

culture
Tameside

Museum in a Box

WHY WE FIGHT

Story, Scripts
& Lesson Plan



Ministry
of Defence



INTRODUCTION

After the Second World War ended in 1945, the British government decided to continue to ask young men to serve in the army when they reached a certain age. This was known as National Service, and a young man would have to serve between 18 and 24 months in the army. This continued through the 1950s and into the 1960s until it was finally ended.

Today, there is no expectation that young men have to serve in the army. But some people say that National Service should be brought back. What would happen if National Service was brought back? What would it be like if young men were once again told that they had to serve in the army? What do you think the reaction of mothers and fathers would be? What kind of war would have to take place for this to happen?

Is it ever right for men to be forced to serve in the army? And if that were the law, is it ever right for that law to be broken?

Listen to the story and decide for yourself...

CHAPTER 1

I lie awake in my bunk bed most nights. I can always hear the same noises. I can hear my brother breathing in the bunk above me. He always has had the upper bunk. He says it is because he is older and that those are the rules, but I am not sure I have ever believed him.

Our whole family sleeps in one room now. My mum and dad sleep in two other bunks, while my grandfather sleeps in another bunk all of his own. The room is cold and there is always a draught and a smell of damp. There are beetles and ants on the floor. You can hear the sound of other families in other rooms, cramped into their little bunks just like my family, desperately trying to get sleep, just like mine.

As well as my brother breathing, I can hear the sound of my Mum turning in her bed. She has never slept well in this room, and I think it is because she worries about us, how we will live, if there will be enough food for us.

The other noise, the one that I can always hear, is the sound of the radio. My Dad has the radio on all the time. At night he will turn it down so that it just sounds like quiet chatter, but it is still there, at the back of every other noise in the room. I feel like the draught that blows through the walls and the beetles scuttling around on the floor stop and listen to that radio, of the sounds and voices that come out of it.

The sounds and voices tell of the war that won't end. Everyone remembers the stories of the First and Second World Wars from long ago. But the voices on the radio tell us that this war, the third world war, will be the last. The human race, they whisper, cannot possibly survive this war. We have caused too much damage and destruction to the forests and the cities,

the oceans and the deserts. Even if everyone laid down their guns, if the tanks stopped firing, and the bombs no longer fell from the sky, it would be too late.

The voices on the radio are casualty reports, and people discussing the latest victories. Sometimes it is just a voice reading out the names of people who have been killed.



My granddad will often tell me that, when he was a boy, the radio was used for people to talk about art and culture and science, it was used to play music and find out what the weather was doing. I can barely remember. I was born shortly after this war began, and it has raged for over ten years, so long that no one can tell you exactly who our enemies are anymore. All I know is that the enemy lives somewhere to the east, that we sent soldiers to war and they never came back, so we sent another wave, then another and another. And soldiers from many different countries all poured into one corner of the world, and fought over it.

My grandfather has told me about the last two wars, about how they were exactly the same. He sleeps the most peacefully out of all of us. I often wonder if he sleeps because he knows there is no point lying awake worrying, because has seen conflict like this before.

I can lie here for hours some nights, and just listen to the low hum of the radio. Sometimes the sound goes, and there is only static and that can be quite comforting, and then I can almost drift off to sleep. Sometimes my Mum will wake up and start pacing the room, and I pretend to sleep, because I don't want her to worry about me.

On a night like this one, I will often stay awake for hours and, soon enough, the blackness of the night outside

gives way to the first slivers of day. The sky grows paler and paler from behind the thin curtains that can never hope to keep the daylight out.

The first stirrings of the morning come next. Usually my Mum gets up first, because she was the last one to go to bed and because she is a light sleeper. My Dad is always next. His head will always jerk up from the pillow and he will say to my Mum "everything ok?"

She will give him a brave smile, then wake my brother up.

"Get your granddad a cup of tea Jack," she will say.

My brother grunts, rolls off the bed obediently, and I see his big feet hit the floor as he jumps off the bunk bed and leaves the room. He returns with a small mug of tea for my granddad. I don't think it's really tea, it's just hot brown water with some sugar in it to give it a nice, sweet flavour. But my granddad is old and my mum insists that he is looked after. These past months he has been growing weaker, thinner, more frail. My granddad will always say "Thanks Jack, you're a good lad," as my brother hands him the tea. My granddad always smiles as though this simple, hot cup of liquid is the best present anyone has ever given him. I am left alone in my bed, because everyone still thinks I am still little. Sometimes I just lie there, watching my family go about their business in this cramped little room, waiting until it is time for us to go to breakfast.

Our room is one of many rooms, in a building that is one of many buildings, in a huge camp for families like us; families who have had our houses destroyed by flooding or bombs or fire. We have our breakfast in a big yard with lots of other families. Breakfast is usually a piece of bread and more of the same hot, sweet, brown water, which comes from a small tap. The queue is very long, and I have to wait a long time, because all the grown-ups usually push me out of the way.

We don't do much in this camp. In the fields and countryside around us, we are sometimes asked to



forage for food, as there is not enough to feed the people who still arrive every day. Most of the day my parents will be deep in conversation, about how much longer we can stay here, about how we will make a life somewhere else.

Soldiers patrol this camp to keep the peace, just in case we come under attack. I don't like their guns. I look at them and imagine they must be very heavy.

This morning is a special morning. It is my brother's eighteenth birthday. We have no way of celebrating it with cards or cake, or any of the things we used to have in our old house. I still marvel at my Mum's ability to remember dates and times. She can remember all of our birthdays, the day we first moved into our first house, what was in the newspaper the day I was born, the way she felt when my Dad asked her to marry him.

We have to be careful about revealing my brother's age. Millions have died in this war, and soldiers are always on the lookout for new recruits. There is a standing order that all young men who reach the age of eighteen must serve in the army. They call it National Service, but almost no one knows why the order is still followed. Several times now, my brother has been stopped and asked for his age, because he looks like an adult, something my Mum always tells him with pride. Every time we have been able to say he is under age and we have been left alone.

So we stand in the yard and in the dust my dad very quietly and carefully writes the number 'eighteen'. Then he quickly rubs it out, and writes "we all love you". He smiles and rubs it out. Then we all hug my brother. We are sure no one has seen us.

There isn't much to do in the camp. My grandad has a set of cards, and he enjoys playing with my brother and I, and we enjoy letting him beat us. It must be close to midday, when I look up and I see a soldier watching us. I get my Mum's attention and in that moment I see the soldier beckon to someone else. A second soldier walks over and they both look at us. Mum suddenly looks frightened and tells Jack to stand behind her. The soldiers start walking to us, very calmly. They don't raise their guns, or shout at us, but then we don't move so I suppose they have

no reason to. My mum just watches them as they come closer. My grandad takes my hand and I am reminded of how his hands feel like sandpaper. Today, on his eighteenth birthday, a happy day for our family, my brother will once again be asked his age.

The soldiers are going to ask how old my brother is.

How do you think my Mum should answer the question?

- a. **She should lie.**
- b. **She should tell the truth.**



CHAPTER 2

I watch my Mum run after the soldiers as they lead my brother away. I stand there, rooted to the spot, a small boy of eleven still clasping his grandfathers' hand. In this moment, I don't know if I will ever see my brother again. Mum is pleading with the soldiers and throws herself in front of them to stop them going any further. The first soldier, the one with the slightly kinder face, seems to take pity on her.

"What do you want?" he says. He sounds exhausted and for a second I feel sorry for him too.

"Please, give me one more night with my son," pleads my Mum. She is crying now, and I have never seen her beg before. "The war can wait one more night."

The first soldier looks at my Mum and considers her for a moment. I wonder if he is thinking about his own mother in that second.

"Fine. One night." He relents and I can see the second soldier look at him like he has lost his mind. "We'll be back here tomorrow, and we expect him to be here. We patrol this whole camp so we'll know if he decides to make a run for it."

They walk off, and my mum hugs Jack more tightly than I have ever seen her hug him in her life.

We sit in our bunk room again. For a while no-one speaks. I know my mum believed that the army would never notice Jack, that the chaos of this camp meant he was probably safe. My brother has always been tall and strong to me, and I think he would make a good soldier.

"Well that's that then," says my Dad. "We're done for now."

"They're not having my son." says Mum, quietly but firmly.

"It's National Service," says my Dad. "What are you going to do? You heard what they said, the law is the law."

"But an unjust law can be broken," says my Mum, very suddenly. "And it is an unjust law." She looks to my Dad, and now he has that same look of understanding in his eyes. Once again, I can sense what they are about to say.

"We have to get Jack out of here," my Mum says.

"How?" my dad sounds truly alarmed. "You heard what they said. They'll be watching us, our very move." My dad throws a look at my Grandad. He is very weak, and may not survive a long journey.

"There aren't enough of them to do that. All you have to do is to look around this camp. Most of those soldiers are just boys who are off fighting and dying somewhere else.

I am not sure what is happening. I was born into a world which was full of conflict, and people going hungry and families going without homes. I don't quite fully understand what is being decided by the three adults in the room. I think my brother understands, because he suddenly gets to his feet and says.

"I don't want to get this family in trouble. Please. Don't do anything stupid because of me. If this is what the law says, then I'll go."

"How are they going to enforce it?" says Mum. There is a determination bubbling inside of her.

This camp has been our home for a few months. Hundreds of people are ferried around in trucks from place to place because, every so often, word will be sent round that some attack or air strike is on its way. My parents both know that this is how we stand a chance of escaping. They spend the rest of the afternoon, into the evening, and well into the night, discussing what our escape will mean, how we could possibly make it work.

I can't help but look at my grandad as this conversation is happening. He looks tired, and frail and worried. If we run away, we will have to take him with us.

My grandad is my mum's dad. Like her, he has an amazing memory, and he can always tell me the best stories about what this world was like in the years before this last world war broke out. He can tell me about how our cities became taller and taller, but people were allowed to go hungry. He explains how we spent more and more money on bombs and guns and artillery, but we didn't build enough houses for people to live in. My grandad will often talk about the past with sadness, because he remembers how people were happy, but also greedy. He will sometimes tell me how it doesn't surprise him that we are all refugees now.

When my mum explains in full to my grandad what we will have to do, he just smiles and says "Of course I can keep up, when do we leave?"

Once again that night, I don't sleep. But then neither does my brother. We are too busy talking about what will happen, how our lives have been turned upside down quite so suddenly.

"Why do they reckon you're suddenly a man when you're eighteen?" I ask my brother.

"I dunno," my brother whispers back. "But I don't think that I am."

Once again, the radio is humming in the background, and I can hear the news about victories and retreats. There is terrible flooding somewhere. The sunlight comes earlier than I expect.

We leave our little room for the last time, just as dawn is breaking Mum tells us of her plan to get my brother away from the soldiers. The first truck bringing either food, supplies or more refugees to the camp arrives at around seven o'clock in the morning. My parents' plan is to steal the truck and drive as far away as we can. I can't imagine my Mum stealing anything. She has been the most honest person I know my whole life.

We set out across the camp, carrying what little possessions we have. My mum is right - people look up at us, but don't pay us any attention. Everyone in this camp looks desperate.

Instead of walking to the north gate, where the soldiers told us to meet them, Mum and Dad lead us to the south gate. My Dad says that a truck carrying either more refugees or some food

supplies always arrives around eleven o'clock in the morning.

The camp would be easy to escape from if you are one person. The fences that were put up to close it off from the world are rickety and old. If my brother and I were alone, we could jump them and run to safety. But we have our granddad with us. He is starting to look tired already.

Eleven o'clock comes and there is no truck. We watch from a safe distance for about ten minutes. Then, slowly, a big green lorry rolls into the camp. A soldier standing at the guard post yells



"good morning" to the driver and waves the lorry into the camp.

The back of the lorry opens and about forty people climb out. There are men, women and children my age. They all look exhausted. The soldiers aren't cruel to them, but they do yell quite fiercely for them to move along.

The lorry lies there silently. The driver gets out. He is a soldier too. He stretches his legs, lights a cigarette and walks off. The two soldiers who were manning the guard post are now looking after

the new arrivals, shepherding them to where they will be sleeping.

The lorry stands there, unguarded. I can't believe our luck. It isn't luck really. There are just too few soldiers in this camp because the war has taken so many boys and men.

Suddenly I look at my grandad. He has started to cry.

"I don't think I can do this," he says. "I can't, I can't, I'm too weak, I'm sorry."

His voice is hoarse. He is sitting on the ground. My Mum looks at the lorry then back at him.

"Come on Dad," she says. "Please. Get up."

My grandad just sits there. Any moment now the soldiers will return to their guard post and the driver will be back from his break.

*My grandad looks too weak to continue.
What should we do?*

- a. We take him with us.
- b. We leave him behind.



CHAPTER 3

If the children choose Option A, then the chapter should begin with this bracketed section

[We start walking towards the lorry as fast as we can. Mum is looking around. Jack and Dad are holding my grandad. He has always been frail, but we have been in this camp for so long that I think we must have forgotten how much this is true. We move towards the lorry. My grandad is slowly able to walk under his own power again.

We climb into the back unseen. Dad makes sure that everyone is in safely. My grandad collapses into the corner, my brother and Mum tending to him. Then we hear the sound of a voice in the background. The driver of the lorry has returned. Dad looks at us, puts a finger to his lips, and shuts the back door of the lorry.

I can hear shouting outside, and the sound of running footsteps. For a moment, I have a horrible vision of my father being shot. But then the lorry's engine rumbles to life and I can feel us moving. We are escaping. I know my dad is driving, and I look at my brother and we can't help but break into a big smile.

There is the sound of more shouting outside. They know who we are and what we are doing. I look at my grandad. His breath is slowly returning. My mum has hold of his hand. We all know that if we have to run again, my grandad may not be able to make it.]

If the children choose Part B, then this bracketed section should begin the chapter.

[We run towards the lorry as fast as we can, my Mum tightly clasping Jack's hand, and my Dad with mine. In my head I am screaming that we have to go back for my grandad, but the words don't come out of my mouth.

We climb into the back of the lorry unseen, my brother, Mum, and me. We collapse gratefully onto the floor, but before Jack has time to turn to Mum and ask "what about Grandad" we hear a voice in the background. The driver of the lorry has returned. Dad looks at us, puts a finger to his lips, and shuts the back door of the lorry.]

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There is the sound of more shouting outside. They know who we are and what we are doing. Suddenly I feel the lorry go into reverse, and I want to burst out laughing as I realise what my father is doing. My Mum looks at Jack and says,

"Are you going to stay angry with me, or are you going to help me get your grandad?"

My Mum and Jack jump out of the lorry and onto the grass. I can hear the noise of them pulling my grandad to his feet and between them, they lift him into the lorry. They do it in the nick of time, because I can hear the sound of running footsteps and shouting as two or more soldiers are running towards the lorry. I look at my grandad. His breath is slowly returning. My mum has hold of his hand. We all know that if we have to run again, my grandad may not be able to make it.

Now we are all safe, and the lorry is bumping along. The camp is deep in the middle of the countryside, so Dad is having to drive us down narrow roads. Mum makes a joke about his driving and for a moment I have the dimmest memory of our life before this war, when we had a car and went on bright, lovely holidays.

Jack is staring into space. Mum asks him what's wrong.

"I just realised. I can't go back. I'm like a wanted man or something."

"It was an unfair law," Mum says.

"Who are you to decide that?" Jack suddenly snaps at her.

"I'm your mum," she says very firmly. "I know enough about war to know I won't have you go."

Jack is silent after that, and drifts off into a light sleep. The rest of us all sit in silence as the truck trundles along. My grandad is watching Mum. We can all see her thinking about what our family does next.

"Do you think they will come after him?" Grandad asks my mum.

"I am certain of it," she replies.

We don't have any food. My stomach starts to make noises. Mum hears it and tells me that she is thinking of a way to get us food. She looks at my grandad as she says this.

He is lying in a corner, a coat over him as a makeshift blanket. My heart feels like it is going to burst, because suddenly I feel so sorry for him and the journey that he is having to go on.

"I'm sorry Grandad," I suddenly say to him.

"What for, Billy-lad?" He gives me a weak smile.

"Sorry you can't get any peace and quiet," I reply. I don't even know why I say this, but the words just tumble out.

"We have to do what we have to do," he says. He suddenly sits up, the blanket draped over him.

"Did I ever tell you that my own father had to serve in the army?"

I can always tell when my granddad is going to tell a story. His voice will slow down ever so slightly, and he will shut eyes as he tries to concentrate and remember.

"No, I didn't know that," I can only say.

As the lorry trundles along to who knows where, my grandad begins to tell a story of his own dad, who I never knew.

"He was a very tall man," says my grandad. "My dad towered over me, a bit like Jack does now." Jack has always been taller than any of us. We always wonder where he got it from.

"My own father was in another National Service," says my grandad. "It was a time when, just like now, young men and boys had to serve in the army. They thought it would build your strength and make you a better person."

"Did it make your dad a better person?" I ask my grandad. Jack has woken up now, and I can see him listening with the same attention as I am.

"Well, when I was a little boy, like you are, I always thought my dad was the best man in the world," says my grandad, smiling as he says this. "And he told me the stories of his time in National Service, and now I'm telling you, because that's what families do. They pass on stories."

I look at Mum as he begins to speak. She is listening now too, and begins to smile.

"Every young man had to do National Service. This was in the 1940s and 1950s, just before my time, and our country still had an empire, which stretched across all corners of the globe. They needed young men to abroad and keep the peace in far-off countries. You could only get out of National Service if you could prove that your job was important enough for you to stay at home. They called this a reserve occupation."

Suddenly he came out of his memory and saw us all watching him. "Sorry, I'm not boring you am I?"

We all shook our heads. My grandad made himself more comfortable under his blanket.

"They didn't have soldiers with guns coming to find



you. You would just get your papers telling you had to serve in the army, or the navy, or the air-force."

"For your whole life?" Jack asks.

"No, just two years," replies my grandad. "Then you could go home to your family and go back to your old life."

I looked at Mum as he said this. She in turn had a sad look in her eyes.

"Your great-grandfather received his papers and was called up to a place called Cyprus. I don't know what wars are fought there now, nowhere is safe."

I remember seeing a map of the world, and remember that Cyprus was this beautiful, warm island where people used to enjoy going on holiday. What my grandad is explaining sounds wonderful, joining the army and going to a hot country for two years, before being allowed to go home to your family.

"Was it like a holiday for the soldiers Grandad?" I ask him. "Did they enjoy it?"

My grandad thinks for a moment before he answers my question.

"I think he did," he says. "I wasn't born until after he had finished his National Service, but he told me that he wasn't happy at school and was bullied a lot. So the army gave him a sense of purpose and made him feel like he belonged somewhere."

I can't imagine what it must be like to go away with a bunch of strangers and feel like you belong with them. Mum looks like she might cry as she listens to my grandad say this.

"But of course, all that history feels like another



universe now," says my grandad. I can tell that he wants to continue his story but suddenly Mum cuts him off.

"I think that's enough storytelling for now," she says. "I don't know how long we will be driving for, so let's all try and get some sleep."

My grandad seemed upset to have to cut his story short, but I could see a gleam in his eye that told me I could expect more soon. He snuggled down under his blanket, and we all lay there, four lonely figures trying to sleep in this bumpy old lorry as it rolled through the countryside.

I managed to drift off to sleep. It's not a good sleep, and I am woken again by the sound of voices.

"Dad, I don't want you talking to them about the army, and National Service. Not now. Please."



"What's the harm in teaching them about their history?" replies the voice of my grandad. "I think it's important, and if more people remembered their history, we might not be in this stupid war."

"I can't think about that now," says my Mum.

I drift off to sleep again, and my mind is on history and Cyprus, and bright blue skies.

I awake and realise that the lorry has stopped. I sit up and look at Mum. She puts her finger to her lips, telling me I should be quiet.

There are voices outside. Then a loud banging on the side of the lorry.

"Who's in there?" a voice shouts. "Come on, show yourselves. I won't ask again."

What should we do?

- a. We should stay quiet.
- b. We should speak up.

CHAPTER 4

The door of the lorry creaks and it groans as it is opened and I suddenly realise that I don't have any idea whether its day or night, how long I have been trapped in the back of this lorry. I don't know where I am, or whether I am in the city or the country.

Mum puts her arm around me to protect me, and for a second I wonder if we are all going to be shot. I can see a cold night sky beyond the door of the lorry, and trees which tell me I am in the countryside. There, standing with Dad on a road in the middle of nowhere, are a group of teenagers the same age as my brother. Two of them have Dad by the arms. He looks at us as the door opens, almost as if to say sorry that he has allowed us to get found out.

Most of the boys are carrying a gun of some kind, and they look at us as though they want to kill us. Many of them look tired, thin and have quite ragged clothing.

One of the boys steps forward. He is the tallest of them all, and he has a confident look in his eyes.

"So which one of you is the leader?"

There is a moment where my Mum looks the boy up and down, and I wonder if she feels sorry for him like she did for the soldiers back at the camp.

"The leader?" my Mum finally replies.

"Yeah, there's always a leader," says the boy. "So which one of you is it?"

"I'm mother to these boys," Mum replies. "And I'm travelling with my husband and my own father. I'm not their leader."

"Whoever you are, would you mind stepping out of

the truck?" says the boy, suspiciously.

We slowly climb out of the lorry, and this group of boys watches us as we climb. They seem to stare at my grandad as if they have not seen an old man for a long time.

We all stand on this dark road, in the cold, with these boys surrounding us. The boy who is their leader indicates to the two who are holding my dad, and they let him go.

"Are you government? Do you work for the army?" says the tallest boy.

"Don't you have any manners?" says Mum. "Why don't we introduce ourselves properly?"

I don't think anyone has spoken to the lead boy for some time, because he momentarily looks very embarrassed.

"I'm Steven," says the boy. "And you?"

"I'm Ruth, these are my sons Jack and Billy, this is my father Joe, and my husband Tom. We just escaped from one of the refugee camps because the army wanted my son to join the National Service."

There is a murmur and chatter amongst the boys. Stephen shushes them.

"We're the Society of Pacifists," says Stephen. "We live in the countryside because we have no family, so the army tried to force us to join. But we refused. We don't believe in war, so we refuse to fight in it."

"You're not a society, you're just a bunch of boys," says Dad suddenly.

"A society is a group of people who look after each other," Stephen replies. "We look after each other, because no-one else will. We saw your lorry and thought maybe you were army men who had come to take us away."

"Do you have any food?" Mum asks Stephen, softly. "My father is hungry and he's very old, and I am worried that he won't get any food if we continue on the road."

"We live in a farm house not far from here," says Stephen. "We have some food that we can give you, but we have to ration it. We can put you up for the night, but if the army is after you, I'd prefer it if you went on your way after that."

He is kinder with my Mum now. She looks relieved and says.

"Please, any help you could give us would be greatly appreciated."

They take us to an old house. It has grown dark and the walk is spooky, through the blackest woods and countryside. I hold my grandad's hand, and we try our best not to trip over in the dark. The boys in this little group only have the faintest of torches to light the way. The house is cold when we get there, and there is no furniture. All through the house, there are sleeping bags on the floor, and clothes, and pillows and personal items. In one corner of the living room is a little shrine, with lots of pictures. I guess that these must be pictures of all the boys' families.

Stephen has some of the boys go round and light some candles. The farm-house looks even more eerie and frightening with the shadows of the candles dancing off the walls. Mum asks one of the smaller boys, Morgan, to show her the kitchen. The cupboards are pretty bare, with only rice and bread to eat. In the fridge, my Mum finds some eggs and some milk which she says is just about drinkable. She gives them to my father. They smile at each other and Dad says to Stephen.

"Do you have a saucepan?"

Ten minutes later, everyone is gathered in what I think is the living room. Dad is spooning some scrambled egg onto plates. Mum winks at me and says it was always Dad's speciality. The portions are tiny, and most of the boys have finished theirs in thirty seconds. I eat mine. It tastes a bit like paper, but I know Dad has done his best with what he had. Some of the boys, including Stephen, look happy to be fed, and everyone seems more relaxed and friendly now.

"How long have you been here?" asks my Mum after a time.

"Dunno," says one of the boys.



"A few years," another pipes up.

The only one who seems willing to say more than a few words to us is Stephen, but all the other boys seem quite in awe of him and are happy to let him speak.

"I started bringing them here two years ago." Stephen tells us. By now, all of the group are sitting around us. Many of them are staring at my Grandad again. "I escaped from a camp because I wanted to go and find my own mother and father. I realised pretty soon afterwards that they were dead. When I stumbled upon this farm house, I thought it would be a sanctuary for boys like me."

"Were you born before the world war?" says one of the smaller boys, who looks not much younger than me.

"Yes I was," says my Grandad, as he finishes his meal.

"Do you like eggs?" pipes up another voice.

"Yes, I love eggs," says my grandad. "I used to love fried eggs with bacon."

"I'm sorry for all their questions," says Stephen.

"It's fine," my Grandad smiles at him.

"Are they all orphans?" Mum asks. She wipes some egg off my grandad's chin.

"Yes," replies Stephen, in a very matter of fact voice. "All orphans get put to work in the army. I decided that National Service is a crime, and so I started rescuing boys like me and bringing them here. I said I was their leader, I try to

think of myself as a big brother really. I have to put on a bit of a front for when I run into soldiers though, pretend to be this tough military leader. They respect you more."

I look at Jack, but he is listening to Stephen intently.

"And you can look after them can you?" says my Dad.

"I have to believe I know what the best thing is for them," says Stephen.

"I don't want my son joining the army either," my Mum replies.

"But I worry that these boys aren't getting enough food

"I appreciate your concern, I really do," says Stephen.

"But I have to look after them as best I can, I'm sure you understand. The army can't teach these boys anything, it's a waste of life. Always has been."

"Not always," says my Grandad, thoughtfully, almost half talking to himself. All of the boys become very hushed when he starts to speak. "Sometimes it could make a man of you. I believe there was a time when it could."

There is another murmur from the boys. They all sit up and look very interested.

"What was it like?"

"Did you serve in the army?"

"Is it scary?"

All of these boys suddenly crowd around my Grandad, so eager to hear about a wealth of history that they have never experienced themselves.

As he did in the lorry, my Grandad comes alive when he has an audience



to share his stories with.

"No, but my father did," he begins. "His National Service took him to Cyprus."

"Did he see a lot of action?" pipes up another boy.

"He fought for the British Army in the last days of the Empire" says my Grandad. The boys have not heard of the British Empire, so my grandfather tells them all about how the first National Service was introduced after the Second World War, and how every young man had to serve in it for eighteen months.

My grandad talks through the night to this group of boys, with stories of his father's time in the army. He tells us how his dad trained in Salisbury as a young man, how he had to leave behind a woman he really loved, how when he returned, this woman has married someone else. He told us about how his father first learned to carry a rifle, and some of the listening boys seem to look scared as he talks about this, and I wonder what things they have seen to have driven them out into the woods like this.

My grandfather talks about how the army could change you, how being in the army gave him a sense of order and purpose, how you could make life-long friends, how much his father loved being in the army. There is sadness in my grandfather's voice as he tells these stories, because I realise how much he hates the army now, how frightened he is that they will take his grandson away.

The only person who does not seem to take any enjoyment from my granddad's stories is Stephen. He sits there, quietly, in the corner, the candlelight reflected in his face.

"It doesn't matter. What do some stories about some tiny stupid little war in the last century tell us about today?" Stephen shrugs.

"We should remember our heritage," says my Grandad. I have never seen him this passionate before. "What came before helps us to avoid making the same mistakes as before."

"Those are all lovely words, but they don't mean anything really, do they?" replies Stephen. "Because we did have

another war. And countries did start killing and destroying each other for no reason. And little boys are still asked to go and fight in a war that has nothing to do with them."

"But people still sacrifice for each other!" My grandfather is getting very passionate now, and my mum puts a hand on his shoulder, telling him to calm down.

"It might be true," says Stephen. "But there was also such a thing as conscientious objectors, pacifists, people who had the courage to say no to war, no to fighting. I have to hold on to the belief that peace is the only way to save lives"

"So why do you carry guns?" says Dad suddenly.

"Because soldiers are stupid," replies Stephen. "And a gun is the only language they understand."

"Perhaps we can all try to get some sleep," says Mum suddenly, sensing an argument being to grow. "My family and I would like to decide what it is we're going to do in the morning."

"Me and the other lads don't want to know your plans," says Stephen. "I hope you understand. I am just here to look out for them. If the soldiers come, we have no knowledge of you."

"Of course," says Mum. "I would expect nothing less."

There is barely enough room for us in one corner of the room. I feel grateful as I go to sleep. In spite of all that has gone wrong for our family, we are still together.

Once again, I don't sleep well. The floor is even more uncomfortable than the beds in the camp. There is a sliver of daylight coming through the window as I wriggle in under a thin blanket.

I stand up, and decide that I want to take in some of the morning air. I haven't been out in the countryside for so long. I love the feeling of being outdoors first thing in the morning. It's like you know a secret that no one else knows.

I quietly creep over the sleepers on the floor

and carefully open the front door.

I step outside. The morning is slightly cold, but it is fresh. There is only the sight of thick green trees far as the eye can see.

I stand there for some time, just enjoying the morning.

Suddenly I hear a noise and someone puts a hand over my mouth. I recognise the voice of the young soldier from the camp.

"Don't make a sound or I'll shoot you stone dead," he says. I stand absolutely still, despite the fact that my body is shaking uncontrollably.

The soldier lets me go, and I slowly turn around to look at him. It is the first soldier who approached my brother at the camp.

"You're going to go inside that house, and tell your brother to come out, or no one in that house is coming out alive," he says.

What should I do?



- a. I go inside and tell Jack to come outside with me. I don't tell him the soldiers are here.
- b. I warn Jack and everyone in the house.

CHAPTER 5

Slowly, very slowly, Mum leads Jack and Tom out to the soldiers. Grandad stays with me, and we stand at the front door to the house. Behind us, still hiding inside, is Stephen and the gang. Mum doesn't put her hands up, she just stands there, completely still.

There are soldiers all around the house. They don't have their guns raised, but they grip them very tightly. Their leader stands in the middle. He sizes Jack and my Mum up.

"Your son was called up for National Service. He didn't show up. He chose instead to run away. He chose to become a fugitive from the law" says the leader.

"What's your name?" shouts my Mum.

"I'm Sayers. I'm a captain," he replies.

"Sayers. What's your first name?"

The captain looks confused my Mum's question.

"What's that got to do with anything?" he says.

"I only deal with people when I know their first name," replies Mum.

"Lucas," he says, after a slight pause.

"Lucas, you can explain to me why my son must go and fight in a war that is none of his concern, and which he didn't start."

"That's the law," replies Lucas. "He becomes sixteen, he fights."

Mum takes a step forwards.

"If this war is so important, then why have you sent ten heavily armed men to retrieve him? Why aren't they off defending some scrap of land on another continent somewhere else?"

"I don't make the law. And these men are assigned to track down the people who break it," replies Lucas. "I am just doing

my job. So, I must ask you to turn your son over to us."

Mum takes another step forward.

"There's no country worth fighting for anymore. No country worth protecting. So I am not turning my son over to anyone," she says, louder now so all the soldiers can hear her.

I see some of the soldiers look to each other, as though they have never heard a woman speak to them like this before.

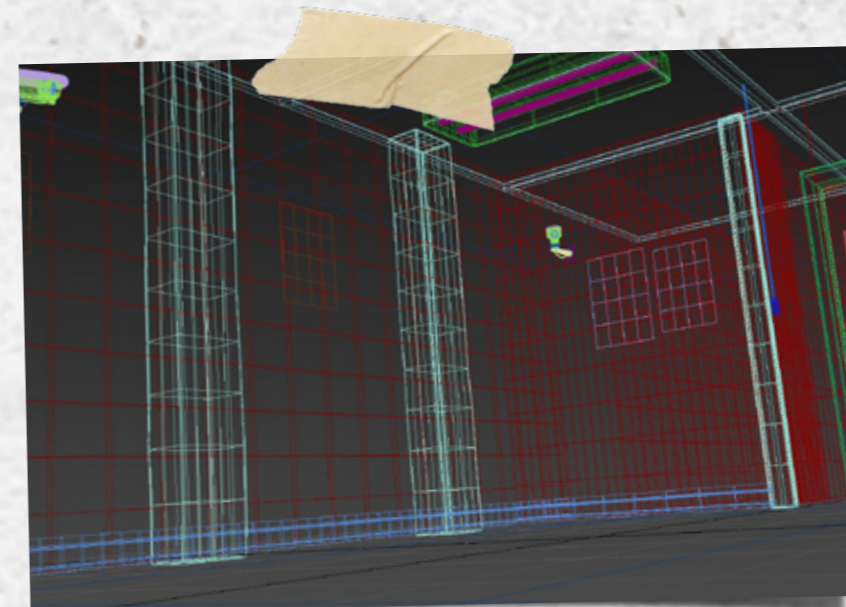
"If you don't turn your son over to us, you will all be executed as criminals." Lucas raises his voice too, as though my Mum has frightened him.

"If I lose my son, then my family is torn apart," shouts Mum.

For a moment, I think that Lucas is looking at my mum with sympathy. Then suddenly, I feel someone brush past me and I realise that Stephen has run out of the house. He runs at one of the soldiers, and tackles him to the ground. The soldier is caught by surprise and shouts at Stephen to get off him.

In that moment, my Mum makes her move. She grabs Jack by the hand and runs with him as fast as her legs will carry her. The soldiers are too startled to do anything, and I can hear shouting as suddenly Dad grabs my hand and Grandad by the other hand, and then we are running too.

Something drives us. Something drives all of us. We run like we



have never run before, through trees and undergrowth, through this forest that seems to have no end. We can hear the sound of soldiers behind us, as the call sounds through the air that the fugitives have escaped, that they must be found.

About thirty seconds later I hear a gunshot go off, and the sound of people shouting and screaming. I know in that moment that Stephen has been killed.

I can see Mum ahead with Jack and she has his hand like he's a little boy again. Dad is muttering to Grandad to keep running, that we will reach safety soon. My Grandad cannot cope with the pace and I hear him begging to stop, but my Dad mutters at him to keep running. My legs are running over roots, branches, my body ducking and weaving. I hear the whizz of what I think is a bullet sail past my head, and the sound of Lucas shouting at one of his soldiers that he doesn't want us harmed.

I haven't had any breakfast, my stomach, my lungs are crying out for food and water. My joints hurt as Dad continues to drag us.

Suddenly I can see the road up ahead of us, and somehow Mum has managed to lead us back to the lorry. It stands there, where we left it, the most welcome sight I think I have ever seen.

My Grandad collapses. We are so near the lorry now. I can't hear the soldiers anymore, but I know they must be somewhere around us. Dad picks Grandad up and carries him the rest of the way to the lorry. When we get Grandad to the lorry, we lay him down in the back, and it is clear that the run has taken an awful toll on him.

We lie on the floor in the back of the lorry, all of us gasping for breath as we trundle on again. Mum is tending to Grandad, who is having coughing fits and once again struggling to breathe. It soon becomes clear that we need to get him somewhere where there is food and drink.

"How did you know where the lorry was?" I ask my mum.

"Just instinct," she says. "I don't know where it came from."

We drive for hours and hours and Mum cradles Grandad in her lap. He seems weaker all the time, and I don't think he will last much longer. Jack sits in silence for hours. Only once during the long drive does he speak, saying to me.

"This is all my fault Billy lad."

I lose all track of time, but eventually we stop off at the side of the road. We all climb out of the lorry to stretch our legs, except for Grandad who stays in the back, curled up under his blanket. Mum and Dad walk a little further down the road, and I see them deep in conversation. When they come back, Mum takes Jack and me to one side.

"Your father and I have been talking," she says, with a sad tone in her voice. "And we've decided that, to keep you safe, we are going to split up."

Jack can't believe his ears when he hears this.

"But you said we should all stay together," he says, his voice cracking.

"I know I said that," Mum replies. I can see tears in her eyes. "But your Dad and I think that perhaps we can get you out of the country and they will keep following us, and leave you alone. It isn't right that you are asked to go and fight in a war that has nothing to do with you. I don't care what anyone says."

"There's a ferry leaving the coast, and there's less of an army presence there," says Dad. "We're putting you on a boat and you need to get yourself somewhere where the war can't touch you. Get a job, make a new life. It's so important you do that. You must do it for us."

The four of us stand there, in the middle of the road. Jack and I both cry, and I am finding it especially hard to understand why I must leave my family behind. Are there hundreds of other families out there that are being torn apart like this? Mum says we still have another day or so of travelling to go, and I look at her kind face, and contemplate the fact that this is the last time I will ever set eyes on it. We walk back to the lorry, and Mum climbs into



the back to tell my Grandad what we are doing. I hear a sob from inside and we all climb into the lorry to see what is going on.

My Grandad is lying under his blanket. He is not moving. My Mum is desperately shaking him and calling his name, but he doesn't respond.

We have a small, private funeral for him in the woods. Dad digs a hole and we all say a few words. I tell my Grandad I will miss his stories. My Mum sits on the ground and cries. She won't get up. For half an hour, Dad sits with her by the side of the road, but she won't get up. It's like her whole body has given up fighting. Jack and I just stand by the side of the road, unsure of what to do, feeling totally powerless.

It is then that we hear the noise of another vehicle. A small Jeep drives up behind the lorry, and my blood runs cold as I see a squadron of soldiers get out, led by Lucas. He walks towards Jack and me, whilst two of his men go and check on Mum. Dad shakes them away angrily.

"The game's up," Lucas says to Jack. "You shouldn't have tried to run."

We are taken to a prison, somewhere, in the middle of the countryside. They throw the four of us in a cell together. The journey has restored my Mum's strength and she now just looks angry. She asks to see Lucas and talk to him. One of the soldiers, clearly frightened by her, says that he will go and find him for us.

A few hours later, Lucas comes into the cell. He has a very hard face, and I can see a small scar on his cheek, and another just above his eye. His face is tanned, and I imagine that he must have been fighting abroad at some point in his past. He is flanked by two soldiers

"You've done very well, to get your family this far. I admire that," says Lucas, looking straight at Mum.

"Thank you," says my Mum. "If you admire me so much, perhaps you could let me go."

"I can't do that," says Lucas.

"Because of the law, am I right?" Mum replies, almost sarcastically.

"Exactly," says Lucas. "I have to uphold the law. My job, my whole life, is dedicated to punishing people who break it."

"Can I ask you a question then?" my Mum is trying to keep her voice steady, and her anger under control. "If the law is so important, if this war is so important, then why aren't you off fighting it? Why are you chasing me and my family around the woods and roads of the countryside?"

"My men and I, our job is to make sure that young men like your son don't break the law. Because if there is no law, no order, then what are we fighting for? Our whole unit exists solely for that purpose."

Lucas is pacing the room now, looking at my brother as he does so. Jack's face does not show any emotion at all.

"I'm so sorry for what has to happen next," continues Lucas. "I only uphold the rules. I don't make them."

"What happens next?" my Mum is defiant, despite being powerless.

Lucas takes a piece of paper out of his pocket.

"This is a confession. If you sign it, you and your family are confessing to a crime. The crime of attempting to resist National Service. If you sign it, I will let you and your family go free, but your son must immediately report for duty. We need soldiers in the East, we are losing the war there. If you refuse to sign it, I have no choice to execute your family in front of a firing squad.

He hands the piece of paper to my Mum, and passes her a pen.

"Your choice," he says.

What does my Mum do?

- a. She signs it.
- b. She refuses to sign it.

CHAPTER 6

The cell is cold, and quiet. We can hear the shouts of other people who have been taken prisoner. It doesn't feel too different from being in my old bunk room. Once again, I can hear the sounds of insects crawling across the floor if I listen very carefully.

Sometimes Mum lies with her head in my Dad's lap, and he sings to her. I sit and think about what my brother's trial will be like. I have never been in a court before, and I can only imagine that the room will be filled with army men like Lucas, all staring coldly at my brother, all calling him a coward.

"Do you think we could get a lawyer to represent us?" asks Dad.

"I really don't know," Mum replies. "I doubt it. I don't have faith in the law anymore."

Dad shakes his head. The war between west and east has been going on for nearly fifteen years, so long that we have forgotten who the enemy is. It feels as though we three are the only people in the whole world who know a very important secret.

We don't see anyone for the first day that we are in the prison. On the morning of the second day, we hear a key turn in the door, and someone brings us food. When I look up I see the face of the young soldier who originally approached my Mum in the camp. He sets down a tray of food for us. I am surprised that it is a lovely hot breakfast of bacon and eggs.

"I hope this will be alright for you," he says quietly, and then leaves.

He is back again at lunch and brings another tray of food, this time three bowls of soup. Again, he says:

"I hope this is alright for you." Then he adds. "I'm sorry I was

so rude to you in the camp. I was only doing my job."

This time, as he is leaving, Mum stops him.

"What's your name?" she asks him.

"Johnny," he replies.

"Thank you Johnny, my family and I are grateful to you." He gives my Mum a small smile and leaves.

At supper time, Johnny returns again. This time he brings us some bread and cheese.

"Stole these from some of the officers," he says, winking at me.

Again, just as he is about to leave, Mum stops him with a question.

"Why are you helping us Johnny?" she asks him.

He looks at her and suddenly smiles.

"Sorry, I shouldn't be telling you this, but you remind me of my own Mum. She was killed in an aerial blast when I was younger."

My Mum smiles back at him.

"I'm sure she is proud of you," she says.

Johnny returns on the third day, bringing us more food. This time Mum says to him

"Johnny, my family need to escape."

He looks at her and he knows she is going to say next.

"My son is innocent. I want to be with him. I am sure I don't have to explain that to you. So I am asking you, mother to son, please help us escape."

Johnny looks at her and then looks at the door. He shakes his head.

"Sorry, I can't disobey orders, they'd have me shot."

He leaves, but Mum doesn't seem discouraged.

When he returns to bring us our last lunch in the prison, he brings more food, but as we tuck into it, he stands and watches us. He takes a piece of paper out of his pocket, and at first I think it is another wicked confession.

"This is a transfer order," he says suddenly. "I am under orders to transfer you to another prison."

If the children chose section A

{ "What?" Mum looks up from her food. "Why? We were told we would be here for three days and then my son goes off to war and we are set free, whatever that means." }

"The orders have changed, that's all I can tell you," says Johnny, his face betraying no emotion. "I'll be overseeing your transfer." }

If the children chose Section B

{ "What?" Mum looks up from her food. "Why? We were told we would be here for three days and then they execute us." }

"New orders," says Johnny, shrugging. "You're being transferred instead." }

"When?" says Mum, unable to mask the surprise in her voice.

"Right away," says Johnny.

He waits as the four of us slowly get to our feet, cautious and suspicious at this new turn of events. He leads us out of the prison door.

He leads us through the prison, and for the first time I see properly, and it's this small dusty place. I don't know how many prisoners are in the other cells, I can't see through the hatches in the doors, but the building seems quiet.

He leads us outside into the courtyard and I half-expect it to be a cruel trick, for a firing squad to be waiting for us. He leads us to a van, and I once again, my family is forced to climb into the back, like cattle.



We hear him start the engine, and I can hear the noise of us driving past the guard tower. I hear muffled voices as he shows our transfer order to the soldier at the guard post.

We are allowed to proceed and now the van is driving, and once more I have no clue where I am going, or what fate awaits me. I didn't expect to be still sitting opposite my brother. Mum sits with her eyes closed. I don't think she can quite believe what is happening.

Hours pass, and suddenly the engine stops. I hear footsteps and my heart starts pounding again. Has Johnny brought us here to kill us?

The door of the van opens, and Johnny is standing there. He is holding a rucksack which he hands to my Mum.

"Here," he says. "Take this."

"What's in it?" says Mum, clearly puzzled at his kindness.

"Enough emergency rations to last you for a few days, a compass, a blanket, some medical supplies. I suggest you head for the nearest city. Blend in, make yourself invisible. Tell no one who you are."

My Mum takes the rucksack from him.

"Why?" she asks him.

Johnny smiles at us.

"You're a family," he says. "A real proper family who love each other. And if we are fighting for anything, we should be fighting for that. We should be fighting for life."

My Mum hugs Johnny, and I see him close his eyes for a split second.

"Will they punish you if you go back?" she asks him.

"Yes," he says "Probably. I faked a transfer order and helped four wanted fugitives escape. You've seen what Lucas is like."

"Come with us," Dad says.

"I can't," he replies sadly. "I believe in the army. Like Lucas does. Like your father did Ruth. I have to face the consequences of what I did."

Johnny shakes hands with Jack, Dad and me. Then he gets in the van, and drives away.

My Mum looks through the rucksack. True to his word, everything he has promised us is inside. She puts the rucksack on and smiles at us. It is a real, hopeful smile.

"Come on then," she says. "We'd best get a move on."

We walk now. We just walk and walk. We don't where we're going, or where it will lead us. But we are going to spread the word, that this war is wrong, that it doesn't need to be fought, that there is another way. It may take time, but my Mum is determined to change things.

Every night, when we lay down to sleep, I sleep soundly under the stars. Sometimes I dream I am serving in a war in some old, foreign country. It is a hot, beautiful country. I don't feel scared, or threatened. I have this feeling that the war will end soon, that I am soon going home, that I will see the people I love again.



THE END

SCRIPTS

CHAPTER 1

Film A

A large courtyard. Ruth (Mum), Billy (narrator), Jack, Tom (Dad) and Joe (Granddad) stand opposite two soldiers.

Soldier #1: Excuse me...

Ruth: Hello. Can we help you?

Soldier #1: Mrs...

Ruth: Ruth, just call me Ruth. Not much point in using Mr and Mrs anymore.

Soldier #2: Ok Ruth, would you mind me asking how old your son is?

Ruth: Why?

Soldier #1: You know why. Because the National Service law demands that every able bodied young man must serve in the army when he reaches the age of eighteen.

Ruth: You can't enforce that law.

Soldier #2: There's still a government out there. The law's the law.

Tom: When was the last time you heard anything from the government

Soldier #2: Could you shut up please? We're talking to your wife.

Ruth: Don't speak to my husband like that.

Soldier #1: You listen to the radio. This war goes on. We need men, it's that simple. The law is the law. Now are you going to answer my question?

Ruth: I want to know what happens.

Soldier #1: Excuse me?

Ruth: I want to know what happens to my boy if you decide he's going to fight.

Soldier #2: Don't play games. You know what happens. He goes away for basic training. We train him. He fights. It's pretty simple.

Soldier #1: So. One more time. How old is your son?

Ruth: Sixteen.

Jack: Mum...

Ruth: My son is sixteen. When he's eighteen he will happily sign up. Won't you Jack?

Jack: Yes. Yes of course.

Ruth: See?

There is a brief silence. The two soldiers look at each other. Then at Ruth. Her face desperately tries to mask her fear.

Soldier #1: See I was standing over there, and I was looking at your son, and I've developed a bit of an eye for this, because I'm under orders to look for new recruits and think your son is eighteen.

Ruth: I answered your question.

Soldier #2: You're lying. I know you're lying, and I can see it in your eyes. Do you know how many mothers we've had to talk to about this? Do you know how many try to cheat the law?

Ruth: He's sixteen. Alright?

Soldier #1: No. He's coming with us.

The soldiers take Jack by the arms and begin to lead him away. Ruth begins to plead with them as they walk away.

End of film.

Film B

A large courtyard. Ruth (Mum), Billy (narrator), Jack, Tom (Dad) and Joe (Granddad) stand opposite two soldiers.

Soldier #1: Good morning.

Ruth: Good morning to you. Can we help you?

Soldier #1: Mrs...

Ruth: Ruth, just call me Ruth. Not much point in using Mr and Mrs anymore.

Soldier #2: Well Ruth, the thing of it is, we're under orders to look for new recruits, and we were walking by and I saw your son. Would you mind me asking how old he is?

Ruth: Why?

Soldier #1: You know why. Because the National Service law demands that every able bodied young man must serve in the army when he reaches the age of eighteen. So I'm not going to ask you again.

Ruth: You can't enforce that law.

Soldier #2: There's still a government out there. The law's the law.

Tom: When was the last time you heard anything from the government? What's the Prime Minister or the Queen ever done for us?

Soldier #2: Could you shut up please? We're talking to your wife.

Ruth: Don't speak to my husband like that.

Soldier #1: You listen to the radio. This war goes on. We need men, it's that simple. The law is the law. Now are you going to answer my question? I'll know if you're lying. If you lie to me, I'll take him away right now.

A slight pause. We should see Ruth's face as she wrestles with the answer to the question.

Ruth: Yes, he's eighteen.

Soldier #2: Speak up, he couldn't hear you.

Ruth: I said, yes, he's eighteen.

Jack: It's ok Mum.

Ruth: (half to herself, half to Jack) I'm sorry.

Joe: You're not going to take him on his birthday, have some compassion.

Soldier #1: As soon as he turns eighteen, he's obliged to go. Sorry, I don't make the law.

Tom: No, you just carry the guns.

Soldier #2: What did you say?

Soldier #1: It doesn't matter. Come on (he grabs Jack and begins to lead him away)

Ruth begins to run after them and attempts to reason with them, but they continue to lead Jack away.

End of film.

CHAPTER 2

Film A

The family crouch behind some bushes. The guard post and the gate are about ten/twenty feet away. Joe looks like he is about to collapse.

Jack: Mum, we can't go. Look at him. We have to stay here and look after him.

Ruth: What do you mean we can't go? We have to go.

Ruth: Dad what's wrong?

Joe: Nothing I'm fine.

Jack: Mum he's not fine. He can't go on this trip look at him.

Joe: I said I'm fine...

Jack: Say that again without being out of breath.

Billy: He's shaking.

Tom: Can you make it to the van?

Joe: I'll try.

Ruth: We need to go now Dad, we have to get Jack out of here.

Tom: Ruth for God's sake look at him.

Ruth: There's no choice, we either go now or we leave him behind.

Tom: If he's not at the north gate by noon, will they come for him?

Ruth: I don't know.

Jack: It doesn't matter, let me go, I don't want my granddad to suffer for me.

Billy: Mum he looks like he's going to faint.

Ruth: Will you be quiet Billy, I can't hear myself think.

Joe: I'll be fine.

Tom: Ruth we can't take him for miles if he's out of breath.

There is a silence. Joe just sits on the ground.

Ruth: I don't want to give my son up.

Tom: What about your father?

Ruth: Can we carry him?

Tom: He'll slow us down.

Ruth: Tom...

Tom: Ruth I'm telling you what it's going to take. What do you want to do?

Ruth: Tom and Jack, pick him up. Come on. We're going to do this.

Jack and Tom both grab hold of Joe and lift him to his feet. It visibly distresses him.

Tom: (to Joe) You're alright, we've got you, we're not leaving anyone behind.

Ruth: Come on.

End of film.

Film B

The family crouch behind some bushes. The guard post and the gate are about ten/twenty feet away. Joe looks like he is about to collapse.

Jack: Mum, we can't go. Look at him.

Ruth: What do you mean we can't go? We have to go.

Ruth: Dad what's wrong?

Joe: Nothing I'm fine.

Jack: Mum he's not fine. He can't go on this trip look at him.

Joe: I said I'm fine...

Jack: Say that again without being out of breath.

Billy: He's shaking.

Tom: Can you make it to the van?

Joe: I'll try.

Ruth: Dad, there's no room for 'try' we have to be lightning fast here.

Tom: Ruth for heaven's sake.

Ruth: Pick him up.

Jack: Mum....

Ruth: Dad can you move? We have to go.

Jack: Mum, he's old.

Ruth: Do you think I don't know that?

Jack: Mum let me go.

Ruth: You're not going anywhere. That lorry is our way out of here.

Jack: And go where?

Tom: Jack keep your voice down.

Jack: My grandad shouldn't have to suffer for me.

Ruth: This is all being done for you. So be quiet and do as you're told!

Joe: Leave me behind.

There is a pause. Ruth looks at her father.

Ruth: Fine.

Jack: WHAT?

Tom: Ruth....

Ruth: Leave him there.

Tom: Ruth what is wrong with you?

Ruth is fighting back tears.

Ruth: I'm sorry Dad.

Joe looks at his daughter.

Jack: Well I'm not leaving him.

Before he can say anymore, Ruth grabs his hand.

Ruth: We're going right now, because if you make any more of a fuss, we all get shot, do you understand that?

She grabs Jack's hand and runs for the lorry.

Tom and Billy look back at Joe.

Tom: Joe...

Joe: Just take Billy, and run.

Tom grabs Billy's hand and they too start running to the truck.

Cut to Joe, on the ground, alone.

End of film.

CHAPTER 3

Film A

The inside of a rickety, old lorry. Ruth, Billy, Jack and Joe sit on the floor. Muffled voices can be heard outside.

Billy: Have they got Dad?

Jack: Shut up Billy.

Ruth: Everyone be quiet, and keep your voices down.

Joe: They can't have followed us that quickly.

There is the sound of Tom's voice.

Jack: They have Dad.

Ruth: Ssssh.

They listen very carefully. They can hear teenage voices outside.

Joe: Who are they?

They hear Tom shouting.

We can hear the conversations of the voices outside.

Voice 1: Where are you going?

Tom: We're taking supplies to one of the camps. I'm just a driver.

Voice 2: This isn't one of the usual routes.

Tom: I took a detour.

Voice 1: Military drivers aren't allowed to take detours.

Tom: How do you know that?

Voice 2: He knows that because the army's drivers are smart enough to know not to get caught by us. Cos we

raid the lorries that pass through here, get it?

Tom: I don't know anything about that.

Voice 1: Who are you really?

Billy: They have him!

Jack: Mum we have to do something.

Ruth: Ssssh.

Voice 2: Is someone in there?

Tom: No. I didn't hear anything.

Voice 1: You're lying.

Voice 2: I definitely heard something.

Tom: There's no need to open that.

There is the sound of movement outside. The sound of the door being forced open can be heard.

End of film.

Film B

The inside of a rickety, old lorry. Ruth, Billy, Jack and Joe sit on the floor. The banging on the side of the lorry continues. We can hear the conversation between Tom and whoever is outside.

Voice 1: Come on now, come out.

Tom: I told you, there's no one in there.

Voice 2: Good, so you won't mind if we look around inside then.

Voice 1: Where are you going?

Tom: I'm just taking these supplies to the nearest camp.

Voice 2: Well this isn't a supply route.

Tom: How do you know?

Voice 1: He knows because we watch all the supply routes. We take food and supplies from the trucks, you understand?

There is the sound of Tom's voice.

Jack: They have Dad.

Ruth: Ssssh.

Joe: Who are they?

Ruth: Will everyone stop asking me questions?

Jack: Mum, we can't just leave him out there.

Ruth: I know, I know.

Joe: They could kill him.

Suddenly there is another loud banging on the side of the lorry.

Voice 1: Come out now. We know you're in there. We can hear you talking.

Ruth indicates to them to be quiet, as she braces herself to speak.

Voice: Come out, or we kill your friend.

Ruth: Fine, fine, we're coming out, but you leave him alone.

Voice: You want him to be safe, you show yourselves. All of you, no hiding.

Ruth: Fine, fine, we're opening the door, are you ready?

She mouths "it's fine" to the others.

Ruth: I'm opening the door, we're coming out now.

End of film.

CHAPTER 4

Film A

Billy lets himself through the front door of the house and creeps back into the room where all the boys are sleeping. He goes to shake Jack awake.

Billy: Wake up.

Jack: What?

Billy: It's a beautiful morning.

Jack: Sleeping.

Billy: Jack, Jack I need you to come outside.

Jack: Billy I'm sleeping, leave me alone.

Ruth suddenly startles him.

Ruth: Where have you been?

Billy is silent.

Ruth: Billy where have you been? What's wrong?

Billy: Just thought Jack might fancy a walk.

Ruth: What are you talking about?

Billy: I found...there's some extra blankets and food and stuff in a shed round the back, I need some help in getting it out.

Ruth: Extra food?

Billy: Yeah.

Ruth: Just sitting out there?

Billy: Yeah.

Ruth: And you need Jack to come and help you get it?

Billy: Yeah.

Ruth: What aren't you telling me?

Billy: He needs to go outside.

Ruth: Why does he need to go outside Billy?

Billy doesn't answer. Ruth peers through the window and can see a soldier standing several yards away from the house.

Ruth: Get down and keep quiet.

She goes to Tom and Joe to wake them up.

Ruth: Tom, Tom wake up. They've found us.

Jack begins to stir.

Ruth: Jack wake up. They've found us. Get everyone up.

Jack: What?

Ruth: Get up now.

End of film

Film B

Inside the house. Billy creeps to where his family are sleeping. He begins to shake Jack awake, and Ruth.

Billy: Mum, Jack, wake up.

Jack: Sleeping..

Billy: Mum...

Ruth: What is it?

Billy: There are soldiers outside, we have to get Jack out of here.

Ruth suddenly jerks awake.

Ruth: How many?

Billy: What?

Ruth: How many soldiers?

Billy: There was just the one who grabbed me.

Ruth: Did you see his face?

Billy: The one who came for Jack in the camp. The nicer one.

Ruth: They followed us?

A hand touches Ruth's arm. Stephen's hand.

Stephen: What's going on.

Ruth: Soldier. Outside. I don't know how they found us. God, I'm so sorry for all the trouble we've caused.

Stephen: It doesn't matter now.

Ruth looks at Stephen with real fear in her eyes. She goes to Jack and shakes him awake.

Ruth: Jack, get up son.

Jack sits up, rubs his eyes.

Ruth: They've found us we have to get up. Now.

Jack looks at his Mum. He is clearly terrified.

Jack: They're here?

Ruth: I'm sorry son, I don't see a way out.

End of film.

CHAPTER 5

Film A

Ruth sits on the floor, the pen in her hand. Lucas and the two soldiers stand over her.

She signs the confession.

Lucas: Well done.

Ruth: I did it for my family.

Lucas: There's no shame in that.

Ruth: I am ashamed. I just signed a piece of paper saying I agreed with an unjust law.

Lucas: That's your opinion.

Ruth: Doesn't my opinion matter? Aren't your men meant to be fighting for people like me? Mothers and children, parents, grandparents? I lost my father today. He believed in National Service. He believed that an army was a force for good.

Lucas: I am sorry about that.

Ruth: No you're not sorry. You don't have time to be sorry. It's not your job.

Lucas: We do the best we can to keep the peace.

Ruth: There is no rule here, no law. It's just men like you chasing boys like my son because they don't know what else to do.

Lucas: What else is there?

Ruth: You know if there's any real imagination in this world, we would remember how to make peace with one another. My father came from a time when they remembered to do that.

Lucas looks at the family, then back to Ruth.

Lucas: I haven't got time to fight for a new world. I can only fight in this one. In three days time, we will be back for your son. I suggest you make the most of your time together.

Ruth: I want you and your men to know that one day, I will find you, and I won't forget what you did here today. Your law is unjust.

Lucas nods to the two soldiers.

Lucas: We thank you for your confession. I really do apologise for this. I am doing my job. I have to believe it's the right thing to do.

The soldiers exit. The family are left alone. Tom hugs Ruth, holds her.

End of film.

Film B

Ruth sits on the floor, the pen and confession in her hand. Lucas and the two soldiers stand over her.

She tears the confession up.

A moment.

Lucas: That was a stupid thing to do.

Ruth: Do you honestly, in your wildest dreams, think I am going to sign this, after all that I've done for my family?

Lucas: You've condemned your whole family to death. Your son was only asked to serve his country.

Ruth: My son was being asked to die for his country. Thousands are slaughtered in this war every week. I listen to the radio. Weapons and killing machines more terrifying than you could possibly imagine.

Lucas: I don't have to imagine. I've seen it for myself.

Ruth: And what have you gained from it? What exactly is your life? Chasing women, children and old men around the country? You're the army, you're supposed to be protecting us.

Lucas: If all I have is my belief in the law, then that's what gets me up in the morning.

Ruth: All I have is my family. Please. Don't do this.

Lucas: I'm sorry. I don't answer to you.

Ruth: Then who do you answer to? Who does any of us answer to?

Lucas: Our country. Each other. Ruth, when you take things into your own hands, these are the consequences. We'll be back for you in three days. I'm so very sorry.

Ruth: Say that again and I will kill you myself.

Lucas: Goodbye.

He leads the soldiers out. Ruth stands there. She is defiant.

Tom reaches out a hand to comfort her but she shakes it off.

Ruth: No, that's not good enough.

End of film.

A large, expressive red watercolor brushstroke is positioned on the left side of the page, serving as a background for the title text. The stroke is thick and textured, with varying shades of red and some darker, more saturated areas. It has a rough, hand-painted appearance with some white highlights and darker red shadows.

INTRODUCTION AND REFERENCES TO NATIONAL CURRICULUM

CONFLICT AND CONSEQUENCE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Structure of sessions

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

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

English Programmes of Study: Key Stage 2

History Programmes of Study: Key Stage 2

Taken from the national curriculum English

Lower key stage 2 (years 3 & 4)

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

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

Upper key stage 2 (years 5 & 6)

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

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

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

Taken from the national curriculum

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

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

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

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

Refs to National Curriculum Statutory Requirements years 3&4:

Reading - comprehension

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

Writing - Composition

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

History

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

Refs to National Curriculum Statutory Requirements years 5&6:

Reading comprehension

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

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

Writing - Comprehension

Pupils should be taught to:

plan their writing by -

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

draft and write by -

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

evaluate and edit by -

- assessing the effectiveness of their own and others writing

History -

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

A large, irregular splash of red watercolor paint is centered on the left side of the page. The splash has a gradient from a darker red in the center to a lighter, more translucent red at the edges. The text 'LESSON PLANS' is written in white, bold, uppercase letters across the middle of this splash.

LESSON PLANS

LESSON 1

Subject:

National Service

Should we always do what were told to do?

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

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

Learning Objectives:

To develop an understanding of the characters and to start to emphasise with the circumstances that the characters find themselves in. To start to think about some of the items in the loan box and develop an understanding of the wider implications of National Service upon a person's life. To start to consider what people and organisations have influence and control over our lives.

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

Success Criteria:

Engaging in appropriate discussions and debate relating to subject matter. Engaging in the creation and performance of short scene relating to subject matter. The creation of a piece of creative writing that shows an understanding of how the writer might feel if they had to do National Service. Children should show an awareness of outside influences that have a control over their lives.

Resources:

"National Service" 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:

Support staff can play an active role in the P4C discussion. Support staff can assist groups when they are developing and creating different opinions for family members to have during the role-play exercise.

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
10 mins	Read the introduction and part one of the story or listen to a pupil reading the introduction part 1 of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).	Read the introduction and part one of the story 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 it ok to tell a lie?" "At what age do children become adults?" "Should we always do what the authorities (police, government, teachers) tell us to do?" "How far should we go to protect our loved ones?" 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:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
15 mins	Organise the class in to small groups and ask each group to imagine that they are a family and one of them has reached an age where they must do national service. Then ask the groups to devise a scene where the character that is going to do National Service must say goodbye to each of the other family members. In the scene each family member must voice their opinion regarding what they think about national service as they say goodbye. E.g. "See you soon son/daughter, it's a disgrace that you are being taken away from our family like this" or "Good luck son/daughter, this will be the making of you, you'll be a man/woman when you come back". Encourage the group to think of a variety of different reactions from the different family members.	Working in groups pupils should think about how different people might have different opinions relating to National Service. Develop, rehearse and perform a short scene that portrays a situation where a family member is leaving for National Service.

Literacy Task:

Ask children to write a diary entry that is written the night before they leave for National Service. Ask them to use the short scene that they created to help them to think about what they are going to say to their family before they leave and what they think their family might say to them. Tell them that they are lying in bed unable to sleep whilst they are writing the diary entry, ask them to think about the things they will miss from home and the things that they are looking forward to or worried about regarding the future.

LESSON 2

Subject:

National Service
The Value Of Life

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

Children should be given access to information regarding the differing conditions of prison and internment camps during different wars. Children could look at how German prisoners of war were treated in the UK during WW2. Children could look at the story of the prison camp "Stalag Luft III" from which the story of the film "The Great Escape" takes its inspiration.

Learning Objectives:

To debate, discuss and share opinion surrounding the value of human life. This can include how or if a person's age has any impact as to how important they are. Is it more important to save a baby or an old wise person? Does a person's social standing have any bearing on the value of their lives? Is it more important to save the Queen or a "normal" mother?

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

Success Criteria:

Engaging in appropriate discussions and debate relating to subject matter. Engaging in the creation and performance of short scene relating to subject matter.

The creation of a piece of creative writing clearly lays out step-by-step instructions of a plan to escape from an imaginary prison camp.

Resources:

"National Service" 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:

Support staff can play an active role in the P4C discussion. Support staff can assist groups when they are developing and creating different opinions for family members to have during the role-play exercise.

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 "Can their be War without sacrifice or death?" "Is it better to leave one person to die if it will save five others?" "Is an old persons life worth more/less than that of a young person?" "Is it OK to break the law if you believe the law is unjust?" 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:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
15 mins	Organise the class in to small groups and ask each group to imagine that they are a family and they are trapped inside a military camp. The camp is well guarded (unlike in the story). Each group must come up with a plan for how they will escape from the camp. The group can then create a number of different "freeze frames" that show how they plan to escape. The "freeze frames" should show how they plan to leave there huts without being detected, evade the guards, not be noticed by others as they cross the camp, how they will get through the gate/ over/under the fence and how they would get away once they got out.	Working in group's pupils should think up a plan of how they would escape from a well-guarded camp. They should then create a number of "freeze frames" (minimum 5) that plot their escape. The finished piece can then be shown back to the rest of the class in the style of a "living storyboard."

Literacy Task:

Pupils will be set the task of writing a set of instructions that detail how they will escape from the camp. The instructions should include times and detail any possible problems that they can foresee. The instructions can include some diagrams to further illustrate what must be done if the plan is to be successful. This task could be run as a competition to see who comes up with the best plan. Pupils can use the drama work they created to help to inspire their written plan but they should also add something new to make it unique to them. Pupils could be given the opportunity to create a blueprint that shows the layout of their imaginary camp.

LESSON 3

Subject:

National Service

Growing up and becoming an adult

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

Children should have some understanding of the context and background to National Service. Children should be given access to the artefacts present in the loan box and allowed to discuss what they are and their significance prior to the start of this session. Children should be put in groups and allowed some time to research national service from 1945 - 1963. Pupils should be given the opportunity to carry out online research and investigate opinions both for and against national service.

Learning Objectives:

To discuss and debate honesty, and whether or not it is important to be honest. To debate and discuss the term "The greater good" and what is its meaning. To discuss and debate the idea of self sacrifice and when could this be necessary, if ever?

To gain knowledge and understanding around the reasons for National Service and why it was considered necessary during its period of implementation in the UK. To create balanced arguments both for and against the implementation of National Service in today's society.

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. Developing a presentation that shows reasons why national Service existed and where men were sent after they were conscripted. To contribute to the creation of a creative presentation that showcases information and opinion discovered during research in to National Service.

To develop and document balanced arguments both for and against the implementation of National Service and consider the impact that it would have today.

Resources:

"National Service" 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:

Staff can assist during the research task and help group to organise their presentations.

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
10 mins	Read part three of the story or listen to a pupil reading the introduction part three of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).	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 "Is it best to own up to something or to try to keep it a secret?" "Do we always get in less trouble if we own up?" "Should Jack give himself up for the sake of the rest of the family? "	Participate in discussion and start to create arguments for/against each outcome. These can take the form of short dramatic scenes or verbal discussions.
5 mins	Finish this section of the session with a vote on which scene should be chosen. Watch the chosen scene (A or B)	Watch chosen scene

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
15 mins	As has been outlined in the prior learning section of this session plan, students should be given time to research National Service from 1949 to 1963 in groups prior to the start of this session. The class should be put in to the research group's and tasked with the creation of a presentation about national service. Groups should be given a little time to practice their presentation about National Service and then the groups should perform it back. The presentation should not be dry and pupils should be encouraged to find creative ways to present their research. Findings could take the form of a piece of drama depicting the day in the life of a person who has been conscripted for National Service, or a news report outlining why soldiers were sent to particular areas.	Working in group's pupils should present back their findings to the rest of the class. The presentations should be as creative as possible and could take the form of dramatic scenes or use different presentation styles and techniques incorporating music and digital technology.

Literacy Task:
Using the evidence gathered by both their own group and the different group's in the class pupils should produce a piece of persuasive writing either for or against the implementation of National Service in today's society. The writing should take reference from examples from the 50's as well as looking at how it would affect young people aged 17 to 21 today.

LESSON 4

Subject:

National Service

Should we always do what were told to do?

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

Children could talk to family members about personal experiences that have influenced them or had a lasting effect on them. Children could also ask family, friends and teachers about events and experiences that have taught them something. Pupils can also start to research and discuss how lessons can be taken from past conflict. To discuss the idea of growing up and becoming an adult and what experiences or events contribute to this process?

Learning Objectives:

Using the map in the loan box as a starting point children should start to develop an understanding of the reasons why National Service was compulsory for men aged 17 - 21 during the years 1949 -1963. To develop and gain evidence for arguments both for and against the benefits of and reasons for National Service. To begin to develop a basic understanding and awareness of what the British Empire was. To start to develop opinions regarding what sort of experiences help us to grow up, and the difference between being a child and an adult. To engage in discussion regarding things that are compulsory in their lives as they grow up.

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. To work in a group and contribute to the development freeze frames or short scenes that show important events in lives of the group members. To create scenes and/or freeze frames that show what things they believe they will be doing in five, ten and twenty year's time. To show in the freeze frames or scenes a connection between past and future and how an event that happened to them the past might have had an effect on what happens to them in the future. The effects maybe positive or negative.

Resources:

"National Service" 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:

Staff can help children to think of important events in their lives. These could include moving house, new family members coming in to their lives. Staff can also help to develop ideas regarding the future scenes and the connection between the past and the future.

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 there ever a time when we should give up?" "Should we sacrifice one person to save the lives of others?" "How do we make a decision when it seems impossible to decide?" 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:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
20 mins	In the story we hear how Grandad loves to tell stories about what he has done in the past and how it is important to remember history and learn from our past. In groups ask the class to create a short scene that shows how we can learn from our experiences. This can be an example of something that has happened to one of the group. It might be about how they learned not to leave homework to the last minute, or the importance of revising for a test. The group could also imagine how a past event will go on to influence them in their future lives. They could remember the birth of a sibling and then go on to start a business with them in the future.	Discuss examples of things that they have learnt through experience. To start to develop short scenes that demonstrate examples of learning through experience. Present scenes back to the rest of the class.

Literacy Task:

Ask the class to think about what they think they will be doing in ten years time. What jobs do they think they will be doing? Will they be at University? Will they still live at home? Will they be living in another country? Will they be married, have children etc?

After some discussion regarding this ask the group to write a letter or postcard from ten years in the future to their present day self. What advice would they give to themselves? What lessons do they think that they have learnt?

LESSON 5

Subject:

National Service

The law, then and now.

Length of Session:

1 hour

Prior Learning:

Children should research what are the laws in the UK and which ones directly affect them. Children should research who makes the laws in the UK and how these laws are upheld. Research could include at what age do laws change for people and laws around employment age and school leaving age. Children should also look to investigate the differences in the laws in the 1940s/50s and now. This could include the rights of women and children.

Learning Objectives:

Use the music from the 1950s as a way to engage the class in discussion about the differences between then and now. To allow children to develop an understanding of differences in opinion and attitudes from the 1950s to now. To discuss and develop an understanding of the laws that affects them as young people. To discuss the difference (if any) between rules at home, rules at school and the laws of the country. To look at why national service was accepted as part of life in the 1950s and whether it would be accepted now. To write up a document/ list that outlines laws that they would introduce if they were in charge of the country or in charge of school.

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. To show a basic understanding of some social differences between 1950 and now that would help to shape peoples opinion. To contribute to the creation of a scene or presentation that demonstrates a law or rule that they would implement if they had the authority to do so. To create a document that outlines the laws that they would introduce for school or their home and have reasonable arguments to justify the laws.

Resources:

“National Service” 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. Students should be given access to appropriate equipment for the purposes of research. 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:

Staff can help children to think of important events in their lives. These could include moving house, new family members coming in to their lives. Staff can also help to develop ideas regarding the future scenes and the connection between the past and the future.

Time:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
10 mins	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).	Read chapter five of the story or listen to a teacher reading chapter five of the story (dependant on how this part of the session is run).
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 "What would happen if there were no laws?" "Who has the most authority, parents, teachers, the police/army?" "Who has the right to decide what laws/ rules we should obey?" 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:	Teacher's Activity:	Children's Activities:
15 mins	Laws and rules affect us all and we have a limited ability to change this. Ask the children to work in small groups and come up with one new rule that they would like to have in the classroom. The groups can demonstrate the need for this via a short scene or presentation. They could demonstrate this as if they were members of a political party. The activity could be run in a party political way with children creating their own political groups and trying to convince the rest of the class of the need for their new rule. A vote could be taken at the end of the session and the rule could be implemented in-to the class if appropriate.	Working in groups the children should create a reasonable rule that could realistically be implemented in class. Consideration should be given to how it will affect all of the pupils in class and the wider school as a whole. Children should develop arguments and reasons why the introduction of the rule would benefit the class. In groups children should create a scene or develop a speech that demonstrates the need for the rule.

Literacy Task:

Ask the children to reflect upon the rules that were suggested during the previous part of the session. Using this as a basis ask the children to draw up a document or list that outlines their top ten laws/rules for school home or the entire country. These lists or documents could be written in an artistic way with the intention of using them to create a display.

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:

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

Organisation:

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

Support Staff Activities:

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

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

Time:

10 mins

Teacher's Activity:

v

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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