

Reading 13

Our sentence of confinement was suddenly forgotten when the tiny people I thought lived inside the radio set announced a list of names approved for return to Ramallah. Our family's was included. Did you hear that? Mother shouted as she raced to the radio, turning the volume up. We had. We danced and clapped to her happiness. Our family's name was repeated again within an hour.

(p. 64)

Reading 14

We drove to the bridge that divide the east bank of the Jordan River from its west bank, where hills and valleys curved like the laps of a thousand mothers. Images of Ramallah filled my mind. And I wanted to know-- would Ramallah be the same? And would we really be allowed to return?

(p. 67)

Reading 15

We had heard that some men were asked to turn back at the bridge; their families were torn apart as the women and children were allowed to cross over to their cities, but the men could not. When we arrived at the bridge, throngs of refugees were waiting to learn their fate. My father went to the area where the men were instructed to go. International Red Cross workers gave us blankets and cans of Spam and sardines. The tiny dead fish inside the cans seemed to be lying helpless, waiting for something, just as we were.

(p. 67)

