

TRACEY CAMPBELL

WILL YOU
BE THE
ONE?



Touching the hearts
of **teachers**,
changing the lives
of **children**
with challenging
behaviour

Be the One Press
A division of **Be the One Transforming Behaviour Ltd**
PO Box 70258, London, N4 9DR

Copyright © Tracey Campbell 2012

Tracey Campbell has asserted her moral right under the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988 to be identified as the author of this work.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the publisher.

A CIP catalogue record of this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-0-9575302-0-1

This book is a work of non-fiction, however, some of the names, dates, personal details and places have been changed in order to protect the identities of those mentioned in any real-life accounts.

Edited by Jacqueline Burns at London Writers' Club

Text and cover design by David Eldridge and Holly Giblin at
Two Associates

Illustrations by Tom Pearce at Drawings of Things

Photography by Leroy Harley

Printed and bound in the UK by MPG Biddles Ltd

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

For Mary, the One who said yes

Contents:

Acknowledgements	6
Introduction	8
PART ONE	18
Teaching: not league tables and levels, but lives	
<i>Chapter One</i>	20
Could I do for them what she did for me?	
<i>Chapter Two</i>	30
Can anyone hear me?	
<i>Chapter Three</i>	44
Behaviour speaks, so what does it say?	
<i>Chapter Four</i>	54
What did you promise?	
<i>Chapter Five</i>	62
What's love got to do with it?	

PART TWO	75
From inspiration to application	
Chapter Six	78
You said it, but did they hear you?	
Chapter Seven	90
Can't you see, you are expecting too much of me?	
Chapter Eight	102
What will you do when behaviour gets to you?	
Chapter Nine	118
Do they know the two Rs?	
Chapter Ten	130
Can you show me as well as tell me?	
Conclusion	139
Will You be the One? The poem	142
Bibliography and References	143
About the Author	144

Acknowledgements

The truth is that I am simply a product of the Ones who I have been blessed enough to meet along my journey and it is now my privilege to name and thank some of them...

Thanks to my mum, you have always encouraged me to chase my dreams and completion of this book is one of them.

To Mary Id Boukariane for taking that bold step all those years ago. I will never forget what you did for me. You gave me a story to tell – I hope I can leave a similar legacy. Your help with proofreading was also greatly appreciated.

To Nina Brown, thank you for being such an important part of my story. More than twenty years later here we are! Thank you for your support and advice. You are a treasured friend.

Thanks to Dawn Ferdinand for providing a picture of passion, leadership and excellence. We have come a long way since the interview in the ICT suite! Your help with proofreading was invaluable.

To Jamela Ricketts for her support and encouragement throughout this writing process. Your sincerity, honesty and commitment to the vision are greatly appreciated. You are a true friend.

To my mentor Lela Kogbara. I'm not sure if you remember back in 2007 when you helped me to flesh out exactly what 'Will You be the One?' was about? But I have never forgotten. Thank you for getting me started.

To my coach Grace Owen for her insight and wisdom. Thank you for keeping me focused and for spurring me on. I'm quite sure I could not have done it without you.

Marlon Smith, thank you so much for the constant 'check-ins' to ensure I was on track. I have really valued your support and advice.

To Doug Williams for your help with proofreading and for having a ready smile any time we talked about the progress of the book. Thank you for being one of the Ones.

To Martha Braithwaite, Jenny Lewis and Caroline King, thank you for your ongoing interest in the book and for your sense of anticipation and excitement as I neared completion.

Thank you to the wonderful team at St Mark's Primary School for being so receptive to the first ever 'Will You be the One?' training session. Little did we know what we were starting...

To my editor Jacqueline Burns for your enthusiasm and support throughout this process. Your belief in this book has meant a great deal. Thank you to Emma Rose for an outstanding job with the copyedit.

Thanks to David Eldridge and Holly Giblin for the cover and text design and Tom Pearce for the illustrations.

To all of the wonderful children that I have had the pleasure of working with over the years, thank you for being a part of my life and for allowing me to be a part of yours.

To the readers of Will You be the One?, I hope this book encourages you to do all that you can for the children in your care.

Introduction

Little did I know,
she was the One

School Antics, London, 1988

My friend had brought a black miniskirt into school. After lunch she dared me to walk into class wearing it over my uniform. Groups of girls gathered around me, sniggering as I wriggled myself into the tube-like skirt, rolled my uniform skirt right up to my waist and strutted into afternoon registration.

The whole class erupted into laughter; my classmates hysterically rolled around in their seats. The sound of their laughter filled me with euphoria. It was a sound that girls like me loved to hear: the sound of popularity, the sound of attention, the sound of belonging. I triumphantly sat down in my seat. I'd successfully disrupted the session and at the same time elevated myself in the ranks to class clown. My form tutor, however, didn't find it funny at all and wasted no time in expressing her disgust at my behaviour.

'How dare you come in here and cause such disruption!' she bellowed, banging her hand on the table. She continued, 'how dare you take up my time with such nonsense!'

It was the unexpected sound of her voice cracking with these last words that made me look up. I didn't want it to be true but the tears that trickled down her cheeks were real. Like the smell of fresh paint, her pain filled the room. It covered the walls and no one dared move lest they became tainted. It didn't matter whether I moved or sat still, I was guilty. I may as well have been holding a tin and a brush. Her pain was my doing.

I sat there trying hard not to allow the feelings of guilt to show on my face. There was no way I could make it known that I felt regret; that just didn't fit my image. It bothered me that I had made her cry because I'd not wanted that, and besides, at the time I felt that for a teacher she was okay.

From that day on, registration just didn't feel the same. It was like having to revisit the scene of a crime I'd

committed again and again. For weeks I laid low because I felt embarrassed about what I had done. I avoided eye contact and made the effort not to be in close proximity to her. Several weeks passed, but eventually the day came when she caught up with me. I had no idea just how significant that day would be...

I hadn't even noticed her standing there. I'd escaped my French lesson, but my relief at skipping ten minutes of class vanished with the sound of her voice. Shivers of regret shot down my spine.

'Can I speak to you?' she asked. I still remember how awkward I felt; I didn't know where to look. What did she want to talk to me about? I looked straight past her, my voice sounding feeble as I said, 'I've just been to the toilet Miss. I need to get back to my lesson.'

'I would like to speak with you,' she said, this time with a touch more coercion as she gestured towards her office door.

The memory of the distress I'd caused that day swiftly moved to the front of my mind. Not wanting to create further hurt, I reluctantly followed her to the office.

The click of the door shutting behind me made me feel nauseous and I refused her offer of a seat. But the question that followed was both unexpected and has stayed with me all these years since. More to the point, even now, the answer to that question fills me with a multitude of feelings that I struggle to describe.

'Do you know what I spend my break times doing?' she began. Certain it was a rhetorical question I just looked at her, eyebrows raised. She continued. 'I defend you in the staffroom.' A single bead of sweat trickled down my spine.

Having convinced myself I was going to be facing a serious dressing-down for the miniskirt episode, I was completely unprepared for the disclosure that followed.