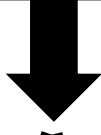


A Plot Diagram for

Climax-

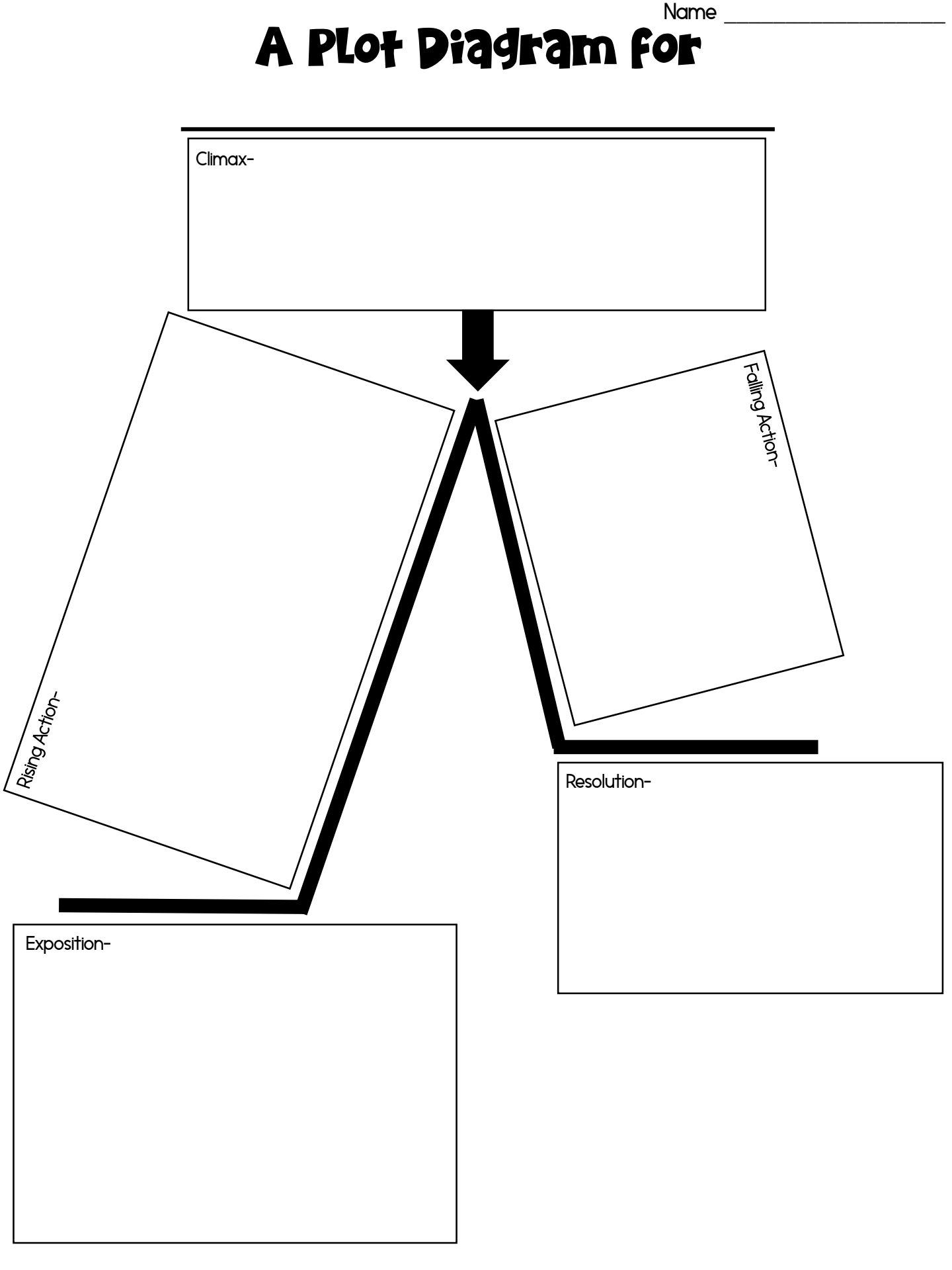


Rising Action-

Falling Action-

Resolution-

Exposition-



A Different Type of Vacation

Narrator

Luis

Miranda

Mom

Dad

Narr.: Miranda and her parents have just sat down to eat dinner together. Miranda helps herself to a heaping mound of mashed potatoes and gravy, and then searches through the platter of roast beef to find the tiniest strip of meat possible. Mom briefly considers placing a bigger slice of roast beef on Miranda's plate, but decides against it.

Mom: Your father and I want to tell you about the summer traveling plans we've made.

Miranda: Summer can't come fast enough as far as I am concerned. I could use a break from school. Where are we going on vacation this year?

Dad: This trip is going to be unlike any other vacation we've ever been on.

Miranda: Are we going to Hawaii?! I've *always* wanted to travel to Hawaii!

Mom: No, we're not flying to Hawaii. Instead, we are flying to Peru to do a service project.

Miranda: (*shocked*) What?! That's not a vacation!

Dad: You're right. Instead of taking a vacation, your mother and I have decided that we should use our resources to help those less fortunate.

Miranda: Well just because *you* guys think that's a good idea, doesn't mean that *I* do. Why didn't I have a say?

Dad: I don't like the tone of your voice, young lady. Go to your room and think about your self-centered behavior. Don't bother returning to eat the rest of your dinner until your attitude has changed.

Narr.: Needless to say, Miranda remains in her bedroom for the rest of the evening. For the next two months, Miranda and her parents rarely discuss their upcoming trip. School ends on May 31st, and the Marx family boards the airplane to travel to Peru on June 2nd. After several hours, they arrive in Peru. A man is waiting for them at the airport as soon they deplane.

Dad: Hello! You must be Luis!

Luis: Yes, I am. It's nice to meet all of you. Let's go retrieve your luggage, and then we'll drive right to the orphanage.

Miranda: We're going to an *orphanage*?

Luis: Yes, I will tell you more once we find your luggage and get in my car.

Narr.: After gathering their luggage, they pile into Luis' car.

Mom: I would love to hear more about the orphanage, if you don't mind sharing.

Luis: Yes, of course. Twenty-four children live in the orphanage. Unfortunately, we are not able to take any more at the moment because we are filled to maximum capacity. We have offices, classrooms, a playground, a kitchen, a cafeteria, and "homes", the areas where a group of twelve children live together with one of the paid adults.

Miranda: What happened to these kids' parents?

Mom: Miranda, that's a rude question to ask.

Luis: No, it's okay. There are many different reasons why children end up at our orphanage. Some have been abandoned. Others have been abused or neglected. A few have even been brought to us because their parents were living in such extreme poverty that they asked us to take their beloved children so that the children would have an opportunity for a better life.

Dad: *(shaking his head)* That is so sad. What will we be doing to help at the orphanage?

Luis: The main project you will be helping us with is our bathrooms.

Miranda: Ugh! Bathrooms?? Please don't make me clean *bathrooms*.

Mom: *(glaring at Miranda)* It will be our pleasure to help improve the bathrooms.

Luis: The bathrooms in the school section only have a hole in the ground and a bucket of water for handwashing. You will be helping us install sinks and toilets.

Narr: The next day, Miranda's parents force her to wake up early. After grumbling under her breath about wishing she were in Hawaii, she finally climbs out of bed and gets dressed. Luis leads her parents to the bathroom, where they begin working right away. Then, Luis tells Miranda that the preschool teacher could use her help in the school, and leads her in that direction. When Luis opens the door to the preschool, a little girl runs up to Miranda and hugs her leg. At first, Miranda is unsure what to do. She looks down at the girl's big, brown eyes, and her heart instantly melts. She returns the hug.

Miranda: Hello there! What's your name?

Narr: The little girl does not speak English and just smiles. Over the course of the next week, Miranda learns everyone's name and is kept busy playing with the children and serving meals. The week flies by, and Miranda is surprised to find out that she is actually enjoying herself... *a lot!* When it is time to return to the airport, she cries when she has to leave the children.

Miranda: Mom and Dad, can we come back here next year?

Mom: What about Hawaii?

Miranda: I don't care much about visiting Hawaii anymore. I would much rather do something important that makes a difference.

A Plot Diagram for

A Different Type of Vacation

Climax- A little girl who lives at the orphanage hugs Miranda's leg, and Miranda's heart melts. She returns the girl's hug.

Rising Action-

- Miranda and her parents arrive in Peru. Her bad attitude gets worse when she finds out that they will be helping to improve bathrooms at an orphanage.
- The next day, she wakes up in a bad mood.
- Her parents begin working in the bathrooms while Luis takes Miranda to the orphanage's preschool.

Falling Action-

For the remainder of the week, Miranda enjoys helping in the school by playing with the children and serving meals. She enjoys herself.

Resolution-

When it's time to return home and leave the children, Miranda cries. She asks her parents if they can return to the orphanage again next year.

Exposition-

Miranda's parents inform her that they are going to do a service project in Peru instead of taking a traditional vacation this year. Miranda is very upset by the news.

Time Machine

Narrator

Charlie

Eden

Dad

Gran

Narr: Charlie and Eden ring the doorbell at their grandmother's house. Gran opens the door and gives both of them a hug.

Gran: Hello! I'm so glad you agreed to go through the things in the attic with me. I've been putting off this project for years because I couldn't bear to part with your father's belongings. But I've decided the time has come to finally sort through all of it. Your father was something of a packrat, you know. He always thought he'd eventually find a use for things, so he'd haul things up to the attic instead of throwing the worthless things away.

Charlie: That sounds like you, Eden!

Gran: Oh, yes, Eden shares many similarities with your father.

Eden: I sure wish I could remember him.

Gran: I know, Eden. I still remember how thrilled and proud he was the day you two were born. He called you his Twinkies. You were about 8 months old when we found out about his brain tumor. He held on for another three years before he passed. He loved you two and your mother dearly. *(Gran wipes a tear from her eye.)* Shall we get started?

Narr: Gran leads Charlie and Eden up two flights of stairs. When they reach the attic, Charlie and Eden's eyes grow wide. A thick layer of dust covers dozens of boxes.

Charlie: Oh my! Gran, you weren't kidding when you said Dad was a packrat! Look at all of these boxes!

Gran: Let's make two piles, a keep pile and a garbage pile.

Narr: Eden removes the lid from the first box.

Eden: This one is full of *Popular Science* magazines.

Charlie: I bet you want to keep those, don't you? You *love* science!

Eden: Well, I love science, but these magazines look outdated and smell musty. Let's put these in the garbage pile.

Narr: Charlie removes the lid from the next box.

Charlie: Jackpot! There are baseball cards in here. I'm definitely keeping these. There might be a few in here that are worth some money.

Gran: I'm going to go downstairs to the kitchen to grab some snacks. We have a big job in front of us.

Charlie: Okay, Gran.

Eden: That's weird. This box is nearly empty. It just has two items in it— one of those old tape recorders and a cassette tape. Maybe we should check to see if *these* are worth any money. After all, they *are* antiques!

Charlie: I wonder what type of music Dad liked to listen to.

Eden: Good question. "Time Machine" is written on this cassette tape. Have you ever heard of a band called "Time Machine"?

Charlie: No... let's plug in the tape recorder and listen to it!

Narr: The kids plug in the tape recorder and press play. The machine does nothing. They realize that the tape must be rewound back to the beginning in order to play it. As soon as they push the rewind button, the room goes pitch black. Eden and Charlie scream. As the tape rewinds, they fumble through the dark attic, trying to find a light switch. Suddenly the tape stops rewinding and clicks. The attic lights return, and there sitting in front of them, is a twelve-year-old version of their dad.

Dad: Hey! I've been waiting for you! Welcome to 1995.

Eden: What?!

Dad: I assume you're my kids, right? I altered this tape recorder so that it would become a time machine. However, I was too scared to use it myself, for fear that I'd get caught in a different time period and couldn't return. So I decided to put it up here in the attic, and then someday, when I have kids of my own, I figured I'd show them the time machine, and have them use it to come back and visit twelve-year-old me. It will only work once, though. Is that what happened? Did I show it to you?

Narr: Charlie and Eden look at each other, stunned.

Eden: Just a second, Dad. I need to talk to Charlie about something.

Dad: Okay, but you don't need to call me Dad. That just sounds weird to me. Call me Paul.

Eden: *(whispering to Charlie)* We have to just play along. Since he's only twelve, he has no idea that he's going to die before we grow up. He assumes he *showed* us the time machine.

Narr: Charlie nods his head in agreement. After Dad explains the importance of not divulging information that will affect the future, the three kids talk for an hour. They mainly discuss Dad's life as a kid. Suddenly, Dad hears his mom call for him.

Dad: I suppose it's time for you to return home. To get back to the future, you simply have to fast forward the tape until it reaches the end. Thanks for visiting me! I'll never forget this!

Charlie: We won't either! By the way, thanks for inventing this. And thanks for being such an awesome dad.

Narr: Dad hugs Charlie and Eden. He watches as Eden presses the fast forward button on the tape recorder. The room turns dark, but this time the kids are ready for it. When the light switches back on, they hear Gran climbing the stairs.

Charlie: I wish we could tell Gran and Mom about talking with Dad!

Eden: Me, too... but it must remain our secret. Dad said he made it so that the time machine would only work once. If we told Gran and Mom, they probably wouldn't believe us. And if they *did* believe us, they'd be very sad that they didn't get a chance to talk to him, too.

Charlie: You're right. I'm so grateful to finally have a memory that includes Dad now!

A Plot Diagram for Time Machine

Climax- When they start rewinding the tape, the room goes dark. When the lights come back on, their dad greets them and tell them that they are in 1995.

Rising Action-

- The first box contains old science magazines.
- The second box contains baseball cards.
- The third box contains a tape recorder and a cassette taped labeled "Time Machine".

Falling Action-

The kids talk to their father for about an hour. They mainly discuss his life as a kid.

Resolution-

They return to the present by fast forwarding the tape. They agree that they can't tell anyone about traveling through time. They are grateful to now have a memory that includes their dad.

Exposition-

Charlie and Eden arrive at their grandmother's house. They are going to spend the day helping her clean the attic. Most of the boxes belonged to the kids' dad, who died when they were very young.

A Painful Lesson

Narrator

Alex

Owen

Mom

Doctor

Narr.: Owen is playing a video game in the family room when he hears the doorbell ring. He hears his mom's footsteps moving toward the door, so he continues to play his game. He listens as his mom opens the front door, wondering who is visiting.

Mom: Well, hello, Alex!

Alex: Hi, Mrs. Pollack. I was just wondering if Owen wants to shoot some hoops with me.

Mom: He would *love* to. I'll go tell him to turn off his video game and meet you out in the driveway.

Narr.: Alex turns and dribbles the basketball toward the driveway while Mom closes the door.

Mom: (*calling from a short distance away*) Owen! Turn off the video game, and go outside and play some basketball with Alex.

Owen: Okay. I'll just finish this game, and then I'll head outside.

Mom: No, that's rude to keep your friend waiting. Turn it off *now*.

Narr.: Owen grumbles under his breath, but turns off the video game. He stops in his garage to grab his basketball, and then heads out to the driveway where Alex is already shooting some free throws.

Alex: Wanna get beat in a game of one-on-one?

Owen: One-on-one sounds good, but *you're* the one about to get it handed to.

Narr.: They play two games of one-on-one. Alex wins the first time and Owen wins the second time.

Alex: Let's play H-O-R-S-E now.

Owen: Okay, you can start.

Narr.: Alex chooses a place to stand and shoot. She sinks the shot, so Owen must shoot from the exact same place. He just barely misses.

Alex: Ha! You already have an H!

Owen: I'm not worried. It's *far* from over.

Narr.: The game continues. Owen makes a streak of baskets and is ahead, but then Alex catches up. Eventually, they are tied at H-O-R-S.

Alex: The first person to miss a shot that the other person makes will earn an E... and lose! Hmm, it's my turn to shoot. What is a shot that /can make, but *you're* sure to miss?

Narr: Alex thinks for a moment.

Alex: I know!

Narr: Alex proceeds to climb up on the brick retaining wall behind the basketball hoop.

Owen: *(nervously)* We're not supposed to do slam dunks from the retaining wall. My mom will kill me if she sees us doing it.

Alex: What... are you *scared* that you're not going to be able to make the shot?

Owen: *(standing taller)* I'm not scared.

Narr: Alex leaps from the retaining wall to the basketball hoop. She slam dunks the ball perfectly.

Alex: Your turn. Pressure's on.

Narr: Owen looks around to make sure his mom isn't watching, and then climbs up on the retaining wall. He takes a deep breath and leaps toward the hoop. His fingers graze the rim, but he is unable to grasp it. He lets go of the basketball and lands splat on the cement driveway.

Alex: Owen! Are you okay?

Narr: Owen is screaming in pain. Alex sees blood and immediately runs to the front door. She frantically pushes on the doorbell again and again. When Mrs. Pollack opens the door, she sees the blood running down Owen's face. She gasps, and then runs back inside the house. She returns with a towel. She runs to Owen and holds the towel to his face.

Mom: What happened?

Alex: Owen jumped off the retaining wall and landed on his face! Should I call 9-1-1? Does he need an ambulance?

Mom: It looks like most of the blood is coming from your chin. I think you're going to need stitches. Get in the car, and we'll go to the emergency room.

Narr: Mom drives Owen to the hospital. They get checked in, and Owen is taken to a room that looks like a normal checkup room at his doctor's office. After a nurse checks his vital signs, they wait several minutes. Eventually, a doctor enters the room and introduces herself. Owen tells the doctor what happened, and the doctor looks at his wound.

Doctor: Yes, you'll definitely need stitches. I don't know if you realize this, but you are actually a very lucky young man. I've seen kids come into this emergency room that have done similar things, but they broke bones, knocked out permanent teeth, and one even cracked his skull.

Mom: He has been told to never try to slam dunk from the retaining wall. I'm tempted to just remove the basketball hoop to make sure this doesn't happen again.

Owen: Please don't remove the basketball hoop! I promise that my friends and I won't ever try to slam dunk by jumping from the retaining wall again, even if it means losing a game of H-O-R-S-E. I've definitely learned my lesson!

A Plot Diagram for

A Painful Lesson

Climax- Owen jumps from the retaining wall, but misses the rim. He lands on the cement driveway and is bleeding.

Rising Action-

- Alex and Owen both win a game of one-on-one.
- They decide to play H-O-R-S-E.
- Eventually, they are tied at H-O-R-S-E. Alex's turn to shoot. Alex climbs on the retaining wall and slam dunks the ball, even though Owen told her that they weren't supposed to do that.

Falling Action-

Owen's mom drives him to the emergency room. He is told that he needs stitches to heal the wound on his chin.

Resolution-

Owen's mom mentions removing the basketball hoop, but Owen begs her not to do that. Owen promises never to try to slam dunk from the retaining wall again.

Exposition-

Owen is playing a video game when his friend Alex rings on the doorbell and asks if he wants to play basketball. Owen's mom makes him stop playing his game and go outside.

Doing the Right Thing

Narrator

Anely

Claire

Emma

Regan

Narr.: Anely, Claire, and Emma are sitting in Emma's bedroom. Emma is scrolling through Instagram posts on her phone. Anely doesn't have a phone, so she is looking over Claire's shoulder as Claire runs through her Snapchat messages.

Emma: Oh. My. Gosh. Did you see what Regan posted on Instagram?

Anely: No, what did she post?

Emma: She posted a selfie of herself holding a soccer ball, and commented that she can't wait for soccer practice to start tomorrow.

Anely: Um, I don't get it. What's so wrong about that?

Narr.: Emma rolls her eyes and sharply exhales.

Emma: Sometimes, you are so dense, Anely. Regan is just so full of herself, that's what's wrong! If she thinks she's going to move to our school and take the starting position away from one of us original players, she's got another thing coming!

Anely: *(quietly)* Oh, I get it.

Narr.: Emma types something on her phone.

Emma: There. I just wrote a comment that says 'Don't bother coming to practice. No one wants you there.' Now you should go like my comment, Claire.

Claire: Oh no! I just remembered that I have to be home in about five minutes! I'm going to be late!

Anely: I'll walk with you, Claire.

Narr.: Claire and Anely grab their backpacks, put on their shoes and jackets, and thank Emma's mom for the snack. They leave Emma's house and begin quickly walking home.

Claire: We can slow down. I don't *really* have to be home in five minutes. I just said that so that I wouldn't have to go like Emma's comment on Regan's post.

Anely: Ugh! That made me really uncomfortable! I keep thinking about how terrible Regan is going to feel when she reads that comment.

Claire: I know. Emma can be such a bully sometimes. It's not Regan's fault that she just moved here. She seems nice enough.

Anely: Besides that, has Emma forgotten that we lost half of our soccer games last year? We could use a good forward!

Claire: Exactly! And I've seen Regan play! She can dribble the ball down the field really well!

Narr: Later that evening, Claire checks Regan's Instagram post. Eleven of her soccer teammates have liked Emma's mean comment. Claire knows Emma well enough to know that Emma probably texted them and *told* them to like the comment. When Claire goes to bed that night, she has trouble falling asleep. When she wakes up the next morning, it is the first thing she thinks about. When she arrives at school, she sees Regan standing alone on the sidewalk. Her shoulders are slumped and she is looking down at the ground. Claire walks over to her, and pretends she hasn't seen the post.

Claire: Hey, Regan! Are you excited about soccer practice this afternoon?

Regan: (*sadly*) I've decided not to join the soccer team.

Claire: Are you kidding me? You *have* to join! Our team needs a good forward like you! When we played the team you played on last year, I remember how amazing you were.

Regan: I'm not *that* good. Besides, I don't think anyone on your team wants me to play.

Claire: That's not true! I want you to play.

Narr: Just then, Claire spots Emma glaring at her from across the blacktop. Claire looks down. She quickly mumbles something to Regan about seeing her in math class, and then walks to where Anely is standing.

Anely: I couldn't sleep last night because I kept thinking about Emma's comment, and about how I should *do* something!

Claire: You know what? I'm *tired* of watching Emma push others around. She always gets exactly what she wants because no one will stand up to her. I'm going to *do* something.

Narr: Claire takes out her phone and opens her Instagram account. She finds Regan's post, and responds with a comment.

Anely: What did you say?

Claire: I just said, 'That's not true. I want you to join our team'.

Anely: Emma is going to be *so* upset when she reads your comment.

Claire: I know. But you know what? I don't care. I have felt horrible ever since Emma made that rude comment. And now that I did the right thing, I finally feel better. In fact, I feel like a weight has been lifted from my shoulders.

Narr: Just then, someone taps Claire on the shoulder. She turns slowly, assuming that Emma has come to confront her. Instead she sees Regan, who has a slight smile on her face. Regan quickly wipes a tear from the corner of her eye.

Regan: I saw what you wrote. Thanks.

Anely: If I had a phone, I'd like Claire's comment. I want you to join our team, too.

Regan: If you guys will let me hang out with you at practice today, then I'll come.

Claire: Yes! You can *definitely* hang out with us!

A Plot Diagram for

Doing the Right Thing

Climax- Claire decides she is tired of seeing Emma bully others. She adds a comment to Regan's post that says 'That's not true. I want you to play.'

Rising Action-

- Claire and Anely leave Emma's house. They both feel badly about the comment, but they are scared to stand up to Emma.
- Several teammates like Emma's mean comment.
- The next morning, Claire talks to Regan and finds out that she's not going to join the team because of Emma's comment.

Falling Action-

Claire finally feels better since she did the right thing. Regan thanks Claire for her supportive comment on the Instagram post.

Resolution-

Regan says she'll join the team if Anely and Claire will let her hang out with them at practice, and Claire agrees.

Exposition-

Claire and Anely are hanging out at Emma's house. Emma sees a post on Regan's Instagram account that says she is excited for soccer to start tomorrow. Emma replies with a mean comment that says no one wants her on the team.

A Place to Hide

Narrator

Willem

Mr. Feinberg

Lydia

Neighbors

Narr.: The year is 1943. The Feinberg family lives in the Netherlands, where it is becoming more and more dangerous to be a Jew. Many of their Jewish friends have either been deported, or they have gone into hiding.

Mr. F.: It is time for us to find a place to hide.

Lydia: Where will we go?

Mr. F.: I'm not sure. One of my patients, a University student named Willem, is trying to find a safe place for us to hide.

Lydia: Is Willem a Jew, too?

Mr. F.: No, Willem is not a Jew. He is a member of the Resistance, though. He knows what the Nazis are doing is wrong, so he is risking his life to help our people. He has found hiding places for many Jewish families.

Narr.: Someone knocks on the door.

Mr. F.: *(cautiously)* Who is it?

Willem: It's me, Willem.

Narr.: Mr. Feinberg opens the door and ushers him inside.

Mr. F.: Come in, come in. What news do you bring?

Willem: I wish I could tell you that I have good news to deliver, but I cannot.

Mr. F.: What about that family in the country?

Willem: They feel that they are full. The farmer said that if he agrees to hide any more families, he will be risking the safety of everyone who is currently living at the farm.

Mr. F.: Ah, I see.

Willem: What about your neighbors in this building? Is there *anyone* you trust that might be willing to take you in?

Mr. F.: I suppose we could go ask the Dekkers upstairs or the Mackens next door. I know that they sympathize with us.

Willem: Let's go talk to them.

Narr.: Willem and Mr. Feinberg knock on the Macken's door. After a brief conversation, he asks Mr. Macken if he would be willing to hide the Feinberg family in his apartment.

Neighbor: Mr. Feinberg, it truly pains me to tell you no, but I must think of the safety of my wife and my two young children.

Mr. F: I understand.

Neighbor: After all, if my one of my children accidentally tells a Nazi sympathizer that you are hiding in our apartment, we will *all* be executed. I just don't think we can take that risk.

Narr: Willem and Mr. Feinberg climb the stairs to visit the Dekkers. Again, Willem explains the situation.

Neighbor: I am sorry, but we are not equipped to hide anyone. Two months ago, the Germans found out that we were hiding a radio in our home. As you know, radios are forbidden. As a result, they removed all of our curtains and bedclothes. We think they are watching us closely, so our apartment would not be a safe place to hide.

Willem: You're probably right. Thank you, Mr. Dekker.

Narr: After promising to continue to look for a hiding place, Willem leaves the building. Mr. Feinberg returns to his apartment.

Lydia: *(hopefully)* Did you find a hiding place for us, Papa?

Mr. F: No, I'm afraid I did not.

Narr: Two days pass. Willem returns to visit, but reports that he still hasn't succeeded in finding them a hiding place. As he is about to leave, there is a knock at the door. When Lydia opens it, she sees Mr. Macken standing there, wringing his hands. They invite him inside and close the door.

Neighbor: My wife and I have been discussing your family's situation, Mr. Feinberg. We feel that we are being called to help you by trying our best to hide you.

Narr: Mr. Feinberg tries to respond, but he is overcome with emotion. Instead, he shakes Mr. Macken's hand. Mr. Macken turns to Willem.

Neighbor: We have no idea how to safely do this, though.

Willem: Thank you, Mr. Macken. Trust me, you are doing the right thing.

Lydia: Yes, thank you, Mr. Macken. We will be forever indebted to you and your family.

Willem: If you don't mind, I'll follow you to your apartment now and determine how to set up the hiding place. Many times, we cut a hole in the wall, and then we put a wardrobe in front of it. If the Nazis or anyone else visits your house, the Feinbergs will immediately hide inside the wall.

Neighbor: Okay. But how will I feed them? I barely have enough food for my own family.

Willem: Resistance workers, like myself, will see to it that you have enough food. We will bring it to you. Now let's go. There's no time to waste.

Narr: The members of the Feinberg family receive their notification to report for transport the very next day. They hurry to their neighbors' apartment with little more than the clothes on their backs. They live there until the war ends in 1945, and they can safely leave. Unfortunately, Nazis discover that Willem is a member of the Resistance in 1944. He is sent to a concentration camp, and is ultimately executed for his actions. Willem can be credited with saving the lives of hundreds of Jews.

A Plot Diagram for

A Place to Hide

Climax- Two days later, Mr. Macken visits the Feinbergs' apartment, and tells them that he and his wife changed their mind, and they are willing to hide the Feinbergs in their apartment.

Rising Action-

- Willem talks to a farmer in the country, but the farmer says he does not have the space to hide any more Jews.
- They ask their neighbors the Mackens, but Mr. Macken says it's too dangerous for his family.
- They ask their neighbors, the Dekkers, but Mr. Dekker says that the Nazis are already watching their family closely.

Falling Action-

Willem offers to help Mr. Macken create a hole in his wall to hide the Feinbergs. The next day, the Feinbergs receive their orders to report for transport. The family quickly goes into hiding inside the Mackens' apartment.

Resolution-

The Feinberg family hides in the Mackens' apartment until the end of the war in 1945. Sadly, Willem is executed by the Nazis.

Exposition-

Lydia and her father are Jews living in the Netherlands during 1943. Lydia's father has decided it's time for the family to go into hiding to avoid being rounded up by the Nazis. Willem, a member of the Resistance, is helping the family find a safe hiding place.

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