

Remember, remember

Please to remember
The fifth of November
Gunpowder treason and plot.

We know no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.

Fireworks are explosives
GET WISE OR GET HURT



Remember, remember...

Remember, remember

The fifth of November

The gunpowder treason and plot.

I see no reason why gunpowder treason

Should ever be forgot.

Guy Fawkes Guy, 'twas his intent

To blow up King and parliament.

Three score barrels were laid below

To prove old England's overthrow.

By God's mercy he was caught

With a dark lantern and lighted match.

Holler boys Holler boys let the bells ring

Holler boys Holler boys God save the King

Traditional

Fireworks are explosives

GET WISE OR GET **HURT**



Guy Fawkes and The Gunpowder Plot

Four hundred years ago the King of England was called James. He was a protestant. King James said that Catholics had to stop saying their own prayers in their own churches. If they did not stop they had to pay a fine.

All the Catholics were very angry with the King. Some of them made a plan to get rid of him. The man who thought up this plan was called Robert Catesby. He found some friends to help him.

The King and his most important men met in the Houses of Parliament in London. Robert Catesby thought they could get rid of the King if they blew up the Houses of Parliament. He hoped that a new King would be kinder to the Catholics.

First they needed somebody who knew about gunpowder. Guy Fawkes was a soldier and he knew a lot about gunpowder. He was a Catholic and he agreed to help them.

The plotters rented a cellar underneath the Houses of Parliament. They secretly got some barrels of gunpowder and put them in the cellar.

The plotters found out the day when the King was next going to visit Parliament. It was on November the 5th. That day Guy Fawkes set off to the house where the gunpowder was hidden to light the fuse. While he was waiting in the cellar the soldiers came and arrested him. He had been betrayed. The soldiers captured all the plotters. They were hanged.

King James was very frightened and he wanted to make sure that no one forgot about his narrow escape. He said everyone should light a bonfire on November 5th and say special prayers so they would not forget the gunpowder plot.

We still remember Guy Fawkes in this way. Each year we light bonfires and burn a pretend Guy and we set off fireworks to remind us of the plot to kill King James.

Fireworks are explosives
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November the Fifth

And you big rocket,
I watch how madly you fly
Into the smoky sky
With flaming tail;
Hear your thin wail.

Catherine wheel
I see how fiercely you spin
Round and round on your pin;
How I admire
Your circle of fire.

Roman candle
I watch how prettily you spark
Stars in the autumn park
Falling like rain
To shoot up again.

And you, old guy
I see how sadly you blaze on
Till every scrap is gone;
Burnt into ashes
Your skeleton crashes.

And so,
The happy ending of the fun,
Fireworks over, bonfire done;
Must wait a year now to remember
Another fifth of November.

Leonard Clark

Fireworks are explosives

GET WISE OR GET HURT



Bonfire Night

In the night-time darkness,
In the night-time cold,
Did you spot a catherine wheel
Raining showers of gold?
Did you watch a rocket
Go zoom into the sky?
And hear a bonfire crackle
As the sparks lit up the guy?
In the night-time darkness,
In the night-time cold,
Did you clutch a sparkler
As it scattered stars of gold?

Irene Yates

Fireworks are explosives
GET WISE OR GET HURT



FIREWORK GIRL

'May be scarred for life'

A YOUNG girl today faces surgery in hospital for injuries caused by a firework.

The ten-year-old suffered serious burns to her face, hands and arms when she picked up a rocket which then exploded.

She had been watching a group of youths setting off fireworks in a play area at Barton Street in Devonholme. People living nearby said the rocket had been placed in a bottle by one of the youths. The fuse had been lit but the bottle had fallen over.

The girl, who had been on swings nearby, ran over to pick it up and at that point the firework had gone off. An ambulance took the girl to the emergency unit at Devonholme Hospital where her condition was last night described as 'poorly'.

Inspector Peter Smith of

Devonholme police said: "She was very badly burnt and it could be that she will be scarred for life. She is the innocent victim of the reckless actions of others.

"Fireworks can bring a lot of joy in their proper place, which is at organised displays or at properly supervised private parties. This is a tragic illustration of the dangers of misusing fireworks."

He said they had spoken to a number of youths following the incident and inquiries were being made as to how they had acquired the fireworks.

Insp Smith confirmed that police had been called to a disturbance in the same area two nights earlier.

That followed complaints from people whose pets had been terrified by the noise of fireworks being set off.

However, the youngsters involved had run off before they could speak to them.

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Extract from: **The Firework Display** by George Layton

'Mum, it's called spending money, isn't it? That means it's for spending.
If it was meant for saving, people would call it saving money.

You're only trying to get out of it.'

I was fed up. My mum was only trying to get out of
getting me fireworks. She came over.

'Don't you be so cheeky young man.
Who do you think you are talking to?'

I thought for a minute she was going to clout me one.

'Well even if I had some money saved,
you wouldn't let me buy fireworks, would you?'

She didn't say anything.

'Well would you, eh?'

She told me not to say 'Eh' because it's rude.

I don't think it's rude. It's just a word.

'Well would you, Mum? If I had my own money,
I bet you wouldn't let me buy fireworks with it.'

'Stop going on about it, for goodness sake.
You are not having any fireworks and that's final.'

It blooming well wasn't final. I wanted my own fireworks
this year and that was final. Blimey, kids much younger than me
have their own fireworks. Why shouldn't I?

'Apart from being a waste of money, they're dangerous.'

Dangerous. Honest, she's so old-fashioned, my mum.

Mum, there are instructions on every firework.

As long as you light the blue touch paper and retire, they're not dangerous.'

She started going on about how many people were taken to hospital
every Bonfire Night, and how many children were injured, and how
many limbs were lost, and if all fireworks were under supervised care
like they are at the Children's Hospital, then there'd be far less
accidents. She went on and on. I'd heard it all before.

'But I'll be careful, Mum, I promise.
Please let me have my own fireworks.'

That's when she clouted me.

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