

**CARING**

**Objective:** *To stimulate thought and action about the importance of caring about others and caring for myself*

**Key Words:** *caring, pedigree, redundancy, scruffiest, rock pools, shrimps, crabs, horizon, sergeant, energy*

**QUOTATION/THEME FOR THE WEEK**

**LOVE IN ACTION**



**IS RIGHT CONDUCT**

Discuss the meaning of this quotation.

**SILENT SITTING**

Step 1 *(See page 40 of the introduction)*

Steps 2, 4 *(optional)*

Step 5: As you listen to the music imagine you are strolling on the seashore ...

It is very beautiful and you feel happy and contented ...

Look at the waves as they gently lap against the beach ...

Everything around you is beautiful ...

Look at yourself - inside, you are beautiful too ...

You are lovable and beautiful and so are the others around you ...

Seeing this you feel happy and you send out silent messages of love and peace ...

out across the sea ...

out across the world...

to everything ...

to everyone ...

How happy you feel.

Step 6.

## STORY TELLING

### SCRUFF

*by Cynthia Bach*

Tony had always wanted a dog. A big dog would be nice, but he'd settle for any dog really. It didn't have to have a pedigree, just a nice, friendly, playful mongrel would do.

But his mother had said, "It's not fair, when I have to go out to work. The dog would be left for such a long time when I am out and you are at school. You should never leave a dog on its own for more than four or five hours at the most."

Tony thought it would be nice if his mother didn't go out to work, but his two older sisters were at college and money to help them out had to come from somewhere. His father didn't earn enough and there was often talk of 'redundancy'. He didn't really know what that meant, but it didn't sound like a good thing. His father often worried about it, but a good education for the family was important, so there seemed no alternative to his mother having to work whether she wanted to or not.

One Saturday evening there was a big thunderstorm. It seemed to go on for hours and the rain came down in torrents. Tony watched the lightning from his bedroom window until it gradually went away, then he started to read a book. Yes, you've guessed it - a book about dogs!

A sound made him look up. What was that odd little noise, a sort of whining and snuffling mixed together? He looked out of the window. The rain had eased off, but he couldn't see anything. He turned back to the book, but there it was again, only louder. Tony decided to go and see what it was. It sounded as if it came from outside the back door. How was it no-one else had heard it?

As he went downstairs, he realised his parents were watching television and wouldn't have heard the noise. Tony quietly opened the back door and there was the wettest, scruffiest dog you could imagine. It was not much more than a puppy and as soon as it saw Tony, it wagged its tail furiously.

"Hello. Who do you belong to?" whispered Tony. "I haven't seen you before." Tony knew all the dogs that lived nearby, so he was puzzled. "Well, you can't stay out there like that," he continued. "I'd better find an old towel to dry you. You poor thing! Fancy! Being out in all the rain!" Tony wrapped the towel around the dog and fetched it into the kitchen.

He had just got it half dry when his mother came into the kitchen to make a cup of tea. "What on earth have you got there?" she asked as the dog wriggled free from the towel and shook itself, splattering drops of dirty water all over the floor.

"It was crying outside the back door," said Tony. "I expect it is lost."

“Oh dear,” sighed Mummy. “You know we can’t keep it, don’t you? Anyway it must belong to someone. They are probably out looking for it.”

“Can we let it stay the night? We don’t know where it has come from. It hasn’t got a collar.” Tony looked up at his mother pleadingly.

“Well,” his mother paused. “All right. We’ll find a box and an old blanket just for tonight. I expect there is a bit of something in the pantry that it can have to eat and some milk. But tomorrow you must go and put a notice in the newsagents that it has been found. Some child is probably very upset.”

Tony realised that it was the right thing to do. Maybe the puppy was really lost and someone was missing it. However, he couldn’t help hoping that it was a stray and perhaps he could keep it, though it wasn’t much of a hope!

Between them, they fed the little dog and got it clean and dry and then Tony’s Dad came into the kitchen to see if he could help make the tea. “What on earth is that?” he enquired, seeing the dog lying on a blanket in the corner looking more like a black and white mop head than a dog. “That is the scruffiest looking dog I’ve ever seen!”

“Oh Dad,” laughed Tony, knowing his Dad was only teasing. “He came in out of the rain. He’s lost. Mum said I can keep him just for tonight.”

“All right, but it’s your bedtime now too, so off you go,” said his father, patting him affectionately on the head.

Tony kissed his Mum and Dad goodnight and then went over to the little dog. He patted the scruffy bundle which was already dropping off to sleep and went upstairs to bed.

True to his word, the next morning Tony went to the newsagents with the little card marked ‘FOUND’ followed by a description of ‘Scruff’, which was the name he had chosen to call the dog, at least while he had it.

“At least until someone claims it, it will be company for you during the Half-Term,” remarked his father. “Here’s an old piece of a leather belt that I’ve cut short to make a collar for the dog. Use a length of thin rope for a lead. You must always keep it on the lead when you take it out. You can let it off in the garden and on the beach.”

Tony was lucky enough to live at the seaside and when the weather was fine, he loved going down to the beach, wandering round the rock pools and finding shells. It would be fun to have Scruff with him. Maybe no-one would claim him until after half-term.

Monday morning came and it was a lovely day. Tony's older sisters were home as well. One was going to cook the lunch and make sure Tony was all right.

"I shall be okay. I'm thirteen now," stated Tony. "And I've got Scruff with me, so I'll be fine down on the beach."

"All right, but don't go too far away," said his sister. "Be back at one o'clock for your lunch."

"Yes, I will," called Tony as he ran off with Scruff jumping about on the end of the rope lead.

"Come on, Scruff," he said as they reached the beach. "How about fetching the ball?" He undid the rope lead, threw the ball and to his delight, Scruff fetched it back straight away. They played with the ball for quite a while, until Scruff was quite tired and lay down on the sand with his tongue hanging out.

'I should have brought some clean water, now Scruff will have to wait for a drink until lunch time,' he thought. "Come on, Scruff," he said. "Let's go over and paddle around in the rock pools."

Scruff trotted alongside Tony as he walked over to the rocks where he took off his shoes and socks. It was fun watching the shrimps darting in the shallow water and the crabs scuttling around. At last they stopped in the shade of a big overhanging rock and had a rest. Tony stared out to sea, watching a ship on the horizon, wondering how far away it was. He must have been deep in thought for a few minutes, because when he turned to see what Scruff was doing - the dog wasn't there!

"Oh dear," panicked Tony. "What am I going to do? Scruff. Scruff," he called, hoping that the dog would recognise his new name. Then he heard barking among some rocks a little way away. It was a very high pitched bark, so it could be Scruff, but what was the dog doing? Tony kept calling, but Scruff did not come back. There was nothing for it but to carefully climb over the slippery rocks and find him. Tony picked his way with caution. After a few minutes, the barking was louder. He knew he must be near the dog and then suddenly he could see him.

What was he barking at? Tony heard a moan. Good gracious! There was someone there, amongst the rocks and Scruff had found him. Tony half wondered if it was Scruff's real owner, but hearing more moans he realised that whoever it was must be hurt. He reached Scruff and looked down between two big rocks. There was a boy, older than himself, lying awkwardly between the rocks.

"Thank goodness, you've come," said the boy who was obviously in pain. "I thought the tide would come in and drown me. I'm stuck here and my ankle..." His voice faded and he moaned again.

“How did you get there?” asked Tony.

“I was climbing across the rocks from the next bay and I slipped on a wet patch. It was silly really to go on my own and my folks don’t know where I am.” The boy moaned again. “When does the tide come in?”

“Don’t worry,” replied Tony. “It’s all right for about an hour-and-a-half. I’ll go and get help now. Where can I find your folks?”

“They’re at Sunny Haven Hotel in the next bay, but they went out for a walk and you may not find them. I told them I’d be okay. It’s a long way by road too.”

“Never mind,” said Tony. “I’ll find someone who’ll help. Would you like the dog to stay with you?”

“Yes please,” replied the boy.

Tony slipped the rope lead through Scruff’s collar and handed the other end down to the injured boy. “I won’t be long,” he called as he once again picked his way carefully back across the rocks.

Once back on the beach, he thought quickly as he ran. ‘It is too far to the next bay and the boy’s folks might not be there. What shall I do?’ Tony tried to think quickly. ‘I know. The Police Station, they’ll know the thing to do.’ With that thought, Tony ran as fast as he could to the Police Station. He told his story to the sergeant at the desk, who quickly used the telephone to alert the rescue services and then rang The Sunny Haven Hotel.

“Another time, young man,” said the sergeant. “Ask someone their name and their parents’ names. Luckily the manager of the hotel knew who it was. That dog of yours must be a useful animal. Lucky he found the lad before the tide turned.”

After thanking the sergeant and leaving his name and address, Tony hurried back down the road and across the beach, in time to see the rescue party get to the rocks and gently lift the injured boy out from his trapped position and carry him to the ambulance which would take him to hospital.

“Whose is the dog?” called one of the men.

“Mine,” said Tony as he ran up to the scene and collected Scruff.

“Thanks, Mum and Dad will ....,” said the lad in the ambulance, but they closed the doors just then and drove away.

“Well done, Scruff,” said Tony. Looking at his watch, he saw it was past lunch time. Good heavens, his sister would really scold him! He must run. On reaching home, panting and out of breath, he explained what had happened. His sister was really quite proud that her young brother had done the right thing. She patted

Scruff approvingly, and Scruff wagged his tail happily. Tony stayed at home and read a book in the garden that afternoon. He was pretty tired and so was Scruff, who had needed a long drink of water.

That evening, as Tony's Mum and Dad were listening to his account of the day's adventure, there was a knock on the door. When Dad opened it, there stood a well-dressed lady and gentleman who asked if Tony and Scruff lived there. Dad asked them to come in. They were Mr. and Mrs. Brown, the parents of the injured boy, who had come to thank Tony for rescuing their son.

"He's our only child. He's very precious to us. If the dog had not found our boy, we wouldn't like to think what would have happened to him when the tide came in over the rocks. You have an intelligent lad. You must be proud of him." The grown-ups chatted on for a while. Tony made some tea, then went to play with Scruff in the garden. No-one had come to claim the dog and Tony had begun to hope that no-one would.

Then Mummy called him inside. "What do you think? Mr. Brown is starting up a business in the town. The same work as your Dad does. He's asked your Dad to work for him and it will be more money. I'll be able to work part-time. Three hours in the mornings will suit me much better."

"Oh Mum," said Tony. "Does that mean I can keep Scruff?"

"You can, unless someone claims him. But even if someone does come for Scruff, Mr. Brown says he will buy you any dog you want because you and Scruff saved his son's life. Isn't that wonderful?" Mummy gave Tony a big hug.

But do you know, even though Tony reported having found Scruff to the Police Station, no-one ever came to claim him.

#### QUESTIONS:

1. What name would you give this story?
2. How did Tony 'get' a dog?
3. What did Tony do the morning after he found Scruff?
4. Was it the right thing to do?
5. What happened on the beach?
6. What did Tony do to help?
7. Why did Mr. and Mrs. Brown say that Tony was an intelligent lad?
8. What did you feel when you heard this story?
9. Have you ever done something caring to help another person?

## GROUP SINGING

### LOVE IS AN ENERGY

*(music and lyrics by the Bath Trio)*

Love is an energy that we all share.  
Love is the way we show that we care.  
When we give our love it will always grow  
When we share our love, smiles start to show.

*Chorus: In the happiness, in the happiness,  
In the happiness we feel all around. (repeat)*

I'll let myself live a life full of love.  
I'll spread its peace like the wings of a dove.  
Know its gentle warmth, as it fills my heart.  
Know within myself, I'm a vital part.

*Chorus: Of the happiness, of the happiness,  
Of the happiness I feel all around. (repeat)*

Love is an energy that we all share.  
Love is the way we show that we care.  
When we give our love it will always grow  
When we share our love, smiles start to show.

*Chorus: In the happiness, in the happiness,  
In the happiness we feel all around. (repeat)*

## GROUP ACTIVITY

### MUSICAL CHAIRS AND DANCE

Arrange chairs in a haphazard fashion around the room.  
Label each chair with a value related to love.

Each child chooses a chair to sit on.

When the music starts the children have to get up and dance or skip, but not run, around the room.

When the music stops, each child greets the person facing them, in whichever way they want i.e. a wave, a bow, a salute, a handshake, before they sit down.

Repeat twice, then take away one chair from the circle.

The child without a chair becomes the Observer.

One by one gradually take away all the chairs.

Anyone who sits down without greeting another player may be challenged and asked to say what life would be like without the value on the last chair taken away.

The observers should be encouraged to continue to join in by clapping to the music.

At the end, pupils might like to reflect on what they have learned from the game:

*One useful thing I have learned today is ...*

### **Extension exercise/Links to Other Subjects:**

Depending on the time of year, the children are invited to plant some seeds and observe them grow. The plants are divided into two groups, but placed in identical physical conditions. They are fed the same amount of water and receive the same amount of light.

Group Plants A: Each day the children are encouraged to think good thoughts to these plants and project their love towards them for their well-being.

Group Plants B: The children ignore these completely.

Over a period of time, keep observations of how the two sets of plants are growing.

*(Refer to 'The Five Human Values and Human Excellence' by Art-ong Jumsai Na Ayudhya, BA, MA, DIC, PhD, ISBN 974-89503-2-8 page 98.*

*Jumsai: Journal of Mind Study, Chulalongkorn University, 1969 Thailand.)*