

Reading 7

We fought our way into the shelter, which wasn't very much more than a box of strangers packed in like sardines. Every few minutes, sirens went off....Voices would shout. People would run up the stairs, then run down howling news about fires and bombings they'd seen from the second- and third-floor windows.

The sirens were warnings before or after bombardment and they were always followed by a silent moment of nauseating anticipation of the destruction of our shelter.

(pp. 37-38),

Reading 8

Then the howling of stray dogs began. The war had awakened their pack instinct. They came to the city searching for food and corners to hide in..... But that did not keep me from hearing gunshots as bullets entered the bodies of the strays.

(p. 38).

Reading 9

The packs retreated, but the injured dogs were left crying in voices that grew smaller and smaller until they resembled the whimpering of infants. Tears soaked my face. I knew they were dying and that they had come to our door only because, they, like us, were seeking refuge. But instead of understanding, we shot at them, the way the warplanes shot at us. I listened until there was only silence.

(p 39)