

Reading 25

Father said....what the Israeli soldiers were doing around our house was called training for combat. The soldiers were also conquering the territory, studying the hill in order to fight well on it.

Terrified of stray bullets, Mother complained about the windows so much that I no longer knew whether it was a good or a bad thing for a house to have them.

Then in the beginning of December, she made up her mind that she no longer wanted to live in a house that had become a prison.

(p. 79)

Reading 26

“I’ll go anywhere as long as it is far away from here,” she told Father....she finally said that she wanted to take us to the Dar El-Tifl orphanage in Jerusalem.

(p.80)

Reading 27

The boy’s orphanage, called Al-Bir Society, was at the edge of the Aqabat Jaber refugee camp. Mother mentioned that Aqabat Jaber was one of the largest Palestinian refugee camps. Many of Al-Bir’s orphans came from this camp. She knew because the second year she and my father were married they lived in Aqabat Jaber. when the driver let us out in front of the gate, sand was everywhere.

(p. 86)

