A Bottle In The Gaza Sea
Synopsis

A seventeen-year-old from Jerusalem, Tal Levine comes from a family that always believed peace would come to the Middle East. She cried tears of joy when President Clinton and Yitzhak Rabin shook hands with Yasser Arafat in 1993—a moment of hope that would stay with her forever. But when a terrorist explosion kills a young woman at a café in Jerusalem, something changes for Tal. One day she writes a letter, puts it in a bottle, and sends it to Gaza—to the other side—beginning a correspondence with a young Palestinian man that will ultimately open their eyes to each other’s lives and hearts.

Book Information

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Age Range: 12 and up
Grade Level: 7 and up

Customer Reviews

As the author of The Last Moderate Muslim, a peace activist, and one who lived inside West Beirut during the Lebanese civil war, I ask you to not consume yourselves with taking inventory of sound bites and chapter length to reconcile even-handedness. You will miss the powerful themes embedded in the storyline(s). In my mind, the story points a finger at planet Peace. Some might busy themselves looking at the finger. They will question the intent or narrative. They will miss taking the journey of humanity to reach that planet. The story satisfies the need for expressing the Palestinians’ way of life more so than has been done in rhetoric (words) and violence (actions) to-date. It addresses the fears that Israelis are experiencing as well. I found myself in the story, since I experienced similar and parallel living conditions and encounters. At times, I was on the brink of
tears. Both Naim and Tai lived in a world circumscribed to them differently. Tai’s world was defined by fear while living in the open. She feared bus rides. She avoided a café, where once others were killed. She didn’t know when her turn will be up, and didn’t accept it as a way of life. She grew paranoid. She became lonely among family and friends. On the other hand, her friend was indifferent; Like most, her friend marched where blood was spilled before. Not her! She was sensitive, but not weak. She resisted getting habituated on those terms. Tai demanded privacy at her computer, when Naim sought one in the bathroom. She didn’t see right or wrong; us or them; kill or be killed. At first, Naim did.

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