

## PART ONE

*(in the classroom)*

Facilitator:

Good morning. We are from Theatr Powys. This is *(introduces actors by real first names)*. I expect I'll learn your names during the day. *(looking round at the displays of work on the walls)* I see that you have already done a lot of work towards this project which looks very interesting.

Today we are going to tell you a story about a brother and sister who lived in the countryside in the middle of Wales during World War II. They lived on a farm with their mother Mary Jones. I've got a photo album of theirs here with pictures of all the people that you will meet today. It's very old looking now isn't it? Can you see what that date says? Come a bit closer and I'll show you all the pictures. As you can see there are four of us here today and there are lots more people than that in our story, so sometimes during the day we will be being different people.

Right, here is a picture of the farm – it's called Penryn. What date does it say underneath? *(the children are given time to answer each of these questions which may lead to dialogue)* What sort of farm do you think it was? What might farms have been like in those days? Do you think this farm would have had a tractor? Does anyone here live on a farm? Were you family there during the War?

*(They look at other photographs of the characters and discuss who they might be and what they might be like. Finally a picture is found that doesn't fit with the others. It is of another family and has German writing on it...)*

... look at this picture... is there anything particularly interesting about it? Why is it that funny colour? *(sepia)*. Would you like to find out where it has come from and why they have kept a picture with German writing on it?

*(slowly)* We thought that an exciting way of finding out would be for you to come back in time with us to 1939, when the War broke out in Europe, and to actually be in the story with us. We wondered if you would like to be the schoolchildren who were in Mrs. Evans' class at the school in the village where Lizzie and Gethin live. Would you like to do that? *(The children agree!)* Some things in the story are quite sad, but don't worry about that – and it is alright to cry if you want to. And if you feel very sad you can always come and tell me or sit by me and we can stop the story.

Okay. During the day we will be stopping the story anyway, to see what we have found out so far – like detective work. One question we will be asking you to think about during the day is what do the people in the story want from each other? What's really important to them and what are they fighting for?

Our story will be happening in the hall, but first I'd better warn you that Mrs. Evans, the teacher, is quite strict and every time she comes into the classroom she likes her pupils to stand up very straight. And when she says 'good morning children' they have to say 'good morning Mrs Evans'. Actually I think that underneath she is as soft as anything. See what you think! Right! Let's go! I think Lizzie has arrived early for school and is ready in the classroom.

*(She leads them to the hall where they are greeted by Lizzie whilst the Facilitator goes off to change into Mrs Evans. The set represents a traditional classroom.)*

## PART TWO

Lizzie:

Hello everyone! Quick, come in... I've got something to tell you. Find your places quickly... Guess what?! Gethin is coming into school later with some really big news... it's a secret and I can't tell you now... but you'll find out soon, Did you have a nice summer? Me and Billy made a den in our hay loft... it's great. Did you see Billy on the way to school? He's gone to Mrs Williams' class now. I think it's because he's so rude!

*(Possibility for collective story-telling here – exchanging stories of what they did in the summer and so on.)*

*(Enter Mrs Evans)*

Mrs Evans:

Good Morning children!

Children *(taking their cue from Lizzie and standing up very straight)*:

Good morning Mrs Evans!

Mrs Evans:

Good. Sit down. Quietly! Now then today's date is Monday September 11<sup>th</sup> 1939. Whose turn is it to write the date on the blackboard? *(A child volunteers or is picked)*. Nice and big and clear. Yes, that's it. Your handwriting is coming along well!

Right! Pay attention class. After your long summer holiday lots of you seem to have grown a great deal! Did any of you help with the harvest this year? Good. And were any of you lucky enough to go to the seaside? Well, I hope you collected some interesting things for our nature table.

I see that lots of you boys have got smart new boots for winter. Good. The school stove will be lit next month for the drying out of wet clothes. We don't want a repeat of last year's outbreak of whooping cough do we? *(addressing a particular child)* Is your little brother better now by the way?

Now, as you are quite well aware you have had this extra week off school for a very important reason. Something happened on September 3<sup>rd</sup> – can anyone tell me what it was? *(response)* Quite right. On Sunday morning our Prime Minister announced on the wireless that Great Britain was at war with

Germany. Did any of you hear it? Speak up now. Well, I've kept last week's newspaper so I shall read you what it said.

*(reads declaration of war from the newspaper)*

Now, do you know who this person Hitler is? *(response)* That's right dear... and now let's have a look at the map. Here is Poland and Germany. What's this bit of sea here called? *(response)* Right... so our soldiers will have to cross over the English Channel here to go and defend France and Poland. Pay attention everyone because there are some new rules and changes that are going to affect all of us. Sit up straight at the back there!

Firstly now, this is a gas mask and we will all be issued with one of these very soon. This is in case the Germans drop gas to try and poison us. We must carry them at all times and I will be very strict about this. I'll send you home to fetch it if you forget it... especially you, *(name)* – I know you sometimes forget your own head! Everyday we will practise our Gas Mark drill so that you get used to putting it on in an emergency.

Rule number two. The Blackout. We must blackout any light from our windows so that the German planes will have no clues about where our towns and villages are. This means that there will be no street lights either – so you will have to be extra careful about crossing the road and not falling over. If you take a torch with you, you must always keep it pointed down towards the ground. We don't want people thinking that we are sending signals to the Germans on purpose. We might be arrested as spies! Has anyone done there blackout at home? *(response)*

Talking of spies, some of you may already have seen posters in the towns and villages saying "Careless Talk Costs Lives" *(writes this on the board)*. What does this mean? *(response)* Yes... don't talk to strangers, don't gossip in public places about, for example, the munitions factory in Newtown.

And what does this say? *(writes)* "Make do and Mend". Now, there are going to be lots of shortages during the War because war is very expensive. What sorts of things do you think the Government will be having to spend money on? *(response)* Right. Also, all the ships that are usually used for bringing in food and cloth and other supplies will be taken up in the war effort and won't be risked on dangerous waters, so we will have to make do with, and mend, whatever we have. So look after your boots and shoes and don't throw anything away that might come in useful. Every penny we save will help towards winning the War. There is talk of rationing our food soon – and that will include sweets I'm afraid!

Now, the biggest change about the War will be that a lot of strangers will be in town. There will be children arriving here very soon from the city of Liverpool. Who can tell me why these children are leaving Liverpool? *(response leading to discussion of docks, industry and introduce word 'evacuees')*. And these

evacuees will be leaving their mummies and daddies and all the things that they know so we must be very kind to them.

*(She turns on the wireless where Princess Elizabeth is talking about this situation.)*

Now, a lot of your daddies and brothers won't have to go off to war because they are in what is called 'Reserved Occupations'. *(writes this on the board)* This means that because their job of growing food is so important for the country during a war, they are being asked to stay in Britain and do that. Some young men, however, have still volunteered to go off and fight. Has anyone's father or brother gone? *(response)* What's his name? *(response)* Oh, yes, I know him. Well, we've got one of these young men coming here this morning to say goodbye before he goes off today to Brecon for his training. He is going to tell us why he decided to volunteer for the army. Lizzie, it's your brother, Gethin Jones, isn't it dear? Now class, I used to teach Gethin when he was a little boy... smaller than you he was.... He used to sit in that corner there where *(name)* is sitting. Lizzie – go and fetch him in dear.

*(Lizzie goes to fetch Gethin)*

Now, shall we do our best to give Gethin a big send off? To show him how proud we are of him? You already know the song "Onward Christian Soldiers" don't you? Who would like to wave a flag? *(she hands out union flags)*. *(Name)*, would you like the tambourine, you're very musical aren't you? Right then, after his little speech we'll play the song when I shout out 'one, two, three'.

*(Gethin enters in uniform and with his rifle)*

Gethin:  
Hello Miss

Mrs Evans:  
Well Gethin, you are looking smart. Say 'good morning' children.

Children:  
Good morning Gethin.

Gethin:  
A lot of the boys are joining up on Saturday so I have come here to say goodbye on behalf of all of them. I heard on the wireless that they wanted people to step forward and fight the Nazis so I stepped forward... I responded to the call! I'll tell you why – because those Germans have invaded Poland, they're going to invade France and then it will be our turn – unless we say 'no', enough is enough! We are going to put a stop to this now! So I got my uniform and my gun... Can I show them my gun Miss?

Mrs Evans:  
Don't go pointing that at the children.

Gethin:

Don't worry Miss. It's not loaded. *(demonstrating)* You pull that back there, put the bullets in there, and push it forward in there. And you're already for them. *(He pulls the trigger. Click.)* The Germans. Every time I kill a German I'm going to put a notch on my gun there so when I come back I can show you all what I've done for my country. I've never been much of a fighter before but I reckon I'm ready to do this now because there are some things we just got to do. Get the Nazis before they get us. They've got to expect some trouble and they are going to get it. I've never been out of Wales before but I reckon now's as good a time as any. All our parents are proud of what we're doing... My mam has given her consent and wished me luck to go. I know that some of you have got brothers going and none of us want you to worry about us. If you want, every morning you can say a prayer for us. That would make us all feel better... And anything the government asks you to do to help us win this war you got to do it because we all got to pull together on this one. And we'll be back as soon as we've taken care of Hitler. And when we do come back we'll be able to hold our heads up high because we will have done our duty! I'm fighting this war for my valley, for Wales and for Britain. That's all I've got to say. Thank you for listening and God save the king!

Mrs Evans:

One! Two! Three!

*Children (sing Onward Christian Soldiers and wave their flags. Gethin goes round the group, proudly shaking their hands.)*

*(Mrs Evans removes her glasses and becomes once again...)*

Facilitator:

Let's stop the story there a minute and talk about what we have just seen. We are outside the story now.

*(Lizzie and Gethin are frozen in depiction. Lizzie proudly gazing at her brother and Gethin standing smartly to attention. The depiction is minutely sculpted to maximise the depth of responses that follow. Each of these questions is followed by discussion and sharing.)*

Let's look at Gethin and Lizzie. How do you think Gethin is feeling? What might he be thinking do you think? I wonder what he feels about being in a uniform? What is it that makes someone feel proud? What do you think it is that makes someone want to go and fight for their country? What is your country? – What makes up a country? What does it consist of? Who does a country belong to do you think?

I wonder what happens if someone doesn't want to fight? Do you think that people in the same country always believe the same things? What happens if they don't?

How does Lizzie look? What is she feeling? Why is she feeling like that?

I'm going to let Gethin and Lizzie go now. *(They leave)*

How did it make you feel singing the song and shaking hands with Gethin? When he was telling us about his decision to join up did he say something about his mother? That's right, he said she'd given her consent. How do you think his mother felt when he told her he was going away to fight in the War? I wonder what it is like when you have to say goodbye to someone you love? How do you think the mam felt when Gethin said he wanted to go to war? *(Sad, scared)* Scared of what? *(that he might get killed)* Would you like to find out? We can show you a flashback if you like.

*(She passes on the role of facilitator to another of the actor/teachers whilst she changes into the 'mam')*

Facilitator 2:

What we are going to do now is flashback to the week before Gethin joined up. Will you all come and sit on the base mat?

*(The children move from 'the classroom' to a base mat in front of a representation of the farmhouse.)*

PART THREE

*(The farmhouse. Mam, Gethin and Lizzie in depiction. Gethin clearly concerned and trying to get the courage to speak. He cleans an oil lamp. Mam darning. Lizzie doing homework. The set is decorated with a few period items which have been borrowed from the things that children have brought in from the parents or grandparents.)*

Facilitator 2:

We are going to stop the story and think about what's happening. First of all have a good look at this picture. What sort of people do you think they are? Why do you think that?

*(the children share their ideas about the characters, what they are like and what they are doing.)*

Facilitator 2:

Shall we find out?

Mam:

Move your shoes from the fire Gethin. They're steaming.

Gethin:

I'm drying them out still.

Mam:

Just move them a little further from the fire. And put some newspaper in them... Have you nearly finished your homework Lizzie?

Lizzie:

No.

Mam:

Get on with it, bach<sup>1</sup>. Then we can have some cocoa.

Lizzie:

I can't do this sum. It says 3 times 4 times 6.

Mam:

Gethin...

Gethin:

Yeah?

Mam:

Help your sister with her sums cariad<sup>2</sup>

*(Gethin moves round to help Lizzie)*

Gethin:

I can't make head nor tail of these sums...

Lizzie:

3 times 4 times 6. I don't know how you do it...

Gethin:

Well, you add 3 times 4 first.

Lizzie:

3 and 4's seven.

Mam:

Have you done that sum yet?

Lizzie:

Gethin's doing it for me and he can't do it!

Mam:

You're supposed to be doing it together... explain to her how to do it Gethin... don't just do it for her.

Gethin:

I don't even know how to do it myself. *(pause)* Mam, listen, I've wanted...

Mam:

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<sup>1</sup> Welsh for 'small' or, in this context, 'little one'. It is common for occasional Welsh words to be used in English speaking Welsh homes even today.

<sup>2</sup> = darling or loved one. A term of endearment used to family members and between lovers.

Alright then, let's have a look... say it again love.

Lizzie:  
3 times 4 times 6.

Mam:  
Alright. 3 times 4 – how much is that to start with?

Lizzie:  
Seven

Mam:  
No it isn't love, that's 3 plus 4.

Gethin:  
3 times 4 that's 12 innit?

Mam:  
That's it... see, you've got 4 and 4 and 4...

Lizzie:  
But then I've got to do times 6!

Gethin:  
Well, that's 12 times 6 innit?!

Mam:  
Alright Gethin, don't shout at her.

Lizzie:  
Bit I don't know what 12 times 6 is!

Mam:  
Oh Lizzie, don't be stupid... there's nothing to cry for.

Gethin  
Why are you crying Lizzie?

Mam:  
Gethin! Get that box of matches... right, 12 matches, count them out six times and see what it comes out as. 6 times 12.

Lizzie:  
You'll have to be very quiet.

Mam:  
Gethin, do you want some cocoa love? *(she goes out. Lizzie counts. Gethin gets up to follow mam into the kitchen but she is already on her way back)*

Gethin:



Mam, listen.

Lizzie:

Oh mam! I was on fourteen! *(she starts to count again)*

Gethin:

72

Mam:

Gethin!

Lizzie *(finishing)*

71, 72!

Mam:

Well done love, here's your cocoa... then it's bedtime.

*(they drink)*

Mam:

Have you fed that dog of your Geth?

Gethin:

Yeah, about half an hour ago.

Mam:

How did she work today? Is she learning?

Gethin:

Yeah. She getting better.

Mam:

Did you take her up the top field?

Gethin:

Yeah... she's not idle you know... she's... she's just young... she needs training.

Mam:

She's a daft thing... you're too soft on her Geth, You've got to teach them or they won't work for you.

Gethin:

I can't do it like dad though, can I?

Mam:

No. He was marvellous with dogs wasn't he?

Gethin:

Yeah.

*(long pause)*

Mam:  
Have you done now?

Lizzie:  
Yeah. I just want to finish my cocoa.

Mam:  
Alright. Then you're going to clean your teeth... It's cold tonight, you can bring your nightie down here to get ready by the fire. I've put a hot stone in your bed. Well, go on then. *(Lizzie exits)*

Gethin:  
Mind out for the ghosts!

Lizzie:  
Don't Gethin!

Mam:  
Gethin! Elizabeth, you're acting like a baby. It's nearly time for you to go to the big school... Now, come on, clean your teeth. The salt jar is out the back.

*(silence)*

Gethin:  
Mr. Price had the wireless on in the shop today...

Mam:  
If I'd have known you were at Price's I'd have given you money we owe from last week's groceries.

Gethin:  
It said that they were having big recruitment drives... they want boys to join up for the War... the army.

Mam:  
I hope he doesn't think I've forgotten... one and nine, I think it was.

*(Lizzie returns and sits with her cocoa)*

Gethin:  
Lot of boys from the village gonna join up... going down to Brecon on Saturday.

Mam:  
If they want to volunteer to get shot at and killed it's up to them... I thank God you're a farmer... reserved occupation, isn't it?

Gethin:  
People are saying it'll be over by Christmas.  
Lizzie:  
We're gonna beat the Nazis.

Mam:  
**You've** been listening to too much wireless, Elizabeth.

Gethin:  
Thing is, mam.... I've been thinking of joining up with the rest of the boys on Saturday.

Mam:  
Don't be stupid boy!... You don't **have** to go... besides the village boys aren't needed like you are they? They've got dads to look after things.

Gethin:  
I know I don't have to go, but I want to. You could get somebody else to come and work on the farm. Don't tell me I'm stupid because I think it's the right thing to do.

Mam:  
What do you mean it's the right thing to do? Deserting us to go off on some wild goose chase?

Gethin:  
It's not deserting you, it's helping you.

Mam:  
How is it helping me if you take your good strong pair of hands and everything you do on this farm away from here, and leave me and Lizzie to look after ourselves... don't be ridiculous... your dad wouldn't want you to go and you know that... you're being selfish... thinking of yourself... no-one else matters.

Gethin:  
It's not fair to talk about dad.

Lizzie:  
He's got to help the Jews.

Mam:  
What are you talking about Elizabeth?

Gethin:  
I told her what the Germans do to the Jews.

Lizzie:  
They kill them for no reason.

Mam:

What's that got to do with us?

(Wales)

Gethin:

Hitler's a madman and he's trying to take over the world... it's up to us boys to stop him... before it's too late.

Lizzie:

And he's making the German's mad as well, isn't he Gethin?

Mam:

Listen Gethin – your duty is here.

Gethin:

What about my duty to fight Hitler for my country?

Mam:

This (Wales) is your country... this valley is your country. How's it going to help **anyone** you going over there and getting your head blown off?

Facilitator 2.

Let's stop the story there for a moment.

*(She invites the children to look closely at the depiction and interpret how the characters are feeling. She then goes on to ask questions about why the mother doesn't want Gethin to go and why it is that Gethin is so keen to go. She then raises things that the characters have said and asks why they said it and what they meant by it.*

*The second stage of this facilitation requires the children to say who they agree with – the son or the mother. They are also given the chance to say that they agree with both! She then asks for suggestion for what Gethin could say to his mother to persuade her to let him go. Similarly they are asked to give suggestions for what the mother could say to her son (thus helping them clarify the arguments in their own minds). The actor/teachers, still in depiction, listen closely to these suggestions, for they will use them to interweave in the text that follows.*

Facilitator:

Okay, let's see what happens in the story.

*(The text that follows varies according to the input of the children during the facilitation)*

Mam (repeating):

How's it going to help **anyone** you going over there and getting your head blown off?

Gethin:

I'm not going to....

Mam:

And how's it going to help us, eh?

Gethin:

I'm not going to get my head blown off.

Mam:

Oh, you're going to be a hero, Gethin Jones?

Lizzie:

He's brave.

Mam:

Oh Elizabeth, don't be daft... he's not brave... he finches when he has to kill one of the sheep.

Gethin:

I don't!... Anyway, I still do it, don't I? I knew you were going to be like this about it... I knew you were.

Mam:

Well, if you're going to sulk Gethin, you can go to bed. See what the War's doing to us already.

Gethin:

It's not the War, mam, it's you... it's you... you're not letting me do it.

Mam:

You're too young... you're seventeen!

Gethin:

What's it going to be like when everyone else goes except me?

Mam:

That's it isn't it? You just want to join up because everyone else is... think you'll look like a man in your uniform, isn't it, boy?

Gethin:

It's not just that... it's about stopping someone doing things that are bad. We've got to help other people. You're always saying that! I thought you were a Christian, mam!

Mam:

Gethin! You've never spoken to me like that in your life before.

Gethin:

Because you've never stopped me like this before.

Man:

You silly boy!... I'm doing it for your sake... I'd be torn apart if anything happened to you. You don't have to go.

Gethin:  
But I want to.

Mam:  
Why?!

*(pause)*

Lizzie:  
He's be a cowardy custard if he didn't go.

Mam:  
Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie. I can't stop you. But I'll tell you this... It'll break my heart if you do go.

Gethin:  
It's not fair of you to say that mam. That's going to make me feel terrible... you should let me go and wish me luck... it shouldn't be like this.

Mam:  
It's not your war Gethin. It's got nothing to do with you.

Lizzie:  
But the Germans might come here mam.

Mam:  
Well, if the Germans come here we'll fight them.

Lizzie:  
But he's going to stop them before they do.

Gethin:  
Before it's too late.

Mam:  
Listen Gethin, both of you. During the last war thousands and thousands of little Welsh boys went off to fight and they got themselves killed. What for? All those mothers lost their sons and what did they get for it? Now we're told there's another war. What do you really think we'll be fighting for?

*(pause)*

Gethin:  
I told you.

Mam:  
Elizabeth, do you think he should go?

Lizzie:  
Yeah. But I don't want him to get killed.

*(Gethin comforts Lizzie)*

Gethin:  
Look... I'm not going to... it'll be alright.

Mam:  
Alright Gethin... I can't give you my blessing... but I'll give you my consent. You go boy and you keep your head down. Bedtime Lizzie! I want to talk to your brother.

Facilitator 2:  
Let's stop the story there.

*(The actor/teachers remain in depiction as the children are engaged in a series of discussions about this situation and the way it has been resolved. Information is checked – what has happened. What does the mam want to talk to Gethin about? Other questions might include:*

- *Was she right to try and stop Gethin going?*
- *Why did the mother think that Gethin was being selfish?*
- *Do you think Gethin should go? Why?*
- *How do you think Lizzie felt when the mother asked her if Gethin should go?*
- *Why do you think Gethin and Lizzie argued so much? Do they not like each other?*
- *How do you think Lizzie will feel when Gethin has gone?*
- *What will it be like with just Lizzie and her mother at home?*
- *How will it be different?*

Facilitator 2:  
We're going to take a break there. When you come back we'll be back in the classroom *(the classroom within the fiction)* over there.

## PART FOUR

*(The children enter the classroom. the date 13<sup>th</sup> May 1940 is written on the board.)*

Mrs Evans  
Good morning children... Good... right... sit down. Now, today's date? Yes (Simon?)? !3th May 1940. Good, yes. Now, today I've got two very important things to talk to you about – so sit up straight and pay attention. I want you to sit up as straight as this rod or else you'll feel this rod on your...?

Children  
Backside!

Mrs Evans

Right! Firstly I have to tell you that today, after very heavy bombing in Liverpool, our class has been asked to welcome a new evacuee. Her name is Kathleen O'Connor and she's eleven years old. She will be arriving here from Bootle in Liverpool sometime this morning. Now, I expect you to all be very nice to Kathleen. Do you promise?

Children

Yes

Mrs Evans

Right. Secondly – if you have been listening to the news on the wireless you will have heard that our Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, has given in his resignation. Does anyone know what that means?

*(Children respond and the word is explained is necessary)*

Yes. And Mr. Winston Churchill has been ask to take up his position. He has formed what has been called a National Government. There is about to be a speech on the wireless now – (Karen) could you switch on the wireless. Quiet now, why we wait for it to warm up.

*(Archive recording of Churchill's acceptance speech)*

Well children, I think we should say a little prayer for our new leader and for all the brave soldiers fighting. Hands together, eyes closed.

Please God, we ask you to give our new leader Mr. Churchill strength and guidance and we pray that you will keep our soldiers safe from harm. We say a special prayer for all the boys and men we know and love from our village and from Wales. Amen.

Children

Amen.

*(When they open their eyes Kathleen is standing there. She holds a rosary)*

Mrs Evans

Ah, hello. You must be Kathleen. Say 'hello' class.

Children

Hello.

Mrs Evans

Did you have a nice journey dear?

*(There is no response. Kathleen stares at the ground. The story is stopped as Mrs Evans becomes the Facilitator)*

Facilitator

Look closely at Kathleen. What sort of person do you think she is?



Look at her face. I wonder how she's feeling?  
What's that label she's wearing? What is it for? What does it say?  
Do you think the children in Mrs Evans' class would be interested in Kathleen?  
I wonder what sort of things they would want to find out from someone who had come from Liverpool?  
Well, when we go back into the story we'll ask her some of those interesting things.

*(In this section children usually identify Kathleen's poverty, her religion and her emotional state. They also have many questions about life in Liverpool.)*

Are you ready to start the story again?

*(Facilitator becomes Mrs Evans again)*

Mrs Evans  
Now then class, I'm sure that you've all got some questions that you'd like to ask Kathleen.

*(Improvised section with Kathleen and children. She is very defensive and not forthcoming.)*

Mrs Evans  
Well now, it's nearly lunchtime and I believe that you will be going home with Lizzie today because you are going to be staying at her house. *(Lizzie reacts)*  
Is that right Lizzie? *(Lizzie nods)* Well, I have to see the headmaster about Kathleen. Be good whilst I'm gone and look after Kathleen. *(she goes)*

*(There is an awkward silence. Kathleen has not moved from her place in front of the class. They look at her. In the conversation that eventually gets going, the children add their own comments and questions.)*

Lizzie  
You're going to be sleeping in Gethin's room.

Kathleen  
*(strong Liverpool accent)* Who's Gethin?

Lizzie  
My brother. He gone off to the War.

Kathleen  
So have my brothers.

Lizzie  
So you can only have his room 'til he comes back.

Kathleen

(*amazed*) To myself?

Lizzie

Yes. But your not to touch anything.

Kathleen

Alright. Keep your hair on.... Have you got a garden?

Lizzie

Yeah. A big one.

Kathleen

In Liverpool only posh people have gardens... are you rich?

Lizzie

(*to make the children laugh*) Richer than you!

Kathleen

We're rich! My sister works in a posh clothes shop.

Lizzie

Why don't you wear posh clothes then?

Kathleen

Don't want to... I want to feel comfortable.... My mam's got diamonds.

Lizzie

Not real ones.... You're dirty. Have you got lice?

Kathleen

Faff off will you!

Lizzie

You're a rudey, using dirty words. My mam'll wash your mouth out with soap and water... and Mrs Evans won't let you swear in school will she?... She's going to show us where Liverpool is on the map... she says it's miles away.

Kathleen

It is. I had to come a on a train.

Lizzie

Is it like round here?

Kathleen

No. Everything's closer together – it's better in Liverpool.

Lizzie

It's not is it?

Children

No!

Lizzie

Why did you come here then?

Kathleen

To be safe from the bombs.

Lizzie

You get bombed in Liverpool?

Kathleen

All the time... every night... I've got some shrapnel from a German bomb.... I saw an unexploded one once.... it crashed into a house. I stood three feet away from it... if I'd have touched it, it would have blown up.

Lizzie

Did you touch it?

Kathleen

'Course not, or else I wouldn't be here would I?..... Divvy.

Lizzie

What's a 'divvy'.

Kathleen

Someone whose made or asks daft questions.

Lizzie

Do they all talk funny and swear in Liverpool?

Kathleen

I don't talk funny... you do though. (*imitates Lizzie's accent*) *gobbledygook* 'you're a rudey' *gobbledygook*. I'm going to tell my mam that's how you talk.

Lizzie

If you are going to live round here, you'll have to talk like us.

Kathleen

I'll talk how I want to... (*she looks out of the window*). Why do you wear a ribbon in your hair? To stop your head falling off.

Lizzie

No. To keep the hair out of my eyes. You don't know anything... What's the capitol of France?... Paris is the answer. What's 3 x 4 x 6.... 72.

Kathleen

(*to the children*) What's the river in Liverpool called?

Lizzie

The Thames

Kathleen

Wrong! It's the Mersey... clever clogs.

Lizzie

So? It's a big river.

Kathleen

Anyway, I bet you've never been on a ferry all of you?

Lizzie

So, I bet you've never made a dam in a stream. Me and Gethin did!

Kathleen

I bet you've never hung on to the back bumper of a lorry of going a hundred miles an hour.

Lizzie

I bet you've never galloped on a horse at 200 miles an hour. *(She slumps off)*

Kathleen

*(to children)* Tuh! Where's the town from here? How far's that? You what?

*(Lizzie is whispering with some other children)*

Lizzie

*(with a jar of frogspawn)* Do you want a jelly?

Kathleen

You what? Has someone been sick in there? What is it.

*(At least some of the children encourage her to eat the frogspawn, assuring here that they are sweets. Improvised section. Kathleen doesn't fall for it though)*

Lizzie

You don't know anything about living in the country do you? I'm going to have to teach you everything I know.

Kathleen

Good.... That won't take long will it?

*(Mrs Evans enters. The children go quiet and organise themselves tidily.)*

Mrs Evans

Now. Kathleen O'Connor is a very unusual name isn't it. We don't have any O'Connors in this school do we? So ear, could you write your name nice and big and clear on the blackboard for me, so that we can all see how it's spelt?

*(Kathleen shakes her head)*

Mrs Evans

What's the matter dear? Don't be shy. Here's the chalk.

Kathleen

No. I don't feel like it. I want me dinner first.

Mrs Evans

*(jokingly)* If you are going to be in our class you'll have to do as you're told. That's right, isn't it class?

Kathleen

No! Get lost!. I don't want to be in your stinky class anyway!

*(She runs out, shouting. At a distance she stops, sits on her bag, sobbing. She gets out a watch and looks at it. Mrs Evans stops the story and becomes the facilitator)*

Facilitator

Let's come out of the story there.

What do you think Kathleen has got so upset about?

I wonder why she wouldn't write her name?

If she can't write why does she not just say so?

Do you think the class would have laughed at her?

What is she holding?

How is she looking at it?

I wonder where it comes from? Would you like to find out if we're right about all those things?

*(the children will have identified her mood, her illiteracy and probably confessed their teasing)*

Facilitator

We are going to watch another flashback now. This time we are going to go back to Kathleen's granddad's house in Liverpool, just before she left. Come and sit here, quietly now.

## PART FIVE

*(The children move to the Liverpool house set and sit, watching Granddad. He is smoking a pipe whilst he places tea-cups on the table. He wears a pocket watch.)*

Kathleen (off)

Granddad. Are you in? It's me.

Granddad  
Kathleen? Come in girl.

*(He makes a half-hearted attempt to hide his pipe and disperse the smoke.  
Kathleen enters. She has a bag with her.)*

Kathleen  
'Top of the morning to you Mr. Kelly'!

Granddad  
Why Miss O'Connor.... it is indeed a pleasure.

Kathleen  
I can smell smoke Granddad... tobacco.

Granddad  
Just the tiniest of bowlsful Princess.... I just wanted to remind myself of what it  
smells like.

*(Kathleen mimes opening a window)*

Kathleen  
You've done that alright, 'cause it stinks in here.

Granddad  
Don't open the window girl. That factory chimney smells worse than the  
tobacco. That stuff out there has got nothing to do with fresh air you know.

*(he starts to cough)*

Kathleen  
The doctor told you not to.... It just makes your chest worse.

Granddad  
Cup of tea would be just the ticket.... Put it right in no time.

Kathleen  
I'll just out the kettle on *(exit)*

Granddad  
Champion! That's my girl.

*(He notices the bag)*

What's this bag?... You moving house?

*(No reply)*

Kathleen! What's the bag for?

*(She returns)*

Kathleen  
It's my things Granddad.

Graddad  
I know they're your things girl.... What are they doing here?

Kathleen  
I thought I might stay with you for a while.

Granddad  
Oh you did, did you? ... I suppose that I don't have any say in the matter.

Kathleen  
Oh please Granddad.... I won't be any trouble.... I can look after you for a bit... go shopping... make you cups of tea.... I'll be company for you.... You can tell me stories and I'll mend the holes in your socks.

Granddad  
I haven't got holes in my socks!

Kathleen  
Yes you have. I've seen them.... Don't worry, I won't tell anyone.

Granddad  
Thanks very much.

Kathleen  
Look, please Granddad.... It's rotten round our house... horrible... it's the war... everybody arguing... our Tommy and our Michael are going to be soldiers... and Mam says they're too young and me Dad says she should let them go because soon the government'll make them fight and its better they go because they want to ... so me Mam's not speaking to me Dad and he's getting drunk all the time and blaming our Tommy and Michael... our Theresa and Margaret don't understand 'cause they're too young so they just cry all the time... it's that noisy.... and now they're saying I have to go away to live in Wales and I haven't even done nothing....

Granddad  
Alright! Enough, enough, enough.... sit down... handkerchief... blow.... deep breath.... again.... peppermint.... there now.... things aren't so bad are they? Let's think carefully.... Now no-one's going to send you to Wales because you've done something wrong.... It's for your own good.... People don't want you to get hurt.... You'll be safe there.

Kathleen  
I won't be.... They speak Welsh.

Granddad

For goodness sake girl.... Is That all you are worried about? They don't all speak Welsh.... I knew some Welsh boys in the first War – they spoke English better than me...

*(pause)*

Kathleen

But you're Irish.

Granddad

You know what I mean... we could understand each other.

Kathleen

But they'll all laugh at me.

Granddad

No they won't.

Kathleen

They will.... They'll laugh at me because I'm different to them and I'll sound funny.... like that Jew boy that came to our...

Granddad

Jewish boy.

Kathleen

Like the Jewish boy that came to our street from Germany, and everyone laughed at him because he was different and couldn't talk properly.

Granddad

Did you pick on him?

*(pause)*

Kathleen

No.

*(She looks at him)*

Just a bit.... Only because everyone else did.

Granddad

Was it right or was it wrong?

Kathleen

Wrong.



Granddad

Well, you'll know that if anyone picks on you they're wrong.... What do we do if we know something's wrong?

Kathleen

Put it right.

Granddad

How do we do it?

Kathleen

Stand firm and tell the truth.

Granddad

That's my girl.... Now you listen to me. You've got nothing to be ashamed of... you can be proud of coming from Liverpool.... It's a big city with a big heart and I bet you'll be able to tell them a thing or two that they don't know about in Wales.

*(Facilitator stops the story)*

Facilitator

Let's come outside of the story there.

What do you think Kathleen feels about leaving?

What makes someone afraid of going to a strange place?

Why does Kathleen think people will laugh at her?

Did they laugh at her? Why was that?

She seems different here, doesn't she. I wonder why that is?

I wonder why [people think it's alright to pick on someone just because everyone else does?

Doesn't that mean that even more people are picking on them?

What are the different reasons you can think of that people get picked on for?

That's a bit like how wars start isn't it – people fighting about being different.

What sort of man do you think Granddad is?

Do you think he'll be able to persuade Kathleen to go to Wales?

How might he persuade her do you think?

*(These are sample questions. Depending on the children's responses and preoccupations, there will be follow-up questions to help them universalise their understanding.)*

Granddad

That's my girl.... Now you listen to me. You've got nothing to be ashamed of... you can be proud of coming from Liverpool.... It's a big city with a big heart and I bet you'll be able to tell them a thing or two that they don't know about in Wales.

Kathleen

Suppose so.

Granddad

Course you will. You know I think it will be good for you. You should make the most of a good chance, that's what I think.

Kathleen

What's the countryside like?

Granddad

Well... you know Sefton Park?... It's a bit like that.

Kathleen

What, covered in statues and litterbins!?

Granddad

No, you daft ha'peth... Lot's of grass and trees. Lots of fresh air and open spaces instead of smoke and rows of houses... cleaner... you'll probably stop with a nice family who'll take care of you... maybe a room all to yourself.... just imagine that... they'd have books in the house and they'd show you how to read and then you could write and tell me how you're doing.... It'll be like a big holiday.

Kathleen

Father Allen told Mam that it wouldn't be good for me to go because they haven't got no Catholic schools there.

Granddad

What does Father Allen know about anything, except the Catholic Church. He's only just started wearing long trousers himself. You don't have to be a Catholic to be good you know. Damnation! Left the kettle on. *(exit)*

Kathleen

Mam say you're a wicked old man for saying things like that. I don't though..... Why do we have a war Granddad? I didn't want one.

Granddad *(returning)*

I know girl... sometimes people get greedy... they want more than they've got and they start to bully people to get it.

Kathleen

Like the gangs in our street. They're always fighting.

Granddad

I suppose so...

Kathleen

Who was the bully in the First World War?

Granddad

The Great War? Hard to say... they were all greedy and they got us to fight their battles... that's not fair is it?

Kathleen  
No!

Granddad  
Nobody won from that one. 'Fight for us and we'll give you a land fir for heroes' they told us, and they lied too... as we were as bad of after as we were before. You had to be a hero to live in this land... that was the truth of it.

Kathleen  
Who's going to win this war?

Granddad  
We've got to girl.... You see, it's like in a garden... that Hitler is like a weed that has to be got rid of... you can't just pull it up.... it'll keep spreading until it chokes all your flowers – you got to dig it out by it's roots and throw it away... and afterwards you've got to remember what the weed looked like... in case it tries to grow again... and the people of this country have to remember that it was them doing the digging – it's their garden – and they've got a right to say what grows in it. If we risk our lives to fight for freedom then we better know what freedom is.

*(pause)*

Look... Seeing as how you're going to Wales you could do me a favour... I'm worried about my watch. I'm always forgetting to wind it up. I'm so absent minded, I'm scared I'll lose it one day.... Would you take it to Wales with you and look after it for me?

Kathleen  
The good watch that Grandma gave you?

Granddad  
You'd be doing me a big favour

Kathleen  
Alright then Granddad.... I'll look after it.

*(Facilitator stops the story)*

Facilitator  
Well, we were right about Kathleen not being able to read weren't we?  
Do you think Kathleen feels better about going to Wales now?  
What do you think Granddad feels about the war? Was it the same as Gethin?  
Gethin called Hitler a madman and Granddad says he was alike a weed – ho do you think he managed to get so many people on his side?  
I wonder what Granddad meant when he said that Hitler was like a weed that had to be got rid of?  
He asked Kathleen to do him a favour didn't he? Did you believe what he said about the watch?

Look at Kathleen's face... do you think she's pleased? I wonder why the watch is important to her?

*(Again, these are sample questions. Depending on the children's responses and preoccupations, there will be follow-up questions to help them universalise their understanding.)*

Very good. We're going to stop now for you to have your lunch. Later on we will see what we've managed to solve so far in our mystery.

BREAK

PART FIVE

*(We are back in the children's classroom after lunch and the children are being gently edged back into the process by the actor/teacher playing the Facilitator and the Mam)*

Actor/Teacher

Hello again. I hope you all had a nice dinner! Well, we've found out quite a lot about the people in the photo album haven't we?

*(she recaps with the children what they have discovered and what remains to be found out.)*

Well, we are going to go back into the story now, one month after Kathleen came to stay at the farm. That means that Gethin has been away for nine months. I expect that a lot of things have happened to him in that time. I wonder how he might be feeling about being away from home for such a long time?

There are still some people we haven't seen yet, aren't there? One of these people is Billy and I think we are going to meet him very soon. Are there any questions before we go?

Right, so we are going back into Mrs Evan's class, where I think Lizzie and Kathleen are waiting for you.

*(The children go through to the classroom set in the hall where they are met by the two girls who engage the children in talk about the war, building belief in the context.)*

Lizzie

Have any of you had letters from your dads or brothers fighting in the war? We haven't heard from Gethin since he left for France. Do you know where they are fighting?

Kathleen

Our Michael is a pilot in the RAF. He'll be flying over the Germans and bombing them. (to a child) Your bother's a pilot isn't he?

Lizzie  
Hey, I like your cardi. Your mam knit it?

Kathleen  
You like mine?

Lizzie  
My mam knitted it but it's too small for me now so we've given it to Kathy. A my old shoes.

Kathleen  
Hey, can we go and play down the hayloft tonight, can we?

Lizzie  
Yeah, we'll get Billy over from the next farm. He's got a bike.

Kathleen  
We could have a go on it.

Lizzie  
*(to children)* Do you remember when the brakes didn't work – d'you remember what happened?

*(The children build the story together, laughing. Mrs Evans enters.)*

Mrs Evans  
Right! Quiet!. Good morning class.

Children  
Good morning Mrs Evans.

Mrs Evans  
Now, today's date is June 4<sup>th</sup> 1940. Can you come and write it on the board for me please.... Nice and big and clear. Good.  
Today is a great day for Britain, because, due to the extraordinary courage of 860 small boats, 200,000 of our brave soldiers have been rescued from the beaches of Northern France whilst under attack from German bomber planes. These little boats were sailed by ordinary men and women who were called out for the evacuation of Dunkirk by their own sense of duty. These poor soldiers had been retreating through France and the German advance had almost got the British cornered on the beaches. This bravery will go down in history as the Dunkirk spirit.  
Now, in celebration I have a special present for each of you. I have been collecting up my unwanted sweet rations and I've managed to collect enough to give each child in my class a beautifully wrapped humbug. You may eat it now, while we listen to the news of Dunkirk on the wireless, or you may put it in your pocket for later.  
Kathleen, come here please dear. *(Kathleen looks very different in her newer clothes and with a ribbon in her hair. Her cheeks are rosier)* My, how you've changed in one month – the country air has put some colour in your cheeks.

Kathy, will you hand some sweets to the monitors at the end of each row. Quietly now.

*(She turns on the wireless and the children listen to Churchill 'finest hour' speech extract)*

So, we must remember in our prayers all the brave soldiers and civilians involved in the victorious rescue.

There is a further announcement. From now on the church bells will be silent. There has been a government order that only in the event of a German invasion into Great Britain will the bells be rung. This will be our first warning. So, also the big school bell will also no longer be ringing – you will have to make sure that you are not late for school. Any questions? Right! Class dismissed – oh, one moment. Kathleen dear, I almost forgot. This letter arrived for you from Liverpool this morning.

Kathleen  
Thanks Miss.

## PART SIX

Facilitator

Come here and sit on this base mat and we can watch what happens when Kathleen takes her letter to the den in the barn later on the same day.

*(The children watch Kathleen sitting on a bale of straw, trying to make sense of the letter. She hears Lizzie and Billy approaching and hides it. She runs out.)*

Facilitator

She didn't seem to be able to make much of her letter did she? It's from Liverpool isn't it? I'd like to know what it says. Would you? We could read it outside of the story... go and get it *(to a child)*. I will read to you what it says.

Dear Kathleen,

I am writing this letter for your mam. She's alright, but she has to tell you some sad news. On Wednesday night at eleven o'clock there was an air raid and it was bad over East Ferry Street. Well, you know that your Granddad would never go down the shelter, well love, his home got a direct hit and your Granddad was killed by the blast. Just remember that he loved you. He would not have felt anything because it was a direct hit. Just remember that he always loved you and wanted you to be happy. Your mam is glad you are safe and sound from the bombs. She loves you and is praying for you everyday.

Uncle Peter and Mam.

Kathleen really cared for her Granddad didn't she?

I wonder what it will make her feel about the War?

She can't read the letter can she? Do you think she'll ask Lizzie to read it?

How will poor Lizzie feel when she has to break this sad news?

What would you do if you were Lizzie?

*(Again, these are sample questions and subsequent questions will be lead by the children's opinions and suggestions)*

*(They hear Kath's voice)*

Facilitator

Quick, out it back where we found it. We'll watch and see what happens. Remember, none of them know about the letter yet. If you feel sad for Kathy, remember that you can always come and sit by me or your teacher.

*(Kathleen re-enters. We hear Lizzie and Billy making ghostly noises outside)*

Kathleen

Shurrrup! I know it's you.

Billy

We are the ghosts of the barn.

*(Lizzie screeches)*

Kathleen

You sound a like a chicken Lizzie.

*(Lizzie creeps on and puts wood shavings down her back)*

Lizzie

I did it Billy! I got her!

Kathleen

You stupid pigs. It's itching me!

Lizzie

They're cutting the forest over by Billy's farm. We collected up loads of shavings.

Billy

*(Throwing some over Lizzie)* Makes great itching powder!

Kathleen

Oh, behave can't you. You're worse than our kid at home.!

Lizzie

Billy and I are getting married!

Billy

We're not gonna! We're not!

Kathleen  
I wouldn't marry that pillock.

Billy  
She swore! Her mind's as dirty as her body is!

Lizzie  
Yeah, she's got a smelly mind!

Kathleen  
(To Billy) **You** haven't even got a mind!

Billy  
Two plus two equals four – there's a mind. What's three times seven?! ....  
See, you don't know do you? Who's got a mind now then?

Lizzie  
(*Jumping on Billy*) Surrender you dirty Nazi spy!!!

Billy  
Achtung! Achtung! Nein, Nein!!

Kathy  
(*Try to get rid of him*) I think I saw your mam up the field Billy.

Billy  
Ahhh!!! (*Lizzie 'stabs' him*) I'm dead. I'm dead now.

Kathy  
Yeah, it's your mam.... She wants you! She's shouting for you to come home.

Billy  
She isn't! Anyway, my mam doesn't shout... She's too polite.

Lizzie  
Let's play something else.... Let's play Blind Man's Buff.

Billy  
Yeah! Who's going to be on.... I'm not going to.

Kathleen  
Ah! away! You're never on you?

Billy  
I am on!

Kathy  
(*Mimicking him*) 'I am on!'



Billy  
She did 'eeny meeny', so that's fair!

Kathleen  
I didn't see you doing it.

Lizzie  
I did, I swear!

*(They blindfold Kathleen)*

Billy  
Stop looking!

Kathleen  
I'm not!

Billy  
You are.

Kathleen  
Oh God!

Billy  
*(mimicking her)* 'Oh God'

Kathleen  
You're like a parrot you are.

Billy  
You're like a parrot you are.

*(They play, moving things in her way)*

Kathleen  
Ow! That's cheating and it's dangerous.

Billy  
There's another rule we going to do. A new rule for Catholics.

Kathleen  
Get lost!

*(They get her hands. Lizzie has a rope)*

Kathleen  
Leave me!!!... I'll still win!

*(They spin her round)*

Kathleen  
Get off me!

Billy  
Stop being a baby.

Kathleen  
Get it off me .... PLEASE!

*(They poke things at her)*

Lizzie  
This is a bone off a person – a Catholic person.

Kathleen  
No!

Billy  
The German's kill the Catholics!

Kathleen  
Wait 'til your mam hears about this Elizabeth Jones... I'm gonna wrote to the police about this in Liverpool.

Billy  
You can't write.

Lizzie  
Come on! Walk!

Kathleen  
You can't make me. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink.

*(Billy and Lizzie whisper together)*

Billy  
We're gonna help you go back.

Lizzie  
So come over here.

Billy  
Step.

Lizzie  
Put one foot up, that's it, over! Up!

Kathleen  
I'm not stupid - this is the basket.

Billy

You're not stupid... it is the basket. Harry Houdini does this – great escape artist!

Kathleen

Get off me!

*(Lizzie and Billy try to push her down into the hamper. She gets hysterical. Screaming)*

Billy

Tell her to stop screaming.

Lizzie

Shush!

Kathleen

You pigs! You Nazis. You're just like them you are!

*(Facilitator stops the story and repeats this last line)*

Facilitator

What does she mean by that?

What's happening here?

Why are Lizzie and Billy doing this to Kathleen?

Do you think they are enjoying it? I wonder why?

Is Kathleen enjoying it?

I wonder, do you think that people only behave like this when they are children?

They keep going on about Kathleen being a Catholic. Why is that?

It seems to me that this is a bit like what happens in a war – when people are cruel to each other for being different. What do you think?

What would you do if you were Kathy?

What will happen with the letter do you think?

Let's see what happens next.

Kathleen

You pigs! You Nazis. You're just like them you are!

*(She manages to get out of the hamper)*

Billy

You're gonna get us in trouble in a minute.

*(They take off the blindfold and rope. Lizzie sees the letter that had been hidden under the hamper)*

Lizzie

What's this! A letter! Woooo!

Kathleen  
Leave it! Leave it! It's my letter. Give it to me!

Billy  
I haven't got it.

*(Lizzie and Billy pass it to each other keeping it from Kathleen)*

Lizzie  
It's gone!... Where's it gone!?

Kathleen  
Give it back! PIGS!

Billy  
Shouldn't swear anyway.

Kathleen  
It's my letter.

Lizzie  
Your mam wrote it and it's lost for ever.

Billy  
You could tell it was from her mam because of the way it was written. Like a baby.

Lizzie  
On an envelope.

Kathleen  
I'm gonna tell your mam right now.

Lizzie  
Sometimes she wets the bed Billy!

Billy  
Ugh! Stinky. She thinks she's so grown up and she's a baby.

Kathleen  
It's only because of the dark.

Billy  
Scaredy.

Kathleen  
*(to Billy)* Why don't you just get off home. You don't live here you know.

Lizzie

Nor do you. You're trespassing... you shouldn't be here because you're in my brother's room. And you shouldn't be allowed in there, in his room!

Kathleen

I don't want to be in his room! I don't want to be here. I want to go home.

*(sobbing)* Give me my letter. I want my letter!

*(She attacks Billy)*

Billy

I haven't got it you stupid Catholic!

*(Lizzie waves it at her)*

Kathleen

You whingey nit!

*(She starts to read)*

Lizzie

'Dear whingey Kathleen...

Kathleen

It doesn't say that!

Lizzie

"I am writing this letter... for your mam. She's alright...

Billy

She's not alright. She's barmy!

Lizzie

'But she has to tell you some sad news'... this spelling's all wrong!

Billy

Daft!

Lizzie

'On Wednesday night at eleven o' clock there was an air raid and it was bad over East Ferry Street. Well, you know that your Granddad would never go down the shelter, well love, his home got a direct hit and your Granddad was killed by the blast....

*(Long pause)*

Kathleen

*(Begins to sob violently)* No!... No!...

Lizzie  
(*Very quietly*) Just remember that he loved you....

Billy  
I gotta go now... My Mam wants me.

Kathleen  
It doesn't say that... say you're lying... tell me the truth Lizzie please!

Billy  
You coming... Lizzie? Come and see mam.

(*Lizzie is caught in the middle. Long pause. Looks at Billy, then Kathleen*)

Lizzie  
No... (*very quietly*) No.

Kathleen  
Please say it doesn't say that.

Lizzie  
No... I'm staying here.

(*Billy exits*)

Kathleen  
Tell me th truth... does it say that?

Lizzie  
(*In tears*) Yeah... (*pause*) ... It says... 'He would not have felt anything because it was a direct hit. Just remember that he always loved you and wanted you to be happy. (*through her own tears*). Your mam is glad you are safe and sound from the bombs. She loves you and is praying for you everyday. Uncle Peter and Mam.

(*Stillness and quiet sobs*)

Kathleen  
He should've gone in the shelter. I told him, I told him... but he wouldn't go in and I wanted to stay with him and he wouldn't let me.

(*Long Pause*)

Lizzie  
My daddy died.

Kathleen  
I know.

Lizzie  
When I was seven.

Kathleen  
How did he die?

Lizzie  
He got T.B. I went to his funeral.

*(Kathleen cries quietly)*

Lizzie  
What we could do is bury this letter with his watch and then it would be like you were burying your Granddad and we could put it down by my rabbit's grave and sat a prayer.

Kathleen  
Will we have a cross?

Lizzie  
Gethin made my rabbit's cross. You could share it... We could write your Granddad's name on the other side.

*(Lizzie moves closer)*

Kathleen  
*(Under her breath)* I hate the Germans.

Lizzie  
What was he like, your Granddad?

Kathleen  
He was good.

Lizzie  
So was my dad.

Kathleen  
I do really want to go back to Liverpool, but I do like it here.

Lizzie  
It's good.

Kathleen  
I like... You can run about and that.

Lizzie  
You could stay.

Kathleen

Yeah, like the army land girls; learn to drive a tractor.

Lizzie

We should tell my mam, and she'll let you sleep in my bed. She's kind, my mam.

Kathleen

Where will you sleep?

Lizzie

There's enough room for two... in case you feel like crying in the night. I slept in with Gethin when I cried over my dad.

Kathleen

I hate those Nazis... I'll bet the Nazis invented T.B.

Lizzie

Gethin and your brothers, they'll kill the Nazis.

Kathleen

Yeah, kill them dead.

Lizzie

I remember my dad with the sheep... chasing Bessie – great big thing – she wouldn't come out of the corner of the field and he was chasing her and shouting. It was funny.

Kathleen

Maybe they will meet in heaven. What's heaven like?

Lizzie

It's nice.

Kathleen

My Granddad didn't believe in heaven though.

Lizzie

I don't think it matters. You just have to be good.

Kathleen

He was very good.

Lizzie

You alright?

Kathleen

I think so, yeah.



Lizzie  
Let's go and bury the watch and the letter.

*(Kathleen gets them out again)*

Kathleen  
I think I'll keep the watch, but I'll bury the letter. What prayer shall we say?

Lizzie  
We could say a Catholic one.

Kathleen  
Or we could make one up – more like a good-bye letter.

Lizzie  
Mam'll make you cocoa after, and we'll put some flowers on the grave...  
Rosebay willow herb.

*(Kathleen opens the letter carefully. Lizzie point to the words)*

'Remember that he always loved you'

Kathleen  
Remember that he always loved you...

*(Lizzie outs her arm around Kathleen. Depiction)*

Facilitator  
Are you alright? I think that they will be friends now, do you?  
What was it that made Lizzie stay and comfort her?  
Why did Billy leave?  
What do you think you would have done in that situation?  
*(Other discussion as appropriate or as they evolve.)*

Would you like to come back into the story now? Let's say that you all wanted to join in playing with Lizzie and Kathleen, so after school you followed them up to the barn. On the way you met Billy running away but they could hear that the girls were still there. Ok, move in closer and we can restart the story.

*(The children move into the playing space making a single crowd around Kathleen and Lizzie. The story starts up, and the girls welcome the rest of their classmates and tell them what's happened...)*

Kathleen  
We're going to write a prayer... letter.. to bury to say goodbye to my Granddad.

*(Together, the children suggest what to write and Lizzie writes it down. Finally the letter/prayer is read out for group approval. The Facilitator intervenes.)*

Facilitator

Do you think that helped Kathleen?

How did it help?

We're going to take a break now and then it will be the last part of our story.

## PART SEVEN

*(The children come in to the farmhouse set. There is some bunting hanging but as yet it is not finished. The best china is on the table. The Facilitator discusses the scene with the children, guessing what might be happening in the story. She explains that Gethin is coming back for three day's leave....)*

Facilitator

How do you think Lizzie will be feeling?

And how will Gethin be feeling?

How might Kathleen be feeling?

Let's get back to the story then. I'm going to join in the story as the mam, and after a while I will come out and we can watch the story together.

*(The girls enter excitedly with more bunting and a cake. Very high spirits.)*

Mam

What time will his train be in?

Lizzie

This afternoon or this evening they said.

Mam

It's beginning to get dark.

Kathleen

Why wasn't he on the train this morning with the others?

*(They continue to prepare the house – decorating and setting out a tea party)*

Lizzie

I don't know.

Mam

Gareth came home this morning. They'll be a party tonight!

Kathleen

Who was that man with one leg?

Lizzie

He's not from round here. I think he came with one of the other soldiers, to have a bit of a rest probably. I'll put this bunting up here?

Kathleen

I'll put this bit up.

Lizzie  
Mind my cake!

Kathleen  
I am minding it.

Mam  
Calm down you two. Why don't you take the cake out the back? Then you can surprise Gethin with it.

Kathleen and Lizzie  
Yeah!

Kathleen  
Does Gethin like cakes?

Lizzie  
Yes! And he'll be really hungry after the journey, won't he Mam?

Mam  
Gethin's always hungry.

Lizzie  
I know what we could do. On Sunday we could have a roast dinner with lots of vegetables and he could have a really big bit.

Mam  
I suppose we could try and swap some clothes coupons for meat with someone.... seeing as how it is a special occasion.

Lizzie  
We haven't had a roast for... I can't remember when.

Kathleen  
I bet he hasn't even had carrots and things for ages.

Lizzie  
Three whole days holiday he's got!

Mam  
It's called 'leave', Lizzie, not 'holiday'. Kathleen, you haven't washed your face.

Kathleen  
I'll do it before...

Mam  
Come here. Spit on that. (*Handkerchief. Mam washes the grubby marks from Kathleen's face with it.*) Honestly, I don't know what you do, but you are

always grubby. Now listen, with got three days with Gethin. That's plenty of time to ask him questions, so don't you go pestering him as soon as he comes through the door. He's probably very tired... understand?

Kathleen  
Fatigué!

Lizzie  
Yes. Will you put my blue ribbon in as well as these ones?

Mam  
Alright, come here. Now, don't forget he doesn't know about Kathleen being here, so we'll have to introduce her.

Kathleen  
Has he ever seen anyone from Liverpool?

Mam  
I expect so... there you are Lizzie.

Kathleen  
You look like a Christmas tree.

Lizzie  
It's getting really dark.

Kathleen  
He might get lost in the dark.

Mam  
I hope he gets here before I have to go out to meet the egg van. There! Now everything looks lovely.

Lizzie  
Mam! Mam! He's coming... I think it's him. It's a dark shadow. Yeah, it's Gethin. We'll take the cake out the back and hide, don't tell him where we are.

Mam  
No, no. I won't.

Lizzie  
Come on Kathleen. Sshhh!

*(Very low key. Gethin enters)*

Gethin  
Hello Mam.... It's alright Mam.

Mam  
Hello boy

*(they hug)*

Gethin

It's good to be back.... This looks nice.... Expecting someone are you?. I'll just put my bag down... It's heavy. Where's Lizzie.

Mam

She just popped out... She'll be here soon... She can't wait to see you. ... You look weary, plae.

Gethin

Just tired, that's all.

Mam

We'll feed you up. Be as fit as a fiddle in a few days... Fit... to ... go ... back.

Gathin

That's right... Place is looking good.

Mam

Since you've been gone I've had to do things I didn't realise I could do.... Been a lot of changes... government orders... rationing... quotas... lot of fields come under the plough to grow more.... We've had help mind. Italian prisoners... They're a good bunch mind... Funny really.

Gethin

Where's Floss?... Is she out the back?

Mam

Erm, no. She's gone back to the camp with Giovanni. That's one of the Italians... he's been taking care of her.... Floss likes him... She'll be down in the morning.

*(Silence)*

He's very good with her.... Geth, we've got someone staying with us.

Gethin

Oh aye?

Mam

Little girl from Liverpool. Kathleen O'Connor. She's an evacuee... She's been company for Lizzie... Don't worry, I've moved her in with Lizzie while you're here.

Gethin

I'm not worried Mam.

Mam  
Good... It'll be like old times eh? Three of us... four of us I mean.

Gethin  
Why don't you sit down Mam?

Mam  
Yes, I think I will... Gareth came back today on the earlier train.... And ther's a new baby over at the Lewis's... little boy... about time too after all those girls!.... You sure you're alright in yourself?

Gethin  
I'm fine Mam, I'm fine.

Mam  
Only, you seem a bit nervous.

Gethin  
So do you Mam.

Mam  
Well, it's just after all this time... worrying... wondering...

Gethin  
Stop fussing... it's alright... I'm here now.

Mam  
Yes, of course you are... We'll settle down in a little while won't we? Oh, listen Geth, the milk and egg van comes round at half past six, for the quota.

Gethin  
That's now.

Mam  
I'll have to nip out. I'll only be about twenty minutes or so.

Gethin  
Do you want me to come and help?

Mam  
No, it's alright love. I can manage. You stay here and put your feet up... You know Geth, I've been thinking... Seeing you now... Your Dad would have been so proud of you...

Gethin  
Proud of me?

*(Kathleen and Lizzie enter with a cake, candles lit. They sing:)*

Kathleen and Lizzie  
Onward Christian soldiers  
Marching as to war  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

Mam  
Oh dear! Doesn't Mrs Evans teach you to sing?

Gethin  
Hello Lizzie.

Lizzie  
Hello Gethin. I made you a cake.

Gethin  
It's lovely.

Lizzie  
You have to blow out the candles.

Gethin  
Alright, here goes.

Lizzie  
Make a wish.

Gethin  
Alright..... Done it. Thank you Lizzie.

Mam  
Lizzie, aren't you going to give your brother a kiss?

Gethin  
This must ne Kathleen is it?

Kathleen  
Hello... I've had your room.

Lizzie  
Kathleen's from Liverpool.

Gethin  
Mam was telling me... You're a long way from home aren't you?

Mam  
Lizzie made the cake specially yesterday.

Lizzie  
It's got real eggs in it.

Kathleen  
And chocolate!... Well, not real chocolate.

Lizzie  
It's drinking chocolate powder, but it's as good as real chocolate.

Mam  
We have to 'make do and mend' these days.

Lizzie  
We've been hearing all about Dunkirk... you all came back in boats didn't you?

Kathleen  
We heard there was loads didn't we?

Lizzie  
There was 350,000 altogether.

Mam  
Now girls, don't fuss him.

Kathleen  
And they said on the wireless that some of the boats were tipping over because they had so many people on them.

Lizzie  
You can't swim can you Gethin?

Gethin  
Not a stroke, no.

Mam  
Well, it's nearly half past six. I have to go and meet the van. We'll have tea when I get back. Lizzie, watch the kettle. And don't fuss him!

Gethin  
I'm glad to be home Mam.

Mam  
I'll see you presently then. *(exit)*

Lizzie  
I got your room exactly as it was when you left... Your boots are under your bed.

Gethin  
Thank you.



Kathleen  
We cleaned his boots, didn't we?

Lizzie  
Yeah, and put flowers in your room... bluebells from bluebell wood...

Kathleen  
Has he got his gun?

Lizzie  
Have you got your gun?

Gethin  
No. No, I've not got it with me.

Kathleen  
You said he'd have notches on his gun.

Lizzie  
Kathy wanted to see it. I told her about it.

Gethin  
Sorry about that Kathleen... I lost it... on a beach in France.

Lizzie  
Dunkirk, wasn't it Gethin?

Kathleen  
Must have been funny fighting on a beach!

Lizzie  
Mr. Churchill said they had to hide in the sand dunes.

Kathleen  
Year, to keep away from the planes... that was the only palace they could hide, wasn't it, they said.

Lizzie  
Did you hide in a sand dune?

Gethin  
What?

Lizzie  
Did you hide in a sand dune? from the bombs? Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gethin  
Yes. Yes, we all did.

Lizzie  
There's not much shelter in a sand dune.

Kathleen  
Maybe they had to dig the sand away with their *hands* and then they just sort of got in.

Lizzie  
Like a burrow? Like a rabbit?

Kathleen  
Yeah, like rabbits!

*(They giggle)*

I'd never seen a rabbit before I came here.

Lizzie  
Or sheep, she hadn't seen a sheep! ... They were bombing in Liverpool and Kathleen saw a bomb hitting a house, didn't you Kathleen?

Kathleen  
Yeah

Lizzie  
But she hasn't seen nearly as many bombs as you have... Did you kill lots of Germans?

Gethin  
Why don't you two go and play until Mam gets back, then we'll have tea.

Lizzie  
Mrs Evans said I have to show you this. I did it in class. It's a story of what it was like in France when you were fighting the Germans. There's a picture of you in your uniform.

Kathleen  
The picture's a bit wider than he is though, isn't it?

*(Silence)*

Gethin  
Look, can't you find something to do instead of standing there gawping at me... You make me feel like I was some kind of exhibition.

Lizzie  
You have to read my story.

Gethin  
I'm tired, Lizzie. I'll read it later.

Lizzie  
Just read the first bit.

Gethin  
Later!... Alright?

Kathleen  
I thought you said he was going to tell us what it was like.

Lizzie  
He will tell us.

Kathleen  
He's a bit bad-tempered, isn't he?

Gethin  
What are you whispering about?

Lizzie  
Nothing.

Gethin  
Yes you were, you were whispering. .. What's the matter with you? Look, don't just stand there. What do you want?

Lizzie  
You're not the same anymore. You won't read my story.

Gethin  
Alright, alright, give me the book, I'll read the story.

Lizzie  
You don't want to read it.

Gethin  
I do... I do want to read it, I just said I did. Now give me the book.

*(He grabs it)*

Kathleen  
You're going to tear it.

Gethin  
Give it me please.

Lizzie  
You're not reading it now.

Kathleen

You're going to tear the book... Gethin, Gethin....Do you want some cake?

Gethin

No... No! I don't want any cake... I want to be left alone.

Lizzie

You've gone horrible! It wasn't supposed to be like this.

*(She throws the book down and sits on the floor, weeping)*

Gethin

*(To Kathleen)* What are you staring at?

Kathleen

Why didn't you want to read her story?

Gethin

Alright, I'll read her story... "Gethin Jones fights the Nazis".

*(He reads quietly to himself, occasionally with wry laughter.)*

Really? It wasn't like that. It wasn't like that at all.

Kathleen

I thought today was going to be happy. You've spoilt it now. Aren't you happy to have come home? Maybe you should have stayed away if you wanted to be left alone. Lizzie said you were kind. We were only asking you what it was like.

Gethin

You want to know what it was like? Really? Ok, I'll tell you. See this?

*(He pulls out the photograph of the German family from his pocket)*

Do you know what this is? It's the photograph of a German family... I got it off a dead German... That's his blood. I stole it off him. That's his Mam, that's his Dad and that's his brother. Look, he's got a yo-yo just like Lizzie's.

Kathleen

Did you kill him?

Gethin

Yes, I shot him... close up... never saw what it does before... I gave him such a shock.... It was in a barn, like our barn, only in France. We were retreating back towards the beaches... we'd got hammered... a real mess... a shell exploded... close... I went into the barn... thought I'd be safer in the barn... and there he was... hiding, scared... scared of the explosion, like I was... like we all were... bombs don't care whose side you're on... he must have got cut off from his unit when we first landed and there he was... there we were

staring at each other.... It seemed like an age 'til we realised we had different uniforms on... he moved first, went for his gun... well, I still had mine in my hand so I shot him... and down he went.

Kathleen

Well, that's good, He was fighting for the Nazis... they're doing horrible things in Germany and being fascists... my Granddad told me and he's dead now because of them... you have to do it because they're going to kill everyone and they'll come and they'll take over.

Gethin

I could have pretended I didn't see him... headed off back to the beach

Kathleen

You're acting like you're a coward. He would have killed you.

Gethin

Taking a life of someone. If it wasn't a war I'd be a murderer.

Kathleen

You'd be dead now if you hadn't done it.

Gethin

When I first left here, everyone was waving flags. I was off to kill the Nazis... but when it's happening you just think.... is this shell going to blow my head off.... oh, no, it's not... that's good, I'm still alive.... you're just cold and hungry and scared... people at home don't want to hear that... they want to hear that everything's normal, everything's alright... well, it isn't! It isn't alright... War is horrible... It's made me feel different.

Kathleen

Everyone feels different.... I had to come here and I didn't want to... The Germans kill my Granddad and my Mam's still in Liverpool where the bombs are... everyone's been waiting for you to come back... Lizzie's Mam's been... sometimes she doesn't go to bed... thinking about you... when Dunkirk was on the wireless and all the bombs and that... they just didn't... they couldn't... you might have been dead... Lizzie's Mam's made up that your alright... we saw a man today get off the train with one leg. I mean, you're together... nothing's missing... they care about you and all you can do is shout at Lizzie and make her cry... you ruined everything.

Gethin

Well, I feel like something's missing... The sooner I go back the better eh?

Kathleen

Why go back if you don't like it?

Gethin

I am going back for the people at my side... my friends... the people I fight with. I belong with them... we understand each other... all from different places... all the same.

Kathleen

Are any of your friends from Liverpool?

Gethin

Yeah

Kathleen

What are their names?... Have you gone a bit divvy?

Gethin

You don't understand do you? We've, we've got to... find something to make it worth it.... I've got to get some fresh air.

*(He exits. Kathleen goes to Lizzie and hugs her. They leave together.)*

*(Facilitator talks to the children about what has been said and asks them about the arguments they have heard and their own feelings and opinions. The children are often quite subdued at this point. There is a lot of difficult concepts and contradictions to deal with. Finally:)*

Facilitator

Gethin is going back in a few days. Do you think it's important that they try to make it up before he goes back?

How might they do that?

Do you feel that you understand about what's happened?

Would you like to come back into the story to help Lizzie and Gethin and the family?

Let's say that in the story the children had heard about Gethin coming back and were on their way up to the farm. Then at the little gateway at the bottom of the style – you know the one I mean? – they met Kathleen and Lizzie running away from the house in tears. And they told you everything that had happened and they asked you if you would go and explain it to the Mam. Because she's going to come back in and find that they're gone. Will you do that?

OK, gather here together I you decide what needs to be said and how you are going to explain it to the mam. And when you've decided you can come up to the house, to the parlour, and explain it to her.

*(The children are left alone to discuss what to do and what to say. When this appears to be ready, the Mam enters the farmhouse and notices the children 'outside')*

## PART EIGHT

(This section is freely improvised and largely led by the children. The jog of the actor/teachers is to deepen understanding through Socratic questions. It would normally last about twenty minutes.)

Mam

Hello! Have you all come to see Gethin?

*(She makes small talk with some of individuals, about their families etc. She then invites them in. They sit on the chairs and on the floor in the house. Some remain standing. More small talk – all deepening and reminding of the role.)*

*(The children then explain about the row and show her the damaged story book. They explain how Gethin is feeling and repeat much of what was said. The Mam, in a 'twilighting' role, gets them to reflect further on their comments and thoughts. She seems at times just not to understand what Gethin is feeling and thus the children have to explain more thoroughly and carefully. The story of the German soldier disturbs her. She asks them what she should do. She was hoping he's be able to help round the farm for a couple of days. The children suggest that he is allowed to rest. And that the bunting and celebrations should be put out of the way. Don't question him! Don't talk about the war. The children help her clear away the celebrations. Eventually she calls the two girls from their room. They are surprised to see the room cleared and the children have now to explain to them why they have done it and the mistakes that Lizzie and Kathleen had made in dealing with Gethin. With the children's help they come to a better understanding of what has happened. Lizzie is sent to get Gethin and to apologise – or whatever the children have suggested. Gethin is calmer and is polite to the children. He notices the changes in the room, but says nothing. The children talk to him about many things – but not his experiences. The photograph does get mentioned and the Mam looks at it. Eventually, Gethin is able to talk about his experiences and his feelings. The family comes together with the children's help.)*

Facilitator

That's the end of the story. I think you coming up to the house really helped. And I think that in the story today there's been lots of times when people have had to put themselves in other people's shoes. Like Lizzie had to put herself in Kathleen's shoes when her Granddad died. Kathleen had to put herself in Gethin's shoes and Gethin – and the whole family – had to put themselves in the shoes of this German family. If you like, with your teacher, you could finish off the story. About what happened to all these people. Because there was another five years of war to go yet, wasn't there?

We'll let everyone relax now.

*(The family depiction is relaxed. If there is time children are allowed to ask questions outside the story and resolve any issues that are still 'live' in the group. The children are congratulated on their hard work during the day.)*