

An Attitude for Gratitude



Name

School

Class

About you...

What is your gender? (please tick the correct box)

<input type="checkbox"/>	Male
<input type="checkbox"/>	Female

What is your ethnicity?

<input type="checkbox"/>	White-British	<input type="checkbox"/>	Chinese
<input type="checkbox"/>	White-Irish	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other Asian Background
<input type="checkbox"/>	Other White Background	<input type="checkbox"/>	Mixed - White and Black Caribbean
<input type="checkbox"/>	Black British-Caribbean	<input type="checkbox"/>	Mixed - White and Black African
<input type="checkbox"/>	Black British-African	<input type="checkbox"/>	Mixed - White and Asian
<input type="checkbox"/>	Other Black Background	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other Mixed Background
<input type="checkbox"/>	Asian British-Indian	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other Ethnic Background, please state
<input type="checkbox"/>	Asian British-Pakistani	<input type="checkbox"/>	Don't know
<input type="checkbox"/>	Asian British-Bangladeshi	<input type="checkbox"/>	Rather not say

What is your religion?

<input type="checkbox"/>	Christianity	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sikhism
<input type="checkbox"/>	Buddhism	<input type="checkbox"/>	Athiest (non-believer)
<input type="checkbox"/>	Judaism	<input type="checkbox"/>	Other, please state
<input type="checkbox"/>	Islam	<input type="checkbox"/>	Don't know
<input type="checkbox"/>	Hinduism	<input type="checkbox"/>	Rather not say

Do you practise your religion?

<input type="checkbox"/>	Yes
<input type="checkbox"/>	No
<input type="checkbox"/>	Don't know
<input type="checkbox"/>	Rather not say

Are you a UK citizen?

<input type="checkbox"/>	Yes
<input type="checkbox"/>	No, please state your country of citizenship
<input type="checkbox"/>	Don't know

The Class Councillor

Liz Gulliford

It was a rainy Friday afternoon and the weekend was almost about to begin. Mrs Carpenter said she had an important announcement to make before the end of school. Meera glanced outside and realised she would get soaked walking home. She kept on forgetting to bring her umbrella. Why did it keep on raining? It must have been going on for days now...

‘Please listen!’ said Mrs Carpenter, interrupting Meera’s daydream. ‘We need to elect two class councillors to represent the views of Year 6 at the School Council.’

‘Please Mrs Carpenter, can I be a class councillor?’ asked Johnny.

‘I admire your enthusiasm Johnny. However, as you’ll know from previous years, the class councillors have to be put forward or ‘nominated’ by their classmates,’ she replied. ‘What happens next?’

Rebecca put up her hand. ‘The candidates, the people who have been nominated, have to draw up a list of election promises, which the class listens to and asks questions about. After that there’s a secret ballot, and we have to put crosses next to the names of the two candidates we want to be our representatives.’

‘That’s right,’ said Mrs Carpenter. ‘Why do we have a *secret* ballot?’

‘To make sure people say who they *really* think would do the best job,’ said Darren. ‘If the candidates know you’re not voting for them they could bully you. It’s just the same when the grown-ups vote in the local and general elections. It has to be secret or people might not vote for the person they really want.’

‘That’s right. What do the class councillors do?’ she asked, needing to be sure that the class was aware of the responsibilities of their



representatives. A number of people pitched in to answer Mrs Carpenter's question. After a few minutes they had established that the class councillors would raise any issues the class might have at the School Council when it met. They would then report back to the class about everything the Council had discussed. It was important for everyone to realise that they had a voice even if they weren't elected councillor.

'The candidates who get the most votes in the secret ballot will be elected our class councillors and members of the School Council,' Mrs Carpenter said. 'Think carefully about whom you'd like to nominate.'

Just at that moment the bell rang. 'I look forward to seeing you all on Monday,' said Mrs Carpenter. Everyone picked up their bags and ventured out into the rain.

Before school began the next Monday morning people were discussing the nominations. Faisal decided to nominate Rebecca; she clearly knew what the whole process involved and he was confident she would be able to represent the views of the class fairly at the school council. He also knew that she had wanted to be a class councillor last year and had drawn up a list of sensible election promises, which she had called her 'manifesto'.



Let's stop and think about the story so far:

Do you think Faisal had good reasons for nominating Rebecca?

Place one of your stickers on what you think is the right response below (there is no right or wrong answers here):

YES

NO

Why do you think that? (Write on the lines below)

Do you think Rebecca would be grateful to receive the nomination?

YES

NO

Why do you think that? (Write on the lines below)

How grateful do you think Rebecca would be to receive the nomination?

REALLY
GRATEFUL

QUITE
GRATEFUL

A BIT
GRATEFUL

NOT VERY
GRATEFUL

NOT
GRATEFUL
AT ALL

Now let's carry on with the story...

In another corner of the playground Meera and Luke were discussing nominations. They had decided on Cheryl. She was a confident person who had lots of friends. They weren't sure what she would have to say in the way of election promises; she usually thought of things on the spot. In any case, they decided, she would get their vote. Over by the bench another conversation was taking place. Josh had just put it to Tamara that Jason should be nominated.

'Let's do it for a laugh,' said Josh. 'He's so shy it'll be hilarious to see his reaction.'

'He'll make a right idiot of himself,' said Tamara. 'I can't wait to see the look on his face!'

'It'll really embarrass him to get a nomination,' continued Josh, warming to the idea. At that moment the bell rang and everyone filed into the school.



Let's stop again and think about the story:

Do you think Meera and Luke have good reasons to nominate Cheryl?

YES

NO

How do their reasons compare with the reasons Faisal had for nominating Rebecca?

Do you think Jason would be grateful to receive the nomination?

YES

NO

Why do you say that?

How grateful do you think Jason would be to receive the nomination?

REALLY
GRATEFUL

QUITE
GRATEFUL

A BIT
GRATEFUL

NOT VERY
GRATEFUL

NOT
GRATEFUL
AT ALL

Back to the story...

Mrs Carpenter asked the class if they were ready to make their nominations. When Faisal put Rebecca's name forward she beamed. She had wanted to be class councillor last year so she was really pleased she would have the chance to try again this year. Darren was nominated by one of his friends. He hadn't expected it, but he was quite pleased all the same. Meera and Luke nominated Cheryl, as they said they would. It was no surprise for her, though, because she knew all about it. As they had expected, Cheryl said she wouldn't bother about drawing up a list of promises to share with the class and would just 'wing it' on the day. Since she was a popular person she thought she would get the votes anyway.

'Our final nominee is Jason,' said Mrs Carpenter. 'Jason's nomination comes from Josh and Tamara.'

Jason was very shocked to hear his name being read out. He had no idea it was coming. He was known to be a shy person and the thought of standing up in front of the class filled him with anxiety. He felt his heart

racing at the mere idea of it. He stared at the floor in embarrassment. When he looked up a few moments later he could see Tamara and Josh stifling giggles. He thought about saying to Mrs Carpenter that he didn't want to take on the role. On the other hand, he felt he would make a good class councillor; he was a good listener and he knew he would be able to represent the views of his classmates accurately, even if he did admit to being a little scared at the prospect. He also suspected that Tamara and Jason had nominated him with the intention of making a fool of him. He felt he owed it to himself not to allow them to humiliate him in this way. He looked away from them and glanced out of the window.

'We'll hold the election next Monday,' Mrs Carpenter said. 'The four nominees will need to share their election promises with the class and you'll be able to ask them any questions then if you want to. Afterwards we'll have a secret ballot for our class councillors.'

Let's pause for some more questions:

How grateful do you think Jason is now?

REALLY
GRATEFUL

QUITE
GRATEFUL

A BIT
GRATEFUL

NOT VERY
GRATEFUL

NOT
GRATEFUL
AT ALL

Why do you say that?

Let's continue with the story

As soon as he got home from school that day Jason drew up his list of promises. The more he thought about it the more he knew he would be a good person for the role. He knew that the hardest part for him would be the presentation. In a flash, he had an idea; he would rehearse the speech in front of the mirror as it was a bit like having an audience. When he had mastered giving the presentation in front of the mirror he would ask his older brother to listen to his election promises. Finally, he would ask his mum and dad if he could practise it in front of the family. Quite a few relatives were coming over at the weekend to celebrate Jason's grandmother's birthday. It would almost be like doing the presentation to the class and, he reflected, they might also give him some suggestions about how he could improve it.

Monday morning came. Jason had rehearsed his speech as he had planned. He was nervous about standing up and giving his presentation but he knew he had prepared as well as he could and had something worth saying. He reminded himself of the positive feedback he had received from his family and took a few deep breaths to remain calm.

Cheryl was the first person to share her election promises, such as they were. True to form she had not prepared at all. When Mrs Carpenter invited her to stand at the front of the class, she smiled and strode to the whiteboard. She didn't have any notes nor, it seemed, did she have any real idea of what was involved in being a class councillor.

'Er, vote for me guys,' she said. 'Cos I...y'know, I'm not shy. I'll make sure I tell the school council everything you want me to. Like, I don't know...'

The classroom was silent. Jason could hear the clock ticking. Cheryl smiled at the class. She had a lovely smile. Jason felt a bit sorry for her though; she should have given some thought to what she was going to

say. Darren went next, followed by Rebecca. They both did a respectable job of their election promises though they did tend to read from their notes, which suggested to Jason that they probably hadn't rehearsed their presentations as much as he had. After what seemed like an eternity it was Jason's turn to step up to the front of the class. When Mrs Carpenter called his name out he felt a jolt of apprehension but he stood up, took a deep breath and went to the front of the class.

'Were I to be elected class councillor I would make sure that *everybody's* voice is heard,' he began. 'I promise to listen to the class and present your views to the school council accurately. I will prepare for the meetings, making sure I take everybody's points with me.'

Jason paused while he remembered the next part of his presentation. His classmates stared at each other. They had not expected such a confident display from him. Mrs Carpenter smiled at Jason and then glanced over to Josh and Tamara, who were staring at their classmate open-mouthed. Jason took another deep breath. He could feel himself getting a bit less nervous.

'I'll take written notes of all school council meetings and I'll share these with the class. I'll report back to you all and create a poster of these notes to put up in the classroom so that there will always be a record of what happened at the meeting. These are called the 'minutes' of the meeting,' he told them. Jason had learned this new word from rehearsing his presentation with the family.

'Some people are shy and don't like having to speak out at meetings, so for everybody's benefit I will put a suggestion box in the classroom so that people can write down their comments and suggestions rather than having to raise them in the class meeting. You can put your name on it if you like but you don't have to.'

A number of class members thought this seemed a particularly good idea. They knew that Jason was not the only person who got nervous at



the thought of speaking out in class. Leah always blushed whenever she was asked a question and Mark had a stutter. Josh and Tamara looked at each other; they wondered why no one had ever thought of doing this before. They had to admit that the idea of not putting your name on the suggestion was a good one because sometimes people felt they had to say things when they weren't sure if they would be popular with classmates.

'Even if I don't agree with all the suggestions myself, I will make sure they get passed on to the School Council. I promise to do everything as well as I can for the good of the class,' Jason pledged, drawing his speech to a close.

Jason felt pleased with how his presentation had gone and walked back to his seat feeling that he had done a good job. Now that everyone had spoken there was a buzz in the classroom. Mrs Carpenter handed out the secret ballot papers, on which people would mark the names of the two people they thought would be the best class councillors. Afterwards, the papers would be posted into a box. Mrs Carpenter said she would count the votes over break-time and announce the winners of the election after they returned from the playground.

'Does that make you the "returning officer" then?' asked Darren.

'That's right,' said Mrs Carpenter. 'It's a funny name I know. The people who count the votes in an election are called "returning officers". Now please cast your votes and post them in the box.'

Tamara and Josh had expected Jason to do badly. They thought it would be funny to see him struggling to give his presentation. Quite separately from one another they realised that they had been wrong about Jason. He might be shy but that didn't mean he didn't have anything to contribute. They had made a shallow judgement about him. Jason also deserved respect because he had clearly given thought to his election promises and had made a big effort to get over his nerves to present them. Tamara was not sure how Josh would feel if he knew she was now going to give her vote to Jason. Josh, as it happened, was thinking the same thing; Jason was getting his vote too, despite the fact that their

'joke' had backfired. It was just as well, they both thought, that the ballot was secret; neither of them would ever know!

After break-time was over Mrs Carpenter was ready to reveal the results of the election.

'I am pleased to announce that we have two new class councillors to represent us at the School Council meetings,' she said.

There was another thrill of excitement in the classroom as Mrs Carpenter cleared her throat. She was going to announce the two people with the most votes. They would be the two representatives at the School Council.

'The candidate with the second highest number of votes is Rebecca,' she said warmly. Everyone clapped. 'She is duly elected class councillor.'

There was silence in the classroom while they waited to hear who had received the highest number of votes. People wondered whether it would be Cheryl. As much as most people liked Cheryl they were all hoping their classmates had voted on the strength of the promises they had heard that morning.

'I can tell you that the person with the highest number of votes is Jason. He is also elected a class councillor!' said Mrs Carpenter.

The room erupted into applause and everyone clapped.



Let's stop one last time and think about the story:

What qualities has Jason shown in this story?

How grateful do you think Jason is for the nomination now that he has been elected class councillor?

REALLY GRATEFUL	QUITE GRATEFUL	A BIT GRATEFUL	NOT VERY GRATEFUL	NOT GRATEFUL AT ALL
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Why do you say this?

How grateful do you think Rebecca is to have been elected class councillor?

REALLY GRATEFUL	QUITE GRATEFUL	A BIT GRATEFUL	NOT VERY GRATEFUL	NOT GRATEFUL AT ALL
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Why do you say this?

Let's hear the end of the story...

It was time for a revision session for SATS. Mrs Carpenter asked Meera and Johnny to hand out the books.

'Look at the state of these!' said Josh out loud. The books, it had to be said, were not in the best condition. Some of them had been fixed with Sellotape and the front covers were very creased. It looked as if they had been knocking around for years.

'They don't look much good,' said Anna, flicking through the pages.

'Ah, but you don't really know,' said Josh. 'You shouldn't judge a book by its cover!'





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