

Topic: ACCURACY

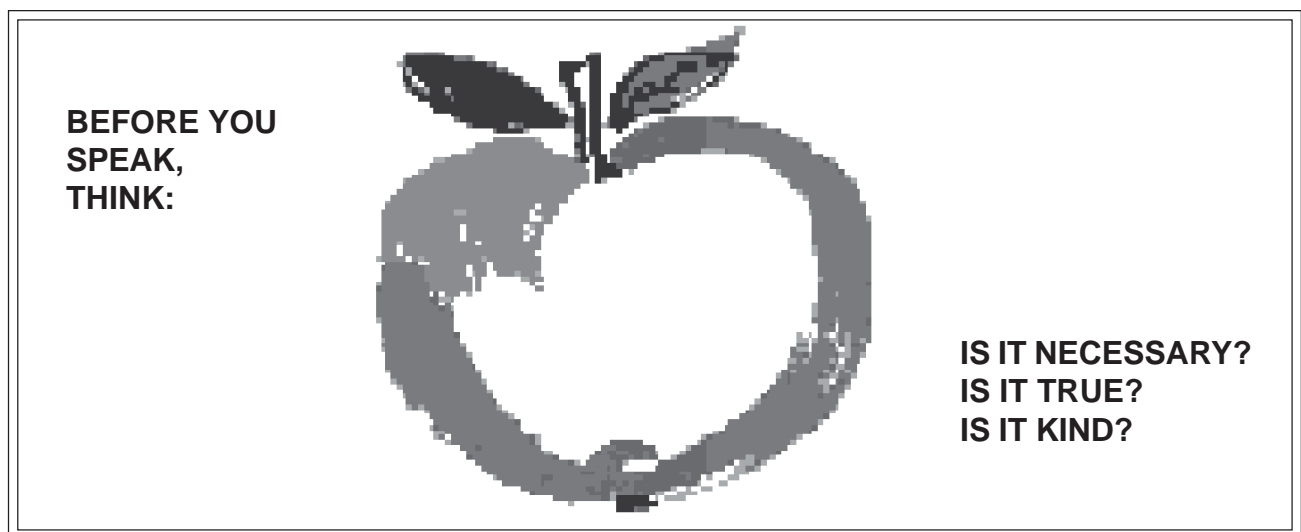
*Objective: To realise the importance of accuracy in thought, word and action*

*Key Words: algae, appreciate, brave, emergency, focus*

**Materials needed:** The Manual or copy of lesson plan  
Silent sitting exercises from the Manual  
CD/Tape player  
CD/Tape with music for silent sitting  
CD/Tape with music for the song  
Photocopy the Flow Chart on page 64 for each pupil

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QUOTATION/THEME FOR THE WEEK



Discuss the short and long term effects of telling the truth and telling lies.

**SILENT SITTING**

Step 1 (see page 36)

Steps 2, 4 (optional)

Step 5 : As you listen to the music think of a time when you told the truth without hurting yourself or anyone else, even though it was difficult ...

Feel the pleasure of having told the truth ...

Congratulate yourself on having done so ...

Know that by being accurate in your speech you have helped to make the world a better place to live in ...

Step 6.

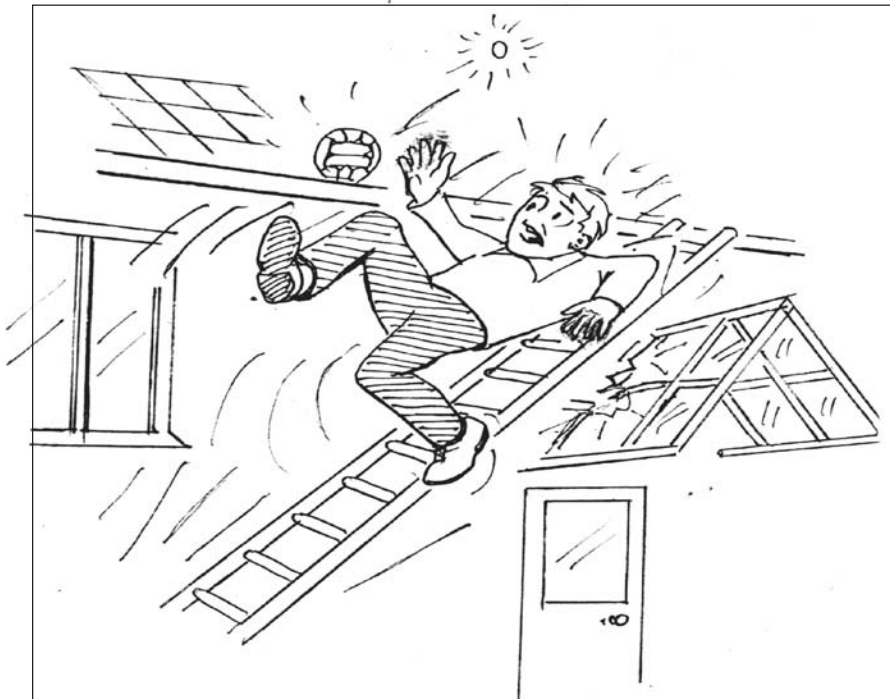
## NARRATIVE

### A BAD SHOT

by Tessa Hillman

Illustrations by Harold Jefferies

**I**t was the day I fell from the roof as I was trying to retrieve my football from the gutter between our house and our neighbours'. What a disaster - the ladder slipped. I had not tied it to the down pipe like my dad always did. There was slimy green stuff growing on the guttering and the ladder just slipped sideways. I felt myself falling. I heard my voice shouting out, "Help!" which was pretty stupid because I knew there was no-one around. Crash! The ladder fell against my neighbours' glass porch.

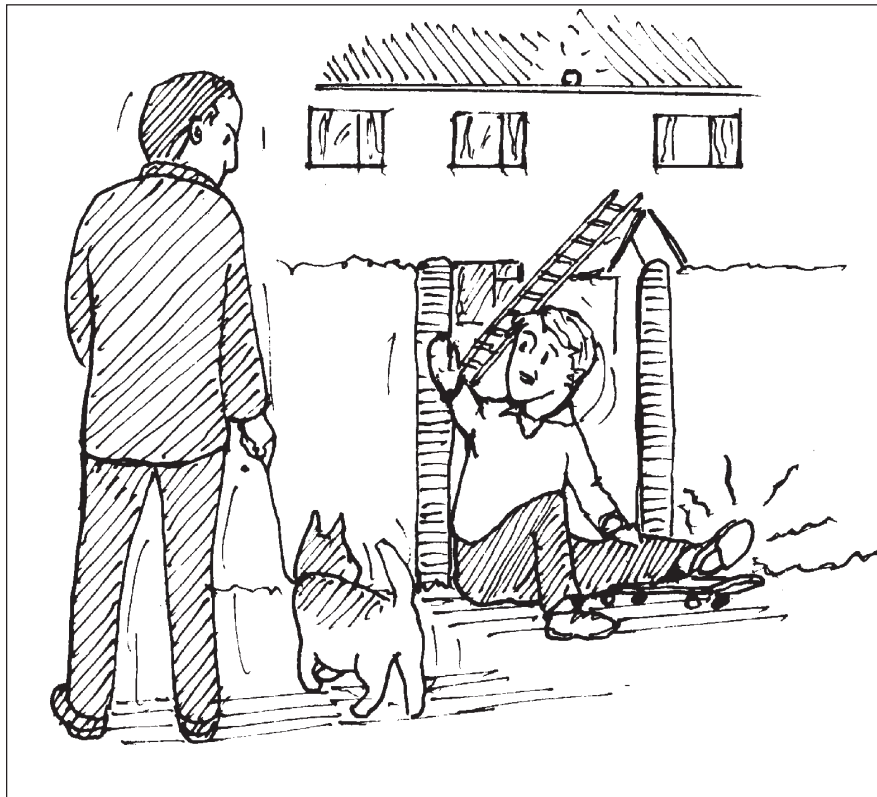


I remember thinking, 'I'm going to get cut up here, I must cover my eyes.' I raised my hands to my face, but I didn't feel anything. I just remember landing on the ground with a horrible thud. The ladder smashed the porch, but I had not been at the top of it fortunately. I had, however, fallen a long way and had landed awkwardly. My foot was bent at a funny angle underneath me, and when I tried to stand up my legs wouldn't take my weight.

Then the pain started. It was terrible. My Mum was at work and my neighbours were on holiday. If I was to get help I had to somehow move myself from the back garden up the drive to the road in the front. Then hopefully someone would see me and call for an ambulance. It was difficult to think straight because of the pain I was feeling. It came in waves and when it was at its worst I thought I was going to be sick. I managed to drag myself on to my hands and one knee. The other leg didn't seem to belong to my body any more. It was just hanging on to me at the hip like a dead fish.

I heard my breath coming in great gulps. I was angry because I thought I may be crying and I didn't want anyone to find me in tears. Then I realised that it was just my body reacting to the shock and the pain. I looked around for blood and couldn't see any, so I thought I'd try pulling myself along the ground dragging the dead fish beside me. As I got closer to the dustbin by the garden gate I spotted my brother's old skate board tucked in behind a pile of newspapers. I pulled it out and tried to lay my unusable leg along it. It made my progress to the end of the drive much easier though it still seemed to take ages.

Eventually, trembling and gasping I reached the pavement outside my house. A man was walking along the road with his dog. He looked down at me as I reached up towards him.



“Stupid kid,” he growled. “Those skateboards should be banned.” Ignoring my gasps and pained expression, he stomped away yanking his dog fiercely.

By this time I was beginning to feel faint. Sounds were coming and going and I couldn't focus on anything. I wanted to cry out for help but I could not. I felt myself sink down onto the pavement and enter a kind of blackness.

Next thing I knew I was being lifted into an ambulance on a stretcher.

The blue light flashed turning the surrounding buildings a weird colour. Someone was stroking my forehead. It felt very comforting, and a kind voice told me I would be all right, probably a broken leg, they said.

I passed out again. I don't remember anything after that until I saw my mum and dad looking down at me. I was in a strange room. The lights were bright and I could see pale curtains half enclosing us. My parents looked very concerned.

“Mum?” I said after taking in the scene. “Where am I?”

My mother immediately started to cry and to kiss my hand. My dad explained that I was in hospital and that I had had an emergency operation on my ankle. Apparently I had hurt it so badly when I fell that it would not have righted itself.

Oh, no, not broken my ankle! That meant that I wouldn't be able to play for the team this term. I couldn't believe it. I had tried so hard for a place in the team, and they had finally selected me last week. Now this! I felt so stupid and so angry. It was the football that had caused this disaster in the first place. I let out a huge moaning sigh.

“Whatever happened?” asked my mum. “We saw the ladder and the broken windows next door.”

I couldn't tell them. How could I say I was such a lousy shot I had kicked the ball up on the roof? My dad had been pretty sarcastic about my place on the team. Now what would he say? I had to make myself into a hero instead of a laughing stock. Then I saw it, a picture of our ginger tomcat, my sister's pride and joy, up on the roof, crying and calling, needing help.



I told them how I struggled to lift the ladder up to the guttering, and how I managed to entice Thomas over to me, and how just as we were starting to go back down the ladder, it had slipped on the algae and I had fallen.

My mother looked at my father and he raised his eyebrows. "I think I get the picture now. I did wonder, I must say, but I think I can guess what happened now."

"What do you mean guess?" I said, acting hurt. "I just told you what happened!"

"Dave, I took Thomas to the vet today. He's still there, recovering from his operation," said mother quietly. "And your football is still stuck in the gutter."

I looked away, too embarrassed and disappointed to speak.

"Son, you don't have to lie to make yourself look better to anyone. An accident is an accident. It's always easier and braver to tell the truth. I know you are not that good at football, but you are good at computing and I really would appreciate your help. You have computing lessons in school which I never had. By the time your ankle has healed you will have taught me all I need to know about computing and I'll buy you that bike you've been wanting."

**QUESTIONS:** *Support answers to questions 2 to 8 with evidence from the text.*

1. What would you name this story?
2. What caused the accident?
3. What came into Dave's mind as he fell?
4. What measures did he take to get help?
5. What was the reaction of the man in the street?
6. What was the consequence of Dave's injury?
7. Why did he think he needed to lie to his parents?
8. What did Dave's father say to make him feel better about himself?
9. How did you feel when you heard the story?

## GROUP SINGING

EACH THREAD I ADD

*(music and lyrics by Zita Starkie)*

I've heard so many versions  
Don't know what to believe  
Lies we weave, lies we weave.  
*(repeat twice)*

*Chorus: Each thread I add I now believe.  
The truth gets harder to retrieve.  
(repeat twice)*

Exaggerate to get the stage  
Add another headline page  
Lies we weave, lies we weave.  
*(repeat twice)*

*Chorus: Each thread I add I now believe...*

Scared in case I go on trial  
I'll hide the truth behind a smile  
Lies we weave, lies we weave.  
*(repeat twice)*

*Chorus: Each thread I add I now believe...*

## GROUP ACTIVITY

1. Discuss confidentiality with the class  
In groups of four, discuss the following statements as honestly as you can:

*How I felt when I have not told the truth?  
How I felt when I have told the truth?*

2. Game: Accuracy in Movement

Play some lively music for the class to move or dance around **without touching or bumping** into anyone else.

No one may move in the same direction as another person and when someone finds themselves doing so, they immediately change direction.

Whenever the music pauses or stops, everyone turns 180 degrees and continues moving without touching or bumping into anyone else.

As the class improves, speed up the pauses in the music and make the space smaller. At another time, the class may like to invent some variations.

**Extension exercise/Links to Other Subjects:** Give the pupils a photocopy of the Flow Chart on the next page to help them improve their skills in mathematics.

Flow charts are normally used in mathematics. Use this flow chart to test your Accuracy in Speech and see how to apply values to answer the questions.

