

Tuesday 9th June 2020

To understand character and show empathy

Sadly, Tom found William locked in a cupboard under the stairs at his mother's house. She was nowhere to be seen. He had convinced an air raid warden and a policeman to help him break down the door and rescue William. William was taken to a hospital but, because Tom was not actually a relative of William, Tom was not allowed to take him home. Sammy, Tom's dog, was tied to a railing outside the hospital.

Tom wondered aloud to himself and the spirit of his wife, Rachel, who had died many years before.

Success Criteria

Read the extract.

Identify Tom's dilemma.

What are the obstacles that are blocking him from taking William home to Weirwold?

How does Tom get round these obstacles?

Obstacles that Tom faces	Tom's solutions or lucky breaks	Tom's thoughts
Nurse on guard	Luckily, the nurse has fallen asleep	'Good. She's fast asleep. I'll be very quiet and sneak by.'
Doors in the ward are open so he can be seen	Gently closes them	

Red – find all of obstacles that Tom faces and how he gets by them.

Green – find all of obstacles that Tom faces and how he gets by them.

Record his thoughts at the time.

Blue – As Green, plus explain why Tom wanted to run or look around once he had passed the warden.

Rescue

"What we goin' to do, boy?" he murmured as he ruffled Sammy's chest. "We ent got much time." He stared out at the street beyond the railings. It was already beginning to get dark again. He rubbed his chin. Grey stubble had started to sprout where he hadn't shaved.

"Oh, Rachel," he said half aloud to the sky. "What would you do?" and he saw her, in his mind, swing round in her long dress and flash her dark eyes at him.

"Kidnap him," she said laughingly.

Tom gave a start. Rachel wouldn't have said that. On second thoughts, Rachel would. He rose slowly. "I'll jes' play it be ear," he muttered. "Mebbe if. . ."

His thoughts were interrupted by the sounds of several ambulances arriving. He tied Sammy back to the railings, ran briskly along the side of the building and round the corner to where the entrance doors swung and immediately began carrying people into the hospital.

Three hours later, he was walking back down one of the stairways, carrying a blanket, when he realised that he was standing outside the children's ward. He peered quickly through the small window. The fair-haired nurse was still on duty. She was slumped asleep across a table with a small night light beside her.

Tom looked quickly around the corridor. There was no one in sight. Before he allowed himself time to think, he crept into the ward and gently eased the swing doors to a close. Will was fast asleep, well knocked out by the drugs.

As Tom drew the sheets aside, one of the smaller children on the other side of the ward woke up and started coughing. The nurse opened her eyes and lifted her head. Tom hastily pulled the sheets back into place and crouched down on the floor. The nurse spoke to the child soothingly, gave her some medicine and tucked her in. She then returned to the table. She was trying to study for an exam on anatomy, but soon her eyelids grew heavy again and within minutes she had fallen asleep.

Tom whipped back the sheets, lifted Will out and wrapped the blanket he was carrying around him. He stuck one of the pillows down the bed and tucked the sheets round it. Not very convincing, but it was all he had time for. Holding Will firmly in his arms he stood up. If the nurse woke up now, he thought, he'd be in for it. One of the children turned over in his sleep and gave a little moan but the nurse went on sleeping, quite undisturbed. He glanced out the window. Very quickly, he swung the door open and walked firmly out and down the corridor. He knew that if he looked furtive he would give the game away. He met the nurse who had chatted to him over the elderly man. She smiled at him.

"It's all go, isn't it?" she said.

Tom nodded and headed for the lobby, where he had left his haversack. Two ambulances drew in, and in the general confusion that followed he picked up the haversack and strode towards the swing doors. He glanced quickly at the receptionist. To his relief, it was a different woman on duty. As soon as he was outside, and the drivers had turned their backs, he ran into the dark unlit courtyard, around the corner and down to where he had left Sammy.

Sammy leaped up excitedly and began to bark. "No!" whispered Tom urgently, placing a firm finger on his nose. "Down, boy. Quiet!"

He laid Will on the bottom step and feverishly undid the haversack. Quickly, he put some warm underwear and socks on him.

"You keep guard, Sammy," he whispered, and he untied him and put the lead into his pocket. The next garments to go on Will were a brown patched pair of corduroy shorts, a

grey flannel shirt, a navy roll-neck jersey and a green balaclava. The balaclava at least hid his bald head. Unfortunately, he had no boots or overcoat for him. He hid the blanket in a dark corner and wrapped his own overcoat round Will. Slinging the haversack onto his back, he walked towards the open courtyard with Will in his arms, Sammy following. A firm step, he thought to himself as he strode across it. At any moment, they might discover Will's absence. He continued out through the gates and down the street. Suddenly a voice called out sharply to him.

"Oy. Mister!"

He turned. It was Alf. He had forgotten about the Warden's Post. Drat it.

"You got the boy then?"

He nodded.

"Good on you. Takin' him back to the country?"

Tom nodded again, waved good-bye and strode firmly down the street, wanting desperately to run or look behind and not daring to do either.

After much climbing on and off buses, the three of them arrived at the large station. They spent the remainder of the night in a shelter nearby. There were no trains going to Weirwold the following morning, but there was one going two thirds of the way, to a village called Skyron. Tom hurriedly bought tickets, tied the lead around Sammy's neck and headed for the platform. His tickets were clipped by the same ticket man.

"Got yer grandson there?" he remarked cheekily. "Deep sleeper, ain't he? You'll spoil him carryin' him like that. I'd wake him up and make him walk, lazy tyke."

"He's ill," said Tom.

"Oh," said the ticket man, startled. "Not contagious, I hope."

"No."

The man handed the tickets back and Tom and Sammy ran along the platform. The train was due to leave within minutes.

"That dog should have a muzzle," yelled the ticket man after them.

They climbed into the train and sat by a window in an empty carriage. Not long now, thought Tom, and they would be out of London. A tapping on the window interrupted his thoughts. He looked up to find a policeman looking down at him through the glass. He pointed to Will. Tom quickly covered his stockinged feet with his coat.

"Air raid keep him up, eh?"

Tom nodded.

"Have a safe journey."

"Thank you."