



SALVADOR OF SPAIN

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NOTE TO THE TEACHER

Salvador of Spain is written as a two-chapter story. You may divide each chapter in half making a four-part story. The symbol ♦ indicates where the chapter should be divided.

Display each illustration where indicated in text, laying volume aside when the story continues beyond the picture.

Chapter 1

Of all the neighborhoods in Madrid, the capital of Spain, San Blas was one of the roughest. Anyone who wanted to find drugs or get into trouble could be sure to do so in San Blas.



Show Illustration #1

It was 9:30 in the morning in San Blas. A thin, black-haired boy ambled past the row homes that lined the busy streets. He ducked between women heading to market and children hurrying to school. When he reached the corner he looked both ways as if to make sure no one was watching. Then he dashed across the street and down an alley. Ahead was a large, abandoned factory building with

broken windows and a door that hadn't been painted for years. He grabbed the doorknob and pushed the door open. It was cool and dark inside.



Show Illustration #2

"Hey, Salva, you made it!" Salva waited till his eyes adjusted to the darkness and he could see Victor, a friend from school. "It wasn't so hard getting here, was it?"

Salva shook his head. "I just left for school like I always do and when I got close, I went down a different street. Nobody even noticed."

"Well, you'll have a great time today! Firecrackers sound awesome in here!"

Salva grinned. Yes, setting off firecrackers would sound great in here! For a moment Salva thought of his schoolroom and the 100 kids in his class. Would the teacher notice he was absent? He usually tried hard to please his teacher and didn't want to think what would happen if the teacher called on him and he wasn't there to answer. Well, he wouldn't have his hand slapped or his hair pulled by the teacher today!

But what if his mother found out? She would only scream at him as she seemed to do all the time now that there were so

many children in their tiny row home. Although Salvador really wanted to please his mother, today he just didn't care! At ten years old he had just skipped school for the first time. Today was going to be a good day.



Show Illustration #3

Salva used to care about things when he was little. He could remember waiting for his dad to come home late at night. Jesus (Hay-SOOS) Miguez worked long hours in a factory an hour away. Sometimes Salva never saw him for several days. But some evenings Salva waited outside their front door with soccer ball in hand, eyes fixed firmly on the end of the street. What fun it was to race to meet Dad, then walk beside him the rest of the way home, matching his own small steps to fit his dad's big ones. Then they would play soccer in the street. Sometimes Salva's two older brothers played against him and his dad; sometimes all three boys played against Dad. What fun they had!

Salva couldn't remember when things had started to change. Because of working longer and longer hours, his dad had begun coming home later and later. "Salva, I'm sorry I can't play soccer with you tonight. I'm just too tired," his dad said many times now.

Salva's disappointment was great, but he knew that without his dad working so long, there just wouldn't be enough money to feed seven children. With Dad away so much, his mother had to take care of him, his five brothers and one sister. Sometimes they fought and his mother would scream to make herself heard and to stop the fighting. She always seemed tired.



Show Illustration #4

Salva knew he and his brothers were partly to blame. They did fight a lot. He could remember the day his older brother Jose wouldn't stop hitting him. Salva punched and kicked and yelled between blows, "Jose, you stop or I'll . . ."