**A River**(Marc Martin, adapted by Catherine Woolley)

There is a **river** outside my window. From where I sit, I can see it stretching into the distance in both directions.

Visual/Tactile: stretch blue glittery scarf/lycra.

Sometimes I imagine myself floating along the river, swept away in a silver **boat** towards the horizon. Where will it take me?

Visual/tactile: boat in water tray.

It goes through the city, under bridges and past the speeding **cars** that zoom by in an endless stream of busyness.

Tactile/Proprioception: send car down click-clack track, or move on table/own leg.

It flows beside the factories with their **machines** grinding and plumes of **smoke** rising into the sky.

Visual/proprioception: manipulate cog toy (light and blow out candle if appropriate)

It carries me past the farms and animals and moves beyond the fields that look like giant patchwork **quilts**.

Tactile: wrap up in weighted blanket/quilt.

I can hear the murmuring of running water that grows louder and takes me tumbling down a waterfall **taller** than any building.

Vestibular/proprioception: stand up and reach up on tiptoes as tall as learner can.

The river flows into the jungle and I can hear lots of animals – gibbons, bats and all kinds of **birds**.

Auditory/proprioception: press bird call toy.

Deep in the jungle, it’s very **dark**. I can feel many eyes watching me.

Visual: hide under blanket together with learner/use sleep shades to block out light.

As I sail through the mangroves, the river opens up and takes me to the ocean. It’s windier now and the air smells of **salt** and seaweed.

Taste/smell: salt on finger – taste of seaweed optional 😊

I peer over the edge of my boat; I can see **fish** swimming in and out of the light.  
 Visual: Fluorescent card fish on the floor, UV light torch to move around.

When I look up, I see clouds moving and it begins to **rain** and it’s difficult to see where I am.

Tactile: water spray.

But I can hear **raindrops** on a window and, as the clouds clear, I’m sitting in my room again, looking through those raindrops on the glass and gazing out across the sleeping city.

Visual: water droplets on a piece of acrylic using a pipette.