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| Read Like a Reader | Text: Excerpt from NightPage 29 | Read Like A Writer |
| What is the author’s purpose?What questions are at issue in the author’s purpose? |  The beloved objects that we had carried with us from place to place were now left behind in the wagon and, in with them, finally, our illusions. Every few yards, there stood an SS man, his machine gun trained on us. Hand in hand we followed the throng. An SS came toward us wielding a club. He commanded: “Men to the left! Women to the right!” Eight words spoken quietly, indifferently, without emotion. Eight simple, short words. Yet that was the moment when I left my mother. There was no time to think, and I already felt my father’s hand press against mine: we were alone. In a fraction of a second I could see my mother, my sisters, move to the right. Tzipora was holding Mother’s hand. I saw them walking farther and farther away; Mother was stroking my sister’s blond hair, as if to protect her. And I walked on with my father, with the men. I didn’t know that this was the moment in time and the place where I was leaving my mother and Tzipora forever. I kept walking, my father holding my hand.  | How does the author communicate his purpose?How does the author focus his questions at issue? |
| Read Like a Reader | Text: Excerpt from NightPage 34 | Read Like A Writer |
| What is the author’s purpose?What concepts is the author trying to convey to the reader?  |  Never shall I forget that night, the first night in camp, that turned my life into one long night seven times sealed. Never shall I forget that smoke. Never shall I forget the small faces of the children whose bodies I saw transformed into smoke under a silent sky. Never shall I forget those flames that consumed my faith forever. Never shall I forget the nocturnal silence that deprived me for all eternity of the desire to live. Never shall I forget those moments that murdered my God and my soul and turned my dreams to ashes. Never shall I forget those things, even were I condemned to live as long as God Himself. Never. | What techniques does the author use in this passage?What words help define the tone of this passage? |

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| Read Like a Reader | Text: Excerpt from NightPage 63 | Read Like A Writer |
| What is the author’s purpose?What questions are at issue in the author’s purpose?What inferences or conclusions are we drawing based on this passage?What assumptions are made after reading this?  |  I watched other hangings. I never saw a single victim weep. These withered bodies had long forgotten the bitter taste of tears. Except once. The Oberkapo of the Fifty-second Cable Komando was a Dutchman: a giant of a man, well over six feet. He had some seven hundred prisoners under his command, and they all loved him like a brother. Nobody had ever endured a blow or even an insult from him. In his “service” was a young boy, a pipel, as they were called. This one had a delicate and beautiful face—an incredible sight in this camp. (In Buna, the pipel were hated; they often displayed greater cruelty than their elders. I once saw one of them, a boy of thirteen, beat his father for not making his bed properly. As the old man quietly wept, the boy was yelling: “If you don’t stop crying instantly, I will no long bring you bread. Understood?” But the Dutchman’s littler servant was beloved by all. His was the face of an angel in distress) One day the power failed at the central electric plant in Buna. The Gestapo, summoned to inspect the damage, concluded that it was sabotage. They found a trail. It led to the block of the Dutch Oberkapo. And after a search, they found a significant quantity of weapons. The Oberkapo was arrested on the spot. He was tortured for weeks on end, in vain. He gave no names. He was transferred to Auschwitz. And never heard from again. But his young pipel remained behind, in solitary confinement. He too was tortured, but he too remained silent. The SS then condemned him to death, him and two other inmates who had been found to possess arms.  One day, as we returned from work, we saw three gallows, three black ravens, erected on the Appelplatz. Roll call. The SS surrounding us, machine guns aimed at us: the usual ritural. Three prisoners in chains—and, among them, the little pipel, the sad-eyed angel. The SS seemed more preoccupied, more worried, than usual. To hang a child in front of thousands of onlookers was not a small matter. The head of the camp read the verdict. All eyes were on the child. He was pale, almost calm, but he was biting his lips as he stood in the shadow of the gallows.  This time, the Lagerkapo refused to act as executioner. Three SS took his place. The three condemned prisoners together stepped onto the chairs. In unison, the nooses were placed around their necks.  “Long live liberty!” shouted the two men. But the boy was silent. “Where is merciful God, where is He?” someone behind me was asking. At the signal, the three chairs were tipped over. Total silence in the camp. On the horizon, the sun was setting. “Caps off!” screamed the Lageralteste. His voice quivered. As for the rest of us, we were weeping. “Cover your heads!” Then came the march past the victims. The two men were no longer alive. Their tongues were hanging out, swollen and bluish. But the third rope was still moving: the child, too light, was still breathing… And so he remained for more than half an hour, lingering between life and death, writhing before our eyes. And we were forced to look at him at close range. He was still alive when I passed him. His tongue was still red, his eyes not yet extinguished. Behind me, I heard the same man asking: “For God’s sake, where is God?” And from within me, I heard a voice answer: “Where He is? This is where—hanging here from this gallows…” That night, the soup tasted of corpses. | How does the author communicate his purpose?How does the author focus his questions at issue?How did the author direct us toward specific conclusions? What words were used to help set the tone of this passage? |