

Reading 22

Things in our house seemed to be exactly the way we had left them..... But when Mother lifted the sky-blue thermos that sat on the tiny kitchen table, she gasped. She pointed to a hole that a bullet had torn in its base. The hole was large enough to stick my finger inside. “Someone shot into our house through the window,” Mother announced. Suddenly our home no longer felt safe.”

(p, 71)

Reading 23

When the sun rose the next day my brother and I set out to search for matchsticks in the yard, on the hillsides, and on the road. Mother raised her hands and asked Allah to guide our steps, We found handfuls of intact bullets and filled our pockets with empty cartridges. We flipped rocks and found scorpions underneath them, tails standing up braided with poison.

(p. 73)

Reading 24

For three weeks we were unable to go outside our house. The soldiers came to the hill in the morning and left in the late afternoon. They set up cardboard people and fired at them for hours. The sounds of the bullets filled my mind, I could hear bullets being fired long after the soldiers were gone. I even heard bullets in my sleep.

(P. 79)