

## The Deserter From Krakow

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My name is (\_\_\_\_\_), I am from Krakow, Poland. I was born (\_\_\_\_\_) years ago to a poor family of Jewish (\_\_\_\_\_)s in the Shtetl. This is my story.

(\_\_\_\_\_) received a letter marked with the (\_\_\_\_\_) of the Tsar of Russia. It read, "(\_\_\_\_\_) you have been drafted into the Tsar's Army. Report to your nearest government (\_\_\_\_\_) no later than (\_\_\_\_\_) or you will be deported to Siberia for (\_\_\_\_\_)". (\_\_\_\_\_) quickly hurried inside the (\_\_\_\_\_) to tell his mother of the (\_\_\_\_\_) news. "Mama, Mama! I just received a (\_\_\_\_\_) from the Tsar. I've been (\_\_\_\_\_) into the Army. I was supposed to report there yesterday." Mother (\_\_\_\_\_) (\_\_\_\_\_), "You need to (\_\_\_\_\_). The Tsar's (\_\_\_\_\_) will (\_\_\_\_\_) for you." (\_\_\_\_\_), Mother threw together a pile of (\_\_\_\_\_), (\_\_\_\_\_), (\_\_\_\_\_), and (\_\_\_\_\_). "My son! You've (\_\_\_\_\_) up so much. Since you left my (\_\_\_\_\_), I've watched you become a young (\_\_\_\_\_), and here you are." Mother planted a (\_\_\_\_\_) kiss on her son's cheek and said, "You know I've always wanted to (\_\_\_\_\_) my way to Zion, the (\_\_\_\_\_) of our ancestors. Please fulfill this (\_\_\_\_\_) for me (\_\_\_\_\_). I will (\_\_\_\_\_) you again in Jerusalem, my son. One way or another." With that, she shoved him out outside the back gate as the Tsar's (\_\_\_\_\_) busted down their (\_\_\_\_\_) door.