

Let's Look ...

STORY

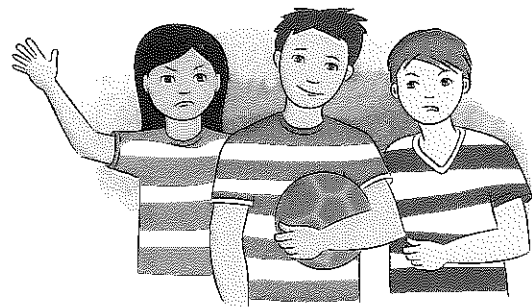
This story explores the importance of rules and why we have them.

Rules or No Rules!

As the bell rang for lunch, Mr Doyle grimaced at the thought of another round of arguments and fights about the daily soccer game. The children leaped out of their seats and went straight to the games cupboard to get the ball. 'It's MY turn to get the first kick of the ball,' called Jake. 'That's not fair, you always get it!' cried Sarah, as John held the ball aloft and battled his way through his classmates.

Mr Doyle groaned, then an idea came to him. 'Come here, everyone!' he said. They paused, mid-argument, to look at him. 'Now, I have a new rule for the soccer game today – the only rule, in fact. You can do what you like, there are no rules. So no coming to me complaining about someone breaking the rules.' He left a stunned silence in his wake as he walked ahead of them out to the yard.

The match didn't get off to a good start. Megan decided to put the ball up her jumper and carry it into the goal, proclaiming her team one nil up. Mr Doyle turned a blind eye, strolling around the yard and talking to the Third Class children who were skipping by the school gate. Back on the pitch, Jake rugby-tackled Peter, the goalie, and scored another goal. 'Two nil!' he shouted, doing a victory lap. 'That's not fair!' said Peter. 'Doesn't matter,' replied Jake, 'I can do whatever I like, teacher said so.' Sarah



stamped her foot with frustration, grabbed the ball and threw it to Andrew, who kicked it over the line. 'Goal!' he shouted. 'Hey, that was wide!' yelled Megan. 'There are no rules, Megan – that was a goal because I say so,' replied Andrew.

Tempers got more and more frayed and there was chaos on the pitch. Suddenly John knew what to do. 'OK, listen, LISTEN everybody!' He grabbed the ball from Andrew and finally had everyone's attention. 'Listen, Mr Doyle said we could do whatever we like. Well, I'd like to play a proper game of soccer with the normal rules – so who's in?' One by one the children raised their hands.

Mr Doyle hadn't heard what John said to the others, but he watched carefully as the game restarted. As John kicked the ball to Sarah, who took a shot on goal, a big smile spread over Mr Doyle's face. 'Well done,' he said, under his breath.