Directions: read the quotes below and try to make some meaning and/or try to predict what this book may be about…

1. There’s breath and knocking of my heart, like pounding, at the door of a house at night, where you thought you would be safe. *It’s alright, I’m here,* I say, whisper, *Please be quiet*, but how can she? (75)
2. Now we turn our backs on the church and there is the thing we’ve in truth come to see: the Wall (31).
3. There is the kind of touch they like: folk art, archaic, made by women, in their spare time, from things that have no further use. A return to traditional values. Waste not want not. I am not being wasted. Why do I want? (7)
4. There are several umbrellas in it: black, for the Commander, blue for the Commander’s wife, and the one assigned to me, which is red (9).
5. Why does she envy me?

She doesn’t speak to me, unless she can’t avoid it. I am a reproach to her; and a necessity (13).

1. “Blessed be the fruit,” she says to me, the accepted greeting among us.

“May the Lord be open,” I answer, the accepted response (19).

1. The pregnant woman’s belly is like a huge fruit. *Humungous*, word of my childhood. Her hands rest on it as if to defend it, or as if they are gathering something from it, warmth and strength (26).