**The Big Vision – Script**

Project slides

*The objective of this session is to share with you the Big Vision. I want to instil you with a sense of possibility.*

*The Big Vision is simple: I think you deserve to be happy. A lot of unhappiness comes from not having choices in life or not being able to choose the things that make you happy. So, in contrast, the route to happiness that I’m suggesting is one that keeps your life full of choices, particularly the choices that make you happy.*

*There are many things that will give you choices in life and it’s not simply money. Your virtues and personality probably count for more. One of the virtues that probably gets the best results is that of being diligent and hard-working. Everyone appreciates a hard-worker and generally speaking the more hard-working you are, the more choices you’ll have.*

*The thing about being hard-working though is not to leave it too late. Don’t wait until you’re 25 to start working hard because you’ll miss out on the good things that have gone to those who started younger. Don’t wait until you’re 16 either because a lot of doors will have closed by then. In fact, the time to start working hard is from the beginning.*

*Let me show you some slides of some students who started working hard when they were your age. These students go to this school. Not a private school. Not a school 100 miles away or even down the road. They went to this school and, not long ago, they were sat in your chairs.*

*What were the students on these slides feeling? How could you tell? Why do you think they had those feelings? Can you imagine what it would be like to feel the same way?*

*Let’s see if we can feel the same way today. I want to tell you a story. This story is about the experiences of a successful student looking back as they head into school to collect their final GCSE results.*

Instruct students to put their heads facing down in their arms and close their eyes.

As you read the story, hand out individual results slips without your tutees noticing!

**The drive to school has never felt so short… Despite all the traffic… Everyone seems to be going in the same direction. School… ‘Results Day’... A good result for me? I suppose, either way, I’m just going to have to find out…**

Earlier this morning, I was so nervous I couldn’t even eat. I just wanted to get out of the house and get it over with, but now that I’m actually on my way to pick up that envelope… Well… It’s a different story now… I’d be happy to stay in this car forever! Even with Dad droning on and on…

Dad has been giving me the ‘talk’ – the one where he says it doesn’t matter how I’ve done as long as I’ve done my best – how everyone will be proud of me – what will be, will be…

I know he’s trying to be nice and calm me down but I wish he would just be quiet. There’s really only one person who I want to feel proud. And that’s *me*…

**There’s Sandra – in the car ahead. She looks as terrified as I feel! When I saw her in the holidays she was like – ‘Yeah – so what? It’s only a bit of paper – I’m going to work for my mum’s business anyway so I don’t really need it’.**

I could work for *my* dad when I leave school. But even he says it might not be the best idea! It turns out he’d have loved to have done something different – always secretly wanted to work in a hospital, study medicine and help people, he said. But he left school without the GCSE grades he needed. Says he was too worried about having a laugh and hanging out with his mates. And his school wasn’t like mine back then.

I know that I can’t use that excuse! My teachers have *high* expectations of me. I know they work hard for all of us – extra revision classes, revision guides, giving us feedback, telling us how we can improve… They *genuinely* care!

When I started my GCSE’s, the homework increased. Homework would take between one hour and two hours each night. I had never spent so long doing school work at home. And with my part time job, I was *so* tired. That was when Dad and I had the first big ‘talk’. I had to drop the job. Dad told me that it wouldn’t seem that important if I got good grades – the world would be my oyster…

**Oh no… We’re nearly there!! My so-called ‘journey’ to GCSE is well and truly over!!**

I remember coming here a few years ago with my older brother. He did really well. No pressure there, then! I was in Year 9, still deciding what options to take and which teacher I might end up with, I still really couldn’t imagine this day would come for me as well.

He texted me this morning. ‘Hope it goes ok, Ugly Mug!’ He’s alright really. Says the only reason *he* did so well is because he knuckled down and I can do the same. He helped me write my revision cards. I really wished I had started doing this in Year 10 or even Year 9. I think it would have prepared me *far* better… He’s not too bad. For an older brother…

**Yeah, Dad. Why not park practically inside the front doors?!! NOOO, Dad! Wait here! No-one else’s dad is with them!!! I’m not five!!!**

I remember my very first GCSE exam. I was a bag of nerves. Lining up outside the exam hall trying to remember everything I’d crammed the night before. There was no need to cram like this. These were facts that I had learnt in Year 7 and Year 8. I didn’t understand how important it was to learn these things then. Five years… Lesson after lesson… and it comes down to this!

Sitting in my exam seat, the Head teacher is talking. I’m not listening. My palms are so sweaty, I’m so nervous. The exam starts and I open my exam paper. I read the question. Everyone else around me has already started writing. I freeze… I don’t know what to write… I take a few deep breaths. I collect my thoughts. I remember what I need to do and I begin.

One exam follows another. Sometimes two a day. My friends talk afterwards about what answers they wrote. Some of the answers are different to mine. Who is right? Have I made lots of mistakes? Have I worked hard enough?

**Oh please let these grades be good!!! Have I got into sixth form? To get onto the courses I want? Can I still go to university? Are my dreams still a possibility? Well then…here I go…**