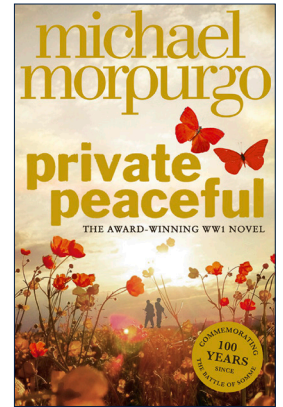


# michael morpurgo

## Private Peaceful



### Horrible-bleeding-Hanley

Pete greeted me in the tent with a scowl. "You won't be so ruddy happy, Tommo, when you hear what I've got to tell you."

"What?" I asked.

"Our new sergeant. It's only Horrible-bleeding-Hanley from Etaples."

... "Every one of us hated him like poison, a great deal more than we had ever hated Fritz."

(Private Peaceful, Twenty-five past Three)

... "Those were the darkest days we had ever lived through. Sergeant Hanley had done what all the bloody attrition in the trenches had never done. He had taken away our spirit, and drained the last of our strength, destroyed our hope."

(Private Peaceful, Nearly Four O'Clock)

**During WW1 there were sergeants like Hanley who, convinced of success, did not hesitate to send troops onto the frontline, despite growing losses. Boosting morale was not a part of their drill. It was Charlie who fulfilled that role and gave the other soldiers hope. Singing was one of the ways he did this.**

**Can you write a rhyme for the soldiers that they can sing or chant to help boost their morale?**

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This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.