

English I

YCHS

Instructional Packet

March 25<sup>th</sup>-April 6<sup>th</sup>

J. Smiley

Hello, students and parents!

First off, I want you all to know that I have thought about you every day, and I hope that you are doing well through this challenging time. I'm sure none of us have done anything like this before, so we are going to be learning together!

There are a few house-cleaning items that I would like to mention:

-Grades for Term 3 are updated and complete on ActiveStudent/Parent.

-These are the first assignments for Term 4 - this is a make or break time for us all!

-If you have any questions about ANYTHING, there are multiple avenues to reach me:

- Email: [jenna.smiley@yazoo.k12.ms.us](mailto:jenna.smiley@yazoo.k12.ms.us)
- Remind101: Text the code @f76c6b to 81010 if you have not joined.
- Google Classroom: I receive notifications when a student comments.

-My plan is to be available to you Monday through Friday during regular school hours (8:00-3:00). If you should need to talk to me over the phone, please email me to set a time.

-If you believe that you have signed up for AudibleStudent - an audiobook platform - and no longer have your login info, please let me know! I have all the usernames and passwords for students who turned in their permission slips last semester.

Everything in this packet can be found on Google Classroom. You can either complete your assignments in the packet or online: you DO NOT have to do both. While not all students have Internet access, I will be posting on the platform periodically to keep in touch.

For the first packet, you will find the following:

- "The Lottery," a short story with read and respond questions embedded in the document.
- "Irony in The Lottery" worksheet with "Irony Mini-Lesson" notes
- "Symbolism and Allegory in The Lottery" with notes on historical context and literary terms
- "The Lottery Blog/Quick Write" worksheet

I did my best to be as clear as possible with instructions, but if you need any assistance, please reach out! I hope to see as many of you as possible online in the coming weeks!

Best,  
Ms. Smiley

# THE LOTTERY - Read and Respond

by Shirley Jackson      1948

Shirley Jackson (1916-1965) was an American writer whose writing was popular during her life and continues to be studied by literary critics today. In Jackson's most well-known short story, "The Lottery," a town participates in an annual ritual.

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 26th, but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play, and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix — the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy" — eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at the boys, and the very small children rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather, surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

**Stop and Think: What is the general mood of the villagers about the lottery so far? Pick out specific words or phrases that inform your thoughts.**

The lottery was conducted — as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program — by Mr. Summers, who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called. "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three-legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool, and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men, Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year; by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up — of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

**Stop and Think: What is strange about the lottery? How has it changed over the years?**

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on, "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twenty-seventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through; two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully, "Thought we were going to have to get on without

you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now would you, Joe?" and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now," Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar," several people said. "Dunbar. Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar," he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me, I guess," a woman said, and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband," Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen yet," Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right," Mr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for m'mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said things like "Good fellow, Jack," and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said, and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names — heads of families first — and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi, Steve," Mr. Summers said, and Mr. Adams said, "Hi, Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen," Mr. Summers said. "Anderson... Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more," Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row.

"Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast," Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark... Delacroix."

"There goes my old man," Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

**Stop and Think: How have the people's attitudes changed as the lottery begins?**

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said, "Go on, Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next," Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely, and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hands, turning them over and over nervously. Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt... Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said, and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's always been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries," Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

**Stop and Think: Why has the village continued to practice the lottery?**

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke... Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson." The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?" "Who's got it?" "Is it the Dunbars?" "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill." "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family, that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said. "There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box, and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground, where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked, and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children, nodded.

**Stop and Think: Why is Mrs. Hutchinson upset? How is this different from when we first meet her?**

"Remember," Mr. Summers said, "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy," Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just one paper," Mr. Summers

said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward, switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box. "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet over-large, nearly knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly, and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it.

The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be," Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill, Jr., opened theirs at the same time, and both beamed and laughed, turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper, Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks," Mr. Summers said, "let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box. Mrs. Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mrs. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath, "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson a few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head.

Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

**Stop and Think: What do you think the author wants you to think about after reading this story?**



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## Notes

### All Definitions Footnotes

1. **Profusely** (*adverb*) : to a great degree or in large amounts
2. **Boisterous** (*adjective*) : noisy, energetic, or wild
3. **Reprimand** (*noun*) : a scolding
4. a sudden attack
5. relating to a city or town
6. **Jovial** (*adjective*) : friendly and cheerful
7. a person in charge of a post office
8. the equipment needed for a particular activity
9. **Perfunctory** (*adjective*) : carried out with a minimum of effort or reflection
10. **Petulant** (*adjective*) : disrespectful or bad-tempered
11. **Defiant** (*adjective*) : boldly resistant or challenging

# WHAT IS IRONY?

Remember, irony is a contrast between expectations for a situation and what is reality - the unexpected or unknown.

In simpler terms, if something unexpected or out of the ordinary happens, then it's irony!

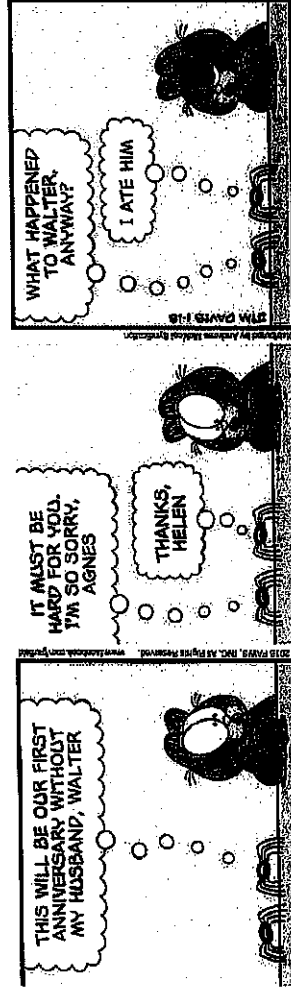


Don't forget - *Taming of the Shrew* was filled with irony!

After seeing Petruchio's ridiculous behavior at his own wedding and him abusing his servants, we would never expect him to lecture Kate on self-control, but he does!

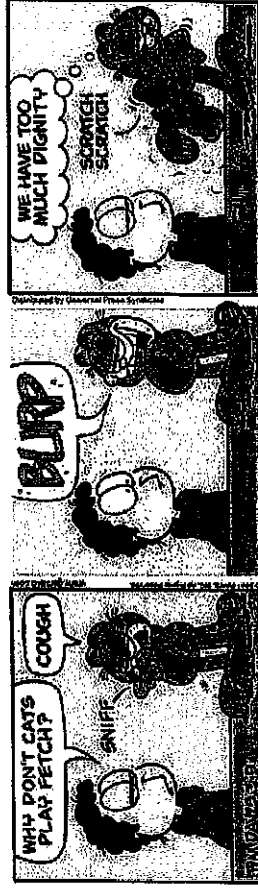
Irony can make something even funnier or highlight a double-standard.

Here are some more examples of irony from the *Garfield* comics.



This is **situational irony** - we wouldn't expect for the spider Agnes to be upset about her dead husband if she is the one who ate him!

If you're familiar with the *Garfield* comics, you probably know that Garfield is a lazy cat with an extreme appetite.



This is **dramatic irony** - we, the audience, know that Garfield doesn't care about what others think, so we probably shouldn't take his answer too seriously. His burp doesn't help his case either.

Garfield continues to live up to his name and for the sake of irony in this last example.



This is **verbal irony** - we know that Garfield is a lazy cat, so we don't believe for a second that he's writing a memoir and painting the house. Jon is aware of this too and quickly calls out the cat's **sarcasm**.

What does this have to do with "The Lottery"?

Jackson primarily uses situational irony to create suspense for the reader!

Quick rundown of the definitions for the three different types of **irony**.

**Situational:** When what's happening does not turn out to be what we would expect.

**Dramatic:** When we, the audience, know something that the characters do not, thus creating suspense.

**Verbal:** When a character says something that has a double-meaning or turns out to be untrue.

Take a look at the handout, "Irony in The Lottery."

- What is unexpected about the title?
- When we usually hear lottery, we think that there is a chance for a big prize or winning. Lottery usually has a positive connotation - we don't expect for it to mean something bad. However, that's not true in the story!
- Take a look at the five other examples of irony from the story. What makes them ironic? Ask yourself what happens that's unexpected. Fill in your thoughts on the handout.

## Irony in "The Lottery"

After reading "The Lottery," explain how irony is used in each element or circumstance below.

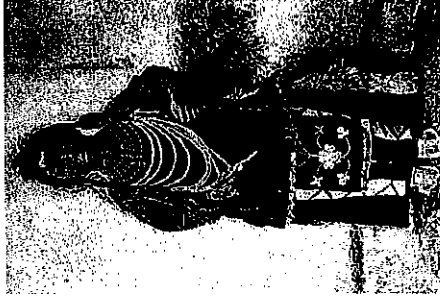
<p>the story's title</p> <p><i>Lottery usually means that someone has the opportunity to win a prize or money. It has a positive connotation, but in the story, the lottery actually chooses someone to die.</i></p>	<p>the setting</p>
<p>Tessie's attitude towards the lottery</p>	<p>the selection of traditions to keep</p>
<p>the close-knit community of villagers</p>	<p>the concept of fairness</p>

*So now we've talked about the irony, but what about the allegory?*

An **allegory** is a story with two levels of meaning: **surface level** (traditional story with plot and characters) and a **second level** (the symbolic or metaphorical meaning of the story). This second level may be political, religious, historical, social, or even philosophical.

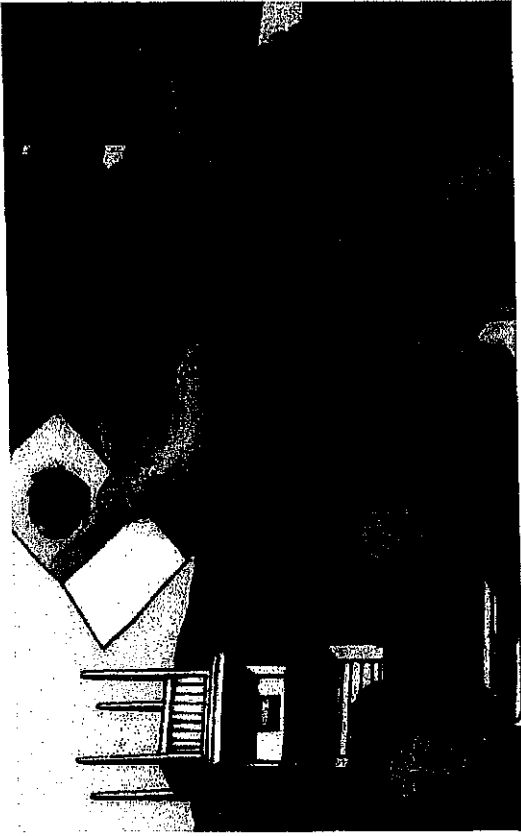


Remember "St. Lucy's Home for Girls Raised by Wolves"? At the **surface level**, this is a story about one wolf-girl's experience in a boarding school that is taming her to be a civilized girl.



On a second level, however, the story is also a critique on Native American assimilation, especially with the strong parallels of the boarding schools where Native Americans were forced to give up their traditions in order to be a part of "accepted" society.

# *"The Lottery" is also an allegory!*

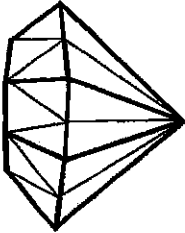


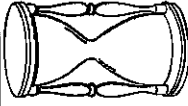


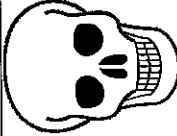



At the surface level, the story is about one village's deadly raffle, but was Shirley Jackson criticizing a deeper issue from her time?

While the events of "The Lottery" are fiction (they didn't really happen), the story has strong connections with real-world events.

To talk about the story's allegory, we need to be able to recognize the story's figurative meaning.

# Common Symbols and Their Meanings

Image	Common Meanings	Image	Common Meanings
	<p>strength, everlasting love, beauty, marriage, wealth, status</p>		<p>warmth, comfort, passion, destruction</p>
	<p>wisdom, old age, the cycle of life, changing seasons, nature</p>		<p>mortality, eternal passage of time, day, patience</p>
	<p>brightness, happiness, beginnings, light</p>		<p>wisdom, helpfulness, prophecy, nocturnal creatures</p>
	<p>death, evil, danger, toxic, poison</p>		<p>ideas, thinking, electricity, invention, brightness, energy</p>

# Symbolism in "The Lottery"

To understand the symbolic meaning of the story, we must first identify the overall theme - the author's message. Use the following big ideas to construct a theme statement. Each word may not be used.

**Big Ideas:** Community, Individuals, Traditions, Cruelty, Violence, Fairness

**Theme Statement:** \_\_\_\_\_

Next, choose two of the objects below and determine their symbolic meanings in the story. Knowing the theme should be helpful.

**Objects:** the black box, the black spot, the lottery, the stones, the families

Object	Symbolic Meaning

All of these symbols work together to create the short story's *allegory*, or *figurative meaning*. Use the next page to dig deeper into the story's symbolic meaning.



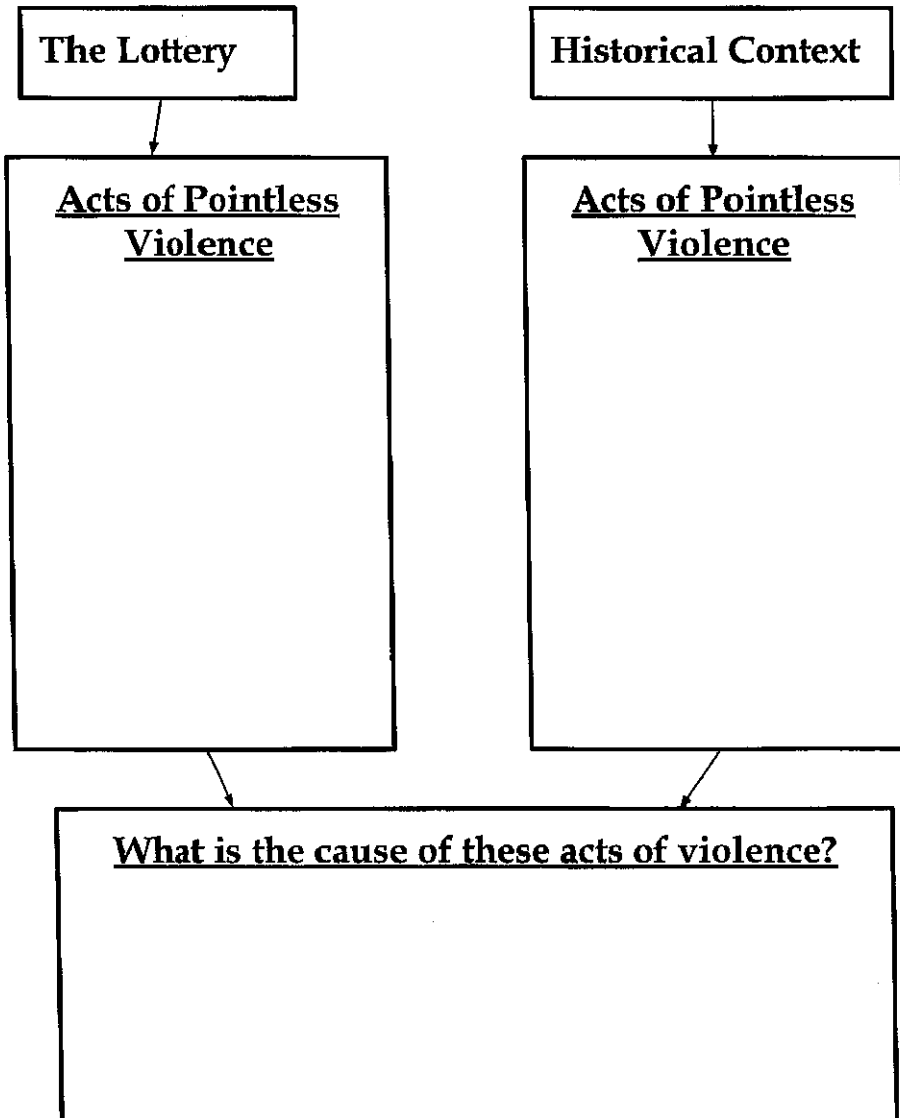
# Allegory in "The Lottery"

If you are able, watch the YouTube video, "World War II, A War of Resources: Crash Course World History #220" <https://youtu.be/H-2q-OMUIgY>.

If you are unable to watch the video, refer to the Historical Context in the 1940's handout.

To understand the allegory in "The Lottery," we must also be familiar with what was happening in Jackson's time period. She said: "Explaining just what I had hoped the story to say is very difficult. I suppose, I hoped, by setting a particularly brutal ancient ritual in the present and in my own village, to shock the story's readers with a graphic dramatization of the pointless violence and general inhumanity in their own lives."

Use the following diagram to compare the pointless violence in "The Lottery" to the historical events during the 1940's.



## Historical Context of the 1940's

- World War II was a global war that lasted from 1939 to 1945. The vast majority of countries eventually formed two opposing sides that consisted of Germany, Japan, and Italy for the Axis Powers versus Great Britain, Russia, and the United States for the Allied Powers.
- While many historians look back on WWII as fight against good and evil, others cite the value of food resources as one of the reasons driving the war. Adolf Hitler wanted to expand German land for agriculture.
- The Holocaust took place during WWII, which was when Adolf Hitler and the Nazis systematically captured and murdered six million people because they were Jewish (in addition to other groups of people for discriminatory reasons).
- After the bombing of Pearl Harbor by Japan, President Roosevelt authorized the U.S. military to force all Japanese Americans, regardless of citizenship status, living near the Pacific coast out of their homes and into detention camps from 1942-1945.
- In August of 1945, the U.S. dropped the atomic bomb on the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan, killing an estimated 130,000-230,000 people, the vast majority of whom were civilians.
- In 1948, the U.S. was on the verge of the Civil Rights Movement. In the Jim Crow south, people of color were lynched, or publicly hanged, for any myriad of "crimes," or social mistakes such as bumping into a white woman without any due process or trial. Perpetrators were not charged with crimes.

