

### Reading 31

Grandma worked all day caring for the land she lived on and also for the orchards she'd adopted. She said she missed her family's orchards in Kharrouba, the village from which she, Grandpa Hammoudeh, Mother, and her siblings had fled, along with all the other villagers, in the war of 1948, But grandma still kept the key to her old house there and hung it on the wall where she could see it every day.

(p. 127)

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### Reading 32

(Our family too the bus toward the Jalazone Camp). Only minutes from the bus junction, my brothers pointed to a long building, many times larger than our home and all of the Mahasreh houses put together. "That's the station where the soldiers who train around our house come from," Basel declared....

In and out of the barbed-wire fenced lot surrounding the army center, Land Rovers stopped and started, entered and departed, antennas shooting like metal sugarcanes from their rooftops. Soldiers walked here and there, all dressed in khaki. At the entrance to the center fluttered a large blue and white flag like the one the Israeli soldiers carried when they came to the train by our home.

(p, 143)

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### Reading 33

My morning excitement about (my morning prayers) was interrupted daily by having to drink UNRWA milk. When ordered to do so by teachers, I untied the plastic cup I kept tied to my belt and waited for my turn. When it came, I watched the milk fill the cup as though it were liquid pain. I was nauseating. It tasted nothing like the milk our goat gave us.

(p. 148)