

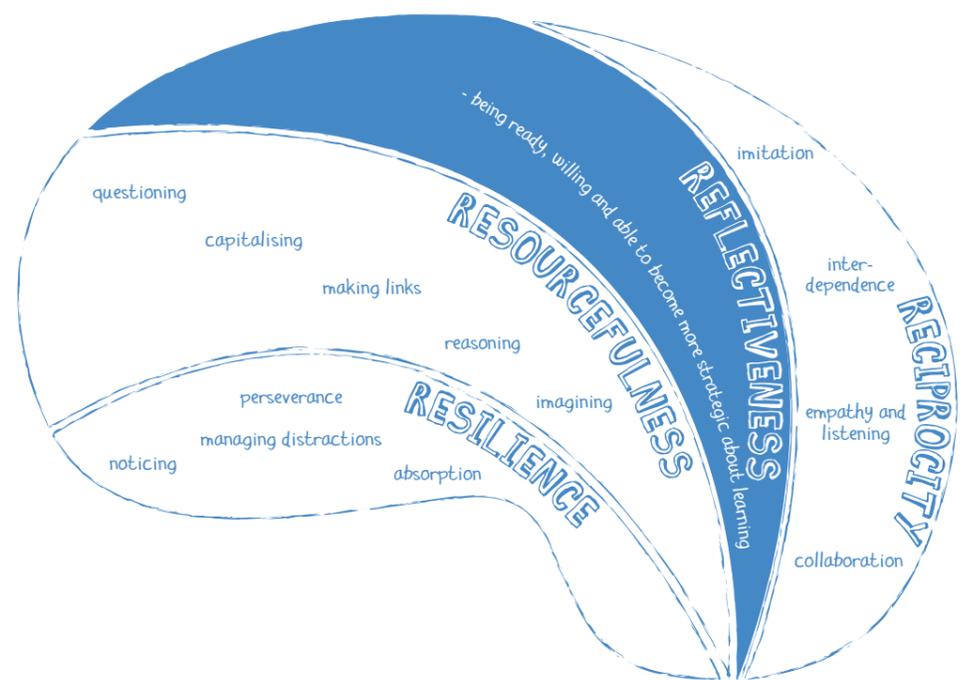
## REFLECTIVENESS:

The strategic aspects of learning; 'managing'  
The capacities that make up this disposition are:

Planning Revising Distilling Meta-learning

## Revising

Being flexible, changing your plans in the light of different circumstances, monitoring and reviewing how things are going and seeing new opportunities.



## How to make the best of the story; A FINE DAY OUT

In this story Gemma, Callum and their mum are planning a day out. When the weather changes they realise they will need to change their plans too.

Mum thinks very carefully about planning for the day out and Gemma and Callum help too by thinking about the things they will need to take to the seaside. When, next morning, they find that the weather has changed for the worse, they have to stop and think about the things they have planned to take with them and whether they now need to make some changes.



## After the story

### Connecting questions

- When Gemma, Callum and their mum decided to go to the seaside what did they have to think about to plan their day out?
- What things did they decide to take? Why did they choose these things?
- What did mum say she would do when Gemma and Callum had gone to bed?
- Why did mum want to check what Gemma and Callum had done? What happened when she did the checking?
- What happened next morning?
- What had mum forgotten to check?
- What did they have to do before they could set off?
- What were some of the changes they had to make? Why did they have to make these changes?
- Do you think they enjoyed their day out?

### Transferring questions

- Have you ever started to do something and then found that you had to change how you were doing it?
- Why do you sometimes have to change the way you are doing something?
- What sort of things tell you that it might be better to do something in a different way?
- How do you feel when you find you need to change your plans?
- What tells you that something is ok/good enough/finished?

# A FINE DAY OUT

## A story to introduce: Revising

It was Friday evening at the end of a lovely summer's day. Mum always liked Fridays because she didn't have to go to work for the next two days and Gemma and Callum didn't have to go to school either. And on Fridays mum liked to make plans for the week-end.

"So what shall we do tomorrow?" she asked them when they were all in the kitchen helping to get tea ready.

"Let's go into town," said Gemma. Callum couldn't think of anything worse. Going to the shops! He certainly didn't want to do that.

"But I've still got my birthday money to spend." Gemma sounded cross.

"You don't have to spend your money straight away," said mum, "and anyway wherever we go you're sure to be able to spend some of your money."

"I don't want to go to the shops anyway," Callum grumbled, "shopping's boring."

"No, not shopping. Not on a nice summer's day," mum agreed. "We ought to get out into the fresh air."

"What about the park?" Callum loved the park, especially the adventure playground and boating lake.

"You always want to go to the park. It's only down the road, we could go there any time," said Gemma. "I'd like to go to the seaside. Could we do that mum?"

"Yes, the seaside!" Callum liked that idea. "We haven't been to the seaside for ages."

"That's a great idea," agreed mum. "While we're having tea we'd better make some plans. We'll need to get everything ready because we'll have to make an early start in the morning."

So over tea they talked about what they would need to take. Callum wanted to take his football and his bucket and spade. Gemma said they had to have their nets, because she remembered that there were lots of little rock pools at the bottom of the cliffs. And mum thought about what they would need for the picnic.

After tea mum got some paper. "There's so many things to remember I ought to write a list, then we can be sure not to forget anything." In fact they needed three lists. One list was labelled 'food'. Everyone thought that was very important. The other lists were labelled 'clothes' and 'toys'.

"I'll have the food list," said mum, "and Gemma, you can have the other two."

"What about me?" Callum complained.



"You can't read the lists," Gemma snapped.

"I could read some of the words," said Callum.

"Yes, I'm sure you could," said mum. "So you go off and find the things that you think we need and then we can check to see if they are on the list."

So Callum ran around the house and found all the things he wanted and the pile got bigger and bigger. When mum saw the pile she told Callum that perhaps he ought to think again if he really needed all the things he had chosen.

"We didn't have all those things on the list. I don't think we could get them all in the car," mum said.

"And we certainly wouldn't be able to carry them all down onto the beach," said Gemma. "But we will need our sunhats and swimming costumes."

Mum made sandwiches and cut up little pieces of carrot and celery and put apples, bananas and cherries into a plastic box.

"And I'm sure we'll be able to buy ice creams at the beach," she said.

By bedtime everything was piled up in the kitchen, and the food for the picnic was in the fridge.

"When you're in bed I'll check that we've got everything that was on the lists," said mum.

"We don't want to forget anything."

When Gemma opened her eyes next morning it was light. But it wasn't a golden, summer-day kind of light; the light that was squeezing through the gaps in the bedroom curtains was greyish and dull. And there was a noise; a pitter-patter sound, tapping on the window. She knew that noise. What was it? Until then Gemma had been only half awake, but suddenly her eyes opened wide and now she was really awake. She knew that noise! It was rain and it sounded like heavy rain. It was the sort of rain that you wouldn't like to have for a picnic at the seaside. Gemma jumped out of bed and ran to her mum's

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room. She wasn't there. She called out and her mum answered from downstairs. Gemma hurried down to the kitchen and then she could see it. The rain poured down the kitchen window and the raindrops bounced on the path down the garden. The fresh, new leaves on the trees hung heavy and shiny with water.

"I should have listened to the weather forecast last night," said mum. "Now they're saying that it's going to rain most of the day."

Then Callum came into the kitchen too, still looking sleepy. "Can't we go to the seaside?" he asked.

"Well we could," said mum, "but I don't think it's going to be good picnic weather".

Gemma and Callum looked at each other; "But couldn't we go anyway?" Gemma asked for both of them.

"Well," said mum, "I suppose we could."

Gemma and Callum cheered!

"But look at all these things," said Gemma, "Some of them won't be much use now will they?"

"You're right there," mum said, looking around at all the things piled up on the kitchen floor.

"We're going to have to change our plans. We're going to need different clothes, that's for sure. I don't think we'll want sunhats and swimsuits."

"No," said Callum, "We'll need rainhats and Wellington boots."

Gemma said, "We won't need the sun umbrella either. I'll find the plastic macs"

"I suppose we could find a cafe to have lunch and then we could eat the picnic back here for tea," said mum.

"We'll leave it all in the fridge 'til we get home."

"Even if it's raining we can still take our buckets to collect some shells can't we?" Callum asked.

"The rocks might be a bit slippery for fishing in the pools," said mum, "But we could put the nets and the buckets in the car, just in case the rain does stop."

So mum unpacked the sunny weather things and Gemma and Callum ran around the house collecting up what they were going to need for the rain.

The rain didn't stop, but they still had a great time at the seaside, even though they did have to change their plans a bit and Callum thought it was still better than going shopping anyway!