

### Worst Case Scenario

**Materials:** Paper, pen or pencil, Cultural Sensitivity script – included in this packet

**Instructions:** Ask members to write down their 15 favorite things (could be people, animals, or anything they hold special). Tell them to tear the paper to separate the items from one another. Tell the group you are about to read a true story, and ask them to listen and follow the directions as you read. Read the story, one woman's account of what happened to her and her family while living in Africa.

### Cultural Sensitivity Script

One day I was gathering firewood for my home and family in Africa. As I entered the village I heard commotion among the people there. My mother told me that armed rebel forces were coming to try and remove the men in order to fight with them against the government. I knew this meant the women and children would be killed, broken away from their families, or worse. I had time to grab my 10 closest things.

*Please tear up 5 of your items now.*

My family and I quickly ran from the town. It was a cloudy night, and no light came through the clouds. At times we had to duck into the bush on the side of the road when we thought we heard noise from the rebels. We could not stop to drink our water or catch our breath. There was no end in sight to our running – it could be like this for days. I realized I could not possibly carry all of my things any longer. I decided to leave 3 of my most precious things behind.

*Please tear up 3 of your pieces of paper now.*

As the night broke into day we heard word that a transport of some kind could take us to safety. The bus, or whatever it was, would be on the other side of a river at noon. It would leave anyone who did not make it in time. We quickened our pace. Visions of a new home away from the rebels, for now, began to creep into my mind as my feet fell in rhythm, one after the other. We reached the river in daylight and knew we must hurry in our crossing if we were to make it before the rebels saw us and came to kill us. The current was very strong and the water was cold. I knew I would have to swim to get across. Mothers were left screaming in waste deep water with their babies in their arms. Families were being pulled apart by the current. Some did not make it across. I dropped 3 more of my things and began to swim across the river.

*Please tear up 3 more of your pieces of paper now.*

Looking to the other side of the river, I saw our transportation. It was not a bus, but a small truck. How could so many people fit on it? Cold and wet I emerged from the water and ran to the truck. The driver was trying to leave the rest of the villagers. His truck was already full and heavily weighed down in the back. There was no room for any others. A hand pulled me up by the shoulders and yelled

“Grab on! Hold tight.” I dropped three more of my belongings and grabbed on to the stranger who probably saved my life. As my feet drug behind me in the dirt road, I wept for the life I left behind.

*Please tear up 3 more of your pieces of paper now.*