

**DOING YOUR BEST**

**Objective:** To raise awareness of the importance of working hard at home and school, developing responsibility and making the most of their abilities.

**Key Words:** astonishment, cheerful, chisel, dwarf, embarrassed, landscape, magician, stacks, sunset, surprise

**Curriculum Links:** Citizenship and PSHE at KS1: 1 a,b,c. 2a,c.      **Literacy:** Drama

**Materials needed:**

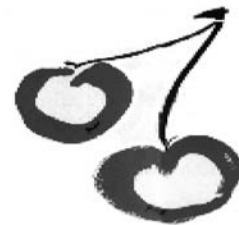
- The Manual or copy of lesson plan
- Silent sitting exercises from the 'Introduction' Manual
- CD player
- CD with music for silent sitting
- CD with music for the song
- Copies of the drama script
- Photocopy for each pupils of page 164
- Coloured pencils

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**QUOTATION/THEME FOR THE WEEK**

**THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS IS  
NOT DOING WHAT ONE LIKES,  
BUT LIKING WHAT ONE HAS TO DO**

*Sathya Sai*



Discuss what this means.

**SILENT SITTING**

Steps 1, 2, 4 (See pages 19/20 or page 36 of the 'Introduction' Manual)

Step 5: Imagine you are a mountain. Feel how solid and strong you are ...

Now feel the grass ... trees ... bushes ... and flowers that grow on you ...

Feel the wind blowing over you ...

See a storm is coming ...      Feel the winds and rain lashing against you ...

You remain calm and solid ...      Nothing disturbs your stillness and strength ...

Feel how strong you are ...      Strong enough to always do your best ...

Strong enough to do your work, even if you don't always want to ...

Strong enough to smile,

Feel the sun shining on you ...      Feel your inner sunshine too ...

Step 6.

## STORY TELLING

### KILIMAPASH, THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

*A traditional story*

**Z**av lay half asleep in his soft bed of hay, looking up at the warm afternoon sun as it worked its way across the sky. He heard his mother calling him to come and help her, so he shifted his position covering his ears. It was warm and pleasant in the hay and he liked to lie and smell its scent and dream his day-dreams. And although Zav knew that was all right to do sometimes, he also knew in his heart that he wasn't doing his best at home.

The fact was, Zav had become a lazy boy. His father had died when he was very small leaving his mother to run the farm and raise Zav and his sister. Zav could have helped as he grew up, but he felt he could never be as strong and clever as his father had been, so he didn't try to help his mother. As he became bigger and stronger, he knew he should help more. There was plenty of work to be done on the farm. But Zav liked to play his own games and dream his dreams. Most of all, he liked to lie looking up at the great mountain, Kilimapash, that dominated the landscape. As Zav was doing this, he dozed off.

Then suddenly he was woken up. What was that? The sky was turning pink and golden with the sunset. He sat up and looked round the field for his mother and sister and saw that they had cleared half the field of the small haystacks. They must have worked hard, he thought, not caring that he had not helped them. He picked up his light blue jacket and started to walk back to the farm. Strange his mother had not come to find him. She usually did when they were finished for the day.

As he walked home, his back to the mountain, Zav was suddenly stopped in his tracks. Out of nowhere there had appeared an old man. He was not bent or ill, but Zav could see he was very old by his long white hair and beard. His blue eyes smiled kindly at Zav. Zav thought he looked just like the magician the village storyteller had described in many of his tales.

"And where might you be going, my son?" enquired the old man.

"I'm going home for supper," said Zav.

"Ah, you've been making hay," said the old man seeing Zav's clothes. Zav said nothing, but felt embarrassed. "Have you a little time, Zav, before supper? I would like to show you Mount Kilimapash."

Zav thought it was odd that the old man should know his name. But he was intrigued by the offer to show him the mountain.

"Yes, I would like that," replied Zav.

"Follow me then," said the old man.

Zav followed this mysterious old man a long way until he grew tired. He wasn't very fit and a bit overweight because he was so lazy. He began to feel very hungry.

He had never gone without a meal before. He also started to worry about his mother. She would be concerned that he was so late home. But something made him continue to follow the old man.

“Not much further now, Zav.” It was as if the old man could read his thoughts.

After a while they came to a sharp bend in the path and were face to face with a huge slab of rock. The old man took his staff and struck the rock face three times firmly, muttering a strange chant as he did so. Then, to Zav’s utter astonishment, the rock face slid slowly and noiselessly to one side, revealing a large dark cave behind.

“Follow me,” said the magician (for that is what Zav had decided he was). Zav followed obediently, quite forgetting his tiredness in his amazement at this secret cave. Down a steep, rocky path they went. Then they began to hear noises, tapping and hammering and other strange sounds. The magician stopped again at a great wooden door which he gently opened and they passed through.

What Zav then saw filled him with surprise. Here was a vast workshop, filled with all kinds of machines, work tables, hammers, saws, chisels, knives and many other tools he did not recognise. But the workers busily labouring away at their tasks were not ordinary people. They were dwarves. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw how hard they were working.

“Yes, Zav. They are working very hard. Some are better than others, but they all try their best. And see how happy they look,” said the magician kindly.

Zav looked at their smiling faces. Some were singing quietly as they worked, others were whistling softly. And all the while they worked away, chiselling, hammering, sawing and polishing.

“What are they doing?” asked Zav.

“They are working with precious stones, making jewellery. You see this mountain is a magic mountain and is filled with all kinds of precious stones - emeralds, sapphires, rubies, topaz, diamonds and even gold and silver. But we will leave now. I have other places to show you.”

They went on until they came to a cave with a beautiful lake, turquoise blue in colour. The walls were studded with jewels of every kind. Zav could hardly take his eyes off the beautiful water. He longed to swim in it and feel the water against his skin.

“This is where the dwarves come to play,” said the magician. It is beautiful water and will cure a person of all illness. But it is only for people who work hard.”

“May I go and swim the the lake?” Zav couldn’t think of anything he would rather do.

“Do you work hard, Zav? Do you try your best to help your mother and sister?”

Zav felt bad about himself. He saw how lazy he had been, how selfish he was and how he hurt his mother who never complained. He felt very sad for her and very ashamed of himself.

“No, I do not work hard. I don’t try at all,” he replied honestly. “I don’t deserve to play in the lake. But I will work hard from now on and do my best,” he began to feel better. “I will change. Will you bring me here again some time?”

The magician laughed, “At least you are truthful, so if you do your best in the future, I will bring you here again one day.” He took Zav by the hand and suddenly Zav found himself outside his home. He turned to thank the magician, but do you know, he was nowhere to be seen.

Zav was pleased to be home again. He wanted to see his mother. He ran to the door and knocked. His mother unlocked it and her face lit up to see him safely home. “Where have you been, Zav? Your sister and I were worried about you.”

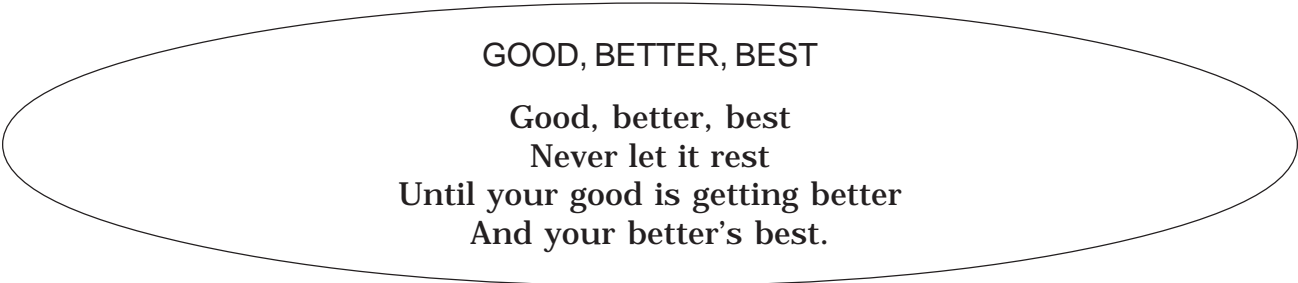
“Oh, Mum, I’ve had such an adventure!” As Zav stepped into the warm, cheerful kitchen, his mother shut the door on the night. But the moon continued to shine, even to smile a little, as she heard Zav telling his mother a wonderful story about the magic mountain, Kilimapash.

#### QUESTIONS:

1. What name would you give this story?
2. What did Zav like doing?
3. How did he feel when he saw all the work his mother and sister had done?
4. Where did the old man take him?
5. Who did they see there?
6. Why and how did Zav change?
6. What good qualities did Zav have?
7. How did you feel when you heard the story?
8. Does it remind you of anything in your own life?

**Link story:** Percy Pig (*Finding Your Feet*)

#### GROUP SINGING



GOOD, BETTER, BEST  
Good, better, best  
Never let it rest  
Until your good is getting better  
And your better’s best.

*(Sung to the tune of Knees up, Mother Brown)*

#### 2. Art work:

*(Give each pupil a photocopy of the handout on page 164 to fill in).*  
Illustrate the story with coloured pencils.

## GROUP ACTIVITY

### 1. DRAMA

#### KILIMAPASH, THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

*The scene is set on a farm in the Middle East. Zav is dozing in a haystack.*

**Cast:**  
Narrator  
Zav  
Old Man  
Mother

**Narrator:** Zav lay half asleep in his soft bed of hay, looking up at the warm afternoon sun as it worked its way across the sky. He heard his mother calling him to come and help her harvest the hay, so he shifted his position to cover his ears. It was warm and pleasant in the hay and he liked to lie and smell its scent and dream his daydreams. And although Zav knew that was all right to do that sometimes, he also knew in his heart that he wasn't doing his best at home.

**Zav:** I know I'm a lazy boy. Father died when I was very small, leaving mother to run the farm and raise me and my sister on her own. I suppose I could help, but I'll never be as strong and clever as dad was, so I don't see any point in trying. Although now I'm getting bigger and stronger perhaps I should help more. There is plenty of work to be done on the farm. But I prefer to play games and dream my dreams. Most of all, I like to lie looking up at the great mountain, Kilimapash, that dominates the landscape.

**Narrator:** Zav dozed off. Then suddenly he was woken up. What was that? He lay in the warm hay looking at a sky that was turning pink and golden with the sunset. He sat up and looked round the field for his mother and sister and saw that they had cleared half the field of the small stacks of hay.

**Zav:** They must have worked hard. I'm glad I managed to avoid helping. I'd better get home.

**Narrator:** Zav picked up his light blue jacket and started to walk back to the farm. *[Zav starts walking].*

**Zav:** It's strange that mother didn't come to wake me up. She usually does when they are finished for the day.

**Narrator:** *[Enter old man]* As he walked home, his back to the mountain, Zav was suddenly stopped in his tracks. Out of nowhere, there had appeared an old man. He was not bent or ill, but Zav could see he was very old by his long white hair and beard. His blue eyes smiled kindly at Zav. Zav thought he looked just like the magician the village storyteller had described in many of his tales.

**Old Man:** And where might you be going, my son?

**Zav:** I'm going home for supper.

**Old Man:** Ah, I see by your clothes that you've been making hay. Have you a little time, Zav, before supper? I would like to show you Mount Kilimash.

**Zav:** *[aside]* How does the old man know my name, I wonder? *[To the old man]* Yes, I would like that.

**Old Man:** Follow me then. *[sets off]*

**Zav:** *[follows for a while]* It's a long way. I'm tired and I'm hungry too.

**Narrator:** Zav was not very fit and a bit overweight because he was so lazy. And he had begun to feel very hungry. He had never gone without a meal before. He also started to worry about his mother. She would be concerned that he was so late home. But something made him continue to follow the old man.

**Old Man:** Not much further now.

**Narrator:** After a while they came to a sharp bend in the path and were face to face with a huge slab of rock. The old man took his staff and struck the rock face three times firmly, muttering a strange chant as he did so. Then, to Zav's utter astonishment, the rock face slid slowly and noiselessly to one side, revealing a large dark cave behind.

**Old Man:** Follow me.

**Zav:** He must be a magician.

**Narrator:** Zav followed obediently, quite forgetting his tiredness in his amazement at this secret cave. Down a steep, rocky path they went. Then they began to hear noises, tapping and hammering and other strange sounds. The magician stopped again at a great wooden door that he gently opened and they passed through.

**Zav:** Wow, how amazing! It's a vast workshop, filled with all kinds of machines, work tables, hammers, saws, chisels, knives and many other tools I don't recognise. Look how busily the workers are labouring away at their tasks. They aren't ordinary people. They're dwarves and they're working so hard!

**Old Man:** Yes, Zav. They are working very hard. Some are better than others, but they all try their best. And see how happy they look.

**Zav:** Yes, they're all smiling. Some are singing quietly as they work and others are whistling softly while they're working away, chiselling, hammering, sawing and polishing. What are they making?

**Old Man:** They are working with precious stones, making jewellery. You see this mountain is a magic mountain and is filled with all kinds of precious stones - emeralds, sapphires, rubies, topaz, diamonds and even gold and silver. But we will leave now. I have other places to show you.



*Narrator:* They went on until they came to a cave with a beautiful lake, turquoise blue in colour. The walls were studded with jewels of every kind. Zav could hardly take his eyes off the beautiful water. He longed to swim in it and feel the water against his skin.

*Old Man:* This is where the dwarves come to play. It's beautiful water and will cure a person of all illness. But it is only for people who work hard.

*Zav:* May I go and swim in the lake? I can't think of anything I'd rather do.

*Old Man:* Do you work hard, Zav? Do you try your best to help your mother and sister?

*Narrator:* Zav felt bad about himself. He saw how lazy had had been how selfish he was and how he hurt his mother who never complained. He felt very sad for her and very ashamed of himself.

*Zav:* No, I don't work hard. I don't try at all. I don't suppose I deserve to play in the lake. But I will work hard and do my best from now on. I will change. Will you bring me here again some time?

*Old Man:* (*laughing takes Zav by the hand*) At least you are truthful, so if you do your best in the future, I will bring you here again one day.

*Narrator:* Suddenly Zav found himself outside his home. He turned to thank the old man, but do you know, he was nowhere to be seen.

*Zav:* Am I pleased to be home again! I want to see Mum.

*Narrator:* Zav ran to the door and knocked. His mother unlocked it and her face lit up to see him safely home.

*Mother:* Where have you been, Zav? I've been worried about you.

*Zav:* Oh Mum, I've had such an adventure!

*Narrator:* As Zav stepped into the warm, cheerful kitchen, his mother shut the door on the night. But the moon continued to shine, even to smile a little, as she heard Zav telling his mother a wonderful story about the magic mountain, Kilimapash.

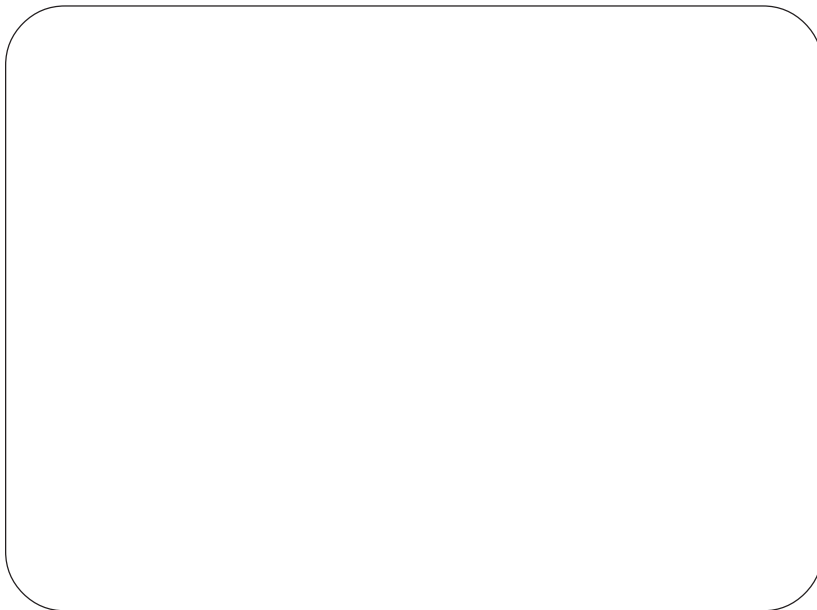
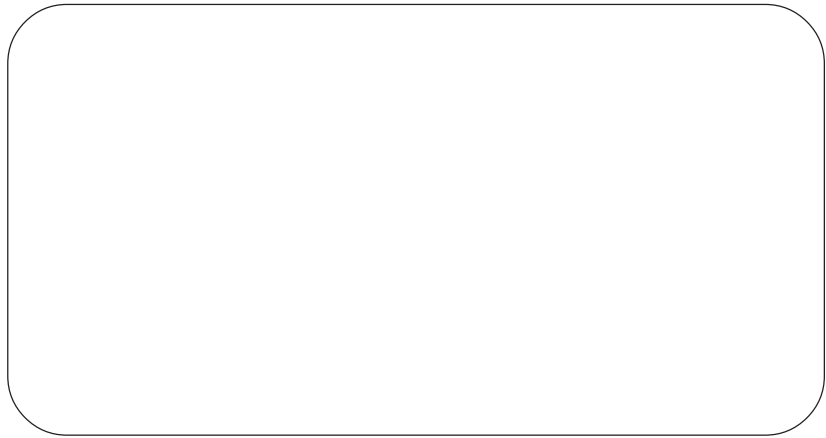
**QUESTION:**

How did you feel when you heard, saw or acted in the drama?

**Close the lesson:** If the teacher wishes, the lesson can be closed by asking the children to form a circle and say, "I will be happy when I like doing what I have to do, even if I can't always do as I like."

Illustrate the story with coloured pencils.

Zav liked to lie looking up at the great mountain, Kilimapash.



... a vast workshop, filled with all kinds of machines, work tables, hammers, saws, chisels, knives and many other tools he did not recognise. But the workers busily labouring away at their tasks were not ordinary people. They were dwarves.

... a beautiful lake, turquoise blue in colour. The walls were studded with jewels of every kind.

