

Reading 4

People continued to pass by our house, spreading word of impending terror. A breathless man told my father that there was no one left in his village. He and others were going to hide in the caves, then try to cross the bridge at the border to Jordan. (p. 24)

Reading 5

How could he open the door? The driver pleaded. People would force him and his family out, take the tanker, and leave. My father promised this would not happen. The driver hesitated- until we all heard the thundering of renewed bombardment. Then the driver beckoned to his wife, The door opened a crack- and Mother, my brothers, and I instantly swirled around and shoved ourselves into the seat. The driver's wife, now with three children crying in her lap, looked into Mother's face and cursed. Trembling, she reached over to the door and locked it. (p. 33).

Reading 6

We were approaching the bridge over the Jordan River. Once we crossed it, we would be leaving the West Bank behind us.

Countless vehicles, bursting with people like ours, were trying to cross this bridge, Groups of fleeing people, carrying their belongings in knotted blankets waited on the roadsides and begged for rides. Some walked in resignation or tried to wade through the shallow water under the trembling bridge.

Word was there were shelters in Zarqa, Amman, Al-Salt and other Jordanian cities, Many families were opening their homes to receive West Bank refugees. (pp 34-35)