



Comunidad de Madrid

II Concurso de Oratoria en Inglés de la Comunidad de Madrid

PRUEBAS

FASE PRELIMINAR

1. *Declamación primera* (2 minutos) (*textos al final*)

- a. The pied piper of Hamelin (Robert Browning)
- b. Sorting Hat's Songs - Harry Potter (J.K. Rowling)
- c. O Captain, my captain (Walt Whitman)
- d. Augustus Gloop - Charlie y la Fábrica de Chocolate (Roald Dahl)
- e. Annabelle Lee (Edgar Allan Poe)

2. *Declamación segunda* (2 minutos) (*textos al final*)

- a. Winston Churchill. "We shall fight them on the beaches"
- b. Martin Luther King. " I have a dream"
- c. John Fitzgerald Kennedy. "We choose to go to the moon"
- d. Nelson Mandela. "I am prepared to die"
- e. Tony Blair. " Education, education, education"

3. *Exposición sobre un tema de interés general* (2 minutos)

- a. Animales en peligro de extinción
- b. Competitividad y juego limpio
- c. Contaminación en las ciudades
- d. Importancia de la lengua inglesa en el sistema educativo español
- e. La música en el s. XXI

4. *Defensa de un personaje* (1,30 minutos)

- a. Charles Dickens
- b. Nichola Tesla
- c. Teresa de Calcuta

5. *Descripción de un sentimiento* (1,30 minutos)

- a. Padres abrazando a un niño
- b. Niño abriendo regalos de reyes o de cumpleaños
- c. Niño rompe un objeto valioso

FASE FINAL

1. *Declamación* (2 minutos)

Pueden elegir textos de los apartados 1 y 2 de la fase preliminar

2. *Juego de la venta* (1 minuto)

El concursante conocerá en el momento el objeto de la prueba

3. *Solución a un problema de interés general* (2 minutos)

- a. Objetivos del milenio: los derechos del niño
- b. Consumo responsable
- c. Fracaso escolar
- d. Integración de personas con discapacidad
- e. Influencia de los medios en la imagen de los jóvenes

4. *Defensa de un personaje frente a otro* (1,30 minutos)

- a. Robin Hood y The King
- b. Liebre y Tortuga
- c. Peter Pan y Capitán Garfio

5. *Discurso de motivación* (2 minutos)

- a. Aprender de nuestros mayores
- b. Alimentación saludable
- c. Aprender historia
- d. Aprender idiomas
- e. Uso responsable de las nuevas tecnologías



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Textos de declamación

1. Textos de Declamación primera (monólogos dramáticos)

a. The Pied Piper of Hamelin (Robert Browning)

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
"He's forced to let the piping drop,
"And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, --
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
"I can't forget that I'm bereft
"Of all the pleasant sights they see,
"Which the Piper also promised me.
"For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
"Joining the town and just at hand,
"Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
"And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
"And everything was strange and new;



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``The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
``And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
``And honey-bees had lost their stings,
``And horses were born with eagles' wings;
``And just as I became assured
``My lame foot would be speedily cured,
``The music stopped and I stood still,
``And found myself outside the hill,
``Left alone against my will,
``To go now limping as before,
``And never hear of that country more!"

b. Sorting Hat's Songs - Harry Potter (J.K. Rowling)

A thousand years or more ago
when I was newly sewn,
there lived four wizards of renown,
whose names are still well known:
bold Gryffindor, from wild moor,
fair Ravenclaw, from glen,
sweet Hufflepuff, from valley broad,
shrewd Slytherin, from fen.
They shared a wish, a hope, a dream,
they hatched a daring plan
to educate young sorcerers
thus Hogwarts School began.
Now each of these four founders
formed their own house, for each
did value different virtues
in the ones they had to teach.
By Gryffindor, the bravest were
Prized far beyond the rest;
For Ravenclaw, the cleverest
would always be the best;
For Hufflepuff, hard workers were
Most worthy of admission;
And power-hungry Slytherin
loved those of great ambition.
While still alive they did divide
Their favorites from the throng,
Yet how to pick the worthy ones
When they were dead and gone?
'Twas Gryffindor who found the way,
He whipped me off his head



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The founders put some brains in me
So I could choose instead!
Now slip me snug about your ears,
I've never yet been wrong,
I'll have a look inside your mind
And tell where you belong.

c. O Captain! my captain! (Walt Whitman)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up--for you the flag is flung--for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths--for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

d. Augustus Gloop - Charlie y la Fábrica de Chocolate (Roald Dahl)

Even the smallest bit of fun
Or happiness to anyone.
So what we do in cases such
As this, we use the gentle touch,
And carefully we take the brat
And turn him into something that
Will give great pleasure to us all--
A doll, for instance, or a ball,



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Or marbles or a rocking horse.
But this revolting boy, of course,
Was so unutterably vile,
So greedy, foul, and infantile
He left a most disgusting taste
Inside our mouths, and so in haste
We chose a thing that, come what may,
Would take the nasty taste away.
'Come on!' we cried, 'The time is ripe
To send him shooting up the pipe!
He has to go! It has to be!
And very soon, he's going to see
Inside the room to which he's gone
Some funny things are going on.
But don't, dear children, be alarmed;
Augustus Gloop will not be harmed,
Although, of course, we must admit
He will be altered quite a bit.
He'll be quite changed from what he's been,
When he goes through the fudge machine:
Slowly, the wheels go round and round,
The cogs begin to grind and pound;
A hundred knives go slice, slice, slice;
We add some sugar, cream, and spice;
We boil him for a minute more,
Until we're absolutely sure
That all the greed and all the gall
Is boiled away for once and all.
Then out he comes! And now! By grace!
A miracle has taken place!
This boy, who only just before
Was loathed by men from shore to shore,
This greedy brute, this louse's ear,
Is loved by people everywhere!
For who could hate or bear a grudge
Against a luscious bit of fudge?'

e. Annabel Lee (Edgar Allan Poe)

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought



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Than to love and be loved by me.
I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love-
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.
And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.
The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me-
Yes!- that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.
But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we-
Of many far wiser than we-
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling- my darling- my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.



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2. Textos de Declamación segunda (discursos históricos)

a. Winston Churchill. “We shall fight them on the beaches”

I have, myself, full confidence that if all do their duty, if nothing is neglected, and if the best arrangements are made, as they are being made, we shall prove ourselves once again able to defend our Island home, to ride out the storm of war, and to outlive the menace of tyranny, if necessary for years, if necessary alone.

The British Empire and the French Republic, linked together in their cause and in their need, will defend to the death their native soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength.

We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our Island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this Island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.

b. Martin Luther King. “I have a dream”

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free.

Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds."

But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. And so, we've come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

But there is something that I must say to my people: We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence.

The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny.

We cannot walk alone.

We cannot turn back.

And so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its



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creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a *dream* today!

This is our hope, and this is the faith that I go back to the South with.

With this faith, we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

Free at last! Free at last!

c. John Fitzgerald Kennedy. "We choose to go to the moon"

We meet in an hour of change and challenge, in a decade of hope and fear, in an age of both knowledge and ignorance. The greater our knowledge increases, the greater our ignorance unfolds.

Newton explored the meaning of gravity. Last month electric lights and telephones and automobiles and airplanes became available. Only last week did we develop penicillin and television and nuclear power, and now if America's new spacecraft succeeds in reaching Venus, we will have literally reached the stars before midnight tonight.

If this capsule history of our progress teaches us anything, it is that man, in his quest for knowledge and progress, is determined and cannot be deterred. The exploration of space will go ahead, whether we join in it or not, and it is one of the great adventures of all time, and no nation which expects to be the leader of other nations can expect to stay behind in the race for space.

There is no strife, no prejudice, no national conflict in outer space as yet. Its hazards are hostile to us all. Its conquest deserves the best of all mankind, and its opportunity for peaceful cooperation may never come again. But why, some say, the moon? Why choose this as our goal?

We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard, because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win, and the others, too.

d. Nelson Mandela. "I am prepared to die"

Africans want to be paid a living wage. Africans want to perform work which they are capable of doing, and not work which the government declares them to be capable of. Africans want to be part of the general population, and not confined to living in their own ghettos. African men want to have their wives and children to live with them where they work, and not be forced into an unnatural existence in men's hostels. African women want to be with their menfolk and not be left permanently widowed in the Reserves. Africans want a just share in the whole of South Africa; they want security and a stake in society.

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Above all, we want equal political rights, because without them our disabilities will be permanent. I know this sounds revolutionary to the whites in this country, because the majority of voters will be Africans. This makes the white man fear democracy. But this fear cannot be allowed to stand in the way of the only solution which will guarantee racial harmony and freedom for all.

I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if needs be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die.

e. Tony Blair. “Education, education, education”

These are the foundations of this new age of achievement. And for all our people it can be made a reality. There is only one lasting route to higher living standards, better wages, more secure jobs in today's world. We will win by our brains and our skills or not at all. [...] There should be a spirit of enterprise and achievement on the shop floor, in the office as well: in the 16 year-old who starts as an office girl with the realistic chance of ending up as the office manager; in the young graduate with the confidence to take initiatives; in the secretary who takes time out to learn a new language and comes back to search for a new and better job. These people have enterprise within them. They have talent and potential within them. Ask me my three main priorities for government and I tell you: education, education and education.

The first wonder of the world is the mind of a child.

They say give me the boy at seven, I'll show you the man at 70. Well give me the education system that is 35th in the world today and I will give you the economy that is 35th in the world tomorrow.

Achievement, aspiration fulfilled for all our people. And the type of society we have - what kind of world is it where fathers who do not work have sons who do not work, where the young take to drugs and the debased culture of despair because no job beckons on leaving school? What kind of world is it where the best education, jobs and skills are available only to the few? It is a world in which some can succeed. But I ask you, is it a world of which anyone can be proud? [This] is the moral question of our times.

If we are to build this new age of achievement, you and I and all of us together must build first the decent society to deliver it. A society in which every individual is valued, every person given the chance to fulfil their potential; a society to which we contribute and which then contributes to us; a society based not on outdated prejudices but on the common duty of humanity, our belief that we owe an obligation to each other to improve the lives of us all; a society of opportunity; a society of responsibility; a society which gives to us because we give to that society.