

ORATORICAL CONTEST

1. Recitation of a philosophical speech. (2 minute maximum)
2. For and against speech about issues affecting our world today. (2 minute maximum)
3. Sale of an object. The student will choose an object from a box. They will have to convince the audience about the need and benefits of that object. (2 minute maximum)
4. Defense and attack of two philosophers. Students can decide which philosopher they are defending or attacking. (2 minute maximum).
5. Persuasive speech. Students will try to persuade the audience to take action. (2 minute maximum).
6. Reading of a literary text. Students will read a literary, a poem or a narrative text. (2 minutes maximum)

TASK 1

RECITATION OF A PHILOSOPHICAL SPEECH THE SOCIAL CONTRACT

ROUSSEAU

MAN is born free; and everywhere he is in chains. One thinks himself the master of others, and still remains a greater slave than they. How did this change come about? I do not know. What can make it legitimate? That question I think I can answer.

If I took into account only force, and the effects derived from it, I should say: "As long as a people is compelled to obey, and obeys, it does well; as soon as it can shake off the yoke, and shakes it off, it does still better; for, regaining its liberty by the same right as took it away, either it is justified in resuming it, or there was no justification for those who took it away." But the social order is a sacred right which is the basis of all other rights. Nevertheless, this right does not come from nature, and must therefore be founded on conventions. Before coming to that, I have to prove what I have just asserted.

WHAT IS ENLIGHTENMENT?

IMMANUEL KANT

Enlightenment is man's emergence from his self-imposed nonage. Nonage is the inability to use one's own understanding without another's guidance. This nonage is self-imposed if its cause lies not in lack of understanding but in indecision and lack of courage to use one's own mind without another's guidance. Dare to know! (*Sapere aude.*) "Have the courage to use your own understanding," is therefore the motto of the enlightenment.

Laziness and cowardice are the reasons why such a large part of mankind gladly remain minors all their lives, long after nature has freed them from external guidance. They are the reasons why it is so easy for others to set themselves up as guardians. It is so comfortable to be a minor. If I have a book that thinks for me, a pastor who acts as my conscience, a physician who prescribes my diet, and so on--then I have no need to exert myself. I have no need to think, if only I can pay; others will take care of that disagreeable business for me. (...)

This enlightenment requires nothing but freedom--and the most innocent of all that may be called "freedom": freedom to make public use of one's reason in all matters. Now I hear the cry from all sides: "Do not argue!" The officer says: "Do not argue--drill!" The tax collector: "Do not argue--pay!" The pastor: "Do not argue--believe!" Only one ruler in the world says: "Argue as much as you please, but obey!" We find restrictions on freedom everywhere. But which restriction is harmful to enlightenment? Which restriction is innocent, and which advances enlightenment? I reply: the public use of one's reason must be free at all times, and this alone can bring enlightenment to mankind.

ON TRUTH AND LIE IN AN EXTRA-MORAL SENSE

Frederich Nietzsche

In some remote corner of the universe, poured out and glittering in innumerable solar systems, there once was a star on which clever animals invented knowledge. That was the highest and most mendacious minute of "world history"—yet only a minute. After nature had drawn a few breaths the star grew cold, and the clever animals had to die.

One might invent such a fable and still not have illustrated sufficiently how wretched, how shadowy and flighty, how aimless and arbitrary, the human intellect appears in nature. There have been eternities when it did not exist; and when it is done for again, nothing will have happened. For this intellect has no further mission that would lead beyond human life. It is human, rather, and only its owner and producer gives it such importance, as if the world pivoted around it. But if we could communicate with the mosquito, then we would learn that he floats through the air with the same self-importance, feeling within itself the flying center of the world. There is nothing in nature so despicable or insignificant that it cannot immediately be blown up like a bag by a slight breath of this power of knowledge; and just as every porter wants an admirer, the proudest human being, the philosopher, thinks that he sees on the eyes of the universe telescopically focused from all sides on his actions and thoughts.

FOUR FREEDOMS (F.D. ROOSEVELT)

Mr. President, Mr. Speaker, Members of the Seventy seventh Congress:

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear which, translated into world terms, means a worldwide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor anywhere in the world.

That is no vision of a distant millennium. It is a definite basis for a kind of world attainable in our own time and generation. That kind of world is the very antithesis of the so called new order of tyranny which the dictators seek to create with the crash of a bomb.

To that new order we oppose the greater conception -- the moral order. A good society is able to face schemes of world domination and foreign revolutions alike without fear.

The world order which we seek is the cooperation of free countries, working together in a friendly, civilized society.

This nation has placed its destiny in the hands and heads and hearts of its millions of free men and women; and its faith in freedom under the guidance of God. Freedom means the supremacy of human rights everywhere. Our support goes to those who struggle to gain those rights or keep them. Our strength is our unity of purpose. To that high concept there can be no end save victory.

TASK 2

FOR AND AGAINST SPEECH ABOUT ISSUES AFFECTING OUR WORLD TODAY

1. God and religion: Are they the same thing?
2. Social networks: Do we show too much?
3. Education: Is it a privilege or a right?
4. Independence: Are teenagers more independent now than before?
5. Politicians: Are they prepared?
6. Globalisation: is it affecting our world?

TASK 3

SALE OF A MYSTERY OBJECT

1. Secret object 1:
2. Secret object 2:
3. Secret object 3:
4. Secret object 4:
5. Secret object 5:
6. Secret object 6:

TASK 4

DEFENSE AND ATTACK OF TWO FICTIONAL CHARACTERS

1. Harry Potter vs. Voldemort
2. Cinderella and the stepmother
3. King Arthur vs Sir Lancelot
4. Katniss Everdeen vs Peeta Mellark
5. Death vs humans in The Book Thief
6. Alice and the Queen of Heart in Alice in Wonderland

TASK 5

PERSUASIVE SPEECH

1. Promote reading
2. Responsible use of ICT
3. Travelling to know different cultures
4. Donate money to a NGO or charity
5. Practise sports
6. Downloading music and books from the internet

TASK 6

READING OF A LITERARY TEXT

1. The pied piper of Hamelin (Robert Browning)
2. The Raven (Edgar Allan Poe)
3. The hanging tree + Deep in the meadow. Hunger Games.
4. To be or not to be (W. Shakespeare)
5. Abraham Lincoln's letter to his son's teacher
6. The Great Dictator (Charlie Chaplin)

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; `
 "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!"

The Raven (Edgar Allan Poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore
 — While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
 " 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
 Only this and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”

Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.” “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

The hanging tree + Deep in the meadow. The Hunger Games.

Are you, are you Coming to the tree Where they strung up a man they say murdered three. Strange things did happen here No stranger would it be If we met up at midnight in the hanging tree. Are you, are you Coming to the tree Where the dead man called out for his love to flee. Strange things did happen here No stranger would it be If we met up at midnight in the hanging tree. Are you, are you Coming to the tree Where I told you to run so we'd both be free. Strange things did happen here No stranger would it be If we met up at midnight in the hanging tree. Are you, are you Coming to the tree Wear a necklace of rope, side by side with me. Strange things did happen here No stranger would it be If we met up at midnight in the hanging tree. Deep in the meadow, under the willow A bed of grass, a soft green pillow Lay down your head, and close your sleepy eyes And when you awake, the sun will rise. 6 Here it's safe, here it's warm Here the daisies guard you from harm Here your dreams are sweet and tomorrow brings them true Here is the place where I love you. Deep in the meadow, hidden far away A cloak of leaves, A moonbeam ray, Forget your woes and let your troubles lay And when again it's morning, they'll wash away. Here it's safe, here it's warm Here the daisies guard you from every harm Here your dreams are sweet and tomorrow brings them true Here is the place where I love you.

To be or not to be (W. Shakespeare)

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to die, to sleep
No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The Heart-ache, and the thousand Natural shocks
That Flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to Dream; Aye, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of time,
The Oppressor's wrong, the proud man's Contumely,
The pangs of despised Love, the Law's delay,

The insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin?
Who would Fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose bourn
No Traveller returns, Puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hue of Resolution
Is sicklied o'er, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their Currents turn awry,
And lose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

Abraham Lincoln's letter to his son's teacher

He will have to learn, I know, that all men are not just, all men are not true. But teach him also that for every scoundrel there is a hero; that for every selfish politician, there is a dedicated leader...
Teach him for every enemy there is a friend. Steer him away from envy, if you can, teach him the secret of quiet laughter. Let him learn early that the bullies are the easiest to lick...
Teach him, if you can, the wonder of books...
But also give him quiet time to ponder the eternal mystery of birds in the sky, bees in the sun, and the flowers on a green hillside. In the school teach him it is far more honourable to fail than to cheat...
Teach him to have faith in his own ideas, even if everyone tells him they are wrong...
Teach him to be gentle with gentle people, and tough with the tough. Try to give my son the strength not to follow the crowd when everyone is getting on the band wagon...
Teach him to listen to all men...
But teach him also to filter all he hears on a screen of truth, and take only the good that comes through. Teach him if you can, how to laugh when he is sad...
Teach him there is no shame in tears. Teach him to scoff at cynics and to beware of too much sweetness...
Teach him to sell his brawn and brain to the highest bidders but never to put a price-tag on his heart and soul.
Teach him to close his ears to a howling mob and to stand and fight if he thinks he's right. Treat him gently, but do not cuddle him, because only the test of fire makes fine steel. Let him have the courage to be impatient...
Let him have the patience to be brave. Teach him always to have sublime faith in himself, because then he will have sublime faith in mankind.
This is a big order, but see what you can do...
He is such a fine little fellow, my son!

THE GREAT DICTATOR (CHARLES CHAPLIN)

I'm sorry, but I don't want to be an emperor. That's not my business. I don't want to rule or conquer anyone. I should like to help everyone if possible. We all want to help one another. Human beings are like that. We want to live by each others' happiness, not by each other's misery. We don't want to hate and despise one another. In this world there is room for everyone. And the good earth is rich and can provide for everyone. The way of life can be free and beautiful, but we have lost the way.

We think too much and feel too little. More than machinery, we need humanity. More than cleverness, we need kindness and gentleness. Without these qualities, life will be violent and all will be lost.

Soldiers! Don't give yourselves to brutes, men who despise you and enslave you; who regiment your lives, tell you what to do, what to think and what to feel! Who drill you, diet you, treat you like cattle, use you as cannon fodder!

Soldiers! Don't fight for slavery! Fight for liberty!

Let us fight for a new world, a decent world that will give men a chance to work, that will give youth a future and old age a security. Let us fight for a world of reason, a world where science and progress will lead to all men's happiness.

Soldiers, in the name of democracy, let us all unite!