LESSON PLAN by: Emily Katona

Lesson: Comparing to the Holocaust  Length: 50 minutes Age or Grade Intended: 8th Grade English

Academic Standard(s):

8.3.3 Compare and contrast the motivations and reactions of literary characters from different historical eras confronting either similar situations and conflicts or similar hypothetical situations.

Performance Objectives:

In groups, students will compare and contrast different short stories about different genocides, filling out a worksheet with 85% accuracy.

Assessment:

During this lesson, students will be put into groups and each group will get a different short story about a type of genocide that they will compare and contrast with the holocaust and *The Diary of Anne Frank*. This lesson is to help students learn about other acts of genocide and to see how things like the Holocaust have happened throughout history in many different places. It is designed to help them make connections and to better understand why things like the Holocaust happen. To help them organize their thoughts and to stimulate discussion, they will each be given a worksheet with questions to answer. They will turn these worksheets in to receive a grade and to make sure I know they have answered the questions.

Advanced Preparation by Teacher:

I need to make copies of the stories for each group and copies of the worksheet they will be using.

Procedure:

Introduction/Motivation: At the beginning of class, I will show one picture of each of the historical periods/events that we will be discussing. As I show each picture, I will say the number of people who died (or who were in the camps for *Farewell to Manzanar*). I will then ask them what they think the numbers meant. After some discussion, I will go into what we are doing today and the background of each event.

Step-by-Step Plan:

1. Give background information for each story. Talk about when each event happened, why it happened, and how many people were affected. Then explain to students that they will be reading a story about one of these events.
2. Hand out one story to each student. Explain that they are to read the story by themselves silently, then they will get into groups to answer questions about the story.
3. After about ten minutes for the students to read their stories, assign each group where they will be stationed in the room. I will then pass out the worksheet that they will work on together. (Gardner; Verbal)
4. Explain to students that they are to answer the questions together as a group. Each student must put their name on the paper in order to get credit for the group work. The questions are related to the story, and also ask them to connect their story to the Holocaust.
   a. I will give the students about fifteen to twenty minutes to accomplish this task.
5. After the students are done with the group work, I will have each group present their information to the rest of the class. These are the questions they will consider when presenting their information:
   a. What was your story about? (Blooms; Comprehension)
b. What happened to the character’s in the story? (Blooms; Comprehension)
c. Where did your story take place? (Blooms; Knowledge)
d. What are some similarities between your story and the Holocaust? (Blooms; Analysis)

6. After each group presents their information, we will have a class discussion focusing on the similarities and differences between the stories they read in class and the Holocaust/The Diary of Anne Frank. We will focus on the question, “How do these stories relate to the actions in The Diary of Anne Frank and the Holocaust?” (Blooms; Analysis). The main goal of this lesson is to help the students see how things like the Holocaust have happened other times and help them understand it.

Closure: At the end of the class period, I will have each student turn in their worksheet so I can assess their work. I will also tell them what they need to have prepared for the next day. I will remind them of their vocabulary quiz that they will be taking the next day and remind them to bring their literature books for the next day.

Adaptations/Enrichment:
I will have verbal and written directions for what they have to do. The guided questions will help students stay on task. The students will be reading the story together in a group, which will help some students who have trouble reading or following a story.

Self-Reflection:
Do my students have a better understanding of the topic (genocide)?
Was my lesson plan successful?
Did they make the connections between other genocides and the Holocaust?
Was the group work effective?
What can I change to make it a smoother process?
After the attack on our village, we were forced to flee. If we wanted to survive, we had to leave as quickly as possible. Many of my people had already been slaughtered, but we ran in order to survive. I was carrying my four year-old baby on my back. But he was sick with diarrhea. We didn’t have anything to help for him. No medicine, and no water. He died on my back one day from dehydration, and we had to leave his body in the desert. There was nothing we could do. If we wanted to survive, we had to make it to the refugee camp. The problem was getting there, however. Enemies who wanted us dead were in our path, and we had to be quick and secretive in our escape. We made it to a refugee camp, and are grateful for the tent and the camp that was here for us. We have been living here for almost six years now. It is hard. We are struggling. Last year, my youngest daughter, Marymouda fell ill. She was just an infant. She was sick for two weeks. We took her to the clinic but they could not help her. She died. I thank god that I still have my twins, Bashar and Bashir, and their sister, Guisma and, now my youngest, Abdelmouni. By God’s good grace sometimes they are all healthy. We don’t receive enough food or water for our family. Our ration card is for a family of four, but we are six. Even that is not enough. Fifty kilograms of sorghum, that I must grind by hand, and 50 kilograms of wheat cereal, 12 cups of yellow split peas, 4 cups of sugar, and a few tablespoons of salt. We don’t get everything every month. There are many people living in the refugee camp, so many that supplies are always very scarce. But in order to live, we must stay here. We are safe here, as long as we stay in the camp. Sometimes my husband risks his life to leave the camp to find more food for our children. I do not know when I will be able to return home, today or tomorrow, or in the future. I am hoping that there will be peace in Sudan. Then we can return home and start over.
STALIN’S PURGES

My town was a peaceful town in the Soviet Union. I had many friends and family, and we lived a quiet life. A simple life, until the police came into our town. We had heard rumors about police coming in and taking all the men. The police were just following orders, getting rid of anyone who could stand in the way of Stalin. We never thought that it would happen to our town. Until the night it happened.

It was early in the evening when I first heard the screams. When I looked out the window, I could see that the police had come to kill and destroy as much as possible. I immediately feared for my younger brothers, and knew we needed to try to escape. I rounded up my two brothers, and prepared them to run. When we got outside, it was total chaos. Many of my friends and neighbors were running, trying to escape, while many others lay dead on the ground. The police were smashing and destroying buildings, and shooting anyone who tried to escape. Grabbing my brothers, I began to run to the nearby forest, only to have one of the police stop us. I thought he would kill us right then, but they seemed to be done with their killing spree, and began to round up all of the men from the town. My mother begged the police to leave us alone, but they would not listen to any of us. We became their prisoners, and did not even know where we were going.

We travelled very far until we reached our destination. With little rest and food, we were weak with exhaustion when we finally reached the camp. The camp was barren, with poorly made barracks and not much else. This is where we would stay, to try to survive. I knew it was my responsibility to keep my brothers as safe as possible.

We have been here for a very long time. I have lost track of the days spent struggling to survive in this horrible place. We get very little food or clean water. Whenever there is food, we all fight over even the smallest piece of bread. My brothers try very hard to be brave, but they are growing weaker and weaker in these conditions. I can even feel myself losing hope. I know I need to stay strong for my brothers, but I feel that I am growing weaker and weaker, and soon I will no longer have the will to go on.
Each barracks was divided into six units, sixteen by twenty feet, about the size of a living room, with one bare bulb hanging from the ceiling and an oil stove for heat. We were assigned two of these for the twelve people in our family group; and our official family “number” was enlarged by three digits. - 16 plus the number of this barracks. We were issued steel army cots, two brown army blankets each, and some mattress covers, which my brothers stuffed with straw…

The simple truth is the camp was no more ready for us when we got there than we were ready for it. We had only the dimmest ideas of what to expect. Most of the families, like us, had moved out from southern California with as much luggage as each person could carry. Some old men left Los Angeles wearing Hawaiian shirts and Panama hats and stepped off the bus at an altitude of 4,000 feet, with nothing available but sagebrush and tarpaper to stop the April winds pouring down off the back side of the Sierras…

I was sick continually, with stomach cramps and diarrhea. At first it was from the shots they gave us for typhoid, in very heavy doses and in assembly-line fashion: swab, jab, swab, Keep it moving. That knocked all of us younger kids down at once, with fevers and vomiting. Later, it was the food that made us sick, young and old alike. The kitchens were too small and badly ventilated. Food would spoil from being left out too long. That summer, when the heat got fierce, it would spoil faster. The refrigeration kept breaking down. The books, in many cases, had never cooked before. Each block had to provide its own volunteers. Some were lucky and had a professional or two in their midst. But the first chef in our block had been a gardener all his life and suddenly found himself preparing three meals a day for 250 people.

The first morning, on our way to the chow line, Mama and I tried to use the women’s latrine in our block. The smell of it spoiled what little appetite we had. Outside, men were working in an open trench, up to their knees in muck- a common sight in the months to come. Inside, the floor was covered with excrement, and all twelve bowls were erupting like a row of tiny volcanoes…

Like so many of the women there, Mama never did get used to the latrines. It was a humiliation she just learned to endure: shikata go nai, this cannot be helped.
Rwanda:

“Kill the cockroaches! Kill all the cockroaches!” voices screamed through the marsh. I waited in fear that soon the murderous men would find my hiding place in the misty marsh and hack me down like so many others. Every night and day, the same fear took hold of me. The Hutus do not even see us as people anymore, only Tutsi cockroaches that must be destroyed. Just because I am a Tutsi, because of this title, they want to kill me. Not only me, but they want to wipe out the Tutsi’s completely. I have survived this long hiding in the marshes, but soon I feel they will find me, and kill me with their machetes.

I managed to escape with my children when the killers came into my village. We fled to the marshes, the only place where I thought we could hide and escape the danger. We were not the only ones hiding in the marshes. Others chose the same hiding spot, and soon we banded together in order to survive. We would put the children together, so we would know where they were at all times. The children were not to make a sound, in case the enemy was near. We would hide them and give them muddy water to drink, even if it was tinged with blood. Then, in our turn we covered ourselves in mud. Sometimes, we would glimpse one another through the surrounding foliage. We asked ourselves why God had forsaken us here, in the midst of snakes, which fortunately did not bite anyone. We went down very early. We hid the little ones hid first, and the grown-ups acted as look-outs and talked about the disaster that had befallen us... they were the last to hide. Then there was killing all day long. In the beginning, the Hutus played tricks in the papyrus, for example they said, “I've recognized you, you can come out” and the most innocent got up and were massacred standing. Or else Hutus were guided by the cries of little children, who could not stand the mud anymore.

The killers worked in the swamps from nine to four, half past four, as the sun would have it. Sometimes, if it rained too much, they came later in the morning. They came in columns, announcing their arrival with songs and whistles. They beat drums, they sounded very cheerful to be going killing for an entire day. One morning, they would take one path, the next day another path. When we heard the first whistles, we disappeared in the opposite direction. One morning, they cheated, they came from all sides springing traps and ambushes; and that day was a very dispiriting one because we knew that that evening there would be more than the usual number of dead. The only thing we could do was hide and wait for an opportunity to run and escape this nightmare.
Comparing Stories: A Look at Different Genocides throughout History

Directions: Please answer all questions below in your groups. Please use detail to answer the questions. Each student must turn in a worksheet in order to receive credit.

1. Where and when does this story take place?

2. Briefly summarize what happens in the story. What kind of hardships did the individuals go through?

3. How is this story related to the Anne Frank’s story and the Holocaust? What things happen that are similar to what happens during the Holocaust?
Pictures to make into transparencies:

Darfur:

Rwanda:
Stalin:

Japanese Internment camps: