



國際辯論學會
The Debating Association

第一屆彩虹盃 2012 Rainbow Cup

Sample Materials: Solo Verse Speaking

Contestants can look for materials themselves. All self-chosen materials should be of the similar length as the sample.

K.1-K.3 My Mother by Alyssa

I love my mum

My mum loves me

Loving and caring

Is her specialty

She helps her family

All her friends too

She's the best in the world

At whatever she may do



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P.1-P.2 The Cuckoo

O the cuckoo she's pretty bird,
She singeth as she flies,
She bringeth good tidings,
She telleth no lies.

She sucketh white flowers,
For to keep her voice clear,
And the more she singeth cuckoo,
The summer draweth near.



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P.3-P.4 A Song of Toad

The world has held great Heroes,
As history books have showed;
But never a name to go down to fame
Compared to that of Toad!

The clever man at Oxford
Know all that there to be knowed.
But they none of them know one half as much
As intelligent Mr Toad!

The animals sat in the ark and cried,
Their tears in torrents flowed.
Who was it said, "there's land ahead"?
Encouraging Mr Toad

The Army all saluted
As they marched along the road,
Was it the King? Or Kitchener?
No. It was Mr Toad.



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P.5-P.6 The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black,
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads no to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back,

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence;
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference



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Secondary level--Tyger

Typer! Typer! Burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
Or what wings dare him aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet

What the hammer? What the chain?

In the furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And what heaven with their tears
Did he smile his work to see,
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Typer! Typer! Burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?



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Sample Materials: Story-telling

Contestants from S5 or above can look for materials themselves. All self-chosen materials should be of the similar length.

K1

Ouch!

Once I caught a fish alive. Then I let it go again.

“Why did you let it go?”

“Because it bit my finger so!”

“Which finger did it bit?”

“The little finger on the right!”

K2

Make a wish to a falling star

I ask my mother “Mum, can I keep a dog at home?”

“Well darling, if you have a wish, make it to a falling star.”

I wait for the falling star to come at night. But I always fall asleep before the star falls.

K3

The Farm in the Sky

One day I miss the farm. My father tells me “Come, come, let’s go up the hill”. He brings me to a little hill. We lie on the grass and see the sky. I ask “Dad, where are my ducks and hens?” He points up right to the sky “These are all little ducks and hens and lovely pigs.”



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Sample Materials: Story-telling

P1-P2

Sun and Wind

One day, Wind was angry with Sun.

“I am stronger than you,” said Wind.

“I don’t think you are,” said Sun.

“Do you see that man down there?” said Wind. “Let’s see who can get his coat off him.”

Wind puffed and puffed. All the trees shook. The man pulled up the zipper on his coat.

“I will try once more,” said Wind. He blew and blew. The trees bent low. But the man hugged his coat round himself even tighter.

“It’s my turn now,” said Sun.

Sun smiled and shone down brightly on the man. It was so hot. The man unzipped his coat and took it off.

“You see,” said Sun. “Physical force and anger do not solve everything, you can get things done better with a smile on your face.”



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Sample Materials: Story-telling

P3-P4

The Lion and the Mouse

One day a lion was sleeping in the sunshine. He was woken up by a tiny mouse walking over his head.

The lion put a huge paw over the mouse and roar, "I shall eat you for waking me."

"I'm sorry, Great King," said the mouse. "I will never do it again. If you let me go, I will be able to help you."

The lion found this so funny that he let the mouse go.

Some time later, hunters came to trap animals for a zoo. They trapped the lion and tied it to a tree.

The mouse found the lion. She nibbled and nibbled at the ropes. At last the lion was free.

He looked down at the mouse. The mouse said, "You see – little friends can be great friends."



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Sample Materials: Story-telling

P5-P6

Donkey Rides

A poor man and his son wanted to sell an old donkey.

“We must take it to market,” said the man.

“Is the market far away?” asked the boy.

“Yes, but you can ride the donkey,” said his father.

A long way down the road they met three men. “How can you let your poor father walk?” they yelled at the boy.

The boy got off the donkey and let his father ride.

A long way down the road they met three women. “How can you let your poor boy walk?” they yelled to the father.

The boy got on the donkey and rode with his father.

A long way down the road they met three children. “How can you bother ride that poor donkey.” they yelled. “You will kill it.”

The man and the boy got off the donkey. “We will carry the donkey,” They put the donkey on its back, tied its feet and carried it upside down into the town.



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Sample Materials: Story-telling

S1-S2

Worms, worms and more worms

A mixture of laughter and screams were coming out from Mrs. Davis class.

“Boys and girls, BE Quiet!” shouted Mrs. Davis at the top of her voice.

“Yuck, they look horrible,” said Jenny. “I think they look cool! They are so wormy,” John replied. Finally, everyone quiet down and Mrs. Davis asked the class to name a type of worm they would like to be most and why.

John immediately snatched the opportunity to be the first speaker, “I would definitely want to be an earthworm cause I love to be in the dirt and explore in the dark moist soil.”

“Ah, you like to be hunted by birds and eat nothing but yucky rotten leaves? I see that suits you well since you always stuff yourself with all kinds of junks,” laughed Jenny.

“He certainly smells like one as well,” teased Mandy. “I won’t want to be a worm at all, but if I REALLY have to be one, I will rather be a cute, eye-catching, colourful caterpillar,” said Mandy, “just like these beautiful patterns on my dress and” Jenny barged in, “For me, I would like to be a silk worm, white and clean and smooth.”

Mrs. Davis noticed Alex sitting very quietly in the corner of the classroom reading a book. “Alex! How about you? What type of worm would you like to be?” asked Mrs. Davis.

Alex didn’t even bother to look up and replied, “Isn’t it obvious, a bookworm, of course!”



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Sample Materials: Story-telling

S3-S4

The King and the Peace Contest

There once was a king who offered a prize to the artist who would paint the best picture of peace. Many artists tried and submitted their work. The king looked at all the pictures. There were only two he really liked, and he had to choose between them.

One picture was of a calm lake, perfectly mirroring the peaceful, towering mountains all around it. Overhead was blue sky with fluffy, white clouds. It was the favorite of all who saw it. Truly, they thought, “it was the perfect picture of peace.”

The other picture had mountains, too, but these were rugged and bare. Above was an angry sky from which rain fell and in which lightening played. Down the side of one mountain tumbled a foaming waterfall. A less peaceful picture would be difficult to imagine. But when the king looked closely, he saw beside the waterfall a tiny bush growing in a crack in the rock. In the bush a mother bird had built her nest. There, in the midst of the rush of angry water, sat the mother bird on her nest in perfect peace. Which picture would you have selected? The king chose the second picture. Do you know why?

“Because,” explained the king, “peace does not mean to be in a place where there is no noise, trouble, or hard work. Peace means to be in the midst of all these things and still be calm in your heart. This is the real meaning of peace.”



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Assigned Materials: Prose Reading

Contestants MUST use the assigned materials. Papers are not allowed to be brought onto the stage as books from which the proses are selected would be provided. Only one session from the assigned prose would be required to be read out, the adjudicators should notify you of that before you start.



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Assigned Materials: Prose Reading

P1-P3

From *Fluffy meets the Dinosaurs*

Ms. Day's class followed the guide into the museum.

They stopped by a glass case.

A sign on the case said RODENTS.

"Rodents are animals that like to gnaw,"
the guide said.

"They have very sharp front teeth.

Fluffy is a member of the rodent family."

Cool, thought Fluffy.

"Mice are rodents, too," the guide said.

"That means mice are Fluffy's cousins."

No way! thought Fluffy.

"So are rats," added the guide.

No, no, no! thought Fluffy.

Fluffy growled.

But the guide did not seem to notice.

He only walked to the next glass case.

"These are Fluffy's ancestors," he said.

"They came from South America.

They are called wild cavies."

Wild! thought Fluffy. **That's me!**

"Wild cavies were plump," the guide said.

"Bigger animals liked to eat them."

Hold it right there! thought Fluffy.

"Only cavies that hid did not get eaten,"
the guide went on. "They survived."

Fluffy looked into the case.

He saw two small furry animals hiding in the tall grass.

The animals looked very scared.

These are not my ancestors, thought Fluffy. **No way!**



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Assigned Materials: Prose Reading

P4-P6

From *The Beak Speaks*

When I got to school on Monday morning Sanjeev was waiting by the gate, looking very excited.

“I’ve got a spider – it’s huge. It’s a tarantula and it’s poisonous!”

“It can’t be a tarantula. They don’t live over here. Why did you bring it to school?”

“There’s something wrong with it. It’s got some kind of skin disease. Can you fix it? I put it in the classroom because everyone was pestering me for a look.”

I wasn’t sure about this. I’d never seen Dad work on a spider before and I was fairly sure I wouldn’t know what to do. However, I knew I’d have to take a look at the creature if only to shut Sanjeev up.

“It’s pretty sick,” he muttered. “Its skin has gone all weird. You’d better take a look.”

Very carefully, Sanjeev removed the lid of the shoebox. Inside, huddled into one corner, was a very large, very hairy spider.

“Blimey!” I cried. “It is a tarantula! But I can’t see anything wrong with it.”

Sanjeev frowned. “Last time I looked, its skin was all funny, all sort of flaky.”

I straightened up and smiled. “I bet there’s nothing wrong with it at all. You just wanted to bring it in to scare us!”

“I never did!” cried Sanjeev. “There was something wrong with it!”

“It’s not moving much,” I admitted. “Is it asleep?”

“Poke it with a pencil,” said Sanjeev. “Then you’ll see it move.”

I took a pencil and pushed at the spider. The body rocked forward and then settled back. I gave it a harder poke. This time the spider toppled right over. It lay on its back with its legs in the air.

“It’s dead!” cried Sanjeev.



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Assigned Materials: Prose Reading

S1-S3

From *The Phantom of Opera*

“Where’s my bag?” Erik shouted. “Why are you running away?”

“I...I just wanted to see the little room that you forbade me to see,” said Christine. “I was curious, that’s all.”

“Well, I don’t like curious women,” said Erik. He snatched the bag from Christine’s hands and she let out a little cry. Raoul could not help shouting out in frustration.

“What was that? Did you hear something?” Erik asked.

“No...I didn’t hear anything!” said Christine.

“You’re lying! Someone’s in the torture chamber! Who is it Christine? Is it the man you wish to marry?”

“No...no! There’s no one there!” replied Christine.

“Why don’t we have a look?” said Erik. “Turn out the light in this room and pull back the curtain. There’s a little window up there. If the window lights up, it means someone is in the room next door...”

Suddenly, the torture chamber was flooded with bright light. Raoul was momentarily blinded and he cried out as he fell back.

“Aha! There is someone in there! Why don’t you go and see who it is?” said Erik.

Christine pushed a chair against the wall and climbed up on to it. She opened the tiny window, looked into the torture chamber and saw Raoul and the Persian. Then, she closed the window and climbed back down.

“There’s no one there,” she lied.

“Are you sure?” asked Erik.

“Yes, quite,” replied Christine.

“And what did you think of the room?” asked Erik.

“It’s beautiful. Why do you call it the torture chamber?” said Christine.

“What did you see?”

“I saw a forest,” Christine replied.

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Assigned Materials: Prose Reading

S1-S3

From *The Phantom of Opera*

“It’s not a real forest. There is one iron tree in there that’s been painted to look like a real tree. Its image is reflected in all the mirrors: so it looks like a forest,” Erik explained. “The whole room is an illusion. It is a psychological torture chamber, if one spends too much time in there, one will go mad trying to escape!”

Christine gasped. She placed a hand on the wall that separated her from Raoul and felt that it was getting warmer. “The wall is burning, Erik. What does that mean?”

“It means that the forest is getting hot!” said Erik with an evil grin. He then led Christine out of the room and locked the door.

And so, the torture began. Within minutes, the room became unbearably hot and Raoul started to feel suffocated by the thick branches of the trees. The Persian had seen a similar torture chamber at the sultana’s palace and, for a while, he was unaffected. He tried to calm Raoul down, but it was no use.

The Persian knew that their only means of escape was the door that led to Christine’s room. But the door was hidden behind hundreds of mirrors and was impossible to find. While the Persian searched the walls with his fingers, Raoul walked around like a madman. He ran through the forest and banged his forehead on the walls.

“Stop it, Raoul!” said the Persian, “We’re not in a forest! We’re in a little room! And soon we will be free!”



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Assigned Materials: Prose Reading

S4 and above

From *Animal Farm*

Mrs. Jones looked out of the bedroom window, saw what was happened, hurriedly flung a few possessions into a carpet bag, and slipped out of the farm by another way. Moses sprang off his perch and flapped after her, croaking loudly. Meanwhile the animals had chased Jones and his men out on to the road and slammed the five-barred gate behind them. And so, almost before they knew what was happening, the Rebellion had been successfully carried through: Jones was expelled, and the Manor Farm was theirs.

For the first few minutes the animals could hardly believe in their good fortune. Their first act was to gallop in a body right round the boundaries of the farm, as though to make quite sure that no human being was hiding anywhere upon it; then they raced back to the farm buildings to wipe out the last traces of Jones's hated reign. The harness-room at the end of the stables was broken open; the bits, the nose-rings, the dog-chains, the cruel knives with which Mr. Jones had been used to castrate the pigs and lambs, were all flung down the well. The reins, the halters, the blinkers, the degrading nosebags, were thrown on to the rubbish fire which was burning in the yard. So were the whips. All the animals capered with joy when they saw the whips going up in flames. Snowball also threw on to the fire the ribbons with which the horses' manes and tails had usually been decorated on market days.

"Ribbons," he said, "should be considered as clothes, which are the mark of a human being. All animals should go naked."

When Boxer heard this he fetched the small straw hat which he wore in summer to keep the flies out of his ears, and flung it on to fire with the rest.

In a very little while the animals had destroyed everything that reminded them of Mr. Jones. Napoleon then led them back to the store-shed and served out a double ration of corn to every-body, with two biscuits for each dog. Then they sang "Beast of England" from end to end seven times running, and after that they settled down for the night and slept as they had never slept before.

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Assigned Materials: Prose Reading

S5 and above

From *Animal Farm*

But they woke at dawn as usual, and suddenly remembering the glorious thing that had happened, they all raced out into the pasture together. A little way down the pasture there was a knoll that commanded a view of most of the farm. The animals rushed to the top of it and gazed round them in the clear morning light. Yes, it was theirs-everything that they could see was theirs! In the ecstasy of that thought they gambolled round and round, they hurled themselves into the air in great leaps of excitement. They rolled in the dew, they croppped mouthfuls of the sweet summer grass, they kicked up clods of the black earth and snuffed its rich scent. Then they made a tour of inspection of the whole farm and surveyed with speechless admiration the ploughland, the hayfield, the orchard, the pool, the spinney. It was as though they had never seen these things before, and even now they could hardly believe that it was all their own.