**Online Resources *100 Ideas for Secondary Teachers: Teaching Drama***

**Idea 6: The Secret Magic Diary**

1. **An Actor Remembers**

“Forty years ago I stepped out onto the stage to recite Hamlet to a large audience who had paid a lot of money to see me. For some reason the words wouldn’t come out. I just stood there. At first the audience fidgeted a little, then rustled a bit more, and then started making comments and calling out. But I still couldn’t remember my lines. I had to walk off the stage with my head bowed low. One of my worst memories.”

1. **A Swimmer Remembers**

“I had been swimming many lengths and was quite full of adrenaline. In those days I was quite a hot head and a guy kept bumping into me, I thought, deliberately. With my new girlfriend/boyfriend sitting by the pool watching I really had had enough of this. In temper I sprang out of the water and walked around the pool until I got to where the offender was. I gesticulated wildly for him to get out of the water so that I could explain something to him about manners. My girlfriend/boyfriend and many others were watching and I thought *“I’ll show him!”*

He started to climb out of the water. It’s a funny thing with water. In a swimming pool you can only see peoples’ heads, so you’ve got no real sense of scale for what lies beneath. When he got out and stood next to me I looked up at a giant of a man, towering over me.

I said *‘Are you having a nice time? Water’s lovely and warm isn’t it? – Er, just checking everything is alright…’* I had never known my voice to be meeker.”

 **3. A Baker Remembers**

My father owned a bakery, and thought it was good idea to leave our family cat there overnight, to scare all the mice away. The next day we couldn’t find the cat, although we kept calling for him – ‘*Jinx!’, ‘Jinx!’.*

Weeks went by, and I slowly gave up hope. Then one day, while I was helping my dad fry doughnuts, still in a gloomy mood because I had lost my cat, I suddenly heard something overhead. In a small hole in the ceiling a black wet nose was sniffing and I caught a glimpse of whiskers. The cat was in the loft! We hurried to rescue him and, apart from the fact that he was bit thin, he was none the worst for the experience. Even better, we haven’t seen any mice around the bakery for months.