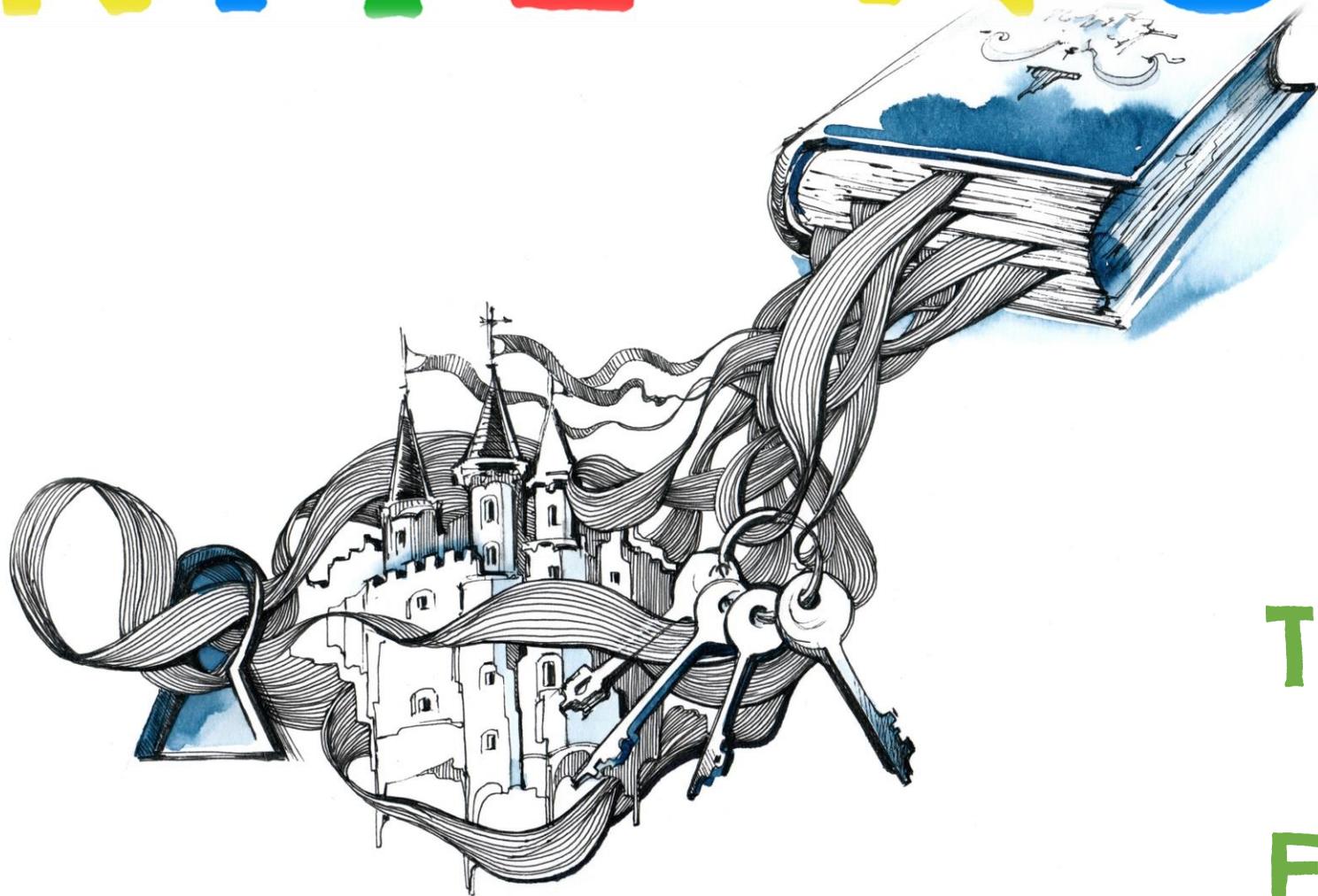


WRITE NOW!



Time and  
History  
Extension

WRITE NOW!

# Time and Space

## Time and History Extension

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## 1. Introduction

Time is a powerful tool in narrative writing; but history is also a deep human interest.

This week, you can choose whether to write in narrative form or whether to write some non-fiction. Either way, we want you to engage with events from history.

You are invited to retell an event or events from history. There are many ways you can do this. You can choose an event that really happened, but retell it from a different person's perspective.

For example, you could research the Battle of Edgecote Moor (a battle from the War of The Roses), and then re-imagine it from the perspective of a mother or wife left in Banbury...





To tell her story, you could ask yourself lots of questions, such as:

- ❖ How did her morning go?
- ❖ When did she hear how the battle ended?
- ❖ What happened to her husband, son, brother or father?
- ❖ Who did she share her day with?
- ❖ What did they do?

Or, perhaps you could tell the story from the perspective of the horse...

- ❖ What does the horse understand?
- ❖ What is confusing?
- ❖ How do they feel about the loss of fellow horses?
- ❖ How loyal are they to their master?

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## 2. English Heritage Bayeaux Tapestry

On their website, English Heritage have a modern day Bayeaux Tapestry.

They call it the 'Top Ten Moments from History'. They are important moments – for example, the signing of the Magna Carter has influenced how we see personal freedom. Equally, the invention of the internet has changed how we live in recent and living memory.

The idea of a new version of the Bayeaux Tapestry is interesting. The tapestry is a document that records a specific period of history in picture form, telling the story of the Norman conquest of England. Perhaps we could use this idea to tell a new story? Or tell an old story from a new perspective?

1066 AND THE NORMAN CONQUEST

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WHAT HAPPENED AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS! | 8 FACTS ABOUT 1066 | HOW TO ORGANISE A NORMAN INVASION FLEET

THE WEAPONRY OF 1066 | TOP 10 MOMENTS FROM HISTORY | THE PEOPLE OF 1066

### TOP 10 MOMENTS FROM HISTORY

To mark 950 years since the Battle of Hastings, we've teamed up with illustrator and author Liz Pichon to create a modern day Bayeux Tapestry, showcasing the top ten moments from history since 1066. We asked children to help us choose, and here's what they selected.

You can see the page on the English Heritage website [here](#).

Do you agree they are the Top Ten moments from history?

Why do we need to remember these moments? What do we learn from them?

What moments would you include?

However, aside from Queen Victoria's coronation, the stories are all of powerful white men. But is this right?

If you are retelling a moment from history, what is important to remember? Is it important to remember winning a battle? Or is it important to remember the moment we changed something for the better? Should we remember the bad things from our history, or only the good things?

I ask, is the birth of Shakespeare more important than Boudicca's battle successes against the Romans?

Should the Suffragettes be on the list? They were the women who fought and made it possible for women to vote.

Should we remember people from elsewhere, like Margaret Sanger, and the invention of birth control?

We could also ask, is celebrating VE day more important than remembering the invention of the Enigma machine by Alan Turing who was simultaneously persecuted for being gay?

Or should we put Ada Lovelace in? She is the London-born woman who is the world's first computer programmer, arguably as influential on our lives as any other invention.

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## 3. Extract: The Time Machine: H. G. Wells

This extract is taken from Chapter Eleven where the time traveller goes into the future.

'I HAVE already told you of the sickness and confusion that comes with time travelling. And this time I was not seated properly in the saddle, but sideways and in an unstable fashion. For an indefinite time I clung to the machine as it swayed and vibrated, quite unheeding how I went, and when I brought myself to look at the dials again I was amazed to find where I had arrived. One dial records days, and another thousands of days, another millions of days, and another thousands of millions. Now, instead of reversing the levers, I had pulled them over so as to go forward with them, and when I came to look at these indicators I found that the thousands hand was sweeping round as fast as the seconds hand of a watch—into futurity.

'As I drove on, a peculiar change crept over the appearance of things. The palpitating greyness grew darker; then—though I was still travelling with prodigious velocity—the blinking succession of day and night, which was usually indicative of a slower pace, returned, and grew more and more marked. This puzzled me very much at first. The alternations of night and day grew slower and slower, and so did the passage of the sun across the sky, until they

seemed to stretch through centuries. At last a steady twilight brooded over the earth, a twilight only broken now and then when a comet glared across the darkling sky. The band of light that had indicated the sun had long since disappeared; for the sun had ceased to set—it simply rose and fell in the west, and grew ever broader and more red. All trace of the moon had vanished. The circling of the stars, growing slower and slower, had given place to creeping points of light. At last, some time before I stopped, the sun, red and very large, halted motionless upon the horizon, a vast dome glowing with a dull heat, and now and then suffering a momentary extinction. At one time it had for a little while glowed more brilliantly again, but it speedily reverted to its sullen red heat. I perceived by this slowing down of its rising and setting that the work of the tidal drag was done. The earth had come to rest with one face to the sun, even as in our own time the moon faces the earth. Very cautiously, for I remembered my former headlong fall, I began to reverse my motion. Slower and slower went the circling hands until the thousands one seemed motionless and the daily one was no longer a mere mist upon its scale. Still slower, until the dim outlines of a desolate beach grew visible.

‘I stopped very gently and sat upon the Time Machine, looking round. The sky was no longer blue. North-eastward it was inky black, and out of the blackness shone brightly and steadily the pale white stars. Overhead it was a deep Indian red and starless, and south-eastward it grew brighter to a glowing scarlet where, cut by the horizon, lay the huge hull of the sun, red and motionless. The rocks about me were of a harsh reddish colour, and all the trace of life that I could see at first was the intensely green vegetation that covered every projecting point on their south-eastern face. It was the same rich green that one sees on forest moss or on the lichen in caves: plants which like these grow in a perpetual twilight.

'The machine was standing on a sloping beach. The sea stretched away to the south-west, to rise into a sharp bright horizon against the wan sky. There were no breakers and no waves, for not a breath of wind was stirring. Only a slight oily swell rose and fell like a gentle breathing, and showed that the eternal sea was still moving and living. And along the margin where the water sometimes broke was a thick incrustation of salt-pink under the lurid sky. There was a sense of oppression in my head, and I noticed that I was breathing very fast. The sensation reminded me of my only experience of mountaineering, and from that I judged the air to be more rarefied than it is now.

'Far away up the desolate slope I heard a harsh scream, and saw a thing like a huge white butterfly go slanting and flittering up into the sky and, circling, disappear over some low hillocks beyond. The sound of its voice was so dismal that I shivered and seated myself more firmly upon the machine. Looking round me again, I saw that, quite near, what I had taken to be a reddish mass of rock was moving slowly towards me. Then I saw the thing was really a monstrous crab-like creature. Can you imagine a crab as large as yonder table, with its many legs moving slowly and uncertainly, its big claws swaying, its long antennæ, like carters' whips, waving and feeling, and its stalked eyes gleaming at you on either side of its metallic front? Its back was corrugated and ornamented with ungainly bosses, and a greenish incrustation blotched it here and there. I could see the many palps of its complicated mouth flickering and feeling as it moved.

'As I stared at this sinister apparition crawling towards me, I felt a tickling on my cheek as though a fly had lighted there. I tried to brush it away with my hand, but in a moment it

returned, and almost immediately came another by my ear. I struck at this, and caught something threadlike. It was drawn swiftly out of my hand. With a frightful qualm, I turned, and I saw that I had grasped the antenna of another monster crab that stood just behind me. Its evil eyes were wriggling on their stalks, its mouth was all alive with appetite, and its vast ungainly claws, smeared with an algal slime, were descending upon me. In a moment my hand was on the lever, and I had placed a month between myself and these monsters. But I was still on the same beach, and I saw them distinctly now as soon as I stopped. Dozens of them seemed to be crawling here and there, in the sombre light, among the foliated sheets of intense green.

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## 4. Extract: War Horse – Michael Morpurgo

War Horse is told from the perspective of the horse. Look at how Morpurgo concentrates on what the horse might like, or what he doesn't understand fully.

From both side of me I heard a gradual crescendo of excitement and laughter rippling along the trenches, interspersed with barked orders that everyone was to keep their heads down and no one was to shoot. From my vantage point on the mound I could see only an occasional glimpse of a steel helmet, my only evidence that the voices I was hearing did indeed belong to real people. There was the sweet smell of cooking food wafting towards me and I lifted my nose to savour it. It was sweeter than the sweetest bran-mash I had ever tasted and it had a tinge of salt about it. I was drawn first one way and then the other by this promise of warm food, but each time I neared the trenches on either side I met an impenetrable barrier of loosely coiled barbed wire. The soldiers cheered me on as I came closer, showing their heads fully now over the trenches and beckoning me towards them; and when I had to turn back at the wire and crossed no man's land to the other side, I was welcomed again there by a chorus of whistling and clapping, but again I could find no way through the wire. I must have criss-crossed no man's land for much of that morning, and found at long last in the middle of this blasted wilderness a small patch of coarse, dank grass growing on the lip of an old crater.

I was busying myself at tearing the last of this away when I saw, out of the corner of my eye, a flapping khaki greatcoat climbed up into no man's land. He too held up a white handkerchief in one hand and began also to work his way through the wire towards me.

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## 5. Extract: Black Beauty – Anna Sewell

Sewell tells the biography of a horse from his perspective. She creates lots of empathy for the horse by viewing things from his innocent point of experience.

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a plantation of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

While I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold we had a nice warm shed near the plantation.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me. They were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to

gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said:

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are carthorse colts and, of course, they have not learned manners. You have been well bred and well born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races. Your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice. I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a

dull black, so he called me Darkie, then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favourites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light gig.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have what he called fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off, but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game and did not know that the master was in the next field, but he was there, watching what was going on. Over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said. "Bad boy to chase the colts! This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There--take your money and go home. I shall not want you on my farm again." So we never saw Dick anymore. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

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## 6. Task outline

Create a new Bayeaux Tapestry for the modern age.

Your tapestry might tell a 'Top Five' or 'Top Ten' of events. Or, you might concentrate on one person or event. You can include images, like the original tapestry, or you might write your story.

You should write one of the following:

1. Retell the story of a famous event or battle from the perspective of a horse or another animal that would have been present.
2. Write an article about a famous historical event including the perspectives of people normally forgotten (you might pretend you time travelled there).
3. Write an article / story about a historical person as if they visited England now.

Remember, you can research what you want, but also you can imagine what you want too!

## To challenge yourself...

Even the most simple ideas can be taken to a challenging level. You can do any of the following:

- Include a moral or political message – make a point symbolically with who or what you chose.
- Find out lots of facts and information about the event / person / time to make your descriptions realistic.
- Use a range of punctuation for effect – be bold; use semi-colons!
- Plan your writing so you begin and end at powerful points.
- Avoid the words ‘really’ and ‘very’: instead, use more powerful vocabulary. (For example, instead of ‘really brave’ use ‘courageous’.
- Use single word or fragment sentences for effect.
- Vary how you start your sentences so that your writing is fluent and stylish to read.

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## 7. Article Structure

If you want to write a historical article about your chosen people or events, this structure may be useful to you.

1. **Headline**



2. **'Nut Graf' paragraph: a summary of the main points of the article.**



3. **Some background / context for the article.**

4. **Main Body sections (Include 3 sections).**



5. **Wrap up! Conclude your article.**



6. **Kicker: A surprise or poignant revelation.**