

# LESSON PLAN: "TELL THE TRUTH AND SHAME THE DEVIL!"

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**OBJECTIVE:** To have students attempt to access, through writing, the innate power, for both ourselves and others, found in telling our own stories.

<u>KEY TERMS:</u>	<b>Elements of Plot</b> – Essential elements of a story including exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, and resolution. <b>Structure</b> - Framework of a work of literature; the organization or over-all design of a work.	
<u>STANDARDS:</u>	<b>Virginia</b> 9.1 C, 10.1 D, 9.4 A, 9.4 H, 10.4 H, 11.4 E, 9.7-12.7 E	<b>Common Core</b> <i>Reading</i> Grades 6-8: 2, 4-6 Grades 9-12: 2, 4, 5 <i>Writing</i> Grades 6-8: 3.b-d, 4, 5 Grades 9-12: 3.a-d, 4, 5 <i>Language Standards</i> Grades 6-8: 3, 5 Grades 9-12: 3, 5

YOUTH PROGRAMS



<p><u>INTRODUCTION:</u></p>	<p>Despite anyone's religious beliefs, we can all agree that drugs and alcohol can be a type of devil. But how then, as this idiom suggests, would you "shame" the devil? Shedding light on a difficult time in our lives can be viewed as "telling the truth." When you shed light where only darkness has reigned, the "devil" has no place to hide.</p> <p>This workshop will assist you in telling your story. Sometimes we write stories to share them with the world, other times because it proves cathartic to exorcise onto paper whatever demons have been haunting us. No matter your motivation, the more truthful you are, the more you will get from this workshop.</p> <p>Let's begin!</p>
<p><u>STEP ONE:</u></p>	<p>We learn in English that a typical story consists of the following elements: an exposition, rising action, climax, falling action, and resolution. Basically, a beginning, middle, and end.</p> <p>Brainstorm a story from your life pertaining to drug and/or alcohol abuse. This could be your story, the story of family member, or that of a close friend. If you can't or don't want to use someone from your life, choose a celebrity.</p> <p>Write one sentence that sums up the beginning of a story, one sentence that sums up the middle, and one sentence that sums up the end.</p> <p>Now you have your outline!</p>
<p><u>STEP TWO:</u></p>	<p>Watch Joseph LMS Green's, "<a href="#">Talk Ugly</a>." Notice how the poem weaves a story together and incorporates the different elements of plot, essentially recreating the experience from beginning to end.</p>
<p><u>STEP THREE:</u></p>	<p>It's time to write! Using the materials you've gathered—your three sentences, and your story—pick one of the following prompts to start you off (if you want) and take 15 to 20 minutes to write your story.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• It was a _____ day in _____.</li> <li>• What I should have done was...</li> </ul> <p>There are several things to keep in mind. You want to leave your readers or listeners with a complete image of your experience, as opposed to merely telling them the basic details of what happened. To do so, you want to incorporate thoughts, feelings, actions of important characters, descriptions of setting, and other vital aspects of a story as you construct your poem. Embellish your writing with sensory words, detailed diction, and careful adjectives.</p> <p>**You don't necessarily have to go in order of the story.</p> <p>**You don't have to use people's actual names.</p> <p>Share after the 15 – 20 minutes of writing.</p>

## ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

### “Talk Ugly (Dear John)” by Joseph LMS Green

*The last time I saw you alive  
I wish I would've talked ugly to you*

Said “Put the straw down, no,  
I don't want to take another line  
I should be writing them. My friend,  
you are a composer of music and magic.  
Instruct your limbs to serve a purpose greater  
than self-indulgence.  
Do not be fooled into thinking your pain  
has sharper teeth than anyone else's.”

I had a chance, but  
said nothing  
because I was high.

This is how I got started.  
A bottle of Jack and a mirror, memories and  
scissors,  
dreams drenched in ether, sliced by razors.  
Potential rolled like twenty dollar bills.  
Poison numbing feelings on the tip of my  
tongue,  
that I and this tongue should be serving a  
greater purpose.

In a last ditch attempt at self-assessment,  
I looked at my life through eyes of loved ones.  
They can see everything; especially the ugly,

From years of drug use, to lying with  
and lying to angels. Friends I've forsaken.  
Taking so much more than I've given.  
Streamlined self-centeredness into a science.  
But there was also righteousness there.  
A willingness to craft these ills through alchemy  
and poetry into a seer's stone.

Honestly, how could I speak ugly to him  
when I was yet to speak it to myself?  
In these nightmares of hindsight  
there is no poetry, no alliterations to soften the  
blow.  
Some realities have no simile. Truth is like  
truth.

How could I form my lips to say your suicide  
was a tragedy?

*When you were alone in that room*

*kept company by narcotics and a thousand ghost  
draped in your disappointments  
I can only imagine the voices you heard  
All but mine*

Smear make up onto disgust  
if you must. Trust the truth  
is seldom pretty but she is always beautiful.

In times like these I need you  
to please talk ugly to me. Because truth  
splinters bone and pride,  
rips through flesh, ego, and sinew  
in hopes that one day  
it will heal together again, stronger.

My pain needs not a gentle touch.  
Too many times we caress sadness  
when it needs to be shaken, torn  
from its place of comfort,  
forced to grow wings to survive or die.

Don't just tell me I can grow up to be  
whatever I want.  
Tell me that whatever I want  
better be something I'm willing to achieve.  
That dreams will dissipate under  
the weight of addiction, and

that there's a distinct difference between living  
like a rock star and being one.

No matter how many poems you've written,  
sometimes you're simply a coke-head and a poser.

Fear not, we are divinely flawed individuals,  
perfectly ugly. No point hiding behind pretty lies.

We are the sum of the hideous  
scars that hold together  
the remainder of our pretty pieces.

*That last time I saw you alive I wish  
I would've talked ugly to you  
It would've be the most beautiful thing  
I never said.*