

Lernen aus der Geschichte e.V.

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Das mehrsprachige Webportal publiziert fortlaufend Informationen zur historisch-politischen Bildung in Schulen, Gedenkstätten und anderen Einrichtungen zur Geschichte des 20. Jahrhunderts. Schwerpunkte bilden der Nationalsozialismus, der Zweite Weltkrieg sowie die Folgegeschichte in den Ländern Europas bis zu den politischen Umbrüchen 1989.

Dabei nimmt es Bildungsangebote in den Fokus, die einen Gegenwartsbezug der Geschichte herausstellen und bietet einen Erfahrungsaustausch über historisch-politische Bildung in Europa an.

Scene to be acted: "Grandfather"

Characters: Mother Father Hans Peter Grandfather Friedrich

Mother: Hans Peter, quick, Grandfather is coming for a visit. You know, the one who works for the railway.

Hans Peter: Yes, I'm washing my hands. And I'll plaster my hair down with tap water so that it doesn't stand on end.

Mother: Good, then I have to clean up quickly — the place needs to look neat.

Hans Peter: Father, Mother, the doorbell is ringing. I'll open the door. ... Hello, Grandfather dear! Welcome to our home!

Grandfather: Hans Peter, show me your hands! Good! Clean! Now I want to see your shoes — pick up your feet! All right, clean! Good, then we can eat!

Father: How are you, Grandfather?

Grandfather: You're still unemployed?! You're too lazy, you should try harder to get work. If you had gotten a job with the railway like me, then you wouldn't have gotten your family into such trouble.

Father: But, I ...

Grandfather: But the boy, he's going to get a job with the railway. I'll take care of that. The boy

will have a secure future and the right to a pension.

Father: Of course Hans-Peter will join the railway.

Hans-Peter: Grandfather, look, the lamp is shaking — that was Friedrich.

Grandfather: Who is Friedrich?

Father: A Jewish family lives in the story above us, the Schneiders. The boy's name is

Friedrich. They're the same age; they are friends.

Grandfather: A - hm - Jewish family?

Father: Yes, they're nice people!

Grandfather: I had a boss once, Privy Councillor Cohn; he was Jewish. None of us liked him. He always smiled, even when he reprimanded us. If someone made a mistake, the Privy Councillor, with false friendliness, would invite that person into his office. There,

he would cite everything one had done wrong, as though one were a little schoolboy. And always in an overly friendly way. Once, in the summertime, I saw that he wore a square piece of cloth under his shirt

over his chest and back, a prayer cloth with fringe. He never took his hat off, even indoors. I don't like remembering Privy Councillor Cohn at all. We're Christians. Remember, the Jews nailed Our Lord, Jesus Christ, onto the Cross.

Father: But the Schneiders didn't do it! They ...

Grandfather: I don't want the boy to run around with that Jewish boy.

Mother: The doorbell is ringing! I'll get it ...

Friedrich: May Hans-Peter come up to our place?

Mother: He can't! Grandfather is here.

Grandfather: Who was that?

Mother: A neighbor's child! Would you like a cup of coffee?