen!"
My mom's saying, "Tuck in your shirt!"

I feel like I'm losing my marbles.
If I go bananas today,
then please give this note to my parents
when the funny farm takes me away.

Kenn Nesbitt

GR 5

Girls

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Sleeping Beauty pricked her thumb,
started feeling overcome.
Probably she would have died
as the witch had prophesied,
but the fairies had her blessed
so she just got beauty rest.
For a hundred fifty years
she missed balls and film premieres,
till Prince Charming came along
singing out a cheerful song.
Kneeling down he kissed her cheek
hoping that she'd wake and speak.
Sleeping Beauty raised an arm
reaching for the snooze alarm
and her waking words were these:
"Just need five more minutes please."

Kenn Nesbitt

Boys

SANTA'S FEELING SICK

Daddy called the doctor,
and told him, "Please come quick.
Santa's in the living room
and feeling somewhat sick."

Santa's slightly out of sorts.
He's looking rather ill,
showing certain symptoms
like a fever and a chill."

Sad to say, he's shivering
as if he has the flu.
Please come look. I'm sure you'll know
exactly what to do."

Twenty minutes later,
when the doctor bustled in,
Santa got examined
from his elbow to his chin.

"Santa," said the doctor,
"It's as clear as it can be...
You've got tinselitis;
You're allergic to their tree."

Kenn Nesbitt

GR 6

Girls

PIMPLE PROBLEM

I had a little problem.
It gave me quite a scare.
I looked in to the mirror
and saw a pimple there.

That pimple was enormous
and growing on my nose,
both bigger than a button,
and redder than a rose.

I knew my friends would notice.
I thought that they would stare.
I figured they would laugh at me
to see that pimple there.

So that's when I decided
I would give them a surprise.
I grabbed a pen and drew on it
two tiny little eyes.

I drew a nose, a mouth, two ears,
a moustache, and a beard,
to make my pimple obvious
and wonderful and weird.

My drawing was a winner
and a hit with every friend.
Now painting on our pimples
is the hottest fashion trend.

Kenn Nesbitt

Boys

WAITER, THERE'S A DOG IN MY SOUP

There's a doggy in my soup dish.
There's a canine in my cup.
The waiter brought a bowl out
and I found this grubby pup.

His fur is simply sopping.
He's wet from head to toes.
He's got some peas upon his paws
and noodles on his nose.

He doesn't look too happy.
His eyes are filled with tears.
Or maybe that's just chicken soup
that's dripping from his ears.

I'm sure I asked for noodles.
I got this dog instead.
I wonder how this happened.
Was it something that I said?

I guess I must have mumbled.
I'm such a nincompoop!
It seems the waiter heard me ask for
Chicken Poodle Soup.

Kenn Nesbitt

GR 7

Girls

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

Boys

All My Great Excuses

I started on my homework
but my pen ran out of ink.
My hamster ate my homework.
My computer's on the blink.

I accidentally dropped it
in the soup my mom was cooking.
My brother flushed it down the toilet
when I wasn't looking.

My mother ran my homework
through the washer and the dryer.
An airplane crashed into our house.
My homework caught on fire.

Tornadoes blew my notes away.
Volcanoes struck our town.
My notes were taken hostage
by an evil killer clown.

Some aliens abducted me.
I had a shark attack.
A pirate swiped my homework
and refused to give it back.

I worked on these excuses
so darned long my teacher said,
"I think you'll find it's easier
to do the work instead."

Kenn Nesbitt

GR 8

Girls

FLAMINGOES

The graceful mass of sunset pin descends
And settles in the deep blue of the lake.
Beaks dipping,
Ripping in the calm of the peaceful water,
The flamingoes feed.
The heat of the sun shimmers in the air
As the wading dance continues.
The flush of the day mingles with more somber hues,
And in leisurely ascension
The whole flock rises,
A dark silhouette
Against the evening sky.

Helen Render

Boys

FANCY DANCER

The fanciest dancer that ever did dance
was Elmo Fernando Rodrigo McGants.
McGants did a dance that was twenty parts tango,
eleven parts polka and five parts fandango,
with thirty parts two-stepping jitterbug waltz,
a tap dance, a backflip, and four somersaults.
He spun like a top for a hundred rotations,
then swung and lambada'd with pelvic gyrations.
He rhumba'd, he mamboed, he boogied to disco,
he did the merengue from Boston to Frisco.
He limboed and cha-cha'd from China to France,
completing the world's most intricate dance,
and all because someone put ants in the pants
of Elmo Fernando Rodrigo McGants.

Kenn Nesbitt

GR 9

Girls

GRANNY'S LITTLE LAPTOP

Granny has a laptop,
its sleek and shiney new;
She gazes at it fondly,
and wonders what to do?

She keeps it gently on her lap,
she really thinks its nice,
she doesn't like the mouse at all,
she's very scared of mice!

But soon she'll start blogging
and take the world by storm,
With precise post on ecology,
and why our globe is warm!

She'll be in touch on email,
with family friends on the net;
and keep us all enthralled,
with her global tete-a-tete!

She'll engage in quirky forums,
and have a million fans,
asking for her recipes,
of fish curries and flans!

She'll keep the world begging,
for her poetry and prose,
for her masterpiece in Egyptology,
for the stories that she knows!

So, get set darling Granny,
we're so happy you're online,
you're a Granny in a million,
I'm so glad you're mine!!!

Roann Mendriq

Boys

WORLD'S HARDEST TEST

Preparing today for the standardized test
our teacher said there was a lot to digest.

We'd have to divide by the square root of three
and learn to spell zygote, façade and marquis.

We'd need to play xylophone, trumpet and flute,
accordion, banjo, piano and lute,
recite all the capital cities by heart

and learn to take rocketship engines apart.

We'd have to speak Latin, Swahili and Greek,

learn nuclear fusion and fencing technique,
remember the fables of Persia and Rome

and crack all the codes in the human genome.

Then just when we thought that our heads might explode

from learning Chinese or dissecting a toad

she told us the very best thing she could say:

that she was just kidding; it's April Fool's Day.

Kenn Nesbitt

GR 10

Girls

A MESSAGE TO THE MOON

You`re not as dead as you look.
They`re after you.
They`ll strike oil on you.
They`ll build refineries on your eyes to your forehead
And run freeways from your eyes to your mouth.
They`ll fill your pores with scrap iron
And your nostrils with smog.
Your chin will break out in a rash of billboards
And your cheeks will be pockmarked with trailer camps.
Try to look deader. Forgot to wax.
Keep on waning. Get off your orbit.
Eclipse!
Don`t just sit there mooning.

Millicent L. Pettit

Boys

EXPECTATIONS

I sit on the doorstep of my childhood.
I have rung the bell of my conscience
Twice now, but there is no reply.
I am waiting to see an image
Of my failures and disbeliefs – and here is one now.
The slow drizzle of my memories is gone now;
I have lost time and friendship – they have
Disappeared into the past with the other things
A master sees me waiting and watches disdainfully –
He thinks he knows me,
But he does not know how wrong he is.

Jeremy Richard Piercy

GR 11

Girls

SERENADE

Sing me a serenade,
a serenade about you.
Through your music talk to me,
let me understand you more.
Tell me about your pain,
about your sorrow.
Tell me about your pain,
about your sorrow.
Tell me about your happiness
and let me follow.
Let me see you as you are,
not as the world thinks you are.
I do not want to understand
what you show the world.
I want to know that real you,
that you in your song,
that innermost you that
you share with your song.
I want to understand you,
to understand your song.
Please, sing me the serenade,
the serenade of your life,
and maybe someday it might mingle,
might mingle with mine,
that our serenades together
might become as one.

Phillippa N Barlow

Boys

PIANO

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the
tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who
smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter
outside
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano
our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast

Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child
for the past.

D H Lawrence

GR 12

Girls

IF I SHOWED YOU MY TEARDROPS

I showed you my teardrops,
Would you collect them like rain,
Store them in jars.
That are labelled with "Pain"
Would you follow their tracks,
From my eyes down my cheeks,
As they write all the stories,
I'm too scared to speak,
Would you stop them with kisses,
Bring their flow to a halt,
As you teach me that pain,
Isn't always my fault,
Would you hold my face gently,
As you dry both my eyes,
And whisper the words,
"You're too precious to cry",
If I showed you my teardrops,
Would you show me your own,
And learn though we're lonely,
We're never alone.

Anon

Boys

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

PRESCRIBED LIMERICKS

| | |
|---|--|
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 1</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>A MOUSE IN THE ROOM</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">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.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>J Hendra</i></p> | <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 2</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>THE ARTIST</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">An artistic young man called Bo, To an art class decided to go. The teacher said, "Not right Your page is all white!" Bo said, "It is a polar bear in snow."</p> |
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 3</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>SPRING CLEAN</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">I'm really determined and keen To start giving this house a spring clean. I will do it I say, Yes, I'll do it today ... Well, I'll do it tomorrow, I mean.</p> | <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 4</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>007</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">As 007 walked by He heard a wee spider say, "Hi." But shaken, he shot It right there on the spot As it tried to explain, "I'm a spi ..."</p> |
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 5</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>EVE</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">There was a dear lady of Eden, Who on apples was quite fond of feedin'; She gave one to Adam, Who said, "Thank you, Madam," And then both skedaddled from Eden.</p> | <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 6</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>LOVE STORY</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">There was a young lady named May, Who read a love story each day. "It's funny," she said, When at least she was wed; "I didn't think life was this way."</p> |
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>Gr 7</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><u>A TALKATIVE MAN FROM SEATTLE</u></p> <p style="text-align: center;">A talkative man from Seattle Would spend his days speaking to cattle. When asked what he said One old cow shook her head And replied, "Why, it's nothing but prattle!"</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Kenn Nesbitt</i></p> | <p style="text-align: center;">Please feel free to write and perform your own limerick. Enter the Limerick: Self Written category, the rhyme scheme is</p> <p style="text-align: center;">A A B B A</p> |

Any other limerics should be entered under **Own Choice Limericks**

ART / KUNS

Submission – 2 Aug

Collection – 4 Aug

AGS Brakpan-Wes

No work of previous years may be repeated.

PLEASE ENSURE THAT ART IS MARKED WITH NAME TAG PROVIDED AS BELOW -
CLEARLY MARKED WITH STUDENT NAME, SURNAME, GRADE, SCHOOL AND ITEM.

Each artwork should be in its own plastic sleeve, with an empty A4 plastic filing pocket provided inside for certificate purposes. This will ensure that artwork and certificate remain together and are protected at the same time.

THEME:

Own choice – all categories

CATEGORIES:

- **Painting or Drawing**

Paper for painting or drawing cannot be bigger than A2 or smaller than A3.

Drawing or Painting must be mounted, coloured or black cardboard could be used for mounting. Stick the white drawing paper on the cardboard and allow for a 2.5 cm cardboard frame. Remember to colour background for higher marks

Medium: Any medium for example, Oil, Acrylic, Gouache, Water paint, Pencil, Charcoal, Conte, Pen and Ink or a combination of the above. Please note that no objects may be glued onto artwork.

Please ensure that all paintings or drawings are covered in plastic.

- **Graffiti**

The same size as specified above under painting or drawing.

Graffiti is word based and can be done on surfaces such as soft or hard cardboard, or paper

Medium: Any medium for example, Spray paint, Oil, Acrylic, Gouache, Water paint, Pencil, Charcoal, Conte, Pen and Ink or a combination of the above.

- **Visual Art - Photography**

Photo size – own choice. Participant can choose own mounting, framing and presentation. Please note that the photo must be taken by the participant. Avoid glass.

- **Graphic Design – Logo**

Design any logo.

Submission may be printed.

- **Scrapbooking**
Size – own choice. Participant can choose material.
- **Mosaic**
Own choice of size and theme.
- **Decoupage**
Own choice, size and theme.
- **Fabric Painting**
Finished products like pillows are not allowed. Only the painted material / fabric should be handed in. Own choice of size.
- **Collage**
Size – own choice. Participant can choose material.
- **Open**
Any other item not specified above, may be handed in and will be adjudicated in this category. Size and theme – own choice.

DELL'ARTE KUNSTEFEEES 2024

KUNS

Participant:

Gr:

School:

Contact no:

Underline Item: Painting or Drawing / Graffiti / Photography / Graphic Design
Scrapbooking / Mosaic / Decoupage / Fabric Painting
Collage / Open

SKRYFKUNS

Indiening – 2 Aug 2024

Afhaal – 4 Aug 2024

AGS Brakpan-Wes

Geen werk van vorige jare mag weer ingedien word nie.

MAAK ASB SEKER ALLE KUNS IS GEMERK MET NAAMPLAKKER SOOS VOORSIEN HIERONDER -
DUIDELIK GEMERK MET KIND SE NAAM, VAN, GRAAD, SKOOL EN ITEM

**Elke skryfkuns item (insluitend kaartjies), moet in sy eie plastiek A4 liaseringsakkie wees,
om item en sertifikaat te beskerm.**

TEMA:

Eie Keuse – Alle Afdelings

AFDELINGS:

- **Ontwerp 'n Kaartjie**

Kaartjie mag enige grootte wees, maar nie groter as A4.

Wees kreatief, enigiets, insluitend “Scrapbooking materiaal” mag gebruik word.

Onthou – taalkeurigheid (in die boodskappie) is uiters belangrik.

- **Skryf 'n Verhaal**

Hoeveelheid Woorde:

Gr 1 - 3 80 – 150

Gr 4 - 5 200 – 300

Gr 6 - 7 300 - 400

Gr 8 - 12 400 - 550

- **Skryf 'n Gedig**

Hoeveelheid reëls:

Gr 1 - 3 6 – 10

Gr 4 - 5 10 - 14

Gr 6 - 7 12 - 24

Gr 8 - 12 14 - 28

- **Skryf 'n Monoloog**

Hoeveelheid Woorde:

Maksimum 300 Woorde

- **Skryf 'n Dialoog**

Hoeveelheid Woorde:

Maksimum 500 Woorde

- **Skryf 'n Mini-Toneel**
Hoeveelheid Woorde:
Maksimum 3000 Woorde

DELL'ARTE KUNSTEFEEES 2024

SKRYFKUNS

Deelnemer:

Gr:

Skool:

Kontak Nr:

Onderstreep item: Kaartjie / Verhaal / Gedig / Monoloog /
Dialog / Mini-Toneel

ART OF WRITING

Submission – 2 Aug 2024

Collection – 4 Aug 2024

AGS Brakpan-Wes

No work of previous years may be repeated.

PLEASE ENSURE THAT ART IS MARKED WITH NAME TAG PROVIDED AS BELOW -
CLEARLY MARKED WITH STUDENT NAME, SURNAME, GRADE, SCHOOL AND ITEM.

Each Art of Writing item (including cards), should be in its own A4 plastic filing pocket to protect item and certificate.

THEME:

Own choice – all categories

CATEGORIES:

- **Design a Card**

Card may be any size, but not bigger than A4.

Be creative, anything including Scrapbooking Material may be used.

Remember – Grammar in message is extremely important.

- **Write a Story**

Amount of Words:

Gr 1 - 3 80 – 150

Gr 4 - 5 200 – 300

Gr 6 - 7 300 - 400

Gr 8 - 12 400 - 550

- **Write a Poem**

Amount of lines:

Gr 1 - 3 6 - 10

Gr 4 - 5 10 - 14

Gr 6 - 7 12 - 24

Gr 8 - 12 14 - 28

- **Write a Monologue**

Amount of Words:

Maximum 300 Words

- **Write a Dialogue**

Amount of Words:

Maximum 500 Words

- **Write a Mini Play**

Amount of Words:

Maximum 3000 Words

DELL'ARTE KUNSTEFEEES 2024

ART OF WRITING

Participant:

Gr:

School:

Contact no:

Underline Item: Card / Story / Poem / Monologue /
Dualogue / Mini Play

SANG

(Solo's, duette, trio's, kwartette en groepe)

Algemene Reëls

- By SANG moet genre, sowel as klankbaan, begeleid of acapella duidelik op inskrywingsvorm gespesifiseer word
- **Daar word nie by die sangafdeling tussen TALE onderskei nie, maar wel tussen genres, klankbaan, begeleiding en acapella.**
- **VOORGESKREWE TYD: 2 minute per item.** (Deelnemers sal gestop word indien hulle oor hul tyd gaan).
- Geen liedjies mag herhaal word nie (bv. dieselfde lied wat met begeleiding en acapella gesing word is nie toelaatbaar nie)

VOCALS

(Solo's, duets, trio's, quartets and groups)

General Rules

- Genre, as well as backtrack, accompaniment or acapella should clearly be specified on entrance form
- **In the Vocal category there will be no distinction for LANGUAGE, only for genre, as well as sound track, accompaniment and acapella.**
- **PRESCRIBED TIME: 2 minutes per item.** (Participants will be stopped when they exceed the time limit).
- No songs may be repeated. (e.g. you are not allowed to enter the same song for acapella and accompanied categories)

LYS VAN SANG GENRES / LIST OF VOCAL GENRES

- Ballad
- Blues
- Broadway
- Cabaret
- Classical
- Contemporary
- Country
- Folk
- Gospel
- Jazz
- Light Music
- Modern
- Movies
- Musical
- Pop
- R&B
- Rap
- Rock
- Traditional

INSTRUMENTAAL

(Solo's, duette, trio's, kwartette en groepe)

Algemene Reëls

- By die INSTRUMENTALE afdeling moet die genré en instrument op inskrywingsvorm gespesifiseer word.
- Deelnemers moet asseblief BLADMUSIEK vir instrumentale items saam bring vir beoordelaar.
- VOORGESKREWE TYD: **2 minute per item**. (Deelnemers sal gestop word indien hulle oor hul tyd gaan).

INSTRUMENTAL

(Solo's, duets, trio's, quartets and groups)

General Rules

- The genré and instrument must be specified on the entry form.
- Participants are asked to bring SHEET MUSIC for all instrumental items to the adjudicator.
- PRESCRIBED TIME: **2 minutes per item**. (Participants will be stopped when they exceed the time limit).

LYS VAN INSTRUMENTALE GENRES

LIST OF INSTRUMENTAL GENRES

- Ballad
- Blues
- Broadway
- Cabaret
- Classical
- Contemporary
- Country
- Folk
- Gospel
- Jazz
- Light Music
- Modern
- Movies
- Musical
- Pop
- R&B
- Rap
- Rock
- Traditional

KORE

Algemene Reëls:

- Werke van vorige jare mag nie herhaal word nie.
- Werke van kontrasterende styl moet aangebied word.
- Transposisie is toelaatbaar.
- Maak van eie keuse gebruik maar maak seker dat die standaard by die ouderdomsgroep pas. Die standaard van die werke sal by die beoordeling in aanmerking geneem word.
- 'n Afskrif van die koorwerke moet voor die optrede aan die beoordelaar oorhandig word.
- Begeleiding deur middel van klavier of enige ander musiekinstrument, asook klankbane is toelaatbaar. (Dui dit op die inskrywingsvorm aan.)

Afdelings:

- **Laerskool Junior Koor (Gr 1 – 3 Een- of Meerstemmig)**

Program van 3 tot 4 liedere word aangebied, een – of meerstemmig

Die liedere moet **kontrasterend** van aard wees en kan in enige taal gesing word. Al drie liedere mag egter nie in dieselfde taal gesing word nie.

- **Laerskool Senior Koor (Gr 4 – 7 Twee- of Meerstemmig)**

Program van 3 tot 4 liedere word aangebied, twee - of meerstemmig.

Die liedere moet **kontrasterend** van aard wees en kan in enige taal gesing word.

Alle liedere mag egter nie in dieselfde taal gesing word nie.

- **Hoërskool Koor (Gr 8 – 12 Twee- of meerstemmig)**

Program van 3 tot 4 liedere word aangebied, twee - of meerstemmig.

Die liedere moet **kontrasterend** van aard wees en kan in enige taal gesing word.

Alle liedere mag egter nie in dieselfde taal gesing word nie.

Programme by alle afdelings mag bv. insluit:

Gewyde liedere

Kanon

SA Volkswysies

Dogterskoor

Seunskoor

Gemengdekoor

Onbegeleid

CHOIRS

General Rules:

- You are not allowed to repeat entries from previous years.
- You must present work with contrasting styles.
- Transposition is allowed.
- Own choice is allowed but ensure that the standard is age appropriate. The standard of the work will be considered when adjudicating.
- A copy of the choir worksheet must be handed to the adjudicator before the performance.
- Accompaniment by a piano or any other musical instrument as well as backtracks are allowed. (Please indicate this on your entry form)

Categories:

- **Primary School Junior Choir (Gr 1 – 3 One or more voices)**

A program with 3 to 4 songs should be presented – one voice or more voices
Songs must be **contrasting** in nature and can be sung in any language. All three songs however, cannot be sung in the same language.

- **Primary School Senior Choir (Gr 4 – 7 Two or more voices)**

A program with 3 to 4 songs should be presented – two or more voices.
Songs must be **contrasting** in nature and can be sung in any language. All songs however, cannot be sung in the same language.

- **High School Choir (Gr 8 – 12 Two or more voices)**

A program with 3 to 4 songs should be presented – two or more voices.
Songs must be **contrasting** in nature and can be sung in any language. All songs however, cannot be sung in the same language.

The program in all categories can include:

Sacred Songs (Gewyde lieder)

Canon

SA Folk Songs

Girls Choir

Boys Choir

Mixed Choir

Unaccompanied

DANS / DANCE

Reëls en Regulasies:

Waar daar in groepe oor grade heen deelgeneem word, moet hoogste graad op inskrywingsvorm verskyn, want hul tree dan op in die hoogste graad.

CD's met musiek moet duidelik gemerk wees met deelnemer naam sowel as item en by klanktegnikus ingehandig word.

Maksimum Tyd per Item: 2 Min

Optrede: Individueel, duet, trio, kwartet of groepe 5-10 lede
Pom-Pom Groepe onbeperkte ledetal. Tyd 8-12 Min. R750 per groep.

Rules and Regulations:

Where an entry has participants from different grades, the highest grade should appear on the entry form, because participation will be in the highest grade.

CD's with music, should be clearly marked with the participant's name as well as the item and handed to the sound technician.

Maximum time per item: 2 Min

Performance: Individual, duet, trio, quartet or groups with 5 – 10 members
Pop-Pom Group unlimited members. Time 8-12 Min. R750 per group.

Lys van Dans Items / List of Dance Items:

- Acro
- Ballet
- Ballroom
- Bhangra
- Cha-Cha
- Character
- Classical
- Contemporary
- Disco
- Energy
- Freestyle
- Hip Hop
- Improvisation
- Jazz
- Jive
- Lyrical
- Modern
- Paso
- Pom-Pom Group
- Samba
- Slow Dance
- Spanish
- Tango
- Tap

MULTIMEDIA

Submission – 5 Aug 2024

MULTIMEDIA ITEMS

TikTok: Dance
TikTok: Lip Sync
TikTok: Open
Reklameflits / Flash Advertising

Participant's name, surname, grade and item should be entered in the caption block when submitting the video on whatsapp number that will be provided to all that entered.

Rules and Regulations:

TikTok:

- Lip Sync: TikTok (Singing OR Acting voice-over is allowed, Eng or Afr)
- Dance: TikTok Video (Any type of dancing)
- Open: TikTok Video (Anything excluding Lip Sync and Dance, Eng or Afr)

Nobody else may act in the TikTok video or on the participant's behalf. Therefore the participant's FACE should be visible for the full duration of the video.

Reklameflits / Flash Advertising:

Any age-appropriate product may be advertised. The product will determine the content and if for example, actors are required or not. Use your imagination as creativity and editing skills are important criteria.

Maximum time per item/video: No longer than 50 seconds

(TikTok and Reklameflits / Advertising Flash)