

# Kia Kaha

## Years 7-8

## Focus area 2

This section contains one of the focus areas of the Kia Kaha programme for students at years 7–8 (ages 11–12):

1. No more bullying
2. **Knowing and respecting others**
3. Bully-free zones
4. Concluding activity: A gathering in our bully-free zone

**Note:** Research suggests that an effective Kia Kaha programme should include learning experiences from each of the focus areas.

## Focus area 2: Knowing and respecting others

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## Focus area 2: Knowing and respecting others

### Explanation

In this Focus area students appreciate that although there are differences between individuals, we all have the same need to be respected. They consider discrimination that may occur in their school and community, such as discrimination on the basis of culture, sexual orientation, gender, academic ability, personal growth, age, and disabilities. They identify the hurt caused and make suggestions as to how such discrimination can be overcome.

Students come to understand that we all, at times, make judgements about people based on their external appearance and our own preconceived ideas. They know that this is often unfair and misleading. They explore why people behave this way.

### Curriculum links

**Key Competencies:** Relating to others, Managing self; Participating and contributing

**Learning areas:** Levels 3 and 4 Health and Physical Education – Strand A: Personal Health and Physical Development: Safety management, Personal identity; Strand C: Relationships with other people: Identity, sensitivity and respect

**Key learning area:** Mental Health: knowledge, understanding and skills to examine discrimination and stereotyping, and to evaluate their impact on people's health

#### Concepts:

- Well-being, Hauora: inclusiveness, feelings of belonging
- Socio-ecological perspective: a better appreciation of how and why individuals differ
- Attitudes and values: respect for the rights of others; sense of social justice

### Success criteria

Students can:

- identify differences
- explain that although we may appear different, we all have the same needs
- explain that all individuals need to be respected
- explain why it is unfair to stereotype people.

## Learning experience 1: Different but the same

### Learning intentions

Students can:

- identify differences
- explain that although we may appear different, we all have the same needs.

### Resources

Story: **Don't Cry for Billie** (from School Journal 1982 Part 4 No. 1)

### Activities

#### 1. My background

Seat students in groups of 6–8. In each group, give students three minutes to talk about themselves – their background, pets, hobbies, and favourite music, food, social networking sites, TV programmes, and so on. Bring students back to the full group.

- Ask:
- What were some interesting things you learnt about members of your group?
  - What things did you all have in common?
  - What were some of the differences?

#### 2. Don't Cry for Billie

Introduce the story **Don't Cry for Billie** to the class. This could be done in various ways such as a group, class, or individual reading. The questions below could be asked of the whole group or used for paired discussion.

- Ask:
- Why didn't the girls like Billie?
  - How did they treat her?
  - How did this make Billie act?
  - How do you think Billie felt?
  - Why do you think Billie behaved the way she did after her father died?
  - Did the other children understand this? Give a reason for your answer.
  - Why do you think Billie couldn't stop laughing?
  - What did the other children learn about Billie?
  - What did they learn about people who seem different?
  - What did they learn about themselves?

Ensure that students understand that although there are differences between us, we are all essentially the same. We have the same feelings and needs, including the need to be respected.

### 3. Illustration

Working individually, in pairs or in small groups, students illustrate the slogan **The Same but Different** through one of the following forms: poster, TV advertisement, radio advertisement, banner, role-play, mime, cartoon, speech, essay, or poem.

### Optional learning experience

Individually or in groups, students search online for newspaper articles about bullying. These could be discussed in class.

### Homework activity

Students could take some of the newspaper articles home to discuss with family/whānau.

## Don't Cry for Billie

*by Beverley Dunlop*

Billie Anderson was a big, noisy girl who lived with her father on a farm near the school. Billie's mother had died when she was a baby.

Billie would wrestle and fight like a boy. She could smash a cricket ball so hard that it flew away high over the school fence. The boys were mad to get Billie in their teams at games time.

We didn't like Billie much. We thought she was a real tomboy. We poked fun at the stringy ribbons that tied back her wild hair. We talked about her odd socks. Billie had to help her father milk the cows before she came to school in the mornings. Sometimes she had milk stains on her dress and cow-dung on her shoes. Then, we'd all run along behind her holding our noses and calling her "Smelly Billie."

Billie would get angry. "One day I'm going to be a farmer like my father," she'd yell. "Who wants to be a stupid girl and dress up all day?"

"Who wants to drive that noisy tractor!" one of the girls would yell back. Sometimes we'd seen Billie driving the tractor in the paddock while her father fed out the hay to the cows from the back of the wagon.

Because Billie was so rough, she took some terrible tumbles. Once she got in a fight with Graham Jones, the biggest boy in school. They rolled over and over on the stones until our teacher, Miss Pitt, came out and broke it up. Billie was a mess. She was bruised and her nose was bleeding. Her dress was dirty and torn. Billie didn't howl, though. She never did. She just stuck her chin out and looked fiercely at Graham as if she'd like to fight him again.

"Go and clean up, the pair of you," said Miss Pitt. She was very strict and didn't like kids fighting in the playground. Miss Pitt shook her finger at Billie. "And you should be ashamed of yourself – a girl fighting with a boy like that!"

Billie slunk off. But she didn't look sorry. We hung around, giggling behind our hands. We always egged Billie on to have fights for the sport of it. Her fighting made the girls feel superior and ladylike.

"That Billie is as tough as old boots," sniffed my girlfriend Mary.

But one day, Billie didn't come to school. The news spread around like wildfire. Billie's father had been crushed under the wheels of the tractor. He was dead.

We all talked quietly amongst ourselves. We didn't know much about death. "My mother said that Billie might have to go away and live with her aunt that's come to stay with her," said Mary. "She lives up north."

"Dad says that the Anderson farm will have to be sold," said Graham. "It's right next to ours, so Dad might buy it himself."

"I bet Billie is really upset," said a girl called Jennifer. "If my father died, I'd cry and cry."

We felt so sorry for Billie that we decided to do something about it. The kids put their pocket money together. Some of the girls went down to the store and got a beautiful blue sympathy card. Everyone signed the card, even Miss Pitt.

When Billie came back to school the next Monday, we gathered around her. Jennifer began to cry. She liked crying about things.

"We're all sorry about your father." I said to Billie. I handed her the card. I felt embarrassed and sad.

Billie took the card. I thought she might have looked different with her father being dead, but she looked just the same as usual. She stuck the card in her pocket without looking at. "Thanks," she said. She looked at Jennifer. "Don't cry for Billie," she said, rudely and fiercely.

Then she punched Graham on the arm. "How about a game of rounders," she said, and without waiting for an answer she ran off down the playground.

We were shocked. "What a horrid hard thing that Billie is," said Jennifer.

"She didn't even look at our beautiful card," said Mary.

"I wish we hadn't been nice to her," I said. I felt disappointed and angry that Billie hadn't acted more upset. She didn't give a fig for her father, I decided.

"Let's give her the cold shoulder," suggested Mary.

"That'll serve her right for not looking at our card."

So, for the rest of the week, we didn't speak to Billie. We didn't even egg her on to fight with the boys. Billie didn't seem to mind. She didn't need egging on to fight, either. She laughed and shouted as usual. She fought and skylarked with the boys. She played rounders and hit the ball harder and fiercer than ever.

On Friday, Miss Pitt made an announcement. "Billie is leaving today and going to live in the city with her aunt," said Miss Pitt. "I'm sure we wish her well in her new school."

We sat silent. Someone tittered nervously. We were glad that Billie was leaving. "I bet she won't find a tractor to drive in the city," Mary whispered to me, spitefully.

I grinned. "I bet it takes her aunt a week to get the cow-dung off her shoes," I whispered back.

Miss Pitt rapped the table with the chalk. "Stop whispering down there," she ordered, "and turn to page two." Miss Pitt's voice droned away over the heads. I looked at the clock and winked at Mary. I was dying for the bell to go so that we could get out into the playground and discuss the news about Billie.

Then Miss Pitt made a joke. Miss Pitt was always making jokes. But they were never very funny. We all smiled politely to please Miss Pitt. Billie didn't smile, though. She began to giggle loudly.

Miss Pitt rapped the table again. "My joke's not that funny, Billie," said Miss Pitt, rather sharply. "Now stop giggling and pay attention."

Billie didn't stop giggling. She just giggled louder.

"Billie!" said Miss Pitt. She was beginning to look wild.

Billie giggled and laughed, louder and louder. It was as if she had a great well of laughter inside her. The laughter bubbled out of the well.

Miss Pitt scratched her head. She looked at her watch.

“You can go early,” she told us quietly, “I’ll attend to Billie.”

We dashed out of the room and around to the window.

“Boy, I bet she catches it,” said Graham gleefully. He had it in for Billie because she was always beating him in fights.

“Serves her right if she gets the strap, carrying on like that,” said Mary.

We pressed our noses against the classroom window. Billie was still laughing, louder and harder than ever. Only Miss Pitt wasn’t hitting her. Miss Pitt’s arms were around Billie’s shoulders. Billie’s head was on Miss Pitt’s knee.

We moved away from the window and went and sat under a willow tree. No one said anything. I felt sick inside, and sad. My eyes began to water. Somehow I wanted to cry for Billie.



## Learning experience 2: Respecting difference

### Learning intention

Students can explain that all individuals should be respected.

### Notes for the teacher

For the purposes of this activity it is important that the **Dear Bobby Letters** represent a range of situations that are relevant to the class. These could include differences of gender, sexual orientation, appearance, academic ability, disability, body shape, health, culture, religion, and mental illness. Choose ones that meet the needs of the class, or write some additional scenarios.

This whole section needs to be handled with great sensitivity, especially if there are students in the class who are different in the ways outlined in the **Dear Bobby Letters**. However, since the point of the exercise is to make students aware of the unfairness of picking on points of difference, perhaps these issues need to be brought into the open.

### Resources

Copysheet: **Dear Bobby Letters**

### Activities

Explain to students that some people ridicule or bully others because they see them as different, and somehow they think this makes it all right. They will know of examples of this. Remind them that everyone has the same needs, which include the need to be respected.

### Dear Bobby Letter

Choose one **Dear Bobby Letter** to use with the whole class. Read it out and discuss the questions below.

- Ask:
- What is the problem?
  - What are the differences that have caused this person to be badly treated?
  - Did the person deserve to be treated in this way? Why or why not?
  - How did it make the person feel?
  - Is this bullying? If so, what kind?
  - What does this tell us about how we should treat people who seem different?

Put the students into groups and give each group one of the **Dear Bobby Letters**. Together they work on the questions above. Take reports from each group and encourage more class discussion on each problem.

## Optional learning experiences

Select some of the **Dear Bobby Letters** for the class to reply to. The replies should show empathy (you may need to teach this word) and suggest some way to handle the problem.

Students could individually select a **Dear Bobby Letter**. They write a reply and have it published in the class or school magazine.

## Copysheet: Dear Bobby Letters

Dear Bobby

I am a 12-year-old boy who enjoys wearing nail polish. The kids at school have found out that I do this at the weekend. They are teasing me and calling me names like faggot.

How can I get them to accept me for who I am?

Dear Bobby

My friends, well, I thought they were my friends, are not letting me know what is going on. They keep secrets from me and talk about me behind my back. I feel they don't want me as part of the group any more. All this is because they have found out that my brother is sick and in an institution. Do they think they'll catch something from me, or what?

What can I say to them?

Dear Bobby

We have got new neighbours and they have a 12-year-old daughter who has special needs. My mum says I must not go near her because she's strange. I want to be friends, because I think she needs a friend.

How can I make Mum see that it is okay to be different?

Dear Bobby

I am a 13-year-old boy. I have a group of friends that I get on really well with most of the time. One thing that bothers me is what they do to old Mr Telofa, when we're passing his house after school. They yell out insults and play tricks on him. I sometimes join in, too, to be part of the group. Mr Telofa has never done anything to us. He's just old.

What can I do to make this stop?

Dear Bobby

My family is from Cambodia. We are different from New Zealanders in lots of ways – our food, our religion, and the language we speak at home. The other children in my class can't seem to accept this. They laugh at me and tell me we should go back to where we came from. I like New Zealand and I am proud to be Cambodian, but this is making me very unhappy.

What can I do to make them understand?

Dear Bobby

I am so unhappy. The other girls in my class are really mean to me. They pick on anything to laugh at – like my clothes and my hair and the fact that I'm flat chested. The boys all join in, too. I don't want to go to school ever again.

Do I have to put up with this?

Dear Bobby

It's no fun having arthritis. Most of the time it is really, really painful and I have to use my crutches. Some days are better days though, and I can manage without them. The kids at school say I am just pretending to be sick and use my crutches to get out of playing sport.

How can I make them understand?

Dear Bobby

I'm Māori and proud of it. We always speak Te Reo at home and sometimes I forget and say things in Māori at school. The other kids think I'm showing off and trying to be better than them. They don't seem to understand how important my culture is to me.

What should I do?

Dear Bobby

My problem is that I'm not very good at school work. I find reading really hard, and often can't understand what the teacher is talking about. This is not my fault. The worst thing though, is that the other kids laugh at me when I can't do things, and call me 'dumbo'.

What should I do?

## Learning experience 3: Stereotyping

### Learning intention

Students can explain why it is unfair to stereotype people.

### Resources

Story **Once Bitten** by D Hill (School Journal 1994 Part 4 No. 3)

Copysheet: **Profile**

Copysheet: **Completed Profiles** (Note: The information contained in the completed profiles was correct at the time of original publication.)

Copysheet: **Knowing and Respecting People**

Photopack Profiles (available from your Police School Community Officer)

#### 1. Once Bitten

Read the story **Once Bitten** to the class. Stop at the end of section 1.

Ask: How does the boy telling the story feel?  
What makes him feel like this?

Continue the story to the end of section 2.

Ask: What do you think he made up his mind to do?

Continue the story to the end of section 3.

Ask: What do you think the bikie is going to do?  
Why do you think he will do that?

Continue to the end of the story.

Ask: Who ended up bullying who?  
How do you think the bikie felt?  
How did the boy feel?  
What surprised you about the way the bikie behaved? Why?  
What surprised you about the way the boy behaved?

Introduce the term **stereotype**. Explain that sometimes people have fixed ideas about other people. Usually they have got these ideas from someone else and not from personal experience. The boy in the story had probably never met, or spoken to a bikie, and yet he thought he knew what they were like.

## 2. Profile photos

Pin the profile photos around the classroom. Divide students into eight groups and give each group several profile sheets from Copsheet: **Profile**. Allocate a starting photo for each group and allow them a set period of time to come up with a profile of that person. Each group then moves on to the next photo, until they have worked with all the photographs.

**Note:** There may be some students in the class who say that they cannot complete this exercise because they don't know these people and it wouldn't be fair. They are to be commended because they are not prepared to make inaccurate judgements about people. Ask them to sit quietly and prepare their own profile sheet, and make profile sheets for other people that they know really well.

Later, give these students an opportunity to explain to the class why they didn't do the activity.

## 3. Completed profiles

Bring the class back together. Explain that the people in the photos have written their own profile (see Copsheet: **Completed Profiles**) and you are going to read these to the class. Ask them to compare the real profile with the one their group has written. Alternatively, students could stay in their groups and be given one completed profile at a time to compare with their own.

- Ask:
- How accurate were your profiles?
  - What sort of things did you make mistakes about? (Age, hobbies ...)
  - Why do you think your profiles weren't always accurate?
  - What information did you use to make your profiles? (The look of the person, what they were wearing, their culture, their age, what you think you know about people like that ...)
  - Is this a fair thing to do? Why or why not?
  - What should you do before you make decisions about what a person is like? (Really get to know them, find out about their personality, talk to them ...)

Work with the class to make a list of the dangers of stereotyping people into categories. Make sure this list includes these points:

- you judge them unfairly
- you might miss out on a friendship
- you might patronise them or be frightened of them
- you might treat them unfairly
- you would appear ignorant.

Explain to the class that all people are basically the same, with the same basic needs of love, shelter, food, and security, even though they may meet these needs in different ways. Everyone deserves to be treated with respect for who they are, not who we think they are.

We should not make up our minds about people before we know them well.

Give each student Copysheet: **Knowing and Respecting People**. Finished copysheets can be discussed, displayed on the wall, or filed in the student's personal recordings.

### Optional learning experience

Students can make up a song about respecting differences and getting to know people before making up their minds about them. Decide on a well-known tune. Divide students into groups. Each group writes a verse for the song. Come together to work on the chorus. Musical instruments can be introduced and a tape made of the finished song.

### Homework activity

Students take home completed Copysheet: **Knowing and Respecting People** to discuss with an adult.

## Once Bitten

*by David Hill*

The first time I got paid for my paper round, I went to a coffee bar.

It's a coffee bar that Mum and I have been to quite a few times before. It's up two lots of stairs, over a shoe shop and an art gallery on our town's busiest corner. You can sit at tables beside the window, eat the best fudge cake I've ever tasted, and enjoy watching all the little short people scuttling across the street like beetles when the CROSS NOW buzzer goes.

Except that I don't know if I'll ever go there again.

It felt weird walking in. The place was nearly full. Everyone else was a grown-up, and they all seemed to be staring at this kid coming in by himself. I pretended to inspect the food under its plastic covers. I chose a piece of fudge cake and put it on a plate on my tray. It looked a bit lonely by itself.

"Can I have a banana milkshake, please?" I asked the woman at the counter.

"Certainly, sir," she said. "Will sir be dining alone? Would sir like anything else?"

She was smiling at me, and I knew she wasn't trying to put me down. But it made me feel embarrassed. "I'll have one of those apricot muesli bars, too, please," I told her, in as grown-up a voice as I could.

When I picked up the tray, the milkshake and the plate with the fudge cake kept sliding around on it. I was trying to balance them, and hold the cellophane-wrapped muesli bar, and stuff the change into my pocket, and look for a place, all at the same time. The woman at the counter was still smiling at me. There was only one empty seat by the window, so I headed for it.

I was watching my tray to make sure things didn't slide off, and I didn't dare look up till I got to the seat. I lowered the tray onto the table and sat down. Then I saw the guy sitting opposite me.

He was a bkie. Man, what a bkie! He had a tattoo on one hand saying DEATH RULES, and a tattoo on the other hand saying HI MUM. There was a dotted line tattooed across his forehead, with a message above it, LIFT TO INSPECT BRAIN.

He wore a leather jacket with zips and chains, and a studded dog collar hanging from it. He must sound like a heavy metal rock band when he moves, I thought. One of his legs was sticking out the side of the table, and I could see his black jeans were ripped and torn above his big black leather boots. I wondered if he'd ridden his motorbike up the stairs into the coffee bar.

The bkie was drinking a cup of coffee. He was eating a cream doughnut, and he had something else on his plate. I'd never been this close to a real live bkie before. I wondered if he'd lean across and bite me, or pick me up and squash me into the sugar bowl or something.

[End of section 1]

He didn't. He looked at me and gave me a "hiya" sort of nod.



I was just going to nod back when a voice began calling. “Sir? Sir, do you want a straw for your milkshake?” It was the woman at the counter.

I hurried over, embarrassed again. I said “Thanks”, took the straw, and started heading back to my table.

Halfway there, I stopped and stared. No, he couldn’t be!

Yes, he was! The bkie had stopped eating his doughnut. He was eating my apricot muesli bar. He’d peeled off the cellophane wrapping, and he was taking a bite from one end!

For a second I felt scared. Then I felt angry. It was my muesli bar. I’d paid for it with my newspaper money. As I reached the table, I made my mind up.

[End of section 2]

I sat down again. I picked up the muesli bar from where the bkie had put it back on his plate. (The cheek of the guy!) I took a bite from it – from the end he hadn’t touched. Then I put the bar back down on the plate, just like he had.

He slowly raised his head and looked at me once more. He stared thoughtfully for a moment. He gave another nod, picked up the muesli bar and took another bite (a smaller and neater bite than mine) from his end. He put the bar back down on the plate again.

It felt like a movie. One of those Wild West movies where the Good Guy and the Bad Guy stand facing each other along an empty street, hands ready over their guns, waiting to see who draws first.

I reached for the shrinking apricot muesli bar a second time. I picked it up, and I looked steadily at the tattooed terror across the table. I bit another bite, and I returned the bar to the plate.

He gave me a third nod. He took up the remaining piece of muesli bar and held it between his thumb and one finger. His little finger was bent in the air like some terribly polite person does when holding a nice cup of tea. He carefully bit the final piece of bar exactly in half. I noticed for the first time that one eyebrow had a little tattoo above it saying UNZIP HERE. He held the last little bit of muesli bar across the table towards me.

I’ll never know where my next words and idea came from. But they came. It was just like being in a movie, all right.

“No, it’s OK,” I told him. “You can have it. Tell you what – you can have these, too, if you’re so hungry.” I pushed my fudge cake and banana milkshake across the table towards him. The bkie’s mouth dropped open three centimetres.

“And in return” – I went on. Then I reached across, grabbed his doughnut, and (from the untouched end, again) I took the biggest, most massive bite I could. The bkie’s mouth dropped open six centimetres.

[End of section 3]

I stood up, bits of doughnut cream still sticking to my chin, and I walked as calmly as I could out of the coffee bar. I half expected people to start cheering: “Yay! It’s the Muesli-Bar Kid!” I also half expected a motorbike to come roaring through the tables and down the stairs after me.

At the bus-stop a few minutes later, I could hardly believe I'd done it. My legs were beginning to shake and my heart was bumping, but I felt great. OK, I hadn't eaten either of the other things I'd paid for, but I'd won, all right. I'd really given that bokie something to chew on.

Paper-boys 1, bokies 0, I thought, and started laughing. The other people waiting for the bus looked at me in surprise.

As the bus arrived, I reached for the change I'd stuffed into my pocket in the coffee bar. My fingers closed on the cool metal coins. They closed on something else as well. Something thin and light and crackly.

What's this? I wondered and pulled it out. There in my hand, still in its cellophane wrapping, lay my own, untouched, apricot muesli bar.

## **Copysheet: Profile**

**Age:**

**Occupation:**

**Marital status:**

**Children:**

**Hobbies:**

**Pets:**

**Favourite TV programme:**

**Favourite music:**

## Copysheet: Completed Profiles

### Person 1

I'm 28 years old and I work as a recruitment consultant. I have recently come back from a few months overseas. I'm single.

I've got a lot of hobbies and really enjoy the outdoors and sports. The main sports I play are netball, touch rugby, tennis, and skiing, and I go to the gym. I also really enjoy music, my favourites being classical. I also enjoy going out and socialising with friends. I don't have any pets, mainly because I travel quite a lot. My favourite TV shows are cooking shows.

### Person 2

I'm 55 and I'm now retired, so I've got more time to play golf, which I love. I used to be a businessman. I'm married and have two children. My daughter is 21 and she lives in Australia. My son is 23 and he lives in New Zealand.

I enjoy reading. My favourite TV shows are the National Geographic ones. I like music, especially classics and country and western. We don't have any pets.

### Person 3

I'm 38, married with two children, they are both girls, aged 3 and 5. I'm a trained vet and practised for 10 years. Then I had a change of occupation and I am now a graphic designer. My husband is an illustrator, and we have our own design company.

We live in the country and have lots of pets – 3 goats called Stella, Arfa, and Twinkle, 9 hens, 16 sheep with names like Chop and Roast, and a horse called Pete. I really love horse riding, including hunting and trail riding. My other hobbies are gardening, creating and putting on puppet shows, raising money for the kindergarten, and petitioning local council on issues such as the need for cycle paths. I also enjoy reading. My favourite TV programme is Sunday Night Theatre and my favourite music is Gregorian chant and blues music.

**Person 4**

I'm 55 and I'm a sergeant with the New Zealand Police. I was in the Navy before that. I'm single. I'm very keen on fishing, both in sea and freshwater. I am also into weightlifting, both Power and Olympic. I also enjoy cooking, especially all that fresh fish.

My favourite TV programmes are on the sports channel. I watch all sports, but especially rugby. My favourite music is Country and Western.

**Person 5**

Hi. I'm 22 and my birthday is on 13 February. I have been married for a year. When I was at school, I worked part time at a home for elderly people and I really enjoyed that. So now I am working full time as a caregiver at a retirement village. I am studying hard to be a nurse.

I don't have any pets at the moment, but I like puppies and kittens. My hobbies are dancing, drawing, and swimming. I don't get a lot of time for TV, but my favourites are crime thrillers and *Funniest Home Videos*.

I enjoy Indian music, but I also like many popular top 20 songs.

**Person 6**

I'm 75 and retired. I used to be the research director for an educational group. I'm still very interested in young people and I promote a lot of youth projects, such as the Bluelight, and I am on various committees. My hobbies are gardening and walking to keep fit. I also enjoy doing computer searches on the Internet and going to public lectures at the university. I'm a member of Rotary. I'm married and have two daughters and 7 grandchildren. We've got one cat called Phoebe. She's grey with a white spot under her chin.

My favourite TV programmes are sports, news, and current affairs, although I mainly listen to National Radio. I like light classical music.

**Person 7**

I'm 21 and I'm a waiter. I've just finished my degree at university, coming back after nearly a year overseas in Europe. I had a terrific time there with friends, travelling around and living in a van. I'm single. My hobbies are all to do with music. I play guitar, and I'm a singer and a songwriter.

My favourite TV shows are comedy. My favourite music is old time rock.

**Person 8**

I'm 48 years old and live in the centre of the city with easy access to movies, theatre and restaurants. I spend a lot of time at the gym and am a rugby fanatic. I work for a big company, where I manage typists and secretaries.

I have a 20-year-old son, who is 6 foot 4 and 120 kg – he's huge! I like to watch the news, walk every day, and spend a lot of time in the garden at the weekend. I don't get much time to listen to music but when I do I like 'Black' music. I travel a lot and will travel more in the future.

I don't have a pet. We did have a big back lab, Winston, but I gave him away to a good home when I moved into the city, when my son went to France. My favourite TV programme is the news.

## Copysheet: Knowing and Respecting People

1. Before I make a judgement about a person I should:



2. It is unwise to stereotype people because:



3. We can make people in our school and community who we think are different feel welcome by:



4. In future when I meet new people I will try to ...