

SPOT what has been used in this speech.

Read the whole of the 'Ban the Biscuit' speech and identify all the language/persuasive techniques that the writer has used.

Use highlighters OR the highlighting tool to identify:

REPETITION ALLITERATION DIRECT ADDRESS
RHETORICAL QUESTIONS / QUESTIONS PUNS/A PLAY ON WORDS
TRIPLING/RULE OF 3 PERSONAL EXPERIENCE EMOTIVE LANGUAGE
STATISTICS / FACTS & FIGURES

Colour code your words - stick to the same colour for each different techniques

Chocolate biscuit. Chocolate biscuit.

And I still remember where I was when first heard those words. How it made me feel.

I was 8 years old, it was Christmas, and my grandfather just came out with it. Do you want a chocolate biscuit?

A chocolate, biscuit.

Two things that to my eight year old mind were as close to heaven as I could imagine in one. The crunchy oatmeal butteriness of a biscuit actually combined with the creamy sweet yumminess of chocolate.

And how did I feel when I first bit into this first delicious chocolate digestive, you ask?

Well, I felt privileged, I felt renewed, I felt special. And on that day, I knew my life would never be the same again.

Well, I didn't know I had a problem, until... until a kindly Geography master told me what I'm going to tell you now. "Life is about more than biscuits!"

Certainly it tasted good, of course they haven't made me ill, naturally. I thought I could handle it, but let me tell you, I couldn't. No one can.

Many people say, 'Ah, I've had my fill of chocolate biscuits, and I'm fine.' Well, I'm here to tell you. You're not fine. You're very far from being fine.

Just imagine, for the moment. How different your life would be if you hadn't spent so much of it scoffing down those delicious disks of danger!

Now on one hand, chocolate biscuits are a delicious, nutritious snack food. On the other, they are a dangerous parasite gnawing at the very heart, the very fabric of our society. And we know what we do with parasites, don't we! **We cut them out!**

Now, when dear old Mr Gregory pointed out the error of my ways, well I was appalled about what I'd done. What... what society had allowed me to do! And I tell you this. From that day, no chocolate biscuit has passed my lips. And I'm stronger- significantly stronger, for it. But I was lucky. I was stopped in time. I was still young. With the help of some hard work, extra lessons and double homework after a few short years I was back on track.

Now it has been estimated that the average 35 year-old has spent 67% of their life eating chocolate biscuits. 67%! And that's just eating them! Imagine how much time they spend buying the things! Opening the packets! Dunking them! We must crush this problem and crush it now!

Do you want to live in a country which lags behind all others, just because we cannot shake off the grip of crunchy confectionary? Do you think the Germans, or the French, or the Japanese; waste their time biting on Bourbons with their beverages? Of course not!

Well, I for one am going to do something about it. I want - I demand that all production, distribution and consumption of chocolate biscuits end now. Not tomorrow, not next week, not next month, but now and forever!

My friends, until we face this challenge, and face it together, this country, this nation, will continue to crumble. We will never again be able to call ourselves Great biscuit - Britain.

My friends, it is time for everyone, all of us, to break away from these tempting treats, to rise up against them and in one clear voice, proclaim:

Ban the biscuit! Ban the biscuit! BAN THE BISCUIT!