

Title (up to 20 words) - Deeds Not Words

Strapline (up to 40 words) - The Fight for Women's Freedom

Copy (between 900 and 1000 words) -

Deeds Not Words

She lay still, motionless - a lady determined to change the world for women's opinions. Horses were now untidily out of rank, the king's men scattered like bowling pins. Her body so still as the feather's of her hat bowed in a gentle breeze. Crowds dispersed like a tsunami of waves, as murmurs were whispered in the aftermath and shock rippled through many ears. There was a sense that from this day forward things would be different and momentum for change hung thick in the air. Her shocking action would impact and influence the path the future would take.

"We need to be dedicated to the movement, even if we still get the vote and so, my husband and I, have decided to put together a document on the organisation of Suffragette work.", stated Emmeline Pankhurst to the other women who sat eagerly listening around the table secretly lit by flickering candles. "This will provide an encouraging 'How To' manual for young ladies, so that there is confidence in setting up new groups with a consistent message across the country. This document will be insightfully thorough and provide information on everything that they need to join the Suffragette Movement, including how to start a society, suggested agendas for monthly meetings, and a breakdown of duties of everyone from the Chairman and Treasurer to the Secretary. By preparing them, we are showing the solidarity of the movement, helping each other to do the best job possible which will be inspiring for our future of dedicated, passionate women."

"Here, here!" came the agreement of the fellow suffragettes. They discussed further details of the protest yet to come. It would be the last for a few months - the Bill had been voted for - no one knew the count, no one knew the decisions. All that was left to do was gather for tomorrow evening's announcement whether women would have equal rights after fifty two years of tears and frustration. As the women started to stand, Emmeline motioned for them to stand still for a few seconds. "I am here as a soldier who has temporarily left the field of battle in order to explain - it seems strange it should have to be explained - what civil war is like when civil war is waged by women.", she announced looking around at the room filled with determined women. "I

am not only here as a soldier temporarily absent from the field at battle; I am here - and that, I think, is the strangest part of my coming - I am here as a person who, according to the law courts of my country, it has been decided, is of no value to the community at all. I have come to ask you to help win this fight. If we win, the hardest of all fights, then the future is going to be made easier for women all over the world to win their fight when their time comes. My greatest wishes and prayers are with you all.” With that Emmeline gathered her coat and belongings and walked out into the crisp evening air.

Holding hands, locked faces, showing no emotion. Thousands of suffragettes took to the streets wearing green, white and purple signifying purity, dignity and hope. This was a turning point when history would be re-written. Passion for their cause was insurmountable and nothing would ruin this opportunity. Freedom would be won not by harm or empty speech but by breaking the chains of the law. Chants rang through the crowd - not pleading but demanding. Years and years of hard work was building up to this evening. The Bill was in Parliament's hands. Countless letters had been sent to the government warning them that women would continue to fight - that they deserved better than to be brushed away. Men sat in the House of Commons debating over what to do “With this troublesome bunch!”, until midnight when the decision was announced and women's rights would be equal. Big Ben edged slowly towards half past seven.

‘Come on!’ thought Emmeline ‘I will burst if the clock does not move faster.’

Her thoughts were dragged away as she was pulled into a conversation with a fellow suffragette about the awards that would be given to large numbers of women across the nation for their contribution to the WSPU (Women's Social and Political Union). However, the clock crawled on slower than ever, when Emmeline needed time it sped and when she needed time to pass it felt purposefully slow. She tried to hide her emotions. Nerves and excitement mixed and were getting the better of her, but she buried them down into her stomach.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw a group of men rushing towards the nearest lit lamp post and started nailing up a single piece of paper. A single piece of paper that held the future. Women started to push forward eager to catch a glimpse of the print. Emmeline couldn't bare to look, she wanted to know the answer from the reaction of the crowd. It was as if the world had gone mute, until roaring cheers sounded like trumpets announcing the arrival of the royal family. Equality! Just before the strike of eleven in the evening, women had received their voice. Tears and rejoicing were shared. Tears a mix of sadness for remembering those who fought for freedom of women and joy because women had finally received equal rights. Songs had started to be sung like anthems uniting one another, flashes of heavy camera's recorded this world news and the smell of a new fresh breeze had infiltrated into the air. Banners were hung as the end of an era had closed and a new chapter had begun because women had just started climbing the ladder to equality.

