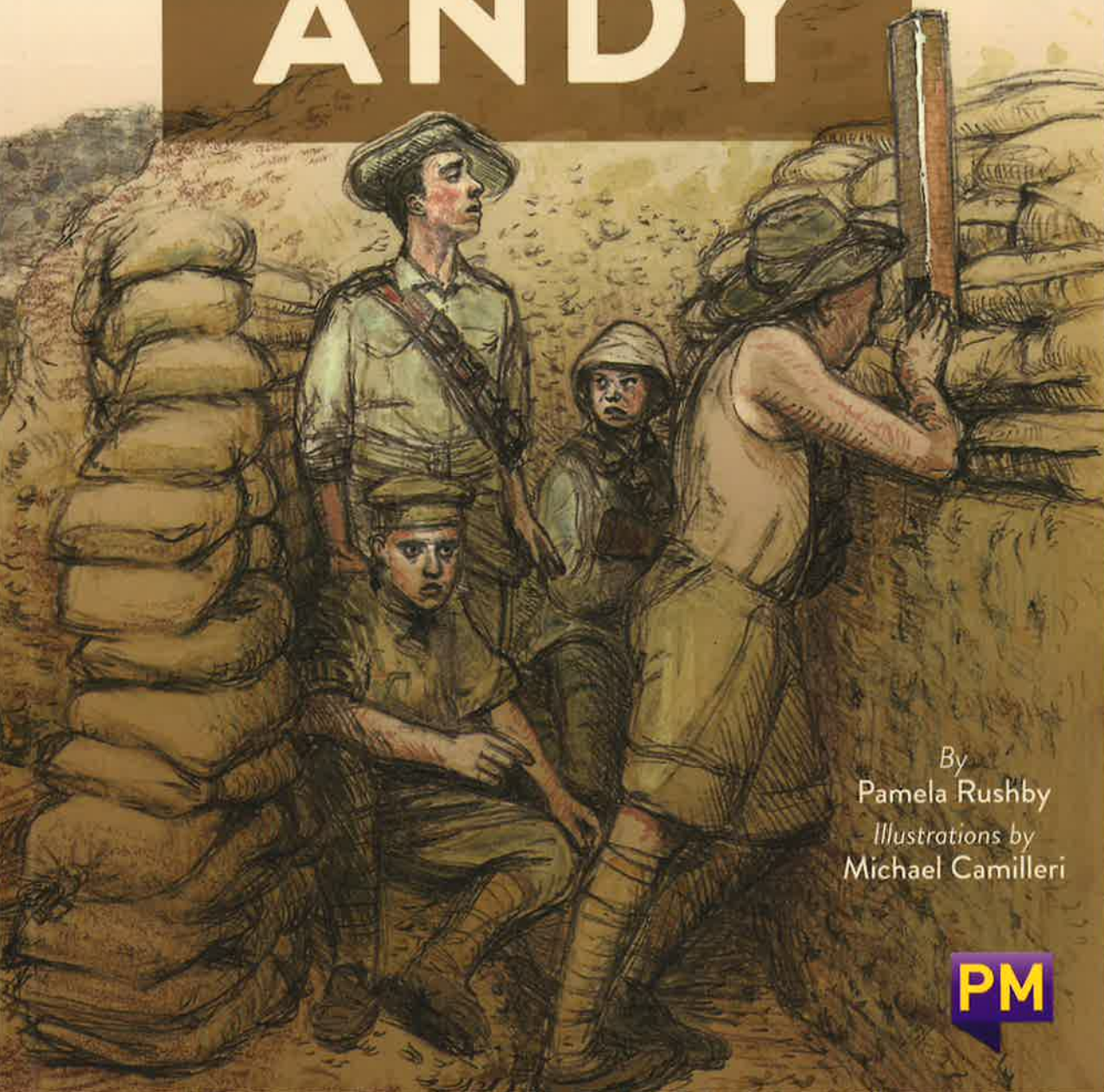
OUR BROTHER ANDY



By
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Illustrations by
Michael Camilleri

PM

For teachers' inspection ONLY

Our Brother Andy

Level 24

Running Words 1583 **Text Type** Narrative (Imaginative)

Curriculum Area Humanities – History

Retelling to encourage critical thinking about the content

Ask each student to retell the story in his or her own words.

Record the retelling for further discussion and reflection.

Questions to reinforce meaning and stimulate discussion

Literal

1 How did Tom and Billy travel to school each day?

2 Why did Tom put the rooster's feathers in his hat?

3 Who wrote the poem, *Andy's Gone with Cattle*?

Inferential

4 Why was the band in the park playing stirring music?

5 Why was Andy excited about signing up to become a soldier?

6 Why did Dad tell Mum not to cry as they waved goodbye to Andy?

7 Why did Tom feel that it was dull at home without Andy?

8 Why did Mr Amos read the poem to the class?

9 Why did Andy send his family some photos of himself and his mates?

Applied Knowledge

10 Why did soldiers from Australia and New Zealand join the war in Europe?

11 What did the poem mean to Tom's mother?

12 Why were some of Andy's mates *left at Gallipoli forever*?

Links with other PM Guided Reading Books and Cards

Level 24	Card	Recount	*My Horse Sunny*
Level 24	Book	Narrative	*The Mysterious Time Capsule*
Level 24	Book	Poetry	*Windy Nights and Other Poems*

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Chapter 3 *A Poem* 14
Chapter 4 *To Gallipoli* 20

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Chapter 1

No Tears

We had just got out of school, one afternoon in 1914. My older brother Billy and I were in the school paddock, catching our old horse Duffy, as we got ready to ride home.

Billy suddenly stopped and listened. "What's that?" he said. "Can you hear it, Tom?"

I listened, too. "Music," I said. "It's a band."



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We had no idea what a band would be doing in our small town, but we were going to find out! We ran down the street, pulling Duffy behind us. We found the band in our little park, which is a patch of green right in the middle of the dusty main street.

"It's soldiers!" I said in amazement. They were playing very stirring music, music that made my feet want to march.

"But what's that?" said Billy, pointing towards the town hall nearby.



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There was a table in front of the town hall. Several soldiers stood beside it. They were wearing smart riding breeches, glistening boots and slouch hats with great bunches of feathers fluttering in them. They looked magnificent!

Queued beside the table were young men. Young men we knew. "There's Patrick Riley," pointed out Billy. "And Jim Hardy. And Alf Black. And Ned Sorenson. And –"

"And our Andy," I said. "Andy's there, too! What are they doing?"

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There was a long pause. "They're joining the army," Billy replied. "Oh, Mum and Dad won't like that. They won't like it at all."

We knew that a war had started in Europe. Britain and their allies were fighting Germany. We knew some young Australians were volunteering to fight. We'd just never thought our brother Andy would do it.

We waited anxiously until Andy had finished talking to the soldiers at the table. We saw him bend over to sign something.

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Then, Andy came over to us.

"I've done it!" he exclaimed. His face was shining. "I've joined the army! And guess what – I can even take my own horse into the army with me. Sunny and I have joined the Light Horse Brigade!"

When we got home, we found out Billy had been right. Mum and Dad weren't happy about Andy joining the army and going away to fight overseas, in France, or maybe in Egypt or Palestine. They were both worried about Andy. Dad was also worried about how we would manage the work on our dairy farm without Andy – and Sunny. But they didn't try to stop Andy.



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On the day Andy and his friends rode away, we stood at our gate and waved goodbye.

"No tears, now," Dad said to Mum. "Send our boy off with a smile."

Mum did. But she cried later.

