

The Breadwinner.

Lesson three: Life in Kabul.

Aim: To consider how life in Kabul affected Parvana and her family.

Learning outcomes:

All pupils will be able to produce a clear image of Kabul and what it would be like to live there during this period in its history.

Most pupils will also be able to explain how life in Kabul would affect those who lived there.

Some pupils will be able to compare it with their own lives here in Britain.

Resources:

Book extracts.

Paper and pencil crayons

Activities:

Starter:

Read extract about the life in Kabul and ask pupils to underline any adjectives that help to describe it.

Main activity:

Give groups different extracts and ask them to attempt to produce a large labelled drawing to illustrate the scene that they have produced.

If time – pupils write a description of Kabul in their books using words to describe the look, noises and smells of the city as well as the atmosphere.

Plenary

Review the drawings and do peer assessment of work.

Peer assessment:

Drawing	Accuracy of the drawing Does it match the description (1-5)	Do the labels help you to understand (1 - 5)
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		

Extract one:

There were a lot of false legs for sale in the market now. Since the Taliban decreed that women must stay inside, many husbands took their wives false legs away. "You're not going anywhere, so why do you need a leg?" they asked.

There were bombed out buildings all over Kabul. Neighbourhoods had turned from homes and businesses into bricks and dust.

Kabul had once been beautiful. Nooria remembered whole sidewalks, traffic lights that changed colour evening trips to restaurants and cinemas, browsing in fine shops for clothes and books.

For most of Parvana's life the city had been in ruins, and it was hard for her to imagine in any other way. It hurt her to hear stories of old Kabul before the bombing. She didn't want to think about everything the bombs had taken away, including her father's health and their beautiful home. It made her angry, and since she could do nothing with her anger, it made her sad.

They left the busy part of the market and turned down a side street to their building. Parvana carefully guided her father around the pot holes and broken places in the road.

Extract two:

Parvana looked around their tiny room. All of the furniture she remembered from their other houses had been destroyed by bombs or stolen by looters. All they had now was a tall wooden cupboard, which had been in the room when they rented it. It held the few belongings they had been able to save. Two toshaks were set against the walls and that was all the furniture they had. They used to have beautiful Afghan carpets. Parvana remembered tracing the intricate patterns of them with her fingers when she was younger. Now there was just cheap matting over the concrete floor.

Parvana could cross their main room with ten regular steps one way and twelve regular steps the other way. It was usually her job to sweep the mat with their tiny whisk broom. She knew every inch of it.

At the end of the room was the lavatory. It was a very small room with a platform toilet – not the modern Western toilet they used to have! The little propane cookstove was kept in there because a tiny vent, high in the wall, kept fresh air coming into the room. The water tank was there too – a metal drum that held five pails of water and the wash basin was next to that.

Other people lived in the part of the building that was still standing.