

iRemember Digital Storytelling project texts

Hello teachers. Thanks for booking iRemember at The Channel at Arts Centre Melbourne. Below are the texts we will be using for the digital storytelling component. Before you come, please encourage your students to read through the options, and **in pairs**, choose one they will read on the day. They will need their own copy of their chosen text for the Channel component of the workshop.

We look forward to seeing you at the Shrine of Remembrance at 10am on the day of your booking. If you have any questions, please call Amy Bennett on 9281 8015.

Secondary School texts

Option 1 (Diary Excerpt)

Diary of Signaller Ellis Silas from Anzac, Gallipoli – Extract from 1st May 1915

Ellis Silas, 1915

We are relieved from the firing line – the battle still raging; every nerve strained. Australians have done splendidly, holding a very difficult position; have been much troubled with snipers. Am glad I have done my duty. First wash for a week – go down to the Water Hole, which is always covered by Turkish snipers – it was safer in the trenches than here – all around this spot are dead and wounded who have been hit when dodging round this corner; however, one must drink, even if the price be death. Make dug-outs in our rest camps, but men are continually caught by the snipers. Many are commencing to suffer from dysentery, though the spirit of the men is splendid, always ready for a joke.

I hear that to-morrow we are going to make a charge – the Turks are cutting our supplies off; the situation is severely critical. To read this in a newspaper makes an item of passing interest; to experience it is something quite different – if we are up against it, please God I may die in the same spirit that I know my comrades will display, for they know not defeat.

Option 2 (Letter)

Letters from Bert Smythe – Four days at Anzac

Bert Smythe, 1915.

The day is just breaking. Everything is so quiet & still one would never dream that two opposing forces, each eager for the others blood, were separated by only a few yards - & in places only a few feet. A solitary shot sings out – apparently the marksman scored for it is answered by several shots, & presently a machine gun joins in spitting out death at 400 a minute. This seems to wake up the whole like for there is a heavy burst of firing above which can be heard the continuous rattle of the machine gun & every few seconds the heavy explosion of a bomb. After having thoroughly awakened each other both sides gradually slacken off until things become normal with only an occasion shot or bomb. The firing wakes me up so I lie listening wondering if by any bad luck we will be required to go out & assist. Finally turn slowly over to go to sleep again & in so doing dislodge some earth most of which falls into my ears eyes & mouth.

Option 3 (Tribute)

ANZAC Tribute

Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, 1934.

Commander of Turkish forces at Gallipoli and founder of the modern Turkish state.

Those heroes that shed their blood and lost their lives
You are now lying in the soil of a friendly country
Therefore rest in peace
There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehmets to us where they lie
Side by side here in this country of ours
You, the mothers, who sent their sons from faraway countries wipe away your tears
Your sons are now lying in our bosom and are in peace
After having lost their lives on this land
They have become our sons as well

Option 4 (Poem)

Dulce et Decorum est

Wilfred Owen, 1917.

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the glimmering flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Halting each mile for some. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of disappointed shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! - An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And floundering like a man in fire or lime -
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light.
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, gargling, choking, drowning.

Option 5 (Letter)

Wilfred Owen – Letter to his mother

Wilfred Owen, 1917.

"I can see no excuse for deceiving you about these last four days. I have suffered seventh hell. – I have not been at the front. – I have been in front of it. – I held an advanced post, that is, a "dug-out" in the middle of No Man's Land. We had a march of three miles over shelled road, then nearly three along a flooded trench. After that we came to where the trenches had been blown flat out and had to go over the top. It was of course dark, too dark, and the ground was not mud, not sloppy mud, but an octopus of sucking clay, three, four, and five feet deep, relieved only by craters full of water . . ."

Write your own text

As an alternative, you may like to have your students write their own text. Some suggestions for texts are:

- Poems
- Letters back home
- Letters to the soldiers
- A short description of circumstances/a battle/another situation
- A tribute to WW1 soldiers
- A short piece of prose about war in general

Useful resources for this task can be found at:

- <http://anzaccentenary.vic.gov.au/>
- <http://www.shrine.org.au/Home>
- <http://www.shrine.org.au/Education/Resources>

If your students do write their own texts, please print them and bring them with you on the day of your session.



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