Can you **belong** in two places?

Have you ever heard someone say, “This is where I belong”? What is it about a place that makes you feel a sense of belonging? If you spend a lot of time in two different places, such as home and your best friend's house, you may feel equally comfortable in both. The author of the memoir you are about to read discovered that during a year of being away from the United States, she developed a sense of belonging in her new home as well.

**QUICKWRITE** Think of one or two places where you feel a sense of belonging. What kinds of things make you feel that way—the people, the food, the sights and sounds, the routine? Record your thoughts in your journal.
TEXT ANALYSIS: SETTING IN NONFICTION
You might think of setting, the time and place in which events occur, as an element of fiction. But setting can be important in nonfiction, too. For example, details about people’s customs, beliefs, and day-to-day life are all important to setting. In a memoir, a writer might discuss how these aspects of her childhood home influenced the adult she became.

As you read “Going Where I’m Coming From,” notice how the author’s values and beliefs are shaped by her experiences in her father’s homeland.

READING STRATEGY: CONNECT
Sometimes the experiences of people you read about will remind you of events from your own life. When you relate the content of literature to your own experience, you are connecting with what you read. By making connections, you can gain new insights into your life and the lives of others around you.

As you read the selection, compare Naomi Shihab Nye’s thoughts and experiences with your own. How does this help you better understand her feelings? Take notes in a chart like the one shown.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author’s Experiences</th>
<th>My Experiences</th>
<th>Insights</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>She doesn’t feel love for her grandmother the first time she meets her.</td>
<td>I felt shy around my grandmother the first time I visited her in China.</td>
<td>Even family bonds can take time to develop.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

VOCABULARY IN CONTEXT
Nye uses the boldfaced words to help tell her story of living in a new land. Use the context of the numbered sentences to figure out what each word means.

1. The fabric contained a complex and intricate design.
2. Mom allowed me to join the team with the stipulation that I keep my grades up.
3. In a valiant act of bravery, I entered my new classroom.
4. Her father often talked about what it was like to emigrate from Mexico to the United States.

Meet the Author

Naomi Shihab Nye
born 1952

Combining Cultures
Naomi Shihab Nye learned about both Palestinian and American cultures as she was growing up; her mother was born in the United States and her father was born in Palestine. She says that when the other Girl Scouts brought iced cupcakes for treats, she brought dates, apricots, and almonds.

In the mid-1960s, Nye and her family moved to a home just outside of Jerusalem. Nye has said that her year there “altered my perception of the universe irrevocably.” “Going Where I’m Coming From” is one of many works she’s written about her experiences there.

Building Bridges
In her poetry, novels, and essays, Nye encourages people from different cultures to learn to relate to each other. She believes that writers who belong to more than one culture can “build bridges between worlds.”

BACKGROUND TO THE MEMOIR
A City Among Valleys
Jerusalem is an ancient Middle Eastern city located between the Mediterranean Sea and the Dead Sea. Surrounded by valleys, Jerusalem experiences warm, dry summers and cool winters. Also known as The Holy City, Jerusalem is home to over 700,000 people from a variety of national, religious, and socioeconomic backgrounds. Today, Jerusalem is the capital of the State of Israel. One of the most ancient sections of Jerusalem, the Old City, is divided into four quarters: Armenian, Christian, Jewish, and Muslim.

Complete the activities in your Reader/Writer Notebook.
Shortly after we arrived in Jerusalem, our relatives came to see us at a hotel. Sitti, our grandmother, was very short. She wore a long, thickly embroidered Palestinian dress, had a musical, high-pitched voice and a low, guttural laugh. She kept touching our heads and faces as if she couldn't believe we were there. I had not yet fallen in love with her. Sometimes you don't fall in love with people immediately, even if they're your own grandmother. Everyone seemed to think we were all too thin.

We moved into a second-story flat in a stone house eight miles north of the city, among fields and white stones and wandering sheep. My brother was enrolled in the Friends Girls School and I was enrolled in the Friends Boys School in the town of Ramallah a few miles farther north—it all was a little confused. But the Girls School offered grades one through eight in English and high school continued at the Boys School. Most local girls went to Arabic-speaking schools after eighth grade.

I was a freshman, one of seven girl students among two hundred boys, which would cause me problems a month later. I was called in from the schoolyard at lunchtime, to the office of our counselor who wore shoes so pointed and tight her feet bulged out pinkly on top.

“You will not be talking to them anymore,” she said. She rapped on the desk with a pencil for emphasis.

“To whom?”

“All the boy students at this institution. It is inappropriate behavior. From now on, you will speak only with the girls.”

Going Where I’m Coming From

Naomi Shihab Nye
“But there are only six other girls! And I like only one of them!” My friend was Anna, from Italy, whose father ran a small factory that made matches. I’d visited it once with her. It felt risky to walk the aisles among a million filled matchboxes. Later we visited the factory that made olive oil soaps and stacked them in giant pyramids to dry.

“No, thank you,” I said. “It’s ridiculous to say that girls should only talk to girls. Did I say anything bad to a boy? Did anyone say anything bad to me? They’re my friends. They’re like my brothers. I won’t do it, that’s all.”

The counselor conferred with the headmaster and they called a taxi. I was sent home with a little paper requesting that I transfer to a different school. The charge: insolence. My mother, startled to see me home early and on my own, stared out the window when I told her.

My brother came home from his school as usual, full of whistling and notebooks. “Did anyone tell you not to talk to girls?” I asked him. He looked at me as if I’d gone goofy. He was too young to know the troubles of the world. He couldn’t even imagine them.

“You know what I’ve been thinking about?” he said. “A piece of cake. That puffy white layered cake with icing like they have at birthday parties in the United States. Wouldn’t that taste good right now?” Our mother said she was thinking about mayonnaise. You couldn’t get it in Jerusalem. She’d tried to make it and it didn’t work. I felt too gloomy to talk about food.

My brother said, “Let’s go let Abu Miriam’s chickens out.” That’s what we always did when we felt sad. We let our fussy landlord’s red-and-white chickens loose to flap around the yard happily, puffing their wings. Even when Abu Miriam shouted and wagged his cane and his wife waved a dishtowel, we knew the chickens were thanking us.

My father went with me to the St. Tarkmanchatz Armenian School, a solemnly ancient stone school tucked deep into the Armenian Quarter of the Old City of Jerusalem. It was another world in there. He had already called the school officials on the telephone and tried to enroll me, though they didn’t want to. Their school was for Armenian students only, kindergarten through twelfth grade. Classes were taught in three languages: Armenian, Arabic and English, which was why I needed to go there. Although most Arab students at other schools were learning English, I needed a school where classes were actually taught in English—otherwise I would have been staring out the windows triple the usual amount.

The head priest wore a long robe and a tall cone-shaped hat. He said, “Excuse me, please, but your daughter, she is not an Armenian, even a small amount?”

“Not at all,” said my father. “But in case you didn’t know, there is a stipulation in the educational code books of this city that says no student may be rejected solely on the basis of ethnic background, and if you don’t accept her, we will alert the proper authorities.”

They took me. But the principal wasn’t happy about it. The students, however, seemed glad to have a new face to look at. Everyone’s name ended in -ian,

1. **headmaster**: principal of a private school.

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CONNECT

Note Nye’s reaction to the school’s rule about boys and girls. How do you respond to rules you think are unfair?

SOCIAL STUDIES CONNECTION

Jerusalem was built around 3000 b.c. Its original name, Urr Salem, meant “the land of peace.”

**stipulation**

(stip’ya-lā’shon) n. the act of laying down a condition or agreement
the beautiful, musical Armenian ending—Boghossian, Minassian, Kevorkian, Rostomian. My new classmates started calling me Shihabian. We wore uniforms, navy blue pleated skirts for the girls, white shirts, and navy sweaters. I waited during the lessons for the English to come around, as if it were a channel on television. While other students were on the other channels, I scribbled poems in the margins of my pages, read library books, and wrote a lot of letters filled with exclamation points. All the other students knew all three languages with three entirely different alphabets. How could they carry so much in their heads? I felt humbled by my ignorance. One day I felt so frustrated in our physics class—still another language—that I pitched my book out the open window. The professor made me go collect it. All the pages had let loose at the seams and were flapping free into the gutters along with the white wrappers of sandwiches.

Every week the girls had a hands-and-fingernails check. We had to keep our nails clean and trim, and couldn’t wear any rings. Some of my new friends would invite me home for lunch with them, since we had an hour-and-a-half break and I lived too far to go to my own house.

Their houses were a thousand years old, clustered beehive-fashion behind ancient walls, stacked and curled and tilting and dark, filled with pictures of unsmiling relatives and small white cloths dangling crocheted edges. We ate spinach pies and white cheese. We dipped our bread in olive oil, as the Arabs did. We ate small sesame cakes, our mouths full of crumbles. They taught me to say “I love you” in Armenian, which sounded like yes-kay-see-goo-see-rem. I felt I had left my old life entirely.

Every afternoon I went down to the basement of the school where the kindergarten class was having an Arabic lesson. Their desks were pint-sized, their full white smocks tied around their necks. I stuffed my fourteen-year-old self in beside them. They had rosy cheeks and shy smiles. They must have thought I was a very slow learner.

More than any of the lessons, I remember the way the teacher rapped the backs of their hands with his ruler when they made a mistake. Their little faces puffed up with quiet tears. This pained me so terribly I forgot all my words. When it was my turn to go to the blackboard and write in Arabic, my hand shook. The kindergarten students whispered hints to me from the front row, but I couldn’t understand them. We learned horribly useless phrases: “Please hand me the bellows for my fire.” I wanted words simple as tools, simple as food and yesterday and dreams. The teacher never rapped my hand, especially after I wrote a letter to the city newspaper, which my father edited, protesting such harsh treatment of young learners. I wish I had known how to talk to those little ones, but they were just beginning their English studies and didn’t speak much yet. They were at the same place in their English that I was in my Arabic.

From the high windows of St. Tarkmanchatz, we could look out over the Old City, the roofs and flapping laundry and television antennas, the pilgrims and churches and mosques, the olivewood prayer beads and fragrant falafel lunch.
stands, the intricate interweaving of cultures and prayers and songs and holidays. We saw the barbed wire separating Jordan from Israel then, the bleak, uninhabited strip of no-man’s land reminding me how little education saved us after all. People who had differing ideas still came to blows, imagining fighting could solve things. Staring out over the quiet roofs of afternoon, I thought it so foolish. I asked my friends what they thought about it and they shrugged.

“It doesn’t matter what we think about it. It just keeps happening. It happened in Armenia too, you know. Really, really bad in Armenia. And who talks about it in the world news now? It happens everywhere. It happens in your country one by one, yes? Murders and guns. What can we do?”

5. It happened in Armenia, too: Refers to the Armenian massacres of 1915–1923. In response to Russia’s use of Armenian troops against the Ottomans in World War I, the Ottoman empire ordered the deportation of 1.75 million Armenians. During the deportation, around a million Armenians were killed or died of starvation.

CONNECT
Think of a serious conversation you have had with friends. Based on how you felt afterward, how do you think Nye might have felt after having this conversation?

![The Olive Tree (2005), Ismail Shammout. Palestine. Oil on canvas, 60 cm × 80 cm. Private collection.](image_url)

**Analyze Visuals**
What can you infer about this family from the way they are posed in this painting?
Sometimes after school, my brother and I walked up the road that led past the crowded refugee camp of Palestinians who owned even less than our modest relatives did in the village. The little kids were stacking stones in empty tin cans and shaking them. We waved our hands and they covered their mouths and laughed. We wore our beat-up American tennis shoes and our old sweatshirts and talked about everything we wanted to do and everywhere else we wished we could go.

“I want to go back to Egypt,” my brother said. “I sort of feel like I missed it. Spending all that time in bed instead of exploring—what a waste.”

“I want to go to Greece,” I said. “I want to play a violin in a symphony orchestra in Austria.” We made up things. I wanted to go back to the United States most of all. Suddenly I felt like a patriotic citizen. One of my friends, Sylvie Markarian, had just been shipped off to Damascus, Syria to marry a man who was fifty years old, a widower. Sylvie was exactly my age—we had turned fifteen two days apart. She had never met her future husband before. I thought this was the most revolting thing I had ever heard of. “Tell your parents no thank you,” I urged her. “Tell them you refuse.”

Sylvie’s eyes were liquid, swirling brown. I could not see clearly to the bottom of them.

“You don’t understand,” she told me. “In United States you say no. We don’t say no. We have to follow someone’s wishes. This is the wish of my father. Me, I am scared. I never slept away from my mother before. But I have no choice. I am going because they tell me to go.” She was sobbing, sobbing on my shoulder. And I was stroking her long, soft hair. After that, I carried two fists inside, one for Sylvie and one for me.

Most weekends my family went to the village to sit with the relatives. We sat and sat and sat. We sat in big rooms and little rooms, in circles, on chairs or on woven mats or brightly covered mattresses piled on the floor. People came in and out to greet my family. Sometimes even donkeys and chickens came in and out. We were like movie stars or dignitaries. They never seemed to get tired of us. My father translated the more interesting tidbits of conversation, the funny stories my grandmother told. She talked about angels and food and money and people and politics and gossip and old memories from my father’s childhood, before he emigrated away from her. She wanted to make sure we were going to stick around forever, which made me feel very nervous. We ate from mountains of rice and eggplant on large silver trays—they gave us little plates of our own since it was not our custom to eat from the same plate as other people. We ripped the giant wheels of bread into triangles. Shepherds passed through town with their flocks of sheep and goats, their long canes and cloaks, straight out of the Bible. My brother and I trailed them to the edge of the village, past the lentil fields to the green meadows studded with stones, while the shepherds pretended we weren’t there. I think they liked to be alone, unnoticed. The sheep had differently colored dyed bottoms, so shepherds could tell their flocks apart.

6. dignitaries: people of high rank or position.
During these long, slow, smoke-stained weekends—the men still smoked cigarettes a lot in those days, and the old taboon, my family’s mounded bread-oven, puffed billowy clouds outside the door—my crying jags began. I cried without any warning, even in the middle of a meal. My crying was usually noiseless but dramatically wet—streams of tears pouring down my cheeks, onto my collar or the back of my hand.

Everything grew quiet.

Someone always asked in Arabic, “What is wrong? Are you sick? Do you wish to lie down?”

My father made valiant excuses in the beginning. “She’s overtired,” he said. “She has a headache. She is missing her friend who moved to Syria. She is homesick just now.”

My brother stared at me as if I had just landed from Planet X.
Worst of all was our drive to school every morning, when our car came over the rise in the highway and all Jerusalem lay sprawled before us in its golden, stony splendor pockmarked with olive trees and automobiles. Even the air above the city had a thick, religious texture, as if it were a shining brocade filled with broody incense. I cried hardest then. All those hours tied up in school lay just ahead. My father pulled over and talked to me. He sighed. He kept his hands on the steering wheel even when the car was stopped and said, “Someday, I promise you, you will look back on this period in your life and have no idea what made you so unhappy here.”

“I want to go home.” It became my anthem. “This place depresses me. It weighs too much. . . . I hate the way people stare at me here.” Already I’d been involved in two street skirmishes with boys who stared a little too hard and long. I’d socked one in the jaw and he socked me back. I hit the other one straight in the face with my purse.

“You could be happy here if you tried just a little harder,” my father said. “Don’t compare it to the United States all the time. Don’t pretend the United States is perfect. And look at your brother—he’s not having any problems!”

“My brother is eleven years old.”

I had crossed the boundary from uncomplicated childhood when happiness was a good ball and a horde of candy-coated Jordan almonds.

One problem was that I had fallen in love with four different boys who all played in the same band. Two of them were even twins. I never quite described it to my parents, but I wrote reams and reams of notes about it on loose-leaf paper that I kept under my sweaters in my closet.

Such new energy made me feel reckless. I gave things away. I gave away my necklace and a whole box of shortbread cookies that my mother had been saving. I gave my extra shoes away to the gypsies. One night when the gypsies camped in a field down the road from our house, I thought about their mounds of white goat cheese lined up on skins in front of their tents, and the wild oud music they played deep into the black belly of the night, and I wanted to go sit around their fire. Maybe they could use some shoes.

I packed a sack of old loafers that I rarely wore and walked with my family down the road. The gypsy mothers stared into my shoes curiously. They took them into their tent. Maybe they would use them as vases or drawers. We sat with small glasses of hot, sweet tea until a girl bellowed from deep in her throat, threw back her head, and began dancing. A long bow thrummed across the strings.

The girl circled the fire, tapping and clicking, trilling a long musical wail from deep in her throat. My brother looked nervous. He was remembering the belly dancer in Egypt, and her scarf. I felt invisible. I was pretending to be a gypsy. My father stared at me. Didn’t I recognize the exquisite oddity of my own life when I sat right in the middle of it? Didn’t I feel lucky to be here? Well, yes I did. But sometimes it was hard to be lucky.

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7. brocade (brō-kād): a heavy fabric with a raised design.
8. oud (ōōd): a musical instrument resembling a lute.
When we left Jerusalem, we left quickly. Left our beds in our rooms and our car in the driveway. Left in a plane, not sure where we were going. The rumbles of fighting with Israel had been growing louder and louder. In the barbed-wire no-man’s land visible from the windows of our house, guns cracked loudly in the middle of the night. We lived right near the edge. My father heard disturbing rumors at the newspaper that would soon grow into the infamous Six Day War of 1967. We were in England by then, drinking tea from thin china cups and scanning the newspapers. Bombs were blowing up in Jerusalem. We worried about the village. We worried about my grandmother’s dreams, which had been getting worse and worse, she’d told us. We worried about the house we’d left, and the chickens, and the children at the refugee camp. But there was nothing we could do except keep talking about it all.

My parents didn’t want to go back to Missouri because they’d already said goodbye to everyone there. They thought we might try a different part of the country. They weighed the virtues of different states. Texas was big and warm. After a chilly year crowded around the small gas heaters we used in Jerusalem, a warm place sounded appealing. In roomy Texas, my parents bought the first house they looked at. My father walked into the city newspaper and said, “Any jobs open around here?”

I burst out crying when I entered a grocery store—so many different kinds of bread.

A letter on thin blue airmail paper reached me months later, written by my classmate, the bass player in my favorite Jerusalem band. “Since you left,” he said, “your empty desk reminds me of a snake ready to strike. I am afraid to look at it. I hope you are having a better time than we are.”

Of course I was, and I wasn’t. Home had grown different forever. Home had doubled. Back home again in my own country, it seemed impossible to forget the place we had just left: the piercing call of the muezzin9 from the mosque10 at prayer time, the dusky green tint of the olive groves, the sharp, cold air that smelled as deep and old as my grandmother’s white sheets flapping from the line on her roof. What story hadn’t she finished?

Our father used to tell us that when he was little, the sky over Jerusalem crackled with meteors and shooting stars almost every night. They streaked and flashed, igniting the dark. Some had long golden tails. For a few seconds, you could see their whole swooping trail lit up. Our father and his brothers slept on the roof to watch the sky. “There were so many of them, we didn’t even call out every time we saw one.”

During our year in Jerusalem, my brother and I kept our eyes cast upwards whenever we were outside at night, but the stars were different since our father was a boy. Now the sky seemed too orderly, stuck in place. The stars had learned where they belonged. Only people on the ground kept changing.

9. muezzin (myo̞-ə-zən): a crier who calls the Muslim faithful to prayer.
10. mosque (mōsk): a Muslim house of worship.
For other fruits my father was indifferent.  
He’d point at the cherry trees and say,  
“See those? I wish they were figs.”  
In the evenings he sat by our beds  
weaving folktales like vivid little scarves.  
They always involved a figtree.  
Even when it didn’t fit, he’d stick it in.  
Once Joha was walking down the road  
and he saw a figtree.  
Or, he tied his camel to a figtree and went to sleep.  
Or, later when they caught and arrested him,  
his pockets were full of figs.
At age six I ate a dried fig and shrugged. “That’s not what I’m talking about!” he said, “I’m talking about a fig straight from the earth— gift of Allah!—on a branch so heavy it touches the ground. I’m talking about picking the largest, fattest, sweetest fig in the world and putting it in my mouth.” (Here he’d stop and close his eyes.)

Years passed, we lived in many houses, none had figtrees. We had lima beans, zucchini, parsley, beets. “Plant one!” my mother said, but my father never did. He tended garden half-heartedly, forgot to water, let the okra get too big. “What a dreamer he is. Look how many things he starts and doesn’t finish.”

The last time he moved, I had a phone call, my father, in Arabic, chanting a song I’d never heard. “What’s that?” He took me out to the new yard. There, in the middle of Dallas, Texas, a tree with the largest, fattest, sweetest figs in the world. “It’s a figtree song!” he said, plucking his fruits like ripe tokens, emblems, assurance of a world that was always his own.
Comprehension

1. Recall Why was it necessary for Naomi Shihab Nye to attend the Armenian school after being expelled from her first school?

2. Clarify Reread lines 130–143. Why was the author angry about her friend being sent to Damascus?

3. Clarify Why did the family leave Jerusalem?

Text Analysis


5. Examine Setting Use a web diagram to identify descriptive details that help convey the setting of this selection. Then expand your web to include insights on how this setting affected the author.

6. Analyze Memoir At what point in the selection does the author become aware of a sense of belonging in Jerusalem? Support your answer with examples from the memoir.

7. Compare Literary Works Nye’s father encouraged her to try to be happy in Jerusalem and to learn to appreciate the “exquisite oddity” of her life. What does the poem “My Father and the Figtree” on page 405 reveal about her father’s feelings toward living in different places?

Extension and Challenge

8. SOCIAL STUDIES CONNECTION Learn more about Jerusalem—its history, geographical setting, and culture. Present your information in the form of a colorful poster.

Can you BELONG in two places?

Now that you have discovered the sorts of things that help Nye feel a sense of belonging, what else might you add to your list of things that help you feel at home?
Vocabulary in Context

**VOCABULARY PRACTICE**

Show that you understand the vocabulary words by deciding whether each statement is true or false.

1. A **valiant** action is a coward’s way out.
2. If a pattern is **intricate**, it has a complicated design.
3. If you are given a **stipulation**, a condition of some kind is involved.
4. People who **emigrate** live in the same country their whole lives.

**ACADEMIC VOCABULARY IN WRITING**

| circumstance | emerge | predominant | rely | technology |

Have you ever moved to a new country? If not, imagine what it might be like to live without the **technology** you take for granted now, or to be unable to understand the language. Write a paragraph describing this experience, using two or more Academic Vocabulary words.

**VOCABULARY STRATEGY: RECOGNIZING BASE WORDS AND AFFIXES**

To understand an unfamiliar word with affixes (prefixes and suffixes), it helps to identify the base word first. Look within the word for a word that is familiar to you, though the spelling might be different. For example, in the word **emigrate**, you might notice the base word **migrate**. In cases where you do not recognize a base word, you may need to use context clues to figure out the meaning.

**PRACTICE** Define each boldfaced word. Then give the base word and affixes. Use a dictionary if necessary.

1. The heavy rainfall was causing **erosion** of the soil.
2. He admired the professor for her **wisdom** and knowledge.
3. The most difficult part of the journey was the **navigation** of the river rapids.
4. It was her turn in the **rotation** to take the dog for a walk.
5. Did she accept his **proposal** of marriage?
Language

◆ **GRAMMAR IN CONTEXT: Use Ellipses and Dashes**

Review the Grammar in Context note on page 403. Besides the period and comma, there are two punctuation marks that are particularly useful for indicating a pause or a break in thought: an ellipsis and a dash.

An **ellipsis** is a set of three spaced periods ( . . . , not ...) preceded and followed by a space—except when it is used at the end of a sentence. At the end of a sentence, include a period before it.

*Example:* Naomi was a freshman at Friends Boys School . . . one of seven girl students among two hundred boys.

An ellipsis may also be used to show that something has been left out of a quotation.

*Example:* “It’s ridiculous to say that girls should only talk to girls . . . . I won’t do it, that’s all.”

A **dash** (—) can be used to indicate a very abrupt break in thought.

*Example:* In England they scanned the newspapers for news of Jerusalem—were bombs going off?

Dashes are also used for adding information to a statement.

*Example:* One day I felt so frustrated in our physics class—still another language—that I pitched my book out the open window.

**PRACTICE** Revise the following sentence according to each set of instructions. Use at least one ellipsis or dash as appropriate in each revision.

Naomi Shihab Nye learned about two cultures as she was growing up.

1. Insert *daughter of an American mother and a Palestinian father* after “Nye.”
2. Insert *Palestinian and U.S.* after “cultures.”
3. Add *a year in Palestine altering her perceptions forever* after “up.”
4. Punctuate the sentence as a quotation, but leave out “as she was growing up” and indicate that there is an omission.

**For more help with ellipses and dashes, see page R50 in the Grammar Handbook.**

**READING-WRITING CONNECTION**

Increase your understanding of Nye’s memoir by responding to this prompt. Then use the **revising tip** to improve your writing.

**WRITING PROMPT**

When in Jerusalem, Nye wrote letters to her friends in the U.S. What do you think she said about life in her new country? Write a two- or three-paragraph letter that she might have sent.

**REVISING TIP**

Review your letter to make sure that you have used ellipses and dashes correctly when you wished to indicate a pause or break in thought.