

## Reading 16

The hours of waiting piled up like the flies that buzzed in the camp. Then someone shouted out a list of names that included ours. “And take off your shoes, for all the shoes must be inspected.” the voice added. Barefoot and trembling, I stuck close to Mother. After a long wait, a man brought back a giant cart of mixed up shoes and tossed them toward us. Everyone dove in to sort through the pile and find his own pair. I threw myself at mine and quickly put them on. When no shoes were left, the moment for us to cross the bridge finally arrived, and together my mother, brothers, sister and I crossed over.

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## Reading 17

On the other side of the bridge, Red Cross workers, wearing porcelain-smooth white helmets with red lines on them, looked like police as they offered us candy and said, “Welcome.” We walked past them silently, gazing at the older people who had crossed the bridge before us and now knelt and kissed the dust as though it were the cheek of someone they loved. Then we walked to where lines of noisy buses in dust and smoke clouds awaited us.

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## Reading 18

Drivers called out the names of many destination cities. We listened and waited. And when we heard someone call “Jerusalem-Ramallah,” my brothers and I charged onto the bus. We hurried to the backseat and stuck our faces against the glass, hoping to see across the bridge to where our father was. But the other side of the bridge has become hidden from us. Now we are in one country, our dad in another.

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