

culture

Tameside

Museum in a Box

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR FATHERS

Story, Scripts
& Lesson Plan



Ministry
of Defence



INTRODUCTION

The First World War was known as "the war to end all wars" and was fought between 1914 and 1918. But instead of being the last great war of the 20th century, the conflict saw the beginning of a new era of warfare, where new technologies meant that aeroplanes and tanks were used in battle for the first time.

The news that war had broken out in 1914 was met with great excitement from the millions of young men across Europe who would volunteer to fight. Men who signed up for action believed that this war would be won in a matter of weeks. In fact, the war would go on for four years, and would claim the lives of millions of young men.

In the beginning, there was no question that fighting in this war was the right thing to do. People who refused to fight were often branded cowards. But when these soldiers went out to fight in trenches of France, they found their bravery tested and pushed to its limit.

This is a story about bravery. Are you born with it, or do you have to learn it? What are the limits of bravery? When is it alright to say you are afraid? And should you be brave just to prove something to someone else.

Listen to the story, and decide for yourself...

CHAPTER 1

We all have to grow up. But I was forced to grow up during one of the worst wars that the world has ever known. They called it the Great War and then, as I got older, the First World War. When I think back to the summer of 1914, that war seemed to be everywhere. It was in the chattering of neighbours, who began to talk more and more of that far off place called Germany. It was in the newspapers that told of how a far off Austrian duke had been killed, and suddenly this was the most important thing to have befallen the human race. It was on the posters in the fish and chip shop, and when I remember the boys who would go running down to the recruiting office to give themselves to their King, I can smell fish being fried, and the taste of salty chips on a warm, sunny afternoon.

I can remember my father explaining that it was Britain's duty to go to the aid of the French and that of course any war against the Germans would be won very quickly. My father was one of the local school masters, and sometimes he would talk to me and my mother like we were one of his pupils, with a tone in his voice that reminded you he always knew better than you. "The war's here, Muriel, and it's here to stay," he had said to Mother.

In later years, in the cold night of the trench, when the smell of the earth and the sound of guns was always ringing in my ears, my father's voice was something I would always remember. He had a strong, steady voice and there were some nights when I could swear I heard it talking to me from across no-man's land. Sometimes the voice would talk to me and ask me if I was a coward.

That first August of 1914, before the war became mud and sentry duty and nights sat under the stars, the war was like a summer holiday

and everyone was anxious to join up and do their part. The war really was everywhere you looked, on every street corner, in the face of every proud father and worried mother.

Before the war, our little family was me, my mother, my father and my older brother, Alfie. There was about eight years difference between Alfie and me and Alfie always seemed like a very distant brother. But I looked up to him and I admired him. He was athletic and clever. From when I was very little, I knew he was my father's favourite.

The fact that Alfie was so much older than me meant that we were not that close, and I know that I was always his baby brother, even when though I was nearly seventeen years old myself and nearly as tall as him.

When the war was less than a week old, Alfie came to our mother and told her that he and some of the fellows from work were going to go and volunteer and when he told Mother that the war would be over before Christmas, she shook her head and I wondered if she knew something that we didn't.

I remember standing in the kitchen and, as always, the table was laid for supper and Alfie had both her hands in his, and he said he felt like it was something worth fighting for. She nodded and that was that, she just went on with her business.

There was never any doubt that my brother would sign up, because we were the sons of Peter Sutton. Even though my father now worked at our local school, our friends and neighbours knew that he had served in the Boer Wars, back when he was the same age as Alfie. The discipline and bravery he had learned in the army meant he kept order in our house. I sometimes think that he never stopped being a teacher, even when he came home at the end of the long day. Alfie and I were not allowed to talk too loudly at the dinner table, and when he said grace, he used that same, strict voice I had heard him use at school. My brother worked in the local bank, and I know my father had very high hopes for him.

So when Alfie came to him and told him of his plans, we could both tell he was pleased. I knew it was because Alfie was his favourite son, because Alfie was a much better all-rounder at school, and better at sport, and because I had been very ill and weak when I was born, and I knew my father didn't like weakness. We ate dinner in silence that night, and Mother couldn't look me in the eye, and I wanted to ask her why, but it didn't seem like the right thing to do. Alfie looked strange when I saw him in his uniform, and when stood outside our house in the warmth of the August day, I wondered if he would stay that smart and tidy forever. It only really hit me when I saw him in his uniform that I wasn't going to see him for a long time, that the whole town could empty of boys and men.



Alfie was gone by the end of September, and suddenly we were three, and the house was quiet without my brother, and the mornings were quiet when I would wake up in he wasn't in the other bed. Mother was very quiet, and many evenings she would lay out dinner and not say anything. I wanted to ask her if she thought Alfie was alright, because many nights I would lay awake thinking about him. I felt certain she lay awake thinking about him too.

If people in the town worried about all the men who were going off to fight in the war, then they didn't show it. Everyone put on brave faces, and went about their business, because everyone knew that the Germans were wicked, and they had to be defeated.

Some of the boys my age had lied about old they were, and Joey, another boy who lived three doors down from us, had gone down to the recruiting office and told them he was eighteen years old. I told Mother what he had done and I could see in her face that she knew I had thought about doing the same, because by now it was October, and didn't seem fair that our being born ten years apart was what was stopping me from going out and joining my brother. But when I told her, she looked at me as if to say "Don't you dare, I won't have you leave too."

The war had been going on for nearly two months, when I was walking home and saw three boys picking on a fourth. They were pushing him, and I could hear them calling him a 'coward' and a "pacifist". I knew what they meant. They were talking about the conscientious objectors, the people in the town who had spoken out against the war. Some of my friends called them conchies.

As I got closer, I could hear what the gang of boys were saying.

"What's wrong with your Dad? Why he's so afraid of the Germans then?"

"My brother went to fight, he's fighting for people like your dad,"

They were kicking him and one of them forced the smaller boy to the floor.

What Happens Next?

- a. I walk over to the boy and help him.
- b. I walk on by. I can't help him.

CHAPTER 2

Later, when I got home I told my mother what I had seen in the street.

"Are they bad people, people who don't want to fight in the war," I asked her.

She looked at me, and very simply said. "No,"

My mum told me that pacifists, or people who didn't want to fight in a war, were brave people, but for a different reason. She said they had the courage of their convictions.

"Believing something is wrong when everyone else around you thinks it is right is a hard thing to do," my mother said.

I didn't understand what she meant at the time, but looking back over the years since, at the war that has been fought by so many for such tiny strips of land, I wonder if more of the men I have met in the trenches should have listened to advice like that.

But every night, Father would come home from school, and tell me of some new victory in the trenches, and I didn't know what to say, except to look him in the eye and tell him what good news it all was, and all I could think about was my brother.

Christmas came, and the nights drew in, and when I would walk home from school, I was grateful to be escaping the cold, and I thought of Alfie, because he had written to us, and told us that the war had ground to a halt, and that they had dug deep trenches whilst they waited to advance again. Mother didn't approve of me reading his letters, because I was growing up fast and now I wanted to be out there with him, and of course she knew that. One of his letters told me of how some of the soldiers further down the line had stopped fighting for a night and they had played football. I couldn't imagine that, because every poster or newspaper you read told you that the Germans were cruel and wicked. Mother and Father

would still argue about the war; when Mother read about the Christmas truce, she said to Father over dinner that it was proof that the Germans were normal like us and that her son was away, fighting a fruitless war. Father didn't answer, but merely read his paper, and I began to think he did this because he didn't like to talk about Alfie.



Alfie had trained as a stretcher-bearer. His letters told us that it was his job to care for the wounded in battle. It meant he got to see a lot of the trenches, and with every new day, he could find himself at a different part of the line, wherever he was needed. My father told me that stretcher bearers had to have the most immense courage under fire, because they had to tend to injured people without ever becoming afraid themselves. Anyone who visited our house would ask about Alfie, and comment on how selfless he was, to be risking his life to ensure others would live.

Then, in January of the New Year, Alfie came home on leave, and something about him was different as soon as he stepped through the front door. He seemed thinner and more far away, but perhaps most strikingly of all, he seemed much older than my brother who had left all those months ago. When our mother saw him, she threw her arms around his neck, and I had never seen her hold him so tight in my life. He wouldn't sleep, and I would hear him tossing and turning in his old bed. When I would talk to him, he would tell me about the skies over Belgium, the sound of distant gunfire, the shelling, and the taste of hot tea to protect against the driving rain.

"Have you made many good friends out there?" I asked him. I can't remember why I thought that was the most important question to put to him. I guess I didn't like to imagine him being lonely. It had been lonely without him to walk me to school in the morning and I felt so selfish as I sat there listening to him, as I knew he was far braver than I could ever be.

One evening, I came home and found him sitting on the front step. He looked as though he had been crying, and I realised I had only seen my brother cry twice in my entire life. He wiped his eyes as I came closer, and stood up as if to compose himself.

"Alright Eddie lad?" he said. He gave me such a warm smile, and seemed so happy to see me in that moment. I knew that he wouldn't have wanted to be seen crying in front of Father. We had always been told that crying was a sign of weakness.

A few days later, he was gone again and my heart ached as we waved goodbye, because I could see how afraid he was of the war that waited for him, for all of our men. Meanwhile, the town had continued to change around Michael and me and by now we were young boys who were desperate to be old enough to fight. School was different now; several of my schoolmasters were gone now, as many had volunteered to fight in the war. It was like the heart had been ripped out of the town, and we were left to walk through the remains of what was left.

I can't remember how long it was before the next letter came, but this wasn't a letter from Alfie. It was the letter informing my mother that Alfie, my big, brave, older brother, had been killed at Ypres telling my mother that Alfie had died at Ypres. I had heard a group of women call it "Wipers" and I knew that it was a terrible battle. My Father had talked about it with such excitement. When my mother told him the news that Alfie had died, he just sat at the kitchen table and couldn't get up. I could my mother sobbing all

night. Later that night, I crept downstairs to talk to her, and found my father sitting with his arm around her. But she wouldn't stop crying, and she refused to look at him.

My father had always been proud of Alfie, and in the days following his death, he wouldn't talk to me.



One night, I came home and Father was sitting on the front step with his head in his hands. He sat there for a while and I watched him, until he noticed I was there. He looked at me for a moment. His eyes were red, and I could see he had been crying, but he would never show it to me.

"Are you a coward?" he said, after looking at me for a moment.

I stood there for a moment, not knowing what to say.

"Why are you still here?" he said. "Why are you here and he's gone?" He suddenly stood up. "Boys your age are going off to fight, why are you still here?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Your mother and you look down at people who fight. You think this war is beneath you?" he said, staring at me so coldly.

I couldn't say anything back except a very quiet 'no'.

Then he stood up and went into the house, but turned and looked at me again, and said:

"Why are you still here?"

I lay awake all night. At one point I cried. I had always known that Alfie was Father's favourite and I felt more and more like he didn't want me there. I thought of all the men out on the front line and thought of what evil butchers the Germans were, and more than anything, I wanted my family to be proud of me. I knew the law said I couldn't join up until I was eighteen. There was a part of me that couldn't wait. I wanted to go to war.

What should I do?

- a. I join up before I'm 18.
- b. I wait until I'm 18.

CHAPTER 3

When I first wore the uniform, I felt like I was wearing a costume. I knew that this would have been the uniform that my older brother died in, and it made me feel proud to have been related to him. I couldn't believe that time and the war had gone so quickly, that now it was my time to march and parade and learn to dig trenches.

If Option A was chosen at the end of Part Two.

{I had to lie to the recruitment sergeant. I had to tell him I was Alfie's age, and I think I even put on a deeper voice, in the way that I remembered my brother talking. Alfie had had a very calm and confident voice. Father had always said that I was too softly spoken, that I needed to stand up for myself more. I was about to find out if that was true. }

If Option B was chosen at the End of Part Two

{I had made a promise to our mother not to join up until I was eighteen and, sure enough, my time came in the autumn of 1915. Shortly after my eighteenth birthday, I walked down to our local recruiting office. When I returned home, my mother and I didn't exchange words. She just said "when do you leave?" and that was that. My father and I didn't exchange a lot of words. We had become very distant. I wondered if he had regretted what he had said to me but was too proud to say it.}

Story then follows on from here:

I can remember that the early days of training were so different, and so safe, compared to what would follow. I had to run up and down hills with big packs on my back and I held a gun for the first time. And, after living in a street where I mostly knew everybody's name, I was suddenly in a battalion with hundreds of soldiers. I would look at the different faces and wonder



what had made everyone sign up. There were other boys at the depot who signed up on the same day as me, and I knew some of them were the same age as me and were lying just like I was.

When I was in training I was shy to begin with, and it almost felt like the very first day of school again, where you somehow feel like you need to make friends, but nobody's told you how to do it. But, I soon learned that everything you do in the army has to be done together, or you're dead. It felt good to know that, as I learned about fighting the Hun, everyone around me was learning too. We were learning how to handle a rifle, how to fix a bayonet to our rifle, how to point and how to shoot. I learned things about looking after myself that I'm sure my mother had wished I learned when I was growing up with her. I could mend my own socks and polish my own shoes. The army taught me about the world, and in the early days I had all the confidence that what I was learning would prepare me for the great battle that was to follow.

If you ever spend a night sleeping in a tent, or in bunk beds, or in close quarters, then you will know that this is one of the easiest ways to make friends. And so a lot of my friendships were formed in the dead of night when I couldn't sleep, or at half past five in the morning when it was time to get up for another day of marching. As I look back now, there were three friendships that I made which kept my spirits up.

There was Harry, who we all laughed at because he was always tripping over his feet during marches and who annoyed us all at the crack of dawn with his whistling. Then there was Patrick Tompkinson, who I will always remember for his kind face and his way of getting us all singing when we had to march in the rain. When we had to practice digging trenches and the training sergeant was standing over us yelling to dig faster and deeper, I remember how Patrick always got on with the job quickly, without complaint. In fact, Patrick didn't speak to me for the first month of training. He was accepted into the little group of us that would eat our meals together and wash up together, but he would always sit, slowly putting food in his mouth, and only giving short answers to questions asked of him. Then there was Michael, who taught me more about bravery than any man I met in that war.

I wasn't confident with a rifle. One day during shooting practice my hands were shaking, and I was wincing every time the gun went off, the noise was so loud. I was slow with my gun and I knew that if I couldn't get my aim right I would be punished. I looked up to see Michael watching me intently. As I brought the rifle up to fire again, he very quietly said to me: "Steady, you're just fine." I managed to steady my aim, and that was the first time during the war that Michael helped me. It wouldn't be the last.

By the time we crossed the sea into France and arrived at the transit camp in Etaples, it was February 1916. I wondered if Alfie had made the same journey, and if he had been as sea-sick as I was. Even on the choppy waters going over the English Channel, Patrick was trying to get us to sing to keep up our spirits, but everyone was too sea-sick to even bother.

At the big camp in Etaples, in France, I could hear the sound of distant gunfire for the first time, and realised that the war was very real. The task of defeating the Germans and pushing them out of France suddenly seemed enormous to me. But I knew I wasn't a coward, and I could see my father's face whenever I thought about the war. My father had fought, my brother had fought, and I knew I most definitely wasn't a coward because I was here too and I stood ready to do my bit.

My first recollection of a real, proper trench, was how grey it was. In fact my first memory of war was that it was very grey, and also, strangely, quite ordinary. By the time I arrived the war had been going on for a long time and many of the men who had been fighting a while were very tired. I soon realised that I hated the trenches. I hated the gloopy, sloshing mud that got into my boots and felt like it was in my socks and in my feet all the time. I hated the way that the trenches were full of rats. I hated the feeling of going to sleep cold and waking up cold. I started to hate the tea, because it started to taste as grey as the sky and the earth looked.

Michael was in my dug-out with me, and it was here that we truly became friends. We were on sentry duty together, would often take our sleep at the same time. If it was raining, or the mud was getting too high, or the rats were crawling around us, he would tell me stories of his home, and his family. He would tell me about his friends who worked in the mines with him. But most of all, he talked about his younger sister, who had died when he was sixteen years old, and he talked about he missed her company and her chatter. He said his family home had been a lot quieter with her gone.

Our commanding officer was Captain Cartwright. He was fond of saying rousing things about how we were going to beat Fritz. Captain Cartwright didn't really fit in with the rest of us. When we went back to the rest camp and they let us into the nearby village for a night of good food and warm beer, the Captain sat in the corner, away from the rest of us, drinking his beer alone and staring into the distance. I often wondered if he had any friends back home, or any family to talk to.

The first, memorable, moment when the war became so very real to me was when Cartwright told me that he needed two men to go on a night patrol and he had chosen me because I was small and wiry. The other man to go was a corporal called Meakins.

I knew him vaguely from home; he had lived a few streets down from me. He had a first name, but he was one of those soldiers where no-one ever bothered to use it, so he was always just known as Meakins.

Our orders were to go under cover of darkness, and our mission was to find out what the formation of men was like in the German trenches. Cartwright said he thought that the generals were preparing for a big push against the enemy.

When we crawled over No-Man's Land in the dead of night, I once again felt like a small boy and I could picture my father asking me if I was afraid.

I was frightened, but I did my best not to show it. Meakins certainly looked terrified. I could hear him praying as we scrambled over the top, through the wire, and criss-crossed over the cold, black mud.

Cartwright knew the terrain, and he moved like a hunter. Someone

had said that he was a poacher back in England. We moved through the darkness, and I could hear Meakins sobbing beside me. As we dropped to our bellies and began to crawl through no-man's land, I realised that Meakins wasn't going to stop crying. The sobs kept erupting from him, and I realised that he was completely terrified.

- a. **We withdraw and take Meakins back with us.**
- b. **We keep going with our mission and leave Meakins behind.**



We are about to enter No Man's Land and
we need to be absolutely silent.

*What should we do
if Meakins won't
stop crying?*

CHAPTER 4

When the guns had stopped, and I was certain as I could be that the Germans were not looking for us, we made our way back to our own trenches, as silently as we could, Meakins still unable to speak. I got him back to our dugout and he went to sleep, sobbing very quietly to himself. Michael asked me what had happened and I told him what Meakins had done, right there, in the middle of No-Man's Land, how his crying how left us open to German attack.

I realised as I recounted the story to Michael, I was trembling, but not with fear; I was trembling with an anger that I didn't quite understand and certainly didn't like. I was angry with Meakins because, if the rest of us had to keep our fear in, then why couldn't he?

"He's terrified," said Michael. "Look at him. Look at this place has done to him."

I looked at the trembling Meakins, and thought of the sudden way that the Captain had been shot.



"He needs to toughen up," I replied. "No-one will respect him if he cries like that?"

"Is that what you think?" Michael said. "Sounds like something your dad would say."

At about six o'clock, Meakins appeared from the dug-out, blinking in the early morning sunlight. He had those marks on his face that people always get when they have been crying very hard. He was holding a small cup of black coffee with both hands.

"I'm to relieve you in a couple of hours," he said, quietly. There was a short silence, and then he said.

"Please don't tell 'em what I did out there."

I looked at him. He seemed so deeply ashamed of himself and, suddenly, standing there in the middle of the trenches in No-Man's Land, it was almost like I was talking to a different person. I felt sorry for him and wondered about his own mother and father.

"Don't worry, I won't tell anyone," I said.

I was as good as my word. If any of the other lads asked us what had happened out there, I just told them that the German snipers had obviously seen us before we had a chance to get very close. Alfie had sent us letters home telling us what had happened when men were accused of cowardice, and I didn't want that to happen to Meakins. He could even find himself in front of a firing squad. Everyone knew that our generals had no problem shooting any soldiers who were disobedient.

The weeks went on. Meakins seemed to become sadder and sadder, and his face paler and paler. He would sob quietly for his mother in his sleep and would often barely sleep. If I was ever in the dug-out at the same time as him and I was trying to get a bit of kip, I could hear him pacing up and down the dug-out, or furiously scribbling letters home. One day, when we were both on sentry duty, he started talking to me about how he thought we would never win the war.

"The Germans are just better than us you know," he said, after we had been standing in silence for some time.

"Is that right?" I replied.

"They're smarter than us, and stronger than us and they have better generals and better battle plans."

He said all this in a very know-it-all kind of way, that made me want to shake him.

"I don't know if that's all true," I said, wishing I could change the subject.

"I reckon the Germans might win this war you know," he said, in that same know-it-all tone of voice.

It was in this moment, after all the weeks of hearing him crying in our dug-out in the middle of the night, that I realised that I had begun to hate Meakins, in spite of what Michael had said about feeling sorry for him. I hated the fact that he was so weak when the rest of us were expected to remain strong, and I hated how he couldn't pull himself together and fight like the rest of us. Deep down, I also hated the fact that his cowardice had gotten Cartwright killed, and put my own life in very serious danger.

"Would it be so bad if the Germans did win the war?" muttered Meakins. "I mean, they're always telling us that the Hun will do awful things if he ever conquered England, but what if that ain't true."

"I really don't know," I said, hoping that this would bring an end to the conversation.

"What if the Germans are just like us, and we'd just be ok if we left them to have all this land and went home?" he continued. I couldn't bear his voice, and the way he always spat a bit when he talked. "I mean look at it now. Look what we've done to this country, eh? It's just mud and blood and rain water. There's nothing green or good about this place now? Why not let the Germans just have it, have it all?"

Suddenly I pushed him down into the mud.

"Shut up, you coward. The Captain's dead and it's all because you don't know the first thing about being a soldier." I was trembling



with anger and I was cold, and the fact that I had to stay here with him in this muddy trench when I wanted more than ever to be at home with my own family, only made me feel more disgusted with him.

"I hate people like you," he whimpered, looking up at me. "Whole war's run by men like you."

The truth is, I was scared too. But my brother had died, and every day it felt like I was out here in his memory. I had been told that he was brave, time and time again and I had to be the same.

I was relieved when we were allowed to go back to the rest camp, as this meant I didn't have to spend all my time in the company of Meakins. It was good to sit with Michael, Patrick and Harry, and we could pretend we were back in training and the war was still good fun, an adventure shared between four good friends.

Harry was in low spirits, because he had been denied permission to go home and see his son, who was very sick. Both Michael and I knew what it was like to lose a member of your family, so we tried to cheer him up as best we could.

While I was at the rest camp, I was given my mail, and I had a letter from my mother.

My Dearest Son,

I hope this letter finds you well. We have not heard from you in a long time, and I have to admit I was a worried, as we did not hear from your brother for a long time before we received the news that we lost him. I would like to receive more letters from you, so please write more if you have time. It would break my heart to think we might lose touch with one another.

Since I last wrote to you, I have taken some work in the local munitions factory. With you and your brother both lost to this war, I felt like I had to do something to serve. I hope you understand. I've made quite a few friends. I am sure it wouldn't surprise you to know that lots of us working there have sons who have gone off to fight. When we talk about you all, it's like we're sharing stories from across the world.

I think about you every day and miss you. I hope you are taking care of yourself and that the rations are not too bad. I want you to return to me safely. Seeing how many boys have been taken by this war has made me realise how precious life is.

All my love,

Your Mother,

The letter didn't mention my father at all. I was worried because when he had said goodbye to me, we were barely speaking to one another. I had wanted some word from him, some sign that he was proud of the decision I had made to come out here and fight.

When it was time to go back to the front lines, we did so with a heavy heart. We had all been told that very soon we would attempt to go through the Germans' defences at the river Somme. It was to be a massive assault, and there were hopes that this could be the battle which finally allowed us to turn the war in our favour.

The news put everyone on edge, and I could see fear in the eyes of many of the men in our trench. Letters were written home, and more songs were sung to keep up everyone's spirits. Our

generals had told us that we would break through the German lines before - it was becoming harder to believe that it was true.

It was the two nights before the attack when I awoke from a very light and uncomfortable sleep, and saw him standing in the middle of the dugout, as if dressed to leave to go over the top. He was standing at the entrance, listening very closely for something, as though his life depended on it. He nearly jumped out of his skin when I awoke and said very suddenly.

"What are you doing Meakins?"

He looked at me with such complete terror in his eyes and said.

"Don't tell nobody Eddie. I can't take this. I can't go over the top. I'm leaving this all behind.

Meakins was going to desert.

What Happens Next?

- a. I report Meakins.
- b. I let Meakins go.

CHAPTER 5

If Option A from Part Four is chosen.

[We were told the next morning that Meakins had been charged with desertion and that he would be court-martialled. They would put him in front of a firing squad and he would be shot. I kept thinking of the look on his face when I caught him in the dug-out. I wondered if I had delivered him to his death by reporting him like that. But I told myself that he would have been caught anyway, and that if I, or any of the other men had tried to help him, we would have faced a firing squad as well.

I told Michael this when we were on sentry duty a little later.

"He wouldn't have lasted long out here," said Michael sadly. "He just wasn't cut out to be a soldier."

I felt better, but not much. I suddenly felt very guilty for reporting him, because I was beginning to understand what it was he was so afraid of. We were hours away from a massive assault, but there was such little hope amongst our numbers. Too many of the boys here had been soldiers for too long.]



If option B from Part Four is chosen.

[I didn't hear anything from Meakins after that. I lay awake and when it was time to get up I didn't care that I hadn't slept. I wondered what would happen to him, if I had done the right thing in letting him go. I was frightened that I would get in trouble for letting him desert. When I emerged from the dugout and said good morning to the other boys, I felt like my secret was written all over my face and they would realise straight away what it is I had done.

Then the news came shortly after sunrise that Meakins had been caught trying to desert. We all knew what this meant, that he would be court-martialled and put in front of a firing squad straight away. I was still terrified that he would name me, but then I was somehow equally sure he wouldn't. He had always been so scared of the world, he would be too terrified to say anything in the face of what would happen to him.]

We got a new commanding officer to replace Cartwright. He was called Captain Fellowes. He was a shorter, slightly older officer with a thick moustache that made him look very proud all the time. He had more experience in the army. He had also fought in the Boer War and sometimes, in the days and hours leading up to the attack, he would try and keep the spirits in the trenches up by telling us of his victories in those days.

I can see it now, if I look back. It's late June 1916 and we are marching towards the Somme, and I can still hear the singing and the chatting and the anticipation of how we are finally going to defeat the Germans. Michael and I stick close together. Suddenly I need my oldest friend in the world beside me all the time. We talk about home, and we talk about Berlin, and we imagine what we will do when our victorious army finally marches into it, two years of war finally over. We imagine going home to our families and throwing our arms around our mums. We talk of the good food we are going to eat and we try to imagine the streets of home. We have not been here very long, but it feels as though time has stretched out, and we have lived a lifetime's war in the space of only a few months.

In the square of the nearby village, Captain Fellowes gave a very inspirational speech about how we would fight the Germans and how we would win, for our families, and for our King, and for our country. Everybody cheered and there was a brief moment where I think everyone of us quite suddenly felt an enormous pride in what we were about to do. At last, for one moment, I felt like I belonged here.

The bombardment of the Germans had been going on continuously for six days leading up to that first morning in July when we would all go over the top. The idea was that the Germans should have been frightened into surrendering. Our generals believed that no one could bear constant bombardment like that. The Germans would have to surrender, and then it was a quick victory.

The night before we were due to go over the top, I wrote back to my mother at last. I didn't write my father's name on the letter. With hours to go until the battle, I had nothing to say to him.

My dearest Mother,

Thank you for your earlier letter and I have to apologise about not writing to you more over these past few weeks. I have missed you. There is good news, we are finally going over the top in what my captain promises to be a major offensive. They say this could be the battle that changes everything, the battle that finally pushes the Germans back. I hope it's true. We were meant to go over the top yesterday, but weather has held us back. The next time I write to you I could be writing from Berlin. It's good that you all talk about us out here, I know we talk about you. I think of home all the time.

*From your Son,
Eddie*

I knew my father would read the letter. I hoped he would be proud of me. I couldn't help but remember his words to me that night after Alfie had died "Why are you still here?"

Before we could go over the top, the bombardment of the German guns was so loud, so never-ending, that the whole world seemed to echo with the sound of the almighty booms and cracks. And then the noise of the British artillery replying. Harry kissed a photo of his son. I looked at Michael and we promised to look after each other's families if anything were to happen to either of us. I found my voice trembled as I spoke.

"Tell my dad I was brave," I said to Michael.

He nodded. "Course I will," he replied, giving me that same smile I had known since our first day of training.

When we did go over the top, the sound of that whistle made my blood run cold. The call to action echoes all down the line and there were men on all sides of me, clambering up the ladders like they had never seen a ladder before, stumbling as we climbed over the edge of the trench. And this was my moment and I would be brave.

But the German guns sprung to life and, just as quickly as the men had climbed out of the trenches, the bravery in my heart turned

to horror and I realised I wasn't ready. I wanted to go home, I wanted to be released from this war. Men all around me were falling, being cut down by machine gun fire and bullets. Snipers picked men off one by one, and soon it seemed as though people were falling on all sides of me. Michael was to my left, walking slowly, his body hunched and ready for artillery fire. To my right, I saw Harry fall, a whizzing bullet knocking his helmet off his head. I closed my eyes for a split second and waited for the guns to take me. Behind me, the second wave of men were clambering out of their trenches but they were being shot down too, and I realised then and there that we would never make it to Berlin.

Somehow I was one of a few men who made it to the first line of German trenches, and there was shouting up and down the line as we realised that the wires had not been cut. We had been assured that we would have an easy time of it, that the bombardment meant the Germans would offer no resistance. It was a lie. They were waiting for us.

I scrambled to my knees and set about looking for weaknesses in the barbed wire as the snipers and artillery continued to take pot shots at us. I turned around to look at Michael, but he wasn't there. I looked around frantically, and then I saw him. He was lying on the ground, and I knew in that moment that he was badly injured. A cry came up from someone nearby, we had cut the wire, and some of our men were beginning to pour through into the German trench.

The whole world was falling to pieces around me. To go back to him would be to go back into the cross fire, explosions and the bullets and the men falling all around us. Just a few yards away from me was a way through to the German trench, and possible refuge from the chaos.

My friend lay a few metres away from me, and I could see the fear in his eyes, and in that moment I froze.

What Happens Next?

- a. I go back and rescue Michael.
- b. I go on without Michael.



CHAPTER 6

It was chaos everywhere. To this day, I don't remember how, but we found we were in an abandoned enemy trench, and I got a good look at where the Germans had been living all this time. In the middle of the fighting and the bloodshed, I realised that they lived exactly the same lives as us. We lay there, the enemy trench giving us a brief hiding place from the gunfire around us.

I had lost Michael forever. I was properly frightened now. I finally understood why Meakins and all the other men wanted to run away. I could feel it too, the urge to just get up out of this trench and run as fast as I could, in any direction, until I could see blue skies and green fields, and hear and feel complete quiet. None of us belonged here.

Harry wasn't dead. Shrapnel had caught him and he was bleeding from his ear. He looked as though he was going to pass out, he was in so much pain. There was the sound of shuffling feet and I thought it was the Germans, come back to reclaim their trench, but I was relieved to hear it was a small group of our men, led by a Lieutenant, who I vaguely recognised, and only knew as Clarke.

"What's going on?" I asked, as we all crouched in the trench.

"We're going to push on," said Clarke. "But Fritz is putting up more of a fight than we'd imagined."

Lieutenant Clarke spoke very brave words, but I looked at him and wondered if he was as frightened as I was, but just a better liar.

"We can't push on sir," I suddenly said. "We've got injured here."

"We can't just stay in this trench," whispered Clarke. Many of the other men were not making eye contact with him. I was sure they all felt the same as me but were too frightened to challenge him.

"What hope is there?" I heard myself say. "They're gunning us down, left, right and centre."

"We have to push on," said Clarke, with the same shaking tone of voice. I wondered if he and I were the same age, just boys playing at being men.

"Where do we go?" I said. I could see some of the other soldiers looking at me as though I was mad. I could end up being shot like Meakins if I kept talking like this.

"We advance, and we try to gain as much ground as we can," said Clarke, almost fiercely. His words sounded hollow in his throat, like he didn't believe them.

I don't know what had come over me. It was like I had butterflies in my stomach.

"We can't do this sir," I said again. "We should retreat. The generals don't know what they're doing."

Clarke moved closer to me.

"Are you disobeying my orders Private? Are you a coward? Do you know what happens to cowards?"

"We can't win this battle sir," I said again, my own voice shaking now.

Suddenly Clarke drew his pistol. He looked around at all the soldiers huddled in this tiny trench.

"If any man decides he doesn't want to fight the Germans, then his war will end here, now. You snivelling little boys understand that?" he said.

There was silence in the trench, though all around us the battle was still raging. I think we all looked at Clarke in that moment and understood that this was how he faced his own personal fear. I don't think Clarke had ever called anyone a "snivelling little boy" in his entire life, whether they were a soldier or not.

Before Clarke could say anymore, there was great bang, and

a grenade went off not far away from us. Like frightened rabbits, some of the men began to scramble up out of the trench, desperate to get moving again. I began to move again, blind panic forcing me on. I was convinced that Clarke would shoot me, but I needn't have worried, because the grenade blast had thrown him to the floor, and he was lying perfectly still, never to move again.

I moved on, and how before us there was a gentle hill, and I was running down it, and I was closing my eyes now, praying for a machine gun to finish me, to end the terror in my heart. But the machine gun fire was being drawn away from me, and I could see men to my left and right still being cut down by the shrapnel.

Suddenly I fell. I had tripped over something. It could have been the body of a dead soldier, but I was too afraid to turn around and see if it was British or German. I had fallen into a small crater, and I suddenly became aware of another soldier lying in the trench. He was breathing slowly, and as I looked at him, and he looked at me, I knew my eyes were playing tricks on me.

It was Alfie. I swear to you my older brother lay there, in the crater beside me. His uniform looked as clean, and neat and new as the day he had first walked out of our front door and gone to war. I don't know to this day if I had seen a ghost out there in the middle of the battlefield, but then and there, my older brother put his hand in mine and said.

"You need to get up little brother."

And now Alfie's voice was Michael's voice, and both of them were with me in that little crater, telling me "this isn't the end, get up and live."

So I did. I climbed up out of the crater, and there was no one there. I had been there alone.

I was near the river and there were German and British soldiers trying to get across. I climbed in, desperate to feel the coolness of the water. And then the thing I had been so afraid of came, and I heard what sounded like a whizzing noise, and I knew I had been hit. And I stumbled towards the water, and I thought I was done for, because I hit the water and the

pain in my leg was like nothing I had ever felt before. I fell into the river and the water was rushing up my nose and into my mouth and I thought I was going to drown.

And then a hand reached down and pulled me out of the water, and it was a German soldier. He appeared to be on his own, and when he saw my uniform there was a moment where I thought he was going to shoot me then and there.

But no shot came. The German soldier looked at me, and I knew that he hated this war as much as I did, and I could see he hated killing as much as I did. But it was only for a moment, and then he disappeared. I don't remember much after that, because the pain was so awful I must have fainted.

I don't know how long I was there, but I woke to the face of Patrick. I didn't even care how he found me, I was just grateful to see a friendly face.

"What's happened?" I murmured

"It was awful Eddie," Patrick was looking at my leg. "All our boys were cut down by the machine guns before they even had a chance to attack."

He lay on the ground beside me. There was still gunfire in the distance.

"Michael?" he said.

I could barely get the words out of my mouth.

"Dead," was all I could say.



Patrick began to cry, and then he grabbed my hand, and we lay there, on the bank of this river, with the sound of war all around us. Then Patrick began to sing and I began to sing as well.

It's a long way to Tipperary,

It's a long way to go.

It's a long way to Tipperary

To the sweetest girl I know!

Goodbye, Piccadilly,

Farewell, Leicester Square!

It's a long long way to Tipperary,

But my heart's right there.

I was taken to a field hospital. I was there for a while, and then sent back to the front line. But the war was never the same for me after that. I couldn't believe what men were capable of doing to each other. And I lost my brother, and my best friend.

I went back to those old streets for the first time at the beginning of 1917, when I was allowed to go home. And it was such a different place. Families had lost sons and brothers and fathers.

I sat with Michael's mother and told her what had happened to him. She had only received the news in an official letter, so she was happy to hear someone talk about him. She asked me if he had been brave.

'Yes,' I said, without any hesitation.

As for my father, when I walked back through the door of our house, he looked at me in my uniform and I wondered if he saw me as a man for the first time in his life. My mother made us dinner, and we all sat around the table like old times. My parents didn't ask me many questions about the war, they knew better than that.

My father came into my room as I was getting ready for bed.

"Do you have everything you need?" he said quietly.

"I'm fine, thank you." I'd learned not to say too much around him.

"Well goodnight then." He moved to leave the room. Then, at the door, he turned and quietly said to me. "I'm proud of you."

This was all he ever said. He didn't say much for the rest of the time I was home on leave. But I think it was all I needed.



THE END

SCRIPTS

CHAPTER 1

Film A

A street corner. Eddie is defending Albert, a boy who is being bullied by three others, Tom, Pete, Christopher.

Eddie: What are you doing?

Albert: I'm fine.

Tom: Go home.

Eddie: (to Albert) You alright?

Pete: You his friend?

Albert: No, it's fine.

Eddie: What's the problem?

Christopher: His dad's a conchie.

Tom: Coward.

Eddie: Is that true?

Tom: My dad's going to war.

Albert: I'm sorry. That's not my..

Pete: Both my brothers.

Christopher: Why's your dad a coward?

Albert: He's not. My father is a conscientious, a conscientious...
(he struggles to get the words out) a conscientious objector.

Pete: That's what we said, a coward.

Tom: Do you know what happens to cowards?

Pete: The Germans don't even kill cowards.

Christopher: We see to that.

Tom: Deserters get shot.

Eddie: Do you know what else the Germans do? Pick on the weak.

Tom: Who are you?

Eddie: My brother's fighting.

Christopher: So?

Eddie: He's not fighting for people like you. So leave him alone.

Albert: It's fine.

Eddie takes a step towards Christopher and the others.

Eddie: Did you hear what I said? My brother doesn't fight for people like you. So what if his dad isn't going to fight? Are you just looking for a fight? Leave him alone.

Christopher walks away. The other two follow him. Eddie picks Albert up off the floor.

Albert: I didn't need your help.

Eddie: Your dad doesn't want to fight then?

Albert: He doesn't believe in killing another human being. I am so sick of having to explain it to stupid boys like him.

Eddie: I'm sorry.

Albert: It's ok. Listen, I hope your brother will be alright.

Eddie: Thank you.

Eddie looks at him, smiles.

End of scene.

Film B

Joe is walking past Albert, who is being bullied by three boys, Christopher, Tom, and Pete. Throughout the course of the scene, the three boys should push Albert until he ends up on the floor.

Christopher: Why does your dad think he's so special?

Albert: He doesn't.

Tom: My dad's going off to fight, did you know that?

Pete: Both my brothers.

Christopher: Your dad's refusing, conchie. Conchie means coward.

Albert: He's not.

Christopher: What would you call him?

Pete: What do you know? You gonna go fight the war for him?

Albert: No. He told me he wouldn't pick up a gun, it doesn't mean he wouldn't go to war.

Christopher: What makes conchies so special?

Albert: He's a, a conscientious objector.

Tom: A what?

Albert: It means pacifist. My dad's a Christian. He believes it's wrong to kill. Doesn't your Dad?

Christopher: Stop speaking in German.

Albert: It's an English word.

Pete: Is he a Gerry sympathiser, your dad? He thinks going to church makes him special? My dad goes to church, him and all of his mates are saying we need to fight, so why is your dad so special?

Albert: No.

Christopher: The dad's a coward, and he raised a little coward. Isn't that right?

Pete sees Eddie watching them.

Pete: What are you staring at?

Eddie: Nothing.

Christopher: Go home. This ain't your business.

Eddie walks home, leaving Albert to be picked on by the other boys.

End of film.

CHAPTER 2

Film A

The kitchen of the family home. Eddie is sat, on his own. It is about 3 o'clock in the morning. Muriel, his mother enters.

Muriel: Eddie, darling, what are you doing up?

Eddie: I was just...thinking.

Muriel: About what?

He looks at her.

Muriel: Alfie?

Eddie: I just think about how he died.

Muriel: Yeah.

Eddie: I wish I could have been with him.

Muriel: I know

Eddie: Do you think I'm a coward?

Muriel: No. You're a boy. You're my boy. What are you talking about?

Eddie: You know that boys my age are going out to fight, don't you?

Muriel: I know that, of course I do.

Eddie: I want...I mean I think I should.

Muriel: No.

Eddie: I look old for my age, don't I?

Muriel: I've heard you have this idea before.

Eddie: It's not an idea.

Muriel: Course it's an idea. Just a stupid, stupid idea.

Eddie: My eighteenth ain't far away.

Muriel: I don't care.

Eddie: Boy at school said he reckons the war's getting so bad that they'll be forcing boys do sign up soon.

Muriel: Well...when they do.....

Eddie: Mum....

Muriel: When they do, then you can go. But not before.

Eddie: It's my decision...

Muriel: We'll see about that.

Eddie: They won't check my age. I hear stories of loads of boys who get away with it.

Silence for a moment.

Eddie: Mum say something.

She is silent.

Eddie: They need bodies, men to fight.

Muriel: You're not a man.

Eddie: Was Alfie a man, Mum?

Another silence.

Muriel: I won't lose another son.

Eddie: You can't stop me.

Muriel: Watch me try.

Eddie: Dad'll take me down to the recruiting office. He'll let me sign up.

Muriel: Will he?

Eddie: My dad fought in the war. My brother fought in the war. I can't just sit here. It don't feel right.

Muriel: I can't do anything, can I?

Eddie: What?

Muriel: What can I do? What are all the mothers supposed to do?

Silence. Joe doesn't know what to say to her.

Eddie: I want to go Mum. I just want to. I want to do right by my brother.

Muriel: Yeah. Yeah of course you do.

Eddie: I just think I could make a difference.

Muriel: I know you think that.

Eddie: I'm not waiting until I'm eighteen.

Silence before she speaks again. If it's what you want.

Eddie: I'll write to you all the time.

Muriel: Of course you will.

They hold hands across the table.

End of film.

Film B

The kitchen of the family home. Eddie is sat, on his own. It is about 3 o'clock in the morning. Muriel, his mother enters.

Muriel: Eddie, darling, what are you doing up?

Eddie: I was just...thinking.

Muriel: About what?

He looks at her.

Muriel: Alfie?

Eddie: I just think about how he died.

Muriel: Yeah.

Eddie: I wish I could have been with him.

Muriel: I know

Eddie: Do you think I'm a coward?

Muriel: No. You're a boy. You're my boy. What are you talking about?

Eddie: You know that boys my age are going out to fight, don't you?

Muriel: I know that, of course I do.

Eddie: I want...I mean I think I should. It's like it...burns inside me.

Muriel: No.

Eddie: I look old for my age, don't I?

Muriel: I've heard you have this idea before.

Eddie: It's not an idea.

Muriel: Course it's an idea. Just a stupid, stupid idea.

Eddie: My eighteenth ain't far away.

Muriel: So you wait.

Eddie: Why?

Muriel: Why what?

Eddie: Why should I wait?

Muriel: Because it's the law of the land, and because if you want to go out and risk your life, I will have you do it at the proper time, because I have already lost one son. Do you understand me?

Eddie: Was Alfie a man Mum?

Muriel: What has that got to do with anything?

Eddie: Do you become a man when you're eighteen? Is there some moment when that just happens?

Muriel: It doesn't matter if you're a man, or a boy. You're my son. And I say the law is the law and as long as you live under my roof, you will obey the law.

Eddie: My father thinks I'm a coward.

There is a silence. Muriel looks away from him and fights back tears.

Muriel: Then you'll be a coward until you're eighteen.

Eddie nods his acknowledgement. They hold hands across the table.

End of film.



CHAPTER 3

Film A

No-Man's Land. Silence, except for the sound of Meakins silently sobbing. As the scene progresses, his crying should get louder and more pronounced.

Cartwright: Meakins?

Eddie: He's shaking sir.

Cartwright: What's wrong with him? Meakins, stop crying we need to be absolutely silent now.

Meakins: I can't be here.

Eddie: What?

Meakins: I want to go back.

Cartwright: We can't go back.

Eddie: Meakins take a breath, it's ok. We just need to keep quiet.

Meakins: I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't.

Eddie: Meakins we can't go on without you.

Meakins: I want to go home please let me go home, please let me go home.

Eddie: We can't go on sir.

Cartwright: We have our orders.

Eddie: He can't move sir.

Suddenly they hear the sound of gunfire. Meakins cries, almost involuntarily now.

Cartwright: Can they see us?

Eddie: I don't know.

Cartwright: If they only heard him then we can still make it to their trenches.

Eddie: There could be snipers.

Cartwright: Our orders are to get as much information as possible.

Eddie: We can't go on with him like this.

Cartwright: This could be vital intelligence. Damn him.

Meakins' crying suddenly becomes too much for Cartwright, who suddenly snaps at him.

Cartwright: Will you shut up, no one is taking you home!

Eddie: What do you think we should do sir?

Artillery fire hits the ground near where they are lying. Meakins' crying almost becomes a howl.

Eddie: Let me take him back sir.

Cartwright: Alright. Fine. Quietly.

Eddie (to Meakins) Let's go back. Meakins?

Meakins, come on let's go back.

Meakins is sobbing uncontrollably now. Eddie begins to pull on him and they crawl back to their own trench.

Shrapnel catches Cartwright in the back. Meakins screams.

Eddie: Captain Cartwright! Sir! Sir!

Cartwright is dead.

Eddie: Come on.

Meakins: I can't.

Eddie: Come on Meakins, I need you to move.

Meakins: Please let me die.

Eddie: You're not going to die, stop being stupid. Meakins! Meakins listen to me.

He puts his hand over Meakins' mouth. They lie there, very still as the gunfire continues around them.

End of film.

Film B

No-Man's Land. German gunfire is beginning to erupt everywhere. Meakins lies weeping on the ground. Cartwright and Eddie move from crouching to lying on their bellies.

No-Man's Land. Silence, except for the sound of Meakins silently sobbing. As the scene progresses, his crying should get louder and more pronounced.

Cartwright: Meakins?

Eddie: He's shaking sir.

Cartwright: What's wrong with him? Meakins, stop crying we need to be absolutely silent now.

Meakins: I can't be here.

Eddie: What?

Meakins: I want to go back.

Cartwright: We can't go back.

Eddie: Meakins take a breath, it's ok. We just need to keep quiet.

Meakins: I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't.

Eddie: Meakins we can't go on without you.

Meakins: I want to go home please let me go home, please let me go home.

Eddie: We can't go on sir.

Cartwright: We have our orders.

Eddie: He can't move sir.

Suddenly they hear the sound of gunfire. Meakins cries, almost involuntarily now.

Cartwright: Can they see us?

Eddie: I don't know.

Cartwright: If they only heard him then we can still make it to their trenches.

Eddie: There could be snipers.

Cartwright: Our orders are to get as much information as possible.

Eddie: We can't go on with him like this.

Cartwright: This could be vital intelligence. Damn him.

Meakins' crying suddenly becomes too much for Cartwright, who suddenly snaps at him.

Cartwright: Will you shut up you snivelling coward, no one is taking you home!

Eddie: What do you think we should do sir?

Cartwright: Can they see us?

Eddie: I don't know.

Cartwright: If they only heard him then we can still make it to their trenches. Try and get him moving.

Eddie: Meakins, Meakins get up. Come on, we need you.

Meakins continues to cry.

Eddie: Meakins get up!

Cartwright: What's wrong with him for heaven's sake?

Meakins: Please let me die.

Eddie: Come on Meakins, think of your family back home, eh? They wouldn't want you to be a coward.

Meakins: I can't.

Cartwright: Right. That's it. Leave him Sutton.

They crawl towards the German trenches, leaving Meakins behind them.

The guns stop momentarily.

Cartwright slowly pulls himself into a very low crouching position.

Behind them, can be heard Meakins sobbing. It almost echoes across no-man's land.

He is suddenly shot by sniper fire. Eddie throws his hands over his head to protect himself.

He crawls back to Meakins.

Eddie: Meakins...Meakins stop crying, they'll hear us.
For heaven's sake.

He puts a hand over Meakins's mouth to shut him up.

They begin to crawl back to their own trench.

End of film.

CHAPTER 4

Film A

The dug-out. Eddie has just caught Meakins trying to leave.

Eddie: You can't just leave.

Meakins: I can't stay here Eddie. I don't belong here.

Eddie: What do you mean you don't belong here? None of us belong here! Do you think I like the mud and the rain and having to sleep like this? It's awful sometimes, it makes me want to close my eyes and never open them again.

Meakins: You're better than me then Eddie, if you can stay here.

Eddie: I just do my duty.

Meakins: I just can't stay here. I don't care what happens to me.

Eddie: You're a coward. You're a damn coward and I should report you right now. You're a disgrace to Cartwright and all the men who have died out here.

Meakins: Please Eddie...

Eddie: I am sick of keeping your secrets, do you hear me? You nearly cost us our lives on that patrol, but I didn't say anything because I felt sorry for you. But you're worthless.

Meakins: I know.

Eddie: That's it? That's all you've got to say? Fight back! Be a man, defend yourself!

Meakins: You're always saying stuff like that. It's like someone taught you to say it. I haven't got the strength to fight back. I'd be willing to bet you a lot of the fellas out here haven't got the strength to fight back.

Eddie: Even so, we all stay put and look out for each other! That's what being a soldier is!

Meakins: I made my mind up.

Eddie: What mind? You can't keep it together half the time.

Meakins: I want to go home. Surely you can understand that.

Eddie: I'm not letting you go anywhere.

Meakins: If you tell them, I'll be shot. You know what they do to deserters.

Eddie: You'll be caught anyway, whatever I do.

Meakins: You don't know that.

Eddie: Yes I know that. You couldn't handle the German guns what makes you think you'll even be able to desert properly?

Meakins: Don't say that Eddie.

Eddie: But it's true, isn't it?

Meakins: You're no better than the rest of 'em are you?

Eddie: I'm braver than you.

Meakins: What good's bravery out here?

There is a silence in which Eddie looks at Meakins, considering what to do with him.

Eddie: Wait there.

Meakins: Please Eddie.

Eddie: I said wait there.

Eddie leaves the dug-out. Meakins begins to cry. We hear Eddie shout off-screen.

Eddie: Someone get me the ranking officer on duty!

End of film

Film B

The dug-out. Eddie has just caught Meakins trying to leave.

Eddie: You can't just leave.

Meakins: I can't stay here Eddie. I don't belong here.

Eddie: What do you mean you don't belong here? None of us belong here! Do you think I like the mud and the rain and having to sleep like this? It's awful sometimes, it makes me want to close my eyes and never open them again.

Meakins: You're better than me then Eddie, if you can stay here.

Eddie: I just do my duty.

Meakins: I just can't stay here. I don't care what happens to me.

Eddie: You're a coward. You're a damn coward and I should report you right now. You're a disgrace to Cartwright and all the men who have died out here. He would still be alive if it wasn't for you, do you realise that?

Meakins: Please Eddie...

Eddie: I am sick of keeping your secrets, do you hear me? You nearly cost us our lives on that patrol, but I didn't say anything because I felt sorry for you. But you're worthless.

Meakins: I'm not worthless, don't say that.

Eddie: Why shouldn't I? It's not like you're capable of defending yourself.

Meakins: No.

Eddie: That's it? That's all you've got to say? Fight back! Be a man, defend yourself!

Meakins: You're always saying stuff like that. It's like someone taught you to say it. I haven't got the strength to fight back. I'd be willing to bet you a lot of the fellas out here haven't got the strength to fight back.

Eddie: I know the difference between cowardice and bravery.

Meakins: No you don't! It's the same thing.

Meakins: I made my mind up.

Eddie: I'm not letting you go anywhere.

Meakins: If you tell them, I'll be shot. You know what they do to deserters.

Eddie: You'll be caught anyway, whatever I do.

Meakins: You're no better than the rest of 'em are you?

Eddie: I'm braver than you.

Meakins: What good's bravery out here?

Eddie: If I let you go...

Meakins: Thank you Eddie.

Eddie: If I let you go...you can't tell anyone I saw you.

Meakins: Of course not.

Eddie looks at Meakins for a moment. Then he relents and lets him go.

Eddie: Good luck.

Meakins: Thank you Eddie, thank you so much.

Eddie: Just go will you? Get out of my sight.

Meakins exits the dug-out.

End of film.

CHAPTER 5

Film A

The battlefield. Gunfire and bullets everywhere. Dodging bullet fire, Eddie runs to go and be beside Michael. He throws himself to the ground beside Eddie.

Eddie: Michael...

Michael: I can't move. I can't move Eddie.

Eddie: Michael. I can't leave you here.

Michael: Am I bleeding Eddie?

Eddie: Yeah. Yeah you are.

Michael: I barely felt it, I fell down, I can't get back up.

Eddie: Come on I'll get you up.

Michael: I would slow you down.

Eddie: No, come on.

Michael: Eddie look where we are, you stay and help me, you're going to die.

Eddie: I can't leave you. We've come too far.

Michael: Just go. You can still make it to Berlin.

Eddie: You really think we'll make it to Berlin?

Michael: Yeah. Have a beer on me eh?

Eddie: I don't want to leave you here. Who will I have a beer with?

Michael: Some nice German girl. Yeah?

Eddie: Michael....

Michael: Tell my mum I was brave. Please
tell her I wasn't scared of dying.

The pain clearly overwhelms Michael

Eddie: Please Michael.

Michael: Leave me here Eddie.

Eddie looks at Michael. He holds his hand. He holds
Michael. They stay like that for a moment.

End of film.

Film B

The battlefield. Gunfire and bullets everywhere. Eddie looks back at Michael. He is careful not to stand up high, for fear of German gunfire.

Michael: Eddie...Eddie.

Eddie looks back at Michael. Then he looks forward to where soldiers have gone through the barbed wire to the German trench.

Michael tries to lift himself out of where he is lying. Eddie moves as if he is about to go back for him. Suddenly there is a massive explosion as a bomb goes off nearby. Through the smoke, Eddie loses sight of Michael for a moment. When the smoke clears, he can just about make out Michael, lying still. He has died.

He presses on, soldiers around him. He looks back again as he keeps on running

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](http://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:

World War 1

Length of Session:

1 hour

Difference of opinion

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). Use the poems of Wilfred Owen to begin to develop an understanding of the realities of war.

Learning Objectives:

To develop and to discuss the difficulties we face when people have a different opinion to us. To start to consider situations when we really believe that we are right but others are equally as sure that what they believe is correct. Do we always need to try and change the opinion of others if that opinion is different to ours? To consider the problems associated in "agreeing to disagree". Can we find a solution to a situation were we completely and strongly disagree with someone that doesn't involve violence?

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. To participate in the creation of a performance that shows a non-violent solution to a situation that could lead to violence or conflict. The creation of a piece of creative writing that expresses opinion either for or against wanting to go to War based upon evidence and artefacts taken from the loan box.

Resources:

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

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. To help children to recall times when they have argued or fallen out due to difference of opinion with their friends.

Time:

10 mins

Teacher's Activity:

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).

Children's Activities:

Read the introduction and part one of the story or 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 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 violence sometimes necessary?" "Do people sometimes need to be taught a lesson?" "Should we always stand up for what we believe in even if others disagree?"

Participate in discussion and start to create arguments for/against each outcome. These can take the form of short dramatic scenes or verbal discussions.

Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen.

5 mins

Watch the chosen scene (A or B).

Watch chosen scene.

Time:

15 mins

Teacher's Activity:

Split the class in to small groups and ask the groups to think of situations that have ended in violence. These might be situations that have happened in school or things that they have seen on the news. Then ask the group to create a short scene (scene A) that dramatises the events that they have been talking about. In addition to this ask the group to create a separate scene (scene B) where violence is not used to resolve the situation. The groups could then show both scenes to the class or they could just show scene A, and then ask the class to come up with ways that the situation could end with a non-violent resolution.

Children's Activities:

The groups should think of examples of situations that have ended in violence and dramatised one such scene. The examples can come from situations that they have encountered in school or on the playground or from things they have seen in the news or on T.V. In addition to this the group should devise a version of the scene that ends with a non-violent conclusion.

The groups should then play one or both scenes to the rest of the class. Groups should then take part in discussion about which is the better conclusion and which is the more likely conclusion.

Literacy Task:

Ask pupils to write a journal entry that talks about their thoughts and feeling regarding a family member who has either - Decided to sign up and go away to War and the reason why they believe that fighting is the right thing to do. Alternatively write the entry from the viewpoint of a character that has decided they will not sign up regardless or the pressure to do so because they believe the War is wrong.

LESSON 2

Subject:

World War 1

Length of Session:

1 hour

What age is old enough?

Prior Learning:

Use the artefacts from the loan box to start to help children to begin to understand the roles and responsibilities of a soldier. Children should be given access to information regarding the number of underage soldiers who served during WW1. Some research should be carried out regarding when children left school in 1914 and when they started work. Research should also cover general life expectancy at the time. Children should start to develop an understanding of the differences between childhood then and now.

Learning Objectives:

To develop an understanding of the differences in being a child in 1914 and now. To understand how education and working life has changed. To develop an understanding of how life was different for boys and girls in the first quarter of the 1900's. To start to look at how societies attitude towards childhood and adulthood has changed and to begin to consider at what points in or lives different responsibilities expectations are placed upon us.

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. To participate in the creation of a performance that show something they consider to be a significant difference in being a child in 1914 and being a child today. To write a diary entry that outlines their thoughts and feelings when they are considering whether or not to join the army.

Resources:

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

Organisation:

Students should be able to access the loan box and its contents. Staff should have 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 engage in discussion and debate. To discuss with children differences from their own childhood and childhood today.

| Time: | Teacher's Activity: | Children's Activities: |
|--------------|---|---|
| 10 mins | Read part two of the story or listen to a pupil reading part two of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run). | Read part two of the story or listen to a teacher reading part two 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 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 "At what age do we become an adult?" "Why is so much significance given to the age of eighteen when people are all different?" "Should girls and boys be treated differently?" "Would it be better if children were allowed to start work at an earlier age rather than being kept in school?" Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen. | 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 | Watch the chosen scene (A or B). | Watch chosen scene |

Time:

15 mins

Teacher's Activity:

Split the class in to small groups and ask the groups to create a scene that depicts something they consider to be a significant difference between growing up in the first part of the 1900's compared to today. The scene could show the roles and responsibilities of children during war time (cultivating food, looking after siblings) or it could depict a general difference such as the expectation that girls would fill a domestic role within the home. Discussion can then be lead regarding if all the changes from then to now are for the better.

Children's Activities:

The groups should think of examples of situations that have ended differently to how they thought and dramatise one such scene. The scenes can be based around real life situations that the children have encountered or they can be completely devised.

Literacy Task:

Ask pupils to write a letter from the perspective of a soldier who is writing home to their family. Ask the children to think about how honest they would be about the realities of the situation. Ask the children to consider whether the reality of the situation is what they expected it to be. Letters can be exchanged and read by peers who can then reflect upon how family members might have felt when they received the letter.

LESSON 3

Subject:

World War 1

Length of Session:

1 hour

Our preconceptions vs the reality

Prior Learning:

Use the artefacts and letters from the loan box to start to help children to start to build a picture of the impact of war on the soldiers who fought and the families who remained at home. Some research should be carried out regarding the conditions in the trenches and the statistics regarding the likelihood of a soldier that was on the front line returning home. Some research should be carried out regarding the numbers of men who left towns in and around Manchester to go and serve in the War.

Learning Objectives:

To develop an understanding of peoples preconceptions of what the War would be like and then the reality of the situation when they fought. To think about situations were the children have had preconceived ideas about what an event or situation would be like and when the reality has turned out to be different. This could lead to discussion relating to moving up to a new year group or trying something for the first time.

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. To participate in the creation of a performance that shows an example of when the reality of a situation has turned out to be different to their preconceptions. To write a letter home from the viewpoint of a soldier serving in WW1.

Resources:

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

Organisation:

Students should be able to access the loan box and its contents. Staff should have 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 engage in discussion and debate. To help children to recall times when they have argued or fallen out due to difference of opinion with their friends.

Time:

10 mins

Teacher's Activity:

Read part three of the story or listen to a pupil reading part three of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).

Children's Activities:

Read part three of the story or listen to a teacher reading part three 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 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 "Should we/would we do something if all our friends are doing it?" "Should we let fear stop us from doing something?" "Should instinct play a part in our decision making?" "Can we tell if we wont like something before we try it?"

Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen.

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

Watch the chosen scene (A or B)

Watch chosen scene

Time:

15 mins

Teacher's Activity:

Split the class in to small groups and ask the groups to create a scene where the reality turns out to be different to their preconceptions. The scene could show situations involving meeting new people, trying new food or trying to do something for the first time. It could be something they thought would be easy but it turned out to be hard or vice versa. Some discussion could be carried out regarding why we try something new and what stops us from trying new things.

Children's Activities:

The groups should think of examples of situations that have ended differently to how they thought and dramatise one such scene. The scenes can be based around real life situations that the children have encountered or they can be completely devised.

Literacy Task:

Ask pupils to write a letter from the perspective of a soldier who is writing home to their family. Ask the children to think about how honest they would be about the realities of the situation. Ask the children to consider whether the reality of the situation is what they expected it to be. Letters can be exchanged and read by peers who can then reflect upon how family members might have felt when they received the letter.

LESSON 4

Subject:

World War 1

Internal conflict

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

Using the artefacts in the loan box ask the children to start to describe who they think the typical "Tommy" was. This activity could be run as a class discussion or as a written exercise in small groups. The children could start to create character histories about a "Tommy" who served in WW1. In addition to this some research should be carried out around The Battle of The Somme. This should include the numbers of soldiers who fought and the number of casualties, conditions during the battle and conditions in the trenches. After this ask the children to complete a "roll on the wall" exercise, ask the class as individuals or in small groups to write down what they think a soldier would be feeling on the inside (Thoughts, feelings, emotions) prior to the start of the battle, and what they would need to show externally if they wanted to be seen as a "good soldier".

Learning Objectives:

To develop an understanding of what a person shows externally is not necessarily what they are feeling on the inside. To develop an understanding of the term "internal conflict" and to think of examples of when they have felt "internal conflict". To consider why in certain situations people are reluctant to show fear or to express their true feelings or emotions.

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. To participate in the creation of a performance that shows an understanding of internal thoughts feelings and emotions. To create a piece of poetry that takes its inspiration from the internal conflict that a soldier might experience prior to the start of battle.

Resources:

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

Organisation:

Students should be able to access the loan box and its contents. Staff should have 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 help to contextualise internal conflict in to everyday experiences. To assist with character histories and "role on the wall". To assist with researching the "Battle of the Somme".

| Time: | Teacher's Activity: | Children's Activities: |
|--------------|---|---|
| 10 mins | Read part four of the story or listen to a pupil reading part four of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run). | Read part four of the story or listen to a teacher reading part four 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 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 being scared the same as being a coward?" "Should we try to show we are not scared even if we are?" "Is it ok to run away from something that we are scared of?" "Is it always good to be brave?" "What is bravery?" Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen. | 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 | Watch the chosen scene (A or B). | Watch chosen scene |

Time:

15 mins

Teacher's Activity:

Split the class in to pairs and ask the groups to create a scene where two soldiers are discussing going into battle. The soldier could be "putting on a brave face" or they could be being honest about their feelings. The scene could show a character having an emotional journey where they start by trying to show how brave they are but then they confess that they are scared. Alternatively the scene could draw upon experiences that the children have had where they have tried to cover up what they were feeling inside.

Children's Activities:

The pairs should create a scene that shows characters who are experiencing internal conflict. Ideally the scene will show an emotional journey. Inspiration can be taken from real life or by using a devised character in a fictitious situation.

Literacy Task:

Ask pupils to write a piece of poetry that shows the difference between a person's outward persona and what is going on inside. The poetry can look at the conflict in war and the internal conflict happening inside a soldier involved in war. The poem could be written from the perspective of a parent or family member who is proud that a son or daughter has gone to fight but at the same time they are scared they won't see them again. Children could use the "role on the wall" exercise to help them to write their poems. Staff could give the class a title from which the children could base their poems.

LESSON 5

Subject:

World War 1

Length of Session:

1 hour

The effects of hope and a positive attitude

Prior Learning:

Using relevant artefacts from the loan box as a starting point to look at how soldiers use positivity and hope to get them through difficult times. Play some of the music and song that were created at the time and discuss why music of this kind was popular. Some more research should be carried out around what the soldiers were told leading up to the Battle of the Somme, parallels could be drawn to what information was given to men who were signing up to fight at the start of the War. Some discussions can be had around positivity and the effects that a positive frame of mind can have when we go into different situations. Some learning can be carried out about a "Growth Mindset" approach to tasks and learning.

Learning Objectives:

To develop an understanding of the effects of positivity and a positive mindset. To start to consider how positivity can help us in our day-to-day lives. To begin to consider ways that we can help our friends and family by being positive. To begin to consider how a positive attitude towards learning can help us to achieve what we want. To consider if it is right to always be positive or if we should sometimes accept that sometimes we can't do something or we can't have an effect on the outcome of a situation.

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. To participate in a scene that shows how soldiers would try to cheer each other up and remain positive even in the face of the horrors of War. The creation of a written speech that would be inspirational to those who listened to it.

Resources:

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

Organisation:

Students should be able to access the loan box and its contents. Staff should have 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 with research. To help children to think of examples when a positive attitude has had an effect on the outcome of a situation or helped with the completion of a task. To assist children with the written task.

Time:

10 mins

Teacher's Activity:

Read part five of the story or listen to a pupil reading part five of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).

Children's Activities:

Read part five of the story or listen to a teacher reading part five 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 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 "Should I try to do something even if I'm likely to fail?" "Should I always hope that things will work out for the best?" "Is it OK to give up?" "Should I always try to help others or should I look after myself?"

Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen.

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

Watch the chosen scene (A or B).

Watch chosen scene

Time:

15 mins

Teacher's Activity:

Split the class in to groups and ask the groups to create a scene where the soldiers are helping each other to be positive before the start of the battle. The group should consider the different ways that the soldiers would cheer each other up. The groups can look at how the characters in the story talk of what they will do when the battle is over. Groups should consider if the characters really mean what they are saying or if they are just trying to be positive.

Children's Activities:

The groups should create a scene that shows how soldiers would try to find ways of remaining positive. The groups should consider why people who are in difficult situations might try to remain positive. The group should explore different ways and tactics that people might use when they are trying to remain positive about something.

Literacy Task:

Ask pupils to write a speech that someone might give when they are trying to inspire a group of people. The speech could be what they imagine Captain Fellowes said to the troops in the story prior to them going in-to battle. Alternatively the speech could be one that they could give to class mates about how their class could go on to achieve something (do well at sports day, win class of the week). The children could be shown some clips of famous speeches or read some famous speeches prior to writing a speech of their own. Children could read their finished speeches to the class.



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. Pupils 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. Pupils 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 other 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:

First World War 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:

10 mins

Teacher's Activity:

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).

Children's Activities:

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 it with one of the

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:**

following question stems.

- 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'?)

Children's Activities:

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.

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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