

Types of Conflict Multiliteracies Lesson Plan

Teacher Candidate: Lauren Robinet, Gillian Kornacki, Morgan Laramie, and Amanda Watts

Subject: English

Grade/Class: Grade 9 Academic

Date: Time:

Duration: 75minutes

Lesson Topic: Types of Conflict

CURRICULUM EXPECTATIONS:

Curriculum Documents	Student Friendly Language
<p>Oral Communication</p> <p>1.3 Listening to Understand Using Listening Comprehension Strategies - identify and use several different listening comprehension strategies before, during, and after listening to understand both simple and complex oral texts</p> <p>2.1 Speaking to Communicate Purpose - communicate orally for several different purposes, using language suitable for the intended audience</p> <p>Reading and Literature Studies</p> <p>1.6 Reading for Meaning Analyzing Text - analyse texts in terms of the information, ideas, issues, or themes they explore, examining how various aspects of the texts contribute to the presentation or development of these elements</p> <p>Writing</p> <p>1.2 Developing and Organizing Content Generating and Developing Ideas - generate and focus ideas for potential writing tasks, using several different strategies and print, electronic, and other resources, as appropriate</p> <p>Media Studies</p> <p>1.1 Understanding Media Texts Purpose and Audience - explain how both simple and complex media texts are created to suit particular purposes and audiences</p>	<p>I am able to participate in classroom discussions in a professional and productive manner.</p> <p>I am able to communicate my ideas effectively and clearly.</p> <p>I am able to read and express my thoughts with my classmates.</p> <p>I am able to read a short story and apply the conflict framework learned in class to the story.</p> <p>I am able to read a short story independently.</p> <p>I am able to read a short story and explain the types of conflict present while justifying my answer through writing.</p> <p>I am able to express my thoughts about the short story in paragraph form.</p> <p>I am able to watch a video clip and make inferences about what is happening. I am able to watch a video clip and understand what type of conflict is present.</p>

SPECIFIC EXPECTATIONS:

By the end of the lesson students should/will be able to:

1. Identify the four types of conflict
2. Relate conflict to their own daily lives and in film clips
3. Identify how conflict is present in literature

LEARNING/TEACHING RESOURCES:

- a. Types of Conflict Video, projected through computer and projector
- b. Class set of “Types of Conflict” worksheet
- c. Class set of “The Sniper” by Liam O’Flaherty

LESSON SEQUENCE

5 minutes

A) INTRODUCTORY ACTIVITY

1. Daily Writing Activity – Write on the board, “Write about one of the most recent arguments you have had with someone in your life”
2. Have students write continuously for 5 minutes. Discuss students’ answers briefly.

30 minutes

B) DEVELOPMENTAL STRATEGIES:

Activity 1 – Play “Types of Conflict” Video

Activity 2 - Discuss with students the various answers they came up with regarding conflict. Clarify any confusion about conflict.

C) DIFFERENTIATED INSTRUCTIONAL STRATEGIES

Visual and spatial, musical–use of video clips, PowerPoint media

Interpersonal – sharing thoughts about video with classmates

Intrapersonal – reading the story individually and responding to questions

Linguistic – reading the story and students written response to the questions

40 minutes

D) CULMINATING ACTIVITY:

1. Students read “The Sniper” on their own
2. Have them to a think-pair-share with a partner about what type of conflict is present, then discuss with class.
3. Write “Explain which type of conflict is present in the story. Justify your answer” on the board and have students respond individually to question on paper to be handed in.

E) ON-GOING ASSESSMENT/EVALUATION:

- Observation of students who are actively listening and taking notes during video
- Observation of students who work individually when assigned to do so
- Observation of participation from students during class discussion
- Formative assessment of students response to worksheet question and short story response

REFLECTION & SELF-EVALUATION:

FOLLOW-UP ACTIVITIES/IDEAS OR NEXT STEPS:

- Students may write their own short story with a type of conflict present
- Continue identifying the types of conflict present in short stories, novels, and other literature throughout the term

The Sniper by Liam O'Flaherty (1897-1984)

The long June twilight faded into night. Dublin lay enveloped in darkness but for the dim light of the moon that shone through fleecy clouds, casting a pale light as of approaching dawn over the streets and the dark waters of the Liffey. Around the beleaguered Four Courts the heavy guns roared. Here and there through the city, machine guns and rifles broke the silence of the night, spasmodically, like dogs barking on lone farms. Republicans and Free Staters were waging civil war.

On a rooftop near O'Connell Bridge, a Republican sniper lay watching. Beside him lay his rifle and over his shoulders was slung a pair of field glasses. His face was the face of a student, thin and ascetic, but his eyes had the cold gleam of the fanatic. They were deep and thoughtful, the eyes of a man who is used to looking at death.

He was eating a sandwich hungrily. He had eaten nothing since morning. He had been too excited to eat. He finished the sandwich, and, taking a flask of whiskey from his pocket, he took a short drought. Then he returned the flask to his pocket. He paused for a moment, considering whether he should risk a smoke. It was dangerous. The flash might be seen in the darkness, and there were enemies watching. He decided to take the risk.

Placing a cigarette between his lips, he struck a match, inhaled the smoke hurriedly and put out the light. Almost immediately, a bullet flattened itself against the parapet of the roof. The sniper took another whiff and put out the cigarette. Then he swore softly and crawled away to the left.

Cautiously he raised himself and peered over the parapet. There was a flash and a bullet whizzed over his head. He dropped immediately. He had seen the flash. It came from the opposite side of the street.

He rolled over the roof to a chimney stack in the rear, and slowly drew himself up behind it, until his eyes were level with the top of the parapet. There was nothing to be seen--just the dim outline of the opposite housetop against the blue sky. His enemy was under cover.

Just then an armored car came across the bridge and advanced slowly up the street. It stopped on the opposite side of the street, fifty yards ahead. The sniper could hear the dull panting of the motor. His heart beat faster. It was an enemy car. He wanted to fire, but he knew it was useless. His bullets would never pierce the steel that covered the gray monster.

Then round the corner of a side street came an old woman, her head covered by a tattered shawl. She began to talk to the man in the turret of the car. She was pointing to the roof where the sniper lay. An informer.

The turret opened. A man's head and shoulders appeared, looking toward the sniper. The sniper raised his rifle and fired. The head fell heavily on the turret wall. The woman darted toward the side street. The sniper fired again. The woman whirled round and fell

with a shriek into the gutter.

Suddenly from the opposite roof a shot rang out and the sniper dropped his rifle with a curse. The rifle clattered to the roof. The sniper thought the noise would wake the dead. He stooped to pick the rifle up. He couldn't lift it. His forearm was dead. "I'm hit," he muttered.

Dropping flat onto the roof, he crawled back to the parapet. With his left hand he felt the injured right forearm. The blood was oozing through the sleeve of his coat. There was no pain--just a deadened sensation, as if the arm had been cut off.

Quickly he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it on the breastwork of the parapet, and ripped open the sleeve. There was a small hole where the bullet had entered. On the other side there was no hole. The bullet had lodged in the bone. It must have fractured it. He bent the arm below the wound. the arm bent back easily. He ground his teeth to overcome the pain.

Then taking out his field dressing, he ripped open the packet with his knife. He broke the neck of the iodine bottle and let the bitter fluid drip into the wound. A paroxysm of pain swept through him. He placed the cotton wadding over the wound and wrapped the dressing over it. He tied the ends with his teeth.

Then he lay still against the parapet, and, closing his eyes, he made an effort of will to overcome the pain.

In the street beneath all was still. The armored car had retired speedily over the bridge, with the machine gunner's head hanging lifeless over the turret. The woman's corpse lay still in the gutter.

The sniper lay still for a long time nursing his wounded arm and planning escape. Morning must not find him wounded on the roof. The enemy on the opposite roof covered his escape. He must kill that enemy and he could not use his rifle. He had only a revolver to do it. Then he thought of a plan.

Taking off his cap, he placed it over the muzzle of his rifle. Then he pushed the rifle slowly upward over the parapet, until the cap was visible from the opposite side of the street. Almost immediately there was a report, and a bullet pierced the center of the cap. The sniper slanted the rifle forward. The cap clipped down into the street. Then catching the rifle in the middle, the sniper dropped his left hand over the roof and let it hang, lifelessly. After a few moments he let the rifle drop to the street. Then he sank to the roof, dragging his hand with him.

Crawling quickly to his feet, he peered up at the corner of the roof. His ruse had succeeded. The other sniper, seeing the cap and rifle fall, thought that he had killed his man. He was now standing before a row of chimney pots, looking across, with his head clearly silhouetted against the western sky.

The Republican sniper smiled and lifted his revolver above the edge of the parapet. The distance was about fifty yards--a hard shot in the dim light, and his right arm was

paining him like a thousand devils. He took a steady aim. His hand trembled with eagerness. Pressing his lips together, he took a deep breath through his nostrils and fired. He was almost deafened with the report and his arm shook with the recoil.

Then when the smoke cleared, he peered across and uttered a cry of joy. His enemy had been hit. He was reeling over the parapet in his death agony. He struggled to keep his feet, but he was slowly falling forward as if in a dream. The rifle fell from his grasp, hit the parapet, fell over, bounded off the pole of a barber's shop beneath and then clattered on the pavement.

Then the dying man on the roof crumpled up and fell forward. The body turned over and over in space and hit the ground with a dull thud. Then it lay still.

The sniper looked at his enemy falling and he shuddered. The lust of battle died in him. He became bitten by remorse. The sweat stood out in beads on his forehead. Weakened by his wound and the long summer day of fasting and watching on the roof, he revolted from the sight of the shattered mass of his dead enemy. His teeth chattered, he began to gibber to himself, cursing the war, cursing himself, cursing everybody.

He looked at the smoking revolver in his hand, and with an oath he hurled it to the roof at his feet. The revolver went off with a concussion and the bullet whizzed past the sniper's head. He was frightened back to his senses by the shock. His nerves steadied. The cloud of fear scattered from his mind and he laughed.

Taking the whiskey flask from his pocket, he emptied it a drought. He felt reckless under the influence of the spirit. He decided to leave the roof now and look for his company commander, to report. Everywhere around was quiet. There was not much danger in going through the streets. He picked up his revolver and put it in his pocket. Then he crawled down through the skylight to the house underneath.

When the sniper reached the laneway on the street level, he felt a sudden curiosity as to the identity of the enemy sniper whom he had killed. He decided that he was a good shot, whoever he was. He wondered did he know him. Perhaps he had been in his own company before the split in the army. He decided to risk going over to have a look at him. He peered around the corner into O'Connell Street. In the upper part of the street there was heavy firing, but around here all was quiet.

The sniper darted across the street. A machine gun tore up the ground around him with a hail of bullets, but he escaped. He threw himself face downward beside the corpse. The machine gun stopped.

Then the sniper turned over the dead body and looked into his brother's face.

Types of Conflict

Part 1

Person vs. Person →





Person vs. Self →

Person vs. Nature →

Person vs. Society →

Part 2

Using the chart below, write your own definition of the 4 types of conflict.

Person vs. Person	Person vs. Self	Person vs. Nature	Person vs. Society
			

Part 3

Circle which type of conflict is present in the video. Explain your choice.

Person vs. Person

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Person vs Person → in that the protagonist (Sam) is literally facing a conflict with the judge regarding the safety and custody of his daughter. This is the confluct between him and the judge. They both struggle to understand each other through communication and explaining their feelings and what is going on.

Person vs Self → in that Sam is facing an internal conflict over his own ability to care for his daughter. He is struggling to understand why is losing custody of Lucy (his daughter) and struggles to understand why they think he is an unfit father.

Person vs Society → in the way he is facing the court and judicial system in society. Society is marginalizing him because of his disability and deems him unfit and criticisms him as a father because of his disability.