

PHONE CALL



PSHE & WELLBEING

A Drop of Honey - Responsibility



Age Group:	10-12
Topic:	Values - Responsibility
Learning Outcome:	I understand that we are all responsible for our actions. Small actions can make a difference. (This could be linked to taking responsibility for caring for our planet too.)
Drama Overview:	The children take the role of different characters in the story. They tell the story of their day and what happened to another character who wasn't there at the time of the story - Granny. Child A is Granny and Child B is a character who was part of the story. Granny calls the character and asks them about what happened and how they feel about it. The entire class can play at once, in pairs, sitting back to back. It works best if you model it first with another adult or capable child.
Prior Learning:	The children will need to hear the story first.

DELIVERING THE DRAMA

Read the children the story as told by Chris Smith.

The Drop of Honey Story.

This is the story of The Drop of Honey.

Once... there was a shepherd. Every spring he took his goats and beloved sheepdog across the river and up into the mountains of the Eastern Land. He stayed there until autumn when the snow drove him back west to his village. In this way the years passed.

One autumn the old shepherd, with his flock and dog, was making his way down a mountain pass in the Eastern Land, when he stopped at a village store for a rest. He had little money but asked the shopkeeper if he might buy a single spoonful of honey, as he had tasted nothing sweet for months. The shopkeeper walked over to a barrel in the corner of the shop, and dipped a small metal spoon into the barrel.

Now, the king of the Eastern Land and his chief minister were in the habit of dressing up in disguise and wandering around the country. On that day the king and minister were sitting drinking coffee in the same shop where the shepherd was waiting for his honey.

The king watched as the innkeeper dipped the spoon into the honey. He watched as he walked carefully back across the room, the spoon brimming with golden amber.

The minister noticed that, as the shopkeeper walked, the honey on the underside of the spoon was collecting together into a single drop, which was growing larger by the moment.

He whispered playfully to the king, "Look! In a moment some honey is going to drip onto the floor. Should we tell him?"

"Not our problem!" laughed the king.

They watched as the weight of the honey drop pulled against its attachment to the spoon and then fell down onto the stone slab next to the shepherd. The shepherd gratefully accepted the spoon, placed it in his mouth, and with eyes closed he let the sweetness dissolve onto his taste buds, savouring every sweet moment. While this was going on a large green bluebottle flew past the shepherd's legs and, catching the scent of the drop of honey on the stone floor, immediately changed course and began to descend towards it.

The keen-eyed minister noticed this.

"Look, your majesty," he whispered, "the bluebottle is going for the honey on the floor. Should we do anything?"

"Definitely not our problem!" said the king.

The shopkeeper had a cat who hated bluebottles. She was sitting by the shepherd, when she saw the bluebottle veering in her direction. Her muscles tensed and she was ready to pounce. The minister was watching all this, and pointed it out to the king, who just shrugged and watched.

When the insect was within range, the cat jumped, claws stretched, teeth bared, soaring through the air and catching it between her teeth, killing it instantly. However, the momentum of the cat continued to carry her horizontally through the air in the direction of the shepherd's dog.

The dog saw the cat flying towards him and, believing himself to be under attack, he readied himself for a fight. When the cat landed just in front of the dog he jumped on her, sinking his teeth into her neck, killing her with one bite.

"There'll be trouble now!" whispered the minister. "Shouldn't we do something?"

"No need," replied the king. "It's not our problem. Let's just watch and see what happens."

The shopkeeper was furious. That cat had kept his shop free from mice and rats for years. Seeing the cat lifeless in the dog's mouth, he cursed and kicked out at the dog with all his strength, connecting his boot with the dog's head. There was a crunching of bone as the dog's neck snapped.

The minister looked at the king, but he just shrugged back. "Not our problem!"

Now the shepherd loved that dog like his only child. When he saw its neck snap he pushed the shopkeeper hard in the chest with his strong arms. The shopkeeper fell backwards, tripped over a box behind him, cracked his skull hard against the stone wall, and fell lifeless to the ground. Fearing for what would happen next the shepherd rushed out of the shop and away towards his goats.

The shopkeeper's son was standing in the doorway as his father slumped to the ground. As the shepherd rushed by he imagined that his father was dead and called to his friends outside.

"Boys! Catch him! That man just killed my dad!"

Inside the store, the minister was getting agitated.

"Your majesty, we must do something. The youths are bringing sticks and knives. We should stop this now!"

But the king shook his head.

"Too dangerous," he said. "Let's wait till they've calmed down."

Outside, a crowd of youths pushed the shepherd to the ground, laying into him with their clubs and boots until he was dead.

It wasn't long before word reached the shepherd's village that he had been killed by a mob of Easterners. Angry, the young men of his village gathered whatever weapons they could muster, crossed over the river and marched up the pass to the nearest eastern village. They eagerly began smashing and burning whatever they could find. Soon the whole village was in flames.

Eastern soldiers were sent to restore order, but when they arrived, one of the youths, pulled out a pistol and started firing. The soldiers fired back and seventeen youths were killed.

When news got back to the Western rulers, they sent their army to the border on full alert with instructions to repel any attacks with full force. The Eastern king sent his own army to the same border with the same instructions, believing the Westerners were preparing for war.

The armies faced one another across the river, then a gun went off by mistake and soon both armies were shooting.

In this way a war began which neither king was able to win, yet neither felt able to stop. The war raged for ten years until, with both peoples weary of grieving for their lost sons, a truce was finally declared.

When the two kings met to discuss their truce, the Eastern king told the story of what he had seen at the shop.

"If only I had done something about the honey, or the cat or the dog, or the shepherd," he said, "then maybe things would have been different."

The kings declared that the truce day would be named Honey Day and ordered each country to remember this story as a reminder that peace is a precious and fragile thing, that we should all, in our own way, protect.

(Reproduced with kind permission of Storytelling Schools Ltd from their book: 'Science Through Stories', Smith & Pottle)

Say: Think about the characters in the story. The King sat by and did nothing. What do you think his Granny would have to say about that? Would she think that a king should stay out of the villagers' business? Should the king have got involved? What questions might she ask him?

Say: We're going to play a drama game called 'phone call', in pairs. One of you will play the king, the other is going to play Granny. Of course, Granny wasn't there when all this happened so she might begin by just asking about his day. If you are playing Granny, you can ask questions about what happened but also ask why he didn't get involved and show whether or not Granny approves!

What the Phone Call might look like...

Child A: Ring, Ring!

Child B: Hello?

Child A: Hello dear - it's Granny. How are you?

Child B: Oh hello Granny. I'm fine. What a day I've had!

Child A: Whatever happened? Tell me about it?

Child B: Well some shepherd in the village nearly started a war with a drop of honey!

Child A: What?

Child B: Well you see the shepherd spilled a drop of honey and a fly flew in it. Then the shopkeeper's cat jumped at the fly and a dog killed the cat.

Child A: Oh dearie me. I love cats. What happened to the dog?

Child B: Well the shopkeeper was furious. He tried to kick the dog and he missed and he fell and cracked his head. He died Granny. Right there in the shop.

Child A: Well I hope you tried to help. You did, didn't you?

Child B: Well no. I had my best robe on and there was a lot of blood.

Child A: Nicholas! You worry about your clothes too much. You should have stepped in before that anyway.