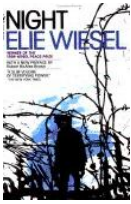


Passages

Reading Level 5



Title: Night

Author: Elie Wiesel

Sample From The Book

Moshe had changed. There was no longer any joy in his eyes. He no longer sang. He no longer talked to me of God or of the cabala, but only of what he had seen. People refused not only to believe his stories, but even to listen to them.

"He's just trying to make us pity him. What an imagination he has!" they said. Or even: "Poor fellow. He's gone mad."

And as for Moshe, he wept.

"Jews, listen to me. It's all I ask of you. I don't want money or pity. Only listen to me," he would cry between prayers at dusk and the evening prayers.

I did not believe him myself. I would often sit with him in the evening after the service, listening to his stories and trying my hardest to understand his grief. I felt only pity for him.

"They take me for a madman," he would whisper, and tears, like drops of wax, flowed from his eyes.

Once, I asked him this question:

"Why are you so anxious that people should believe what you say? In your place, I shouldn't care whether they believed me or not..."



GreatLeaps.com
<http://www.GreatLeaps.com>
E-mail: info@greatleaps.com

US Toll Free: (877) GRLEAPS (475-3277)
Canada: 1 (352) 271-9720
Fax: 1 (352) 384-3883

Postal Mail
Diarmuid, Inc.
P.O. Box 357580
Gainesville, FL 32635