

# Feeling Accepted



**Feeling accepted is when you know that others like you for being yourself and when you don't have to pretend to be something you're not.**

Fred was extremely nervous on his first day at Lyon Park Juniors. If he was absolutely honest with himself, he hadn't wanted to come down to live in London at all. He knew that he was going to miss his friends so much and was worried that it wouldn't be easy to make new ones.

He looked down at his hands and pulled a face. It looked as though his eczema was worse than ever. His hands were sore and red and he was absolutely dying to scratch and pull away at the skin. Just then his Mum called him from downstairs, "Come on, Fred! We can't be late on your first day. Get your jacket and get into the car, quickly."

Fred put on his jacket, picked up his school bag and ran down the stairs two steps at a time. He didn't want his Mum to see how scared he was as he knew that she would get worried and it would make everything worse. There's nothing worse than seeing your mum get upset about you because you just end up feeling guilty.

About 20 minutes later, he was standing at the edge of the school playground watching the other kids playing football and running around.

Fred looked at his watch and thought, Thank God! It's nearly time to go in, I won't have to put up with this for much longer. He put his hands into his pockets and started to walk slowly towards the middle doors. Just then, two boys came up to him. One of them had the most amazing red hair and was covered from top to toe in enormous freckles whilst the other one was at least half a metre taller than everyone else that Fred could see in the playground.

"Hello!" said the red haired boy. "My name's Steve but everybody calls me Carrot and this is Lanky but his real name is Germaine. What's your name?"

Aren't you the new boy in Year 5?"

"Yes," said Fred as Germaine held out his hand to shake hands with him.

Fred was just about to take his hand out of his pocket when he thought the better of it.

He looked at Germaine and smiled nervously. Germaine didn't smile back.

Oh no! thought Fred, I've blown it. I bet he thinks I'm a stuck up idiot now. I knew this would happen. Why can't I just have normal skin like everybody else?

Germaine and Steve looked puzzled. It seemed like they all stood there staring at each other for ages before the bell went and they were taken into class by Mr Jonas, the deputy head. In fact though, it was only a matter of seconds.

Mr Jonas was also the Year 5 teacher and he immediately smiled at Fred and welcomed him into the classroom. Fred liked him straightaway because he didn't shout at all and all the kids seemed to listen to him. It was like he was one of those people who could just get your attention by talking quietly rather than bullying you by shouting and throwing a wobbly.

"Well," said Mr Jonas, "I'm going to sit you next to Germaine and he'll make sure that you're OK throughout this first day Fred. No worries... alright?" Fred nodded, but he actually felt rather uncomfortable. Germaine turned round and looked at him and then said, "Are you OK? It's just... well, you wouldn't shake my hand. I wondered what was up."

Fred looked at Germaine and then decided to just go for it. He took a deep breath, pulled out his hands and put them on the table. He looked directly at Germaine and Germaine looked back at him.

"Oh, I see. That's what it was all about. Well, I don't think you should worry about that," said Germaine. He put his own hands on the table next to Fred's.

"Let's compare," he said. Fred looked astonished. Germaine's eczema was just as bad as his and it was quite clear

that he'd been scratching like mad as the edge of his little finger was actually bleeding. Germaine smiled and said, "It's OK you know... everyone's got something that they don't like about themselves or something that they feel embarrassed about... but you just have to shrug your shoulders and get over it."

"I'm really sorry," said Fred, "it's just that in my last school quite a few people were really nasty about it and it's just made me feel nervous. I used to keep my hands in my pockets as far as I could so that they would accept me a bit... well, until they actually saw my hands that is."

Just then, Steve turned round and smiled saying, "Meet Allison, she's one of my best friends and I know she's going to like you as well."

Fred smiled at Allison who held out her hand to shake his. Fred took a deep breath. He could see Germaine looking at him out of the corner of his eye.

He held out his hand and shook hands with Allison.

All of a sudden he felt quite relieved. I think it's going to be okay, he thought. I think that they are going to accept me... in fact, I know they are!

# Feeling Accepted

How would you make these people feel accepted? What could you do? What would they like? What wouldn't they like? Discuss your ideas with a partner and then complete the chart below.

<p>A Somali boy sitting at the side of the classroom isolated, watching his white peers chatting.</p>	<p>I could .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>He would like .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>He wouldn't like .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>A girl in a wheelchair sitting at the side of netball pitch watching the game.</p>	<p>I could .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>She would like .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>She wouldn't like .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>A boy with a hearing aid sitting in class, peers engaged in composing music with instruments.</p>	<p>I could .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>He would like .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>He wouldn't like .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>An old frail man trying to do his shopping in the supermarket dropping things.</p>	<p>I could .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>He would like .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>He wouldn't like .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>



# The Triangle of Need

Look carefully at the triangle of need.  
We all need these things if we are to reach our full potential.



Are you feeling accepted, safe & cared for? Who meets these needs & how? Stop think and reflect. Complete the chart below.

Need	People who help me	How do they help?
1)		
2)		
3)		
4)		
5)		

## Stop, think & reflect - discuss with a partner

Identify the 3 most important things that make you feel accepted. Are these the same as for your partner? What are the similarities & differences? What do we need that is the same & different?

# Feeling Accepted

When we love people it is easy to make them feel accepted and wanted to let them know that they are OK. How do you make others feel good about themselves and let them know that you accept them for being who they are. Who they are? Walk with a friend or family member to discuss this question. Then complete the two charts below.

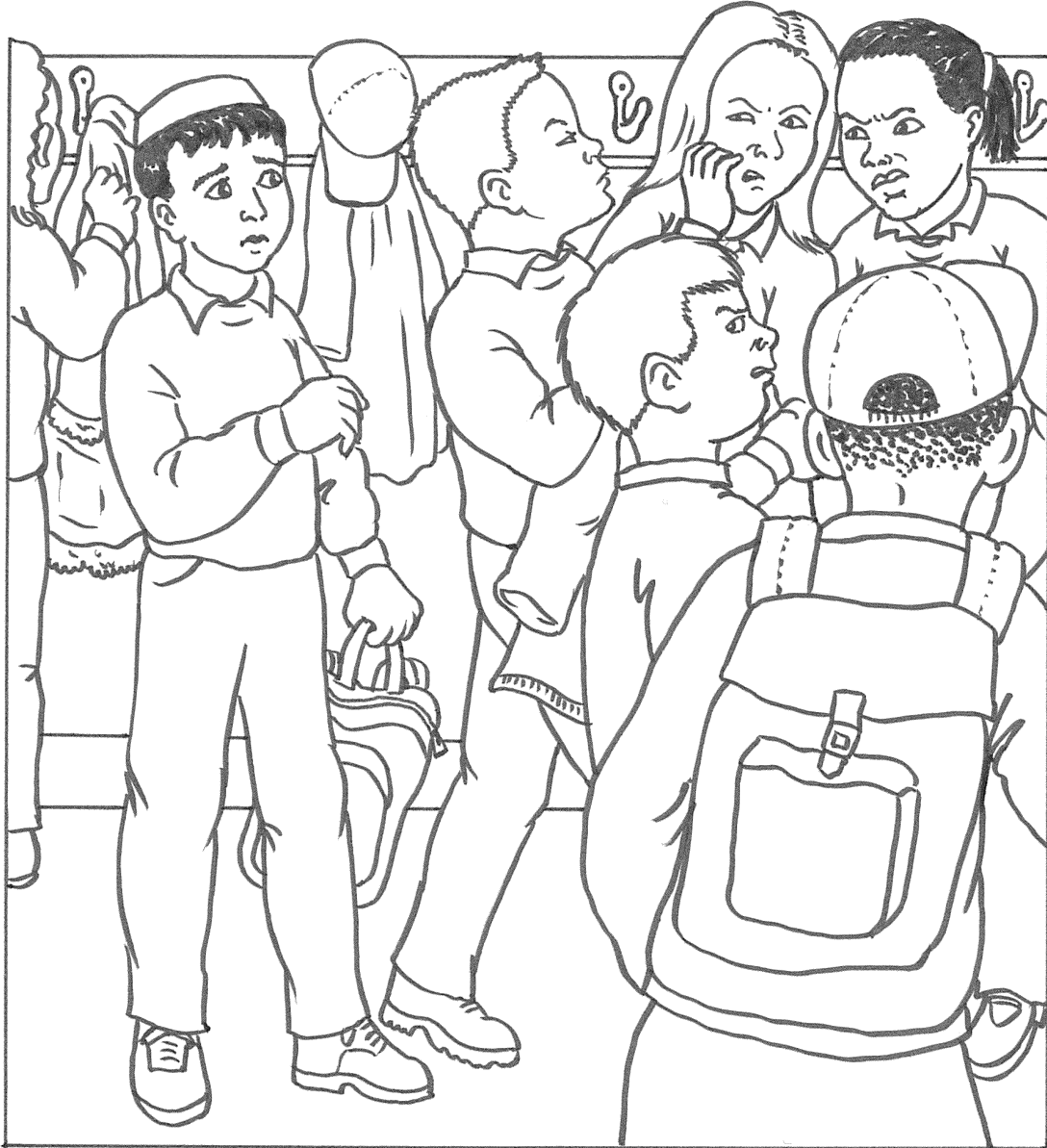
## YOU

## OTHER

5 ways you make me feel accepted	5 ways you make me feel accepted
1) .....	1) .....
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2) .....	2) .....
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3) .....	3) .....
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4) .....	4) .....
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5) .....	5) .....
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Think about the ways in which your lists are familiar or different. If there are similarities, why do you think this maybe the case?

# Feeling Alienated



Feeling alienated is when you feel as if you don't belong and that everyone has rejected you.

Lazar went to the fridge and took out a huge slab of chocolate. He just couldn't resist it. It was the one thing that he really loved most about being in England. He pulled off two big chunks and stuffed them into his mouth munching rapidly. There was a fabulous sensation of creamy chocolate sticking to his teeth... it was truly lovely.

He didn't know why, but he always wanted to eat chocolate when he felt nervous. There was something about it that just made you feel better. He smiled and put the remainder of the chocolate bar back into the fridge. Then he put on his jacket and his new tie and waited for his Dad to come downstairs. It was quite a big day really as he was due to start school in England for the first time since they'd arrived last Autumn. Up until then they'd had to live in a bed and breakfast up in the North and no-one in the family was allowed to work so things had been quite tricky and his Mum and Dad had both been quite stressed.

But now things are different, he thought, and he tried to imagine what the school was going to be like and whether or not it would be the same as his school in Albania. He'd liked school and particularly loved doing Maths and Science work. He hoped that they'd be able to do lots of experiments as that's the bit that was the best really... it was better than just writing in your book. He also hoped that the other children would be able to understand him. He had tried very hard with his English – particularly over the last couple of months once he knew he had a place in school. In fact, he and his Dad had been watching the television and listening to the radio, and reading lots of books for what seemed like ages.

When they arrived outside the school, Lazar was really impressed. His Dad smiled at him and said, "It really looks good, doesn't it? You'll be okay, just remember to be yourself. You are a nice boy and you're bound to make friends, okay?" Lazar nodded and smiled weakly as he licked the remains of the chocolate from his back tooth.

As he walked through the playground he made a point of smiling at three boys near the gate. One of them looked at him and pulled a face.

"Oh no! Not another one of those refugee idiots. That's all we need!"

"Yeah!" said the boy standing next to him, "I bet he can't even speak English properly. What an idiot!"

The three boys laughed and one of them shouted over to two girls who were standing opposite, "Hey, Cara! Look! There's another illegal... another one of those scroungers!"

Lazar knew exactly what they meant. He'd seen it on the television.

"I'm not a scrounger," he said. "I'm here because we had to leave my country.

People were getting killed including my Grandfather! I'm not an illegal, I have a right to be here."

"Oh no, you don't!" said the girl. "My Dad's told me about people like you coming over here and taking our jobs and stealing from everyone else. We don't want your sort in our school."

"No, so why don't you just clear off! Just get yourself out of here."

Lazar stared straight at the boy. He could feel his heart beating faster and he clenched his fists.

I mustn't lose my temper, he thought, and took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down.

Just then, one of the boys came up behind him and kicked him in the leg.

Lazar let out a cry of pain, it really did hurt.

He turned round and without thinking held up his arm and punched the boy.

The boy fell backwards holding on to his face. As he took away his hand, everyone could see the blood streaming from his nose.

Lazar didn't think and didn't stop. He simply turned round and ran as fast as he could out of the playground.

"I'm never going back there... never... never... never!" he cried.

# Feeling Alienated

Read the letter from Jammal. He is feeling alienated, angry and confused. What advice would you give to him? Discuss your ideas in the group and then complete your own letter in response.

Hello there!

I'm Jammal and I'm 10 years old. I'm feeling really out of it at the moment. My mum has just got married again to this white guy called Frank he's alright but it's not the same as my dad. I really miss him and I can't get to see him that much cos he's gone back to live in Jamaica. I've got to wait until the summer holidays before I can get out there and see him. It's really bad, the worst of it is that we've had to move here and it's miles from London and there's no black kids here, I'm the only one in the whole school. Everybody else is white and they give me funny looks all the time as if I'm a bit of a freak or something's not right. I can't say anything to my mum because she's too busy and I don't want to get her worried or anything. I just feel angry cause I want to be back in my old house with my friends and my dad, I'm not wanted here. I don't know what to do, can you help?

Yours Jammal

Dear Jammal

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Yours



# I Felt Alienated

Complete the thought-storm below. Try to think of as many different ways and times that you may have felt alienated - both in and out of school.

I feel alienated when...

I feel alienated when...

I feel alienated when...

I feel alienated when...

I feel alienated when...

Picture of me when I feel Alienated

I feel alienated when...

I feel alienated when...

## Reflect and discuss with a partner

Think of ways you can prevent A, yourself & B, Others feeling alienated.

Work with a partner and make two lists of Strategies. In what ways are they similar and different? Why do you think this is the case?



# Who is Alienated?

Work with a friend or family member. Read about the people below and discuss why you think each of them may or may not feel alienated.

An old man sitting on the park bench on his own looking lost and sad

A deaf child sitting in a class room with his peers laughing and having fun

A child with cerebral palsy taking part with others in a swimming gala

A little boy being pushed out of the dining queue by bigger children who are laughing at him

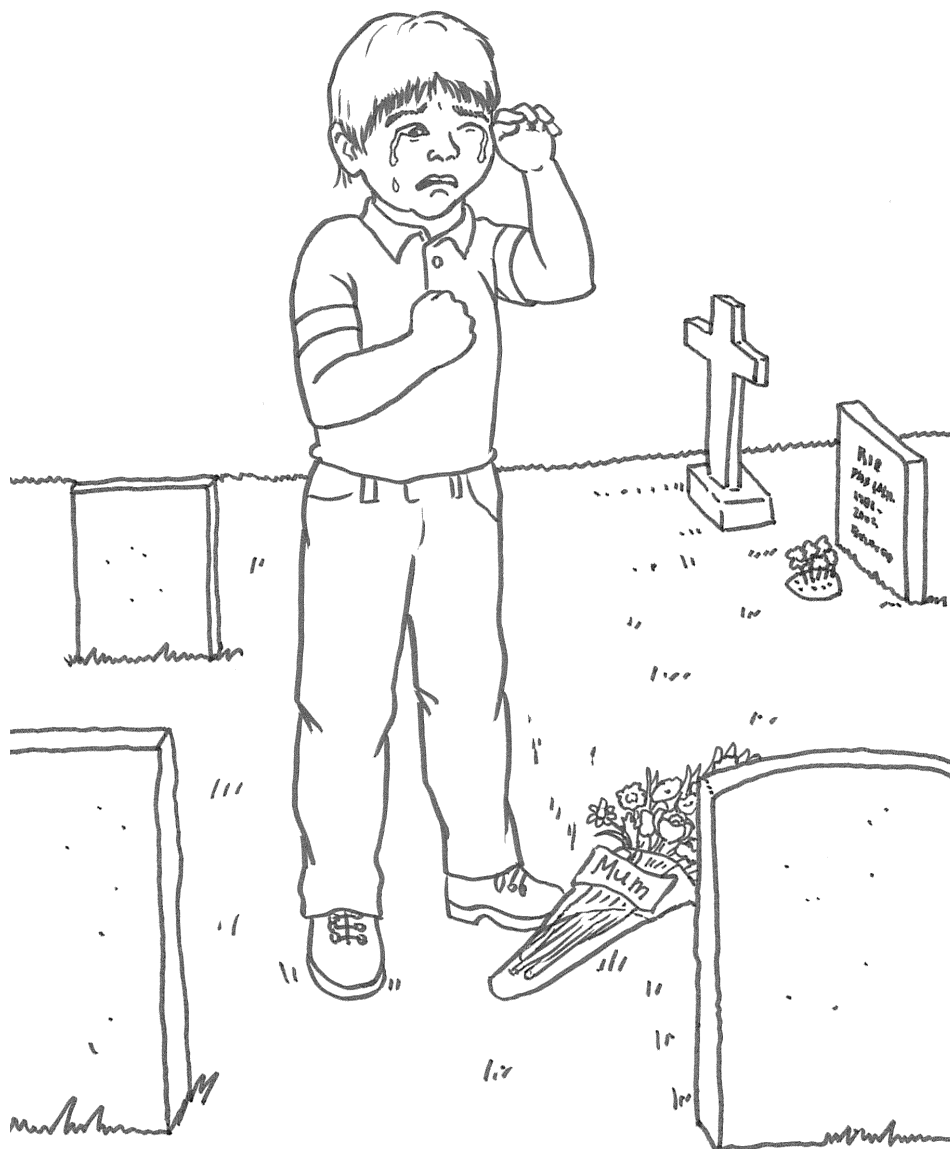
An old lady with others at her club having a game of cards

A muslim woman at a bus stop being spat at by 2 white youths

How would you feel if you were in the same position?

How do you think we can prevent others from feeling alienated?

# Feeling Bereaved



Feeling bereaved is when you have the painful experience of losing someone close to you and feeling totally lost and sad without them.

Sally tried to get out of bed but it was very difficult. Her head ached and her eyes were sore with crying and lack of sleep. Her arms and legs felt as if they were glued to the bed.

She looked towards the window and saw the soft glow of the sun. It was almost like it was trying to cheer her up and pull her out of bed. Just then, she heard her Mum call from downstairs, "Come on Sally, it's breakfast time. Quickly! Get in the shower, I'm making your favourite pancakes."

Reluctantly and very slowly, Sally got out of bed and made her way towards the bathroom. She turned on the shower and waited while the water heated up. As she looked around the bathroom she suddenly noticed her Dad's after-shave on the shelf. She felt a lump in her throat.

She picked up the bottle, screwed off the top and tipped some of the after-shave into her hands then slowly breathed in the scent.

"Oh Dad..." she said quietly and she began to weep. "I just wish... I really wish that you would come back. I just feel so bad that I was naughty and you got angry with me all the time, but I suppose that's it. I'm just a bad girl. Everyone says it, it wasn't just you."

She wiped her face, put the bottle back and jumped into the shower. Her Mum called again and Sally knew that she was putting on that cheerful voice in order to try and hide her own pain. "I just wish she wouldn't... I just wish she'd be honest and talk to me. I feel like she's shutting me out but maybe that's because I was so horrible to Dad. Maybe that's going to be my punishment."

As they sat down to eat breakfast, Sally and her brother Daniel couldn't speak. There was an awful silence and then just the noise of crunching cornflakes.

"That's just what Dad used to do," said Sally.

"What?" asked her Mum.

"Crunch his cornflakes."

"And his crisps," said Daniel. He smiled. "I remember when he took us up to that posh restaurant and we all had to sit there and try not to giggle when he burped after he'd eaten that big steak."

Their mum smiled, but didn't say anything.

"What do you remember, Mum?" asked Sally.

"Well, lots of things but I don't want to talk about any of it now. Just give me a bit of peace sweetheart," she said.

"But you don't talk to us Mum and, well... I think you should. It's not fair, you just leave us out."

"Now you're not being fair and I think you need to respect my need for privacy."

Sally felt her face flush red. She looked at her Mother and bit her lip.

She turned round and shouted, "You just don't understand, do you? You're supposed to be the grown-up. You are supposed to help us and all you do is leave me out and make me feel guilty. It's not fair and I hate you for it!"

She threw her spoon down onto the table and pushed her plate away. Both Mum and Daniel looked shocked. They didn't say a word and just watched her as she stormed out of the kitchen.

# Feeling Bereaved



When people loose someone they love or they move away from a place or a group of friends, they can feel very sad and bereaved. What would they need and what wouldn't they need from people in this situation?

Discuss your ideas in a group and record them in the chart below.

Things they would need	Things they wouldn't need
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# Losses in my Life

Start thinking and reflect. Identify 3 losses you have experienced: a small loss, a medium loss and a large loss.

Complete the chart and the Future Focus points below.



## A small loss I had was...

I felt...

I said and did...

I did/did not get help from...

## A medium loss I had was...

I felt...

I said and did...

I did/did not get help from...

## A large loss I had was...

I felt...

I said and did...

I did/did not get help from...

## Future focus If I experienced these types of loss in the future I would get help from:

1)

2)

3)

# Our Losses

We all experience losses – big ones and little ones, we miss people who move away, we miss people we love who have died whilst we also miss smaller things like a special pair of shoes or a favourite teacher! Stop, think and reflect. What have you lost and how did you feel and cope with that loss? Who helped you? Discuss with a friend or family member and complete the 2 questionnaires below.

## You

My loss was

Things I did to help myself

Things others did to help me

I felt

When did I feel that I had recovered from my loss

## Other

My loss was

Things I did to help myself

Things others did to help me

I felt

When did I feel that I had recovered from my loss

## Stop think and reflect – discussion points

Did you use similar strategies to cope with you loss? Would you do anything differently or seek different support if you experienced another loss in the future?



# Feeling Betrayed



**Feeling betrayed is when you feel that someone has let you down and you can no longer trust them to keep your confidence.**

Michael and Josh ran into the classroom and picked up the football. They knew that they shouldn't be in there really as that was one of the school rules. However, they also knew they couldn't manage a whole play-time without a game and as Josh had forgotten to take the ball out there was nothing for it but to sneak it out behind Mr Mohammed's back.

"Come on, hurry up Josh," said Michael. "The last thing we need is for Mr Mohammed to catch us otherwise that'll be another detention each and I for one can't afford to get another one this week as my mum will go mad."

"Oh stop whinging, Michael. I'll only be a minute," said Josh.

Just then, Josh stood still. He'd noticed something in the tray next to his.

It was Tom's Gameboy.

"Hey! Look at this, it's Tom's. God, he'll get into trouble if they find out he's got it here," said Josh.

"Yeah we were only reminded last week not to bring expensive toys into school. You'd better put it back. Quick, come on we're missing our play," said Michael.

Josh smiled at him and then winked. "I'm just going to borrow it," he said.

"I don't think that's a good idea, Josh. There's a big difference between borrowing and stealing but if you borrow then you should really tell the person," he said.

Josh laughed and put the Gameboy in his pocket. "Don't be wet," he said as he picked up the ball and ran outside. Michael followed him and joined in the game, forgetting all about the 'borrowing'.

Ten minutes later they were back in class. It was Numeracy Hour which both boys hated because it was just the same old thing every day and it was dead boring. They decided to sit just behind the back corner screen and hope that Mr Mohammed would just leave them alone to chat. But no such luck!

Just then, Mr Mohammed asked everyone in the class to be quiet and to listen to what he had to say as it was very serious.

The two boys looked up, as did everyone else. When Mr Mohammed used that stern voice you knew something was really up and it was bound to be serious.

"Now," said Mr Mohammed. "I'm afraid that Tom has lost something and it's something that he should never have had in school in the first place – isn't it Tom?"

Tom went red in the face. "No Sir, sorry. It's just if I don't get it back my mum will kill me. She got it for me at the weekend and I only wanted to bring it into school to show it off," he said.

"Well, I'm afraid it has not worked out as expected because Tom's toy has gone missing. Now, I don't like to think that anyone in my class is a thief... however, objects do not just fly out of trays or walk away of their own accord. This means someone here has stolen it. Can anyone enlighten me at this moment in time?"

The two boys looked down at their feet. Then, Sasha said, "Excuse me Sir, but I saw Josh and Michael come in at play time."

"Is that correct boys?" asked Mr Mohammed.

"That's a lie," said Josh, going red in the face. Michael looked uncomfortable.

He knew he couldn't lie, but he was worried – he didn't want to split on Josh.

He didn't want to betray him and get into trouble.

"I'm not so sure," said Mr Mohammed. "I do remember not seeing you two out there for a bit. Don't forget it was me on duty, boys."

Michael could see that Mr Mohammed wasn't going to give up. Everyone was looking at them now and he felt very uncomfortable. He took a deep breath and said, "Yes, we did come in, but only for a bit and well..."

"Come on, spit it out!" said Mr Mohammed.

"Well, Josh took the Gameboy and well, he just borrowed it, that's all. He was going to put it back, weren't you Josh?" said Michael, turning towards his friend.

Josh stared in disbelief at his friend. He was red in the face by now and looked absolutely furious.

"You traitor!" he shouted. "Just get out of my way. You're no friend, you're just a pathetic grass!" And with that, he punched Michael in the face and would have continued to do so had Mr Mohammed not pulled him away.

Josh looked shocked. What had started out as a bit of a joke had turned nasty. There was nothing funny about this. He looked at Mr Mohammed's furious face and wondered what was going to happen next.

# Feeling Betrayed

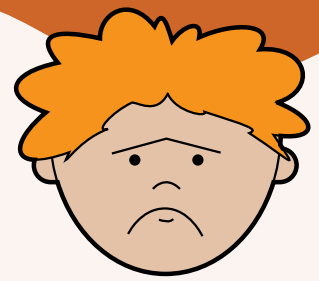
When do we feel betrayed? What causes us to feel this way? Discuss your ideas with a friend and record them on the thought storming chart below. Two ideas have been written on to the chart to help you begin.

We feel betrayed if a friend talks about us in an unkind way.

When do we feel betrayed?

We feel betrayed if someone tells a lie or spreads an unkind rumour about us.

# Being Betrayed



Stop, think and reflect about a time when you felt betrayed. Then complete the following sentences.

1 I felt betrayed when...

2 This made me want to...

3 What I said and did...

4 What happened next...

5 What could I have done differently to get a more positive outcome for myself...

1)

2)

3)

6 Who else could have helped me and how...

7 If the same thing happens to me in the future, I will...

# A Sense of Betrayal

There are many different kinds of betrayal, work with a friend or family member to place the following statements in rank order, start with the worst betrayal and end with one you feel is not too bad. Can you agree?

Cut out the statements.

A man cheats on his partner



A girl trashes the class display because she is unhappy

A father refuses to pay maintenance for his 2 children

A man gets drunk and runs over the family cat by mistake

A girl steals her friends mobile

A little girl takes her elder brother computers games

A boy cheats in an exam in order to please his father

A girl hides her mother's purse so she can't go out for the night

A girl goes off with someone new to her class and leaves her old friend on their own

A boy steals from a shop but blames it on his friend



# Feeling Brave



**Feeling brave is when you feel that you can dare to do the impossible or that you can achieve something even when the odds might be against you.**

Basil and Jack went into the playground. They were really excited because they knew that the new basketball court had finally been finished and it was Year 4's turn to play on it.

"Come on, Jack," said Basil. "I have been dying to have a go at this. It should be really brilliant."

The two boys ran out into the playground. Sara and Jason ran over to them.

"Come on!" shouted Sara. "It's our turn!" She was so excited that she nearly fell into the two year 6 boys who were standing at the side of the pitch. One of them turned round and shouted, "Mind where you're going!" The other boy laughed and said, "I don't know why she's getting so excited. Look at her!

She's like a prize cow! She'll never catch the ball!"

"No!" laughed the first boy. "She can't walk or run. She's just going to wobble like a big fat jelly all over the court!"

Sara didn't say anything. She was used to that sort of comment. That was the problem with being overweight. But she couldn't help it – it wasn't her fault. Her Mum had said to her that it was only puppy fat but she wondered why most of the puppies she'd seen weren't very fat at all. She felt the tears prick her eyes and looked away.

"Oh dear," said the first boy, "the fat cow's about to cry!" The two boys laughed and laughed. Jack put his arm around Sara.

"Just ignore them, they're just bullies," he said.

"What did you say, stupid?" asked the first boy.

Jack looked the boy straight in the face. He didn't say anything but just stared at him.

"Come on then or have you decided to chicken out now?"

"I'm not chickening out of anything," he said. "It's you who are chickens for picking on someone younger than you and being so dumb. I reckon you're just jealous because it's our go on the court and not yours. It's about time you started acting your age and not your shoe size!" he said.

The two boys looked at each other.

"I suppose it's a fight you're after then is it, squirt?" said the first boy.

Just then, Mr Hammond walked past them and shouted over, "Come on! Don't miss your go on the court! There are only ten more minutes left of play. Why are you hanging around here anyway? Is everything okay?"

Jack didn't say anything and Sara looked a bit uncomfortable. She smiled weakly at Mr Hammond and said, "Yes, um... everything's fine. We're just going to have our go now."

Mr Hammond smiled and walked away. The two boys looked at Jack and laughed.

"Just you wait!" the first boy said. "We'll get you after school. We're not so stupid as to beat you up now but just watch it. We'll sort you out, just you wait!" And with that, the two boys walked off.

Basil turned to face Jack and said, "That was really brave. You were brilliant, Jack!"

But Jack didn't feel brave anymore. I wonder why?

# Feeling Brave

People can be brave in many different ways and for many different reasons. Someone who is scared of water who tries hard to learn to swim is brave just as someone who tries to stick-up for someone who is being bullied is brave. Do you know someone who has been brave? Who would you give a bravery award to?

Stop, think and reflect and then design a bravery award for this person.

## A BRAVERY AWARD

*This award is for* .....

*They are brave because* .....

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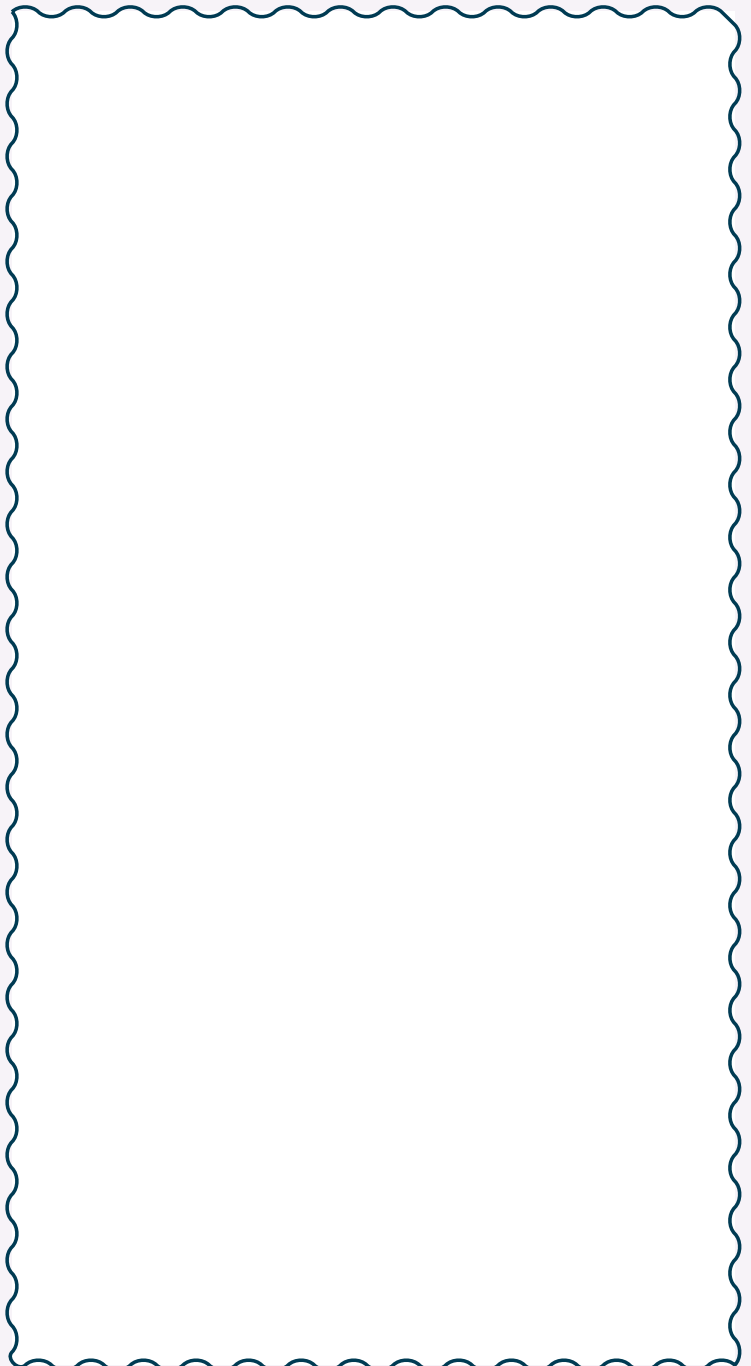


# Heroes for a Day!



Have you ever felt very brave? You may have been helping someone else or even doing something that you were previously frightened of (like putting your head under water)

Draw & label your brave act in the picture frame below



## Discuss with a partner

- Did you feel scared or nervous before your act of bravery?
- If so, how did you overcome those fears? What strategies did you use?
- Could others use the same strategies?

# What is Bravery?

People can be brave in many different ways - both small and large. Someone may stick up for a friend who is being bullied; someone may save someone from drowning whilst someone else may try to perform on stage even though they feel very nervous.

Work with a friend/family member in order to complete the following thought-storm.

A thought-storming diagram consisting of a central rectangular box with a white background and a thin black border. Inside the box, the text "WHAT IS BRAVERY?" is written in a bold, dark blue, sans-serif font. Below this, in a smaller, regular, dark blue, sans-serif font, is the instruction "(Draw, Label or Write)". Four wavy, dark blue lines radiate from the corners of the central box towards the corners of a larger square frame. The square frame is defined by a dashed purple border. The entire diagram is set against a light purple background.

Have you ever felt brave? What did you do? Who do you know who has been brave? What are their special qualities? Is everyone capable of bravery?

# Feeling Dominated



**Feeling dominated is when you feel that someone or something is trying to control you and you are not free to think, say or do what you want.**



Ben wasn't looking forward to Saturday. This was the weekend he was due to visit his Dad. Since his Mum and Dad split up last year, Ben had lived with his Mum during the week and visited his Dad and his Grandma on alternate weekends. The arrangement seemed to suit everybody as they all felt that Ben wasn't being prevented from seeing all of the significant members of his family.

Ben loved going to see his Grandma because she was a bit like a good witch.

She always seemed to have people popping in and out of her house and she was always giving them remedies and potions. She said to Ben that she was really a homoeopathist but he was still convinced that some of the stuff she gave these people was simply a form of magic. He particularly remembered how Mrs Brown's hair had grown back within two weeks – and that was after she had been practically bald! Ben was sure that there had to be some magic involved in that.

I'll miss Gran this weekend, he thought, and then immediately felt guilty.

He knew that he should be looking forward to seeing his Dad too, but he just got nervous and felt as if his stomach was going to explode. It wasn't as if he didn't love his Dad. It's just that he felt that he could never do anything right for him – as if he wasn't quite good enough. Apart from anything else, he hated the fact that he had to pretend to like football and darts while he'd really much rather play on his computer or with his astronomy kit. He absolutely loved the stars and knew all about them but it wasn't something he ever talked about with his Dad.

Anyway, Saturday came and Ben waited for his Dad. His Mum shouted from downstairs, "Your Dad's here! Come on Ben... quickly, get yourself downstairs now."

As Ben came slowly down the stairs his Mum looked at him.

"Are you okay?" she asked. Ben nodded and smiled at his Mum. "Well, have a nice time and don't forget to tell your Dad to get you back here by 8.00pm on Sunday. I don't want you being tired again like last Monday. It was murder trying to get you out of bed after such a late night. I don't know what he could have been thinking about, keeping you up so late at that darts match. Anyway love, have a nice time."

She gave him a hug and Ben ran out to the car.

"Hello, Ben," said his Dad, and he gave Ben a big thump on the arm. Ben winced but forced a smile. He really loved his Dad but he wished he wouldn't thump him every time he saw him – just a hello or even a hug would have been preferable.

"Well, I've got a real treat for you today son. We're going up to Liverpool to watch the match and then I thought I'd take you hang gliding. What do you think of that? Exciting, eh?" said his Dad.

Ben smiled. However, he didn't feel happy inside. He felt quite sick at the thought of the hang gliding. He hated heights but he dare not say anything to his Dad – firstly, because he didn't want to hurt his feelings and secondly because he was far too scared to say anything that might make his Dad angry.

"No, I mean yes, that sounds really good, Dad," said Ben.

"Oh, by the way, we're picking up John and Marcus on the way as I promised Aunty Annie that they could share this treat with us, okay?" said his Dad.

Now Ben felt really sick. He absolutely hated his two cousins because they always made nasty comments to him and called him a wimp, which was even more awkward when his Dad was around as Ben had to answer back and pretend that he was as tough as they were. That's pretty hard when you know you're not and don't even want to be.

Ben's Dad looked at him and said, "Did you hear me?"

Ben shook his head as if to wake himself up.

"Yeah, that's great, Dad. It'll be a laugh," he said.

Well, of course it wasn't a laugh. Ben had a totally miserable day. The football match was okay apart from the fact that his two cousins thought it was funny to prod him in the back throughout the whole of the first half.

Then they decided to pour tomato ketchup in his hood during the second half and of course it rained so when he put up his hood he got covered in the stuff. Even his Dad thought it was funny and when Ben looked upset he even told him off and said

he was a wimp.

The hang gliding was probably the worst experience of his life. He kept his eyes shut throughout the whole thing and when they got down he was physically sick. His Dad looked disgusted. He didn't say anything but they both knew what he was thinking – why can't you be more like your cousins?

The problem was that he would never be like his cousins and he would never be interested in the same things as his Dad. He just didn't know what to do other than to continue trying to please his Dad. He was too scared to tell him the truth so perhaps he was a wimp after all? Perhaps he deserved to be bullied in this way if he couldn't even be honest about what he did and didn't like. What do you think?

# Feeling Dominated

These people all feel dominated by others and by situations in different ways. What could they do in order to solve these problems? What would you suggest?

Record your ideas in the chart below.

<p>Lola feels dominated by her best friend Ella. Ella tells her what to wear, who to play with and how to behave in lessons. Lola is too scared to do anything without Ella.</p>	<p>I think that Lola could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>Daniel feels dominated by his Dad. His Dad is always telling him that he isn't clever and doesn't work hard enough at school. He won't let David play out at home because he thinks he should work instead.</p>	<p>I think that David could</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>Megan feels dominated by her fear of water. Every Tuesday when her class are due to go swimming, she pretends to be sick. Her mum wants to take her to the sea-side for a holiday and Megan is determined not to go in she feels so scared.</p>	<p>I think that Megan could</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>Charlie feels dominated by his group of friends at school. They have started to go to steal from the local shops and he feels forced into joining in even though he feels scared and knows it's wrong.</p>	<p>I think that Charlie could</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>

# Being Dominated

## Self-reflect and problem solve

Stop, think and reflect. Complete the chart below

### The problem

Me feeling dominated

I felt dominated when...

.....

.....

I felt dominated because...

.....

.....

I found it difficult to help myself because...

.....

.....

### A Solution

Close your eyes  
and imagine this  
feeling goes away  
- like a small  
miracle

How would you feel if this domination stopped?

.....

How would you look?

.....

How would you react?

.....

What would others do differently?

.....

### Steps to Success

List 5 steps to success. 5 things I could do now in order not to feel dominated like this again:

- 1) .....
- 2) .....
- 3) .....
- 4) .....
- 5) .....

# Dominated No More

How can we stop people from being dominated by others? Work with a friend/family member to formulate your own suggestions.

Create your own list of tips.

## Stop the domination

10 Strategies we can use:

1

2

3

4

5

6

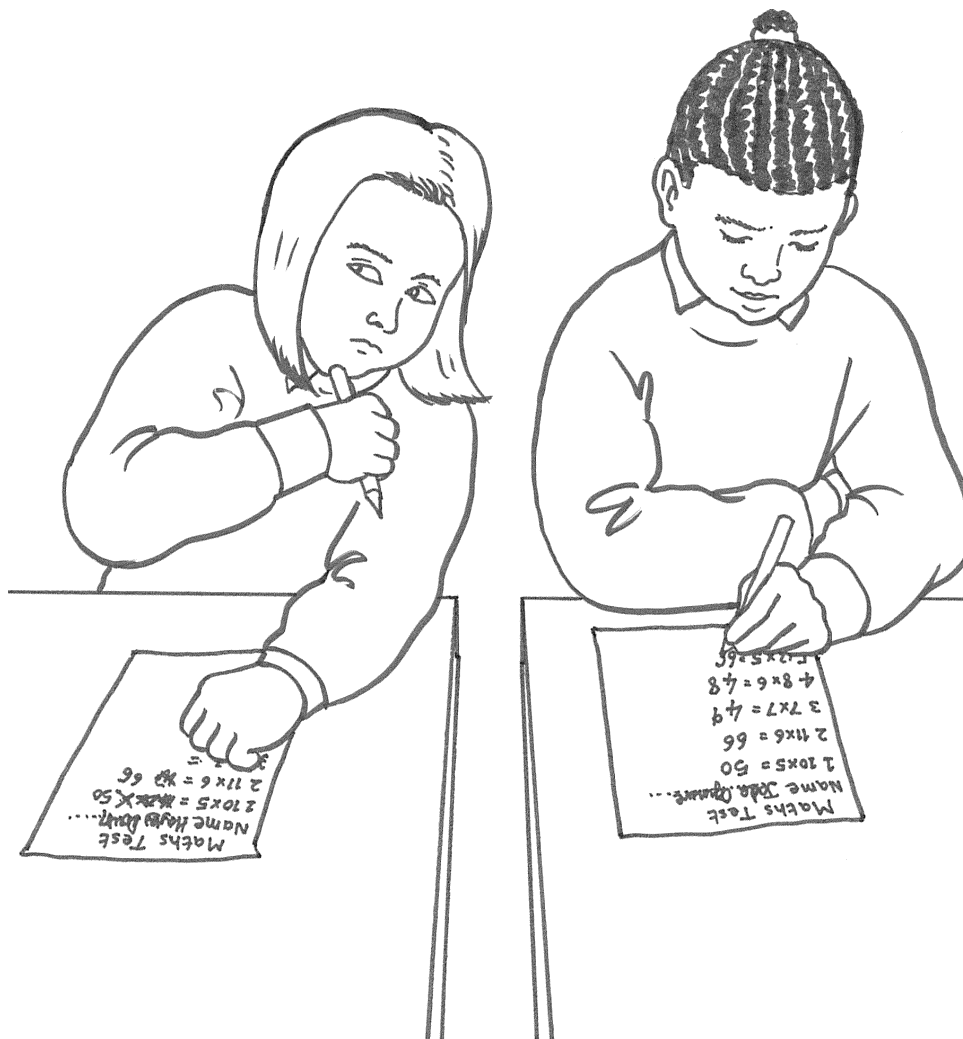
7

8

9

10

# Feeling Deceitful



Feeling deceitful is when you feel the need to lie to someone else and to be dishonest about your behaviour, thoughts or feelings.



Marcus scuffed his trainers along the pavement. He felt really fed-up.

"What's wrong?" asked Sara.

"It's his report," said Daniel, "it's really bad. He opened it and had a look and it says that he's made no effort to improve his work this term and that he needs to pull his socks up if he's going up to Year 6 otherwise he won't get good SATs grades."

Marcus didn't seem to be listening to either of them. He looked down at the front of his trainers and saw that they were all scratched. They looked just as sorry for themselves as he felt for himself.

"I just don't know what to do," he said. "My Mum will go mad when she sees this. I know I haven't worked that hard but I don't think I deserve quite such a bad report. God, she'll go absolutely ballistic when she sees it. My life won't be worth living – no pocket money and I'm bound to be banned from playing out."

"I've got an idea," said Jason. He smiled. "Why don't you just not give the report to your Mum? After all, they didn't send a letter out to say that they were sending the reports home with us did they?" he asked.

"That's right, because they've put that letter in with the report and we're supposed to give both things to our parents when we get home tonight.

When you think about it, our parents don't even know that they're getting reports today so you could do it Marcus, couldn't you?" said Sara.

Marcus smiled, but this time it was a real smile accompanied by a huge sigh of relief. "Thanks, you lot," he said. "You really are good friends!"

When he got home he put his bag down in the hall and quickly took out the envelope containing the report and the letter. He took this straight up to his bedroom and quickly hid it in the back of the wardrobe behind the shoe boxes. Just as he was shutting the wardrobe door, he heard his Mum come in from work.

She shouted upstairs, "Hello, Marcus love. Come downstairs! I've got us fish and chips since it's Friday. I can't be bothered to cook anyway, I'm far too tired."

She put down her shopping bags, her work bag and the plastic carrier containing the fish and chips. Marcus ran down the stairs, gave his Mum a hug and put the fish and chips out on the plates. They both went to sit in front of the TV.

"Pass the ketchup please, Marcus," said his Mum.

They both made chip butties. His Mum laughed. "I shouldn't do this really," she said. "It's dead fattening but never mind, it's only once a week on Friday, isn't it?"

Marcus didn't say anything. His Mum always rambled on about her weight and he thought it was just boring really. He poured some more ketchup on top of his fish and licked his fingers. Just then his Mum said, "Oh, by the way, did you bring your report home? I met Mrs Johnson at the bus stop and she said that Emily was going to be bringing her report home today.

You know, the end of year one that those teachers always do. Have you got it?" she asked.

Marcus nearly choked on his sandwich. He went red in the face.

"Oh no, um... it's only for Years 3 and 4 Mum this time – we don't get reports until the start of next term. It's the new thing they've introduced because of the SAT's. I think it's something to do with the pressure of work on teachers. I heard Mr George saying it was something to do with spreading out the workload."

"Oh right, well, I suppose that makes sense really when you think about it. It must be quite hard work trying to fit everything in but if they've changed it they should really send us a letter. In fact, I think it's quite bad that they haven't informed us of these changes," she said. "Anyway, I can always phone up on Monday and say that to them. I think it's important that they know parents will be expecting reports so they should really send some sort of letter around."

Marcus breathed a sigh of relief but this sense of relief didn't last very long.

He suddenly realised what his Mum had just said and knew that if she phoned up on Monday she would definitely find out the truth and then he'd be in even more trouble than ever.

Oh no, he thought. This is just getting worse all the time.

He felt sick and this feeling didn't leave him for the whole weekend. Even though they went shopping and his Mum got him a new computer game, he just couldn't relax and enjoy himself. He felt guilty when his Mum was nice to him but sick with worry as he knew that she would be absolutely furious when she found out the truth.

When Monday morning came, he told his Mum that he couldn't go to school because he felt sick. She came into his room and tucked him up in bed.

"Well, I'll have to go and phone the school to let them know," she said. Soon after, Marcus heard his Mum walking back up the stairs. He put his head on the pillow and waited for the explosion. Only, there was no explosion.

His Mum just walked slowly back into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I think we need to talk Marcus," she said. "I think you need to start because I'm too angry to talk at the moment. I'd like your explanation and I'd like you to tell me why you've deceived me and lied to me again and again, all weekend."

She stared straight at him and waited. Marcus took a deep breath and did what he should have done in the first place.

# Feeling Deceitful

Why do you think these people are being deceitful?

What are they doing?

What do you think they are feeling and thinking?

Discuss with a partner.

A man shoplifting from a supermarket

A boy cheating in an exam

A girl stealing money from school office

A girl tripping up another child in a race in order to win it

A child taking food from another child's lunch-box

A little boy taking his younger brothers toy

**Stop, think & reflect - discuss with a partner**

Why is it wrong to lie? Is it ever right to tell a lie? How would you feel if you found out that someone you trusted had not been honest with you?

# Feeling Deceitful

Think about times when you feel you have felt or been deceitful. Tick against statements that you think may apply to you. Then work with a partner to answer the self-reflection questions.

I copied someone's work	<input type="checkbox"/>	I lied to my teacher	<input type="checkbox"/>
I cheated in a test	<input type="checkbox"/>	I lied to my friend	<input type="checkbox"/>
I let someone else take the blame for something I did	<input type="checkbox"/>	I told my friend that another friend had said something bad about them when they hadn't	<input type="checkbox"/>
I stole someone else's money	<input type="checkbox"/>	I pretended to be sick	<input type="checkbox"/>

## Self-reflection questions

Work with a partner to answer these:

- Why do you think this is an uncomfortable feeling?
- Why do you think we all deceive others sometimes?
- How could we prevent ourselves from lying and cheating?
- What would need to change?

# Is it a Lie?

Look at these statements. Discuss them with a friend/family member.  
Do you agree that they are lying? How 'bad' are their lies?

Emma told her friend she looked nice in her dress because she didn't want to hurt her feelings.	Mr Parsons lied to his wife when he said he'd been at a meeting as he wanted to go for a drink after work.	Mr Jones lied to his daughter and said he didn't have any money to give her.
Jamie lied when he said he'd lost his home-work as he didn't want to get into trouble.	Helen said her mum was sick and that was why she couldn't come to school - but she really just wanted a day off.	Teresa lied when she said shed got 10/10 in the test as she didn't want her dad to shout at her.
Jason said the dog ate the biscuits when he had.	Mrs Kramer lied to her friend when she said she had a migraine as she really just wanted to stay in and watch TV.	Alex lied when he said he had a stomach ache when he was really too scared to go to school because he was being bullied.

## Reflection points

Do you both agree? Are some lies worse than others? If so, why?  
Is there such a thing as a white lie? What would happen if we didn't lie at all?

# Feeling Envious



**Feeling envious is when you feel that others have personal qualities or possessions that you want, but don't think you have.**

**It is an uncomfortable feeling.**



Alex was best friends with John, Leroy and Grace. They had been best friends since Year 4 and it looked like they were going to be best friends for ever and ever as they were all due to start at the same secondary school in the Autumn term.

However, at the start of the Spring term a new boy came to the school and into their class. His name was Billy but he was introduced by the class teacher as 'Bright Billy' because he was so clever in all his lessons. Alex thought this was a bit of a silly way to introduce somebody to the class but Leroy said, "That's Mr Patrick being kind. It's because he doesn't want us to give him a bad nick-name and when your name is Billy people always call you Silly Billy for some reason. I suppose he's just being kind and trying to protect him."

Billy went to sit next to Grace and she immediately smiled at him and asked him if he was okay. He smiled and said, "I am now, I can see the teacher's nice and everyone in the class seems to be very friendly.

Thanks for letting me sit next to you."

"That's no problem," said Grace, secretly thinking that she rather liked this new boy. He wasn't silly at all and didn't try to act macho when he was around girls which she thought was a great relief really because that kind of behaviour was just so boring.

Alex looked over at Grace and couldn't understand why he felt so uncomfortable. He felt a little annoyed because he usually sat next to Grace in Literacy Hour and she helped him with his spellings but obviously she wouldn't be able to now because she was so caught up with Billy.

At break time, things got worse and Alex began to feel very fed up.

Leroy and John asked Billy to play football. Alex was also in the team and they were all playing against Year 5. Year 5 usually beat Year 6 because they just happened to have three of the best players in the school. However, today was different because all of sudden, the Year 6 team was transformed and, as far as everyone else was concerned, this was due to Billy.

After the match was over, all the boys crowded around him.

"You're a brilliant player," said Leroy. "Were you in a team in your last school?" he asked.

"Yes, I played for the County too!" said Billy.

"That's brilliant," said John. "I expect you will make it into our team as well.

I really hope so because we've got loads of matches coming up and you're bound to help us win."

"No problem," said Billy.

Grace then said, "We'll have to get you the kit. It's my Mum that does all that side of things. Why don't you come round tonight when the boys come? She can sort out your kit and you can have tea with us. It would be really great."

"I'd like that. I'll just have to let my Mum know," said Billy, and he took out his mobile phone to call her.

The other kids were amazed. No-one in their school had a mobile phone – you only got one once you went to secondary school. Alex stared at it and couldn't help saying, "You must be rich! That's the newest model, they cost over £400. I saw them in the shops last week."

"Well, it's not me that's rich, it's my Mum and Dad. They run their own business. I guess we're lucky really."

"And modest," said Grace. The boys smiled. It was great to have another addition to their group, especially someone who wasn't pushy and didn't think he was better than others.

"So, are we all on for tonight? 6.00pm at my house?"

Alex looked down at his feet. He didn't want to go at all. Billy was getting on his nerves. He seemed to have all the things that Alex had always wanted. It wasn't fair. He was fed up with the new boy. He'd only just arrived and yet he seemed to be everyone's best friend already. Alex didn't like him, there was something sneaky about him. He was just too good to be true. Alex turned to Grace.

"Actually, I don't think I am coming," he said.

"Oh Alex!" said Grace. "You have to come. It won't be the same if all the gang's not there."

"Well, it seems to me like you've got enough people in the gang anyway now and I should imagine you'd rather have a rich gang member than a poor one and one that can obviously play football better than anyone else in the school."

Grace looked hurt. She said, "But you are our friend, Alex. Why are you being so funny all of a sudden?"

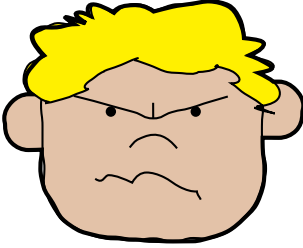
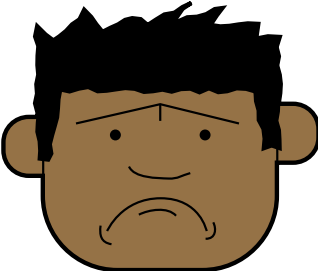
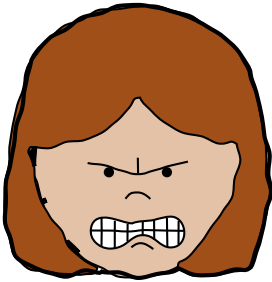
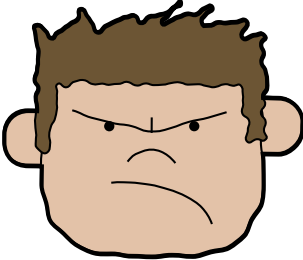
"I'm not being funny," said Alex. "It's you lot, you all just want to creep up to the new boy because he's rich. You're just a load of creeps that's all and I wouldn't come round your house now if you paid me, so just clear off."

And with that, he ran across to the other side of the playground as fast as he could. The others stared after him but no-one spoke. What could they say? This wasn't the Alex they knew. What had gone wrong here? And more importantly, how could this be sorted?

# Feeling Envious

These children all feel envious for different reasons. Tick against each box if you have experienced envy in this situation. Then stop and think, what would you say to each one in order to help them cope better with this feeling?

Record you ideas in the chart below.

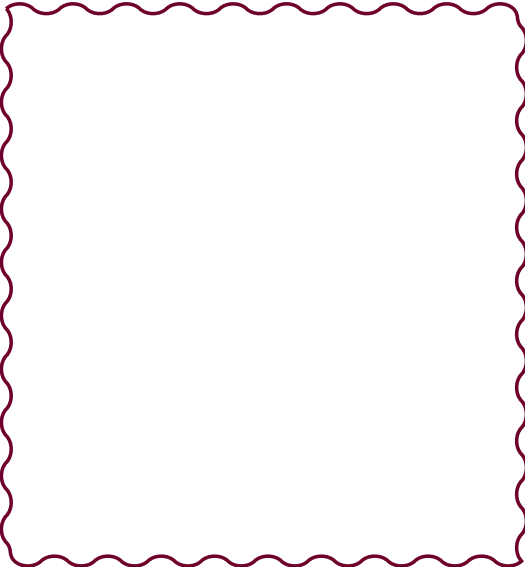
	Carl feels envious of his friend Daryl who has rich parents who take him on brilliant holidays abroad every year.		Adil feels envious of his friend Marcus who finds all school work really easy. He doesn't have to try hard and is still the best at everything in their class.
<div>I would say .....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div>	<div>I would say .....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div>		
	Sara feels envious of her friend Ellen who is really pretty. Everyone says so and Sara knows that she'll never be as pretty as Ellen.		Harry feels envious of his friend Jason because Jason has been picked for the football team and Harry hasn't.
<div>I would say .....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div>	<div>I would say .....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div> <div>.....</div>		

# Who do I Envy?

## Stop, think & reflect - draw and label

Draw the person you envy most in the world! Then label all the things about them that make you feel this way. Use the drawing frame and brainstorm chart provided below:

Why do I envy this person? Name .....



Reason 1) .....

Reason 2) .....

Reason 3) .....

Reason 4) .....

Reason 5) .....

Reason 6) .....

Reason 7) .....

Reason 8) .....

## Reflect & discuss with a partner

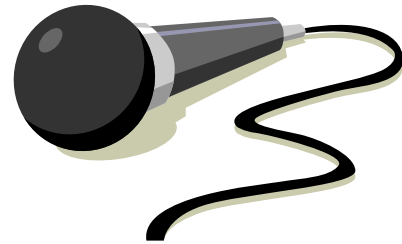
- How 'useful' are these feelings?
- Do you want to be like this person? If so, what small things can you do now in order to reach such a goal?
- Do you think this is a positive goal?

# Who do we Envy?

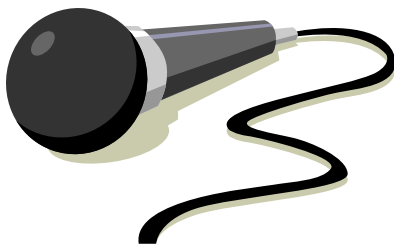
Work with a friend/family member. Look at the pictures below. Who do you think people might envy and why? Can you reach an agreement here?

**David Beckham &  
Posh Spice**

**Britney Spears**



**Beyonce**

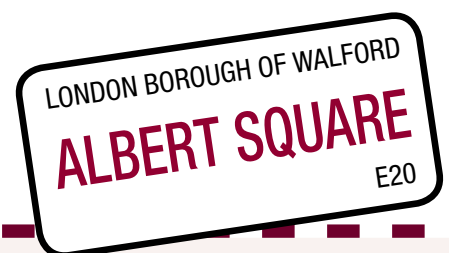


**Jamie Oliver**

**Michael Owen playing  
football**



**Soap stars from  
Eastenders**



## Stop, think & reflect - discuss

- Have you ever envied anyone? Why?
- Was this a comfortable experience?
- How can you avoid envying others?
- What could you do?

# Feeling Frantic



Feeling frantic is when you feel distracted by strong feelings such as rage, guilt or joy. You can look hurried and sometimes disorganised to those around you.



Gemma's Mum was due to start her new job tomorrow. Gemma and her Mum were really excited about this because it would mean that life would become much easier for both of them. Since her Dad had left, they had been really hard up and it had been incredibly difficult to make ends meet – particularly given the fact that her Dad seemed to have disappeared without a trace. This had meant that he hadn't made any child support payments. It was no joke trying to live on benefits and Gemma had quite often felt jealous of many of her friends who seemed to be able to afford all the latest clothes and games. Still, it looked as if things would be a bit different now.

"You know what the first thing I'm going to do is?" asked her Mum.

"No Mum, go on tell me," said Gemma. She smiled. She couldn't help it. It was the first time that she'd seen her Mum so happy and excited for nearly two years. Most of the time she always seemed to have a worried look on her face and she'd even got two lines between her eyebrows where she kept frowning when she was thinking too much about things.

"Well, I'm going to take me and you down to the West End and I'm going to buy us some really fancy new clothes and take us out for a meal. We can even go to see a film if you like," said her Mum.

Gemma clapped her hands and ran up to hug her Mum.

"That will be really nice, Mum. It seems such a long time ago that we went to the cinema and I haven't had anything new for months and months now. I'll be a right spoilt brat!" Gemma said.

Her Mum laughed and hugged Gemma in return.

The next morning the atmosphere in the house was slightly different.

Gemma woke up to the sound of her Mum kicking the kitchen cupboard.

She was also swearing loudly and obviously in a bit of a state. Gemma ran down the stairs.

"What is it, Mum? What's wrong?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. It's just that I feel so nervous and I'm getting all worked up. I just dropped one of my contact lenses and I can't find it anywhere."

She started to scramble around on the floor. Gemma knelt down and felt the kitchen tiles just under the sink.

"Here you are, Mum. I've got it."

Gemma's Mum gave her a weak smile and took the contact lens back upstairs to the bathroom to clean it.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. Gemma ran to answer it.

There were two men standing at the door. One of them smiled at her and said, "Hello love, you don't know me very well but I'm from number twelve. Is your Mum there?"

Gemma nodded and shouted up the stairs to her Mum. Her Mum came down the stairs straight away. She was red in the face and looked even more worked up now, even though she'd sorted out the problem with the contact lens.

"Oh for goodness sake, what is it? I've just laddered my second pair of tights with these nails and I can't get my hair to go right. I don't know if this is the right thing to wear Gemma so why call me downstairs for God's sake?"

Gemma pointed towards the door. She daredn't say anything.

"Well, what is it?" said her Mum.

"Well love, it's just that we saw these two joy riders just now and they broke into your old Cortina and they've taken it off. My son followed them down the road but they bashed it – I'm sorry to bring you such bad news but the car went into the newsagents and it looks as if it's a total write-off. Sorry to bring you such bad news but we thought we ought to tell you. We've phoned the Police. Is there anything else we can do to help?"

Gemma looked at her Mum. She knew in an instant that there was nothing that they could do. However, before she could say anything her Mum started to shout.

"Why the hell didn't you stop them for goodness sake? I've got to start my new job in 20 minutes. I don't know what I'm going to do! I've laddered my tights and scratched my contact lens. I think it might even be broken. I don't know what to do. I don't know where to go. How can I start a new job in this state? What am I supposed to do? This is terrible, terrible!"

Then she burst into tears and ran up the stairs. She was totally frantic and Gemma just didn't know what to do or how to help her.

# Feeling Frantic

Why are these people feeling frantic? What is happening? How would you feel in each of these situations? What would you do to try and help yourself?

Complete the chart below.

<p>A teacher trying to control an unruly class, looking frantic and stressed.</p>	<p>I would feel.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>He would try to.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>A mother trying to get her children up &amp; out in the morning and getting herself ready for work.</p>	<p>I could.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>She would like.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>A boy frantically trying to finish his work before playtime - knowing others have and that he'll miss his play if he doesn't get it done.</p>	<p>I could.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>He would like.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>A girl stuck in crowd at supermarket, having lost her mum and becoming increasingly distressed.</p>	<p>I could.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>He would like.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>

# An Act of Selfishness

Think of one time when you felt really frantic. What was happening? How did you look, feel react? What did other people do?

Draw your frantic face and complete the labels around it on the chart below.

8) What happened last?

1) What happened first?

2) I felt?

My frantic face

3) I said

4) I did

5) My face looked

6) My body felt

7) Other people said and did

If this happened again, how could you stay calmer? What strategies could you use? Who could help you? Work with a partner and formulate a best plan as follows:

- A Identify the triggers to frantic feelings
- B) Work out ways to avoid them - list here
- C) Work out calming strategies - list here
- D) Make a plan - agree what you will do.

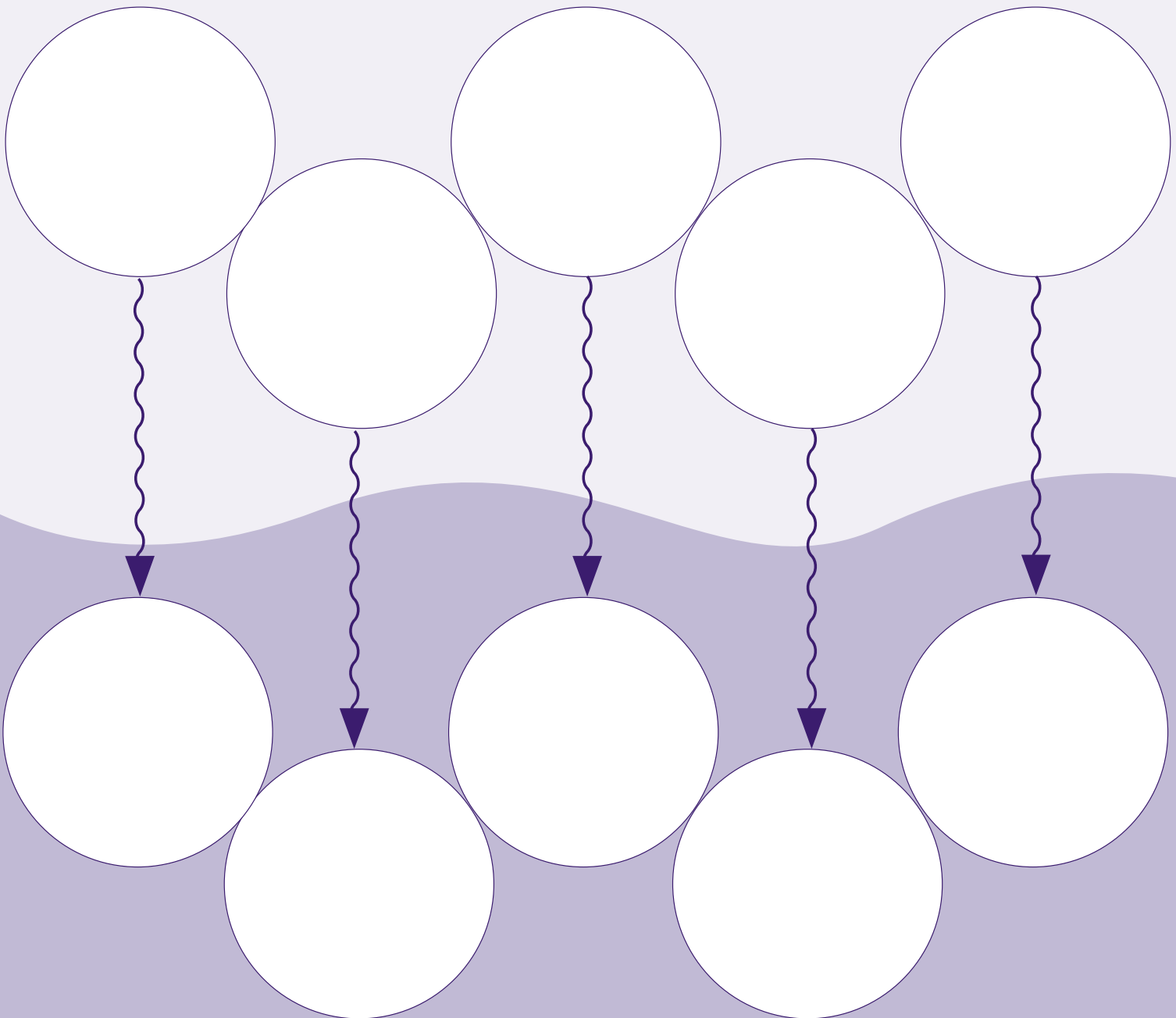
# What makes us Frantic?

When do we get 'frantic feelings' and how can we cope more effectively?

We probably need to know our triggers and then work out some helpful strategies to calm down.

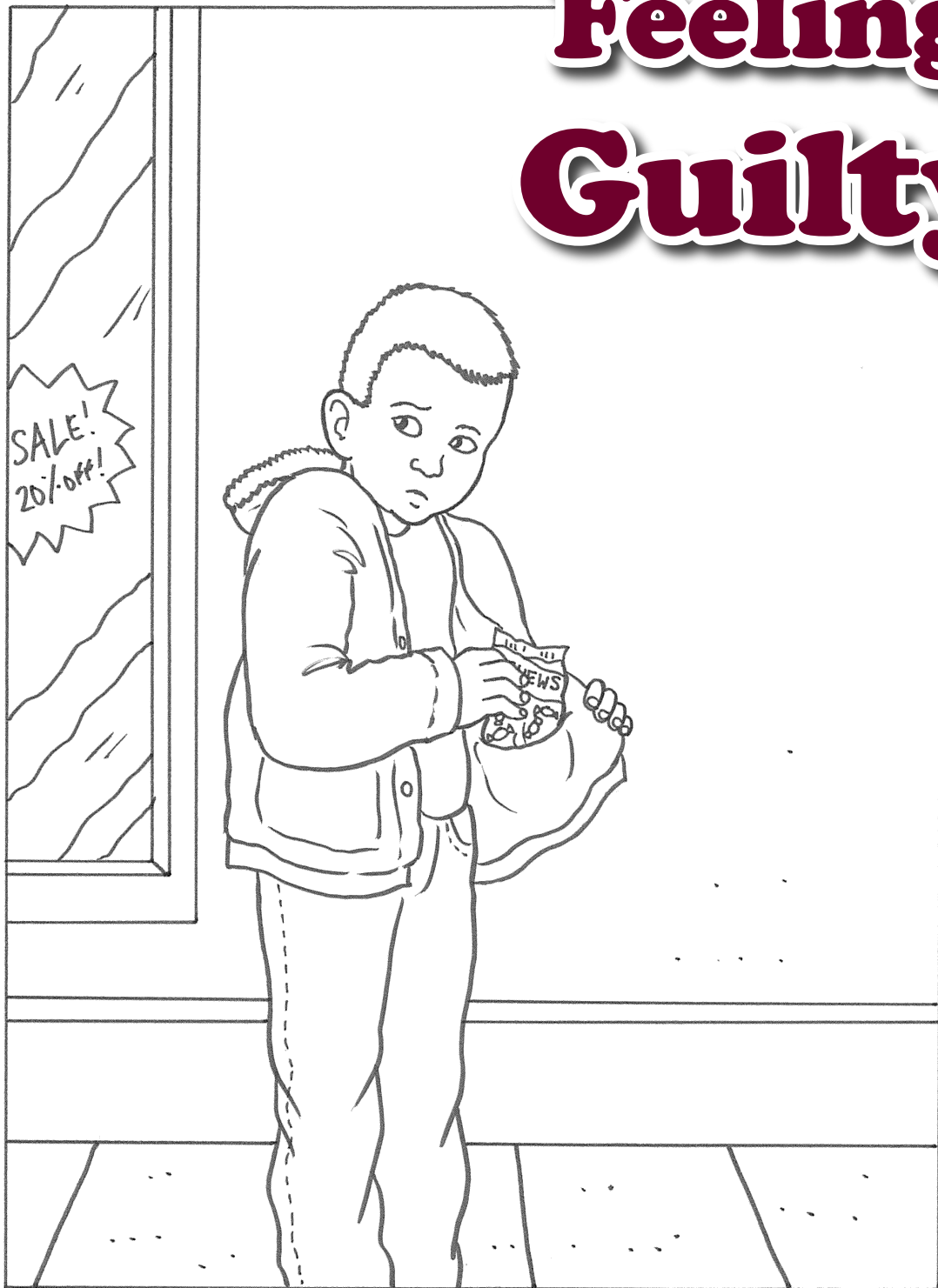
Work with a friend/family member to identify triggers to frantic feelings and coping strategies that may be helpful to both of you.

## Triggers



## Strategies

# Feeling Guilty



**Feeling guilty is when you know you have done or said something wrong and you feel remorse for your behaviour afterwards.**



Tom felt quite nervous as he tucked into his cornflakes. His Mum turned round and squeezed his arm.

"Don't worry," she said. "I know that you're going to try your best to get into the football team and that's all you can do. I really do think that if you're meant to get into the team then you will. It's fate really and we'll just have to go with it."

"I know, Mum," said Tom, "but I can't help it. I've always wanted to be in the team and I've practised harder in the last three months so I really hope that Mr Jones picks me."

"Look, as far as I'm concerned, Mr Jones will pick the boys and girls that he thinks are the best and at least you know he's fair and that everybody will have to go through the same trials to get there. So, my advice to you Tom is just to take a few deep breaths and then really concentrate. Whatever happens, I'll be proud of you. All you can do is your best, just remember that."

Tom finished his cornflakes. He knew his Mum was right.

I'll just have to try my best, he thought. However, on the way to school he did nothing but worry about the trials – who else was going to try for the team, how good they were, if they were better than him, if they were worse than him and even if they deserved it more or less than he did.

As he walked up the road he met Alice, Sid and Marcus.

"I'm really nervous," said Marcus.

"So am I," said Sid. "Have you got all your kit?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Alice. "You know what Mr Jones is like, he wouldn't let anybody go for the trials if they hadn't got the proper kit. He thinks it's a bad sign if you can't even get yourself organised off the pitch – that's what he said last week. I've got everything, have you lot?"

The boys nodded nervously. They all went into the hall and put their kits beside the packed lunches. The trials weren't due to start until after morning play so it was a matter of just getting on with the Literacy Hour until then. Tom didn't know how he was going to concentrate. He felt as if his stomach was full of knots.

I really, really want to be in this, he thought to himself.

Just then, he realised that he'd left his break-time snack in his football kit bag so he quickly ran back to the hall. There was no-one else there as everyone else had gone to class. As he pulled out his biscuit and drink he noticed that Sid's trainers had fallen out of his bag. Tom knew that Sid was a better player than him. He was absolutely brilliant at passing and scoring and he was bound to get into the team. However, Tom also knew that he was nearly as good as Sid or could be, given half the chance.

He looked at the trainers and thought to himself. Then he picked up the trainers and ran to the side of the room where there was a big dustbin containing some games equipment. He took off the lid and threw the trainers into the bin. Then he quickly ran out of the hall.

Tom went back to class and sat at his table. He didn't look at Sid or at any of his other friends for that matter. He felt hot and uncomfortable, as if he was going red in the face and needed a drink. He also felt sick in the bottom of his stomach.

It's too late now, he thought.

And of course, it was too late for Sid. When Mr Jones took them all into the hall after morning play, the first thing he did was to ask everyone to take out their kit so that he could check that they had the right shoes, shorts and T-shirts.

"Well," he said when he saw Sid's kit, "I'm surprised at you, Sidney. I thought you really wanted to be in this team



but obviously not. I don't know how many times I have to tell you lot that this is a professional's game and if you can't look after yourself and be organised then you'll never be able to contribute to the team."

Sid was near to tears and too upset to try to say anything. He just couldn't understand it. He knew that his kit had been there this morning so what had happened? He looked round at his friends, feeling totally miserable and confused.

Mr Jones ignored him.

"Right kids," he said, "let's get on with it then. I'm going to make this as fair as possible, so good luck to all of you," he said.

Everyone was nervous but everyone did their best apart from one person. I wonder if you can guess who that was?

Of course it was Tom. He wanted so much to be in the team that he was willing to sabotage his friend's chances. Now he felt guilty, so guilty that he probably played worse than he'd ever played before. Was this a punishment or was it justice or was it simply the result of a guilty conscience?

Perhaps you can decide?

# Feeling Guilty

Read the statements below. When would you feel most guilty and when would you feel less guilty?

Cut out the statements and place them in rank order, then discuss your ranking with a friend/partner. Do you agree? If so why? If not why not?

You tell your teacher that you have lost your homework when you just didn't do it



You steal some money from your mum's purse

You copy your friends work

You tell your teacher you didn't call someone a nasty name when you did

You tell a lie to get someone else into trouble

You take two packets of sweets when you were only allowed one

You cheat in a game and then win it

You take your friends new game and hide it from them because you feel jealous

You steal some sweets from a shop

You shout at your dad because he won't give you extra money to buy things

You hit your little brother because he irritates you

You leave litter in the playground

Draw yourself in the photo frame and then think about all the things you have felt guilty about - at home and at school. Record these in the thought-storming chart below.

The image shows a worksheet titled "My guilty photo" in a central white box with a blue scalloped border. Surrounding this central box are six yellow rectangular boxes, each with a blue border and a blue scalloped border. Each yellow box contains the text "I feel guilty when..." at the top, followed by several horizontal dotted lines for writing. The yellow boxes are arranged in two rows of three, with the central white box in the middle. The entire worksheet has a light blue background.

## Stop, think & reflect

Answer these questions; record your responses on the reverse of the sheet:

- What made you feel most and least guilty?
- Did your guilty feelings prompt you to make amends?
- How uncomfortable are these feelings?
- How can you avoid feeling this way in the future?

# Guilty Feelings

Read the post-it notes below.

Work out why these people feel guilty? What have they done? Who has it affected?  
Discuss your ideas with a friend/family member and see if you are in agreement:

I feel guilty because I stole money from my mum's purse.

Cara

I feel guilty because I ruined my friends work because it was better than mine.

Shakira

I feel guilty because I let the cat out and she got run over.

Michael

I feel guilty because I hit my little brother as he got on my nerves.

Emily

I feel guilty because I nicked some sweets from Mr Jones shop & he's my friend.

Ted

I feel guilty because I cheated on my girlfriend and now I don't want the other girl.

Sid

I feel guilty because my gran died and I didn't say good bye.

Jenny

I feel guilty because I've been smoking and my mum would go mad if she knew

Simon

Stop, think & reflect - discuss

- Should some people feel guiltier than others? If so why? If not why not?
- What advice would you both give to each person? Can you agree?

# Feeling Homesick



Feeling homesick is when you feel sad or depressed because you are not at home and you miss it very much.

Janice was feeling really excited. It was one week until the end of term and she was due to spend the first three weeks of the holiday with her pen friend in Scotland. She had been writing to Bonnie for the last year ever since their new teacher had arrived from Scotland and arranged this special project with her previous school. Everyone in the class had written to the children in Miss Best's old class and were thrilled to bits when they got letters back from the village school in Scourie in Sutherland.

Miss Best had shown them where the village was on the map of the United Kingdom. It was so far away, over 500 miles from London and it seemed strange that the school should be surrounded by mountains and sea. It was just so different from living in a big city like London.

In her last letter, Bonnie had sent Janice some photos of the village, the school and her family. She had two brothers, three dogs and some rabbits and geese in the garden. Janice thought this was marvellous as she had never been able to have pets because they lived in a flat. Best of all, Bonnie had asked Janice to go up to Scotland for a holiday.

"Can I go, Mum?" Janice had asked.

Of course her Mum said yes and had started shopping and packing and making arrangements at least three weeks in advance. She was always so organised and liked to have things planned properly.

When it was time to leave for the airport, Janice looked around her room and sighed. She knew that she would miss her little sister, twin brothers and her Mum and Dad. However, any feelings of unease disappeared once she got on the aeroplane to travel to Inverness. It was just so exciting.

Because she was travelling on her own, the air stewardess gave her a special bag of activities and made sure she was well looked after on the journey. This included providing lots of sweets, fizzy drinks and a special cheese and bacon sandwich.

When they arrived in Inverness, the air stewardess also accompanied Janice into the terminal building where Bonnie and her parents were waiting. The two girls hugged each other and didn't stop talking for the two hour car journey up to Scourie.

"I can't believe how beautiful it is," said Janice. "And it's not dark yet, does that mean you can play out late?"

"I can't believe how beautiful it is," said Janice. "And it's not dark yet, does that mean you can play out late?"

"It doesn't get dark really in the summer," said Bonnie, "so we can basically play out until 10.00pm or even 11.00pm when my Mum and Dad go walking."

Janice thought it was all very exciting but she also began to feel a little uneasy as they sat down for the evening meal. Everything was just so different. It wasn't just the house, the mountains and the fresh air. It was also the fact that they spoke differently and they seemed to eat different sorts of food. Janice had never seen people eating just vegetables and some of the things she was eating that night looked quite odd to her.

Bonnie's Mum smiled at Janice across the table.

"Would you like some more pasta bake?" she asked.

"No thanks," said Janice and quite forgot to be polite and say how nice it had been – perhaps because she was beginning to feel a little bit sick.

Bonnie's Mum frowned slightly.

"You know, you must be feeling a wee bit tired," she said. "Why don't you have an early night and get a good rest after your journey then you'll feel fresher for tomorrow when we go out in the boat."

Janice nodded and smiled weakly. She was feeling tired. She was actually quite grateful to escape from the family



as she was finding it quite hard to understand what they said all the time. She didn't want to seem rude by asking them to repeat everything but it didn't make her feel very comfortable, and she was sure that she'd nodded and smiled at things that she shouldn't have nodded or smiled at.

That night, she lay awake listening to the birds and the sound of the sea.

It was impossible to sleep because it just didn't seem like night-time when the sky didn't get dark. She was also worried about going out on the boat.

She didn't like to say but she knew that she suffered from sea-sickness.

She didn't want to upset Bonnie as she had been so excited about this.

"We go out in the boat every day in the summer," Bonnie had said. "You'll love it Janice, it's such good fun."

Janice suddenly sat up in bed and realised that she was crying.

I don't think I can cope with this, she thought.

She got out of bed and started to make her way downstairs. She remembered that she'd left her mobile phone in her rucksack.

"If I can just phone Mum, I know she'll understand and she'll come to take me home. She wouldn't let me stay here feeling miserable."

Just as she got to the bottom of the stairs, she bumped into Bonnie's Dad.

"Are you okay, Hen?" he asked.

"Yes, um... I just came down to get a glass of water," she lied.

She took the glass of water back upstairs and spent the rest of the night staring out of the window. The next day, she looked so pale and tired that Bonnie's Mum wouldn't let her go out on the boat.

The other children went and Janice waited until the house was quiet.

She crept out of bed, put on her tracksuit and went down to find her mobile phone. Unfortunately, she couldn't get the phone to work.

Then she realised that there was no signal because the house was surrounded by mountains.

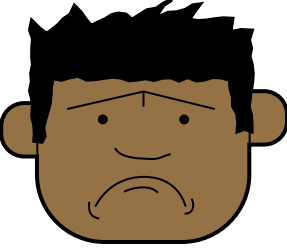

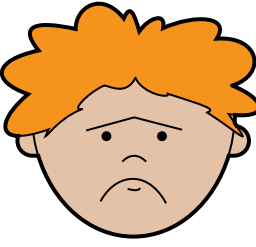
As soon as she knew that Bonnie's Mum was putting out the washing, she made a run for it down to the phone box in the village. By this time, she was really quite desperate.

"I have to get home. I just have to!" she said.

Just as she arrived at the phone box she saw Bonnie and two of her friends coming back from the boat trip. Bonnie called after her but it was almost as if Janice hadn't heard. She turned and ran. She didn't know where she was running to. All she knew was that she wanted to get home.

# Feeling Homesick

These people feel homesick, but they cannot go back home. How can others help them? What could they do in order to help themselves? Discuss your ideas and record them in the chart below.

	<p>Omar is a refugee from Somalia. He cannot go back because it is too dangerous, his wife was killed. He misses his friends and other family members.</p>	<p>Others could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>Omar could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
	<p>Hazel has just moved south as her dad has a new job. She is starting a new school but she feels frightened. She misses her old school and her friends.</p>	<p>Others could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>Hazel could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
	<p>Daniel has gone to live with his mum and her new partner. His dad has gone to live in another country. Daniel isn't used to a big city and is homesick for his country village.</p>	<p>Others could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>Daniel could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>

<p>I felt homesick when .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>I missed .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>I wished for .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>It made my body feel .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>It hurt because .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>I was/wasn't able to cope because .....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>

**Work with a partner to think about how you might cope better with this feeling in the future. You might take something special with you, text/email your family and friends or keep a diary. Think about what would work for you and why?**

[illegible]

# Our Homes

What would you miss about your house if you went away? Discuss with a friend/family member and write your lists of the 10 things I'd miss the most. Think about people, objects, special rooms and times:

10 things I'd miss the most	You	10 things I'd miss the most	Other
1)			
2)			
3)			
4)			
5)			
6)			
7)			
8)			
9)			
10)			

**Stop, think reflect - discuss**

Are there things you'd both miss? What are the differences?

# Feeling Helpful



**Feeling helpful is when you make something easier, better or quicker for someone else and you really improve the situation by what you do!**

Lisa was in a very good mood. In fact, she was feeling quite pleased with herself all round. She had received a brilliant report from her class teacher Mr Ray and he had even written a letter home to her Mum and Dad to say how helpful and hard-working she had been for the last half term.

The best bit about this, of course, was the fact that her Dad was so pleased that he had decided to buy her a new bike.

"I'll tell you what," he said, "if you keep this up my girl, I'll take you shopping on the last day of term and you can choose any bike you want."

"I will keep it up, Dad," she said, and gave him a big hug.

The next Monday, she went into school determined to be helpful. First of all, she offered to hand out the Maths worksheets. Mr Ray asked her to choose someone else to help her so she chose Mikey as he didn't very often get a chance to do jobs in class.

"Thanks for choosing me," said Mikey.

Lisa smiled. It felt good to be kind and helpful.

During the next lesson, Lisa was in the literacy group with Mikey, Jason and Patrick. They had to write a newspaper report describing a natural disaster like a volcano erupting or a hurricane causing enormous damage along the coastline.

Lisa absolutely loved writing. Literacy Hour was her best session of the day. She was good at spelling and found it easy to think of ideas. Mikey was quite the opposite. He hated the Literacy Hour and more than anything he hated having to write about stupid things that you didn't know anything about.

"How can I write about a hurricane or a volcano when I've never even seen one?" he said.

Lisa looked across the table at him.

"I'll help you," she said. "Look, just start off with a sentence like 'a hurricane attacked the South Coast of England and hammered through the village of Uppingham, destroying every building in the place and causing untold damage'... that would do for a start."

"Thanks, Lisa," he said.

He wrote down the sentence, copying her writing. When he'd finished the sentence he asked for some more help. "What can I say next?" he said.

Lisa decided to write out the whole essay so that he could copy it. It seemed much more sensible to do that because then she could offer help to other people at the table as well.

Just as she had finished writing out the last sentence, Mr Ray came up to the table.

"How are you getting on?" he asked.

"Fine, sir," said everyone at the table. Mr Ray bent down to look at their work. As he saw Mikey's work he frowned slightly.

"What's this? I don't think that this is your work is it? What's been going on here? I hope you haven't been cheating," he said.

Mikey didn't say anything. He went red in the face. Lisa felt sorry for him.

"He's not been cheating," she said. "He just needed a little bit of help to get started, so I helped him."

"I'm afraid this is not my idea of helping," said Mr Ray. "In fact, this isn't helping at all as it means Mikey is not



using his own brain – not if he's just copying your writing. I don't think it's very responsible of you, Lisa."

Now it was Lisa's turn to go red in the face.

"Well, I think it was responsible of me," she said. "You told me to be helpful and that's exactly what I have been doing so you shouldn't be telling me off now should you?"

"Yes, I think I should be telling you off," he said, also going red in the face.

Lisa thought of her new bike. This just wasn't fair. All she'd done was try to be helpful and Mr Ray was going to ruin everything because he was just so mean and nasty.

She stood up and threw down her pen.

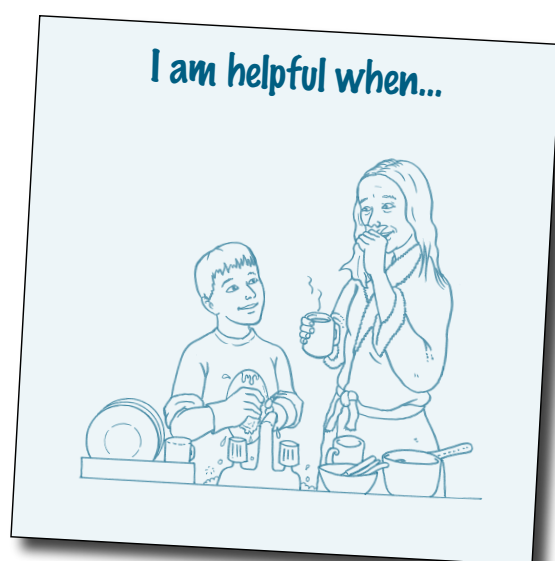
"Well, you can stuff being helpful!" she said loudly.

The whole class went quiet. Everyone was shocked. What on earth would happen next?

# Feeling Helpful

## Stop, think!

Draw and label things that you do to be helpful to others, and then share your ideas with a partner. Do you agree? Are your ideas similar or different? Try to think why this may be the case.



# Being Helpful

Think of a time when you know you were really helpful to someone else. What did you do? How did this make you feel? How did it make the other person feel?

Complete the following question chart:

Me being helpful and feeling helpful		
What did you do?		How did the other person feel?
How did you feel?		How did you feel after you'd been helpful?
What did you think?	What did you say?	Would you do the same thing again? If so why/why not?

**Stop, think & reflect - look to the future!**

When do others need you to be helpful? What can you do in the future to support them? Do you think this is a good idea? Who are you going to help, when and how?

Talk it through with a partner.

# Helping Hands

What can you do to help each other? What skills do you have that might be useful?  
How can you make each other feel good, happy & loved?

Work with a friend or family member to complete the 2 thought-storms below.

You



Other



# Feeling Impatient



**Feeling impatient is when you get irritable at any delay or difficulty.**

**You may feel restless because you need to do something or get a result straight away.**

It was just before the summer holidays and Year 6 were due to begin a week of celebrations, games and competitions. Mrs Hammond had organised this in order to finish the year on a very positive note and to say thank you to all the children for having worked so hard in their SATs.

"We're going to start off with the quiz," she told the class. "It will be a test of your general knowledge."

Daniel and Alex were extremely excited. Mrs Hammond organised the 30 children into six groups. The quiz was due to last for approximately one hour and each team was required to answer a series of questions, ranging from the topic of sport through to science, music and art.

Daniel was quite pleased because his group seemed to be quite confident that they could win and he particularly wanted to win as the prize included a day's free pass to a theme park.

"That would cost a fortune if you had to pay for yourself," said Daniel.

"I know!" said Alex. "The last time that my Dad took me it cost him well over £50 just for the rides."

Germaine, Patsy and Clare were also keen to win the prize. As they organised themselves at the table, Patsy said, "We just need to keep calm and make sure we really concentrate."

"Yes," said Germaine. "We need to make sure that we only answer questions that we know something about so I won't be saying anything about science because it's my weakest subject."

Daniel nodded. Mrs Hammond then said, "You are only allowed to answer three questions each so I suggest that you're very careful in choosing who is going to respond to which question. Be careful that you let someone answer when you think that they know the answer. You've got to remember that you're all part of a team and need to share out your responsibilities. Okay?" she asked.

The children nodded and the quiz began. The first question was easy as it required the children to name the capital cities of England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland and Northern Ireland. Daniel put up his hand and answered the question correctly. Mrs Hammond then awarded them five points and carried on with the next question.

"I think we're going to do well," said Alex. He smiled at the others while Germaine answered the next question about musical instruments.

By the end of the first half of the quiz, three teams were in the lead. It was definitely a close competition and the atmosphere in the room began to get tense.

"We've got to make sure that we answer the next three questions," said Daniel, "otherwise we won't have a good enough lead."

The other members of the group looked anxious. The next three questions were on the topic of music. Daniel knew that the only member of the team who would probably be able to answer these questions was Clare as her Mum was a piano teacher and she always seemed to be listening to music or going out to concerts.

Mrs Hammond asked the first question. She played some music and then asked the children to identify the composer. Daniel looked at Clare. She was frowning and it was quite obvious she wasn't really sure.

"Come on!" he said. "You must know it. Come on, Clare, just think – quickly."

Clare went red in the face.

"I'm not sure," she whispered. "I think it might be Shostakovich but it could be um..." she paused.

Daniel looked irritated. "Come on, think. Say something!" he said.

Clare put her hand up and answered the question. Unfortunately, she gave the wrong answer. All the children in the group looked upset. Margaret, who was sitting in the team directly opposite to Daniel's had answered the



question correctly and gained a further two points for her team.

Mrs Hammond asked the next music question. Again, she played a piece music and asked for the name of the composer. All the children looked at Clare. She frowned and shut her eyes. It was obvious that she was thinking really hard. Daniel could hardly bear the tension and found it very difficult to sit still. He poked Clare in the back and said, "Come on, get it right this time. Use your brain and don't be so stupid again!"

Clare turned round and looked at him. She looked as if she was about to burst into tears.

"I don't know who composed this," she said quietly.

Daniel had had enough. The thought of losing the quiz was just too much to bear. He turned round and took hold of Clare's shoulders.

Then he began to shake her. "Come on!" he shouted. "You're just so stupid. Just think and use your brain!" He shook her again and again until all of a sudden he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was Mrs

Hammond pulling him off and away from Clare who was now crying loudly.

"I think you ought to calm down and stop being so impatient," she said.

"Also, I think we need to talk about why you've just ruined this quiz, don't you?"

# Feeling Impatient

Josie gets angry, upset and impatient with her mum but her mum feels the same way about Josie. Read their letters and discuss them with a partner.

Try to write back helpful advice to both.

Dear friend,  
I am so fed-up with my mum. She nags me all the time, to get up, go to school, do home work & look neat & tidy. I am fed-up with her. She is so impatient, she expects me to do everything straight away and gets mad if I don't.

I just wish she'd get off my back.

What can I do?

Yours Josie



Dear Josie,  
I think you could...

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.....

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Yours, .....

# Feeling Impatient

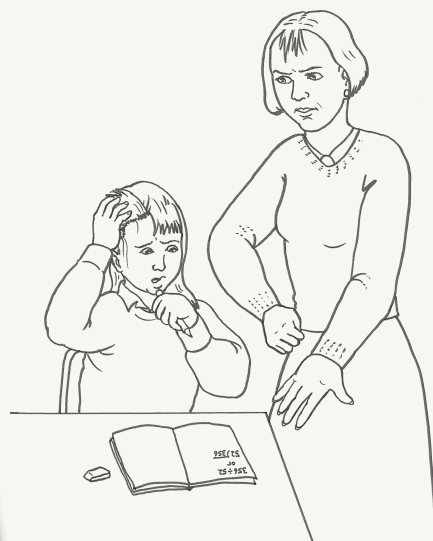
Dear Friend

I am so fed-up with my daughter Josie. She just doesn't do anything around the house & I have to ask her to do everything at least 6 times before she even thinks about doing it.

She's so impatient and wants me to run after her all the time, it takes me at least 20 minutes to get her out of bed in the morning.

I just don't know what to do, can you help?

Yours Marion  
(Josie's mum)



Dear Marion,

I think you could...

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Yours, .....

# Who's Impatient

Look at the post-its! Why are these people feeling impatient? Are they right to feel this way? Work with a friend or family member and see if you can agree.

Emma is feeling impatient with her mum because her mum is always late in the morning & this makes Emma late for school.

Mr Hamid is feeling impatient with his son Anjum because he can't remember his spellings.

Michael is feeling impatient with himself because he doesn't find the work as easy as his friends.

Mr Johnstone is impatient with his next-door neighbours as they make too much noise late at night.

Jermaine is impatient with his dad because he keeps cancelling their outings at the last minute.

Sarah is impatient with her son Matt because he always has to be asked at least 6 times to tidy his room.

Karen is impatient with Frankie because he stutters & takes too long to get his words out.


## Problem solve!

What advice would you give to each person to help them cope with these situations and feelings? Work together and formulate some solutions.

# Put-Downs

Sometimes we can be made to feel down or inferior because other people use put-downs which are aimed at us. Stop, think and reflect what 'put downs' have upset you?

Record them in the 'thought-storming' chart below.

<p><b>Put down 1</b></p> <p>They said</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>I felt</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p><b>Put down 2</b></p> <p>They said</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>I felt</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p><b>Put down 3</b></p> <p>They said</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>I felt</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p><b>Put down 4</b></p> <p>They said</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>I felt</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>		<p><b>Put down 5</b></p> <p>They said</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>I felt</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p><b>Put down 6</b></p> <p>They said</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>I felt</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p><b>Put down 7</b></p> <p>They said</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>I felt</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p><b>Put down 8</b></p> <p>They said</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>I felt</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>

## Turn it around

Be prepared for put-downs, if they happen again be ready with your assertive 'I' statement. (For example, "I think you are being unfair when you say that as I have tried really hard with my writing")

Work with a partner to formulate an assertive 'I' statement for each comment. Record these on the reverse of the sheet. Practice saying them in front of your mirror at home

Be ready!

# An Impatient Moment

When did you last feel impatient with someone else? What happened? Did your feelings lead to anger and conflict?

Write a brief description in the box.

My Impatient moment was:

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What happened? & could you have responded differently?

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## Stop, think & reflect

Look at the acrostic poem below, do you think this might help you next time you feel impatient? If so have a go! Try it out! You can also make up your own poem/script!

**B**e calm and take a deep breath

**E**xplain it to yourself - what is happening?

**P**lan - what should you do?

**A**pologise

**T**ake time to say how you feel

**I**nitiate a conversation

**E**xpect & encourage the other person to talk

**N**otice & listen to what they say

**T**eam up to find an OK solution - that makes you both feel good.



# Feeling Inferior



**Feeling inferior is when you feel that you are not as good as other people and that you are 'lower' in terms of position or status.**

Alison didn't want to go to school. Yesterday, their teacher had told them their SATs results. She said that she didn't believe in the results just being sent home to parents and wanted to privately tell each child how well they had done before the letters went home. Miss Cummings was a kind and sensitive teacher and the children all loved her because she never shouted and was always fair about things that mattered.

She called everyone up to her desk individually and showed them their results at her table, talking through how they'd done.

When it was Alison's turn she felt quite nervous. She turned to Jason and Sam and made a face.

"It'll be alright," said Jason. "You know you tried your best and Miss Cummings said that's all we can do."

Although Alison knew this, she still didn't feel comfortable.

"It's just that you're all cleverer than I am and I know that you're going to do better than me," she said.

"Don't worry about that," said Sam. He gave her a big grin in an attempt to cheer her up.

When she got up to Miss Cummings' table and looked at the piece of paper, she felt her heart sink. She knew that she wasn't the cleverest person in the class but she hadn't thought that she would do that badly. She had mainly got level 2s and one level 3.

Miss Cummings smiled. "You know, Alison, I'm really pleased with you because you've made so much progress this year and I think that these results really reflect all your hard work. I know your Mum and Dad are going to be pleased as well so when you go home you should be feeling proud with your head held high. I know that taking these tests was a horrible experience for most of you. There aren't many people in this world who really like exams, so just be proud of yourself and give yourself a pat on the back," she said.

Alison tried to smile. She knew that she'd worked hard and tried her best but she also knew that compared to other people it just wasn't good enough. She felt sad and even a bit tired and fed-up of the whole thing.

After school, it was worse. Everyone was running round the playground asking each other, "What did you get? What did you get?" Everyone seemed to have got much higher levels than Alison and when their parents came in to collect them it got even worse.

Mrs Jones walked straight over to Alison's Mum and said, "Aren't you just delighted with the results? My Sidney's done so well - he's got three straight level fives. It's going to look so good on his school transfer form and we're bound to get in to the high school we wanted now. How did Alison do?"

Alison's Mum smiled at Mrs Jones. "Well, we haven't had time to discuss it," she said, "but I'm sure we will once we get home, won't we?"

Alison looked at her Mum and thought how nice, kind and sensitive she was. Her Mum squeezed her hand and winked at her. Unfortunately, it didn't really help that much. I'm still not as good as the rest of them, she thought.

When they got home, Alison's Mum and Dad opened the letter. Once they'd had a quick look they both turned towards Allison.

"Well, I think you've done really well," said her Dad. "It's so much progress when you consider how hard you found that spelling stuff at the start of the year. I'm really proud of you," he said.

Alison thought she was going to burst into tears. She felt so stupid and so bad that having people be nice to her just couldn't make things better. It just made her feel even more like crying.

"What is it, love?" asked her Mum.

Alison didn't answer. She couldn't answer. The tears were running down her face. She picked up the letter and tore it into tiny pieces, throwing them all over the floor while her parents simply looked on in total amazement.

# Feeling Inferior

Why do people feel inferior? What is happening to them? Write your responses in the boxes below these scenarios.

<p><b>1</b></p> <p>A little boy being told off by his teacher for not doing well in his work - she's pointing to another child's work - an example of 'good' work.</p>	<p><b>2</b></p> <p>A girl watching her friend winning a dancing competition - she is fatter &amp; not as good looking.</p>	<p><b>3</b></p> <p>A poor tramp watching as 2 rich people drive past in their Mercedes.</p>
<p><b>4</b></p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p><b>5</b></p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p><b>6</b></p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>A man in an old car looking longingly at man in brand new sports car at traffic lights beside him.</p>	<p>A short little boy looking up at a group of his classmates who are all much taller than him &amp; very good looking.</p>	<p>A little boy coming last in a race on sports day.</p>
<p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>	<p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>

**Stop, think & reflect - discuss with a partner**

Are they 'right' to feel inferior? What could they do in order to stop themselves feeling this way? How do you think other people could help them?

# Inferiority Complex

Can you help Jo, She is feeling very sad, angry and fed-up, she feels that everyone else finds work easier than she does and that she will never be as clever, as pretty or as popular as other girls. What advice would you give to her?

Work with a friend or family member to write a helpful note to Jo.  
Try to think of things that she can do in order to stop herself feeling so negative and inferior.  
Use the format provided below:

Address:

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.....

Date .....

Dear Jo,

I think... ..  
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Yours sincerely .....

# Feeling Loyal



**Feeling loyal is when you are faithful to your friends, your family or the leaders of your country.**



Every Thursday, Class four went swimming at the local sports centre.

Everyone looked forward to it, mainly because the swimming instructor was such good fun. Every time they had finished the lesson, he always gave them at least ten minutes free time. Everyone went mad playing 'chase' games, splashing and going on the water slides.

"That's the best bit," said Anna.

"Especially when you go down in pairs because you can go even faster," said Jade.

Jade, Anna, Michael and Alex always tried to be in the same group as it meant that they could also spend their free time together as well. Mr Hinckley tended to call one group at a time to have their go on the slides. They all agreed that it was much more fun coming down with friends. It also helped that they were really loyal to each other and didn't attempt to push each other off the slide or frighten each other in any way. It was almost like an unwritten code with this gang that no-one pushed and everyone supported each other. This was because when they had first started going to swimming lessons, all four of them had been absolutely petrified of the water. Thankfully, with Mr Hinckley's support, they had overcome their fears and now really enjoyed swimming. But it was still nice to be in a group where people understood.

"Anyway, that's what I think," said Michael, as they went to the changing rooms the following Thursday.

Today's lesson was slightly different as it was the last lesson of the term and Mr Hinckley had decided to organise a mini swimming gala.

The whole class was due to take part and Mr Hinckley had split the children into five teams. There were going to be six races and points awarded for first, second and third places. The most exciting bit about it was the fact that the three winning teams would be able to win special prizes. The team who came first would be presented with an enormous silver plated shield and each member of the team would also be given a gold medal. The team who came second would each be awarded a silver medal and the team who came third would each be awarded a bronze medal. "It's a bit like the Olympics," said Alex as they walked into the changing rooms.

Once they were all changed and had placed their bags into the lockers, the children all lined up in front of their class teacher, Mr Parkin.

"Well, I know that you're very excited," said Mr Parkin, "but just remember to support each other and enjoy the lesson. Don't forget, even if your team doesn't win a prize you can still have a good time."

"I think that's a bit silly," whispered Anna to the others, "after all, everyone wants to be a winner, don't they? I do. I want to win one of those medals, don't you?"

The others nodded.

"It's just whether or not we're faster than the others, isn't it?" said Jade.

"Of course! As long as we keep our nerve and really concentrate - we've just got to do our best and I know we'll get one of those prizes," said Anna.

"Don't get worried, Jade," said Michael, "we're all in this together and that's why we're bound to win - because we're a proper team," he said.

He patted her shoulder and she gave him a weak smile in response. She took a deep breath and tried to keep calm. "It's just that you're all faster than me and I don't want to be the one to let you down."

"Don't be silly," said Alex. "You won't let us down. Anyway, like Mr Parkin said, we can only do our best and it's just supposed to be fun anyway."

Anna glared at him. She knew he was trying to be kind but she wanted to win and that meant that everyone had to be good in the team. There wasn't room for a weak link. But she didn't say anything and simply stared straight ahead as the first race was about to begin.

Everyone was absolutely silent as Mr Hinckley shouted, "On your marks, get set, go!"

All the races were relays which meant that each pupil had to swim one length each holding on to a rubber baton. The noise



was suddenly deafening as the children who were waiting for their turn began to scream encouragement at the team members who were swimming their lengths.

"This is just so brilliant," said Alex. He looked across at Jade and smiled.

She smiled back weakly. Anna was swimming her length and was well ahead. When she got to the edge of the pool, she handed the rubber baton to Jade and screamed, "Come on, swim as fast as you can – we're going to win, we're going to win!"

Jade took the baton and jumped into the water. She hadn't yet learnt how to dive like the others and this immediately slowed her up. As soon as she came to the surface of the water she swam like mad – as fast as she possibly could. She could feel her heart beating faster and faster and there was a pain across her chest which became so intense that it was difficult to catch any breath at all. She didn't see anyone pass her as she was just too intent on getting to the other end of the pool. As she was the last one to swim, the others were waiting for her.

She hit the baton on the side of the pool and placed it on the edge as she'd been told to. Then she looked up and saw her friends.

Anna's face was so red it looked like she was going to explode. Mike and Alex also looked upset and angry.

"I can't believe you, we were in the lead," said Anna. "We were in the lead and you managed to make us last, so even if we were able to win one of these races we'll never get anywhere near the medals."

"What happened?" asked Michael. "I can't believe you were so slow! It's pathetic, really pathetic."

Jade got out of the pool. She was shaking and not just with cold. She felt awful, as if she'd let them all down. She didn't know what to say or do. What could she do? She couldn't help the fact that she simply wasn't as fast as them.

She put her head down and took a deep breath. "I'll try harder next time," she mumbled.

"You'd better," said Anna.

Unfortunately, the same thing happened in the next two races and by this time Jade could see that the others were more than fed-up with her. After the third race Anna had had enough.

"You're pathetic, Jade," she said. "You're supposed to be part of the team and you've let us all down. You knew we wanted to win and you've just sabotaged it all by being such a wimp."

"Hold on a minute, that's not very fair," said Alex. "I know that you're angry and upset but at the end of the day we're still friends. It's not as if Jade tried to lose on purpose, is it?" he said. "I'm not so sure about that," said Michael. "I didn't see her putting in any real effort."

"No, neither did I and if she was a real friend and really loyal then she would have helped us to win. Now we just look like a bunch of losers and it's all her fault," said Anna.

Jade burst into tears and ran back into the dressing room. She just didn't know what else she could have done or said.

Alex looked at Michael and Anna. "I can't believe you two. Anyone would think this was the Olympics that we just lost. But it isn't and we're supposed to be friends. You know, we're supposed to be loyal to each other and that means you look after each other even when things don't go right."

"That's rubbish!" said Anna. "If she was loyal she would have helped us to win."

"You're pathetic," said Alex and he walked off to find Jade.

Perhaps they were wondering if he was right. What do you think?

# Feeling Loyal

How do we show loyalty to our friends and those we care for?

Stop, think and discuss and record your ideas in the list below.

## 10 ways to be Loyal

**1**

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**2**

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**3**

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**4**

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**5**

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**6**

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**7**

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**8**

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**9**

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**10**

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# A Loyal Occasion!

## Stop, think & reflect

Answer the following questions:

- When were you really loyal to a friend?  
.....
- What did you do and why?  
.....
- Did you feel worried about showing your loyalty?  
.....
- How did your friend respond?  
.....
- How did you feel at the time?  
.....
- What did you think & feel afterwards?  
.....
- Do you think this made you 'better' friends?  
.....
- When might you have difficulty in being loyal to a friend?  
.....
- What would you do? How would you cope?  
.....
- How would you prevent a conflict?  
.....

## Talk it through

Share your responses with a partner. How are they similar & how are they different?  
What strategies would you both use to remain loyal & prevent conflict?

**Record these on the sheet below:**

The image shows a worksheet designed for a writing exercise. In the center is a black and white line drawing of a female teacher standing and pointing her right index finger at an open book. Two young boys are seated at a desk in front of her. The boy on the left is looking up at the teacher with a surprised expression, while the boy on the right is looking at the book. A pencil lies on the desk. Surrounding this central illustration are six yellow sticky notes, each tilted at a slightly different angle. Each note has the text 'Loyalty is...' at the top, followed by several horizontal dotted lines for writing. The sticky notes are arranged in a circular pattern around the central image.

**Why do people sometimes stop being loyal to others? What would influence them? What would influence you? Discuss your ideas**

# Feeling Misunderstood



**Feeling misunderstood is when you feel that others do not understand you or misinterpret what you have said or done!**

Every week in Year 4, Mr Jones allocates special jobs to every member of the class. He thinks that this is a very important thing to do because it makes everybody aware of other people's feelings and reminds them of the importance of taking care of each other and the resources in the classroom. There are all sorts of jobs that children can do and everybody is quite keen on this arrangement – particularly because Mr Jones always gives as many members of the class as possible a certificate at the end of the week in order to celebrate how well they have done their job and to thank them for being so responsible.

The different jobs available include things like watering the plants, taking the register to the office, tidying up the book corner, handing out worksheets in class, keeping the art resources tidy and handing out the equipment for PE. Perhaps the most popular job is the one which involves the children taking messages up to different classrooms and around the school. Each of the message monitors gets to wear a special badge and it's almost as good as being a prefect. Everyone in Year 4 wants to be a prefect but of course you can't be one at Lyme Park Juniors until you get to Year 6.

Jonathan was quite excited on the Friday because he'd been picked to be the message monitor for the following Monday along with Tammy. When he went home and told his Mum he was actually quite upset when she laughed out loud.

"You! Being message monitor! Well, I thought pigs might fly before they asked you to do something so responsible," she laughed. Jonathan was quite hurt but he supposed that she was bound to think like that because he'd quite often been in trouble in the past for doing silly things in school.

Well, this is my chance to prove them all wrong, he thought.

The next Monday he was really looking forward to being given lots of jobs. Unfortunately, Tammy got picked first and managed to get three jobs done before lunchtime. As she went off to do the second one, she turned round and smirked at Jonathan saying, "I wonder if you'll ever get to go?"

Germaine turned round and told Jonathan not to worry. "You'll get your chance," he said. "You know that Mr Jones is always fair."

Jonathan got on with his work but he did feel a bit fed-up and wondered if he was ever going to get the chance to prove that he could be responsible.

Just before lunch, he was asked to take a message up to Miss Simmons' room. Mr Jones said, "Now, the reception class are having a music lesson and I think Miss Simmons is taking them down to the hall. She won't be in the classroom right away so you'll just have to wait for her to get back from the hall. She'll be doing some jobs in her room while the children have a music lesson so she's bound to be back in a few minutes. Okay?"

Jonathan nodded and smiled. He picked up the certificates and some worksheets that Mr Jones had got ready for Miss Simmons' class. As he walked out of the door he sniffed loudly at Tammy who was sitting just to his left. She pretended to ignore him but you could see that she was really quite peeved. This was a much nicer job. Anyone who got to go down to Miss Simmons was always given a special treat like some chocolate because the younger children always tended to get rewards like that. Jonathan couldn't work out why teachers stopped doing that when you got older.

When he arrived in the reception class, Miss Simmons wasn't there. He walked up to her desk and went to put the worksheets and certificates on top of another pile of papers. Then he noticed a huge shiny box covered in gold and silver paper on her chair. He wondered what it was. It looked very much like a big Christmas present or a birthday present. He looked into the box and saw lots of different kinds of chocolate figures all wrapped in beautiful foil paper which was brightly coloured and extremely posh.

Jonathan picked up one of the chocolates and held it up towards the light. Just then, Miss Simmons walked into the room.

"What on earth do you think you're doing?" she asked.

Jonathan went red in the face. "Well, I... I was just looking," he said and realised as he spoke that he didn't sound particularly convincing.

"I'm afraid it looks a bit more like I've caught you red handed, young man," said Miss Simmons. "Given the fact that you always seem to be in trouble, it wouldn't surprise me in the least if you were intending to steal one of my sweets."

Jonathan began to panic. He had so looked forward to showing that he could be responsible and now it looked as if everything was going totally wrong. He just didn't know what to say. How could he convince her? It just looked so bad.



"Well?" said Miss Simmons. "I'm waiting! What's your response, young man?"

Jonathan didn't know what to do. It was almost as if his mind went blank and he was in a total state of panic. He couldn't even think straight in order to try and get a proper explanation out.

"Well, if the cat's got your tongue now then I think we'll have to see what you will say to the head teacher later. In fact, I think we'll go directly to his office and we'll ask Mr Jones to come up as well. It seems to me as if you do not deserve to be a monitor of any kind. Monitors need to be honest and responsible and I don't think that we can describe you as having those qualities, do you?" she asked.

She walked to the door and Jonathan followed her with his head bowed down. He felt ashamed and yet he'd done nothing wrong and he hadn't intended to. How was he going to sort this out? Who was going to believe him? What do you think?

# Feeling Misunderstood

Think about a time when you or someone you know felt misunderstood.  
What happened? What feelings do you have about this now?

Make some notes & list the feelings before formulating an acrostic poem.

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# Misunderstood

## Stop, think & reflect

Sometimes we can misunderstand others. This can lead us to make judgements about them that may not be fair. If we don't understand then it makes sense to ask politely!

Look at these situation cards, cut them out then work out what you would say and do if you thought you had misunderstood the person.

Write on the reverse of the cards.

You think that someone  
has just cussed your mum

You think that someone  
may have said something  
nasty about you



You think that someone  
may not like your religion

You think that someone  
doesn't like mixed-race  
children

You think that someone  
has left you out of a game

You think that someone  
has blamed you for doing  
something bad

## Talk-time

Once you have worked out what you would say and do, compare your ideas with a partner. How are they similar or different? Can you agree on what would get you the best possible outcome in each situation?

# Misunderstood?

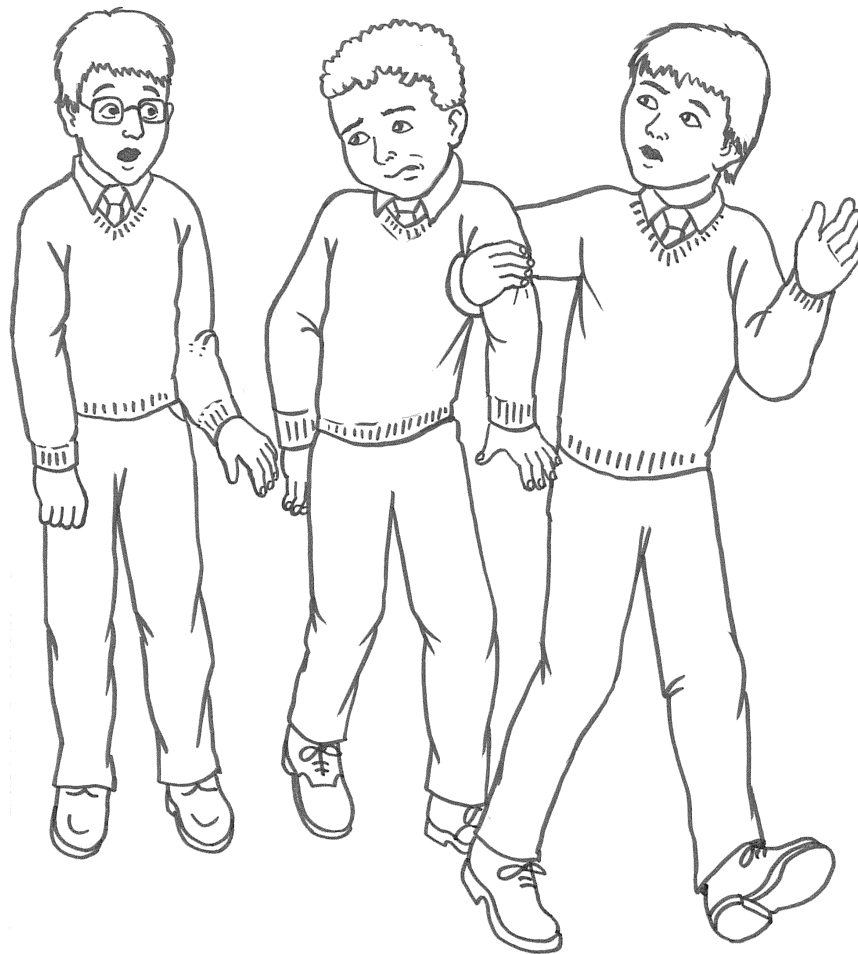
Read the scenarios below. Why do you think each person might be misunderstood by others?

What is happening? What might they be able to do differently in order not to be misunderstood?

Work with a friend or family member. Discuss your thoughts, feelings and ideas and record them on the chart below:

<p>1)</p> <p>A boy in a shop looking at some sweets and the shop keeper watching him suspiciously</p>	<p>He might be misunderstood because...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>To avoid this, he could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>2)</p> <p>A girl looking at another child's work admiringly (it is better than her own) and touching the edge of the paper</p>	<p>She might be misunderstood because...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>To avoid this, she could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>3)</p> <p>An older man helping a little girl and boy who are lost</p>	<p>He might be misunderstood because...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>To avoid this, he could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>4)</p> <p>A boy buying some spray paint from a shop (for his art project)</p>	<p>He might be misunderstood because...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p> <p>To avoid this, he could...</p> <p>.....</p> <p>.....</p>

# Feeling Possessive



Feeling possessive is when you feel that you want all the attention and love of another person and you may want to have control over them.

James and Alec had been friends since they first went to school in the reception class at Hambro Juniors. In fact, they were considered to be quite inseparable from each other and most people in school and in the street where they both live, called them the 'terrible twins'. Of course they weren't related. They simply lived next door to each other but because nobody ever saw them apart it seemed that they were just like twin brothers.

They had all the same interests and liked doing the same kinds of things in their spare time. This mainly involved eating burgers, playing football, going to astronomy club and finally, and most surprisingly, making movies. This last hobby was something that they had both developed because Alec's Dad worked in the movie business. He had all the equipment at home including an editing machine, various cameras and a huge screen on which to project their movies.

At the moment, both boys were very excited because they were making a movie all about aliens which was going to be shown as part of their end-of-year presentation.

"The thing is, we need more people," said Alec. "We need at least six more people to play the aliens otherwise it's just going to look funny if it's me and you dressing up in different outfits all the time. I think people would recognise us or just think it's stupid. What do you think, James?"

"Yeah, I think you're right. Who shall we ask?" James replied.

"Well, I think it should be Stephen, Germaine, Cara, Sydney, Adam and Robert."

The next day at school, the two boys told the other children about their plans. Of course, everyone was really excited as none of them had been in a movie before. They were really looking forward to being stars of the big screen.

"Where are we going to do the filming?" asked Stephen.

"Well," said Alec, "I think we need to have somewhere that looks a bit like the moon's surface. You know, sort of bumpy and sandy. I was thinking of my back garden but Dad says it's not really right because there's too much grass around and it looks too well kept."

"We can always go to my house," said Stephen. "Our back garden's like a building site because my Dad's in the trade. There are piles of sand, cement and muck all over the place. I think it would be quite good for the film."

James didn't know why, but he felt quite uncomfortable. There was something he didn't like about Stephen. He just seemed a bit too pushy.

Later on, after school was over, everyone piled into Alec's Dad's van and went over to Stephen's house. Alec's Dad was pleased because the light was still good and he thought that Stephen's back garden made a wonderful set for the aliens scene.

Stephen was helping Alec set up the equipment. James went over to join in and help. This was something that he and Alec would normally have done on their own and he couldn't understand why Stephen had to be included in this.

"Thanks a bunch for asking me, Alec," said Stephen. "I really appreciate it. I never thought I'd be in a movie. My Mum and Dad burst out laughing and said they didn't think they made cameras big enough to take a shot of me."

The boys laughed. Stephen was big. In fact, he was considered to be a bit of a giant in the classroom as he was the tallest boy in the whole year group.

"You can be in any of the films you like," said Alec. "It's always good to have someone who's a bit of a laugh as it takes some of the tension out of it and I can assure you that some of the actors do get tense sometimes. You can always tell them jokes and make them laugh. That would be really good."

James was getting a bit fed-up with this. He didn't really like the fact that his friend was being so friendly with someone else. As far as he was concerned, Stephen wasn't particularly funny at all. He was just a bit of a big blob.

"I'll tell you what, why don't you come round here tomorrow night and we could actually do the titles for the movie as well, then you could come to tea? My Mum said that would be all right. What you think?" said Stephen.

"He can't," said James. "He's already coming to my house because we're going to do the titles together."

Alec looked a bit uncomfortable and frowned slightly.

"Maybe next time," he said.



"Well," said Stephen. "Come round on Friday instead, it'll be a laugh."

James had had enough. He turned to Alec and said, "But you can't.

That's when we go to our astronomy club and we go every week so you can't miss that."

Alec turned round to face James. By now, he was quite red in the face and feeling pretty fed-up with this.

"Look James, if I want to go round to Stephen's, I'll go. Why have you got such a problem with this? What's going on?"

James just couldn't help himself. He was so angry and jealous. He had never experienced uncomfortable feelings with such force before. He looked at his friend and shouted, "You're supposed to be my friend!

You're just a traitor! You're pathetic."

Everyone just looked. No-one said anything and Alec wouldn't have known what to say anyway. They watched as James stormed out of the front gate. No-one knew where he was going and at this point, I wonder if any of them actually cared?

# Feeling Possessive

## 4 Problem cards

Read the problem cards, discuss these situations with a partner.

Why are these people being possessive? How are they making others feel? What can you do to change their behaviour?

Cut out the problem hospital cards and write your ideas on the back of each card.

### Michael

Michael is being possessive with his best friend Jason. He gets angry if Jason goes out to play with anyone else, and won't let him go round to other friends houses. He expects Jason to only be his friend, although he thinks he should be able to have other friends himself.

How can he change?

### Adil

Adil is being possessive with his toys and his computer. He cannot share.

When friends come to his house, he locks everything away in his room and won't let others in there. His friends are getting fed up with him.

How can he change?

### Cara

Cara is being possessive about her mum. Her mum split up with her dad 2 years ago and it has just been the 2 of them since then. Her mum recently got a new boyfriend and Cara is not happy. She pretends to be ill all the time so that her mum will stay in and not go out with him. Her mum is feeling stressed.

How can she change?

### Yasmin

Yasmin is being possessive about her twin sister Alice. She wants Alice to do everything with her and exactly like she would do it - from playing the same game at the same time to wearing exactly the same clothes and shoes. Alice is getting fed-up and angry as she wants to play with other people and to choose her own clothes.

How can she change?

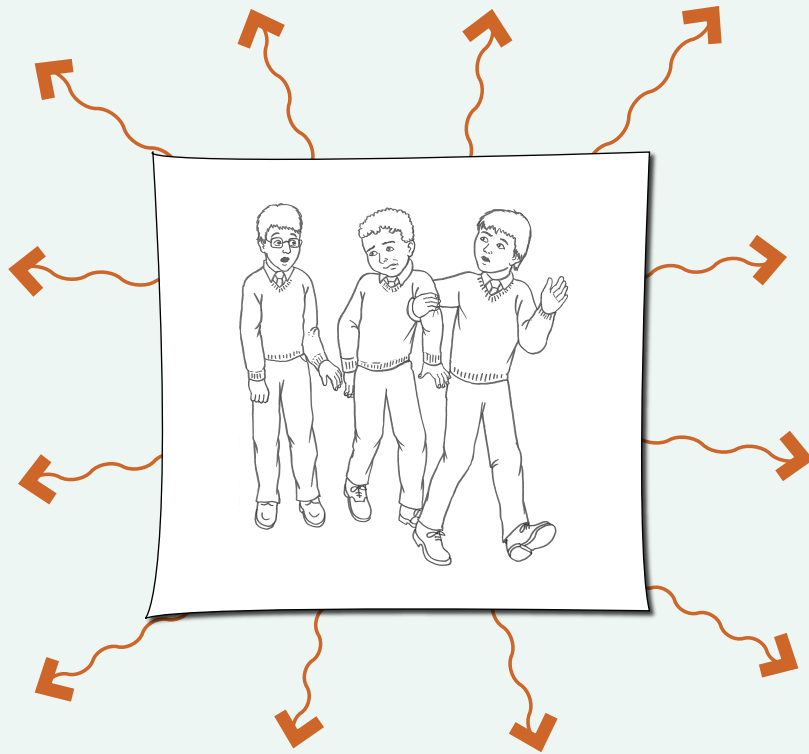
# Feeling Possessive Again!

Think about a time when you felt possessive. Stop, reflect how you may have felt many other emotions before you got to a state of possessiveness.

What were your triggers? How much of your behaviour was caused by the way you felt about yourself?

Record your ideas in the chart below:

## My triggers



**Stop, think and reflect with a partner**

- Are your triggers similar or different?
- What advice would you give to each other in order to avoid these triggers or cope better in the future?

# Feeling Possessive

We all feel possessive about other people or something that is special to us, at some point in our lives.

When did you last experience this feeling? How did you behave? What was the outcome?

Work with a friend/family member and discuss your ideas before recording them on the chart below.

**You**

**Other**

I felt possessive when...

---

---

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I thought...

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---

---

I said...

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---

---

I did...

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---

---

I could have reacted differently if I...

---

---

---

If a similar situation occurred in the future I would...

---

---

---

I felt possessive when...

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I thought...

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I said...

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I did...

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I could have reacted differently if I...

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If a similar situation occurred in the future I would...

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# Feeling Sorry



**Feeling sorry is when you feel regret or sadness for yourself or for others.**

Katie, Sara, Kevin and Joshua were chosen by their class teacher, Mrs Bates, to act as a circle of buddies for a new girl who was due to start at Coston Primary the following Monday. Mrs Bates said that she chose them because she knew that she could trust them to be sensitive, kind and supportive. She said that this was particularly important because Yvonne, the new girl, had a form of cerebral palsy which meant that she had to move around the school in a wheelchair.

Of course, the children had lots of questions to ask Mrs Bates and this was mainly because they'd never had anyone in their school who had relied upon a wheelchair to get around. Consequently, they weren't quite sure what to expect.

"Is she the same as us? I mean, can she do the same work and things or does it make a difference to that?" asked Katie.

"Of course she's exactly the same as you, there's absolutely no difference. After all, she's a human being with the same feelings, thoughts and behaviours as anybody else. She's also extremely clever and lots of the things that other children find difficult like spelling and writing causes her absolutely no problem whatsoever. I think it's important that you all remember that she won't want to be treated like someone who is different and I'm sure she'll just want people to be friends with her, just as you are with each other," said Mrs Bates.

"Can she manage to get around on her own though?" asked Joshua.

"Yes, she's got no problem with that but she'll need help with directions just like anyone else who is new to the school. I expect you can remember how you felt last year when you first came, Kevin?" said Mrs Bates.

"Yes, I can. I felt really nervous but it was mainly to do with feeling that I didn't know anybody and I didn't know where anything was. What really helped was people showing me around a bit," said Kevin.

Yvonne arrived the next morning. Her Mum bought her into class and Mrs Bates introduced her to the children. There was a little bit of a hush in the room. Even though Mrs Bates had talked to the children before, it seemed that people were still a bit nervous. It was almost as if they didn't quite know how to respond to Yvonne. However, they were in for a bit of a surprise! Mrs Bates asked Yvonne if she'd like to tell the class a little bit about herself. She smiled and said that she'd love to.

"My name is Yvonne and I'm 9 years old. My favourite colour is red and my favourite food is pizza and chips. I really love football, my favourite team is Arsenal and my second favourite team is Queens Park Rangers.

When I grow up I want to be a Doctor. Oh yes, I also have three brothers and a baby sister and I love going to parties."

There was a definite hush in the room at the end of this but Mrs Bates quickly covered this up by saying, "Thank you very much, Yvonne. Now, if you'd like to make your way over to this desk, I have placed you in Gold group with Katie, Sara, Kevin and Josh. I am sure that they are going to make you very welcome so please just feel free to ask them any questions."

Yvonne smiled at the children and they smiled back. The first lesson was a literacy session. Everyone had to write a poem making use of all the letters of the alphabet. It was an acrostic poem and because they had to use all 26 letters that meant that there were 26 lines.

"Not again!" said Kevin. "I hate these poems. I never know what to write or how to start and I can't spell anything anyway."

"Now, don't moan," said Sara. "You'll make Yvonne think we can't do anything for ourselves."

Yvonne smiled. She was quite happily getting on with her work.

Sara looked at her and wondered if she could feel anything in her legs.



She felt so sorry for Yvonne. I wonder what it's like? she thought. I wonder if she minds not being able to run about with us, it must make her feel miserable and left out. It must be horrible. I feel so sorry for her.

When it was break-time, Sara turned to Yvonne and said, "Shall I wheel you outside? I can show you where we play. It's not too far to go so you won't get too tired."

Yvonne went red in the face and took the brakes from the sides of her wheels.

"It's fine," she said stiffly. She was trying hard to maintain a smile.

"You just walk ahead and show me where I ought to go. I don't need anybody to wheel my chair, thank you."

Sara looked surprised. She hadn't expected Yvonne to react in that way.

Mind you, she wasn't sure exactly what she'd expected if she was honest.

Perhaps I shouldn't have offered to push her chair. After all, she must be able to get around on her own and I've probably made her feel embarrassed now, Sara thought.

They went out into the playground. Kevin turned to Yvonne and said,

"Shall I fetch you a drink? There's a water fountain over there but it's a bit far to go so I'll get you one if you want. I can go into class and get one of the plastic mugs."

Joshua then said, "I can get you a snack from the tuck shop if you like and then take you around so you can go and watch the basketball match."

By this time, Yvonne had had enough. She couldn't stand it any more.

She knew that she was just going to have to tell them straight.

"Look, I know that you're trying to be kind but I don't want you feeling sorry for me. There's nothing to feel sorry about and I'm fed-up with people feeling that way about me. I can get my own drink, I can wheel my own chair and I can certainly go and buy my own snacks. I can also play basketball and the last thing I want is to be sitting at the side and just watching the game."

And with that, she made her way over to the basketball pitch, caught the ball as Emma was throwing it to Tony and proceeded to join in with the game.

# Feeling Sorry

Why would you feel sorry for these people? Would you be right to feel this way?  
If so, what could you do to help them?

Record your ideas on the chart below after discussing them with a partner.

## A poor old tramp begging

I do/do not feel sorry for this man because...

.....

.....

.....

.....

I could help by...

.....

.....

.....

.....

## A refugee child

I do/do not feel sorry for this boy because...

.....

.....

.....

.....

I could help by...

.....

.....

.....

.....

# Feeling Sorry

## Picture of old lady looking lonely at home

I do/do not feel sorry for this woman because...

.....

.....

.....

I could help by...

.....

.....

.....

## Picture of child (boy) watching her parents fighting

I do/do not feel sorry for this boy because...

.....

.....

.....

I could help by...

.....

.....

.....

# Being Sorry

We all feel sorry for ourselves and for others in our lives.

Complete the chart below:

Myself	A Friend
When did I feel sorry for myself?	When did I feel sorry for my friend?
Why?	Why?
What did I think, say & do?	What did I think, say & do?
How did others react?	How did others react?
Could I help myself?	Could I help him/her?
A Teacher	A Parent/Carer
When did I feel sorry for my teacher?	When did I feel sorry for my parent/carer?
Why?	Why?
What did I think, say & do?	What did I think, say & do?
How did others react?	How did others react?
Could I help him/her?	Could I help him/her?

**Discuss with a friend/partner - philosophical points to debate!**

- How are you examples similar or different?
- Is it ever 'wrong' to feel sorry for someone?
- Is it ever 'wrong' to feel sorry for yourself?

# Show You're Sorry

How would each person show they were sorry for what they have said or done?

What do you think they could do to make amends?

What advice would you give them?

Work with a friend or family member and record your ideas on the post-it notes below:

A young boy stealing money from his mum's purse in order to be able to buy sweets from the shops.

Our advice would be...

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Our advice would be...

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A boy trashing his friends work because his isn't as good & he feels jealous.

Two older girls bullying a smaller child and taking her mobile phone.

Our advice would be...

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Our advice would be...

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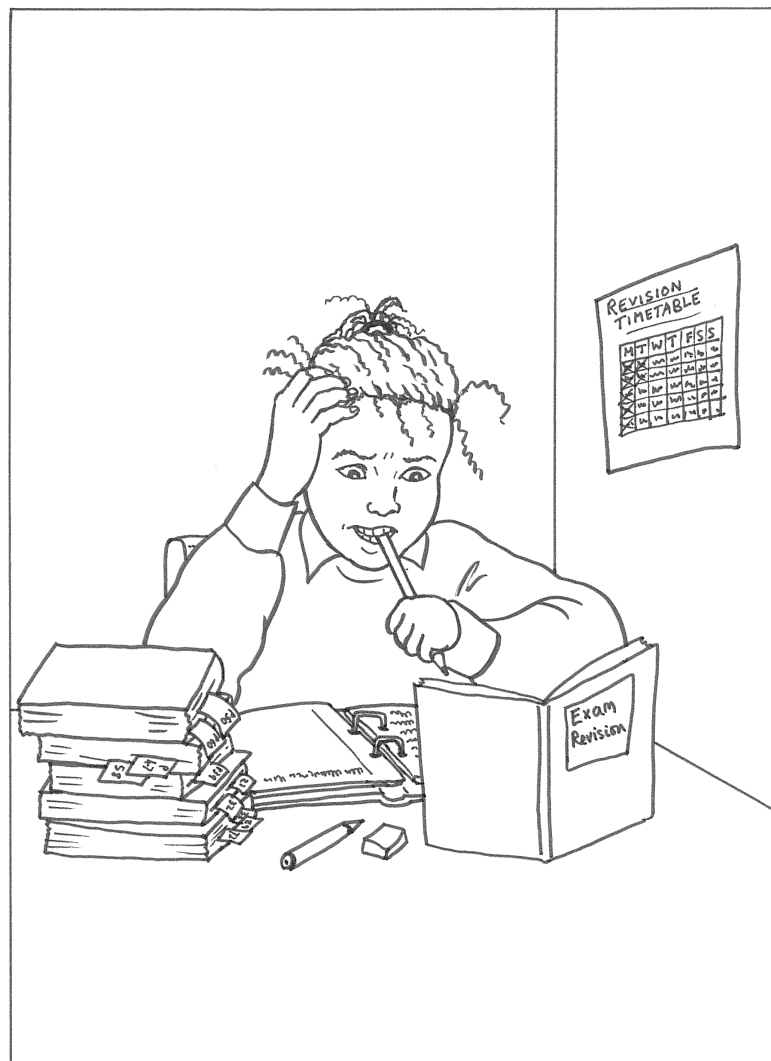
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A young boy making a total mess in his room and ignoring his harassed.

Mum when she got upset & tries to tell him to clean up.

# Feeling Stressed



Feeling stressed is when you feel tense and unable to cope with your life and the things that are happening to you.

Kevin sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. They felt so sore from lack of sleep and from crying. He looked towards the window and saw the sun shining in through the crack in the curtains. Usually, that would make him jump out of bed, pull the curtains and have a good look outside – but not today. Today was different. It certainly wasn't a happy, sunny day for him and there was absolutely nothing to celebrate as far as he was concerned.

Kevin manoeuvred himself to the edge of the bed and sat up. He could still hear the voices ringing in his head. His Mum and Dad had argued for well over half the night. Eventually, at about four o'clock in the morning, he'd heard his Mum say, "Well, if you're going to leave, I'd appreciate it if you did it tomorrow. This isn't doing any of us any good. I feel totally stressed out and trying to hide it from the kids is just making it worse.

I'm sure they know that there's something going on and it would be better if we just came clean with them."

I wonder if they'll tell us today then? thought Kevin.

He made his way to the bathroom, washed, dressed and went downstairs for breakfast. He didn't feel like eating anything but he knew his Mum would fuss if he didn't try something.

"Do you want a boiled egg?" she asked him. Kevin shook his head. He felt sick.

"I'll just have a cup of tea and a bit of toast Mum, thanks," said Kevin.

Just then, his two sisters came downstairs. He looked at them and realised that they must have overheard last night's arguments as well.

Katie looked absolutely shattered and Melanie's eyes were totally bloodshot.

"I'll have a boiled egg, Mum," said Katie.

"I'll just have toast, thanks," said Melanie.

Everyone ate their breakfast in silence. It was as if no-one knew what to say. No-one mentioned the fact that Dad wasn't there.

Kevin walked slowly to school. He'd let his sisters walk ahead as he just wanted to be on his own. He couldn't really explain how he felt. It was a kind of mixture. In one way, he knew that he felt relieved that his Dad had gone as now he knew there would be a bit of peace at home and his Mum would stop crying so much. But he also felt tense and angry. It just wasn't fair.

Why should this happen to our family? he thought. It seemed so unfair and he found it difficult to imagine life without his Dad. He knew he'd miss him a lot but he wouldn't miss having to pretend that he didn't know what was going on. That was probably the most stressful bit.

That day, he just couldn't concentrate in class. Every time he tried to focus on his work, he kept hearing his Mum and Dad arguing. He wondered what would happen and what he would find when he got home that night. Would his Dad come back? Would they have made it up? Could they sort it out?

"Are you actually with us today, Kevin?" asked Mr Thomas sarcastically.

"If so, it would be helpful if you could show us by actually paying some attention to your work. It seems to me that your ability to actually complete any task has decreased rapidly over the course of the last three weeks. It's about time you bucked up your ideas."

Kevin went red in the face. He put his head down and tried to concentrate but a few seconds later he found himself staring out of the window. He didn't know what he was staring at. His mind just seemed to go blank.

Gara nudged him as she saw Mr Thomas coming towards their table.

"Look at your work and pretend to concentrate," she whispered.

But Kevin couldn't. He looked at her but said nothing then just stared straight ahead. He didn't see that Mr Thomas had actually walked right round and was now standing directly behind him.

"This is just not good enough," he said. "I don't know what's got into you, Kevin. You've not done a stroke of work this week and hardly anything for the past two weeks at least. I never thought you were a lazy boy but I'm beginning to change my



mind quite rapidly. I'm afraid you're going to have to take this book up to show Mrs Castle. Perhaps you can explain to her why you're not doing any work if you can't tell me. Is there any particular reason or is this just you being lazy?"

Kevin thought this was unfair. He turned towards Mr Thomas, suddenly feeling very angry.

He didn't stop to think. It was almost as if something had snapped inside his head. He picked up his book and threw it onto the floor. There was an audible gasp from the other children. No-one had ever seen him behave like this before.

"I'm not lazy," he said. "But you don't know what's going on. You're just stupid and mean and trying to show me up. Well it won't work, so don't bother!" And with that, he ran out of the classroom, down the corridor and out of the main school gates. He didn't stop to think. He just ran and ran as if he was running for his life.

# Feeling Stressed

People feel stressed for many different reasons. Which situation do you think is most stressful & which is least stressful.

Cut out these statements & place them in rank order (most stressful first & least stressful last).

Then compare your rankings with a partner & discuss any similarities and differences.

You have to take a maths test



You have to visit your grandmother who is dying

You lost your money

You start a new school

Your best friend has gone off with someone else

Your computer has broken down

Your mum/dad/carers keep arguing

Your parents are getting a divorce/splitting up

You have to move house

You are going on holiday

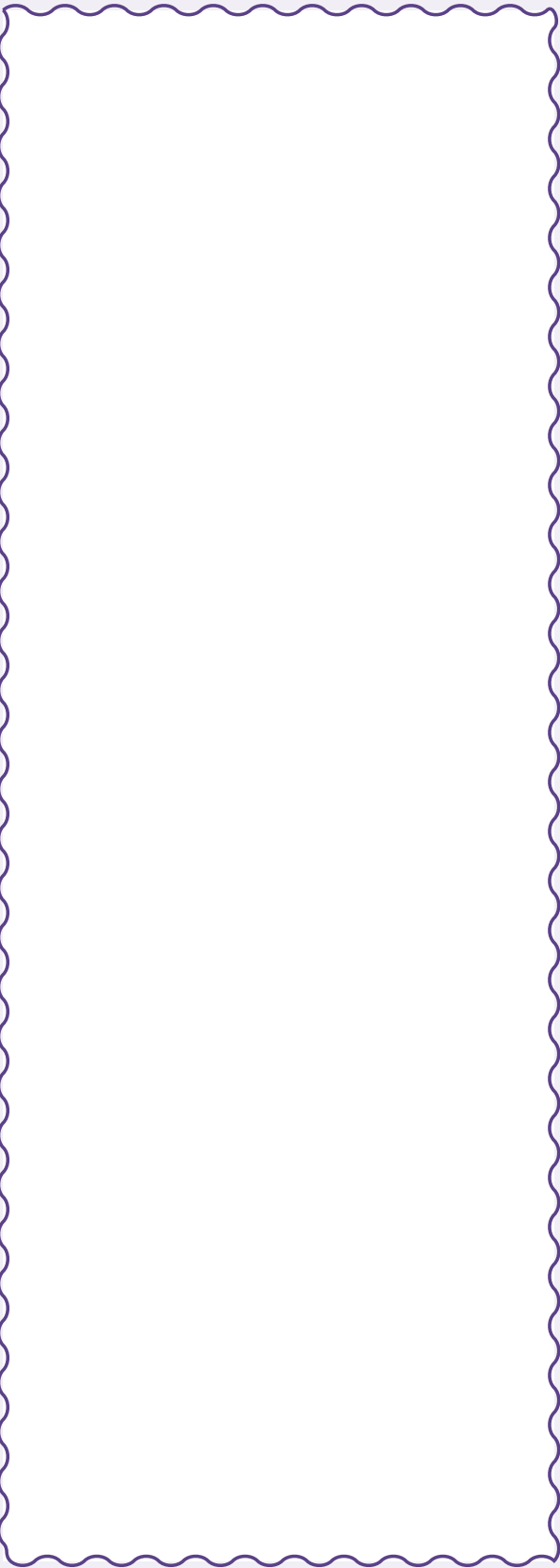
Your brother keeps bullying you

Your pet has died

# I was Stressed

Draw it out!

This is me when I am feeling STRESSED!



Now try to complete the following sentence starters:

I felt stressed because .....

I wanted to .....

It made me feel .....

It made me think .....

I acted like .....

I did/did not ask for help from .....

People may have noticed because .....

I tried to calm down by .....

If I feel this way again then I will try the following strategies: .....  
.....  
.....  
.....

# Stress Busters!!

Which stress busters would you use? Which would help now and perhaps help you in the future? Tick against each one and discuss with a friend or family member.

Do you agree? Do you both find the same strategies useful or do you find different strategies helpful?

**Taking time out  
in a quiet space**

You

☐

✓  
X

Other

☐

✓  
X

**Yoga**

You

☐

✓  
X

Other

☐

✓  
X

**Deep  
Breathing**

You

☐

✓  
X

Other

☐

✓  
X

**Relaxation  
exercises**

You

☐

✓  
X

Other

☐

✓  
X

**Stress  
Busters**

**Have a sleep  
or cat nap**

You

☐

✓  
X

Other

☐

✓  
X

**Listen to  
music**

You

☐

✓  
X

Other

☐

✓  
X

**Talk it through  
with a friend**

You

☐

✓  
X

Other

☐

✓  
X

**Do some  
exercise**

You

☐

✓  
X

Other

☐

✓  
X

**Stop, think & reflect**

Do you have a personal strategy not recorded here that might be helpful to others?

If so, discuss with your friend/family member.

# Feeling Vain



**Feeling vain is when you feel too proud of yourself, the way you look or of what you've achieved.**

Every July, all the children at Down Manor Primary School were not only excited because the Summer holidays were about to begin, but also because they were due to take part in the annual Carnival. This was held on the last Saturday and Sunday in July and it was considered to be a highlight in everyone's year. However, for the children it was especially important because each year group had to participate by designing their own costumes and then dancing and performing in the parades through all the main streets in the town.

This year the theme of 'beauty in nature' was chosen by their head teacher Mr Marks. He was especially keen to promote the idea that everyone should take care of the nature around them and really appreciate all the beautiful things that were available to them. He was also keen that the children should appreciate what he called the beauty in themselves and in others. In fact, he did a whole assembly on this theme before the children started planning their costumes and performances, saying that beauty was a valuable and precious thing.

But, as he said, "It needs to go further than skin deep."

"What did he mean by that?" asked Sara, when they got back into class.

"I think he meant that you shouldn't just be beautiful on the outside.

You should also be beautiful on the inside," said Tom.

"I still don't get it," said Sara.

"Well, I think it's about being good and kind on the inside because then that comes out to the outside and makes you a really beautiful person... but, I could be wrong!" said Ella. She laughed and then said, "I think I'll just have to aim for being good and kind on the inside because I'll never be particularly good-looking on the outside that's for sure – not like you, Sara."

Sara smiled at her friend. That was one thing Ella was right about, she was never going to be a beautiful girl. She was far too tall and skinny and she looked like a scarecrow with all her fuzzy brown hair. She was quite the opposite of Sara who was small with beautiful olive skin and long dark silky hair that reached right down her back. Everyone said that Sara was beautiful and that she was sure to be chosen as the Carnival Queen. Every year, one girl and one boy from Year 6 were chosen to be the Carnival King and Queen. They got to sit on specially designed thrones on the biggest float and then lead the whole parade through the town. They were also both crowned by the Lord Mayor and received a special commemorative gift – usually a gold or silver medal.

They're sure to pick me, thought Sara.

Over the next week, she became more and more convinced that she would be chosen to be the Carnival Queen. When she looked around the room at the other girls in her class, she began to realise just how beautiful she really was compared to all of them. They all seemed to have something wrong with them – like being too fat, having goofy teeth, knobbly knees or an enormous nose and big sticky out ears. She kept a little mirror hidden in her pencil case and she regularly began to take this out during the day so that she could admire her own face in comparison to the others, as well as making sure that she looked neat, tidy and totally presentable.

She didn't want to have a hair out of place. If she was going to be the Carnival Queen, then she would need to look beautiful for every minute of every single day. After all, you just didn't know when someone might be taking your photo.

As she was checking to make sure that her hair clips were perfectly positioned, she noticed Marcus and George staring at her.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"We just wondered why you keep looking at yourself all the time?" said George.

"I just have to make sure that everything's okay," she said.



The two boys stared at each other and Marcus said, "But don't you get bored?"

"Of course not," she replied. "You can't afford to get bored if you want to look beautiful – you just have to put all your effort into it and it does payoff. Of course, you know it's highly likely I'll be chosen to be the Carnival Queen."

"So, what's the big deal?" asked George.

"Anyway, even if it is a big deal, it shouldn't stop you playing with us.

Come on, Sara. Come and have a game of football with us. Ella's playing too. Come on, it'll be a laugh," said Marcus.

"No thanks," she said. "Anyway, I might break one of my nails and I've been trying to grow them for the last two weeks. It would be a shame to ruin them now."

The two boys looked at each other again.

"I think she's gone mad," said Marcus under his breath as they walked off towards the football pitch.

The next day, during assembly, Mr Marks was due to announce the names of the two children chosen to be the Carnival King and Queen.

Sara was so excited that she grabbed hold of Ella's hand and squeezed it until it hurt.

Mr Marks said, "I'm delighted to announce that we have chosen two very special children from our Year 6 class because they have shown themselves to be beautiful both inside and out. Most importantly, they have shown that they really care for the school community by taking particular care of those who are the youngest members. I'm particularly referring to the way in which they have regularly run the sports club for the Reception and Year 1 children. This has shown them to be responsible, generous and kind and that is what I call real beauty."

At this point, Sara released her grip of Ella's hand. There's something wrong here, she thought.

And of course there was. The next thing she saw was Ella and Marcus walking up to the front of the hall to receive their special certificates celebrating the fact that they had been chosen to be Carnival King and Queen.

Ella was beaming and she looked absolutely thrilled. She made her way back to her place in the hall to the sound of loud clapping and cheering.

She sat back down next to Sara and beamed at her friend.

"What do you think? Isn't it amazing?" she said.

Sara turned away. She was too shocked and angry to say anything. She just didn't understand it. How could they have picked Ella? It was unbelievable, totally incredible and totally unfair. At that moment, she vowed never to speak to Ella – ever again!

# Feeling Vain

Read the problem postcard from vain Vicki, she can't seem to help feeling and being vain and this is causing her lots of problems with her friends. What do you think she should do?

Write on the blank postcard and give her your advice and ideas

Hello

I wonder if you can help me.

I can't help being so vain, I just love the way I look and I love getting new clothes and doing new hairstyles and looks. I spend at least 2 hours a day getting ready for school or going out as I like to look my best all the time. I won't go swimming or do sports though because it messes up my hair and make up. Everyone thinks I look great but a couple of my friends have started being nasty. They say that I'm boring because I won't do stuff like the swimming Gala. I don't care, they're just jealous - but I do miss them a bit really. I don't know if I can sort it out? What do you think?

Yours Vicki

Dear Vicki,

I think you should... ..  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

Yours, .....

# You're "so" Vain!

Have you ever felt vain and wanted to show off about something? It could be how you look, your hair or eyes. It could be something that you're good at like swimming, diving, running or writing. Stop, think & reflect! Record you're ideas in the vanity case below:

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

MY VAIN MOMENTS

I felt vain about... ..

.....

I felt vain about... ..

.....

I felt vain about... ..

.....

I felt vain about... ..

.....

I felt vain about... ..

.....

## Talk time

Discuss with a partner and then feedback your ideas to the group.

What is the difference between self-confidence & vanity? How can you be confident about yourself without resorting to vanity?

# Feeling Vain?



What are the 'pros & cons' of feeling vain? Can you discuss with a friend or family member? Think about how your feelings of vanity might affect your self esteem and impact upon others?

Record your ideas jointly in the chart below: (an example has been provided to help you start to think)

## Pro's

The positive points:

1) You will take care of your appearance

.....

.....

2) .....

.....

.....

.....

3) .....

.....

.....

.....

4) .....

.....

.....

.....

## Con's

The negative points:

1) Other people might think you're boring

.....

.....

2) .....

.....

.....

.....

3) .....

.....

.....

.....

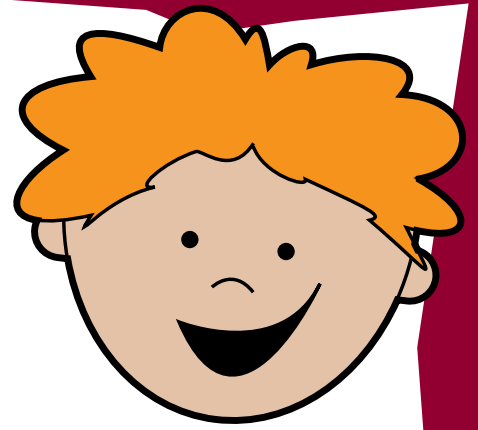
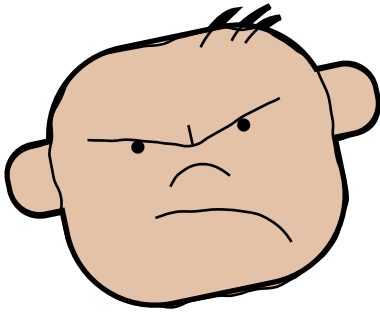
4) .....

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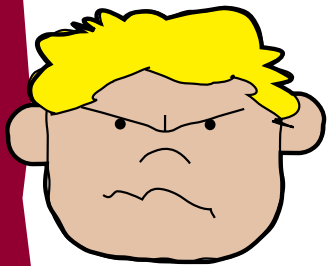
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# Appendix



# My Feelings Folder

## Dealing with Feeling



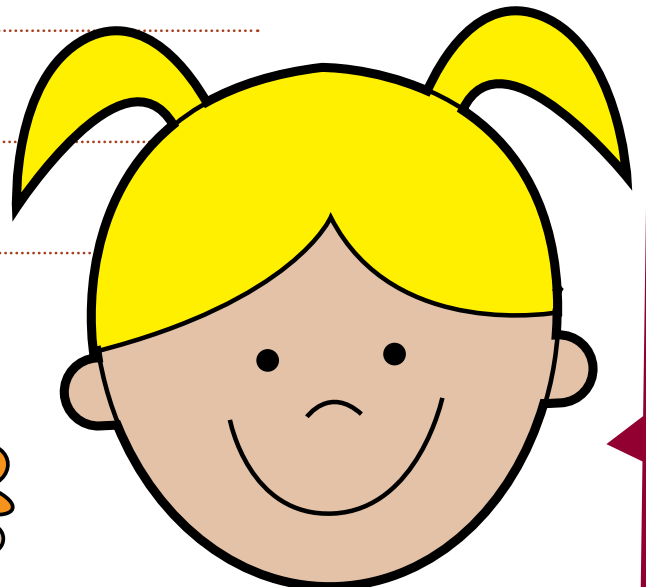
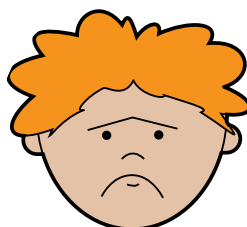
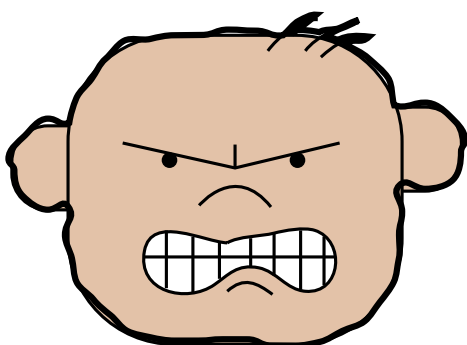
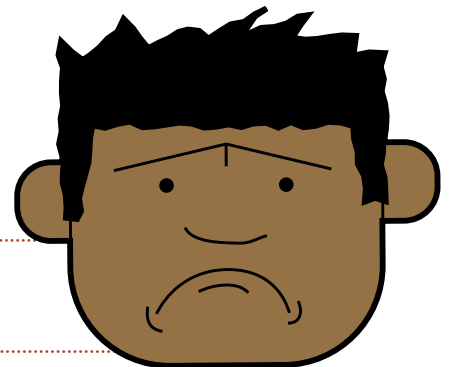
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Year .....

School .....

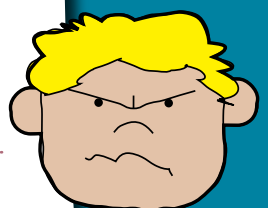
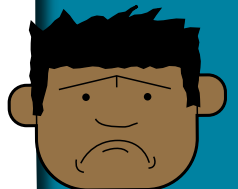
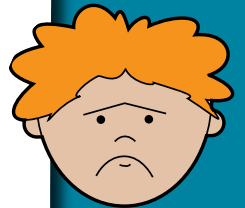
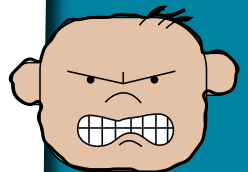
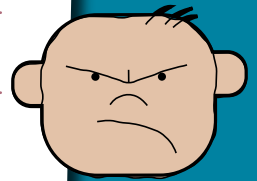
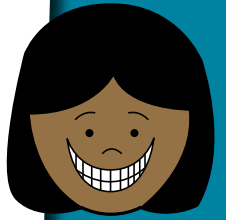
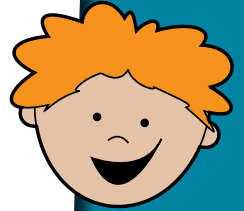
Date started .....

Date completed .....





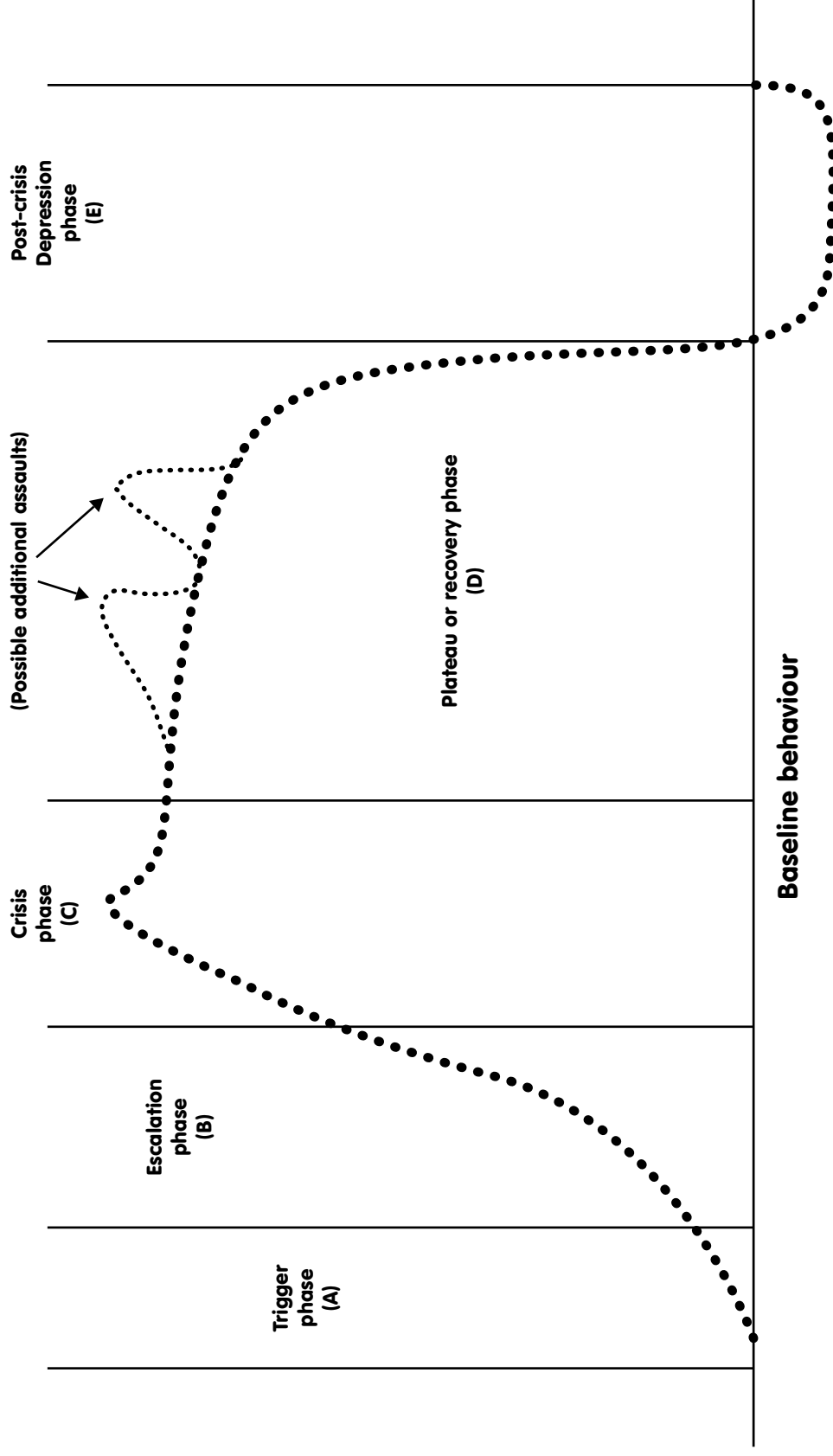
# Our Definitions for Feeling .....



* .....	* .....
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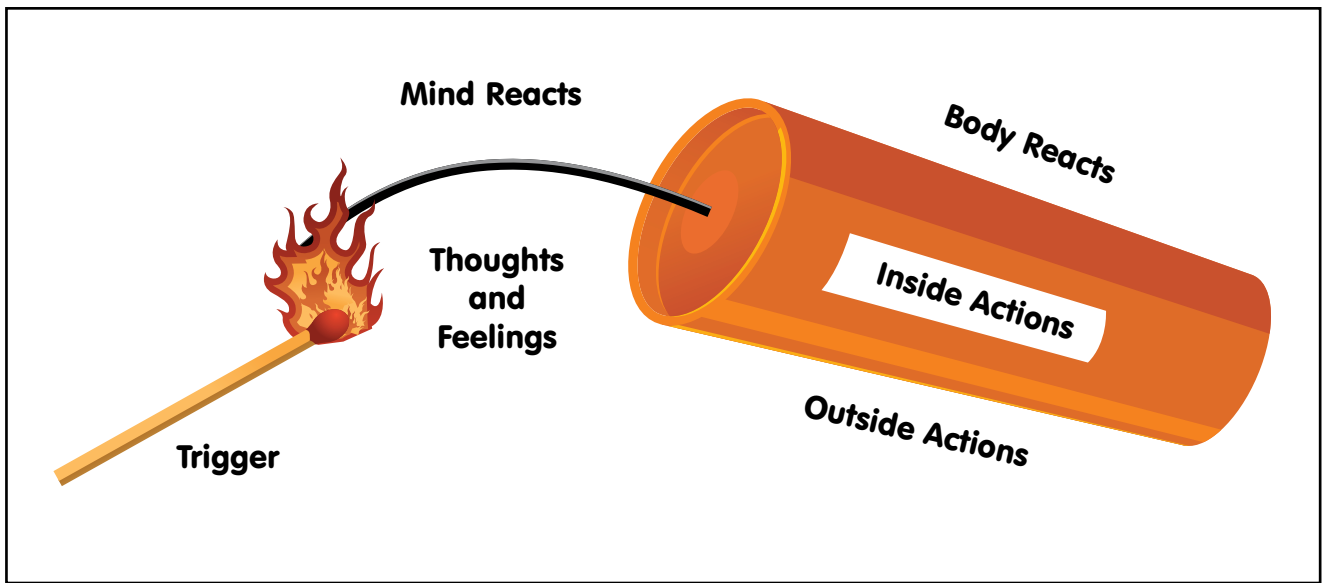
# The Assault Cycle

(from Coping with Aggressive Behaviour, Breakwell 1997)



# An Anger Model

## Novaco's Model - The Firework!



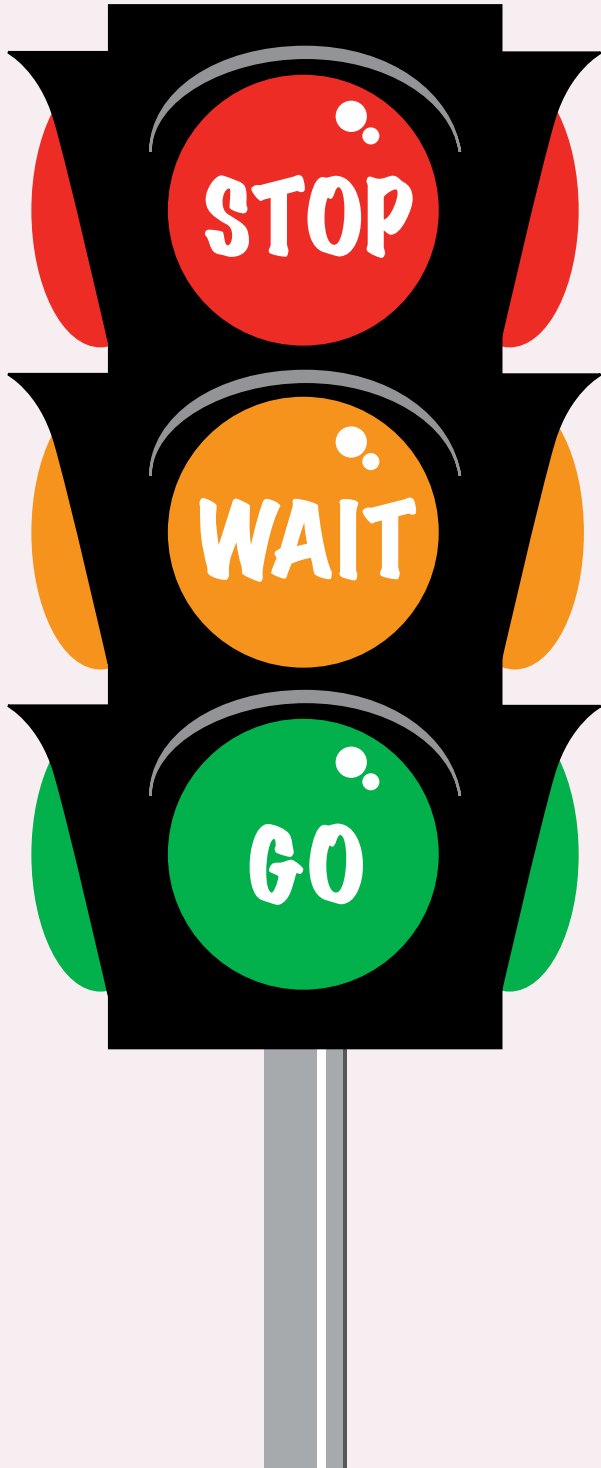
**The Firework Model. Adapted from Novaco's model for Anger Arousal by Fiendler and Ecton 1986.**

**The Trigger is the match that ignites a person's fuse.**

**The fuse is the mind reacting - thoughts/feelings (eg, fear/threat).**

**The explosive cylinder is the body responding physiologically and may lead to anger being expressed.**

# The Traffic Lights



**Stop! - and calm down**

What is the problem?

.....  
.....

What is the feeling?

.....  
.....

List some solutions

- 1).....
- 2).....
- 3).....
- 4).....

**Go - and make a plan**

**Very  
uncomfortable!!**

# Emotions Scale

10

9

8

7

6

5

4

3

2

1

0

**Quite  
uncomfortable!!**

**Just fine!!**

I feel... ..

I am at point ..... on the scale.

I would like to move down to point ..... .

In order to get there I need to:

- 1) .....
- 2) .....
- 3) .....

I'll know that I have reached this point because  
I will feel... ..

**Go for it!**

**Try it out**

If you don't succeed at first, have another go!

# Good Group Work

We know when we have worked well together...

**Scale it!!**

0 = not at all    5 = half & half    10 = all the time

We all felt fine about our work/task:



We listened well to each other:



We asked questions when we needed to:



We answered questions when we could:



We took turns to talk:



We all had a chance to have a go or have our say:



We thought about everyone's ideas:



We chose what we had to do in a fair way:



**Reflect**

How can we improve our ratings next time? What do we need to do differently?



# Conflict Solver

Get a good outcome for everyone!



Stop! Keep calm



Offer your apology



Look, listen & take turns



Very carefully



Explain how you feel & why give



Information about what you want to happen



Trust each other and pick a solution

## Go For it!

# Peaceful Problem Solver

## Get Ready!

- \* Are you calm?
- \* Use your calming strategies.

## Get Steady! stop, think and reflect:

- \* What do you feel?
- \* Why?
- \* What is this problem?
- \* What do you want to change?
- \* Set a goal

## Get Talking! (and listen up)

- \* Say what has happened
- \* Say how you feel and why
- \* Say what you want to be different

## Go!

- \* Agree your solution & go for it!

# Problem Solving Format

The problem is:

Think! What is wrong! Say it to yourself clearly:

Choose your BEST PLAN. Why do you think this might work?

What will be better now?

Why do you think this?

How do you feel now?

**Okay! Try It Out!**

Signed.....

Date .....

# Problem Page

## The Problem:

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## Group Members:

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## Our Solution:

We all agree on this:

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