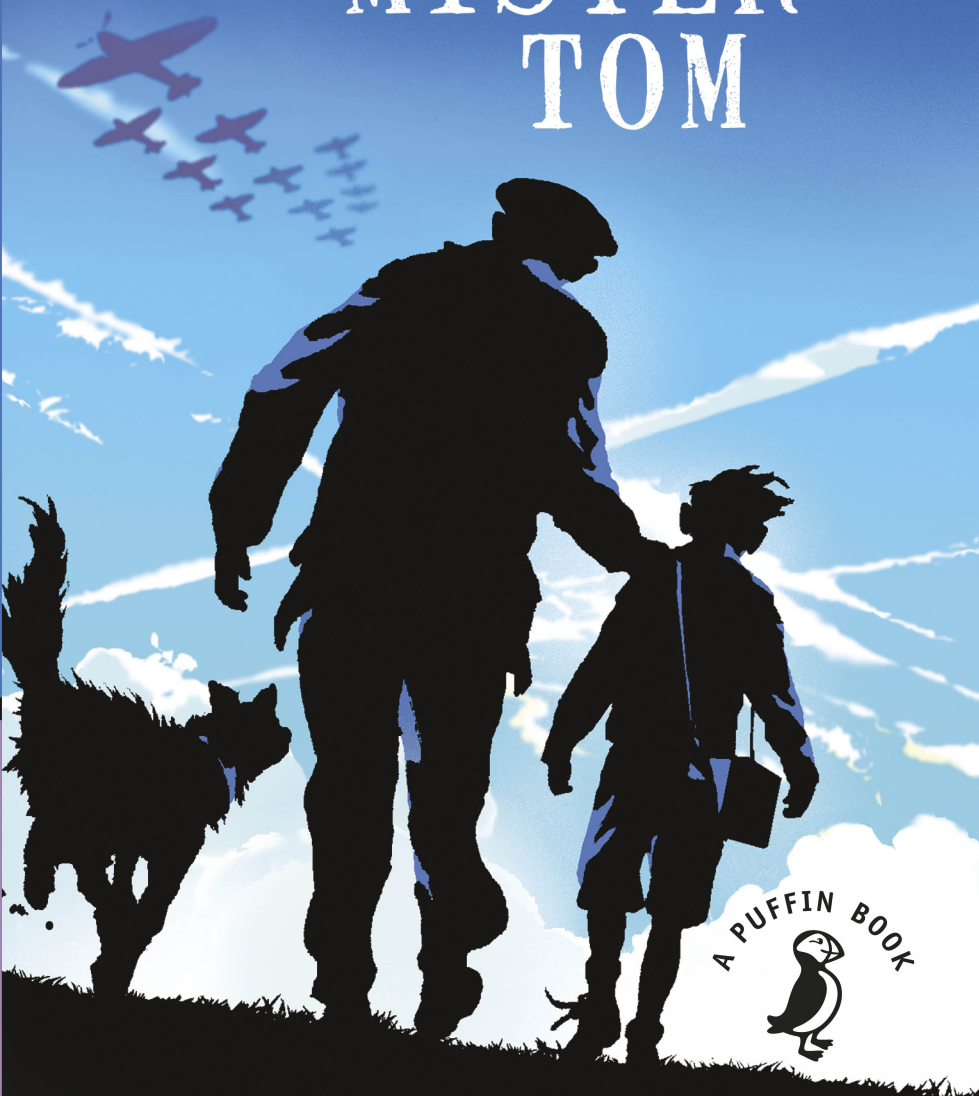


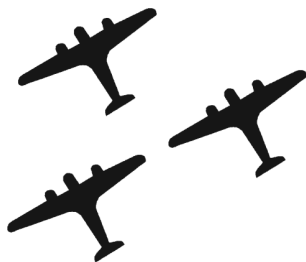
MICHELLE MAGORIAN

GOODNIGHT MISTER TOM



A PUFFIN BOOK





I. Meeting

‘YES,’ said Tom bluntly, on opening the front door. ‘What d’you want?’

A harassed middle-aged woman in a green coat and felt hat stood on his step. He glanced at the armband on her sleeve. She gave him an awkward smile.

‘I’m the billeting officer for this area,’ she began.

‘Oh yes, and what’s that got to do wi’ me?’

She flushed slightly. ‘Well, Mr, Mr . . .’

‘Oakley. Thomas Oakley.’

‘Ah, thank you, Mr Oakley.’ She paused and took a deep breath. ‘Mr Oakley, with the declaration of war imminent . . .’

Tom waved his hand. ‘I knows all that. Git to the point. What d’you want?’ He noticed a small boy at her side.

‘It’s him I’ve come about,’ she said. ‘I’m on my way to your village hall with the others.’

‘What others?’

She stepped to one side. Behind the large iron gate which stood at the end of the graveyard were a small group of

children. Many of them were filthy and very poorly clad. Only a handful had a blazer or coat. They all looked bewildered and exhausted. One tiny dark-haired girl in the front was hanging firmly on to a new teddy-bear.

The woman touched the boy at her side and pushed him forward.

‘There’s no need to tell me,’ said Tom. ‘It’s obligatory and it’s for the war effort.’

‘You are entitled to choose your child, I know,’ began the woman apologetically.

Tom gave a snort.

‘But,’ she continued, ‘his mother wants him to be with someone who’s religious or near a church. She was quite adamant. Said she would only let him be evacuated if he was.’

‘Was what?’ asked Tom impatiently.

‘Near a church.’

Tom took a second look at the child. The boy was thin and sickly-looking, pale with limp sandy hair and dull grey eyes.

‘His name’s Willie,’ said the woman.

Willie, who had been staring at the ground, looked up. Round his neck, hanging from a piece of string, was a cardboard label. It read ‘William Beech’.

Tom was well into his sixties, a healthy, robust, stockily-built man with a head of thick white hair. Although he was of average height, in Willie’s eyes he was a towering giant with skin like coarse, wrinkled brown paper and a voice like thunder.

He glared at Willie. ‘You’d best come in,’ he said abruptly.

The woman gave a relieved smile. 'Thank you so much,' she said, and she backed quickly away and hurried down the tiny path towards the other children. Willie watched her go.

'Come on in,' repeated Tom harshly. 'I ent got all day.'

Nervously, Willie followed him into a dark hallway. It took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust from the brilliant sunshine he had left to the comparative darkness of the cottage. He could just make out the shapes of a few coats hanging on some wooden pegs and two pairs of boots standing below.

'S'pose you'd best know where to put yer things,' muttered Tom, looking up at the coat rack and then down at Willie. He scratched his head. 'Bit 'igh fer you. I'd best put in a low peg.'

He opened a door on his left and walked into the front room, leaving Willie in the hallway still clutching onto his brown carrier bag. Through the half-open door he could see a large black cooking range with a fire in it and an old threadbare armchair near by. He shivered. Presently Tom came out with a pencil.

'You can put that ole bag down,' he said gruffly. 'You ent goin' no place else.'

Willie did so and Tom handed him the pencil. He stared blankly up at him.

'Go on,' said Tom, 'I told you before, I ent got all day. Now make a mark so's I know where to put a peg, see.' Willie made a faint dot on the wall beside the hem of one of the large coats. 'Make a nice big 'un so's I can see it clear, like.' Willie drew a small circle and filled it in. Tom leaned

down and peered at it. 'Neat little chap, ent you? Gimme yer mackintosh and I'll put it on top o' mine fer now.'

With shaking fingers Willie undid his belt and buttons, peeled off the mackintosh and held it in his arms. Tom took it from him and hung it on top of his great-coat. He walked back into the front room. 'Come on,' he said. Willie followed him in.

It was a small, comfortable room with two windows. The front one looked out on to the graveyard, the other to a little garden at the side. The large black range stood solidly in an alcove in the back wall, a thick dark pipe curving its way upward through the ceiling. Stretched out beneath the side window were a few shelves filled with books, old newspapers and odds and ends and by the front window stood a heavy wooden table and two chairs. The flagstoned floor was covered in a faded crimson, green and brown rug. Willie glanced at the armchair by the range and the objects that lay on top of the small wooden table beside it: a pipe, a book and a baccy jar.

'Pull that stool up by the fire and I'll give you somethin' to eat.' Willie made no movement. 'Go on, sit down, boy,' he repeated. 'You got wax in your ears?'

Willie pulled a small wooden stool from a corner and sat down in front of the fire. He felt frightened and lonely.

Tom cooked two rashers of bacon and placed a slab of bread, with the fresh bacon dripping beside it, onto a plate. He put it on the table with a mug of hot tea. Willie watched him silently, his bony elbows and knees jutting out angularly beneath his thin grey jersey and shorts. He tugged

nervously at the tops of his woollen socks and a faint smell of warm rubber drifted upwards from his white plimsolls.

‘Eat that up,’ said Tom.

Willie dragged himself reluctantly from the warmth of the fire and sat at the table. ‘You can put yer own sugar in,’ Tom grunted.

Willie politely took a spoonful, dunked it into the large white mug of tea and stirred it. He bit into the bread but a large lump in his throat made swallowing difficult. He didn’t feel at all hungry, but remembered apprehensively what his mum had said about doing as he was told. He stared out at the graveyard. The sun shone brilliantly, yet he felt cold. He gazed at the few trees around the graves. Their leaves were all different colours, pale greens, amber, yellow . . .

‘Ent you ’ungry?’ asked Tom from his armchair.

Willie looked up, startled. ‘Yes, mister,’ he whispered.

‘Jest a slow chewer, that it?’

He nodded timidly and stared miserably at the plate. Bacon was a luxury. Only lodgers or visitors had bacon and here he was not eating it.

‘Mebbe you can chew it more easy later.’ Tom beckoned him over to the stool. ‘Put another spoon of that sugar in, boy, and bring that tea over ’ere.’

Willie did so and returned to the stool. He held the warm mug tightly in his icy hands and shivered. Tom leaned towards him.

‘What you got in yer bag, then?’

‘I dunno,’ mumbled Willie, ‘Mum packed it. She said I weren’t to look in.’ One of his socks slid halfway down his

leg, revealing a large multicoloured bruise on his shin and a swollen red sore beside.

‘That’s a nasty ole thing,’ Tom said, pointing to it. ‘What give you that?’ Willie paled and pulled the sock up quickly.

‘Best drink that afore it gits cold,’ said Tom, sensing that the subject needed to be changed. Willie looked intently at the changing shapes of the flames in the fire and slowly drank the tea. It thundered in his throat in his attempt to swallow it quietly. Tom left the room briefly and within a few minutes returned.

‘I gotta go out for a spell. Then I’ll fix your room, see. Up there,’ and he pointed to the ceiling. ‘You ent afraid of heights, are you?’ Willie shook his head. ‘That’s good or you’d have had to sleep under the table.’ He bent over the range and shovelled some fresh coke into the fire.

‘‘Ere’s an ole scarf of mine,’ he muttered, and he threw a khaki object over Willie’s knees. He noticed another bruise on the boy’s thigh, but said nothing. ‘‘Ave a wander round the graveyard. Don’t be scared of the dead. Least they can’t drop an ole bomb on yer head.’

‘No, mister,’ agreed Willie politely.

‘And close the front door behind you, else Sammy’ll be eatin’ yer bacon.’

‘Yes, mister.’

Willie heard him slam the front door and listened to the sound of his footsteps gradually fading. He hugged himself tightly and rocked backwards and forwards on the stool. ‘I must be good,’ he whispered urgently, ‘I must be good,’ and he rubbed a sore spot on his arm. He was such a bad boy, he knew that. Mum said she was kinder to him than most

mothers. She only gave him soft beatings. He shuddered. He was dreading the moment when Mr Oakley would discover how wicked he was. He was stronger-looking than Mum.

The flames in the range flickered and danced before his eyes, crackling in sudden bursts though not in a venomous way. He felt that it was a friendly crackle. He turned to look for something that was missing. He stood up and moved towards the shelves under the side window. There, he was being bad again, putting his nose in where it didn't belong. He looked up quickly to make sure Mr Oakley wasn't spying at him through the window.

Mum said war was a punishment from God for people's sins, so he'd better watch out. She didn't tell him what to watch out for, though. It could be in this room, he thought, or maybe the graveyard. He knelt on one of the chairs at the front window and peered out. Graves didn't look so scary as she had made out, even though he knew that he was surrounded by dead bodies. But what was it that was missing? A bird chirruped in the garden. Of course, that was it. He couldn't hear traffic and banging and shouting. He looked around at the room again. His eyes rested on the stool where the woollen scarf lay. He'd go outside. He picked it up, and wrapping it round his neck he went into the hall and closed the front door carefully behind him.

Between him and the graveyard lay a small flat garden. Along the edge of it were little clusters of flowers. Willie stepped forward to the edge where the garden ended and the graveyard began. He plunged his hands deep into his pockets and stood still for a moment.

The graveyard and cottage with its garden were surrounded by a rough stone wall, except for where the back of the church stood. Green moss and wild flowers sprang through the grey stonework. Between the graves lay a small, neat flagstoned pathway down the centre. It broke off in two directions: one towards a large gate on the left where the other children had waited and one leading to the back entrance of a small church to his right. A poplar tree stood in the far corner of the graveyard near the wall with the gate and another near Mr Oakley's cottage by the edge of the front garden. A third grew by the exit of the church; but the tree which caught Willie's attention was a large oak tree. It stood in the centre of the graveyard by the path, its large, well-clad branches curving and hanging over part of it.

He glanced down at a small stone angel near his feet and began to walk round the gravestones. Some were so faded that he could barely see the shapes of the letters. Each grave had a character of its own. Some were well tended with a little vase of flowers on top as if they were perched upon a tablecloth, some were covered with a large stone slab with neat, well-cut grass surrounding them, while others had weeds growing higgledy-piggledy over them. The ones Willie liked best were the gentle mounds covered in grass with the odd surviving summer flower peeping through the coloured leaves. As he walked around he noticed that some of the very old ones were tiny. Children's graves, probably.

He was sitting on one Elizabeth Thatcher when he heard voices. A young man and woman were passing by. They

were talking and laughing. They stopped and the young woman leaned over the wall. Her long fair hair hung in a single plait scraped back from a round, pink-cheeked face. Pretty, he thought.

‘You’re from London, ent you?’ she said.

He stood up and removed his hands from his pockets. ‘Yes, miss.’

‘You’re a regular wild bunch, so I’ve heard,’ and she smiled.

The young man was in uniform. He stood with his arm around her shoulder.

‘How old are you, then?’ she asked.

‘Eight, miss.’

‘Polite little lad, ent you? What’s your name?’

‘William Beech, miss.’

‘You can stop calling me miss. I’m Mrs, Mrs Hartridge.’ The young man beamed. ‘I’ll see you on Monday at school. I expect you’ll be in my class. Goodbye, William.’

‘Bye, miss, missis,’ he whispered.

He watched them walk away. When they were out of sight he sat back down on Elizabeth Thatcher, tugged at a handful of grass and pulled it from the earth. He’d forgotten all about school. He thought of Mr Barrett, his form master in London. He spent all day yelling and shouting at everyone and rapping knuckles. He dreaded school normally. Mrs Hartridge didn’t seem like him at all. He gave a sigh of relief and rubbed his chest. That was one ordeal he didn’t think would be too terrifying to face. He glanced at the oak tree. It seemed a sheltered, secluded sort of place. He’d go and sit beneath its branches.

As he walked towards it he tripped over a hard object. It was a tiny gravestone hidden by a clump of grass. He knelt down and pushed the grass to one side to look at it. He pulled away at it, plucking it out in great handfuls from the soil. He wanted to make it so that people could see the stone again. It looked forgotten and lost. It wasn't fair that it should be hidden. He became quite absorbed in this task until he heard a scrabbling noise. He turned. Sniffing and scratching among the leaves at the foot of the tree was a squirrel. He recognized its shape from pictures he had seen but he wasn't prepared for one that moved. He was terrified and remained frozen in a crouched position. The squirrel seemed quite unperturbed and carried on scuffling about in the leaves, picking up nuts and titbits in its tiny paws. Willie stayed motionless, hardly breathing. He felt like the stone angel. The squirrel's black eyes darted in a lively manner from place to place. It was tiny, light grey in colour with a bushy tail that stuck wildly in the air as it poked its paws and head into the russet and gold leaves.

After a while Willie's shoulders relaxed and the gripping sensation in his stomach subsided a little. He wriggled his toes gingerly inside his plimsolls. It seemed as though he had been crouching for hours although it couldn't have been more than ten minutes.

The little grey fellow didn't seem to scare him as much, and he began to enjoy watching him. A loud sharp barking suddenly disturbed the silence. The squirrel leapt and disappeared. Willie sprang to his feet, hopping on one leg and gasping at the mixture of numbness and pins and needles in the other. A small black-and-white collie ran

around the tree and into the leaves. It stopped in front of him and jumped up into the air. Willie was more petrified of the dog than he had been of the squirrel.

‘Them poisonous dogs,’ he heard his mother’s voice saying inside him. ‘One bite from them mutts and you’re dead. They got ’orrible diseases in ’em.’ He remembered the tiny children’s graves and quickly picked up a thick branch from the ground.

‘You go away,’ he said feebly, gripping it firmly in his hand. ‘You go away.’

The dog sprang into the air again and barked and yapped at him, tossing leaves by his legs. Willie let out a shriek and drew back. The dog came nearer.

‘I’ll kill you.’

‘I wouldn’t do that,’ said a deep voice behind him. He turned to find Tom standing by the outer branches. ‘He ent goin’ to do you no ’arm, so I should jest drop that if I was you.’

Willie froze with the branch still held high in his hand. Sweat broke out from under his armpits and across his forehead. Now he was for it. He was bound to get a beating now. Tom came towards him, took the branch firmly from his hand and lifted it up. Willie automatically flung his arm across his face and gave a cry but the blow he was expecting never came. Tom had merely thrown the branch to the other end of the graveyard and the dog had gone scampering after it.

‘You can take yer arm down now, boy,’ he said quietly. ‘I think you and I ’ad better go inside and sort a few things out. Come on,’ and with that he stepped aside for Willie to go in front of him along the path.

Willie walked shakily towards the cottage, his head lowered. Through blurred eyes he saw the tufts of grass spilling up between the small flat stones. The sweat trickled down the sides of his face and chest. His armpits stung savagely and a sharp pain stabbed at his stomach. He walked through the front door and stood in the hallway, feeling the perspiration turn cold and clammy. Tom walked into the front room and stood waiting for him to enter.

‘Don’t dither out there,’ he said, ‘come on in.’

Willie did so but his body felt as if it no longer belonged to him. It seemed to move of its own accord. Tom’s voice grew more distant. It reverberated as if it was being thrown back at him from the walls of a cave. He sat down on the stool feeling numb.

Tom picked up a poker and walked across to the fire. Now he was going to get it, he thought, and he clutched tightly onto the seat of the stool. Tom looked down at him.

‘About Sammy,’ he heard him say. He watched him poke the fire and then he didn’t hear any more. He knew that Tom was speaking to him but he couldn’t take his eyes off the poker. It sent the hot coke tumbling in all directions. He saw Tom’s brown wrinkled hand lift it out of the fire. The tip was red, almost white in places. He was certain that he was going to be branded with it. The room seemed to swim and he heard both his and Tom’s voice echoing. He watched the tip of the poker spin and come closer to him and then the floor came towards him and it went dark. He felt two large hands grip him from behind and push his head in between his knees until the carpet came into focus and he heard himself gasping.

Tom opened the front window and lifted him out through it.

‘Breathe in deep,’ Willie heard him say. ‘Take in a good sniff.’

He took in a gulp of air. ‘I’ll be sick,’ he mumbled.

‘That’s right, go on, I’m ’olding you. Take in a good sniff. Let yer throat open.’

Willie drank in some more air. A wave of nausea swept through him and he vomited.

‘Go on,’ he heard Tom say, ‘breathe in some more,’ and he was sick again and again until there was no more left inside him and he hung limply in Tom’s arms.

Tom wiped his mouth and face with the scarf. The pain in Willie’s stomach had gone but he felt drained like a rag doll. Tom lifted him back into the cottage and placed him in his armchair. His small body sank comfortably into the old soft expanse of chair. His feet barely reached the edge of the seat. Tom tucked a blanket round him, drew up a chair by the fire and watched Willie fall asleep.

The tales he had heard about evacuees didn’t seem to fit Willie. ‘Ungrateful’ and ‘wild’ were the adjectives he had heard used or just plain ‘homesick’. He was quite unprepared for this timid, sickly little specimen. He looked at the poker leaning against the range.

‘E never thought . . . No . . . Surely not!’ he murmured. ‘Oh, Thomas Oakley, where ’ave you landed yerself?’ There was a sound of scratching at the front door. ‘More trouble,’ he muttered. He crept quietly out through the hallway and opened the door. Sammy bounded in and jumped around his legs, panting and yelping.

‘Now you jest shut that ole mouth,’ he whispered firmly, ‘there’s someone asleep.’ He knelt down and Sammy leapt into his arms, lathering his face with his tongue. ‘I don’t need to ’ave a bath when you’re around, do I?’ Sammy continued to lick him until he was satisfied just to pant and allow his tail to flop from side to side. Tom lifted him up and carried him into the front room. As soon as he saw Willie asleep in the chair he began barking again. Tom put his finger firmly on his nose and looked directly into his eyes.

‘Now you jest take a rest and stop that.’ He picked up his pipe and baccy jar from the little table and sat by the range again. Sammy flopped down beside him and rested his head on one of Tom’s feet.

‘Well, Sam,’ Tom whispered, ‘I don’t know nothin’ about children, but I do know enuff not to beat ’em and make ’em that scared.’ Sammy looked up at him for a moment and flopped back onto his foot. ‘I don’t know,’ he said anxiously, ‘I ent ’ad much experience at this ’ere motherin’ lark,’ and he grunted and puffed at his pipe. Sammy stood up, wriggled in between Tom’s legs and placed his paws on his stomach.

‘You understand every blimmin’ word I say, don’t you? Least he ent goin’ to bury bones in my sweet peas,’ he remarked, ruffling Sammy’s fur. ‘That’s one thing to be thankful about.’ He sighed. ‘S’pose I’d best see what’s what.’ He rose and went into the hallway with Sammy padding after him. ‘Now you jest stay there,’ he said sternly and Sammy sat obediently on his haunches, though Tom knew it would not be for long. He took some steps that were leaning on the wall beside the coats and placed them

under a small square trapdoor above him. He climbed up, pushed the trapdoor open and pulled down a long wooden ladder which fixed firmly into place on two strong clips along the opening.

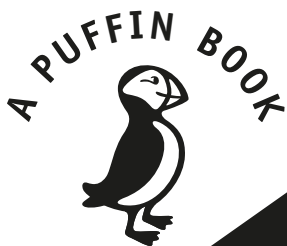
The ladder was of thick pine wood. It was a little over forty years old, but since his young wife Rachel had died soon after it was made, it had hardly been used. He moved the steps to allow room for the ladder to reach the hall floor. A thick cloud of dust enveloped his head as he blew on one of the wide wooden rungs. He coughed and sneezed.

‘Like taking snuff,’ he muttered. ‘S’pose we’d best keep that ole ladder down fer a bit, eh, Sammy?’

He climbed down and opened the door opposite the front room. It led into his bedroom. Inside, a small chest of drawers with a mirror stood by the corner of the front window. Leaning up against the back wall was a four-poster bed covered in a thick quilt. At the foot of the bed, on the floor, lay a round basket with an old blanket inside. It was Sammy’s bed, when he used it, which was seldom. A blue threadbare carpet was spread across the floor with bits of matting added by the window and bed.

Beside the bed was a fitted cupboard with several shelves. Tom opened it. On the top two shelves, neatly stacked, were blankets and sheets and on the third, various belongings of Rachel’s that he had decided to keep. He glanced swiftly at them. A black wooden paint-box, brushes, a christening robe she had embroidered, some old photographs, letters and recipes. The christening robe had never been worn by his baby son, for he had died soon after his mother.

He picked up some blankets and sheets and carried them into the hall. 'I'll be down for you in a minute, Sammy,' he said as he climbed up the ladder. 'You jest hang on there a bit,' and with that Sammy was left to watch his master slowly disappear through the strange new hole in the ceiling.



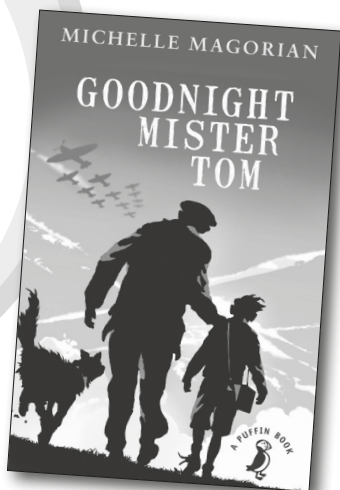
Extra!

Extra!

READ ALL ABOUT IT!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR
MICHELLE MAGORIAN



1947

Born 6 November in Southsea, Portsmouth

1966

Attends the Rose Bruford College of Speech and Drama until 1969

1969

Studies at Marcel Marceau's International School of Mime in Paris for a year

1973

From 1970 acts in repertory theatre companies, writes poetry, lyrics, scripts, a novella and Goodnight Mister Tom

1978

Attends novel writing class at the City Literature Institute, writes A Little Love Song, puts it in the loft and writes Back Home

1981

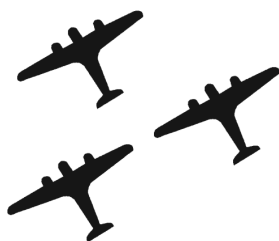
Goodnight Mister Tom is published

- 1982** Goodnight Mister Tom *wins the Children's Fiction Award and the American International Reading Association Award*
- 1985** Back Home *is published in the UK*
- 1991** A Little Love Song *is published*
- 1991** Cuckoo in the Nest *is published*
- 1998** A Spoonful of Jam *is published and Goodnight Mister Tom is made into a film for television*
- 1999** Goodnight Mister Tom *wins seven television awards including a BAFTA for 'Most Popular Drama'*
- 2008** Just Henry *is published and wins the Costa Children's Book Prize*
- 2014** Impossible *is published. Currently lives in Petersfield, Hampshire*

INTERESTING FACTS

When Michelle was seven her family moved to Australia for over two years before returning to live in Portsmouth, England. Michelle always wanted to be an actress and so spent much of her childhood at the Kings Theatre in Portsmouth. One of her favourite books as a child was *Swallows and Amazons*.





WHERE DID THE STORY COME FROM?

The idea for Goodnight Mister Tom came to Michelle one day while she was sitting in a launderette. She was thinking about colours – about greens and browns – the colours of leaves and trees. She thought about a young slim beech tree, and a sturdy oak, and wondered what sort of a person would a beech tree be, or an old oak? The picture of a young boy, small and slim, then came into her head. He had a label round his neck, he was an evacuee and he became the character Willie Beech. And the man Willie was billeted with – the sturdy old oak tree – became Tom Oakley.

Goodnight Mister Tom began as a short story but Michelle found herself still thinking of Tom Oakley and William Beech after she'd finished writing it, and wanted to know what happened to them. It was then that she realized that she would have to write a book!

WORDS GLORIOUS WORDS!

Lots of words
*have several different meanings – here are a few you'll find in this Puffin book. Use a **dictionary** or look them up online to find other definitions.*

evacuees

children sent to live away from the cities during World War Two

Anderson shelter

a metal bomb-shelter, most often built from kits and put together by householders in their gardens, sunk into the ground and covered with soil

sou'wester

a type of rain hat, with a long flap at the back to cover the neck

billeting officer

a person whose job it was during World War Two to find suitable houses for evacuees

wireless

an old-fashioned radio

exuberant

someone who is full of excitement, enthusiasm and cheerfulness – like Zach, for example!

blackout curtains

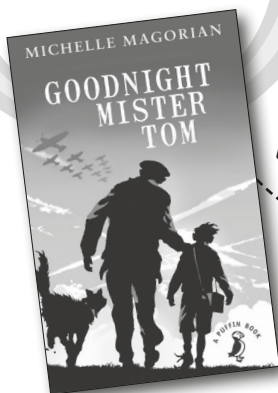
curtains made from heavy black material and drawn during night-time air-raids to block light shining from windows and prevent enemy planes seeing their targets



IN THIS YEAR

1981 *Fact Pack*

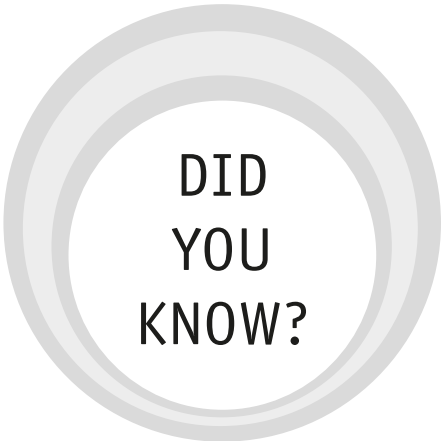
*What else was
happening in the
world when this Puffin
book was published?*



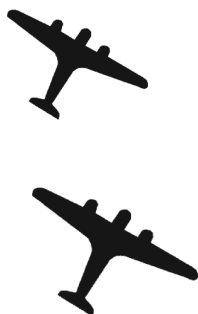
Lady Diana Spencer marries Charles, Prince of Wales, on 29 July at St Paul's Cathedral, London. The wedding is televised and watched by an estimated 750 million people worldwide.

The first combined heart-lung transplant in the world is performed in the USA.

The first London marathon is held.



DID YOU KNOW?



During **1940–41**, when the bombing of World War Two was at its worst, there were **1.3 million official evacuees**.

Goodnight Mister Tom *was voted one of 100 favourite books in a BBC survey and voted **favourite Puffin Book** at the Hay Literature Festival in 2010.*

The **beech tree's** slim trunk gave Michelle Magorian the idea for her skinny evacuee's name – **William Beech**.



QUIZ



Thinking caps on –

let's see how much you can remember! Answers are at the bottom of the opposite page. (No peeking!)

1

Why does William Beech get billeted at Tom Oakley's house?

- a) *They are related*
- b) *Willie's mother insists he is billeted near a church*
- c) *Willie chose to stay with him*
- d) *Willie reminds Tom Oakley of his own son*

2

What part does Willie play in the Christmas play?

- a) *Scrooge*
- b) *Innkeeper number three*
- c) *A tree*
- d) *Hamlet*

3

What possession of Zach's does Willie learn to use?

- a) *A catapult*
- b) *Tap shoes*
- c) *A bike*
- d) *Knitting needles*

4

What instrument does Mister Tom play?

- a) *Organ*
- b) *Bagpipes*
- c) *Flute*
- d) *Violin*

MISTER
TOM SAYS:

'Takes yer time, everythin'
'as its own time.'

5

Where do Mister Tom, Willie and Zach go on holiday?

- a) *Salmouth*
- b) *France*
- c) *Scotland*
- d) *London*



ANSWERS: 1) b 2) a 3) c 4) a 5) a



MAKE AND DO

Homemade blackberry jam

‘He sank into an even deeper sleep that night with the knowledge that he, Willie Beech, had survived a whole day with four other people of his own age and he had made jam.’

Making jam during wartime was tricky as sugar was rationed. Many people would save up their sugar rations at the start of the summer so that they had enough to make their home-made preserves that would last them all through the year.

But of course these days there is plenty of sugar available, and by late August there are lovely ripe blackberries to be found along lanes and hedgerows. So why not go blackberry-picking and have a go at making your own jam?

YOU WILL NEED:

A willing adult helper, a large heavy-based saucepan, a cooking thermometer, a few sterilized jam jars and some sticky labels

INGREDIENTS:

- ✱ 900g of blackberries, washed and stalks removed
- ✱ 1½ tablespoons of lemon juice
- ✱ 900g granulated sugar
- ✱ a knob of unsalted butter

Ask an adult to help you, because you'll need to get the jam mixture boiling hot.

1

***Put the blackberries into a large heavy-based saucepan**, add 50ml of water and the lemon juice. Bring the mixture to the boil and then lower the heat and simmer for 15 minutes until the fruit is very soft.*

2

***Gently tip in the sugar and stir until the sugar has completely dissolved**, then turn up the heat until the blackberry mixture is bubbling rapidly. Boil for 10–12 minutes without stirring until the setting point of 105°C is reached – check the temperature using the thermometer.*

3

***Remove the pan from the heat**, carefully skim off any excess froth, then stir the knob of butter across the top (this helps to dissolve any remaining froth). Leave to stand for about 15 minutes to allow the mixture to cool down and the fruit to settle.*

4

***Next, very carefully pour the jam into the sterilized jars**, seal the lid tightly and label the jars.*

5

Finally, spread your jam thickly on toast or fresh bread with butter and enjoy!



ALL ABOUT WORLD WAR TWO

1939

World War Two begins in Europe in September when Germany invades Poland.

Over four days, 1.9 million people are evacuated from areas thought to be at risk of bombing.

The young evacuees board trains with just a suitcase, a packed lunch and a gas mask.

1940

Germany occupies Poland, Holland, Belgium, France, Denmark and Norway.

Food rationing begins in the UK.

Winston Churchill becomes Prime Minister of Great Britain.

British troops retreat from the invaders in haste, and some 226,000 British and 110,000 French troops are rescued from the French channel port of Dunkirk between 27 May and 4 June.

The Blitz, the relentless bombing of Britain's cities, lasts from September 1940 to May 1941 and claims over 40,000 civilian lives.

Around 10,000 child evacuees are sent to other countries such as Canada, Australia and the United States.

1941

After Japan attacks Pearl Harbor in the USA, the Soviet Union and America join the war.

1942

Mass murder of Jewish people in the Nazi concentration camps, such as Auschwitz in Poland, begins.

1943

The Dambusters Raid on 16 May by the British RAF destroys a number of dams in Germany.

1944

Allied forces invade France and push back the Germans on 6 June – ‘D-day’.

1945

On 7 May Germany surrenders and World War Two in Europe ends.

The United States drops the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan, on 6 August, devastating the city.

By 1945 there are 460,000 women in the military services and over 6.5 million in civilian war work.



FROM THE ARCHIVE

Here are
some pages from
Michelle Magorian's
notebook in which she
wrote **Goodnight
Mister Tom.**



EXERCISE BOOK

Ruled Feint and Margin

Code at the Hill !! Bed 578.
Matchmaker
Voice Warm up !!

Tom and escaped himself into the
ear up " he said Willie dragged himself from the table.
Wife sat and said "Put your own mug in." "got
and Tans. "Put your own mug in." "got
the look of a paid and dunked
it into a large white mug and sm
if. The bread and dipping
bit a huge lump in his throat, made
swallowing difficult. He didn't feel him
at all but he remembered Mum
Mum had said about doing as he was told
He stared out at the graveyard. It
looked sunny outside and yet he felt
cold. There were trees among the
graves. The leaves were pale greens, or
yellows, vines...
said Tom

