

culture
Tameside

Museum in a Box

I SHALL REMEMBER THEM

Story, Scripts
& Lesson Plan



Ministry
of Defence

INTRODUCTION

On the 11th November every year, we remember and commemorate the soldiers who have given their lives for Britain in the wars and conflicts of the past one hundred years. The 11th November is the date that the armistice which ended the First World War in 1918 was declared, and the fighting stopped.

Remembrance of past conflicts is an important part of our nation's history. It is part of the common heritage of many communities across this country, including Greater Manchester. It means that we will never forget the sacrifices of those who died to ensure that we could enjoy the lives we live today.

There are millions of stories of bravery, courage and sacrifice, millions of lives that have been touched by war in the last one hundred years. But what about the stories that are forgotten? What about the soldiers who grow old alone, with no one to celebrate their achievements? Do we always honour the people who we should? Do we do enough to make those who have sacrificed for us feel appreciated?

Listen to the story and decide for yourself...

CHAPTER 1

Nobody on our street liked Harry Sutton. Now when I say nobody liked him, I mean nobody really knew him, because he was a grumpy old man who had lived in his grumpy old house for as long as I could remember. His hair was wispy and grey, he always seemed to wear very grey clothes and he always seemed to have a very grey expression on his face. He never smiled, and he never laughed.

When nobody ever laughs and nobody ever smiles, that usually means that you're not very keen on making friends with them. I wasn't particularly keen on making friends with Harry Sutton because he was so old and so grumpy

I thought Harry was very boring. He would always come out of his house at the same time every morning to pick up his newspaper and he would always be holding the same grey cup of tea in the same grey mug, and stare at the morning with a grey expression on his face. I would always pass him on the way to school. If my mum was with me, she would always say.

"Morning Harry,"

He would always nod, very simply and quickly and then go back to drinking his grey tea.

He hated children. That's what all the children on our street decided. If you stood on the pavement outside his house, if you played with a football outside his house, even if you were talking quite loudly as you walked past his window, he would always knock very loudly on the window and make a face as if to say "Be quiet you irritating little boy".

My dad had told me that Harry had lived alone for a long time. I wondered if the fact that he lived alone was his reason for being so grumpy. But I was young, and if I thought about Harry then, I didn't think about him for very long. There was probably something far more interesting to do.

My dad had not been around very much when I was growing up because he was in the army. This meant the moments when he was home were especially magical.

My dad would always tell me stories of where he went, the cities he saw, the people he met. I loved the stories so much that I began to think that when I grew up, I would want to join the army too, so I could become the adventurer my dad was.

Shortly before this story begins, my dad was killed in a place called Northern Ireland. Our house became very quiet all of a sudden, and my mum became very quiet. She would still make my tea, and she would still take me to school, but I often, she would come and meet me at school, and her eyes looked red, and I could see that she had been crying.

My mum had amazing long black hair, and big glasses, and I still remember the way her face would light up when my dad came back from his time away. She fussed over him so much when he was there, and talked about him to me when he wasn't.

I remember my dad's funeral. It was a very windy and cloudy day. We lived in a town with lots of military families, so lots of the kids my age had dads in the army. There were lots of people out in the street to pay their respects, and my dad's commanding officer told me that he had been very brave and saved a lot of lives. That didn't make me feel any better, because I really wished my dad's life had been saved too.

When my dad died, and I was just about to go to the local secondary school for the first time. I was scared of going to a bigger school. Everything seemed bigger. The buildings seemed bigger and more grey, the teachers seemed fiercer and more imposing, the classrooms seemed duller, with even more uncomfortable chairs than my old school, that made me want to wriggle and fidget.

I didn't want to be at school because without my dad there, everything seemed greyer and more ordinary, and I wasn't really interested in anything I learned in school.

Sometimes I would slip through the school gates before the day had properly ended, and hope that no-one would see me through one of the classroom windows. They never did, and so I started taking more and more time off school, going to the park, walking into local shops and using the money my mum had given me for lunch to buy all the sugary sweets I could afford. Sometimes I would just throw the coins into the fountain in the town square. I didn't really care much about pocket money either.

There was one teacher I hated more than any of the others; he was called Mr Chadwick and he taught Maths. He was going bald, and what was left of his hair was quite thin and wiry. He had a moustache that was thick and looked as though he never washed it. When he told you off he would never shout. Instead he would lean in very close until he was speaking in a whisper and you could smell his horrible, musky breath. One day, he caught me drawing on my maths book instead of doing the fractions work he had set us. He leaned in very close to me, his breath almost unbearable, and said. "I don't know what your mum lets you get away with at home, but in my classroom you'll show me some respect." There was a cold fury in his eyes as he said it, and I couldn't help but think how much his eyes were the opposite of my dad's, who had always had such a warm and kind look in his eyes.



I hated Mr Chadwick, and I couldn't bear the thought of having to look at wiry hair and smell his smelly breath for the rest of the school year. So, for the rest of the week I decided I wasn't going to go to maths. When the bell went for the end of my first lesson, I was out of the school gates, and down the road.

There was another boy who I would often see hanging around near the school gates on his own. He was called Danny Parker, and he was the year ahead of me. I only knew his name because everyone said his mum was the loudest mum in the whole school. She would sometimes forget to pick him up, and when she did, she would treat him like she didn't want to take him home, often dragging him very roughly by the hand, or pulling on his ear and telling him to get in the car. All the teachers yelled at him for being lazy and clumsy, and I felt a bit sorry for him, especially because they were starting to yell at me for the same things. He had a very long, very droopy face, which was also quite spotty and greasy.

Danny was perfectly nice to me, because I was someone who he could get in trouble. But he could be quite wicked and cruel. He took delight in squashing insects if he saw them. He would make nasty comments if he saw someone who he thought had a long neck, or a chubby face, or anyone he thought looked ugly or weird, or even the tiniest bit out of place. He would shout and yell at random people in the street, old ladies, men with glasses. He also liked to steal; he was always taking magazines and sweets from the local shops if he could get away from it. But he wasn't mean to me, and he could make me laugh. At that time, making me laugh was enough of a reason for me to be friends with someone, because I missed my dad so very much.

We started to spend more and more time outside of school and we would often talk about how much we hated it. One day, he told me that his dad had run off and left his mum, and we would often talk about how much we hated school.

"My mum doesn't care if I'm in school or not, if you want

to know the truth," Danny said to me one day, almost proudly.

"I don't think mine does either," I said.

"I don't think mine would notice if I vanished into thin air," Danny said.

I told him my mum was the same. She would often be out when I got home from school, and when she got home, she wouldn't tell me where she had been. I knew she had probably been to my dad's grave, but she never said anything.

One day, because I didn't want to be in maths with Mr Chadwick, and because Danny didn't want to be in his history lesson, we snuck back to my house and played football in the back garden. My mum went to work during the day, and so I knew the house would be deserted. Nobody much seemed to care where I was these days anyway.

Danny and I played football for a few hours. We had some of the best fun I'd had in ages. Danny and I made a goal out of our school jumpers and would take turns doing penalty shoot-outs, pretending we were in the World Cup final. That's what my dad and I had always done in the back garden if it had ever been a nice day.

But that nice afternoon was ruined by what happened next. During one of our penalty shoot-outs, Danny did an amazing header. Almost as if it were happening in slow motion, we watched the ball soar over my garden fence and into old Harry's garden.

I was frozen to the spot. I couldn't go and ask Harry for the ball back, because if I did, he would know that I was playing truant from school, and possibly tell my mum. As much as I didn't care about what the teachers at school thought of me, I didn't want to let my mum down.

Danny didn't seem to care about any of this though.

"Here, help me climb over the fence!" he said.

"We can't get it back," I replied. "That's old Harry's garden. He's like a vampire, or an ogre, or something."

"Shut up, there's no such thing," said Danny, talking

to me as though I was some little kid.

"Harry's the worst old man you'll ever meet," I said. "Trust me we should just leave it."

Danny looked at the fence, and then looked back at me. Then, using our rubbish bin to gain a foothold, he climbed over the fence and into Harry's garden. I heard the gentle thud as his feet hit concrete on the other side.



"Come on over, it's dead quiet," I heard him whisper through the fence.

I knew I shouldn't have done what I did next. I climbed onto the rubbish bin and carefully climbed over the garden fence. I dropped, slightly awkwardly, into old Harry's yard. It wasn't too different from ours. There were a few potted plants dotted around the place and an old wheelbarrow in the corner. The football had somehow managed to fall into it.

"The vampire's garden," laughed Danny.

I quickly ran to get the football and then desperately looked for a way back into my garden. The garden was deathly quiet and I wondered why Harry hadn't heard us.

"How do we get back over the fence?" I said, whispering in case Harry should open his curtains.

"Easy. Go through the house." Danny grinned and indicated to Harry's back door. It was standing slightly ajar, and beyond it lay the mysterious old man's house.

"Come on, he must out, or asleep," said Danny. "He would have been out to tell us off by now, stupid old fogie."

Putting one finger to his lips, Danny crept to the back door and slowly opened it. He disappeared into the house.

What Happens Next?

- A. I follow Danny into the house.
- B. I don't follow Danny into the house.



CHAPTER 2

We escaped from old Harry's house by climbing over the side gate. I needed to be home by 4 o'clock at the latest, because that was when my mum was getting home from work, and she would need to believe that I had been at school all day.

I was home before her. Ten minutes later, I could hear the engine of my mum's car and I looked out of the window to see her climbing wearily out of the car. She was carrying two really heavy bags of shopping and she looked really tired. Somehow, this made me feel ten times worse about what I had just done. I thought of Danny, probably still running home with Harry's old box. I suddenly hated the thought of his long, droopy face.

That night, I was extra helpful with my mum. I helped her make the dinner, and then I helped her clear the table and wash up. Grown-ups are usually suspicious of helpful children, but my mum wasn't. She didn't say much to me except "have you had enough to eat" and "have you got any homework?" I lied, and told her that I had tons of homework to do. Then I went to my room, and left her watching television alone.

Of course I didn't do any homework. I just lay on my bed and thought about that scary house, and Harry. But now, in my imagination, he wasn't as frightening. I began to wonder if maybe, just maybe, he was lonely like my mum was. Maybe he spent his nights alone watching television. That made me feel even worse, and my mind raced and raced with worry, until eventually I just fell asleep on my bed.

My alarm clock woke me for school, and I could hear my mum making my breakfast downstairs.

I couldn't bear to skip another day of school. So I sat through all my lessons and I paid attention as much as I

could. The guilt I was feeling about stealing from Harry and lying to my mum meant that I tried my best to keep my head down, and I did my best to answer questions that my teachers asked. I even managed to work hard for Mr Chadwick.

There was one subject I did love at school, and maybe it was because it allowed me to forget about my own troubles for an hour that made it so magical for me. That subject was history. History for me back then was like listening to a brilliant, exciting, inspiring story but with an added bonus - you always knew the stories were true. History was murder mysteries and love stories, and tales of bravery and cowardice and loyalty and revenge.

You will always remember your best teachers almost as vividly as you remember your worst teachers. My history teacher was called Mr Barnes, and I think I liked him because I knew he loved history as much as me. When he taught us about Henry VIII and his six wives, his eyes gleamed as he told us what a mad but brilliant king Henry was, how he loved hunting and eating and ruling, but how he cruel he could be to people who were his enemies. We learned about William Rufus, the king who was out hunting one day, when he was mysteriously knocked off his horse by an arrow, and no-one knows to this day who shot him.

That day, as the history lesson was ending, Mr Barnes said something that all children in school love to hear.

"I'm going to give you some homework, but this homework is going to be fun,"

Some teachers will say that, and then you realise that Teacher Fun is very different from Children's Fun. Teacher Fun can be standing up and reciting your twelve times table in front of the whole class, or listening to Mr Chadwick talking about rectangles. That kind of Teacher Fun is actually a child's idea of hell.

But when Mr Barnes said something was fun, you knew he really meant Fun. And today he didn't disappoint us.

"I want you to pretend you're a journalist. Who can remind me what a journalist is?"

My hand shot up so fast I think I actually pulled a muscle in my arm.

"Yes Christopher?"

"A journalist is someone who writes for a newspaper or sometimes appears on the television." I blurted out.

Mr Barnes smiled and his eyes glinted.

"That's exactly right," he replied. "So, I want you to pretend that you are all journalists and you are writing about your favourite moment in history. It can any moment you like, but you have to pretend you are a journalist, who is right there, in the middle of it. And you are going to write me an article. And when I am reading it, I want to really, really believe you have been there. I will be awarding points for the most thrilling, adventurous and hair-raising story I read."

I was so excited as I left his class and when I got home that evening I told my Mum about it. I felt better for talking to her about school and she smiled for the first time in ages when she saw how excited I was.

"I can't think of what period would be the most fun Chrissie, (my mum and dad had always called me that) but I'll have a think tomorrow whilst I'm at work," she said.

The next day brought me back to earth with a nasty bump, because I saw Danny near the school gates before lessons.

"Where's the box?" I said, as soon as he walked over to me.

"Took it home, tried to open it, but I couldn't," he replied, very matter-of-factly.

"You have to take it back," I said.

"Says who? You? When did you become a goodie-two-shoes all of a sudden?"

I ignored him, and I presumed he was still spending his days skipping school. Suddenly I felt really ashamed, and I thought the only way to make those feelings go

away was to try my hardest at school, and do the best, most exciting history story I could think of.

When I arrived home that evening, my mum was there before me. Her car was parked in the drive and I could already smell tea cooking as I stepped through the front door. I heard talking coming from the front room, and when I went in, what I saw made my heart feel like it had leapt into my throat.

There was my mum, sat drinking a cup of tea with Harry. He must have known I had broken into his house.



What Happens Next?

- a. I say sorry to Harry for breaking into his home.
- b. I say nothing.

CHAPTER 3

After Harry had gone home, Mum told me how he had come round asking if she had seen any suspicious people hanging about, because someone had broken into his house whilst he was having an afternoon nap and stolen a precious box which had some treasured items from his, and his father's, time in the army. After telling him she hadn't seen anything, my mum had had a brainwave and asked Harry if he would be willing to help me. She also told me she thought he might like the company.

I felt like I wanted the ground to swallow me up. My mum shook her head and sighed as she talked about Harry's break-in.

"Who would steal from an old man like that?" she said sadly. "I honestly think that as I get older, people have less and less decency in them."

I couldn't find Danny at school the next day. I wanted to tell him to take the box back, because every moment that Harry was parted from it made it feel as though a knife was being twisted inside of me.

The weekend came, and my mum suggested that I go and spend Saturday morning with Harry. I began to feel like I could never walk into his house again, without thinking of what Danny and I had done.

I said to my mum that the project didn't have to be given in to Mr Barnes for a few weeks yet, but she looked at me firmly, and I will never forget what she said next.

"You can spend a few hours with him Chrissie. I don't like the thought of anyone being lonely."

So that Saturday morning, I walked up to Harry's door and knocked on it. It was a warm day, and the sun was occasionally peeking from behind some clouds. It made Harry's front door look less scary

and imposing than it normally did. I half-expected him to have forgotten about our conversation a few days ago, and for him to ask me, in his usual grey, grumpy fashion, what it was I wanted.

It took some time for him to answer but, when he opened the door, Harry looked remarkably cheerful.

"Ah, the young journalist," he said. "Won't you come inside?"

It was strange seeing his house again from a different perspective. Maybe it was the weather, or maybe it was the fact that Harry had quite cheerfully invited me in, but his house looked far less imposing.

"Sorry it took me so long to get to the door there," he said, as he ushered me inside. "Can't be too careful about who you open the door to these days. I suppose your mum told you about how I was burgled."

I merely nodded and mumbled a very quiet 'yes' as he led me into his front room. We stood there for a moment, two people of completely different ages, who had never had a reason to talk to one another, and didn't quite know what to say now that we were.

"So what do you want to ask me?" he said. He looked excited, and I wondered if talking to me would be the highlight of his day.

I didn't know what to say to him. All the stories and whispers and jokes about him being an ogre, and grey, and a vampire were still in my mind and I worried if he could read minds or worse, if my shame was just written all over my face.

"You'll have to get better at introducing yourself to people and giving them a firm handshake if you're going to become a journalist," he said. "It's all about asking tough questions to people, you know. You need to be able to sniff out a story."

We stood there for a moment longer. Then suddenly I sat down in one of his armchairs, and maybe that broke the ice between us a bit, because then he sat down too.

"Well," I began. "I have to pretend that I'm in the war and that I'm reporting on it as it happens."

He laughed, and I realised I had never heard him laugh before.

"Journalists like the ones they have today would never have lasted five seconds in that war," he said. "I don't reckon people today would have the stomach for a war like that. Count yourself lucky that you weren't involved with it."

"Was it worse than the battles my dad fought in?" I asked suddenly.

He looked at me, and I could tell that he had momentarily forgotten about my dad dying.

"Shall we have a cup of tea?" he said, quite kindly.

I nodded. I didn't drink tea, but I was too afraid to refuse. He disappeared into the kitchen and I could hear the sound of drawers being opened and closed, the clinking of mugs, and the gentle bubbling of water as he boiled his kettle.

I looked around his living room. It was cosy. There was a little television that, from the layer of dust that had settled on it, made me guess that he never watched it. By his armchair was a stack of books, many of them with different coloured bookmarks slotted into them. The living room was quiet except for the comforting ticking of a little clock. Dotted around the room were photos, a lot of them black and white. There was one which stood out especially. It was of a woman standing on a pier. She had a big smile on her face, and from the kind look in her eyes, I found myself wondering if she had a very lovely laugh. She looked about the same age as my mum. I could hear Harry pouring the tea into mugs. I suddenly realised that maybe his life wasn't grey. It was just that he liked to be alone in his own little world.

He came back into the room with two mugs of tea, and carefully set one down next to me. My dad had always drunk tea and when I took a sip of Harry's I could understand why. It was warm and sweet, and holding the cup in my hands made me feel a little bit more at home.

Harry sat in his armchair and let out a long deep breath.

"Well then, did you bring a pen and paper?"

I shook my head and he tutted.

"That's the other thing a really good journalist needs," he said, wagging his finger at me. "You must always have a pen and paper with you, because surely a good story could land in your lap at any moment."

I muttered "sorry" and sipped my tea. I drank too much and I could feel it scald my tongue a little bit. We sat there in silence for a bit longer.

"Not very talkative, are you?" Harry said suddenly and for the first time I could detect that grumpiness in his voice again. "Perhaps I should tell you a little bit about the war? How does that sound?"

"Yes, ok," I said, trying desperately to hide the fact that I had burned my tongue. I already felt as though Harry thought I was useless. I didn't want to give him any more reasons to think so.

So we sat there, and slowly, Harry told me about the First World War, what they used to call the War to End All Wars. He told me about how countries like Britain, France and Russia had formed an alliance against countries like Germany and Austro-Hungary. He told me how these two groups of countries had made promises to come to the aid of each other if they were ever attacked. He told me how, one day, an arch-duke was assassinated and because he was from Austro-Hungary, this led to all these countries declaring war on each other and, suddenly, all of Europe was at war. He told me how the war was going well to start with, but then slowly it ground to a halt, and men on each side dug trenches. He told me how the two armies, Britain & France on one side, Germany and Austro-Hungary on the other, barely moved for four years. He told me how he joined up to fight, and how served in France, and saw action at lots of horrible battles.

I sat listening to him intently, drinking my tea all the time. He spoke for a long time, and I shifted positions, trying as best I could not to lose my concentration. But Harry, in spite of the amazing things he was telling me, did have quite a dull voice, especially when he was

just reciting the facts about the war. I felt even worse for losing my concentration, and every time I was in danger of tuning out what he was saying, I shifted in my seat again.

After a while, he noticed this and said.

"Not boring you, am I?"

"No, not all," I replied, rather too eagerly.

"You could get all of this from a history book though, couldn't you?" he said. "If you want to interview me, you need to ask me proper questions."

I didn't know what to ask him. I felt like the worst liar, sitting here in his living room and drinking his tea.

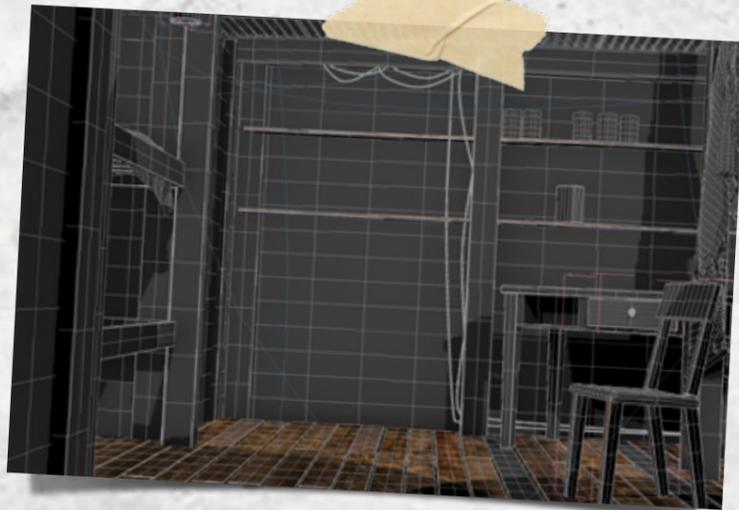
He set his mug down and suddenly leaned forward a bit.

"Tell you what, we'll turn this into a game," he said, a new excitement in his eyes. I could tell that he hadn't had such a long conversation with someone in quite some time. "We'll make a game where you get to ask me three difficult questions. Like a proper journalist."

I don't know when I had given him the idea that, when I grew up, I wanted to be a 'proper journalist', but I nodded again and sat, thinking for a moment about what I could ask him. And then, suddenly, I just blurted out.

"When was your father most afraid?"

Harry leaned back in his chair. At first, I thought he was



going to tell me that soldiers are never afraid, because that's what I had always thought when I looked at my dad. But instead he whistled through his teeth and said.

"That's a blinder of a question. That's a great question Mr Journalist."

He sat and thought for a moment. There was only the quiet ticking of his clock. Even the faces in the pictures seemed to be waiting for his response.

"Well, in 1916, in his first couple of months in the army, my dad certainly didn't know a lot about the world. I mean none of the young lads who signed up really did. When he signed up to fight, he was a part of this big regiment and everyone had all trained together and crossed the sea from England to France together. I don't think any of those young men were ready to fight a war in those muddy, dirty trenches. None of them were ready for the fact that they had to drink horrible tea, and eat rations, and sleep in these dark and disgusting dug-outs. You would never get much sleep, because the Germans were firing at you, and trying to blow you to smithereens with grenades and machine guns. And they weren't firing at you, you were firing at them."

Harry stroked his chin, now deep in thought. "I suppose everyone was always a little bit scared. There was no way you could go and fight a war like that and not be frightened. Any man who tells you he wasn't frightened during the First World War is lying."

"You had to be afraid of the Germans," he continued. "Because they were your enemy and you had to be afraid of your enemy. But, if you fight a war where you're in a trench all the time, you don't see your enemy a lot. You might hear him, but you don't see him. So



the British soldiers were always told that the Germans were cruel, and vicious, and bloodthirsty, and I suppose that's why our boys hated them. They hated them because they never saw them very much.

I thought of my dad all of a sudden. I wondered if he had seen his enemy before he died.

"My father once told me a story about how, one day, his bit of the line was attacked. During the war, the British would often try to attack the other side, to try and take their trench from them, and they would take our trenches from us. Sometimes one side would succeed, and sometimes one side would fail, and that's how you lost a lot of good men."

Harry was now staring into the distance and not really looking at me. I could see he badly wanted to make sure he remembered his dad's story correctly.

"One day the Germans attacked my dad's position. And when an attack came, you would do your best to scare the other side as much as possible. When one side was about to attack the other, they would fire their guns and artillery, sometimes bombarding the enemy trenches for days. Hopefully, the other side would become so scared and tired of the bombardment, that it would make it easier for you to send your troops over the top.

"So when the Germans attacked, my dad knew it was coming, because they battered his trench with their guns for days, and we stayed in our dugouts, frightened like little rabbits. And then they came, and my dad and all his friends had to stand at their posts and fire into No-Man's Land, the dead land between our trenches and theirs. And you hoped that they would never reach your trench."

He shifted in his chair, and looked at me for the first time in what felt like an age.

"My dad told me about this one day in 1916, his second tour of duty, I have always remembered the story, because the Germans actually did reach his trench. And my father saw a German for the first time, and he looked into his enemy's eyes. And he wasn't sure if he could hate him, because he was a man, not much older than a boy, just like my dad. During an attack on my trench, a

German soldier dropped into my dad's trench and there was panic, and shouting, because if one German had gotten through, who was to say that two Germans hadn't gotten through, or three?"

Now Harry fixed his gaze on me.

"You want to know what I think must be the scariest day in the war for my father? I mean the scariest of all? This German soldier dropped into his trench like he had dropped out of the sky, and this German was holding a grenade, and if you take the pin out of a grenade, it will blow everything around it to smithereens. So there was this German with his grenade, and there was my father, a young private, with his gun that he barely knew how to use, really not much older than you are now. And he looked at me and I looked at him, and he had his grenade, and my father had his gun. And he had to do something, because if he didn't, he was dead. But this German was a man, just like my father, and he couldn't hurt him. So what was he supposed to do?"



What Happens Next?

- a. He shoots the German before he can let his grenade off
- b. He spares the German's life.

CHAPTER 4

Harry and I talked for a few hours. He told me how his father had taken the German captive and how the British soldiers had eventually pushed the Germans back to their own lines. I had never imagined what it was like to have to take someone else's life. I wanted to ask Harry how many Germans his father had killed, but it seemed like the worst question you could ever ask someone.

He told me to come back I could come back again any evening I wanted and I went home. I wanted to ask him about what was in that box. Danny had thought it was something like money, or maybe jewellery, but now I suspected that maybe it was something to do with the war, and Harry's family. I couldn't bear the thought that I had let Danny take something so valuable from him.

A few days later, I was standing in Harry's front room again. I could tell he was pleased to see me, and when he saw that I had remembered to bring a pen and paper with me this time, he seemed even more excited.

"You're looking like a proper journalist now," he said, his eyes sparkling with pride.

Once again, he made me some tea, and once again, I listened to the ticking of the clock in his living room as I sat waiting for him to make it. I hadn't seen Danny at school at all over the past few days, and it meant that was able to forget about my troubles.

But Harry soon put an end to this. As we were sat holding our cups of tea, he said.

"Had the police round this morning. Not sure if they were of any help, but I asked them to look into this burglary I had."

My hand shook as I held the tea cup, and I

tried not to make it look too obvious.

"What was in the box?" I asked, almost choking the words out of my mouth.

"Oh, just some things of my dad's from the war, and some keepsakes, souvenirs, that sort of thing" he said, with a hint of sadness in his voice. "My father survived the war, but he had inhaled some mustard gas and the damage it did to his lungs never went away. He died when I was a teenager. That box was my only memory of him. That, and his stories, which I've always remembered."

I felt the most awful, creeping sense of guilt as Harry told me this, as I realised he had lost his dad at a young age. Despite the many years between us, Harry and me were very alike.

"What keepsakes?" I asked, my voice almost shaking. I think he must have believed I was just asking questions because that's what boys often do.

"His letters from the war, pictures, his papers from his time as a soldier," he replied. "I keep them to remind myself of who my dad was. It's important you remind yourself of good times and bad times, that's what I've always believed."

I sat there for a moment, thinking about what he had just said. Then Harry suddenly leaned forward in his chair.

"So what's the big question today Mr Journalist?" he said, that twinkle of pride in his face again. "I'm enjoying revisiting my father's stories."

Once more, I stumbled over what to say at first. Then suddenly my next question came to me.

"What was the best thing you ever did for someone during the war?" I said.

Harry smiled at me. "That's a very clever question to ask," he said. "And do you know, I can think of lots of things. I he would say that joining up and fighting was one of the best things he must have ever done. I think defending his country was one of the best things he ever did. I think keeping watch in a trench

when his boots were full of mud, and he was in desperate need of sleep was one of the best things he ever did. Because you see Christopher, sometimes being in the worst situation can bring out the best in people. You wouldn't think so, but it's true."

He took a big long gulp of his tea. I had my pen hanging over my notepad. I was beginning to love the way Harry told his stories.

"My father and his friends were part of a big family in the war," he began. "If you're sleeping and eating and living and dying with men all the time, then you become like brothers to one another. Sometimes it made life in the trenches easier if you remembered that you could always count on each other. But it was different if you had to command men. Then, you sometimes couldn't afford to get too friendly with the soldiers under your command. You would have to make decisions that could cost lives, and you had to send men to their death. It wasn't easy, and after a year or so of fighting in the war, and after seeing many friends die in battle, my father became one of those people who had to make decisions."

"Towards the beginning of 1917, the army had lost so many officers to the war, that they decided to start training common soldiers, hoping to get them to officer rank. And so my father trained as an officer. They sent my Dad to a British base in Cork, which is a town in Ireland if you didn't know. And there, he had to go through more tough training. There was marching, drilling, he had to learn map-reading, he had to study in the evening. You always had to be alert and interested in what we were doing, because only the best soldiers got to be officers!"

Harry closed his eyes as he struggled to remember.

"After his training, he was sent back to the front lines in France, but now my father was in command of soldiers. It must have felt very different. For a little while, he even had his own servant."

"One day, my Dad had to send a couple of men on a raid to get an idea of how many German troops there were. I think my father wanted to go, but his colonel told me he didn't want to waste me, so of course he sent five men on a raid just before nightfall."

"Anyway, shortly before the raid, my dad received intelligence which



told him that the Germans have started attaching red rags to holes in the barbed wire. Now this means that if Dad sent his men over the top, they were going to be easy targets for the Germans, and would most probably be shot on sight. But he had to send them, because his commanding officers were telling him that this is the only way they could find out about what the German's troop movements are.

"In the middle of all of this, a young lad, Corporal Griffiths, comes to my Dad and begs not to be sent on the mission. He tells my father that his nerves are getting the better of him, that the noise and the shelling is going to drive him over the edge if it keeps going on much longer, that he would be no use to anyone. I've often wondered if think my father must have felt quite angry with him, because so many good men were risking their lives. I think I would have hated it if a soldier came to me and told me that he didn't have the stomach for a fight."

"So there was my Dad, and he's got this soldier telling him that he doesn't want to go on what could be a suicide mission. So what was my father supposed to do?"

What Happens Next?

- A. Harry's father orders this soldier Griffiths to go on the mission
- B. Harry's father does not send Griffiths on this mission.

CHAPTER 5

Bracketed section should only be read if Part B has been chosen

{“My father was convinced that the mission was a foolish one, and he begged his superior officers not to let it go ahead. It was the first, and I think only time my Dad ever disagreed with a decision he had to take. He was very fond of Griffiths, and he had seen other men who had been reduced to nervous wrecks by the war. But my father was over-ruled, and the mission went ahead anyway.”}

“So all my father could do was wait and hope that the mission went ahead successfully.”

Harry’s voice was the voice that was shaking now, and I could tell his father’s story was starting to affect him. He had put his cup of tea down and was sat forward in his armchair, his hands resting on his knees.

“My father’s heart was pounding as he sat in the dugout waiting for news of the attack. And then he heard shouting coming from up above, and he knew the raiding party had returned. But there were only two of them left. One of them was young Griffiths, I know that my father was praying he would have come back alive.”

Harry’s eyes were telling me what happened next, and I thought I could see tears them.

“Griffiths had been badly hurt,” said Harry, quietly. “He was bleeding from the chest and he was having trouble breathing. And the men laid him down on a bed in the dugout and he was looking at my father and saying ‘sorry I let you down Lieutenant Sutton, sir’ and he was looking right at my father, and I always remember Dad telling me he felt so heartless in that moment, and so careless that he had let one of his men get hurt. It was my father’s first taste of command.

The tears were rolling down Harry’s cheek now.

“Griffiths asked my father and all the men if he was going to

be alright, and they had to lie and tell him he was going to be fine. I think it might be the best and the worst lie you could ever tell in a place like this. My father ordered men to their deaths. I think that was worst thing he ever did.”

Harry wiped his eyes. He looked at me, still holding the notebook.

“You haven’t written a thing Mr Journalist,” he said, smiling a very old smile through his big wet tears.

“I was too busy listening to the story,” I replied. “You tell your dad’s stories so well Harry.”

“You’ll have to forgive an old man,” he said. And then, it was like the memory had faded from his eyes again, because he suddenly said, very matter-of-factly - “Shall we have another cup of tea, and you can ask me any more questions you want to?”

So we sat and chatted a bit longer, and once again, I got the feeling that having me around was brightening up Harry’s house, and he proceeded to talk to me some more about the life of a journalist, and what it would all mean for me. I didn’t know where he had got this idea from, but the more he talked to me about it, the more I thought maybe I did want to a journalist after all.

The next day I went and found Danny at school.

“You have to give that box back,” I said, cornering him at his usual spot near the school gates.

“I found it, it’s mine,” he replied, a sullen look on his face. “Why have you stopped hanging out with me then? You ashamed of being seen with me or something?”

He seemed genuinely upset that he didn’t have me to talk to anymore. I changed the subject, because every minute that the box wasn’t back in Harry’s hands, I felt worse.

“I’ve been talking to Harry,” I said. “He’s amazing. Did you know his father fought in the First World War?”

“Yeah, so did a lot of people’s dads,” said Danny. “My dad fought in a war, and so did your dad. Mine can’t walk anymore and yours is

dead, so what's the point of getting excited about some old guy?"

"I just think he deserves his property back, that's all." I was trying not to lose my temper with Danny. I didn't really trust that he wasn't going to sell the box, or throw it in a river or something."

He leaned in to me, and for a moment I was worried he was going to punch me, there was so much anger in his eyes.

"I don't have it anymore, so shut up and leave me alone!"

"Where is it?" I said, again trying not to make it sound as though I was angry with him.

"Teacher confiscated it. Barnes, he teaches history,"

"Where did you tell him you got it?" I was terrified now. Mr Barnes was my favourite teacher. I hated the idea that he could find out I had stolen from an old man.

"I didn't say anything," muttered Danny.

"Harry thinks it was burglars. He's been talking to the police!" I tried not to raise my voice, as there were people milling around us, walking into lessons.

"Maybe we tell the police that Barnes took it," said Danny. "I hate him anyway,"

"We can't do that! What's the matter with you?" I looked around, now convinced that Mr Barnes was standing behind me or something. "Anyway, they wouldn't believe you over a school history teacher!"

"So let's steal it back," said Danny.

"I'm not stealing from anyone else," I was desperate to get as far away from him as I could.

"Well I tell you what," Danny's face had a really dark expression on it now. "You can help me, or I'll tell everyone that it was you who stole from that old man,"

I had never felt so alone in my whole life. I couldn't admit to Harry what I had done, because his talks and his company were beginning to mean a lot to me. I knew he would be heartbroken if he knew what I had done to him. But I didn't

want to steal, because I could picture the disappointment in my mum's face if she ever found out. Once again, I found myself wishing my dad was there to tell me what to do.

"And you're going to steal it back," said Danny, looking at me with his horrible beady eyes.

As I searched the drawers in Mr Barnes' classroom, I remembered the dream I had about being in court, and had horrible thoughts of policemen visiting our house. I was listening at the door for any footsteps which would announce the arrival of Mr Barnes. How could Danny have been so stupid to get it confiscated?

Sure enough, Harry's box was in the bottom drawer of Mr Barnes' desk. There it sat, old and used and worn. As I held it, I knew instantly why it meant so much to Harry.

I prised open the box. Inside, there were some letters written in a very messy, but beautiful hand writing, a Victoria Cross, and some pictures of Harry a little boy, with a tall man who I thought must have been his father. In one, he was standing with three other men, and they were all smiling big beaming smiles. I wondered if this photo was taken from the beginning of the war, because their eyes looked so full of hope.

"What are you doing with that?"

I turned around. There, stood in the doorway, was Mr Barnes.



What Happens Next?

- I tell Mr Barnes that the box is mine
- I tell Mr Barnes who the box really belongs to

CHAPTER 6

My mum couldn't believe it when my school told her about what I had done. She had that look that parents get just before you think they might get angry. It often involves a lot of sighing, rolling of the eyes, and then maybe looking at the floor. As it is, she said the worst possible thing she could have said to me.

"Will you just go to your room, and get out of my sight please?" she said.

I went to my room and I have to admit I began to cry. I hadn't really cried much since my dad had gone, and it felt like a bit of a relief. I lay on my bed, listening to the silence of my house, thinking of Harry and my dad, and how they had been so brave and selfless, and what a coward I was for stealing and then lying about it.

I don't know how long I was there for, but my bedroom door was pushed open and my mum was standing there. I could see that she had been crying too.

"Get up," she said. "And put your coat and shoes on."

She marched me next door and knocked loudly on Harry's door. I stood there, my heart pounding, praying that Harry would be out, or asleep, or too afraid to open the door in the evening (the sun was setting behind the houses).

But I could see Harry's curtain move like it always did as he peered out of the window. Less than a minute later, the door was opened, and Harry stood there. He looked pleased to see me, but then he looked at my mum, and his face fell a bit.

"Hello, is everything alright?"

My mum looked at me, and then looked at Harry.

"I'm sorry to bother you Harry, but my son has some things he would like to say to you,"

"Well won't you come in?" said Harry, kindly, though I could see he was confused.

My mum gave me a little push and I went into the house. We came and sat in Harry's living room. He sat in his chair, but then got up just as suddenly.

"Shall I make a cup of tea?"

"Yes," I said.

"No," my mum interrupted firmly.

Harry looked even more puzzled and sat down again. I suddenly realised how getting in and out of his chair wasn't easy for him.

"What's the matter then?" he said.

My mum sat down, but gave me a look to indicate I should remain standing.

"I'll leave it to Christopher to explain it," she said, in a very flat voice.

It felt like I stood there for an eternity. My legs were shaking and I looked at Harry's face, patiently waiting for me to speak. I imagined how it would change when I told him what I had done, and he would become grumpy and grey Harry again.

"I have your box," I said, my voice hoarse.

"What do you mean you have it?" he said, looking from me to my mum and back again. "You mean you found it?"

I couldn't speak, so I merely shook my head.

"I don't understand," said Harry.

"I stole your box." I couldn't believe the difficulty I had in saying those four words.

I could see from Harry's face that he didn't quite understand. "I don't understand," he said again. "What do you mean you stole it? Why would you do that?"

"I don't know," I could feel both of them looking at me now. "I don't know why I took it."

Harry suddenly turned to my mum.

"I wonder if I could talk to Christopher alone for a minute," he said.

My mum said "of course" and told me she would be waiting for me at home.

After the door closed behind her, there was a brief silence, and once more I could hear the ticking of the little clock in his living room.

"So you took my box?" Harry said finally.

"Yes,"

"And did you do it alone?"

"No," I looked down at the floor.

"Could you look me in the eye when you talk to me please Christopher?" Harry asked gently.

"I didn't take it," I said. "Not exactly. But I was with the boy who did. He gave it to me to hide."

"That's not good enough," Harry replied. "If you were involved, you were involved. A man has to take responsibility for his actions. I thought I was being burgled!"

It was as he said this that I realised how much I must really have frightened him.

"I'm sorry," I said, quietly.

We sat there in one of our normal silences for a while. What Harry said next I certainly didn't expect. "It must be awful without your dad."

I didn't know what to say. And then I realised that Harry understood, perhaps better than anybody.

"It isn't fair when people get taken away from you," he said. "You don't understand why it has to happen to you. I knew your dad a bit, he was a good man. I hope you're proud of him. When I lost my dad it was the worst feeling in the world. I felt like I was walking around with a piece of my heart missing. Both our dads were heroes. And that's good, it's a good thing. But it doesn't mean we can't get angry that they're gone."

And so I started to talk to Harry about my dad. I told him about all the television programmes we used to watch together, all the jokes my dad used to tell, and all the times I waited for my dad by the front door as he was about to come home. I must have sat and talked about my dad for hours, but it felt amazing, and Harry just sat there the whole time, nodding and smiling.

"You'll always remember them Christopher," Harry said to me after I had been chatting for a while.

I went round again the next day to return the box and he was clearly delighted as he opened it. He took out all the items and looked at them as if he was seeing them for the first time. When he picked up the picture of the woman, he smiled at me and said "I had been missing this."

I looked at the photo in the box, and then at the other photo of the same woman which sat on his mantelpiece. He saw me looking, and he could see that I was searching for another question to ask him.

"Go on," he said. "But ask me like a journalist."

I thought about it for a moment and then said.

"Did your dad ever lost somebody he really loved?"

Harry smiled, and I could see his mind turning as he thought about his answer.

"Well...the woman in that photo. She was a nurse. Once during an

awful attack, the Germans released some of that poisonous gas that they would often use. I don't know if you know anything about it, but when the Germans released it, you had to pull your gas mask on straight away, because you would be dead before you knew it. One day, they used it on our boys, and my Dad was far too slow to put my mask on. I told you before, the gas would end up doing awful damage to his lungs, and he would eventually die from it. That day, when the gas attack came, he could feel his whole face burning. Of course he thought he was going to die, then and there."

"Anyway, my father woke up in this field hospital, and he could hear the noise of wounded men all around him. In a hospital like that, the war has taken something from each and every man. And men just sit there, wondering if they will ever get it back again."

"There was this nurse. She would attend to all of the men with the biggest smile on her face, and my father told me how she never seemed to lose hope, even though it was very easy in a place like that. But my dad's strongest memory of her was that, as soon as she looked at him, he knew that everything was going to be fine. Her name was Ruth, and my dad used to say, that when she called his name, it felt like someone was saying his name for the first time in his life."

I looked at the woman in the picture as Harry said this. She did indeed have a warm and hopeful smile.

"She had these amazing blue eyes, and she was from Lancashire, and she would talk about all the boys that she had said goodbye to in her town, and she was a bit of a guardian angel for my dad, because I know she made him feel less alone, lying in that bed."

"When he was fit to go back to the front line, he told her that if I was ever back for a few days relief for the trench, then he would see her again. He never knew what made me say it with such confidence, but she agreed."

"Sometimes if he was away from the trench, he would go and see her at the hospital, and they would sit outside, talking about home, where they had come from, and what they wanted to do if the war ever came to an end. I think there must have been many times



that a lot of people thought would never see peace time again."

"As I've already told you, he was transferred away to be an officer, so he knew he wouldn't be able to see Ruth again. So they started writing letters to one another. He would read her stories of the men who were continuing to be lost to that dreadful war. And he would see the most awful things and somehow she became this person he could tell anything to."

"The war finally ended in November 1918, and Germany were finally beaten. My father was looking forward to seeing her again, and to finally seeing her in his own country. But as the war came to an end he told me his letters just stopped getting a reply."

Harry folded up the picture and put it back in the box.

"My father got married to my mother, and they were happy, but I think Ruth was the first woman he ever loved. And I think he missed her very much. He discovered shortly before he died that she had caught Spanish flu around the time the war ended, and she had died. But she wrote him the most beautiful letters and she kept them and they're here."

Harry suddenly reached out and patted my hand.

"I'm a stupid old man, aren't I?" he said. "I never got married you see, and I suppose I kept these letters like they were windows to another world."

He shut the box again.

"Like you, I miss my father very much." he said.

After that day, I would go and see Harry most weeks, even if it was just to say hello and have a cup of tea. I gave my presentation on the First World War at school and Mr Barnes told me it was one of the most impressive talks he had ever seen in his class and said that I was a credit to my parents. Harry beamed when I told him this, and again told me that I should be a journalist. I didn't know then, but I would prove him right.

Years later, when I was grown up and working for a national newspaper, my Mum rang me one day to tell me that Harry

had passed away quietly in his sleep. He had lived until a very old age and we had remained friends as I had grown up. When I moved away from home, we had continued to write to each other, and he listened to my adventures with pride.

She told me that Harry had left me his box, and when I came home to see my Mum, she sat with me, and we opened it together. I sat with her and told her the same stories about Harry's father that he had told me when I was a boy. In return, she told me the stories of my dad, of his time in the army. We talked about Dad, how much we still missed him, and my Mum went and got some of my dad's photos and letters and she put them in the box alongside the pictures of Harry's father.

"His father, your father, we'll always remember them, won't we?" said my Mum, taking my hand.

"Always," I replied.



THE END

SCRIPTS

CHAPTER 1

Film A

Harry's garden. Chris is standing outside on his own. The door is slightly ajar;

Danny: (calling from inside) Are you coming.

Chris: I'm not going in there.

Danny: Don't be such a baby, there's no one in here, he must be asleep or something.

Chris walks through the open door and through to the kitchen where Danny is standing. He is going through the kitchen drawers, opening and shutting them in turn.

Chris: We need to leave.

Danny: Just seeing what the old man's got in his drawers.

Chris: Come on Danny, this isn't funny anymore.

Danny: What's the problem? He isn't in.

Chris: He could come back.

Danny: If he does, we'll just rush past him.

Chris: He'll see us!

Danny: Old man's probably half blind!

Danny searches the drawers. He pulls out an old box. Chris looks round, panic-stricken.

Danny: Here we go!

Chris: Put that back!

Danny: Might be money or something.

Chris: Put it back I said.

Danny: Finders keepers.

Chris: Danny that's not yours.

Danny: You hate the old man, you told me you did. He won't miss a rusty old box.

Chris: He might.

Danny: He's so dotty, he left his back door open. Promise you he won't care.

Danny puts the box under his arm. There is a noise in the house. A door opening perhaps? The two boys panic and escape out of the back door. They emerge into the garden again.

Chris: How do we get out?

Danny: Back over the fence.

Chris: If he's awake, he'll see us through the window.

Danny: Over the fence.

Film B

Chris waits outside the back door of Harry's house. The door is slightly ajar. Chris calls into the house after Danny.

Chris: Danny...Danny what are you doing?

Danny: (off-screen) It's fine, I'm fine. Come in he must be asleep.

Chris: I'm not going in there.

Danny: Come on, don't be such a baby.

Chris doesn't go in. He stands on his own, looking around cautiously.

He thinks he hears a noise. Is it Harry getting up?

He stands in silence again for a moment.

After a brief moment, Danny emerges. He is carrying a box.

Chris: What's that?

Danny: Found it in the old man's drawer. Looks valuable.

Chris: You're not going to steal it?

Danny: Why not?

Chris: You can't do that, he'll kill you.

Danny: Not if he never finds out.

Chris: Are joking? This is his house.

Danny: He's probably half blind! Probably got that thing that old people get. Cataracts.

Chris: That's no excuse to steal from him.

Danny: You're too scared all the time.

Chris: I'm not!

Danny: So shut up.

Chris: If you get caught, you're not telling them I was here.

Danny: Whatever.

Chris: I won't get in trouble for this.

Danny: We won't get in trouble.

Chris: I didn't have anything to do with this!

*They hear a noise coming from inside the house.
They both move away from the door.*

Chris: He's up, he's heard us!

Danny: Shall we go back over the fence?

Chris: He might see us through the window.

Danny: The side gate.

They run around the side of the house.

End of film.

CHAPTER 2

Film A.

Chris, Harry and Sarah in the front room.

Sarah: Harry has something he wants to talk to you about.

Chris: I just want to say I'm sorry.

Harry: What's he sorry for?

Sarah: What are you sorry for Chrissie?

Chris: I, uh...

Sarah: What's wrong? Sweetheart, are you ok?

Harry: Tired from all that hard work at school I expect.

Sarah: He's not as hard-working as you might think. How was school Chrissie?

Chris: Yeah fine.

Sarah: You said sorry, I didn't know if something had happened.

Pause. They clearly don't know what he's talking about.

Chris: I...I just thought you came round because I was kicking a ball in the back garden quite loudly the other day, and I meant to say sorry.

Harry: No it's fine, you play with your football if you want to. Just try not to kick it into my back garden, there's a good lad.

Chris: Yeah, sorry.

Sarah: I invited Harry round, because his father fought in the First World War. Harry was brought up on his stories, isn't that right?

Harry: That's right, yes.

Sarah: And so I thought if you wanted to interview someone proper, then you could talk to him. And he's been very kind and agreed to help you, so I think you should say thank you.

Chris: Thank you, that's very kind.

Harry: So you can come round after school, or whenever you like. Ok?

Chris: Thank you.

Harry: Do you like history then?

Sarah: He loves it at the moment.

Harry: Fancy being a historian maybe?

Sarah: What do you think Chrissie?

Chris: Yeah maybe.

Harry stands and shakes Chris's hand.

Chris: Thank you for your help.

Harry: My pleasure.

Film B

Chris, Sarah and Harry in the front room. Chris has just come in,

Sarah: Oh he here is...

Harry: Hello.

Sarah: Harry has something he would like to talk to you about.

Chris: What?

Sarah: Don't say 'what' Chrissie, that's rude.

Chris: What's he doing here?

Sarah: Chrissie!

Harry: It's alright. Probably just a long

day working hard at school, eh?

Sarah: Don't be so sure.

Chris: Sorry Harry.

Sarah: I invited Harry around because his father fought in the First World War, and I thought you might enjoy finding out more about that. So you can say thank you.

Chris: Thank you Harry.

Sarah: And he says you can go round and ask him anything you want and he'll try and help you as best he can. (to Harry) Isn't that right?

Harry: That's right. My Dad told me all his stories, and I know them pretty well, so you come round as often as you like.

Chris: Thank you.

Harry: Do you want to be a journalist then?

Chris: Yes.

Harry: You'll have to get very good at asking questions.

Chris: I suppose so.

Harry: You'll have to have lots of good ones prepared.

Chris: I'll try my best.

Sarah: Are you alright? You look very pale.

Chris: Feel a bit sick. Like I have butterflies in my stomach.

Harry: Needs a good tea in him.

Sarah: Sorry Harry, he's not normally this quiet. Try and be a bit more enthusiastic Chrissie love, eh?

Harry: It's alright.

Harry stands, extends his hand to Chris.

Harry: Well I look forward to working with you young man. What do you say?

Chris is silent. He shakes Harry's hand.

CHAPTER 3

Film A.

Harry's father, Eddie, and a German soldier. A muddy trench in the middle of an attack.

Eddie and the German look at one another for a moment. The German goes to take the pin out of his grenade. Eddie aims the gun at him, but shoots him in the leg. The German hits the ground. Eddie throws himself to the floor. Waits. The grenade does not go off. Eddie gets to his feet. The German is lying on the ground. He goes to him, disarms the German. Pulls the German to his feet.

Eddie: Oi, you speak English? Do you speak any English? You're my prisoner now, do you understand? You've been caught in our trench and now you're my prisoner, you got that?

The German whimpers.

Eddie: It's alright, I'm not going to hurt you.

The German shakes his head.

Eddie: Can you understand me? It's ok, I'm not going to hurt you.

The German whimpers.

Film B

A young Harry and a German soldier. A muddy trench in the middle of an attack.

Eddie and the German look at one another for a moment. The German goes to take the pin out of his grenade. Eddie doesn't shoot, but throws himself against the German, knocking him to the ground. The German takes the pin from the grenade but Eddie throws it a safe distance away. He shields the German from the explosion as it goes off nearby. The German starts to struggle, but Eddie wrestles him back to the ground.

Eddie: Do you speak English? Do you? You better understand that I'll kill you if that grenade has killed anyone. Stop struggling! You're my prisoner now, do you understand? You're our prisoner. Stay still and I won't hurt you, you understand me? It's ok, I won't hurt you.

The German whimpers as Harry holds him to the ground.

CHAPTER 4

Film A

Eddie's dugout. The night before the attack. Eddie is in conversation with Griffiths, a corporal in his trench.

Eddie: At ease Griffiths, take a seat.

Griffiths sits opposite Eddie. He is clearly nervous.

Eddie: I'm given to understand that you've been telling some of the men that you don't want to go on this reconnaissance.

Griffiths: That's right sir.

Eddie: Have you come into my dug out to tell me the same thing?

Griffiths: Yes sir.

Eddie: And what do you think my answer is going to be?

Griffiths: Please Lieutenant.

Eddie: Do you think you're a special case?

Griffiths: Sir...

Eddie: Do you? Do you think you stand above and beyond the men of this trench?

Griffiths: Sir, my nerves are shot to pieces.

Eddie: Once again Griffiths, I am forced to ask, do you think this sets you above and beyond the men of this regiment, of this war?

Griffiths: No sir.

Eddie: What do you think would happen if I let an able-bodied man stay behind? What do you think the other able-bodied men of this trench would want?

Griffiths: They would want to go too sir.

Eddie: Exactly.

There is a moment where Griffiths cannot speak.

Griffiths: Please sir.

Eddie: I understand Griffiths.

Griffiths: I don't think you do. My nerves, they're shot to pieces. I can't sleep, I can't think, I can't seem to get warm.

Eddie: I was once in a trench with someone like that. It hurt me to watch him struggle so badly. But...

Griffiths: Sir, please...

Eddie: But...I have my orders.

Pause. Griffiths can't quite believe what he is hearing.

Griffiths: Sir the guns, they drive me insane.

Eddie: I think every man is being driven insane by these guns Griffiths. But if I started exempting men from duty because they didn't like the noise of the guns, I wouldn't have any soldiers left.

Griffiths: I don't want to beg sir.

Eddie: So don't. It's not befitting a man in the British Army,

Griffiths: I'll die here sir.

Eddie: You will if you think like that Griffiths. I'm so very sorry. I need everyone I can get. Dismissed.

Griffiths: Please sir...

Eddie: Dismissed Griffiths.

End of film

Film B

Eddie's dugout. The night before the attack. Eddie's is conversation with Griffiths, a private in his trench.

Eddie's dugout. The night before the attack. Eddie is in conversation with Griffiths, a corporal in his trench.

Eddie: At ease Griffiths, take a seat.

Griffiths sits opposite Eddie. He is clearly nervous.

Eddie: I'm given to understand that you've been telling some of the men that you don't want to go on this reconnaissance.

Griffiths: Yes sir.

Eddie: I understand. I understand your reservations.

Griffiths: Thank you sir.

Eddie: I don't agree that this mission is worth the risk to life.

Griffiths: Sir?

Eddie: Don't tell the other men. That stays strictly between us, do you understand?

Griffiths: Yes sir.

Eddie: Are you alright?

Griffiths: Excuse me sir?

Eddie: I hear you've been screaming in your sleep. So loudly in fact that some people are worried that Gerry will hear you.

Griffiths: Sorry sir.

Eddie: I'm sorry there isn't more I can do.

Griffiths: Thank you anyway sir.

Eddie: I will be speaking to headquarters again tomorrow. I am trying to convince them that this mission is not worth what we will lose in man power. I've received some new intelligence which suggests the Germans might be ready for us. But I need

you to be prepared to go. On your good days, the men look to you and rely on you. I've seen it. You're can be a good soldier.

Griffiths: Thank you sir. That's kind of you to say.

Eddie: Dismissed Griffiths.

End of film.

CHAPTER 5

Film A

A classroom. Mr Barnes and Chris. Chris is holding the box.

Mr Barnes: What are you doing going through my drawers?

Chris: I was looking for something. I was looking for this sir.

Mr Barnes: It isn't yours.

Chris: Yes it is.

Mr Barnes: I confiscated it from another boy.

Chris: Yeah but it's mine really. He stole it from me. It's a family heirloom, sort of.

Mr Barnes: Danny stole it from you?

Chris: Yeah that's right.

Mr Barnes: Why?

Chris: He thought there was money in it.

Mr Barnes: Why did you bring it to school?

Chris: To show it to people.

Mr Barnes: You just said it was a family heirloom, and you brought it to school. Is that right?

Mr Barnes: How did you know it was here?

Chris: Danny told me.

Mr Barnes: When was this?

Chris is silent.

Mr Barnes: If you knew where it was, why didn't you just ask me for it back?

Chris is silent.

Mr Barnes: I don't think you're telling me the truth here Chris.

Chris: I stole it.

Mr Barnes: You stole it?

Chris nods.

Mr Barnes: I have to say I'm surprised at you Chris.

Chris: It wasn't just me. Danny was with me.

Mr Barnes: Danny Parker? I would expect that from him, but not from you.

Chris: Sorry sir.

Mr Barnes: You stole it from who? Chris?

Chris who did you steal it from?

Chris: My next door neighbour. We broke into his house.

Mr Barnes: You broke into someone's house?

Chris: Yes.

Mr Barnes: Is that the truth?

Chris nods.

Mr Barnes: Ok. Thank you for telling me.

End of film.

Film B

A classroom. Mr Barnes and Chris. Chris is holding the box.

Mr Barnes: What are you doing going through my drawers?

Chris: I was looking for this.

Mr Barnes: I see. Are you going to put it back now?

Chris: I need it back.

Mr Barnes: Is it yours?

Chris is silent for a moment, he is thinking of what to say.

Chris: No.

Mr Barnes: Then why do you need it? I've already confiscated it from one boy this week.

Chris: I know.

Mr Barnes: What does that mean? You know what?

Chris: I know...

Mr Barnes: Chris what's going on? Who do you need to give this back to?

Chris: I need to give it back to someone.

Mr Barnes: And I'm asking who.

Chris: It belongs to a neighbour of mine.

Mr Barnes: I see. And how did you come to have it?

Chris: We stole it.

Mr Barnes: Speak up!

Chris: I said we stole it.

Mr Barnes: Who's we?

Chris: Me and Danny Parker.

Mr Barnes: What were you and Danny Parker doing stealing valuable items from someone's house?

Chris: I don't know sir.

Mr Barnes: I have to say I'm surprised at you Chris.

Chris: I know, I'm sorry sir.

Mr Barnes: And now you're stealing from me, do I have that right?

Chris: No.

Mr Barnes: You don't call this stealing?

Chris: Yes.

Mr Barnes: Did Danny tell you to steal it back from me?

Chris: Yes sir.

Mr Barnes: There we are. It wasn't so hard to tell the truth was it Chris?

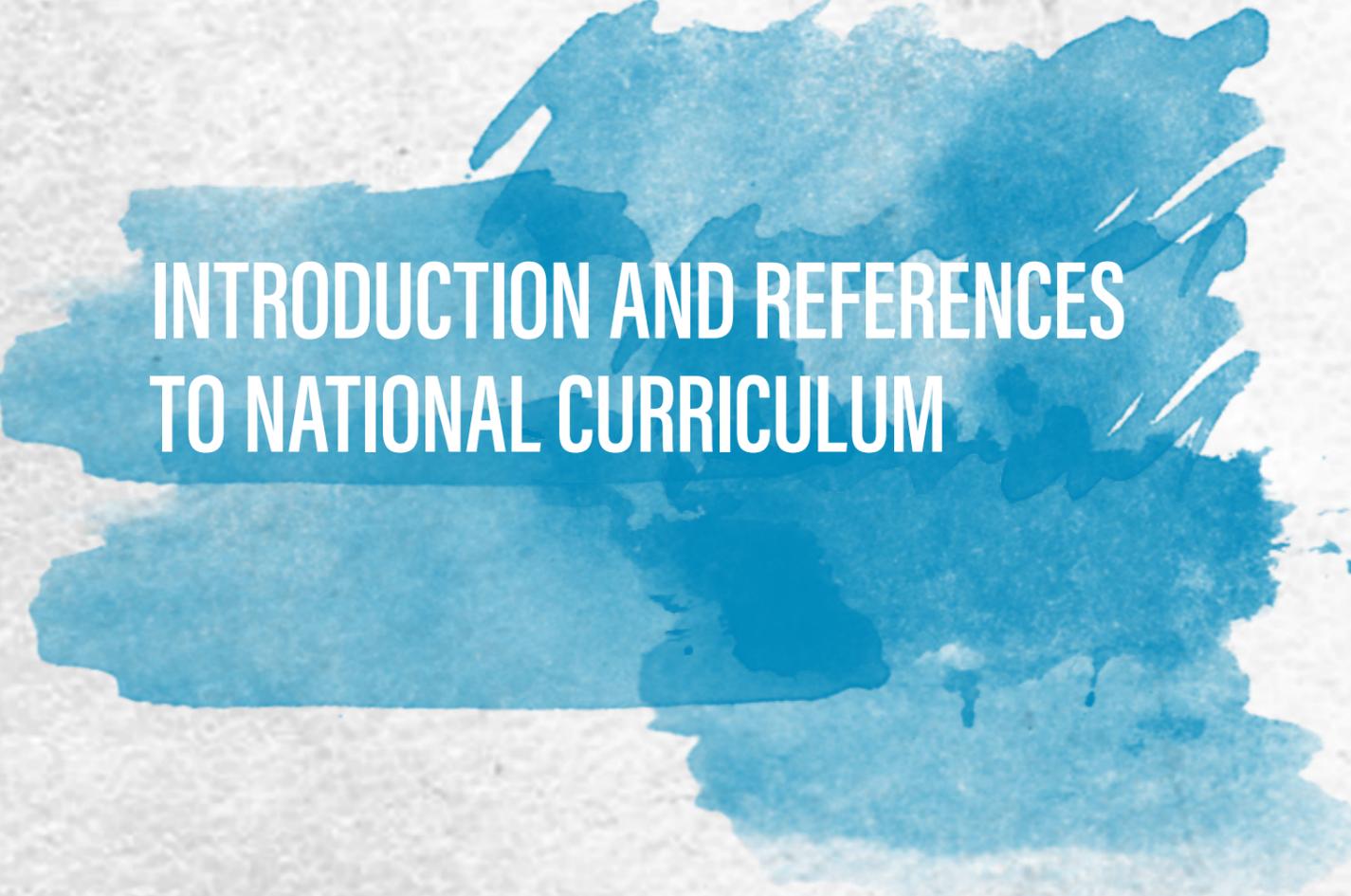
Chris: No.

Mr Barnes: I have to say I think you're better than this Chris.

Chris: Yes sir. Sorry sir.

Mr Barnes: Is everything alright Christopher? Are you ok?

End of Film



INTRODUCTION AND REFERENCES TO NATIONAL CURRICULUM

CONFLICT AND CONSEQUENCE

A series of creative sessions aimed at key stage 2 classes, looking at situations and stories relating to WW1 and the wider repercussions of conflict.

This series of six, one-hour sessions should be used in conjunction with the "I shall remember" loan box. The artifacts found in the box can be used to help to bring the story to life and to give the sessions an experiential element.

At the end of each of the six stories the class is left with a choice to make regarding the direction of the next part of the story. This decision making process should lead to debate based on the principles and practices used during "Philosophy for Children" sessions. For more information regarding Philosophy for children sessions please go to www.p4c.com or www.philosophyforchildren.co.uk

The decision making process that is integral to each of the sessions is designed to give the class ownership of the direction of the story and to allow them to connect with the characters. The class can then

explain what they think will happen next via the creation of short scenes or "Freeze frames". The scenes can then be explored further using dramatic facilitation techniques such as "Forum Theatre". For more information regarding "Forum theatre " please go to

www.dramaresource.com/drama-strategies/forum-theatre or www.bbc.co.uk/schools/gcsebitesize/drama/exploring/explorative_strategies

The sessions have been designed in such a way that the follow on film for each of the stories can be used regardless of what decision the class make. The sessions are intended to be used in such a way that the class do not find out that there is only one outcome regardless of their choice. This can be viewed as being dishonest, however for the sessions to work fully the class must believe that they are shaping the direction of the story and therefore the destiny of the characters.

Each one of the six session plans contains more activities that can be facilitated during a one-hour workshop. This has been done to allow the teacher to pick and choose activities that can be personalized to the particular wants and needs of the group. However the overall structure of the sessions should always be followed.

Structure of sessions

- Teacher reads the story, or a pupil could be selected to read but they should be given preparation time rather than reading it cold.
- The class should be then given the opportunity to debate the two possible outcomes and the merits of these. This debate can be a traditional (sit down) discussion following some of the practices of "Philosophy for Children" or the class can express their views and opinions via the creation of short scenes that can then be moulded and influenced by the audience.

The sessions are designed to cover required aspects of The National Curriculum:

English Programmes of Study: Key Stage 2

History Programmes of Study: Key Stage 2

Taken from the national curriculum English

Lower key stage 2 (years 3 & 4)

"Pupils should be developing their understanding and enjoyment of stories, poetry, plays and non-fiction, and learning to read silently. They should also be developing their knowledge and skills in reading non-fiction about a wide range of subjects. They should be learning to justify their views about what they have read: with support at the start of year 3 and increasingly independently by the end of year 4."

"Specific requirements for pupils to discuss what they are learning and to develop their wider skills in spoken language form part of this programme of study. In years 3 and 4, pupils should become more familiar with and confident in using language in a greater variety of situations, for a variety of audiences and purposes, including through drama, formal presentations and debate."

Upper key stage 2 (years 5 & 6)

"By the beginning of year 5, pupils should be able to read aloud a wider range of poetry and books written at an age-appropriate interest level with accuracy and at a reasonable speaking pace. They should be able to read most words effortlessly and to work out how to pronounce unfamiliar written words with increasing automaticity. If the pronunciation sounds unfamiliar, they should ask for help in determining both the meaning of the word and how to pronounce it correctly.

They should be able to prepare readings, with appropriate intonation to show their understanding, and should be able to summarise and present a familiar story in their own words. They should be reading widely and frequently, outside as well as in school, for pleasure and information. They should be able to read silently, with good understanding, inferring the meanings of unfamiliar words, and then discuss what they have read."

"Specific requirements for pupils to discuss what they are learning and to develop their wider skills in spoken language form part of this programme of study. In years 5 and 6, pupils' confidence, enjoyment and mastery of language should be extended through public speaking, performance and debate."

Taken from the national curriculum

History Key stage 2 (years 3, 4, 5 & 6)

"Pupils should continue to develop a chronologically secure knowledge and understanding of British, local and world history, establishing clear narratives within and across the periods they study. They should note connections, contrasts and trends over time and develop the appropriate use of historical terms. They should regularly address and sometimes devise historically valid questions about change, cause, similarity and difference, and significance. They should construct informed responses that involve thoughtful selection and organisation of relevant historical information. They should understand how our knowledge of the past is constructed from a range of sources.

In planning to ensure the progression described above through teaching the British, local and world history outlined below, teachers should combine overview and depth studies to help pupils understand both the long arc of development and the complexity of specific aspects of the content.

In addition to this the sessions cover the following specific statutory requirements for years 3, 4, 5&6

Refs to National Curriculum Statutory Requirements years 3&4:

Reading - comprehension

- listening to and discussing a wide range of fiction, poetry, plays, non-fiction and reference books or textbooks
- reading books that are structured in different ways and reading for a range of purposes
- preparing poems and play scripts to read aloud and to perform, showing understanding through intonation, tone, volume and action
- discussing words and phrases that capture the readers imagination
- checking that the text makes sense to them,
- discussing their understanding and explaining the meaning of the words in context
- asking questions to improve their understanding of a text
- drawing inferences such as inferring characters feelings thoughts and motives from their actions,
- and justifying inferences with evidence
- predicting what might happen from details stated and implied
- participate in discussion about both books that are read to them and those theater read to themselves,
- taking turns and listening to what people say

Writing - Composition

- composing and rehearsing sentences orally (including dialogue), progressively building a varied and rich vocabulary and an increasing range of sentence structures
- organising paragraphs around a theme
- in narratives, creating settings, characters and plot
- read aloud their own writing, to a group or the whole class, using appropriate intonation and controlling the tone and volume so that the meaning is clear.

History

- A study of an aspect or theme of British history that extends pupils chronological knowledge beyond 1066

Refs to National Curriculum Statutory Requirements years 5&6:

Reading comprehension

- maintain positive attitudes to reading and understanding of what they read by:
- continuing to read and discuss an increasingly wide range of fiction, poetry, plays, non fiction and reference books or text books
- reading books that are structured in different ways and reading for a range of purposes
- increasing their familiarity with a wide range of books, including myths, legends and traditional stories, modern fiction, fiction from our literary heritage, and books from other cultures and traditions
- preparing poems and plays to read aloud and to perform,

- showing understanding through intonation, tone and volume so that the meaning is clear to an audience
- understand what they read by:
- checking that the book makes sense to them, discussing their understanding and exploring the meaning of words in context
- asking questions to improve their understanding
- drawing inferences such as inferring characters' feelings, thoughts and motives from their actions, and justifying inferences with evidence
- predicting what might happen from details stated and implied
- summarising the main ideas drawn from more than one paragraph, identifying key details that support the main ideas
- identifying how language, structure and presentation contribute to meaning
- participate in discussions about books that are read to them and those they can read for themselves, building on their own and others' ideas and challenging views courteously
- explain and discuss their understanding of what they have read, including through formal presentations and debates, maintaining a focus on the topic and using notes where necessary
- provide reasoned justifications for their views.

Writing - Comprehension

Pupils should be taught to:

plan their writing by -

- identifying the audience for and purpose of the writing, selecting the appropriate form and using other similar writing as models for their own
- noting and developing initial ideas, drawing on reading and research where necessary
- in writing narratives, considering how authors have developed characters and settings in what pupils have read, listened to or seen performed

draft and write by -

- in narratives, describing settings, characters and atmosphere and integrating dialogue to convey character and advance the action

evaluate and edit by -

- assessing the effectiveness of their own and others writing

History -

- A study of an aspect or theme of British history that extends pupils chronological knowledge beyond 1066



LESSON PLANS

LESSON 1

Subject:

WW1 Conflict and consequence

Characters and first impressions

Length of Session:

1 hour

Resources:

Remembrance loan box from "Portland Basin Museum" Loan Box Education Pack. Computer and White Board.

Prior Learning:

Pupils should have some understanding of the context and background to WW1. Pupils should be given access to the artefacts present in the loan box and allowed to discuss what they are and their significance prior to the start of this session. Some guidelines regarding how the debate will be conducted should have been put in place (thumbs up, I agree, I disagree etc).

Organisation:

Prior to the start of the first session the class should be introduced to the loan box and its contents. Some discussion and research should be carried out to understand the significance of the objects.

Support Staff Activities:

To engage in discussion and debate and to assist with ideas regarding the history of the objects from the loan box.

Learning Objectives:

To develop an understanding of the characters in the story and discuss the implications of making assumptions about people. To start to think about some of the items in the loan box and to give them a back story and think about and discuss their significance to the topic.

The literacy task should be an extension activity that takes place after the initial session. It is recommended that the literacy task take place immediately after the session so that the discussion and the drama work are still fresh in the minds of the pupils.

Success Criteria:

Engaging in appropriate discussions and debate relating to subject matter. Engaging in the creation and performance of short scene relating to subject matter. The creation of a piece of creative writing that shows an understanding of the significance of one of the items in the loan box by highlighting an event that could have realistically happened in the objects history.



Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
10 mins	Read the introduction and part one of the story or listen to a pupil reading the introduction part 1 of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).	Read the introduction and part one of the story/ listen to a teacher reading the introduction part 1 of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run)
30 mins	Use the "What Do We Do now?" questions to engage the class in debate regarding what they believe is the right course of action. Use facilitation strategies taken from P.4.C as well as drama and the creation of short scenes to explore issues raised by the stories, such as "Should we do something to avoid being called a coward?" "Should we do something because are friends do it?" "Is it ok to do something bad if no one ever finds out?"	Participate in discussion and start to create arguments for/against each outcome. These can take the form of short dramatic scenes or verbal discussions.
5 mins	Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen.	

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
15 mins	Watch the chosen scene (A or B) Organise the class in to groups and set the groups the task of deciding what items from the loan box could be in the box that is discovered in Harry Peacocks House. The groups should come up with reasons why Harry has chosen to keep these items safe and what significance they hold for him. The groups should start to create short stories relating to the history of the object. The group should then create a short scene that re-enacts the story they have created.	Watch chosen scene Working in groups pupils should divide up objects from the loan box that they think Harry might be keeping in the box in his house.

Literacy Task:

Ask children to write a journal entry or a short story that documents a significant point in the history of one of the objects from the loan box. The entry could be written from the perspective of the character of Harry. Alternatively the children could write the entry as if it was themselves who were in a situation where the object could have taken on some significance or importance. The children can use the scene they have created with their group or they can write about something new.

LESSON 2

Subject:

WW1 Conflict and consequence

Length of Session:

1 hour

Journalism and the importance of learning from history.

Prior Learning:

Children should have some understanding of the context and background to WW1. Children should be given access to the artefacts present in the loan box and allowed to discuss what they are and their significance prior to the start of this session. Children should be given the opportunity to listen to and to read interviews from a variety of sources. Some research should be carried out regarding interview question starters (who, what, where, why, when, how). Some learning should be delivered around how to write a good newspaper article and the "inverted pyramid" format for doing this.

Learning Objectives:

To start to discuss and develop an understanding of the importance of history. Pupils should start to see how we could learn about the future by looking in to our past. Pupils should also develop an understanding of the objectives that a journalist may have when carrying out an interview and that questions are asked for a specific reason rather than just a random free flowing conversation.

The literacy task should be an extension activity that takes place after the initial session. It is recommended that the literacy task take place immediately after the session so that the discussion and the drama work are still fresh in the minds of the pupils.

Resources:

Remembrance loan box from "Portland Basin Museum" Loan Box education pack. Computer and white board.

Organisation:

The session should be carried out in a suitable space that allows room for movement. If the session is to be run in a classroom table and chairs should be moved to the side of the space. The discussion/debate section of the session should be carried out with the class sat in a circle.

Success Criteria:

Engaging in appropriate discussions and debate relating to subject matter. Engaging in the creation and performance of short scene relating to subject matter. Choosing and crafting specific questions that give the audience an insight in to the situations that the interviewee has encountered. The creation of a piece of creative writing using the format of a piece of written journalism.

Support Staff Activities:

Assisting pupils with the creation of suitable questions, and helping to shape the scene.

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
10 mins	Read chapter two of the story or listen to a pupil reading chapter two of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).	Read chapter two of the story or listen to a teacher reading chapter two of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).
25 mins	Use the "What Do We Do Now?" questions to engage the class in debate as to what they believe is the right course of action. Use facilitation strategies taken from P.4.C as well as drama and the creation of short scenes to explore issues raised by the questions, such as "Is it better to own up to something even if it cant be proven that it was you who did something wrong" "Why do we feel guilt?" "Is it good to feel guilt?" "Is it ever ok to tell lies?"	Participate in discussion and start to create arguments for/against each outcome. These can take the form of short dramatic scenes or verbal discussions.
5 mins	Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen. Watch the chosen scene (A or B)	Watch chosen scene

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
20 mins	Organise the class into pairs and ask them to come up with a series of questions that they would ask if they were given the opportunity to interview a veteran. The questions can be based around the six journalism question starters of Who? What? Where? Why? When? And How? The pairs can then practice "mock" interviews (one being the journalist, one being the veteran) These can then be performed back to the class and could take the form of a segment in a news show.	Working in pairs the pupils should come up with appropriate questions and responses for the interview. The pupils can draw inspiration from the objects in the loan box to help to give the interview direction. Pupils can then perform the interviews back to class in the form of short scenes.

Literacy Task:

Using the scenes that they have created during the session as a starting point, pupils should create a newspaper article that documents the interview. The article can give some background to why the interview has taken place. Again the article can use artefacts from the loan box as something from which to base a story around. Pupils could also develop use and integrate some of the work from session one to help to enrich their story and give a deeper reason for why the interview is taking place.

LESSON 3

Subject:

WW1 Conflict and consequence

*The reality of being
a soldier in WW1*

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

Pupils should be given some access to images and stories that document the reality of death during WW1. Pupils should start to gain an understanding of the facts and figures surrounding the life expectancy of a soldier on the front line. Some learning around "Pals Battalions" may also be useful at this point. Information regarding "Pals Battalions" from Tameside can be accessed on line.

www.tameside.gov.uk/LibrariesandLeisure/.../Service-Battalions-1914-1919

Learning Objectives:

To start to develop an understanding of the realities of War. Using some of the learning that has started to develop during the P.4.C parts of the sessions pupils should start to think about the difficulties faced by real life situations that force us to make impossible choices. Pupils should start to consider the question "Is there always a right or wrong answer?" or do we sometimes just have to make a choice?

The literacy task should be an extension activity that takes place after the initial session. It is recommended that the literacy task take place immediately after the session so that the discussion and the drama work are still fresh in the minds of the pupils.

Success Criteria:

Engaging in appropriate discussions and debate relating to subject matter. Engaging in the creation and performance of short scene relating to subject matter. The creation of a piece of writing from the perspective of someone who has lived through the experience of war. The writing should show understanding of the situation and show empathy. The writing should go beyond guns and explosions and examine the relationships that were forged and the decisions that soldiers were forced to make.

Resources:

Remembrance loan box from "Portland Basin Museum" Loan Box education pack. Computer and white board.

Organisation:

The session should be carried out in a suitable space that allows room for movement. If the session is to be run in a classroom table and chairs should be moved to the side of the space. The discussion/debate section of the session should be carried out with the class sat in a circle.

Support Staff Activities:

To assist with research for images and stories relating to "Pals Battalions".

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
10 mins	Read chapter three of the story/ listen to a pupil reading chapter two of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).	Read the introduction and part one of the story/ listen to a teacher reading the introduction part 1 of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run)
25 mins	Use the "What happens next" questions to engage the class in debate a to what they believe is the right course of action. Use facilitation strategies taken from P.4.C as well as drama and the creation of short scenes to explore issues raised by the questions, such as "Is it ever ok to hit someone?" "Is it ever ok to kill someone?" "What makes a person my enemy?" "Is it ok to kill one person if it saves many other lives" "Can wars be just?"	Participate in discussion and start to create arguments for/against each outcome. These can take the form of short dramatic scenes or verbal discussions.
5 mins	Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen. Watch the chosen scene (A or B)	Watch chosen scene

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
20 mins	Organise the class in-to groups of four/five and ask them to create a scene that is based around the following dilemma - During a battle one of their friends is shot and injured. They only realise that one of the company is missing when they return to the trench. They can see their injured comrade in the distance on the battlefield. Should they go and try to save their friend knowing the dangers they face or should they leave him and keep everyone else safe. The groups can then perform the scenes back to the rest of the class. This scene poses the question "Should we save someone if it risks lives?" and may provoke further discussion.	Working in groups the pupils should consider the realities of the situation -It will take a few of them to carry a man back quickly. There is a good chance if they go back then they will get shot. If they choose not to go back for their friend how will they feel? The group should then reach a consensus regarding how the scene they create will play out. The scene should be acted out as realistically as possible with battles and fighting played in slow motion to help with concentration and empathy. The scene can be performed to the rest of the class once adequately rehearsed.

Literacy Task:

Pupils can be tasked with writing depicting the memory of a soldier in battle. The pupils can use the scene that they created in groups as the inspiration for their written work. The pupils can also look back at how the character of Harry describes one of his experiences of war to help them with their written work.

LESSON 4

Subject:

WW1 Conflict and consequence

Status and chain of command

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

Some time should be given to think about research and discuss ideas surrounding status and power. Teachers may want to play "Augusto Boal's" "Great Game of Power" as a way of starting to think about roles within relationships. Pupils could start to look at people who they consider to be of high status (famous people, heads of government, the head of the school) and discuss the things that give people power over others.

Learning Objectives:

To start to develop an understanding of how status and chains of command within the Army and how armed forces rely on people following orders. Pupils should have knowledge of how plans are made during battle and who is responsible for giving out orders. For the written task pupils should start to think about the dilemma that soldiers might face when carrying out orders and reasons why soldiers may be willing to follow orders even if it means that they are risking their own lives.

The literacy task should be an extension activity that takes place after the initial session. It is recommended that the literacy task take place immediately after the session so that the discussion and the drama work are still fresh in the minds of the pupils.

Success Criteria:

Engaging in appropriate discussions and debate relating to subject matter. Engaging in the creation and performance of short scene that looks at the dilemma from the context of their own lives. The performance could portray a time when a pupil has done something that they didn't want to do, but they did it because they knew it was the right thing to do.

The written piece of work should show an understanding of the emotional dilemma that is being faced by the soldier. The work may require a few drafts, as pupils should show that they have prioritised what they want to put in the postcard, as the space they have to write is very limited.

Resources:

Remembrance loan box from "Portland Basin Museum" Loan Box education pack. Computer and white board.

Organisation:

Prior to the start of the session the class should be introduced to the loan box and its contents. Some discussion and research should be carried out to understand the significance of the objects.

Support Staff Activities:

Help to map out (write up) a ladder / pyramid that illustrates how status works in a particular setting i.e. the social hierarchy/status in a school or in a family.

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
10 mins	Read chapter four of the story or listen to a pupil reading chapter four of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).	Read chapter four of the story/ listen to a teacher reading chapter four of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run)
25 mins	Use the "What Do We Do Now?" questions to engage the class in debate as to what they believe is the right course of action. Use facilitation strategies taken from P.4.C as well as drama and the creation of short scenes to explore issues raised by the questions, such as "Why can some people tell others what to do?" "Should you do something just because you are told to?" "Is it ok to be scared of something?" "Is it right to have people who are in charge (teachers, politicians) or should we all have an equal say?"	Participate in discussion and start to create arguments for/against each outcome. These can take the form of short dramatic scenes or verbal discussions.
5 mins	Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen. Watch the chosen scene (A or B)	Watch chosen scene

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
20 mins	Organise the class in to small groups and ask them to discuss occasions when they have been told that they must do something that they did not want to do. Ask them to think about how they felt when this happened (angry, sad, understanding, nervous, happy). Following on from this discussion ask the groups to re-enact on of the examples that they have discussed. If the group have struggled to think of examples or if they do not want to share the example with the rest of the class then help them to make one up. The scene can then be performed to the rest of the class and the emotions that are felt by the characters can be discussed. Ask the group "are these emotions similar to the ones that the characters in the story feel?"	Working in groups the pupils should discuss times when they have been told to do something that they didn't want to do. The groups should then re-enact one of the examples they have discussed focusing on the emotions that the characters felt. The completed scenes can then be shown to the rest of the class. The groups should then engage in discussion about how it feels to be told to do something and are these emotions similar to the ones being felt by the characters in the story.

Literacy Task:
Ask the pupils to write a postcard from the point of view of a soldier that is in the trenches. The soldier has been ordered to go on a very dangerous mission and he realises that he might not make it back alive. Ask the pupils to think about the emotions they felt during the dramatic scene they produced to help them when writing the postcard. Is the soldier frightened? And will he show this in his postcard? Will he tell his family that he might not make it back? Or will he decide to tell them that everything will be ok.

LESSON 5

Subject:

WW1 Conflict and consequence

Why do we fight?

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

Some time should be given to allow children to understand the different reasons why Wars have occurred. On many occasions War is not as simple as good versus bad. The class should be given the opportunity to start to develop an understanding of the complex nature of War and how on many occasions there are geographical, economic, religious and other reasons why countries go to War. Children should be given time to research different Wars and decide why they believe these Wars occurred.

Learning Objectives:

To begin to gain an understanding of the complex nature of War. Children should also demonstrate the ability to consider alternatives to situations. Children should be able to construct arguments both for and against, and start to make a decision based upon weighing up alternatives. Children can look to their own lives and stories that they know of to use as examples of when a decision needs to be made but a number of alternatives were available to be chosen from.

The literacy task should be an extension activity that takes place after the initial session. It is recommended that the literacy task take place immediately after the session so that the discussion and the drama work are still fresh in the minds of the pupils.

Success Criteria:

Engaging in appropriate discussions and debate relating to subject matter. Engaging in the creation and performance of short scene relating to subject matter. Children should demonstrate the ability to construct a balanced argument that takes in to consideration reasons both for and against. Children should be able to give reasons why they have decided to make a certain choice. Children should understand that decisions can be based on emotional responses to situations and start to consider whether this is a good basis for any decision making strategy.

Resources:

Remembrance loan box from "Portland Basin Museum" Loan Box education pack. Computer and white board.

Organisation:

Access to smart board and speakers for the projection of the film. The session should be carried out in a suitable space that allows room for movement. If the session is to be run in a classroom table and chairs should be moved to the side of the space. The discussion/ debate section of the session should be carried out with the class sat in a circle.

Support Staff Activities:

To assist in the process of coming up with examples of when decisions have needed to be made and more than one option is available. Support staff can play an active role in the P.4.C debate.

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
10 mins	Read chapter five of the story or listen to a pupil reading chapter five of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).	Read chapter five of the story or listen to a teacher reading chapter five of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run)
25 mins	Use the "What Do We Do Now?" questions to engage the class in debate as to what they believe is the right course of action. Use facilitation strategies taken from P.4.C as well as drama and the creation of short scenes to explore issues raised by the questions, such as "Is it ever ok to steal something?" "Should you cover for your friends?" "Will you always get in to less trouble if you tell the truth?" "Should you tell the truth if it is going to hurt someone's feelings?" "Is there always another option?"	Participate in discussion and start to create arguments for/against each outcome. These can take the form of short dramatic scenes or verbal discussions.
5 mins	Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen. Watch the chosen scene (A or B)	Watch chosen scene

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
20 mins	Organise the class in to groups of four/five and ask them to consider the following - In the story, Chris feels that he has no choice but to steal the box back. But did Danny have any other options? Could he have told someone or done something else? Ask the groups to consider any other options that Chris may have had and then ask them to create a short scene that depicts one of the other options that they consider were available to him. Engage the group in a discussion about if war is ever the only option or if we always have another choice.	In small groups the pupils should discuss other options that they believe were available to Chris rather than stealing the box back. The groups can then create short scenes based around the discussion they have had and perform these to the rest of the class.

Literacy Task:

Ask the pupils to write a piece of persuasive writing about the pros and cons of war. They can use historical and modern day examples of when they think that conflict was inevitable and when it could have been avoided. You could also ask the pupils to accompany their piece of writing with a piece of artwork that is either for or against war. The arts work could be done in the style of WW1 recruitment or propaganda posters.

CHAPTER 6

Subject:

WW1 Conflict and consequence

P4C debate

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

During the session time should be given to review the previous five weeks of learning and allowed the time to discuss key points or issues that have stood out for them. Children should reflect on the work that has been carried out over the previous weeks and start to think about reoccurring themes that might become apparent.

Learning Objectives:

To develop thinking skills, to continue to develop the ability to make reasoned arguments. In order to do this pupils should gain a better understanding of the importance of listening to others viewpoints. This in turn should help pupils to continue with the process of developing their ability to make balanced judgements. Children should be left with a deeper understanding of the texts and the issues raised and how some of the themes have relevance to their lives and the wider world around them.

Success Criteria:

Engaging in appropriate discussions and debate relating to subject matter. Developing the ability to use reasoning skills and shape arguments both for and against that are created via a stimulus. To develop the ability to formulate ideas and suggest them to others in a clear way, whilst being open and accepting to difference of opinion from others. The ability to listen to and to process the thoughts and opinions of others and respond to these in a relevant appropriate way.

Resources:

Remembrance loan box from "Portland Basin Museum" Loan Box education pack. Computer and white board.

Organisation:

The session should be carried out in a suitable space that allows room for movement. If the session is to be run in a classroom table and chairs should be moved to the side of the space.

The discussion/debate section of the session should be carried out with the class sat in a circle.

Support Staff Activities:

To assist with the selection of themes/concepts. To make a list of themes concepts. To take an active role during the philosophical debate.

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
10 mins	Read the final chapter of the story or listen to a pupil reading the final chapter of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).	Read the final chapter of the story or listen to a teacher reading the final chapter of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run)
10 mins	Workings with the class as a whole begin to draw out the main themes/ concepts that have arisen in the story and the work carried out in previous sessions. These could include rights, duties, justice, fairness, freedom, welfare, community, nation, interpretation, history, truth, cause, fairness, justice, goodness, power, anger etc. Write these down on either a white board or flip chart paper.	Contribute to the discussion around what themes/concepts have arisen in the story and in the work that has been produced during previous weeks.
10 mins	Organise the class in to smaller groups and ask them to develop some philosophical questions that are created using the themes/concepts that have been collated previously. You can simplify this process by asking the groups to take one of the themes/ concepts and preceded	Contribute to the discussion around what themes/concepts have arisen in the story and in the work that has been produced during previous weeks.

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
	it with one of the following question stems.	In groups work together to create philosophical questions based around the themes/concepts that have been discussed. The select what the group consider to be the best question.
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • What is... (e.g. What is love?) • What makes... (e.g. What makes a friend special?) • Would you be... (e.g. Would you be the same person if you had a different name?) • How do we know what... (e.g. How do we know what courage is?) • Always or never (e.g. Should we always obey the law?) • What if... (e.g. What if people had never learned how to tell lies?) • Is it possible... (e.g. Is it possible to be normal and different at the same time?) • When... (e.g. When is happiness a bad emotion?) • Who... (e.g. Who decides what art is?) • Can we... (e.g. Can we ever know someone else - or even ourselves - completely?) • Why do we say... (e.g. Why do we say 'seeing is believing'?) 	

Time:

10 mins

Teacher's Activity:

Ask each group to tell the rest of the class the question that they have created. Facilitate a vote with the class that will determine which question is to be taken forward to the next part of the session. Votes can be conducted via a number of formats - *Single vote, omni vote, multi vote.*

Children's Activities:

Participate in the vote.

30 mins

Facilitate the P4C debate going through the stages of a philosophy for children discussion - "First words", "build and challenge", "search for truth", "construct an answer", "final words"

Participate in the discussion/debate observing the rules that have been established during previous sessions.

For more information regarding Philosophy for Children including session plans please go to www.p4c.com or www.philosophyforchildren.co.uk

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