

Tuesday 14th July 2020

To understand character and show empathy

Success Criteria

Read the extract.

Record William's moments of joy

How has William changed from the nervous little boy?

Identify how he and Carrie are growing up.

William's joy	Changes in William	Evidence for them growing up

Red – find evidence of William's joy

Green– As red plus record changes in William

Blue – As Green plus any evidence for them growing up

Squatting down with a trowel in his hand, Will surveyed what was now the garden. Since the Dig for Victory campaign, he and Tom had pulled up all the flowers and had been planting vegetables in every available space. It was a shame really. The flowers had looked so colourful. All that remained now were neat brown rows with tufts of greenery sticking out of them.

He pushed the sleeves of his jersey up. He was wearing Zach's old red one with the hundred darns. Sticking the trowel firmly into the earth, he began to dig a small trench. As he loosened the earth, several startled worms slithered away. He watched their gleaming bodies heading for the cabbage patch.

Will sat back on his heels and took a handful of seeds from a paper bag. Picking them tenderly one by one, he placed them in the trench. He was so absorbed in his task that he was oblivious to footsteps approaching the gate. He heard it clanging as it bounced to a close and looked up. It was Carrie. She was running down the pathway, her face flushed.

"Did you get them?" she panted.

He nodded. "They's in my room. You want them now?"

She glanced down at his earth-stained hands. "I could go and get them myself. You going to be long with that?"

"Just got two more rows. Then I'm finished."

"Can we go down the river?"

Will looked surprised. "Ent you got no more chores?"

She shook her head and grinned. "I climbed out the window. It was the only way. As soon as I finish one job she finds me another one. If she sees me with so much as my fingers on a book she jes' gets hoppin' mad."

"I thought she was better now."

"She is, but she still thinks readin' is being idle."

She squatted down beside him and stared intently into his eyes.

"If I don't read a book soon I think I'll explode."

Will laughed. "Well, don't do it over me plantin'."

"Have you another trowel? I could give you a hand, then we could clear off quick. If she finds me here I'll have to go back home."

"No, I don't. Look, you go up to my room. If she comes round she'll see I'm on me own. We can go up to the river on the tandem. I'll lower the other seat."

Carrie's eyes sparkled. "Wizard!" and she sprang to her feet and made towards the cottage.

"Oh," she cried despondently, swinging round. "How can I ride, wearing this?" and she tugged at the pale green woollen dress she was wearing. "Won't the crossbar make it go up?"

Will frowned for an instant and then hit on an idea.

"You can wear a pair of my shorts!"

Carrie looked doubtful. Will was a head smaller than her.

"Or Zach's, they'd fit you."

"I daren't," she said, feeling quite excited at the prospect. She'd been asking her mother for ages if she could wear shorts, but had been told that she'd turn into a boy if she did and no man would want to marry her. Her father had said it was all right by him, but he had already let her have her own way about the high school and didn't want to cause any more friction.

"Why not?" said Will.

"You don't think I'll turn into a boy if I wear them?"

Will looked up at her. Her hair stuck out in little wispy curls round her forehead and ears. Two pale-green oval eyes stared down at him above permanently freckled cheeks.

"Carrie, you don't look anythin' like a boy and who cares if you do?"

"Yes. Anyway," she said, suddenly feeling appalled at the thought, "I don't want to get married. Imagine having to do housework all the time, every day. Yuk!" And with that she turned and ran into the cottage.

Will found her sprawled across his bed engrossed in a book. She jumped, raised her eyes guiltily and slammed the covers automatically to a close. She laughed.

"I thought you were Mum!"

Will strode across to a box in the corner where several of Zach's old clothes were folded neatly inside. He lifted up a pair of red corduroy shorts with patches on the seat and found a green pair underneath that were less threadbare.

"Catch," he said, throwing them at her and flinging a pair of braces onto the bed.

"I'll have to wear a shirt," she added, joining him at the box. She found a white baggy cotton one and pulled it out.

"You better wear this, too," and he picked up Zach's Joseph jersey.

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's special, isn't it?"

"Zach would be jolly pleased if you wore it. You know he would."

She nodded and felt tears coming to her eyes. Will looked concerned.

"It's all right," she said hastily. "I'm not going to blubber." She picked up the shorts and put them on. "They fit almost perfect." She tugged at the waist. "They're a bit baggy here, but the braces'll keep them up." She unbuttoned her dress, stepped out of it and slipped her petticoat off over her head. Will buttoned the braces onto the shorts.

"There," he said, and he found himself laughing excitedly for no reason whatever.

Carrie pulled the shirt over her head and tucked it into the shorts, raising the braces up over her shoulders. Lifting up her arms and legs, she cavorted around the room.

"They feel so comfortable," she said, bouncing on the end of the bed.

Will produced four books from out of his haversack.

"That's where they were!" she cried.

"I couldn't get *We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea*, but I've got it reserved for you. So, I got you this one instead."

She took it from his hands.

"At the Back of the North Wind by George MacDonald. Never heard of it." She flicked over the pages and began reading chapter one. "It looks all right. You got the others, did you?"

"Yeh. Here," he replied, handing them to her. "A Little Princess, David Copperfield and Black Beauty."

"Wizzo!"

"Don't start readin' them now or we'll never get down to the river."

Carrie looked disappointed.

"Well, bring one and I'll take my sketch pad." He emptied the haversack and shoved the pad and a piece of tarpaulin in. Carrie was chewing over which book to take. She chose *At the Back of the North Wind*. She put Zach's Joseph jersey on and Will slung the haversack onto his back.

"I'll go down first. See if the coast is clear," he whispered.

Carrie felt a sudden urge to giggle. She placed her hand firmly over her mouth and crouched over the open trapdoor, while Will slipped quickly down the steps and out the back door. He reappeared soon after.

"Drat it!" he murmured. "I'll need you to hold the bike steady while I lower the seat."

Carrie crept down and followed him out into the back garden. She held the tandem firmly while Will twiddled away with the spanner. She began to grow anxious and her forehead felt hot. It would be rotten if her mother caught her now.

"There," he said, surveying the seat. He put the spanner in the saddlebag. "Now let's wheel her."

They pushed the tandem out through the back gate and turned right twice so that they were beside the graveyard wall. Will grinned back at Carrie, who was by the rear seat. He motioned her to the ground. Crouching down, they manoeuvred themselves unseen to any possible eyes towards the open road. He beckoned her up.

"Get on quick," he urged.

"If anyone sees me now," she giggled, "it'll be all over the village in no time," and she flung her leg over the bar and sat down, her feet comfortably resting on the pedals. Will followed suit and pushed off.

They cycled on, seeing no one, until they reached Annie Hartridge's cottage. She was in the front garden with the baby. She stared at Carrie in amazement and they left her open-mouthed as they sped, shrieking with laughter, up the road.

They stopped by a hedge near the woods and pushed the bike through a gap and down a small slope.

"We can leave it here," said Will, leaning it up against a large oak. "No one'll see it."

They ran silently and swiftly in and out through the trees, hiding behind them in case anyone else was in the woods. When they finally reached the river they burst into hysterical laughter.

"You should have seen her face," spluttered Carrie.

Will immediately held his haversack as if it was a baby and did an imitation of Annie Hartridge watching them cycle by. Carrie clutched at her stomach and laughed helplessly.

"No, stop it!" she cried. "I'll wet my pants if you don't."

"You mean Zach's pants," he added.

"Please, please . . ." she begged, and she crossed her legs and tried to think of disasters in an effort to control herself. Will collapsed onto the ground and leaned against a tree. He stared across at the river, panting. Carrie calmed down and joined him.

"Here," he said, pulling the raggedy tarpaulin from his haversack, "you sit on this." He spread it out at the foot of the tree.

"Where are you going?" she asked when Will left her sitting on it.

"Only over here. I'm going to draw you."

She picked up her book and propped it up open on her bent knees. Raising her eyes for a moment, she gazed at the bubbling spring river and glanced at Will. He was sitting cross-legged on his haversack several yards away, his sketch pad already open. He looked up and smiled.

"Don't it make you feel strange, me wearing Zach's clothes?"

He shook his head. "I'm wearing one of his jerseys."

"Yes, I know, but . . ." Her voice drifted away. "I've never worn a dead person's clothes before. I should feel horrid, shouldn't I? But I don't. I feel good." She sighed and let her body sink into the tree trunk. "I wish the holidays could be like this all the time," she murmured. "Mum's been so horrid."