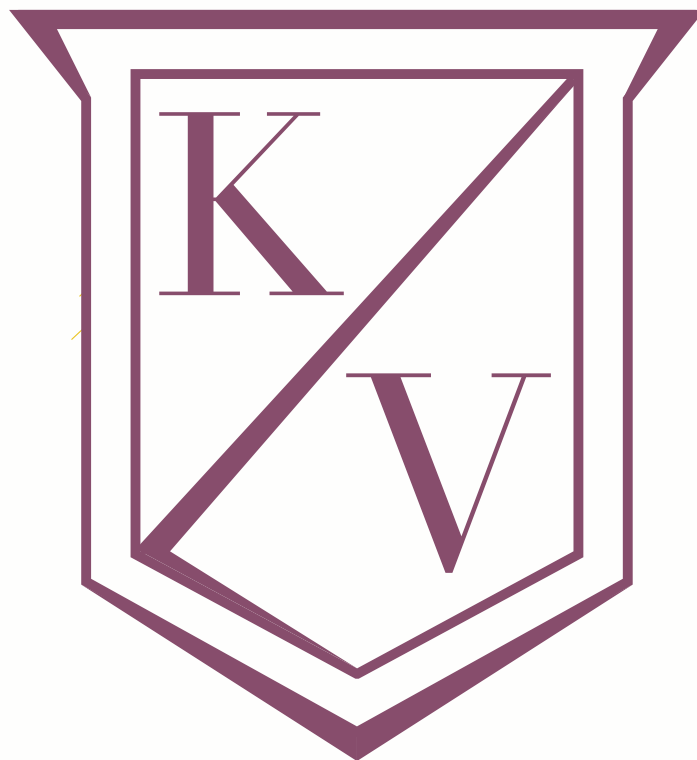


Heroes Who Inspire

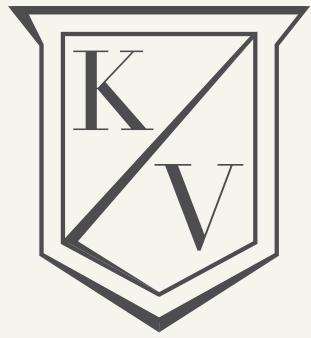
Knightly Virtues



Anne Frank

Learning About the
Virtues of Humility and Honesty

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES

Anne Frank

Duitse schryvers
ga lezen. Het Duits
lezen, gaat nu al be-
trekkelijk vlot. Alleen

Anne Frank — Introduction

The purpose of this pack is to reaffirm and develop pupils' knowledge and understandings of the character virtues, with particular reference to the virtues of **humility** and **honesty**.

To accompany these **Teacher's Notes**, **Anne Frank – The Story**, and **Anne Frank – Resources for Pupils** are downloadable via the Jubilee Centre for Character and Virtues website (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The following supporting documents are also provided online:

- **Knightly Virtues Introduction Materials**
- **Virtues Toolkit** including activities on the following virtues: Self Discipline, Honesty, Love, Gratitude, Justice, Courage, Service, Humility
- **Anne Frank PowerPoint**
- **Other stories in the programme** including Gareth and Lynette, El Cid, Don Quixote, Merchant of Venice, Rosa Parks, Beowulf, Joan of Arc and Robin Hood

Background Information for Teachers

This information is to supplement the Anne Frank PowerPoint which provides an introduction to the story, available online (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The edited version of Anne Frank's Diary in this pack gives a simplified account of Anne's life in the Secret Annexe. For reasons of space this version focuses in the main upon Anne herself with little mention of the other characters who are also in hiding. The main focus of the narrative is to provide sufficient evidence of Anne's courage and optimism in the historical context of life for Jewish people in Nazi occupied Europe. The extracts provide opportunities to discuss Anne's virtues and disposition. Teachers may well wish to expand and develop work begun here in the context of work upon the Second World War.

Anne Frank — Lesson Plan

Title: Anne Frank – Humility and Honesty

Year Group 5/6
Curriculum links: Literacy, History

Learning Objectives

1. To understand what the virtues of humility and honesty mean in the story of Anne Frank;
2. To accurately identify vocabulary which illustrate the virtues of humility and honesty from the story of Anne Frank;
3. To demonstrate sustained attention to an extended narrative and answer relevant questions accurately;
4. To be able to accurately retrieve information from the narrative which illustrates an answer or point of view.

Learning Outcomes

1. To be able to identify and describe the virtues of humility and honesty;
2. To begin to be able to relate the virtues of humility and honesty to our own lives today.

Resources

Related Knightly Virtues resources, including the Virtues Toolkit, are available via www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Provided: Anne Frank narrative, Anne Frank Teacher's Notes, Anne Frank Resources For Pupils

Not Provided: Interactive White Board, Flipchart, Pens

Introduction (15mins)

Introduce/reaffirm the meaning of character and virtue (Knightly Virtues Introduction PowerPoint). Introduce the Knightly Virtues definitions of humility and honesty (Virtues Toolkit). Establish open space for pupil engagement principles.

The Story (30-35mins)

Read the story to pupils. Provide pupils with the opportunity to clarify understanding. Provide pupils with access to the Glossary for reference to character names and new vocabulary.

Activity (15-20mins)

Virtue in Focus: Humility

Look at the diary extracts of Anne's two years in hiding (pages 10 to 18). Write down three incidents where Anne shows humility towards others. Invite pupils to look through the rest of the narrative for additional examples of humility. Invite pupils to look at the rest of the story. Ask them to make a note of any other virtues apart from humility that Anne displays. You may wish to refer to the virtue definition cards available on the Virtues Toolkit.

Plenary (15mins)

Bring the group together to discuss the examples of humility found within the story and invite them to share their examples. Show and read the honesty virtue card (available in the Virtues Toolkit) and introduce the homework task.

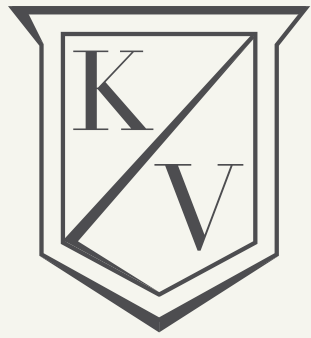
Progression/Homework

Virtue in Focus: Honesty

Honesty task from the Virtues Toolkit found online at www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources



Heroes Who Inspire



THE STORY



Anne Frank

Story retold by Jon Davison

Duitse schryfvers
ga lezen. Het Duits
lezen, gaat nu al be-
trekkelij kv lot. Alleen

Anne Frank — The Story

Prologue

Anneliese Marie Frank was born on 12 June 1929 in Frankfurt, Germany. Anne and her family moved to Amsterdam, Holland in 1933, when the Nazis gained control over Germany. By May 1940 Germany occupied the Netherlands and persecuted the Jewish population.

In July 1942, Anne and her family went into hiding in some secret rooms above the offices where Anne's father worked.

The 'diary' Anne received for her 13th birthday was actually an autograph book. Anne wrote most of her diary in the form of letters to a person named 'Kitty'. The following extracts are taken from Anne's own words.

Anne Frank's Diary

June 12, 1942

I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I have never been able to confide in anyone, and I hope you will be a great source of comfort and support.

14 June 1942

I'll begin from the moment I got you, the moment I saw you lying on the table among my other birthday presents. (I went along when you were bought, but that doesn't count.) On Friday, June 12, I was awake at six o'clock, which isn't surprising, since it was my birthday. But I'm not allowed to get up at that hour, so I had to control my curiosity until quarter to seven.

When I couldn't wait any longer, I went to the dining room, where Moortje (the cat) welcomed me by rubbing against my legs. A little after seven I went to Daddy and Mama and then to the living room to open my presents, and you were the first thing I saw, maybe one of my nicest presents...

From Daddy and Mama I got a blue blouse, a game, a bottle of grape juice, which to my mind tastes a bit like wine (after all, wine is made from grapes), a puzzle, a jar of cold cream, 2.50 guilders and a gift certificate for two books... lots of sweets and a strawberry tart from Mother. And a letter from Grammy, right on time, but of course that was just a coincidence.

On 20 June 1942 Anne named her diary 'Kitty'. From then on all of her diary entries are written as if they are a letter to her imaginary friend. They begin 'Dear Kitty' and usually end 'Yours Anne'.

Before beginning her first 'formal' diary entry, Anne wrote an introduction:

Since no one would understand a word of my stories to Kitty if I were to plunge right in, I'd better provide a brief sketch of my life, much as I dislike doing so. My father, the most adorable father I've ever seen, didn't marry my mother until he was thirty-six and she was twenty-five. My sister Margot was born in Frankfurt am Main in Germany in 1926.

I was born on June 12, 1929. I lived in Frankfurt until I was four. Because we're Jewish, my father emigrated to Holland in 1933, when he became the Managing Director of the Dutch Opekta Company, which manufactures products used in making jam.

My mother, Edith Hollander Frank, went with him to Holland in September, while Margot and I were sent to stay with our grandmother. Margot went to Holland in December, and I followed in February, when I was plunked

down on the table as a birthday present for Margot. I started right away at the Montessori nursery school. I stayed there until I was six, at which time I started Year 2.

In Year 6 my teacher was Mrs. Kuperus, the principal. At the end of the year we were both in tears as we said a heartbreaking farewell, because I'd been accepted at the Jewish Lyceum, where Margot also went to school. Our lives were not without anxiety, since our relatives in Germany were suffering under Hitler's anti-Jewish laws.

My elderly grandmother came to live with us. She was seventy-three years old at the time. After May 1940 the good times were few and far between: first there was the war... and then the arrival of the Germans, which is when the trouble started for the Jews. Our freedom was severely restricted by a series of anti-Jewish decrees. Jews were required to wear a yellow star. Jews were required to turn in their bicycles; Jews were forbidden to use trams. Jews were forbidden to ride in cars, even their own. Jews were required to do their shopping between 3 and 5pm...

Jews were forbidden to be out on the streets between 8pm and 6am. Jews were forbidden to attend theatres, movies or any other forms of entertainment. Jews were forbidden to use swimming pools, tennis courts, hockey fields or any other athletic fields... Jews were forbidden to sit in their gardens or those of their friends after 8pm... Jews were required to attend Jewish schools, etc. You couldn't do this and you couldn't do that, but life went on...

Grandma died in January 1942. No one knows how often I think of her and still love her... The four of us are still doing well, and that brings me to the present date of June 20, 1942, and the solemn dedication of my diary...

20 June 1942

Dearest Kitty! Let me get started right away; it's nice and quiet now. Father and Mother are out and Margot has gone to play Ping-Pong with some other young people at her friend Trees's. I've been playing a lot of Ping-Pong myself lately... Ilse Wagner has a Ping-Pong set, and the Wagners let us play in their big dining room whenever we want. Since we five Ping-Pong players like ice cream, especially in the summer, and since you get hot playing Ping-Pong, our games usually end with a visit to the nearest ice-cream parlor that allows Jews: either Oasis or Delphi...

Writing in a diary is a really strange experience for someone like me. Not only because I've never written anything before, but also because it seems to me that later on neither I nor anyone else will be interested in the musings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl.

Still, what does that matter? I want to write, but more than that, I want to bring out all kinds of things that lie buried deep in my heart.

I could go on for hours about all the suffering the war has brought, but then I would only make myself more dejected. There is nothing we can do but wait as calmly as we can till the misery comes to an end.

Nazi law did not allow Jews to run businesses. Otto Frank was forced to transfer directorship of his company to non-Jewish people who worked for him. He feared his family would soon be targeted and in danger from the Nazis.

5 July 1942

A few days ago, as we were taking a stroll around our neighborhood square, Father began to talk about going into hiding. He said it would be very hard for us to live cut off from the rest of the world. I asked him why he was bringing this up now.

‘Well, Anne,’ he replied, ‘you know that for more than a year we’ve been bringing clothes, food and furniture to other people. We don’t want our belongings to be seized by the Germans. Nor do we want to fall into their clutches ourselves. So we’ll leave of our own accord and not wait to be hauled away.’

‘But when, Father?’ He sounded so serious that I felt scared. ‘Don’t you worry. We’ll take care of everything. Just enjoy your carefree life while you can.’ That was it. Oh, may these sombre words not come true for as long as possible.

The Nazis soon sent deportation orders for people to be sent to concentration camps. Anne’s sister, Margot and her father both received orders, and so the family decided to go into hiding early, to escape deportation.

On 9 July 1942 Anne went into hiding with her family, the van Pels family and Fritz Pfeffer in the ‘Secret Annexe’ above her father’s office. Anne changed the name van Pels to ‘van Daan’ and Fritz Pfeffer to ‘Albert Dussel’ in her diary to protect them. While the family was fleeing, they had to do so carefully. They must not be caught evading the call-up, nor suspected of going into hiding. Margot rode her bicycle there, which was especially risky, since Jews were not allowed to ride bicycles.

They had to be completely quiet while they were in hiding, otherwise any person might report that there were people being hidden. They could be discovered and either killed immediately by Nazi police or taken to concentration camps. Anne was frightened because she was not used to such darkness and silence at night.

Though Anne and her family were in hiding, they heard news of what was happening to Jews outside, including the terrible conditions in the Dutch concentration camp. Most of their friends were deported to concentration camps. Other people did not help the Jews because they feared for their own lives.

1 October 1942

Yesterday I had a horrible fright. At eight o’clock the doorbell suddenly rang. All I could think of was that someone was coming to get us, you know who I mean. But I calmed down when everyone said it must have been either pranksters or the postman.

9 October 1942

Nice people, the Germans! To think that I was once one of them too! No, Hitler took away our nationality long ago. In fact, Germans and Jews are the greatest enemies in the world.

Our many Jewish friends and acquaintances are being taken away in droves. The Gestapo is treating them very roughly and transporting them in cattle cars to Westerbork, the big camp in Drenthe to which they're sending all the Jews.... If it's that bad in Holland, what must it be like in those faraway and uncivilized places where the Germans are sending them? We assume that most of them are being murdered. The English radio says they're being gassed.

Have you ever heard the term 'hostages'? That's the latest punishment for saboteurs. It's the most horrible thing you can imagine. Leading citizens--innocent people--are taken prisoner to await their execution. If the Gestapo can't find the saboteur, they simply grab five hostages and line them up against the wall. You read the announcements of their death in the paper, where they're referred to as 'fatal accidents'.

20 October 1942

Dearest Kitty,

My hand's still shaking, though it's been two hours since we had the scare. I should explain that there are five fire extinguishers in the building. The office staff stupidly forgot to warn us that a man was coming to fill the extinguishers. As a result we didn't bother to be quiet until I heard the sound of hammering on the landing (across from the bookcase)...

After working for about fifteen minutes, he laid his hammer and some other tools on our bookcase (or so we thought!) and banged on our door. We turned white with fear. Had he heard something after all and did he now want to check out this mysterious-looking bookcase? It seemed so, since he kept knocking, pulling and pushing it.

I was so scared I nearly fainted at the thought of this total stranger managing to discover our wonderful hiding place. Just when I thought my days were numbered, we heard the voice of Mr. Kleinman from the office saying, 'Open up, it's me.'

We opened the door at once. What had happened? The book fastening the bookcase had got stuck, so no one could warn us about the fire extinguisher man. After the man left Mr. Kleinman came to fix the secret bookcase door. I can't tell you how relieved I was...

7 November 1942

Who else but me is ever going to read these letters? Who else but me can I turn to for comfort? I'm frequently in need of consolation, I often feel weak, and more often than not, I fail to meet expectations. I know this, and every day I resolved to do better.

Anne felt intensely guilty that she was safe in hiding when so many of her friends had been deported and might be dead. She was very aware that she was very lucky to be alive.

19 November 1942

I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed, while my dearest friends have been knocked down or have fallen into a gutter somewhere out in the cold night. I get frightened when I think of close friends who have now been delivered into the hands of the cruellest brutes that walk the earth. And all because they are Jews!

13 January 1943

I could go on for hours about all the suffering the war has brought, but then I would only make myself more dejected. There is nothing we can do but wait as calmly as we can till the misery comes to an end. Jews and Christians wait, the whole earth waits; and there are many who wait for death.

On 25 March 1943 burglars broke into the office building and tried to force doors. Luckily for Anne and her family, the burglars were unsuccessful. However, it was another nasty scare that made them realize how easily their hiding place could be discovered.

27 March 1943

Rauter, some German bigwig, recently gave a speech. 'All Jews must be out of the German-occupied territories before 1 July 1943... These poor people are being shipped off to filthy slaughterhouses like a herd of sick and neglected cattle. But I'll say no more on the subject. My own thoughts give me nightmares!

One good piece of news is that the Labour Exchange was set on fire in an act of sabotage. A few days later the Register Office went up in flames. Men posing as German Police bound and gagged the guards and managed to destroy some important documents.

1 May 1943

If I just think of how we live here, I usually come to the conclusion that it is a paradise compared with how other Jews who are not in hiding must be living.

The British and their Allies were trying to win the War by bombing German occupied countries. The air raids made life even more difficult for Anne and her family.

26 July 1943

Dear Kitty,

The first warning siren went off in the morning while we were at breakfast, but we paid no attention because it only meant that the planes were crossing the coast. I had a terrible headache...

At two-thirty the guns were booming so loudly Margot and I stood in the passage. The house shook and the bombs kept falling... After half an hour the drones of the engines faded and the house began to hum with activity again...

I want friends, not admirers. People who respect me for my character and my deeds, not my flattering smile. The circle around me would be much smaller, but what does that matter, as long as they're sincere?

Before long the smell of fire was everywhere and outside it looked as if the city was enveloped in a thick fog. A fire like that is not a pleasant sight, but fortunately for us it was all over, and we went back to our various jobs.

Just as we were starting dinner, another air-raid alarm... As we were washing up another air-raid warning, gunfire and swarms of planes... The planes dived and climbed, the air was abuzz with the drone of engines. It was very scary, and the whole time I kept thinking, 'Here it comes, this is it.'

I can tell you that when I went to bed at nine, my legs were still shaking. At the stroke of midnight I woke up again: more planes!

...there was another air-raid alarm this morning, with planes flying over and another warning siren. I've had it up to here with alarms. I've hardly slept...

29 October 1943

I wander from room to room, climb up and down the stairs and feel like a songbird whose wings have been ripped off and who keeps hurling itself against the bars of its dark cage. 'Let me out, where there's fresh air and laughter!' a voice within me cries.

30 October 1943

Sometimes I think God is trying to test me, both now and in the future. I'll have to become a good person on my own, without anyone to serve as a model or advise me, but it'll make me stronger in the end.

Anne was very shocked and upset when she heard about the inhuman horrors of the War. She was aware of the constant threat of death and the need to remain positive.

8 November 1943

I see the eight of us with our 'Secret Annexe' as if we were a little piece of blue heaven, surrounded by heavy black rain clouds. The round, clearly defined spot where we stand is still safe, but the clouds gather more closely about us and the circle which separates us from the approaching danger closes more and more tightly.

Now we are so surrounded by danger and darkness that we bump against each other, as we search desperately for a means of escape.

We all look down below, where people are fighting each other, we look above, where it is quiet and beautiful, and meanwhile we are cut off by the great dark mass, which will not let us go upwards, but which stands before us as an impenetrable wall; it tries to crush us, but cannot do so yet. I can only cry and implore: 'Oh, if only the black circle could recede and open the way for us!'

Anne felt guilty that she had a hiding place when others were dying in concentration camps. She thought especially about her friends, who were probably suffering in dreadful camps.

24 December 1943

I long to ride a bike, dance, whistle, look at the world, feel young and know that I'm free, and yet I can't let it show. Just imagine what would happen if all eight of us were to feel sorry for ourselves or walk around with the discontent clearly visible on our faces. Where would that get us?

6 January 1944

Mother has said that she sees us more as friends than as daughters. That's all very nice, of course, except that a friend can't take the place of a mother. I need my mother to set a good example and be a person I can respect...

15 January 1944

The war goes on just the same, whether or not we choose to quarrel, or long for freedom and fresh air, and so we should try to make the best of our stay here. Now I'm preaching, but I also believe that if I stay here for very long I shall grow into a dried-up old beanstalk. And I did so want to grow into a real young woman!

News came that the Germans might resort to flooding certain areas to defend Holland from the English. Everyone was worried about what could happen if the Nazis evacuate Amsterdam. If they were discovered they would be shot. If they stayed in hiding, they might drown.

23 February 1944

The weather's been wonderful since yesterday, and I've perked up quite a bit. My writing, the best thing I have, is coming along well. I go to the attic almost every morning to get the stale air out of my lungs...

I also looked out the open window, letting my eyes roam over a large part of Amsterdam, over the rooftops and on to the horizon, a strip of blue so pale it was almost invisible. "As long as this exists," I thought, "this sunshine and this cloudless sky, and as long as I can enjoy it, how can I be sad?"

The best remedy for those who are frightened, lonely or unhappy is to go outside, somewhere they can be alone, alone with the sky, nature and God. For then and only then can you feel that everything is as it should be and that God wants people to be happy amid nature's beauty and simplicity.

As long as this exists, and that should be forever, I know that there will be solace for every sorrow, whatever the circumstances. I firmly believe that nature can bring comfort to all who suffer...

Riches, prestige, everything can be lost. But the happiness in your own heart can only be dimmed; it will always be there, as long as you live, to make you happy again.

Whenever you're feeling lonely or sad, try going to the loft on a beautiful day and looking outside. Not at the houses and the rooftops, but at the sky. As long as you can look fearlessly at the sky, you'll know that you're pure within and will find happiness once more.

Everyone was hungry. Food was rationed and could only be bought using official food coupons. Anne and her family could not get food coupons as they were in hiding. Therefore, in order to eat, they had to buy coupons from dealers, who sold them illegally without the Nazis' knowledge.

7 March 1944

I want friends, not admirers. People who respect me for my character and my deeds, not my flattering smile. The circle around me would be much smaller, but what does that matter, as long as they're sincere?

I've found that there is always some beauty left – in nature, sunshine, freedom, in yourself; these can all help you. Look at these things, then you find yourself again... And whoever is happy will make others happy too. He who has courage and faith will never perish in misery!

On 14 March 1944 the people who gave Anne and her family illegal food coupons were arrested by the Nazi police, but for some reason they were released from prison on 23 March. The British were now making non-stop air raids on the Germans.

24 March 1944

Have my parents forgotten that they were young once? Apparently they have. At any rate, they laugh at us when we're serious, and they're serious when we're joking.

25 March 1944

I'm honest and tell people right to their faces what I think, even when it's not very flattering. I want to be honest; I think it gets you further and also makes you feel better about yourself.

29 March 1944

Mr. Bolkestein, the Cabinet Minister, speaking on the Dutch broadcast from London, said that after the war a collection would be made of diaries and letters dealing with the war. Of course, everyone pounced on my diary.

At the end of March 1944 the weather was bitterly cold and the Nazis invaded Hungary, which was further bad news for Hungarian Jews.

4 April 1944

I want to go on living even after my death! And therefore I am grateful to God for giving me this gift, this possibility of developing myself and of writing, of expressing all that is in me. I can shake off everything if I write; my sorrows disappear, my courage is reborn.

5 April 1944

I don't want to live in vain like most people. I want to be useful or bring enjoyment to all people, even those I've never met. I want to go on living even after my death! When I write, I can shake off all my cares.

14 April 1944

If the truth is told, things are just as bad as you yourself care to make them.

3 May 1944

I don't believe that the big men, the politicians and the capitalists alone, are guilty of the war. Oh no, the little man is just as guilty, otherwise the peoples of the world would have risen in revolt long ago!

There is in people simply an urge to destroy, an urge to kill, to murder and rage, until all mankind, without exception, undergoes a great change, wars will be waged, everything that has been built up, cultivated, and grown will be destroyed and disfigured, after which mankind will have to begin all over again.

26 May 1944

I've asked myself again and again whether it wouldn't have been better if we hadn't gone into hiding, if we were dead now and didn't have to go through this misery, especially so that the others could be spared the burden. But we all shrink from this thought. We still love life, we haven't yet forgotten the voice of nature, and we keep hoping, hoping for . . . everything.

Tuesday 6 June 1944 was D-Day. On this day the invasion by British and Allied landed in Europe. Many Nazi-occupied French cities were heavily bombarded. Anne and her family discussed their hopes of liberation. The news they heard on the radio gave them fresh courage and strength. Anne felt as if friends were approaching. Anne hoped the Allied invasion would be successful so she could look forward to going back to school in September 1944.

13 June 1944

Dearest Kit,

Another birthday has gone by, so I'm now fifteen. I received quite a few gifts...

The invasion is still going splendidly, in spite of the miserable weather – pouring rains, strong winds and high seas...

...looking at the sky, at the clouds, the moon and the stars really does make me feel calm and hopeful. It's much better medicine than anything else. Nature makes me feel humble and ready to face every blow with courage!

6 July 1944

To be honest, I can't imagine how anyone could say "I'm weak" and then stay that way. If you know that about yourself, why not fight it, why not develop your character?

We have many reasons to hope for great happiness, but . . . we have to earn it. And that's something you can't achieve by taking the easy way out. Earning happiness means doing good and working, not speculating and being lazy. Laziness may look inviting, but only work gives you true satisfaction.

15 July 1944

It's a wonder I haven't abandoned all my ideals, they seem so absurd and impractical. Yet I cling to them because I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart.

It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death. I see the world being slowly transformed into a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder that, one day, will destroy us too, I feel the suffering of millions. And yet, when I look up at the sky, I somehow feel that everything will change for the better, that this cruelty too shall end, that peace and tranquility will return once more.

Afterword

Anne's final entry in her diary was dated 1 August 1944. German officers raided the Secret Annex and arrested Anne and all of her family on 4 August 1944.

Anne's mother died on 6 January 1945 from starvation in Auschwitz concentration camp. Anne's sister Margot died 9 March 1945 in Bergen-Belsen concentration camp from typhus – a fever spread by lice and fleas.

Three days after her sister's death, Anne also died from typhus in Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.

The camp was liberated by British troops a few weeks after Anne's death.

The Second World War ended 8 May 1945.

Otto Frank was the only family member to survive the War and died in 1980.

Anne Frank — Glossary

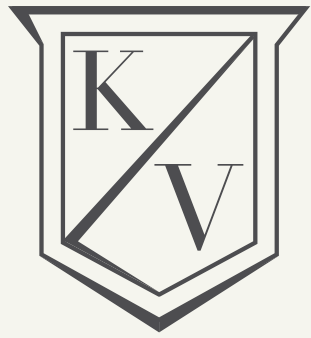
Characters

Anne Frank	Diarist
Margot Frank	Anne's sister
Otto Frank	Anne's father
Edith Hollander Frank	Anne's Mother

The Story

bigwig	important person
capitalists	industrialists
circumstances	conditions
consolation	comforting
cultivated	developed
decrees	laws
dejected	miserable
discontent	unhappiness
Drenthe	a province in northeast Holland
guilders	Dutch money before the Euro
musings	thoughts
pranksters	people playing tricks
prestige	respect, status
recede	move away
saboteurs	people who destroy enemy property
sombre	serious
tranquility	calm, quiet stillness
transformed	changed
Westerbork	a transit camp, where people waited to be sent away

Heroes Who Inspire



RESOURCES

— FOR PUPILS —

Anne Frank

Duitse schryfvers
ga lezen. Het Duits
lezen, gaat nu al be-
trekkelij kv lot. Alleen

Activity 1

A Look at the diary extracts of Anne's two years in hiding (pages 5 to 13). Using the spaces below, write down three incidents where Anne shows humility towards others. Give reasons for your choices.

An example of when Anne displays humility is...

An example of when Anne displays humility is...

An example of when Anne displays humility is...

B What do you think it was like for Anne during her time in hiding? As well as humility, what other virtues does Anne display?

An example of another virtue shown in the story is...

Virtue in Focus

Humility



The Knightly Virtues

The Knightly Virtues Programme 8 virtues

Humility — To put the needs of others before your own, and be willing to take care of others as you take care of yourself.

Honesty — To be true to yourself and other people.

Love — To feel and to show great affection for another person or group of people.

Service — Working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Courage — Having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Justice — To have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Self-discipline — The ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Gratitude — To feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Other Virtues

Mercy — To show forgiveness to someone who has done wrong.

Generosity — To be kind and generous to those around you.

Faith — To stand strong in your ideals and beliefs.

Nobility — To be of impeccably strong moral mind or character.

Hope — To always keep a positive outlook on how your actions will improve your life and the lives of those around you.

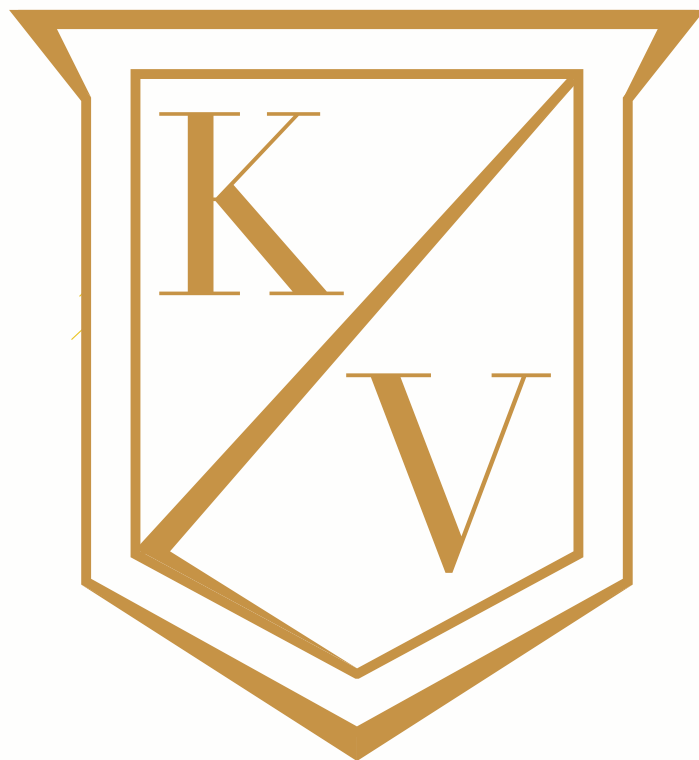
Strength — To have the inner resolve to stand firm and not back down.

For more information about other Knightly Virtues resources please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

For more information about the Knightly Virtues Research Report please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtues



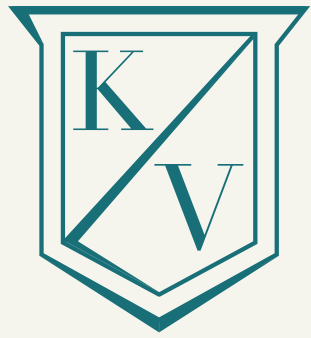
Knightly Virtues



Beowulf

Learning About the Virtue
of Courage

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES

Beowulf

Beowulf — Introduction

The purpose of this pack is to reaffirm and develop pupils' knowledge and understandings of the character virtues, with particular reference to the virtue of **courage**.

To accompany these **Teacher's Notes**, **Beowulf – The Story**, and **Beowulf – Resources for Pupils** are downloadable via the Jubilee Centre for Character and Virtues website (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The following supporting documents are also provided online:

- **Knightly Virtues Introduction Materials**
- **Virtues Toolkit** including activities on the following virtues: Self-Discipline, Honesty, Love, Gratitude, Justice, Courage, Service, Humility
- **Beowulf PowerPoint**
- **Other stories in the programme** including Gareth and Lynette, El Cid, Merchant of Venice, Robin Hood, Rosa Parks, Don Quixote, Joan of Arc and Anne Frank

Background Information for Teachers

This information is to supplement the Beowulf PowerPoint which provides an introduction to the story, available online (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The saga (a Norse tale) of Beowulf was written in Anglo Saxon times between the 8th and 11th centuries. Although it was written in Old English, it is a story about Vikings. Vikings were Norse seafarers, who spoke the Old Norse language. During those centuries, the Vikings traded from their Scandinavian homelands across wide areas of northern and central Europe, as well as European Russia, North Africa, the Middle East, Central Asia and North America. The Vikings also raided and settled in cities in England and Ireland. The north and east of England was ruled under Dane Law for nearly three hundred years.

Instead of being read by individuals, sagas were usually told by storytellers. Often, groups of friends would gather at night, by firelight, and listen and learn about the historic tales of their lands.

Beowulf — Lesson Plan

Title: Beowulf – Courage

Year Group 5/6

Curriculum links: Literacy, History

Learning Objectives

1. To understand what the virtue of courage means in the story of Beowulf;
2. To accurately identify vocabulary which illustrate the virtue of courage from the story of Beowulf;
3. To demonstrate sustained attention to an extended narrative and answer relevant questions accurately;
4. To be able to accurately retrieve information from the narrative which illustrates an answer or point of view.

Learning Outcomes

1. To be able to identify and describe the virtue of courage;
2. To begin to be able to relate the virtue of courage to our own lives today.

Resources

Related Knightly Virtues resources, including the Virtues Toolkit, are available via www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Provided: Beowulf narrative, Beowulf Teacher's Notes, Beowulf Resources for Pupils.

Not Provided: Interactive White Board, Flipchart, Pens

Introduction (15mins)

Introduce/reaffirm the meaning of character and virtue (Knightly Virtues Introduction PowerPoint,). Introduce the Knightly Virtues definition of courage (Virtues Toolkit). Establish open space for pupil engagement principles.

The Story (30-35mins)

Read the story to pupils. Provide pupils with the opportunity to clarify understanding. Provide pupils with access to the Glossary for reference to character names and new vocabulary.

Activity (15-20mins)

Virtue in Focus: Courage

Ask the pupils to write a letter home from Beowulf describing either the fight with Grendel, or the battle with the she-hag. Encourage pupils to think about how Beowulf may have felt at this point in the story.

Plenary (15mins)

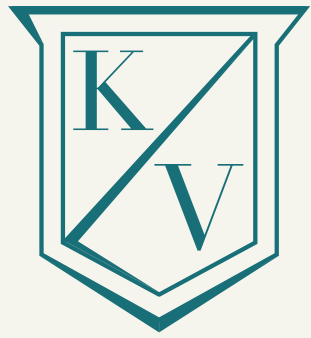
Bring the group together to discuss how they think Beowulf felt during the fight with Grendel, and the battle with the she-hag. Select a virtue from the Virtues Toolkit to focus on for the Homework Task. show and read the virtue card (available in the Virtues Toolkit) and introduce the homework task.

Progression/Homework

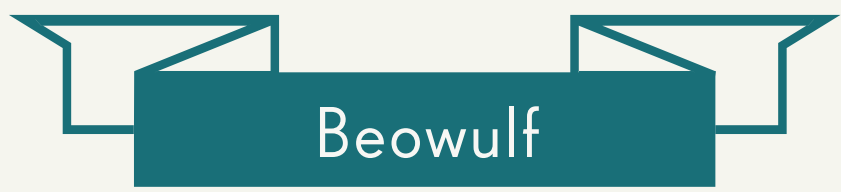
Virtue in Focus: Virtues Toolkit

Relevant task (as selected) from the Virtues Toolkit found online at www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Heroes Who Inspire



THE STORY



Story retold by Jon Davison



Beowulf — The Story

Prologue

Listen carefully my friend, for we are about to take a wondrous journey. Far from this place of warmth and light. We will leave the sunlight and sunshine of the playground and classroom. We will travel back from the time of motorways, supermarkets, skyscrapers, laptops, wi-fi and spaceships to a time when 'Bluetooth' was the nickname of kind king Harald Gormsson. Come with me and we will skim the salt spray of the tawny whale road. We will watch countless curves of sunrise and sunset shoot by in the blink of an eye and spy diamond-dust stars spiral and spin across the dark sapphire skies.

We are travelling north and east to the lands you know as Scandinavia. Back to a time of Arctic lights, dragons and nameless monsters that skulked in shadows and drifted in the dark... Back to a time of courageous men and women, sword-bearers and shield-maidens. Back also to a time of families and friendship.

King Hrothgar and Heorot

In those days King Hrothgar ordered that a handsome meeting Hall be built on the very top of a craggy crop of ragged rock on a hill at the edge of a misty, mournful moor. Such a beautiful building had not been seen before. A handsome mansion of the strongest wood, cut, carved and crafted from mighty oaks. Its top pierced the very clouds that scudded across the skies. The huge Hall was hung with shields of silver and gold that shone and sparkled in the flickering flames of friendly fire. Bronze, ivory and all manner of jewels and coins filled the iron-bound chests that lined the walls. Rich materials of the finest cloth and silks, furs and leather hung from the walls and covered the floors.

Striding through the great Hall, Hrothgar smiled and said,
“This Hall I shall call ‘Heorot – The Hall of the Hart’”.

Huge deer antlers were fixed over the main entrance to the Hall. Hrothgar’s faithful followers let out a mighty cheer that filled the room and echoed loudly across the mournful moor. So full of joy was the crowd in the Hall that not one of them heard the hateful howling whine that echoed through the misty mire...

Heorot became a Valhalla, a paradise in Norse mythology where departed warriors were watched over by the mighty Norse god Odin, father of Thor, battling by day and feasting by night. Every night King Hrothgar filled the Hall with friendship and feasting on roasted meat and drinking from flagons of frothing and foaming mead. Night after night, stories and song filled the Hall. Old tales of daring and dragons, warriors and wizards, serpents and sea-monsters and honour and courage, filled the warm air that wrapped around the company like a thick blanket woven from the finest wool.

Filled with food, awash with ale, sated with stories, faithful in friendship the kind king departed to his bed while his kinsmen curled in the furry firelight of the Hall. Sleeping and safe – or so they thought.

Grendel

Out in the dark, darker than a moonless midnight in a mountain cave, something stirred. Something evil: a malevolent monster; a boiling ball of blisters and bile; a spinning spiral of spiteful splinters sharp as sharks’ teeth; a rage of razors. A monster that loathed laughter and was jealous of joy. A monster whose heart overflowed with hatred of happiness. Night after night, every song and shout of joy, every laugh that echoed from the Hall across the shimmering swamps felt like the sharp slash of a sword to the beast, Grendel.

At last Grendel could stand no more.

Slinking through the reeds, wading through the water, Grendel’s green breath mixed with the

miry mist. Black blood pulsed in his brain as his glowing deep-red eyes watched Hrothgar bid good night to the Hall guards and depart. Now no sound came from Heorot save the snuffling snores of the sleeping warriors.

A tremendous thunderclap filled the skies.

But this was not thunder. The ancient oak beam that secured the door shivered and split. Sharp splinters sped through the air as the tempest of teeth and talons that was Grendel stormed into the great Hall. The Hall guards barely had time to raise their weapons before Grendel was upon them in his fury. Sleepers had no time to open their eyes before they felt the clash of claws. The walls of Heorot echoed with the monster's roars and the wailing cries of his victims.

Soon, too soon, all was still. Smoke and soot left by the fire-giant Surtr drifted slowly to the rafters. The Hall was silent. Outside there were awful squelching squishes as Grendel skulked across swampy soil back to his lair.

There was great sorrow and mourning between King Hrothgar and his people, but they were determined not to be beaten by the awful Grendel.

'Heorot will be repaired,' declared Hrothgar. And so it was.

'It will be filled with warmth and light. It will echo again with song and laughter'. And so it did.

But anger and hatred formed in every muscle and sinew of Grendel's vile being. Vengeance pulsed through his veins. Grendel returned to punish the revellers in Heorot. Time and again the Hall was rebuilt, only to be ruined by Grendel. Time and again laughter turned to loss, song turned to sorrow. Until after months, with great sadness, King Hrothgar commanded the Hall to be closed forever. Grendel had triumphed.

Dark and desolate Heorot's dusty, dank banqueting tables fell into disrepair. Owls nested in the rafters. Rooks roosted on the roof.

..... A Hero Comes

News travels fast. Bad news travels faster. Stories of the terrible events at Heorot spread though Denmark and beyond its borders. They were heard in that part of Sweden where lived the folk known as 'Geats'.

One night sitting by the fire, the warrior prince Beowulf heard tales of the events at Heorot. As a boy, Beowulf had met Hrothgar and he admired the King as a man of wisdom, courage and honour.

Like all brave Norsemen, honour was at the heart of all that prince Beowulf did in his service to his people. Only a month earlier, with his bare hands, he had killed seven giants that had

terrorised local farmsteads, destroying homes, killing and eating livestock. In recent years, he had cleansed the coastline of sea serpents and tentacled beasts that had plagued the seas and wrecked many fine longships. Beowulf, the hero, had made his land a place of peace and safety.

As the logs cracked and crisped, the firelight sparkled and danced in Beowulf's blue eyes. He turned to his closest companion Wiglaf and said,

'Cousin, this news troubles me much. King Hrothgar is a noble man and a good friend to the Geats. This beast Grendel must be stopped. We will go to Heorot'.

Beowulf selected a dozen of his bravest warriors to travel with him. They prepared their finest ship, a long, light, sleek craft, finely carved with eagles and dragons. They filled it with the sharpest of swords, axes and spears, together with beautifully-worked chainmail shirts and the strongest of iron-bound war shields.

At first light they pushed the boat down the shishing shingle beach into the whispering waves. As the blood-red sail was hoisted a mighty cry of 'Death to the monster Grendel' filled the dawn and echoed around the cliffs and across the bay. Beowulf was on his way.

..... Heorot Rebuilt

It was late afternoon on the day that Beowulf and his men arrived at Heorot and a sad sight met their eyes. The once-grand Hall now looked dark, broken and cold, but the warmth of the welcome from King Hrothgar gave everyone a sense of hope and purpose. Beowulf and the King hugged each other like a long-lost father and son. Friendship filled every heart.

'Noble king,' said brave Beowulf, 'we must rebuild Heorot immediately.'

'But, Grendel...' began the King.

'Forgive my interruption, kind sir,' Beowulf continued, 'but Grendel must not be allowed to crush the spirit of our Danish friends. I have come to put an end to this terror.'

'We all know of your brave deeds Beowulf, but Grendel is so powerful, he rips apart his victims with his terrible claws, eats their flesh and drinks their blood', cautioned the King. 'You have with you a company of gallant warriors with the finest armour and weapons, but I doubt that even this will be enough to beat this evil monster.'

'If Grendel fights with bare hands, then so shall I!' replied Beowulf, his eyes flashing fire.

So saying, our hero lifted off his gleaming battle helmet, lay down his razor-sharp sword and shining shield, and slipped from his silvery shirt of mail. A momentous cheer from everyone present, erupted into the air and threatened to shatter the fractured rafters of the Hall. King Hrothgar had his answer.

“Only the sharpest-eyed of owls noticed the ripples on the dark waters of one lonely swamp. Only the keenest of ears heard the rasping breath of something hugely horrible moving towards Heorot.”

For seven days, carpenters and craftsmen laboured from dawn until dusk to repair Heorot to its former glory. Once completed, King Hrothgar, his eyes filled with tears of pure joy, declared that there would be a great feast. In his heart, however, he was troubled, as he knew that the feast would likely have an unwelcome guest.

..... Grendel Returns

What a feast there was that night: the finest food and most marvellous mead. There was music and merriment, friendship and fun, tales, tricks and tumbling acrobats. Eyes shone, lips smiled and voices filled the air with laughter and song.

Only the sharpest-eyed of owls noticed the ripples on the dark waters of one lonely swamp. Only the keenest of ears heard the rasping breath of something hugely horrible moving towards Heorot.

The tables had been cleared in Heorot. Hrothgar had gone to his bed. Two sentries had been posted in front of the solid oak doors of the Hall. All other warriors had wrapped themselves in furs and blankets, curled in the warmth from the glowing embers of the fire and were dreaming of their homes or of their voyages to places far away. All warriors, that is, except for one - Beowulf.

True to his word, without weapons or armour, with only his ordinary clothes and a blanket for warmth, Beowulf sat in the shadows beneath a large and tangled shrub a short distance from the main doors of Heorot. Even the two sentries did not know he was there wide-awake in the darkness.

'I must protect my men,' thought Beowulf. 'They have followed me here because of a sense of duty, but I cannot put their lives at risk. I chose to come here and I will fight the dreadful monster alone.'

Slowly, but surely, Beowulf became aware of a sinister sound. Quietly at first, he heard the wheezing rasp of Grendel's breath and the squelching pad of his taloned toes coming nearer and nearer. The two sentries were talking quietly to each other about plans for their return home, so they were not aware of the huge, dark shape looming ever closer, red eyes blazing.

In an instant, Grendel was before them, rushing to catch them in his claws, but at the exact moment he would have torn them to pieces, brave Beowulf summoned all his courage and leaped from his cover, dived and pushed the men out of the monster's reach. Missing the men, Grendel's speed sent him smashing through the oaken doors of the Hall. The night air was filled with the crash of shattered wood and the furious howl of the thwarted Grendel.

Sleepers awoke and in the half-light they saw a monster that filled them with dread: a fearsome thing of talons and teeth, snarling and spitting, Grendel's long left arm and mighty hand shot out to grasp Beowulf's cousin, Wiglaf. Beowulf had fought giants and serpents in the past, but he had not realised just how big and fearsome Grendel would be. But he told himself that this was no time for fear, no moment for second thoughts and at the very second one of Grendel's terrible talons touched the skin on his cousin's neck, Beowulf courageously

“An eerie light that pulsed from glowing stalactites hanging down from the roof lighted the cavern. Never had air tasted so good to Beowulf – even the foul air of this gloomy and glimmering grotto. He swam slowly to the shore and walked wearily from the water.”

gripped Grendel's wrist with such strength it made the bones splinter and crack. Beowulf lunged at Grendel and swung with all his might. The astonished warriors watched as hero and monster hurtled back through the doorway, out into the darkness.

The screams and growls from Grendel were terrible to behold. Every time he tried to claw Beowulf with his free hand, the warrior wrenched with all his strength and swung the monster round. They bashed through bushes, tumbled through trees and splashed in the murky waters of the swamps. But brave Beowulf would not relent. His grip became stronger and stronger; his wrenching became fiercer and faster. Grendel's agonised shrieks of pain became shriller and sharper.

'You will not prevail!' yelled Beowulf and gave Grendel's arm a sudden sinew-splitting twist. There was a blood-chilling cracking and splintering of bone and tearing of flesh as Grendel's arm was wrenched from his body.

Dropping the monster's arm, Beowulf was ready for the next attack, but none came. Defeated, weakened from the loss of much blood streaming from his wound and howling in agony, Grendel retreated back across the miry moor, back to his loathsome lair. Back to die in a watery grave of rank weeds and murky mud. Beowulf had triumphed.

A New Terror

Three days after the death of Grendel a new terror stalked the land. Homes and farms were attacked in the depths of the night. No-one was safe in the hours of darkness. Grendel's mother, a giant she-hag, was seeking revenge for the death of her son.

'I am the cause of this new horror,' said Beowulf, 'and it is my duty to rid the land of this monster she-hag'.

'But you have already done so much for us,' said King Hrothgar. 'Nobody would blame you if you were to return home now and let my warriors and I deal with this monster.'

'Before I return home with my companions, I will ensure that all is peaceful once more.'

A watch was kept on the fields and farms every night. As the blood-red sun slowly sank behind the hills each evening, warriors roamed the lonely roads across the moors and mires. Then one morning, just before daybreak, the horror that was the she-hag was spied swimming in a sulphurous swamp – the entrance to her lair. The creature was huge and horrible. Every fibre of the air vibrated with the force of her fury. Onlookers shivered as she sank beneath the dark waters down to the secret cavern, where she spent the hours of daylight.

Each man was filled with dread, as one hour later, Beowulf was told of what they had seen. And so it was that at midday, when the sun was at its highest, courageous Beowulf stood on the very edge of the swamp. It gurgled and hissed blackly as if evil was escaping into the air from the dreadful depths below.

‘Because I slew Grendel, I am the cause of this monster’s evil actions. Therefore, I alone must put an end to this new slaughter,’ Beowulf told his men. ‘I cannot swim wearing armour, but I shall carry my trusty sword ‘Serpent-slayer’ with me.’

So saying, he took off his chainmail and waded into the water with only his sword for protection. He saw the fear and sorrow in his companions’ eyes. ‘Fear not, my brave band of brothers, for I shall return,’ he said: with that he took a deep breath and was gone.

Down and down brave Beowulf swam - deeper and deeper into the gloom. Down and down he went. Shimmering shafts of light pierced the water like ancient arrows fired by long-dead warriors. Down and down he went.

Suddenly, as if Beowulf had been grabbed by the strongest of invisible hands, he was pulled down into the depths, faster and faster. Beowulf could hear his heart knocking against his ribs. Desperately Beowulf held his breath. Faster and faster the current pulled him downwards in the darkness.

Just when Beowulf thought his lungs would explode, Beowulf burst through the surface of a dark pool at the centre of a vast cavern.

An eerie light that pulsed from glowing stalactites hanging down from the roof lighted the cavern. Never had air tasted so good to Beowulf – even the foul air of this gloomy and glimmering grotto. He swam slowly to the shore and walked wearily from the water. The floor of the cavern was covered by dozens of stony stalagmites sharp as swords.

Very slowly Beowulf’s eyes became accustomed to the gloom. He leaned back against the closest stalagmite that was as tall as he was and looked around. Beowulf thought that he was alone, but he still drew Serpent-slayer for protection. And as his eyes scanned the opposite side of the pitch-black pool, he saw something – or some Thing.

Watching Beowulf was a monstrous thing of shadows. It was an enormous shape-shifting she-hag. The creature’s hair looked like the slimiest seaweed, long and lank, straggling down over bony shoulders to scaly arms, or were they tentacles? How many tentacles were there? At times there appeared to be two... or were there four... or more?

And then Beowulf saw the monster’s eyes among the seaweed hair – hugely yellow with black slits for pupils. Eyes that burned and turned from yellow, to green, to brown and then black before becoming a scorching red in her flaming fury. Without warning and with frightening speed, a skidding tentacle streaked across the surface of the pool, snatched Beowulf’s sword and sent it spinning high into the cavern with such ferocity that its perfect sharpness pierced the rocky roof and impaled the sword far beyond Beowulf’s reach. And then the cavern reverberated to a gurgling roar. The she-hag was laughing. But there was no joy here.

‘You puny fool!’ she bellowed. ‘You dare to come into my lair.’

As she spoke the monster moved sinuously slowly – a slithering serpent slipping through the

dark waters. Her eyes burned into Beowulf's brain with such evil intensity he felt as if his spirit was being drained from him. But he did not look away. Beowulf matched the monster stare for stare.

'Take a long look at this lair, for it is the last sight that you will see in this world,' she howled.

The terrifying monster was now within a few feet of Beowulf. Still with his eyes firmly fixed on the monster's hideous face, Beowulf tried to take a step backwards, but he was stopped by the stalagmite behind him. The fearful beast was only centimetres away now. Beowulf was bathed in its baleful breath. The stagnant stench made his head spin, but Beowulf stood stock-still.

Slowly, very slowly, the she-hag opened her huge and hideous mouth. Her discoloured teeth, like great rusty scythes, curved upwards and downwards. Slowly, she drew her head backwards and upwards, ready to strike her victim. Beowulf's eyes were fixed on her every movement. Still the brave prince did not move.

In a blink, the monster struck. Her head streaked forward and downward to bite Beowulf in half.

Faster than an arrow, Beowulf threw himself to the floor. Instantly, he was up and he hurled himself at the back of the monster's head as it plunged down, open-mouthed onto the stalagmite that had been behind Beowulf.

There was a calamitous 'Crack!' as the stalagmite split the monster's skull.

The hideous horror was dead. Beowulf was victorious.

Afterword

There was such joy when Beowulf returned to Heorot, it cannot be put into mere words. Tears flowed as freely as the mead at the feasts that followed brave Beowulf's victory. Monsters never again troubled Hrothgar's land and the rafters rang with song every night in Heorot.

As for Beowulf, he returned home with his companions and later became king. He was a wise and kindly ruler who served his people well for many, many years. Ancient monsters never again troubled Beowulf. Until, that was, the day the dreadful dragon appeared.

But that, my friend, is a tale for another time.

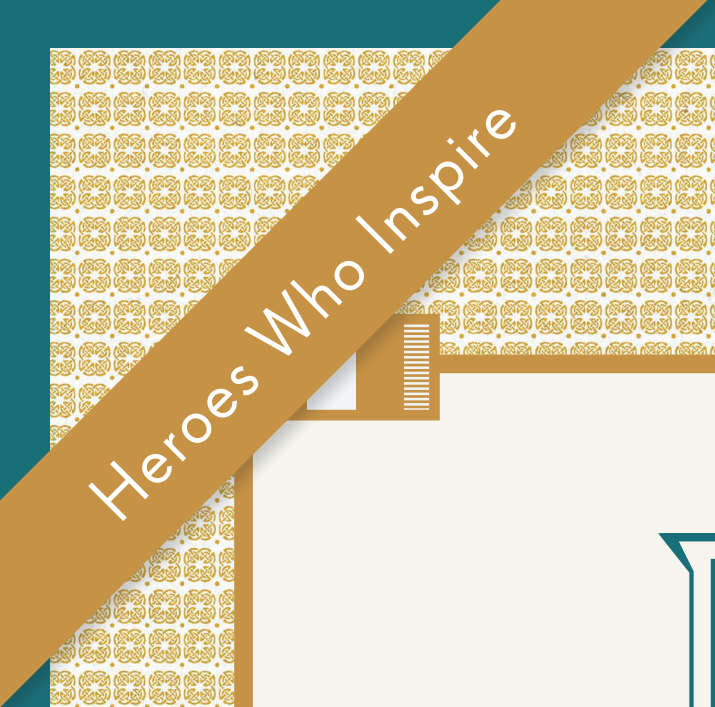
Beowulf — Glossary

Characters

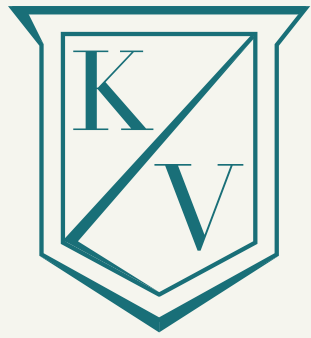
Beowulf	A warrior prince whose name means 'Bee-wolf' – a bear.
King Hrothgar	King of the Danes whose name means 'Famous spear'.
Wiglaf	Beowulf's cousin whose name means 'Survivor'.
Grendel	A dreadful giant whose name means 'Bone-grinder'.
Grendel's mother	A far more powerful monster – a giant shape-shifting she-hag.

The Story

Arctic lights	multi-coloured swirling lights in the sky (the northern lights)
baleful	threatening, menacing
Geats	pronounced 'Ye-ats' people from Geatland, part of Sweden
hart	a large male deer
livestock	farm animals
rafters	wooden beams holding up the roof
scythed	cut through
shape-shifting	capable of changing shape and size to confuse and frighten people
shield-maidens	warrior women who fought alongside men
tawny whale-road	the sea
Valhalla	in Norse mythology, Valhalla is an enormous hall ruled over by the god Odin

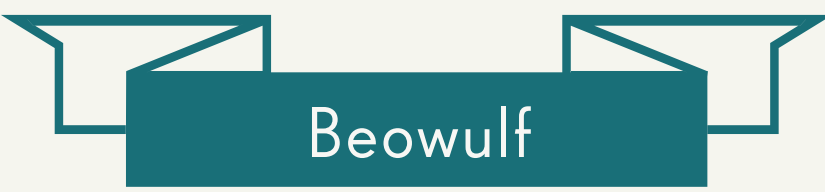


Heroes Who Inspire



RESOURCES

— FOR PUPILS —



Beowulf

Activity 1



A Write a letter home from Beowulf describing either the fight with Grendel, or the battle with the she-hag.

Talk about Beowulf's feelings. Was he afraid? Why? How did he overcome his fear? How did he feel afterwards?

Lined writing area for the letter.

B Now pick out three words from the story that make you think of the virtue of courage:

Shield-shaped box for word entry.

Shield-shaped box for word entry.

Shield-shaped box for word entry.

The Knightly Virtues

The Knightly Virtues Programme 8 virtues

Humility — To put the needs of others before your own, and be willing to take care of others as you take care of yourself.

Honesty — To be true to yourself and other people.

Love — To feel and to show great affection for another person or group of people.

Service — Working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Courage — Having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Justice — To have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Self-discipline — The ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Gratitude — To feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Other Virtues

Mercy — To show forgiveness to someone who has done wrong.

Generosity — To be kind and generous to those around you.

Faith — To stand strong in your ideals and beliefs.

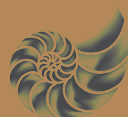
Nobility — To be of impeccably strong moral mind or character.

Hope — To always keep a positive outlook on how your actions will improve your life and the lives of those around you.

Strength — To have the inner resolve to stand firm and not back down.

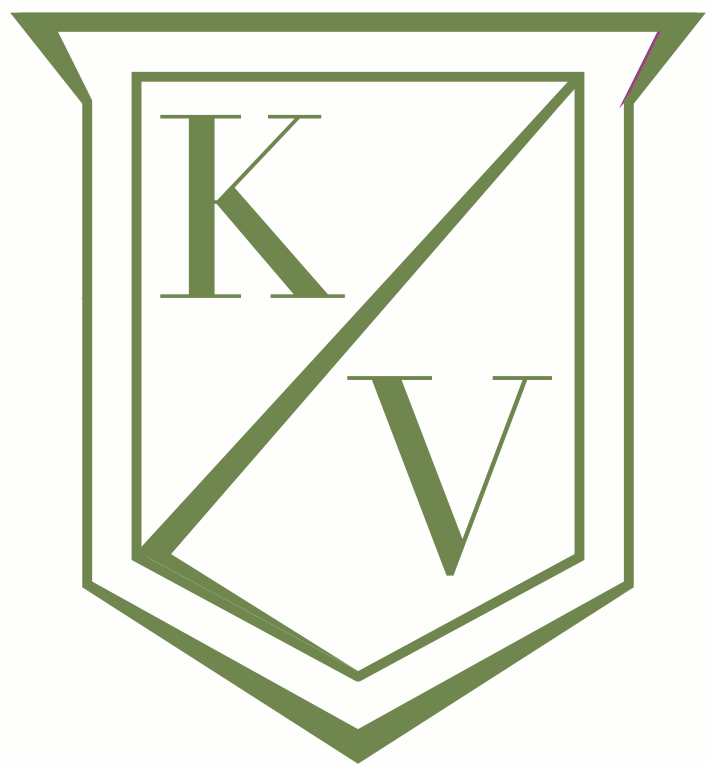
For more information about other Knightly Virtues resources please go to:
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Heroes Who Inspire

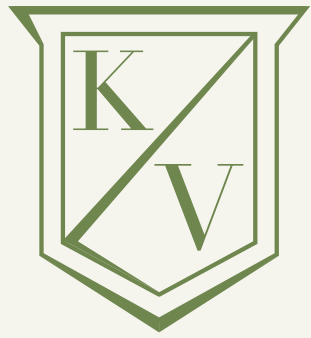
Knightly Virtues



Don Quixote

Learning About the
Virtues of Love and Service

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES

Don Quixote

Don Quixote — Introduction

The purpose of this pack is to reaffirm and develop pupils' knowledge and understandings of the character virtues, with particular reference to the virtues of **love** and **service**.

To accompany these **Teacher's Notes**, **Don Quixote – The Story**, and **Don Quixote – Resources for Pupils** are downloadable via the Jubilee Centre for Character and Virtues website (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The following supporting documents are also provided online:

- **Knightly Virtues Introduction Materials**
- **Virtues Toolkit** including activities on the following virtues: Self-Discipline, Honesty, Love, Gratitude, Justice, Courage, Service, Humility
- **Don Quixote PowerPoint**
- **Other stories in the programme** including Gareth and Lynette, El Cid, Merchant of Venice, Robin Hood, Rosa Parks, Beowulf, Joan of Arc and Anne Frank

Background Information for Teachers

This information is to supplement the Don Quixote PowerPoint which provides an introduction to the story, available online (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources)

Don Quixote is undoubtedly one of the greatest and best loved works of literature. The author of this enormous sprawling work, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, had a life as adventurous as his hero: he was a soldier and wounded in battle; he was kidnapped by pirates; and spent five years as a slave. When ransomed, he returned to Spain and started to write novels, plays and poetry. Desperate for money, however, he became a clerk and then a tax collector, although he was twice sent to prison because of problems with his accounts. It was in prison that he came up with the idea for Don Quixote. Initially, Cervantes set out to poke fun at the knightly tales popular in his time, but his story developed into an epic of over 400,000 words, richly combining comedy, tragedy, romance and adventure. It was an immediate success throughout Europe and is now considered a foremost classic of western literature. On the face of it, Don Quixote is a comic tale of an ageing bachelor farmer named Quixada, whose imagination is caught by the novels of knightly chivalry he has been reading. He sets out in a rusting suit of armour, on a decrepit horse called Rocinante, and with the portly peasant 'squire' Sancho Panza to re-create knightly quests of medieval chivalry. To his family and friends, it appears that Quixada has simply gone

mad. As Don Quixote, he mistakes inns and innkeepers for castles and kings, common peasant girls for fine ladies in distress, shaving bowls for magic helmets, windmills for giants, herds of sheep for armies of enemy knights and chained convicts as oppressed prisoners to be liberated. When the less romantic 'realities' behind Quixote's illusions (or delusions) are pointed out to him, he attributes the shifting appearance of things to an evil 'enchanter' who engineers these changes of vision. But it is also fairly clear that Cervantes is also encouraging the reader to see Quixote from a different perspective from other characters in the story. In fact, it is Quixote who is really the 'enchanter', who constantly aspires to transform everything mundane and tawdry into something magical and noble. Indeed, Don Quixote possesses all the knightly virtues of his enchanted vision: he is truly courageous in his assault on the windmill 'giants'; he is genuinely courteous in his treatment of all 'ladies' regardless of their actual social station; he shows true justice in attempting to liberate others from what he takes to be their oppression; he is (by contrast with Sancho Panza) really temperate in taking no more food or drink than his basic needs; and he is unfailingly generous in giving to others any material gains that come his way. Indeed, the final deathbed scenes of the book where Sancho Panza (who at the outset seems to have regarded the Quixotic quest as no more than a crazy joke) tries to persuade Quixada to return to the life of knightly adventure that has brought real adventure and meaning into his own life, are amongst the most moving in literature. It seems that while Quixote's life is a comedy, his death is a great tragedy -- since with his passing, so passes enchantment, idealism and true nobility of spirit from the world. In this connection, a good question to pursue with young audiences or readers of this work might be: 'Most of the other characters in the story seem to regard Quixote as a fool or a madman: is this what the author thinks or wants us to believe?' There are some reasonable movie versions of Quixote (including one with Peter O'Toole and Sophia Loren) from which useful illustrative clips might be taken.

Don Quixote — Lesson Plan

Title: Don Quixote – Love and Service

Year Group 5/6

Curriculum links: Literacy, History

Learning Objectives

1. To understand what the virtues of love and service mean in the story of Don Quixote;
2. To accurately identify vocabulary which illustrate the virtues of love and service from the story of Don Quixote;
3. To demonstrate sustained attention to an extended narrative and answer relevant questions accurately;
4. To be able to accurately retrieve information from the narrative which illustrates an answer or point of view.

Learning Outcomes

1. To be able to identify and describe the virtues of love and service;
2. To begin to be able to relate the virtues of love and service to our own lives today.

Resources

Related Knightly Virtues resources, including the Virtues Toolkit, are available via www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Provided: Don Quixote narrative, Don Quixote Teacher's Notes, Don Quixote Resources for Pupils

Not Provided: Interactive White Board, Flipchart, Pens

Introduction (15mins)

Introduce/reaffirm the meaning of character and virtue (Knightly Virtues Introduction PowerPoint). Introduce the Knightly Virtues definitions of humility and honesty (Virtues Toolkit). Establish open space for pupil engagement principles.

The Story (30-35mins)

Read the story to pupils. Provide pupils with the opportunity to clarify understanding. Provide pupils with access to the Glossary for reference to character names and new vocabulary.

Activity (15-20mins)

Virtue in Focus: Love

Split the pupils into small groups. Ask them to write down three examples of where and how Don Quixote and Sancho show love and affection towards one another. You may wish the pupils to focus on the 'Farewell Good Knight' section.

Plenary (15mins)

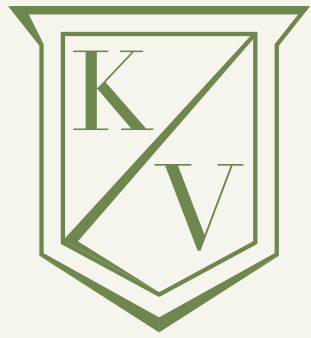
Bring the group together to discuss the examples of love and friendship found within the story. Ask pupils why they think Sandro was so upset at the end of the story. Show and read the service virtue card (available in the Virtues Toolkit) and introduce the homework task.

Progression/Homework

Virtue in Focus: Service

Service task from the Virtues Toolkit found online at www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Heroes Who Inspire



THE STORY



Story retold by the Jubilee Centre for
Character and Virtues

Don Quixote — The Story

Prologue

Quixote is one of the greatest and best loved stories ever. It was written by Cervantes. The original story was over 400,000 words long and was a comedy, tragedy, romance and adventure. The hero of the story is Quixada who wants to be a knight, and sets out for adventure in a rusting suit of armour, on an old horse called Rocinante and with the portly peasant Sancho. His dream is to re-create the knightly quests of the past. To his family and friends, it appears that Quixada has simply gone mad: he mistakes inns and innkeepers for castles and Kings, common peasant girls for fine ladies in distress, shaving bowls for magic helmets, windmills for giants, herds of sheep for armies of enemy knights and chained convicts as oppressed prisoners to be liberated. However, as you will find out in the story perhaps it is not Quixada who is mad but his family and friends.

In the story we find that Quixada can turn things that seem boring into magic and shows great character virtues of courage, friendship and justice.



Don Quixote

Books are bad for you

Alonso Quixada had suddenly gone crazy. The priest and the barber, who were sitting with him in his library, sadly shook their heads.

“Too much reading!” declared the priest.

“The wrong sort of books,” added the barber. “Adventure stories indeed! And tales of witches, battles, haunted castles...”

Quixada’s eyes shone like candles.

“Haunted castles. Yes!”

“The trouble is you believe it all,” said the priest. “You’re really too old for stuff like that.”

“You have your housekeeper and your niece to look after you,” the barber went on. “Why can’t you be normal and contented like other people?”

“What a stupid question,” Quixada thought, with a disgusted expression. “It’s not even worth answering.” He ushered them out of his library and opened another book.

Knock Knock.

“What NOW?” he exclaimed irritably.

In marched his niece and housekeeper. The housekeeper flicked her duster over the dusty bookshelves. “This room’s unhealthy,” she choked. “Atishoo!”

“If only...” thought Quixada longingly, “if only I, too, could live like the brave knights of old.”

His niece dumped a tray on the table. “Such nonsense! Here’s your coffee. Drink it while it’s hot.”

“I’ll do it!” cried Quixada. “I will! I’ll be famous... immortal! Watch me right the world’s wrongs, kill dragons and rescue damsels in distress.”

“Don’t be silly,” said his niece. “Spain doesn’t have dragons...and here in La Mancha there are no damsels in distress.”

“Oh yes there are!” Quixada roared, and sprinted up to the attic.

An ancient iron suit lay on the floor. He scraped off the rust, cranked himself into it, waved a cracked shield and a dented lance, and jammed on the helmet. Then he rushed out to his

decrepit old horse.

“You, my noble steed, shall be re-named Rocinante. And I’ll call myself Don Quixote de la Mancha. Now, what else do I need for my adventure? Hmm...one cannot be a knight without a lady.”

Then he remembered a pretty peasant girl in the village called Aldonza. “She shall be my lady,” he decided. “She will be named Dulcinea del Toboso.”

He rode until nightfall when, exhausted and starving, a terrible thought made him pull up his reins. “I haven’t been knighted yet! Someone must knight me – and quickly!”

A hard day for a knight

Don Quixote had reached a dirty wayside inn where dung-spattered straw blew around the yard, making it stink.

“This,” Don Quixote told himself, “is a great castle with a moat and towers. Sir,” he asked the innkeeper, “are you governor of this noble castle?”

“He’s crazy,” thought the innkeeper. “He’s a strange man, with his odd, long face. But I’d better humour him... “The governor?” he said. “Yes I am.”

“Then stable my horse, and let me rest here tonight after something to eat. But first, get me out of my suit.”

As Don Quixote munched his supper, a man leading his mule to the water trough, tripped over Quixote’s shield, and hurled it aside.

Jumping up, Don Quixote clonked the man on the head. “You dare to lay one finger on my shield!” he shouted. “You’ll pay for it with your life!”

The man fell down stunned. A second man rushed to help, but Don Quixote hit him too. All the people in the inn raced outside and began throwing stones at Don Quixote.

“Vile cowards!” yelled Don Quixote.

He sounded so fierce that they stopped. The wounded were taken away, leaving Don Quixote bruised but triumphant. “Now I have proved my bravery, will you perform the deed of knighthood?” Don Quixote asked the astonished innkeeper.

“I’d better do it before any more trouble,” he thought. So, taking Don Quixote’s sword, he touched each shoulder, proclaiming: “I name you Knight of the Long Face. May God give you fortune and luck in your battles?”

As he jogged away, Don Quixote exclaimed, “Now I’m the Knight of the Long Face, I must get myself a squire.”

Treacherous windmills

The following morning, he met Sancho Panza, a farmer who lived nearby.

“You can’t miss out on being my squire,” said Don Quixote in his most persuasive voice. “Just think what glittering treasure and prizes you might win with me:

So that evening Sancho Panza, with the bags and a leather bottle strapped to his donkey, rode proudly next to Don Quixote. Crossing a high plain, they espied thirty or forty windmills in the distance.

“Look!” shouted Don Quixote. “Over there thirty terrible giants whom I will fight and kill.”

“Giants? Where?” asked Sancho Panza.

“Over there,” pointed Don Quixote, “with the long arms. These giants have arms almost six miles long.”

Those aren’t giants,” Sancho retorted. “They’re windmills. What you think are arms are in fact sails. When the wind turns them, they turn millstones.”

“You don’t know anything about adventures,” replied Don Quixote. “They’re giants, and if you’re frightened, you can hide while I fight them.” Sinking his spurs into Rocinante he charged at them at top speed.

“Flee not, you evil creatures,” he cried, “only one brave knight attacks you!”

A gust of wind arose and moved the sails. Don Quixote shrieked, “You have more arms than any giant should have, and I will make you pay for that.”

He thrust his lance into a sail, but the wind turned it so far that it smashed the lance to smithereens, dragging the horse and his rider with it. Don Quixote went rolling over the plain with yelps of pain.

Sancho Panza prodded his donkey and rushed to help. “Didn’t I tell you to be careful? Didn’t I say they were windmills?”

“You don’t understand,” Don Quixote replied, “An evil enchanter has just turned all these giants into windmills to deprive me of my glorious victory.”

“Those aren’t giants,”
Sancho retorted.
“They’re windmills.
What you think are
arms are in fact
sails. When the wind
turns them, they turn
millstones.”



Deceitful sheep

In the morning, after breakfast, Don Quixote noticed a huge cloud of dust approaching them along the road. "See that, Sancho? That dust is coming from a vast army of knights marching towards us."

"All I hear," said Sancho, "is lots of sheep bleating." He was right.

But Don Quixote whipped up old Rocinante into a gallop, waved his lance and sped across the plain like a thunderbolt.

"Stop!" shrieked the shepherds. But when they found Don Quixote was unstoppable, they drew out their slings and pelted him with stones until he fell down, squealing with agony. Quickly, they rounded up their flocks and fled.

"Are you badly wounded?" panted Sancho running as fast as he could to where Don Quixote lay.

"I think they've knocked all my teeth out. But knights should never complain."

"Didn't I tell you they were sheep?"

"It just shows," replied Don Quixote, "on the edge of victory, my old enemy the enchanter turned the armies into a flock of sheep. Never mind, Sancho. Another adventure awaits us another day."

The sour fruit of freedom

The next day, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza passed twelve men walking in a line, shackled together on a great iron chain. In charge were two men on horseback and another two on foot.

"Look a chain gang of prisoners marched off to be galley slaves on the King's ships," remarked Sancho.

"WHAT?" thundered Don Quixote. "You mean they're being forced, into slavery against their will? How can the King allow this?"

"But they're criminals", Sancho tried to explain. "They've done bad things. This is their punishment."

"However that may be, this is a situation that calls relief of the wretched and the righting of wrongs", said Don Quixote.

"Leave them alone," advised Sancho.

"I'll have a word with them first," said Quixote. "What did you do?" he asked one of the

chained-up men.

“I was a horse thief,” replied the prisoner.

“And you?” he said to another.

“I stole some wine.”

“What about you?” he asked a third.

“This one’s a dangerous villain who’s committed more terrible crimes than the rest”, snarled a guard, threatening the prisoner with his stick.

“I’ve heard enough!” shouted Don Quixote. “Guards, these poor men haven’t done you any harm. Let them go.”

“This man’s a lunatic,” the guards laughed.

“It’s not a joke,” cried Don Quixote, hitting one of the guards who fell to the ground.

“Stop!” screamed the remaining guards.

Sancho drew his sword. Though frightened, he slashed away so fiercely that the guards ran for their lives.

The prisoners quickly seized the opportunity and smashed their chains.

“I’ve given you all freedom,” Don Quixote exulted. “In return, I ask you to go at once to my Lady, Dulcinea de Toboso, and tell her how valiant I’ve been.”

“Don’t be daft,” the prisoners replied. We’re not hanging around for you or the Police. They’ll be looking for us now and they’re vicious.

The prisoners snatched Don Quixote’s coat and Sancho’s hat and cleared off as fast as they could.

Don Quixote climbed back onto Rocinante. “How could they treat us so badly, when we did so much for them?”, he asked, bewildered.

..... **Mad with passion**

Forging their way through forests up to the lonely mountains, to hide from the police, Don Quixote and Sancho now noticed a bag hidden in a pile of leaves.

“What’s this?” exclaimed Don Quixote

“Look!” squealed Sancho, ripping the rotten leather open. “Four fine shirts, lots of gold coins...and a dirty old notebook. Someone’s written a silly poem. Listen.” He read aloud:

*Where gods are cruel and love is blind
Misery has pierced my mind...
Let me die, for I am sure
Without Lucinda, there’s no cure.*

“Aha,” said Don Quixote. “A knight has been spurned by his love and has come here to die in his loneliness. I have to admit, though, knights are better at bravery than verse. Anyway, you keep the money, Sancho. I don’t want it.”

“At last some cash!” exclaimed Sancho, “But what’s over there?” He pointed in the distance where a wild man, with thick beard and ponytail, leaped over rocks.

They caught up with the man who then cried, “If you’ve anything to eat, for God’s sake, let me have it.”

“Sir,” Don Quixote said courteously, “Eat your fill and tell me, who are you and what brought you to this state?”

After eating, the man said, “I am Cardenio, a nobleman from Andalusia. I loved Lucinda from childhood, and she loved me. Her father granted me permission to marry her. Then Duke Ricardo, the most powerful noble in Spain, demanded my services as companion to his son, Fernando.

Fernando and I became friends. He is young, handsome, fun. I told him about Lucinda’s beauty, wit and intelligence, and he...”

Cardenio broke down weeping, before forcing himself to continue. “He betrayed our friendship. He sought out Lucinda and, as his family is richer than mine, he persuaded her father that he, not I, should be her husband.”

“Shocking!” exclaimed Don Quixote.

“He stole her from me, though he was already engaged to be married to the lady Dorotea.”

Howling with misery, Cardenio then ran off and disappeared between shadowy mountain peaks.

“It makes you think, Sancho,” Don Quixote said. “I don’t want anyone stealing my Lady Dulcinea from me. Pen and paper, please.”

Sancho got these from his saddle-bag and watched as Don Quixote scribbled:

Noble Lady,
Sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso
If you're beautiful self scorns
me, my life is not worth living.
Say you will be mine, or I will
end it – to satisfy your cruelty
and my desire.
Your own,
Knight of the Long Face

Sancho had no intention of delivering this letter to Dulcinea. Instead, he planned to ride to the nearest inn and order a large hot dinner. He was tired of snacking on cold food.

..... **Costumes and confusion**

When Sancho reached an inn, he was surprised to see the priest and the barber from La Mancha.

“Where’s Don Quixote?” they demanded.

Sancho explained the effect of Cardenio’s story on Don Quixote. “Here’s his letter to Dulcinea.” He searched the saddle-bags and his pockets in vain. “Oh no! I’ve lost it.”

“She hasn’t a clue who he is anyway,” said the priest, “so that doesn’t matter. What does matter is getting him home.”

“How...?” mused the barber.

“Sancho led them towards the spot where he’d left Don Quixote. They stopped by a river, stumbling over Cardenio, who was told that the priest and barber knew of his story.

“Listen... can you hear singing?” the priest now asked.

What seemed to be a young farmer’s lad was paddling in the river shallows, singing a sad song in a sweet voice.

“Look at his hand!” whispered the barber:

“I see what you mean,” the priest replied softly. “Small and white as alabaster. That’s a girl in disguise.”

“My Lady... do you need help?” offered the priest.

The beauty instantly burst into tears.

“No one can help me. I am Dorotea from Andalusia. I was going to be married, but Fernando, my beloved, jilted me for a girl from a noble family.”

“Fernando!” Cardenio gulped.

“I raced to marry him. I love him still, but came too late. I discovered that his bride, Lucinda, had fainted during the wedding. Just before she fell unconscious, she declared she loved Cardenio. She only agreed to wed Fernando because her parents had forced her.

The priest dissolved the marriage and Fernando fled in a rage. Cardenio had already disappeared. I also ran away to these mountains.”

“I am Cardenio,” that man declared.

“I won’t rest until I see you married to Fernando while I...” he cried with joy, “I will marry my lovely Lucinda. My madness is cured.”

“Excellent,” said the priest. “Now we must care for Don Quixote.”

“The famous crazy knight?” Hearing Don Quixote’s predicament, Dorotea turned to the barber. “Find me a pretty dress. I have an idea...”

..... Demons in the ox cart

They found Don Quixote under a tree.

Dorotea threw herself at his feet. “Are you the Knight of the Long Face?” she asked. “I am Princess Mircomiconna. A giant has stolen my land and threatens to eat my father. Can you help me?”

“A beautiful damsel in distress?” responded Quixote enthusiastically.

“Will you promise not to get involved in any other adventure until you’ve sorted mine out?” pleaded Dorotea.

“I swear,” answered Don Quixote.

From a discreet distance, the barber and priest followed Don Quixote, Sancho and Dorotea across the plain to the inn.

“Don’t get upset with the man in the rusty suit,” the priest told the innkeeper.

“He’s crazy but harmless.”

“He can sleep in the barn loft where I keep my wine. Out of harm’s way,” the innkeeper replied kindly.

At midnight Sancho screamed, waking the entire inn. “Come quickly! My master’s fighting...there’s blood everywhere...”

“EVIL CREATURE!” Don Quixote yelled, brandishing his sword.

“He’s slashed my wineskins,” roared the innkeeper in fury, looking at the floor awash with a lake of red bubbles. “My best vintage, ruined!”

“I’ve killed Princess Mircomicona’s giant,” Don Quixote triumphed. “It was a fierce battle, and I won.”

“You’ve wounded wineskins,” scolded the innkeeper. “Wait until you get my bill.”

“This room is too sodden with blood to sleep in,” yawned Don Quixote wearily. “I’ll go downstairs.”

But downstairs, two ghostly figures with white faces and dark cloaks seized Don Quixote and threw him in a wooden cage mounted on an ox cart. Sancho was also tossed beside his master. There they sat, bruised and dazed, clutching the bars of their prison.

“Knight of the Long Face,” chorused scary voices. “An enchanter sends you and your squire into the unknown. He asks you to promise to go on no more adventures for a year. Do you swear?”

“Y...Yes,” quavered Don Quixote.

“Then we’ll leave you.”

The demons grinned. “It’s worked,” they chortled. The priest and the barber took off their cloaks and scrubbed the paste from their faces. They were taking Don Quixote home to La Mancha.

Farewell good knight

Don Quixote woke up to find himself back in his own bed.

His niece and housekeeper, overcome with relief, brought him tempting trays of food and drink.

“Thank goodness you’re safe. We’ve been so worried,” they exclaimed.

Don Quixote felt curiously weak, now that he was not spending his energy on adventures - though he remembered how he had wandered in search of quests with Rocinante and Sancho Panza.

Sancho came to visit him.

“Look... You’re famous, just as you wanted.”

Sancho showed Don Quixote a big book, with illustrations of the knight on Rocinante, tilting at windmills and charging at sheep.

“I’m not sure about it,” Sancho said. “It makes you a figure of fun. It’s easy to ridicule, especially when the truth is not clear; but the Don Quixote I know is brave, wise and kind – righter of wrongs, a protector... This storybook Don Quixote is a mockery.”

“I don’t feel well,” murmured Don Quixote, sinking back into his pillow. “I’d like to see a doctor, a lawyer and the priest. I think I’m going to die.”

“He’s suffering from melancholy,” said the doctor, when he arrived. He felt Don Quixote’s pulse. It was very weak.

His friends gathered around. “We must help him,” they exclaimed.

“I must make my will,” the knight announced with a faint spark of his old energy. “I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but rather Alonso Quixada. I was mad; now I am sane. So near death, I will not joke about names or noble deeds.”

Sancho was unashamedly in floods of tears. “Get up... let’s go on adventures again and have fun. Don’t die of grief – it isn’t worth it.”

Don Quixote hardly listened. “I leave you a sum of money, Sancho, so that you can lead a good and useful life. My housekeeper shall likewise have money... and to my niece, I leave all my household goods”.

With these words, Don Quixote closed his eyes and breathed his last.

That was the end of the Knight of the Long Face. His friends had this epitaph carved on his tombstone.

Don Quixote

He never cared what people thought –
A clown to pompous eyes,
He lived his life a gallant fool
And finally died wise.

Don Quixote — Glossary

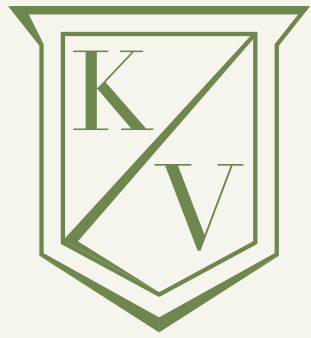
Characters

Don Quixote	a Spanish Gentleman of La Mancha; Alonso Quixada's alter ego
Alonso Quixada	an ageing bachelor
Rocinante	Don Quixote's horse
Sancho Panza	Don Quixote's squire
Cardenio	a nobleman from Andalusia

The Story

Alabaster	a semi-transparent mineral often carved into ornaments
Contented	satisfied and at peace
Courteously	politely
Damsels	young, unmarried women
Decrepit	worn out, old or ruined because of old age or neglect
Deprive	to deny the basic needs of people
Distress	to be extremely worried or concerned about something
Epitaph	words written in memory of a person who has died
Immortal	living for ever
Melancholy	a deep and long lasting sadness
Steed	a horse
Squire	a young nobleman acting as a servant to a knight before becoming a knight himself
Valiant	showing courage or determination
Wayside	the edge of the road
Wretched	miserable, unfortunate or pitiable

Heroes Who Inspire



RESOURCES

— FOR PUPILS —

Don Quixote

Activity 1

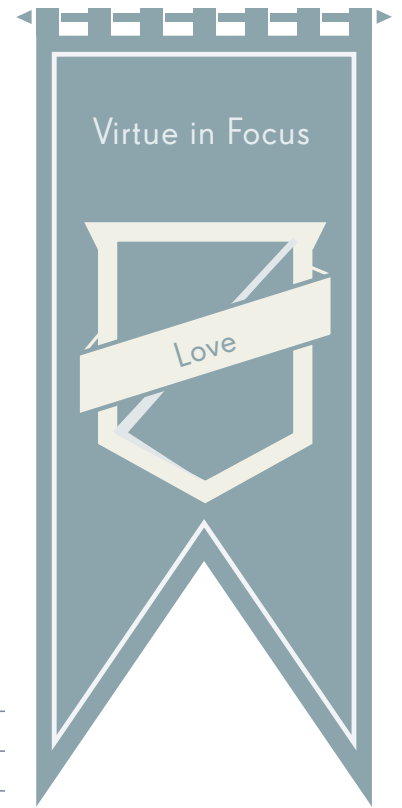
A Don Quixote and Sancho are good friends. Having read the story, in your groups, pick out three examples where Don Quixote and Sancho show that they are friends, and show love or affection towards one another. You may wish to focus on the section *Farewell Good Knight*.

Use the space below to write down your answers.

B Why was Sancho so upset at the end of the story?

Virtue in Focus

Love





The Knightly Virtues

The Knightly Virtues Programme 8 virtues

Humility — To put the needs of others before your own, and be willing to take care of others as you take care of yourself.

Honesty — To be true to yourself and other people.

Love — To feel and to show great affection for another person or group of people.

Service — Working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Courage — Having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Justice — To have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Self-discipline — The ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Gratitude — To feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Other Virtues

Mercy — To show forgiveness to someone who has done wrong.

Generosity — To be kind and generous to those around you.

Faith — To stand strong in your ideals and beliefs.

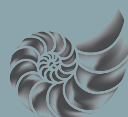
Nobility — To be of impeccably strong moral mind or character.

Hope — To always keep a positive outlook on how your actions will improve your life and the lives of those around you.

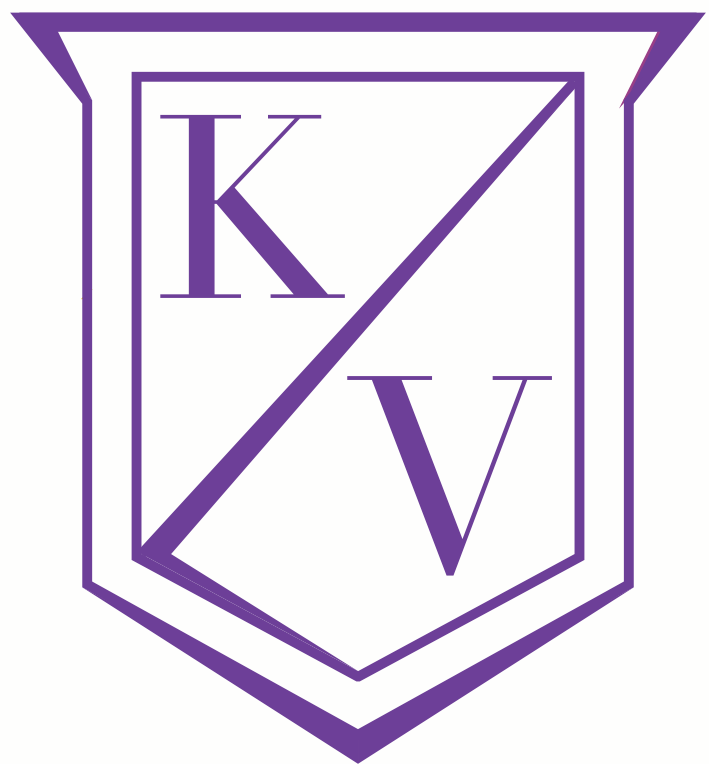
Strength — To have the inner resolve to stand firm and not back down.

For more information about other Knightly Virtues resources please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

For more information about the Knightly Virtues Research Report please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtues



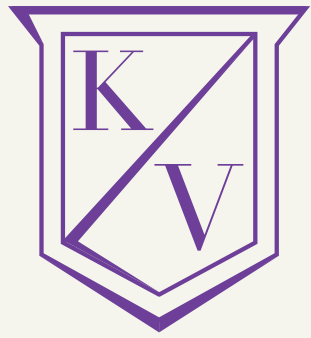
Knightly Virtues



El Cid

Learning About the
Virtues of Honesty and Humility

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES

El Cid

El Cid — Introduction

The purpose of this pack is to reaffirm and develop pupils' knowledge and understandings of the character virtues, with particular reference to the virtues of **honesty** and **humility**.

To accompany these **Teacher's Notes**, **El Cid – The Story**, and **El Cid – Resources for Pupils** are downloadable via the Jubilee Centre for Character and Virtues website (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The following supporting documents are also provided online:

- **Knightly Virtues Introduction Materials**
- **Virtues Toolkit** including activities on the following virtues: Self-Discipline, Honesty, Love, Gratitude, Justice, Courage, Service, Humility
- **El Cid PowerPoint**
- **Other stories in the programme** including Gareth and Lynette, Don Quixote, Merchant of Venice, Robin Hood, Rosa Parks, Beowulf, Joan of Arc and Anne Frank

Background Information for Teachers

This information is to supplement the El Cid PowerPoint which provides an introduction to the story, available online (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources)

El Cid was a real historical character, named Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, or Ruy Diaz. He was born in Burgos, in eleventh century Spain, and won the name of "Cid" (Arabic for lord or conqueror) by defeating five Moorish kings when much of Spain had been in the hands of invading North African Arabs for more than three centuries. The Moors gave him this name out of respect for an honourable and merciful adversary – although the Cid had firm friendships and alliances with many Spanish Moors. In terms of the present project, the key virtues of character that the Cid shows in the narrative are great courage, honour, personal integrity, mercy, tolerance and generosity. He shows great honour and personal integrity in demanding truth and justice from the squabbling Spanish kings; he is merciful to defeated Moors, tolerant of their different view and prepared for peaceful co-existence with them; and (like Don Quixote) he cares little for personal wealth and readily gives the spoils of war to his followers. Clearly, in the multi-cultural and multi-faith contexts of much present-day British schooling, a key point for emphasis here is that of the very positive social relations that Cid as a Christian knight strove hard to establish with the invading Muslim Moors at this point in Spanish history. On the one hand, Rodrigo is committed

to defending his homeland against invaders: but on the other hand, he is also respectful of their faith and seeks to live in peace and harmony with them if possible. In this spirit, he wins much Moorish admiration and many Muslim friends. However, another major theme in the Cid narrative -- which resonates deeply with the Gareth story -- is that Cid's knightly virtues of honour, courage and mercy follow from personal character rather than social status. Rodrigo Diaz is not especially high born (though he has the Spanish title 'Don' which is roughly equivalent to the English 'Sir' or 'knight' and is earned by deeds of chivalry) and is therefore looked down upon by many of the Spanish inherited nobility. In this respect, the narrative makes a point of contrasting the Cid's honourable and courageous conduct with the dishonourable and cowardly conduct of high-born nobles and (in particular) princes of royal blood. The point is pointedly made in the story that virtues are a matter of achievement not heredity. There is a reasonable film (starring Charlton Heston as Cid and Sophia Loren as Ximena), clips of which might be usefully used to illustrate the story. The final scenes in which the dead Cid is strapped on his horse to ride out of Valencia against the invading Moors might be a striking one to use in this connection.

El Cid — Lesson Plan

Title: El Cid – Honesty and Humility

Year Group 5/6
Curriculum links: Literacy, History

Learning Objectives

1. To understand what the virtues of honesty and humility mean in the story of El Cid;
2. To accurately identify vocabulary which illustrate the virtues of honesty and humility from the story of El Cid;
3. To demonstrate sustained attention to an extended narrative and answer relevant questions accurately;
4. To be able to accurately retrieve information from the narrative which illustrates an answer or point of view.

Learning Outcomes

1. To be able to identify and describe the virtues of honesty and humility;
2. To begin to be able to relate the virtues of honesty and humility to our own lives today.

Resources

Related Knightly Virtues resources, including the Virtues Toolkit, are available via www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Provided: El Cid narrative, El Cid Teacher's Notes, El Cid Resources for Pupils

Not Provided: Interactive White Board, Flipchart, Pens

Introduction (15mins)

Introduce/reaffirm the meaning of character and virtue (Knightly Virtues Introduction PowerPoint). Introduce the Knightly Virtues definitions of humility and honesty (Virtues Toolkit). Establish open space for pupil engagement principles.

The Story (30-35mins)

Read the story to pupils. Provide pupils with the opportunity to clarify understanding. Provide pupils with access to the Glossary for reference to character names and new vocabulary.

Activity (15-20mins)

Virtue in Focus: Honesty

Ask pupils to work on their own and, with particular focus on the sections 'El Cid' and 'The Death of Sancho', to find examples of when El Cid demands honesty from those around him. There is space provided for them to write their answers. Pupils then pick out three virtues, in addition to honesty, that El Cid demonstrates in the story.

Plenary (15mins)

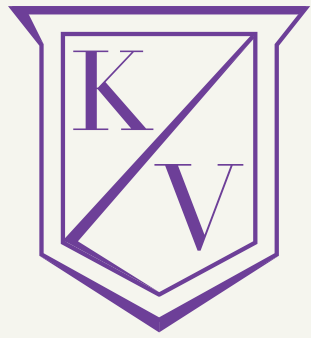
Bring the group together to discuss the acts of honesty found within the story and invite them to share their suggestions for other virtues displayed and reasons for choosing them. Show and read the humility virtue card (available in the Virtues Toolkit) and introduce the homework task.

Progression/Homework

Virtue in Focus: Humility

Humility task from the Virtues Toolkit found online at www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Heroes Who Inspire



THE STORY



El Cid

Story retold by the Jubilee Centre for
Character and Virtues

El Cid — The Story



EL CID (Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar 1043-1099)

Imagine the scene. The newly crowned king of northern Spain is sitting in splendour receiving promises of loyalty from his subjects. This is King Alfonso, brother of Sancho and 4 other brothers and sisters.

This is a great moment for Alfonso. He had previously been robbed of his lands by his brother Sancho. Well now Sancho was dead and not only had Alfonso got his lands back, but he had also inherited Sancho's lands as well.

Suddenly the atmosphere changes. The next knight to come forward is El Cid, the friend and champion of his brother Sancho. El Cid was a great knight with an awesome reputation for his success and bravery in battle. El Cid's many acts of tolerance and forgiveness towards his enemies had already endeared him to the Spanish people.

El Cid kneels in front of Alfonso but instead of a vow of allegiance he asks a question.

"Did you kill your brother? Did you murder Sancho?"

When Alfonso and Sancho's father Ferdinand was alive, he was king of a large area of northern Spain. Ferdinand wanted his 6 children to live peaceably after his death, so he divided his kingdom between them. Sancho, Alfonso and their 2 brothers were each left large areas of land. Their 2 sisters were each left a city.

Ferdinand's hopes for peace and friendship amongst his children were short lived. Sancho was furious that he, the eldest son had not been left all of his father's kingdom and he decided to take it back, by force if necessary.

"I am my father's eldest son" boomed Sancho. "He should have left ALL of his kingdom to me. Why has he given lands to my brothers? I will have all of the kingdom. You must help me El Cid. My brothers and sisters must hand their lands to me or I will take them by force"

El Cid had grown up with Sancho. He had learnt his fighting skills on horseback and with the sword and lance alongside Sancho. El Cid had led many successful armies for Sancho and had achieved fame for his success in one to one combat as Sancho's champion. For all his love and respect for Sancho, El Cid was appalled at his greedy determination to rob his brothers and sisters of the land their father had given them.

Sancho went ahead anyway and El Cid had little choice but to help him.

Sancho stole all 3 of his brothers' lands and Alfonso escaped with his life and went to seek safety and sanctuary in Zamora which his sister Dona Urrace ruled.

Sickened by Sancho's conduct, El Cid tried to persuade him not to take Zamora by force.

"Sire this is your sister" counselled El Cid. "You surely cannot wish to harm her. You have taken the lands which your father gave to your 3 brothers. They are beaten and you now have a large kingdom. Is it not enough?"

Sancho refused to listen and his army went ahead and laid siege to Zamora, not allowing anyone in or out of the city and refusing to allow any food in.

.....**The Death of Sancho**.....

El Cid pleaded with Sancho to be allowed to negotiate a surrender from Dona Urrace and Alfonso.

“Sire, let me go to your sister and plead with her to leave Zamorra peaceably and without bloodshed”

Sancho allowed El Cid to go and seek a surrender from his sister. It was agreed that a man representing Sancho’s sister Dona Urrace and Alfonso would come out and discuss her surrender to Sancho.

The plan backfired because the man sent out to speak with Sancho was an assassin and he stabbed and murdered him.

It seemed clear that Alfonso had played a part in his brother’s murder. El Cid was devastated by Sancho’s death and that is what gave him the courage to kneel before his new king and ask the shocking question “did you kill your brother?”

King Alfonso had little choice but to defend his honour. He stood in the church of Santa Gadea in Burgos and, with his hands on the altar, he swore not once but 3 times that he had played no part in the murder of his brother Sancho.

El Cid accepted King Alfonso’s word and swore his loyal service to him.

On the surface King Alfonso was friendly towards El Cid and gave him high office as Campeador - leader of the armed forces.

Privately Alfonso seethed with anger.

.....**All Hail King Alfonso**.....

Alfonso had been deeply humiliated when El Cid asked him to swear his innocence and who knows, perhaps his conscience was troubled too.

In those days, the leaders of smaller and weaker lands were obliged to pay tributes (fines) to their stronger more powerful neighbours. Failure to pay led to threats of force. The King of Seville owed tributes to King Alfonso and here was an opportunity for Alfonso to get revenge. He sent El Cid and his men to Seville to collect the debt. El Cid did as instructed and he returned to court with the money owed to Alfonso.

But no, the tributes should have been greater. El Cid’s enemies whispered that he must have decided to steal some of the money for himself. This accusation went against the honest nature and integrity of El Cid but Alfonso used the false charge as an excuse to banish EL Cid from the kingdom. This was a harsh punishment.

El Cid had to leave his wife and 2 daughters behind as he went into exile with a group of loyal followers.

His banishment was received with great sorrow by the Spanish people who loved their great hero and champion.

In order to live, El Cid became a soldier of fortune, offering his services to one master and then to another. He was always successful as he led his men into battle after battle. El Cid added over and over to his reputation as a fearless knight who led his men with great courage and often showed compassion to his beaten enemies.

When King Alfonso had problems at home he sent for El Cid, and the loyal knight went to his King's aid, despite the way he had been treated. Alfonso's warm welcome didn't last and soon enough El Cid was banished again, this time with no money and his family in prison.

Disgraced and poor, El Cid had to earn money by offering his fighting skills where he could. He rescued the city of Valencia which was being starved into surrender by the Moors.

El Cid drove the Moors out of the city, restored peace and decided to make the city his home. He showed compassion and mercy to the beaten Moors and, after sending for his family, El Cid lived in Valencia for the rest of his life.

..... **After his death**

El Cid died in 1099 killed, it is said, by a poisoned arrow.

Just before he died El Cid gave a strange instruction to his wife and closest men. He knew that a Moorish army was preparing to attack Valencia and he wanted to lead his army one more time. The Moors gathered outside the city knew that El Cid was dying and they believed his men would be easier to beat without El Cid leading them.

El Cid died and in line with his last request, he was tied into the saddle of his favourite horse Babieca. His sword the Tizona was tied into his hand and he led his men one last time. The Moors were terrified when they saw El Cid and they retreated, chased away by El Cid's army.

El Cid was a real knight in 11th century Spain and he has earned his place in history. El Cid was a soldier, tough and brave. He was also a loyal servant of his King and a great leader of men. He lives on as a national hero in Spain.

El Cid — Glossary

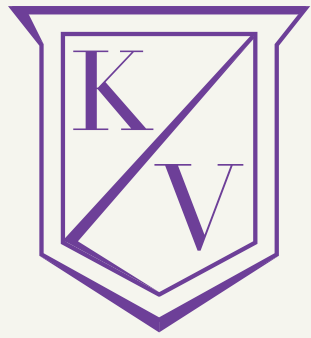
Characters

El Cid	nobleman and military leader
King Alfonso	King of León and King of Castile
Sancho	Alfonso's brother
Donna Urrace	Alfonso's sister
Ferdinand	Alfonso's father
The Moors	Muslim of the Iberian Peninsula during the Middle Ages
Sword of Tizona	El Cid's weapon

The Story

allegiance	the loyalty of a person or group to a cause, government or ruler
banishment	to be exiled or expelled from a country or region
counsel	formal advice
devastate	to cause great shock or grief
humiliate	to make some feel ashamed or foolish by insulting their pride
seethe	to be particularly angry
sicken	to make someone feel disgusted
swore something	to have made a solemn promise to do something or confirm

Heroes Who Inspire



RESOURCES

— FOR PUPILS —

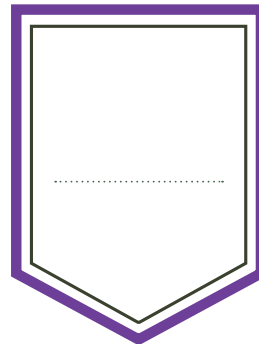
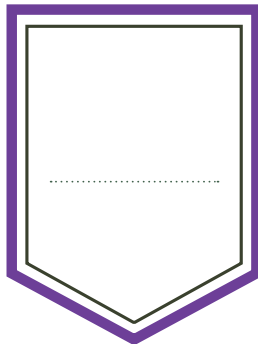
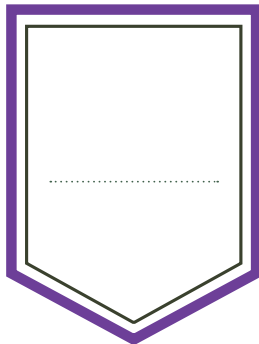
El Cid

Activity 1

El Cid was an honest man, and displayed his honesty in different ways. He challenged those around him to show honesty, too.

A Working on your own, go through the story, with focus on the sections *El Cid* and *The Death of Sancho*, and describe how El Cid demands honesty from those around him. Is he successful?

B What other virtues does El Cid show during the story? You may wish to refer to the Virtues Toolkit to refresh your memory on the virtues you have studied so far. Write three virtues El Cid shows in the boxes below.



The Knightly Virtues

The Knightly Virtues Programme 8 virtues

Humility — To put the needs of others before your own, and be willing to take care of others as you take care of yourself.

Honesty — To be true to yourself and other people.

Love — To feel and to show great affection for another person or group of people.

Service — Working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Courage — Having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Justice — To have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Self-discipline — The ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Gratitude — To feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Other Virtues

Mercy — To show forgiveness to someone who has done wrong.

Generosity — To be kind and generous to those around you.

Faith — To stand strong in your ideals and beliefs.

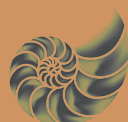
Nobility — To be of impeccably strong moral mind or character.

Hope — To always keep a positive outlook on how your actions will improve your life and the lives of those around you.

Strength — To have the inner resolve to stand firm and not back down.

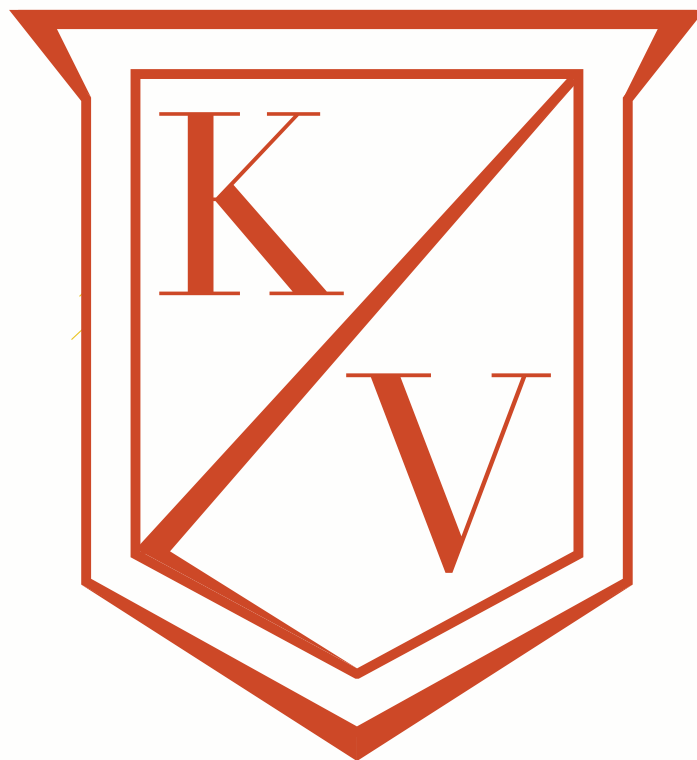
For more information about other Knightly Virtues resources please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

For more information about the Knightly Virtues Research Report please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtues



Heroes Who Inspire

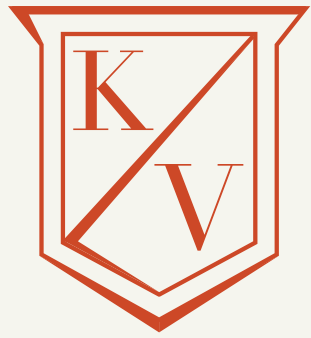
Knightly Virtues



Gareth & Lynette

Learning About the Virtues of
Self-Discipline and Courage

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES

Gareth & Lynette

Gareth & Lynette — Introduction

The purpose of this pack is to reaffirm and develop pupils' knowledge and understandings of the character virtues, with particular reference to the virtues of **self-discipline** and **courage**.

To accompany these **Teacher's Notes**, **Gareth & Lynette – The Story**, and **Gareth & Lynette – Resources for Pupils** are downloadable via the Jubilee Centre for Character and Virtues website (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The following supporting documents are also provided online:

- **Knightly Virtues Introduction Materials**
- **Virtues Toolkit** including activities on the following virtues: Self Discipline, Honesty, Love, Gratitude, Justice, Courage, Service, Humility
- **Gareth & Lynette PowerPoint**
- **Other stories in the programme** including El Cid, Don Quixote, Merchant of Venice, Robin Hood, Rosa Parks, Beowulf, Joan of Arc and Anne Frank

Background Information for Teachers

This information is to supplement the Gareth & Lynette PowerPoint which provides an introduction to the story, available online (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources)

In the tale of Gareth and Lynette, Gareth is one of the younger sons of the King of Orkney and he cannot wait to follow his brothers Gawain and Gaheris to the court of King Arthur where he hopes to join the chivalric round table fellowship. His reluctant mother eventually allows him to go, only on condition that he works anonymously as a kitchen boy for twelve months before he seeks knighthood to embark on a quest. This he does, enduring with patience and fortitude, and his quest comes when the Lady Lynette comes to the court of King Arthur to ask the help of Sir Lancelot to free her sister the Lady Lyonors (sometimes Lyonesse) from the clutches of the Red Knight. Lynette is horrified when King Arthur grants the request of Gareth -- an apparent kitchen scullion -- to undertake this task. In the context of the Knightly Virtues Programme, the key virtues displayed by Gareth include humility, fortitude and courage. Apart from the courage that Gareth proceeds to demonstrate in facing formidable foes on the quest, he endures with astonishing gentleness and forbearance the bullying of the court steward Sir Kay (foster-brother of Arthur) and the condescending taunts and insults of the Lady Lynette - both of whom despise him for what they take to be his low and ignoble station. But a larger moral lesson here -- further

amplified in the El Cid story – is that in the moral and spiritual sphere we should not, as it were, ‘judge a book by its cover’. A major point of the story is that virtue is not necessarily linked to social class, but to firm moral character and conduct, e.g. the rude and bullying Sir Kay is a knight but clearly lacks the knightly virtues. In principle, although courage, gentleness and humility are knightly virtues, one does not have to have the social status of a knight to possess them. An interesting contrast is drawn in the story between Sir Lancelot, who is always gentle and encouraging towards Gareth and Sir Kay who treats Gareth badly. Sir Kay cannot see the positive virtues in Gareth’s character, because he lacks them himself.

Gareth & Lynette — Lesson Plan

Title: Gareth & Lynette – Self-discipline and Courage

Year Group 5/6

Curriculum links: Literacy, History

Learning Objectives

1. To understand what the virtues of self-discipline and courage mean in the story of Gareth and Lynette;
2. To accurately identify vocabulary which illustrate the virtues of self-discipline and courage from the story of Gareth and Lynette;
3. To demonstrate sustained attention to an extended narrative and answer relevant questions accurately;
4. To be able to accurately retrieve information from the narrative which illustrates an answer or point of view.

Learning Outcomes

1. To be able to identify and describe the virtues of self-discipline and courage;
2. To begin to be able to relate the virtues of self-discipline and courage to our own lives today.

Resources

Related Knightly Virtues resources, including the Virtues Toolkit, are available via www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Provided: Gareth & Lynette narrative, Gareth & Lynette Teacher's Notes, Gareth & Lynette Resources for Pupils

Not Provided: Interactive White Board, Flipchart, Pens

Introduction (15mins)

Introduce/reaffirm the meaning of character and virtue (Knightly Virtues Introduction PowerPoint,). Introduce the Knightly Virtues definitions of self-discipline and courage (Virtues Toolkit). Establish open space for pupil engagement principles.

The Story (30-35mins)

Read the story to pupils. Provide pupils with the opportunity to clarify understanding. Provide pupils with access to the Glossary for reference to character names and new vocabulary.

Activity (15-20mins) Virtue in Focus: Self-Discipline

Ask the pupils to work on their own to find two examples of where Gareth demonstrates the virtue of self-discipline in his quest to become a knight. Ask them to share their thoughts with the person sitting next to them. Ask pupils to discuss what they can learn from the story to help them develop the virtue of self-discipline in their own lives.

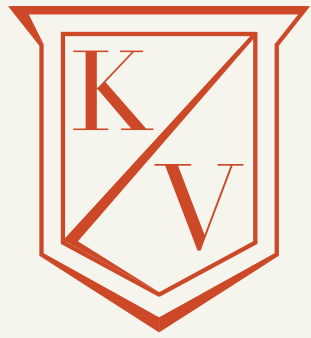
Plenary (15mins)

Bring the group together to discuss the examples of self-discipline found within the story and invite them to share their thoughts on what they can learn from Gareth to enhance their own self-discipline. Show and read the courage virtue card (available in the Virtues Toolkit) and introduce the homework task.

Progression/Homework Virtue in Focus: Courage

Courage task from the Virtues Toolkit found online at www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Heroes Who Inspire

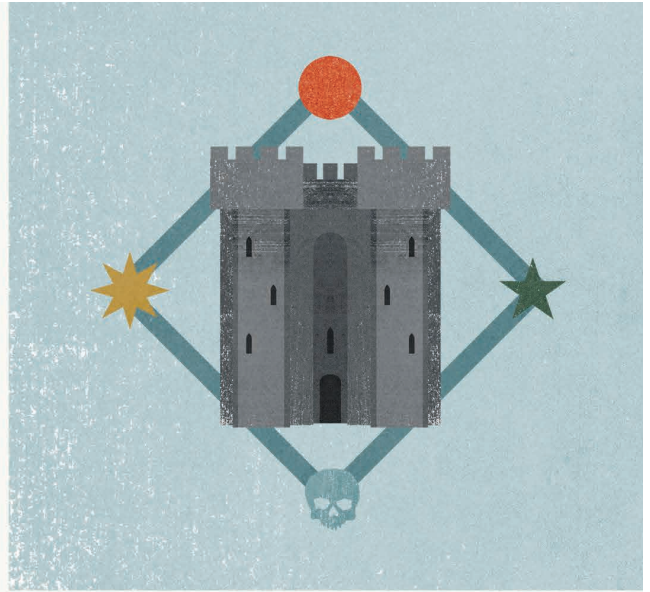


THE STORY

Gareth & Lynette

Story retold by the Jubilee Centre for
Character and Virtues

Gareth & Lynette — The Story



Queen Bellicent of Orkney had three tall sons; and the youngest, named Gareth, was the tallest of all. Gareth's brothers, Sir Gawain and Sir Gaheris were both Knights of the Round Table, and Gareth longed to join them at the court of King Arthur, and to do valiant deeds that would allow him to join the Fellowship of the Round Table, and make him worthy to sit in the company of Sir Lancelot, the most well-known and respected of any knight in the world.

So Gareth begged his mother, "Let me go; I am not a child anymore." But Queen Bellicent didn't want to lose her youngest son as easily as her eldest two had gone. She insisted that Gareth work for a year and a day, in secret, as a kitchen servant in Arthur's Court before he could become a knight. "Son, you shall go to Arthur's Court once you have worked among the pots and pans as a scullion; and you shall not tell your name to any one".

"So be it. I will work hard for a year and a day to gain my wish; for all I desire is to be among those noble knights, and to win myself a name like theirs." He kissed Queen Bellicent and departed.

At that time, King Arthur was hosting the feast of Whitsuntide, in a city called Kink-Kenadon, near Wales. The King had a custom that he would not sit down to dinner until he had seen something remarkable, or heard about some adventures. So far on this day, nothing of interest had happened. However, soon three men drew near to Kink-Kenadon castle and came into the King's dining hall. The men were very well dressed, and one of them was very tall and handsome.

The tall young man walked in and said, "King Arthur, God bless you, and all your noble Fellowship of the Round Table; I come to ask three gifts of you."

"The first," said he, "is, that you will let me serve among the kitchen-boys and be given meat and drink for a twelvemonth. If you grant me this, I will ask the other two gifts in a year, wherever you hold your high feast."

King Arthur accepted the request and allowed the tall man to work in his kitchen. "You shall have meat and drink, for I never refused that to friend or foe. But what is your name?" "I cannot tell you," said the tall man. "That is marvellous," said the King, "not to know your name; for you seem the finest young man that ever came into our presence."

King Arthur called Sir Kay, the steward, and told him give the young man the best food and drink, and treat him in all respects as though he were a lord's son.

Sir Kay wasn't pleased. He named the tall man 'Beaumains' ['Fairhands'], because his hands were large and white, and took him to the kitchen, making sure he only had thick pottage to eat. Sir Kay jeered and mocked Beaumains, and made him do the meanest and hardest tasks. However, Sir Lancelot treated him with great gentleness and courtesy; saying, "I will wager that this youth shall prove a very honourable young man." Lancelot invited Beaumains to dine with him in his private chamber; but Beaumains would not accept the offer. Instead, he sat down and ate sadly among the kitchen-boys. Every day he worked among the greasy pots and pans, and every night he slept in the kitchen: and he did this for a whole year, and never did anything to displease anyone, and was always meek and mild and obedient to Sir Kay, who

hated him and called him 'kitchen boy'.

Whenever the knights were jousting, Beaumains would go and watch. He loved to hear tales of good knights, and of the great deeds of Sir Lancelot, which the kitchen folk told round the fire. Lancelot was the strongest of all knights; no one could throw a heavy bar or stone as far as he could; and he was the fastest runner and greatest wrestler.

So the year passed and Whitsuntide came round again. The King held the feast this time at the city of Carleon. Again, King Arthur would not eat dinner until he had heard of some adventures. Presently, a maiden named Lynette rode up on a white palfrey. She bowed to the King, and asked him for help. "Sir," said she, "I serve a beautiful and well-known lady named Lyonors. A tyrant besieges her in her castle, so that she cannot leave. I beg you to send Sir Lancelot to my Lady's help."

The King asked, "Who is this tyrant?" Lynette said, "He is called the Red Knight of the Red Lawns; and he is determined to marry the Lady Lyonors, whether she wants to or not; though she hates him. Four knights hold the fords of the river surrounding her castle, so that no man may come past; and they are so strong that only a very strong knight might overcome them.

They call themselves Morning Star, Noon-day Sun, and Evening Star: and the fourth is called Night and Death, and is more terrible than all the others. So, I have come for Sir Lancelot; for there is no other knight that could undertake this adventure and succeed in it."

Then Beaumains, the kitchen-boy, came forward crying. "Sir King! Sir King!" and everyone turned to look at this tall young man. "I have been in your kitchen for the last year and have served you honestly for my meat and drink; and now I will ask my two gifts that were to be granted me today. First, that you will grant me the honour of this adventure of the rescue of Lady Lyonors, for it belongs to me by right." "Thou shalt have it," said the King. "Then, Sir," said Beaumains, "this is the other gift, that you will tell Sir Lancelot to knight me whenever I ask him to, for I will be made knight by him and by no other." "All this shall be done," said the King. "Fie!" said Lynette, "I asked for Sir Lancelot; and I am given a kitchen boy?" She was very angry indeed, and took her horse and left.

A man then came into the hall and told Beaumains that his horse and armour were waiting ready outside; and there waiting was all the richest armour that a knight could need, which had been sent by Queen Bellicent. The court wondered where all these things had come; for the horse's trappings were of cloth-of-gold, and so were Beaumains' mantle and tunic; and he looked more like a prince than a scullion. He bade farewell to the King, and rode after the maiden; and Sir Lancelot rode a little way with him.

Sir Kay was angry and jealous, and said aloud in the hall, "I will ride after my kitchen boy and bring him back to his work." So he took his horse and spear and followed; and he cried, "Ho there! Beaumains the scullion! Turn back! Do you not know me, your master?"

"Yes," said Beaumains, turning around, "I know you as the rudest knight of Arthur's court.

Now you must beware of me!" And they rode hard at each other with their spears pointed and Beaumains unhorsed Sir Kay, and left him lying on the ground. Lynette had watched this from a little way ahead.

Beaumains said to Lancelot, "Do you think that someday I may prove myself fit to be a knight?" "Yes," said Lancelot, "if you go on as you have begun; and indeed you should by rights be a knight already. But I cannot give you the order of knighthood till I know your name and family; I promise you that I will not tell it to any man.

"My name is Gareth; son of King Lot of Orkney, and brother to the good knight Sir Gawain."

"Ah, sir!" said Lancelot, "I always thought you came of a noble race." And Sir Lancelot made him knight there and then. Afterwards he went back to Sir Kay, and had him taken home on his shield, as his shoulder was put out of joint by his fall. And Sir Beaumains rode after the maid Lynette.

But when he overtook her, she said, "Away, kitchen lad your clothes are covered in tallow, and you smell of the kitchen. I accept that you have overthrown your master, Sir Kay; but you are no more than a turner of spits and a washer of spoons. How can you hope to finish my adventure?" "I shall do my best," said Beaumains. So Lynette rode on in front; for she would not ride beside him.

As they passed through a wood, a man came running and calling for help; "Robbers have seized my lord, bound him, and I fear they are about to kill him!" "Bring me to him," said Sir Beaumains. They came to a glade where there was a knight bound with ropes, and six robbers about to drown him in the river. With three strokes of his sword, Sir Beaumains slew three of the robbers, and the other three fled. The freed knight invited Sir Beaumains to his castle, so he could reward him with praise and honour. "Sir," said Beaumains, "today I was knighted by Sir Lancelot, and that is enough reward for me. And also I must follow this maiden." So they parted company.

But Lynette again made Beaumains ride behind her, saying, "You are strong in the arm; but still you smell of a kitchen, and soon you will meet with a stronger man than yourself, who shall put you to shame." "Maiden, I heed not what you say, so long as I may save the Lady Lyonors." The maiden continued to scoff at him, but Sir Beaumains did not answer a word.

They came to a ford in a great river, with a narrow bridge across; on the other side was the knight who called himself the Morning-Star. And he called across the river, "Maiden, is this your champion that you have brought? Is he a knight of King Arthur's court?" "Nay, good knight," said she, "this is no knight at all, only a scullion, who has been fed in King Arthur's kitchen; I am ashamed to be seen in his company."

"That may be," said the knight, "but he looks a very strong man. I shall soon overcome him and take his horse and armour."

But Beaumains said, "Sir Knight, whether you like it or not, I am going to force this crossing; and you will get neither horse nor armour of mine without winning them in hard fight."

"It is not proper for a kitchen-boy to ride with such a lady as your companion." Said the knight. "You lie," said Beaumains, "I come of higher lineage than you!"

The two knights fought a short sharp fight, and Beaumains unhorsed the Morning-Star, and brought him to his knees. Lynette cried out, "Do not kill him!", so Beaumains bid him go to Arthur's Court and ask for pardon; and he himself rode on after the maiden. She called back over her shoulder "keep away, do not come between me and the wind for you smell of the kitchen worse than ever! If you have over-thrown the Morning-Star, it was by chance and you are still no better than a scullion. There is a knight nearby, who shall pay you for your insolence."

Thus, shortly, they came to another ford in the river, and saw the knight called Noon-day Sun guarding it, pacing up and down all in blazing red armour. He taunted Beaumains, and defied him, as his brother had done; and Beaumains challenged him to combat. Noon-day Sun was bigger and stronger than the Morning-Star, and he fought very fiercely. But in the end he was unhorsed, and surrendered.

Lynette, however, was still as disdainful as ever, and said "Fie, for shame that a good knight should fall before a kitchen knave!"

Soon they came to the third crossing of the river, with the Knight of the Evening-Star waiting to challenge all-comers. Sir Beaumains encountered and overcame him and the three fords were won.

Finally, in the twilight of the evening, they came to the castle of Lady Lyonors. A black pavilion was in front of it, and a terrifying skeleton in black armour, on a black horse, was riding up and down. "Fool!" said Lynette. "You had better flee whilst there is still time; for this is Death himself, and you shall never overcome him; for who can overcome Death?" "Let him come on and do his worst," said Beaumains, "I shall not fail to fight while my life lasts." "Oh mercy!" said Lynette, "What a man you are! How patient, how dauntless! I am sure you must come of noble blood; for never did a woman treat a knight so shamefully as I have done you, and you have endured it all with gentleness and courtesy, never answering a word back again. I am sorry that I have treated you so; and still more sorry because I know you will shortly be killed. It is not possible to escape Death."

"Lady, whether I be a gentleman or not, I have done you gentleman's service; and perhaps I shall do better still before I depart from you. Now I will end this adventure as best I may." With that, he charged hotly upon the figure of Death, and split his helm in two. But from within the skull there appeared the bright face of a boy, crying, "Do not harm me, Sir Knight; for I should never have harmed you; I am but a boy. My brethren put me here, to scare off all from Lady Lyonors, while they kept the fordings of the river." "But where is the Red Knight of the Red Lawns?" asked Beaumains. "If you have passed the fords," said the boy, "you must certainly have met and overthrown him; for he was the knight all in blazing red armour,

calling himself the Noon-day Sun.”

Then Dame Lyonors came forth out of the castle, to welcome her champion; and she was dressed richly like a princess, and as beautiful as a midsummer morning. Sir Beaumains and Dame Lyonors fell in love; and they agreed to be married on their return to Carleon.

Meanwhile the three defeated knights, Morning-Star, Noon-day Sun, and Evening Star, had asked for mercy at Arthur’s Court; and when King Arthur heard of all the gallant doings of his kitchen lad, he was greatly astonished. “You need not wonder,” said Sir Lancelot, “for there are few men living that are as strong as he, and of such noble blood.” “It would seem that you know his name, and whence he comes, and of whose family.” “I suppose I do,” said Lancelot, “or else I should not have knighted him.”

As they spoke, Queen Bellicent of Orkney arrived seeking news of her dear son Gareth; and so all was soon made known. And at the marriage of Gareth and Lyonors, there was the heartiest rejoicing among the knights that ever had been known at Arthur’s Court.

Gareth & Lynette — Glossary

Characters

Sir Gareth	son of the King of Orkney
Sir Beaumains	Sir Gareth's alter ego
Lady Lyonors	marries Sir Gareth
Lynette	servant to Lady Lyonors
King Lot	King of Orkney; Gareth's father
Queen Bellicent	Queen of Orkney; Gareth's mother
Sir Gawain	Gareth's brother
Sir Gaheris	Gareth's brother
King Arthur	King of England
Sir Lancelot	the most well-known and respected of any knight in the world
Sir Kay	the steward
Red Knight of the Red Lawns	suitor of Lady Lyonors
Morning Star	one of the Red Knight's soldiers
Noon-day Sun	one of the Red Knight's soldiers
Evening Star	one of the Red Knight's soldiers
Night and Death	the most terrible of the Red Knight's soldiers

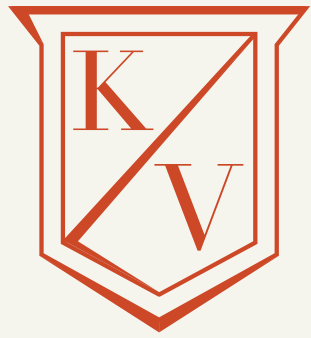
The Story

Dauntless	Without intimidation.
Fellowship of the Round Table	The collective brotherhood of knights who were usually of noble birth: kings, princes, dukes, earls, and barons, who formed the backbone of any army of the time. Merlin the Wizard created the legendary Round Table - in a shape symbolising the roundness of the universe. The Fellowship of Knights each made an oath to protect the distressed, maintain the right, and live a stainless existence.
Ford	Shallow place to cross a river.
Heed not what you say	To take no notice, or to choose to ignore.
Higher Lineage	higher social standing.

Gareth & Lynette — Glossary

Jousting	a game contested between two horsemen with lances, often as part of a tournament. The horsemen ride towards one another at speed and attempt to unseat their opponent, or break their lance on their opponent's shield or armour.
Palfrey	a highly valued horse.
Scullion	a male servant who performed menial kitchen jobs (washing, cleaning, etc.) in large households.
Slew	killed violently.
Tallow	beef/mutton fat.
Thick Pottage	a thick soup or stew.
Trappings of cloth-of-gold	expensive fabrics, usually covering a horse and/or its carriage.
Turner of spits and washer of spoons	a servant, carrying out basic tasks such as turning a spit (hog roast), or washing cutlery.
Valiant	brave able to face and deal with danger or fear without flinching.
Whitsuntide	holiday period in Medieval times for serfs.

Heroes Who Inspire



RESOURCES

— FOR PUPILS —

Gareth & Lynette

Activity 1

It takes a lot of hard work and self-discipline to become a knight, as Gareth shows throughout the story.

A On your own, go through the story and pick out two examples where Gareth shows self-discipline. How do the examples found benefit him in his quest to become a knight? Now compare your examples with the person sitting next to you. Be prepared to share your thoughts with the rest of the class.

B What can you learn from Gareth to help you develop the virtue of self-discipline in your own life?

Virtue in Focus

Self-Discipline





The Knightly Virtues

The Knightly Virtues Programme 8 virtues

Humility — To put the needs of others before your own, and be willing to take care of others as you take care of yourself.

Honesty — To be true to yourself and other people.

Love — To feel and to show great affection for another person or group of people.

Service — Working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Courage — Having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Justice — To have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Self-discipline — The ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Gratitude — To feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Other Virtues

Mercy — To show forgiveness to someone who has done wrong.

Generosity — To be kind and generous to those around you.

Faith — To stand strong in your ideals and beliefs.

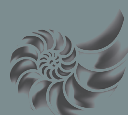
Nobility — To be of impeccably strong moral mind or character.

Hope — To always keep a positive outlook on how your actions will improve your life and the lives of those around you.

Strength — To have the inner resolve to stand firm and not back down.

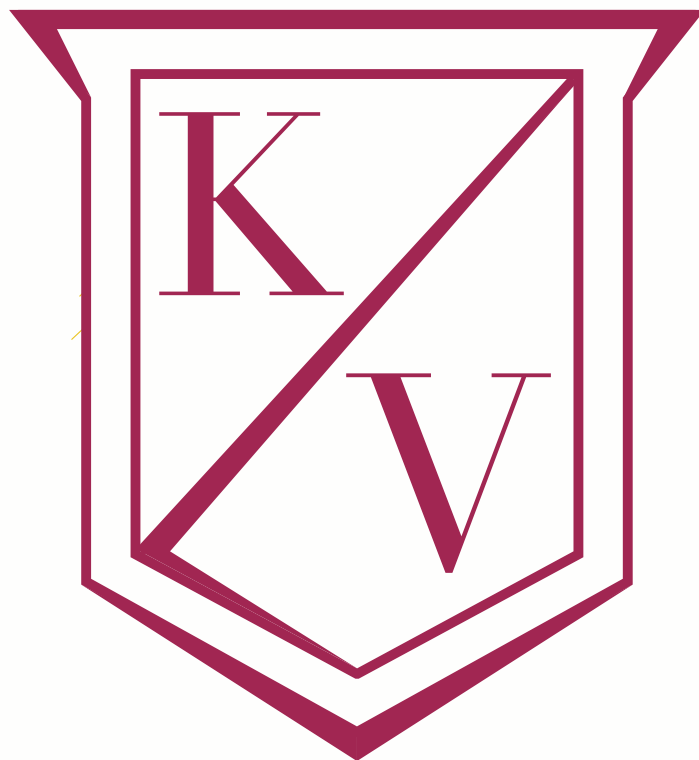
For more information about other Knightly Virtues resources please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

For more information about the Knightly Virtues Research Report please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtues



Heroes Who Inspire

Knightly Virtues



Joan of Arc

Learning About the
Virtues of Service and Courage

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES

Joan of Arc

Joan of Arc — Introduction

The purpose of this pack is to reaffirm and develop pupils' knowledge and understandings of the character virtues, with particular reference to the virtues of **service** and **courage**.

To accompany these **Teacher's Notes**, **Joan of Arc – The Story**, and **Joan of Arc – Resources for Pupils** are downloadable via Jubilee Centre for Character and Virtues website (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The following supporting documents are also provided online:

- **Knightly Virtues Introduction Materials**
- **Virtues Toolkit** including activities on the following virtues: Self Discipline, Honesty, Love, Gratitude, Justice, Courage, Service, Humility
- **Joan of Arc PowerPoint**
- **Other stories in the programme** including Gareth and Lynette, El Cid, Don Quixote, Merchant of Venice, Rosa Parks, Beowulf, Robin Hood and Anne Frank.

Background Information for Teachers

This information is to supplement the Joan of Arc PowerPoint which provides an introduction to the story, available online (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The retold version of the Joan of Arc in this pack concludes with the coronation of King Charles VII in Reims and his agreement for Joan to continue her battle with the English. There is mention in the Afterword of Joan's imprisonment, trial and execution by the English. There are many published versions of the complete story of Joan of Arc's life, martyrdom and beatification available for further study. These incidents have not been included in the story presented in the pack as the political and religious dimensions of Joan's trial are very complex and demanding for pupils to understand.

Joan of Arc — Lesson Plan

Title: Joan of Arc – Service and Courage

Year Group 5/6

Curriculum links: Literacy, History, Modern Foreign Languages

Learning Objectives

1. To understand what the virtues of service and courage mean in the story of Joan of Arc;
2. To accurately identify vocabulary which illustrate the virtues of service and courage from the story of Joan of Arc;
3. To demonstrate sustained attention to an extended narrative and answer relevant questions accurately;
4. To be able to accurately retrieve information from the narrative which illustrates an answer or point of view.

Learning Outcomes

1. To be able to identify and describe the virtues of service and courage;
2. To begin to be able to relate the virtues of service and courage to our own lives today.

Resources

Related Knightly Virtues resources, including the Virtues Toolkit, are available via www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Provided: Joan of Arc narrative, Joan of Arc Teacher's Notes, Joan of Arc Resources for Pupils.

Not Provided: Interactive White Board, Flipchart, Pens

Introduction (15mins)

Introduce/reaffirm the meaning of character and virtue (Knightly Virtues Introduction PowerPoint). Introduce the Knightly Virtues definitions of service and courage (Virtues Toolkit). Establish open space for pupil engagement principles.

The Story (30-35mins)

Read the story to pupils. Provide pupils with the opportunity to clarify understanding. Provide pupils with access to the Glossary for reference to character names and new vocabulary.

Activity (15-20mins) Virtue in Focus: Service

Ask the pupils to read 'A Childhood' section of the story through for themselves. Then divide them into small groups and ask them to work together to identify three incidents in which Joan serves the needs of others. There is space provided for them to write their answers. Invite pupils to look through the rest of the narrative for additional acts of service. Invite pupils to look at the rest of the story. Ask them to make a note of any other virtues apart from service that Joan and/or other characters display. You may wish to refer to the virtue definition cards available in the Virtue Toolkit.

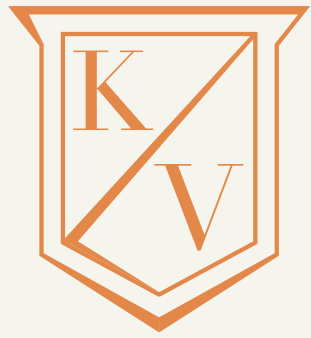
Plenary (15mins)

Bring the group together to discuss the acts of service found within the story and invite them to share their examples. Show and read the courage virtue card (available in the Virtues Toolkit) and introduce the homework task.

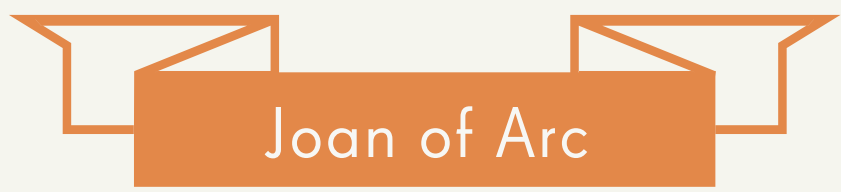
Progression/Homework Virtue in Focus: Courage

Courage task from the Virtues Toolkit found online at www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Heroes Who Inspire



THE STORY



Joan of Arc

Story retold by Jon Davison

Joan of Arc — The Story

Prologue

The story I am about to tell you is based upon real events. The story is set in France and France was in a mess. The events happened during the time historians later called The Hundred Years' War. But the historians were wrong. The War lasted for 116 years from 1337 to 1453.

Can you imagine what it is like to live in a country that has been at war in your lifetime as well as in your parents' and grandparents' lifetimes? Well, worse than that, this war would have been going on since your great-great grandparents were children.

Since 1066, parts of France had belonged to the English kings. But over the years, the French wanted all of their country back. France was at war with the English. It was also at war with itself.

The key person in this story is a young peasant girl, who could not read or write. We are not even sure of her actual name. She grew up on a farm close to a small town called Domrémy. As a child she lived a quiet life. She never went to school. At the time women were not treated as equals to men - girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age were expected to get married and look after their own husband and children. Kings, princes and dukes ruled the country mainly through their wealth and their own armies.

However, this uneducated peasant girl grew to be the most powerful person in the whole of France. Some people thought she was mad. Others found Joan to be quiet, calm, well spoken and thoughtful. Some people called her a witch.

Before Joan was 19 years old she was leading tens of thousands of loyal French soldiers. Soldiers thought her a brilliant military leader. English generals feared Joan's power. But Joan had rich and powerful enemies who put her to death at the age of nineteen.

An Investigation

I am a clerk and it is my job to keep a careful record of an important investigation into the life Joan of Arc. The year is 1456, 25 years after Joan died. I will introduce you to the important people and the main events of Joan's short life. We believe that Joan was born around 1412, but we are not sure of the exact date, or even the exact spelling of her name.

One thing we are certain of is that Joan's name was not *Joan*. She said, 'In my town, they called me Jeannette'.

Her name was most likely *Jeanne* or *Jehanne* – the French equivalents of Joan. It was not until she was about eighteen years old that she learned to write her own name. In very shaky letters she wrote *Jehanne*, but in her handwriting it looks like *Johanne*. Perhaps that is why people have called her Joan?

Joan's family name was Arc but she became known throughout our country as 'The Maid'. But I'll just refer to her as Joan of Arc.

The English finally left France in 1453, some 22 years after Joan had been executed. The purpose of our investigation is to show that Joan was a good, honourable French woman who should not have been put to death. We have spent two years interviewing one-hundred-and-fifteen people about Joan's life – friends, family, relatives, soldiers, and noblemen to find the truth about Joan. I have been taking notes – writing, writing and writing, day after day. I am now going to share with you some of what people have told us. I will also tell some of what Joan said about herself at her trial in 1431.

A Childhood

Joan was one of five children. She spent most of her time playing with two brothers, Jean and Pierre. Joan developed a quick mind and stood up for herself in their games. Their home was a very simple stone house with a flattened earth floor. Behind the house, beyond her father's garden, chickens, the pigpen and barn stood the church on the banks of the River Meuse.

The house took lots of work to keep clean and tidy and from a very early age Joan always helped her parents with household chores before going off to play with her brothers and friends. She always put the needs of others before her own.

One of her childhood friends, Hauviette told us, 'Joan was a good, simple and sweet-natured girl. She was like any other girl; she did the housework, spinning and sometimes looked after her father's flocks.' Another friend, Colin, said, 'She was a good girl. She liked to go to church, so we used to tease her. She worked hard, fed her family's animals, and cared for them a lot.'

Joan also showed great care and kindness to her friends. Her friend Simonin lived in the house next door to the d'Arc family, and he told us, 'She was good, simple, pious... caring for the sick and giving alms to the poor; this I saw myself when I was sick and Joan came to comfort me.'

Even though the children enjoyed themselves playing in the woods and picnicking in the meadows, life in

Domrémy was not always one of peace and happiness. From a young age, Joan knew that when the church bells rang an alarm, enemies were near. The English or their allies the Burgundian soldiers could strike at any time, killing young men, stealing money, food or animals, and burning homes.

As well as being a farmer, Joan's father was a 'doyen' of the village – a town council official. Jacques d'Arc was a well-respected community leader. When the alarm sounded, he was responsible for making sure that all the villagers got to the safety of the nearby castle, with as many of their animals as they could manage.

Bright Lights and Voices

In 1422, young Joan heard that the old king of France had died. The poor man had gone mad. In the terrible battle of Agincourt, just 7,000 English soldiers had defeated 20,000 French troops and had captured the Duke of Orléans. He had been a prisoner for five years.

Whatever the cause of his insanity, the old King had been of no use against the English. He was so ill that he had not ruled France properly for years. But the good news was that the King had left a healthy son aged 23, Prince Charles. He was heir to the throne – the *Dauphin*.

The bad news was that the Dauphin had been told it was too dangerous for him to be crowned King. The country was a war zone. He could not travel to the cathedral city of Reims, where all kings of France had their coronation. I also heard from one of his courtiers that the Dauphin enjoyed his comfort too much. That meant Prince Charles was happy to spend his days hidden away behind fortified walls in the city of Chinon. The six-day ride from Chinon to Reims was out of the question.

Without a King, the people of France were very sad and dispirited. The Hundred Years' War had broken the spirit of many of our people. Now we had no King, no leader. French men were fighting each other. Bandits, vagabonds and highwaymen roamed the countryside attacking and robbing people.

We wanted someone to save us: someone to take the lead; someone who would get the Dauphin crowned King. Over time many people I met began to talk about an ancient prophecy that said one day a pure young maiden would save France. We spoke in hope, but doubted it would happen.

ooo0ooo

From the time Joan was very young, she enjoyed going to church and hearing stories of the lives of the saints – especially St. Catherine and St. Margaret. The stories of the lives of these brave women inspired the young Joan. She also very much enjoyed the company of her friends Mengette, Hauviette and the ploughboy, Jean Waterin. They would sit in the sunshine, talk, tell stories and play together. Jean Waterin told me, 'Often when we were playing together, Joan would go away from us a little and often spoke with God, it seemed to me.'

On a bright, sunny morning when Joan was about 12, sitting in her father's garden, the moment came that would change not only Joan's life, but also that would change the course of French history forever.

Joan remembered, 'About the hour of noon... I heard a voice on the right-hand side, towards the church... there was a great light... I knew that it was the voice of an angel...'

Joan told nobody about this incident. After all it could have been a daydream, or a trick of the light. But from that day on she heard the voice two or three times a week. Joan said, 'It taught me to conduct myself

Joan believed that she had been called to serve her country and she accepted that was what she must do. Joan did not know quite how she would do it, or even exactly when. Joan knew only that she must.

well... it told me that I should raise the siege laid to the city of Orléans... I should make my way to the fortress of Vaucouleurs... and the Captain of that place would give me people to go with me... I answered that I was a poor girl who knew not how to ride nor lead in war.'

Joan's head teemed with questions. How could she save a city? The city of Orléans was not surrounded by the English. How would she leave home? Her parents would never allow such a thing. When would she learn to ride a horse? How could she – a young girl – lead soldiers? She resolved to say nothing about these voices for now, but to lead a good life and wait until the right moment.

I think if such an event happened to me today, as an old man, I would not know what to do - but as a young person from a tiny village? Impossible! But Joan believed that she had been called to serve her country and she accepted that was what she must do. Joan did not know quite how she would do it, or even exactly when. Joan knew only that she must.

A Journey

For three years, life went on much the same for Joan – helping her mother in the house, working in the garden and fields, going to church and playing with her friends. For three years, the voices told her that she would serve her country. For three years, Joan told nobody.

Then in May 1428, when she was 16, Joan's parents announced that they had arranged a marriage for her. Although Joan had never disobeyed her parents, she knew she could not let this happen. So very calmly and politely, she thanked her parents but said she could not marry as she had decided to devote her life to God.

In those days, it was quite common for at least one son in peasant families to become a priest, or for a daughter to go into a convent. Because of Joan's calm and sincere behaviour, her enjoyment of going to church, her interest in the lives of St Catherine and St Margaret, her parents were not surprised and they agreed that she would not get married.

In October 1428, the city of Orléans was besieged. It was a terrible blow for the loyal people of France.

The voices that Joan heard then told her that the time had come for Joan to help the Dauphin. Again she told no-one. 'I went to my uncle's,' she said, 'and there I stayed for about eight days.' Her uncle agreed to take her the town of Vaucouleurs to meet the Captain of the loyal forces. The captain knew the Dauphin. If Joan could convince him that it was her duty to serve France, perhaps the Captain would help her to go to the Dauphin.

Her uncle took her to the town, but the Captain refused to see the poor, thin peasant girl of 16 in her faded dress. His advisors laughed at Joan's story and sent her away. Joan returned, however, and the Captain saw Joan, but said he needed time to think and sent her away again.

I asked one of the officers, de Metz, who eventually travelled with Joan, 'Why, then, did the captain agree to see her on the third occasion?'

De Metz had asked Joan, 'My dear girl, what are you doing here?'

Joan replied, 'I am here to ask the Captain if he will take or send me to the Dauphin. I must be at the Dauphin's side. For indeed there is nobody in the entire world, neither king nor duke, nor any other who

can recover the kingdom for France... Although I would had rather remained at my mother's side, for it is not my decision, yet I must do this thing, for my Lord wills that I do.'

Joan spoke with such conviction that De Metz took Joan to the Captain again.

When Joan saw the Captain, she spoke in her calm, quiet, but strong way. She told him that the voices she heard had also said that Joan was the only person who could break the siege of Orléans. This time the Captain was totally convinced. He agreed to help and gave Joan a letter of introduction to the Dauphin. De Metz and three other experienced soldiers would travel with her.

De Metz remembered, 'I asked her if she wanted to go in her own clothes. She said that she would rather have men's clothes, so we had men's clothes made for her and shoes and we delivered a horse to her.'

That night she cut her hair short like a boy's. The next morning, dressed as a young man for extra protection, wearing a sword, riding a horse very slowly and very carefully, she left for the town of Chinon.

I must be honest with you; in our day, the idea of a young woman cutting her hair and dressing in a coat and trousers like a soldier was regarded as rather strange and unnatural!

To Chinon

In February 1429, Joan left for Chinon. With so many English troops in the area, the journey would be a very difficult and dangerous one. Her companions were surprised by how well Joan learned to ride.

De Metz said, 'We moved at night and we kept on the road for a period of eleven days... the Maid always told us to have no fear... we took her to Chinon as secretly as we could.'

Even after such a long and demanding journey to Chinon, Joan was so dedicated to serving her country that she gave little thought to herself. Joan recalled, 'I arrived there at about noon and took lodging at an inn. And after a meal I went to the Dauphin, who was in the castle.'

To Joan, the castle seemed massive after the small houses of her hometown. The great hall shimmered in the brilliant light of hundreds of torches. Dazzling tapestries lined the walls. A crowd of at least 300 people thronged the room. There was lively music. Jugglers entertained the people. But the Dauphin's seat of honour on the platform was empty.

Joan slowly and carefully scanned the room looking for the Dauphin. And then she saw a young man dressed all in black mingling with the elegant people of the court. He looked clumsy, skinny and bandy-legged. His nose was big and his chin was small. Not the sort of person you might expect to be the next King of France!

But as soon as Joan's eyes caught sight of this person, even though she had never seen him, nor a picture of him, in the whole of her life, she knew this was Prince Charles. Calmly and smoothly wearing her faded dress she moved through groups of finely dressed courtiers, up to the Dauphin and curtsied perfectly. The court historian later wrote about the conversation between Joan and the Dauphin:

'God give you life, gentle King,' said Joan with great respect.

'Oh! What if I am not the King, Joan?' Charles tested her, 'Look there is the King, over there,' he pointed to a tall, well-dressed, handsome man.

'In God's name, gentle Prince,' Joan urged, 'it is you and no other.' She continued, 'I am Joan the Maid and the King of Heaven has commanded that through me, you are to be anointed and crowned King of France in the city of Reims.'

Charles was looking at her in disbelief. Then Joan drew Charles aside and very quietly whispered to him. Nobody heard what she said and for the rest of her life she refused to reveal what she said. The Dauphin's eye widened. His face paled and his mouth fell open. He was astounded. Charles said later that Joan had revealed to him knowledge of a deep secret that only God would have known.

In an instant he silenced the great hall and announced that from then on, Joan was to live in the castle with him. He appointed to her a page, her special servant to help with anything she needed.

Many courtiers visited her. Noble men and women were enchanted by her humility, thoughtfulness and strong beliefs. However, there were those that doubted this small, skinny peasant girl with spiky hair. They were jealous that she had just walked in from nowhere in her faded dress and become what appeared to be the Dauphin's favourite. They wanted to put her in her place. They tried to catch her out, to test her, but Joan gave as good as she got. She may have been small, quiet and calm most of the time, but when people tried to trick her, or were rude or hurtful, Joan would stand up to them strongly and directly.

Although the Dauphin did not doubt Joan, some of his advisors warned him that she could be a witch, possessed by devils. Perhaps she was a Burgundian spy, a liar or insane? Joan, they said must be completely tested and questioned by priests and professors about her background and the voices she claimed to have heard.

Joan realised that even though the Dauphin was almost ten years older than her, Charles was far less mature than she was. He was totally reliant on his advisors and many of them hated Joan. For three weeks, Joan was questioned, hour after hour, day after day.

With a calm certainty Joan told her interrogators what the voices had foretold:

- 'the city of Orléans will be freed from the English';
- 'first I shall send them an invitation to surrender';
- 'through me the King will be crowned in Reims';
- 'the Duke of Orléans will return from captivity in England'.

No evidence of Joan lying about her life could be found and she could not be shaken from her belief in the truth of her voices. Finally, Prince Charles could accept Joan's help and guidance. He made Joan an official member of the royal army.

Preparations Are Made

Life changed completely for Joan. She was assigned a second page and two heralds to serve her. Joan was provided with five impressive warhorses, and a number of smaller, lighter steeds for use in her coming campaign. Two squires were provided to care for Joan's horses.

Joan spent every day in training with the royal troops. At first the soldiers were doubtful that this slight teenage girl could engage in war games, but Joan was agile and growing in strength. She impressed

The mood of the entire country changed overnight. It seemed that, as foretold in the ancient prophecy, a young maiden had come to save France.

everyone with her quick learning and ability to fight with weapons on horseback, as well as on the ground.

A fine suit of white armour was made just for Joan and it fitted her perfectly. Joan wore the shining armour over a vest and trousers of chain mail. Hopefully, that would stop any arrows, or swords from piercing the leather joints of the armoured suit.

Word of Joan joining the army and her promises to the Dauphin spread throughout France. The mood of the entire country changed overnight. It seemed that, as foretold in the ancient prophecy, a young maiden had come to save France. Loyal French people were filled with new hope and strength. The English and the Burgundians began to doubt their own chances of success.

Day after day, Joan trained and practised her skills harder than anybody. She was keen to get the campaign underway as soon as possible. What nobody knew as they watched Joan working from early morning to late each night, was that she had a secret.

Joan's voices had also said that she had a little over a year to fulfil the promises she had made to the Dauphin. Therefore she worked longer and harder each day, overcoming her blisters, bruises, aches and tiredness.

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Joan needed a fine sword to complete her military outfit. Her voices told her that a sword would be found buried close to the altar of the small church in the town of Sainte-Catherine-de-Fierbois. Two of her heralds were sent to the town.

When the heralds arrived at the church, two churchmen told them that there was no sword: it was simply a legend. The heralds described the sword as Joan had done, 'It is rusted with five crosses engraved on it.' Unconvinced, the churchmen led the two heralds to the altar. They stood to the left of the altar and, with the aid of a mattock and much heaving and hauling, they lifted two large flagstones. Nothing - just dry, compact soil beneath. They dug down several feet and soon hit solid rock.

The sun was setting in the west. The small church was flooded with a fading red glow. Disheartened, but as quickly as they could, the heralds filled the hole and replaced the flagstones. One churchman looked to the other, raised his eyes to the roof and slowly shook his head, 'Looks like the Maid was wrong. What about all the other things she has said?'

Undaunted, one herald lit a torch while the other quickly walked to the right of the altar. In the flickering gloom, they repeated the process. The flagstones were even harder to lift here, but soon the digging began. Within a minute, there was a metallic 'Clank!' that echoed around the stony walls.

The men froze for an instant and then looked at each other. One herald bent down, brushed the soil aside to reveal a rusted sword - just as Joan had described. In his joy, the herald snatched up the rusty sword and waived it in triumph.

He had not realised how close a stone column was behind him. The sword struck the granite and as it did so, it seemed to shatter into a thousand pieces, showering the four men in metallic shards.

Once again the men froze. Had the special sword been found, only to be shattered by a careless herald? However, when the four men looked to see what the herald had been left holding, they saw a perfect shining sword, completely free from rust, engraved with five crosses just as Joan had described.

To Orléans

By April 1429, Joan was prepared. She was the figurehead of the army of the Dauphin. She had with her a shining white banner that included an emblem of the lily flower on it – an ancient symbol of the kings of France. Although she was dressed in her suit of fine armour and carried the legendary sword, she later said, ‘I fought with my banner, not with my sword. I never killed anybody.’

Joan wanted peace with the English. She did not want more people to die, whether they were French or English. The two countries had once been allies, at peace with each other. The royal families of both countries were related to each other by marriage.

So Joan’s first act was to send a letter to the commander of the English troops besieging the city of Orléans. Joan asked her herald to write down her words and afterwards to read them back to her. In the letter she said, ‘Render to the Maid all the keys of the towns you have invaded in France... I am chief-of-war... I am sent to drive you out of France... you archers, companions of war, men-at-arms, and others who are before the town of Orléans, go away to your own country... obey and I will be merciful to you...’

In fact, Joan sent three letters to the English and three times they refused to withdraw their troops surrounding Orléans. The only option was to attack. Wearing her white armour, Joan rode on a large white warhorse at the head of the army. Her white silken banner streamed in the wind. Joan urged everyone to ride faster and harder towards the city.

So pleased were the loyal French soldiers inside the city when Joan arrived, that they charged out of one of the city gates that had been barricaded by the English. They fought with a new furious will and drove away the company of English soldiers. As Joan and the army rode into Orléans, the people were jubilant, crying ‘The Maid will save us’.

For three days the battle raged around the walls of the city. Arrows filled the air, falling like deadly rain. Joan had her shoulder pierced by an arrow. She had it removed at once and immediately returned to rally the troops. City walls rang with shouts, cries and the clash of steel as fierce hand-to-hand combat raged on. Through it all, wherever fighting was at its fiercest, Joan shone out like a white beacon of light shouting ‘Fight for France!’

By Sunday 8th May, both sides were exhausted. The rules of combat in those days demanded that fighting never took place on a Sunday. For two hours that Sunday morning, the armies of France and England faced each other. And then, at a silent command, the English army turned and left! They knew they could not defeat Joan’s sheer force of will. The city was free at last.

On to Reims

Word of the victory reached the Dauphin. He sent a letter to every loyal town celebrating Joan’s triumph. But there was no time for Joan and the army to relax. They had to clear the English from all the towns between Orléans and Reims in the northeast.

As word of Joan’s victory spread, more and more loyal Frenchmen rode to join the army, swelling its numbers every day. Through June and the first half of July, Joan and the army rode through the countryside taking town after town back from the English. Soon Joan and the army were finding that the English were withdrawing from towns before they even arrived. In the end, when Joan arrived at Reims, the English

surrendered without any fighting at all. The coronation could now take place.

A King is Crowned

The air in the ancient cathedral of Reims was heavy with incense. A golden canopy, carried by four knights on horseback, shone like the sun in the light of hundreds of candles and torches as they processed along the aisle. Joan waited in front of the altar, her battle standard held high above her bowed head.

As the procession reached the altar, twelve trumpets rang out as the Dauphin ascended the few stairs to a special platform and knelt before the throne. The echoes of the trumpets faded and monks and priests began chanting. The archbishop recited an ancient prayer, blessing the Dauphin and the crown, sceptre and golden spurs that would be handed to him as King. Prince Charles was then anointed with holy oil and dressed in garments of the finest silk.

The Dauphin swore an oath of loyalty to the kingdom of France for the rest of his life. He was then crowned King Charles VII of France. Carrying her banner proudly, Joan stood next to the King. The trumpets sounded again and the city was filled with cheers from thousands of loyal subjects in the cathedral and the packed square outside.

Joan had accomplished all that her voices said she would. She had served her country and its King faultlessly.

Afterword

King Charles VII gave Joan the title of Lady du Lis – Lady of the Lily. She could now have a coat of arms, raise her own funds and command her own army.

In the light of what she had done, Joan asked the King for a favour, but not for herself. She asked that the people in her hometown of Domrémy be given tax-free status forever. No longer would they pay tax to the King.

Courtly life was not for Joan, so she convinced the King to allow her to continue fighting the English, even though her voices had never asked her to do this. In May 1430, Joan was captured in battle by Burgundian troops.

The Burgundians asked the King to pay a large sum of money for Joan's release. The King's advisors said that he must not pay a ransom. Even after everything she had done for the King and her country, Charles VII refused to pay to rescue Joan. Therefore, the Burgundians asked the English to pay. The English paid the ransom and took Joan to prison.

Joan was tried and executed by the English in May 1431, at the age of 19. The final prediction of Joan's voices had come to pass.

So here we are twenty-five years after Joan's execution. All the accounts that we have heard in our investigation show that Joan was a true and honourable young woman who always put others' needs before her own and who gave her life in the service of her country. She was courageous, brave and showed tremendous fearlessness in the face of danger. I hope you have enjoyed hearing about her life, and can understand how doing things for the benefit of others, even when you might be scared or nervous, can benefit a greater good.

Joan of Arc — Glossary

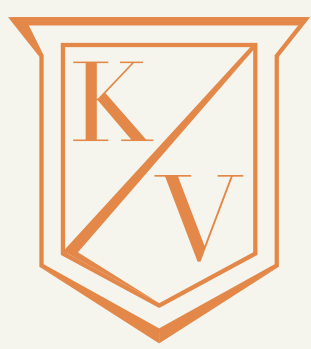
Characters

Jehanne d'Arc	Joan of Arc – The Maid
Jacques d'Arc	Joan's father
Isabelle d'Arc	Joan's mother
Hauviette, Simonin	Joan's childhood friends
Colin, Mengette and Jean Waterin	
The Dauphin	Prince Charles, heir to the throne crowned King Charles VII of France

The Story

Agincourt	pronounced 'A-zhyan-core'
alms	donations
besieged	surrounded by an enemy army
campaign	a planned series of battles
Chinon	pronounced 'She-non'
courtiers	knights, lords, ladies and servants at the King's court
Dauphin	pronounced 'Doh-fan'
Domrémy	pronounced 'Dom-ray-me'
doyen	a town council official
du Lis	pronounced 'do-Lee' – the lily flower
herald	a servant who would carry messages
jubilant	filled with joy
mattock	an ancient pickaxe
Orléans	pronounced 'Or-lay-on'
page	a servant
pious	virtuous
Reims	pronounced 'Ra-ms'
Sainte-Catherine	
de-Fierbois	pronounced 'Sant Catt-er-reen de Fee-air-bwuh'
shards	metal splinters
siege	the surrounding of a city stop food supplies arriving
squire	young nobleman who is a knight's attendant
steed	small, fast horse
Vaucouleurs	pronounced 'Voh-coo-ler'
warhorse	very large, strong horse like a carthorse

Heroes Who Inspire



RESOURCES

— FOR PUPILS —

Joan of Arc

Activity 1

A Read the section titled *A Childhood* (pages 2 to 3) and write down three incidents where Joan serves the needs of others in some way. Explain your choices using the spaces provided below.

An example of when Joan serves others is...

An example of when Joan serves others is...

An example of when Joan serves others is...

B Look at the rest of the story and choose your favourite character, aside from Joan. What virtues do they display? Why are they your favourite? Write your answers below.

Virtue in Focus

Service



The Knightly Virtues

The Knightly Virtues Programme 8 virtues

Humility — To put the needs of others before your own, and be willing to take care of others as you take care of yourself.

Honesty — To be true to yourself and other people.

Love — To feel and to show great affection for another person or group of people.

Service — Working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Courage — Having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Justice — To have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Self-discipline — The ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Gratitude — To feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Other Virtues

Mercy — To show forgiveness to someone who has done wrong.

Generosity — To be kind and generous to those around you.

Faith — To stand strong in your ideals and beliefs.

Nobility — To be of impeccably strong moral mind or character.

Hope — To always keep a positive outlook on how your actions will improve your life and the lives of those around you.

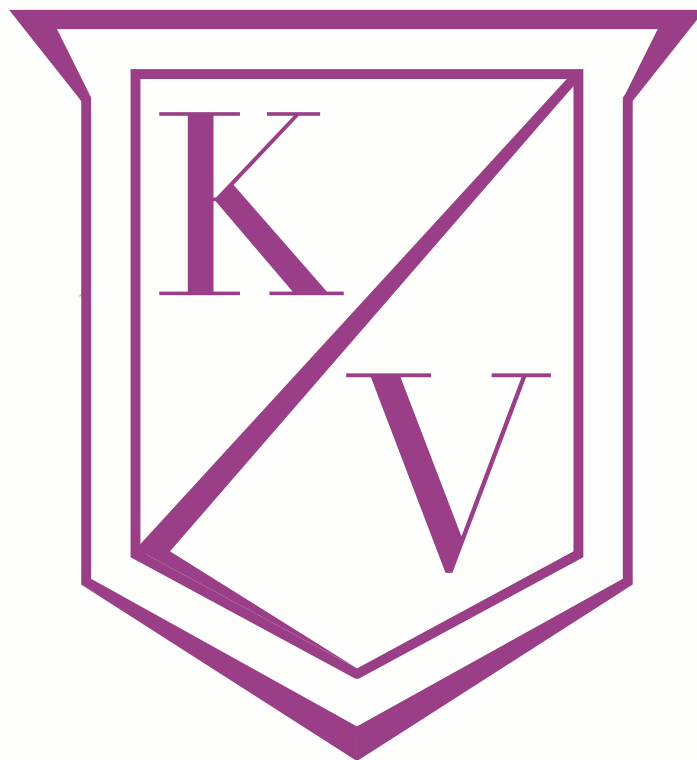
Strength — To have the inner resolve to stand firm and not back down.

For more information about other Knightly Virtues resources please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

For more information about the Knightly Virtues Research Report please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtues



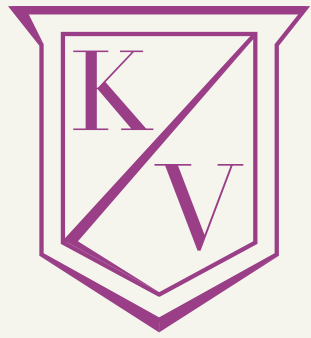
Knightly Virtues



The Merchant of Venice

Learning About the Virtues
of Gratitude and Self-Discipline

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES

The Merchant of Venice

The Merchant of Venice — Introduction

The purpose of this pack is to reaffirm and develop pupils' knowledge and understandings of the character virtues, with particular reference to the virtues of **gratitude** and **self-discipline**.

To accompany these **Teacher's Notes**, **The Merchant of Venice – The Story**, and **The Merchant of Venice – Resources for Pupils** are downloadable via the Jubilee Centre for Character and Virtues website (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The following supporting documents are also provided online:

- **Knightly Virtues Introduction Materials**
- **Virtues Toolkit** including activities on the following virtues: Self-Discipline, Honesty, Love, Gratitude, Justice, Courage, Service, Humility
- **The Merchant of Venice PowerPoint**
- **Other stories in the programme** including Gareth and Lynette, El Cid, Don Quixote, Robin Hood, Rosa Parks, Beowulf, Joan of Arc and Anne Frank

Background Information for Teachers

This information is to supplement the The Merchant of Venice PowerPoint which provides an introduction to the story, available online (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources)

The story of The Merchant of Venice is a tragic comedy. It has a generally dark theme, though a reasonably light and happy ending.

Lady Portia is a paragon of virtue. The virtues of moral character that stand out in Portia are wisdom and justice. Portia's defence of the virtue of mercy in Act IV, Scene 1 (see below), is one of the most famous and frequently memorised speeches in all of Shakespeare's work. Portia gives Shylock every opportunity to act mercifully at Antonio's trial; offering him several times the repayment of the loan, and is still merciful to him after she has outwitted him and saved Antonio. At this point, Antonio also takes the opportunity to show mercy to Shylock, and we may hope that he has perhaps learned some kind of moral lesson from his close and foolhardy shave with death. Anyway, there should be plenty of scope here for rich discussion with primary pupils about some serious human moral issues.

'The quality of mercy is not strain'd; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place

beneath; it is twice bless'd; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes; 'tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the thron'd monarch better than his crown; his sceptre shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; but mercy is above this sceptred sway, -- it is an attribute to God himself; and earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons justice.'

(Portia to Shylock, Act IV, Scene 1)

The episodes of Portia's suitors opening the gold, silver and lead boxes, and the scrolls inside each speak of wisdom and humility. Bassanio displays these in selecting the lead box over the gold and silver. He admits that he is poor and has had to borrow money from Antonio to visit Portia from Antonio. Whilst all of her suitors put Portia on a pedestal, the two who select the gold and silver boxes do so without thinking truly about the reasons Portia's father has devised this test. Whilst they admirably display humility at being wrong in their choices, they do not show the same level as Bassanio, which is why he is able to pass the test and claim Portia's heart. Again, even when he gives away his wedding ring towards the end of the play, he does so with the best of intentions, as he is so happy that Balthazar (Portia) has defended Antonio so successfully, even if it is farcical that neither he nor Gratiano recognise their wives Portia and Nerissa in the courtroom.

Whilst Antonio, who the play is named after, is initially presented as a kind and generous friend, who is willing to lend any sum of money to Bassanio, his speeches and conduct actually convey a morally challenged character. He is as anti-heroic as Shylock is, for opposing reasons. Whilst being capable of displaying great kindness, generosity and reputation, Antonio is foolish to accept the terms offered by Shylock for the loan. He also shows his bigoted and racist views in condemning Shylock for being Jewish, and only showing mercy and giving Shylock half of his property back if he converts to Christianity.

Shylock, on the other hand, is an anti-heroic character, depicted as a deeply unpleasant and vindictive person in his work as a moneylender, yet he is given one of the most powerful anti-racist speeches ever written (below).

Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs,
dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with
the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject
to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means,
warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer
as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed?
If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us,
do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?
If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that.
If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?
Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his
sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge.
The villainy you teach me, I will execute,
and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

(Shylock, Act III, scene 1)

Shylock, as a Jew, is a victim of Christian prejudice, intolerance and persecution, and Shakespeare leaves this in little doubt in the text. That said, the portrayal on stage of Shylock in a sympathetic light is said to have only begun during the nineteenth century. Previously, actors often played him as a clown or a villain. Since the early nineteenth century, actors often portray Shylock as being justified in his call for revenge on Antonio for not repaying the debt. As Portia initially indicates in court, Antonio willingly signed the bond agreeing to repay Shylock with a 'pound of flesh', should he be unable to repay the debt on time, and it was Antonio's arrogance and short-sightedness which lead him to believe that his ships would return to Venice on time to allow him to pay the debt.

Shylock had few other opportunities for livelihood than money-lending on interest, which was forbidden to Christians by law.

Whilst Shylock's speech (above) in Act III, Scene I can be commended unreservedly as a man displaying patience and an absence of bigotry and prejudice, Shylock's heart does 'harden' when learning that his daughter Jessica has run off to marry a Christian.

So, whilst these are delicate and controversial topics for the primary classroom, there is clearly much scope here for exploration of different (good and bad) points of view through appreciation of the deeply complex (morally mixed) characters of both Shylock and Antonio.

The Merchant of Venice — Lesson Plan

Title: The Merchant of Venice – Gratitude and Self-Discipline

Year Group 5/6

Curriculum links: Literacy, History

Learning Objectives

1. To understand what the virtues of gratitude and self-discipline mean in the story of The Merchant of Venice;
2. To accurately identify vocabulary which illustrate the virtues of gratitude and self-discipline from the story of The Merchant of Venice;
3. To demonstrate sustained attention to an extended narrative and answer relevant questions accurately;
4. To be able to accurately retrieve information from the narrative which illustrates an answer or point of view.

Learning Outcomes

1. To be able to identify and describe the virtues of gratitude and self-discipline;
2. To begin to be able to relate the virtues of gratitude and self-discipline to our own lives today.

Resources

Related Knightly Virtues resources, including the Virtues Toolkit, are available via www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Provided: The Merchant of Venice narrative, The Merchant of Venice Teacher's Notes, The Merchant of Venice Resources for Pupils

Not Provided: Interactive White Board, Flipchart, Pens

Introduction (15mins)

Introduce/reaffirm the meaning of character and virtue (Knightly Virtues Introduction PowerPoint). Introduce the Knightly Virtues definitions of gratitude and self-discipline (Virtues Toolkit). Establish open space for pupil engagement principles.

The Story (30-35mins)

Read the story to pupils. Provide pupils with the opportunity to clarify understanding. Provide pupils with access to the Glossary for reference to character names and new vocabulary.

Activity (15-20mins)

Virtue in Focus: Gratitude

Ask the pupils to select, in groups, two acts of gratitude displayed in the story. Who displays the gratitude, and what are they grateful for? There is space provided for them to write their answers. Pupils are asked to consider the character of Antonio. Does he display any virtues?

Plenary (15mins)

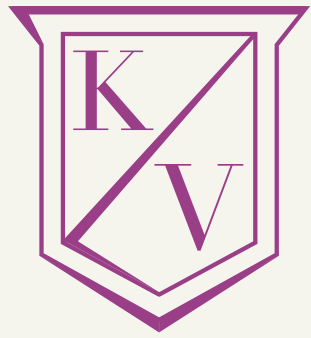
Bring the group together to discuss the acts of gratitude found within the story and invite them to share their thoughts on what characters are grateful for and also their thoughts on the character of Antonio. Show and read the self-discipline virtue card (available in the Virtues Toolkit) and introduce the homework task.

Progression/Homework

Virtue in Focus: Humility

Humility task from the Virtues Toolkit found online at www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Heroes Who Inspire



THE STORY

The Merchant of Venice

Story retold by the Jubilee Centre for
Character and Virtues

One afternoon in the city of Venice, two gentlemen stood together on a bridge over a canal. The older man, Antonio, was a successful merchant. His companion was his friend Bassanio. Antonio had just told Bassanio a scandalous piece of gossip, but Bassanio did not seem interested.

‘What’s wrong, Bassanio?’ said Antonio. ‘You have hardly spoken a word to me’.

Bassanio peered down at the canal.

‘Last year, I visited the town of Belmont. I had dinner there with a man who had a beautiful daughter, named Portia’, he said.

‘She was wise, witty ---’

‘And you fell in love with her?’ interrupted Antonio.

Bassanio blushed. ‘I’ve been thinking about her ever since’, he confessed.

‘Two days ago, I learned that Portia’s father had died, leaving her all his fortune. She is one of the richest women in Italy.’

Antonio slapped his friend on the back.

‘Then go to Belmont and woo her!’ he urged.

‘Rich suitors are flocking to propose to Portia, even princes from foreign lands!’ groaned Bassanio. ‘What chance would I stand against them? I can’t even afford a new suit of clothes’.

‘How much money do you need to woo Portia in style?’ Antonio asked.

‘Three thousand ducats’, replied Bassanio.

Antonio lowered his voice, so that the passers by would not hear him.

‘If I had the money, I would lend it to you’, he said.

‘But at the moment, all my money is invested in four ships that are voyaging around the world. When they return to Venice, I’ll be a wealthy man again, but until then...’

‘So you can’t help me?’ Bassanio cried in despair.

‘My reputation is still good,’ said Antonio. ‘Find a moneylender who will loan you three thousand ducats, and I will sign a bond promising to repay him.’

Bassanio beamed. ‘You are the best friend a man could have!’ he declared.

While Bassanio and Antonio were talking on the bridge in Venice, in Belmont the lovely Portia paced to and fro across a richly furnished room. Her serving maid, Nerissa, watched from a chair in the corner. In the centre of the room was an oak table, and on it were three caskets -- one made of gold, another of silver, and the third made of lead.

Suddenly, Portia stopped pacing and stamped her foot. ‘This is so unfair!’ she grumbled, ‘I’m

an intelligent, educated woman, but can I choose a husband for myself? Oh no! The man who marries me must select one of these silly caskets. If he picks the right one, I have to be his wife.'

'That was one of the conditions of your father's will, Miss,' said Nerissa. 'If you hadn't agreed to it, you wouldn't have inherited his money.'

A far-off look came into Nerissa's eyes. 'I know who I'd pick as a husband for you,' she said.

'Who?' demanded Portia.

'That Venetian gentleman who came to dinner last summer,' Nerissa cooed.

A faint redness crept into Portia's cheeks. 'His name was Bassanio, wasn't it?' she said.

'So it was,' exclaimed Nerissa. 'There was something special about him, and if you ask me, he thought you were special too, Miss.'

Portia's cheeks turned a deeper red. 'Nonsense!' she said. 'Bassanio has probably forgotten all about me!'

As the sun set over Venice, Bassanio strolled around a public square, discussing business with Shylock the moneylender, who was a thin man with a long beard. Shylock had a sharp mind, but often pretended to be slow-witted, to mislead his clients. He frowned at Bassanio and said, 'Let me be clear about this. You want to borrow three thousand ducats?'

'I do' said Bassanio.

'And your friend, the merchant Antonio, will sign a bond guaranteeing he will pay back the money within three months?'

Bassanio nodded. 'He will, look, here comes Antonio now. He'll tell you himself'. Shylock narrowed his eyes. He and Antonio detested each other, though both men now made a show of being polite.

'Well, Shylock,' said Antonio. 'Will you lend Bassanio the money?'

'I am considering it,' Shylock replied. 'It surprises me that you're willing to sign a bond.' 'Normally, I wouldn't,' agreed Antonio. 'But this money is for my friend, so I am making an exception. Will you give him the money, or not?'

Shylock spoke quietly, but sparks of rage glowed in his eyes. 'Antonio you have often criticised the way I do business, but I have never complained,' he said. 'Today, you are asking for my help.'

'We don't like each other,' Antonio said frankly. 'Imagine the pleasure it will give you to make me pay a penalty, if I cannot repay you.'

Shylock laughed, as if he had thought of a joke. 'Speaking of the penalty, I think it would be amusing if the lawyer who draws up the bond writes that if you do not pay me by such-and-

such a date, you will let me cut off a pound of your flesh, from the place nearest your heart. Agree to that, and your friend shall have his money', he said.

Bassanio clutched Antonio's arm. 'No, Antonio!' he gasped. 'Let's find another moneylender.'

Antonio sensed that Shylock was testing him. If he refused Shylock's terms, the moneylender would spread the word that Antonio was a coward.

'Just as you wish,' Antonio said.

'No!' said Bassanio. 'What if something happens to your ships?'

'Don't worry,' Antonio said. 'They are due back in Venice a month before the repayment date.'

Neither Antonio nor Bassanio noticed Shylock's gloating smile.

In Belmont, Portia led the Prince of Morocco into the room where the caskets were kept. The prince was a handsome man. He stared at the caskets, picked up the one made of lead, and read the words inscribed on it. '*If you chose me, you must risk all that you have.*'

The prince put down the casket. 'Risk all that I have for lead?' he snorted. 'I will risk nothing for a common metal. What is the inscription on the silver casket? *If you choose me, you will get as much as you deserve.*' The prince laughed. 'This could be the right casket. I deserve the best, and Lady Portia would be the best wife for me. But I'll wait until I have read the inscription on the gold casket. *If you choose me you will get what many men desire.* This must be the one. Many men want to marry Lady Portia, and a prize like her must be in a casket made from the most precious metal of all!'

The prince lifted the lid off the gold casket, and cried out in dismay. Inside was a human skull, with a small roll of parchment in one of its eye sockets. The prince unrolled the parchment, and read:

*All that glistens is not gold
As you often have been told
You have chosen outward show
So now say farewell, and go.*

Without another word, the prince left the room, and Portia breathed a sigh of relief. The next afternoon in Belmont, the Prince of Aragon took his turn at choosing between Portia's three caskets. He stroked his beard and spoke his thoughts aloud. 'Lead is too crude for my taste,' he said, 'and gold is too obvious. I choose the silver casket.'

The prince opened the casket, and found a miniature painting of a man dressed as a jester. With the painting was a parchment scroll, which read:

*This picture makes it plain to see
That you have chosen foolishly
Though you are strong, your mind is weak
And you are not the one I seek.*

The prince bowed to Portia. 'I will not make an even bigger fool of myself by staying any longer, My Lady,' he said, and left.

The next moment, Nerissa burst into the room. 'You'll never guess who I met in town, Miss!' she jabbered. 'Bassanio! He's on his way here to ask you to marry him. Isn't it romantic?'

Portia felt as excited as Nerissa, but kept her feelings hidden. 'Romantic or not, he will have to take the test like all the other suitors,' she said, solemnly.

Bassanio and Portia were delighted to meet again. Portia explained the peculiar conditions of her father's will. Bassanio admitted that he was poor, and described how and why Antonio had borrowed money from Shylock.

Finally, Bassanio said, 'Show me the caskets. Let me choose.'

Portia was afraid. If Bassanio chose wrongly, she would lose him forever.

'Wait a few days!' she begged.

'I can't bear to,' said Bassanio. 'I have to know if we're to spend our lives together, or apart.'

Portia led Bassanio to the room where the caskets were kept, and he examined them. 'Evil often disguises itself,' he said. 'In court, a guilty man hides his crime behind a clever argument. Cowardly soldiers mask their fear by pretending to be brave. But this lead casket doesn't seem to be hiding anything.'

With shaking hands, Bassanio opened the casket. Inside was a portrait of Portia, and a scroll that read:

*You have not chosen with your eyes
But with your heart, and you are wise.
Turn now to where the lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

Portia was overjoyed that Bassanio had passed the test. She took a ring from her finger and gave it to Bassanio, saying, 'I give you this ring: never part with it as long as you love me'.

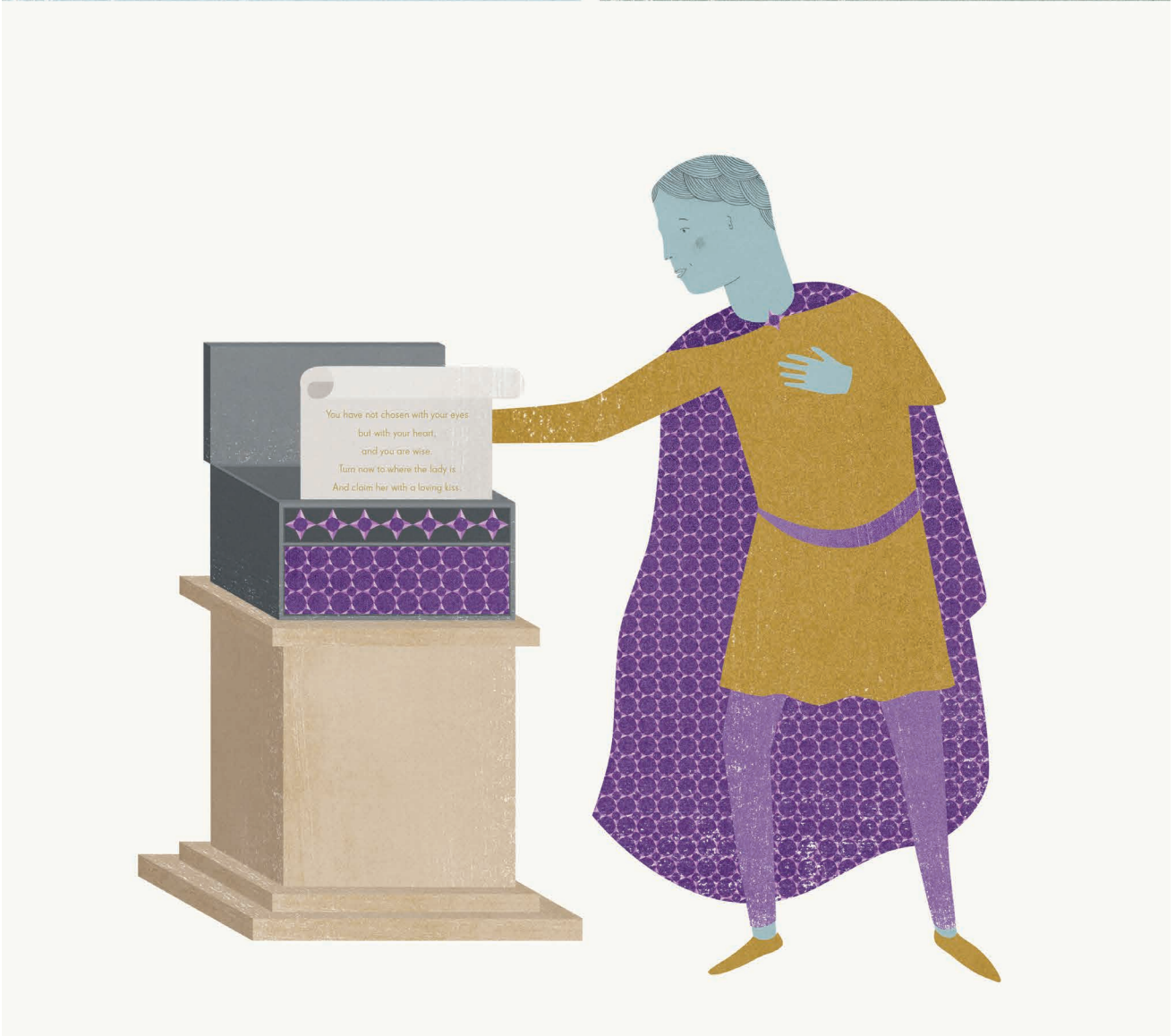
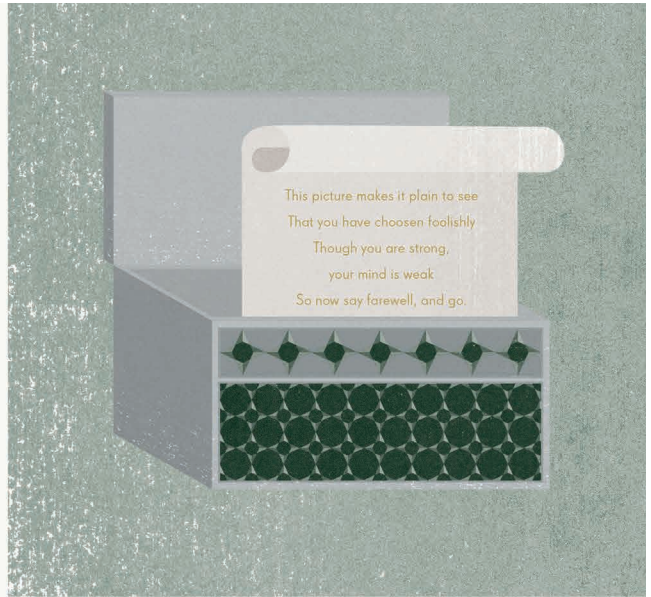
'It will leave my finger, only if I am dead,' Bassanio replied.

So, Bassanio and Portia were married, and were blissfully happy. Portia's servant Nerissa also married Bassanio's servant Gratiano. As the weeks turned into months, Bassanio almost forgot about his previous life. Then, one morning at breakfast, he received a letter from Venice. As he read the letter, he gasped in horror.

'Is it bad news?' enquired Portia.

'The worst!' Bassanio said. 'Antonio's ships have been lost at sea. Shylock has had him thrown into prison, and says that Antonio must keep his bond.'

The Merchant of Venice — The Story



'Give Shylock his three thousand ducats!' exclaimed Portia. 'Give him six thousand if he wants.'

'Shylock's gentle daughter Jessica has also run off and married someone Shylock doesn't approve of. She took money from her father's cash boxes. The shock has hardened Shylock's heart,' Bassanio said.

'He insists on his pound of flesh. Antonio goes on trial in a few days.'

'We owe him our happiness,' said Portia. 'You must go and see him at once.'

While Bassanio was packing for his trip, Portia called Nerissa, and told her about Antonio. 'I'm going to help him!' announced Portia. 'My cousin, Dr Bellario, taught me a lot about law when I first tried to understand father's will. I will call on him, ask him for a letter of introduction to the Duke of Venice, and discuss Antonio's case. Then you and I are off to Venice; disguised as lawyers!'

On the day of Antonio's trial, all of Venice seemed to be packed into the courtroom. The Duke of Venice sat in the judge's chair, with Shylock to his left, and Antonio and Bassanio to his right.

The Duke signalled for silence and said, 'Where is the lawyer Balthazar, sent by Dr. Bellario to defend Antonio?'

Portia and Nerissa stood up, and bowed. They were wearing lawyers' robes, and Portia had glued on a false beard. 'Here I am, My Lord!' she said in a deep voice.

'You may begin!' declared the Duke. Portia turned to Shylock. 'Will you give up the bond if Antonio returned the three thousand ducats he borrowed from you?' she asked.

'I would not give it up for sixty thousand ducats!' Shylock hissed.

'Antonio,' Portia said, 'Were you tricked into signing the bond?'

'No,' replied Antonio.

Portia shrugged. 'Then the bond is legal, but Shylock must be merciful,' she said.

'Merciful?' hooted Shylock. 'Why must I be merciful?'

'Because mercy brings blessings, both to those who receive it, and those who give it,' Portia told him.

'I don't want to be blessed!' grunted Shylock. 'I want justice to be done!'

'Show me the bond!' said Portia.

The clerk of the court handed her a parchment, which she read quickly. 'The moneylender is right,' she said. 'The law is on his side. Antonio, unfasten your shirt, and prepare to die.'

'Give me your hand, Bassanio!' whispered Antonio. 'Goodbye, my friend!'

Shylock produced a dagger, and began to sharpen it on a small stone.

'Take care where you cut, Shylock,' Portia advised.

'Why?' snapped Shylock.

'According to the bond, you can cut off a pound of Antonio's flesh from the place closest to his heart, but there is no mention of blood.' Portia said. 'Shed one drop of his blood, and the state of Venice will confiscate everything you own.'

Shylock knew that he had been outwitted. He glowered at Portia.

'Give me my three thousand ducats!' he snarled.

'You have already refused the money in open court,' Portia pointed out.

The Duke spoke severely to Shylock.

'According to the laws of Venice,' he said, 'if someone plots to take another's life, half his property will be confiscated by the state, and the other half will be given to his intended victim.'

Shylock's face turned pale. 'I have lost everything,' he whimpered. 'You may as well sentence me to death.'

'Will you show Shylock any mercy, Antonio?' said Portia.

Antonio looked at Shylock, and saw not a loathed enemy, but a broken old man. 'I wish to end the hatred between us,' he said. 'Let Shylock keep my half of his property.'

The Duke stood up. 'The case is closed,' he said. 'All are free to go.'

The crowd in the courtroom cheered, and chanted Antonio's name.

Bassanio forced his way through the throng, and caught Portia by the arm. 'Master Balthazar. You have saved my friend's life!' he gushed. 'I swear I will give you anything you ask for.'

Portia smiled. 'Then I will have your gold ring,' she said. Bassanio's face fell. 'That is my wedding ring!' she said. 'I swore to my wife that I would always keep it safe.'

'And you swore to me that you would give me anything I asked for,' said Portia. 'Your wife is married to a man who thinks nothing of breaking promises.'

'Dear Bassanio,' said Antonio, 'let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me, be valued against your wife's displeasure'

Reluctantly, Bassanio removed the ring, and presented it to Portia. 'When she learns how much I owe you, my wife will understand why I gave you my wedding ring.'

Nerissa, acting as Balthazar's clerk, who had also given her husband Gratiano a ring, begged it from him and he also gave it her. And Portia and Nerissa laughed together, to think how,

when they got home, they would taunt their husbands about giving away their rings.

When Bassanio got home to tell Portia the good news about Antonio's escape from Shylock, they perceived Nerissa and Gratiano quarrelling in a corner of the room.

'A quarrel already?' said Portia. 'What is the matter?'

Gratiano replied. 'Lady, it is about a paltry gift ring that Nerissa gave me.'

'I know you gave it to a woman,' shrieked Nerissa.

'No,' replied Gratiano. 'I gave it to a clerk of the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life.'

Portia now said, 'You were wrong, Gratiano, to part with your wife's gift. I gave my Lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure that he would not part with it for all the world.'

Gratiano, trying to excuse his fault, now said, 'My Lord Bassanio also gave away his ring to the counsellor.'

Portia, hearing this, appeared very angry and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring, and also said she believed he had given it to some other woman.

Bassanio, greatly upset, protested 'No, by my honour, no woman had it, but the lawyer who saved Antonio. Pardon me, good lady: had you been there, I think you would have begged me to give the ring to repay the good doctor.'

Antonio, now arriving, said 'Ah: I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels. But please forgive him. But for him to whom Bassanio gave the ring, I should now have been dead. Your Lord will never more break faith with you.'

'Then you shall be his surety,' said Portia; 'give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the last'.

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was astounded to discover that it was the one had given away, and he found to his wonder and delight that the wise Portia was the young 'counsellor' who had saved Antonio's life.

Then Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters that contained news of Antonio's ships, which had not been lost at sea, but had arrived safely in Venice's harbour. So all recent misfortunes were now forgotten in the light of Antonio's good fortune, laughter at the comical adventure of the rings and at the husbands who did not even recognise their own wives.

The Merchant of Venice — Glossary

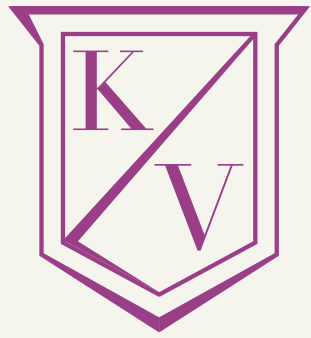
The Characters

Antonio	The Merchant of Venice
Bassanio	A Gentleman and good friend of Antonio; marries Portia
Shylock	A Jewish moneylender
Portia	A wealthy heiress; marries Bassanio
Nerissa	Portia's servant; marries Gratiano
Gratiano	Bassanio's servant; marries Nerissa

The Story

Bond	an agreement between two people, one person has money and the other person wants to borrow money, a bond is agreement that the person who borrows the money will pay it back at a certain time.
Casket	a pretty, small box, also often called a jewellery box.
Ducats	gold coins that were used for buying and selling across most countries in Europe.
Jester	a person who acts like a fool, someone who is a joker. They often wear a cap with bells on and brightly coloured outfits.
Merchant	a person who trades goods (for example food or spices) that (s)he did not make, normally (s)he sells goods to another country. Similar to a shopkeeper.
Merciful	forgiving someone when it is in a person's power to punish or cause harm.
Misfortune	bad luck.
Paltry	something with little value.
Penalty	a fine for doing something wrong or not doing something.
Rich suitor	a rich man who wants to marry a woman.
Slow-witted	someone who is slow to understand what is going on around them.
Surety	a person who accepts responsibility if another person fails to pay a debt
Taunt	something that is said to make somebody angry or upset on purpose
Throng	a large crowd of people

Heroes Who Inspire



RESOURCES

— FOR PUPILS —

The Merchant of Venice

Activity 1

With the virtue of gratitude in mind, answer the following questions.

- A** In small groups, identify two acts of gratitude within the story. Who displays the gratitude? What are they grateful for? Write your answers in the space below.

- B** Look at the character of Antonio. Do you think he displayed any virtues? Explain your answer.

Virtue in Focus

Gratitude



The Knightly Virtues

The Knightly Virtues Programme 8 virtues

Humility — To put the needs of others before your own, and be willing to take care of others as you take care of yourself.

Honesty — To be true to yourself and other people.

Love — To feel and to show great affection for another person or group of people.

Service — Working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Courage — Having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Justice — To have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Self-discipline — The ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Gratitude — To feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Other Virtues

Mercy — To show forgiveness to someone who has done wrong.

Generosity — To be kind and generous to those around you.

Faith — To stand strong in your ideals and beliefs.

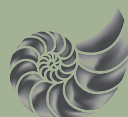
Nobility — To be of impeccably strong moral mind or character.

Hope — To always keep a positive outlook on how your actions will improve your life and the lives of those around you.

Strength — To have the inner resolve to stand firm and not back down.

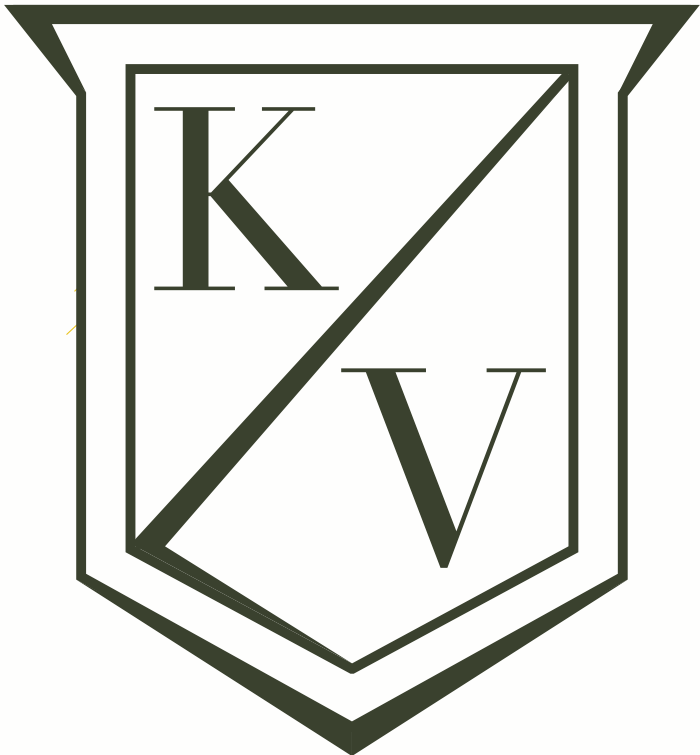
For more information about other Knightly Virtues resources please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

For more information about the Knightly Virtues Research Report please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtues



Heroes Who Inspire

Knightly Virtues



Robin Hood

Learning About the
Virtues of Charity and Justice

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES

Robin Hood

Robin Hood — Introduction

The purpose of this pack is to reaffirm and develop pupils' knowledge and understandings of the character virtues, with particular reference to the virtues of **charity** and **justice**.

To accompany these **Teacher's Notes**, **Robin Hood – The Story**, and **Robin Hood – Resources for Pupils** are downloadable via the Jubilee Centre for Character and Virtues website (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The following supporting documents are also provided online:

- **Knightly Virtues Introduction Materials**
- **Virtues Toolkit** including activities on the following virtues: Self Discipline, Honesty, Love, Gratitude, Justice, Courage, Service, Humility
- **Robin Hood PowerPoint**
- **Other stories in the programme** including Gareth and Lynette, El Cid, Don Quixote, Merchant of Venice, Rosa Parks, Beowulf, Joan of Arc and Anne Frank.

Background Information for Teachers

This information is to supplement the Robin Hood PowerPoint which provides an introduction to the story, available online (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

In the years following the Battle of Hastings (1066) and the Norman invasion of England, life for Anglo Saxon peasants changed a great deal. The changes were not good. Before the Normans arrived the countryside was free for everybody. People hunted in forests, fished the rivers, built their homes from forest timber and harvested the food that grew there.

Norman kings ruled that the land belonged to them. Only royalty and their noblemen could hunt the forest game animals, or fish the rivers. Ordinary people could not collect food that grew in the forest. Nor could they clear trees to create farmland. They were forbidden to cut trees to build their homes and to collect forest wood for their fires.

Prince John ruled England from 1192 while his brother King Richard I was held prisoner in Austria.

The Ballad of Robyn Hode is an ancient poem that tells a number of tales of a heroic man living in the twelfth century.

Robin Hood — Lesson Plan

Title: Robin Hood – Charity and Justice

Year Group 5/6

Curriculum links: Literacy, History

Learning Objectives

1. To understand what the virtues of charity and justice mean in the story of Robin Hood;
2. To accurately identify vocabulary which illustrate the virtues of charity and justice from the story of Robin Hood;
3. To demonstrate sustained attention to an extended narrative and answer relevant questions accurately;
4. To be able to accurately retrieve information from the narrative which illustrates an answer or point of view.

Learning Outcomes

1. To be able to identify and describe the virtues of charity and justice;
2. To begin to be able to relate the virtues of charity and justice to our own lives today.

Resources

Related Knightly Virtues resources, including the Virtues Toolkit, are available via www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Provided: Robin Hood narrative, Robin Hood Teacher's Notes, Robin Hood Resources for Pupils

Not Provided: Interactive White Board, Flipchart, Pens

Introduction (15mins)

Introduce/reaffirm the meaning of character and virtue (Knightly Virtues Introduction PowerPoint,). Introduce the Knightly Virtues definitions of charity and justice. (Virtues Toolkit). Establish open space for pupil engagement principles.

The Story (30-35mins)

Read the story to pupils. Provide pupils with the opportunity to clarify understanding; Provide pupils with access to the Glossary for reference to character names and new vocabulary.

Activity (15-20mins) Virtue in Focus: Charity

Ask the pupils to read 'Taking from the rich' and 'Food for thought' sections of the story through for themselves. Divide them into small groups and ask them to work together to identify two charitable acts being carried out in those sections of the story. There is space provided for them to write their answers. Pupils then pick out three words from the story that make them think of the virtue of charity.

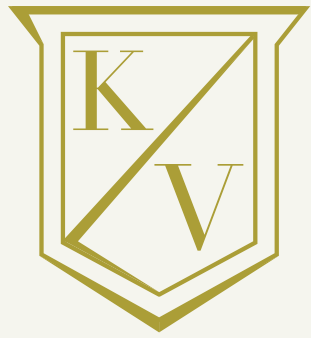
Plenary (15mins)

Bring the group together to discuss the charitable acts found within the story and invite them to share their words associated with charity and reasons for choosing them; Show and read the justice virtue card (available in the Virtues Toolkit) and introduce the homework task.

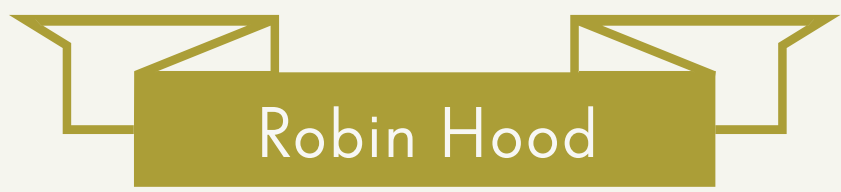
Progression/Homework Virtue in Focus: Justice

Justice task from the Virtues Toolkit found online at www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Heroes Who Inspire



THE STORY



Story retold by Jon Davison

Robin Hood — The Story

Prologue

In 1194, when King Richard was released from prison, Sir Robin of Locksley escorted him back to England. Robin served King Richard as one of his personal bodyguards in the royal palace in Winchester. In 1196, King Richard announced that he was to leave for France. The king was going to take back Normandy from the French king, who had captured it while Richard was in prison.

'My king,' said Robin, 'I am happy to travel with you.'

'Sir Robin, my faithful Saxon knight,' replied King Richard, 'you are the finest archer I have ever seen and you have served me well. You have not seen Nottingham for many years. You have earned the right to return home.'

'But I am happy to continue to serve you, sire.'

'I do not doubt you, Locksley, and I shall call upon you on my return to England, when I have defeated our foes,' smiled the king. 'Now is the time to enjoy your rewards, your title and your land.'

Although Robin was sad to see King Richard leave, he said, 'I have never disobeyed you, your highness, and nor shall I do so now. I wish you safe travels and I await the day of your return to serve you once more.'

Early next morning with the first sunlight tinting the towers red, two riders left the royal palace in Winchester. King Richard riding south to the coast with his army – Sir Robin of Locksley riding north to Nottingham.

Outlawed

The journey from Winchester to Nottingham took Robin four days. As he rode, he thought of his home many times: the manor of Locksley and its village, his friendly villagers farming the fields. He remembered the bustle of carts at daybreak trundling along the road to Nottingham market. He was eager to be home after so long.

It was midday when Robin rode into Sherwood Forest. 'Not far now,' he thought. The sun was high. The air was hot. He stopped by a stream for a cooling drink of water. Robin bent down to drink and when he looked up he saw a fine deer at the edge of the clearing. Looking behind the deer and into the woods, Robin noticed a boy aged about twelve years silently stalking through the ferns with an arrow drawn in his bow. It was the miller's son, Much. Moving very slowly and holding his breath, the boy tiptoed through the bushes with his eyes firmly fixed on the deer.

Then everything seemed to happen at once. There was a deafening galloping of hooves, the jingle of harness and six riders clad in black crashed through the bracken into the clearing. The startled deer sprang to escape. Even more startled, Much let go of the arrow that swished through the air. The deer fell where it stood.

Robin mounted his horse and rode towards the clearing to join the group of men and the frightened boy.

'Seize the boy!' commanded the Sheriff, his eyes blazing with fury.

'I...I'm...' Much attempted to explain, but was silenced as one of the Sheriff's guards grabbed him.

'You have committed a grave crime boy!' said the Sheriff furiously. 'All deer in Sherwood Forest belong to the Crown. Since the time of King William this has been royal land. My judgment is that the first two fingers of your right hand be chopped off immediately. Let's see how well you draw a bow after that!'

One of the Sheriff's men drew his sword.

In the commotion of the event, nobody had noticed Robin approaching, but now he spoke.

'Good afternoon, my lord Sheriff. Good afternoon, gentlemen,' he said courteously.

Everyone turned to look at Robin.

'Locksley!' said the Sheriff, no longer angry, 'you have returned to Nottingham at last. I am sorry that you should have to witness such a dreadful crime by this wretch'.

'He is not a wretch, Sheriff,' said Robin. 'He is Much. One of my villagers and son of Will the Miller.'

'He may be one of your villagers, but he has broken the law of the land,' the Sheriff snapped. 'Well, enough of this, I have made my judgment. Carry out the sentence.'

'Without letting the boy speak?' inquired Robin. 'The accused must be allowed to speak,' said Robin calmly, but firmly. 'Come Much – do not be afraid – what do you have to say in this matter?' he continued gently.

'M..my lord Sheriff, gentlemen,' he began. Even though this was a very serious situation, Robin smiled slightly to hear his own words echoed by this young man.

'Sirs, my mother is very poorly. She has had a fever since Lammas – some three weeks now. She grows weaker and weaker. We have but little food. My father has no money to pay the apothecary for potions and healing balms. The high taxes have taken most of his money and although the price of bread has increased, he actually receives less now for selling his flour to the bakers. It's not fair.' Much stopped on the edge of tears.

The Sheriff looked irritated and about to speak, but Robin slowly raised a hand and said quietly, 'Go on boy'.

Much looked at the ground and said, 'the Sheriff demands more and more flour to be given to his men without payment. We are so poor and hungry. We cannot afford to buy from the butcher, so I said to my father that I would go and get some meat from the forest. My father forbade me because hunting in the forest is illegal. He also said my archery skills were not good enough. I thought I would practise my stalking skills so that one day I might be able to hunt. The sudden arrival of the horses... the noise ... startled me and the arrow slipped from my grasp.'

'Enough!' bellowed the Sheriff. His fury had returned. 'He is clearly guilty. Seize him!'

Much was seized, but in an instant Robin had drawn his bow and had aimed an arrow squarely at the Sheriff. Everyone froze in amazement.

'Do you not think your judgment too harsh, my lord Sheriff?' asked Robin calmly.

'I have no time for sentiment, Locksley. My job is to collect taxes for Prince John, to catch outlaws, sentence them and imprison or execute them!' was the stern reply from the Sheriff.

'But my villagers are poor and hungry,' urged Robin.

'Hunger makes men virtuous, Locksley. A hungry man is a virtuous man. He has more things to think about than creating mischief. He worries about his family, how to pay his taxes, how to feed himself and his children.'

'You and your men seem to be well fed, Sheriff. Does that mean you are NOT virtuous?'

The Sheriff's face turned purple with rage. His eyeballs bulged. Robin lowered his bow.

'Very well,' said Robin. 'Young Much is one of the villagers of my manor of Locksley. I have a duty to you for all my villagers. I am responsible for Much hunting the deer. Therefore, I am the one who should face the sentence.'

'You are a nobleman Locksley - you do not have to worry about these people,' the Sheriff almost spat.

'There is nothing noble about not caring for the poor and hungry, my lord Sheriff,' replied Robin sternly.

'Very well Locksley – have it your way. From this moment and for all time, you are outlawed. You lose everything. You may have come back here to enjoy your home and village, but because of your behaviour,

‘There is nothing noble about not caring for the poor and hungry, my lord Sheriff.’

I am taking everything away from you. I hereby seize your goods, chattels and land. I give them all to Sir Guy of Gisbourne. Come... leave the boy. Away to the castle!’

The Sheriff spurred his horse, gave Robin one last look and quickly rode away.

Robin and Much watched the riders as they galloped away along the forest trail. They listened as the thunder of hooves faded in the distance until all that could be heard was the tinkling waters of the stream and the sparkling trill of a tiny bird on a branch close by – it was a robin.

A Departure

Times were hard and they were getting harder. Posters offering a reward for the capture of the outlawed Sir Robin of Locksley were put up in towns and villages. Word of Robin’s encounter with the Sheriff spread quickly through the countryside of Nottinghamshire and many people were on Robin’s side.

For a month Robin had stayed secretly at Locksley mill with Will the Miller. On the first night he had gathered fallen branches in the forest for firewood. Early next morning he had returned with a basket of mushrooms and duck eggs for breakfast. He had given Will the Miller three silver pennies to buy medicine from the apothecary and to buy food for the family from the market. Much’s mother was now recovered from her illness.

Robin had also watched as Sir Guy of Gisbourne had moved into the manor house in Locksley. The villagers were very unhappy. Sir Guy was leading the hunt for Robin and questioned villagers constantly. Nobody told Sir Guy anything. Robin realised that he could no longer stay with Will the Miller. If Robin were found at Locksley mill, Will and his family would be imprisoned – or worse. Robin decided to leave.

At supper one evening Robin told Will the news. ‘My dear friends, I have enjoyed my time with you all here at the mill. But when you wake tomorrow morning, I shall be gone.’ A fork clattered onto the table. Much dropped the bread he was eating.

‘But Master Robin,’ said Will, ‘there’s no need for you to leave.’

Tears welled in Much’s eyes and glistened in the firelight.

‘It is too dangerous, Will. First thing in the morning, I shall go to the *Blue Boar Inn* in the heart of Sherwood Forest. I think that the Sheriff and his men rarely go there. The innkeeper is an old friend. I shall be safe there for a while,’ said Robin sorrowfully. Supper finished very quietly that night...

And so it was, that just after sunrise, with a silver-white mist drifting through the trees, Robin was walking along a forest path with his longbow over his shoulder. ‘Crack!’ Robin stopped as still as a statue. He listened intently: the buzz of an early bee, the cooing of a sleepy dove, a church bell ringing for matins in the next valley. Robin began to relax, but then ‘Crack!’ again. Someone, or something was following him.

There were wolves, wild boar and bears in Sherwood Forest. But wolves were silent. Bears and wild boar crashed through the undergrowth. No, this was not an animal. Robin listened again. Now he was sure. Someone was following him. Robin quickly slipped into the dense canopy of beech and bracken. He heard urgent footsteps coming along the track. A hunter? Or was it one of the Sheriff’s men coming to arrest him? The pursuer came closer and closer...

Sword drawn, Robin sprang out from his hiding place and came face to face with a terrified Much!

'Much! What are you doing here? You could have got yourself killed. If not by me, then by a wolf or a bear!' exclaimed Robin.

'I just wanted to walk with you to the *Blue Boar Inn*. Yesterday my father told me that my uncle Peter the cooper was delivering barrels there today. I was going to travel back home to Locksley with him on his cart this afternoon. Please let me come with you,' pleaded Much.

'Very well,' laughed Robin, 'but you must leave for home with your uncle.'

'I promise,' smiled Much and they set off together.

John Little

Robin and Much had been walking and talking for about an hour when they came to a broad stream. The thick trunk of a fallen tree had bridged the stream from bank to bank to form a path wide enough for one person to cross.

Robin and Much stepped onto one end of the makeshift bridge. A very large man stepped onto the other. 'Give way, friend!' the large man called out.

'Give way, yourself,' called Robin, 'there are two of us and only one of you.'

'Oh,' said the large man, 'I didn't see anyone behind you. Who is that with you?'

'Much,' said Robin.

'Ha! He doesn't look much to me!' laughed the large man, who had now reached half way across. 'Now give way please, or I'll have to fetch you a clout with my staff,' he said raising his long wooden staff.

At that point Robin took up his longbow, loaded an arrow and aimed it at the large man's chest. 'Now you give way my large fellow, or I shall loose this arrow,' said Robin sternly.

'Now, now, sir,' said the large man, 'this is not fair at all – is it? I have but my staff and you have a fine longbow and a deadly arrow. It is not fair, sir. Not fair at all.'

'What you say is true,' said Robin. 'Wait there while I go to the bank, find a sapling and cut myself a staff to match yours. Then we shall be evenly matched. It will be a fair fight.' So saying, Robin and Much went to the riverbank. Robin cut and trimmed a sapling of the right size and he was soon back on the bridge facing the large man.

'Now let us begin,' said Robin.

Just as Robin raised his staff, the large man did fetch Robin a clout that made his ears ring and head spin. Robin just had time to regain his senses when he felt a strong jab in the ribs that seemed to knock all the breath from him. Robin felt dizzy. Much looked alarmed as the large man swiped Robin sideways and into the stream.

'Splash!'

The icy water revived Robin's senses. He stood up, knee-deep in water. The large man laughed loudly, raised his staff and swung it down towards Robin's head. Robin just had time to step aside, grab the staff as it came down and drag the large man from the bridge into the water.

'Splash!'

Now Robin and Much were laughing. As the large man surfaced and stood up spluttering, he was laughing too!

'Well, indeed!' he said, 'it's a long time since anyone got the better of me. Tell me, sir, who is it that has bettered me today?'

'Sir Rob...' began Robin, 'I mean Robin, once of Locksley, now an outlaw. But who are you, my fine fellow?'

'Why, I'm Little. John Little of Beeston,' he said.

'Hmmm!' said Robin, 'you don't look little to me!'

With that both Robin and John started laughing again as they waded across the stream to join Much, who was also laughing with such force, his sides were aching as badly as Robin's.

.....

As they walked through Sherwood Forest on their way to the *Blue Boar Inn* John Little told Robin that he had been sent by a group of his friends to find Robin.

'But why, Little ...er, John?' asked Robin.

Much laughed, 'Little John... oh yes! That's the perfect name!'

'Well, if such a mite as you can be called Much, I don't see why I can't be Little John. So be it!' smiled Little John.

'But why did you come to find me, Little John?' Robin asked again.

'We heard how you stood up to the Sheriff and how you lost everything. Many people want to stand up to the Sheriff and his men, but one individual cannot do it alone. But if we look after each other, perhaps together we can improve things. We are looking to you to help us,' said Little John.

Robin and Little John talked all the way to the *Blue Boar Inn*. The inn looked inviting with its wooden walls and thatched roof with a long, thin plume of smoke coming from the chimney. There was the sound of laughter and a clatter of plates and pots echoing through the windows. Much saw his uncle unloading barrels from a cart and ran over to greet him.

As Little John and Robin walked past a group of horses and approached the bustling entrance to the inn, Robin pulled up his hood to shield his face. It was just in time, because as they entered the inn Little John and Robin walked straight into three of the Sheriff's guards. At that moment, Much ran in.

Because things were so plentiful, there was much more than Robin and his men needed, so they began to leave food at night at the homes of less fortunate villagers in the county.

'Robin!' he called. 'My uncle says... ' but he stopped short as the inn went silent and he saw the three guards place their hands on their swords and look towards Little John and Robin.

'Robin, eh?' said the meanest-looking of the three. 'Robin who?'

Little John stepped forward, 'Robin... er,' he looked at his companion. 'Robin... er, Hood. Yes, that's him Robin Hood,' said Little John and smiled.

'Oh,' said a guard. 'we can't be too careful these days. Come on men. Back to the castle.'

Little John watched the guards leave and then quickly moved Robin to a table in a shadowy corner where he could not be seen easily. What was easy for Little John to see, however, was that it would be far too dangerous for all concerned for Robin to stay at the *Blue Boar Inn*.

Taking from the rich

It was six months later and a great deal had happened in Sherwood Forest. Winter had come and gone. Spring was moving towards summer. Robin, Little John and a group of about twenty had set up camp in the Vale of Hyde – a very secluded part of Sherwood Forest. The Vale had a series of dry sandstone caves along one side of it that Robin and his men had made their home. Furniture had been made from wood finely crafted by Bryce the carpenter who had also joined Robin's group from the village of Beeston.

One cave had been turned into a large kitchen with its larder filled with game that had been caught in the forest: venison, wild boar, pheasant, partridge, all manner of fish from the streams and rivers, hare and rabbit. They had bought barrels from Much's uncle and in another cave they brewed a light golden ale, which they called 'Sheriff's Ruin'. Every morning the comforting aroma of freshly baked bread wafted through the camp. As well as gathering fruit, berries and nuts that grew in the forest, the men had cleared areas of scrubland and had been growing their own vegetables. Robin had also bought some cows and goats that were grazed on the heathland.

Because things were so plentiful, there was much more than Robin and his men needed, so they began to leave food at night at the homes of less fortunate villagers in the county. At first villagers were amazed that fresh food appeared outside their doors, but after a while, it dawned on them just who might be providing them with the fruits of Sherwood Forest.

One bright summer morning, Robin called all his men together.

'Men, we are extremely fortunate. We live very well indeed,' said Robin. 'I want everyone in Nottinghamshire to live as well as we do – especially the poor folk living under the curse of the Sheriff.'

'Yes, of course!' said Little John, 'and we are already helping them by sharing our food and drink with the less fortunate.'

'You are right,' said Robin, 'but I wish to do more. I wish to help by inviting wealthy travellers to dine with us.'

There was uproar. Cries of 'What?' - 'No!' - 'Share with the wealthy?' filled the air.

When the commotion died down, Robin explained his plan and the more the men heard, the more they liked it. Every day very wealthy merchants, noblemen, traders on the way to market, merchants and clergy travelled the roads through Sherwood Forest. Robin proposed that they stop travellers and bring them to the camp and share a meal with them. Robin and his men would then invite the travellers to pay for their meal by sharing some of their own good fortune with Robin and his men.

'And what we get from our guests,' concluded Robin, 'we give to the poor.' The cheer that went up startled a flock of wood pigeons in a nearby tree.

A meal is prepared

Before they could invite their guests, Robin and his men had certain preparations to make. They posted lookouts on a number of the main routes through Sherwood Forest and took note of when, where and how folk travelled. They also searched out narrower, more secluded parts of the tracks that could easily be used for ambush.

They disguised good strong ropes with fern leaves across paths between trees that could be pulled up to block riders and startle horses. They made platforms in the trees, hidden by branches and dense leaves, from which the men could jump and capture guests. Finally, they made some thick blindfolds for their guests – nobody wanted the guests to know the secret location of the camp.

When all was ready, Robin announced, 'Tomorrow, we invite our first guests'...

Early in the morning, long before daybreak Rowan the farmer had left home near Mapperley headed for the market in Nottingham. He had spent the previous evening loading his cart with fruit and vegetables. The cart fairly groaned under the weight of the load. The two chestnut horses pulling the cart snuffed and coughed with the effort. Their breath sent clouds of steam into the chill early morning air.

Things had been going very well for Rowan. The harvest had been very good, Spring had come early and his new crops had ripened well. But things did not, perhaps, go so well as he drove his cart between two tall oak trees. 'Whoosh!' In a cloud of bracken and leaves three stout ropes shot up across the path of his horses. They reared and whinnied. 'Whoah!' cried Rowan as three men clad in Lincoln green jumped down from the trees into the cart.

'Good morrow fair traveller!' said Little John.

'Help!' said Rowan. 'If you mean to rob me, please take all you need. I ask only that you spare my life, so that I might return home to care for my wife and children.'

'Dear fellow,' said Little John, 'we mean you no harm. We simply ask that you come and dine with us. But we ask that you wear this blindfold as our forest home is secret.'

'In that case,' said Rowan, 'lead the way. It has been many hours since I had my breakfast...'

In another part of Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood and his men waited silently in the trees. It was not long before they heard the sound of three horses approaching at speed. 'I think we will also need the net,' said Robin to his men as the three riders approached.

'Whoosh!' – up went the ropes. One horse reared so high its rider clattered to the forest floor. The net was thrown down covering men and horses. Heavy logs at the corners weighed down the net.

'Be still, or die!' commanded Robin. 'Throw down your weapons!'

The men did as they were told. It was as his men were untangling the captives that Robin saw he had captured not only two of the Sheriff's guards, but also Sir Guy of Gisbourne.

'Well,' said Robin, 'good morrow, Sir Guy. What brings you here?'

'Nothing, Locksley!' said Sir Guy angrily. Robin noticed that as Sir Guy replied, he had shot a brief glance at the saddlebags on his horse. They looked stuffed full of something. Robin looked at the saddlebags on the other two horses, which were also bulging fit to burst.

'I'm glad you and your companions have nothing to do, because we are inviting you to dine with us.'

'I am on the Sheriff's business,' said Sir Guy, 'I am loyal to the Sheriff and to Prince John – as you should be Locksley.'

'Loyalty grows out of respect, Sir Guy,' replied Robin. 'Both loyalty and respect have to be earned and I respect neither the Sheriff, nor Prince John. Nor you, Sir Guy.'

'You must really hate Normans,' said Sir Guy.

'I hate no man, nor woman – Norman or Saxon,' said Robin. 'What I hate is injustice.'

With that Robin's men blindfolded Sir Guy and his guards and they were led with their horses to the camp deep in the forest.

Food for thought

Everyone – Robin, his men and their guests were back at the camp in the Vale of Hyde. The air was filled with the heavy aromas of fine food: roast venison, wild boar and pheasant. Pewter bowls of steaming boiled, baked and roasted vegetables were on the large wooden table at the centre of the clearing.

'Welcome one and all!' said Robin. 'Let us eat, drink and be merry!'

Rowan the farmer was delighted. He ate and drank heartily. Everyone was feasting and happy. Everyone, that is, except for Sir Guy of Gisbourne.

'Not hungry, Sir Guy?' asked Robin kindly.

'Do you really expect me to eat and drink stolen food with you and your men Locksley?' scorned Sir Guy.

'None of this is stolen,' said Robin. 'True, we have hunted in Sherwood Forest, but there is more than enough game for the Sheriff, the barons, knights and even Prince John himself if he came here. There is also more than enough for all the men and women in Nottinghamshire. Sherwood Forest once belonged to everyone and I hope it will again. As for the vegetables, we grew them. The ale we brewed and the bread

we baked. There is nothing stolen here.'

'So you've created a comfortable life just for you and your outlaw friends in the forest,' said Sir Guy, 'and you let the others pay taxes and serve the Sheriff?'

'Far from it,' said Robin. 'There is far more here than we need. We also give food to the weak and needy. My men have also helped villagers when they needed help harvesting, or building.'

'You are a strange man Locksley,' said Sir Guy.

'Strange?' said Robin, 'just because I care about the weak and the poor?'

'No,' said Sir Guy, 'strange because you actually want to do something about it. You have defied my lord Sheriff and it has cost you your title, your home, your land and you are now a hunted outlaw. You could have lived a comfortable, safe and wealthy life. You have lost everything and now you want to help the weak and the poor. Where's your reward in all this?'

'Reward?' asked Robin. 'Sir Guy, you just do not understand – do you?'

'I understand that you are now an outlaw in the eyes of the Sheriff,' said Sir Guy.

Robin looked long and hard at Sir Guy and said, 'Is it a crime to fight injustice, to be charitable, to protect the weak, and be loyal to King Richard?'

Sir Guy said nothing but looked down at the ground.

'Well my friends,' said Robin, 'we have dined well. Now it is time for the reckoning. Put simply, we ask our guests to help us to contribute to the poor of Nottinghamshire. You dine with us and you pay us what you can afford for what you think your meal is worth.'

'What an excellent idea!' said Rowan the farmer, 'I've had a delicious meal. My crops have done well for the past few years. I am happy to give to you and your men half the contents of my cart over there and...'

'Only half!' sneered Sir Guy.

'If you had let me finish, Sir Guy, what I was about to say was,' said Rowan, 'and the other half I'll gladly give to the poor at the market.'

'You're a splendid, fellow!' said Robin. 'Tell me – how much do you think the contents of your cart would be worth if you had sold them?'

'About ten silver pennies,' said Rowan.

'In that case, here are fifteen silver pennies,' said Robin giving him the coins. 'Take your cart to market and give all the food to the poor.'

'Why thank you kind sir. I will,' said Rowan. 'So all the stories of your kindness and good deeds are true.'

Turning to Sir Guy, Robin asked, 'And you, Sir Guy, what can you afford?'

'Unfortunately,' smiled Sir Guy, 'I have but a silver penny or two and the guards carry no money.'

'Really, is that so?' said Robin. 'Little John, be so kind as to take two men and bring over the saddlebags from Sir Guy's horses.'

Little John did as he was asked, but not without some difficulty. As big as he was, he only just managed to carry two saddlebags. The others lifted one bag between them.

'Stop that immediately,' snapped Sir Guy. 'The bags contain important papers I am taking to Prince John for the Sheriff.'

'Hmmm...' said Robin, 'they are mightily heavy papers'. At that point, one of the two men carrying a saddlebag dropped his end of the bag. The bag crashed to the ground, burst and hundreds of silver pennies flooded out.

'Very well,' said Sir Guy, 'we were secretly taking taxes collected by the Sheriff to Prince John. We thought that if we travelled fast as a small group, we would not be noticed by robbers that might attack a slow armoured cart and convoy of guards. Clearly, we were wrong.'

'Well,' said Robin, 'as this money once belonged to the good folk of Nottingham, I think it is our duty to give it back, where it is needed most. Don't you?'

There was an enormous cheer and a deafening chorus of 'Yes!' from all present – except, of course, from Sir Guy of Gisbourne.

Afterword

Robin Hood and his men entertained many more guests and had many adventures over the following years. The stories tell how he won a silver arrow, the title of *Finest Archer in all England* and outwitted the Sheriff in the process. Robin and his men became a symbol of charity and justice for the poor of England.

Sadly, King Richard I never came home. He was killed in France in 1199 and his brother John became king and ruled for over fifteen years. He was as ruthless as ever. During this time, the knights and barons of England came to understand the injustices in their country, just as Robin Hood had.

In 1215, the barons forced King John to sign the *Magna Carta*, possibly the most important legal document in the history of England: it gave the forests and rivers back to the people. It brought trial by jury into Law, so that no longer could the King, or men like the Sheriff of Nottingham, impose sentences on people unfairly.

King John died in 1216. Robin Hood has lived on for almost a thousand years in poems, songs, stories and films, as well as in the hearts of people who believe in justice and charity.

Robin Hood — Glossary

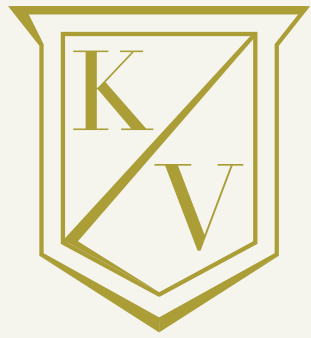
Characters

Sir Robin of Locksley	Knight at the court of King Richard I, outlawed and known as Robin Hood
King Richard I	King of England called Richard the Lionheart
Prince John	Brother to King Richard, ruled England in Richard's absence
Sheriff of Nottingham	Governed Nottingham for the King
Sir Guy of Gisbourne	Supporter of the Sheriff
Much	The miller's son
John Little	Known as Little John, he is one of Robin's men

The Story

apothecary	a pharmacist, visited poor people instead of doctors
balms	ointments
Beeston	a village near Nottingham
canopy	cover
chattels	belongings
chestnut	brown
courteously	politely
Crown	the king and his royal family
game	food from wild animals such as deer, wild boar, pheasant
Lammas	an old festival day on 1 August
Magna Carta	The Great Charter of the Liberties of England the first legal document imposed upon a king of England to limit his power
Mapperley	a village near Nottingham
matins	church service of morning prayer
mite	tiny creature
of law	and to protect people's rights
Pewter	a silver-grey metal used for plates, bowl and tankards
plume	column or trail
reckoning	the bill
sapling	a young, thin tree
sire	the old form of 'sir'
staff	a strong wooden pole used for walking and as a weapon
trill	a song of high notes
trundling	moving slowly and rumbling

Heroes Who Inspire



RESOURCES

— FOR PUPILS —

Robin Hood

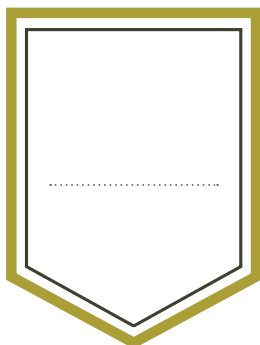


Activity 1

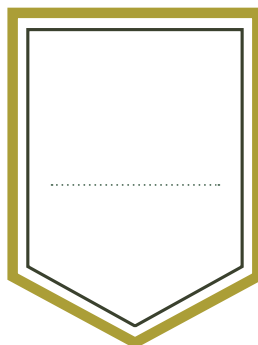
- A** With the virtue of charity in mind, read the *Taking from the Rich* and *Food for Thought* section of the story on your own.

In small groups, identify two charitable acts carried out in *Taking from the rich* and *Food for thought*. Who is being charitable and how? Write your answers in the space below.

- B** Now pick out three words from the story that make you think of the virtue of charity:



.....



.....



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The Knightly Virtues

The Knightly Virtues Programme 8 virtues

Humility — To put the needs of others before your own, and be willing to take care of others as you take care of yourself.

Honesty — To be true to yourself and other people.

Love — To feel and to show great affection for another person or group of people.

Service — Working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Courage — Having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Justice — To have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Self-discipline — The ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Gratitude — To feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Other Virtues

Mercy — To show forgiveness to someone who has done wrong.

Generosity — To be kind and generous to those around you.

Faith — To stand strong in your ideals and beliefs.

Nobility — To be of impeccably strong moral mind or character.

Hope — To always keep a positive outlook on how your actions will improve your life and the lives of those around you.

Strength — To have the inner resolve to stand firm and not back down.

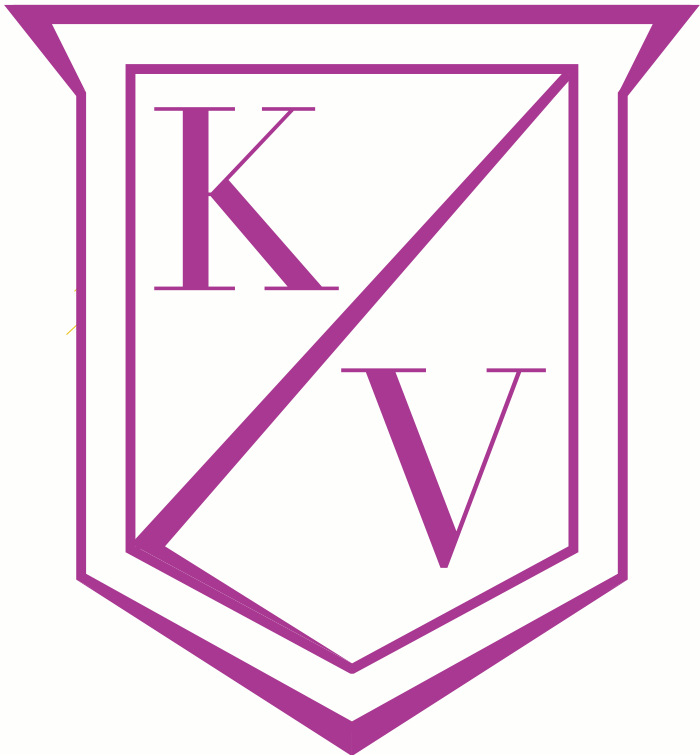
For more information about other Knightly Virtues resources please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

For more information about the Knightly Virtues Research Report please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtues



Heroes Who Inspire

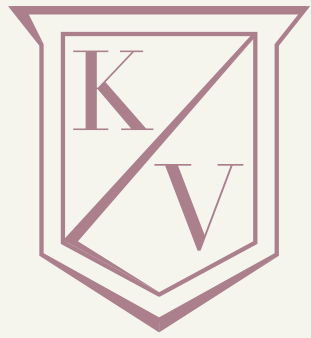
Knightly Virtues



Rosa Parks

Learning About the Virtues
of Justice & Courage

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES

Rosa Parks

Rosa Parks – Lesson Plan

The purpose of this pack is to reaffirm and develop pupils' knowledge and understandings of the character virtues, with particular reference to the virtues of **justice** and **courage**.

To accompany these Teacher's Notes, **Rosa Parks – The Story**, and **Rosa Parks – Resources for Pupils** are downloadable via the Jubilee Centre for Character and Virtues website (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

The following supporting documents are also provided online:

- **Knightly Virtues Introduction Materials**
- **Virtues Toolkit** including activities on the following virtues: Self-Discipline, Honesty, Love, Gratitude, Justice, Courage, Service, Humility
- **Rosa Parks PowerPoint**
- **Other stories in the programme** including Gareth and Lynette, Don Quixote, Merchant of Venice, Robin Hood, El Cid, Beowulf, Joan of Arc and Anne Frank

Background Information for Teachers

This information is to supplement the Rosa Parks PowerPoint which provides an introduction to the story, available online (www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources).

Rosa Parks was an African-American civil rights activist, known as 'the first lady of civil rights'. She was born in Alabama in 1913, and died in 2005, aged 92 years old. Parks' name became famous in the 1950s, when she refused to give up her seat on a bus in Montgomery, Alabama to a white passenger. Whilst not the first person to resist bus segregation, Parks' case became more popular, due to the support provided by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). Parks was arrested for civil disobedience. Her name became synonymous with resistance to racial segregation around the world, and Parks collaborated with civil rights leaders including Martin Luther King Jr. Whilst Parks was widely honoured and supported in the years following the bus boycott, she initially suffered, and lost her job as a seamstress, and received death threats. Parks moved to Detroit and initially continued to work as a seamstress, before serving as secretary and receptionist to John Conyers, a US Representative from 1965-1988.

Rosa Parks — Lesson Plan

Title: Rosa Parks – Justice and Courage

Year Group 5/6

Curriculum links: Literacy, History, Civil Rights

Learning Objectives

1. To understand what the virtues of justice and courage mean in the story of Rosa Parks;
2. To accurately identify vocabulary which illustrate the virtues of justice and courage from the story of Rosa Parks;
3. To demonstrate sustained attention to an extended narrative and answer relevant questions accurately;
4. To be able to accurately retrieve information from the narrative which illustrates an answer or point of view.

Learning Outcomes

1. To be able to identify and describe the virtues of justice and courage;
2. To begin to be able to relate the virtues of justice and courage to our own lives today.

Resources

Related Knightly Virtues resources, including the Virtues Toolkit, are available via www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Provided: Rosa Parks narrative, Rosa Parks Teacher's Notes, Rosa Parks Resources for Pupils

Not Provided: Interactive White Board, Flipchart, Pens

Introduction (15mins)

Introduce/reaffirm the meaning of character and virtue (Knightly Virtues Introduction PowerPoint). Introduce the Knightly Virtues definitions of humility and honesty (Virtues Toolkit). Establish open space for pupil engagement principles.

The Story (30-35mins)

Read the story to pupils. Provide pupils with the opportunity to clarify understanding. Provide pupils with access to the Glossary for reference to character names and new vocabulary.

Activity (15-20mins) Virtue in Focus: Justice

Ask the pupils to read 'Schooling in Montgomery' and 'Arrest' sections of the story through for themselves. Then divide them into small groups and ask them to work together to identify examples where justice is present, or absent, from the situations described. There is space provided for them to write their answers. Pupils then think of examples where they have displayed justice in their own lives, or seen others display justice.

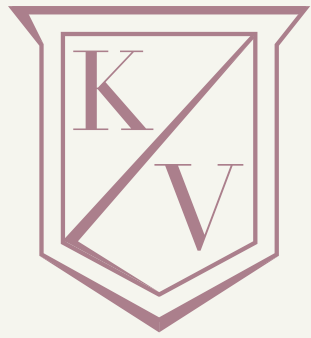
Plenary (15mins)

Bring the group together to discuss the acts of justice or injustice found within the story and invite them to share their experiences of displaying or witnessing justice in their own lives. Show and read the courage virtue card (available in the Virtues Toolkit) and introduce the homework task.

Progression/Homework Virtue in Focus: Courage

Courage task from the Virtues Toolkit found online at www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

Heroes Who Inspire



THE STORY



Rosa Parks

Story retold by Jon Davison

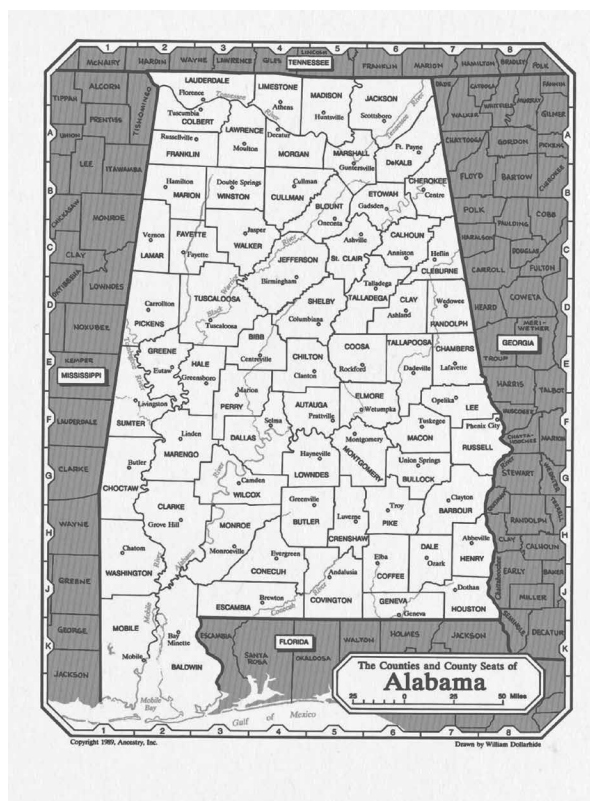
“Sometimes when Rosa and her friends walked to school, the bus carrying the white pupils would drive past and the white pupils would throw rubbish from the windows at them.”

Introduction

Rosa Louise McCauley was born on 4 February 1913, in a place called Tuskegee, Alabama in the southern states of America. She grew up with her family, went to school like other children and when she was nineteen, she met Raymond Parks. They fell in love and married. This sounds like a very ordinary story, but we remember Rosa Parks as a very courageous woman, because she sat on a bus. That might sound strange to us, because many of us, our friends and family sit on buses every day. So why was this a courageous thing for Rosa to do?

The United States of America in which Rosa was born was very different from the USA we know today. Less than fifty years before Rosa was born, the US totally abolished slavery in 1865. Before that time, African American people living in the southern states of America could be owned by white Americans. They could be bought, sold and forced to work on farms and plantations. If they ran away, slaves could be returned to their owners by law.

During the whole of Rosa's childhood and her early adult life, the southern states of America operated a system of segregation - in their everyday public lives African American and White people were separated in their schools, in shops, restaurants and in many other situations that we would find very strange today. The laws of the southern states upheld this separation and people could be put in jail for breaking them. Many African American people were attacked, persecuted and even murdered by racist white people. Often law enforcement officers in the southern states did nothing to solve crimes committed against African American people.



Going to School

Rosa began school at the age of six years. Her brother Sylvester began the following year, at the age of five. They went to a school for African American children near where they lived in Pine Level - it had just one teacher. At school Rosa enjoyed fairy tales and Mother Goose rhymes. She also enjoyed reading very much.

During the colder months, older boys had to go to cut and fetch wood to provide heating in the school. Boys at the white school did not have to do this as the school authorities looked after the heating. When Rosa was very young a new school was built for white pupils. The school was not very far from where she lived. But even though the school had been built with public money, including taxes paid by all adults in the community, Rosa could not attend it but had to go to the poorer school for African American children.

Some white pupils rode to school in a bus, but there were no school buses for African American pupils. Sometimes when Rosa and her friends walked to school, the bus carrying the white pupils would drive past and the white pupils would throw rubbish from the windows at them. Complaining would do no good as nobody would listen.

Schooling in Montgomery

The nearest big town to Pine Level was called Montgomery. From the age of eleven years Rosa attended Montgomery Industrial School, which everybody called Miss White's school, after the head teacher and co-founder, Miss Alice L. White. The school had an excellent reputation. All the teachers at the school were white women from the north states of America. Therefore, when they travelled south to educate African American girls at the school, white people in Montgomery refused to have anything to do with them. Life was not easy for them. In the early days of the school it was burned down twice by angry white people.

The best lesson that Rosa learned at Miss White's school was that she was a person with dignity and self-respect. She decided that she would not set her sights lower than anybody else just because she was not white. The girls at the school were taught to be ambitious and to believe that they could achieve what they wanted in life. Rosa's mother and grandparents also encouraged her to think this way about herself.

Many aspects of life in those days were very different from today. On the public bus service between Pine Level and Montgomery, African American people could not travel inside, but had to ride on the roof of the bus with the luggage. There were other examples of segregation in Montgomery, too. For example, the public water fountains in Montgomery had signs on them: 'White' and 'Coloured'. Like many other African American children, Rosa and her friends wondered if 'White' water tasted different from 'Coloured' water. They wanted to know if 'White' water was white and if 'Coloured' water came out of the fountain in different colours. Of course, Rosa and her friends began to understand that there was no difference in

“Today, every American citizen over the age of 18 years has the right to vote. But the right to vote for all citizens in the USA did not become law until 1965. In those days, the vast majority African Americans living in the southern states could not vote.”

the colour or taste of the water. The only difference was who was allowed to drink it from which public fountains.

By the time Rosa was sixteen years old, her grandmother had become very ill. Although Rosa had begun eleventh grade in September, she dropped out of high school after a month to look after her grandmother. Sadly, she died. Rosa started work and did a number of jobs from cleaning to working in a shirt factory. Although she went back to school briefly, she had to drop out again when her mother became ill.

..... Marriage

In December 1932, Rosa married Raymond Parks. It was a small wedding attended by family members and close friends. They went to live on the East Side of Montgomery in a lodging house on South Jackson Street.

Parks was very supportive of Rosa's wish to finish school so she went back to school after they were married. She was awarded her High School diploma in 1933 when she was 20 years old. At that time only a small percentage of African American people in Montgomery were High School graduates. In 1940, seven years after Rosa gained diploma only 7 out of every 100 (7%) had a High School education.

After a while Rosa and her husband went to live on South Union Street, where they stayed with Mr. King Kelly, who was a deacon of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church. One day Rosa went to the railway station with Mr. Kelly and his daughter to see them off on the train. She was walking a short distance behind them. As they were on their way to the train a police officer approached Rosa and asked if she had a ticket. She told him she didn't. He pushed her back against some railings and told her that if she did not have a ticket, she could not go any further. It was clear that officer had a club and a gun, which he would use if he felt provoked. Rosa could do nothing but move out of the way. She was very upset by the incident.

..... The right to vote

Today, every American citizen over the age of 18 years has the right to vote. But the right to vote for all citizens in the USA did not become law until 1965. In those days, the vast majority African Americans living in the southern states could not vote. At the time in order to register to vote African Americans had to have white people to approve of them. Most white people in the South made it very difficult for African American people to register to vote.

Rosa tried to register to vote in 1943, when she was thirty. She had to take a test. She was told she had failed. No reason had to be given for why she had failed, or what she could do to pass the test. The second time she tried, the same thing happened, but she was sure that she had answered the questions correctly. She took the test a third time in 1945. She kept a hand-written copy of all her answers to the test. If she was failed a third time, she was going to take legal action. But her certificate arrived in the post. She was now a registered voter and

could now vote.

Rosa became more and more interested in the rights of African American citizens. In the mid 1940s she became a member of the local branch of what was known as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). This national organisation had been founded by a small group of African American and White Americans to protest against racial discrimination, lynching, brutality, and unequal education. Rosa became secretary of the local branch and one of her duties was to keep a record of incidents of discrimination, unfair treatment or acts of violence against African American citizens.

There were many violent incidents against African American people in the late 1940s, after World War II ended. African American soldiers who had fought for their country were returning home, and they believed they should have equal rights. Many World War II veterans came back and tried to get registered to vote but could not. They were treated with even more disrespect, especially if they were in uniform. White Americans felt that things should remain as they had always been.

Public Transport

African American people had special rules to follow on public transport. Montgomery buses contained thirty-six seats. The first ten were always reserved for white people, even if there were no white passengers on the bus. African American people were required to sit in the last ten seats at the back of the bus. Even if there were empty seats in the front of the bus, they could not use them.

It was up to the bus drivers how they organised who sat in the middle sixteen seats. They had total control and passengers could not argue. Bus drivers carried guns and had what was known as 'police power' to rearrange seating and enforce rules of segregation. Some bus drivers were stricter than others. But usually once the ten seats in the back of the bus were filled, all the other African American passengers had to stand. If the front ten seats and the middle sixteen seats filled, drivers would insist that the African American passengers give up

their seats in the back section. People who refused to give their seats would be dragged from the bus by police and arrested even if they were children or elderly women.



“Some people have said that she didn’t give up her seat because she was tired, but that was not true. She was not tired physically, but she was tired of giving in. The bus driver saw her still sitting there, and asked her again to stand up. Rosa refused.”

Arrest

In the winter of 1955 Rosa Parks was 42 years old. She was working as an assistant tailor at 'Montgomery Fair' department store. It was the kind of store where assistants had to smile and to be polite no matter how rudely or badly they were treated.

On the evening of 1 December 1955 Rosa boarded a bus after work to take her home. She took a seat in the middle section of the bus. At the next stop some white people got on. They filled up the front ten seats, and one man was left standing. The driver noticed the man standing. Then he looked back at Rosa and the people sitting near her and demanded their seats. But Rosa and three other people did not move.

The driver spoke a second time and a man in the window seat next to her stood up. Rosa moved to let him pass. She looked across the aisle and saw that the two women were also standing.

Rosa moved over to the window seat. She had begun to realise that the more African American people gave in and did what they were told, the worse they were treated.

Some people have said that she didn't give up her seat because she was tired, but that was not true. She was not tired physically, but she was tired of giving in.

The bus driver saw her still sitting there, and asked her again to stand up. Rosa refused. He said that he would have her arrested. Rosa replied, 'You may do that.'

The driver got out of the bus and stayed outside for a few minutes, waiting for the police.

As she sat there, she tried not to think about what might happen to her. She knew that anything was possible. She could be manhandled or beaten. She could be arrested.

But she tried not to think too deeply about what might happen to her, or she might have got off the bus. So she chose to remain and wait for the consequences.

Rosa Parks — Glossary

Characters

Rosa Parks	an African-American civil rights activist
Raymond Parks	Rosa's husband

The Story

abolish	to formally put an end to
dignity	being worthy of respect, or a composed manner
High School diploma	academic qualification for US school leavers

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP)	an African-American civil rights organization in the United States
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persecute	to subject someone to ill-treatment, particularly because of their skin colour
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'police power'	United States constitutional law, to enforce order
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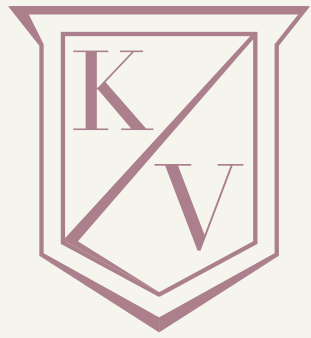
provoke	to deliberately make someone react, possibly making them angry or annoyed
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segregation	the separation of racial groups in daily life
-------------	---

slavery	when people are treated as the property of someone else
---------	---

vote	a method for making a group decision
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Heroes Who Inspire



RESOURCES

— FOR PUPILS —

Rosa Parks



The Knightly Virtues

The Knightly Virtues Programme 8 virtues

Humility — To put the needs of others before your own, and be willing to take care of others as you take care of yourself.

Honesty — To be true to yourself and other people.

Love — To feel and to show great affection for another person or group of people.

Service — Working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Courage — Having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Justice — To have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Self-discipline — The ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Gratitude — To feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Other Virtues

Mercy — To show forgiveness to someone who has done wrong.

Generosity — To be kind and generous to those around you.

Faith — To stand strong in your ideals and beliefs.

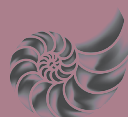
Nobility — To be of impeccably strong moral mind or character.

Hope — To always keep a positive outlook on how your actions will improve your life and the lives of those around you.

Strength — To have the inner resolve to stand firm and not back down.

For more information about other Knightly Virtues resources please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtuesresources

For more information about the Knightly Virtues Research Report please go to:
www.jubileecentre.ac.uk/knightlyvirtues



Additional Teacher Narrative

Rosa Parks in her own words

The following extracts come from Rosa Parks' own autobiography called 'Rosa Parks: My Story' written with Jim Haskins (Puffin; Reprint edition: 31 Jan 1999, isbn 0141301201) - a copy of which is provided with this pack.

How it all started

One evening in early December 1955 I was sitting in the front seat of the coloured section of a bus in Montgomery, Alabama. The white people were sitting in the white section. More white people got on, and they filled up all the seats in the white section. When that happened, we black people were supposed to give up our seats to the whites. But I didn't move. The white driver said, "let me have those front seats." I didn't get up. I was tired of giving in to white people.

"I'm going to have you arrested," the driver said.

"You may do that," I answered.

Two white policemen came. I asked one of them, "Why do you all push us around?"

He answered, "I don't know, but the law is the law and you're under arrest."

(p.1)

For half of my life there were laws and customs in the south that kept African Americans segregated from Caucasians and allowed white people to treat black people without any respect.

I never thought this was fair, and from the time I was a child, I tried to protest against disrespectful treatment. But it was very hard to do anything about segregation and racism when white people had the power of the law behind them.

Somehow we had to change the laws. And we had to get enough white people on our side to be able to succeed. I had no idea when I refused to give up my seat on that Montgomery bus that my small action would help put an end to the segregation laws in the South. I only knew that

I was tired of being pushed around. I was a regular person, just as good as anybody else.

There had been a few times in my life when I had been treated by white people like a regular person, so I knew what that felt like. It was time that other white people started treating me that way.

(p2)

I was born on February 4, 1913, in Tuskegee, in the USA and named Rosa after my maternal grandmother, Rose. My mother took me to live with her parents in Pine Level, Alabama, when I was a toddler. Later my father joined us, and we lived as a family until I was two and a half years old. He left Pine Level to find work, and I did not see him again until I was five years old and my brother was three. He stayed several days and left again. I did not see my father anymore until I was an adult and married.

(p6)

I don't remember this myself, but my grandmother told me that one time when my mother was away, she was going to give my brother a whipping. He was just a little fellow, and she was scolding him, and then she took up a little switch. I said, Grandma, don't whip brother. He's just a little baby and he doesn't have no mama and no papa either." And so, she said, she put the switch down and looked at me and decided she would not whip him that day. I can remember what a mischievous little boy he was and how I got more whippings for not telling on things he did than I did for things I did myself. I never did get out of that attitude of trying to be protective of him.

(p20)

..... **Not just another little girl**

I was about six when I started school. Sylvester started a year later, when he was around five. We went to the one-teacher black school in Pine Level, in a little frame schoolhouse that was just a short distance from where we lived.

At school I liked fairy tales and Mother Goose rhymes. I remember trying to find Little Red Riding Hood because someone had said it was a nice book to read. No matter what Miss Hill gave me to read, I would sit down and read the whole book, not just a page or two.

(p25)

Some of the older boys at school were very good at running sports and playing ball. They were also the ones who were responsible for wood at the school. The larger boys would go out and cut the wood and bring it in.

They didn't have to do this at the white school. The town or county took care of heating at the white school. I remember that when I was very young they built a new school for the white children not very far from where we lived, and of course we had to pass by it. It was a nice brick building, and it still stands there today. I found out later that it was built with public money, including taxes paid by both whites and blacks.

(p26)

Another difference between our school and the white school was that we went for only five months while they went for nine months. Many of the black children were needed by their families to plough and plant in the spring and harvest in the fall. Their families were sharecroppers like my grandparents' neighbours. Sharecroppers worked land owned by

plantation owners, and they got to keep a portion of the crop they grew. The rest they had to give to the owner of the plantation. So they needed their children to help. I was aware of the big difference between blacks and whites by the time we started school.

(p27)

Some of the white children rode a bus to school. There were no school buses for black children. I remember when we walked to school, sometimes the bus carrying the white children would come by and the white children would throw trash out the windows at us. After a while when we would see the white school bus coming, we would just get off the road and walk in the fields a little bit distant from the road. We didn't have any of what they call "civil rights" back then, so there was no way to protest and nobody to protest to. It was just a matter of survival – like getting off the road – so we could exist from day to day.

(p29)

Not all the white people in Pine Level were hostile to us black people, and I did not grow up feeling that all white people were hateful. When I was very young, I remember, there was an old, old white lady who used to take me fishing. She was real nice and treated us just like anybody else. She used to visit my grandparents a lot and talk with them for a long time. So there were some good white people in Pine Level.

(p36)

Schooling in Montgomery

When I was eight years old...my mother had the idea of sending me to Miss White's school because it had a great reputation, better than the public junior high school. Miss White was from Melrose Massachusetts. All her faculty were white women from the north. That meant that when they came south to educate black girls they were ostracized by the white community in Montgomery. Any social life they had, had to be with blacks, and therefore they went to black churches and so on. Miss White had a very rough time. Her school was burned down at least twice in the early days.

(p43)

What I learned best at Miss White's school was that I was a person with dignity and self respect, and I should not set my sights lower than anybody else just because I was black. We were taught to be ambitious and to believe that we could do what we wanted in life. This was not something I learned just at Miss White's school. I had learned it from my grandparents and my mother too.

(p49)

There were other aspects of segregation in Montgomery that I had to get used to. Public water fountains were one. The public water fountains in Montgomery had signs that said "White" and "Coloured." Like millions of black children, before me and after me, I wondered if "White" water tasted different from "Coloured" water. I wanted to know if "White" water was white and if "Coloured" water came in different colours. It took me a while to

understand that there was no difference in the water. It had the same colour and taste. The difference was who got to drink it from which public fountains.

(p46)

..... Marriage and activism

I first met Raymond Parks when a mutual friend, a lady I knew very well, introduced us. Parks – everyone called him Parks – was a very nice person, and I enjoyed talking to him. He would drive along and tell me about his life experiences and problems that he'd had as a youngster. Parks looked after his ill mother and grandmother until they died when he was in his late teens.

He was the first man of our race, aside from my grandfather with whom I actually discussed anything about the racial conditions. And he was the first, aside from my grandfather and Mr Gus Vaughan, who was never actually afraid of white people.

(p55,57,59)

Parks was also the first real activist I ever met. He was a long time member of the NAACP, the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, when I met him. Later I came to understand that he was always interested in and willing to work for things that would improve life for his race, his family and himself.

(p59)

The second time Parks and I were ever in each other's company, he talked about getting married. I hadn't given marriage a thought at all. He spoke about it and I didn't pay it any attention. But one day he said "I really think we ought to get married," and I agreed with him. The next day, when I was at church, he asked my mother's permission to marry me, and when I came home from church she told me that she had agreed. He didn't actually propose to me at all, or anyway not formally. That was in August of 1932, we were married in December of 1932 in Pine Level, in my mother's home. It was not a big wedding, just family and close friends. We didn't even send out any invitations. After we got married we went to live on the East side of Montgomery not very far from Alabama State in a rooming house on South Jackson Street.

(p63)

My husband was very supportive of my desire to finish school and I went back to school after we were married. I received my High School diploma in 1933 when I was 20 years old. At that time only a small percentage of black people in Montgomery were High School graduates. In 1940, seven years after I got my diploma only 7 out of every 100 had as much as a High School education.

(p64)

After a while we left Huffman Street and moved to South Union Street, where we stayed with Mr. King Kelly, who was a deacon of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church.

(p68)

While we were living at Mr. Kelly's, an incident happened to me that I didn't even tell my husband about. I went downtown to the railroad station with the Kellys - Mr. Kelly and his daughter and her two children - to see them off on the train. I was walking a little behind them. We were on our way to the train when a policeman approached me and asked if I had a ticket. I told him, "No." He pushed me back against the railing and said, "If you don't have a ticket, you can't go." I knew that he had a club and a gun and that there wasn't anything for me to do but just get out of the way. It upset me quite a bit.

(p69-70)

What really upset me was that another young black woman was there - about my age, early twenties. I guess she must have been somebody who knew the policeman, because she was kind of playing with him, saying, "I'm going through." He said, "No, don't you go through," and he sort of swung his club in her direction. She laughed, and that upset me just as much, because she seemed rather familiar with him. To me, she showed a lack of respect for herself as a woman, and especially as a black woman. She had seen him treat me with disrespect. His treatment of her was just as disrespectful, but she had laughed about it.

(p70)

..... **We fight for the right to vote**

The right to vote is so important for Americans. We vote for people to represent us in government. If we do not like the way they represent us, we can vote for someone else. But in those days most black people in the South could not vote.

The segregationists made it very difficult for black people to register to vote. In order to get registered blacks had to have white people to vouch for them. A small number of blacks who were in good favour with the white folks did get registered in that way. But once they got registered, they did not want other blacks to do the same. I guess they felt that when the white people vouched for and approved of them being registered, that put them on a different level from the rest of us.

(p73)

The second time I tried to register to vote, I was put off a Montgomery city bus for the first time, I didn't follow the rules. The driver who put me off was a mean one. He was tall and thickset with an intimidating posture. His skin was rough-looking, and he had a mole near his mouth. I never wanted to be on that man's bus again. After that, I made a point of looking at who was driving the bus before I got on. I didn't want any more run-ins with that mean one.

(p77-78)

Black people had special rules to follow. There were thirty-six seats on a Montgomery bus. The first ten were reserved for whites, even if there were no white passengers on the bus. There was no law about the ten seats in the back of the bus, but it was sort of understood that they were for black people. Blacks were required to sit in the back of the bus, but it was sort

of understood that they were for black people. Blacks were required to sit in the back of the bus, and even if there were empty seats in the front, we couldn't sit in them. Once the seats in the back were filled, then all the other black passengers had to stand. If whites filled up the front section, some drivers would demand that blacks give up their seats in the back section. Some bus drivers were meaner than others. Not all of them were hateful, but segregation itself is vicious.

(p77)

By the time I was put off the bus, I was a member of the NAACP. It was a national organization with headquarters in New York, founded by a small group of African Americans and Caucasians who believed in democracy... They formed the group to protest against racial discrimination, lynching, brutality, and unequal education. As secretary of the NAACP, I recorded and sent membership payments to the national office, answered telephones, wrote letters, and sent out press releases to the newspapers. One of my main duties was to keep a record of cases of discrimination or unfair treatment or acts of violence against black people.

(p80,84)

There were more violent incidents against black people in the late 1940s, after World War II ended. Black soldiers who had served in the armed forces were coming home, and they felt as if they should have equal rights since they had served their country. A lot of black World War II veterans came back and tried to get registered to vote and could not. They found they were treated with even more disrespect, especially if they were in uniform. Whites felt that things should remain as they had always been.

There were cases of violence against blacks all over, not just in Alabama.

(92,93)

When I first met Septima Poinsette Clark... She was in her late fifties and teaching citizenship classes at Highlander School... Her job was to teach adults to read and write and learn about basic citizenship so they could become teachers of others, so they could register to vote. I spent ten days at Highlander for the NAACP and went to different workshops, mostly on how to desegregate schools. Everything was very organised. We all had duties, and they were listed on a bulletin board each day. We shared the work and the play. We forgot what colour anybody was. I was forty-two years old, and it was one of the few times in my life up to that point when I did not feel any hostility from white people. I experienced people of different races and backgrounds meeting together in workshops and living together in peace and harmony. I felt that I could express myself honestly without any repercussions or antagonistic attitudes from other people. It was hard to leave, knowing what I was going back to, but of course I knew I had to leave. So I went back to Montgomery and back to my job as an assistant tailor at Montgomery Fair department store, where you had to be smiling and polite no matter how rudely you were treated. And back to the city buses, with their segregation rules.

(p107)

You're under arrest

When I got off from work that evening of December 1, I went to Court Square as usual to catch the Cleveland Avenue bus home. I didn't look to see who was driving when I got on, and by the time I recognised him, I had already paid my fare. It was the same driver who had put me off the bus back in 1943, twelve years earlier. He was still tall and heavy, with red, rough looking skin. And he was still mean-looking. I saw a vacant seat in the middle section of the bus and took it. The next stop was the Empire Theatre, and some whites got on. They filled up the white seats, and one man was left standing. The driver looked back and noticed the man standing. Then he looked back at us. He said, "Let me have those front seats," because they were the front seats of the black section. Didn't anybody move. We just sat right where we were, the four of us. Then he spoke a second time: "Y'all better make it light on yourselves and let me have those seats."

The man in the window seat next to me stood up, and I moved to let him pass by me, and then I looked across the aisle and saw that the two women were also standing. I moved over to the window seat. I could not see how standing up was going to "make it light" for me. The more we gave in and complied, the worse they treated us.

I thought back to the time when I used to sit up all night and didn't sleep, and my grandfather would have his gun right by the fireplace, or if he had his one-horse wagon going anywhere, he always had his gun in the back of the wagon. People always say that I didn't give up my seat because I was tired, but that isn't true. I was not tired physically, or no more tired than I usually was at the end of a working day. I was not old, although some people have an image of me as being old then. I was forty-two. No the only tired I was, was tired of giving in.

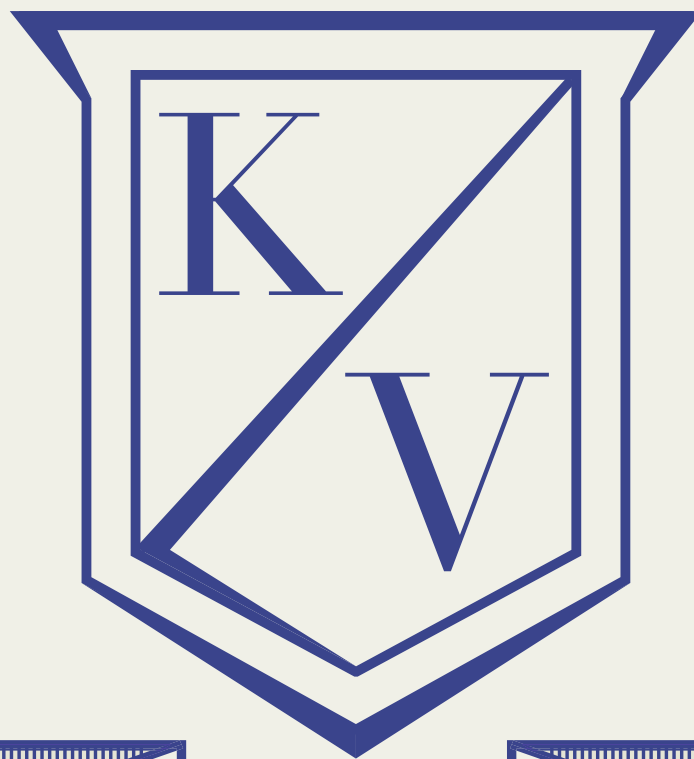
The driver of the bus saw me still sitting there, and he asked was I going to stand up. I said "No". He said "Well, I'm going to have you arrested." Then I said, "you may do that" These were the only words we said to each other. He got out of the bus and stayed outside for a few minutes, waiting for the police.

As I sat there, I tried not to think about what might happen. I knew that anything was possible. I could be manhandled or beaten. I could be arrested. People have asked me if it occurred to me then that I could be the test case the NAACP had been looking for. I did not think about that at all. In fact if I had let myself think too deeply about what might happen to me, I might have gotten off the bus. But I chose to remain.

(p113-116)

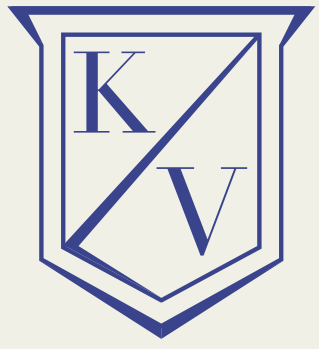
Heroes Who Inspire

Virtues Toolkit



Knighly Virtues

Heroes Who Inspire



TEACHER'S NOTES



Virtues Toolkit

The Virtues Toolkit contains a **Toolkit Activity** for each of the virtues listed below:



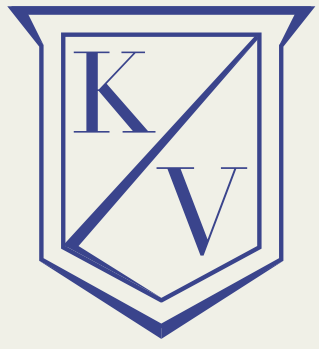
The definition of each virtue is included with the relevant activity. You can also use the Virtues Cards to explore definitions with the pupils.

The stories in the Knightly Virtues Programme each contain both a central and a secondary virtue. The central virtue is explored in the Virtue in Focus Activity included in each story pack. The Virtues Toolkit provides homework activities that enable pupils to think about the secondary virtues, and encourages them to apply these virtues to their own everyday lives.

The table below indicates how the virtues relate to each story:

Story	Central Virtue	Secondary Virtue
Gareth & Lynette	Self-discipline	Courage
El Cid	Honesty	Humility
Don Quixote	Love	Service
Merchant of Venice	Gratitude	Self-discipline
Rosa Parks	Justice	Courage
Robin Hood	Charity	Justice
Joan of Arc	Service	Courage
Anne Frank	Humility	Honesty
Beowulf	Courage	

Heroes Who Inspire



ACTIVITIES



Virtues Toolkit

Self-Discipline Toolkit Activity

Definition

Self Discipline is the ability to control yourself and be very organised.

Activity

How many chocolate bars or sweets do you eat during a week? Keep a record over the next 5 days, and write down all of the sweet food that you eat. How many sweets do you eat before dinnertime? To exercise self-discipline, over the next 5 days, try not to eat any sweets or chocolate between the time you get home from school and when you eat your dinner. Write down how this makes you feel.

Day	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
Sweets or chocolate eaten					

Day	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
No sweets or chocolate eaten before dinnertime (tick if successful)					
How do I feel?					

Honesty Toolkit Activity

Definition

Honesty is to be true to yourself and other people.

Activity

Being honest with people is important. Read the below story about Fatima and answer the following questions.

Fatima loves netball and is a good player. During a PE lesson, Fatima is told by the teacher that she has been picked as captain of the school netball team. One of her jobs as captain is to pick a team to play against another school next week. Fatima plays netball seriously, and not just for fun. She knows who to pick to win the match, but her friend Roberta, who is not as good as Fatima at netball, rushes up to her after the lesson and says, "You're going to pick me aren't you? You owe me!" Fatima knows that, as captain, she has a responsibility to pick the best players to win the match. However, Fatima also knows that Roberta will be very upset if she isn't picked, and that Roberta can become very difficult if she does not get what she wants.

Questions

1 Do you think Fatima should pick Roberta to play netball? Why?

2 You have decided not to pick Roberta for the school team. Do you think you should tell her or wait until she reads the teamsheet? Explain your answer.

3 Do you think Fatima should pick Roberta to play netball? Why?

Love Toolkit Activity

Definition

Love is to feel and show great affection for another person or group of people.

Activity

In the space provided, draw a picture of your best friend. Write down why you consider them to be such a good friend.



_____ is such a good friend because _____

Gratitude Toolkit Activity

Definition

Gratitude is to feel or to show appreciation for something that has been done for you.

Activity

Every day for the next five days, use the Gratitude Journal below to write down what or who you are grateful for. Think about things or people in your life that you are grateful for, or things people have done for you that day that you really appreciate.

DAY ONE

Today I am grateful for...

I am grateful because...

DAY TWO

Today I am grateful for...

I am grateful because...

DAY THREE

Today I am grateful for...

I am grateful because...

DAY FOUR

Today I am grateful for...

I am grateful because...

DAY FIVE

Today I am grateful for...

I am grateful because...

Justice Toolkit Activity

Definition

Justice is to have an understanding of what it is to uphold what is right.

Activity

Illustrate, using the storyboard below, a short story about an injustice. Use captions to show what the injustice is and how it is overcome.

Courage Toolkit Activity

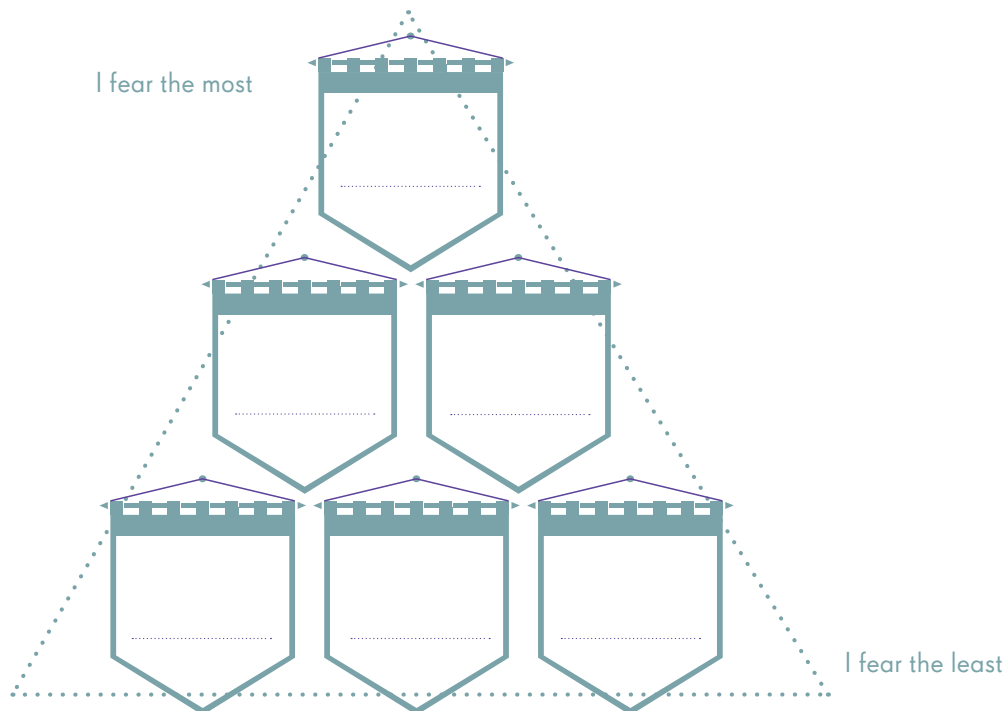
Definition

Courage is having the strength and will to know what you should do even though you may be afraid.

Activity

Everyone is afraid of something, but we have to become courageous and overcome our fears in some situations. Thinking about the things listed below, use the pyramid and rank them in order, placing what you are most afraid of at the top.

Heights	Tests at school	Speaking in front of lots of people
Getting things wrong	The dentist	Speaking to new people



Choose one of the topics below and write a paragraph about a time when this has applied to you.

I did something despite negative pressure from my peers

I expressed myself even when others disapproved

I took on a difficult challenge

I did the right thing, when others did not

Service Toolkit Activity

Definition

Service is working hard for a person, organisation or country. Helping other people.

Activity

How have you helped other people this week?

List one way in which you have helped in each box below:

I have helped at home by:

I have helped my friends by:

I have helped at school by:

How could you help other people in future?

List one way in which you could help your community, a group or organisation you know, in the future.

I could help

in the future by

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For more information about the Knightly Virtues Research Report please go to:
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