Version 1

They were going back to Cuba.

So this was the end of their journey, Isabel thought. Their ending wasn't going to be the ending they expected. They hadn't reached their destination but instead were going right back to where they started. They were still going to be searching for a home, even back in Cuba.

Gratz, A. (2017) *Refugee*. New York: Scholastic Press.

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Version 2

They were going back to Cuba, and they couldn't prevent it.

So this was the last verse, Isabel thought. After everything they'd been through, their climactic ending wasn't going to be climactic after all. Theirs wasn't a *son cubano*, with its triumphant finale. Instead, they were to remain adrift, waiting for their song's end. They were still going to be searching for a home, even in their own land.

Gratz, A. (2017) *Refugee*. New York: Scholastic Press.

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Original

"They were going back to Cuba, and there was nothing any of them could do about it.

So this was the last verse, Isabel thought. After everything they'd been through, after everything they'd lost, their climactic ending wasn't going to be climactic after all. Theirs wasn't a *son cubano*, with its triumphant finale; theirs was a fugue, a musical theme that was repeated again and again without resolution. Their coda was to be forever homeless, even when returned to their own home. Forever refugees in their own land."

Gratz, A. (2017) *Refugee*. New York: Scholastic Press.

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