

Perception: “Are Things Always Like We Think They Are?”
6th Grade Advisement Activity
Estimated time: 30 Minutes

Georgia Teachers-As-Advisors Framework

Goal 6-2.1 – Assess, learns, and master 21st Century skills in order to advance academic achievement, educational attainment, and lifelong-learning as it relates to preparation for work.

c. Interpersonal and Self-Directional Skills

Objectives:

- Students will enhance skills to manage conflict by understanding the importance of listening and understanding both sides.

Materials:

- Chalk board or flip chart and marker
- Prior to beginning this activity, draw a simple outline of *Little Red Riding Hood* on one sheet of chart paper or the chalk board and the wolf on the other. Hang them on the wall if on chart paper.
- Copies, one for each student, of the Old Woman, Young Woman.

Activity:

1. *Say:* “Good Morning, Class. Welcome to advisement. Today we are going to talk about managing conflicts. Conflict is a fact of life, but it needn’t be a negative thing. In fact, conflict is a growth opportunity and can even improve your relationships—depending on how it’s handled. When there is conflict between people, including me and you, we need the skills to assist in the management of that conflict---whatever it might be. A very important part of the process is to understand both sides of the issue. We are going to listen to a story today and draw some conclusions from that story.
2. *Ask:* Have you ever heard the story of Little Red Riding Hood? (The story is attached if needed) *Allow students to answer. Ask:* What words would you use to describe Little Red Riding Hood? *Allow student to answer and list the word on the drawing of Little Red Riding Hood.*
3. *Do the same for the wolf.*
4. *Read the story, The Maligned Wolf (below)*

The forest was my home. I lived there, and I cared about it. I tried to keep it neat and clean.

Then one sunny day, while I was cleaning up some garbage a camper had left behind, I heard footsteps. I leaped behind a tree and saw a little girl coming down the trail carrying a basket. I was suspicious of the little girl right away because she was dressed funny - all in red, and her head covered up as if she didn't want people to know who she was. Naturally, I stopped to check her out. I asked who she was, where she was going, where she had come from, and all that. She gave me a song and dance about going to her grandmother's house with a basket of lunch. She appeared to be a basically honest person, but she was in my forest, and she certainly looked suspicious with that strange getup of hers. So I decided to teach her just how serious it is to prance through the forest unannounced and dressed funny.

I let her go on her way, but I ran ahead to her grandmother's house. When I saw that nice old woman, I explained my problem and she agreed that her granddaughter needed to learn a lesson all right. The old woman agreed to stay out of sight until I called her. Actually, she hid under the bed.

When the girl arrived, I invited her into the bedroom where I was in the bed, dressed like the grandmother. The girl came in all rosy cheeked and said something nasty about my big ears. I've been insulted before so I made the best of it by suggesting that my big ears would help me to hear better. Now, what I meant was that I liked her and wanted to pay close attention to what she was saying. But she made another insulting crack about my bulging eyes. Now you can see how I was beginning to feel about this

girl who put on such a nice front, but was apparently a very nasty person. Still, I've made it a policy to turn the other cheek, so I told her that my big eyes helped me to see her better.

Her next insult really got to me. I've got this problem with having big teeth, and that little girl made an insulting crack about them. I know that I should have had better control, but I leaped up from that bed and growled that my teeth would help me to eat her better.

Now, let's face it - no wolf could ever eat a little girl - everyone knows that - but that crazy girl started running around the house screaming - me chasing her to calm her down. I'd taken off the grandmother's clothes, but that only seemed to make it worse. All of a sudden the door came crashing open, and a big lumberjack is standing there with this axe. I looked at him and all of a sudden it came clear that I was in trouble. There was an open window behind me and out I went.

I'd like to say that was the end of it. But that grandmother character never did tell my side of the story. Before long the word got around that I was a mean, nasty guy. Everybody started avoiding me. I don't know about that little girl with the funny red outfit, but I didn't live happily ever after.

5. Ask:

- a) What were some of the differences in perception that the wolf states when he gives his side of the story?
 - a. he was just trying to protect his home (the forest)
 - b. Red Riding Hood looked suspicious in her red hood
 - c. He was just trying to teach her a lesson
- b) How did miscommunication and misunderstanding contribute to the tragedy of the wolf?
 - a. He felt Red Riding Hood's comments were insulting and his answers were just to explain.
 - b. The wolf felt he was being teased and insulted.
- c) What stereotypes contribute to the wolf being the villain of the story?
 - a. Everyone assumes that the wolf is "big and bad" so he is assumed to be the villain.

6. Say: Perception is what we see and hear. Sometime we don't see or hear both sides of the story in a conflict *Distribute the picture*. Look at this picture (make copies of the picture, Old Woman, Young Woman) Tell me what you see? An old woman or a young woman?

7. Say: Have a great day. Remember things are not always so clear to YOUR perception of the situation. Leave the students wondering! *Let them figure it out!*



The face of a young or an old woman?

Little Red Riding Hood:

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who lived in a village near the forest. Whenever, she went out, the little girl wore a red riding cloak, so everyone in the village called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One morning, Little Red Riding Hood asked her mother if she could go to visit her grandmother as it had been awhile since they'd seen each other. "That's a good idea," her mother said. So they packed a nice basket for Little Red Riding Hood to take to her grandmother. When the basket was ready, the little girl put on her red cloak and kissed her mother goodbye.

"Remember, go straight to Grandma's house," her mother cautioned. "Don't dawdle along the way and please don't talk to strangers! The woods are dangerous."

"Don't worry, mommy," said Little Red Riding Hood, "I'll be careful."

But when Little Red Riding Hood noticed some lovely flowers in the woods, she forgot her promise to her mother. She picked a few, watched the butterflies flit about for awhile, listened to the frogs croaking and then picked a few more. Little Red Riding Hood was enjoying the warm summer day so much, that she didn't notice a dark shadow approaching out of the forest behind her...

Suddenly, the wolf appeared beside her.

"What are you doing out here, little girl?" the wolf asked in a voice as friendly as he could muster. "I'm on my way to see my Grandma who lives through the forest, near the brook," Little Red Riding Hood replied. Then she realized how late she was and quickly excused herself, rushing down the path to her Grandma's house.

The wolf, in the meantime, took a shortcut...

The wolf, a little out of breath from running, arrived at Grandma's and knocked lightly at the door. "Oh thank goodness dear! Come in, come in! I was worried sick that something had happened to you in the forest," said Grandma thinking that the knock was her granddaughter. The wolf let himself in. Poor Granny did not have time to say another word, before the wolf gobbled her up! The wolf let out a satisfied burp, and then poked through Granny's wardrobe to find a nightgown that he liked. He added a frilly sleeping cap, and for good measure, dabbed some of Granny's perfume behind his pointy ears. A few minutes later, Red Riding Hood knocked on the door. The wolf jumped into bed and pulled the covers over his nose. "Who is it?" he called in a cackly voice.

"It's me, Little Red Riding Hood."

"Oh how lovely! Do come in, my dear," croaked the wolf. When Little Red Riding Hood entered the little cottage, she could scarcely recognize her Grandmother. "Grandmother! Your voice sounds so odd. Is something the matter?" she asked. "Oh, I just have touch of a cold," squeaked the wolf adding a cough at the end to prove the point. "But Grandmother! What big ears you have," said Little Red Riding Hood as she edged closer to the bed.

"The better to hear you with, my dear," replied the wolf. "But Grandmother! What big eyes you have," said Little Red Riding Hood. "The better to see you with, my dear," replied the wolf.

"But Grandmother! What big teeth you have," said Little Red Riding Hood her voice quivering slightly. "The better to eat you with, my dear," roared the wolf and he leapt out of the bed and began to chase the little girl.

Almost too late, Little Red Riding Hood realized that the person in the bed was not her Grandmother, but a hungry wolf. She ran across the room and through the door, shouting, "Help! Wolf!" as loudly as she could. A woodsman who was chopping logs nearby heard her cry and ran towards the cottage as fast as he could. He grabbed the wolf and made him spit out the poor Grandmother who was a bit frazzled by the whole experience, but still in one piece.

"Oh Grandma, I was so scared!" sobbed Little Red Riding Hood, "I'll never speak to strangers or dawdle in the forest again." "There, there, child. You've learned an important lesson. Thank goodness you shouted loud enough for this kind woodsman to hear you!" The woodsman knocked out the wolf and carried him deep into the forest where he wouldn't bother people any longer.

Little Red Riding Hood and her Grandmother had a nice lunch and a long chat.