

The Deserter From Krakow

10.

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My name is (_____), I am from Krakw, 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.