## **Appendix 2.4: Resources for the Thinking Together Lessons on the 4Cs**

### **Resource 2A: The Ghost of Buckley Woods Part 1**

“Good morning, James!” Humayrah called cheerfully as she came into the school yard. She felt happy; the May sunshine was warm on her face, half-term was fast approaching and she had some exciting news to share! “Something amazing has happened!”

“That’s nice,” James replied without enthusiasm, “I’m fed up. We were supposed to be going to the zoo on Saturday, but they’ve had to close it down.” He sounded genuinely disappointed.

“You’ll get over it. Listen! My mum’s going to have a new baby!” Humayrah persisted.

“You don’t understand – it was going to be the first real day out I’ve had with my dad in ages.” Tears began to roll down James’s face.

“A day with your dad – that’s good.” Humayrah looked distracted. “I wonder if mum will still be able to take us to the seaside this holiday now that she’s pregnant.”

As they began to line up to go into school, their friend Sarah came to join them. “What’s the matter, James?” she asked.

“I… I just feel…” stuttered James.

“Come on, out with it!” Sarah urged impatiently.

Humayrah waited for a second and then interjected. “Oh, he’s just fed up because he can’t go to the silly zoo on Saturday. But guess what, Sarah – my mum is…”

But Sarah was too excited to guess anything, or even to wait for Humayrah to finish. “I’ll give you something better to do on Saturday, James. Get this – the legend of the Ghost of Buckley woods is true! We need to go and see it for ourselves!”

Before anyone had time to say any more, the bell rang.

###  **The Ghost of Buckley Woods Part 2**

That lunchtime, the three friends sat together to eat their sandwiches.

“Are you feeling better now, James? Sorry your zoo trip was cancelled,” said Humayrah.

“It’s all right. Apparently they had some trouble with animal rights protestors,” James replied.

“That’s a shame,” said Sarah. “Can I tell you more about the ghost in the woods now?”

James nodded, and Sarah proceeded to tell the story: “You know the old story that the Buckley Woods are haunted? Well, you know Daniel Johnson in Year 4? He was having a picnic with his mum and sister near the waterfall in the woods. They all went down to the stream for a paddle and left the picnic things behind. When they came back, lots of their things had gone! And then they heard the ghost laughing at them - a really strange laugh that scared them all!”

“That doesn’t sound much like a ghost to me,” laughed Humayrah. “It sounds more like some mischievous children.”

“Yes, but then Jamaal and Adil from Year 5 were in the woods and they heard the laugh too – and they said it was like nothing they had ever heard before and it was definitely a ghost!”

“That doesn’t prove it though, Sarah!” Humayrah protested.

“Let’s not argue,” James said. “I agree that it sounds like a ghost.”

“You’re just being polite, James – do you really have a good reason for believing in ghosts?” asked Humayrah.

James looked uncertain, “Well, not everything has to be… well… normal,” he muttered

“I’m not sure what you mean – tell me what you’re thinking,” pressed Humayrah.

“Oh never mind,” said James, “Let’s not be mean to each other again. Can’t we just go along with Sarah? It’s an exciting story anyway.”

“I’m not being mean,” Humayrah said. “It is in exciting story. I just don’t agree there’s a ghost, that’s all. There must be another possibility – we need some evidence!”

### **The Ghost of Buckley Woods Part 3**

That Saturday, Humayrah, James and Sarah were standing by the waterfall in Buckley woods. “This is where the ghost came to steal Daniel’s picnic.” Sarah pointed to a little clearing about ten metres from the water’s edge. “Let’s leave the bait there and see if the ghost comes for it.” She took out two slices of bread and a chocolate bar, and placed them in the clearing. No sooner had she done so, then they heard it; a high pitched, chattering laugh ringing through the wood.

“The ghost!” Sarah cried.

“This way!” yelled Humayrah, and she set off through the trees in the direction the sound seemed to have come from. The children had not gone far when they came across something of a mess on the ground. The discarded remains of some fruit and sandwiches lay around a child’s lunch bag.

“That’s Daniel Johnson’s bag!” exclaimed Sarah. Sure enough, when they picked it up and examined it, they found Daniel’s name on the label.

“The ghost stole his lunch,” said James.

The children made their way thoughtfully back to the clearing; when they got there they were amazed to find that the bread and chocolate were gone! The strange laughter rang through the trees once more.

“I’m going,” James announced, “This ghost is real.”

“I agree with you, James,” said Sarah, “We have plenty of evidence now, Humayrah!”

Humayrah thought for a while before replying. “Look, I can see why you might think there’s a ghost, but I still think there must be another explanation. Do you really think that ghosts steal sandwiches and fruit and chocolate and eat them? I think you’re jumping to conclusions because the old legend is making you think that way.”

***READ TO HERE BEFORE ALLOWING THE CHILDREN TO DISCUSS POSSIBLE ENDINGS***

“But what about the noise?” Sarah demanded.

“Let’s just imagine that there is another answer,” suggested Humayrah, “What could it be? Can we think of any possibilities?”

“Maybe Adil and Jamaal played a joke on Daniel, and then said they heard the laughter to make it seem more real,” Sarah said suddenly.

“Yes - you said that it could be mischievous children, Humayrah,” said James, “But I don’t think anyone could make a sound like that,” he added, as the strange laughter was heard again.

“No, you’re right, James,” Humayrah re-joined, “What could make a sound like that, though? Other than a ghost, I mean?”

“Some sort of wild animal, maybe,” offered Sarah. “But not one that I’ve ever heard before.”

“Hold on!” exclaimed James. “I think you’re onto something. You know I said the zoo had had trouble with animal rights protestors?” The others nodded, listening attentively. “Well, I think I heard that they had damaged some of the cages and some animals had escaped!”

“I know what you’re thinking, James,” said Sarah. “The zoo is less than a mile from here – an escaped animal could easily have made its way into the woods.”

“Now that sounds like a better argument than the ghost,” said Humayrah, “But we still don’t have any real evidence.”

“Well let’s put some more bait down then,” suggested Sarah. “And this time we will hide and watch to see who, or what, comes along.”

James took a banana from his lunch box, broke it into pieces and placed it in the clearing. Sarah took the wrapper off another chocolate bar and laid it beside the banana. The children hid carefully behind a bush, and stayed very still and very quiet. They did not need to wait long. Soon a small figure scampered out of the trees, picked up some of the banana and then paused, listening and smelling the air as if it knew the children were there.

“Well I never!” gasped Sarah. “The ghost of Buckley woods is a monkey!”