**CHAPTER 22, PAGE 138**

I heard a cry. “Sarah!” In the confusion, I turned to see Gutcha running toward me. We threw our arms around each other, holding on for dear life. Nothing would make me let go of her. Nothing. She shook against me as we both sobbed. Hands pushed us forward, onto a truck bed, but still we held on to each other. A press of bodies surrounded us – young female faces, shocked, crying, yelling as we were jostled against each other. Most of the faces I recognized. Some I didn’t. Rachel was suddenly there beside us, weeping with us. I remembered fleetingly the last time I’d spoken to Rachel and the argument we’d had over a boy. All the petty concerns I’d once had seemed so foolish now. Who was prettiest? Who was smartest? Who did the boys like the best? What did it matter anymore? We were together in the same situation. I was shivering and holding on to Gutcha’s hands. The door closed, surrounding us in darkness. There were screams. Only a small slit of light shone from a single window. We clung to each other as the engine roared to life and the hatch was shut with finality. A fist hit the side of the truck and a deep male voice yelled, “Go!’ We lurched forward. Over the heads of those around me, through the small window, I saw the ghetto fade away. I saw men and women running after the truck, after their daughters and sisters and wives. I heard my mother’s screaming in my ears. It was the last thing I would ever hear of her.