

## Oranges In No Man's Land. (Chapter 4)

Granny was cooking when I got back. Granny must have performed miracles to keep us fed. There were handouts from the refugee organisations of course, but they were never really enough. Sometimes she used to leave Ahmed with me and tell me to keep an eye on Latif. Then off she'd go, a determined look on her face, holding one hand to her side to support her painful hip. She'd come back an hour or so later with fresh vegetables, or a piece of meat, or some cheese wrapped in cloth.

"No oil," I said, dumping Ahmed down on the floor and easing my aching shoulders. "The truck wasn't there. The soldiers on the check point said to try again tomorrow."

"You didn't hang about talking to them I hope?" she said with a disapproving frown. Granny was always fussy about me talking to strangers.

"It's all right, Granny. They were kind. One of them played with Ahmed."

She pursed her lips, but didn't say anything more.

Ahmed took off at a fast crawl towards the sound of the toddlers playing beyond the cloth which Mrs Zainab had hung up for us to give us our own 'room'. I was about to go and fetch him back, but Granny gave me a smile, then put up a hand to wipe her forehead.

- 1) Why might Ayesha think that her Gran must have performed miracles to keep them fed? Give reasons for your answer.**
- 2) What is meant by a refugee?**
- 3) How do you know it wasn't easy for Granny to walk?**
- 4) Where or who do you think Granny may have got the food from?**
- 5) Why do you think Granny didn't want Ayesha talking to the soldiers?**
- 6) What do you think is going to happen next? Give reasons for your prediction.**