**CHAPTER 14, PAGES 92-93**

I followed my family down a dirt path to a dwelling no bigger than a shack. My mother took one look at our new home and her face fell. Inside the small flat was a bare floor and a single window that looked out on a back alley, one of its panes broken and boarded up so only a small draft of light entered the dilapidated room. An old, rusty stove stood in one corner, a table took up the center of the room, and a flimsy mattress lay on the floor. The room was half the size of our living room at home

My Uncle Berish and Aunt Tova had been assigned to live with us since they had no children. “What do you see, Berish?” I heard my aunt ask as she and my uncle pushed into the already overcrowded space behind us.

“This is it?” my mother asked in despair. She turned to my father, who stood with his hands at his sides. My aunt stepped around my mother and looked as well, her eyes mirroring my mother’s hopelessness.

“No, no, no,” my aunt said. “There has to be some mistake.”

My father looked at the sheet of paper in his hands. “There’s no mistake,” he murmured.

My uncle walked to the end of the room. A door stood slightly ajar next to the stove. He pushed it open and peered inside. “There’s a small room here,” he said.

“Two rooms?” my mother asked incredulously, an edge of hysteria rising in her voice. She looked at all of us. “Two rooms for ten of us? How are we *all* supposed to live in just *two* rooms?”

“And what about our belongings?” my aunt asked. “And the furniture? Where will we put it all?”

“We’ll make it work, Brocha,” my father replied. “We are family. We may be crowded, but at least we are together.”