



Cassy's only image of her father is the black-and – white photo he left behind, long ago, when he abandoned her.

Why did he go? What made him leave her beautiful, simple mother?



Stereotypes

WOLF

“Keep the wolf from the door.”

“Wolf it down.”

“Cry Wolf”

“Who’s Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?”

IDENTITY

Who am I?

RELATIONSHIPS

Positive relationships
Negative relationships

TRUST

Who do I really know?
Who do I believe?

Resilience

Do I really want to remember this?
Why can't this just be one great big
fairy tale?

Terrorism

And they all lived happily ever after...

Is blood thicker than water?

Should love be unconditional?

Of course Cassy never dreams, Nan always said. She has more sense, to be sure. Her head touches the pillow and she's off, just like any other sensible person. There's been no trouble with dreams, not since she was a baby.

Cassy shut the bathroom door tight and glared at her reflection in the mirror. Sensible eyes. Sensible short brown hair. You only needed to look at her face to know she wouldn't do anything wild. *If everyone was like you*, Nan said, *the world would be a simpler, sweeter place*. Sometimes Cassy wished being sensible wasn't so important.

“Don’t you want me to stay and look after you? Cassy was supposed to say that next. Then Nan would smile and shake her head, lifting the pile of neat clothes into the case....

When she was three-or four - she had jumped on to the suitcase and banged on the window with her fists. “Don’t leave me here! I want to go with you, Nan!” Even now the memory brought a ghost of that panic. The miserable terror she had felt as she stood at the window, with Goldie trying to cuddle her, while Nan disappeared round the corner. She never shouted like that again. Better to wave and smile, and pretend it was alright.

Robert took the bag and peered inside, spreading the handles wide. Cassy had a momentary glimpse of carrots and baked beans and tinned ham. And, at the very bottom, something smooth and yellow that she couldn't identify. (Bananas? But Nan wouldn't have put those under the tins.)

“Work emptied her mind. For the rest of the morning Cassy was too busy to think about wolves.”

Goldie began to cry quietly, but Cassy hardened her heart. If there was going to be a quarrel with Lyall, she had to key herself up for it. She wouldn't stand there meekly while he bawled her out, even if Goldie did.

Mick Phelan.

She shaped the words with her lips, making no sound. Knowing, as she had always known, that they must not be spoke aloud.

Don't you remember? Don't you remember coming here with us in your pushchair, to look at the wolves? Before Granny Phelan took you. When Mick – went away.”

“He never gives up. He never goes away until he gets what he wants So later, when everyone turned against him – I understood. It was only like a wolf, fighting for its own territory.”

Cassy's heart pounded and all the years of not speaking clogged her tongue. *There's things a child can't understand*, nan always said. *Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you*. All her life she had been waiting to find out, but for a second she couldn't put her questions into words.

Shall I show you the path? We can play a little game...

Stupid! Idiotic! – she ought to have
KNOWN- now there was danger, danger -

“ – Michael Phelan, the Cray Hill bomber.”

Her ears rang as though he had boxed them. ...

All the questions that had swirled around her head suddenly came together, clustering around those four words.. And a pit of chaos and terror yawned at Cassy’s feet.

And in that terrifying instant, nan’s voice was in her head, like a rope pulling her to safety.

You don’t want to take any notice of Goldie. She’s always telling fairy stories. That was it. That had to be the explanation. And everyone knew that fairy stories weren’t true.

But the pieces slotted together in her head,
and she couldn't disconnect them. It was all
beginning to make terrible sense.

And then someone screamed.

Not a fake scream. Not play acting. It was a real scream, from a terrified, tortured throat and it came at Cassy like a fireball. *Nothing is too bad to be true! You can't shut out the night! The world is full of bombs and blood and murder and death and violence –*

She couldn't shut it out any longer. Couldn't fight off her terror by pretending to be practical and calm and realistic. The darkness inside her head was real, swelling larger, choking her as it blotted out her small, comfortable world.

It was her own voice screaming.

You think she ought to be on
your side? Just because she's
your mother?

I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house
down.

Grandmother, what big eyes you have...

Thursday 17th September 2015

WOLF... vicious, aware of their surrounding, flank their prey, see in the dark, stealthy, predators, from hunters to the hunted, endangered, in lots of fairy tales and are buddies like "I'LL HUFF... AND I'LL PUFF... AND I'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE DOWN!!!", eats meat, carnivore, when you eat really fast like 'wolf it down', eats the boy in the boy who cried wolf, hunt in packs, every pack always has a alpha male, howl to communicate, people hunt them for their bones for medicine, people hunt them for their fur. Can it run as fast as fast as lightning. Blood thirsty, have cubs, mammals.

- ✓ - Cassie is shy, because she doesn't dare to ask a question.
- ✓ - Cassie is brave, because she went all over London by herself, knocking on strangers' doors.
- ✓ - Cassie is committed to her task, because she doesn't give up when she's trying to find her mum.
- ✓ - Nan is a suspicious character, because she talks to someone (who Cassie doesn't know) in the middle of the night.
- ✓ - Sometimes you feel like Nan has no feelings because she sends Cassie back ^{to her mum} ~~to her~~ in the middle of the night.
- ✓ - Goldie is inconsiderate, because she runs away with her boyfriend in a squat without telling her.
- ✓ - She's very calm in this predicament, where she's running around London looking for her mum.
- ✓ - Mick Phelan has a question mark on him, because he says 'I wonder where he was now', meaning that he's missing.
- ✓ - Nan is strict, because Nan doesn't let Cassie open the back door or even touch it.

Goldie:

Is Goldie ill, because her house is always filthy? Is she too ill to physically move? Does she love Cassy?

Why did you leave me? Do you not love me? I hope you are alright... I still have a photo of you, everytime I touch it, I have in do childhood memories. They send a shiver down my spine... Since you have left two years ago, I have started Secondary School, it is amazing...

Do you know how I feel? Everytime I go to sleep, I shed a tear. Me and mum have moved to 'Hiddenville', since our old house has been knocked down because the council wanted to make a super market.

2) 'His body was as tence as a ~~hate~~ hunting animal.' (Pg
Impact: It makes you think that he is very still
and he is silent, also it makes you ~~may~~ imagine
that he will pounce any second.

Dear Dad,

It's me Cassie, your only true daughter. It's been a long time since I've seen you or talked to you. This is the only way I can talk to you. I doubt you will receive this letter but what have I got to lose!

Mum is working extremely hard to keep the house running. Paying bills, providing me with food. I try my best to help her like when she gets home from work (her job is currently being a professional banker) I make her a cup of tea. She hardly talks after you've gone. The family's falling apart!

Why did you leave? Where are you in this
immeasurable world? It's like my life has a
puzzle missing from it. At school, I see children
run up to their father and hug them and I
just stand there imagining that you were there.
Were we in danger? and unwillingly abandoned
us to keep us away from it? Please
come back! I'm begging you please! My life is
falling apart without you!

Dear Cassie,

I'm sorry, I remember all the times... Hello from the other side.^{#2}
of the world I am dreaming about who we used to be... Everytime time I lay,^{#1}
✓ I feel the guilt, its as if I've gotten punched in the stomach. The
✓ regret hurts, of course I love you, but I know I don't express it.

I left because I had to, it was to keep you safe...

✓ I'm sorry that you cry- I wish I could come^{and} hug you. I'm in Aus-
tralia, where are you? I remember your locks that feel like curls around your
head. When me and your^{mom} got married, we wanted to keep you safe and cradle
✓ you in our arms. I feel that I have let you down. I deserve to be
punished, I surrender. My life feels like it has ended.

I've got go now, I love you.

Dear Terrified Grandmother,

Thank you for your letter, I feel very sorry for you that you're put in this position; I have tried really hard to think of some solutions and here they are:

My first suggestion is that you turn him into the police. I know it's hard because you're his mother but it will teach him a lesson. Also, this will keep him away from your granddaughter, Cassy, because he will be in the hands of the police; ~~and~~ not popping into your house in the middle of the night.

The other thing I thought you could do is tell him to disappear; start a new life. He should put the IRA behind him and forget all about it. This way he won't need to worry ^{about} ~~about~~ running away from the police. ~~If you choose~~

Thank you for writing to me, I understand your
✓ Situation: I can feel your pain.

The first thing that you should do is sit down
with your son and Casey. You have* to ask your son
why does he do what does, and Casey should know
everything. I advise you to also have a private
talk with your son, so you can ask him some more
✓ personal questions without Casey being there.

at The second piece of advice,* I want to give to
you is to tell him that if he carries on being
part of the IRA and being bad who will look after his
✓ daughter? Then ~~ask~~ tell him, if you carry on being bad
your daughter will not be yours.

is, if he carries on being ~~bad~~ you should report
✓ him! terrible

um If he does not listen please report* to
the police, but remember it is your decision:

Firstly the advice I want to give you is
call the police. I know it is heartbreaking to call
the police of your son but it is terrible ^{that} innocent people
are being killed. You have danger upon you.

The second advice I want to give you is to
sit down and talk to your son and give
him some strong and sensible advice for
the bad incidents he is doing.

The poor Cassy doesn't deserve this. She needs
a proper dad to look after her. I hope
you listen to my advice and do the right
thing.

Your faithfully,
Agony Aunt.