

Keeping Ourselves Safe – Senior primary

Focus area 5 – Reporting abuse

The six focus areas in the Keeping Ourselves Safe (KOS) senior primary programme are:

1. Keeping one step ahead
2. I'm responsible for others, too
3. Finding out about abuse
4. Families working together
5. Reporting abuse
6. What happens now?

Research suggests that an effective programme should include learning experiences from each of the six focus areas.

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Focus area 5 – Reporting abuse

Notes for the teacher: preparation

- Ensure that safety guidelines are in place.
- All school staff, not just the teachers concerned, must know what to do if a student discloses abuse to them during or after Keeping Ourselves Safe.
- Parents should also be made aware of what to do. See the Child Protection Guidelines available on the NZ Police School Portal at <https://www.police.govt.nz/advice-services/personal-community-safety/school-portal/information-and-guidelines/child-protection>

Explanation

When abuse is reported, the abuser is stopped and the healing process for the victim can begin.

- Young people may report first to a trusted person such as a parent, relative, or teacher. The abuse should then be reported to Police or the Child, Youth and Family (CYF).

In this focus area, students learn why it is important to report abuse, and who and how to tell.

Curriculum links

Key competencies: Managing self, Relating to others, Participating and contributing

Learning area:

Level 3 Health and Physical Education, Strand A: Safety management

- Identify risks and their causes and describe safe practices to manage these.

Level 4 Health and Physical Education, Strand A: Safety management

- Access and use information to make and action safe choices in a range of contexts.

Success criteria

Students can:

- explain why it is important to report abuse
- identify possible people to report to
- describe safe practices for reporting abuse.

Learning Intentions

Students are learning to:

- identify risks

- identify and act on the safest option.

Resources

Story: Buddies Never Tell

Story: The Neighbour Who Was Too Friendly

Activities

You could choose activity 1A or 1B or both.

Choose a suitable reading approach to introduce the stories to the class. For example, you could read the story to the students up to the break, or print off the first section for students to read in groups.

1A – Deciding what to do

Story – Buddies Never Tell

Description of the story: Sandra is looking forward to her school production. Then Uncle Gary comes to stay. His sexual advances leave Sandra feeling shattered.

Read the story up to the break point.

Ask:

- How does Sandra's family feel about Uncle Gary?
- What are Sandra's first impressions of him?
- What are the warning signs that make Sandra feel uncomfortable?
- What do you think happened in Sandra's bedroom?
- Who was to blame?
- How do you think she feels about Gary now?

Read the rest of the story.

Ask:

- Why does Sandra feel "dirty and disgusting"?
- Why would it be a really hard thing to tell anybody about?
- How does Mum react when Sandra tells her what has happened?
- How does her father react?
- Why is it important that the Police are told about people like Gary?
- What things do you think will help Sandra to get better?

Note:

It is misleading to assume that sexual touching always feels uncomfortable and unwanted. Boys often don't report it at the fondling stage, because they find it enjoyable, although it may be confusing. It is

often presented to them as something males do together. When serious abuse occurs they want to opt out but are often trapped and told it is their fault.

Ask students, in pairs, to role-play the conversation in which the child tells the adult what has happened and the adult responds. One student takes the role of Sandra and the other the role of the mother.

Some pairs could share their role-plays.

Ask:

- How difficult was it to tell the adult?
- What did the adult do that made it easier?
- What could the child have done if the adult had not listened or believed her?

1B – Deciding what to do

Story – The Neighbour Who Was Too Friendly

Description of the story: A boy is friends with the man next door, who helps him make a model aeroplane. Things change when the man makes a sexual approach.

Read the story up to the break point.

Ask:

- Why is Paul excited about Tom's offer?
- How do Paul's parents feel about him going over to the Jackson's?
- Why do you think Tom has suggested helping Paul?
- What happens to change the way Paul feels about Mr Jackson?
- How does Paul feel about being touched – at the beginning and at the end?
- Do you think Paul was in any way to blame for what happened?

Read the rest of the story.

Ask:

- What could Paul have done if Dad hadn't noticed that something was wrong?
- How did Paul's parents react?
- Do you think the situation was handled well? Why or why not?

Talk about how, if it is too hard to tell someone about abuse, the young person could write a message to say what has happened.

Working in pairs or individually, students write a message from Paul to his parents telling them what has happened and asking for their help.

Some of these messages could be shared with the class.

Ask:

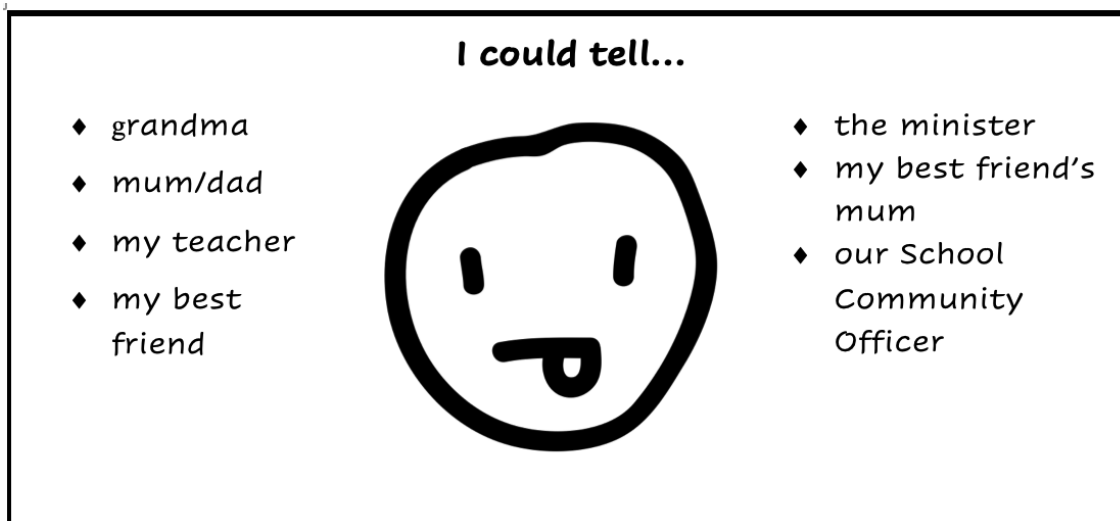
- How easy was it to write the message?

- Do you think this is a good way of reporting abuse? Why or why not?
- Who else could Paul have written to?

2 – Reporting abuse

Talk to the class about how the young people who were being abused in the stories did manage to tell someone. Point out that this is often a very hard thing to do and that sometimes it takes a person years to tell. However, it is never too late to tell.

Ask “Who could you tell if someone was abusing you?” Build up a diagram of class responses like the one below.



(Face by Abdelkader Kharmchen from the Noun Project)

Ask:

- Why is telling sometimes a hard thing to do?
- How will you feel when you have told?
- How will you feel if you don't tell?

Ensure you discuss points such as the following – Young people may think:

- The abuse is their fault.
- The family will be split up.
- Something awful will happen to them or the family.
- They won't be believed.
- They may have encouraged the abuser.

Reassure students that abuse is never the victim's fault. Ensure they understand:

- You have the right to get help if someone abuses you.
- Abuse is never the victim's fault.
- Choose an adult to talk to whom you can trust.
- There will be someone who can help you, but this may not be the first person you approach.
- Keep trying until you find that person.

- It is never too late to tell.

Remind the class that they can use the post box if they have any queries or worries that they want answered.

Buddies Never Tell

by Jan McPherson

Thursday 24 November

Just nine days to go. It only hit me when I saw the poster stuck up on the school gates. In big fat worm letters it said: "School Production, December 3. Performed by students of Mill Street School". And, in smaller worms underneath: "Written by Sandra Clark and Eddie Keelan, Year 8."

It gave me a shock seeing my name up there like that. What if nobody likes our play, after all the hours Eddie and I spent writing it? What if nobody laughs at the jokes?

11.45 pm

What if nobody even comes?

Friday 25 November, after tea

I've been sent to my room to have a rest. Three times during tea Dad said that I had bags under my eyes. Mum said I should stop taking it all so seriously. Of course people would come to the play. There's all the parents and the teachers, for a start. Not to mention the block booking from the Eventide Home down the road. Mum said she'd heard the old folks were really looking forward to it. And on and on, trying to be all reassuring.

Imagine it! A world premiere and probably half the audience can't even hear! Charming.

And my mother hasn't even started my costume! She says she'll be starting tomorrow. I think I've heard that one before . . .

Mum just came and stuck her head round the corner and said, "Guess what? I've just had a ring from Uncle Gary. He wants to come and stay next week – he's down for some kind of conference."

I said, really nasty, "What's it to me? Can he sew?" She slammed the door and flounced off.

Saturday 26 November

Terrible day. Nothing but chores, and everybody grouching round the house all day. Mum and Dad had an argument about who should clear out the spare room for Uncle Gary. In the end I left them to it and went to see Katy. She wanted to know what he was like.

I had to admit I couldn't remember – he'd been away such a long time in Australia.

Focus area 5 – Reporting abuse

Sunday 27 November

They're sitting in the lounge watching "the news" with Uncle Gary. He's turned out to be good fun – he keeps teasing everybody and cracking jokes.

He started on Mum when she told him to go and unpack. He said that his big sister was as bossy as ever. He told me that I had no idea how his childhood was ruined having a bossy big sister like Mum.

Mum said that it wasn't true. He said there was only one way to deal with her and he started tickling her.

Mum squealed and collapsed in the giggles. Then he turned on me. He reckoned I'd be ticklish, too, because it runs in the family.

In the end we were all laughing, even Dad, till Mum said, that was enough or we'd all get indigestion. Then we had a cup of tea.

Monday 28 November

Would you believe it! She's actually started my costume. She's cutting it out right now. In return, I had to wash, dry, and put away the dishes all by myself. Or rather, I nearly had to, except Uncle Gary decided to come and help his "buddy", as he calls me. Not that he actually did much – just kept fooling round, flicking me with the tea towel until he made me drop a cup.

Then Mum got ratty and called out for us to cut it out, before we smashed all the crockery.

But Uncle Gary didn't stop – he just kept right on flicking at me. Whenever Mum came through he froze and put on a straight face. It was funny – like watching a funny movie. Only I had this awful feeling that any minute Mum'd come through and go mad.

9.30 pm

Cut out, pinned, and tacked! At this rate there's a faint chance that I may be able to appear in my own play after all.

Tuesday 29 November

After today's rehearsal, I'm not sure I want to. It was a disaster! Simon Cooper still doesn't know his lines. And the singers are so quiet. You won't be able to hear them down the back of the hall. Miss Parata's starting to look faintly desperate. She says we'll be rehearsing every day from now to the end of the week.

Wednesday 30 November, 9.30 pm

I'm so tired. Miss Parata kept us rehearsing till nearly eight o'clock. When we finished I got a surprise because Uncle Gary was there to pick me up, instead of Mum. He stopped at a takeaway on the way back and bought me a milkshake and some chips. "For my buddy," he said.

I told him that Mum would go mad when she found out, because I hadn't had my tea. He just grinned and said that she'd better not find out.

He drove me up to the lookout and I sat there munching while he told me about Aunty Michelle and the new house they are building. When I'd finished, I thanked him. He said it was all right, that it was a treat for his favourite niece. He put his hand on my shoulder. Then he asked for a kiss for my favourite uncle. Then he bent over and kissed me really hard on the mouth.

I felt really embarrassed and pulled away. He just laughed and started up the engine and said that he'd better get me home or my mother'd be angry. He told me to remember – buddies don't tell.

I still feel a bit confused just thinking about it. I nearly told Mum a few minutes ago when she came in. Then I didn't – I didn't really know what to say. Anyway, it's not as if there's a problem – he'll be off home again at the weekend.

Thursday 1 December, am

Just about off to school. Dress rehearsal tonight and my costume's still lying in a heap on the floor. I give up – is all this agony really worth it?

Friday 2 December

Well what do you know? She's finished it! Took the day off work and had it ready for me at three. It looks fantastic! Just as well. There's quite enough hassles with the lighting and Simon Cooper without worrying about costumes as well. Anyway, Miss Parata doesn't look quite so frantic. She told us all to get to bed early tonight, ready for the big night tomorrow.

5.15 pm

Mum's suddenly arrived home all excited. She and Dad have been invited out for dinner at the Plaza. Will I mind being home by myself, seeing Uncle Gary's having a night out in town, too? Mind? Peace, tranquillity, and the Friday night movie – just what I need.

9.30 pm

Blast. Uncle Gary arrived back just when I was starting to get into the movie. He came into the lounge and sat down opposite me with his glass of whisky. Only instead of looking at the TV he kept on looking at me.

I didn't like it so I got up and said I was going to my room to read. He said I was always reading. Said I was a bit of a bookworm. Then he said that he had a book. And he went to his briefcase and took out a magazine. I could see from the cover it was rude, so I said that it was OK, I already had a book, and escaped to my room.

He's out there now, singing to himself and moving round the room. It makes me kind of nervous. I hope Mum and Dad won't be too long.

Oh no. He's coming . . . into my room.. He's not looking jokey now, just holding his dirty magazine – and pushing me. Pushing me . . . down hard on the bed.

BREAK**Saturday 3 December, lunchtime**

They keep coming in and asking why I'm still in bed. I just say I'm not feeling too well. What would they say if I told them? I couldn't bear it. I just want to forget.

At least he's gone. Back home on the plane to Aunty Michelle and the big new house. Thank goodness I didn't have to say goodbye.

3.30 pm

Mum's been in again. She's getting impatient. Says I have to get up and have a shower. Then she gave me a hug and said that it was just nerves, that there was nothing to worry about and everything would be just fine.

I nearly burst into tears and told her. Then I remembered how he looked when he said I wasn't to tell anyone about it – not ever. If I did, he would say it was my fault. Then I'd be in trouble. Big trouble, he said.

I don't know how I'm going to get through tonight. I'll just have to put everything out of my mind and concentrate. Concentrate.

Sunday 4 December

It's over. What a relief. They said it was a great success but I don't even remember. It wasn't me on the stage last night, it was a zombie. Now all I want to do is sleep, sleep forever.

Will I always feel this dirty and disgusting?

Tuesday 6 December

They made me go to school today. Mum said if I stayed lying in bed any longer she'd call the doctor so I had to get up. Can't seem to think straight though. There's a big black hole where my mind used to be . . .

Wednesday 8 December

Miss Parata told me off for not concentrating, and Katy went off in a huff when I said I wouldn't play tennis with her. She said I'm getting big-headed after the play.

I think I hate myself.

Friday 9 December

Mum knows! She found his dirty magazine in my room today while I was at school. It must have fallen behind the mattress when he pushed me down on the bed.

She was furious – she thought it was mine. I couldn't believe it. I just collapsed and told her everything. Then I blacked out.

The doctor's been and examined me and left me some pills to help me sleep. She and Mum were really good. The doctor said that she has to report this to the Police and someone from a special team will come and talk to me. What Uncle Gary did was wrong – as if I didn't know!

I still haven't seen Dad, and I'm really scared. What's he going to say?

Dad came in to see me when he got home. Mum had already told him. He gave me a big hug and said it definitely wasn't my fault. He was ashamed about Uncle Gary. I could tell that he was really upset. He knows that the Police have to be involved – so that's a relief.

Saturday 10 December

Mum brought me breakfast on a tray. We had a good talk. She seemed to understand how yuk I was feeling. I just lost it and cried and cried. She cried, too.

I felt better afterwards and slept for hours.

Sunday 11 December, 4.15 pm

Katy just rang and asked me to go and play tennis. I said no, no tennis today.

I said, well, maybe tomorrow.

The Neighbour Who Was Too Friendly

by Beverley Dunlop

When I was young, we had a neighbour, Tom Jackson. I really liked him. He could do anything. He'd built his own caravan and racing car. He had a whole bedroom full of model aeroplanes he'd made.

One day, Tom offered to help me build a model aeroplane in his workshop. I was over the moon. I'd always been mad about flying. My bedroom was so full of flying junk that Mum reckoned there was hardly any room for me.

I rushed home to tell Mum and Dad my news. "Tom's offered to help me build a model aeroplane," I cried excitedly. "I can go over to his workshop a couple of nights a week."

Dad peered at Mum over the top of his newspaper. "I hope poor old Tom knows what he's letting himself in for," he kidded, "Paul will talk his ear off. But it's good of him to offer."

Mum spoke up. "Make sure that your homework's done first," she warned.

"Yes, Mum," I sighed. Homework seems to be all parents ever think of!

Tom didn't talk about boring things like homework. I could listen to him talking about planes for hours. I hoped that when I grew up I could be just like him.

Tom arranged for me to go to his place on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Those were the best evenings of the week for me. We'd sit in Tom's workshop and work on the plane. We'd sit really close together so we could see what we were doing. Tom said I had a future in model planes and that made me feel pretty good. We had such fun. Sometimes Tom would tickle me and I'd nearly fall off my chair, I was laughing so much. I'd tickle him right back.

When it was time to go home, Tom's wife or his grown-up daughter, Alice, would bring us cups of tea.

The plane was half finished when it happened. I feel upset when I think about it even now.

Tom was in a good mood. He was full of aeroplane stories and I was only too pleased to listen.

"Those World War Two pilots were great, Paul," he laughed, "Imagine flying those Spitfires, being in a dogfight . . . !" Tom jumped up and pretended to shoot down a plane. "Akkkkkkkkk," he yelled. "Akkkkkkkkk."

I joined the game and I jumped up and yelled, "Akkkkkkkkk."

Tom chased after me, pretending to shoot me down. Round the chairs in the workshop we went, "Akkkkkkkkk."

Tom caught me around the waist and I tripped over a chair. "You're going down in flames," cried Tom. He made a loud whining noise, "Whoweeeeeeee." The game was over and Tom should have let

me go. But he didn't. He put his hand on my leg and rubbed it. Then he started to move his hand up under my shorts.

For a second I froze. Tom was my friend. I really enjoyed it when we played the tickling games and when he sat with his arm around my shoulders. But somehow this was different. I jerked back and whacked his hand away. "Cut it out!" I yelled. "What do you think you're doing?"

"It's all right," he said. "Trust me. People do this when they like each other."

Just then Mrs Jackson appeared in the doorway with a tray but I was too upset to say goodnight. I brushed past her and tore out of the house towards home.

I went straight to bed but I didn't go to sleep for hours. I lay there thinking about Tom. He'd said it was okay, and I really do like him. But something told me this just wasn't right. Before going to sleep, I made up my mind that I would never go near Tom Jackson again.

BREAK

But things didn't work out the way I'd planned. Next Thursday when I settled down in front of the TV, Mum asked "Aren't you going to Tom's place to work on your plane?"

I felt my face going red. "I'm not going back," I mumbled. "I don't care about the stupid old plane."

The room was silent for a moment. Then Dad stood up. He came over and sat beside me on the sofa. "Why not? What's the matter?" Dad asked.

I couldn't look at him. For a second I felt too ashamed to tell him what Tom had done, then it tumbled out: "He put his hand up my pants." I bit my lip. "I didn't know what to do."

Mum and Dad were silent for ages, then Mum asked, "What did you do, Paul?"

"I told him to cut it out," I said, fiercely.

Dad patted me on the back. "Good boy," he said. "What Tom did was wrong. And Tom knew it was wrong, too. We have to make sure that he doesn't do anything like this again – to you or any other boys. "

Mum nodded. "We'll have to tell the Police."

She looked at me. What happened wasn't your fault, Paul. You did the right thing telling us."

I felt relieved that I'd told Mum and Dad. I did feel a bit sad about Tom, though. He'd been a good friend.

I never did go to the Jacksons' place again. Dad helped me to finish the plane and it was really great.