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| **Name:**Chelsea Miles | **Grade Level/Class Title:** 10th grade/ English | **Differentiation Strategies:** Share in small groups; have three students work together in the pair part of the activity. |
| **Objective:**Students will be able to analyze a text and find the author’s stance on war.Students will be able to explain why there are differing opinions on war. | **State Standard:***Reading-*10.1: Cite the evidence in the text that most strongly supports a specific analysis of what the text says explicitly as well as inferences drawn from the text.10.6: Analyze a case in which the author’s work takes a position or stance on a social issue or other topic and describe how the author carries out that purpose.*Speaking and Listening-*10.1: Initiate and participate effectively in group discussions…a:Prepare for discussions by reading and researching material under study and explicitly draw on that preparation in discussions.c: Build on essential information from others’ input…d: Acknowledge the ideas and contributions of others in the group… | **Assessment:**Exit slips |

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| **Time** | **Learning Style (visual, auditory, kinesthetic)** | **Activities and Notes****(This should be written in enough detail that another person could teach from your lesson plan.)** |
| 9:00 | kinesthetic | Students will respond to this question in their bell work/response journals: What is one thing that you learned from your homework research on WWI and The Vietnam War that you found interesting or did not know before? |
| 9:03 | auditory, visual | Students will listen to the explanation the assignment for the day. We will be reading poetry and short stories about the two wars we just learned about from our homework reading. The students will find the author’s stance on war in that text. Model for the students how to read the poem to find the author’s stance. Show the students an overhead of the poem “Anthem for Doomed Youth” by Wilfred Owen. Read the poem aloud and then demonstrate how to analyze the poem to find the main idea. Concentrate on word choice, similes and metaphors to gain the meaning. Show them a few of the literary devices, and then ask students to help identify some the other literary devices. Then take those literary devices and explain how the author uses them to show his main idea about war. |
| 9:13 | auditory | Students will participate in a read-write-pair-share activity. Before breaking students off into groups, give them the following directions for the activity. Students will be put into six groups. In each group, they will break off into pairs. Each group will be given a poem or short story excerpt that is about war. They will read the piece individually first and underline 2-3 literary devices that they found in the poem and what they think the author’s war stance is based on those literary devices. Students will then discuss as pairs and see if they found similar or different literary devices and if the author’s stance is the same. After discussing in pairs, students will discuss with their whole group, making sure that they all found the same author’s stance on war. After discussing in their groups, we will come together as a class. Each group will say the title of their poem, what war it is about and the author’s stance on war, then each partnership give one literary element they found. |
| 9:15 | auditory, kinesthetic, visual | Number off students into 6 groups. From there, have each group break off into partners. Give each group their poem or short story. Have students begin reading the poem. |
| 9:25 | auditory, kinesthetic,  | If students have not begun talking with their partners about their piece, have them start now. |
| 9:30 | auditory, kinesthetic | If students have not begun talking as a group about their piece, have them start now.Students will return to their home groups, and each student in the home group will tell the other students about what was discussed in the expert groups. As they listen, students will take notes about what each expert explains is the main idea of war. Students in the home group will then talk about how the ideas in the texts are similar or different, and why there can be different opinions about war. |
| 9:35 | kinesthetic | Come back together as a class. Have each group share the title of their poem, the author’s war stance and the literary devices they found. Write these on the board. After every group has gone, discuss how the war stances are similar and different. Ask students how these war stances relate to what we are learning about ethics and why there might be different opinions about war. |
| 9:45 | kinesthetic | Students will fill out an exit slip answering this question: Why are there differing opinions about war? |

War Texts:

**The Soldier**

**-Rupert Brooke**

If I should die, think only this of me:

 That there’s some corner of a foreign field

That is forever England. There shall be

 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;

A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,

 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,

A body of England’s, breathing English air,

 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart all evil shed away,

 A pulse in the Eternal mind, no less

 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given,

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;

 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,

 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

**The Dead
Rupert Brooke**

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

**Anthem for Doomed Youth**

**-Wilfred Owen**

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?

 Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

 Only the stuttering rifles’ rapid rattle

Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells,

 Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—

The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;

 And bulges calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?

 Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes

Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.

 The pallor of girls’ brows shall be their pall;

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,

And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

**Dulce Et Decorum Est**

**-Wilfred Owen**

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,

Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,

Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs and towards our distant rest began to trudge.

Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots

But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;

Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots

Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling,

Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;

But someone still was yelling out and stumbling

And flound’ring like a man in fire or lime…

Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,

As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,

He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace

Behind the wagon that we flung him in,

And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,

His hanging face, like a devil’s sick of sin;

If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood

Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,

Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud

Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest

To children ardent for some desperate glory,

The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est

Pro patria mori\*.

\*sweet and fitting it is to die for your fatherland

**Facing It**

**Yusef Komunyakaa**

My black face fades,

hiding inside the black granite.

I said I wouldn't

dammit: No tears.

I'm stone. I'm flesh.

My clouded reflection eyes me

Like a bird of prey, the profile of night

slanted against morning. I turn

this way—the stone lets me go.

I turn that way—I'm inside

the Vietnam Veterans Memorial

again, depending on the light

to make a difference.

I go down the 58,022 names,

half-expecting to find

my own in letters like smoke.

I touch the name Andrew Johnson;

I see the booby trap's white flash.

Names shimmer on a woman's blouse

but when she walks away

the names stay on the wall.

Brushstrokes flash, a red bird's

wings cutting across my stare.

The sky. A plane in the sky.

A white vet's image floats

closer to me, then his pale eyes

look through mine. I'm a window.

He's lost his right arm

inside the stone. In the black mirror

a woman’s trying to erase names:

No, she's brushing a boy's hair.

**Toys in a Field**

**Yusef Komunyakaa**

Using the gun mounts

for monkey bars,

children skin the cat,

pulling themselves through,

suspended in doorways

of abandoned helicopters

in graveyards. With arms

spread-eagled they imitate

vultures landing in fields.

Their play is silent

as distant rain,

the volume turned down

on the 6 o’clock news,

except for the boy

with American eyes

who keeps singing

rat-a-tat-tat, hugging

a broken machine gun.

**On the Rainy River**

excerpt from *The Things They Carried*

**Tim O’Brien**

In June of 1968, a month after graduating from Macalester College, I was drafted to fight a war I hated. I was twenty-one years old. Young, yes, and politically naïve, but even so the American war in Vietnam seemed to me wrong. Certain blood was being shed for uncertain reasons. I saw no unity of purpose, no consensus on matters of philosophy or history or law. The very facts were shrouded in uncertainty…

The only certainty that summer was moral confusion. It was my view then, and still is, that you don’t make war without knowing why. Knowledge, of course, is always imperfect, but it seemed to me that when a nation goes to war it must have reasonable confidence in the justice and imperative of its cause. You can’t fix your mistakes. Once people are dead, you can’t make them undead…

There should be a law, I thought. If you support a war, if you think it’s worth the price, that’s fine, but you have to put your own precious fluids on the line. You have to head for the front and hook up with an infantry unit and help spill the blood. And you have to bring along your wife, or your kids, or your lover. A *law*, I thought…

At some point in mid-July I began thinking seriously about Canada. The border lay a few hundred miles north, an eight-hour drive. Both my conscience and my instincts were telling me to make a break for it, just take off and run like hell and never stop. In the beginning the idea seemed purely abstract, the word Canada printing itself out in my head; but after a time I could see particular shapes and images, the sorry details of my own future—a hotel room in Winnipeg, a battered old suitcase, my father’s eyes as I tried to explain myself over the telephone. I could almost hear his voice, and my mother’s. Run, I’d think. Then I’d think, Impossible. Then a second later I’d think, *Run*.

It was a moral split. I couldn’t make up my mind. I feared the war, yes, but I also feared exile. I was afraid of walking away from my own life, my friends and my family, my whole history, everything that mattered to me. I feared losing the respect of my parents. I feared the law. I feared ridicule and censure…

The emotions went from outrage to terror to bewilderment to guilt to sorrow and then back again to outrage. I felt a sickness inside me. Real disease…

**Tim travels north until he finds a lodge near the border of Canada. There he meets an old man by the name of Elroy. He stays at the lodge for a while and helps Elroy for a week. Elroy then takes Tim out onto a the Rainy River, and Tim can see from the boat the Canadian border.**

The shoreline was dense with brush and timber. I could see tiny red berries on the bushes. I could see a squirrel up in one of the birch trees, a big crow looking at me from a boulder along the river….Twenty yards. I could’ve done it. I could’ve jumped and started swimming for my life. Inside me, in my chest, I felt a terrible squeezing pressure. Even now, as I write this, I can still feel that tightness. And I want you to feel it—the wind coming off the river, the waves, the silence, the wooded frontier. You’re at the bow of a boat on the Rainy River. You’re twenty-one years old, you’re scared, and there’s a hard squeezing pressure in your chest.

What would you do?

Would you jump? Would you feel pity for yourself? Would you think about your family and your childhood and your dreams and all you’re leaving behind? Would it hurt? Would it feel like you’re dying? Would you cry, as I did?...

I tried to will myself overboard.

I gripped the edge of the boat and leaned forward and thought, *Now.*

I did try. It just wasn’t possible…

I couldn’t risk the embarrassment. It was as if there were an audience to my life, that swirl of faces along the river, and in my head I could hear people screaming at me. Traitor! they yelled. Turncoat! Pussy! I felt myself blush. I couldn’t tolerate it. I couldn’t endure the mockery, or the disgrace, or the patriotic ridicule. Even in my imagination, the shore, just twenty yards away, I couldn’t make myself be brave. It had nothing to do with morality. Embarrassment, that’s all it was.

And right then I submitted.

I would go to the war—I would kill and maybe die—because I was embarrassed not to.