

## AWARENESS OF SELF AND OTHERS

**Objective:** To identify and respect the differences and similarities between people and creatures. To become more aware of our behaviour.  
To recognise how their behaviour affects others.

**Key Words:** astonished, casual, caterpillar, chrysalis, dainty, descend, disdain, dizzy, dreamt, frog, gauzy, glisten, heroine, lapping, ocean, puddle, raindrop, relish, rumble, sensation, tadpole, tease, thunder, tremble, unsuspecting

**Curriculum Links: Citizenship & PSHE at KS1:** 1a,b,c. 2a,c. 4a,c.

**Literacy link:** Sort the key words into nouns, verbs and adjectives.

**Shape poem:** Write a poem about the story in the shape of a raindrop. Drama.

**Science link:** Look at water cycle, weather and life-cycles.

**Materials needed:**

- The Manual or copy of lesson plan
- Silent sitting exercises from the 'Introduction' Manual
- CD player
- CD 1 track 27 (music for silent sitting) or Silent Sitting CD
- CD 2 track 6, or CD M1 track 5 for the song
- Copies of the drama script

### QUOTATION/THEME FOR THE WEEK

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER, LITTLE GRAINS OF SAND  
MAKE THE MIGHTY OCEAN AND THE BEAUTEOUS LAND



Learn the rhyme and discuss its meaning. What little things are really important?

### SILENT SITTING

Steps 1, 2 (See pages 19/20 or page 36 of the 'Introduction' Manual)

Step 5: Imagine you are on the seashore ...

The sun is shining and you feel happy ...

Feel the touch of the soft sand under your feet ...

Hear the sea-water lapping the shore and the gulls calling overhead ...

See the little boat bobbing on the water ...

If you want, you can paddle in the cool water ...

Taste the salt of the water splashing you ...

Smell the seaweed and the fresh air ...

Feel the gentle raindrops on your face as they fall from the sky and into the welcoming sea ...

Then walk back along the beach, feeling happy and peaceful ...

Step 6.

## STORY TELLING

### THE LITTLE RAINDROP

**H**igh up in the blue sky was a very large, grey cloud and in that cloud was a tiny raindrop. Actually there were hundreds of raindrops, but this particular Little Raindrop hadn't been a raindrop before, at least she couldn't remember being one. As a matter of fact she couldn't remember what she was before she was a raindrop. She was feeling a little bit scared because she didn't like heights and the ground, which she could see far below, looked a long way away. Looking down made her feel quite dizzy and the other raindrops smiled at her fears. They could remember being in clouds before and knew just what to expect. "You'll be all right," they told her kindly.

All of a sudden the cloud gave a very loud rumble. It was so loud that the whole cloud trembled and all the raindrops shook like beans in a tin can.

"What was that?" asked Little Raindrop astonished.

"It's only thunder," came the casual reply from another raindrop. "It's going to rain at any moment now."

"What happens then?" asked Little Raindrop.

"We all jump out," came the reply. "Get ready. It will be fun!"

"You are teasing me," Little Raindrop said in utter disbelief. "Won't we hurt ourselves if we jump out of the cloud?"

"No," laughed the older and wiser raindrop. "You are made of water and falling out of the cloud will not hurt you."

The cloud shook and roared louder than ever. It shook so much that one of the raindrops shouted, "Look out, here we go-o-o-o!" and out of the cloud tumbled the raindrops, cold and glistening with all the colours of a rainbow as the rays of the sunlight shone on them. Little Raindrop gave a cry of alarm as she fell with her companions, but those around her laughed and said, "Trust us, Little Raindrop. Enjoy the ride. You'll be fine."

As they fell through the air, the wind whistled past the droplets and, because they were so light, they descended at a steady rate and had plenty of time to look about them. After the first few seconds, and taking courage from the fact that her companions were quite happily tumbling all around her, Little Raindrop actually relaxed and began to enjoy the sensation. It really was very exciting. As the ground drew nearer she noticed that the fields, roads, rivers and houses began to look larger. Some of the raindrops had already landed, making the ground quite wet and a few passers-by had put up their umbrellas to keep themselves dry. Slowly the ground seemed to rise up to meet them.

"Where will I land?" she wondered.

As if in answer to her question, there rose up beneath her a massive old oak tree. Little Raindrop was heading straight for it and with a tiny 'plop' landed on an oak leaf. "Oh, dear," she cried as she rolled off the tip of the oak leaf and plopped on to another one just below that, then dropped on to a slippery branch, slid off and tumbled, with increasing speed, down through the dense foliage of the great tree for about thirty feet, getting quite out of breath in the process, until finally she landed with a splodgy plop into a puddle in the lane beside which the old oak tree had been standing for the past two hundred years.

Little Raindrop was very interested because now, instead of looking down to earth from high up in the cloud, she could look up through the branches of the mighty old oak tree to the sky and see the clouds passing overhead, blown by a gentle wind. What an interesting world! I wonder what will happen next.

Soon the raindrops stopped falling out of the cloud and the sun beamed down from a bright blue sky. The puddle in which Little Raindrop found herself became quite warm and Little Raindrop began to feel sleepy. All of a sudden a large, green, four legged, shiny creature hopped with a great splash into the puddle, causing quite a disturbance and Little Raindrop gave a cry of surprise.

"Whatever is it?" she cried. To her surprise the creature answered her.

"I am a frog," he croaked. "And I like to swim in the water." Then he flicked out a very long, sticky, tongue and caught an insect which had been flying past, swallowing it and smacking his lips with relish. "Mmm, that was tasty," he said.

Little Raindrop was silent for a while and then she volunteered, "I am a Little Raindrop."

The frog looked at her disdainfully, "You mean you were a Little Raindrop," he corrected. "Now you are a puddle."

"I beg your pardon, but I AM a Little Raindrop," retorted our heroine indignantly.

"Listen to me," said the frog. "Things are never what they seem to be. Take me, for instance. I am a frog - right?"

"Are you?" asked Little Raindrop.

"Yes, and before I became a frog, I was a tadpole."

"Excuse me?" queried Little Raindrop, completely at a loss to understand.

"Before I was a frog, I was a tadpole," Frog patiently explained to his new found friend. "A tadpole is very tiny and black and swims in pond water. In time a tadpole grows four legs, loses its tail and changes its colour to green and becomes a little froglet. Eventually it is able to climb out of the water and hop about on land."

“How peculiar,” Little Raindrop said a little rudely.

“I don’t think so,” retorted the frog. “It’s perfectly natural to me.” He flicked out his tongue and expertly caught another unsuspecting fly.

“I wish you wouldn’t do that,” chided Little Raindrop. “It’s cruel.”

“It is in my nature to catch insects,” said the frog. “Don’t worry about it.” And with a hop and a jump he was gone.

“Well, really, what a strange fellow,” thought Little Raindrop to herself. The puddle was warmer now and Little Raindrop felt sleepy and began to doze. She dreamt she met another amazing creature called a caterpillar who explained how she turned into a butterfly.

“Dear me,” thought Little Raindrop. “This is all very interesting. Did I really meet a caterpillar or was I dreaming?” She yawned and was just dozing off again when something very large landed smack in the middle of the puddle, throwing most of the water out of it, including Little Raindrop. With a gasp and a splutter she ran back into the puddle as quickly as possible. “Who did that?” she enquired angrily.

“Why, it was me,” replied a soft, quavery voice. “I’m sorry. I didn’t see you and the water has come right up to the top of my boot, but luckily I didn’t get my foot wet.”

Little Raindrop looked up into the kindly, smiling, wrinkled face of an old lady. She had twinkling blue eyes the colour of the sky and her silver-grey hair was tied neatly into a bun at the nape of her neck. She seemed to be very kind and loving.

“I’m a Little Raindrop,” she said hesitantly.

“How can you be,” gently asked the old lady. “Surely you are a puddle?”

Little Raindrop then related her story, telling how she had met frog and butterfly and, when she had finished, she said that she felt very confused.

“I expect you do, as you are so very young,” answered the old lady kindly. “I am an Old Lady now and a Grandmother. Before that, I was the Mother of two little children who are now both grown up. Before that I was a young Girl and before that I was a little Baby and had to be looked after by my mother and father until I was old enough to leave home and look after myself.”

“It’s all very complicated,” sighed Little Raindrop. “I don’t understand.”

“I don’t suppose you do,” the old lady replied. “But I’m sure you will, eventually. Life is complicated. Goodbye.” She went on her way with a friendly wave of her hand.

While they were talking the bright sun had travelled across the sky and disappeared behind a high mountain in the west.

The sky gradually darkened and became black and it started to rain heavily. It rained hard all that night and all the next day and the puddle grew larger and larger. Eventually, all the little puddles in the lane, and there were a great many, grew wider and wider until they all merged together and flooded the lane which now looked like a river.

The sheet of water began to flow steadily down the lane for half a mile, taking Little Raindrop with it and as she gently flowed along, over stones and pebbles, she began to wonder where she was going. As the far end of the lane went downhill so the water began to pick up speed. Little Raindrop heard a rushing, babbling noise and, before she knew what was happening, all the flood water from the lane flowed down a grassy bank and into a swiftly flowing, swollen stream. Now Little Raindrop had a very bumpy journey over smooth, slippery boulders, fallen logs, sandy beds, past fields, parks, houses and underneath bridges, until she did not know if she was coming or going. Biff, bang, wallop!

“Oh dear,” she gasped. “I’ve had enough of this!” Suddenly she entered a dark tunnel which was smooth and round. It was actually a pipe which carried the stream underground for a short distance. As the water rushed through the pipe Little Raindrop could see a pinprick of light ahead which gradually increased in size as she drew nearer until she realized it was daylight shining in at the end of the tunnel. Little Raindrop hurtled out of the tunnel at great speed and tumbled down over rocks and boulders until she landed with a great splash into the biggest puddle she had ever seen. “Ughhh!” she gasped as she accidentally swallowed a large mouthful of water. “It tastes terrible!”

“What tastes terrible?” rumbled a deep voice.

“This puddle,” cried Little Raindrop indignantly.

“I am NOT a puddle, my dear,” replied the deep voice gently.

“I beg your pardon. But what are you, please?” asked Little Raindrop, slightly scared as the loud voice was making the surface of the water quite turbulent and buffeting her about.

“I am the Ocean,” came the deep response. “My water covers four-fifths of the earth’s surface.

Little Raindrop gulped. “Why does your water taste so different?”

“Salt,” was the reply, puzzling Little Raindrop again. “Sea water is always salty. You are not supposed to drink it.”

“Oh,” said Little Raindrop. “How strange.”

“Life can seem strange, my dear,” said the Ocean. “It’s the way of the world.”

“I’m a Little Raindrop,” ventured Little Raindrop to her new acquaintance. The Ocean smiled kindly and so broadly that it made waves dance merrily on its surface.

“You may well have been once upon a time, but you certainly aren’t now,” the Ocean chuckled.

“Then what am I?” asked Little Raindrop for what seemed to her to be the umpteenth time since she fell out of the cloud.

“You are a part of me,” the Ocean replied gently. “And always have been.”

#### QUESTIONS:

1. What name would you give this story?
2. Why was Little Raindrop scared?
3. Why did she stop being scared?
4. Why did she think the frog was ‘a strange fellow’?
5. What was the old lady like?
6. Describe the rest of Little Rainbow’s journey.
7. What did Little Rainbow learn?
8. How did Little Rainbow feel at the end of the story?
9. Did she understand why it had happened?
10. How did you feel when you heard the story?
11. Have there been any big changes for you in your life?

Link story: Big or Small (*Finding Your Feet*)

#### GROUP ACTIVITY

##### 1. The Wonder of Water

- a) Put some celery in a container of water coloured by cochineal or vegetable dye and watch what happens as it drinks.
- b) Discuss how important water is to our life e.g. its make up in our bodies and how important it is not to waste water.

##### 2. Flow Games

- a) Stand in a line, hold hands and create a wave.
- b) Following a leader in line - following actions and directions
- c) Mirroring a partner’s actions.



### 3. DRAMA

#### THE LITTLE RAINDROP

**Cast:** Narrator  
Little Raindrop  
Other raindrops  
Frog  
Caterpillar/Butterfly  
Old Lady  
Ocean

*The scene is set high up in the sky in a very large rain cloud. [The rain cloud could consist of lots of raindrops dressed in various shades of grey with one – the Little Raindrop – dressed in deep blue].*

**Narrator:** High up in the blue sky was a very large, grey cloud and in that cloud was a tiny raindrop. Actually there were hundreds of raindrops, but this particular Little Raindrop hadn't been a raindrop before ... at least she couldn't remember being one. As a matter of fact, she couldn't remember what she was before she was a raindrop. And today, she was feeling a little bit scared because she didn't like heights and the ground, which she could see far below, looked a long way away. Just looking down made her feel quite dizzy! But the other raindrops smiled at her fears. They could remember being in clouds before and so they knew just what to expect.

**Other raindrops:** *[Kindly and cheerfully, waving at the Little Raindrop].*  
You'll be all right!

**Narrator:** All of a sudden, the cloud gave a very loud rumble. *[All raindrops make loud rumbling sound].* It was so loud that the whole cloud trembled *[raindrops tremble]* and all the raindrops shook like beans in a tin can!

**Little Raindrop:** What was that?

**Other raindrops:** *[smiling cheerfully].* It's only thunder! It's going to rain at any moment now!

**Little Raindrop:** What happens then?

**Other raindrops:** We all jump out! Get ready! It will be fun!

**Little Raindrop:** You are teasing me! Won't we hurt ourselves if we jump out of the cloud?

**Other raindrops:** No! We're made of water and so falling out of the cloud will not hurt any of us!

**Narrator:** The cloud shook and roared louder than ever. *[raindrops shake and roar]* It shook so much that one of the raindrops shouted.

**Raindrop:** Look out, here we go-o-o-o!

**Narrator:** And out of the cloud tumbled all the raindrops, cold and glistening with all the colours of a rainbow as the rays of the sunlight shone on them.

**Little Raindrop:** *[falling with the others]* Oh! Oh! Oh my goodness! Oh my goodness me!

**Other raindrops:** Trust us, Little Raindrop! Enjoy the ride! You'll be fine!

**Narrator:** As they fell through the air, the wind whistled past the droplets and, because they were so light, they descended at a steady rate and had plenty of time to look about them. After the first few seconds, and taking courage from the fact that her companions were quite happily tumbling all around her, Little Raindrop actually relaxed and began to enjoy the sensation.

**Little Raindrop:** Wheeeee! Wheeeee! This is fun! Yippeeeeeee!

**Narrator:** It really was very exciting. And as the ground drew nearer, Little Raindrop began to notice that the fields, roads, rivers and houses were looking larger. Some of the raindrops had already landed, making the ground quite wet, and a few passers-by were putting up their umbrellas to keep themselves dry. Slowly the ground seemed to be rising up to meet them.

**Little Raindrop:** Where will I land? Oh, what about that nice old oak tree below. He looks nice and solid. *[heads straight for it, and lands with a tiny 'plop' on one of the leaves]* Oh, dear! *[rolling off the leaf and plopping onto another one below, then the one below that, then the next one as she slowly slips down through the dense foliage and finally lands in a puddle on the ground.]* Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh my goodness me!

**Narrator:** However, once she'd got over the shock, Little Raindrop began to look about her and was very interested because now, instead of looking down to earth from high up in the cloud, she could look up through the branches of the mighty old oak tree to the sky and see the clouds passing overhead, being blown by a gentle wind.

**Little Raindrop:** What an interesting world! I wonder what will happen next.

**Narrator:** Soon the raindrops stopped falling out of the cloud and the sun beamed down from a bright blue sky. The puddle in which Little Raindrop found herself soon became quite warm and she began to feel sleepy.

*[Enter frog].* All of a sudden a large, green, four legged, shiny creature hopped with a great splash into the puddle, causing quite a disturbance and Little Raindrop gave a cry of surprise.



*Little Raindrop:* Oh! Whatever is it?

*Frog:* I'm a frog. And I like to swim in the water. *[flicks out his long tongue, catches an insect and swallows it, smacking his lips with relish.]* Mmm, that was very tasty!

*[Little Raindrop sits silently pondering this for a few seconds.]*

*Little Raindrop:* I'm a Little Raindrop.

*Frog:* *[correcting disdainfully]* You mean you were a Little Raindrop. Now you are a puddle.

*Little Raindrop:* *[indignantly]* I beg your pardon, but I AM a Little Raindrop!

*Frog:* Listen to me; things are never what they seem to be. Take me, for instance. I am a frog - right?

*Little Raindrop:* Are you?

*Frog:* Yes, and before I became a frog, I was a tadpole.

*Little Raindrop:* Sorry?

*Frog:* *[patiently explaining].* Before I was a frog, I was a tadpole. A tadpole is very tiny and black and swims in pond water. In time, a tadpole grows four legs, loses its tail and changes its colour to green and becomes a little froglet. Eventually it is able to climb out of the water and hop about on land.

*Little Raindrop:* How peculiar!

*Frog:* I don't think so, it's perfectly natural to me." *[flicks out his tongue and expertly catches another unsuspecting fly.]*

*Little Raindrop:* I wish you wouldn't do that! It's cruel!

*Frog:* It is in my nature to catch insects. Don't worry about it. *[With a hop and a jump, he exits.]*

*Little Raindrop:* Well, really, what a strange fellow!

*Narrator:* The puddle was warmer now and Little Raindrop felt sleepy and began to doze.

*Enter caterpillar, which turns into a butterfly while the narrator is talking.]*

*Narrator:* She dreamt that she met another amazing creature called a caterpillar, which explained how he turned into a butterfly.

*Little Raindrop:* [waking up] Dear me! This is all very interesting. Did I really meet a caterpillar or was I dreaming? [yawns, and just about to drop off again when... splosh! A big Wellington boot lands right in the middle of the puddle, throwing most of the water, including Little Raindrop, out of it. Little Raindrop runs, gasping and shuddering, back into the puddle.]

*Little Raindrop:* [angrily] Who did that?

*Old Lady:* [soft, quavery voice] Why, it was me. I'm so sorry. I didn't see you and the water has come right up to the top of my boot. But luckily, I didn't get my foot wet.

*Narrator:* Little Raindrop looked up into the kindly, smiling, wrinkled face of an old lady. She had twinkling blue eyes, the colour of the sky, and her silver-grey hair was tied neatly into a bun at the nape of her neck. She seemed to be very kind and loving.

*Little Raindrop:* [hesitantly]. I'm a Little Raindrop.

*Old Lady:* [gently] How can you be? Surely, you are a puddle?

*Narrator:* Little Raindrop then related her story, telling how she had met the frog and the butterfly.

*Little Raindrop:* ...and the trouble is, there are caterpillars that change into butterflies, frogs that say they were once tadpoles and that I'm not a raindrop but a muddy puddle, and so I just don't know who I am anymore! It's all so confusing....

*Old Lady:* [sweetly] I expect it is to you, as you are so very young. But listen to me. I will try to explain. I am an old lady now and a grandmother. Before that, I was the mother of two little children who are now both grown up. Before that I was a young girl. And before that I was a little baby and had to be looked after by my mother and father until I was old enough to leave home and look after myself.

*Little Raindrop:* [sighing] It's all very complicated. [looking morose] I don't understand.

*Old Lady:* I don't suppose you do. But I'm sure you will, eventually. Life is complicated. Well, it was nice to meet you. Goodbye. [exits with a friendly wave].

*Narrator* While they were talking, the bright sun had travelled across the sky and disappeared behind a high mountain in the west. The sky first went pink but was now gradually darkening, and then it became black and suddenly, it started to rain again, heavily. It rained hard all that night and all the next day and the puddle grew larger and larger. Eventually, all the little puddles in the lane - and there were a great many - grew wider and wider until they all merged together and flooded the lane completely. The sheet of water began to flow steadily down the lane for about half a mile, taking Little Raindrop with it. And as she gently flowed along, over stones and pebbles, she began to wonder where she was going..

As the far end of the lane went downhill, so the water began to pick up speed. Little Raindrop heard a rushing, babbling noise and, before she knew what was happening, all the floodwater from the lane was flowing down a grassy bank and into a swiftly travelling, swollen stream. Now Little Raindrop was having a very bumpy journey over smooth, slippery boulders, fallen logs and sandy beds, as she passed fields, parks, houses and underneath bridges, until she didn't know if she was coming or going. Biff, bang, wallop!

*Little Raindrop:* [bumping along] Oh dear! [Gasping]. I've had enough of this!

*Narrator:* Suddenly she entered a dark tunnel that was smooth and round. It was actually a pipe that carried the stream underground for a short distance. As the water rushed through the pipe, Little Raindrop could see a pinprick of light ahead that was gradually increasing in size as she drew nearer and nearer, until she realised that it was daylight shining in at the other end of the tunnel. Little Raindrop hurtled out of the tunnel at great speed and tumbled down over rocks and boulders until she landed with a great splash into the biggest puddle she had ever seen!

*Little Raindrop:* [gulping and gurgling] Ughhh! It tastes terrible!

*Ocean:* [deep, rumbling voice]. What tastes terrible?

*Little Raindrop:* [indignantly] This puddle!

*Ocean :* I am NOT a puddle, my dear.

*Little Raindrop:* I beg your pardon. But then what are you, please?

*Ocean:* I am the Ocean. My water covers four-fifths of the earth's surface.

*Little Raindrop:* [gulping] Why does your water taste so different?

*Ocean:* Salt. Seawater is always salty. You are not supposed to drink it.

QUESTION: How did you feel when you saw, heard or acted in the drama?

## GROUP SINGING

ALL I SEE IS PART OF ME  
*music and lyrics by Sara John*

*Chorus: All I see is part of me  
Every creature, every tree  
Every mountain  
Sky and sea,  
All of these I see in me.*

Nothing is separate  
All are joined  
Woven together  
As threads entwined  
All is you and all is me  
Part of life's rich tapestry.  
Rich tapestry. *(repeat x 2)*

*Chorus: All I see is part of me  
Every creature, every tree  
Every mountain  
Sky and sea,  
All of these I see in me. (repeat x 4)*

**Close the lesson:** If the teacher wishes, the lesson can be closed by asking the children to form a circle and say, "Let us keep ourselves happy by noticing everything around us."