

11th Grade Internet Safety Lesson Plan-3

Subject: Cyber-bullying	Internet Topic: Cyber-bullying Through Gaming
Grade Level: 11	
Standards Addressed For This Lesson: 11.4c and 11.4 e C/T 9-12.3, C/T 9-12.4, C/T 9-12.5	
Essential Skills: The Student will be able to: <ul style="list-style-type: none">- identify applicable vocabulary- identify narrative components of the short story	
Resources: Article written and provided by the SBO, Reading comprehension/vocab check quizzes	
Teaching Objectives: Literacy Obj: TSW Analyze information to draw conclusions about the dangers of cyber-bullying and TSW apply the concepts and vocabulary contained in the article.	
Timing	Planned Content/ Lesson Outline
5-10	1. Begin with a journal entry and/or class discussion with the following questions: How often do you go online? Has anyone ever said or written anything online to try to mess up your (or a friend's) reputation? Do you play interactive games online? What is the appeal of online gaming to teenagers?
3-5	2. Have students volunteer to share their responses/have students tell a neighbour about what they wrote.
3-5	3. Define the terms cyber-bullying and gaming. 4. Write these vocab terms: inevitably, berate, painstaking, disillusion, incensed, botch, discern, moniker, atone, bevy. Tell students to underline these words as they appear in the article. 5. Distribute articles to class and read together as a class. 6. Ask students to determine the vocab words as used in context; have a definition provided on the board/overhead as you go over the terms.
Differentiation: Divide students into small groups. Assign each group one of the following topics to address. Students will work together to answer/address their topic and present their thoughts to the class. (Topics/questions to ask: 1. The speaker changes viewpoints in the article. Map out Dave's changes and explain how he winds up where he is at the end of the article. 2. What was so stressful about online life to Randall and why do you believe people are drawn to online personas/monikers? 3. Based on information in the article and your own experience, how can being online become addicting? Brainstorm as many answers as possible. 4. Name and discuss the consequences of cyber-bullying/gaming, using information from the article and your own ideas. Support your answer.)	
Assessment: Distribute a reading check quiz and include the vocabulary and topics from today's discussion on the quiz. (You may also write this on an overhead transparency or have it set up on a PowerPoint).	
Extension/homework: Look for articles related to this topic in the newspaper and bring them in for extra credit.	

11th Grade Article:

Cyber-bullying Through Gaming

“My name is CITRON3, and I am an online gaming addict.”

“Hello CITRON3,” responds the mildly enthusiastic group.

“I don’t know where to start. Personally, I don’t think I belong here, but I don’t have much choice,” I said, nervously scratching my arm.

“We are all here to help you along your journey. Each of us has encountered a situation like yours and found peace in telling our stories,” said the older man sitting across the room. He called himself Destructor-of-the-Universe, which really didn’t mesh with his pale, plump exterior and big-rimmed reading glasses.

In fact, my name isn’t CITRON3, it’s Dave, but Dave never really intimidated people. For our own privacy, we give our screen names, which amuses me. I thought the point of coming here was to get out from behind our cyber masks. The program leaders say it is designed to make us realize how silly we were for hiding behind these monikers. I don’t feel silly for the moniker; I feel silly because of my actions. On second thought, silly doesn’t come close to how I feel. Repulsed, embarrassed, and afraid are among my bevy of emotions and now, I have to face the humiliation of reliving them in front of SusyBot and DynoDan.

I became CITRON3 on June 3, 2004. My parents had just bought a new laptop for the family and as the only child, I took it as my own. My birthday happened to be later that month, and I wanted only one thing: War Destruction 3. Everyone at school played it and it was all they talked about. Each time the subject was broached about their evening, they inevitably told fantastic stories of defeating Rootus and Hemoplats with their friends from around the world. The more they talked, the more I listened, desperate to understand what a Rootu was and how they teamed with people so far away.

After enough painstaking detective work and dodging and weaving questions about the game that occasionally flew my way, I asked my parents to buy it for me. They obliged and CITRON3 was born. He started out as a simple man, one itching to join this online fraternity of gamers. The idea was to create a character and roam around this online world, completing missions and battling other users. You could forge alliances and create enemies. Anyone with an internet connection could play the game, as long as they owned the software. You communicated with others through typed messages or, if you were lucky enough to have it, microphones hooked to the computer.

My quest, which is how I described it to anyone who would listen, ran smoothly. A team consisting mostly of my friends from school, called the West Haven Ravens, asked me to join. Finally, I could now tell my own riveting stories of hiding in remote forests from the dreaded fanged-Rootu. Every day after school I made my way to the silver laptop and logged on. Schoolwork took a backseat to my quest, and my grades suffered. Dave stayed at the door while CITRON3 dominated the world.

Soon, I was one of the most feared players in the universe, and I relished every kill. I became disillusioned with my school friends, who lacked the dedication it took to be the very best. I was their unquestioned leader, and I viciously disciplined them when they erred. To err is human, but we weren’t human. I mocked them and embarrassed them by posting their personal correspondence on the message board. It was my method of letting them know that they don’t mess with me, and that I take my role very seriously.

We would meet up at school and they would ask me to stop berating them and just enjoy the game. This incensed me and forced me to discipline them all. One night, I organized a surprise attack on a rival group. What my team didn't know was that I had alerted the rival group to our arrival, telling them if they allowed me to enter and leave their zone unharmed, which could gain me numerous points, I would let them massacre my team-mates. They jumped at the opportunity and once my unsuspecting partners arrived, they were ambushed.

My friends were enraged at my actions, and a few left the game altogether. The rest were either too afraid to leave or bored enough to stay. I couldn't understand why they took it so seriously. It was just a joke. Unconcerned with their departure, my Ravens foraged on. My cyberabuse continued as mistakes carried the ultimate punishment of being kicked off the team. In the case of my friend Randall, or Quorthon as he was known in our faux reality, I was particularly degrading.

Once, he botched a simple bait maneuver that would have netted us the team leader of our biggest rivals. It cost us two men, and I knew I could never let his failure go unpunished. As he and I were friends, I knew interesting little details about his private life. The one thing Randall never wanted anyone to know was that he had a major crush on the girlfriend of our football team's starting quarterback. He had written her an anonymous letter that enraged her boyfriend, but made her blush and inquire as to the identity of the author. I took a copy of Randall's email to me confessing he had written the letter and posted it on the girl's Myspace page. It humiliated Randall, and he never logged on that evening.

I went to school the next day ready to confront Randall and be sure he learned his lesson. When I arrived, police and parents covered the grounds in front of the building. Noting my group of friends in the corner, I walked over to see what was happening. Somber faces turned to rage as I approached. One friend screamed that it was my fault he was gone, and that he would never forgive me. As he was dragged away, a kid standing next to me explained that my friend Randall, who I had tormented for the past year, was dead. He had taken his own life the night before.

Randall couldn't handle the stress of his online life, and confused it with reality. He, like me, lost a grip on the line between fiction and non-fiction. I decided I would never play another online game, and made it my quest to honor his memory. As my last time in the created universe, some friends and I held a memorial service for Quorthon in the park he loved to visit. We left our weapons away as a sign of his passing and the loss of our aggression. Midway through, we were viciously attacked by a rival group that had learned of our intentions. It wasn't the attack that bothered me; it was the absolute callousness of the individuals involved. They too could not discern life from fantasy.

It wasn't fun anymore. I made this game too real. I made it more than just playing in the cyber sandbox with people I would have otherwise never had the opportunity to meet. Instead of forging new friendships, I became an aggravator, or what the online community calls a griever. My life became about hiding behind a monitor, and a moniker, and pushing others around. Randall paid the ultimate price for my mistake, and now I had to tell these people all my transgressions to clear my conscious.

This meeting was for people like Randall, not me. Each person here had been bullied online and in some way had his or her life drastically changed as a result. I never knew so many people could be affected by a simple internet connection, but then I realized it wasn't the internet that did this to them. It was people like me, and I was here to atone for my mistakes. I pushed Dave away and became something fake. I wasn't going to let it ever happen again.

Taking a big breath, I revised my opening remark. "My name is Dave, and I am a cyber-bully."