

Reading 1

June 5, 1967

He told Mother he had heard that Israeli warplanes had been targeting Palestinian homes and the safest thing would be to turn off all the lights, leave our house immediately, and sit in the water trench in the garden while we decided what to do. He also wanted to listen to the radio to find out which specific areas were being attacked, but the only radio we owned was a set the size of an oven...too big to carry into the trench... (pp. 20-21)

Reading 2

We quickly realized the footsteps were those of a stream of people from neighboring villages fleeing their homes...Father asked what they knew. A man's voice answered, "After the planes attack, they will be combing the area house by house. Word is they will butcher every living thing they find." (p. 22)

Reading 3

The noise of planes filled the darkness everywhere. One plane seemed to be right above us, seeding the ground around us with bullets and bombs, and as it trailed off into the distance, it set nearby patches of the darkness afire. It was impossible to tell which side of the sky would be the next to blaze. (p. 23)

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)

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)

Reading 10

Although the war had ended, they said we were not free to go back to the West Bank. My father also announced that he had found work transporting soda pop from a factory to local shops. (p. 46)

Reading 11

Mother said she had heard that, after the war, the government of Jordan had turned many schools into temporary housing for West Bank refugees. The students would not return till September. So she insisted that we move to a school. We would have playgrounds, and she would not be preoccupied with our safety, she argued. Father agreed. (p. 54)

Reading 12

“Perhaps it won’t be long before we see Ramallah again,” Mother said. “Suleiman has already registered our family with the International Red Cross.” She raised up her hands in the gesture of a prayer. “The names of those who are granted permits will be announced on the radio. I will keep the radio on all day.” “But all the cities are occupied now. Don’t you know what that means?” Hamemeh protested. She bit her lips anxiously between the words. “Will it ever be safe to go back?” (p. 55)

Scoring Guide for Readings 1-12

Name _____

You are to use the reading you were assigned and construct at least one paragraph reflecting on:

1) A similar experience that you might have had where you felt the same as the character(s) in the story **OR** 2) How the character(s) in the story must have felt.

Requirements	Points Possible	Points Earned
Reflection shows that the student understood Reading 1-12. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Used words from the reading Emotion in the reading is reflected in the paragraph 	10	
Reflection refers to some sort of conflict. <ul style="list-style-type: none"> War Personal injury Being brave/being scared 	10	
Reflection is at least one good paragraph.	10	
Total	30	

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The Gaza Strip

https://www.cia.gov/library/publications/resources/the-world-factbook/geos/print_gz.html



ISRAEL

<https://www.cia.gov/library/publications/resources/the-world-factbook/geos/is.html>



The West Bank <https://www.cia.gov/library/publications/resources/the-world-factbook/geos/we.html>

