

BUNDABERG REGIONAL EISTEDDFOD

Sunday 26 April 2020 to Saturday 02 May 2020

SCHEDULE OF COMPETITION

Speech & Drama



IT IS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF EVERY COMPETITOR TO SUBMIT OWN CHOICE SELECTIONS WITH IDENTIFICATION FORM FULLY COMPLETED AND ATTACHED 30 MINUTES PRIOR TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SCHEDULED SECTION:-

❖ IN FOLDERS LOCATED ON THE BAR IN THE UPSTAIRS FOYER AT THE PLAYHOUSE THEATRE.

All Correspondence to:

The Secretary
Bundaberg Eisteddfod Committee
P.O. Box 797
Bundaberg Q 4670

All Enquiries to:

Mrs Diane Cooper or
P.O. Box 8355
Bargara Q 4670
Ph: 0412 353 327
E: diane.cooper@me.com

Mrs Tammy Medcalf
58 Fairway Drive
Bargara Q 4670
Ph: 0448 532 992
E: medcalf@me.com

ENTRIES

ALL ENTRIES TO BE SUBMITTED on Comp On-line website (link below)

<https://www.comps-online.com.au/>

ENTRIES CLOSE 14 March 2020

PLEASE NOTE: No late entries will be accepted.

ENTRY FEES

Solo Items	\$ 6.50
Duologues/Poetry in Pairs or Trios	\$ 9.50
Group Mines/Group Improvisation	\$11.50

No Competitors Season Ticket in 2020.

SET PIECES

Copies of Set Pieces are attached.

OWN CHOICE SELECTIONS

Copies of Own Choice Speech and Drama selections are to be submitted on the day of the performance **30 minutes** prior to the commencement of the Session in which the performance is scheduled.

Any competitor who submits copies after this time can still perform but WILL NOT be eligible for any placing. An adjudication will still be provided.

AGE

Ages will be reckoned to 30th June, 2020 (in alignment with school enrolment requirements).

CHAMPIONSHIP AWARDS

Championship Awards will be at the adjudicator's discretion and will be presented to the competitors gaining the highest aggregate of marks in certain Sections (specified below) and will be classified to the following Age Groups:

Junior Championships	12 years and under
Intermediate Championships	13 to 15 years
Senior Championships	16 to 18 years

Competitors must enter the following Sections (relevant to their age) to be considered for Championship Awards. In the event of a tie, the highest in the Section marked * will be decided the winner.

Verse Championship Awards (All Three Sections)

- 1.1.1 Memorised Verse – Set Age ***
- 1.1.2 Memorised Light Verse – Own Choice**
- 1.1.3 Impromptu Reading of Verse**

Prose Championship Awards (All Three Sections)

- 1.1.1 Memorised Prose – Set Age ***
- 1.1.2 Prose Reading – Own Choice**
- 1.1.3 Impromptu Reading of Prose**

Drama Championship Awards (All Three Sections)

- 1.1.1 Prepared Mime – Own Choice**
- 1.1.2 Memorised Character Recital – Own Choice ***
- 1.1.3 Improvisation**

VERSE

MEMORISED VERSE – SET AGE

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| 1. 6 years and under | <i>ABOUT TEETH OF SHARKS by John Ciardi</i> |
| 2. 7 years | <i>STORM by Eleana Turner Hurd</i> |
| 3. 8 years | <i>WHAT IS PINK by Christina Rossetti</i> |
| 4. 9 years | <i>THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS by Ogden Nash</i> |
| 5. 10 and 11 years | <i>A SMALL DRAGON by Brian Patten</i> |
| 6. 12 and 13 years | <i>THE BUNYIPS by Doug McLeod</i> |
| 7. 14 and 15 years | <i>BIRD IN THE CLASSROOM by Colin Thiele</i> |
| 8. 16 to 18 years | <i>RABBITING by R F Brissenden</i> |

POETRY IN PAIRS/ TRIOS

(Competitors present a poem in pairs/trio, including some solo and some combined parts)

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------|---------------|
| 9. 7 years and under | OWN CHOICE | Limit: 2 mins |
| 10. 8 years | OWN CHOICE | Limit: 2 mins |
| 11. 9 years | OWN CHOICE | Limit: 3 mins |
| 12. 10 and 11 years | OWN CHOICE | Limit: 3 mins |
| 13. 12 and 13 years | OWN CHOICE | Limit: 3 mins |
| 14. 14 and 15 years | OWN CHOICE | Limit: 4 mins |
| 15. 16 to 18 years | OWN CHOICE | Limit: 4 mins |

VERSE (cont.)

MEMORISED LIGHT VERSE – OWN CHOICE

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| 16. 6 years and under | Limit 1 – 2 mins |
| 17. 7 years | Limit 1 – 2 mins |
| 18. 8 years | Limit 1 – 2 mins |
| 19. 9 years | Limit 1 – 2 mins |
| 20. 10 and 11 years | Limit 2 mins |
| 21. 12 and 13 years | Limit 2 mins |
| 22. 14 and 15 years | Limit 3 mins |
| 23. 16 to 18 years | Limit 3 mins |

IMPROMPU READING OF VERSE

- 24. 9 years and under
- 25. 10 to 12 years
- 26. 13 to 15 years
- 27. 16 to 18 years

NURSERY RHYME – OWN CHOICE

(Costume Optional)

- 28. 4 years and under
- 29. 5 and 6 years

NOVICE LIGHT VERSE

For competitors who have not placed previously in any section in any speech and drama eisteddfod.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| 48. 9 years and under | Limit 1-2 mins |
| 49. 10 to 12 years | Limit 2 mins |
| 50. 13 to 15 years | Limit 3 mins |
| 51. 16 to 18 years | Limit 3 mins |

PROSE

MEMORISED PROSE – SET AGE

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| 30. 9 years and under | <i>AN EXTRACT FROM WINNIE THE POOH by A.A. Milne</i> |
| 31. 10 and 11 years | <i>AN EXTRACT FROM TALES OF A FOURTH GRADE NOTHING
by Judy Blume</i> |
| 32. 12 and 13 years | <i>AN EXTRACT FROM PERCY JACKSON AND THE LIGHTNING THIEF
by Rick Riordan</i> |
| 33. 14 and 15 years | <i>AN EXTRACT FROM OLIVER TWIST by Charles Dickens</i> |
| 34. 16 to 18 years | <i>AN EXTRACT FROM GREEN by Nick Earls</i> |

PROSE READING – OWN CHOICE

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| 35. 9 years and under | Limit 1.5 mins |
| 36. 10 and 11 years | Limit 2 mins |
| 37. 12 and 13 years | Limit 2.5 mins |
| 38. 14 and 15 years | Limit 3 mins |
| 39. 16 to 18 years | Limit 3 mins |

IMPROMPTU READING OF PROSE

- 40. 9 years and under
- 41. 10 to 12 years
- 42. 13 to 15 years
- 43. 16 to 18 years

NOVICE PROSE

For competitors who have not placed previously in any section in any speech and drama eisteddfod.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| 44. 9 years and under | Limit 1-2 mins |
| 45. 10 to 12 years | Limit 2 mins |
| 46. 13 to 15 years | Limit 3 mins |
| 47. 16 to 18 years | Limit 3 mins |

DRAMA

PREPARED MIME – OWN CHOICE

52. 9 years and under	Limit 1 min
53. 10 and 11 years	Limit 2 mins
54. 12 and 13 years	Limit 2 mins
55. 14 and 15 years	Limit 2.5 mins
56. 16 to 18 years	Limit 3 mins

IMPROVISATION

57. 9 years and under	Limit 1 min
58. 10 and 11 years	Limit 2 mins
59. 12 and 13 years	Limit 2 mins
60. 14 and 15 years	Limit 3 mins
61. 16 to 18 years	Limit 4 mins

MEMORISED CHARACTER RECITAL – OWN CHOICE

62. 8 years and under	Limit 2 mins
63. 9 years	Limit 2.5 mins
64. 10 and 11 years	Limit 3 mins
65. 12 and 13 years	Limit 3 mins
66. 14 and 15 years	Limit 4 mins
67. 16 to 18 years	Limit 5 mins

MEMORISED SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTER RECITAL – OWN CHOICE

(Costume is optional but should support interpretation)

68. 13 to 15 years	Maximum 20 lines
69. 16 to 18 years	Minimum 20 lines

MEMORISED SHAKESPEAREAN DUOLOGUE – OWN CHOICE

(Costume is optional but should support the interpretation)

70. 13 to 15 years	Minimum 30 lines
71. 16 to 18 years	Minimum 40 lines

EXCERPT FROM A PLAY – OWN CHOICE

(Costume is essential)

72. 11 years and under	(Maximum of 6 people)	Limit 10 mins
73. 12 to 14 years	(Maximum of 6 people)	Limit 15 mins
74. 15 to 18 years	(Maximum of 6 people)	Limit 20 mins

DUOLOGUES

DUOLOGUE – OWN CHOICE

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| 75. 9 years and under | Limit 3 mins |
| 76. 10 and 11 years | Limit 3.5mins |
| 77. 12 to 14 years | Limit 4 mins |
| 78. 15 to 18 years | Limit 5 mins |

GROUPS

GROUP MIME LITERAL

(4 to 12 people)

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| 79. 9 years and under | Limit 2 – 3 mins |
| 80. 10 and 11 years | Limit 3 – 4 mins |
| 81. 12 to 14 years | Limit 3 – 4 mins |
| 82. 15 to 18 years | limit 4 – 5 mins |

GROUP IMPROVISATION

(4 to 12 people)

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| 83. 9 years and under | Limit 3 mins |
| 84. 10 and 11 years | Limit 3 mins |
| 85. 12 to 14 years | Limit 4 mins |
| 86. 15 to 18 years | Limit 5 mins |

GROUP MIME ABSTRACT – OWN CHOICE

(4 to 12 people)

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 87. 13 years and under | Limit 3 mins |
| 88. 14 to 18 years | Limit 3 – 4 mins |

ENTRY INSTRUCTIONS

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AGES WILL BE RECKONED TO 30th June 2020 (in alignment with school enrolment requirements).

DUOLOGUES/POETRY IN PAIRS or TRIOS/GROUPS: ONE ENTRY ONLY PER GROUP

REMINDERS

Please remember to read the Speech and Drama Schedule of Competition thoroughly and:-

- ❖ **Submit Entries by 14th March 2020.**
- ❖ **Submit Own Choice Selections with identification form fully completed and attached 30 minutes prior to the commencement of the scheduled section.**
- ❖ **Ensure your Age is reckoned to 30th June 2020 (in alignment with school enrolment requirements).**
- ❖ **Ensure you are entered in the Correct Section.**

IDENTIFICATION FORM FOR OWN CHOICE SELECTION

(Please submit this form attached to your Own Choice Selection)

SECTION NUMBER.....

COMPETITOR NUMBER.....

SECTION NAME.....

SELECTION TITLE.....

AUTHOR/POET/PLAYWRIGHT.....

✂.....

IDENTIFICATION FORM FOR OWN CHOICE SELECTION

(Please submit this form attached to your Own Choice Selection)

SECTION NUMBER.....

COMPETITOR NUMBER.....

SECTION NAME.....

SELECTION TITLE.....

AUTHOR/POET/PLAYWRIGHT.....

✂.....

IDENTIFICATION FORM FOR OWN CHOICE SELECTION

(Please submit this form attached to your Own Choice Selection)

SECTION NUMBER.....

COMPETITOR NUMBER.....

SECTION NAME.....

SELECTION TITLE.....

AUTHOR/POET/PLAYWRIGHT.....



CHAIR PERSON

SCRIBE

DOOR PERSONS

RECORDS

TICKET SALES

We need your **HELP!** now!!

The Bundaberg Speech and Drama Eisteddfod is extremely low on volunteers and cannot continue to operate without the assistance of these volunteers and we are in desperate need of help.

Please Contact:

- Volunteer Coordinator: Amanda Roche on amanda-roche@stlukes.qld.edu.au
- Speech and Drama Co-Coordinator : Tammy Medcalf 0448 532 992
- Speech and Drama Co-Coordinator: Diane Cooper 0412 353 327



VERSE **SET PIECES**

MEMORISED VERSE – SET AGE

6 years and under

ABOUT TEETH OF SHARKS by John Ciardi

7 years

STORM by Eleana Turner Hurd

8 years

WHAT IS PINK by Christina Rossetti

9 years

THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS by Ogden Nash

10 and 11 years

A SMALL DRAGON by Brian Patten

12 and 13 years

THE BUNYIPS by Doug McLeod

14 and 15 years

BIRD IN THE CLASSROOM by Colin Thiele

16 to 18 years

RABBITING by R F Brissenden

About the Teeth of Sharks

by John Ciardi

The thing about a shark is—teeth,
One row above, one row beneath.

Now take a close look. Do you find
It has another row behind?

Still closer—here, I'll hold your hat:
Has it a third row behind that?

Now look in and... Look out! Oh my,
I'll never know now! Well, goodbye.

Storm

by Eleana Turner Hurd

The waves are racing

Towards the shore.

Booming, crashing... more, more, more.

The sand is crunching beneath my feet,

Boom, crash, crunch.

Sandcastles toppling,

Umbrellas whisking by.

Storm clouds brewing,

Lands meets sky.

Booming waves,

Biting wind,

Full grey clouds,

Let the storm begin.

What Is Pink?

by Christina Rossetti

What is pink? A rose is pink

By the fountain's brink.

What is red? A poppy's red

In its barley bed.

What is blue? The sky is blue

Where the clouds float through.

What is white? A swan is white

Sailing in the light.

What is yellow? Pears are yellow,

Rich and ripe and mellow.

What is green? The grass is green,

With small flowers between.

What is violet? Clouds are violet

In the summer twilight.

What is orange? Why, an orange,

Just an orange!

The People Upstairs

by Ogden Nash

The people upstairs all practise ballet

Their living room is a bowling alley

Their bedroom is full of conducted tours.

Their radio is louder than yours,

They celebrate week-ends all the week.

When they take a shower, your ceilings leak.

They try to get their parties to mix

By supplying their guests with Pogo sticks,

And when their fun at last abates,

They go to the bathroom on roller skates.

I might love the people upstairs more

If only they lived on another floor.

A Small Dragon

by Brian Patten

I've found a small dragon in the woodshed.
Think it must have come from deep inside a forest
Because it's damp and green and leaves
Are still reflecting in its eyes.

I fed it on many things, tried grass,
The roots of stars, hazel-nut and dandelion,
But it stared up at me as if to say, I need
Foods you can't provide.

It made a nest among the coal,
Not unlike a bird's but larger,
It is out of place here
And is most times silent.

If you believed in it I would come
Hurrying to your house to let you share this wonder,
But I want instead to see
If you yourself will pass this way.

The Bunyips

by Doug MacLeod

At Murray Bridge the bunyips wait

For visitors from interstate

Then up they leap, a sight so strange

And always out of camera range.

The tourists in their mad despair

Start seeing bunyips everywhere

And all the locals join the fun

Saying, "Bunyips? Pull the other one!"

"What rubbish! Bunyips don't exist!

You must be going round the twist!"

And sure enough, the tourists flee

For fear they've lost their sanity.

While Murray Bridge is all aglow

With cries of "Thought they'd never go!"

And all along the Murray sands

Are men and bunyips shaking hands.

Bird in the Classroom
by Colin Thiele

**The students drowsed and drowned
in the teacher's ponderous monotone -
limp bodies loping in the wordy heat,
melted and run together, desk and flesh as one.
swooning and swimming in a sea of drone.**

**Each one asleep, swayed and vaguely drifted
with lidded eyes and lolling weighted heads,
were caught on heavy waves and dimly lifted,
sunk slowly, ears ringing in the syrup of his sound,**

or borne from the room on a heaving wilderness of beds.

**And then on a sudden, a bird's cool voice
punched out song. Crisp and spare
on the startled air,**

**beak-beamed
or idly tossed,
each note gleamed
like a bead of frost.**

**A bird's cool voice from a neighbours' tree
with five clear calls - mere grains of sound
rare and neat
repeated twice
but they sprang from the heat
like drops of ice.**

**Ears cocked, before the comment ran
fading and chuckling where a wattle stirred,
the students wondered how they could have heard
such dreary monotone from a man, and
such wisdom from a bird.**

Rabbiting
by R F Brissenden

Nobody lives in the valley any more:
The fox cries and the granite boulder cracks
Unheard in the frosty night; and the long light
of yellow afternoons washes unseen
across grey stone and ring-barked tree to spill
down red eroded gullies. Sometimes a boy
in autumn breaks the quiet with a shot,
And then forgets his rabbit as he stands
listening to the distant calls of birds
drift back into that pool of windless air.
Belts of dead thistles, higher than his face,
Stand razor-spiked between him and the stone
chimney and the crumbled roofless walls
of clay that glow clear orange in the flat
late sun. If now he turns and pushes through
the thistles he will find beyond the house
a vagrant orchard. On the broken trees
or rotting in the grass there may be fruit –
Apples, bitter quinces, woody pears,
Sweet nectarines pecked to pieces by the birds,
And pale soft loquats. On one tree he knows
small plums in dusky blue tight bunches hang
along the branches, silver now against
the fading sky. Under his fingers they will feel
heavy, alive and hard; the skin become
black-purple beneath its bloom. And as he bites
into the tart clean flesh he wonders why
sour fruit should taste so good; and who they were
who built the house and planted all the trees.

PROSE **SET PIECES**

MEMORISED PROSE – SET AGE

9 years and under

AN EXTRACT FROM WINNIE THE POOH by A.A. Milne

10 and 11 years

***AN EXTRACT FROM TALES OF A FOURTH GRADE NOTHING
by Judy Blume***

12 and 13 years

***AN EXTRACT FROM PERCY JACKSON AND THE LIGHTNING THIEF
by Rick Riordan***

14 and 15 years

AN EXTRACT FROM OLIVER TWIST by Charles Dickens

16 to 18 years

AN EXTRACT FROM GREEN by Nick Earls

An Extract from Winnie the Pooh by A. A. Milne

Pooh always liked a little something at eleven o'clock in the morning, and he was very glad to see Rabbit getting out the plates and mugs; and when Rabbit said, "Honey or condensed milk with your bread?" he was so excited that he said, "Both" and then, so as not to seem greedy, he added, "But don't bother about the bread, please."

And for a long time after that he said nothing... until at last, humming to himself in a rather sticky voice, he got up, shook Rabbit lovingly by the paw, and said that he must be going on.

...

"Well good-bye, if you're sure you won't have any more."

"Is there any more?" asked Pooh quickly.

Rabbit took the covers of the dishes, and said "No, there wasn't."

"I thought not," said Pooh, nodding to himself.

"Well Good-bye, I must be going on."

So he started to climb out of the hole. He pulled with his front paws, and pushed with his back paws, and in a little while his nose was in the open again... and then his ears... and then his front paws... and then his shoulders... and then - "Oh, help!" said Pooh, "I'd better go back,"

"Oh bother!" said Pooh, "I shall have to go on."

"I can't do either!" said Pooh, "Oh help and bother!"

Christopher Robin nodded. "Then there's only one thing to be done," he said. "We shall have to wait for you to get thin again."

An Extract from Tales of a Fourth Grade Nothing by Judy Blume

Mr. Vincent walked to the centre of the room. He looked around at all the kids. When he looked over at us he pointed and called. "There he is! That's the kid I want!"

I thought he meant me. I got excited. I could just see myself on TV riding the Toddle-Bike. All my friends would turn on their sets and say, "Hey, look! There's Peter."

While I was thinking about what fun it would be Mr. Vincent came over to us and grabbed Fudge. He lifted him up.

"Perfect!" he cried. "He's perfect."

The mothers who were waiting packed up their kids and left right away.

Mr. Vincent took off with Fudge in his arms. Janet chased him.

She called, "But, Mr. Vincent . . . you don't understand. . . "

I ran after Janet.

Mr. Vincent carried Fudge into the other room. He announced, "I found him myself! The perfect kid to ride the Toddle-Bike in my new commercial."

Mr. Vincent put Fudge down and took the cigar out of his mouth.

There were two other men in the room. One of them was Mr. Denberg. The other one was my father.

"Hi, Daddy," Fudge said.

"George," my father told Mr. Vincent, "this is my son! He's no actor or model. He can't make your Toddle-Bike commercial."

"He doesn't have to be an actor or a model. He's perfect the way he is!"

An Extract from Percy Jackson and The Lightning Thief by Rick Riordan

I was about to unwrap my sandwich when Nancy Bobofit appeared in front of me with her ugly friends – I guess she'd gotten tired of stealing from the tourists – and dumped her half-eaten lunch in Grover's lap.

“Oops.” She grinned at me with her crooked teeth. Her freckles were orange, as if somebody had spray-painted her face with Cheetos.

I tried to stay cool. The school counsellor had told me a million times, “Count to ten, get control of your temper.” But I was so mad my mind went blank. A wave roared in my ears. I don't remember touching her, but the next thing I knew, Nancy was sitting on her butt in the fountain, screaming, “Percy pushed me!”

Mrs Dodds materialized next to us.

Some of the kids were whispering: “Did you see -”

“ - the water -”

“- like it grabbed her -”

I didn't know what they were talking about. All I knew was that I was in trouble again.

As soon as Mrs Dodds was sure poor little Nancy was okay, promised to get her a new shirt at the museum gift shop, etc., etc., Mrs Dodds turned on me. There was a triumphant fire in her eyes, as if I'd done something she'd been waiting for all semester. “Now honey -”

“I know,” I grumbled. “A month erasing textbooks.”

That wasn't the right thing to say.

“Come with me,” Mrs Dodds said.

“Wait!” Grover yelped. “It was me. I pushed her.”

An Extract from Oliver Twist by Charles Dickens

“Stop thief! Stop thief!” The cry is taken up by a hundred voices, and the crowd accumulate at every turning. Away they fly, splashing through the mud, and rattling along the pavements: up go the windows, out run the people, onward bear the mob, a whole audience desert Punch in the very thickest of the plot, and, joining the rushing throng, swell the shout, and lend fresh vigour to the cry, “Stop thief! Stop thief!”

“Stop thief! Stop thief!” There is a passion for hunting something, deeply implanted in the human breast. One wretched breathless child, panting with exhaustion; terror in his looks; agony in his eyes; large drops of perspiration streaming down his face; strains every nerve to make head upon his pursuers; and as they follow on his track, and gain upon him every instant, they hail his decreasing strength with joy. “Stop thief!” Ay, stop him for God's sake, were it only in mercy!

Stopped at last! A clever blow. He is down upon the pavement; and the crowd eagerly gather round him: each new comer, jostling and struggling with the others to catch a glimpse. “Stand aside!” “Give him a little air!” “Nonsense! he don't deserve it.” “Where's the gentleman?” “Here his is, coming down the street.” “Make room there for the gentleman!” “Is this the boy, sir!” “Yes.”

Oliver lay, covered with mud and dust, and bleeding from the mouth, looking wildly round upon the heap of faces that surrounded him, when the old gentleman was officiously dragged and pushed into the circle by the foremost of the pursuers.

“Yes,” said the gentleman, “I am afraid it is the boy.”

An Extract from Green by Nick Earls

In our year at uni, Frank Green is it: the style council, the big man on campus, the born leader. From day one, Frank Green has been the definition of cool. Frank Green, Frank in all colours, shameless and sure as a peacock. Peach jeans, pink jeans, Frank Green.

Queensland Uni, medicine, 1981. Nothing counts here if Frank's not a part of it.

Frank Green juggles so many girls he's nearly juggling all of them. He juggles so many girls they all know. They all know and don't care. It's the price to pay, if it's a price at all. Frank Green has magic in his hands, the poise of a matador, the patter of a witless, irresistible charm.

I juggle girls the same way possums juggle Ford Cortinas. I'm roadkill out there, bitumen pâté, seriously unsought after. Quiet, dull dressed, lurking without impact on the faculty peripheries. Lurking like some lame trap, like a trap baited with poop and I'm not catching much.

I have - my mother says I have - a confidence problem. Frank Green has had bum-parted hair, mild facial asymmetry and teeth like two rows of dazzling white runes, but he ducked the confidence problem like a limbo dancer.

Frank Green makes entrances, I turn up. When Frank Green is the last to leave, I'm still there, but no-one's noticed. Frank Green dances like a thick liquid being poured out of something. I dance like I'm made of Lego, like I'm a glued up Airfix model of something that dances. Better still, I don't dance. I retreat quite imperceptibly like a shadow in bad clothes.

My mother says I have lovely eyes, and just wait, they'll all get sick of Frank Green. My mother thinks he has no staying power, but I beg to differ. Frank, those pants, and Countdown, I've told her, are three things that are here to stay. And she says, if you say so Philby, if you say so.