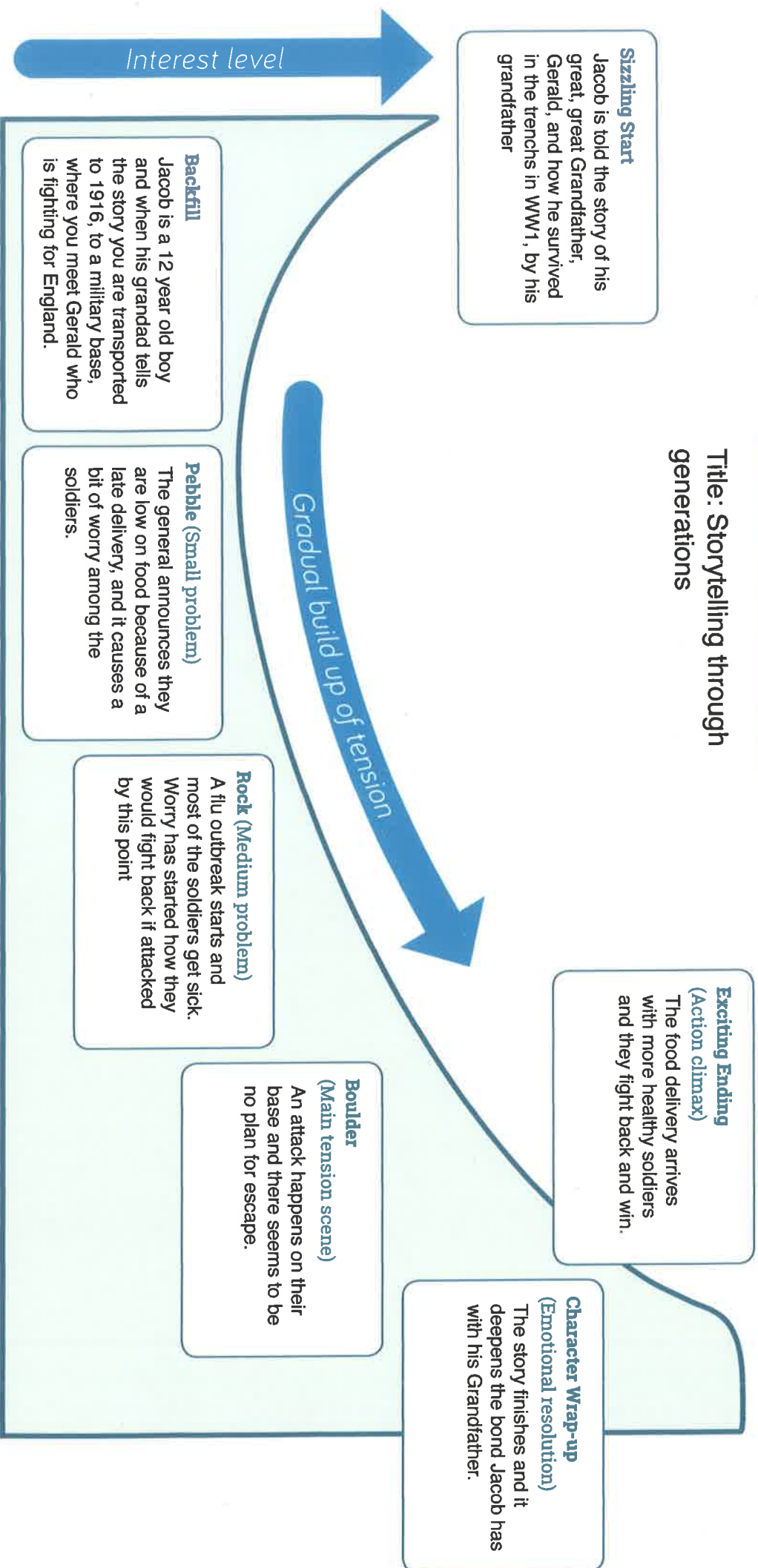


Narrative Story Graph

Title: Storytelling through generations



Please protect the copyright and integrity of the Seven Steps and only share with your own students and their parents.

Name: Lachlan Clubb

Jacob sat there waiting patiently for his grandfather's thoughts to gather. This had gone on for some time now and, just as Jacob thought grandad had fallen asleep, his eyes crinkled and his mouth moved to ask "Have I told you the story of your great, great grandfather?" Jacob had not heard the tale so he replied accordingly. "Well then, where to begin? Perhaps the beginning. Your great, great grandfather or my grandfather, Gerald fought for England in World War 1 and when his base was invaded, he survived. I never quite understood how he did that but he was a tough man. Anyway to the story." As the words released from his mouth, Jacob felt he was being transported to a new land - one full of dirt and metal. Suddenly he was released by his grasp of reality and was transported to the land of story, the story of his great, great grandfather and how he survived World War 1.

Gerald Forten was a solid man, his blond hair shortened by a bad haircut and his usually immaculate uniform ruined by dirt and dust. He sat, playing cards with friends. He went all in on a full house but as he was about to take the haul, a messenger came past yodelling orders to meet in assembly for an emergency announcement from their general. They gathered their coats and headed out to the dusty ground. Then a balding man in his 50s hopped up onto the stage and using a voice designed for command made an announcement. "I've come to announce that our latest food delivery has been lost and we will be halving rations until then." This was met with groans and one or two yells of anger. This reaction stopped midway as they remembered the punishment that would result from stepping out of line and nobody wanted to be on night watch again! On his way back Gerald wondered how he would survive on such small amounts of food, because he knew what that had been like and thought in joining the army it would be different.

The next morning, Gerald arose with a grumpy stomach moving off to the kitchen hoping for good slop. He was greeted with a half serve of porridge. However he was soon distracted as he noticed a lack of people eating around him. Upon asking he found out that a flu had been moving around the base and most had fallen sick. Again as Gerald headed out of the mess tent he pondered over what would happen if he was to fall sick, his immune system already weakened from living in the dirt and scavenging whatever

Name: _____

they could find. After a hard day's work, cleaning and training, a worn out Gerald headed back to his quarters. He could hear his stomach's grumpiness. He lay on his bed, willing sleep to takeover him. But no matter how he tried to fall asleep he couldn't put get these thoughts from his head. He was at sheep number 192 when a rumble crushed down from the heavens, then another and then a siren went off. The sky was crashing and he was caught in the middle of it.

Gerald ran outside. Floodlights illuminated the ground and the sound of gunshots rang throughout his ears. In the commotion he had forgotten his shoes and, as he ran to the weapon shed, a bullet shell burned his foot and blistered over. After a quick rummage Gerald came running out empty handed as everything was gone. He had no choice but to hide, but where? Just when all hope seemed lost, the air cleared as a stream of jets flew through. A parade of bullets swarmed the ground and then there was silence. What had happened? Gerald sat up, looking around he saw the wreckage created by the enemy raid. The base was beyond repair and the few surviving me were broken. Later that week those few went home.

"So, what do you think of that story?" Jacob snapped back to reality, his head spinning with questions but the first one was "How do you know the tale?" His grandfather looked him deep in the eye, "Stories are passed down generation by generation. It was very important I told you this and that you tell your grandchildren so that they can understand what happened and help ensure they do not repeat the horrors of history." Jacob looked at his grandfather then without a word, stood up and hugged him. "Thanks Grandad."