

# **APPENDICES**

No.	Quotation	Page	Matrix of Domination			
			Structural Domain of Power	Disciplinary Domain of Power	Hegemonic Domain of Power	Interpersonal Domain of Power
1.	<b>“Be sure to pin your hijab properly so your hair doesn’t show. We don’t want our guests to get the wrong impression.”</b>	12		√		
2.	Yet as much as she wanted to go out there and venture into the world, there was also a comfort and safety in the known. And Mama’s voice in her ear, reminding her: <i>A woman belongs at home.</i>	12			√	
3.	Isra needed no telling: she knew the customs by heart. Ever since she could remember, <b>she had watched her mother serve and entertain</b>	12			√	
4.	<b>A daughter was only a temporary guest, quietly awaiting another man to scoop her away, along with all her financial burden.</b>	13			√	
5.	<b>But Isra had learned from a very young age that obedience was the single path to love.</b>	14			√	
6.	<b>Yacob had beaten her twice that night, punishment for her defiance.</b> He’d called her a <i>sharmouta</i> , a whore. He’d said he’d show her what happened to disobedient girls, then he’d shoved her against the wall and whipped her with his belt.	14		√		
7.	She had the urge to steal a glimpse of the young man, but could feel Yacob eyeing her, could almost hear him in her ear: <i>A proper girl never lays her gaze on a man!</i>	14		√		
8.	<b>“What were you thinking, serving them coffee first?”</b> Mama yelled when the guests had left and she and Isra returned to the kitchen to finish cooking. “You’re not young anymore—almost eighteen! Do you want to sit in my house forever?”	15			√	
9.	“Listen to me, daughter. <b>No matter how far away from Palestine you go, a woman will always be a woman. Here or there. Location will not change her <i>naseeb</i>, her destiny.</b> ”	18			√	
10.	“There is nothing out there for a woman but her <i>bayt wa dar</i> , her house and home. <b>Marriage, motherhood—that is a woman’s only worth.</b> ”	18			√	
11.	<b>We don’t want this American family to go around saying we raised a <i>sharmouta</i>. That’s what men do, you know. Always put the blame on the woman.</b>	21			√	
12.	<b>“Reputation is everything. Make sure he doesn’t touch you again.”</b>	21			√	
13.	Growing up, Isra had often heard women criticize the mother of the bride for celebrating too boisterously at the wedding, too excited to be rid of her daughter	25				√

14.	She had no idea what life had in store for her and could do nothing to alter this fact. She shivered in horror at the realization. But these feelings were only temporary, Isra reminded herself. <b>Surely she would have more control over her life in the future. Soon she would be in America, the land of the free, where perhaps she could have the love she had always dreamed of, could lead a better life than her mother's.</b> Isra smiled at the possibility. Perhaps someday, if Allah were to ever grant her daughters, they would lead a better life than hers, too.	26			√	
15.	<b>Deya was eighteen, not yet finished with high school, but her grandparents said there was no point prolonging her duty: marriage, children, family.</b>	28	√			
16.	“But what if I don’t want to get married?” Deya had asked. “Why does my entire life have to revolve around a man?” Fareeda had barely looked up from her coffee cup. <b>“Because that’s how you’ll become a mother and have children of your own. Complain all you want, but what will you do with your life without marriage? Without a family?”</b>	28	√			
17.	“It doesn’t matter where we live. <b>Preserving our culture is what’s most important.</b> All you need to worry about is finding a good man to provide for you.”	29			√	
18.	<b>“College is out of the question. Besides, no one wants to marry a college girl.”</b>	29	√			
19.	“Because that’s how things are. How they’ve always been done. You ask anyone, and they’ll tell you. <b>Marriage is what’s most important for women.</b> ”	29			√	
20.	She had not yet understood what it meant to become a woman. <b>She hadn’t realized it meant marrying a man she barely knew, nor that marriage was the beginning and end of her life’s purpose.</b>	30	√			
21.	It was only as she grew older that Deya had truly understood her place in her community. <b>She had learned that there was a certain way she had to live, certain rules she had to follow, and that, as a woman, she would never have a legitimate claim over her own life.</b>	30		√		
22.	Deya recalled the last suitor who had withdrawn his marriage proposal. He had told her grandparents that she was too insolent, too questioning. <b>That she wasn’t Arab enough.</b>	31			√	
23.	<b>They both knew a teenage Arab girl didn’t do anything. Well, except cook, clean, and catch up on the latest Turkish soap operas.</b>	31			√	

24.	“I’ve never really liked school,” he said. <b>“But my parents insisted I apply to med school after college. They want me to be a doctor.”</b>	32		√		
25.	“I’m surprised your parents forced you to go to college. I’d assumed they’d let you make your own choices.” “What makes you say that?” <b>“You know.” She met his eyes. “Because you’re a man.”</b>				√	
26.	<b>Her grandparents had forbidden her to attend college before marriage, and she didn’t want to ruin her reputation in the community by defying them.</b>	34		√		
27.	<b>“My parents never asked me if I wanted to marry your grandfather. They just told me what to do, and I did it.”</b>	36		√		
28.	“You act like I’m selling you off to slavery! <b>Every mother I know is preparing her daughter for marriage.</b> Tell me, do you know anyone whose mother isn’t doing exactly the same thing?”	37	√			
29.	Most of her classmates sat with a handful of men every month, yet none of them seemed to mind. They slicked on makeup and plucked their brows, as though eagerly waiting for a man to scoop them away. Some were already engaged, wrapping up their final year of high school as if by force. <b>As if they’d found something in the prospect of marriage so fulfilling that no amount of education could compare.</b>	37		√		
30.	“Not this again. How many times do I have to tell you? <b>You’re not going to college in this house.</b> If your husband allows you to get an education <i>after</i> marriage, that’s his decision. But my job is to secure your future by making sure you and your sisters are married off to good men.”	38	√			
31.	<b>“Arranged marriages are what we do,” Fareeda said. “Just because we live in America, that doesn’t change how things are.”</b>	38	√			
32.	<b>“You’ve seen other girls who’ve disobeyed their parents, refusing to get married, or worse, getting divorced, and look at them now! Living at home with their parents, their heads hanging in shame! Is that what you want?”</b>	38	√			
33.	Deya hated to admit Fareeda was right, but she found herself reconsidering. Maybe it was time to get married. Maybe she should accept Nasser’s proposal. It wasn’t as if she had a future in Fareeda’s house. She could barely go to the grocery store without supervision. Besides, Nasser seemed nice enough. Better than the other men she’d met over the months. If not him, then who? <b>Eventually, she’d have to agree to someone.</b>	38		√		

34.	Unless she wanted to ruin her reputation and her sisters' reputations as well. She could hear their neighbors in her head. <i>That girl is bad. She isn't respectable. Something must be wrong with her.</i>	38			v	
35.	"I have no idea where <i>they</i> went," Fareeda said. <b>"Boys are a handful, going and coming as they please. They're not like girls. You can't control them."</b>	51	v			
36.	"Does she have a lot of chores?" Isra asked. "Of course," Fareeda said, looking up to find Sarah at the doorway. <b>"She's eleven years old, practically a woman. Why, when I was her age, my mother didn't even have to lift a finger. I was rolling pots of stuffed grape leaves and kneading dough for the entire family."</b>	51	v			
37.	"That's because you didn't go to school, Mama," Sarah said. "You had time to do those things. I have homework to catch up on." <b>"Your homework can wait,"</b> Fareeda said, handing her the <i>ibrik</i> of chai.	51	v			
38.	Fareeda turned to Khaled, fixing her eyes on his face. "What are your plans today?" "I don't know." He dipped his bread in olive oil and <i>za'atar</i> . "Why?" <b>"I need you to take me to town."</b> "What do you need?" "Meat and groceries."	52		v		
39.	Isra didn't know what to think, eyeing the familiar faces floating down Fifth Avenue. These people were just like them, living in America and trying to fit in. Yet they still wore their hijabs; <b>they didn't change who they were. So why did Adam insist that she change who she was?</b>	55		v		
40.	<b>She wished Mama had warned her about the powerlessness a woman feels when a man puts himself inside her, about the shame that fills her when she is forced to give herself up, forced to be still.</b>	56		v		
41.	"This is all because of those books," Fareeda continued. <b>"Those books putting foolish ideas in your head!"</b> She stood up, waved her hands at Deya. "Tell me, what are you reading for?" Deya folded her arms across her chest. "To learn." "Learn what?" "Everything."	61	v			

	Fareeda shook her head. <b>“There are things you have to learn for yourself, things no book will ever teach you.”</b>					
42.	<b>“College can wait until after marriage.”</b>	61	v			
43.	<b>I’m the one who has to keep them out of trouble, who has to make sure they maintain a good reputation until we marry them off. Tell me, who will be blamed if something goes wrong? Huh? Who will you point to when these books start putting ideas in their head?”</b>	62			v	
44.	<b>“Didn’t you just read the letter? Your mother was possessed by a jinn.”</b>	63			v	
45.	<b>“There’s no shame in being quiet. In fact, I appreciate the quality. There’s nothing worse than coming home to a woman whose voice never stops.”</b>	67			v	
46.	She had to give him what he wanted and enjoy giving it to him, too. And she would do that. <b>She would give him herself if it meant he’d give her his love.</b>	68		v		
47.	When Fareeda’s sons were around, <b>she doted on them as though they were porcelain dolls instead of grown men.</b>	69			v	
48.	Fareeda had only one daughter, Sarah, who was to Fareeda what Isra had been to her mother—a <b>temporary possession, noticed only when there was cooking or cleaning to be done.</b>	69			v	
49.	<b>“That’s the life of a woman, you know. Running around taking orders.”</b>	70			v	
50.	<b>“Sometimes I wish I could’ve been born a man, just to see how it feels. It would’ve spared me a lot of grief in life.”</b> She reached for another pair of socks, stopped, and looked at Isra. <b>“Men huff and puff about all the work they do to support their families. But they don’t know—”</b> She paused. <b>“They have no idea what it means to be a woman in this world.”</b>	70			v	
51.	<b>“Let me tell you something. A man is the only way up in this world, even though he’ll climb a woman’s back to get there. Don’t let anyone tell you otherwise.”</b>	71			v	
52.	<b>“Look at all I do for that man! I spread a full <i>sufra</i> for him every day, wash and iron his clothes, scrub every inch of this house so he can be at ease. I raised his children, these men and this girl, all while he was away. And you say he loves me?”</b> Her eyes shifted to Isra. <b>“Learn this now, dear. If you live your life waiting for a man’s love, you’ll be disappointed.”</b>	71				v

53.	“Believe me, you’ll be thankful he’s at work and not at home telling you what to do. <b>I want to rip my hair out when Khaled takes a day off. Do this, do that. It’s a nightmare.</b> ”	71		√		
54.	“ <b>Don’t be a fool. Have you ever seen a man stay home to help raise children? That’s your job, dear.</b> ”	72		√		
55.	<i>Palestine or America. A woman will always be alone.</i>	72			√	
56.	She caught sight of the gold letters printed on it—WE ARE HAPPY TO SERVE YOU!—and sighed. <b>She couldn’t imagine a man coming up with that line. No, it must’ve been a woman.</b>	74			√	
57.	Once, Deya had contemplated wearing the hijab permanently, not just for her school uniform, but Fareeda had forbidden it, saying, “ <b>No one will marry you with that thing on your head!</b> ”	76		√		
58.	“It doesn’t matter. <b>There are more important things to worry about than school.</b> ”	77				√
59.	“Having children, a family . . .” He paused, tracing his finger against her belly as though he were writing across it. “It changes everything.” Isra met his eyes. “How?” “ <b>Well, for one thing, there will be more work for you to do. More washing and cooking, more running around. It’s tough really.</b> ”	83			√	
60.	“Will you help me?” she said again, her voice slipping. “With our child?” Adam stepped back slightly. “You know I have to work.” “I just thought maybe you’d come home early some days,” Isra said in a whisper. “Maybe I’d see you more.” He sighed. “ <b>You think I want to work day and night? Of course not. But I have no choice. My parents depend on me to support the family.</b> ”	83	√			
61.	<b>It was ludicrous of her to expect Adam to leave work to help her. Had any man she’d ever known helped his wife raise children? Motherhood was her responsibility, her duty.</b>	83		√		
62.	“No, no, no,” Fareeda said one evening after tasting the cup of chai Isra had made her during her soap opera’s commercial break. “What is this?” “What’s wrong?” said Isra. “This chai is bitter.” Isra took a step back. “I brewed it just the way you like, with three springs of <i>maramiya</i> and two spoonfuls of sugar.” “ <b>Well, it tastes horrible.</b> ” She handed Isra back the cup. “ <b>Just pour it out.</b> ”	84				√

63.	“Behave yourself,” Fareeda would say, almost spitting. <b>“And no talking to boys, understood?”</b>	84	√			
64.	“Behave yourself,” Fareeda would say, almost spitting. “And no talking to boys, understood?” <b>“I know, Mama,” Sarah would always respond.</b>	84		√		
65.	<b>“And what makes you think some book is more important than learning how to cook?”</b>	85	√			
66.	“Tell me,” Fareeda said, moving closer to Sarah. <b>“Will books teach you how to cook and clean? Will they help you find a husband? Will they help you raise children?”</b>	85	√			
67.	“I never hear you telling Ali to stop studying or put down his books. How come he’s allowed to go to college? Why don’t you ever pressure him about marriage?” <b>“Because marriage is what’s important for girls,”</b> Fareeda snapped. <b>“Not college. You’re almost a teenager. It’s time you grew up and learned this now: A woman is not a man.”</b>	85	√			
68.	Sarah sipped mint chai and ate tea biscuits, and, when Fareeda wasn’t looking, cracked roasted watermelon seeds using only her front teeth, <b>a habit Fareeda usually forbade to stop Sarah from ruining her perfect smile.</b>	86		√		
69.	“A boy is better, trust me. They’ll care for you when you’re older, carry on the family name—” “Are you saying you weren’t happy when you had me?” Sarah asked sharply. “Because I wasn’t a precious boy?” “I’m not saying <i>that</i> ,” Fareeda said. <b>“But everyone wants a boy. You ask anyone, and they’ll tell you.”</b>	87				√
70.	She wished she knew how to speak her mind, wished she could’ve said those things to Mama: that girls were just as valuable as boys, that their culture was unfair, and that Mama, as a woman, should’ve understood that. <b>She wished she could’ve told Mama that she was sick of always being put second, of being shamed, disrespected, abused, and neglected unless there was cleaning or cooking to be done. That she resented being made to believe she was worthless, just another thing a man could claim at will.</b>	87			√	
71.	“I can’t imagine what that must be like,” Isra said. <b>“You know, going to school with boys. My parents never would’ve allowed it.”</b>	88	√			
72.	But deep down, Isra knew Mama had only done what Yacob wanted— <b>she’d had no choice</b>	90		√		
73.	She’d only been to Manhattan a handful of times, <b>always in the back seat of Khaled’s car.</b>	94		√		



74.	<p>“Round trip?” She sounded out the unfamiliar combination of words. “Round trip?” “Yes.” “I’m not sure what that means.” “Round trip. To get to the city and back.” “Oh.” She felt her face burn. He must think she was a fool. But it wasn’t her fault. How was she supposed to understand American lingo? <b>Her grandparents had only allowed them to watch Arabic channels growing up.</b></p>	95		v	
75.	<p>She could feel them observing how scared she was standing there, how unassuredly she moved, the garb she wore, and deciding instantly that they knew everything about her. <b>Surely she was the victim of an oppressive culture, or the enforcer of a barbaric tradition. She was likely uneducated, uncivilized, a nobody. Perhaps she was even an extremist, a terrorist. An entire race of culture and experiences diluted into a single story.</b></p>	96			v
76.	<p>The woman was staring back at her now. Deya did her best to smile. These days it was hard enough for people like her to walk around in jeans and a T-shirt, let alone a hijab and <i>jilbab</i>. <b>It wasn’t fair she had to live this way, always afraid of what people saw when they looked at her.</b></p>	96			v
77.	<p>After a few deep breaths, Deya took a furtive look around the train car. <b>Everywhere she turned, people were staring.</b></p>	96			v
78.	<p><b>She tried to picture herself creating something beautiful, changing the world somehow, but couldn’t.</b> Soon she would get married, and then what? What kind of life would she lead? A predictable life of duty.</p>	97			v
79.	<p>But maybe Fareeda was right. Maybe her life would turn out differently than Isra’s. Maybe Nasser would let her be who she wanted to be. <b>Maybe once she was married, she could finally be free.</b></p>	97			v
80.	<p>“Just what we need,” Fareeda said, shaking her head. “A girl.” “Not now, Mother,” Adam said. He passed Isra an apologetic look. “What?” Fareeda said. <b>“It’s true. As if we need another <i>balwa</i>, as if we don’t have enough troubles.”</b></p>	98	v		
81.	<p>Mama had often called Isra a <i>balwa</i>—a dilemma, a burden. Any lingering hope that America would be better than Palestine fell away at that moment. <b>A woman would always be a woman</b></p>	98			v

82.	“Easy for you to say. Do you <i>know</i> how hard it is to raise a girl in this country? <i>Do</i> you? Soon you’ll be pulling your hair out! <b>You need a son to help you. To carry on our name.</b> ”	99			√	
83.	“Keep these words close, like a piercing in your ear: <b>If you don’t give a man a son, he’ll find him a woman who can.</b> ”	99		√		
84.	It was Fareeda’s idea to not breastfeed Deya. <b>Breastfeeding prevented pregnancy, and Adam needed a son.</b>	102		√		
85.	<b>Isra obeyed her without resistance, mixing</b> bottles of formula in the kitchen sink, hoping, Fareeda knew, to regain her favor.	102		√		
86.	<b>She was not surprised when her father came home and beat them mercilessly</b> , the tragedy of the <i>Nakba</i> bulging in his veins. Nor was she surprised when he married her off to a man who beat her, too. How could he not, when they were so poor that their lives were filled with continuous shame? She knew that the suffering of women started in the suffering of men, that the bondages of one became the bondages of the other.	103			√	
87.	Besides, <b>it wasn’t as if Isra was the only woman in the world shamed for bearing a girl. It had always been this way, Fareeda thought. It might not be fair, but she didn’t make the rules. It was just the way it was.</b> And Isra was no exception.	104			√	
88.	<b>She had spent her entire life being pushed and pulled, from kitchen to kitchen, child to child. But it was better this way, she thought. Better to be grounded, to know your place, than to live the way these Americans lived</b> , cruising from day to day with no values to anchor them down. It’s no wonder they ended up alone—alcoholics, addicts, divorced.	105			√	
89.	Most of these women had come to congratulate them when Deya was born, <b>and made crass remarks about Isra not having a son.</b>	105				√
90.	“There is no better blessing than a healthy baby boy,” said one of the women. “Of course, we all love our daughters, but <b>nothing compares to having a son.</b> ”	106			√	
91.	“What’s the point of marrying off our sons if we are going to help their wives? <b>The point is to lessen our burdens, not add to them.</b> ”	108				√
92.	The night before, <b>Fareeda had mentioned going back home to find Omar a wife and joked that she would find Adam a new wife, too, if Isra gave them another girl.</b> Isra had forced a laugh, unsure of Fareeda’s actual intentions. It was possible. She knew women back home whose husbands had married again because they couldn’t bear a son.	112				√

93.	The night before, Fareeda had mentioned going back home to find Omar a wife and joked that she would find Adam a new wife, too, if Isra gave them another girl. Isra had forced a laugh, unsure of Fareeda's actual intentions. It was possible. <b>She knew women back home whose husbands had married again because they couldn't bear a son.</b>	112		v		
94.	<b>She was a woman, after all. It wasn't her place to be forward in her affections, to ask a man for his time, for his love.</b> Besides, any time she tried, he scorned her attempts.	115			v	
95.	Adam put his fork down and looked up at her. <b>"Go out to Fifth Avenue on your own? Surely that's out of the question."</b> Isra stared at him. "You want to take a stroll down the block? Sure. But there's no reason for you to be out on Fifth Avenue alone. A young girl like you on the streets? Someone would take advantage of you. So many corrupt people in this country. Besides, we have a reputation here. What will Arabs say if they see my young wife wandering the streets alone? You need anything, my parents will get it for you." He pushed himself up from the table. " <i>Fahmeh?</i> Do you understand?"	115	v			
96.	She was only nineteen, she reasoned. Adam must be afraid for her safety. Surely he would give her more freedom when she got older. And <b>then a new hope occurred to her: perhaps his overprotectiveness was out of love</b>	115			v	
97.	"I know they want you to marry soon. I wanted you to know you have choices." <b>"Choices?" Deya could feel herself start to laugh. "Is that a joke?"</b>	117			v	
98.	That summer, Fareeda and Khaled decided to take Omar back home in search of a bride. There was no shortage of Muslim Palestinian girls in Brooklyn, but Fareeda refused to marry her son to one of them. <b>No, no, no. Everyone knew that girls raised in America blatantly disregarded their Arab upbringings.</b>	119	v			
99.	<b>Why, when she had first married Khaled, he would slap her if she even raised her eyes off the ground</b> —pop after pop, until she was as quiet as a mouse.	120		v		
100.	"Forget all this American nonsense about love and respect," Fareeda said to Omar now, turning to make sure Isra was setting the table. <b>"You need to make sure our culture survives, and that means teaching a woman her place."</b>	121			v	

101.	She had been so young, less than half his age, and in the first days of their marriage <b>she had always reminded herself of her subordinate role</b> , submitting to his temperament for fear of being beaten.	122			v	
102.	But Adam needs a son, Fareeda insisted, and <b>Isra obeyed, hoping a son would make him happy</b>	127			v	
103.	She tried to justify her frustrations by telling herself that childbearing was wearisome. <b>That had she known how constricting a second child would feel, she wouldn't have rushed into another pregnancy (as if she'd had a choice</b> , she thought in the back of her head, then pushed the thought away). In the evenings as she hummed Deya and Nora to sleep, a dark, desperate feeling overwhelmed her. She wanted to scream.	127			v	
104.	“What else am I supposed to do?” Deya could feel her hands begin to sweat. <b>“What’s the point of saying what I think, or asking for what I want, if it will only lead to trouble? It’s not like speaking up will get me anywhere. It’s better to just pretend everything is fine and do what I’m supposed to do.”</b>	130		v		
105.	But what choice did she have? Fareeda had insisted she get pregnant before Nadine. <b>“It’s your duty to bear the first grandson,”</b> she’d said.	136	v			
106.	Deya didn’t know whether she found weakness or courage in his answer. <b>“I’d like to think I have more control over my life,” she said. “I want to believe I actually have a choice.”</b>	141			v	
107.	You’ve never seen miserable. I was only six years old when my family relocated to the refugee camp, settling in a corner tent with a single room, as far as we could get from the open sewage, the rotting corpses on the dirt road. You wouldn’t believe how dirty I always was—hair uncombed, clothes soiled, feet as black as coal. I used to see young boys kicking a ball around the sewage or riding bikes on the dirt roads and wish I could run along with them. <b>But even as a child, I knew my place. I knew my mother needed help, squatting in front of a bucket, washing clothes in whatever water we could find. Even though I was only a child, I knew I was a woman first.”</b>	142			v	
108.	“My sister Huda and I were both getting married that day,” Fareeda said. “To brothers. I remember sitting inside our shelter, our palms henna stained, our eyes smeared with kohl, while Mama wrapped our hair with hairpins she had borrowed from a neighbor. <b>It was only after we’d signed the marriage contracts that we saw our husbands for the first time!</b> Huda and I were so nervous as Mama led us to them. The first brother was tall and thin, with small eyes and	142	v			

	a freckled face; the second was tan, with broad shoulders and cinnamon hair. The second brother smiled. He had a beautiful row of white teeth, and I remember secretly hoping <i>he</i> was my husband. But Mama led me by the elbow to the first man and whispered: ‘This man is your home now.’					
109.	Surely she had done something wrong. That must be why Adam couldn’t love her. She could tell from the way he touched her at night, huffing and puffing, looking at anything but her. She knew she could never please him. His appetite was fierce, aggressive, and she could never seem to quench it. And worse, not only had she deprived him of a son, but she had given him three daughters instead. <b>She didn’t deserve his love. She wasn’t worthy</b>	145			v	
110.	<i>Life here isn’t so different from life back home, with all the cooking, cleaning, folding, and ironing. And the women here—they live no better. They still scrub floors and raise children and wait on men to order them around. A part of me hoped that women would be liberated in this country. But you were right, Mama. A woman will always be a woman.</i>	146			v	
111.	But Isra worried no amount of shrinking would prevent Adam’s anger now. He was the eldest; <b>he was expected to have the first grandson. But now he hadn’t, and it was all her fault.</b>	147			v	
112.	Adam reached out to touch her. He traced the outline of her face, almost as if daring her to move. But she kept still. She closed her eyes, waited for him to stop, to step away and go to bed. But then, all at once, it came. He slapped her. What terrified Isra most was not the force of his palm against her face. <b>It was the voice inside her head telling her to be still—not the stillness itself, but the ease of it, how naturally it came to her.</b>	148		v		
113.	She drew a breath and started again. “The truth is, I wasn’t a virgin.” Deya stared at her with wide eyes. “In Teta’s house? How . . . how could you?” Sarah’s face grew red, and she looked away. “I’m sorry—I’m not trying to judge you or anything. It’s just, all I can think of is Teta’s face. Seedo beating you. Maybe even a knife at your throat. <b>Our reputation would’ve been ruined if people found out.</b> ”	150			v	
114.	Adam put his fork down and looked up at her. “Go out to Fifth Avenue on your own? Surely that’s out of the question.” Isra stared at him. <b>“You want to take a stroll down the block? Sure. But there’s no reason for you to be out on Fifth Avenue alone. A young girl like</b>	151	v			

	<p><b>you on the streets? Someone would take advantage of you. So many corrupt people in this country. Besides, we have a reputation here. What will Arabs say if they see my young wife wandering the streets alone? You need anything, my parents will get it for you.</b>" He pushed himself up from the table.</p> <p><i>"Fahmeh? Do you understand?"</i></p>					
115.	<p>"On the family you're from. I know many Arab families who firmly believe in educating their women, and I've met some who graduated from college and have good jobs. But I think in my case, if I'd married a man my parents chose for me, who thinks the way my parents think, then <b>he probably wouldn't have let me go to college or work. He would've wanted me to stay at home and raise children instead.</b>"</p>	152	v			
116.	<p>"That all sounds great in theory," Deya said. "But this isn't a Dr. Phil show. What am I supposed to do? Ignore my grandparents and do whatever I want? It's not that simple. <b>I have to listen to them. I don't have a choice.</b>"</p>	153		v		
117.	<p>Sarah clucked her tongue. "I'm serious, Deya. You know what you have right now? The entire world at your fingertips. You can go home and tell my mother, 'I'm not getting married right now. No matter how many suitors you find me, I refuse to marry any of them. I'm going to college first!'"</p> <p><b>"I can't say that."</b></p> <p>"Why not?"</p> <p><b>"Because there's no way Fareeda will let me go to college."</b></p> <p>"What is she going to do if you apply to college and get accepted? Stand at the door every morning and stop you from going to class?"</p> <p><b>"I don't know what she'll do, but I don't want to find out."</b></p> <p>"Why not? What do you have to lose?"</p> <p><b>"I don't know . . . I don't know. But I don't want to upset her. I can't just defy her. I'm scared . . ."</b></p>	154		v		
118.	<p>"There are things in this life no one should see," Fareeda said.</p> <p><b>"When I was your age, I never let anyone see my shame."</b></p>	158			v	
119.	<p>As she turned to leave, Fareeda grabbed her elbow and pulled her close, thrusting the bottle of foundation into her hands. <b>"What happens between a husband and wife must stay between them. Always. No matter what."</b></p>	159			v	
120.	<p><b>What happened between a husband and wife must stay between them, not from fear or respect, as Isra had initially thought, but shame.</b></p>	159			v	

121.	Isra sometimes wondered if she was possessed. It was possible. <b>She'd heard countless stories growing up about a jinn entering a person's body, making her do unseemly things—commit violence or murder, or, most often, go mad.</b> Isra had seen it with her own eyes as a child. Their neighbor, Umm Hassan, had collapsed to the floor one afternoon after learning that her son had been killed by an Israeli soldier on his way home from school. Her eyes had rolled back in her head, her hands pounded her own face wildly, her body shook. Later that night, news had reached Isra that Umm Hassan had been found dead in her home, that she had swallowed her tongue and died. But Mama had told Isra the truth: a jinn had entered Umm Hassan's body and sucked the life from her, killing her. She wondered if the same thing was happening to her now, only more slowly. If it was, she deserved it.	160			v	
122.	When Adam came home and asked for dinner, she nodded, eager to please, and <b>when he reached across the bed to touch her, she let him, and when he chose to beat her instead, she said nothing,</b> sucking down her words. And again <b>she said nothing to Fareeda's constant demands,</b> even when her body ached from all the housework. <b>What did the rest of it matter then—what she thought or felt, whether she was obedient or defiant—if she could not do something as basic as speaking her mind?</b>	161			v	
123.	<b>"She must have done something wrong,"</b> Fareeda said into the phone, both feet propped up on the kitchen table, a small smile on her face. Umm Ahmed's eldest daughter, Fatima, was getting divorced.	162				v
124.	"Not that there's much competition between you girls, anyway," Fareeda said, licking her fingers. <b>"Have you seen Hannah's dark skin and course hair? And the girl is barely five feet tall. You're much prettier."</b>	162		v		
125.	She thought back to when <b>Mama used to compare her to other girls,</b> saying she was nothing but stick and bones, that no man would want to marry her. She'd tell Isra to eat more, and when she gained weight, she'd tell her to eat less, and when she went outside, she'd tell her to stay out of the sun so her skin wouldn't get dark. <b>Mama had looked at her so often then, scanning her from head to toe to ensure she was in good condition. To ensure that a man would find her worthy.</b>	162		v		
126.	"Well, don't be <i>so</i> excited," said Fareeda. Sarah shrugged. "You're fifteen now. <b>Marriage is around the corner. You need to start preparing.</b> "	163	v			

127.	<p>“I’m going to go to college.”</p> <p>“College? Do you think your father and I will let you leave the house alone so you can turn into an American?”</p> <p>“It isn’t like that. Everyone goes to college here!”</p> <p>“Oh, yeah? And what do you suppose everyone back home will think when they find out our daughter is roaming the streets of New York alone? Think of our reputation.”</p> <p>“Reputation? Why don’t my brothers have to worry about our reputation? No one prevents Omar and Ali from roaming the streets alone, doing as they please. Baba had to practically beg Ali to go to college!”</p> <p><b>“You can’t compare yourself to your brothers,” Fareeda said. “You’re not a man.”</b></p>	163			v	
128.	<p><b>“Fair or not, no girl of mine is going to college. Fahmeh?”</b> She moved closer, her open palm twitching. “Do you understand me? Sarah took a step back. “Yes, Mama.”</p>	163	v			
129.	<p><b>“Instead of worrying about college, why don’t you learn a thing or two about being a woman. You have your sisters-in-law here. Did any of them go to college?”</b> Sarah mumbled something under her breath, but Fareeda didn’t seem to notice. “As a matter of fact,” she said, turning to leave, <b>“from now on you can cook dinner with Isra every night.”</b> She met Isra’s eyes. <b>“You’ll make sure she knows how to make every dish properly.”</b></p>	164		v		
130.	<p>Isra kept her gaze averted. <b>“Husbands beat their wives all the time back home. If a woman called the cops every time her husband beat her, all our men would be in jail.”</b></p>	165			v	
131.	<p>“It doesn’t work like that, Sarah,” Isra whispered. <b>“There is no government in Palestine. It’s an occupied country. There’s no one to call. And even if there was a police, they’d drag you back to your husband and he’d beat you some more for leaving.”</b></p>	165	v			
132.	<p>Not only because there was no government protection, but because <b>women were raised to believe they were worthless, shameful creatures who deserved to get beaten, who were made to depend on the men who beat them.</b></p>	165			v	
133.	<p>“I don’t understand,” Sarah said to Fareeda, who had stopped to open the pantry yet again. <b>“Why do you wait for Baba to bring groceries every Sunday?”</b></p>	169	v			
134.	<p><b>“What would I look like, sending my unmarried daughter to the market by herself? Do you want the neighbors to start talking?”</b></p>	170	v			



	<b>Saying my daughter is out and about alone, that I don't know how to raise her?"</b>					
135.	Fareeda scoffed and turned to Nadine. "Tell me, Nadine," she said. "Did <i>you</i> ever dare ask your mother to go to the supermarket alone back home?" "Of course not," Nadine said with a smirk. "And you—" Fareeda turned to Isra. "Did you ever step foot in Ramallah without your mother?" Isra shook her head. "You see," Fareeda said. <b>"That's how it's done. You ask any woman, and she'll tell you."</b>	170	v			
136.	She couldn't possibly take control of her life. And it wasn't Adam's fault but her own. It was her fault for asking Sarah to bring her books, for reading them obsessively in this way. <b>She was to blame for raising her expectations of the world, for not focusing on Adam and her daughters instead, for dreaming and wanting too much. Or maybe it was her books' fault for turning her mind the way they had. For tempting her to disobey Mama as a young girl, to believe in love and happiness, and now, for taunting her over her greatest weakness: that she had no control over her own life.</b>	176			v	
137.	"Really," Fareeda said now, <b>"why aren't you pregnant again? What are you waiting for? You still need a son, you know."</b>	181		v		
138.	"You've been saying that for months! You're not getting any younger, you know. And neither is Isra. What do you think will happen if you get a fourth girl? <b>You think you're going to just stop trying for a son? Of course not! That's why it's important to hurry.</b> "	182		v		
139.	First, he'd beat her loud and hard, shaking with rage. Then he'd reach out to touch her again, only slightly softer this time, pushing himself inside her. <b>She'd shut her eyes tight, clench her fists, and keep still in hopes she might just disappear.</b>	182		v		
140.	"Why are those boys speaking to you?" Mama said. It was strange to hear words leave her mouth with such force. "They're in my class, Mama." "Why are you talking to boys in your class?" "They're my friends." "Friends?" Deya nodded and lowered her eyes to the ground. <b>"You can't be friends with boys! Did I raise a <i>sharmouta</i>?"</b>	184	v			

	Deya stumbled back, struck by the word. “No, Mama, I didn’t do anything—” “ <i>Uskuti!</i> You know you’re not allowed to speak to boys! What were you thinking? You’re an Arab girl. Do you understand? An <i>Arab</i> girl.”				
141.	Fareeda sliced the <i>knafa</i> into small rectangles and sprinkled them with crushed pistachios. She glanced at Sarah. “What are you wearing?” “Clothes.” Fareeda moved closer. “Are you smartmouthing me?” “It’s jeans and a T-shirt, Mama. What’s the big deal?” “Go upstairs and change,” Fareeda said. “ <b>Put your cream-colored dress on. It flatters your skin. Hurry.</b> ” As Sarah turned to leave, she couldn’t help but add, “ <b>And fix your hair, too.</b> ”	193		√	
142.	“Are you saying you would let me go to college?” “I don’t see why not.” She blinked at him. “What about after college? Would you let me work?” Nasser stared at her. “ <b>Why would you need to work? You’ll be well provided for.</b> ” “But what if I want to work with my degree?” “ <b>If both of us were working, then who would raise the children?</b> ”	195	√		
143.	“Why do I have to stay at home and raise the children? Why do I have to give up my dreams?” “ <b>Because one of us has to do it,</b> ” Nasser said, seeming confused. “ <b>And of course that should be the mother. It’s only natural.</b> ” “Excuse me?” “What? It’s true. I’m not trying	196		√	
144.	“When a girl gets married, she puts a big X on her parents’ door.” Fareeda drew the letter with her index finger as large as she could in front of her. “A very big X.” Nadine stared at her, fingering the tips of her hair. “ <b>No man wants a wife still stuck up her family’s back end when she should be home cooking and cleaning.</b> ” Fareeda spit out her gum, squashed it into a tissue. “ <b>Believe me, I’ll kick Sarah right back into her husband’s lap if she starts coming around here after she’s married.</b> ”	199			√
145.	<b>MOTHER OF FOUR MURDERED IN BROOKLYN BASEMENT</b> <b>Brooklyn, NY. October 17, 1997</b> —Isra Ra’ad, twenty-five-yearold mother of four, was found beaten to death in Bay Ridge late	204			√

	Wednesday night. The victim appeared to have been beaten by her husband, thirty-eight-year-old Adam Ra'ad, who fled the scene of the crime. Police found his body in the East River Thursday morning after witnesses saw him jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.				
146.	But lately Isra had finally understood why she couldn't manage, why she constantly felt as though she were drifting far out to sea. She understood that life was nothing but a dark melody, playing over and over again. A track stuck on repeat. That was all she would ever amount to. <b>Worse was that her daughters would repeat it, and she was to blame.</b>	207			v
147.	"Roll your eyes all you want," Fareeda said. <b>"But marriage is the single most important part of a woman's life, and there's nothing you can do about it."</b>	211			v
148.	"I'm not going to let anyone control me." "No one will control you," Isra said, but her tone betrayed her. "Maybe you can lie to yourself, but you don't fool me." Though her books had shown her otherwise, the old words spilled out. <b>"This is the life of a woman, you know."</b>	213			v
149.	Her powerlessness even comforted her somehow. <b>Knowing that she couldn't change things—that she didn't have a choice—made living it more bearable.</b> She realized she was a coward, but she also knew a person could only do so much. <b>She couldn't change centuries of culture on her own, and neither could Sarah.</b>	214			v
150.	"There you go again with your smart remarks." Fareeda's eyes were bulging. She snatched the book from Sarah's fingers, flung it across the room. "Just wait!" she said, turning to leave. <b>"Just wait until I find a man to take you off my shoulders. Wallahi, I don't care if he's old and fat. I'm giving you away to the first man who agrees to take you!"</b>	215			v
151.	An old woman washing dishes— it was disgraceful! <b>With four teenage girls in the house, she should have been giving orders like a queen.</b> But she still had to cook and clean, still had to pick up after them. She shook her head. Fareeda couldn't understand how her granddaughters had turned out so unlike her, so unlike their mother.	217			v
152.	Unlike Sarah's disappearance, Isra's murder was not something she had been able to hide from the community. By morning, the news had traveled all over Bay Ridge, had even made it to Palestine. Khaled and Fareeda's son had murdered his wife. Khaled and Fareeda's son had committed suicide. <b>Their shame was terrible.</b>	218			v

153.	<b>If anyone found out that Sarah had left, disappeared into the streets of America, their family's honor would have been ruined.</b>	220			v	
154.	“He was drunk, completely out of his mind. That night, I heard him screaming from upstairs. I found him on the floor, shaking beside your mother’s body. I was terrified. I begged him to leave before the police came. I told him to pack his bags and run, that I would take care of you all. But he just looked at me. I don’t even know that he could hear me. And the next thing I knew, the police were at my door, saying they’d found my son’s body in the river.” <b>“You tried to cover for him?” Deya said in disbelief. “How could you cover for him? What’s wrong with you?”</b>	221				v
155.	“You know,” Fareeda said after a moment, “Arabs use the term <i>majnoon</i> to mean madness, but if you break the word apart, what do you see?” Deya only looked at her. <b>“The word <i>jinn</i>,” Fareeda said, settling back in her seat. “Madness is derived from the jinn, an evil spirit inside you. Therapy and medicine can’t fix that.”</b>	223			v	
156.	<b>With four teenage girls in the house, she should have been giving orders like a queen</b>	223				v
157.	She could smell the beer on him every night now. <b>Perhaps that’s why he beat her more regularly. But sometimes it was her fault. Sometimes she provoked him.</b>	224		v		
158.	Adam sighed. “Well, are you going to say something?” “I’m just worried about the kind of lives our daughters will have. If they’ll have any choices.” He stared at her. “What kind of choices?” “I just wonder if they’ll be expected to be married at a young age.” <b>“Well, of course,” he said sharply. “What else would they do?”</b>	225		v		
159.	“A choice? What for?” “I don’t know. I’m just afraid they won’t be happy.” “Listen closely, because I won’t say this again. <b>My daughters are Arabs. Are we clear? Arabs. If I ever hear any talk of choices again, I’ll make sure they wake up to your screams.</b> I’ll make sure they see what happens when a woman disobeys her husband. <i>Fahmeh?</i> Do you understand me?”	226	v			
160.	She turned from him, but he smashed her head into the headboard. Then he grabbed her by the hair and dragged her into their daughters’ bedroom. “Stop, please! The girls—” “What’s the matter? You don’t want them to see? <b>Maybe it’s time they see what it means to be a woman.</b> ”	226		v		

161.	“Listen closely, because I won’t say this again. My daughters are Arabs. Are we clear? <i>Arabs</i> . <b>If I ever hear any talk of choices again, I’ll make sure they wake up to your screams. I’ll make sure they see what happens when a woman disobeys her husband. <i>Fahmeh</i>? Do you understand me?”</b>	226	v			
162.	<b>Palestine or America—wherever she looked, she was only reminded of how powerless she was.</b> All she’d wanted in this life was to find happiness, and now it was clear that she never would, and just thinking of that fact made her want to stand dead in the middle of the road until someone ran her over.	227			v	
163.	<b>She could picture Adam now, his eyes bulging, his jaw clenching and unclenching. She could feel his fingers around her arms, squeezing tight. Feel him shoving her against the wall, pulling her hair, slapping her across the face. Feel his fingers around her throat, her skin starting to numb, could see the room going white. No. She couldn’t face him</b>	227		v		
164.	How could she have been so naive to think she could ever be happy? She should’ve listened to Mama. <b>Happiness was something people made up in books, and she had been foolish to believe she could ever find it in the real world</b>	228			v	
165.	She didn’t know who to call. In those seconds, holding the phone to her ear, Isra’s loneliness was the clearest it had ever been. She knew she couldn’t call Palestine without a phone card, and besides, <b>what would Mama say except to go home at once, to stop parading her shame for the whole world to see?</b>	228				v
166.	“I don’t know,” Isra said. “He was trying to help me, and—” “Tell me,” Khaled cut her off. <b>“What kind of decent woman leaves her house in the middle of the night?”</b>	229	v			
167.	“We don’t know anything,” Khaled said. <b>“Only a <i>sharmouta</i> leaves her house in the middle of the night.”</b> Isra was too tired to fight anymore. She leaned her head back, nauseated by her own helplessness. “That’s enough!” Fareeda snapped. “Look at the girl’s head.” “She could’ve hit her head on the sidewalk,” Khaled said. “She could’ve just been with another man, and <i>he</i> could’ve done this to her. How do we know she’s telling the truth?”	229		v		
168.	Khaled sighed. <b>“She shouldn’t have left the house like that.”</b> He met Isra’s eyes in the rearview mirror. <b>“A woman’s place is her home. Do you understand?”</b> Isra didn’t reply. “Do you understand?” he said more loudly.	230			v	

169.	Isra felt a tide of helplessness spread through her as she thought of her life. She hadn't asked for much. Why couldn't she get it? <b>She must have done something to deserve her miserable fate, only she didn't know what, so she didn't know how to fix it.</b>	230			v	
170.	Only Fareeda hadn't given him the son he had dreamed of, the young man who would help him find food and water, who would help him cope with the burden of their family's loss, who would carry on the family's name. She had given him <i>balwas</i> instead—not one but two. She had known, even before seeing the mournful look on his face, that he would be disappointed. She hadn't blamed him. <b>The shame of her gender was engraved on her bones.</b>	231			v	
171.	<b>“Sarah is slim, with fair skin and soft hair. She knows how to cook, clean, iron, sew. I mean, for goodness sake, she's the only girl in a family of men. She's practically been trained for wifedom her entire life!”</b>	235		v		
172.	<b>“All the girls in your class have had marriage proposals,”</b> Fareeda said, waving her hands. <b>“All but you!”</b> Sarah took a step back, stealing a glance at Isra. “It doesn't make sense. Umm Fadi is turning down suitors for her daughter left and right. Umm Ali's daughter is already engaged, and she's hideous. Even Hannah is married!”	237				v
173.	“Come here!” Fareeda reached out, grabbed Sarah's hair, and pulled it hard. <b>“This is what I get for not beating you more often! I must have raised a <i>sharmouta</i>! That's why no one will come near us! That's why I still have an eighteen-year-old girl sitting in my face!”</b> She pulled on her hair again, harder this time, jerked her head toward the ground.	237		v		
174.	<b>“I'll show you what you get for disobeying me!”</b> She took off her slipper and slammed it against Sarah's body, over and over, her jaw clenching each time the slipper struck her daughter's skin. It wasn't fair! Sarah tried to crawl away, but Fareeda stooped down and seized her, pushing her into the ground with all her might. The next thing she knew, her hands were clutched around Sarah's throat, all ten fingers digging in as if kneading a chunk of dough.	238		v		
175.	<b>“Hannah told him she wanted a divorce,”</b> Fareeda said, her voice cracking. <b>“He says he doesn't know what happened. They found him standing over her body with a knife.”</b>	240				v
176.	She had told Isra once, years ago when Adam first beat her, that <b>a woman was put on this earth to please her husband. Even if he was wrong, she had said, a woman must be patient. A woman must endure.</b> And Isra had understood why Fareeda said it. Just like	240			v	

	Mama, she believed silence was the only way. That it was safer to submit than speak up.					
177.	Isra shook her head. She wished she could tell Sarah the truth: that even though she willed herself not to, she secretly resented her daughters for being girls, couldn't even look at them without stirring up shame. <b>She wanted to say that it was a shame that had been passed down to her and cultivated in her since she was in the womb, that she couldn't shake it off even if she tried.</b>	247			v	
178.	Every time she tried to talk to her sisters, she'd clench up, racked with nerves and anger. To them, nothing had really changed. Nora had even said as much one night while trying to comfort Deya. <b>Their parents might as well have died in a car accident, she'd said; they needed to move on.</b> Deya hadn't been that kind of person before; she definitely wasn't now.	250				v
179.	<b>"I told you sending her to a public school was a bad idea, that you should homeschool her,</b> but you didn't listen. And for what? So she could learn English and help you with doctor appointments?" He snorted and shook his head. "But that's what you get for being easy on her, on all of them. Everyone except me."	253		v		
180.	After all, <b>hadn't she raised her children the same way her parents had raised her? Hadn't she taught them what it meant to be tough, resilient? Hadn't she taught them what it meant to be Arab, to always put family first?</b> Not to run away, for goodness sake. She couldn't be blamed for their weaknesses. For this country and its low morals.	254			v	
181.	If Sarah had come to Fareeda as a married woman and said, "Mama, my husband beats me and I'm unhappy," would Fareeda have told her to leave him, to get a divorce? Fareeda knew she wouldn't have. What had Umm Ahmed been thinking? Fareeda knew that <b>no matter what any woman said, culture could not be escaped. Even if it meant tragedy. Even if it meant death.</b>	254			v	
182.	<i>Why am I even writing this now? Even if I mailed this off to you, what good would it do? Would you help me, Mama? Tell me, what would you do? Only I know what you would do. You'd tell me, Be patient, endure. You'd tell me that women everywhere are suffering, and that no pain is worse than being divorced, a world of shame on my shoulders. You'd tell me to make it work for my kids. My girls. To be patient so I don't bring them shame. So I don't ruin their lives. But don't you see, Mama? Don't you see? I'm ruining their lives anyway. I'm ruining them.</i>	256				v

183.	<i>No. Not God. Not Adam. I am to blame. I am the one who can't pull myself together, who can't smile at my children, who can't be happy. It's me. There's something wrong with me, Mama. Something dark lurking in me. I feel it from the moment I wake up until the moment I sleep, something sluggish dragging me under, suffocating me. Why do I feel this way? Do you think I am possessed? <b>A jinn inside me. It must be.</b></i>	256			√	
184.	All she knew was that she was afraid of what would become of her, of how much her daughters would come to resent her, of how, even though she knew she was wrong, she couldn't stop hurting them. Is this what Adam felt, Isra wondered, when he came into the room at night, ripping off his belt and whipping her? Did he feel powerless, too? Like he needed to stop but couldn't, like he was the worst person on earth? Only he wasn't the worst person on earth. <b>She was, and she deserved to get beaten for all of it.</b>	257			√	
185.	<b>The voice cautioned her to surrender, be quiet, endure. It told her that standing up for herself would only lead to disappointment when she lost the battle. That the things she wanted for herself were a fight she could never win. That it was safer to surrender and do what she was supposed to do.</b>	265			√	
186.	By the time the school year started again, so many weeks had passed since Sarah had left that Isra was surprised when Adam told her: <b>he was taking the girls out of public school.</b> <b>"These American schools will corrupt our daughters,"</b> Adam said, swaying in the bedroom doorway. Isra was in bed. She pulled the blanket closer, feeling a sudden chill. "But the school year just started," she whispered. "Where will they go?" "An Islamic school has just opened on Fourth Avenue. Madrast al-Noor. School of Light. They start next month."	267		√		



No.	Quotation	Page	Self-Definition		
			Self-Valuation and Respect	Self-Reliance and Independence	Personal Empowerment
1.	She had once asked one of her classmates, Yusra, to buy her an Eminem CD because she knew Fareeda would never allow it. Yusra’s family wasn’t as strict as Deya’s grandparents, who only allowed her to listen to Arabic music. Yusra smuggled the Eminem CD to her in school, and Deya listened to it obsessively. <b>She identified with the rapper’s tension, admired his defiant attitude and courageous voice.</b>	77	√		
2.	“But it is about real life,” Isra said. <b>“It’s about the strength and resilience of women. No one asks Scheherazade to marry the king. She volunteers on behalf of all women to save the daughters of Muslims everywhere. For a thousand and one nights, Scheherazade’s stories were resistance. Her voice was a weapon—a reminder of the extraordinary power of stories, and even more, the strength of a single woman.”</b>	89	√		
3.	“Do you think I have a choice? I don’t! You, of all people, should understand that.” “I do understand. That’s why I had to see you.” “I don’t see how you can help me,” Deya said. “If you could, you would have helped yourself.” “But I <i>did</i> help myself.” “How?” Sarah spoke slowly, a half smile on her lips. <b>“I haven’t been in Palestine this entire time, or at all, in fact. I never got married.”</b>	118		√	
4.	<b>“I ran away from home before my mother could marry me off. That’s why I never visited all these years. That’s why I had to reach out to you in secret.”</b> Deya stared at her in disbelief. “You ran away from Teta’s house? How?” <b>“I waited until the last day of senior year, and then I left. I got on the school bus and never came back. I’ve been living on my own ever since.”</b>	128			√
5.	<b>“But I managed. I stayed with a friend for the first year until I could afford to live on my own. Then I rented a small apartment in Staten Island. I worked two jobs to pay for community college and changed my last name so no one could find me.”</b>	128			√
6.	Deya didn’t know whether she found weakness or courage in his answer. <b>“I’d like to think I have more control over my life,” she said. “I want to believe I actually have a choice.”</b>	141	√		
7.	“Something like that.” Sarah looked toward the window. “Growing up in that family was hard, being treated differently than my brothers because I was a girl,	151	√		

	waking up every morning knowing my future was limited. Knowing I was so different from most of the other kids at school. It was more than loneliness. Sometimes I think it was the opposite of loneliness, too, like there were too many people around me, forced connections, that <b>I needed a little isolation to think on my own, to be my own person.</b> Does that make sense?"				
8.	<b>“Courage will get you everywhere, so long as you believe in yourself and what you stand for,”</b> said Sarah. <b>“You don’t know what your life will be like, and neither do I. The only thing I know for sure is that you alone are in control of your destiny. No one else. You have the power to make your life whatever you want it to be, and in order to do that, you have to find the courage to stand up for yourself, even if you’re standing alone.”</b>	153		√	
9.	“You always have a choice. You’re always in control. Have you ever heard of a self-fulfilling prophecy?” Deya sighed irritably. “I’ve read about it.” <b>“It says we attract what we think. Whatever belief a person has about the future comes true because the person believes it.”</b>	153		√	
10.	<b>“What I’m trying to say is that if you believe you have power over your life, then you ultimately will. And if you believe you don’t, then you won’t.”</b>	153		√	
11.	“You shouldn’t let him touch you,” Sarah said. Though her voice was low, Isra could hear her anger. “You have to stand up for yourself.” “He didn’t mean to. He was just having a bad day.” <b>“A bad day? Are you kidding me? You know domestic abuse is illegal here, right? If a man ever put his hands on me, I’d call the cops right away. It’s one thing for our parents to hit us, but after marriage, as a grown woman?”</b>	165		√	
12.	“Maybe that’s the way it should be,” Sarah said. “Maybe if our women stood up for themselves and called the cops, their husbands wouldn’t beat them.”	165			√
13.	Isra nodded. <b>“Ever since I started reading again, I feel like I’m in a trance, or maybe like I’ve come out of one. Something has come over me—I don’t know how to describe it—it might sound dramatic, but I feel hopeful for the first time in years.</b> I don’t know why exactly, but I have you to thank for it.”	178	√		
14.	For so many years she had believed that if a woman was good enough, obedient enough, she might be worthy of a man’s love. But now, <b>reading her books, she was beginning to find a different kind of love.</b> A love that came from inside her, one she felt when she was all alone, reading by the window. And through this love, she was beginning to believe, <b>for the first time in her life, that maybe she was worthy after all.</b>	181	√		
15.	“Never mind the number. My point is that Adam needs a son, and you need to get pregnant soon to give him one.” “I’m only twenty-one,” Isra said, startled by the defiance in her tone.	182		√	

	<p>“And I already have three children. Why can’t I wait a little?”</p> <p>“Why wait? Why not just get them out of the way?”</p> <p>“Because I wouldn’t be able to raise another kid right now.”</p>				
16.	<p>“I know it sounds selfish, but I was finally starting to feel like a person, like I had a purpose, like there was something else in my life besides raising children all day and waiting for Adam to come home.”</p>	190		√	
17.	<p>“I want to read something written by a woman.”</p> <p>“Sure. We’ve already read lots of books written by women,” Sarah said. “Do you have a specific author in mind?”</p> <p>“Not really.”</p> <p>“A specific book, then?”</p> <p>Isra shook her head. “I was hoping you’d help. I want to read a book about someone like me.”</p> <p>Sarah blinked at her. “Like you how?”</p> <p>“I don’t know. But I want to read a book about what it really means to be a woman.”</p>	190	√		
18.	<p>She had the sudden urge to take her words back, but she made herself go on. She could hear Sarah’s voice in her ear: <i>Be brave. Speak up for what you want.</i> She turned to meet Nasser’s eyes. “<b>What I mean is, I’m not ready to get married. I want to go to college first.</b>”</p>	195			√
19.	<p>Isra’s story would not become theirs. She ran until she reached the bus stop, telling herself again and again: <i>I will not repeat my mother’s life.</i> As the bus turned the corner and she watched her sisters climb down its steps, <b>Deya realized that Sarah was right: her life was her own, and only she controlled it.</b></p>	205		√	
20.	<p>That her books had finally taught her the truth: love was not something a man could give you, and she didn’t want her daughters thinking it was? That she couldn’t let her daughters grow up hoping a man would save them? <b>She knew she had to teach them how to love themselves, that this was the only way they had a chance at happiness.</b></p>	208		√	
21.	<p>“I don’t want to get married. She can’t force me!”</p> <p>“Lower your voice. She’ll hear you.”</p> <p>“I don’t care if she hears me. This is America. She can’t force me to get married!”</p> <p>“Yes, she can,” Isra whispered. “She’ll punish you if you defy her.”</p> <p>“<b>What could she possibly do? Beat me? I’ll take a beating daily if it means avoiding marriage.</b>”</p> <p>Isra shook her head. “Sarah, I don’t think you understand. It won’t be a single beating by Fareeda. Soon your father and brothers will start beating you, too. Then how long will you stand it?”</p>	212		√	

	Sarah crossed her arms. “For as long as it takes.”				
22.	<p>“I’ll stand up for myself! I’ll refuse!”</p> <p>“It won’t matter. Fareeda won’t listen.”</p> <p><b>“Then I’ll tell the man myself! I’ll look him straight in the eyes and say, ‘I don’t want to marry you. I’ll make your life a living hell.’”</b></p>	213			v
23.	<p>Isra thought back to the previous night, when she had put an extra spoonful of coriander in the <i>mulukhiya</i> to irritate him. “What’s wrong?” she had asked innocently as he spat out his food. When he shook his head angrily, pushing the bowl away, she kept a straight face, but inside she had been ecstatic at her small revenge. <b>If overseasoning his food was the only thing within her power, then she would do that for as long as she could.</b></p>	224			v
24.	<p>Later she would think it was her books that had made her do it. All the feelings that had silenced her for so long—denial, shame, fear, unworthiness—were no longer enough. As soon as she heard the water running, she went back into the girls’ bedroom. She opened the window. The cool air was harsh against her skin. She climbed out. <b>As soon as her feet hit the cement, she ran.</b></p>	226			v
25.	<p>Nora said running away was a bad idea, that it wouldn’t bring back their parents, that it would only isolate them more. Layla had agreed, adding that they’d been sheltered their entire lives, and would never be able to survive on their own. They had no money. They had nowhere to go. Amal only nodded as the other two spoke, her eyes large and teary. They were sorry, they told her. But they were too afraid. Deya had said she was afraid, too. <b>The difference was, she was also afraid of staying.</b></p>	233	v		
26.	<p>“Listen to me.” Sarah cut her off. <b>“You want to go to college, make your own choices, fine. Do that. You don’t want to get married? Then don’t. Put your foot down—refuse. Have the courage to speak up for yourself. Leaving your family is not the answer. Running away is cowardly, and you’d regret it for the rest of your life. What if you never see your sisters again? Never see their children? Is that what you want? Living your life as an outcast? You can do this the right way, Deya. You don’t have to lose your family.”</b></p>	234		v	
27.	<p>Sarah grabbed her hand. “I’m only telling you what I wish someone had told me—that running away is not the answer.”</p> <p>“Then what is?”</p> <p><b>“Only you know that. You have to shove your fears and worries aside and listen to that clear voice in your head.”</b></p>	234		v	
28.	<p>“We only want what’s best for you.”</p> <p><b>“Best for us?” The loudness of her voice startled her, but she kept going. “If you wanted what’s best for us, you would let me go to college. You wouldn’t force me to get married to a stranger. You wouldn’t risk putting</b></p>	241			v

	<b>me in a situation where that man might kill me, and everyone would look the other way! How could you want that life for me?"</b>				
29.	<p>"I can't do this anymore."          "What do you mean?"  <b>"This." Sarah pointed to the pot of stuffed cabbage leaves between them. "This isn't life. I don't want to live like this."</b>          Isra stared at her. "But there is no other life, Sarah. You know that."          "For you, maybe. But there is for me."</p>	245	v		
30.	<p>Sarah laughed. "What do you suppose will happen to me if I accept one of the proposals my mother wants? Do you think I'll ever be loved? Respected? Accomplished? Tell me, do you?"          "No."          "How is that not hurting me? That's why I refuse to listen to my family anymore."          Isra stared at her in horror. "What are you saying?"  <b>Sarah looked briefly at the door before whispering, "I'm running away."</b></p>	248			v
31.	<p>"I can take care of myself," Sarah said. Then, in a softer voice, she added, "You can take care of yourself, too. We can take care of each other."          Their eyes met. <b>"If you're not strong enough to do it for yourself, then do it for your daughters."</b></p>	248		v	
32.	<p>Sarah looked at her with sad eyes. "You'll regret this, you know. Your daughters will grow up, and they'll hate you for your weakness." She walked away, pausing at the doorway. "And don't think they'll understand, because they won't. They'll never see you as a victim. <b>You're supposed to be the one who protects them.</b>"</p>	249		v	
33.	<p>It was so obvious she couldn't understand how she hadn't realized it before, but reading her mother's words, Deya finally saw how much she resembled Isra. She, too, had spent her life trying to please her family, desperate for their validation and approval. She, too, had let fear of disappointing them stand in her way. <b>But seeking approval had not worked for Isra, and Deya could see now that it would not work for her either.</b></p>	264	v		
34.	<p>The old voice was no longer strong enough to hold her back—Deya knew this now. She knew this voice that she had always taken as the absolute truth was actually the very thing preventing her from achieving everything she wanted. The voice was the lie, and all the things she wanted for herself were the truth, perhaps the most important truth in the world. <b>And because of this she had to stand up for herself. She had to fight. She had to. The fight was worth everything if it meant finally having a voice.</b></p>	265	v		

35.	Perhaps her life would be more than it was now if she hadn't tried so hard to live up to her grandparents' opinion of her. <b>It was more important to honor her own values in life, to live her own dreams and her own vision, than to allow others to choose that path for her</b> , even if standing up for herself was terrifying. That was what she must do. What did it matter if her grandparents were mad? What did it matter if she defied her community? What did it matter if people thought negatively of her? What did all these people's opinions of her life matter? She needed to follow her own path in life. She needed to apply to college.	265		v	
36.	<b>"I'm going to tell Teta that marriage can wait,"</b> Deya said. "And if she doesn't listen, then I'll just scare them away." Sarah laughed, but Deya saw fear in her eyes. "Promise me you'll go to college. No matter what Fareeda says." "I promise."	266		v	
37.	"There is," Deya said. "I know I've been angry at you a lot over the past few months, but that doesn't mean I'm not grateful for everything you've done. I should say it more. <b>You reached out to me when I was all alone. You told me the truth when no one else would. Even when I was mad, you stood by me. You've been an incredible friend.</b> If my mother was here, she'd thank you, too."	266	v		
38.	Deya stood and hugged her aunt tight. As Sarah walked her out, Deya said, "By the way, I've been thinking about what you told me, about courage. Do you think maybe you'll feel better if you have courage, too?" "Courage to do what?" "To come back home." Sarah blinked at her. <b>"I know you want to. All you have to do is come knock on the door."</b> <b>"I . . . I don't know,"</b> <b>"You can do it," Deya said, turning to leave. "I'll be waiting for you."</b>	266	v		
39.	On her knees on the floor, she could barely breathe. Blood leaked from her nose and down her chin. But she wiped her face and told herself <b>she would take a beating every night if it meant standing up for her girls.</b>	269			v
40.	<b>"I got accepted into a college in Manhattan," Deya had told her, keeping her voice steady. "I'm going."</b> "Manhattan?" She could see fear in Fareeda's eyes. "I know you're worried about me out there, but I've navigated the city on my own every time I've visited Sarah. I promise to come home straight after class. You can trust me. You need to trust me." Fareeda eyed her. "What about marriage?"	270			v

	<b>“Marriage can wait. After everything I know now, do you think I’m just going to sit here and let you marry me off? Nothing you say will change my mind.”</b>				
41.	“She told me to learn. She said this was the only way to make my own <i>naseeb</i> .” “But, daughter, we don’t control our <i>naseeb</i> . Our destiny comes for us. That’s what <i>naseeb</i> means.” <b>“That’s not true. My destiny is in my hands. Men make these sorts of choices all the time. Now I’m going to as well.”</b>	271		√	
42.	“She wants to see you, you know,” Deya whispered. “She’s sorry, and she wants to come back home. But she’s afraid . . . she’s afraid you haven’t changed.” Fareeda looked away, wiping tears from her eyes. <b>“Tell her I’ve changed, daughter. Tell her I’m sorry.”</b>	271			√
43.	Since Adam had beaten her to a pulp over the girls’ schooling, she had become increasingly afraid for her daughters and their futures. She wished she had listened to Sarah and found the courage to go with her. But she had no time to waste on such thinking now. <b>She had to save her daughters. They had to leave.</b>	272		√	
44.	But today the blocks felt longer than usual, the pavement wide and foreign under her feet. <b>She told herself to be brave for her daughters.</b>	272			√
45.	Step by step, they walked away from the bus stop. When they made it around the corner, <b>Isra’s legs started to go numb, but she didn’t stop. Be strong, she told herself. This isn’t for you, it’s for them.</b>	272			√
46.	The best thing was to get on a train, any train, and stay on it until the very last stop, until they were as far from Bay Ridge as possible. There was no turning back now. <b>If Adam knew she was running away, if he found her now, he would beat her to death. She was sure of it. But it didn’t matter. She had made her choice.</b>	273			√
47.	<b>“When it stopped in front of them and its metal doors opened wide, a pulse of victory swooned through her chest. They would finally be free.”</b>	274			√