

**WEEK: 20**

**Week Beginning: (Monday 3<sup>rd</sup> August 2020)**

**Subject: ENGLISH**

**Year: 10**

### **Lesson Objective:**

- Understanding and analysing language in modern texts.
- Begin to recognize main themes and how they fall into the text.

### **Keywords/ Concepts**

- Childhood.
- Social Responsibility
- Violence

### **Class Worksheets**

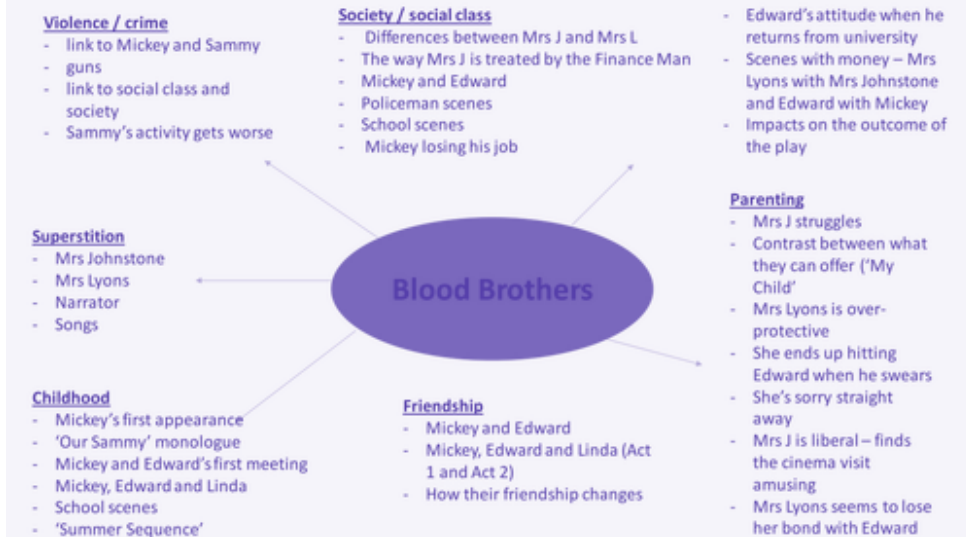
- Extracts from modern texts.
- Overview of themes.

### **Homework Worksheets**

Read given chapter and find quotes for themes spoken in today's lesson.

### **Additional Notes**

## Blood Brothers.



### 8 Blood Brothers

Act One 9

the – for the children – we thought children would come along.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Well y' might still be able to . . .

MRS LYONS: No, I'm afraid . . . We've been trying for such a long time now . . . I wanted to adopt but . . . Mr Lyons is . . . well he says he wanted his own son, not someone else's. Myself, I believe that an adopted child can become one's own.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Ah yeh . . . yeh. Ey, it's weird though, isn't it. Here's you can't have kids, an' me, I can't stop havin' them. Me husband used to say that all we had to do was shake hands and I'd be in the club. He must have shook hands with me before he left. I'm havin' another one y' know.

MRS LYONS: Oh, I see . . .

MRS JOHNSTONE: Oh but look, look it's all right, Mrs Lyons, I'll still be able to do me work. Havin' babies, it's like clockwork to me. I'm back on me feet an' workin' the next day y' know. If I have this one at the weekend I won't even need to take one day off. I love this job, y' know. We can just manage to get by now –  
*She is stopped by MRS LYONS putting the contents of the package, a pair of new shoes, on to the table.*  
Jesus Christ, Mrs Lyons, what are y' trying to do?

MRS LYONS: My God, what's wrong?

MRS JOHNSTONE: The shoes . . . the shoes . . .

MRS LYONS: Pardon?

MRS JOHNSTONE: New shoes on the table, take them off . . .  
MRS LYONS *does so.*  
(*Relieved*) Oh God, Mrs Lyons, never put new shoes on a table . . . You never know what'll happen.

MRS LYONS (*twiggling it; laughing*): Oh . . . you mean you're superstitious?

MRS JOHNSTONE: No, but you never put new shoes on the table.

MRS LYONS: Oh go on with you. Look, if it will make you any happier I'll put them away . . .  
MRS LYONS *exits with the shoes.*  
*Music is heard as MRS JOHNSTONE warily approaches the table and the NARRATOR enters.*

NARRATOR: There's shoes upon the table an' a joker in the pack,  
The salt's been spilled and a looking glass cracked,  
There's one lone magpie overhead.

MRS JOHNSTONE: I'm not superstitious.

NARRATOR: The Mother said

MRS JOHNSTONE: I'm not superstitious.

NARRATOR: The Mother said.  
*The NARRATOR exits to re-enter as a GYNAECOLOGIST.*

MRS JOHNSTONE: What are you doin' here? The milk bill's not due 'till Thursday.

GYNAECOLOGIST (*producing a listening funnel*): Actually I've given up the milk round and gone into medicine. I'm your gynaecologist. (*He begins to examine her.*) OK, Mummy, let's have a little listen to the baby's ticker, shall we?

MRS JOHNSTONE: I was dead worried about havin' another baby, you know, Doctor. I didn't see how we were gonna manage with another mouth to feed. But now I've got me a little job we'll be OK. If I'm careful we can just scrape by, even with another mouth to feed.  
*The GYNAECOLOGIST completes his examination.*

GYNAECOLOGIST: Mouths, Mummy.

MRS JOHNSTONE: What?

GYNAECOLOGIST: Plural, Mrs Johnstone. Mouths to feed. You're expecting twins. Congratulations. And the next one please, Nurse.  
*The GYNAECOLOGIST exits.*

MRS JOHNSTONE, *numbed by the news, moves back to her work, dusting the table upon which the shoes had been placed.*

MRS LYONS *enters.*

MRS LYONS: Hello, Mrs. J. How are you?  
*There is no reply.*  
(*Registering the silence*) Mrs J? Anything wrong?

MRS JOHNSTONE: I had it all worked out.

MRS LYONS: What's the matter?

MRS JOHNSTONE: We were just getting straight.

MRS LYONS: Why don't you sit down.

MRS JOHNSTONE: With one more baby we could have managed. But not with two. The Welfare have already been on to me. They say I'm incapable of controllin' the kids I've already got. They say I should put some of them into care. But I won't. I love the bones of every one of them. I'll even love these two when they come along. But like they say at the Welfare, kids can't live on love alone.

## An Inspector Calls.

Sheila: What - what did this girl look like?

Inspector: If you'll come over here, I'll show you.

*// He moves nearer a light - perhaps standard lamp - and she crosses to him. He produces the photograph. She looks at it closely, recognizes it with a little cry, gives a half-stifled sob, and then runs out. The Inspector puts the photograph back in his pocket and stares speculatively after her. The other three stare in amazement for a moment.//*

Birling: What's the matter with her?

Eric: She recognized her from the photograph, didn't she?

Inspector: Yes.

Birling: (*angrily*) Why the devil do you want to go upsetting the child like that?

Inspector: I didn't do it. She's upsetting herself.

Birling: Well - why - why?

Inspector: I don't know - yet. That's something I have to find out.

Birling: (*still angrily*) Well - if you don't mind - I'll find out first.

Gerald: Shall I go after her.

Birling: (*moving*) No, leave this to me. I must also have a word with my wife - tell her what's happening. (*turns at the door, staring at the Inspector angrily.*) We were having a nice family celebration tonight. And a nasty mess you've made of it now, haven't you?

Inspector: (*steadily*) That's more or less what I was thinking earlier tonight

when I was in the infirmary looking at what was left of Eva Smith. A nice little promising life there, I thought, and a nasty mess somebody's made of it.

*// Birling looks as if about to make some retort, then thinks better of it, and goes out, closing door sharply behind him. Gerald and Eric exchange uneasy glances. The Inspector ignores them.//*

Gerald: I'd like to have a look at that photograph now, Inspector.

Inspector: All in good time.

Gerald: I don't see why -

Inspector: (*cutting in, massively*) You heard what I said before, Mr Croft. One line of inquiry at a time. Otherwise we'll all be taking at once and won't know where we are. If you've anything to tell me, you'll have an opportunity of doing it soon.

Gerald: (*rather uneasily*) Well, I don't suppose I have -

Eric: (*suddenly bursting out*) I'm sorry - but you see - we were having a little party - and I've had a few drinks, including rather a lot of champagne - and I've got a headache - and as I'm only in the way here - I think I'd better turn in.

Inspector: And I think you'd better stay here.

Eric: Why should I?

Inspector: It might be less trouble. If you turn in, you might have to turn out again soon.

Gerald: Getting a bit heavy-handed, aren't you, Inspector?

Inspector: Possibly. But if you're easy with me, I'm easy with you.

## An Inspector Calls - Themes Overview



## Lord Of The Flies.

With dreary obedience the choir raised their hands.

"Who wants me?"

Every hand outside the choir except Piggy's was raised immediately. Then Piggy, too, raised his hand grudgingly into the air.

Ralph counted.

"I'm chief then."

The circle of boys broke into applause. Even the choir applauded; and the freckles on Jack's face disappeared under a blush of mortification. He started up, then changed his mind and sat down again while the air rang. Ralph looked at him, eager to offer something.

"The choir belongs to you, of course."

"They could be the army--"

"Or hunters--"

"They could be--"

The suffusion drained away from Jack's face. Ralph waved again for silence.

"Jack's in charge of the choir. They can be--what do you want them to be?"

"Hunters."

Jack and Ralph smiled at each other with shy liking. The rest began to talk eagerly.

Jack stood up.

"All right, choir. Take off your togs."

As if released from class, the choir boys stood up, chattered, piled their black cloaks on the grass. Jack laid his on the trunk by Ralph. His grey shorts were sticking to him with sweat. Ralph glanced at them admiringly, and when Jack saw his glance he explained.

"I tried to get over that hill to see if there was water all round. But your shell called us."

Ralph smiled and held up the conch for silence.

"Listen, everybody. I've got to have time to think things out. I can't decide what to do straight off. If this isn't an island we might be rescued straight away. So we've got to decide if this is an island. Everybody must stay round here and wait and not go away. Three of us--if we take more we'd get all mixed, and lose each other--three of us will go on an expedition and find out. I'll go, and Jack, and, and . . ."

He looked round the circle of eager faces. There was no lack of boys to choose from.

"And Simon."

The boys round Simon giggled, and he stood up, laughing a little. Now that the pallor of his faint was over, he was a skinny, vivid little boy, with a glance coming up from under a hut of straight hair that hung down, black and coarse.

He nodded at Ralph.

"I'll come."

"And I--"

Jack snatched from behind him a sizable sheath-knife and clouted it into a trunk. The buzz rose and died away.

Piggy stirred.

"I'll come."

Ralph turned to him.

"You're no good on a job like this."

"All the same--"

"We don't want you," said Jack, flatly. "Three's enough."

Piggy's glasses flashed.

"I was with him when he found the conch. I was with him before anyone else was."

Jack and the others paid no attention. There was a general dispersal. Ralph, Jack and Simon jumped off the platform and walked along the sand past the bathing pool. Piggy hung bumping behind them.

"If Simon walks in the middle of us," said Ralph, "then we could talk over his head."

The three of them fell into step. This meant that every now and then Simon had to do a double shuffle to catch up with the others. Presently Ralph stopped and turned back to Piggy.

"Look."

Jack and Simon pretended to notice nothing. They walked on.

"You can't come."

Piggy's glasses were misted again--this time with humiliation.

"You told 'em. After what I said."

His face flushed, his mouth trembled.

"After I said I didn't want--"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"About being called Piggy. I said I didn't care as long as they didn't call me Piggy; an' I said not to tell and then you went an' said straight out--"

Stillness descended on them. Ralph, looking with more understanding at Piggy, saw that he was hurt and crushed. He hovered between the two courses of apology or further insult.

"Better Piggy than Fatty," he said at last, with the directness of genuine leadership, "and anyway, I'm sorry if you feel like that. Now go back, Piggy, and take names. That's your job. So long."

He turned and raced after the other two. Piggy stood and the rose of indignation faded slowly from his cheeks. He went back to the platform.

