

Version 1

When Bella's family had died, she'd felt so alone; she'd been frantic in her grief because she was the only one left to mourn them. But now she was surrounded by Italians and Jews, all immigrants mourning for their own dead. And it seemed to Bella that she could feel the sorrow spreading. And, to Bella, at this moment when everything else seemed so tragically wrong, this, at least, seemed right: others were grieving with her.

Version 2

When Bella's family had died, she'd felt so alone; she'd been frantic in her grief because she was the only one left to mourn them. But now she was surrounded by mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends and fiancés, all mourning for their own dead. And, to Bella, at this moment when everything else seemed so tragically wrong, this, at least, seemed right: that others were grieving with her.

Original

"When Bella's family had died, she'd felt so alone; she'd been frantic in her grief because she was the only one left to mourn them. But now she was surrounded by mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends and fiancés, all mourning for their own dead. And it seemed to Bella that she could feel the sorrow spreading, to millionaires in their mansions and to women in fur coats who'd walked a picket line beside a hungry girl they now wondered about, to college girls who'd gone to jail for an immigrant girl's job, to young, dreamy-eyed men who'd bought a strike-edition newspaper from a pretty girl they now remembered as if she were their first, true, love. And, to Bella, at this moment when everything else seemed so tragically wrong, this, at least, seemed right: that all of New York was grieving with her." (315)

Haddix, M. P. (2011). *Uprising*. Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers.

Version 1

When Bella's family had died, she'd felt so alone; she'd been frantic in her grief because she was the only one left to mourn them. But now she was surrounded by Italians and Jews, all immigrants mourning for their own dead. And it seemed to Bella that she could feel the sorrow spreading. And, to Bella, at this moment when everything else seemed so tragically wrong, this, at least, seemed right: others were grieving with her.

Version 2

When Bella's family had died, she'd felt so alone; she'd been frantic in her grief because she was the only one left to mourn them. But now she was surrounded by mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends and fiancés, all mourning for their own dead. And, to Bella, at this moment when everything else seemed so tragically wrong, this, at least, seemed right: that others were grieving with her.

Original

"When Bella's family had died, she'd felt so alone; she'd been frantic in her grief because she was the only one left to mourn them. But now she was surrounded by mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends and fiancés, all mourning for their own dead. And it seemed to Bella that she could feel the sorrow spreading, to millionaires in their mansions and to women in fur coats who'd walked a picket line beside a hungry girl they now wondered about, to college girls who'd gone to jail for an immigrant girl's job, to young, dreamy-eyed men who'd bought a strike-edition newspaper from a pretty girl they now remembered as if she were their first, true, love. And, to Bella, at this moment when everything else seemed so tragically wrong, this, at least, seemed right: that all of New York was grieving with her." (315)

Haddix, M. P. (2011). *Uprising*. Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers.