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Great Britain

How many languages are there in the world?

The World's Languages Page 9

<https://www.ethnologue.com/world>

Find out all about flags.

The World Flag Database Page 9

<http://www.flags.net/>

What does the British Government do for young people?

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<https://www.gov.uk/government/organisations/department-for-education>

Would you like to go to school in Britain?

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<https://www.euroeducation.net/prof/ukco.htm>

Read more about Alice Bailie's work.

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<https://www.wavcott.org.uk/vote4alice/>

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UN Convention on the Rights of the Child Page 17

<https://sites.unicef.org/rightsite/>

What do you know about the European Union?

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http://news.bbc.co.uk/cbbcnews/hi/teachers/citizenship_11_14/subject_areas/european_union/newsid_1701000/1701674.stm

The EU constitution

http://news.bbc.co.uk/cbbcnews/hi/newsid_4580000/newsid_4580200/4580211.stm

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<https://www.icons.org.uk/>

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<http://www.mapcrow.info/>

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<https://www.etwinning.net/en/pub/index.htm>

Download these great Fairtrade Stickers

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[Download the STICKERS here](#)

Watch Rory Hoy's great film *Autism and Me*.

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=POIJG3qmV9Q>

Rory's website

<https://www.roryhoy.com/>

Read an article about Rory from the BBC website

http://www.bbc.co.uk/northyorkshire/content/articles/2006/02/08/roryandautism_feature.shtml



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One Scotland Anti-racism Campaign

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There's no doubt about it: Paolo rocks!

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<http://www.paolonutini.com/splash/1>

Scottish singers say NO to racism.

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The people behind the Easter Rising

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<http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/british/easterrising/profiles/index.shtml>

The lives, problems and stories of Ireland's travelling people.

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<https://www.paveepoint.ie/>

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Learn more about social, cultural and political events throughout American history.

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<http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/timelines/timelines.cfm>

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The Star-Spangled Banner Page 67

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Star-Spangled_Banner

Discover more about the native people of America.

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http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/voices/voices_content.cfm?vid=4

The Native Americans were the first environmentalists...

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<http://www.synaptic.bc.ca/ejournalsmith.htm#.XvDFZpMzbMW>

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https://www.unicef.org/people/people_23641.html

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<http://chattheplanet.com/>



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Adbusters Page 84

<https://www.adbusters.org/>

How much of the earth's resources are you using?

Ecological Footprint Quiz Page 84

<https://www.footprintnetwork.org/our-work/ecological-footprint/>

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Subvertising Page 84

<https://www.adbusters.org/spoof-ads>

A tragedy can mean business for many people...

The Shock Doctrine Page 85

<http://tsd.naomiklein.org/shock-doctrine/>

What do you know about GM Foods?

20 Questions on GM foods Page 86

https://www.who.int/foodsafety/areas_work/food-technology/faq-genetically-modified-food/en/

Greenpeace on GM foods

<https://www.greenpeace.org/international/publication/6966/twenty-years-of-failure/>

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Make sure the people who made your clothes weren't exploited.

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<http://www.webwombat.com.au/edu/pages/careers-education/careers-education-articles/ned-kelly-biography.htm>

Find out more about Australia's native people.

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<http://www.aboriginalheritage.org/history/history/>

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http://www.bigmyth.com/2_eng_myths.html

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<https://www.police.govt.nz/advice-services/personal-community-safety/school-portal/resources/successful-relationships/kia-kaha>

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<https://illuminations.nctm.org/BrainTeasers.aspx>

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Appendix

Unit 2 – Lifestyles

Kicking Out

by Clifford Oliver

Scene 10

Showab is walking home.. He is carrying a sports bag. Mark enters, running to catch up with him. He also carries a sports bag.

(...)

Mark: There aren't any Pakistani or Asian footballers, are there?

Showab: Pakistan is in Asia.

Mark: I know. I'm just saying. There ain't any Asian footballers are there? Not playing in England anyway.

Showab: And you think that's because their families won't let them play football, do you?

Mark: Yes, no. I don't know.

Showab: So you think that when Manchester United come along and say "Here you are Showab, that's a fifty thousand pound signing on fee plus ten grand a week with a free house and a Porsche thrown in." I'm going to say "Sorry Mr. Ferguson, my family want me to stay and work in the shop"?

Mark: Your family haven't got a shop.

Showab: That's not the point. All right, look. What does your dad want you to do?

Mark: I don't know, he's never said. I suppose he wants me to work with him on the stall. My mum wants me to be a hairdresser, but that's just so--she can get free haircuts.

Showab: Right. And what do you want to be?

Mark: Don't know really.

Showab: You've never thought about it?

Mark: Well yeah, you know.

Showab: What?

Mark: I want to join the fire brigade.

Showab: Really?

Mark: Yeah, you know, like on London's Burning. Be a fire fighter.

Showab: Well I suppose it would save on ladders.

Mark: Oh yeah, very witty.

Showab: The point I'm trying to make is that you don't necessarily want to do the same thing that they want you to. Who do you think's going to win?

Mark: Don't know. I will I hope.

Showab: Exactly. Sure, my dad wants me to go to college like my brother. But if I want to be a professional footballer, it won't be my father that stops me.

Mark: Who will then?

Showab: Oh come off it Beaner, you can't be that naive.

Mark: I'm not, I just...

Showab: The thing that'll stop me becoming a footballer is football itself. There are no Asian professional players because the people that run football don't let them in.

Mark: Oh come off it. They're not going to have rules, are they? "NO ASIANS ALLOWED". That's discrimination, it's against the law.

Showab: Murder's against the law, so's burglary, so's taking drugs or driving too fast or selling booze to kids. It doesn't stop people doing it though, does it?

Mark: Yeah but I mean...

Showab: Who are the best players in the school team?

Mark: What, in your year?

Showab: Yeah.

Mark: Well there's you, and Danny Branch and Danny Creswell.

Showab: Right. Now I'm not saying that I'm any better than them two...

Mark: I think you are.

Showab: Thanks. So how come they've both been offered schoolboy places with Premier League teams and I haven't? I mean we played in the same matches, we were watched by the same scouts, Mr. Walker even said he put in a good word for me.

Mark: I don't know.

Showab: You don't know. Let me help you. What's the big difference between me and them?

Mark: I've got it, you're going to have to change your name to Danny.

Showab: I'm going to have to change a bit more than my name.

Unit 11 – CLIL Religion

A parable from Rumi's *Mesnevi*.

A Quarrel about Grapes

Once upon a time a man gave an Iranian, an Arab, a Turk and a Greek, whom he saw together, some money. In doing them this kindness, he said, "Buy whatever you like with this money".

One of the four, the Iranian, said, "Let's buy some 'angür' with it".

The Arab disagreed. "Don't be stupid! I don't want any 'angür'. I want some 'inab'."

The third person, the Turk, didn't like either of those ideas. "I don't want any 'angür' or 'inab'. Let's buy some 'üzüm', " he said.

The Greek, who had been watching what was going on, cried, "Stop this foolishness. I want some 'istafil'. Let's buy some 'istafil' with this money!"

All at once, all four of them started arguing, each man yelling that they should buy what he wanted. Fists flew and there was a big fight. Before long a scholar, who was passing by, broke up the fight and asked what their problem was.

The Iranian said, "I want to buy some 'angür' with the money that was given."

"No, we're going to buy some 'inab', " protested the Arab.

"I say, let's buy some 'üzüm', " shouted the Turk.

"We're going to buy some 'istafil' with our money," insisted the Greek.

The scholar understood that these four people talking in different languages actually all wanted the same thing. He said, "Be quiet and listen to me. I'm going to buy what all of you want with this money. Believe me!"

Then he went and bought some grapes. When he gave them the grapes, he made all four of them happy and settled the senseless argument.

Unit 12 – CLIL Literature

An extract from

My Mother, the Crazy African

by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

When people ask where I am from, Mother wants me to say Nigeria. The first time I said Philadelphia, she said, “say Nigeria.” The second time she slapped the back of my head and asked, in Igbo, “is something wrong with your head?”

By then I had started school and I told her, Americans don’t do it that way. You are from where you are born, or where you live, or where you intend to live for a long time. Take Cathy for example. She is from Chicago because she was born there. Her brother is from here, Philadelphia, because he was born in Jefferson Hospital. But their Father, who was born in Atlanta, is now from Philadelphia because he lives here.

Americans don’t care about that nonsense of being from your ancestral village, where your forefathers owned land, where you can trace your lineage back hundreds of years. So you trace your lineage back, so what?

I still say I am from Philadelphia when Mother is not there. (I will only say Nigeria when someone says something about my accent and then I always add, but I live in Philadelphia with my family.)

Just like I call myself Lin when Mother isn’t there. She likes to go on and on, how Ralindu is a beautiful Igbo name, how it means so much to her too, that name, Choose Life, because of what she went through, because of my brothers who died as babies. And I am sorry, don’t get me wrong, but a name like Ralindu and an accent are too much for me right now, especially now that Matt and I are together.

When my friends call, Mother goes, “Lin?” for a second, as though she doesn’t know who that is. You would think she hasn’t been here three whole years (sometimes I tell people six years) the ways she acts.

She still likes to end observations with ‘America!’ Like at restaurants, “see how much food these people are wasting, America!” Or at the store, “see how much they have marked down the prices from last week, America!”

It’s a lot better now though. She no longer crosses herself, shivering, whenever a murder is reported on the news. She no longer peers at Father’s written directions as she drives to the grocery store or mall. She still has the directions in Father’s precise hand in the glove compartment though. She still clutches the wheels tight, and glances often at the rear view mirror for police cars. And I have taken to saying, Mother, the American police do not just stop you. You have to do something wrong first, like speed.

I admit, I was awed too when we first came. I looked at the house and I understood why Father did not want to send for us right after he finished his residency, why he chose to work for three years, a regular job as well as moonlighting. I liked to go outside then and just stare at

the house, at the elegance of the stone exterior, at the way the lawn wrapped around it like a blanket dyed the color of unripe mangoes. And inside, I liked the curving stairs in the hallway, the gleaming banister, the quaint marble fireplace that made me feel as though I was on the set of a foreign film. I even liked the clump-clump-clump sound the hardwood floors made when I walked in my shoes unlike the silent cement floors back home.

The sound of the wood floors bother me now, when Father has some of his colleagues from the hospital over, and I am in the basement. Father doesn’t ask Mother to get a little something together for his guests anymore, he has people deliver small trays of cheese and fruit. They used to fight about that, Father telling her white people did not care about moi-moi and chin-chin, the things she wanted to make, and Mother telling him, in Igbo, to be proud of who he was and offer it to them first and see if they don’t like it. Now, they fight about how Mother behaves at the get-togethers.

You have to talk to them more, Father says. Make them feel like they are welcome. Stop speaking to me in Igbo when they are here.

And Mother will screech, So now I cannot speak my language in my own house? Tell me, do they change their behavior when you go to their house?

They are not real fights, not like Cathy’s parents’ who end with shattered glass that Cathy cleans up before school so her little sister won’t see. Mother will still wake up early to lay out Father’s shirt on his bed, to make his breakfast, to put his lunch in a container. Father could cook when he was alone - he lived alone in America for almost seven years - but now suddenly he can’t cook. He can’t even cover a pot after himself, no, he can’t even help himself to food from a pot. Mother is horrified when he so much as goes close to the stovetop.

“You cooked well, Chika,” Father says in Igbo, after every meal. Mother smiles and I know she is plotting what soup to cook next, what new vegetable to try.

All her meals have a Nigerian base, but she likes to experiment and she has learned to improvise for the things that are not in the African store. Baking potatoes for ede. Spinach for ugu. She even figured out how to make farina cereal so it had the consistency of fufu, before Father taught her the way to the African store where there is cassava flour. She no longer refuses to buy frozen pizza and fries, but she still grunts when I eat them, still says that they suck blood, such bad food. Each day she cooks a new soup, which is almost every day, she makes me eat it. She watches as I mold the fufu into reluctant balls and dip them in the chunky soup, she even watches my throat while I swallow, as if to see the balls go down and stay down.

I think she likes it when the people I call our accidental guests come, because they are always over-enthusiastic about her cooking. They are always Nigerians, always new to America. They look up names in the phone book, looking for Nigerians. The Igbo ones tell Father how refreshing it was to see Eze, an Igbo name, after streams of the Yoruba Adegbisis and Ademolas. But of course, they add while wolfing down Mother’s fried plantains, in America every Nigerian is your brother.

When Mother makes me come out to greet them, I speak English to their Igbo, thinking that they should not be here, that they are here only because of the accident of our being Nigerian. They usually stay only a few days until they figure out what to do. Father is adamant about that. And until they go, I never speak Igbo to them.

Cathy likes to come over to meet them. She is fascinated by them. She talks to them, asks them about their lives in Nigeria. Those people love to talk about victimhood - how they suffered at the hands of soldiers, bosses, husbands, in-laws. Cathy has too much sympathy in my opinion, once she even gave a resume to her Mother who gave it to someone else who employed the Nigerian. Cathy is cool. She is the only person I can really talk to, but sometimes I think she shouldn't spend so much time with our accidental guests because she starts to sound like Mother, without the scolding tone, when she says things like, You should be proud of your accent and your country. I say yes, I'm proud of America. I'm American even if I still only have a green card.

She says it about Matt too. How I shouldn't try too hard to be American for him because if he was real, he'd like me anyway (this because I used to make her say words so I would practice and get the right American inflections. I wish Nigeria hadn't been a British colony, its so hard to lose the way they stress their words on the wrong syllables). Please. I have seen Matt laugh at the Indian boy with the name that nobody can pronounce. The poor kid's accent is so thick he can't even say his name audibly - at least that's one person I'm better than. Matt doesn't even know my name is Ralindu. He knows my parents are from Africa and thinks Africa is a country, and that's about it. It was the sparkling stud in his left ear that struck me at first. Now it is everything about him, even the way he walks, throwing his legs way in front of his body.

It took a while before he noticed me. Cathy helped, she'd walk boldly up to him and ask him to sit with us at lunch. One day she asked, 'Lin is hot isn't she?' And he said yes. She doesn't like him though. But then, Cathy and I don't like the same things, its what makes our friendship so real.

Mother used to be cautious about Cathy. She'd say, "Ngwa, don't stay too long at their house. Don't eat there either. They might think that we have no food of our own." She really thought Americans have the same stupid hang-ups people back home have. You did not visit people all the time unless they reciprocated, unless it would seem as though you were not gracious. You did not eat at people's homes multiple times if they had not eaten at yours. Please.

She even made me stop going over for a month or so, about two years ago. It was our first summer here. My school had a family cook-out. Father was on call so Mother and I went alone. I wondered if Mother used the dark saucers on her face she calls eyes, couldn't she see that Americans wore shorts and T-shirts in the summer? She wore a stiff dress, blue with white wide lapels. She stood with the other mothers, all chic in shorts and T-shirts, and looked like the clueless woman who overdressed for the barbecue. I avoided her most of the time. There were a number of black mothers there, so any of them could have been my mother.

At dinner that evening, I told her, "Cathy's Mother asked me to call her Miriam." She looked up, a question in her eyes. "Miriam is her first

name," I said. Then I plunged in quickly. "I think Cathy should call you Chika." Mother continued to chew a chunk of meat from her soup silently. Then she looked up. Dark eyes blazed across the table, Igbo words burst out. "Do you want me to slap the teeth out of your mouth? Since when have little children called their elders by their first name?" I said sorry and looked down to mold my fufu extra-carefully. Looking her in the eyes usually prompted her to follow up on her threats.

I couldn't go to Cathy's for a month after that but Mother let Cathy come over. Cathy would join Mother and me in the kitchen, and sometimes she and Mother would talk for hours without me. Now Cathy doesn't say Hi to Mother, she says Good Afternoon or Good Morning because Mother told her that is how Nigerian children greet adults. Also, she doesn't call Mother Mrs. Eze, she calls her Aunty.

She thinks a lot of things about Mother are great. Like the way she walks. Regal. Or the way she speaks. Melodious. (Mother doesn't even make an effort to say things the American way. She still says boot instead of trunk for Gods sake.)

Adapted from *In Posse Review*, the poetry and prose webzine.