

*To curious young minds looking
for adventure.*

About High Tech High Chula Vista

High Tech High Chula Vista is a project-based learning high school located in Chula Vista, CA. We do not have a traditional teaching style, but the students learn by completing hands-on work over periods of time throughout the semester. The students that attend HTHCV are very diverse in their talents, strengths, and personality. The school provides opportunities for the students to challenge themselves and get involved in the community.

About the Walamas

The Walamas are a group of 11th grade students who worked together collaboratively to create this historical Create Your Own Adventure story. We dedicated our time and effort in the classroom to work on this project for a period of two months. We became experts on our historical topics by researching throughout the writing process. For our book, we focused on U.S. history events in the 1900's. Our goal was to communicate our knowledge of modern American history to young readers through an interactive book. Our class is glad to have accomplished writing stories that are both interesting and factual. We hope that you enjoy our book filled with many adventures!

About the Teacher

Tim Briggs was born in Boston, raised in Baltimore, and educated at the University of Maryland. He moved to San Diego in 2005 as an accountant, but, after experiencing a life altering realization that his job was no fun, he enrolled at SDSU to become a teacher. Having taught at San Diego High and De Portola Middle, he joined the HTHCV family in February 2013. He is thrilled to be teaching 11th grade Humanities and sharing his joy of reading, writing, and history with his students.

Journey Through America's Past

An Interactive History Adventure

Briggs-Schultz Team
"The Walamas"



Teacher's Note

Dream Big. This was the theme when I arrived at High Tech High Chula Vista in February 2013, and it's an idea I have embraced ever since. With a curriculum centered on teacher designed projects that engage students in deeper learning and real world tasks, students can truly accomplish big things at our school. However, its hard to think I could have dreamed something this ambitious: a choose your own adventure story based on United States history written by 24 different authors, totalling nearly 600 pages, and entirely researched, revised, and published by students!

Fortunately, I've added a personal message onto last year's theme: Plan Better. During the course of the project, students prepared by diving into the writing process and the study of United States history. Students read and analyzed model choose your own adventure stories in order to understand the genre, and they applied their knowledge of the writing process to create a fictional choose your own adventure story that they shared with an audience of 6th grade students. To expand their knowledge of history content, they researched events in 20th century United States history using primary and secondary sources from the Southwestern College library and San Diego Public Library. After completing the research, students compiled annotated bibliographies to document their findings and presented their topic to the class. Finally, they applied the writing and research skills they honed to plan and write their own narratives that teach history content in the form of a choose your own adventure story.

I am extremely grateful to all of the High Tech High teachers who provided feedback on this project, to Lillian Hsu for sending me an article on a choose your own adventure version of Hamlet that inspired this project, and to Mackenzie Schultz for her flexibility and support as a teaching partner. However, this book would not have been possible without the hard work and dedication of my students, the Walamas, who weren't afraid to turn my big dream into a reality. I am thankful to have spent the year learning with and from them and to have this beautiful work as a reminder of our time together.

Tim Briggs
Humanities Teacher
High Tech High Chula Vista

Editor's Note

Writing history consumed our lives. It seemed as if we were making slow progress... But really, a big push was all we needed for this book to become successful. Tim Briggs, our supportive humanities teacher, incredibly encouraged us and had strong faith in us to turn history into an interactive form of reading. At first, everyone was in consensus that our goal was unreachable with the crunch time we had left. However, our teacher did an amazing job keeping our heads focused, pushing us with deadline after deadline.

Along with his facilitation, the heroic players that made this project happen were all the student writers and the leadership team that made this product a reality. Most of us were interested in learning about the history, but the writing portion of this project? Not so much. Then, what made it possible? Our team gave our full force into the writing, creatively expressing history through each individual's own writing. It came to the point where it wasn't about the grade anymore. It was more about wanting this book to turn out better than expected. We truly gave it our all.

If you ask me, no words can really explain how valuable everyone's efforts were for this project. We had students constantly editing numerous times for different people for days, no matter how frustrating the work came to be. Other students wrote their narratives more than thirty pages long. The leadership team did an amazing job to keep the ball rolling, and always moving onto the next stage of our book. Constant cooperation, communication, and dedication were the key ingredients during the whole project.

Our historical choose your own adventure story represents our team's creativity and sweat. We truly hope our young, aspiring historians enjoy the story of America's past. For most, this is their first published book, and I must say, we did a pretty amazing job and overcame many obstacles along the way. All our hard work and dedication paid off.

The Walamas



Lead Editors

Editor-in-Chief:
Bianca Oca

Managing Editors:
Jeanne Diaz
Rebecca Lord
Rafely Palacios

Copy Editors

Arturo Estrada
Kaitlyn Favor
Alex Gamboa
Arabella Gastelum
Haley Irizarry

Art Department

Art Director:
Fabian Arevalo

Art Staff:
Georgette Duenas
Josh Gonzales
Salma Ramos
Sarah Weber

History Department

Lead Historian:
Daniel Silva

History Staff:
Yumeka Maeda
Dayanara Ramirez
Diego Quezada

Design Department

Layout Editors:
Karla Gastelum
Emma Johnson
Esteban Linares
Julie Pardo

Contributing Editors

1920's:

Arabella Gastelum
Rebecca Lord
Rafely Palacios
Salma Ramos

Great Depression:

Jeanne Diaz
Alex Gamboa
Cynthia Nunez

World War II:

Fabian Arevalo
Esteban Linares
Daniel Silva
Sarah Weber

Cold War / Space Race:

Georgette Duenas
Emma Johnson

Civil Rights Movement:

Kaitlyn Favor
Haley Irizarry
Bianca Oca
Julie Pardo

1960's:

Arturo Estrada
Karla Gastelum
Joshua Gonzalez
Matri Hamilton
Yumeka Maeda
Diego Quezada
Dayanara Ramirez

BEWARE and WARNING!

This book is different from other history textbooks.

You and YOU ALONE are in charge of what you learn.

There are obstacles, choices, successes, and failures. YOU must use your instinct and curiosity to guide yourself through the past. Your decisions could end in imprisonment - even death. But don't worry, you won't need a time machine to fix your mistakes! At any time, YOU can go back and make another choice by entering another path, and discover more about United States' history.

Now enter the fascinating and tumultuous 20th century in the United States... YOU may become prosperous, take part in a large social movement, or toil away your life doing hard labor. Either way, you'll gain more knowledge about history than when you started.

Whatever happens, enjoy your adventure!

Table of Contents

1920's.....	1
Great Depression.....	117
World War II.....	166
Cold War/ Space Race.....	347
Civil Rights Movement.....	401
1960's.....	475

The 1920s

The 1920's was a decade of economic prosperity, and cultural party. This decade was also known as the Roaring Twenties or the Age of Jazz. There was a tremendous growth in social and cultural trends, blossoming jazz, and having flappers redefine womanhood. During this decade was the prohibition; the ban of alcohol. The ban of alcohol created organized crime throughout the United States, because the demand for it was very high. The 1920's can primarily be described as a decade of prosperity and a break of traditions.

BAR OWNER: You are a middle-class man trying to open a bar in New York, weather to do it illegally is up to you.

POLICE OFFICER: You are a middle-class police officer in New York. Organized crimes are all around and it's your job to stop it.

JAZZ PLAYER: You are an African American male from New Orleans with a passion for jazz, and a dream to become a professional jazz player.

FLAPPER GIRL: You are a girl from a small town in Alabama. You are tired of the same old routine, and have a desire to break all the rules and live in the city.

If you decide to be a Flapper Girl, turn to page..

If you decide to be a Bar Owner, turn to page...

If you decide to be a Jazz Player, turn to page...

If you decide to be a Police Officer, turn to page...



3 - The Roaring 1920's: Flapper

"Put that thing out!" your mother yells to you with a cold scowl on her face, pointing to the lit cigarette in your hand. "That is not lady-like of you to be smoking." You tap the butt of your cigarette on the side of the squeaky rocking chair you were swinging on, as your mother angrily glares at the ashes slowly falling onto the porch.

"Mother please, I am a nineteen year old woman. I can do as I like." You can tell she is about to burst out into another one of her lectures on your life so you get up off the chair and walk down from the old wooden porch out into the shade of the trees. She is always trying to change you and get you to be more like a proper lady. All she expects from you is to get married to the farm boy a few acres away and live the rest of your life with him. But you don't want to do that! You always have had big plans for your future.

You walk down the dirt road that leads into town singing a little tune to yourself. The hot Alabama sun shines down upon your long auburn hair. An automobile drives past you with a boy from school steering and a young girl cuddle up under his arm that is over her chair. The dirt from below the wheels gets picked up in the wind and blows into your face causing you to get a tickle in your throat.

You arrive in town and you see people bustling through shops, running errands for the day. You have always loved going into town, it is the most exciting place within miles to your farm. It is where all the big dances and festivals happen. You would love to live somewhere that is like this all the time, people hurrying around, shops everywhere, exciting nightlife with music playing on every corner.

You still have a tickle in your throat and you want to go find something to drink. You walk down a little ways through town to the saloon that you perform at sometimes. You go in and sit down at the bar and order a shot of whiskey.

"How ya' doin' today sweetie?" Ricky, the bartender, asks you, sliding you the alcohol.

"Just living my miserable life with my mother," you say as you swirl around the cold booze in the glass and then throw it down your mouth. A warm blanket covers your throat and goes throughout your entire body.

"Are ya' gonna be dancing on stage tonight?" Performing here has always been your escape from your boring life. It brings excitement and makes you feel like you are not living in this town but somewhere big and bright, full of life.

You see that there is not as many bottles behind the bar as usual. In fact it looks almost empty.

"You selling out Ricky?" you ask him.

"You hadn't heard? They's makin' booze illegal! I'm goin' outta business. That dang prohibition law ruined me. Probably gonna have to move up to the cities to get a job. I hears' they are pretty poppin' places

nowadays." You can not believe it, he's going to live your dream in the big city. You would love to go with him and make a new life for yourself.

"When are you leaving?" you ask hesitantly, considering asking to ride along.

"I'd say no later than end of this week." He looks you over and you see him thinking about something.

"Ya' know, I have an extra seat in my automobile. If ya'd like to join me to the city, I would love for ya' ta' come long." You can not believe it. This is your chance to get away. To make a new life for yourself. You know your mother would be furious but you don't care. It your life, not hers. You don't want to be stuck in this small town your whole life. "I'll tell ya' what. I's leavin' Friday morn'. You meet me here with alls' ya' things. We'll head on up to Chicago together."

"Deal!" You race home as fast as you can and burst through the porch door. Your mother tries to speak to you but you ignore her and go straight for your room. You begin tearing through your drawers throwing all your clothes on the floor. You can not wait to leave and want to be ready as soon as possible.

Turn to next page.



5

You stop for a second and sit on your bed. You look down and it is as if a tornado came through your room, clothes covering every speck of it. You think about leaving your small little town. Leaving your mother behind. She would be heart broken, you don't know if she could handle that.

But she is just so controlling! You want to live your life your way. Chicago is a chance for a new life for you. Ricky is a good friend and you know he would get things set up for you in the city. Come Friday morning you will have to make a choice of what you want to do. You continue packing, thinking about your two choices.

If you decide to move to stay in Alabama with your mother, turn to page 29.

If you decide to move to Chicago, turn to page 6.

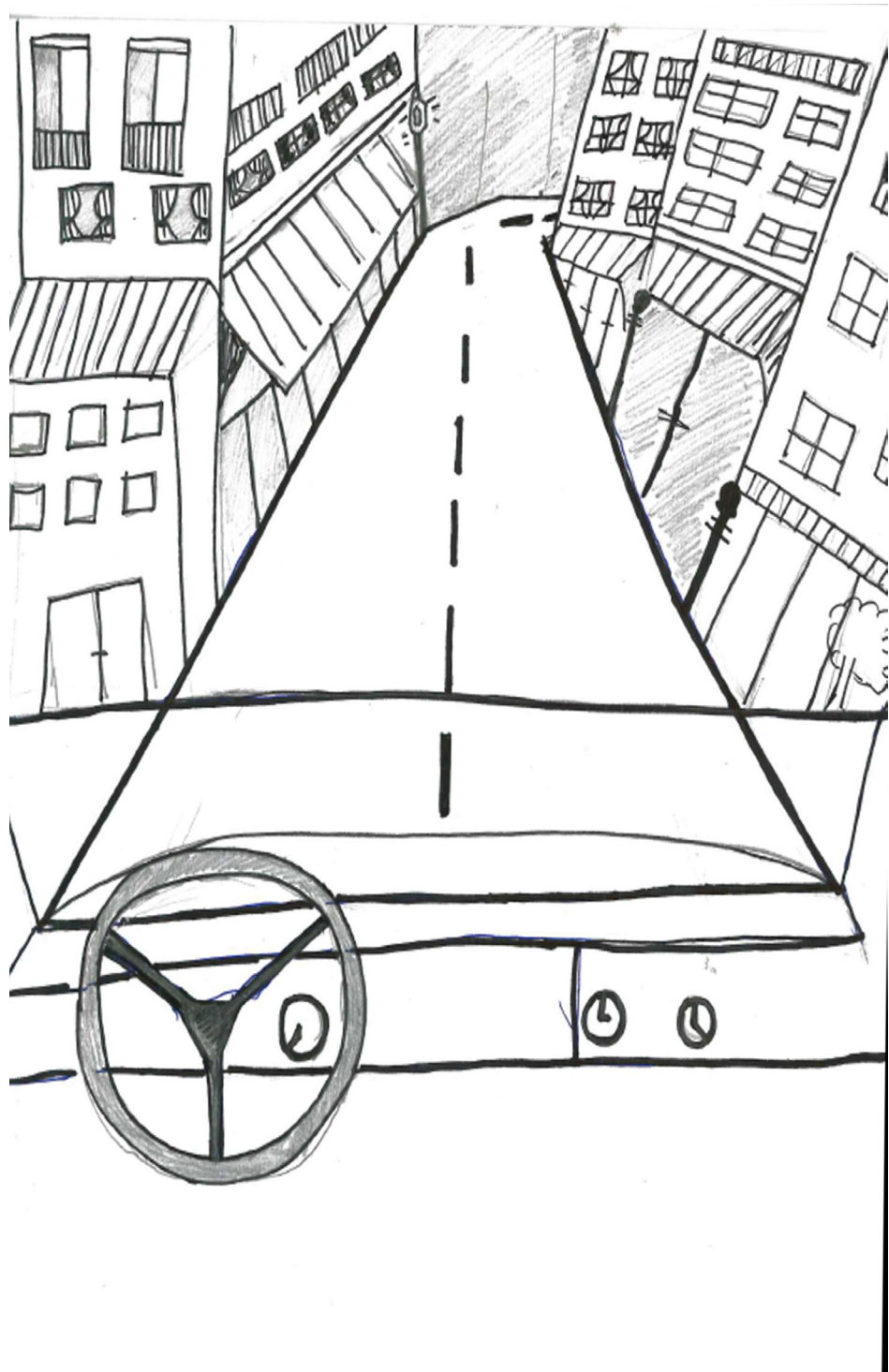
The cold morning mist brushes past your legs and through your hair giving you a rush of chills. You can't tell if it's the crisp wind or the excitement in you as you head to town on the way to your new life. The bags in your hands feel heavy as you think about your mother at home. She is still asleep in her bed, didn't even hear you leave. She'll wake up and find you gone with a letter on the kitchen table saying goodbye. She will be heart broken but soon will understand.

You arrive to town just as the sun is rising into the blue morning sky. Orange and yellow light splashes the clouds all around you. The town is pretty quiet and not much is happening. You see the shop owners just coming in, unlocking their doors, turning the closed sign to open. Your mother's friend, Mrs. Julie, the owner of the bakery waves to you as you pass by and head into the saloon. You know that when your mother comes to town for the morning bread Mrs. Julie will tell her of her seeing of you.

"Ready ta' go?" Ricky asks as you walk in and a big smile spreads across your face. You go out through the back door of the saloon and see his bright red painted truck. You toss your things in the back and get into the passenger seat beside him, feeling the hard chair underneath you. He starts the engine and you hear it begin like a gunshot. You hear the soft putter of the engine as you pull out onto the long, windy road.

As you drive out of town, you look back and see the buildings slowly shrinking, until they suddenly disappear from sight. Almost as if they vanish into thin air. You turn back around and see the long dirt road ahead of you. It will be days before you reach Chicago.

Turn to page 8.



After days of travelling, you finally start to see tall buildings up ahead. Your heart is beating a thousand miles a minute as you start to see more and more automobiles on the road going by you. You arrive in the city and see people on every corner.

There's a man on the corner of a street playing a jazz song with a hat accepting change. His beat is going to your heart, the honking cars join in skipping each beat. A dog being walked by a lady starts barking to the tune. You can feel the jazz flowing through the streets and around every corner.

You see two young ladies standing outside a place with thick fur coats and stocking hiked up their legs and their dresses just above their knee. A drunk old man goes by stumbling through crowds of people holding a bottle of booze. You notice many law enforcers roaming the streets, looking for mischief.

Ricky pulls up to a small bar and parks in front. You walk in together and see a large room with many empty tables.

"Where is everybody?" you ask Ricky.

"It's that damn law. No ones loud to seln' booze no mor'." A man behind the bar comes out and shakes hands with Ricky.

"This mah' cousin, Jack." Jack wipes his hands with the towel he was holding and you shake his rough hands as he looks you over.

"She'll be good," he says. Good for what? you wonder. He is a tall, chiseled man with a dark scruffy beard. Jack and Ricky go behind the bar in a room while you wait outside and they talk. You look out the window and see a woman, man, and there child walk by. The man and woman hold hands while the kid runs ahead. You wonder what it would be like to live a life like that.

Your thoughts are quickly interrupted by a loud slam of the back door opening and Ricky and Jack appearing. Ricky comes over and sits with you while Jack goes back behind the bar to serve a new customer a drink, which looks like a soda or something.

Turn to next page.

“Alright, here’s what I gots’ for you Rosy. My cuz’ Jack? He’s offerin’ you a job here. Hows’ ever, it won’t be payin’ ya’ too well. Just a few shows a week and servin’ customers. Now I’s aint gonna be working here. Jack has a friend at anotha’ place that’s hirin’. I’ll be workin’ with him. Now Jack says his friend is lookin’ for a showgirl ta’ be performin’ for his place. Singin’, dancin’, servin’ customers. He’d hire ya’ on the spot. Pays much better than this job. But there’s one thing. This place is unda’ the radar. Theys’ sell booze which aint welcome no more. It’d be a dangerous job especially for a young lady like yourself. You could get in some serious trouble there. Now you’d have me but I aint always gonna be there to protect ya’. It’d be a good gig jus’ aint so safe.”

You consider the things Ricky just told you. You could stay here with Jack with a safe job, but you will not be making very much money. It is a job though. On the other hand, you could go with Ricky to the underground bar. It sounds like a great job, it just could be dangerous for you. There are some sketchy people involved in that business plus you would be going against the law. The pay would be great though.

If you decide to work with Jack, turn to page 10.

If you decide to go work in the underground bar, turn to page 21.

You decide to play it safe and work with Jack here in his bar. You just moved to the city and don't want to risk getting into too much trouble. Jack seems like a good guy and you can trust him so he will take care of you. Plus he has a room you can stay in so you will be able to get right to work.

The next day you start your job. Jack has you work behind the bar counter for now, serving non-alcoholic drinks to customers. Throughout the day you get very few customers. Since booze can't be sold here Jack opened the place up to kids. Around noon a few young boys come in asking for some soda pop. You hand them a couple of colas and they disappear out the doors into the bright sunny day.

By night time, Jack has you prepare the stage for a show. He wants you to dance to some jazz and bring customers in. You set up the tables for people to come have a dinner and a show. Jack calls you into his office and immediately a rush of whiskey fills your nostrils. You see empty bottles of Jack Daniels spread on the carpet.

He presents to you a lovely dress for you to wear for the show. It is a bright crimson red that sparkles in the light and dances on the walls of his office. You had never seen a dress so beautiful. "Go ahead and put it on," he encourages you. You turn to walk out of his office to the bathroom but he grabs you by the arm to stop you. "I said put it on," he repeats himself.

"I know that's what I was heading out to do," you say.

"I meant right here. Right now." You can not believe what he is telling you to do. The indecency some men have. His grip tightens on your arm and his breathing is heavy. You know that there are only two ways to get out of this. You can either do what he wants and hope everything works out and he does not do anything to hurt you, or you can slap him and try to get out of this situation. However, you could risk your job doing that. But is this really the right job if you have to do that to keep it?

If you decide to slap him for being indecent, turn to page 11.

If you decide to undress in front of him, turn to page 12 .

With your free hand you bring up your arm and muster up all the strength you possibly can and swing your arm across his face. His bristly beard brushes across your hand and you feel the coarse hair, like sand paper, scratching your hand.

He immediately loosens his grip and you step away from him in shock of what you just did. He rubs his face, opening and closing his jaw staring at the ground. His cheek turns into an inflamed tomato. He starts to arise from the floor and you slowly back up closer to the door and your hearts beats faster in fear of retaliation.

Your sweaty palms reach for the handle and an immediate shock of cold hits you as you touch it's ice cold metal. You turn the handle in your hand, ready to make a quick escape if something were to happen. But you wait, to see what he is going to tell you as you see him preparing to test out his jaw for words.

"What the hell woman!" he screams to you. His firey breath pierces the air with his words as you feel their sharpness enter your ear.

"I...I'm so sorry," you try to mutter, still feeling shocked at what you did.

"Get out of my bar. You're never welcome here again." Your heart drops to the bottom of your stomach. You blew it. This was your chance at a new life and you blew it. You never thought you would have to go through that. People in your small town had always been so nice and you come to Chicago for a day and are already treated horribly.

Maybe your mother was right. Maybe Chicago was no place for you. You leave Jack's office and your throat starts to close in. A lack of breath comes from your lungs and your eyes begin to sting as the tears begin emerge. Maybe living back home in Alabama following your mother's plan is not so bad.

~The End~

You jerk your arm from his grip and step to the side.

"Fine, you pig." A small smirk arises on his face. You don't want to lose your job and if this is the way to keep it, well, so be it. You did not come all the way to Chicago just to get fired on your first day. You turn away from him and slip off your work dress as fast as you can. You step into the beautiful new dress and pull it up. You turn to the full body mirror placed against the wall and look into it. The dress looks amazing. It's so vibrant and shimmery. The hem is just above your knees so when you lift your arms up it comes up a little bit. Your stockings go perfectly with it and once you put your heels on it all just comes together so perfectly. Jack comes up behind you in the mirror and plays with your hair.

"You look beautiful," he says as he takes a whiff of your hair into his nose. You pull away from him and head out of his office.

"Thanks. I should start preparing for the show." You walk out of his office before he has a chance to make you do anything else. Around eight o'clock, more people begin piling into the bar. You begin to sweat and feel hot from all the nerves running through your brain. This is your first real performance in the city and you really don't want to mess it up. The stage seems so small to you and you feel like if you take one step forward you'll fall off.

The lights dim down and it brightens on the stage, causing your shimmery dress to dance on all the faces of your audience. The band behind you starts to play and you step up to the microphone. You feel like your voice ran away and is hiding in a dark cave in the depths of your lungs. You're banging on the cave for it to come out. As the cue to start singing comes closer and closer, you bang louder and louder. Finally it is time.

The cave breaks open and your voice emerges. You don't even think about it, you just go with the music and your voice flies out of your mouth without you being able to catch up to it. Suddenly, your feet start to move, your arms go up in the sky. Your hips shake back and forth, your shoulders shimmy around. The music flows through you and you breath it in like oxygen.

You dance all over the stage and jump down into the audience. You go up to a table of young soldiers and dance all around them. You hop up back onto the stage and continue singing until you can't sing anymore. A wave of thunder applause crashes throughout the entire bar, filling up the room.

After the show ends, a young woman and man comes up to you. They are dressed very nice in extravagant clothes.

"You are a great performer!" the woman begins.

"Is this where you always work?"

"Yes, I just moved here. My friend got this job for me. It doesn't pay very well but it's a job," you say with a little chuckle.

"Really?" the lady says astonished.

"Well I think you are extremely talented! You have so much potential." You can feel yourself blushing.

"I have an offer for you. My friend Mr. Chaplin is having a birthday party in two weeks. He asked that I would be in charge of finding someone to perform there for entertainment. I think you would be just marvelous! It is in California of course but you could just come back with us. We would have a great place for you to stay in and we would have a train to take you back here." This sounds so amazing to you. California! You have heard so many great things there and all the famous hollywood actors and actresses that live there. "What do you say to that? You would be paid of course and quite a bit at that."

If you decide to go to California, turn to page 15.

If you decide to stay in Chicago, turn to page 14.

DID YOU KNOW?
Charlie Chaplin was an English actor who rose to his fame in the silent movie era. He acted in, composed and wrote films. He wrote and performed in over 80 movies."

“That really is kind of you to offer, but I have a job here that I must work,” you say.

“Well that’s a shame, you would have been perfect.” You continue to work for Jack and forget that any of that even ever happened.

Two months later, Jack’s bar closes down. He wasn’t making enough money and just could not afford it . You give Ricky a call and tell him of your misfortunes. He offers you to come work with him in the underground bar. It would be that dangerous job he previously offered you. It is a job, but you could always go back home to Alabama.

If you decide to go to work with Ricky, turn to page 21.

If you decide to go back to Alabama, turn to page 28

“I would love to come!” you say with as much excitement in your voice as you can possibly produce.

“Marvelous! We will be in Chicago for two more nights and will leave first thing Wednesday. We’ll come here to get you and then be off. Perhaps we could grab some dinner tomorrow night to get to know each other.”

“That sounds lovely,” you say as a smile begins to cover your whole face. This is such an amazing opportunity. You get to go to California and perform. You can’t wait to go.

Turn to next page.

You arrive in California on a beautiful sunny day. The sky is a lovely baby blue color and the sun is so bright and radiates on everything you see. As you and your new friends, Liz and Brent, drive, you can see off in the distance a large hill with a sign that says, "HOLLYWOODLAND" that looks like it's still under construction with the largest houses you have ever seen right below it.

You arrive at the house you will be staying in and are struck with it's beauty. A full yard with bright green grass. A chandelier in the front room. Tall ceilings that echo your voices.

You talk with Liz and she tells you that you will have three days before the party. It had taken you a week to arrive. You are extremely worn out from being in the car that long. You decide to take the next few days easy until the party.

Turn to next page.

Did You Know?

In 1923, the "Hollywoodland" sign was built to advertise a new housing development being built in the hills in Hollywood above China town. Each letter was 30 ft wide and 50 ft high, studded with 4,000 light bulbs around the whole sign. In 1949, the sign went under repair and dropped the "land" and just read "Hollywood", which is what we now see.

The night of the party you can not tame your nerves. Rushes of emotions are going all throughout your body and you can not control them. Excitement, anxiousness, nervousness, fear, you can feel them all at once and feel like you are going to explode with emotions. You light a cigarette to calm yourself. Liz presents to you a gorgeous black dress that looks like the night sky. It has strings hanging from the bottom that tickle your knees when you walk. You have a fluffy feather boa around your shoulders that is softer than anything you've felt before and a head piece that sticks straight up into the air. You put on dark makeup around your eyes and make your face a smooth pale color. You put on bright red lipstick that makes your lips pop. You get on stage and perform a lovely dance routine. You see the audience loves it and hear the clapping go on for what seems like an eternity. After you get off stage and relax, you are able to enjoy yourself.

"That was lovely," a man says to you. You turn around and see who was speaking to you. It was a man with dark hair and a thick mustache just above his lip. He wore a black velvet bowler hat. He had a pearly white smile upon his face as he waited for a response.

"Well thank you," you mutter to him.

"I could not have asked for a better person to perform for my birthday." Oh goodness! This is your host!

"Thank you so much Mr. Chaplin. And happy birthday to you!" He laughs out loud.

"Please, call me Charlie. You know you truly are talented. You should be putting that talent to use. I have a friend in the movie business who is looking for a woman actress. You would be great for the role."

"Well I have never really imagined myself in the movie industry," you say. You really have never even given a thought to it. You have always thought that you could never be good enough for it.

"I think you'd be great! You have the perfect look for it and those dance moves are just splendid. Why don't you give me a call tomorrow morning and I'll get an audition set up for you."

"That sounds very great. I will do that. Thank you so much." Wow. Acting in California. That sounds like a dream come true for any small town girl. However, you did not leave Alabama to be in movies, you wanted to sing and dance on stage. If you were to be in movies you would just be dancing and acting. You have no experience in acting and you won't be able to show off your singing voice in the silent movies. But acting in California is a once in a lifetime opportunity.

If you decide to stay in California, turn to page 19.

If you decide to go back to Chicago, turn to page 18.

You decide to return to Chicago. This was a great trip to California but you are not ready to move all over again. Plus, you did not leave to join the movie industry. You don't know Walt very well and this could be a horrible job for all you know. Also, you may not even get the job. At least in Chicago you have a job that you know will be there for you. You have Liz arrange a ride back for you and are gone in the morning. Chicago is a great place for you and that is where you belong now.

When you return two weeks later, you show up to Jack's bar to see chains on his door locking it up. What happened? you think to yourself. You leave for a month and come back to find it closed down. He must have gone out of business. "Rosey!" you hear the familiar voice calling you from down the street. You turn and see your old friend walking to you with a big smile on his face.

"Ricky!" He embraces you and squeezes you so tight you feel like your eyeballs are going to fall out and your ribs are gonna break. "What happened? Where's Jack?" you asked concerned.

"Jack's gone. His place shut down. Ain't gettin' no money from it no more."

"That's terrible!" There goes your job. What are you gonna do now?

"I know. Mah' cousin was a good man but he ain't so smart in the buis'. Now look, he's got ya' out of a job." You can tell Ricky sees the worry in your face.

"Why don't ya' come with me! I got a nice steady job at this place not to far from here. I know they'd hire ya' right away."

"That would be great! Thank you so much Ricky."

"Course. Just watchin' out for my lil' Rosey." He always has your back.

Turn to page 21.

The very next morning you make the call to Charlie. He tells you to meet at a station not too far from where you are staying. You arrive at a large, new building painted bright yellow. You go in to find a huge room with a line of girls wearing fancy dresses and make up waiting outside of a door. On the opposite side you see Charlie waving you over. You head over and all the girls give you a dirty look as you pass them all up.

You go into the room with Charlie and see two women sitting at a table with papers sprawled out. "Rosey, I'd like you to meet Lindsey, the director's assistant, and Clara Bow, one of the actresses you will be working with." You shake both their hands and their beauty overcomes you. They ask you to dance for them so you do the routine you had for Jack's bar. When you finish they both look at each other and smile.

"We would love to have you come work with us," Lindsey says to you. This is it! Your big break as a movie star.

"Thank you so much! You won't regret this!" you say with the biggest smile on your face. Clara leaves the room and goes out into the room

"We will not be taking anymore auditions," you hear her yell. A big group of sighs and complaints fill your ears just before she shuts the door. Well, this is the start of your new life in California as an actress.

* * * * *

6 years later...

It is the year 1927 in Hollywood, California. You have been working in silent movies for the last few years and have become quite famous among America. You and your good friend Clara Bow have been acting together and you made a good friend, Sam Warner, who you've been acting for. Sam has been talking about a new movie he's been working on called *The Jazz Singer*. He says that he has a big surprise for you when you come watch it.

October 6, 1927, you and Clara go together to the cinema. You see a long line of people impatiently waiting in line for the ticket booth. Sam had given you tickets previously so you both go in together. The smell of butter popcorn hits you and immediately your mouth starts watering. You go inside to theatre 2 and sit down in the hard red cushioned seats.

Turn to next page.

As people pile in, filling the room, you get that familiar excitement before every film. The lights go down and you see the Warner Brothers symbol appear on the screen. The film starts to play and you hear a buzz coming from somewhere. Then the buzz turns into words. The words match up to the people on the screen's voices. The movie has sound! Full on singing from Al Jolson. This is the start of a new movie revolution.

~The End~

Did You Know?
The Warner Bros. company was created by Sam, Jack, Albert, and Harry Warner. On October 6, 1927, The Jazz Singer was released in the cinema. It did not have much dialogue but had segments of the main actor Al Jolson) singing. This film was the start of the new "talking picture" era. Sadly, Sam Warner had died the night before the opening and all the brothers missed it due to his funeral.

The next day you go with Ricky to large brick building with a rusty outside look. It looks totally abandoned. You go up to the door with him and he knocks. A very large man opens the door. His arm muscles are at least two times the size of your head and his head almost reaches the top of the doorway. He looks at Ricky and you can tell he recognizes him. Then he looks at you up and down. He grunts and moves out of the way letting us in. The room is totally empty and all you can hear is the distant dripping of water coming from somewhere. He points to the left and you see stairs going down. You and Ricky follow them. As you go down, a soft buzzing sound starts to get louder. You reach the end of the stairs and come to a door. Ricky knocks three times and a little slot opens near the top of the door. Two piercing eyes look you both over. The slot closes again and you hear the sound of locks being undone and the door opens.

Immediately the buzz grows into loud music, people laughing, dishes crashing. A smell of alcohol, food, and cigarettes engulfs your nose. You walk in and bright lights surrounding you highlight all the tables. You see men spilling their full beers in their hands and women laughing and sitting on their laps. There's a band playing on the stage covering the room in there jazz. There's a bum in the corner rolling up a joint. The bar is filled with people drinking and laughing. There is a man passed out and soaking wet on the floor that you step over.

A man greets Ricky and begins talking to him. You can not hear anything they are saying because the music is too loud. Ricky points to you and the man looks at you. You see his mouth open and yell something to you but you can not hear anything. "Pardon?" you yell to him.

"I said you know how to sing and dance?" he yells to you. You nod your head yes and immediately he grabs your arm and starts pulling you through the bar to a room behind the stage. The noise instantly quiets and your ears feel relieved. You see three girls smoking cigarettes and each have a glass of booze in their hands. "Lolly, get her ready," he snaps to one of the girls as he walks back out. They all giggle and get up to greet you. They sit you down in a chair and start doing your hair and makeup for you.

"Here sugar, take this," Lolly hands you a lit cigarette and a shot. You throw the whiskey to the back of your throat and take a puff of the cigarette. Once your hair and makeup are done they throw you on stage and the band starts playing. The music flows through you and your words form into a song. You feet start moving and your hips shake. You go off the stage and dance around tables and men sitting down. They whistle and you yell to you. Once you are finished you take a bow and get off the stage to the sound of claps.

You continue your work at the bar for 6 months. One day while you are working at the bar a man comes to sit down. "What would you like to drink?" you ask. He smiles at you but says nothing. He sits there for 4-5 hours just observing the room and then gets up and leaves. He continues to do this for the next week. You find it very strange how he never orders anything or talks to anybody.

One day when he comes in, he orders a bottle of beer. You slide it across the bar to him but he doesn't drink it or open it. He looks at it, gets up, and leaves. You find this very curious and you want to know what he is up to.

If you decide to follow him, turn to page 25.

If you decide to ignore him and continue work, turn to page 23.

You decide to let him leave without notice. He is just a strange man and there is probably nothing interesting about him.

The next day you come into work. You wait all day but the man never comes. This is strange because he has been coming every day at the same time. You work your usual job and ponder why he didn't come today. The usual crowd of people come in and order their usual drinks. Around 8 o'clock it starts to get really crowded, like every night. That's when people get off work and come down to the bar to get a drink. You see a woman and man at a table fighting. The woman has fiery red cheeks and is spewing harsh words from her mouth. The man is ignoring her and rolling his eyes. She takes his beer and dumps it on his head and he gets up, dripping wet. You get wrapped into watching the couple fight and begin to daze off.

All of a sudden, through all the music and commotion, you hear a loud bang at the door. It opens and swarms of men come in like wasps, and cause screams to break out.

Drunken men are startled and stand up, wobbling around. Fists fly through the air and land no where. They fall to the ground, too intoxicated to even stand.

Women scream and hide behind their male fellows. The men push up tables to the swarm as if it will block them off. They toss their fists at them but the trained swarm is too good and they can not handle them.

The swarm brings out black sticks and start beating the men. They start to bring out handcuffs wrapping them around everyone in side.

Suddenly, you see the man who has been coming in walk in the door. He is in a uniform and has a shiny silver badge on his chest. He walks over to you, smiles, and has you put your hands out. The cold, hard metal wraps up your wrists and squeezes them tight.

Turn to next page.

“This speakeasy is shut down!” he yells. He starts walking you out the door and you turn back to see crowds of people on the floor in handcuffs. You leave the room and your future behind, preparing for the cold cells of jail.

~The End~

DID YOU KNOW?
After the Prohibition act was passed, people started to rebel against the government and would try to get alcohol. Bootleggers began creating speakeasies, which were underground bars that illegally sold and distributed alcohol.

You take your black apron off and set it down, then leave from behind the bar and go up out of the speakeasy. You look down the street and see the mysterious man walking. You head that way, following him, but keeping a safe distance so he does not suspect anything.

He goes up and down streets just strolling around, nothing seems suspicious to you. He just seems like a normal man. He passes by a restaurant and a big crowd of people walk out just as he does. They are all talking and laughing and falling all over each other. You pass through them, smiling, saying a polite hello.

When you get out of the crowd you realize he is gone. Totally out of sight. You look around, up and down the streets and don't see him anywhere. How could you of lost him so quickly?

You are about to turn around and head back when you feel something poking into your back. A heavy, warm breathe coming down your neck. "Come with me if you want to live," a deep voice says. You feel someone grab your arm, still poking you in the back, and guide you down a small, secluded alley way. When you are out of sight from the street the stranger lets go of you and pushes you out away from them.

You look up to see who your perpetrator is and your eyes widen and your heart starts pounding when you see his face. "You!" You are looking right into the eyes of the same man you were following. "Who are you! How did you know I was following you? What do you want with me?" All these questions rush through your head and run right out your mouth without you being able to stop them.

"My name is Brandon Howard. I work undercover for the Chicago Police Department. I have been investigating the bar you work at for months now. They are illegally selling and distributing alcohol against the prohibition law. I have been waiting to gain proof so that we can go in and shut it down. I now have all the proof I need and it will be shut down within the next few days.

"Now I know that you work there, I have a proposition for you. If you help us out and tell the police department all you know, we will let you go free. No charges or anything."

You could tell him everything you know but that will betray your boss and co-workers. But if you don't tell him, you could get arrested for working with them. Unless there could be another way out.

If you decide to tell Brandon all you know, turn to page 26.

If you decide to not tell him anything and try to run away, turn to page 27.

Brandon takes you into the police department into a small room with three chairs and a fold up table. It is cold and you have a strange feeling in your stomach. You think of all your workers and your boss. They are all good people and you are about to ruin their lives. The thought of knowing they chose this job with the dangers comforts you a little. Brandon comes in with another man and a tape recorder and sit opposite to you at the table. "This is my partner Joseph. He is assisting me on the case."

"Nice to meet you," you smile and shake hands.

"As you, Ms. Rosey," Joseph begins. He turns on the tape recorder. "Now, tell us all you know about the underground bar on the corner of Cherrytop Street and Maple Lane." You tell them everything you know. All about your boss Hector, what you do, when they ship in new alcohol, who goes to pick it up, when you perform. Everything.

When you are finished they turn the tape recorder off, thank you, and then you all head out of the room. Before you go to leave Brandon stops you. "Now, Ms. Rosey I must tell you something. It is most likely that someone will find out that you told us all these things. It will not be safe for you to just go back out and live your everyday life. You are going to have to be protected.

"We have a new apartment for you to start living in. A new name for yourself will be provided as well as a job. We strongly recommend that you do not make any contact with anyone from your past. You are starting a new life now."

He hands you papers with a large name printed on the top, HANNAH WINCHESTER.

They drive you to a small, quaint apartment. You open the door and see furniture already there. Food in the fridge that should last you for months. Everything all set up for your new life. It all feels so strange and so fast. Everything has changed so suddenly and you don't really know what to feel. The papers say you have a job already set up as a waitress in a restaurant down the street. You perform every weekend night and make a lot of money, more than you've ever made before. It seems like a perfect life already set up just for you.

Yet you still have a strange feeling in you for some reason. Perhaps because you did not really work hard to get this life. It was just handed to you. It feels almost like a dream. But a good dream. A dream that you are ready to live in.

You could never rat out your friends. They deserve better. You look at Brandon, still waiting for an answer. A strange loud screeching noise comes from the direction of the street and Brandon turns around to look. This is your chance. You run past him and knock him over, heading out towards the street. You see him staggering around to get up. You continue running and head towards the bar. You must warn them.

You turn around to look back and see Brandon trying to catch up to you, still far behind. A large crowd of people begin approaching you and you run through them. The women scream and the men are all startled. You see a street turn and follow it, hoping he will think you just went straight. You hide behind a tower of boxes and wait, hoping he will pass by. You hear the same screams come again from the group and suspect he must have run through them at that time.

You are waiting a while and don't see him anywhere. He must have followed the street straight. You come out from your hiding place and look around. You don't see him anywhere. You got away.

You turn around to head to the bar and your heart jumps. You are looking right into Brandon's eyes. "How did you.." you try to gasp your words out. He brings out his handcuffs and puts them around you.

"I gave you a chance to come clean," he says tightening them around your wrists. There goes your chance at freedom.

~The End~

You decide to go home. You don't want to risk getting in trouble and sent to jail. You tell Ricky of your leaving and say goodbye. You give him a hug and thank him for everything that he has done for you. Your throat begins to close and you feel a single tear roll down your face. You leave him before you know you will start crying even more. You go to the train station and buy a one way ticket back to Alabama. As the train starts up and the engine whistles, you see smoke blow out. You look out the window and watch the city slowly shrink down.

As you leave the city you think about the life you will soon be living back in your old small town.

Mother will have you marry the farm boy next door. You'll have children with him, perhaps a girl and a boy. You will name the girl Anna and the boy will be Jacob. They will go to the same school you went to as a child. You will live far from mother but still near the same town. Your husband will farm and sell crops for a living. You will not have much money but it will be enough to take care of you all. And for the rest of your life you will wonder why you never kept following your dream.

~The End~

You cease your packing. What are you doing? You can't leave your mother here in Alabama all alone. She would be heart broken without you. You begin putting all your clothes into the drawers and try to forget everything Ricky said. It's hard for you not to think about it though, that was your chance at getting away and you're just throwing it away. Oh well, maybe you are just meant to stay in Alabama all your life.

You realize how hungry you are and head to the kitchen. You look in the pot on the stove and see the usual soup mother makes for supper.

"Where the hell have you been?" your mother screams at you.

"I have been worried sick! Were you down at the bar again? I have told you so many times how unladylike it is of you to spend your days drinking away. How do you ever expect to find a husband like that?"

"Maybe I don't want to find a husband," you say. Your mother looks like your words have just stabbed her in the heart.

"You don't want a husband?" Oh no, now you've done it. You can feel the waves of anger coming out of her crashing onto you already. You run to your room before she has a chance to go on with her roaring. You can hear her yelling from the hall but block out the noise with your thoughts. She has always been so controlling of your life and you are sick of it. But you don't want to leave her. Especially not after this fight. She'd feel terrible. But still, it would be nice to live the life you'd always dreamt of. You go to bed dreaming of all the possibilities you are giving up.

Turn to next page.

A few weeks later, you awake in the morning to a loud cackling laugh coming from the kitchen. You jump out of your bed practically flying in there. You could never mistake that laugh. "Aunt Susan!" you yell, as you embrace her warm arms. Instantly, her familiar lavender scented perfume engulfs your nose.

"Rosey darling, it's so good to see you!" she says, kissing your cheek. You can feel her gooey lip gloss stick to your face and leave a mark.

"How has it been in New York?" you ask excitedly. She always has the most exciting stories to tell you about her extravagant life there.

As she tells you of all her adventures, you sit there quiet and so attentive. She has the most amazing life you have always thought. She lives in New York in a grand apartment. She works with all the most important business people and gets paid a large amount of money. She has all the newest brands and trends in clothes. Ever since you were little, you have dreamed of living her life. After a while of talking with her, your mother gets up and leaves to the kitchen to fix up some lunch. When Aunt Susan sees she is gone, she immediately comes next to you on the couch.

"So, I have been talking to your mother all morning and she has told me of what has been going on with you," she begins to say. "I hear that you want to leave Alabama."

"Good heavens yes. That is my only dream," you say.

"Well that's great! How would you like to come back to New York with me?" Instantly, you feel a smile cross your face and your body feels light and fluffy just like a cloud.

"Move to New York with you? That sounds amazing!" you say with excitement in your voice. Then you realize something and your excitement disappears. "What about my mother? She would never let me go."

"Oh don't worry about it sweetheart. I will talk to her about it." This is a dream come true.

You leave the house to check the mail and let them talk. As you are walking back to the house you are looking through the letters. You come across a brown envelope with your name on it. It came in from Chicago. It must be Ricky!

You sit on the front porch and rip it open as quickly as you can. He tells you of his arrival in Chicago and how amazing it is. He says how he is still looking for a job but has one he is sure he will take. As you are reading, you notice there is still something in the envelope. You look inside and see a one way train ticket. You keep reading and see Ricky is inviting you to come to Chicago again.

He said he will take care of everything and pick you up from the train station. You would love to go work with your friend in Chicago. This is your second chance to take him up on his offer. But now, your Aunt is inviting you to New York. They both sound exciting and full of opportunities for you.

If you decide to go to New York with your Aunt Susan, turn to page 32.

If you decide to go to Chicago with Ricky, turn to page 8.

The next morning, you board the train with your aunt. Excitement rushes through you as you watch the station shrink away from you. You talk with your aunt all day about where she lives and how New York is like living there. That evening, you fall asleep listening to the peaceful chugging of the train.

You awake to a loud whistle screaming. You look up and see you have finally arrived. You leave the station and walk with your aunt to her apartment a few blocks away. You notice the sidewalks are filled with busy people hurrying around, trying to get somewhere. You see the streets are full of bright yellow cabs honking their horns, being flagged down by people for a ride. You look up and see the buildings reach up and almost touch the sky. You smell something delicious and see a hot dog stand just across the street with a line of people waiting.

You arrive to your aunt's apartment and are overwhelmed with all her beautiful furniture. She has a gorgeous glass chandelier hanging above the table. You sit on her squishy couch and she offers you a cigarette. You light it and breathe in the smoke as she sits down next to you and you get a strong whiff of lavender.

"So I have two really good friends who I do business with and are looking for a worker. They said they would be more than happy to take you. One is my really good friend Coco Chanel." You are exploded inside with excitement.

"Coco Chanel? As in THE maker of Chanel #5?" Your aunt gives you a smile.

"That is the one. She is in town visiting from Paris and is working on a new line. She said how she could use a lot of extra hands on this project." This would be amazing to be in fashion. You have always been so interested in clothes and would love to help design them.

"The other job is singing in a club. You will get paid a large sum of money. It is called the Cotton Club." You have heard of this place. You know that it is a very popular jazz place where Negroes sing. You have never been somewhere like that but it sounds so exciting! "I am a little skeptical about it however, I don't really know how they work there very well. The Negroes are very...different." You can tell your aunt does not really approve of them but you don't care. You are open to their culture and are very interested by them. Plus you love singing!

If you decide to work with Coco Chanel, turn to page 33.

If you decide to work singing in the Cotton Club, turn to page 34.

Your aunt drops you off at Coco's office the next morning. You walk in and see people everywhere busily working away. You see women hunched over sewing needles working with bright colored fabrics. You see a group of young girls being measured by a man with scarves hung over his shoulder.

You look over at people at desks drawing on notepads scribbling faster than you've ever seen.

A tall, dark haired woman comes up to you. She is slim and her face is long and pointy. Her hair is short and curled, sticking to her face. She has a black, long sleeve dress on and long pearls around her neck. She has the unmistakable scent of Chanel #5 on. "Rosey?" she calls with a french accent, looking deep into your face.

"Yes that is me," you respond.

"Oh it is so lovely to meet you!" Coco embraces you and hugs you tight and the smell of her perfume gets even stronger. "Susan has told me so much about you. I am so excited to work with you." She leads you to a group of women all surrounding a large poster that is laid out on the table with different dresses all drawn on it. "You will be working with them. Please excuse me I am terribly busy today, I am leaving back to Paris tomorrow. I must be off for now but I am very happy that you can join me in my work." She hurries off and you lose sight of her through all the commotion.

You begin helping everyone and you fit right in. They discuss all the different patterns for dresses, the different styles that are becoming popular, and just all things fashion. You can already tell you are going to love working here. You finally have made a good life for yourself here.

~The End~

Did You Know?
Coco Chanel was a famous french designer. She started new eras of women's clothing and went down fashion paths that no one had gone down before. She created the famous perfume "Chanel #5".

You show up the next day at the Cotton Club ready to get to work. You meet the band you will be working with. They are all Negroes and you feel out of place. "Hi, nice to meet ya," they all say shaking hands with you. You nervously shake hands with them, smiling, trying to be polite. You are not used to this crowd and just feel out of place. They are very kind to you but it just feels weird to you.

They show you a list of the songs you will be performing and start to run through them with you. A woman named Bessie Smith sings them with you to get you used to the tune. The band starts playing and you feel the music run through you. You look at the musicians playing the instruments and you get this warm feeling inside. You watch them getting so into it and you've just never seen people play like them.

Bessie begins to sing and her voice is like a smooth wave carrying around the room. She has a style to it that you've never heard before. She takes sharp turns at the end of each verse and jumps into the next one. You begin to join in, harmonizing to her rhythm. You start dancing around with her all over the room, spinning around the band. The music flows in through your ears and swirls around inside just to jump back out your mouth.

You have never experienced a song like this and you feel amazing after it. The band plays the final riff and you hear the cymbals get one last bang before you all start clapping for each other. You look at the dark, smiling faces of everyone and instantly feel welcome. You know that you made a good choice coming to work here and already know it will be an amazing experience.

~The End~

Did You Know?
The Cotton Club was a night club located in Harlem, New York. There was mainly a white audience but featured many African-American performers such as Bessie Smith. It was most popular in the 1920's and throughout the 1940's.

35 - Prohibition: Bootlegger

"Oh Frankie, looks like with the new law you're going to have to shut down" said Bill, a popular customer. As you look around your bar, you see all the familiar faces. You see Ms. Rutford by the pool table with her husband Mike, with drinks in both hands while he tries to sweet talk up some ladies, and the rest just having the time of their lives. The smell of the sweet wine combined with the bitterness of the alcohol swivels up your nose as you breathe in. The chatter of all the customers is strangely soothing to you. You admire the decor of the place, something you've spent countless of dollars on.

"I'm really going to miss it."

That night after shutting down, you lock up your bar "Luciano's" and admire the bright yellow cursive letters that illuminate the street for a few minutes before you decide to head home for the day. As you walk up your doorstep, you check the mailbox. Your fingers brush the rusty tin metal as they meet the rough paper, you have mail. You plop down on your couch to open the letter and see that it is from the government. Your initial thought is that it must be for the wrong address. But, your curiosity urges you to open the letter.

"Dear Mr. Luciano..." it reads. "... After one year from the ratification of this article, the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited." the letter falls from the grip of your hand and touches the mahogany floor. You only have 14 days until the government forcefully shuts you down.

A million thoughts pass through your mind. You know that with the law passing, things will be different, but you haven't measured the severity. You realize that you will no longer have a job, and more scenarios run across your mind. You think of all the good ol' times you had at Luciano's. Its been the family business for several generations.

You recall a specific summer there. The sun rays penetrated your skin, warming up your arms and legs, although most of your work was on the inside. You had to clean the restrooms, wash dishes, and do any tasks that were undesirable by the rest of the employees. You had a rough day. Haven broken 2 plates, that left you with a medium wound on your right arm. As you were trying to collect all the broken pieces, a girl approached you she had thick, long, chestnut hair, high cheek bones, a golden suntan reflecting her clear complexion, and brown eyebrows that moved up and down as she reacted to the world around her, surrounded by her deep sky blue eyes.

"Hi, do you work here?!", she asked. You immediately felt an excessive amount of heat under your cheeks and as you tried to stumble a few words you fell back hitting your head with a broom. She helped you up and-

introduced herself as Carrie. She later became your wife.

"Honey what's the matter?" The same sweet innocent voices gets closer as Carrie sits next to you on the couch.

"Nothing, just had a rough day."

"Well cheer up, I made pasta for dinner, its your favorite!" She leaves your side and walks back to the kitchen. There's no possible way that you could find a job in 14 days. The bar has left you with a good deal of money, but every month the amount in your bank account shortens meanwhile the twins Paul and Sam, seem to be growing by the day.

Once the kids left for school, and Carrie left to her mothers house, you decide to take a walk. You leave the house and walk onto the gray curb. You have no idea where you'll end up. You walk a long path until you hear a kind voice saying

"Frankie, is that you?" you immediately look up and a frown builds on your face.

"Yes...", the face in front of you offers a kind smile.

"Hey pal, remember me from the bar?" As you carefully study his face you suddenly are able to put a name on him.

"Phil!" you exclaim. You look down at him and realize that he's wearing a long navy coat with golden buttons perfectly aligned in a line, matching slacks, and patent hat with a badge on its center.

"You're a police officer?" you say in a bewildered tone.

"Yes, and life is great! They offer good pay and great benefits. Its actually quite good that I ran into you today, we're recruiting of ficers" he exclaims.

"You are?" You are disgusted by the idea of being a police officer. You think back of all the times they barged into Luciano's ordering you to turn down to music or to arrest your customers.

"Yes. Hey what do say you stop at the police station tomorrow?

I'll have an application for you, and after, we could grab lunch and catch up. What do ya say?" He was still holding that smile of his.

"Ill call you to let you know" you tell him.

"Sounds fantastic!" with that he embraces you and walks the opposite direction. You watch him as his blue figure slowly begins to disappear.

Turn to next page.

You walk home, You continue to replay the encounter with Phil, until you walk up your doorstep, when Carrie greets you with an annoyed look. She mentions how the boys need new shoes, and she needs a new dress for Sundays mass. She says that she's already worn every dress in her closet four times, and reminds you that you need to give her money for food... the sound of her complaining slowly fades as you think about the mess you're in.

If you decide to become a police officer turn to page 39.

If you decide to continue to find a job turn to page 38.

Did You Know?

The ratification of the 18th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution—which banned the manufacture, transportation and sale of intoxicating liquors—ushered in a period in American history known as Prohibition. The result of a widespread temperance movement during the first decade of the 20th century, Prohibition was difficult to enforce, despite the passage of companion legislation known as the Volstead Act.

The next day, you are back at the bar trying to forget last night's occurrences. Bill sees you leaning over the counter with a sad expression on your face when he says,

"You too huh?" You stand up straight and ask him what he means. He says you must of gotten the letter, you nod your head and he starts to laugh. Your forehead crinkles in confusion as you question him for his reaction.

"Oh Frankie, Frankie, Frankie. You know, you don't have to go through all this, I know a way that you can still keep Luciano's," as you begin to process the words your ears perk up and your eyes widen, he proceeds.

"Don't tell no one I'm telling you this but uh, there's rumors going round that many bar owners are starting to operate illegally. People now just have to whisper a word to get in. That's where they get their name, speakeasies," you run to the other side of the counter and give Bill the hardest hug you've ever given anyone.

You scream from the rooftops, you have found a way to continue to do what you love doing! You shake his hand for what seems like 5 minutes and tell a bartender to watch the bar while you go home to tell Carrie and the kids the good news. You find a local venue that is being sold for a good price and you go ahead and buy it. This will be the next Luciano's in town. You've planned for your speakeasy opening to happen in just two weeks. So, you know that you have to move fast in order to have everything ready then. You decide to use the same decor and set up as Luciano's but just one thing is missing: The alcohol. Before the law passed, you could simply go to your local liquor store and buy alcohol, but this time you have to find an illegal manufacturer. You call up your friends to try and see if anyone knows a guy and they all tell you to call up some guy with the name of Rocco Perri. That same night, you call up this guy and he promises that he can get you whiskey, it was just a matter of getting it to you.

"You can either drive over here to Canada, and pick it up or I can have one of my guys go over to the Hudson River and you can pick it up there. But I must warn you, both ways are very dangerous. If you drive up here, you can get caught by the police. If my guys deliver it by ship, then they can get caught and you can forget about the whole thing. It's your choice."

If you decide to Canada and pick up the alcohol yourself, turn to page 40.

If you decide to have one of Perri's guys deliver it to you via the Hudson River, turn to page 43.

"A police officer? What a wonderful profession! Oh Frankie, you're going to be hero!" Carrie exclaims as soon as she hears the idea. You look at your wife in awe as she twirls around in her pink cotton dress.

"You really like the idea don't ya?"

"Oh, I love it! When do you start?" she asks with a curious glimmer in her eye.

"I have to stop by the police station later today to apply. You know I have to get hired first, right?"

"Oh, but of course they'll hire you Frankie. Look at the time! Its already five you must get going!" You laugh at your wife as she hurries you out the door. You wave goodbye to the kids and as you drive away.

Turn to page 99.

“Riiiiing, Riiiiing” Your alarm clock goes. You shuffle in bed, right arm out trying to find the snooze button. At last you find it and the ringing stops. You turn over and read the time. Its 4 AM. As you struggle to open your eyes, you hear Carrie moaning something in her sleep. You turn and look at her laying next to you, her beautiful hazel nut curls cover her face as she tries to find a comfortable position.

You get out of bed and start to get ready. Getting dressed is such a hassle, since the darkness fills up the room. You eat a light breakfast and get your car keys, you walk into your bedroom and have one last glance at Carrie, thinking this might be the last time you see her. You notice her her hazel nut curls have found their way out of the secured ponytail, she’s just as beautiful as the day you met her.

You check up on the kids and see their tiny bodies as they snooze in place. You lock the front door and get in your car. As you drive away you experience an exciting feeling growing inside you as you think that you will get your alcohol successfully and get Lucianos II up and running again. And the thought of your family ever needing anything quickly vanishes.

After 9 hours on the road, you finally reach your destination. You go up a never ending driveway until you see it, a beautiful mansion. You drive by the entrance as the security guard greets you “Welcome, Mr.Luciano.”

As you get out of your car you can’t help but notice the monstrosity of the house. It towers over you, the roof was peaked, slanted at an angle, large rectangle windows displayed fine curtains, the tan paint reminded you of sand, and the large marble fountain completed everything. You stab at the doorbell, and a familiar voice greets you. “At last we meet Frankie! Come on back, I got just what you need.” You return the greeting and follow Rocco Perri out back.

You approach a garage when some men open the big metal doors. The inside, contained barrels and barrels of fine fresh whiskey. About five men begin to unload the barrels from the shelves and into your car. You are amazed at the mass quantity of barrels this guy has. You pay him for his services, and are sent back home.

About 30 minutes later, you are back on the road, when suddenly you notice a police car behind you. You think that it must be heading in the same direction as you are and decide to ignore it. Yet, a minute later its sirens start to howl. The palms of your hand immediately start to get damp, your cheeks turn red, and you start breathing heavily. You pull over and the police car does so as well. You try to remain calm as the officer steps out of his vehicle, and walks toward you car.

"Hello Officer" you stutter.

"How can I.." The officer holds his hand out signaling you to stop talking.

"Look, I saw you come out of Rocco Perri's house. I know what that man does, so Im going to ask you one very simple question. Do you or do you not have alcohol inside your vehicle?" You know that if you lied to the officer, the punishment would be much worse, so you go ahead and tell him the truth.

"Im going to have to take you in" are the last words you hear before the 8 hour drive to the police station...

* * * * *

You wake in a room with low light, you don't remember what happened. You look around trying to piece together your location. The last thing you remember is getting pulled over by a police officer and everything after that is a blur. Suddenly an FBI agent walks in and presents himself as Officer Ramos. You say your name and quietly stare at the figure in front of you. He is tall, with dark eyebrows, balding. You calculate he must be in his forties, and although he is wearing a heavy jacket, you can tell that he is muscular. He looks menacing you think.

"Hello Frankie, my name is Agent Ramos and I'd like to chat with you" chills run up your spine. Not knowing what to say until you finally find your tongue.

"How do you know..."

"No need to worry about that," he grins.

"Listen Frankie, we need your help. As you know, the Volstead Act just passed. Making the manufacturing and distribution of alcohol illegal."

"I know what I did was wrong" you begin to say but he quickly cuts you off.

"No, we know. We need your help to shut down speakeasies. There's been rumors that some ex-bar owners have begun to operate these illegal bars and we need your help to find them. We suspect some of your pals are in on this."

"You want me to be a mole? No, I couldn't."

"Don't be dumb. You have no job, no money, a family to take care of, and you could be locked up for at least 10 years if you don't cooperate. So, you should consider this is a great opportunity. Think about it. I will be following up with you in two weeks or so, expect to see me again."

With that he turns around and walks out the door. As his footsteps fade away, you begin to ponder all of the endless possibilities.

If you decide to take the job as a mole, turn to page 48.

If you decide to ignore the offer and risk going to jail, turn to page 47.

“Okay meet my guys at the bridge under the Hudson River at 7PM then.”

“Ill be there” you respond.

You hang up the phone and look at your wrist Your watch reads 3PM. You have exactly 4 hours until you need to meet one of Perri’s guys out by the river. You had an idea on what to expect, but you still can’t help but feel an empty pit in your stomach. The day before, Rocco Perri had called you to explain the process. He predicted the exchange would take no longer than a few minutes, since recently coast guards had become more vigilant. You look at your wife as she plays with the kids and you only hope for the best.

At 6:20PM you are already out the door. Its about a twenty to thirty minute drive to the Hudson River, so you leave with plenty of time to get there. You park your car below the bridge and look at your watch, 6:47PM it reads. You sit there in total silence admiring the half moon, trying not to think about what could go wrong. 6:55. 6:58. Finally the clock reads 7PM. You shuffle in your seat trying to look around the river to see if a boat was in the water coming your way, nothing. You sit back and start to get anxious. At 7:15 you begin to get a little tense.

What if they got caught? What if, the sound of water shuffling interrupts your thought. A man wearing a white shirt signals you with his hand. With that you get out of your car and open the trunk and the back doors. 5 men approach your vehicle, all carrying wooden boxes labeled “WHISKEY.” You watch them as they hurry to get as many boxes that can fit into your car as possible. When they finish, a guy approaches you and greets you. You give him the money and thank him for his services, he bows his head and he and his men quickly get on the boat again and disappear into the night.

Instead of driving straight home, you go to the storage room in the back room of your speakeasy, there you stash the whiskey. After unloading and stacking the crates, you decide to call Rocco and thank him for the delivery.

“Hey Rocco, its Frankie. I just wanted to thank you for the delivery, your guys were great.” You hear a laugh on the other end of the line.

“Hahaha, thank you for your kind words. See Frankie? I told you we are professionals. We are the type of people you should be doing business with. Work with me, and I promise you that you will become so darn successful you’ll have to open up more bars! Haha!” You laugh at his response to you. You thank him once again and hang up the phone. You begin to imagine the future of your speakeasy. What if Rocco was right? What if your business became very profitable and successful that you would need to open up more? Soon you forget all about it. You’re only focus right now is to get this speakeasy up and running.

Turn to next page.

The golden sun rays slowly begin penetrating the white, thin curtains surrounding the room. You hear the faint laughter of kids, and the familiar smell of eggs and bacon find their way to you.

"Frankie, wake up hon!" You shuffle out of bed and walk to the kitchen. There you find Carrie with her red and white plaid apron, leaning over the kitchen counter placing food on the white porcelain plates.

"Something smells good in here!" you say with a smile. Carrie smiles and thanks you for your kind remark. You play with the kids before eating your breakfast and then you begin to get ready for the big day.

"Thank your for breakfast, it was a wonderful surprise" you mention to Carrie.

"Its the big day! I want everything to go perfect today!"she says with a smile.

And it did. When you arrived to at the new "Lucianos II" you knew the day would be perfect. The weather was great. Bill had called letting you know he had phoned every contact in his phone book telling them about the grand opening, and the bar looked better than the original Luciano's. At exactly 8PM, you let your guard know that it was finally time to start letting people in. You give him specific instructions on who to let in. They must know the speakies password, "summer", if they did not know the password, or whispered the incorrect one, their entrance is to be denied.

At 9PM the bar was completely packed. You looked around to see who had come to the grand opening, half of the crowd were ex-Luciano's customers and the rest were Bill's friends. People from all over the city came. Women wore tight, silky dresses, with scandalous hats. Men kept it simple by wearing black and white suits. As you made your way to the back room, everyone patted you on the back as they congratulated you for the night's success.

"Frankie", a deep voice from behind calls your name. You slowly shift 180 degrees and face the man who helped make this happen. It's Rocco Perri.

"Mr.Perri, what a pleasant surprise. Please help yourself to drinks, they're on the house!"

He grins at you, "Thank you Frankie, but I will not be staying long. I just wanted to have a little chat, that is all." You swallow your saliva, fearing the reason behind his visit. You both walk to the back room and sit down on some crates.

"Is something wrong Mr. Perri?" You raise your eyebrows in concern.

"No, quite the opposite. I came to congratulate you and more importantly, I came to make you an offer." You look at him with great concern.

"I can see that your speakeasy is already very popular, and I guarantee you that you will get more customers by the nights.

This is a small room for a speakeasy you know. I am going to start operating in Chicago next week, I'd like to still be your supplier. I can guarantee you that in Chicago there is an even higher demand for alcohol." You look at him in awe.

"You want me to move to Chicago with you?"

"I want you to expand your business. Open up more Lucianos. You will become a rich man." He leans in and whispers,

"It's not like anyone likes these prohibition laws. Dont you want to be able to give everything to your family?" You put your head down and cup your hands, trying to take all of this in. When you finally look up, you notice Rocco Perri has already left.

If you decide to move to Chicago, turn to page 53.

If you decide to stay in New York, turn to page 51.

You walk to the kitchen, trying to look for some toast to make breakfast with and you can't seem to find anything. The wooden cabinets creak open and you desperately search for some food, everything is vacant. You hear knocking at your door and rush to open it. You violently swing the white door open. You feel your pulse beating in your hands as you still grip the door handle. A confused look sweeps over Agent Ramos's face as he speaks.

"Calm down, its just me. I just came to ask you what your final decision was." You blankly stare at him not losing the connection that is being formed with you eyes until you decide to look down at your bare feet.

"Thanks for the offer, but I've decide to stay loyal to my friends. So, I'm forced to say no to you" he looks appalled.

"Listen, I know you're scared. But, remember if you help us, we can help you too."

"Sorry, but money isn't going to make me change my decision." With that, you slam the door shut and walk to the kitchen again. This time your desperation increases, you yank one of the wooden cabinet doors breaking it. You stare at the broken pieces, reminding you of that summer at Luciano's.

The following morning, you are woken up by loud banging at your front door. Furiously, you get out of bed and run toward the front door. Your hand grips the door handle as you burst the door open. "What do.." three armed police officers take ahold of you. They turn you around, and place handcuffs on your wrists. You immediately feel the tight grip of the metal circles cutting off your circulation.

"No! let me go! Carrie!" You scream. You look up and notice her and the kids standing in front of you.

"No let my daddy go!" your little boy screams at the police officers. It pains you so much that your family gets to see you like this. You can't help it but tears start to form in your eyes. You mouth the words ,

"I love you" as you are stuffed into a police car and are driven away.

~The End~

It's been exactly 14 days since your meeting with Agent Ramos. You look around and see that Luciano's is no longer a bar, its an empty lot. Although the place is completely vacant, the aroma of the beer, wine, and cigarettes combined is still present. As you go and exit through the front door for the last time, you hear footsteps approaching the door

"We're closed!" you yell. The footsteps get closer and closer until you see a face. It's Agent Ramos.

"Hello Frankie, I believe you owe me your decision" he says. This time, instead of looking confused. You relax and force a smile. You think twice before blurting out the following words:

"Okay, I accept. Ill work for you."

"Excellent! Please accompany me to my car." You follow him out the door, and walk with him to the deserted parking lot. You approach a dark glimmering car, when he tells you to get in. You ask where you're going and he replies that you are heading to the FBI headquarters. You nod and sit in the tan leather seat. As you drive away, you turn around and glance at the bright luminescent lights as the words along with the memories fade away.

You approach a series of tall glass towers. You step out of the car of you both walk up to the main entrance. There, a security officer checks your person for any concealed weapons, then you proceed to enter a room labeled "Headquarters" at the top. You enter the spacious room, its filled with hundreds of workers. They all occupy small cubicles that separate departments from one another. You notice all the men walking around hectically, running errands, with manilla folders in their hands, everyone seemed to be occupied performing some sort of task.

Officer Ramos escorts you to a small room that provides a much intimate and quiet environment. You both sit down as an elderly man slams the door open and shuts it in the same manner. It makes the glass walls tremble, your body is doing the same.

"Hello Frankie, Officer Ramos has told me the good news. That you have decided to join us. Now I must let you know that there are certain protocols you need to follow. A major one would be that if someone asks, you are not working for us, you never spoke with us, and you were never here." A serious feeling rushes over you as you pay close attention what he is saying. After he is done speaking, he opens the manila folder that he carried in. It reveals photographs, addresses, and names of notorious bootleggers. You pick one up and immediately recognize the face, its Bill!

Turn to next page.

You place the photograph down, start to fidget in your chair, your palms start to get sweaty, so you conceal them under the table. You try to not make direct eye contact with the two officers. You know that if they find out that he is your friend, they'll surely make you rat him out.

"Frankie, is everything alright? Do you know this man?" questions- Officer Ramos.

"No he just, uh reminded me of someone thats all." You try and act normal, and to your luck, both of the officers believe you.

"Well, you will be given weekly assignments. We won't meet with one another for about a week or so its crucial for you to understand your job" you nod in agreement.

"You will start off with this man" he slides a picture in your direction.

"He goes by the name of Jon Moseley. Rumor has it you guys are somewhat close, is that right?" He looks at you with a frown.

"Yes, Ive attended some of his parties and we share close friends", you say.

"Perfect! Then you wont have any problem with gaining his trust. Your job will basically be to get to know where he gets his alcohol, from who, where he hangs out, which one of his friends in helping him out. Get to know how he operates who makes the deliveries, everything I need you to..." At that very moment a young man burst

in.

"Officer Ramos, the chief wishes to speak with you." Officer Ramos and the other individual stand up.

"Thank you for your time Frankie. Unfortunately our time is cut short, but I will be following up with you soon, you know for your job. So, I expect you to get some leads by next week."

"Ill try my best."

"I can't believe they're making you do such things. Especially to people you know!" you hug Carrie trying to calm her down.

"Its all right, we're going to be fine. I will protect you and the kids", you say to her.

"No! What if something happens to you Frankie. Then what are we going to do?! You know what? Lets get out of here, we could pack our bags and be gone by tonight." She clings on to your arms as her eyes desperately look at yours for an answer.

"I.. I.. dont know" you say in a quiet voice.

"Frankie, you know this is a dangerous job. The last thing I want to see is your dead body! Let's get out of here, we could go to some other city, we could be safe there, and you could find another job and..."

"Carrie, I dont want to go to jail if they catch us" you quietly say.

"Baby, they won't" she assures you.

You glance behind her and look at the twins as they play with their toy cars. All thats on your mind right now is your family.

If you decide to flee, turn to page 57.

If you decide to continue working for the FBI, turn to page 55.

“Riiiiing, Riiiiing” the telephone sounds. You rush over to answer it, not knowing who is at the other end of the line.

“Hello” you say.

“Frankie, its Rocco Perri. I’m calling to know what your final decision is going to be”, you pause for a long time.

“Well?” he asks.

“Gee, listen Mr. Perri, I appreciate the offer and all. I just don’t think moving to Chicago is the best move for me to make right now. I have a wife, and two kids and we’re doing just fine here.”

“Hmm, I understand your motive Frankie, but remember that this is all about business. Well, Im moving over there today. If you ever decide to change your mind you know where to find me. Good Bye” he hangs up the phone, and the line goes dead.

That night business booms as usual. You get more and more customers by the day. Lucianos II becomes so popular, than in just one week, you make the same amount of profit than you did with the old Luciano’s in a month. By the end of that month, is when the real trouble began. Customers began to complain about the size of the bar. “I can’t even hold my drink without bumping into someone” or “This place is too small!” were common remarks. People still came to the bar, but you soon began to notice the decrease in numbers. In the next two months, only half of the customers began to show up for drinks.

“Hey, you win some you lose some right pal?” says Bill.

“I should’ve listened to Rocco, he was right. Now, I dont even know where half of my customers have gone” you exclaim as you pour Bill another drink.

“Haven’t you heard? There’s a new bar in town. Goes by the name Stratton Club, place is huge. They have fine dancing and drinking,” he says staring into a wall imagining the place.

“You’ve been there?” you ask angrily.

“No, no of course not. Thats only what I’ve heard others say. I only come here to drink. You know that Frankie” Bill responds as he still continues to stare into the wall.

The next night, not a lot of people show up to drink at Lucianos. A young couple starts to leave the bar, when you decide to go talk to them.

“Hey fellas, have a good night?” They turn around.

“Yes, Thank you Mr.Luciano” they seem a bit in a rush.

“Its a bit early to be going home, don’t you think?” you question them.

“Come on, stick around. I’ll even throw in some free drinks” you say desperately wanting for them to stay.

“They’re on the house” you add.

“Thank you for the offer, but we must get going. We’re meeting some friends over at the Stratton Club”, the young man responds with an embarrassed tone.

“Sorry.” the pretty blonde whispers. After a while, you decide to go outside for some fresh air, hoping for all your stress and worries to go away.

You suddenly get a peculiar feeling. Something isn’t right, you think. You look around, and finally notice,

“The guard isn’t here!” you exclaim in horror.

You burst inside the bar, but quickly change your expression. You don’t want to scare away the customers. You walk to the back, and pull some of your employees with you to the back room.

“What’s wrong boss?!” they all question your petrified expression.

“Alex, the guard- I walked out, and he wasn’t by the door.”

“Im pretty sure everything is alright. Maybe he just wandered off for a bit” one of your younger employees mentions.

“Wandered off? Are you...”

“POLICE! EVERYONE PUT YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM. THIS PLACE IS BEING SHUT DOWN!” a menacing, loud, voice from the bar shouts. An officer bursts into the back room.

“YOU ARE ALL UNDER ARREST FOR THE SELLING AND MANUFACTURING OF ILLEGAL ALCOHOL.TURN AROUND AND PLACE YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACKS,” You turn around, hoping to talk some sense into the officer. When you recognize the face.

“Oh Frankie, when I heard about you, and this place... I didn’t believe it. But, now that I have you right here in front of me, I realize how wrong I was about you”, Phil says as he places the hard metal cuffs around your wrists.

~The End~

"This my friend, is where you will be doing what you do best."

Rocco Perri shows off his pearly white teeth, as he grips your shoulders. You look around the place.

"Wow, this is certainly a step-up", you nod as you admire the place.

"It's three times the size of your old bar, and I've had professionals design the decor and setup. Your friend Bill and some of my other contacts have gotten the word out. So, expect a lot of people tonight. The whiskey is in the back room. I've made sure to get twice as much. No need to thank me."

You drive home and get ready for the night. You walk to your bedroom where you find Carrie doing her hair.

"Honey, I have something for you." She turns around and yells when she sees you holding a long, navy blue dress, with silver diamonds around the sweetheart neckline.

"Oh Frankie, this must of cost a fortune!" she grabs a hold of the dress and holds it up against her body.

"Its my size!" she hugs you for a long time.

"Now that I will be making thousands, maybe even millions, I finally have the luxury to give my family everything they deserve" you say.

You get showered and dressed. When you leave, you tell Carrie you will be expecting her no later than 8:30PM. She nods and kisses you good-bye.

You get into your car and start driving, surprisingly there is a lot of traffic. It takes you twice the time to get to your speakeasy. When you finally arrive, you decide to enter through the back door so no one would notice you're late. Once you enter, you hear the loud jazz music .

"Hey turn that down" you yell. You furiously walk over to the stage, but then stop and notice the huge crowd that is dancing and laughing. You cross your arms, and laugh at the sight.

"We've done good Frankie" a voice from behind you says. You turn around, and see that it is Rocco Perri with a man next to him. He is wearing a sleek black shirt, with a matching white and black striped tie. The top half of his face covered by an expensive looking white hat, this man looked familiar.

"Frankie, I have someone I want you to meet. This is Al Capone, best bootlegger to ever live." You hold out your hand, and Al Capone firmly shakes it.

"Lucianos was a beautiful place" Mr.Capone adds.

"Oh, Im sorry. I don't recall you going there for drinks", you say eyeing him with curiosity.

"No, I didn't personally attend, but my people did." you nod as you swallow your saliva.

"Mr.Capone here wants to talk business with you Frankie" Rocco Perri interrupts. You look over at Mr.Capone, and lift up your chin.

"I like the way you manage speakeasies Mr.Luciano. I've come to make you a proposal that you will have to accept. I want you to assist me, by helping me run my speakeasies, and my bootlegging business. In return, I will make you almost as rich as I am", he forces a half smile out. You look up, and meet eyes with Rocco trying to find an answer in his eyes. All he does is raise his eyebrows.

"This rendezvous is very exciting, unfortunately, Mr.Capone here has other places to be. Take care Frankie." Rocco says. You accompany them to the door and wave goodbye. You walk inside and find Bill staring at you from a distance. All he does is mouth the words "Don't you dare."

If you decide to work with Al Capone, turn to page 58.

If you decide to deny the offer, turn to page 60.

The following day, you call up an old friend and ask him for information regarding Jon. He gives you the location of his speakeasies.

Later that night, you decide to pay Jon a visit at his speakeasy. You walk up a dark and long narrow alley. You see a guard by a door, so you walk up to him and whisper "swordfish", he told you that that was the secret password to enter. The guard opens the door and you are granted entrance. You take a few steps inside a long hallway when you hear the door behind you smack close. You walk down and you start to hear some music. Your heart starts to beat faster and faster. You don't know what to expect. That feeling of not knowing causes you to feel this way.

You enter a large room and see that it looks just like the inside of any other bar. You see numerous women by the bar, and some men chatting the night away. You immediately spot Jon and you start to walk toward him. You haven't seen him in a couple of months, but he still looks the same. Light, tall, and with his black signature mustache. "Hey, look who came in for a drink! Good to see you pal." He embraces you, and when his strong arms release you look at his face with dishonor. "I heard about Luciano's" he says "What a shame, it was the best bar around town." You nod your head and thank him for his kind remark. He invites you to what he likes to call his VIP room.

An intimate space decorated with couches, a small bar, and a personal bartender. The lighting is purple, there are 2 women there, "make yourself comfortable" he says. He chugs down a couple of drinks, this will make my job easier you think.

"You know, I've considered starting my own speakeasy as well. Except, I don't know where to get the alcohol. I came to see if you could help me out, it's quite obvious that you know a few guys", you say as you rest your arm on a barrel of alcohol. Jon leans back and laughs.

"Well of course I do! I know every bootlegger in the country! I could easily get you some alcohol if you want. Take it as a gift from me to you, you know for your loss." His right arm arms the back of your neck as he leans on you, grinning.

"Thanks for the offer Jon, but if you don't mind, can I just get their contact info? I was thinking about doing permanent business with them, so it would make sense if I got to know them." You start to breathe a little harder as you struggle to speak. You want to seem relaxed, but you feel nervous since you don't want to blow your cover.

"Sure thing, Alice!!" He takes his arm off you and turns to one of the women sitting on the couch.

"Please bring Shadow's info" he says in a quiet voice.

The mysterious girl gets up and in just a few seconds comes back with a small black card.

"This will tell you everything. Where to find him, everything" he grins.

"Thank you for everything Jon, but I must get going. I'll call him. Thanks again."

A week later you start to feel guilty about the other night. Jon is an innocent fellow, he too has a family with two kids. As you lay in bed, your conscience will not let you sleep. You feel horrible about ratting him out to the police. But, you know that if you dont, it will be you who will get separated from you family. You roll around in bed, thinking about what you can do.

If you decide to lie to officer Ramos about Jon, turn to page 61.

If you decide to rat him out, turn to page 62.

“Okay let’s do it.” Carrie leans over and kisses you softly on the mouth.

“It’s going to be alright Frankie.” You spend the whole morning packing and deciding what you would bring with you or not. You only want to bring what’s necessary; clothes, money, and some other valuable items. By the late afternoon, all the bags are packed, and you are all ready to leave. You close the house door and flag down a taxi, “Where to sir?” the taxi driver asks.

“The train station please.”

Once there you walk over to the ticket booth line. “Hi, four tickets to Pennsylvania please” “Right away ”, the man grabs your money and hands over the four tickets. You walk over to your train and start boarding. In the next 20 minutes you are already on the way to Pennsylvania. You look outside your window and admire the tall skyscrapers in New York. You look back remembering your childhood, this was your hometown. You look to your left and hug your wife.

“Hey you know this is the right thing. You couldn’t leave me and the kids on the street while you were in jail, plus you know how the dangerous the business is Frankie.” You look over and meet her blue eyes.

“I love you”, you whisper to her.

~The End~

As soon as Mr. Capone and Rocco Perri walk out of the club, Bill walks over to you.

"Hey, before you say anything, did you notice that man's watch? Must be worth thousands", you say as you stroll over to the bar as Bill follows you.

"Man, are you nuts? That man is Al Capone. A-l C-a-p-o-n-e. Notorious bootlegger? Kills anyone that makes him mad? Dude Im telling you, you do not want to get involved with this man." Bill waves his hands in your direction to try and get your attention.

"Hi Mark, I'll have 2 shots please", you order your whiskey, simultaneously ignoring Bill.

"Yes, I heard you. But, I am not going to be this man's enemy Bill. I am going to be helping him with his business. He wouldn't hurt someone who is helping him. Isn't there some saying 'don't bite the hands that feeds you' or something like that" you say in your defense.

"Except you won't be feeding him anything, this man is an outlaw. He will kill anyone, friend or foe."

"Thanks for worrying buddy, but nothing bad is going to happen to me. In fact, he even wants to make me as rich as him. Can you believe it?" You raise your hands, and look up at the ceiling. You imagine numerous dollar bills falling from the sky. Once your daydream is over, you look down, and notice Bill shaking his head at you.

* * * * *

"To start you will begin managing 10 of my speakeasies. After I see how you manage those, you will be given more. The more you manage the more you earn Frankie, simple as that." You look around at Al's nice car. Black leather seats, a spacious inside, dark tinted windows...

"Don't let me down." The car door opens, and a man waits for you to leave the vehicle. You walk onto the curb and wave goodbye.

A week after, Al Capone calls you, letting you know that he was impressed with your work.

"It seems like hiring you was a good choice indeed. Your paycheck will be arriving soon. We will be talking soon as well." After almost six months of doing business with Al Capone, your life had economically gotten better. Your family moved into a spacious mansion, bought luxurious cars, sent your kids to the best schools, and had everything you've ever dreamed of.

You are managing a great deal of Al Capone's business.

But, lately you noticed that the profit from the speakeasies was going down.

You do the math over and over again, but each time you get the same results. The business was going down. You figured you ought to call Al, but regret your decision since you do not want to get yelled at. Your doorbell rings. You go ahead and open the door.

"Mr. Capone is waiting for you in the car." one of his bodyguards motions you to the car. You fear what comes next. You open the door, and get in. He does not look pleased.

"Frankie, how are you?" he asks.

"Good", you respond.

"Now your turn", he says smiling.

"Huh?" you ask confused.

"You ask me how I am doing", he demands.

"How are you" you say, "Bad Frankie, I'm losing money. I hired you to manage my business, and this is how I get repaid? After all the wealth I've given you", you notice a black gun next to him.

"No, sir I can explain you see I..." he holds up his hand.

"No, Frankie. Your words are worthless to me, shoot him." One of his bodyguards grabs the pistol and aims it right at your head, and with just one motion you lie dead on the car floor, motionless.

~The End~

DID YOU KNOW?

Al Capone is America's most famous gangster and the single greatest symbol of the collapse of law and order in the United States during the 1920s Prohibition era. Capone had a leading role in the illegal activities that lent Chicago its reputation as a lawless city. Capone's most notorious killing was the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. He was equally known for his violent temper and for his strong sense of loyalty and honor. He was the first to open soup kitchens after the 1929 stock market crash and he ordered merchants to give clothes and food to the needy at his expense.

The next night, Rocco walks in and question your decision.

"You know I don't think I could help him. I can barely manage this one you know? Can you tell him I'll just stick with helping you?" Rocco smiles.

"I was hoping you would say that. I didn't want to lose you kid. Al's business is much more serious, and well I didn't want to see you get hurt or anything" he says.

"Thanks" you reply.

Yours and Rocco's club only gets more and more popular. Soon, you both become millionaires, living the rich life. The club remains open for years until the passing of the 21st amendment, which made alcohol legal again on December 5th, 1933, which marked the last day that your club is open.

"Im sure going to miss this" Rocco adds as both of you lock up.

"Me too, now I just wonder what were going to do. We could always just open a regular bar, but now that its legal, it kind of takes away the fun" you say as you both walk over to the parking lot. You walk down a dark alley that leads you to your cars. You notice a man standing below a light, holding up some white powder to his nose and breathing it in. As you get closer you hear him humming peacefully, until you're about two feet away from him is when he finally notices you two.

"Want a hit fellas? Its cocaine, so good.." he mumbles and goes back to his humming. Rocco looks at you with a grin on his face.

"I think I just got an idea for our next new business Frankie." You smile as you take some powder from the man's hand.

"It's so good" you say.

~The End~

Later that day, you hear the doorbell ring as you slowly walk to open the door. Instead of feeling nervous, you are furious. You look at Officer Ramos in the face and you can't help but feel such fury toward him. You think that he is the reason why you are feeling guilty, and you fathom possibilities on his fate. He greets you with a smile.

"Hey got any news for me on Jon?" You don't even dare to invite him in and you talk with a bit of rage in your voice.

"No, he didn't let up much." Officer Ramos starts to laugh and he looks down at his feet. You don't know how to react so you begin to laugh with him.

"Hahaha, what's so funny Officer?" When he lifts his head up, you notice a different reaction on his face.

"To think that you were going to be honest with me. You know I was the one who told the chief that you would be our guy, and now here you are lying to my face." You can't see your face, but you can feel your cheeks warming up.

"I don't know..."

"DON'T LIE TO ME I KNOW YOU KNOW WHERE HE GETS HIS LIQUOR" Your face goes slack, mouth slightly open, your body tenses, and you feel sweat starting to drip down your face.

"Alice has been undercover with Jon for a few weeks now. She informed me she told you everything. This was just a test to see if we can trust you." He takes a deep breath and speaks in a calmer tone.

"Sorry Frankie, but now you'll really have to face the consequences. Follow me, we're going to the police station." You turn around and notice Carrie and the kids standing behind you.

"Papa, where are you going?" they ask as their tender faces express a confused look. Carrie with tears in her eyes, looks down at the kids, trying to tell them that you will be fine.

~The End~

You decide to tell Officer Ramos everything you know about Jon and his bootlegger, Shadow. You feel so guilty, that you decide that it would be better if you don't say it directly to Officer Ramos's face. You drive to the FBI Headquarters, and place a card with all the information on them in a folder. You hand the card to the receptionist. You made sure to write his name in black ink, so that it would not get misplaced. You drive home, still feeling guilty, but you think that it's better Jon than you.

The next day, you find yourself sitting on a park bench, as you look at the green meadows surrounding you, the nearby birds chirping in the distance, and the sun warming up your soul, you start to feel much better. But, that feeling only lasts for a little while. A man in a dark suit plops down next to you. You are afraid to turn since you recognize the aroma, it's Officer Ramos yet again. He doesn't say a word to you, so you remain silent. He only reaches into his coat and takes out a large envelope. He delicately places it on your lap, and with that he rises and starts to walk away. You wait a few minutes for him to be a good distance away. You go ahead and open the envelope. Inside, you find a hundred dollar bill and a picture of the next bootlegger you need to catch. You look down, tears start to build up. You cry out loud, "I can't, I can't do this anymore." You place your hand over your chest. focusing on the pain that starts to fire up inside you. You ratted a friend out yesterday, but you can't rat out family.

After what seems like hours, you get up, and get into your car. You know exactly where you're going, in just 40 minutes you arrive at Bill's house. BAM BAM BAM! You desperately knock on his front door. His wife, Bianca finally opens the door.

"What in the world is going on Frankie?" she questions you. You glance down at your knuckles, and notice the blood that covers them.

"You almost broke our door", she exclaims.

"Where is he?" You question her, as you quickly run around the house hoping to find Bill somewhere in there.

"Who? Bill? He's not here, he told me he was going to a friend's to talk business or whatever. Why, is something wrong?" she questions you.

"Bianca, I need you to pack up everything, I will try and go find Bill, you guys need to leave as soon as possible.

"Frankie, are you out of your mind? Why would we move?" you turn around and face her.

Turn to next page.

"Because, Bill is going to jail, and if you don't get out of here then he is going to be locked up for a very long time." She opens her mouth in awe.

"Well go find him then! He said he would be at some guy named Leon's." You run out the door and luckily for you Bill pulls up.

"Hey, man. Why the visit?" Bill asks. You take him inside and explain the situation.

"You need to leave now," Bill nods and says he understands.

"Thanks for the info Frankie, we'll keep in contact man." You embrace him and go home, relaxed, knowing Bill wouldn't get hurt now.

Two days later Officer Ramos shows up at your house, informing you that you need to go with him to the headquarters. You grab your coat and are quickly out the door. Once you arrive, you walk up to the same room you were in before.

"Frankie, hows Bill?" Officer Ramos asks.

"I can't seem to get a hold of him", you respond, you feel your forehead starting to get moist.

"You sure?" He pressures.

"Yes, Ive called up everyone I know, and no one seems to know of him, sorry." You look up and meet his eyes.

"Thats alright, we'll put someone else on the case. We understand you're new at this, but don't worry, you will get the hang of this soon." He passes a new photograph to you.

"This guy is worth a lot. If you don't recognize him, his name is Richard Stewart. All his information is in this packet." He passes you a mustard colored packet filled with papers and photos.

"I also talked to my boss, thats why we couldn't finish talking the first time you were here. He and I were thinking that once you've caught several of these guys, you could become one of us. You know an agent", he smiles as he finishes his sentence.

"Thank you." you get up and walk out the door. An agent huh? You think to yourself. It wouldn't be such a bad job, you think. You would get paid well, and have good benefits. Plus you could even help your friends, and get free booze. You've heard how much bootleggers love to bribe agents and officers.

Within three months, you've caught the sufficient amount of bad guys Officer Ramos wanted you to catch. You question him about the job, and he tells you that it's yours if you want it. You gladly take it. You earn a good deal of money that helps support you and your family. You also get free whiskey when you stop at a speakeasy. Bootleggers sure do love you for keeping their secrets. You get paid by those in the whiskey business to keep quiet, extra money for luxuries. Life is good, but even after the 21st amendment passes, legalizing alcohol again, you keep living the good life.

~The End~

Did You Know?
Prohibition agents raided these establishments, arresting both owners and patrons. It was common for police to be bribed by speakeasy operators in order to operate or be given advanced notice about raids during 1920s' Prohibition. It is said that about half of Chicago's law enforcement was on bootleggers and gang's payroll.

65- The 1920's: Jazz Player

"DING,DING,DING,DING,DING! Orders up!" You shout from behind the meat deli's butcher block counter. You bag a hunk of blood sausage into a brown paper bag. You place the bag on the counter, wipe your hands on your stained white apron, and then wipe the rolling beads of sweat on the edge of your hairline with the back of your long ebony fingertips. You close your exhausted eyes gently for a moment, fantasizing that maybe when you open them your life will be different.

"Hey! Long time no see brother!" you hear a voice shout. Your eyes snap open and you see your childhood friend Jimmy standing in front of the counter clenching the brown paper bag in his huge dark hands.

"Jimmy! My man how are you? I havent seen you in forever!" you exclaim.

"I'm good actually, everything's good. Well everything except this weather that is!" Jimmy laughs flashing his pearly teeth as he tugs at his shirt collar.

"Ya.Well, New Orleans summers...what can ya do?" you joke, shrugging your shoulders.

"So what have you been up to Jimmy, where've you been all this time?" You inquire.

"Oh well I've actually been up in New York. Ya I got a job up there at this newspaper called Crisis, I don't know if you've heard of it? Anyway, so yea. My Granddaddy has a place up in Harlem and we're both liv'in there."

"Harlem... Why does that sound familiar?" you ask aloud.

"Well it's definitely on the rise. You've probably heard about all the other black southerners who've been moving there over the past few years," he says calmly. He leans in to whisper to you,

"You know with these Jim Crow laws and all, theres only so much segregation and injustice people can take... But, on a lighter note, a lot of people are just heading north for all the excitement!" Jimmy grins.

"I got it! Harlem, New York- thats where all the jazz and swing parties are booming right?!" you ask excitedly, bending across the counter.

"Thats right! Well that among other things." Jimmy replies.

"Oh! Thats right, you're all into jazz and ragtime and all that right? Do you still play the sax?" Jimmy asks curiously.

"Absolutely!! Its... what I live for." you smile, but can't help but feel a tinge of sadness at the fact that nothing has become of your dream. Oh sweet ragtime jazz! Your imagination takes hold of you for a moment: gilded underground ballroom, clouds of white smoke from rich white womens puffers, hard liquor flowing through the heart of the party. Fast moving flapper girls, you on stage dressed in a clean- cut suit, blowing your sax-

phone like nobodys ever seen...

"So how about it?" Jimmy asks. You snap back to reality.

"Huh?" you ask.

"Will you go with me when I go back to Harlem?" Jimmy says again clearly.

A million thoughts fly through your head. You don't have any money saved, do you really want to quit your job leaving your poor Mamma all on her own to pay the bills? Are you willing to risk it all with no time to prepare?

If you decide to wait a few months to save up some money and meet up with Jimmy in New York later, turn to page 67.

If you decide to take Jimmy up on his offer and go with him to New York, turn to page 70.

Did You Know?
The Jim Crow Laws were racial segregation laws that were set in place from 1876-1965. These laws legalized the separation of whites from African-Americans in public transportation, schools, and more

"Thanks Jimmy. I really appreciate the offer man, but I think it'd be best if I save up some money first. Plus, it'll give me more time to prepare mamma for the news." you say thankfully.

"Alright, sounds good to me. Well, I'm leaving for Harlem tomorrow, but I'll be back in New Orleans in a few months. Three months to be exact. Is that enough time for you?" Jimmy asks kindly.

"Three months is perfect." you answer back. You bid your old friend goodbye and continue about your work at the deli.

As each week goes by, you continually save up the money you earn for your big trip. You have been working seven days a week to make as much money as you can before you go off on your trip, but, as the second month before Jimmys' return approaches, your mamma forces you to take a break from work to go with her to Sundays' mass. How can you refuse?

"Bong! Bong! Bong!" Ring the Sunday churchzing grace! So

Sweeeet! The Sound!" your ears perk up at the sound of a womans silvery singing voice. You look up and there she is standing on stage beside the preacher, the most beautiful girl you've ever seen. Her hair falls past her shoulders in jet black ringlets. Her honey brown eyes remind you of melted caramel and her smooth, glistening skin reminds you of mocha. She catches you staring at her, but instead of turning away, she looks back at you and smiles.

"Her name's Abigail." Mamma whispers softly. After church, your Mamma pulls Abigail aside to meet you.

"This is Abigail sweetie. We know each other from Bible Study on Tuesdays." Mamma introduces her.

"Hi." Abigail says shyly, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

"Nice to meet you Abigail." you shake her hand thoughtfully. "

"Say, Abigail you're not doing anything tonight are ya sweetie?" your mamma blabs.

"No, actually I'm not." Abigail responds quickly.

"I know! Why don't you and my son go get dinner tonight? Theres a Great place down on Bourbon St. that sells the best jambalaya I've ever had. Other than my jambalaya that is! Hahaha! But, how bout it?" Mamma asks excited. Abigail looks at you for the ok.

"That could be fun." you respond. Abigail smiles tenderly.

Over the next month, you and Abigail go on multiple dates and begin to become very fond of one another. Time seems to fly by. The only thing ever on your mind anymore is Abigail...

Abigail's head rests gently on your chest as the two of you sit on the steps of Abigails' mamas' house.

"Are you still coming over for dinner tonight? My mama's making gumbo and crawfish," Abigail announces sweetly. You nod your head and start kissing her softly on the mouth.

“Woah! I’m not interrupting am I?” a voice says. In shock, you turn to see your friend Jimmy with his hands in his pockets, rocking back and forth on his heels.

“Sorry to barge in like this Miss, but I need to have an urgent word with your man here.If thats okay?” Jimmy says with an artificial smile.

“Okay. Umm, I’m gonna give you boys some privacy then,” Abigail says uncertainly as she goes inside the house. Jimmy waits for the door to shut before he lets you have it.

“You told me three months.Three months! Did you really think it was a good idea to get involved with some girl when you knew you weren’t planning to stay in New Orleans?” Jimmy asks in disapproval.

“Jimmy, I’m sorry. I didn’t expect this to happen,” you say apologetically.

“Save it.” Jimmy stops you. “Do you still want to go, or not? I leave tomorrow.

If you decide to follow through with the plan and go with Jimmy to New York, turn to page 70.

If you decide to stay in New Orleans with Abigail turn to page 69.

"I'm sorry Jimmy... But, I can't just leave. I love this girl," you say softly.

"More than you love jazz? This is your dream we're talking about." Jimmy's eyes burn into yours like hot coals. You don't answer.

"Well, that's a real shame. You could have gone so far..." Jimmy shakes his head in disbelief and walks away.

A month after you decide not to go to New York, your Mamma convinces you that it's high time for you to ask for Abigail's hand. You reluctantly accept the idea, and decide to ask her. She agrees excitedly. Before you know it, the day of the wedding arrives...

"Come on sweetie! We're going to be late!" Abigail knocks briskly on your closed restroom door.

"I'll be right there darlin'," you answer her, as you straighten out your black tux in the mirror.

You admire the sleek structure of the tux, and imagine how great a suit it would have been for performing on stage at some nightclub in New York.

"Hmmm..." you sigh regretfully.

"Sweetie, you wouldn't want us to be late for our own wedding would you?" Abigail whines annoyed.

"No darlin'," you mumble defeated.

You take one final look in the splotchy bathroom mirror and see all that could have been. It flashes before your eyes like a bolt of lightning and then disappears without a trace. You realize all you have given up, and know deep down that you've made a big mistake. A mistake you'll have to live with for the rest of your life.

~The End~

"You shouldn't go baby!" your Mamma sobs loudly in your arms squeezing you tightly to her warm chest. "Imagining you up there in the big city all alone." She releases you from her grip and takes out a tiny lace hankey from her purse and blows into it hard.

You sigh,

"Mamma, I wont be alone, Jimmy and his granddaddy will be there."

"Well, yeah maybe... but still! Besides Ive heard one too many crazy stories bout how them city folks behaves, and they says the women is the worst! Bunch a hussies..."

"Mamma!" you cut her off. She starts tearing up again. You know that no matter what, there's nothing you can say that will change her mind about New York.

"Phewww!" you hear someone whistle loudly through the crowd.

You turn your head to see Jimmy holding a brown leather suitcase in one hand, and waving two green train tickets in the air with the other. Then you hear the clanging shake of Iron rails, and then a sudden screechy stop- the train has arrived. "Toot Toot!" "All Aboard!!" The ticketmaster shouts over the trains horn.

"Mamma, it's time," you whisper gently as she wipes her eyes with the little hankey.

"You're right baby-it is," She forces out. You give her one last bear hug, and then rush off to Jimmy to board the train.

The train ride goes pretty quietly after the first few minutes of being on board. Jimmy's focus quickly shifts to some magazine called "Negro World." Slapped on the front cover, below the title, read: The New Negro Movement. After a few hours of staring out the window, you finally decide you can't take it anymore.

"So, uh Jimmy whatcha been reading there?" you ask him nodding towards the magazine.

"This? Well, this my friend is proof of the intellectual advancement of Negroes in the 20th century," he waves the magazine like a king wields a scepter.

"I don't know what you mean Jimmy," you reply.

"Look man, throughout our history people, and by people I mean the white folks, have had it in their minds that we are incapable of being involved in advanced arts and literature. They think we're intellectually inferior to them. Thats why we have the Jim Crow Laws back home. But, now we're starting to prove them all wrong. We're showing them that yes, we can publish literature in magazines. Yes, we can become great artists. Yes, we can become famous musicians." He nods towards you."

And to think they said we couldn't." He smiles and puts his hand on your shoulder. You smile back at him.

Before you know it, you and Jimmy are waltzing down the wide paved streets of Harlem. You are in awe of the tall brick buildings on both sides of the street. As you look around in amazement, an old man steps out from behind a corner and hands you a card. The old man then quickly disappears into the night. The card reads: If you can't Charleston or do the pigeon wing. You sure can shake that thing- " Hey Jimmy, whats this? " You ask waving the card around.

"Hmm.. Oh looks like a rent party invite." He replies.

"Rent party?" You ask confused.

"Yes sir, you see in the city paying the rent can get pretty rough, with most of our wages that is. So when folks around here haven't made enough money to pay their rent thy through a party and have people pay at the door to enter. Granddaddy threw one once and ooh...speaking of granddaddy we better get going hes probably waiting for us." Jimmy eyes his watch and rushes ahead. You stay in place staring down at the rent party card. Jimmy slowly makes his way back to you.

" Unless-you wanna go to the party?" Jimmy says devilishly.

If you decide to continue on to granddaddy's, turn to page 72.

If you decide to go to the party, turn to page 86.

DID YOU KNOW?

"The New Negro", was a term made popular during the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920's. It was a term that signified the concept that African-Americans had reached a new level of refinement. This included being involved in the arts, education and even politics. The New Negro Movement was essentially African-Americans hoping to represent themselves in a new, cultured and progressive way.

“Hahaha! So, you mean to tell me, you boys were gonna abandon your poor old Granddaddy to go to some poor souls rent party?”

“Yea Granddaddy,” Jimmy replies to his granddaddy with a smile.

“Well, why didn’t ya? Hahaha! I would of! Hahaha!” Granddaddy howls slapping his knee as he rocks on a creeky oak rocking chair.

“Oh boys...” Granddaddy lites up a cigar and pops it in his mouth.

“Since when do you smoke Granddaddy?” Jimmy asks surprised.

“Haha! Since recently, don’t tell your mamma though. She thinks smokins’ a nasty habit. But, everybody smokes these days,” Granddaddy says as he blows out a puff of gray smoke.

“Well since my grandson didn’t take you to that party, I suppose we had better break out my stash.” Granddaddy winks at you.

“Jimmy go on over there and get the stash.” Granddaddy whispers and gestures towards a large leather chest.

Jimmy walks over to the old chest, opens it and begins rummaging through old folded linens. He then pulls out a large glass jug of what you know must be alcohol.

“Yaa... thats the stuff. Give it here Jimmy!” Granddaddy snatches the jug out of Jimmy’s hands, and walks over to the tiny kitchen. He pulls three glass cups out of the cupboard. He pours some into each glass.

“Here ya go!” Granddaddy slides the glasses into your hands.

“Gin?” Jimmy asks.

“Moonshine.” Granddaddy replies, and then chugs it down.

Turn to next page.

"Yea, after that crazy prohibition law passed, I thought that'd be the end of drinking for me. But, luckily Jimmy's friend Carl hooks me up with a few jugs here and there. Oh! And speaking of hook ups- I'd forgotten. You're a musician right boy?" Granddaddy asks.

"Yes sir, I play the saxophone." You reply respectfully.

"Yea, yea, I actually talked to an old friend of mine and he offered to give you a shot working at this joint called Connies Inn. You interested?" Granddaddy questions.

If you decide to take Granddaddy's offer and take the job working at Connies Inn, turn to page 78.

If you decide to keep looking for your own gig turn to page 74.

DID YOU KNOW?

The Prohibition Act, also known as the Volstead act, was a law that passed in 1919 that made the sale of alcohol illegal. This act led to the bootleggers (someone who makes or sells illegal liquor) and speakeasies (underground nightclubs that sold alcohol illegally) of the 1920's.

"Na thanks Granddaddy. I really appreciate it , but I think it would be best if I found a music gig on my own." You tell Granddaddy with an assuring smile.

"Alright, if you say so boy. Just know that this is a one time offer.

If things don't work out with your job search don't come crying back to me, understood?" Granddaddy huffs.

"Yes, Sir." You respond quickly.

"Well good. Now lets drink!" Granddaddy bellows as he raises his glass as a toast. You and Jimmy braise your glass in cheer. But, little do you know that your celebration will be short lived.

"You still can't find a job?" Jimmy says to you two weeks later.

"Nope." You utter in defeat.

"Well, you could always come to work at the Newspaper with me. You write your own songs don't you? That skill could transition well into writing poetry, we have a lot of up and coming poets down there. Heck, just the other day this guy around your age... what was his name again?... hmm oh! Langston hughes! Ya, well this Langston Hughes guy published this amazing poem called eh uh, "The Negro Speaks of Rivers" or something. It was the most beautiful thing Ive ever read, really moving. You know? I love how his poetry captures the struggle of blacks, our heritage, how far we've come and... Well anyway ya, that kids gonna go far I can tell... But, my point is I think you could do real good working for the Newspaper."

Jimmy sums up shaking a finger at you." Anyway, Ill ask my editor about bringing you on okay? ." Jimmy tells you as he slips on a light tan jacket and opens the door to go to work. You're relieved that he's finally gone. Now you can sneak a few chugs of Granddaddy's stashed moonshine. You sneak over to the leather chest, where Granddaddy keeps it hidden. You carefully lift the lid and dig through the contents. Your fingers slip over something smooth and cool- the bottle! You yank it out in a frenzy and rip off the lid to take a swig.

"Huh?" You say in surprise as you discover the bottle to be practically empty.

"Great!" You yell angrily as you throw the bottle at the wall, smashing it. You stay locked up in the apartment all day long but the moment night falls you make an executive decision.

"I guess I could just go to one of the clubs and nab a drink. I mean if they hire almost all blacks well..., except they didn't hire me!!" You shout aloud.

"Then I don't think they'd mind us going in for a drink right?" You say to yourself.

You leave the apartment and decide to make your way to the closest underground bar you can think of... The Cotton Club. As you pass by Broadway and forty-eighth street you see it- The Cotton Club sign in huge bright lights over the top of the blocklike, windowless entrance. You trudge on in.

"Wow..." You say in wonder at the lavishness of inside the club.

There are rounded off tables with crisp white tablecloths surrounding the outskirts of the room. People in fine clothes sit oohing and awing at the colored Dancer Girls on center stage wearing skimpy gold outfits with feather headdresses. Some people stand up and start dancing to the bands music in the mosh pit formed by the surrounding tables.

"Hey you! How'd you get in here? Are you with the band?" A man's deep voice yells at you from behind. Startled, you turn to see a muscular man in a gray pinstriped suit.

"Uhh what?" You ask confused.

"Who let you in here? At the door. Someone had to have let you in, who?" The man pulled you behind a pillar and shouted in your face as he grabbed you by the shirt collar.

"Nobody let me in. There wasn't anybody at the door." You stutter with fear in your voice.

"Do you work here? Are you a musician or a waiter of some kind or aren't you?" He shouts again. You don't know how you should answer. Your heart starts beating very fast and your palms have become sweaty.

"Answer the question or else.." The man says slowly.

*If you decide to lie and tell him you work there as a musician,
turn to page 89.*

If you decide to tell the truth about why you're there, turn to page 76.

"No, I don't actually work here. I just stopped by to get a drink, that's all." You answer scared.

"Really? You thought you'd just stop by to get a drink?" The man says in a voice that sounded like he had just heard some kind of joke.

"Yes, yes I swear. I just came for a drink like everyone else." You say quickly in hopes to save your skin.

"Okay. Wait here, I'll be right back." The man dusts you off, straightens out your tie, and walks off casually. You see him walk over to a slender, white man in an expensive looking pinstriped suit—they exchange a few words. Then, the man in the white suit rises from his seat and walks over to you, bringing with him two other bodyguards from his table.

"Hello there. I'm Owney Madden, owner of the club. How are you?" He says calmly. Your tongue is tied up in knots. You say nothing.

"Listen, my boys and I would like to have a little chat with you. Just a talk, that's all, about the way things go around here okay? Then after we're done talking you can just go home and call it a night. Fair?" he asks you with a raised black eyebrow. You nod, but something just doesn't feel right.

"Let's take him out back boys." the club owner tells his men. Two of the muscular men grab you painfully by the arms and the other shoves a piece of cloth in your mouth that acts as a muffler. They then lead you to a dark alley at the back of the club near the dumpsters. You try to scream but no one can hear you with the muffler lodged halfway down your throat.

"Do you know what I do with negroes who think they can just stroll on up to my club to get a drink like a regular customer? Hm?" the Club owner punches you hard in the stomach as the two bodyguards hold you down.

"Uhhhhmmmm!" you cringe in pain.

"Hahaha..." You chuckle softly. As you exit onto the stage together. As you get on stage you see that the rest of the band is already set up and ready to play. Louis being the head singer and bandleader signaled the band to start.

"Dun-tun- nun-tu- nu- nun!!!!" You blow hard on your saxophone, a single hot bead of sweat begins to roll down your brow from all the raw passion you put into your playing. With every blow, and each musical note that escapes your saxophone you feel triumphant. You look around at the rest of your band— all of them playing and singing their hearts out. Showing the world how brightly you all can shine! A deep feeling of pride washes over you and you realize that this is your dream— It's come true.. A tear rolls down your cheek in joy.

“Wohooo!!!! Clap! Clap!!!!clap!!!” The audience cheers as your band’s performance comes to an end.

“Thank you!! Thank you very much!!” Louis says aloud to the excited audience as the curtains close.

“Wow, I think that was our best performance yet boys!” You shout to your band excitedly.

“I agree, we blew em outta the water!” One of your band members shouts back in agreement. As you all celebrate your performance’s success, you hear a voice.

“You’re all absolutely right. You did amazing out there.” A lanky white man says from the doorway near the stage.

“I’m sorry, who are you?” Louis says, as the band all turns to look at the man in surprise.

“I’m a record artist Scout, from Blackbirds record company. I don’t know if you’ve heard of us, but my job is to find fine musicians such as yourselves to contract records of your music with us. Now, the reason I’m here talking to you all, is because I loved what I heard in there. I want to make a contract with you all to help make your very own music record. Not only will we make you all famous, but you’ll get a good share of money out if it too. How’s that for you?” The man smiles smugly. You and the band were entirely speechless.

“Boys- We’re gonna make a record!!!!” Louis shouts out in cheer to the top of his lungs.

“Oh my god !!” You hear your band mates cheer, you soon cheer alongside them. Your mind flashes back to when you first came North, how far you’ve come.. You can’t wait to tell Jimmy. It’s the new Negro Movement in the flesh! He’ll say. A deep sense of pride rushes over you and prickles all the way to your fingertips. Suddenly, your life takes on a greater purpose than it ever had before.

“Great things are in store for us boys, great things.” Louis says as he pats you on the back. You look into Louis’s warm brown eyes and know for a fact that he’s right.

~The End~

"So hows your first week at Connies Inn been?" Your new musician friend Eddie asks as he shines up his trumpet with a silky red cloth.

"It's been great actually. The white folks love me. After last nights show, this one white fellow actually asked me if he could hire me as his personal Charleston instructor! Can you believe that? Hahaha!" You laugh heartily, Eddie joins in the laughter.

"Boys, we're up in 10!" A woman named Liza yells from behind your dressing room curtain.

"Coming!" Eddie shouts back.

"Come on we'll finish this conversation later." Eddie nudges you. You step out from behind the dressing curtain and see Liza leaning against the wall- tall, carmely dark and gorgeous looking especially exotic in her large white feather head dress and skimpy gold sequined two piece..

"Nice feathers, what's that thing the boss calls you? Tall, Tan and Terrific!" Eddie tells her sarcastically. She rolls her eyes at him.

"It's what they make all the colored flapper girls wear, okay?"

The white people think it makes us black girls look "exotic". She emphasized the word exotic. God I hate these people.. She rolls her eyes again.

"Hate em'? Without them you'd be out of a job sugar." Eddie exclaims.

"Out of a- Okay look, don't you realize that the only reason they hire us colored people at all, is because we put on a good show? The white folks who pay to get into this joint find us interesting. But, they find us interesting the way people find animals at a zoo interesting. Get it? The reason they dress us up like savages from some exotic jungle, is because thats how they see us. They don't respect us the way people are beginning to think they do. All that talk about the "New Negro" in the newspapers, people think they'll change the way white folks look at us- but they won't trust me I know." She looks sadly at the ground. You and Eddie look at each other without knowing what you should say.

"Well come on! We have a show to do." Liza shouts. She holds the stage entrance door open for Eddie who steps through and onto the stage. You follow close behind him but before you can step on stage Liza grabs your arm.

"Can I talk to you after the shows over?" She asks without meeting your eyes.

"Of course." You answer her quickly and then exit onto the stage.

You step on stage and see your tuxedo dressed band members set and ready to go. You look around to make sure the dancing girls are all in position. You lift your cool brass sousaphone to your lips and

“Toot-toot-toot!!!” You blow. The band follows your lead. The show kicks off. You look passed the well dressed white exclusive audience smiling up at you. You see a few of the young black waiters stylishly spinning their trays and charelstening around while pouring glasses of gin, all to the excited clienteles amazement. You think back to what Liza had said about the New Negro movement. Shes gotta be out of her mind... you think. Of course the movement is real- your mind flutters back to what your friend Jimmy had told you about the movement...

“The white folks... they think we’re intellectually inferior to them. Thats why we have the Jim Crow Laws back home. But, now we’re starting to prove them all wrong. We’re showing them that yes, we can publish literature in magazines. Yes, we can become great artists. Yes, we can become famous musicians.” You can almost hear Jimmy say once again. After the show ends, you head over to meet with Liza.

“There you are.” You say after finding her back in the dressing room.

“Ive been waiting.” She moistens her lips. She walks over to you and starts ravenously unbuttoning your shirt and kisses you hard on the mouth.

“Liza? What the?” You jumble your words in shock.

“I’ve wanted you ever since you first started working here. So come on... What do you say?” She purrs as she wraps her arms around your neck like an anaconda wrapping around its prey.

If you decide to take advantage of this sizzling opportunity, turn to page 80.

If you decide to turn her down and walk away, turn to page 81.

"That was great.." Liza cooes as she lays on the dressing rooms velvet sofa wearing nothing but your black tux jacket.

"You, were great." You utter with the slightest smile quivering at the corner of your mouth. You look at your watch and realize how much time has passed. You quickly start to put your clothes back on. As you're buttoning up your pants...

"What the!!!?" You here a man scream in anger. You turn to see your employer standing in the entryway with a look of utter shock on his face. "You double crossing little skank!" the man rushes into the room and grabs Liza by the Arm.

" Connie Im sorry! He forced me to do it! You know I love you!" Liza cries out to him trying to kiss him.

"Eh, shut up Moll! Ill deal with you in a second.." Connie throws her on the sofa.

"And you!" Connie turns rapidly toward you with a pointed finger, and whips out a gun from his coat pocket.

"Connie, I'm so sorry! I didn't know she was with you, I figured be cause she's... colored that-" you try to explain hands raised, but Connie cuts you off aiming the gun at your head.

"Don't play games with me boy! I gave you the chance of a lifetime, made you my little starlet and you spat in my face! You're done do you hear me! Get out of here, you're fired! And I swear, if I ever see your miserable face back here, youll be sleeping with the fishes!" Connie screams at you motioning you to leave with his gun.

You frantically scoop your clothes and saxophone off the floor and make a mad dash for the dressing room exit.

Turn to page 74.

“Phewwph! Good thing I got outta that one, my god that girl was nuts.. Mamma was right..The women round here, no shame whatsoever,” you mumble to yourself as you walk down Jungle Alley.

“Catching your breath son?” You here a screechy mans voice ask. You turn to see a middle aged man of color, wearing a brown suit and hat smiling in your direction. “Oh uh, I was just out for a brisk walk actually. I was sort of trying to get away from this crazy woman, so I was trying to take the edge off.

“Yea, women. I was in a similar situation myself the other night. Usually I would’ve been happy about it, but man was this girl ugly! Wooh! It’s painful just think’in bout it.. Any who I’m Jackson, nice to meet you,” the man reaches for your hand and you shake it uncertainly. “

You got a light?” Jackson asks you as he takes out a large cigar from his coat pocket and slides it between his lips.

“No, sorry man, I don’t smoke,” you reply apologetically.

“MMm found one!” Jackson mumbles as he pulls out a match from his trouser pocket.

“So, where’d you say you were coming from again?” Jackson asks you as he lights his cigar almost burning his fingers in the process.

“Oh, I uh work down at one of the “juice joints” on seventh Avenue and ya, one of those flappers just wouldn’t leave me alone. So, I snuck off for a bit,” You confess with a half grin.

“Ahhhh I see, I see.. Yea the women round here can get a little bit rowdy if you know what I mean.. Hahahaha!” The man chuckles, flashing alabaster teeth.

“Well what can be done..” You sigh sarcastically.

“Well actually... I think I may just have your salvation, It saved me anyway.” The man winks at you and pulls out a small brown bag and waves it before your eyes like a magician waves a hypnotizing pocketwatch in front of his audience.

“What.. is..that exactly?” You ask curious and confused.

“This? Why this is the key to relaxation, and cool my young friend. It’s what one might call an upgrade from cigars and whiskey.

“Hmm...” You stroke your chin thinking about all the wonder the small bag could hold.

“How it works is you just empty the little powder onto a flat surface and snort it. Simple as that. It’s great for relaxing and taking the edge off. Which, is especially important when crazy Flapper girls are stressing you out.

And I'll tell you what, usually I charge quite a bit more for this- but cuz I like you kid... Ill give you a good price, a bargain really. What do you say?" The man leans in close, his black eyes gleam at you in the dark of the night, he smiles eagerly as though he already knows your answer.. You don't think it seems like a bad idea and Jimmy is always telling you that you should be more of a risk taker. But is this a risk you're willing to take?

If you decide to accept the drugs, turn to page 83.

If you decide to turn the drugs down, turn to page 84.

"Okay sure, I guess Ill take some,why not." You say as you reach for your money and hand it to Jackson who in exchange gives you the bag of "relaxation powder".

"Great!" Jackson half shouts as he counts the money.

"You wanna give it a go?" Jackson asks, you nod slightly and hand Jackson the bag. Jackson takes out a little stretch of leather from his coat pocket and two straw like tubes. He lays out the leather flat on his hand and then pours the glistening white powder onto the leather. He then hands you the straw.

"Go ahead." Jackson assures you. You hold the straw up to your nose and whiff up the powder.

"Achhhuu" You cough as it shoots up your nostril. At first you don't feel a thing, but then slowly your world begins to feel lighter. Your feet begin to feel like balloons hovering above the ground.

"Not bad huh?" Jackson winks at you." It's called cocaine, it's on the rise, soon everyone will do it." Jackson says with a smile... You keep snorting more and more and more, not wanting the lightness to leave your body.

Hours pass and you and Jackson sit strewn against a brick wall of a building- neither one of you thinking straight. Everything is feathery and wonderful until suddenly it hits you- Your heart begins to beat a thousand times a second about to come bursting out of your chest, your brain suddenly starts to feel like it's boiling over with heat like a screaming tea kettle.

Ahhhh!" You turn to Jackson grab hold of his shirt as you scream in pain for him to help you. You don't understand what's happening to you.

"What's wrong with you?" Jackson says all too calmly, and in no rush to help.

You try to stand but your knees suddenly turn into spaghetti and you fall backward, eyes to the sky. You squirm in place for a few minutes but then you stop. And as you lie there gazing up at the stars like a broken dream you suck in the last and final breathe you will ever take, you die of a drug overdose and your family never hears of you again.

~The End~

“Ya sorry man, I’m not really interested, thanks though.” You tell Jackson humbly. You pull out your watch to pretend you’re checking the time.

“Whoops, look at that I better get going” You say shaking your watch in place.

“Ah well your loss pal!” Jackson shrugs his shoulders and up and wanders away without another word. You shake your head thinking about just how crazy everyone is around here.

You continue on down the narrow strip of street and see another man standing not to far away. Hes tall and very fat with light black skin. After your last experience of conversing with random strangers you meet in this city at night you’re unsure if you should even make eye contact.

“Hey you!” The fat man spots you and calls out to you.

“You look like a bright, young thing out for a night of fun and spontaneous adventure! Am I right kid, or am I right?” The fat man half shouts, you suddenly realize hes very drunk.

“Well my name is Fats and I would personally like to invite you my dark skinned brother, to a party tonight! Burp! Here’s the invite! The address is on the card!” Fats screams at you in a very drunk manner. You look down at the card and it reads :If you can’t Charleston or do the pigeon wing. You sure can shake that thing- You look back up at Fats but he seems to be walking drunkenly away.

“Make sure and bring a friend! Hahahaha!” Fats screams into the city air. This may have been the strangest day of your entire life and something about this night just keeps getting stranger by the minute. Should you go to the party or not? After everything you’ve seen the decision is rough..

If you decide to go to the party, turn to page 86.

If you decide go home and hangout with jimmy, turn to page 85.

You decide to skip the party and go home with Jimmy. The two of you talk about your jobs and you tell him all the crazy things that happened to you that day.

"Wow. So all this happened in one night??" Jimmy asks wide eyed as he sits in Granddaddy's armchair pouring two glasses of moonshine.

"Yea, I KNOW... I can hardly believe it myself." You say taken aback.

"Yea well that's New York City for ya..." Jimmy breathes out with the makings of a smile dancing at the corner of his mouth.

"Hey so did I tell you? I'm writing this new article for the paper I think it'll be the best thing I've ever published..." Jimmy states firmly.

"So what's it gonna be about?" You ask in between sips.

"Okay I was getting to that. So you know how like ever since the migration when all the black southerners like us moved North to escape the Jim Crow laws? Okay. Well I wanted to use that to write about everything going on in Harlem. You see cuz my thinking was, everything happening is connected right? Because if it weren't for all us colored folk living together in Harlem, then we never would have grown culturally sound enough to start getting involved in art, and literature and music and all that right? And we wouldn't all be living together in Harlem if it weren't for The Jim Crow laws pushing us to leave right? Am I making sense here?" Jimmy questions.

"Ya it makes sense. But just out of curiosity are all your articles New Negro Movement related? Cuz uh Just saying.." You tease wistfully.

"Ah shut up.." Jimmy grins.

"It's a hot topic right now okay. And you might not think so, but we're all apart of it, even you. All those musician dreams of yours, that's what the New Negro movement really is you know? Black folks being brave enough to fight for big dreams and change the world." Jimmy says matter a factly with a sparkle in his eye.

"Ya.. I guess you're right. I never thought about it that way before.."

You smile up at your wise friend with a new realization built in the stronghold of your heart.

"Well, if you write as good as you talk, there's not a doubt in my mind that the world is yours to change Jimmy."

"Hahaha! Thanks man.. but remember it's not mine to change it's ours." Jimmy holds out his glass in cheers.

"I can't believe we're actually going to this party." You say nervously.

"What are you so nervous about?" Jimmy laughs.

"It'll be fun you'll see." He assures you. Jimmy strolls up the crowded apartment stairs that lead to the door of the parties entrance.

"What are you doing? Come on!" Jimmy shouts. It takes a second for you to realize you're still standing at the bottom of the staircase. You quickly run up the stairs. Jimmy shakes his head and then pulls out two dimes from his pocket to pay the entrance fee.

"Much obliged." The door man tips his hat with a grin. The door opens and rat-tat-tat-tat-dingedy-ding- ding!: Jazz music floods through the apartment like a tsunami. The Band is set up in the corner of the room a sleek grand piano, a set of drums and fife keep the music lively. You see both men and women dancing wildly flailing their arms and legs around like spaghetti. The dim red lighting reflects softly on their dark skin, which is shimmery with sweat.

"Hey! Jimmy! Your back." A man yells from across the room working his way over to you.

"Hey Carl how are ya?" Jimmy shouts back. "The parties really jumpin tonight ! You must have been at least half behind on your rent this time!" Jimmy laughs. Carl finally makes his way over laughing at Jimmys joke.

Turn to next page.

"Hey so Carl," Jimmy says,

"This is that musician friend of mine I told you about, the one that plays the Sax."

"You don't say?" Carl questions.

"Well perfect timing then, our band is missing a saxophone player." Carl says happily.

"Really? What happened to Paul?" Jimmy asks.

"Eh! One to many shorties I'm afraid." Carl nods to a fat man passed out on a couch next to a Saxophone.

"Phewww!" Carl whistles to a busty lady holding a jug of alcohol, she walks over to you. "You lookin mighty pretty in that dress tonight Janice." Carl smiles devilishly as she pours the liquor into three small glass cups.

"Carl you ol flatterer!" She giggles and then walks off with the jug.

"Ladies man aren't ya?" You say jokingly. Carl grins and hands you both drinks.

"Uh whats in this exactly?" You ask curiously as you peer into your glass.

"It's made of good ol bathtub gin, rye and corn." Carl answers with a smile.

"We call em shorties." Carl and Jimmy both chug theirs down in a single gulp. You try to do the same and start to choke.

"Ahahaha! Easy there kid." Carl laughs.

"He's still adjusting." Jimmy says playfully.

"Here, I better take that," Carl mumbles, as he slips the glass out of your hands and downs it.

"I don't need my new saxophone player ending up like my last one." Carl walks over to the man passed out on the couch and grabs the saxophone resting next to him.

"Here," Carl says thrusting the saxophone into your arms.

"Lets see what you can do kid. Go join the band," Carl gestures towards the musicians. Jimmy silently reassures you with a wink.

"Okay." You say nervously as you go to join the band.

"Rat-tat-tat-tat-dingedy-ding -ding!" They play. You cut in "Toot-toot-toot-tootle-toot-toot-toot!" For a moment you can't believe this is actually happening, but once it sinks in that this is real- you feel the happiness of the moment seep into your heart and fill your veins with music! You're Having such a great time that you don't even realize when the song ends, and you keep playing solo.

"Toot-toot-tootle-toot-toot!" You start to notice everyone staring at you. You pause for a second, then slowly lower the Saxophone from against your quivering lips. You stare into the audience and they stare back .

"Woohoo!" Someone shouts from the audience. Then suddenly the entire audience begins clapping and whistling at you.

"That boy can play!" A short haired woman shouts.

"Wohoo!" People continue to shout. You spot Jimmy and Carl pushing their way through to you.

"That was amazing!" Jimmy hugs you and slaps you on the back.

"Kid that really was unbelievable!" Carl exclaims.

"Look I don't know if you'd be interested but I have a friend that that works over at this joint called The Cotton Club and I could hook you up with a job. You interested?"

If you decide to take the job, turn to page 89.

If you decide to wait and look for a gig on your own, turn to page 84.

Did You Know?

During the boom of the 1920's, people threw special parties called Rent parties. These were parties with music, dancing and sometimes alcohol, given to raise money for the host's rent, by collecting a contribution from each guest. Rent parties were popular in all of the big cities, including New York and Chicago.

"Clap.clap.clap.clap!" You can hear the audiences muffled applause from behind your dressing rooms red curtain. You finger your saxophones keys nervously as you wait for them to call you up on stage.

"You nervous kid?" You practically jump out of your skin at the surprising sound of a black man's throaty voice.

"Woah! Easy, easy, I didn't mean to startle you. Wow, I guess you really must be nervous." The man walks over to you from across the room dressed in a musician's black tux.

"Sorry, sorry- I guess I'm just a little jumpy right now. It's my first evening performing here and I'm nervous. Especially cuz the Cotton Club is so you know.. ritzy compared to some of the other joints."

"Haha.." The man chuckles.

"Anyways.. the names Louis, Louis Armstrong." Louis reaches out to shake your hand. His handshake is strong and firm. Your daddy always taught you that a strong handshake equals a strong man. You decide you like this Louis Armstrong.

"So where you from?" Louis asks politely.

"New Orleans." You respond quickly with a smile.

"Me too!" Louis grins at you.

"Really?!" You say excitedly.

"Mhm. Born and raised in Louisiana." Louis stated proudly.

"Same here!" You cry out.

"Well all be boy, we're practically family then," Louis smiles and pats your shoulder, you both laugh.

"You know it's funny that we're both Jazz players and we're both from New Orleans cuz Jazz actually first got popular among us colored folk in New Orleans. Did you know that?" Louis asks you.

"Ya," you smile.

"Fair enough, but do you know why?" Louis eyes twinkled as he smiled at you.

"No why?" you ask with a grin.

"It's because New Orleans is a port city, so there was different people that came from all over, I'm talking people of all different colors and backgrounds. And see, that how all these different musicians from different places got to play music together, because of the city's nightlife, you know? So they all played together, and learned different music styles from one another until the music styles were as blended with as many different things as New Orleans Gumbo!" Louis laughs, and then his eyes glaze over a bit as though he is lost in a dream of the past.

“Wow, thats amazing that you know so much about Jazzs history,” you say in awe.

“Well, like my daddy always used to say- If it weren’t for the doings of the past, we wouldn’t have a present.” Louis quoted.

“I like that,” you say softly, and for a moment you and Louis lock eyes.

“Satchmo your on in 5!” A half pint of a man shouts bursting into the dressing room.

“Alright Lenny, I gotcha,” Louis replies coolly.

“Satchmo, why do they call you that?” You ask wrinkling your nose trying hard not to giggle at the name.

“Hahaha, I know its weird right? Well, people say they call me that cuz of how my mouth gets really big when I sing.. I don’t know, people are nuts,” Louis throws his hands in the air.

“Oh so youre a singer? Singings too hard for me I just play Saxa phone.” You say in good spirit.

“Saxaphone, nice.. Well, I’m lots of things actually, I sing, I play the trumpet, cornet and I also write my own songs.” Louis states. Before you can tell him how amazing he is, Louis hits you with,

“Listen kid... so, I know we just met and all but it just so happens that I’ve actually been putting a band together and I still need a few people to play Saxaphone. I don’t know if you’d be interested, but I like you and Id love to bring you on board. I know this might sound crazy, especially because you just barely started here at the Cotton Club, but... what do you say?” Louis asks.

You don’t know what to think. One minute, you know where you’re life is headed and the next some random opportunity presents itself that changes everything. What should you do?

*If you decide to quit your new job at the cotton club and join Louis’ band,
turn to page 91.*

*If you decide to thank Louis for the opportunity but keep working at your
job, turn to page 92.*

You Join Louis' band and perform at many different clubs in and around Harlem. One day, when you have performed at what feels like every big club in New York- it happens.

"Hey, So listen... the rest of the band and I have been talking, and there is something we wanna talk to you about." An awkward silence falls between you and Louis as he tries to tell you the news.

"We think we should move to Chicago. Before you say anything! Here me out okay?" Louis's begs you. You're in shock, but decide to let Louis say his piece.

"It would be a great opportunity for all of us. Both as a band, and just as musicians in general. What do you say?" You don't know how to answer...

If you decide to join his band whose moving to Chicago, turn to page 94.

If you decide to not join his band and continue on your own, turn to page 93.

“Thanks for the opportunity Louis. You seem like an awesome musician and just an awesome man in general but I really shouldn’t. However, I would feel really bad just up and quitting my brand new job like that.. surely you understand?” You whisper, semi embarrassed at your own answer.

“It’s fine kid, it’s fine. I completely understand. I half figured you’d say that anyway. I just had to ask. Well, all the same, it was nice talking to you kid.” He pats you on the shoulder, smiles, and then exits the dressing room to go on stage.

Turn to page 85.

"I'm really sorry Louis, but I've thought it over and I can't move to Chicago with you guys, afterall I just barely moved to Harlem," you say apologetically. A heavy silence falls over the two of you for a moment, you're afraid of what Louis has to say to you.

"That's alright man. There ain't no reason you should be apologizing neither. You have a lot of talent, but just remember kid that talent alone can only get you so far. You have to be willing to make a few sacrifices now and then, and be willing to be thrown out of your comfort zone if thats what it takes to achieve your dream. These are great, but difficult times, were living in maybe not difficult for everyone, but for the Negro trying to make a name for himself in the world, things are definitely still difficult and their gonna keep being difficult for a good long while. Thats why we need dreamers like you and me not to give up. Musicians, writers, dancers, artists all of us have the power to change the world. And I mean to really change it. You think this whole "New Negro Movement" everyone keeps talking about is just about blacks getting famous? It's more than that kid, it's about showing people what we can do, not only as individuals but as a culture. Understand?"

"I understand." You say on the verge of having second thoughts about your decision.

"Well, if you ever want back in with the band, our arms are always open. So, you know.. if you ever find yourself down on your luck, come to Chicago, we can always use another great saxaphone player." Louis winks at you, pats you warmly on the shoulder and walks off.

You feel a chill run down your spine, and suddenly you feel as though a responsibility towards helping blacks reach this higher cultural level that Louis talked about has been placed upon your shoulders. It's either you take this chance and move to Chicago or you might as well go home and live out the normal life you would have had you never came here in the first place.

If you decide to take a chance and change your mind about not going to Chicago, turn to page 94.

If you decide to ignore this calling, feeling the pressure is too much and go home, turn to page 96.

"Thanks for coming with us to Chicago after all, I was worried I'd have to find a new saxophone player to fill in for you, plus I'm not gonna lie I would have missed you kid." Louis winks at you.

"Thanks Louis." You say with a warm smile and pat Louis on the shoulder.

"Well we better get out there.. our Chicagoan audience awaits." Louis winks at you as he rises from the green sofa of your newer larger dressing room.

"Hahaha..." You chuckle softly as you exit onto the stage together. As you get on stage you see that the rest of the band is already set up and ready to play. Louis being the head singer and bandleader signaled the band to start.

"Dun-tun- nun-tu- nu- nun!!!!" You blow hard on your saxophone, a single hot bead of sweat begins to roll down your brow from all the raw passion you put into your playing. With every blow, and each musical note that escapes your saxophone you feel triumphant. You look around at the rest of your band- all of them playing and singing their hearts out. Showing the world how brightly you all can shine! A deep feeling of pride washes over you and you realize that this is your dream- It's come true.. A tear rolls down your cheek in joy.

"Wohooo!!!!!" Clap! Clap!!!!clap!!! The audience cheers as your bands performance comes to an end.

" Thank you!! Thank you very much!! " Louis says aloud to the excited audience as the curtains close.

" Wow, I think that was our best performance yet boys!" You shout to your band excitedly.

"I agree, we blew em outta the water!" One of your band members shouts back in agreement. As you all celebrate your performance's success, you hear a voice, "You're all absolutely right.You did amazing out there." A lanky white man says from the doorway near the stage.

"I'm sorry, who are you?" Louis says, as the band all turns to look at the man in surprise.

"I'm a record artist Scout, from Blackbirds record company. I don't know if you've heard of us, but my job is to find fine musicians such as yourselves to contract records of your music with us. Now, the reason I'm here talking to you all, is because I loved what I heard in there. I want to make a contract with you all to help make your very own music record. Not only will we make you all famous, but you'll get a good share of money out if it too. How's that for you?" The man smiles smugly. You and the band were entirely speechless.

"Boys- We're gonna make a record!!!!" Louis shouts out in cheer to the top of his lungs.

"Oh my god !!" You hear your band mates cheer, you soon cheer along side them. Your mind flashes back to when you first came North, how far you've come.. You can't wait to tell Jimmy. It's the new Negro Movement in the flesh! He'll say. A deep sense of pride rushes over you and prickles all the way to your fingertips. Suddenly, your life takes on a greater purpose than it ever had before.

"Great things are in store for us boys, great things." Louis says as he pats you on the back. You look into Louis's warm brown eyes and know for a fact that he's right..

~The End~

"Baby your back!!!" Your mama says as she runs through the crowd of people at the train station to greet you and then throws her warm arms around you.

"Yea mama, I'm home." You say with a tinge of sadness, yet you force yourself to smile faintly. Your mama sees this and frowns.

"I always been able to tell when you fake a smile sweetheart... Listen to me baby okay? Not a lot of people would even have been willing to do what you did. Maybe you didn't become some great musician like you wanted, but that doesn't mean it was all for nothing you hear?" Mama says to you softly as she combs back your hair with her slender fingers.

"Thanks Mama." You say smiling, a tear in your eye. You realize that the history of someone's past can never really be in vain as long as you learn from it, and you know that your trip to Harlem taught you a great deal. You'll never forget Harlem, not ever.

~The End~

"Baby your back!!!" Your mama says as she runs through the crowd of people at the train station to greet you and then throws her warm arms around you.

"Yea mama, I'm home." You say with a tinge of sadness, yet you force yourself to smile faintly. Your mama sees this and frowns.

"I always been able to tell when you fake a smile sweetheart.. Listen to me baby okay? Not a lot of people would even have been willing to do what you did. Maybe you didn't become some great musician like you wanted, but that doesn't mean it was all for nothing you hear?" Mama says to you softly as she combs back your hair with her slender fingers.

"Thanks Mama." You say smiling, a tear in your eye. You realize that the history of someone's past can never really be in vain as long as you learn from it, and you know that your trip to Harlem taught you a great deal. You'll never forget Harlem, not ever.

~The End~



99 - 1920's: Police Officer

It was a day like no other in the 1920's. You are going through a rough time because you need to provide for your family and currently have no job. One of your best friends, Phil, told you that the police department was hiring because this new amendment was ratified. This is the 18th amendment to the U.S. Constitution and it banned the manufacture, sale, and transportation of alcohol.

The authorities duty is to enforce the law and make sure that no one breaks it, therefore they were looking for some trustworthy men. You go to the office where they are having interviews and sit down , they ask you a few questions, and let you know if you got the job or not tomorrow . Your family did not know of your unemployment and all you want is to provide for your parents and siblings. A week passes, you still don't know about the job. Later today you get a letter about confirming for the job.

You think to yourself about all the positive outcomes of this job. You would be part of authority and get respect. The day after you, go walking around your neighborhood and one of your neighbors calls you over.

You say " Good morning Mr.Klaus."

He says "Good morning Frankie, would you like to take a coffee? I heard you were looking for a job."

You then join him for a cup of coffee, he says "Your wife and I were talking about you the other day, he mentioned you needed a job, I have an offering that could get you plenty of money, and it only requires a little of work".

You ask him what it is and he replies with "I have a friend that is looking for someone that could help him with the transportation of alcohol. This is illegal at the moment,but you would be perfect for this job, and he is willing to pay very well."

You then tell him "Thank you for the offer,but I need to think about it, because I have another job offering, Ill let you know by tomorrow." You then leave his house.

You now have two job offerings. One that helps enforce the new law, making you part of the authorities, and the other one being a criminal and disobeying the law by not enforcing the new amendment. If you choose to join the police, you are able to work with prohibition agents. You'll also get to work with different cases arresting bootleggers and get higher ranks whenever you accomplish the cases. On the other hand, if you take the bootlegger job you are going to do less work and get paid very well.. You have one day to think about this. What will you do?

Turn to next page.

Work for the police department, investigating and becoming an agent with the drawback of having the ability to study, or you could become a bootlegger and work for criminals no one will ever know, you will be well paid and have enough money to maintain your family.

If you decide to be a bootlegger, turn to page 35.

If you decide to be part of the police department and become a prohibition agent, turn to page 101.

Did You Know?
Bootlegger: to make, transport, or sell supplies illegally, without registration or payment of taxes. it was most commonly to bootleg liquor. Prohibition agents: A body of persons making up such a department, trained in methods of law enforcement, crime prevention, and detection. Authorized to maintain the peace, safety, and order of the community.

You take the police department offer and you start working the next day. When you arrive to work your boss assigns you to work with the famous Isidor Einstein (Izzy Einstein) and his fellow Prohibition agent, Moe Smith, they are the best known Prohibition agents in the country. They chose you because they are in need of someone young and smart like you. They have an undercover case going on that was very risky but they know that their plan would work out since they never failed at arresting bootleggers, speakeasies and bartenders. This case consist of you using a disguise to befriend one of the top gangsters in the country and at some point trick him and arrest him. You could take this case but it could risk your life if the famous gangster ever finds out you are working with prohibition agents he will kill you. If you accomplish this case successfully you will be also be able to travel around to get next cases and better pay. Izzy and Moe had another case for you which consist of going into this old hidden bar that was hidden in a building and using a disguise you would get the bartender and arrest him and the owner of this place, if you solve this case you will get more cases and see what its like to be working with izzy and moe.

If you decide to take befriend famous gangster, turn to page 103.

If you decide to take the smaller case, turn to page 102.

DID YOU KNOW?
Speakeasies: A place for the illegal sale and consumption of alcoholic drinks during Prohibition.

Izzy and Moe assign you to this case, the scenario is that there's this old building that says it's a hotel but in reality there is a bar inside that sell illegal alcohol. You arrive to the "hotel" wearing a suit with a fake ID. The security is standing right in front making sure no policemen come by, you walk into the front and say

" Good Afternoon," you say. They don't answer they ask " ID?"

You take it out from your pant pocket and show them. They look at you to see if you are the one in the picture and open the door for you. You are now inside this bar, first thing you do is of course sit down and your surroundings are mens in suits, there is a long bar and behind that there's a small lounge, in front of the bar there's different types of bottles of alcohol. You take a seat at the bar.

The bartender asks you " Hello, I believe you don't come here often".and you reply with " Yes that is correct, I've had a long week at work, and I need a break. I heard this place has the best drinks". the bartender smiles and says, " Well you heard right. What would you like to drink today?"

you ask for a soft drink. He makes your drink and gives it to you. You drink it. You then tell him you have an offer for him to expand his business. He tells you he is only a bartender and takes you to his boss's office across the room. When you get to the room you talk to him about how you want to make a business with him and he agrees. When you finish talking to him, he offers to walk you out. Izzy and Moe are waiting outside. When you shake his hand, they both get him from the back and handcuff him.

Other policemen are outside, they go in and evacuate the place. You have successfully shut down this bar. The next day, you go back to work. Izzy and Moe have one more task for you, to work with some speakeasies.

Turn to page 105.

The next day, you go straight to the police department to meet Izzy and Moe. They give you the case. Your disguise is of a 17 yr old living in the streets and in desperate need of a job. The plan is that you make your way to the gangster. That way you befriend him and betray him. Bootleggers were always looking for people in desperate need of jobs that would break the law.

You go to another secret undercover bar and ask the boss if you could work with him that you really need a job and that you are willing to do anything. He then gives you a job as a bartender. After your job you go to izzy and moe and tell them everything that happened that day Your goal is to meet someone who works for this famous gangster, you talk to your clients. Finally, after one week of looking for a person, a man walks in, He was dressed in a suit, just by looking at him you could tell he had a lot of money. You then ask him what he would like to drink, and he asks for the finest drink in the bar.

You ask him, "Are you from this area?"

"No, I just came to do some business here," he says. You ask him if you can have a private conversation with him.

You tell him, "You must know how complicated it is for a young man like me to find a job, especially right now. I am in charge of my family and my priority is to provide for them, I can tell you are a bootlegger and if I can be in whatever you are working on right now that would be such a blessing". He seems to buy everything you are saying.

He then tells you, "I know Dalton T, and he told me earlier this week that he needed someone that was willing to work hard and transport some liquor for him."

Dalton T is a very famous gangster, he keeps his life very private but is well known for being a bootlegger. He says he is going to meet up with him that night and that you should tag along to see what his job consist of. You take the offer and leave the bar with him and quit your job. That day you both go around the city to the most glamorous and rich places while you make time for it to be night time. He tells you that if you want to work for this famous gangster you will be living that lifestyle. You then arrive to the place where you were going to meet with the boss also known as the Dalton T. They are both very kind and nice to you, when you are there they exchange alcohol that had to be at some bars in new york. The next day you are meeting with both to discuss your future.

You go into this room with a long conference table, and there's coffee at the table. They talk about the risks of joining this business, but you look around at what they wear and how they look. They are both very well dressed and just by looking at them you know they win lots of money. When you get home you are influenced by their lifestyle. Tonight thoughts are coming through your head. You think to yourself what a good life you would be living if you turn to the life of crime, but also you could rat them out and finish this case.

You have one night and two choices. Will you help enforce the law and obey the plans or turn to the crime life and become a gangster.

If you decide to continue with the case, turn to page 106.

If you decide to turn to the life of crime, turn to page 107.

You arrive to work ready to work on the next case, this time you have to use a different disguise to shut down another bar. You first talk to Izzy about the task, then you go back home to change and adapt to your disguise. You are wearing a nice suit, business man attire. You look alot older and might not even need an ID to get into a new bar. You arrive the bar. Located in a corner, very hidden in an old building. No one is surrounding it, it looks empty, almost abandoned. You walk towards the bar and as you get there you see a young gentleman,

You ask, " May I talk to the boss of this bar please."

The bartender kindly takes you to the bosses office. You wait their patiently waiting for the boss to arrive, you see him walking towards you.

" Good afternoon sir, I am here to talk about your business," you say.

He smiles and says , "Yes what would you like to talk about today?"

You explain how you heard about the bar from a friend and your problem at home. "I have been left alone, my wife and kids left me because I lost my job. I am willing to work as a bootlegger because I know that this business will bring me money to send to my family. I have no one, this would be great for my future. What do you say?" you ask.

After talking about your future. He says he has a job available and you take it right away. The next day, you go to "work" and he tells you that he has a very important task for you. He says that you need to take some alcohol to his business partner and you need to be very careful, you successfully complete the task. At the end of the day he pays you about 80 dollars which is a lot more than you expected. Now that you have this money, you could arrest this bootlegger, or you can keep getting paid and live a nice lifestyle.

If you decide to arrest speakeasies, turn to page 108.

If you decide to quit your current job and work for a bootlegger, turn to page 35.

Later that day you see the famous gangster because you were both going to work on a special delivery to Chicago. Izzy tells you to take a gun because this day you are going to shoot at this gangster and arrest him. You and Izzy had discussed the plan the night before. The plan consists of you going on this road trip with the gangster. On your way, you stop to get gas at the gas station that is in the middle of the road. When you are there, he gets out of the car and Izzy will be waiting there all day for you to arrive. When you guys arrive Izzy and Moe will get out and by then the gangster will be injured.

That day everything seems normal you and this gangster are in the car with a loaded truck full of alcohol. It is about 7p.m, when you stop to get gas. He gets out of the car, and takes out money to pay. When he gets out, you notice Izzy and Moe are around the corner in a different car. When the gangster gets money, he grabs the gas cap. They immediately get out of the car and point at him with two guns. You get the handcuffs and tell him to get on his knees. He nervously gets on his knees, with three guns pointing at him. You take both of his hands and handcuff him. Izzy and Moe tells him that he is arrested, and they take him to the police station. Later that night you get to the police station. Izzy and Moe want to talk to you.

They say "Your job is amazing, we just got informed that there is many opportunities back in Chicago. You are perfect for these new cases, would you like to move to Chicago you will get paid more than now. The only problem is, you will have to leave your family. This job is for a whole year."

You reply "That sounds great. I would be honored to take this promotion, but I had joined because of my family and leaving them wasn't an option for me."

They say, "Look, we understand but this is a once in a lifetime opportunity, think about it tonight and let us know tomorrow, If you decide not to move you can just keep this same job."

You now have two very important choices to make. You could move to Chicago at a better lifestyle and be a successful prohibition agent. But you have to leave your family who are the ones you started working for any way. You could also stay and provide for your family with same paycheck.

If you decide to move to Chicago, turn to page 109.

If you decide to stay in NYC, turn to page 111.

You show up to work with Dalton T and you are both ready to discuss your future.

He says "Look, this business isn't a game. If we need to kill anyone in our way we will."

At this point you get nervous. Your hands are starting to get sweaty and the room temperature suddenly becomes really hot. You shake on the deal. Little did you know, that the past year you would go from being an officer to becoming a bootlegger which is going against the law. One day you go out to get the paper to see what is going on. On the cover of the paper the title says Prohibition: Over, Prohibition ended December 5 of 1933.

You decide to open your own bar. You have a beautiful family and plenty of money saved from when you were a bootlegger. Like that one time you had to shoot a man because he was chasing you and wanted to arrest you. After the failure of prohibition you decide to live your life normally with your family. You had some great adventures, and one day you'll be sure to tell your kids and grandkids.

~The End~

You arrest the speakeasies the next day. You continue working with Izzy and Moe. You get new cases every week. Your family is stable, and you are living a normal life. People of new york start to notice you by your work which is published on the paper almost every week. You are now in charge of getting new prohibition agents. Izzy and moe offer you another deal that had just come up. It was on the KKK. You could be responsible for arresting some of these cruel people. You can take this new "promotion" where you can get an even higher better title but your life could be in danger.

Alot of pressure is on you right now. All these thoughts are going through your head. Sometimes its really easy to say yes to something, but how will you know that its the wrong thing to do. You think about the pros and the cons of moving to Atlanta. A pro is that you get a better pay. A con is that your life will be put at risk. You have a week to think about this offer.

Through out the week you take long walks around the streets alone. Some alone time is what you need. All this stress is causing you back pains, Ever since you started working for the police department, you have gained so much experience. You feel ready for something big like this, but are you?.

If you decide to work with the KKK, turn to page 112

If you decide to continue working as a prohibition agent, turn to page 113.

Did You Know?
KKK (1920-1933): was the anti-alcohol Ku Klux Klan. The KKK challenged bootleggers by organizing armed patrols to intercept shipments of alcohol. They were one of the major supporters of National Prohibition of alcohol in the U.S.

After debating taking this new promotion, you decide you want to take it and see where it takes you. The next day, you take the morning bus to Chicago. The prohibition agents company has a place for you to stay. You arrive to the bus station feeling nervous yet excited for this opportunity. When you step out of the bus, you look around to see if there's anyone waiting for you. A tall young man standing next to an old lady, is holding a piece of cardboard with your name on it.

You walk towards him, " Hello, yes this is me. Nice to meet you" and shake his hand.

" Hello Sir, i come from the police station. You must be one of our new prohibition agents, nice to meet you".

His name is Elijah, he says

"They sent me to look for you. We are extremely excited to work with you on our new cases here in Chicago. You will be staying in our hotel building, where a lot of other agents like you are staying. If you have any questions from now on, feel free to ask. I will be in charge of driving you around until you know the city."

" Thank you Elijah, I don't have any questions right now, but its nice knowing I am not alone in the city." You walk towards the car and get in. The building is about ten minutes away and when you arrive you can tell that these agents had really luxurious lifestyles. You check in at the lobby. It has a few black leather couches, a main front desk to check in. Off to the side there is a restaurant and some other rooms. You go to the front desk and kindly ask the lady if he has the keys to your room, she gives them to you. You go up to your room to drop off your suitcase and brief case with your work background. In your room there is a note that says

" Hello, good afternoon. Welcome to Chicago! we hope you like your room. If you could please unpack and join us for dinner downstairs at 7:00 that would be great, thanks!."

You unpack your clothes, and other things. You leave downstairs to the dinner with the prohibition agents boss. As you sit down you get to talk to other agents, the whole time you all bond over previous cases and share tricks and tips you have for future cases.

At the end of dinner, the main agents assign a case to every two agents. You get paired with a new prohibition agent his name is Brian. He seems excited to work with you, and this case seems like it will be a piece of cake. After all, the experience you have from working has made you a pro. After dinner, you and Brian leave to the lobby to discuss the case and also to organize yourselves. If you get these bootleggers, it opens new doors to better opportunities and lifestyle. After 4 hours of organizing and planning, you both head to your rooms to sleep for the next day. When you wake up ready to start the day, when you leave the room to meet with Brian, because you are both starting the new case. Your motto as an agent, is to stay focused and not get influenced by the bootleggers or speakeasies. The goal

today is that you get into the speakeasies comfort zone and discuss some business. You leave the building and your driver takes you to the bar. You and Brian greet the security and ask for the manager or boss, you both sit to talk about some business.

After a while, he offers you both a job but it has to be done at this very moment. Brian seemed influenced by all the money this guy has. You don't really care since you have worked on many of these cases. The task this bootlegger assigned you was to take some liquor to the bar that was run three miles away. On the way, Brian confesses that he secretly wanted to join them. You leave him. When you get to the hotel building, you go directly to the prohibition agents main room and you tell them what happened. They tell you that since you were his partner, you can move back to NYC or stay in Chicago. But, you are fired from that company.

If you decide to stay in Chicago, turn to page 115.

If you chose to move back to NYC, turn to page 114.

After your successful case arresting a famous gangster in New York city, you are very recognized. Everytime you leave your house your face is on the paper. When you walk around your neighborhood, everyone admires your work. One Sunday morning you leave your house to get a coffee. The streets are alone and the sun is bright. You walk alone, as you look to both your right and you're left to check if there's any cars you notice someone behind you. You walk away and cross the street carefully. The coffee shop is in the corner. As you take a quick glance behind you, you notice the same person grabs you, he covers your mouth. You try screaming but he drags you to the car. You wake up tied to a chair, the last thing you remember is being close to the coffee shop and someone attacking you. You look around and that same guy is there he says

“ Hello, I have been looking for you ever since my boss was locked in”

You think about it and ofcourse it had to be about Dalton T.

He says “I have orders from him” and takes out a gun.

At this moment you are frightened, terrified. So many thoughts are coming through your head, all you do is pray. A feeling of dread creeps you out from the pit of your stomach, the back of your mouth runs dry. You are paralysed to the spot. You scream, he shoots .

~The End~

You now live in the city of Atlanta. Your one and only priority here is for you to get close to KKK to bust them and arrest some of the people who are working there. The KKK also known as Klu Klux Klan they are known for enforcing the law of prohibition in a very violent manner. Yes technically they are on your side, but they use violence to get what they want. Your department does not support that, therefore you are responsible for busting them and taking care of it. Izzy and Moe are the bosses back in NYC, your job is to keep them updated with the kkk and whatever they are up to, if possible try to arrest the main leader of it.

You are living in a small one bedroom little house very isolated to the other houses in town, it is green and dull looking, works for now until you solve the case.

You wake up and you are feeling nervous your stomach makes noises, mostly because you haven't eaten breakfast but partially for your nerves. You leave to their building located a few minutes away from your little house, As you walk in the a young lady comes up to you and asks for your name and if you had any appointments that day with Ernie the boss of that organization. You say yes and she looks through her documents and finds the file with your name on it.

You wait in a couch, everything around you is empty, there isn't really much to look at. just a few people behind desks reading papers. They call you up and you stand up and follow the lady into this big room with a large table, a conference room. You had a brief conversation with Ernie and he let you work with them. You are now part of the KKK, but you are secretly working for the police as a prohibition agent. At one of your meetings with some KKK members there were many violent suggestions such as hanging people and beating them for breaking any law.

You take notes every time. It's time to go get Izzy and Moe to arrest Ernie. This was unacceptable and it is your duty to get rid of these people.

Turn to page 116.

You are home with your family. All you hear is your sibling playing around while your mom is cooking dinner. Its around 5pm dinner time. You think to yourself if you made the wrong decision by not taking this offer. After having a delightful dinner with your family, you think to yourself on how you would've missed that dinner and smile. The past year was great, You worked on many cases and arrested about one hundred speakeasies and bootleggers. You earn enough money to buy your own house where you ow currently live in.

A few years pass, it's december first of 1933, You and your new family and kids are living together in a beautiful two story home. Your life as a prohibition agent was such a success, you are still young and have more success than most of other ordinary people. People are getting crazy every-day for the 18th amendment. It was great towards the beginning to see how people would react and be with this new law.

Even you think that it should end you know that it was a big chaos but their was eventually an end to it. This amendment is causing chaos and illegal bootleggers are uncontrollable. Little did you know that this law was going to be over in within 4 days. December 5th, 1933, Prohibition is over, after its failure and everything you've done to control it. It's finally over, You are now free to do anything else. Since you are working with the police , you are a regular cop. You get well paid, later you open your own business down the street. You make it your family business, you live a normal life, see your kids grow up and grow old with your partner

~The End~

You are one of the most popular prohibition agents in NYC, your career is great. You see yourself on the New York Times paper every morning when you go get it from the coffee shop. Today's date is January 23, 1925. Your family supports you, you send them money each month and visit during holidays. Moving to New York was a great decision, your life seems perfect at the moment, no stress. A few years pass, it is the year 1930, prohibition has gotten out of control. The amount of bootleggers was insane, the government couldn't keep up with them.

You had saved money from all those successful cases as a prohibition agent. You knew that this amendment was eventually going to fail, therefore you bought a house in New York and moved back in 1933. It's December first of 1933, you and your new family and kids are living together in a beautiful two-story house. Your life as prohibition agent was such a success, you are still young and have more success than most of other normal people. People are getting crazy everyday for the 18th amendment. It was great towards the beginning to see how people would react and be with this new law. Even you think that it should end, this amendment is causing chaos and illegal bootleggers are uncontrollable. Little did you know that this law was going to be over in within 4 days. December 5th, 1933, Prohibition is over, after its failure and everything you've done to control it. It's finally over, you are now free to do anything else.

Your life is secure due to the fact you worked with the government. Your house is already paid for, you can live a happy life with your kids and partner.

~The End~

You stay in Chicago looking for a new job, It is very difficult to find a new one, specially if you are alone. You walk around your neighborhood one day in hopes of getting a job that day, you pass by the police station and they have a sign up asking for someone that could be a security for a prison. This job wasn't ideal, it was good enough because you are very poor and in need of any job.

You walk into the office and ask if you could apply, they immediately give you some papers for you to sign and they say they will send you a letter confirming the job. You do get a job there but eventually move back to New York, It was the best option at the moment, you missed your family and being able to hang out with your old friends Life was much more simple in New York.

You also had enough savings so you take them with you for your family and maybe buy your own house. You grow old with all your family and live with your parents most of you life. You work with your brother, and you both take care of paying for the house and provide for your family. You grow old with your partner you met a year after prohibition is over. You get married and have 2 kids, you both make a food business that year, and luckily make money for your childrens school.

~The End~

In Atlanta the weather is cold the sky is always dull and the sun barely shines. It's your first day working on this case with the KKK. They are known for their dirty work, They support the prohibition, but they use unnecessary violence to support this law. You are ready to start the day, feeling nervous yet excited to be working on a special case like this. You get the building where the KKK was held, and ask to talk to the main leader of the organization. You wait for around 20 minutes, later he shows up.

He says, "Hello good afternoon, my name is Ernie. I am in charge of this organization, and my assistant says you want to talk about something. What is it?" You nod and say, " Yes hello sir, I was sent by my office to meet up with you and discuss your work." You continue explaining, "The way you are running this company is disturbing and we would like for you to control your people, and stop the violence." He laughs as if you are kidding about everything you are saying.

He then says, "We don't need anyone to tell us what is right and If you think that then maybe you shouldn't be an officer."

You feel offended and you are full of anger, you tried going against them in a good way. Later you call Izzy and Moe and you guys make a plan to attack. The next day you all meet up at a corner. The plan is that you go into Ernie's office to get in another discussion, and when he loses his temper, Izzy and Moe come in to arrest him. This was being planned within the week. It is Saturday morning. You arrive to the building in the morning, greet everyone, blending in with the KKK supporters. You spend like 5 minutes walking around the building.

When you see Ernie leave the building, you go get Izzy and Moe because the plan is to arrest this man. You leave the building and get your crew. When Ernie is about to get into the bus, you handcuff him and ask him to get on his knees. You have successfully arrested one of many KKK members. You then live your life in Atlanta until the day you die. Prohibition ends December 5, 1933 and your career as a prohibition agent ends, but you keep on working with the police.

~The End~

The Great Depression

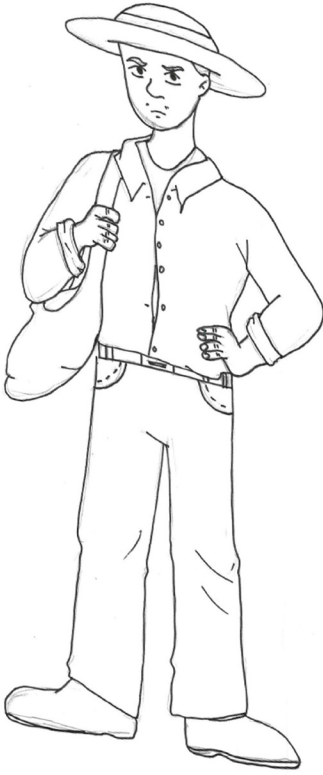
The Great Depression was the longest lasting and deepest economic decline of the Western industrialized world. It lasted throughout the whole decade of the 1930's. It was a time marked by strife and poverty. At its peak, thirteen to fifteen million Americans were unemployed, and nearly half of the country's banks were bankrupt. The Depression began with the Stock Market Crash of 1929, and did not end until 1939 when World War II kick-started American industry.

MIDDLE CLASS MAN: You are a middle-class man living in Chicago trying to achieve a better life.

FARMER: You are a farmer living in Oklahoma during the Dust Bowl. You and your wife must try to survive the severe dust storms of the "Dirty Thirties".

if you decide to be a Middle Class Man, turn to page 119.

If you decide to be a Farmer, turn to page 153.



119 - The Great Depression: Middle Class Man

The sequins of her dress flash on the concrete walls of the hallway. Your friend, Florence grabs your hand and looks up at you with a smirk, then proceeds to lead you towards the basement. As you descend the stairs, you hear the sound of muffled music coming from the door at the end of the staircase. Your heart races so fast, you're afraid Florence can hear it over the sound of the music.

As you reach the bottom of the stairs Florence knocks on the door two times fast. A peephole slides open and the sound of music bursts through. You try to look inside, but you can hardly see because a man's face is in the way asking for a password. Florence reaches up a bit and whispers something in the man's ear. You wonder how he even could hear her over the loud noise of music, but the peephole still slides close and the door opens, inviting you in. A smile grows on your face as you peer into the dim room.

Music blasts and in the middle of the room, there is a magnificent stage. Flappers dance on stage in extravagant feathers and fringe. The speakeasy is in full swing at this time. You can't wait to dance and drink a little. Recently, you have been hearing everyone talk about how fun this speakeasy is. Lately, the police have gotten tired of busting speakeasies, so you knew you'd be okay to come. The speakeasy is pretty dim, but the lights from the stage make Florence's eyes sparkle. You glance over at her and she already has a tall drink in her hand. You admire her beauty. She is dressed in silver sequins and her blonde hair ripples on her head reminding you of waves from the sea. Florence takes your hand once again and you two watch the flappers perform.

It's the end of the night and Florence is taking you home. You walk outside of the building and the cold hits you immediately. You had never been a perfect fit for Chicago, but you offer your coat to Florence anyway. She wraps herself in it and thanks you. The streetlight flickers as you open the door for her. She owns a 1927 Chrysler Imperial in red, which you think is rather girly but you'd still love to own it. The car gleams like a ruby and as you walk to your side of the car you see Florence perched inside looking so lovely.

You enter the car and as she drives, you notice how her hair flows back in the wind. Suddenly, you feel a sense of jealousy from her car. How you long to drive the route 66 in California and feel the breeze against your skin. You feel envious of her red car and how it had gleamed in the streetlight. Then it hits you, and you realize you really want to buy a car just for yourself. You wonder how Florence bought this car, she's just a secretary, who doesn't make too much money.

"Florence, how did you pay off this car?" you ask her in curiosity. She smiles and says that she borrows money from the bank to buy stocks. Then you remember how everyone has been doing that lately. You are quite intrigued with this process and wonder if you could pull it off. Florence drops you off. You spend the rest of the night laying awake in bed

debating. Should you go on a limb and buy stocks to make more money? Or play it safe and just buy a few stocks. If you buy stocks you could gain so much money, making you rich! You could buy multiple cars! Still, you're scared, if you buy too many and they don't make money, you would be in a lot of debt. You would have to save up for years to pay the bank back.

In the morning you proceed to your bank. You walk up to the counter and state that you are interested in receiving a loan for you to be able to buy stocks. Your hands are clammy as you write your name on the sign-in sheet. While you're sitting in the waiting room, a minute feels like an hour to you. Your name is called and your mind is racing as you walk back up to the counter. When the clerk asks if you want to borrow \$100 or \$1,000 you know you need to make a decision fast.

If you decide to borrow \$100, turn to page 141.

If you decide to borrow \$1,000, turn to page 133.

Did You Know?
Speakeasies were secret bars that sold illegal alcohol due to Prohibition in the 1920's. They were often in basements or underground rooms to avoid being caught by the police.

You decide to strike for your job back. You grab the telephone and twirl your finger around the cord while waiting for an answer.

"Hello?" a voice rings from the other side.

"Hi, Albert, it's me. I am going to present to you a proposition," you state through the mouthpiece.

"Alright, proceed," Albert's voice chimes in your ear.

"I was thinking we could go on a strike to get our jobs back. Me, you, Robert, William, the whole crew!" you ramble excitedly. There's a pause and silence comes from the other side of the line. You wait impatiently.

"....I will come. I'll call up everyone and tell them to come at noon promptly," Albert stammers through the phone. A smile forms on your face and you thank him. You cannot wait until noon. You have always been the type of person to stand up for things you believe in, this being to keep your job in a time of need. You hang up and put the hearing piece back on the candlestick phone.

At noon you show up at the radio station. To your surprise the sun is high in the sky, although the air is ice cold. You know that the radio station is going to be recording right now, so you are excited to see what happens. You notice a group of people are already formed at the bottom of the radio tower. You see Albert and decide to stand with him. You look around and see people chanting and even with a few signs so you decide to join them.

"WE DESERVE OUR JOBS BACK!" you yell, giving yourself a rush and a feeling of power.

All you can hear is people yelling behind you and chanting, "GIVE US OUR JOBS BACK!" You turn around and see people with signs and angry faces chanting for what they want. After an hour you notice that there are more people coming, people you don't even know are joining the strike. After a few hours pass of being below the tower, you now discover that there are crowds of people.

You decide to sit down on the curb. Your legs are killing you and you are starving. You look up at the crowds of people and sense of hope glows from you. Maybe you will get your job back! You can't believe this all happened because of you.

One of your former co-workers is eating a turkey sandwich, which looks amazing. He must have noticed you staring because he offers you the other half and you take it with a smile. All of a sudden, you hear a huge commotion coming from the other side of the crowd.

You run over, pushing people out of the way to see what's happening. People are starting to run away and the chants turn into screams. You see Albert on the floor shielding his arms over his face as a police man pulls his stick back.

"No!!!" you yell running into the circle. There are bystanders who turn to look at you, flabbergasted while some of them are yelling or scream

ing. Anyone who was striking in the crowd is definitely not here anymore. The police man has an angry look on his face and is tired of all the striking coming from the crowds.

You try to think of something to say to him, but before you can form a word the police man whips his stick toward your thigh causing you to collapse. You can feel the red hot pain in your thigh and suddenly, you're lying on the concrete, staring up at the sky. As you reach for your thigh, you feel another lash, but this time it's across your face. You can automatically feel your nose crack as the stick meets your face. Red hot blood drips down onto your hands. The officer throws you up and then handcuffs you. You look at the crowd of bystanders break up from the back of the police car and wonder if your nose will heal well in jail.

~The End~

DID YOU KNOW?
The Great Depression increased the number of strikes, causing a rise in beatings, arrests, and deaths. People were furious and wanted their jobs back, to the point where they demanded to be fed.

"Yeah, okay kid, I'll go with you. What's this place like?" you ask the boy standing in front of you. His face brightens up, excited to have a friend to walk with. You walk together down the tracks as the sun starts to come down. Your feet ache with every step you take and your body throbs.

You learn that the boy's name is John and that he used to live with his family, but after they stopped making money on their farm, he moved to the city hoping for a job. You are very impressed with his braveness. You can't believe that he's only eighteen, exploring the city by himself.

Suddenly, you two take a turn off the railroad tracks, on the other side away from the city. You notice a small trail leading into the bushes and trees. John walks into the bushes and you slowly step in and notice a small sort of archway of trees and bushes formed above you. You continue on for a while and the sunset is starting to grow darker.

Finally, you can see an opening at the end of the archway. John jumps out and you see a smile form onto his face. You run out into the clearing, which is like the size of a football field or maybe even more. You can see shacks beyond shacks beyond shacks. You could see the huts were obviously slapped together with whatever materials they could find. You turn to John and he smiles to you and says,

"Not much but it'll do for us," you feel a sadness for the people staying here, the water probably isn't safe and the place is really dirty, most likely covered in germs. Then, you remember that you're staying here too and try to push the negative thoughts out of your mind. You follow John as you two walk through the shanties, looking for one that you two can stay in.

As you get a closer look at the shacks, you notice most of them are made of random pieces of plywood, sheets of plastic, that rusty wavy sort of metal, and even cardboard. Your heart aches that it has come to this, from a glamorous life to living in shacks in such a short time period. You look into the shacks and see families trying to keep warm as the sky grows darker and darker.

Finally, you and John find a hut you can squeeze into. Your roommates are friendly and you don't think much of it since you're so tired. You lay down on a spread out piece of cardboard and close your eyes. You really regret leaving your coat on the train as you shiver and slowly drift off to sleep.

"COME HERE! IT'S ON!" you hear a voice from outside yell as you slowly rise. You get up to see the commotion outside and see a bunch of people crowded around a radio.

You can hear President Roosevelt speaking, "Tonight, eight weeks later, I come for the second time to give you my report—in the same spirit and by the same means to tell you about what we have been doing and what we are planning to do," Roosevelt's voice tunes in and out of the fuzzy radio as you remember the first fireside chat when he had closed all the banks so that they could recover. You know a fireside chat was a sort of address

from Roosevelt to the people and you are excited to hear what will come next.

You listen in on the radio and hear Roosevelt explain how there will be new programs to come, a “New Deal”, as he calls it. You feel something glow inside of you, a small glimpse of hope. You can hear people cheering from other parts of the shantytown and you join in. John turns to hug you, making you feel a sense of change. You know that good will come.

Turn to page 131.

Did You Know?
Franklin D. Roosevelt was the 32nd president of the United States of America. During the Great Depression he signed the “New Deal” which helped America come out of the Great Depression. The New Deal included fireside chats where he addressed his country and talked about the new programs that would give people jobs, social security, and welfare all across the nation.

You turn and walk into town. As you approach the employment office a surge of excitement strikes through you, you've found a job! You've finally, finally, found a job- without even looking too!

"Hello I'd like to apply for the bridge construction site," you tell the organized blonde lady behind the counter. She looks up at you with eyes, blue as the sky and smiles.

"Yes, here is the paperwork you will need to fill out," she passes you a stack of papers and a pen. You sit down and fill out the forms quickly. When you get up to give them to her she thanks you and tells you to report at the site tomorrow at 7 a.m. You give her a warm smile goodbye and leave the office. You can't believe you have a job, you just hope you can keep it this time.

Turn to page 132.

You pack up for yet another day of work, maybe today something will actually happen. But nope, it's the same old same old, hammering nails, putting in bricks. You are impressed with the work that has been done so far, though the airport must be finished in at least a few more months. You have kept the construction job for about a year and split the apartment pay with the construction worker from the employment office, Robert.

You have become friends and for the first time you feel as if you belong somewhere. Some days when your apartment pay is short, Robert is understanding, even though you feel horrible having to let him pay again. You feel like you shouldn't complain though, at least you have a job but you wish you could pay Robert back somehow.

One day on the job Robert throws a newspaper at you with the headline reading "GERMANY INVADES AUSTRIA." You scan the newspaper and at the very bottom an ad says "LOOKING FOR WORK? L.A FACTORIES NOW HIRING! 40¢ AN HOUR!" 40¢ an hour! You only make 25¢ right now, that would be a huge improvement from your life now!

"I think I'm going to move to L.A. Would you want to come with me?" Robert asks you, breaking your thoughts. He looks at you with a twinkle in his eye.

"Maybe...I'll have to think about it," you say to him as your mind races.

"Okay mate, well I'll be leaving on Friday. So tell me when you know, I'm sorry if I leave you by yourself paying the bills," he apologizes to you. You remember that if you were to stay you'd have to pay for the apartment all by yourself and you're not sure you have the money for that. As the days go by, you think hard about what to do. Suddenly Friday comes and you're not sure whether you should pack your bags and join Robert or to stay here with your secure construction job.

If you decide to move to LA for the factory job, turn to page 129.

If you decide to stay in town with the job you have, turn to page 128.

There is nothing left to do. You are a prisoner inside your own home. The crash is destroying you and the money is fading. Those two thoughts convince you to get off your couch and go to the bank. When you get there, you stop at the third step and think of how better things will be with this loan. You could buy more stocks and hopefully be wealthy again. You continue up the stairs and open the door.

Back at your house, you feel relief like you can breathe again. The phone rings, you answer . Its Florence. While she talks, you can only think about your money and how this is the only chance you have to impress her. You take it and tell her you will meet her at the usual place by the drive inn. She invites you to watch an illegal street race. Its the first one you have even been to and stupidly you bet all of your money.

A long night followed by a long bet. "How could you have done this?" you ask yourself a thousand times. It was difficult to sleep that night. Unable to think you walk to the bathroom and get sleep pills. You take all the pills and fall into a deep sleep. The last thing you remember is the phone ringing.

Florence waits 20 minutes before you hear her break into your house. You listen to her call out your name anxiously, but you don't reply. As you hear her approach the bathroom you drift farther, and farther away. She sees you laying there near dead, on the ground with nothing but pills scattered all over you. You hear her dial the candlestick phone, "Hello, 911? It's an emergency, my friend, my friend, dead, come, please..."

~The End~

DID YOU KNOW?
The prohibition era in the 1920s has been reported as one of the source to illegal street racing. It started with the bootleggers bringing alcohol in from Canada and transporting it across the "Dry" states and demanding faster cars to outwit the police and federal agents.

You wave goodbye to Robert as he heads off to LA. You will miss him, but you want to finish your job building the airport. You keep working and eventually find someone that will help you pay rent. It's not the same as how it was with Robert but it suits you. Your heart aches remembering the fun times you had with Robert, but you are happy that he is doing something for himself.

Last week your boss had an intervention with you, he claimed that your behavior was unacceptable. You realize that you had been coming in late for a week straight.

"I know you're a hard worker and need the money, but what has been up with you lately?" his words ringing in your mind. You don't know what's wrong with you. You find yourself lying awake in bed till dark hours and waking up late.

Turn to page 138.

You pack your bags and take the train to LA- this time with a ticket. On the way there you wonder what it'll be like. There will definitely a change in climate, but you wonder if the work would be easier there, or harder. You fall asleep with your forehead on the glass of the window. Robert shakes your arm, making you wake up and explains that the next stop would be LA. You feel a rush of excitement.

As the train slows down, you grab your bag and get off. Instantly you feel the heat hit you. Maybe you should have worn shorts, you think to yourself. You and Robert take a streetcar to the nearest motel and check in.

You decide to go to the factory before it gets dark, maybe you can start your job tomorrow. As you enter the factory you can feel the humid air surround you. A man walks out of an office in the back and talks to you and Robert about receiving a job. You notice that the people around here are very friendly and you can already tell that being here will be good for you.

Turn to page 151.

“What a day,” you sigh as you close the door. The stock market crash is all over the news and its making your head spin. You get to the radio station but there’s no one there. You make your way to your office, but don’t bother to sit down when you see a light on.

Its your boss! You knock and walk in. It’s a mess, like a child’s room after he’s played with all of his toys. You don’t ask what happened. He doesn’t notice you because he has his head down. You don’t know what to do you’ve never seen him like this.

You finally ask him “Hello, good morning. Beautiful day today isn’t? um.. what is the schedule for today?” He looks at you in disgust. It looks like he spent the night here. He has coffee stains all over his shirt.

“Good? Beautiful? Schedule? WE’RE LOST, done, out of business. I’ve lost it all, and so have you kid. Get out of here. This isn’t your job anymore.

“What happens next?” you ask yourself. You don’t know what to do, but you know that you must get a job. You know that you can stay in town and look for a job but you’re not sure what your luck would be. Leaving town would be risky, but you’re not sure if there are anymore paying jobs in town. Whatever you decide you know you will need to decide fast.

If you decide to look for a new job, turn to page 140.

If you decide to leave town, turn to page 143.

Did You Know?

The Great Depression was a severe economic decline. It was the longest-lasting economic downturn in the history of the Western Industrialized world. In the U.S the Great Depression began soon after the Stock Market Crash of 1929.

"Please sir...Just a bite..." you beg to the man sitting in front of you. He looks at you in disgust and turns away. Your mouth waters at the sight of his loaf of bread. You haven't eaten a real meal for days and you walk home in defeat. Your stomach roars and you are used to the sharp pains from your abdomen.

You've been living at the shanty town for a few years and although you feel welcomed, you are not sure that you can stay for much longer. You have been in town to look for jobs, but nothing has come. You've managed to make some money, but nothing to land you stable housing. At the shanty-town, the living conditions are poor and you can't seem to get good nights of sleep. You hardly eat and find yourself constantly begging for food from the more fortunate. You know you have to move if you want to see change. You're hoping you can go in town to look for a job, although you really miss your hometown.

You wonder if you go back, if things would be different. With all the new programs Roosevelt is creating maybe you can receive better housing or even a job. You decide to say your goodbyes. You and John have become very close so once you say goodbye, you feel torn inside. He seems sad, but he tells you good luck and slides some money into your hands. You know you can't take it, but he insists you to. You give him a last goodbye handshake.

As you head out, you feel sad for these people you are leaving behind. Suddenly, as you reach the railroads you can hear the train coming. The now familiar hoot of the whistle blasts. You know you must decide if you want to jump on and go back to your hometown or to stay here and quickly look for a job.

If you decide to go back to the city, turn to page 135.

If you decide to stay in this town and look for a job, turn to page 147.

"What happened?!" you yell to Robert, your co-worker. His face is painted in worry. Your stomach swirls and you can tell what happened by the look on his face. Another person- dead. Lately, accidents have been happening while building this bridge. It's really starting to scare you and you're not sure if you're ready to lose your life or even go through another death.

That night you go home-which is a very small apartment you have share with Robert and read the newspaper. The headline says, "GERMANY INVADES AUSTRIA" in bold lettering and you wonder what it must have been like. You scan the newspaper some more and at the very bottom you notice an ad that says "LOOKING FOR WORK? L.A FACTORIES NOW HIRING! 40¢ AN HOUR!" You heart skips a beat. 40¢ an hour?! That's almost double than what you're making now. You get up and show Robert the ad. You are surprised by his excitement.

"I'm going. I have to go. It's decided. I'm going," he tells you repeatedly. He leaves in a week and you're not sure if you want to join him, maybe you'd be able to finally buy your own apartment. You also wonder if there will be no jobs left when you get there...Then, you remember the dangers your bridge job brings and you are completely lost on what to do.

A week skips by fast and you are left in your apartment watching Robert pack up. You still have not decided on whether to go or stay. You must decide fast or you won't have time to pack.

If you decide to move to LA for the factory job, turn to page 129.

If you decide to stay in town with the job you have, turn to page 149.

You step out of the bank and walk out very confident fixing your collar. You slowly put your money away making sure nothing fell out of your hand. Without doubting, you start a list of all the things you wish to have. The radio is a must have, top of the list. A telephone, I can pay for dance classes so you can dance the swing or the charleston. Your smile gets bigger as your list gets longer. The things you will gain will be everyone's desire. You will finally be able to get the car you've been wanting and the new radio that just came out.

The stock money has tripled and even though its had days with small crashes, you still have faith in it. No matter what you never doubted the stock. This economic boost was the best thing that could have happened to you at this age. Not everyone could say they owned the latest t.v or radio, better yet the latest car. But, all good things must come to an end. Soon enough you realized the hole you were stuck in. You keep investing your money thinking it will all turn around but it slowly starts going downhill. Not a dime was laying around when the crash came. It was the morning of a horrible day, a day you will never forget.

Tuesday October 29, 1929. You wake up early and excited for another day at work. You wear the usual, white button down shirt and black pants but as soon as you step outside things aren't the usual. When you get to your work you find out that your boss isn't there and neither are all of your co-workers. "Where could they've gone?" you as yourself. You desperately walk to the calendar and hope today is a normal day.

There was nothing special marked on today but you know something is happening. There is chaos on the streets and people rushing to the banks. You can see the emotion and desperation in their faces as they run by you. You panic and nearly have an asthma attack. You stretch your arm and stop a stranger "What is going on?"

He is out of breath, but he replies " It crashed, plummeted to the ground! You should sell yours while you can" He runs off leaving you confused then you see an overwhelming crowd gathered outside the New York Stock Exchange on Wall Street.

"This can't be! What went wrong?" You are devastated. All your money, every cent has been lost.

Night has fallen and there is nothing you can do but go to work tomorrow. Before falling asleep you get the idea of borrowing money from the bank. That money could save you, but it can hurt you as well. Things can go wrong and you can lose it all. What if it doesn't go wrong? Maybe then you can have it all.

If you decide to borrow money from the bank, turn to page 127.

If you decide not to borrow money from the bank, turn to page 130.

Did You Know?
The Stock Market is the organized trading of stocks (stocks are the partial ownership of a company). In the 1920s it boomed, and although investing was risky it was a possible way to change your life. The more companies and people invested in stocks, the more the prices would soar. This would cause most of the people buying to "buy on margin". To buy on margin means borrowing balance from the bank or a broker. It was a risky choice and mainly depended on the stock prices. People viewed this as a way to get fast money.

You quickly run and jump onto the bars of the train. As you climb up the ladder your hair whips in your face and you realize you should get it cut before you look for a job. You also think you should probably take a shower once you look down and notice you're covered in dust.

As you return to your hometown you notice that you got off at the wrong town. You try to run back to catch the train, but your legs ache and your body cannot seem to catch up. You curse under your breath and put your hands on your knees to try to steady your breathing.

As you walk into the new town, you decide to walk to your hometown. You know it's close by and you can crash at a motel for the night once you get there. As you are walking along the street you notice up ahead, a bunch of construction going on. Oh brother, you think to yourself, it'll probably take you forever to get home now. You walk up to the construction site and ask if there was a way through.

"No way through man, you'll have to take the side road, we're building a bridge here," a guy says to you in a gruff voice. You groan and see a younger man run into the site with some papers. You see him hand the papers over to what looks like the manager of the place. As the manager looks over the stack of papers the boy stands impatiently waiting. You realize he is applying for a job. Your face lightens and wonder if you can receive a job here as well.

You approach the manager while he is reading the papers and ask, "Hi there, would you happen to be hiring?"

You see the managers hazel eyes peer over the papers and he says, "We are actually hiring but you would need to go to the employment office in town to fill out papers since we are a government program." You then realize that there are signs everywhere reading "Works Progress Administration." You suddenly remember Works Progress Administration is a program from Roosevelt's broadcast, that gives the unemployed jobs. You nod to him and walk off back towards town.

You think to yourself and wonder if you would like to stay here and work at the construction site or go back to your hometown. You could have a life here, make some money, and buy an apartment. Or you could continue on your way home and hopefully find a job there. You walk down the road, contemplating on going into town or to take the side street home.

If you decide to take the construction job, turn to page 125.

If you decide to continue to your hometown, turn to page 139.

Did You Know?
The Works Progress Administration was a program that President Roosevelt had included in the New Deal. The WPA helped the unemployed receive jobs. The most common jobs given were construction since the New Deal was creating cultural recovery.

"I'm sorry we're just not open for jobs right now," the lady says to you behind a counter not even bothering to look up at you. You sigh and trudge out of the store. You've been job hunting so many times you've gotten used to being rejected by now. This time is different; this was the last place you could have been employed at that's near your hometown. You think about moving but you know that's not an option. You haven't eaten, haven't showered, no one would even bother taking you in.

You know what you must do now. You have no place to stay, no food to eat, and definitely no money to spend. You drag yourself to the shantytown, not knowing how long you will be there. It's always been your last resort to live in a shantytown, but it saddens you that you actually have to follow through with it. You have let yourself down as you make your way to homelessness.

~The End~

Did You Know?
"Shantytowns" were housing for the poor which were located just outside of town. They were made out of newspaper, cardboard or any scraps they could find. It was common that people stayed here while looking for jobs.

You finish hammering the last nail in and decide to look around. You see the airport is finally finished. You smile, bittersweetly and feel pride in yourself because you are a part of the recovery in the culture. You feel a sense of emptiness inside you. You don't have a job anymore and know you must do something next in your life.

As you walk home, you see a recruitment office, with "JOIN WAR" posters everywhere. Even posters of Uncle Sam saying "I WANT YOU...U.S ARMY." You instantly feel angered. The thought of Pearl Harbor being bombed makes you want to fight for your country. Just the thought of being bombed makes your stomach churn.

Your feet guide you up the steps and into the office. You have no idea what you are doing when you start to talk to the lady at the main desk about joining the war. Then you realize this is just the change you need, something new in your life. You smile as you decide to make a difference for your country and enlist in the war.

~The End~

You continue on walking through the side road. Your feet twinge and your body throbs as you trudge on. Finally, you can see your town in the distance just as the sun hits the horizon. When you reach the town the sun is gone and you have trouble finding somewhere to sleep.

You find a cheap motel to stay at for the night. It's really dirty, but cleaner than the shantytown, that's for sure. You collapse on the bed and it feels as if you're laying in a cloud. You slowly sink into the bed and fall into a deep sleep.

Turn to page 137.

You decide to stay in town, thinking maybe you can get your job at the radio station back! All you know now is that you need to make some kind of money, quick. The only thing you can afford at the moment is loafs of bread and milk, which is unfortunate because you hate the feeling of the bread traveling down your throat. You decide to head out for the day to go job searching.

The rain is just starting to lighten and a small light inside of you believes it's a sign of a good day to come. You grab your your coal black coat off the hook and walk outside into the cold. The stairs to your apartment are frozen. You hold onto the railing, slowly making your way down. You decide to walk to the local supermarket first and see if there are any jobs there.

As you enter the supermarket, you notice a line in the back towards the offices and see the manager coming out, posting a sign saying "NO JOBS AVAILABLE". Suddenly everyone in the line groans and leaves the store. You are a little disappointed, but it's your first stop, there's ought to be other places. You decide to stop by the local hardware store. Once you get there, a red sign is posted up reading "CLOSING SOON", which makes you flabbergasted by your luck, but continue on.

You visit the carpeting store, the real estate agency, and the bank. How could none of them be opened for jobs?! Every store was losing so much money and you realize that you weren't the only one losing money. You slump back home, tired after the long day.

When the streetcar drops you off nearest to your home, you wonder if you should have left town to look for a job. You could always go back to the radio station and strike for your job back, because you had heard people were doing that. You wonder what new opportunities traveling would bring, but you also miss your life working at the radio station.

You go inside your apartment and collapse on your bed. Your stomach rumbles so you get up and look in the kitchen. You ran out of food and completely forgot to buy more from the grocery store today. You decide that you need to make a conclusion on whether to strike or travel away soon, money is precious.

If you decide to travel to look for a job, turn to page 143.

If you decide to stay in town and strike for your job back, turn to page 121.

Even though you decided to borrow \$100, and although you've made a decent amount of money, you feel the need for more. You want better things, like your dream car and only with more money can you achieve that.

With the money you borrowed, you feel like a new person. But, it all ends when you notice your friend's new car. And it just so happens to be YOUR dream car. The 1928 Mercedes-benz 680S Torpedo Roadster. She even got the the color you wanted, the elegant black. It was a car you could only wish for with the few stocks you had bought.

On a saturday morning, a loud "beep" wakes you up. You are angry, Saturday is the only day you don't work at the radio station, and where you can sleep in. Without bothering to take off your clothes, you peek through the front door and there is Florence waving her hand at you to come outside. You doubt whether you should go and look at the clock, it is exactly 7:36. An aggravated sigh slips out of your mouth as you turn around to get dressed. "What do you want? Do you not remember today is my day off?" you say without emotion.

"Just come with me i have something to show you!" You get in the car. And, although you want to know what she will show you, you don't question her. When you finally arrive at the mercedes car lot your mouth drops and the first thing you notice is the salesman's gold tooth.

You follow Florence, watching how she picks out a car and pays it with cash. It disgusts you how some people have so much money, that they spent it as if it grows on trees. You leave without a car, and she leaves with two, which upsets you. "Why did you get another car this one is brand new" you tell her and she replies.

"This one is for you, don't worry you can pay me back" as happy as you are, you can't accept it. You simply don't have the money, so you try to explain to her.

"That is our next place. You are going to buy more stocks, so you can live the life I live." Eventually, you listen to Florence and the luck is on your side. The market has never been this good, which convinces you to buy even more stocks. You arrive at your bank and receive \$1,000 to purchase stocks.

As you drive away with Florence, you can feel a smile grow on your face, you can finally live the life you have always wanted to live. When you get home you are at home listening to the radio with Florence in your velvet couch. You can't help but admire her smile, beaming light. Then you see her face suddenly fall.

"What is it?" You ask worried. She looks shocked.

"Shhh! Did you hear that? The Stock Market Crashed..." She drifted off as she turned up the radio. You sit there, outraged.

"It appears that a lot of people will be loosing money now....some may even lose their jobs..." The radio tunes in and out.

You have no idea what to do. \$1,000 wasted on Stocks that you ne-

-ed to make money. You really need to have some kind of money right now and since you know your stocks won't make any money you're not sure what choice you have. You could always borrow money from the bank but if that fails you'll be stuck in a lot of debt.

If you decide to borrow money from the bank, turn to page 127.

If you decide not to borrow money from the bank, turn to page 130.

DID YOU KNOW?
The Great Stock Market Crash of 1929. Stock prices began to decline and billions of dollars were lost. There was hope of the prices going up but they never did. They continued to drop as the U.S plummeted into the Great Depression.

You decide to travel the rails. You pack some of your old flannel shirts, of course your khaki pants, a few pairs of socks, and drawers, and perch your favorite hat on the top of your head. You have a few dollars, which you tuck into the front pocket of your pants.

As you're leaving, you throw on your coat and grab your suitcase. You slowly reach for the doorknob. Immediately, something overcomes you, a sense of bittersweetness. You turn around and look at the room. This was your first home by yourself, without your parents. You remember the time when your friends had come over and your neighbor had gotten so angry when you decided to sing at the top of your lungs. Or the time when you had climbed in through the window, since you had forgotten your key. Even though it wasn't the best looking apartment, you will miss it. You nodded your hat to your apartment as if saying goodbye and walk out the door.

You decide to take a streetcar to the railroads and start your long journey. You don't know what's in store for traveling the rails. You notice a small gathering of young adults with sacks on their backs and old dusty boots. To you, they look as if they have been riding the rails, so you decide to go talk to them.

"Hello boys, would you happen to know a way into the next town?" you ask the young teenagers.

Some of them look annoyed but one says to you excitedly, "Yeah! We've been riding the railroads since five towns back!"

One of the other boys in a patched up hat shushes him and says, "Shut your mouth! There could be bulls around here anywhere!" You forgot that this was completely illegal and police could catch you if you weren't careful.

"Mind if I travel with you fellas? It's my first time," you say nervously. You know how dangerous riding the rails could be. The fact that you could fall off and die was not leaving your mind. Suddenly, you hear the hoot of the train and see it coming towards you fast from the north. Already, you can hear the hustle of the train and the squeal of the rails growing louder and louder. You look up and notice the blue sky is filled with clouds of smoke, giving you a weird feeling.

Your ears pick up the sound of footsteps as you look down and see everyone running towards the train. You grab your suitcase and run behind them, trying to keep up. You notice how much out of shape you are when you see the boys way ahead of you. You can barely hear anything except for the sound of the whistles blowing from the train. Then, as the train passes by, you realize you don't even know what you're doing.

"HEY! WHEN DO I JUMP ON?!" you ask the boy next to you.

He looks over at you and you can see his face lighten as he yells, "I'LL COUNT TO THREE THEN YOU JUMP!" the train swooshes by you as you reach the track and you notice the boys scattered in a spread out line, preparing themselves to jump on.

“READY?! ONE....” You take a deep breath in and your ears buzz from the sound of the train passing by. “TWO...” He yells as he jumps on the boxcar a few feet away from you, “THREE!!” He shouts as he climbs up the ladder. You throw your suitcase down and jump onto the moving boxcar. You make it successfully and take a huge breath out. As your fingers wrap around the ladder you can feel your legs shaking.

You reach the top of the boxcar and join the others already sitting around in a circle with their belongings. You decide that was one of the scariest things you’ve ever done and these kids do it everyday. Your respect for these kids raises as you learn about their lives and how they have left their families to find jobs in this time of crisis.

Smoke is constantly hitting your face and you notice that everyone’s faces are black from the soot and wonder if your face is the same. You try to nap during the ride, but the sound of the rails squeaking rings in your ears and you can’t even sit still from the boxcar going up and down so much.

A few hours pass in the uncomfortably bumpy ride, and you notice everyone starting to pack up their things and get ready to jump off. You see a town in the distance and the boys have already started jumping. Hopefully you’ll make the jump alive, you think to yourself as you descend the ladder. You look down and see the tracks passing by as dust blows up into your face. Your fingers are slipping off the bars of the ladder and you can feel the sweat drip from under your hat.

You see one of the kids above waiting for you to jump. You brace yourself and let go of the bars. You can feel your weight drop and once you hit the ground, you tumble, getting dust in your hair, mouth, and eyes. Your hat falls off in the process. Slowly you come to a stop and stay lying on the floor. Dirt is in your lungs, making your breathing dry and feeling rusty. You made it! You didn’t lose your life or even your leg! You smile as your chest falls up and down and you notice a shadow overcome you.

“Not bad, Grandpa,” says the shadow above you. You squint your eyes to try to see him better in the bright sun. He sticks out his hand, covered in soot, to help you up.

“Where you off to, kid?” you ask him, his face is covered in soot and you can see lines under his eyes from squinting as he brings you up to your feet. He wears an old flannel and a hat just like yours is balanced on his head.

Turn to the next page.

“Trying to look for a job, been staying in here ol’ shantytown, you do know what that is right?” he questions you curiously. You have heard of shantytowns, they were a kind of shack town for the poor to live in. You knew that they were just outside of towns so it’d be easy access and a place to stay for a little.

You walk over to pick up your hat and dust it off as you say, “Yeah, I do. I don’t reckon you’re going to one right now?” He nods towards you.

“Yup, I am, just a few ways down, I’ll show you the way if you want to come!” he tells you excited to have someone to talk to. You aren’t sure what to do. You want to keep riding the rails to see all the possibilities but you also have a safe option which is to go to the shantytown, even if it’s just for the night. You look up and the kid is staring at you waiting for an answer.

If you decide to keep riding the rails, turn to page 150.

If you decide to go to the shantytown, turn to page 123.

Did You Know?
During the Great Depression many young adults would “ride the rails”, which meant to jump onto a moving train. It was very dangerous and many people died. Since it was a common occurrence there would be “bulls” or policemen that would look out for people riding the train around the rail roads.

You finish hammering the last nail in and decide to look around. You see the bridge is finally finished. You smile, bittersweetly and feel pride in yourself because you are a part of the recovery in the culture. You feel a sense of emptiness inside you. You don't have a job anymore and know you must do something next in your life.

As you walk home, you see a recruitment office, with "JOIN WAR" posters everywhere. Even posters of Uncle Sam saying "I WANT YOU...U.S ARMY." You instantly feel angered. The thought of Pearl Harbor being bombed makes you want to fight for your country. Just the thought of being bombed makes your stomach churn.

Your feet guide you up the steps and into the office. You have no idea what you are doing when you start to talk to the lady at the main desk about joining the war. Then you realize this is just the change you need, something new in your life. You smile as you decide to make a difference for your country and enlist in the war.

~The End~

You let the train pass and move past the tracks making your way into the town. You see people begging for food and even money on every corner. You decide to do a little job hunting, maybe someone will take you in. You visit the supermarket, knowing you probably would not find a job here.

Exactly as you thought you see a sign reading "NO JOBS" your heart drops a little bit, but then your eye catches another sign. You come closer and see that it reads "Looking for a job? High demand for workers to build airport." There is a doodle of an airplane and at the bottom it says "Civil Works Administration." You suddenly remember the radio broadcast from Roosevelt mentioning the Civil Works Administration and how it would give the unemployed jobs.

Your heart becomes lighter and you decide to head over to the Civil Works Administration office to see what's going on. As you walk towards the office every step you take has somewhat of a bounce to it, excited to start working. You open the door and stroll inside the small waiting room.

"Hey mate, looking for work I assume?" a man behind the desk asks you. He looks up at you patiently waiting for you to answer.

"You read my mind, I'd like to start right away," you tell him excitedly.

"You're going to need to fill out some paperwork first and then we can have you working tomorrow," he tells you reassuringly. He goes into his files and fetches some papers and a pen. You start filling out the papers immediately, your hand dances across the page and then suddenly halts when it asks you to fill in the blank for an address. You don't know what to do so you write down your old address, hoping they wouldn't know.

"Be at the airport construction site at 8 a.m sharp, and don't be late. I'll be there as well," the man nods at you with a serious face. You leave the office, looking for a place to crash for the night. When you find a park, the sun is just starting to set. You lay under a tree, hoping to get a good nights rest for the next morning.

As soon as you close your eyes you hear a voice above you, "Mate, what are you doing here?" Your eyes flash open and you see the man from the employment office. You feel your face flush like a tomato.

“It’s okay, no need to explain but come crash with me tonight, I have my own apartment,” he says to you in a kind voice. You stay quiet, but follow him. It will be better than sleeping in the cold all night.

Turn to page 126.

DID YOU KNOW?
The Civil Works Emergency Relief Administration was a part of the New Deal that President Roosevelt proposed. The CWA tried to stop unemployment by creating new jobs that did not require much skill.

You wave goodbye to Robert as he heads off to LA. You will miss him, but you want to finish your job building the bridge. You keep working and eventually find someone that will help you pay rent. It's not the same as how it was with Robert but it suits you. Your heart aches remembering the fun times you had with Robert, but you are happy that he is doing something for himself.

Last week your boss had an intervention with you, he claimed that your behavior was unacceptable. You realize that you had been coming in late for a week straight.

"I know you're a hard worker and need the money, but what has been up with you lately?" his words ringing in your mind. You don't know what's wrong with you. You find yourself lying awake in bed till dark hours and waking up late.

Turn to page 146.

“Nah, it’s okay kid, I’m going to travel a little bit more, maybe find a better town, who knows maybe even a job,” you tell the boy standing in front of you. His face falls a little, but he manages to make a smile when he walks away. You decide to wait for the next train to come by so you can jump on to find a better town than this one.

You slump down near the tracks and regret ever jumping off of the boxcar. You hope the next train will come before it gets dark, and you just realize you have forgotten your coat on the last train. You decide to take a little snooze before the train comes because you hope it will distract from your grumbling stomach. You close your eyes and the world around fades as you dream in the dirt...

CH00000 CH00000. Your eyes fly open and realize that the train is coming! You are startled and rise up onto your feet as fast as you can. The sun is just coming down and the sky is a grapefruit sort of color. The train is just starting to pass by and you run up to the tracks. Dirt flies in your face. As you go to jump onto the boxcar, a small rock flicks into your eye. Once you grasp hold of the bars on the ladder, your foot slips as if you just slid on a banana peel.

You are hanging on for your life while your eye is throbbing with pain. Tears are running down your soot stained face and you cannot get yourself back up. You try to heave yourself up, but your foot misses and you slip in defeat. Your body falls into the tracks heading straight for death.

~The End~

You sit down on the wooden dinner chair in your apartment. You take a bite from your meatloaf sandwich, and think of how lucky you are to be blessed with all these things. Ever since Germany began fighting in Europe, you have received long work hours that included night shifts. Even if you do get long hours, you are fortunate to eat a meal in your very own apartment.

You are working in the factory and make somewhat good money. There are times where you miss your luxuries but you know you have come a long way. You proceed with washing your dishes and decide to get to sleep soon, knowing you have a long day at work tomorrow. You crawl into your full sized bed and dream about the things your life can bring you in the future.

~The End~



153 - Dust Bowl: Farmer

You're standing on the front porch of your old and tattered Oklahoma home, overlooking your farm. Your wife, who is now three months pregnant, is sipping a cold lemonade on the porch swing.

"Isn't this the most beautiful sunrise we've seen in a while hun? Can't remember the last time the sky has been this clear." your wife says to you with excitement in her soft voice.

"It certainly is, but it won't last much longer. Another storm is gonna hit today. I gotta get to work now before it gets unbearable out here."

You see that your crops are very dry and beginning to get buried in the dust. You realize that the best you can do is continue to dig them out and try to re-enforce the wooden poles you built to hold them up and keep them from blowing away in the dust storms. In the distance, you see a dark cloud coming over the hills. You estimate that you have around three hours until the storm hits. You walk over to the chicken coop and see that the lock to the cage has been torn off from the wind. In a panic, you start to look for the four chickens. Your mind races with worry and you desperately push the hay around. You then see that twelve white eggs have been laid. Quickly, you close the cage and fix the lock on the cage door and board up the windows with scrap wood. Time is running out and you have to find your chickens before the storm comes. After all, they are your main source of food and money. Anxiety rushes over you as you search for your chickens. You see that one chicken is laying underneath your porch. You notice that two others are wandering around lost in the crops. Unfortunately, you can't find the fourth chicken. The storms blow dust up to 60 miles an hour. Being outside during the storm is very dangerous, and it can cause your lungs to fill with dirt. You could also become lost in a world of dust, which leaves you no other choice than to go inside and take shelter, even though you want to continue searching for your lost chicken. You rush back inside and check on your wife and tell her that the storm is arriving.

"Hurry! You go board up the windows in the back room, and I'll get the windows and doors in the kitchen, and living room." you say pointing your finger frantically from her to the windows. She picks up on the urgency in your voice and rushes to prepare for the storm. The two of you are sitting in the living room and trying to get comfortable in the candle lit room preparing to wait out the storm. You can hear a small herd of cows outside wandering around that must have gotten lost in the storm. The wind is

thrashing dirt against your house. The howling of the wind gives you an uncomfortable feeling of fear that your chicken coop and crops may be ruined. You may be stuck in your house for a couple of days, this storm will be at least two days long.

You look outside the window and see that the storm finally broke. It's finally safe for you to go outside. You have to push the door a little harder than usual, because about a foot of brown and red dirt has started to

cover the door and porch. As you're standing out on your porch, you see your crops blown across the dirt. You see that corn husks are laying everywhere, and unfortunately it looks like none of your crops are still in the ground. In the distance, you see other farmers down the road trying to salvage what is left of their farms. You go around the back of the house and check on the chickens.

As you make your way to the chickens, you see that the wooden boards you put on the outside of the coop are ripped off and laying in the dirt a few feet from the coop. You see that dirt has come into the coop, but the chickens are hiding in the house you built for them. They are all laying together huddled up in the corner with a thin layer of dirt on their heads. Their eyes look as if they are bugging out of their heads. You figure that they must be stressed and scared, so you hang a towel in the windows to calm them down.

"I'm worried bout the chickens. Nothin I do is protecting them from the dust and wind. I've been putting wood on all the openings but nothins keeping the dirt out. The wind just rips them off and I'm worried they'll keep on gettin out."

"I saw something in the paper hun, about farmers starting to buy some sort of metal shields that keep dirt from getting into windows or rabbit hutches. I bet they'd work the same for the chicken coop. They cost too much money though. \$200 for a set of four panels. We can't afford that right now..." she says to you with disappointment in her eyes.

"But there really isn't much more we can do to keep the chickens safe. All I can do is keep rebuilding the coop after each storm. Who knows how much longer that will work for?"

If you decide to invest in the metal shields/windbreakers, turn to page 155.

If you decide to save your money, turn to page 157.

Did You Know?

During the 1930's-1940's, the southwestern plains were suffering a major drought. The over farmed dry land began to blow away the dust and dirt. Winds would blow down crops and create clouds of dust. The sky would become dark for days, and dirt would make its way into houses and leave a layer of dust on household items. Farmers struggled to keep their farms up and running in these conditions.

You spend time thinking it through and scrape up as much money you and your wife can find and go into town and purchase four panels of the metal shields. You spend all morning screwing them into the coop, and you can tell that these will be effective. As you stand back and look at your work, you see that the shields are thick and unbendable, no dust will get in, or will they be able to be ripped off. Another dust storm is said to be hitting tonight, there is a lot you need to get done before dark. Your corn crops are completely ruined. Luckily, you still have some seeds that you can try to plant once the dust storms end.

The dust storm starts in the night and you guess it will let up about two days later. One of your windows in the kitchen gets shattered while you are asleep. Glass shards are blown onto the floor and became buried in the dirt. Tree branches and parts of plants are blown into your house making a big mess. The next day you awake to your kitchen sink full of dirt and all your bowls and cups lined with dust and a lot of damage done to the inside of your house. The little food you have was blown from the cabinets onto the floor.

"Hun, what are we going to do? We can't use the water to wash the dirt away? We barely have any left..." your wife says to you in frustration.

"I don't know yet. I need to be able to find somethin to close up this window."

It's unsafe to go into town at this time because the storms are coming so frequently. The only thing you can think to do is take a pannel off the chicken coop until you can make it into town. You hurry outside to check on the chickens and take off a panel. When you open the cage, you see that your chickens are completely safe and dust free, which takes some stress off you. You take a moment to feed them and replace their water. Breathing a sigh of relief, you head back indoors. Your investment in the panels was a smart choice.

Turn to page 160.



Saving \$200 really wasn't as effective as you thought it would be. As you open the door and stand on your porch, you notice smashed eggs dried into the dirt, and chicken feathers everywhere. The inside of the chicken coop is buried in dirt. One chicken lays there lifeless halfway covered in dirt. It looks like it would have been worth it to buy windshields to protect whatever you could have. Starting over when the storms end should be difficult considering how much damage has been done.

It has been almost a month, yet the dust storms have not let up and extreme damage has been done. Visibility has come to an all time low, livestock have died from dust filling their lungs or becoming lost. All crops have been blown away and cannot grow due to bad air quality and drought. Farmers in the area have been contracting diseases and falling ill. Dust has started to seep through any crack and crevice of your home. Your windows are plastered in dust and you are losing hope in ever recovering your farm.

A few days later, you walk around outside attempting to clean up your house the best you can. Trash and other farmers dead crops have blown onto your property. The shutters you put up last summer have been completely blown off by the wind. Your windows are covered in brown dirt and damaged from rocks and other hard objects hitting them. As you're heading back inside, you hear chirping and decide to check it out. A small red and orange hen is hiding under your rickety wooden staircase. You're unsure of her health and where she came from, but having another chicken gives you hope in raising chickens again, and you can sell their eggs to other farmers and also eat them.

The wind is starting to pick up, and in the near distance, you can see the black cloud heading your way. The chicken coop needs to be fixed, but there isn't enough time. The sky is already starting to darken as the storm gets closer. Moving the hen indoors with you will keep her safe and provide easy access to your food, but again, you don't know exactly where she had come from. Or, you can quickly attempt to fix the coop and hope she'll make it through the storm. The hen has enough and food to last her through the storm outside, but the only issue is the sturdiness of the coop. You must make your decision as fast as possible to avoid wasting time.

If you decide to move the chicken coop and hen inside your house where you can care for her, but risk not knowing where she had come from and what she has been exposed to, turn to page 158.

If you decide to fix the chicken coop and leave it outside, turn to page 159.

You decide to move the chicken inside with you. The red and brown chicken coop is covered in dust and is falling apart. The hen lays down as soon as you move her inside. She seems to be lethargic and dehydrated. Around a week later, you start to develop a cough and fever. The hen has died and you believe you may have contracted a form of valley fever from it. You have a high temperature and you're extremely dehydrated. Your wife has been taking care of you, but there really is not much more she can do to help you at this point. It doesn't take long for your lungs to fill with fluid and you die sitting in your chair, holding a tarnished book in your hand.

~The End~

Did You Know?
Animals that were in the dust storms rarely survived the harsh conditions. When storms had cleared, many dead animals were found. Dirt would coat their stomach and lungs making them sick, or their throats would be filled with dust causing them to choke and die. Some animals contracted lung disease, along with some humans.

You decide that it may be too much of a health risk to live with your chicken. You tie a red bandana around your nose and mouth and grab a pair of goggles to protect your eyes. You're covered from head to toe in thick clothes to prevent dirt from getting on your skin and getting wind rash. You spend around two hours in a mild dust storm repairing your chicken coop. You noticed your chicken is very spooked and is acting somewhat lethargic, most likely due to the stress of being out in the storm. You take out the soiled hay and place a cloth inside to provide a nest and warmth.

As soon as the storm breaks, you go outside to check on the coop. The hen is alive, but the food dish is still full. She hasn't been eating or drinking and you're not sure why. Sadly, the chicken dies and you are left with nothing.

That afternoon, you are outside sweeping your front porch and patching up cracks in your house so that dirt won't get in. Your neighbor drives up in his dusty black car and honks the horn at you.

"Howdy, how's it goin'? Where are ya off to?" You say to your neighbor.

"I'm heading to California. Farmers have been movin there to work on farms or go work in the city at assembly factories. My farm has nothin left. My family and I are hungry and my son is sick with God knows what. Its time to make a change and make some money."

"Well I wish you the best of luck Pete, I'll miss havin ya here."

As Pete drives off, you start to wonder if there really is work if you travel the railroad. Could it be beneficial to pack up and move some where that you've never been and you don't know for sure if there really is work? Or should you stay here where you and your wife and comfortable and can start to farm next spring?

If you decide to pack up and travel to California to try and find work, turn to page 161.

If you decide to stay in Oklahoma and wait the storms out and begin to farm next spring, turn to page 160.

DID YOU KNOW?

During the Dust Bowl, individuals would eat dirt, and breathe it in. Living in these conditions caused their lungs to fill with dust, which caused dust pneumonia. Other common diseases were valley fever, rickets, and malnutrition.

You and your wife decide to stay in Oklahoma and try to salvage what's left of your farm and home. The Government has been going around trying to assist other farmers by giving them seeds to start planting. As the green Government official car drives up to your house, two men dressed in green suits come out and knock on your door.

"Hello sir, I am David White, and this is Robert Smith. Today we have been ordered to supply you with seeds to plant in hopes that you can start a well working farm again. The Government has used all of our resources to help these states affected by the Dust Bowl, and this is our last effort. We also suggest moving to California to work on a farm or work in the city of Los Angeles, or San Diego. Yes, we understand it is a dangerous route while traveling with these storms, but it may be a success for you. Best of luck sir, good day."

As they walk back to their car, you begin to realize how bad this situation has become. Farmers have lost their lives and all of their money and farms. You begin to sweat and feel confused. You go inside and see your wife napping on the couch. With her pale skin and brown hair she looked dirty, and tired. As the man of the house, you feel it is your obligation to keep your family safe and happy.

If you decide to move to California, turn to page 161.

If you decide to stay in Oklahoma and plant the seeds the Government gave you, turn to page 162.

You and your wife pack up your valuable belongings and pile into your car. The journey to California on Route 66 took a few days. The journey caused you to use most of the money you had saved up, all though on your way you sold leftover seeds you had and made \$70. Which is a great start in the new state.

You stop for the night and get dinner and the town diner. As you walk into the diner, the owner welcomes you in.

"Welcome! You a new group of Okies?"

"Okies?" You say as confusion rolls across your face.

"Yea? Travelers from Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas all comin to California to find work either on a farm, or in the city? That ain't what ya'll are doin?" The owner asks you while handing you and your wife a menu.

"Well we came from Oklahoma, but I never heard that word before." You say to him as you take your seat at the table.

Quickly, the two of you finish your food and get back on the road. You've almost reached your destination.

If you decide to find work in the city of Los Angeles, turn to page 163.

If you decide to work on a farm, turn to page 164.

You chose to stay at your home in Oklahoma. You're hoping the storms will come to an end and you can fix up your farm and get it running soon. Its now Sunday, April of 1935. You and your wife walk up the hill to the old church for mass. Today, the sky is blue with white little clouds scattered across the sky. Rabbits and squirrels have come out to play and look for food. In the distance below the hill, you can see a small shack almost completely buried into the dirt. Only the roof is showing and the chimney with brown bricks. Half of the bricks must have fall off during the storm. As mass lets out, the sky's still blue, but all the animals are gone. A large flock of crows are flying to the west, almost as if in a panic. On your way back home, a man comes up to you and warns you of a huge storm heading this way. Texas and Arkansas have been calling it "Black Sunday". The dust is the thickest it has ever been, the wind could just about knock over a small farm house. As you walk down the dirt road to your house, you can see the storm in the distance. You see the thick black cloud hovering above other houses and farms in the distance. You help your wife rush into your house and prepare for the storm.

You sit in the dimly lit room and chew some tobacco as your front door flies open. Dust fills your home as all your decorations and appliances come crashing to the floor and break. You are bombarded by pounds of thick dust. It is pitch black dark outside and you can't see a thing. Your wife who was in bed asleep comes out screaming that the windows have broken and the dirt is filling the room. Lost in the complete darkness, the two of you panic. Your lungs are beginning to fill with dirt and dust. Your house is completely ruined and buried in dirt. You estimate that is has been four days since the storm has hit. You are left thirsty, ill, and starving, and there is nothing you can do about it.

~The End~

DID YOU KNOW?
Black Sunday was the last major storm of the Dust Bowl. Farmers described the forces of the winds to be like a shovel hitting the farmers in the face. The sky was completely black, and extensive damage was done.

Now you're living in Los Angeles, California, many jobs at factories have been opened. You take a job working at a tire assembly line in the city. Your job consists of you counting tire parts and packing tires to be sent out to other states. Your boss is a heartless man who barely agrees to letting you have weekends off. The whole factory has a hungover depressed aura to it. The other workers aren't very friendly. Making small talk with them is frustrating, and gets you nowhere. The factory smells of burned rubber and is filthy, you leave everyday covered in grease and reeking of oil and rubber. Working inside a sweaty, cramped factory is making you miss life on the farm where you had endless space and simply fresh air. Pay isn't as good as you'd hoped it would be, but at least it's more than what you were ever going to make on the farm. You stay working here for the next five years and your wife stays home to care after your son.

~The End~

Traveling to San Francisco took longer than you had expected. You must start working as soon as you arrive in order to pay for your new house and all your basic necessities. You get a job on a farm working as a maintenance man. Your job requires long hours in the hot sun with minimal pay. When winter came around, you work outside all day by yourself, which makes you very lonely. The cold, crisp air hits your face with a force that still takes you by surprise everyday. Your nose quickly turns red and begins to drip from the cold weather that you aren't exactly used to yet. Many other farmers work here also, but they don't speak English so you have difficulties communicating and socializing with them. Part of you wishes you would have taken the route to Los Angeles and worked in the city.

~The End~

World War II

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, the U.S. had finally joined World War II. Many men jumped at the chance to serve their country, and American industry was at an all time high. It was a time marked by change, as the U.S. was leaving the shadow cast by the Great Depression behind, and women were finally leaving the household and altering the gender roles put forth by the generations before them.

HOUSEWIFE: You are a woman whose husband has gone out to fight during World War II. You must break free from the traditional gender roles and find a way to make your own money.

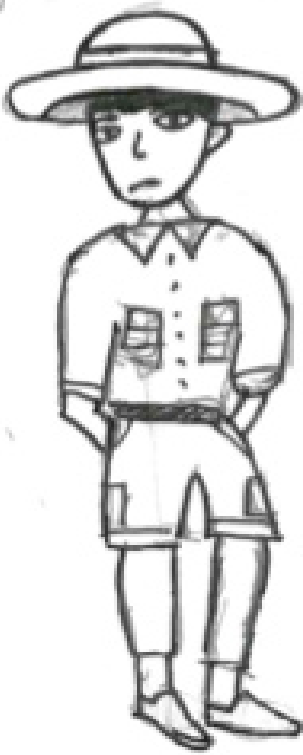
JAPANESE AMERICAN FARMER: You are a Japanese American teenager who only speaks English, helping farmers in order to make money for your family.

SOUTH CAROLINA NATIVE: You are a farmer native to South Carolina who hears the news about Pearl Harbor and World War II. You must decide how you will contribute to the war effort, or if you will contribute at all.

if you decide to be a Housewife, turn to pag 257.

If you decide to be a Japanese American Farmer, turn to page 281.

If you decide to be a South Carolina native, turn to page 167, 203, or 225.



167 - World War II

There's a wicked flash of light, followed by a spine-tingling crack. You look up, the downpour rushing down your face. Staring back down is a frightening overcast, clouds as black as the night sky. You look straight ahead of you, another flash. Your surroundings become visible for a single second, and then it is replaced by the familiar torrential downpour.

You've seen your farm enough times to know what was revealed in the flash of lightning. The farmhouse with all your supplies, your house not so far down, your field with once healthy crops. Right now the monsoon-like weather was drowning your plants, much like the Decembers past. Along came the loud bang of thunder, followed by the loud cries of spooked animals in a neighboring barn.

You sigh and start trudging toward your dark house. Every time your rugged boot hits the soil there is a loud squelch. Making your way down the field is difficult, tripping over reeds and stalks, or just losing your footing in the mud. You quicken your pace when the cold finally hits your bones. Water leaks into your boots, and your coat is soaked. When you run into your house water spills down from the brim of your hat. You make your way into your bedroom, and crash down onto your bed. You close your eyes and could sleep for hours, the warmth of your house creeping into your skin.

But you know that isn't an option. You tear your eyes open even though they desperately want to stay closed. You go into the wardrobe and pick out some dry clothes. You don't even check to see what clothes you grabbed since basically everything you wear is the same thing. You might have two outfits stored somewhere else for special occasions, but other than that, you're not a man of fashion. After you change into dry clothes and a nearly identical pair of brown boots, you run outside to your car. You hold your hat on your head as you're running and quickly open the vehicle.

You start up the car and start making your way to the drug store. You work at this drugstore whenever you have to shut the farm down during rainy season. You know the owner of the store, and a spot there is basically guaranteed for you.

When you drive onto the main road, something feels off. Your small South Carolina town is usually a lot more lively and friendly feeling. However, when you drove into town on this day, there was an unnatural tension in the air. That feeling doubled when you drove up to the drug store and saw a giant CLOSED sign in front of the door.

You got out of your car and started walking swiftly to the front of the store. You see the owner John storing some of the medicines when you burst through the door. "John! What in tarnation is going on??" you exclaim.

"War, son," John replies. "At 8 am Hawaiian time, our nation was attacked by the Japanese."

You look at him with clear doubt etched onto the lines of your face, "Is this some sort of jape? Why would anyone attack us?"

"If you don't believe me, maybe you'll believe him," He made a motion with his head in the general direction of the radio. You look up hesitantly at John once more and back down at the radio. Slowly you turn the knob, enough so that you can hear a commentator speaking in a quick and shaky voice.

"At about 7:48 am Hawaiian time, 353 Japanese fighters, bombers, and torpedo planes attacked the Naval base in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. This sudden and criminal attack destroyed 188 U.S. aircraft, 2,402 Americans lost their lives, and 1,282 more were wounded. This will truly go down as an infamous day in American history..."

Your head is reeling. After John turns the radio on, you stand there, silent. You can hear your pulse pounding in your head. You thought the biggest problem you had was that your crops were washed out, but the country that you grew up in, the country that you love, was attacked today. Your heart started pumping, and despite the cold temperatures you felt a balmy sweat from on your temple. "What..." is all you can manage.

"Yeah, I'll be joining the war for my country, so that means I'm shutting down the shop. I know that puts you in an uncomfortable situation, but I have primary obligations. If I were you, I would just come and join the war with me. What do you say?"

Your immediate urge was to agree and take arms, but you felt a pang of fear in your gut. The only thing you knew about war was, well, nothing. You've never held a gun in your hands, let alone fired one. If it comes time for you to dash into the front lines, you'd have no idea how you'd react. What do you do?

If you decide to join the war, turn to page 169.

If you decide to not enlist, turn to page 172.

Did You Know?

On December 7th, 1941, Japan launched a surprise attack against the United States on an American naval base named Pearl Harbor, located near Honolulu, Hawaii. Damages include 20 American naval vessels, eight battleships, and nearly 200 airplanes. Casualties are numbered at approximately 2,000 American soldiers and sailors, with another 1,000 wounded. The next day, President Franklin Roosevelt asked Congress to declare war on Japan. Congress passed a declaration of war with only a single dissenting vote. Japanese allies Germany and Italy declared war on the U.S. three days after. This marks the date that the U.S. finally joined World War II.

You still have that sharp feeling in your gut, but something else is starting to override that. Whenever you think about the Japanese attacking and ending American lives, this overwhelming feeling of anger and adrenaline lights a fire in your body. More than anything, you are just appalled that anybody would set an offensive on U.S. soil. You have never felt more patriotic than you do right now.

You grab John by the forearm and look him dead in the eye, "John, I think it's about time I take a trip overseas."

"Ok, it's settled then! We'll be joining the war! Shall we go to the registration offices tomorrow night?" John inquires. After you guys agree, you part ways. The drive to your house seems much longer right now than it ever has before. There are a million thoughts racing through your head. There are some exciting things. You can see yourself arriving back in South Carolina, drenched in accolades from combat, unable to fend off the copious amount of suitors.

And yet, there are doubts in your mind as well. What if you leave, never to return? If you die young overseas, there will be many experiences you have yet to obtain. You will die unmarried and childless, above all else. You shake your head, trying to clear your mind of the negative thoughts.

Your head hits the pillow, but sleep never comes. You stare at the empty ceiling, envisioning war scenarios and winning battles with your comrades. The more you think about being sent to war, the more honored you feel to be going to war for your country. When the morning sun peeks out from behind the hills, and the rooster sings good morning to the world. You are ready to leave.

After a rushed breakfast, you hop inside your car and drive to John's place. You don't even notice your surroundings as you make the routine drive into town. Your whole body feels warm and tingly, a near euphoric state. John squints at you and scratches his head.

"I thought we agreed we would be going to the registration office at night, you mad man!"

"I couldn't wait," you say, smirking. John raises a fully packed bag over his head, to signal that he can't wait either. He flashes a huge grin and dashes to your car, putting his sack in the back. "Let's get this show on the road!" you shout, as your car roars to life, speeding down the road to the nearest registration office.

When you get there, you meet with countless doctors, checking you for every little imperfection. People who were drafted involuntarily are trying desperately to find something wrong with themselves.

A man runs by, hooting for joy, "My feet are flat! Yes!"

The one right after, not so lucky, "Why does my body have to be so perfect?" Being a farmer for your whole adult and adolescent life, you are in pretty good shape. You have a certain drive that other people don't.

After both you and John get the okay from the Military doctors, there is a decision to be made.

John comes up behind you and says, "I will follow you wherever you go, brother. Do you wish to join the Army, the Marine Corps, or the Navy? It's no matter to me, I just know I want to stay with you."

"What's the difference?" you inquire.

"I'm not too sure either... I heard some of the guys talking, and I know if you join the Navy, you will be a sailor, if you join the Army, you will fight in Europe, and if you join the Marine Corps, you'll be fighting in the Pacific. Again, it's up to you."

If you decide to join the Army, turn to page 229.

If you decide to join the Marine Corps, turn to page 171.

If you decide to join the Navy, turn to page 206.

Your heart is pumping out of your chest, and you can feel yesterday's supper making a return. But you can't stop. They're yelling at you, degrading you. If you stop, you're made out to be a woman. If you don't go hard enough, you are weak. You all have to get stronger. When you get to the boot camp, they put you in a dirty little barrack with other men. You sleep on a small cot with a single sheet. The cold of the night pierces you like little daggers of ice all over your body. Every morning, you run miles every day, scale walls, and crawl through mud. Your whole body aches, yet it queerly reminds you of a hard days work at the farm. Your comrades are puking up their guts, and the worst you have to deal with is heavy breathing.

John is not faring as well as you are. He throws up his meal on more than one occasion, and after a run, is clearly winded, hunched over, breathing heavily.

"I'm... Fine..." he huffs, "Don't... Wait up..."

You honestly try to wait, but you have no idea how he could be so slow. You guess that was a side effect of working in a drugstore his whole life. After your morning mile, instead of going straight to the obstacle course, as was per usual on a regular day, the trainers call you to congregate in the center of boot camp, around the American flag. Everyone lines up, quizzical looks on their faces. There is a light buzz caused by the mutterings of the soldiers, all asking each other what was going on.

"Attention!" one of the sergeants bellow. All of the soldiers immediately straighten up and stop their chit-chat. "Y'all are ready for the next step in your training. That was just the basics, we're going to get real technical with y'all from here on out." the sergeant paces back and forth, standing in front of the neatly assembled line of soldiers. "Since you guys are just starting out in the marines, y'all are gonna belong to a rifle squad. But this is where you are gonna have some say. Do you think you'll be better as a scout or as one of the riflemen?" After the sergeant yells out this question, the buzz comes back in full force. This takes you aback, it feels strange to actually choose what you would be training in.

"Hey, John, which is better?" John scrunches his brow and starts rubbing his chin, deep in thought, "I've been talking to some of the other men, and I have a basic idea on the differences between the two. As a scout, we'd walk ahead of the rest of the squad and scout out the area, y'know? Basically the traditional idea of a scout. And as a rifleman... Well, we'll have rifles. We'd probably fight more I'm guessin'. Oh, I don't know, we're running out of time! Let's just pick and make peace with it!"

If you decide to train as a scout, turn to page 174.

If you decide to train as a rifleman, turn to page 175

The thought of joining the war makes you sick to your stomach. You clench your fists and your eyes lock onto the confused expression of your friend across the table.

"We can't join the war, John! We just aren't those kind of people!" there is a strange feeling of awkwardness in your chest, and you take deep breaths before you start hyperventilating, "I wouldn't go John, you know neither of us wouldn't be worth jack in a fight."

John scrunches his brow and sticks his bottom lip out, "Hey, no need to be insultin'! I just thought it was your only option. What are you going to do here?"

"I don't know John but we can't think of something. We wouldn't even last a day in war!" You feel less convinced than you sound. You know that there isn't going to be much work at home, and you know you are strong enough to last in war. "Stay here, John. We can open up the shop tomorrow."

"Unfortunately, I can't do that for you son. You're on your own if you stay here, I'm going to join the war for the U.S."

Just like that, the conversation is over. You walk back out into the torrential rain, dumbstruck. You don't really know how to feel at this moment. You thought for sure, John would stay with you. You have no idea how much he loves the United States until that moment. You take the drive going back to your place, not really thinking of anything. Your mind is blank.

As you hunker down in your sofa by the fireplace a little while later, you decide to go through your mail. Most of the mail means nothing, until you come across one small piece of paper, one that would alter your life forever. You got drafted to fight in the war. How terribly ironic. Your heart stops. Now it almost looks like you have no choice.

If you heed the call of the draft, go to page 171.

If you decide to not go to war, go to page 173.

You vehemently deny going to war. You won't have it. You meet up with John the next day, and he has the same news.

"I got drafted. Looks like I have to go."

"Well I am sure not. There's no way I will be going to war. I am not a war person. There's no way."

"We can't just ignore the call! I heard some people have been getting thrown in jail! I'm not risking that, I'm sorry, I need to go get ready," John leaves you in a daze. You think without a doubt that the loyal John will follow you till the ends of the Earth. Just right then, you see him with his back turned to you, walking the opposite direction.

You sit in your house, drinking a bottle of whiskey. It has been a while since your deadline to report to the registration office, and John is already long gone. Just as you think you are getting off scot-free, there is a loud banging on your door. You open the door a crack, sticking out half of your face. Standing there are two brick wall of men, with large assault rifles and the letters MP on the side of their helmets.

"Sir, it has occurred to us that you haven't responded to being drafted. Would you come with us to the base?"

"No, no I will not."

"Then you will come with us to the prison, you are under arrest for being a deserter and failing to pay service to your country."

~The End~

As a scout, you will be responsible for walking out ahead of your squad while it was advancing. You think it will be the safer option. You will be able to walk out ahead of your whole squad and report anything you find. You will also be included in the fighting, but probably not as much as one of the riflemen. You will work with the smaller, lighter guns.

“Hey, John, I think we should take the scout positions. We can be scouts together, there are two scouts per squad!”

“That actually sounds pretty nice. I heard the training for scouts was less intense than the training for riflemen. My body needs a rest...” you give a soft laugh and nudge his shoulder.

After a couple more months of rising at the break of dawn, running for miles, and practicing your marksmanship, you and John are finally given an assignment. You are being shipped to Bataan in the Philippines to man one of the camps there. You and John leave the marine boot camp for the first time in what seems like your whole life. You have spent much time there, and it feels weird to be really leaving. Your head is in a daze. As you and John are walking away, you look back the place that has been your home, that still held some of your new brothers. You sigh and look straight ahead, walk out to the boat.

You are taking a boat to be stationed in Bataan, Philippines. This is going to be a long boat trip, but you don't mind that too much. Thinking about battle makes butterflies fly at mach speeds in your stomach, and although you love your country, you aren't sure if you are ready to die for it.

Turn to page 176.

As a rifleman, you will march with the rest of the squad and take place in most of the fighting. You imagine holding a rifle, gunning down enemies of America. The image makes you feel energized, ready for anything. You will be working with the moderately sized guns.

“John, I’m thinking about taking a position as a rifleman. Are you in?”

“Of course! Wherever you go, I go brother.” he offers his arm out to you, which you grasp firmly, sharing a hearty laugh with him. It warms your heart to know that John will be by your side throughout this whole experience.

After some more grueling training, rising at the break of dawn, getting dirt kicked in your face, running for miles on end, you are given an assignment. You are being shipped to Guadalcanal near Australia, to take the island from the Japanese. You and John leave the marine boot camp for the first time in what seems like your whole life. You have spent much time there, and it feels weird to be really leaving. Your head is in a daze. As you and John are walking away, you look back the place that has been your home, that still holds some of your new brothers. You sigh, look straight ahead, and walk out to the boat.

This is going to be a long boat trip, but you don’t mind that too much. Thinking about battle makes butterflies fly at mach speeds in your stomach, and although you love your country, you aren’t sure if you are ready to die for it.

Turn to page 182.

You arrive in the Philippines and it is like no other place you have been before. There are trees as far as the eye can see, and beautiful blue oceans. You have never been in a jungle before, and everything you see is a new sight. The air is remarkably fresh in your lungs, and the rooster's morning song is replaced with the howling of monkeys.

"Wow, this sure isn't like home, is it John?" you ask.

"If home was like this I would've gone crazy already from all the bugs," John mutters, slapping mosquitoes off his arms. You chuckle and thank your luck that you're here with John.

You guys have been at the camp in Bataan for a while, and still no sign of the Japanese. Most of the day is waiting around for action and sending supplies elsewhere, but up to now, there isn't much action. For fun, you and the guys like to have a nice swim in the ocean water, or play a pick-up game of baseball. Some of the soldiers have picked up boxing as a way to pass the time and stay battle-ready.

So far, it's been an easy life for you in Bataan. However, someone comes to your camp today with interesting news. Apparently, they are accepting volunteers to go camp in Corregidor, also in the Philippines. You and John share a look. John just shrugs at you and you know that means it will be up to you to decide again. You have been in Bataan for a while, so perhaps a change of scenery would be what you needed. But fighting hasn't reached this part of the Philippines yet, and you're not sure if you're ready to give up that luxury.

If you volunteer to go to Corregidor, go to page 180.

If you stay to camp in Bataan, go to page 177.

You and John decide to stay in Bataan. Living here, as a scout, has been fairly easy to this point, and you're not willing to give that up just yet. Going to Corregidor could spell death for either one of you, and the thought of that doesn't sit well.

On your marches with the rifle squad as scouts, you and John walk ahead of the pack, chatting about your surroundings and things about home. You guys reminisce together and talk about how you would kill for a hunting knife, or even a flashlight. You guys usually have nothing to report back to your squad leader. This is not one of those days.

Landing on the Philippine coast are small boats filled with Japanese invaders. Your eyes widen, and your heart leaps to your throat. You are motionless, setting your eyes on the enemy for the first time, when John shakes you back to life.

"C'mon! We've got to go report to the squad leader!" John cries frantically. You guys sprint through the jungle, paying no mind to the roots or monkeys you pass by. You get to your squad leader out of breath, and unable to speak.

The leader and the riflemen surround you and John. Confusion etches in the lines of their faces, "Well, what is it boy! Spit it out!"

As you are bent over, huffing, you can only say one word: "Japanese..." After you say that, the men all look at one another horrified. Like you, none of these men have seen combat yet, saved the squad leader.

The squad leader shakes his head and then bellows at the top of his voice, "Ok men! I need some of you to stay here and fight with me, and I need some people to go back to the base and defend with our comrades! I've been itching for a fight since I got to this island!"

If you retreat to the base, go to page 181.

If you stay and fight with the other soldiers, go to page 179.

“Men, lay down your weapons,” the commander says disheartened. “We have given all we could for our country, but I am not about to make all of you give your lives. It’s about time we surrender.” All of the soldiers still standing lay their weapons down and wave the white flags. You are taken as a Prisoner of War.

~The End~

Did You Know?

On April 3rd, 1942, the Japanese launched their final invasion on Bataan after capturing all the surrounding islands. Although the American and Filipino forces fought back as hard as they could, due to the lack of reinforcements and the fresh troops brought in by the Japanese, they were no match. On April 9th, General Edward King surrendered rather than see more of his men die on the battlefield. The Japanese took 75,000 prisoners of war after the Battle of Bataan (approximately 12,000 American and 63,000 Filipino)

You listen to the captain's words and the thought of medals and accolades jump to your mind. Imagining a medal on your chest gives you a feeling that you can not explain, a state so euphoric that you know that you have to stay here and fight with the other soldiers.

"John, I'm staying here. Go if you'd like."

John looks nervously to the left and to the right, conflicted.

He is sweating profusely, "Um... But... You..." You can tell that he doesn't want to battle.

"Just go, John. No one can make you stay here. I won't think of you any different," you say, placing your hand on his shoulder. He takes a deep breath, nods once, and goes off with a couple of the other soldiers. You turn to face the captain.

"What do you need me to do, sir?" you ask, while giving the salute.

"I need you to take out your gun and brace for combat, soldier. Get ready to fight for your country."

You and the other soldiers wait, and guns point toward the pathway. Your heart is beating so wildly that you swear that the other soldiers must hear it. You wait by the tree, hands shaking, when for a split second, you realize how peaceful it seems. You cherish that split second, because right after that you see a grenade fling from the pathway. There is a huge explosion, and you're blown back by shock. The sound leaves a ringing in your ears, and some of the shrubbery catches aflame. You see many Japanese raiders flying in from so many directions, shrieking in their native tongue. Many of your friends are caught out, met with no mercy. You start shooting wildly, taking some of the Japanese forces down. You're still laying down on the floor, and many people are passing you up. No matter how many of the Japanese you seem to kill, more seem to come. A bullet catches you in the leg, and you cry out in pain. It is a piercing, fiery pain, and it draws more attention to you. You see some of the invaders taking their aim. You look up at the sky, and think of your life back home one final time.

~The End~

You volunteer yourself to go to Corregidor.

"What are you doing!" John says in a harsh whisper, hitting you on the side.

"Nothing, I just think we need a little change of scenery. Don't you think we've seen the same trees and monkeys for long enough? I can even tell one monkey from another by now. I could give them names."

John rolls his eyes and sighs, "Fine, I'll come with..." You smile, because you know John would come with you all along. You guys ship off first thing the next morning, and although there is a frightening overcast, the wind is still warm and the humidity is still at unnatural levels of stickiness.

You guys arrive at Corregidor, and it's almost the same image as Bataan. Soldiers pass the time with baseball, taking a dip in the ocean water, or reading copies of the soldier magazine Yank. Fighting hasn't reached this soil yet either, and you get back into the rhythm of training and hanging out, just waiting for something to happen.

One day you receive terrible news on the radio. Apparently, the base at Bataan was overrun and everyone was forced to either flee, become a prisoner, or die. That was a terrible blow to U.S. morale. There has been talk that the Japanese were coming for Corregidor next. They were also accepting reinforcements to fight at Guadalcanal. You could either go on the offensive in Guadalcanal, or stay in Corregidor and be on the defensive.

If you choose to join the reinforcements and fight at Guadalcanal, go to page 182..

If you choose to stay in Corregidor and be on the defensive, go to pag 184.

Seeing the Japanese in person for the very first time must have shaken you up, because you feel like you weren't ready for battle yet. They must have been in countless skirmishes, while your military experience thus far has included swimming at the beach front and reading the magazine *Yank*. You're sweating profusely from your forehead, and your hands are uncomfortably clammy. The gun that you've been shooting with and practicing for months suddenly feels foreign in your grip.

"Hey, John, I think we should retreat. We definitely need to warn the boys back at the base." John agrees with you and you guys go with a small party back to the base. When you arrive back at the base inland, all the soldiers stationed go into defense mode. Many of these soldiers are also new, and look very much as nervous as you and John. You see people running around frantically, putting on clothes after coming back from a swim, lacing up their boots, and loading up their guns. Just as everyone finishes loading up, the lookout cries a warning signal. The Japanese are coming. They come loaded with artillery units, and more men than you had at the base, even with support from the Filipino forces. It looks like they have air support as well! The situation definitely looks bleak. It looks like the soldiers who stayed to defend the pathway aren't met with good fortune.

All at once, there is a terrible cry from the Japanese front line, and the sky turns a dark blood red. The whizzing of the planes overhead provides a sense of foreboding. When the Japanese opens fire, it is unlike anything you've ever experienced before. It isn't the gunfire that threw you off, it is the idea that they are firing AT you, trying to end your life. Your hands are shaking, and the shots you fired off found its target 4 times out of 10. Your heartbeat is going at breakneck speeds, and you could feel your pulse in your head. The Japanese come with countless artillery units and constant bombardment. Every time an artillery shell comes down, it's like Hell has come to your doorstep. The boom gives you a jolt of terror, followed by the sweltering heat coming off the trees aflame, and then the horrifying bloodcurdling screeches of the soldiers who are caught on the wrong end of the flames. The American forces keeps constantly being pushed back, and there is constant punishment from artillery and airplanes. Your base soon becomes an inferno. You and the other soldiers have to fall back. Any counterattack is quelled by the Japanese forces. They outgun, outman, and outmaneuver you guys.

Turn to page 178.

You sit with John and the other men aboard a ship, getting sent out to your destination. As some of the men are chattering on deck, one of the sergeants commands attention with his booming voice.

“We’re nearing land now, so it’s time to debrief! First off, we’re not going to do anymore of that cutesie summer camp stuff! We’re going to Guadalcanal to be on the offensive, not just sitting around. The U.S. won a vital naval battle against our Japanese enemies at Midway. After that battle, we’re planning to re-capture some of the islands that were taken in the Pacific. Get ready for the real deal gentlemen, we’re going to war!” as the sergeant exclaims that last phrase, he thrusts his fist into the air, which is followed by the hoots and hollers of the soldiers.

The sergeant’s speech gives you goosebumps, and you can’t help but get excited as well. You jump up and cheer with the other men. The only person who doesn’t match everyone else’s enthusiasm is John. When you look down at him, you see him hesitate before he half-heartedly cheers with the other men.

“We will be landing by tomorrow afternoon, so get good rest!”

You lay in your sleeping cot, but sleep did not come. As your head rests on the pillow in the darkness, the only thoughts to enter your head were those of war. Many images flashes in your mind; guns blazing, men falling, and the American flag waving tall and proud.

When the morning comes, you have little sleep, yet you are not tired. Adrenaline is pumping through your veins, and there is a thin film of sweat on your forehead. You hold your rifle close to your body as the ship nears the island. The sound of your heart beating wildly in your chest nearly drowns out the sounds of battle. Fighting has already begun before your ship arrived.

You and John jump onto a small boat in order to be brought out to shore. There is yelling all around, and constant gunfire. The water is extremely choppy from the numerous naval ships surrounding the island, maneuvering around, in the middle of their own battle. Every few moments, some planes would whizz by overhead, locked in a dogfight. There are small explosions on the shore, sending sand flying in the air in all directions, and leaving people dead or horribly wounded. When the boat hits shore, you immediately duck down and run to cover. John assumes the same position.

Turn to the next page.

Bullets narrowly miss their mark, as you scurry over to a good position. You situate yourself behind a bunch of palm trees as you get to work. As the Japanese are running around the battlefield horribly outgunned and outmanned, you aim down your sights, hold your breath, and pull the trigger. You take your first life, but you don't even have time to think about it as it is raging all around you. You're in a safe enough position to continue to pick off the enemy. Just like target practice. You think to yourself.

As the battle rages on, something catches your eye in the middle of the gunfight. It is John clutching his leg, bleeding terribly! In the middle of the shooting, you didn't even noticed he left your side! He is calling out for help, and his face is stricken with pain. There are bullets flying a hair above his head, and he is surrounded by many corpses, Japanese and Allied alike. Do you rush to go help your friend or continue to gun down anybody you see from this safe position?

If you choose to attempt to save John, go to page 185.

If you stay in position, go to page 187.

You decide to stay at the camp in Corregidor. For your first taste of battle, you want to be in a defensive position. It seems like it would be safer for a newcomer to war like yourself. As you make your rounds as the scout, walking ahead of the pack, you notice some ships at the shore. There are Japanese on Corregidor!

You and John begin to sprint through the jungle, veins popping out of your neck. You could feel your heart pounding as if it was pounding in your skull. While you're running, all you can think about is what happened to the base in Bataan.

You reach the squad leader drenched in sweat. You try to warn them about what you saw, but the only thing that comes out of your mouth is an unintelligible groan. You don't need to say anything for them to understand. You move with the rifle squad as a unit, while John huffs and barely keeps up. You run into the base and go into full defense mode. The commanders are barking out orders as all the men rushes around trying to fulfill them. Most of the soldiers stationed here haven't seen live action, and nervousness could be seen in the lines of their faces. They all clutch their rifles and diligently wait for commands.

You could see the enemy just beyond the treeline. That's when it becomes a waiting game. It may have been minutes, but it feels like hours to you. All at once, a terrible cry from the Japanese front line emerges, and the sky turns a dark blood red. The whizzing of the planes overhead provide a sense of foreboding. When the Japanese opens fire, it is unlike anything you've ever experienced before. It isn't the gunfire that throws you off, it is the idea that they are firing AT you, trying to end your life. Your hands are shaking, and the shots you fired didn't always hit their mark. Your heartbeat is going at breakneck speeds, and you could feel your pulse in your head.

The Japanese come with countless artillery units and constant bombardment. Every time an artillery shell comes down, it's like Hell has come to your doorstep. The boom gives you a jolt of terror, followed by the sweltering heat coming off the trees aflame, and then the horrifying blood-curdling screeches of the soldiers who are caught on the wrong end of the flames. The American forces are constantly being pushed back, and there is constant punishment from artillery and airplanes. Your base soon becomes an inferno, and you and the other soldiers have to fall back. Any counterattack is quelled by the Japanese forces. They outgun, outman, and outmaneuver you guys.

"Men, lay down your weapons," the commander says disheartened.

"We have given all we could for our country, but I am not about to make all of you give your lives. It's about time we surrender." All of the soldiers still standing lay their weapons down and wave the white flags. You are taken as a prisoner of war.

Without thinking, you sprint down the battlefield, dropping your rifle at the base of the palm tree. You run down the beach, swing your arms wildly, and ignore bullets zooming past your body. The heat of numerous explosions radiates against your skin as you hurdle over lifeless bodies that litter the sandy ground.

John lays in the same spot unmoving. You approach him with great speed and your heart nearly stops, as you see his body in the same position as many of the corpses. You hold your breath over his body for a split second, and then rush down and start wildly slapping his face.

"John!" you yell over the gunfire, "John! Don't do this to me, wake up, WAKE UP!" you exclaim, giving him another good rap on the head.

"Ow, I'm awake!" he says, his eyes opening slowly, "Stop hitting me, can't you see I'm currently dying." You let out a breath of relief and hug John while laughing like a mad man.

"C'mon, let's get you out of here." As you kneel over his body, there are still shots being fired all around. You hadn't noticed before, but you are in the middle of the battlefield. A dark smoke is filling the air, and just beyond that smoke are flashes of light coming from the muzzle of guns.

"Okay, how are we supposed to do this..."

You look down at John once more, and his eyes are shut again. He is bleeding heavily from his leg and breathing slowly. You carry him, as his body is slung over your shoulder. You hold your handgun in one hand and secure his body in place with the other. You make a beeline for the jungle, sending random cover fire into the abyss with your handgun. You duck your head down, you could feel bullets so close to contact you shoot by you. You dive into a large clump of trees as a grenade explodes just behind you. You breathe heavily as you and John lay on the jungle floor, with dirt on your faces.

John opens his eyes again, slowly at first. Then, all at once, when he realizes what you had just done for him, he says, "You saved my life... How could I ever repay you?"

"Don't even worry about it." you say, patting your hand on his chest. Shortly after, the gunfire dies down. You stick your head above the cover of the shrubbery and see the Japanese forces heading deeper into the jungle. The American forces cheer on the beach, celebrating a victory. You limp with John over to the group of soldiers and hand him over to a medic. As you sit down on the beach, exhausted, one of the captains come and put his hand on your shoulder.

"Son, I saw you out there today. You were on point with the rifle. And, you made a selfless sacrifice by saving your friend. That is extremely admirable. You're on track to have your very own squad one day! Or a medal at the very least!"

Those words bring a warm feeling to your stomach and a smile to

your face. You feel glad that you received some recognition for your good deeds. The thought of a medal on your chest makes your heart rise.

“Now, we have a dilemma. We need more people to buy war bonds. We think that if we get a war hero like yourself to travel around giving grand speeches, we could get some more money for the war. Even if you do accept this offer and make these speeches, you will come back to war before the war is over. What do you say?”

If you want to raise money for the war effort, go to page 188.

If you want to just go to the next battle, go to page 189.

Did You Know?

US Marines landed on the Japanese held island of Guadalcanal on August 7th, 1942. After the Battle of Midway, a classic naval battle and turning point of the war in the Pacific, the US had the power to go on the offensive. Their first invasion was Guadalcanal. The battle lasted six months until the Allied forces were named victors and held sole control of the island.

You freeze. For a panicked second, you just stare at John laying down on the ground, losing consciousness. You can't breathe. John is in the middle of the entire fight. There is no way of getting to him without being caught between the Japanese crosshairs and friendly fire.

You continue to pick off Japanese soldiers from your position, but you're not hitting your mark as well as before. All your motions feel sluggish, and your mind keeps going back to John. It's not your fault, it's not your fault, what could you do? You keep thinking to yourself. But no matter how hard you keep trying to convince yourself, there is still that nagging feeling of guilt in the back of your mind. As the Japanese retreat further into the jungle and the American soldiers celebrate a small victory, you sift through the crowd of marines, calling out to John. You look back to where you saw him on the battlefield. There is nothing.

That night while at camp, sleep is hard to come by once more. You look to your left where John usually sleeps, the empty space mocking you. Thinking about the day's events is like taking a kick to the stomach. When you think about John lying there, calling for help, you feel a sharp feeling of pain in your gut. He must have been so scared...

When you finally find slumber, nightmares haunt your mind. In your dream, you are on the battlefield once more. John is fighting beside you, flashing a huge, toothy grin. You smile at him, and he smiles back. You take your eyes off of him to aim down your sights, and after firing off a couple of rounds, you look back at where he was. John's mangled body is weeping, asking you why you couldn't save him. Why you didn't do anything. John's body wails louder and louder, and you try to tell him that you couldn't do anything, but you find yourself less convinced.

You jump up and jolt awake from the terrifying vision. Your sheets are soiled with sweat, and you're clutching your handgun. You avoid sleep for the next couple of days. When invited to play a pick-up game of baseball with the other men, you respectfully decline. You never show up to target practice anymore, and eat only about half of your food. During some of the skirmishes at Guadalcanal, you would be in some sort of trance, and at one point you imagine all of the Japanese soldiers to be John.

While reading a copy of the soldier magazine *Yank*, you read about some soldiers who had a traumatic experience on the battlefield. They are apathetic and get treatment at a mental hospital. If you continue down this path, you're not sure how long you would last, but a stay at a mental hospital isn't too enticing either.

If you choose to stay at a mental hospital, go to page 192.

If you stay with the marines, go to page 201.

You decide to take up on the captain's offer and tour around, raising money for the war effort. Before you ship out back to the U.S., you visit John at the camp hospital.

"Hey bud. How are you going to last in war without me there to save you?" you chuckle.

He punches you softly on the shoulder with a laugh, "I just can't believe you're skipping out on us like that." After you guys laugh about that, there is a comfortable silence. "Hey, I never got to thank you for saving my life. It was good to know you were there for me." he puts his hand on your shoulder, and after a warm embrace, it is time to go.

You tour around the U.S., showing up to various events and town fairs displayed as a decorated war hero. You tell crowds of people how many sacrifices you've made, and how they can help the war effort as well by buying war bonds.

You enjoy traveling across America, having people cheer for you, serving your country in a different way, but you feel it is time to go back. You feel you belong back on the battlefield, with John and the other soldiers. Time to ship off once again.

Turn to page 195.

"It would be a great honor sir, but I believe my place belongs on the battlefield, with my brothers in arms."

The captain smiles and takes his hand off your shoulder.

"I wouldn't have it any other way," he says, "Okay, if you're staying with the rest of us common people, we're getting up at the break of dawn. We're not finished here."

For the next six months, the island is heavily contested. Allied forces are finding more victories on land, but the naval battles are still back and forth. It's February of 1943, the Allied forces finally take Guadalcanal for themselves, completely eradicating the Japanese threat to the island. You and the other men shoot rounds off into the air in victory, and all give each other high fives and pats on the back.

You and the marines win a long standoff with the Japanese army, and you are immensely proud. Things are starting to look up for the Allies in the Pacific. After initially losing many islands to the Japanese, the Allied forces are ready to move on the offensive once more.

The next target is the tiny island of Betio in the Tarawa Atoll. You and John chat about this next conquest over supper.

"Apparently, we're sending 18,000 troops to this tiny little island, and the Japanese only have about 4,500 people manned there. This should be easy!" John says, with a grin.

"You are finally ready to come back to war, huh?" you say, chuckling at John. John did have a point, though. You don't see a reason why this fight would last more than a couple of hours. The next day, you and the other men get ready to ship off once again. That gut-wrenching, anxious feeling, that you felt before your other battles, is not there. You are now a seasoned veteran.

Once close enough to the island, the marines break off into squads to man smaller landing vessels, so you could land ashore. From what you could see, the island is heavily fortified, yet sparsely manned. The landing vessels are making a beeline for the island, yet they run into an unforeseen problem. It is low tide, and some of the vessels can't make it past the coral reef surrounding the island, including your own!

When the vessel stops, you turn to look at John, who starts hyperventilating. The Japanese coastal guns start mercilessly pounding the snared vessels.

"Well, what are you waiting for, get off the boat!"

The marines dive off the boat amidst enemy fire. People who are attempting to free trapped boats, promptly give up and begin to wade toward shore. Teeth chattering, you make your way through the chest deep water toward shore. You duck your head, as the Japanese defenders rain fire down upon the Allies from their base. Men are falling left and right, and the gunshots keep coming. So, that's how it could go wrong. It isn't long until one of these bullets finds their mark. It's not helping that I'm giving

a clear target! At that moment, you begin contemplating diving underwater the rest of the way to shore. Yet, some of the other men start firing cover at the Japanese defenders, to give the other marines a safer passage.

If you choose to dive underwater and try to swim all the way to shore, go to page 191.

If you choose to send cover fire, go to page 194.

"John! Dive underwater! That's the only way to be as safe as possible!" you yell out to him. He nods quickly and shoots himself underneath the water. You take a deep breath, look down, and dive head first into the dark blue ocean. The sounds of shooting and cries of pain are muffled. Bullets whizzing by underneath the water give your heart a jolt. They are a hair away from coming into contact with your body.

Soon, you arrive on the shore, but you are horribly exhausted. You lay down, eyes closed, and breathe heavily. You know this was no time for rest, so you turn on your stomach and start crawling forward. The marines who got here first start crawling forward as well. Rising or standing slightly would make you an easy target. You see John and breathe a sigh of relief. You both make it. The battle for this small island rages on for the next two days. Again, landing craft has trouble getting to shore due to unexpectedly low tide, and the Marines who began to arrive on the second day have similar issues. There are also snipers who have situated themselves under the cover of night, attacking your squadron from the flanks. Until noon, it is a similar scene; thousands of marines wading up to the island and many dying in the process. However, the tide rises, and U.S. destroyers are able to move closer to the island to offer supporting fire. You and the other marines start moving inland, blasting enemy emplacements with grenades, demolition packs, and flamethrowers. Any Japanese fortification passing by is destroyed. The Japanese defenders would rather die than surrender. Even when you and the other soldiers meet them with brute force, they fight on. When you hear the cries of the Japanese coming, fear shoots through your body. You've seen first hand what the Japanese do with their final breath, and the thought of something happening to you chills you to the bone. The final defenders lead a banzai charge, rushing into your squad. They come at you sprinting full force, guns and grenades blazing. They yell at the top of their lungs, shooting in all directions. With all the racket and all of the action, it is easy to lose it on the battlefield. When you feel yourself start to lose control, you take a deep breath, aim down your sights, and pretend it is target practice again. The heat of your comrade's flamethrower radiates hotter than any bonfire. When they are finally taken down, all but 17 of the 4,500 Japanese defenders are dead. There are piles of bodies littering the shores and inland jungles, both American and Japanese. After some time, they are indistinguishable. The island is finally declared secure after suffering heavy casualties. After the fighting, you find John back at camp.

"I thought that was supposed to be easy," you say, sarcastically accusational. He just nods. "Hey, we're coming out with more victories. I can feel victory is near. Just keep your head up."

Before making a decision, you decide to read the Yank article further.

My attitude towards everything became negative. I was uninterested in all things, food, baseball, shooting. When my buddies noticed something was wrong with me they encouraged me to get some therapy, and it really helped. I was back on the battlefield before I knew it and I believe it saved my life!

After reading the article over and over, you reach a decision. You take a deep breath. This night, sleep does not elude you as it had been for the past couple of months.

At the break of dawn, you go straight to the captain, "Sir, I need help with my mind. I fear something might be wrong with it."

The captain widens his eyes and opens his mouth. He is left speechless for some time. When he seems to have collected his thoughts, he says, "Well, I, uh, I don't really know what to say. This hasn't happened under my command..."

"I need some help. Some mental attention."

The captain slowly nods, pensively grasping his jaw with his forefinger.

"Yes, yes, I shall get back to you on that. You are currently relieved of duty until you're mentally stable." as he says this, he raises his hand to his forehead in a salute, which you mimic.

As you walk away, you feel as if a weight lifts off of your chest. You finally admit that something is wrong to somebody else, and you feel better because of it.

Later that night, as you eat your supper, the captain approaches you.

"Hey there, son. You will be sent to the hospital on base and there, you will be met with a professional. He's a therapist or something like that. He'll talk to you." as you nod and thank him, his expression got softer, "I've lost somebody during war, too. It isn't your fault, okay?"

For a moment, you are shocked. You don't know what to say. How had he known? After the shock subsides, you nod once more, thank him again, and shake his hand.

Two soldiers usher you into a car and drive off to the hospital. The drive brings you through the jungle terrain. The loud hum of the car coincides with the buzzing of the insects on the island.

Turn to the next page.

You meet with a therapist every day. You and the therapist talk about the events that led to your condition. You talk about the choice you had made, and how that deeply affects you. Perhaps, it was talking about how you feel and why you felt this way, or maybe it was because you felt like you finally have another friend since John's passing, but gradually you become better. At first, you begin to eat whole meals. Next, you find interest in pass times once more, like checkers and working out. Towards the end, you are walking around the hospital with a spring in your step and joking around with all the nurses and other patients.

"Well, I believe my work here is done." the therapist says with a smile on the day of your last session, "We've made some great progress."

You meet the therapist with the biggest grin you've flashed in a while, "Thank you so much, doctor, how can I ever repay you?"

"Just go out there and serve our country once more." You and the therapist grip forearms as a sign of respect, and you leave the hospital. That is the last you ever see of him. You are back in a military vehicle, and you are brought out to one of the ships. You are already being brought to the next battle.

"Where are we going?" you ask.

"To the island of Corregidor in the Philippines. It was captured by the Japanese early in the war and we're setting out to recapture it."

Go to Corregidor on page 197.

"John, get down! I'll cover you!" John dives underneath the water, and you hold your rifle up high. "Aaaaaahh!!" you aim down the sights, while yelling at the top of your lungs. You shoot towards the general direction of the island. That's when most of the fire is directed toward you. You run through the water, as bullets trail your every move.

You are getting exhausted, and the gunfire does not lessen. You are caught once in the shoulder and chest. You yell out in pain. It feels like one part of your body is on fire. The ocean water surrounding you is stained with your blood. The world starts spinning, and your head feels lighter. You feel a surge of warmth go through your body, and then nothing at all.

~The End~

Did You Know?
The Battle of Tarawa lasted seventy-six hours. US Marines invaded the Japanese held island of Betio in the Tarawa Atoll. This began the campaign for the heavily fortified islands in the Pacific held by the Japanese. 18,000 marines were sent to Tarawa, and they were expected to easily take the island from the 4,500 defenders. But due to problems from the beginning and the defensive tactics of the Japanese, the battle lasted three days long in which both sides sustained heavy casualties

"We're striking at the heart of our enemies," one of the captains said, debriefing for the next invasion, "We will be invading them on their own homeland of Iwo Jima. Following air and naval bombardment, we the marines, will storm the island and wipe out the defenders as we have successfully done in the past." The last statement receives a couple of hoots and claps from the soldiers listening to the captain speak. Mid applause, he holds his finger up, "Don't you clap just yet. Iwo Jima is defended by roughly 23,000 Japanese, who we already know won't go down easily. They have a network of underground tunnels and installations that they will be fighting from, so this will be far from an easy victory. Yet, you are a special group of men, and if anybody can do it, it's the U.S. Marines."

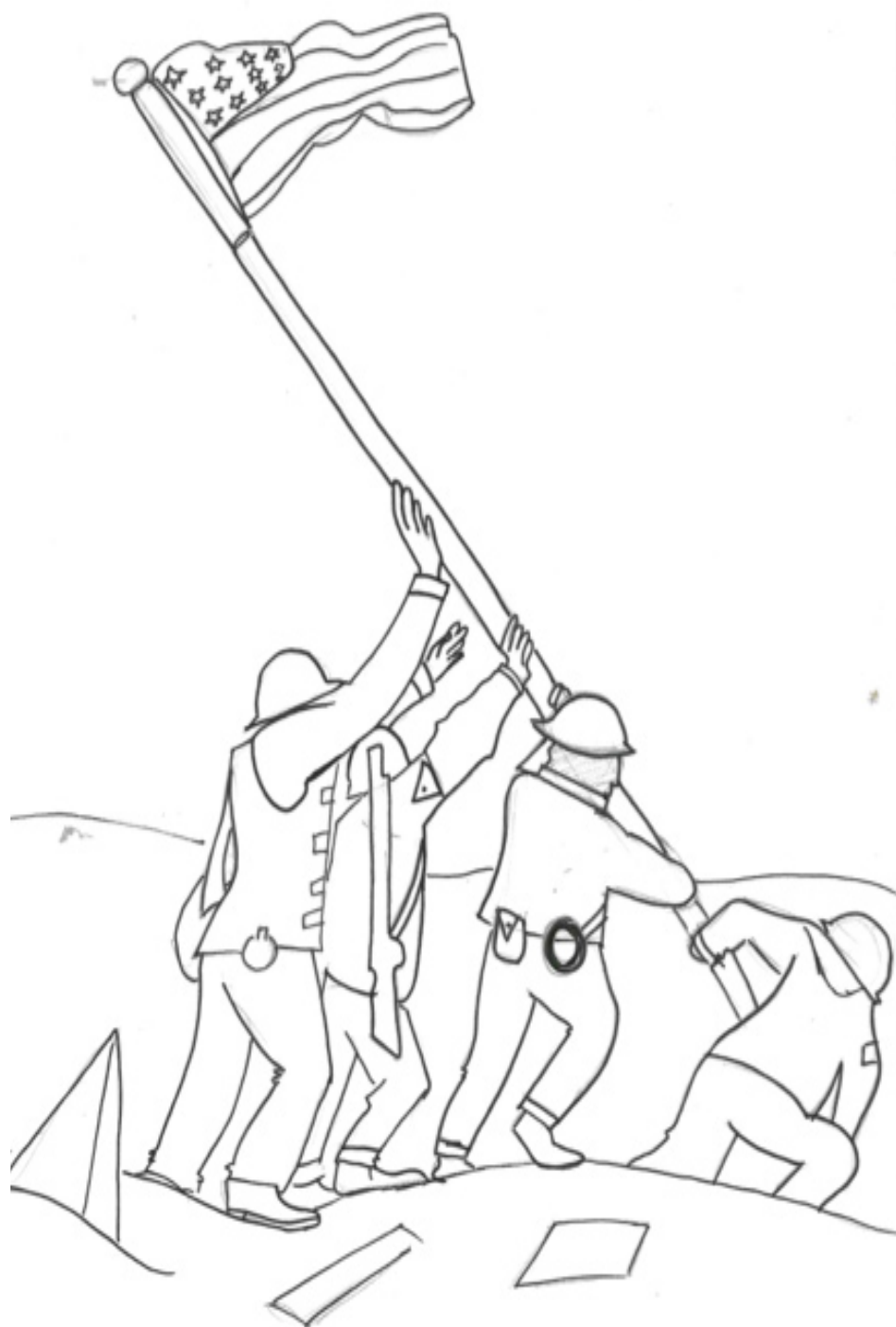
That speech makes the hairs rise on the back of your neck, and you jump up and cheer with the other men. Even John is enthusiastic! He is clapping and cheering with the rest, which warms your heart. Your veins pop in your arms, and the thought of this upcoming battle pumps you up unbelievably.

When it is time to fight, you are ready to fight for your country. You and the other marines land ashore and immediately begin the invasion. You take a deep breath, and sprint across the beach. You look left and right, but there is no Japanese counter attack. You could see them retreating inland. Any stragglers are picked off. Tanks start to make their way onto the shoreline, and as a caravan, you and the other marines start making your way inland.

You are making your way through the jungle, when your squad is ambushed by a group of Japanese soldiers with a death wish. They scream shrilly, all the while shooting wildly. You immediately dive into cover, your body hitting the ground with a solid thump. As the Japanese start to aim for your slower comrades, you decide to attack them from the flank. You take out your rifle and fire mercilessly at the Japanese defenders from the side. Surprised, some retreat into a nearby cave, while some lay down to die, cursing you with their last breath.

Defeating the fortified Japanese on the island of Iwo Jima is not an easy feat., yet it is accomplished in a month. After a group of the other men raise an American flag on one of the mountains in Iwo Jima, you celebrate another victory with the men of the Marine corps.

"Now, don't get too excited just yet! There's still a huge battle to happen at Okinawa, with over 287,000 of our troops to get involved!" When you hear that number, your jaw drops. That number makes your previous exhibition seem like nothing! "We're ready to end this war, so get ready to stir up some hell!"



You are being shipped out to war once more. Ever since your departure from combat, the U.S. has found success in the Pacific and were moving on the offensive. Standing out on the deck of the ship, spray from the ship breaking through the water puts a thin layer of mist on your face.

Some of the men are talking on the deck near you, and you decide to join their conversation.

"Oh hey, I remember you! Where have you been soldier? You missed some sweet battles!" one of them yells out, patting you enthusiastically on the back.

You laugh with them, glad to remember how to socially interact. You breathe a deep sigh, missing John, but remember that life goes on.

"So, we're going to the Philippines again?" you ask.

"Yeah, we're looking to recapture the islands we lost earlier."

You storm the shore with the other men, finding yourself on Black Beach.

"Over there!" somebody yells, pointing. When you turn to look, it is a large cliff side with a tunnel going inside of it. "I saw some Japanese retreat into there!" As you and the squadron inch toward the cave, there is a shrill cry and many shouts of "Grenade!" You dive out of the way of the blast, but others are much too close.

Your mouth fills with dirt, and blood splatters all over the tree to your right. You stand up and immediately start firing at the Japanese defender responsible for the explosion. As he is attempting to run back to the confines of the tunnels, you shoot him twice in the back, causing him to collapse.

"This island has a large tunnel system! We have to secure all of the entrances while moving to capture the whole island! We have to reduce all of their defensive standpoints to rubble!"

While manned outside one of the tunnel entrances, small groups of Japanese resistance rush out in a Banzai attack, killing or being killed. Explosions are heard coming from the inside of the tunnel. The Japanese would rather commit suicide than surrender. After ten days, the threat of the Japanese on Corregidor subsides, and the American flag is raised on the island's flagpole.

Turn to VJ Day on page 202.

Okinawa is not like any other fight you've seen. Sure, there are similar aspects, but you haven't seen anything on this scale. The Japanese send warships and airplanes on one-way kamikaze missions, proving to be extremely difficult adversaries. Besides this, they are almost never on the offensive. They keep biding all of their resources for defense. As you would walk around the island, the Japanese never look for you. You would have to go to them if you were looking for a fight. No one is defending the waterfront, so you walk around the shoreline undisturbed.

However, the battle is still terribly bloody. Looking out across the sea, the horizon is littered with the bodies of fallen sailors. While taking a round through the city on the island, you notice the streets are not only filled with the bodies of soldiers, but with the bodies of civilians. They had done nothing to join this fight. Seeing the dead civilians give you a wrenching feeling in your heart, and make you sick to the stomach. Artillery rounds and air strikes, which were supposed to be destroying the Japanese fortifications, cause more collateral damage. The defense strongholds support one another and are not deterred by these strikes. They have to be destroyed individually with dynamite.

Your mornings, afternoons, and evenings are filled with explosions and gunfire. You take part in destroying Japanese fortifications, and spectate as there is a bloody battle that takes part in the sea. On June 22, 1945, Okinawa finally surrenders, thus ending the final Pacific Island battle of World War II.

You put your hand to your forehead in a salute, as you watch the American flag being raised to the heavens. Seeing the American flag above all else make all the hairs on your body stand up. So high in the sky, the flag seems untouchable by any.

This moment of glory is short lived, as the smell of burnt foliage and bodies started to make your head light. You start to turn your head away from the horror when something catches your eye. Many of the bodies laying strewn all over the ground, crushed by rubble and near unrecognizable, are unarmed citizens! Tears start to well up in your eyes as you see many women and children among the pile of corpses, next to soldiers from both sides. You remove your hand from the salute position and walk, head bowed, back to the other soldiers.

Turn to next page.

Although you feel sulky, the excitement of the other soldiers is infectious. You see many people drinking, laughing, cheering that this bloody battle was over. You see John having a good time, and can't help but grin yourself.

Turn to VJ Day on page 202.

DID YOU KNOW?
The Okinawa campaign was the last and biggest of the Pacific island battles. It lasted from April 1st - June 22nd, 1945. It pitted 287,000 U.S. troops from the Tenth Army against 130,000 soldiers from Japan's Thirty-second Army. Japan lost more than 77,000 soldiers, while Allied forces suffered 65,000 casualties.



You decide not to go to the mental hospital. You don't want to think of it anymore and you already make your decision. So, you throw away that copy of Yank and never read another copy again.

You sit on the ship heading out to Tarawa alone. The other men are speaking of the upcoming battle with one another, but you never have the time to make any new friends, and you really have no interest now.

Thinking about the upcoming battle elicit no feelings to you. When you are close enough to the island, you hop onto a smaller boat, in order to land on the island shore. This is supposed to be an easy mission, so you hope you won't have to do anything.

However, when you get close to the island, some of the landing vessels can not surpass the coral reefs ringing the island due to low tide. The boats are immediately bombarded by enemy fire from the island. You jump into the fire and start to trudge towards the island. You are being fired upon, but you do little to dodge the bullets. The death of John still affects you heavily. As you keep wading through the water, you find that perhaps standing straight up is not a good idea. Even though you think this, you have no interest of getting lower. It leaves you unbelievably tired and you lose interest in actively trying to stay alive. Two bullets catch you in the shoulder, and you do not wince at the piercing pain. Instead, you just stop movement, go down into the now scarlet water, and find peace in your final moments.

~The End~

You make rounds throughout the town, carrying your gun and fully uniformed. As you walk down the streets of Okinawa, any Japanese citizen outside scurries into their house without looking back. You sigh. The sight of the civilians running from you like you are a monster pains you. You clutch the handle of your gun firmly and keep walking.

You and John get back to the camp, finished with your shift. As you're walking into the main social area, you notice everyone huddled around a radio. ...atomic bomb Little Boy dropped on Hiroshima today. Where there once was a city, only lay rubble. That sentence is like a knife being twisted into your stomach. An atomic bomb has dropped onto a civilian population. Whatever it looks like here, must look much worse in Hiroshima, and you feel melancholy for being part of this event. You aren't even sure why they needed to drop an atomic bomb, you were winning all of the last battles against the Japanese!

Three days later, there is another announcement of a different atomic bomb being dropped on Nagasaki! How many of those things did you have?!? Nearly a month later, on September 2, 1945, the Japanese surrenders. You are glad that this god-forsaken war is over, but feel remorse from the effects. Arriving back home, you get a hero's welcome, townspeople cheering for you, parades for all of the soldiers in South Carolina, yet you are changed. This war affected you in a way you will never be able to tell another human being. Your life is back to the usual routine, but you decide to avoid war in the future.

~The End~

Did You Know?
In order to hasten the surrender of Japan, the U.S. dropped atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki during August of 1945. Atomic bombs have never been used prior to these droppings, and the world was stunned by the effects of these nuclear weapons. The Japanese announced an unconditional surrender on August 14th, 1945, effectively ending all combat. The official surrender date was September 2nd, when the signing of the surrender document occurred.

203- World War II

Your foot sinks into the mud as you take the first steps into the field in front of you. The sun's rays beam down on you, as you drink water to replenish your body with the hydration it requires. For hours on end, you've been trying to keep the crops alive in order for you to provide for your family. If this type of weather continues any longer, you'll end up without any crops and must find another way to support your family. The scent of seasoning fills the air as walk into the house where your mom is cooking chicken dinner for the family.

Your mom screams, "Dinner is ready! Come and get it!" which stuns you for a second.

You then take a seat with your family and tell your dad, "Pa, the crops aren't getting any better and I don't think we'll make ends meet." Your dad doesn't seem to be phased by the news as he has been aware of the situation for awhile now. He's been in this position before.

Your dad asks, "Did you hear about the news in Hawaii?"

"Apparently Pearl Harbor was bombed and four carriers were destroyed, we want to go to war!" Your dad walks over and grabs the radio and places it on the table. He is fiddling with the cable trying to establish a connection and pick up the broadcast.

You hear static and then a voice fade in, "It is December 7th 1941 and this day will be remembered as the day we joined WWII! Around 8am this morning Pearl Harbor was bombed by 350 Japanese fighters and all eight aircraft carries there were damaged with four of them being sunk. The death toll is counted to be 2,400!" Your dad cuts off the radio to spare the horrific details of the attack.

Your heart drops and the feeling of butterflies in your stomach appears. You look around and see all the pictures of your dad back when he was in the first world war. He's staring straight at you and you already know what he's going to tell you.

Your dad says "You should join the war, the way things are going now you can join and help provide for us." You hate the thought of going to war and risking your life, but you also have a feeling of wanting to get revenge for what happened at Pearl Harbor. The last thing you wanted to hear come out of your dad's mouth, "We'll go to the recruitment station tomorrow so you can sign up."

If you decide to join Marine Corps turn to page 171.

If you decide to go to bootcamp turn to page 206.

If you decide to join the army turn to page 229.

Did You Know?

On December 7th 1941 Japanese Navy and Air Forces made a surprise attack on America by bombing their naval base at Pearl Harbor. This attack is what led to America declaring war on Japan and thus joining WWII. The Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor as a safety measure. Japan didn't want the U.S. navy messing with their military plans in Southeast Asia. Three days later Germany declared war on the US.

Yorktown is so badly damaged to the point that you have to return back to Hawaii for repairs. All of the engineers on the boat managed to at least repair the boat enough to keep it afloat and make it to Hawaii. While in Hawaii for the short time to get the Yorktown repaired, you are allowed to roam around and do what you want till called back to duty. You decide to rent a motel room so you can rest awhile. You take a moment to enjoy the feeling of a cushiony bed for the first time in awhile.

While laying on the bed, you look up at the ceiling unable to sleep. It's just you and your thoughts. Everything seems so surreal as you begin to wonder why you are in this war. You didn't even want to be included in this war, your father just threw you into this battle because he was in one. What is the purpose of even fighting this war? The only thing that drove you to even fight in this war was Pearl Harbor, but when you fight and people end up dying, you don't feel any sense of vengeance. Before falling asleep you think about going AWOL and deserting the war.

Turn to Page 210..

A couple months pass since signing up for the navy. It's now March and you've finally been drafted and now headed to boot camp. You feel like it's the first day of school, waiting for the bus to pull up and take you to the boot camp. As the bus pulls up, you take your first steps onto the bus and your last steps on your homeland. You take a long look at what you're leaving behind. You rest your head along the window as you pass by your city for the last time. When you show up in San Diego everyone exits the bus and gets into a line and waits. You have no idea what you're lining up for and what's behind that dark hole of a door.

You finally step in and see a chair with a man holding a pair of clippers, meaning it's your turn to shave your head and begin your journey as a sailor. You sit there as you feel the cold metal of the clippers running across your scalp and your head getting colder as it loses more and more hair. Next, you walk into a room and are told to remove all of your clothing and give up your belongings to military officials. You look around the room and see a bunch of other young men stripped down to their boxers and get handed a folded uniform. On top of that they throw you a Bible and the Blue Jackets manual.

Once you head to your bed, you put on your uniform and set up your bed sheets. You place the Bible onto the pillow and start to flip through the Blue Jackets Manual. It seems as if it's all the basics to becoming a sailor. The Sergeant then walks in and barks orders for you all to line up. He barks out orders of how you have to wear your uniform and how everything needs to be done precisely. For the next couple of weeks, you feel like you're in hell, running for miles at a time and crawling through mud.

Everyday is a struggle trying to get over obstacles the navy is setting up for you. Testing if you can take orders and work off of little sleep. After a long ten hour day of marching, running, and scrubbing clothes, the Sergeant shouts at you in the middle of the night. It's the last week of boot camp and you are told that you are allowed to be with your family until you receive your first assignment. It's been a grueling two months, but it's worth it to see your family again and know you'll be fighting to keep them safe. Before you leave you are asked if you'd like to head straight to Coral Sea and fight or if you'd rather wait and get some more training for a specific assignment, you aren't told what the training is for or how you'll train.

If you decide to fight in Coral Sea, turn to page 207.

If you decide to get special training, turn to page 209.

After finishing boot camp, you receive orders to serve in Coral Sea. Your nerves are running high as you sail waiting for the Japanese to appear. You feel butterflies roaming through your stomach and your heart is pounding like a drum hoping that you don't run into the Japanese. You worry about what might happen as you ride on the Aircraft carrier and hope it doesn't sink. You feel a sense of safety knowing that there has never been an carrier versus carrier battle. You're sweating bullets as you think about everything that could happen while you're on the Yorktown. You overhear one of your crew mates yell at the top of their lungs that the enemy is approaching.

You see an entire fleet of Japanese ships approaching. You can tell you're outnumbered and there is at least twenty four different ships in the water. As you're staring down, the carriers approaching shots and missiles begin to fire and can see flak and shrapnel flying everywhere. You hit the deck as the ship under your feet shakes and try to avoid all the shrapnel from hitting you. One blast was so close to your body that you're left disoriented and everything seems blurry. Finally coming to your senses you sprint full speed towards the stairs to get to safety. As you're running, you can see the other carrier Lexington is slowly being submerged beneath the water.

You look over towards the Japanese carrier and could see that your crew is doing damage. They sunk Lexington, but Yorktown is able to finish off the carrier Shoho. It seemed the battle was even and the Japanese began to retreat. The Yorktown is heavily damaged and needs to be returned to Hawaii for repairs. You're safe, for now.

Turn to page 205.

Together you decode that the Japanese are planning to attack the fleets at Midway. The message is delivered to Admiral Nimitz and he plans to ambush the Japanese ships trying to attack them. Thanks to your smart thinking, Admiral Nimitz is able to anticipate when, where, and how the Japanese are going to attack them. Nimitz proceeded to draw out the Japanese fighters to a lower altitude, leaving higher altitude dive bombers a wide open window to drop bombs on a Japanese destroyer.

The dive bombers also hit three carriers and successfully sunk the Akagi, Kaga, and the Soryu. Later on in the day, you hear reports of another carrier from the Japanese entering the battle and successfully sunk the Yorktown. Even though losing the Yorktown Nimitz was able to retaliate and destroy that carrier as well. Thanks to you, America is finally able to move from a defensive naval position into an offensive position due to weakening the Japanese Naval Force.

Turn to page 212.

You're filled with curiosity and decide to continue training to see what assignment you will receive. Instead of returning with your family you feel that this special assignment will be beneficial. The next day you walk into a classroom and the officer in charge of the class introduces himself. He explains how everyone will learn to decode messages sent secretly for war tactics. You will also be able to code your own messages at some point to send war tactics secretly. After a month of extra training and missing out on a position in the battle of Coral Sea, you are told you will be needed for future battles now that your training is complete. You are only given one chance because what you decode decides between life and death for people out in the field.

You overhear that other codebreakers are decoding Japanese messages, but the only thing you can make out is there would be a operation at "AF." You look around as you wait for incoming transmissions and see its June 4th, 1942. Suddenly, you overhear an incoming message. Since you're new to decoding you aren't to sure of what is being said. You immediately run over to the commanding officer

Turn to page 208.

You're called back to service from your time in Hawaii. At this point, you feel as if you're fighting for no reason. Everything that you do in this war now is just to support your family. You put on your poker face and just head out to do your job.

The commander says with a hint of sarcasm, "You're next assignment is in Midway and you get to stay with your old ship the Yorktown." You're loyal to your ship, but you're scared to death of the fact that Yorktown just took a beating and is already being shipped out to battle. While waiting out in Midway, you overhear rumors of Admiral Nimitz decoding Japanese messages. Apparently, the Japanese are planning to ambush the Yorktown. The plan now is to ambush the Japanese before they attack. You receive orders at 8:30 on June 4th, 1942 to flank the Japanese from the far right side. Before you know it, dive bombers are flying off of the runway so fast that all you see is grey blurs. You're waiting for something to happen, when suddenly, a huge explosion erupts from one of the destroyers in the water. Flying overhead were Japanese torpedo bombers. The dive bombers that had left earlier from the carrier have a clear and unopposed attack on the Soryu.

Off in the distance, you can see little black dots falling from the dive bombers, a glowing ball of fire erupts from the ship as it becomes engulfed in flames. As you watch, the ship changes from a dark bland grey to a bright orange. After leaving the trance of watching the ship burn, you look over and see two other Japanese carriers being wrapped in a bright orange flame just as the Soryu. It seems that the Japanese have been defeated, but the Yorktown is still vulnerable. Looking at the side of the carrier, you can still see the damage from the last battle. Seeing that you're the weakest ship out there makes you feel nauseous. After a few hours, you spot another carrier in the distance and multiple planes are reported to be flying towards Yorktown. Explosions appear in the sky like fireworks on Independence Day as aircontrol shoots down dive bombers and fighters. All you can see in the sky is dark smoke clouds and all of a sudden, seven bombers came ripping through the smoke.

Turn to next page.

Trails of smoke behind the bomber are appearing as the torn robes of the grim reaper. The ground beneath you shakes as the Yorktown is hit with three bombs. As you get up from the hard floor of the carrier, dazed and confused, you're able to hear screaming, "ABANDON SHIP!" You see all the engineers running towards the damaged areas of the ship trying to repair it. Other sailors are sprinting full speed to the lifeboats in order to survive. You've trained enough to try and repair medium damages. Do you save yourself or try and keep the ship afloat?

If you decide to save yourself, turn to page 213.

If you to repair the ship, turn to page 219.

Did You Know?

The Battle of Midway took place between June 4 and June 7 1942. Midway is seen as the turning point in WWII. The Japanese had planned to lure out and destroy U.S. aircraft carriers but failed due to U.S. code breakers. America was able to decode Japanese messages, allowing them to anticipate the ambush and retaliate. America was able to reduce Japanese forces giving them more power.

You gaze around at the sight before you, in the field where you started from. The money you've been sending to your family seems to be paying off. You see full green stalks of corn raising from the ground. You take your first steps up the porch and to the door and are overwhelmed by emotions. You take a peek through the window and can see your family eating the same meal the night you left. A nice big plate of chicken and a steaming pile of mashed potatoes. You grab hold of the doorknob and slowly turn it, creating no sound to try to surprise your family. You stand in the doorway of the kitchen and lean against the edge, knocking on the wall and your family turns to see you in the doorway.

You see your mother's eyes fill with tears as she gets up and hugs you as tight as she can. Your dad and little brother walk over and a group hug of emotions goes on for what feels like an eternity of happiness. You take a seat at the table and your mom goes to get you a plate of chicken and mashed potatoes. You get a sense of nostalgia just remembering that this was the last thing you ate before leaving your family to go to war. After eating a nice meal for the first time in a while, you excuse yourself from the table to return to your room and just fall onto the bed.

Lying on the bed staring up at the ceiling reminds you of your time in Hawaii. Looking around at the situation with your family, it seems they're doing fine and have enough money to live. It wouldn't seem that bad to leave the war. It's not like you even want to keep fighting any more so how bad could it really be to just leave? After a good four months of resting at home and catching up with your family, you're finally called back into service and must travel to Guadalcanal.

Turn to page 215.

You decide to run and get onto a lifeboat. No reason to add one more to the death toll, you think to yourself. As you're sprinting full speed, you can feel that the boat starting to lean towards one side. You're running so fast to the point that you stumble over yourself.

All you can think is, Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap! Before the boat goes completely vertical you slide into the lifeboat and manage to leave along with ten other people. It's cramped, but you have to make room to live. You and your crew of people on the lifeboat steer towards the USS Hornet. Your arms are on fire from rowing so long. While riding the waves against the Hornet, something hits you on the top of the head, it's a rope ladder. The ladder is so unstable swinging around at each movement you make climbing up. Your arms are so tired you almost fall backwards into the water. Once you reach the top of the carrier, you sprawl out onto the floor and roll out of the way for others to come up. You get up and walk towards the entrance of the Hornet and can see everyone celebrating, you turn the tide of the war so America is now in the driver seat. You earned a leave and can return to your family.

Turn to page 212.

You decide to stay on the aircraft carriers you're used to being on. Why go into an entirely new environment you're not used to when you can stay with something you're familiar with and excel at it. Back on August 7th 1942, America had taken over Henderson Field. You're orders are to protect Guadalcanal from any possible attacks. It seems like any other day of just keeping an eye out for the Japanese navy to come rolling in anywhere from the north. Eyes baggy and tired you can't wait to head to your sleeping quarters and have a nice night of sleep.

Suddenly, orders are being barked out to be ready at your stations, rubbing your eyes you could see it was only 1:25 am and you spring into action to ask what is happening. The Japanese navy has sent in one carrier and the two carriers could visibly see each other, but no shots have been fired yet, why? You look around and could see multiple ships that are not where they were supposed to be. Ships from both the Japanese and America were intertwining trying to gain position on each other, but still not one shot has been fired. About twenty five minutes pass with the same thing happening. All of a sudden, a flash of light appears off in the distance and you can see two ships nearly point blank range and the sound of shots started going off.

Every ship around you has started firing and it turns into a full out chaotic battle. It seems as if the Japanese have trained just to fight at night and you turn around to see what's happening elsewhere. You and a handful of your crew mates are surrounded by the Japanese and a full out brawl erupts. Fists are flying and hits are coming and going from every direction. As you're fighting it feels like you're losing more and more. The last thing you see is a fist and then complete darkness.

Turn to page 224.

As you get ready to be deployed to Guadalcanal, you're given the choice of staying on a ship and battling like you have been, or change it up and be used as infantry and provide artillery support for the Marines. You are set to head out and battle on November 12th, 1942. If you try to go to the naval battle, you will be in heavy combat trying to clear out the Japanese navy so America can strengthen their ground troops. You are haunted by the past with what happened to the Yorktown and almost going down with the ship. If you decide to be used as infantry, it will be your first time ever going to battle on the ground. You will be farther away from the action because you will be artillery support, but you might become a main target due to you using artillery strikes.

If you decide to be used as infantry, turn to page 221.

If you decide to be part of the naval battle, turn to page 214.

You decide to just flee from the war and stay on the down low until the war is over. You move to St. Louis and change your name to Eddie Slovik and your age to 36 so nobody would ask what you're doing in America and not fighting to protect your people. You take up a job as a factory worker and help build what you love, aircraft carrier parts and munitions. After a month passes, officers enter the factory asking for you. Apparently they caught onto you after the first week and spent the next three tracking you down. You are thrown in prison and are expecting to get a dishonorable discharge and serve some time in prison. Sadly for you, they wanted to make an example out of you so anyone else that tries to go AWOL will think twice about it.

Dwight Eisenhower signed off on your execution on the 23rd of December. You are one of many to go AWOL in WWII, but are the only person to be executed because of it. It was 10:04 am in January 1945, today was your final day on this earth. You are strapped to a pole by your knees, ankles, and hands and a bag is put over your head. As you await your death all you hear are twelve different sounds of rifles being loaded, they sounded like the M-1's you use to carry around. The last words you hear are "Fire."

~The End~

It's 8:15 am on August 6th, 1945. You're back in North Carolina with your family and can't shake the feeling something bad is going to happen. Why would I be sent back home for no reason and asked not to return to battle? Was there something big behind all of this? I like the fact that I'm able to finally rest and stop fighting for once, but why so suddenly would I be sent home and told I wouldn't have to return if I'm able to fight? Was America finishing up the last of what it needs to win the war and the navy just isn't part of it? Rubbing your eyes, you head towards the couch. You can't shake the feeling of sleepiness. Thinking of what the U.S. has in store to end the war.

You turn on the radio in order to try and keep yourself from falling asleep once again. You perk up as you hear the word, "Hiroshima" comes from the radio and you begin to turn up the volume. Apparently, America did have a plan in store to end the war. America has sent out a B-29 bomber that has dropped a massive bomb killing thousands there. Everything is decimated and the city is completely destroyed. You're ecstatic that America found a way to end the war, with a massive bomb. Then, you begin to realize, what about all the civilians that were in the city? Were they killed as well? You're glad the war is finally ending, but pray that the civilians that were in the city are okay.

~The End~

This time you let your family know when you're coming home just so they know that you're still alive. After seeing the bodies at Guadalcanal and hearing about the soldiers killing without remorse, it leaves you desensitized. You have little to no emotions and don't react to certain things as other people would, as if you weren't even human anymore. You have a short fuse now and barely have any patience.

Your mom asks, "What would you like for dinner?"

"I don't care what you make, just make it!" you shout in anger.

Your father looks at you in disgust and you just know he's thinking that you need to shut up before you get your butt whooped. After all this time of thinking about leaving the war, you feel like it's just about time to leave it. You are slowly losing yourself day by day.

The experience at Guadalcanal left you traumatized and now you just feel like an empty shell fighting for America. You don't feel emotions at this point, but what you do feel are impulses. Your impulse right now is to just desert the war, go AWOL and live your life just how it used to be, nice and simple worrying about ends meet, not if you're going to die tomorrow or live. You're tired of all the fighting and death, but at this point it seems kind of useless to just leave when your last assignment is coming up.

If you decide to go AWOL, turn to page 216.

If you decide to finish your last assignment, turn to page 220.

You think that the damages aren't too bad and you can try to keep the Yorktown afloat. You're so loyal to Yorktown that instead of saving yourself and letting the boat go down, you want to see it survive another day. Heading towards the lower decks from where one of the bombs were dropped, you can see a huge fire burning. You quickly head over and grab the fire extinguisher. A cloud of white smoke engulfs the fire and looks as if a battle between good and evil.

You head over to a group of men patching up holes from the bombs dropped by the Japanese. You take a hammer and some nails and start swinging it violently at some timber two by fours and steel plates so the flight decks activities could resume to normal. While repairing the hole on the side of the ship, you stumble over and hear the sound of metal being bent. Before you know it, the room is flooded with water and there is no sign of escape. The rooms floods to the roof and you drown.

~The End~

This is it, the day you've been waiting for, it's your final assignment as a sailor and you can head home. Your final task is to head to the Philippines and take over the oil supplies and remove Japanese forces from South Asia. The Japanese send out a carrier to your North, but is swiftly taken care of. Overnight, you fight multiple Japanese carriers, but receive a distress call that a fleet of ships under Admiral Kurita Takeo has entered Leyte Gulf while you and allied carriers are distracted fighting Japanese carriers. Your helmet flies off and hits the ground with a thud. Aircrafts are flying off of the runway like a factory line making ammunition.

You hear the sounds of twisted metal and explosions behind you. Luckily some escort carriers have been left behind to protect the passage towards Leyte Gulf. The Japanese begin to send out their own aircraft, but they seem to be flying too low to be dropping bombs. Bombs began dropping onto the carrier and you spring into action to repair the holes in the boat, you don't want to go down just like the Yorktown. You could either repair a hole on the carrier runway so you could get more airplanes out into the battle or head to the lower deck and repair holes to keep the boat from sinking.

If you decide to repair the runway, turn to page 222.

If you decide to repair the lower deck, turn to page 223.

Did You Know?

The battle of Leyte Gulf is regarded as one of the biggest naval battles in history. The battle took place on October 23, 1944 and lasted till the 26th. U.S. troops invaded the island of Leyte to deprive Japan of its resources. The biggest resource taken from the Japanese was oil, making it harder for the Japanese naval force to transport troops. The battle of Leyte Gulf was the first time organized kamikaze attacks were used."

Being Infantry isn't as bad as you thought it would be. All the hard work had been done on August 6th 1942. The other marines and sailors are starting to fire at the Japanese at Kali Point. You are fighting a group of Japanese troops run under Shoji and have them pinned at Kali Point. Your orders are to keep the Japanese troops pinned as long as possible until the rest of the American troops could surround all of Kali Point. There was a slight pocket open leading to a swamp and Shoji and his men began to retreat into the swamp. All you can see are thousands of soldiers emptied Kali Point and flooded into the swamp. Constantly fighting and keeping forces on Kali Point, you and your troops were able to overrun Kali Point and kill off any other Japanese forces in the area. You think, this isn't like the field back home, as you see hundreds of dead bodies sprawled out on the floor.

To this point, you've never really seen a dead body and your veins run cold from the sight. You try to hold it down, but end up vomiting from the sight.

"Rookies these days can't handle a few bodies." Those words make you sick to your stomach. You don't want to look at people as just targets and kill them and move on. They had lives back home just as you do. You promise yourself not to change into whatever your allies have become once this battle was over. For the next six weeks, you hold off the Japanese troops and if they don't die from fire, they die from malnutrition and disease as they were running low on supplies. Before you know it, the Japanese has begun to evacuate Guadalcanal, another win for America.

Turn to page 218.

You run over to the runway and pick up a hammer to patch up the hole just as you did on the Yorktown. You remember all about the planes flying at a low altitude and hear the sound of planes coming closer and closer. You think they're just falling out of the sky from being shot down by air control. You look up and see something that you've never seen before, Japanese aircraft were flying full speed straight at the boat in a formation. You get up to run away, but it's too late. The Japanese had kamikaze into the carrier killing you and your allies and sinking the ship.

~The End~

This baby isn't going down like the Yorktown on my watch. You dash towards the lower deck to help out the others who are repairing the boilers and engine. You've repaired patches and holes from bombs only once, but have at least a decent idea of how to repair things. How different could it really be anyway? It's just a big hole that came from another projectile.

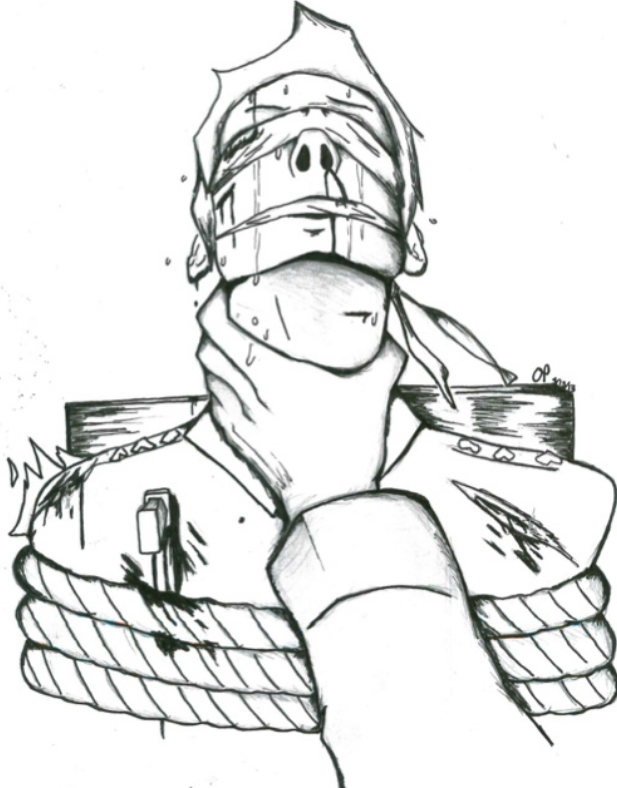
As you're repairing the ship relentlessly, you and the rest of the crew manage to stay afloat. You notice that the rest of the Japanese ships begin to withdraw from battle and your crew receives orders to head out to camp Engano. Your job is to sink what is left of the Japanese forces. Under heavy gunfire, you notice that the fight starts going one way, an allied submarine has hit the carrier with a torpedo and the Japanese ship is now sinking. You can now return home and relax.

Turn to page 217.

You awake in a room tied to a chair. Japanese soldiers enter the room and start to ask you questions. The one thing you fear most, being captured and tortured with little to no chance of surviving. From your training you had been told that you die before giving up any information that might help the enemy. It's just you and your thoughts at this point. Thinking about your family back home and how you will never be able to see them again. How will they be able to live without me being home to support them emotionally and financially?

The Japanese naval officers become angry at you for not responding and start to beat you for answers. At this point you lose all your senses and don't even care how you die. You just wait for it to happen as the last thoughts of your family run through your mind and pray to the Lord that he keeps them safe. You feel cold steel touch the back of your head before it all ends.

~The End~



225 - World War II

"Blue Champagne, purple shadows and Blue Champagne" the radio plays as the smoke of your first legal cigarette escapes through your mouth, "Bubbles rise like a fountain before my eyes." As Jimmy Dorsey continues to play over the radio, you order a chicken fried steak. The waiter leaves to complete your order. "Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday to you!" You're shocked as your family begins to sing, causing the rest of the restaurant to pitch in.

Just in time the sizzling steak arrives to your table. It's not often you get to eat this, today is a special occasion. Your table, with your younger brothers and dad cracking a few jokes, is lively as ever. It just can't get any better than this. Over the sound of casual restaurant chatter and the loud snickers from your brothers, the radio suddenly quiet downs.

"Turn it up" someone yells, just as if on cue the radio suddenly comes back to life.

"We interrupt this broadcast with some breaking news" suddenly the restaurant is completely focused on the radio. "Pearl Harbor bombed, Japan declares war." You look up, just to lock eyes with your father, a veteran who at only eighteen joined the war effort to fight in the Great War.

"Eighteen ships sunken, and around 2,300 casualties" you try to just drain out the sound of the commotion going on and try to eat your now bland steak.

Back home, your dad sits you down, with you already know what is coming. He has always wanted you to join the military when you turned eighteen, despite your constant oppositions.

"Son, I have been waiting for years to hand this down to you" he says as he slides open a box, holding his old trench knife. "I want you to have it" he says, as you shake your head in disapproval. You can see the cold in your dad's eyes as his expression changes. "You have always wanted to be a full grown man, and that day is here, but guess what, smoking a pack of cigarettes ain't going to make you one. I used to be just like you- foolish. War really shapes a man, you need to be straightened out, and what better way than being a soldier!" he exclaims. "Take the combat knife, and join the war effort, just like your old man" he says as he leaves you alone, knife in hand.

You begin to wonder, should I join? You have always dreaded war, the thought of violently killing over people, for the sake of your country has always inhumane to you. Your father has been persistent about you joining the military, and now more than ever handing you his knife that you know he values so much. You're torn apart, to whether gain the approval of your father and join the military, or further disappoint him by not joining right now.

*If you decide to join the war, turn to page 228.
If you decide not to join the war turn to page172.*

You remember your days training in boot camp- it was a whole different experience there. You were treated horribly and those were some of the worst weeks that you have ever had. It was all worth it though, because here in London you are treated with respect. When you get off the ship, flags and banners surround you as you march down the streets along with fellow soldiers and tanks. Despite being so close to the war, you are not marching into battle, but a parade as the British joyfully greets you. The sun shines down on the American flag, which is being waved by children as they run around. For a small moment you feel at home even though being gone for about a week.

On Sundays you are free to roam London with your pass just for being a paratrooper. You walk around the streets wondering what to do. You see a local pub knowing that the drinking age is here in Europe, you wonder if you should go in. Across the street is a coffee shop. The only thing attracting you to the place are the females that are constantly walking in and out.

If you decide to go to the Bar, turn to page 233.

If you decide to go to the coffeshop turn to page 237.

Despite the extra cash that could roll in, you can't bear any more time at a bootcamp. So you and the rest of the division get ready to be deployed.

"Yea I heard there sending us to Japan."

"That's a lie, we're going to Europe," you hear the soldiers discuss.

You have no idea where you're going, at this point your curiosity takes over. You begin to say, "So where-"

"Attention!" yells the drill sergeant cutting you off, as you line up. He gives a few commands and instructions. It's hard to take notice, with thoughts of Europe and Japan rushing in through your head. Next thing you know you are marching towards trucks, and after a short ride you reach the harbor.

"Line up!" the drill sergeant yells as you get out of the truck. The troopships tower over the harbor, barely moving as waves crash into them. You already see soldiers, walking up the planks, "Move in" you hear a voice order. Your line begins to board the ship. Once inside, it doesn't take long before the ship begins to move. It's been six days of open water. You look at yourself in a mirror, seeing your pale face, due to the fact of dealing with some seasickness.

"I think were almost there" you hear someone say. You run up to the deck hoping for land, but nothing appears except for the blue water.

"When are we getting there?" you ask a staff sergeant, "Well at the rate we are going, if nothing goes wrong, we shall be seeing land by late tomorrow."

The next day, you wake early, and go up to the deck, "Land!" someone shouts. What a great day it is, I can finally get out of this stupid boat, you think to yourself. You eagerly anticipate the boat to reach the harbor, but they aren't going to land until late at night. Hours pass and you finally land late at night in Anzio, Italy. Everything is calm, which is good on your side since there is only two infantry divisions. You then set up base, and spend the night.

"Boom!" Mortars attack your base as you get up from the surprise attack.

"We're under attack!" you hear voices yell. The shock had you still for a second. It is still pretty early in the morning, bullets bring firing in every direction, and you need to defend. You pick up your gun and begin shooting back. It is hard to see with the early morning sun glistening in your eyes. Under heavy fire power, you notice many soldiers fall, making you begin to fear your own fate.

"Retreat!" you hear someone call out. As you turn to run, your leg catches a bullet. You trip and another one hits you in the shoulder, you're bleeding badly now. You begin to see red and panic when a mortar reaches you nearby and explodes, burning your skin and killing you.

Despite your dreaded thoughts of war, the gift your father handed down motivated you to enlist. He has put his trust in you by handing down his valuable knife. You build the courage to enlist.

"Son, you could of not picked a better choice, I am really proud of you!" your dad exclaims over the breakfast table the following day. You try to comfort your mother's tears as your dad keeps rambling on how proud he is.

"You know what son, I'll take you to the recruiting office myself right now." You almost choke, on your breakfast in surprise. You have never seen your dad in such a great mood.

"Finish up, and get your coat, we're leaving." You rush and trip over some of your brother's mess.

"Clean this up!" you yell as you dart out the door.

Over the roar of the engine, you manage to hear a few words from your father, mostly things about all the good things he learned at war, but you pay more attention to the serious tone he suddenly has.

"You have to be careful out there, and take care of yourself, you will see things that will haunt you for life, being a soldier is tough, being a marine is tougher, but it's nothing you can't take, and the honor and respect that you receive is just superb."

You reach the recruiting office, the car slows to a stop, as your dad rolls the window down and lights a cigarette, "Go on I'll wait here", now that's the man you've always known. Inside the office, the recruiting officer sits you down and asks you a few questions. You start to sign some papers, when finally, he asks you what Military branch do you want to join. You begin to ponder on what you should decide. You look around and see posters, big ships saying "Join the navy." You think to yourself, maybe I should join the navy and get to see the world. You keep looking around the office, and see a Marines poster and remember what your dad said about them being tough. It seems like a good idea getting recognized for that, however, your father served in the Army, maybe you should too.

If you decide the Marines, turn to page 171.

If you decide the Army, turn to page 229.

If you decide the Navy, turn to page 206.

"The Army, I'll join the Army" you say.

"You're in luck, ever left the country?" the officer asks you.

"No sir, heck I've never left the state before."

"Well you might be seeing the world soon" he responds.

You're not sure what to think everything is going so fast, and realised its too late to go back as you keep signing papers, "You're done" the officer says suddenly.

Shocked, that this is really happening, he tells you, "Make sure to report to boot camp in Parris Island next week. Everything is going a lot faster because of the war, you might even be finished in six weeks instead of seven"

You leave the office and step outside with the sun shining down on you. You walk towards the car and see your father with a wide grin in his face.

"Army?" he questions.

"Yes."

"Good choice, you really are turning into a man now." The ride home went smoothly. Now that you officially joined the Military your father treats you differently.

You roll the window down, as your father hands you a cigarette "You deserve it boy." You take it and light out of respect, but you don't feel like smoking. "Boot camp, is going to be hell, I'm telling you now, if you can't make it through boot camp, there's no way you'll make it through the war." You gulp, and begin coughing forgetting you were smoking the whole time. Your father laughs, "Don't be nervous, if I can make it through, so can you."

Finally the day comes, you were told to pack lightly- a change of clothes, a toothbrush, and your identification card is all you brought with you. You reach the camp, and everything is strict and organized, and more than anything, quick. Your hear drill sergeants yelling orders, all sounding the same, but you can't make out a single word. You finally were sent to where all the new recruits were, the sick bay. The doctors did check ups, and set up a health record. Then off to the paperwork and registration, where you receive your dog tag. Finally, you are sent to get your haircut. You realize this is a new beginning as your brown hair makes its way to the ground, and you end up with a buzz cut.

“Boot camp is going to be hell” you remember as you lay in your cot, its been three weeks, but it feels more like three years with all the training you’ve had and the sleep you missed. You can even fire a gun now, an object that once seemed strange and obscure, is now merely a tool you are going to use on the daily. Three weeks pass and you finish boot camp, making you now a full grown soldier. You finish around mid January, but is told that you won’t get sent until later. On your last day the drill sergeants line you all up.

“How many of you are willing to take on a special assignment?” The silence remains as no ones seems to volunteer. “If you are willing to tackle this, you will be trained to become a paratrooper. You will have to eventually jump off a plane, mid battle. It’s no easy task but you are all soldiers.” Hell no, I can barely handle this, is your initial reaction. “You will be paid, 50 more than now,” all of sudden, it seems likes a good idea.

If you decide to take on the special assignment turn to page 231.

If you decide not to take on the assignment turn to page 227.

You step forward and suddenly, your drill sergeant doesn't look so demanding. His face even seemed relieve that finally someone had the guts to stand up. Your bold stand inspired several soldiers that you are now surrounded by a few others.

"Good, work soldiers, you will be departed from here tomorrow," he says. Excitement runs throughout your body, thinking you will finally be sent overseas, but then it's somewhat shot down when he adds, "You will be training in Fort Benning, Georgia, just a state over."

You and the rest of the volunteers were sent to get your things ready, while the rest of the soldiers, get ready to be deployed overseas. "You are the true definition of the Army" the drill sergeant adds. You go into your cabin and begin to pack your things. You're done in a matter of minutes, only packing your toothbrush, and one pair of clothes that you have. You are allowed to sleep early, being that you are leaving early in the morning. You lie down in your cot, when reality hits you, you've never been in a plane. Your mind begins to get clouded of thoughts of flying, and most of all, jumping off. Eventually your tired body takes over as you fall asleep.

"Get your *** out of bed! Rise and shine ladies!" your siren of a drill sergeant yells while banging a trash lid. You jump out of bed and stand ready for orders. "Get your stuff and follow me." You pick your sack up, and follow along with a number of soldiers and make your way to the back of truck. The truck begins to move, and the chatter of soldiers is drowned out over the roar of the engine, so you just sit there anxious that you find yourself smoking as soon as they offer you a cigarette.

You reach Fort Benning, one of the biggest camps that you've seen, and your training started immediately. In just a couple of weeks you will become a full paratrooper.

"Listen up now soldiers!" exclaims the drill sergeant, "you will now perform your final task." A smile cracks through your face, even through these tough circumstances in boot camp, you feel as if you can truly handle anything now. "Today, you are all jumping off a plane."

The wind is blasting through your face, you can barely hear your thoughts, as a mix of Emotions cloud your mind. It's not your first time on a plane anymore, but the same nervousness that you had before fills your stomach, as you look down and see the ground so far away. With the wind roaring, you hear the faint signal the sergeant screams, and you jump. Wind is pushing you all around, but have learned to maintain control. You have been free falling for a couple of seconds now, and you're praying your parachute works as you pull it open. It jumps up, taking it with you, the sudden jolt brings you to a stop, and you begin to cruise down, to an empty field filled only with other paratroopers.

"Good job, boys!" says another drill sergeant on the ground. "Wrap em up" he says pointing towards the chutes. "You all did great, next stop-Europe."

Turn to page 226.

Curiosity takes over as you step towards the pub. Along with the country it all seemed a bit strange and unfamiliar. "Over there son" points the owner to table filled with American soldiers. You walk slowly near them.

"Haha, you should have seen his face!" exclaims one as he tells a joke no one understood. "Hey boy take a seat" they shout as they see your confused face pulling up a chair you sit with them.

"Beer here is kind of stale, but it will do" they say to you,

"Actually i've never drank before" Astonishment and smiles fill their faces.

"Bring out a beer, for our good old friend here" "Dont worry it's on us" they say. A bartender brings out an open bottle. You pick it up, and smell the strange odor, as you drink it, you're not sure if you liked it or not, but despite that you got hooked.

"Man take it easy, its just your first time, you don't want to get bent" they say in a slurred speech handing you another. You have lost count, but it felt so right, you get up dizzy and barely making your way to the door.

"Watch in man, don't push me!" you say to man.

"Hold on that was you who bumped me!" he responds.

"Want to fight!" you yell as a lazy swing tries to make its way to his face. With a quicker reaction than you will ever have in the condition you are in, he punches back.

You wake up with a killer headache you try to move but your muscles tired and sore hold you back. You look up to see bars this time metal bars, holding you captive in a cage.

"Damn it," you groan alerting the guard you have woken up.

"Stupid yank don't you know better than to pick a fight with British Major serves you right to be locked up."

You can see the light get darker through the small window and begin to wonder how long you have been here. You hear heavy footsteps as two american soldiers show up to your cell.

"We can't afford to lose men for stupid reasons were sent here to take you back" one says. You jump up, and walk towards the door while the guard opens it, tipping your head as you walk by. You and your fellow soldiers walk out of the station.

"So im good to go now?" you ask.

"Not really, they don't really want this to go unpunished." You gulp at the thought of military punishment.

"Dont worry its not too bad, in fact we are taking you there now," the other says as you all climb into a jeep.

"Wake up soldiers!" yells the drill sergeant once again. You stand up. Waking up this early doesn't seem to bother you anymore. "Special assignment, you all will be sent to work in Operation Overlord, I won't give in details, you will now be fighting under Dwight Eisenhower's command." Eisenhower, heard the name, just another General. Since you were thinking to yourself, you failed to capture the rest of the sergeants speech, "You leave for the Slapton Sands, instantly. Pack up and get ready to leave." Instantly! What about Linda? What am I going to tell her? I mean, how I am going to tell her? They send you in to pack your stuff. You have your backpack ready and swing it towards your back. Your steps are steady, but slower now with this on your back.

"Hurry up, climb in!" You hear a sergeant yell, motioning towards the trucks. You step in and sit down with the weight on your back but with an even heavier conscious of leaving Linda behind.

Damnit I knew I shouldn't have tried anything serious with her.

"Cigarette?" a fellow soldier offers you.

"I really shouldn't" you say as you light one up to ease your stress.

"The name's Frank" he says. You begin to talk with Frank for a while now, letting the hours pass by.

"How bout them eagles?" he asks.

"I'm not big on the NFL," you say, "But college football is another thing." Talking about football really brought you back home for a while. "Its been about 4 hours, right?" you say glancing at your watch.

"Yea I could smell the sea air." Frank says. Your body gives a sudden jolt, as the engine dies down.

"Rough stop." You hop off, and join the herd of soldiers standing by the trucks.

Orders are being yelled, by a man "This is Operation tiger, you will train here for several weeks, in Amphibious assaults. Before we begin, Paratroopers how many of you are willing to take on a special assignment?" You remember the last time you took one on, your pay did rise, but that was back home, you are so close to the war now, should you train for the upcoming battle, or take the assignment.

If you decide to take on the assignment turn to page 238.

If you decide to Stay and train turn to page 240.

It seems like an eternity swerving through war ridden streets, it's really hard to notice where you're at, with the vehicle being on the wrong side of the road. Suddenly, you can see a large town up ahead. Why are we here, you think to yourself. As soon as your question is answered, some blocks were gone, others had houses missing parts, the streets filled with broken bricks. What surprised you the most was that people still lived here.

"This war is no game," the soldier tells you "instead of fighting other soldiers, you should be more focused on working together to stop those who are doing this."

"We are hoping that this works as your lesson," his voice what cut off with the sound of siren blaring. You and the two other soldiers jump out and immediately help people make their way to basements that they use as shelters. You look to the sky and see planes approaching.

"Hurry get to safety!" you hear the soldiers yell. You immediately run to get inside a house, and hope there is a basement there when the first bomb hits. You are having trouble finding cover when a bomb drops nearby. The detonation causes an explosion. You are knocked over by pieces of a wall and fall only to feel your skin on fire as you burn to death.

~The End~

You give in to being captured as you're taken towards the truck. After a harsh blindfolded ride to the camp, you arrive. You are separated all by race, and get put in with the rest of the Americans. It isn't as bad as you thought it would be. You had just enough food to keep from starving. It is your third day there you finally get taken to a dark room, they sit you down in a chair while they handcuff your hands.

"What were you doing in that beach?" says the officer in a rough german accent. You know you can't give any information on Operation Overlord so you remain silent resulting a brutal beating. The last thing you see is a German fist making its way to your jaw as you black out. The next day you awake in your cell with a terrible pain in your left shoulder.

"I'll give it a few days, it'll go away," you say aloud. Months are passing, the war still not over, and the pain, persistent as ever. You spend the rest of your time in camp with the pain in your shoulder until you were released in the end of the war.

~The End~

You decide to enter the coffee shop, the sweet aroma of burnt cocoa lingers in your nose as you walk towards a table. You realize that the war has affected local businesses, but still you see a few people hanging around here, being mostly women. You order your coffee and take a seat reading the local paper.

A young woman from across the room keeps looking towards you. Of course, you think to yourself, I'm wearing my uniform. A lot of British girls have been attracted to the American soldiers here.

You walk over to her, "Is this seat taken?"

"No, go ahead," she responds. You spend a good time with her laughing and sipping coffee, which makes you forget you are in war.

"Hey I have to go, but we need to catch up again soon," you say.

"I'll be here tomorrow, same time."

"Great, you can call it a date. What was your name again?"

"Linda," she says with a smile.

Turn to page 234.

You raise your hand and step forward, "Take notice of these brave men, for they will make this whole thing possible" This is the last time I take on something without knowing, you think to yourself.

"Follow me men." You follow Eisenhower into a tent along with 2 other paratroopers.

"I dont want to spoil too much about operation overlord yet, but we will be planning a surprise attack in the beaches of normandy, but in order for that to be possible we need to survey the land." You gulp already thinking about what is going to happen next.

"Tonight we send you in, late under cover of darkness, so you can survey the land for us." Crap.

"Yes sir," you say.

"Get ready your plane leaves in a few hours." The rushing air passes through your face, as you look down the darkness

"Remember boys, we want you to take notice of special obstacles that we might come across, anything and everything is important, keep your guard up this is enemy territory."

Keep your guard up this is enemy territory, is being repeated inside your head as you free fall the cool air and darkness and relaxes your body. Everything is peaceful until the night lights up. Bullets soar by flying towards you and your comrades

"I'm hit!" For a moment you thought that was your voice, but your still breathing as you pull open your parachute, fear runs over you, but the adrenaline lets you land safely. It's dark, but you are able to make out the dark outline of a beach. It's really hard to see if there would be any immediate obstacles but you would have to take a closer look at. You begin to hear some unfamiliar voices up ahead so you motion the others to quiet down.

"The last thing we want to happen, is that we get caught" you quietly say. A gun clicks behind you; And we're caught.

"Erfassen sie lassen Sie sie nicht entkommen!" those german words don't sound friendly as they grab you and the other soldiers stripping you of your weapons.. You have heard about the type of atrocities that the Germans are capable of doing, so becoming a prisoner of war is the last thing that you want to become. If I surrender there is a small chance that I can make it out alive. I could take on these two holding me, maybe grab a gun and escape. Should you surrender and risk dying in a camp, or try to flee and also risk your life?

If you decide to surrender, turn to page 236.

If you decide to Flee, turn to page 239.

You quickly escape the soldier's grasp and punch him in the throat, giving you a split second to run. You run and try to escape, when suddenly bullets surround you tearing through your flesh. Blood soaks your uniform as you fall to your knees and die.

~The End~

"All right men follow me." You stare at the small group of soldiers who decided to take on the special assignment. "Now all of you get ready for operation tiger that's what we are going to call this training. We have designed this special training for survival, fitness, and exiting the landing craft. You look at the beach, it can't be worse than boot camp, you think to yourself.

"Take out those snipers!" You jump over the man made obstacles and shoot at the fake machine posts. "Faster next time!" By the end of the obstacle course, you're drenched in what you hope is your sweat. Your legs are having trouble carrying your body as they wobble towards the rest of the soldiers.

"Good job soldiers, you still need to build more endurance if you want to be able to survive Normandy." I still need endurance, you think to yourself, what have I been doing then?

* * * * *

It's been a few months, and June 5th finally arrives. Tomorrow you and your team will storm the beaches at Normandy.

"You nervous?" asks Frank.

"No, I've been waiting for this to finally get it over with," you respond, hopefully hiding away your true nervousness.

Your conversation is cut off "I got a message from Eisenhower," a sergeant announces. You eagerly listen in, "Due to bad weather Operation Overlord will be delayed until further notice." Disappointed, you go to bed early, but unfortunately can't sleep. The next morning, you are awakened earlier than usual,

"Line up soldiers there's a special announcement from Eisenhower. You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you." Operation Overlord will be June 6, just a 24 hour delay.

Move on to page 241.

Did You Know?
Operation Overlord or D-day, was originally set to happen June 5th, 1944. Due to bad weather, Eisenhower consulted with his meteorologist who suggested a 24 hour delay. As a result, the landings occurred on June 6th.

It's early in the morning, and waves are crashing on the landing boats as they move through the cold waters. You have been in this boat for a while now, and it's not too long when you begin to see the outskirts of beach up ahead.

"I guess that's it," you say out loud.

"Remember your training," announces a sergeant as the boats hit a rough stop on the beach. Without thought, you run out with the rest of the soldiers. It all seems surreal, it feels just like training, you think to yourself as you run. You push towards the cold water, as it splashes against your numb body. You've done this so many times now that the maneuvers are imprinted in your mind. You turn your head and see all the young soldiers running through the wet sand.

"Keep your focus!" someone yells as you turn your head back forward.

"I'm shot!" yells a soldier in agony as he falls to the ground, bringing you back to reality. This is not a drill. You begin to shoot at the machine posts while dodging whizzing bullets making their way towards you. You're not even aiming to shoot anyone now- top priority is to not be killed, as random firepower escapes from your gun. Bang! Bang! Every shot leaves you a bit deaf, but you continue to shoot.

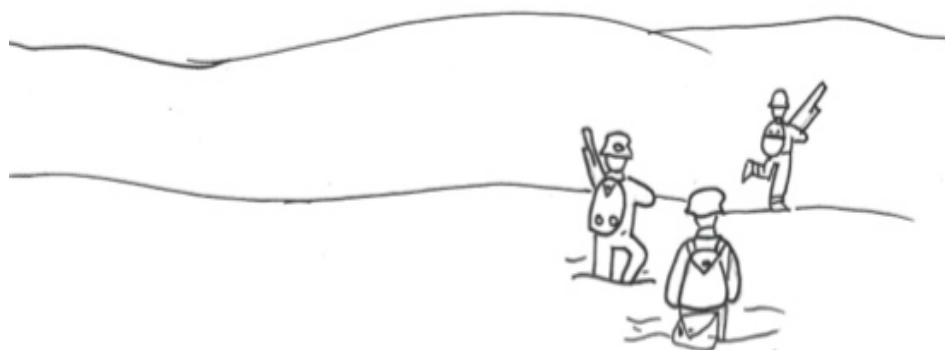
"Follow me!" you hear as you're making your way to the machine posts that you were meant to take out along with the rest of your group. It's Frank, he's taking a different route.

"You'll get yourself killed that way!"

You look up towards where you're going and see a lot of fallen men. You know someone has to take out the machine gun posts. You turn at Frank and see a more clear path, but no soldiers with him. Should you follow Frank? or try to take out the machine gun posts and follow your orders.

If you decide to Follow Frank turn to page 243.

If you decide to not follow Frank turn to page 245.



You decide to follow Frank as you run towards him there's bullets flying everywhere but in a direction that seems weren't aimed towards you.

"Told you it safer," says Frank as you both continue running. You agree with him, and look around, still noticing dead soldiers.

"Something is odd," you say as you look at a dead soldier, just one bullet hole.

"Sniper!!" you yell and run back, with Frank trailing behind. You're running when everything turns red. There's a horrible pain in your head, and you fall dead from a sniper bullet.

~The End~

“Theres no way I can get through a tank by myself,” you say aloud. You make a run for it way behind the group of soldiers. “Wait up guys!” you yell. Instantly, you hear gun power taking place and realise you made a huge mistake. You gave up your position by yelling. You make a run for cover, but trip over debris and fall into a pool of your own blood. Your stomach is draining from the bullet holes from hidden German soldiers. You hold on to your wounds as you slowly die.

~The End~

You ignore Frank and follow your orders. Fighting your way forward, you and the rest of the soldiers take out the post. However, that was only the beginning. You still need to secure the beachhead. BOOM! BANG! Explosions and bullets surround you as you make your way forward, its shoot or be shot. Your body is getting heavy. You touch your leg and feel the wet blood. With so many casualties on both sides you can't tell if its your blood or someone else's.

Hours of endless fighting, you fall to your knees, not sure if you can take it anymore. Then you remember your training; you're a soldier and not going to just sit here and die.

"Germans are retreating!" you hear someone yell from afar.

"Yeah!" you hear more shouts of joy, but you look at the soldiers who aren't celebrating the dead ones. The beach is covered in bodies from both sides. It looks like the triple amount of the allied ones, you think to yourself.

"Great job boys! But this is no end, this was just Omaha, we still have all of France."

Turn to page 247.

Your body shivers in the snow. It could be worse, I could be dead. You can't really move around because you don't want to get caught, so you just sit still. Your body temperature begins to drop. You begin to feel weird. Your heart rate has slowed and its beginning to get harder to breathe. You stand up your weak legs tremble in trying to support your body and your hands have got all blue and puffy. You begin to panic as you fall to the ground, you are too weak to get up, and unfortunately die of hypothermia.

~The End~

You have been fighting for around two months, and experiencing the reality of war through your own eyes. You take a look at your rough body every scar is a different experience and your body is full of them. Tired of beaches that you had to secured you are glad that you had some time to rest and resupply back in London. You just got sent back into battle.

"In order to liberate the French, we need to free Paris from German oppression." It's August 19, and now you are in Paris with the rest of the troops.

"Boys, all this fighting, is worthless if we don't capture this city." Such a nice city, you think to yourself too bad it has to be in the middle of this war. BOOM! You're thrown over to the floor by an earthshaking explosion. A ringing in your ears takes over your head as you try to regain consciousness. You get to your feet, and turn your head to see a tank.

You have to do something now, you can just stand here. You see a group of American soldiers who survive the explosion get up and run away from your objective. It seems like a safe way to go, however, you had orders and now a tank in the way. Should you follow them or flee to safety?

If you decide to Follow orders turn to page 249.

If you decide to FLEE turn to page 244.

You make a run for the trees. The mixture of snow, fog, and sweat is blinding you, but you keep running despite the firepower whizzing by.

"Over here soldier!" you hear a voice calling out. You turn your head relieved to see a group of American soldiers and you run towards them.

Hours later of marching upwards, you say "I'm low on ammo," hoping to replenish your ammunition.

"Welcome to the club" a soldier responds. As you keep walking, you trip over uneven ground. Curious to see what made you lose your footing you shake of the snow and discover some dead american soldiers. You see them all the time, but this time something else caught your mind, a coat and supplies. A fully loaded gun and some extra magazines. You have been running low on supplies lately, should you take them from this dead soldier? Or leave them so the rest of soldiers don't get mad that you were being selfish and not tell them about it?

If you decide to Take supplies turn to page 254.

If you decide to Don't take them turn to page 251.

You decide to follow your orders and run towards the tank you hear some angry chatter behind the tank. With your guard up you pass by to see what it is about.

“Vous imbéciles qu’ils sont américain s, ils sont de notre côté!” It’s the French, you think to yourself relieved.

“Sorry, my men have just captured this German tank, they have mistaken you for the enemy,” says the French general.

“Make sure it does not happen again, we can’t afford to lose any more men”

A lot of free French had been fighting alongside with the allies recently. Today marks the 25 of August. BOOM! BANG! You hear all these surrounding noises of war.

“Give em all you got!” yells your general. You and the rest of the soldiers begin to fight back, but things are looking grim. You see fallen men everywhere, but nevertheless, the bullets escape your gun and make their way to the Germans.

“They’re backing up,” you notice, too bad no one heard you over the sounds of tanks and guns.

“They’re fleeing the city!” you scream as others begin to take notice as well.

“YEA!” you hear people celebrate in victory.

“Germany has surrendered!” someone yells, but you know that is far from true. However, with the liberation of Paris, you know that the allies are a step closer to finishing this war.

Turn to the next page.

Bullets flying everywhere, "I'm hit!" you hear men yell as they fall to the ground.

It's been a week since the Germans first attacked on December 16, 1944. You have gotten used to fighting battles, but this is like no other that you have fought. This surprise attack is really well planned, now I know what they felt in D-day.

"Damned fog," you say as you trudge your way through the heavy snow. Communications have been broken, so it has been really hard to follow orders from your commanders. As bullets fly right past you, you immediately hit the ground. The wetness of the snow seeps through your uniform, you weren't so properly dressed in the first place. Your teeth are clatterin making it hard to hear your own thoughts. Should I get up? But where would I run to with all these bullets coming from no where. The snow is freezing, but it provides perfect cover.

Should you stay covered in the cold snow until the fighting dies down, or should you get up and try to find cover somewhere else and risk getting shot?

if you decide to Stay in the snow turn to page 246.

if you decide to Find cover elsewhere turn to page 248.

You ignore the dead soldier and run up to catch up with the group. BANG! BANG! The group instantly ducks for cover.

"Ambush!" you yell as you move into a standard formation and begin to pull your trigger. A few bullets come out and suddenly, nothing but emptiness.

"Im out!" but everyone is too busy fighting. You make a run for cover behind the tree, but bullets catch you mid run. Your body is blown back from the impact. You manage to catch a glimpse of the sky clearing up before you fall to your death.

~The End~

The long truck ride was tiring. You spend most of the time chatting with the rest of the soldiers. You aren't paying much attention to the outside scenery at this point because you just don't care where you are going.

"So apparently Hitler had camps, but for Jews," said one soldier.

"That doesn't sound good," you respond now curious about where you're going

"Man, and I thought war was hell," you say as you and your group enter Buchenwald. You have been sent to liberate the camps in Germany. After the horrendous brutality of war it was topped of with seeing these people in the camps. The smell of death overpowers everything as you breath in; you can almost taste it. It lingers in your nose with no chance of leaving. The crowds surround you and you look in the eyes of those captives.

Despite the grim conditions they found themselves in. Their eyes looked back at you filled with hope, curiosity, and fear.

Some just yell in disbelief and fear, "No, we will not go with you! You are all the same!" You begin to block out their shouts. While looking around the camp you can understand their disrespect for authority. With so many here what are we going to do with them, you think to yourself. You are here to follow orders so you begin helping with loading them on trucks. Noticing their scared faces you realise have to be different than the Germans. You begin to smile to help them ease their fear.

Turn to the next page.

You have been home for a while now you just see people everyday still celebrating about your victory. For you it has been hard adjusting to the quiet life. Sleeping in a comfortable bed just seems too difficult to do especially with the lack of noise outside.

"Are people always this happy?" you ask still very used to the harshness of war.

"You should have been here when the war ended, people were just in the streets, shouting and celebrating with pure joy," your dad responds, "So son what you going to do now? You can't just sit around all day here at home. You have to do something."

You did receive a letter close to a month after being sent home. The letters mention something about a GI Bill, they will pay for your college, or help out with getting a job.

"It has been kind of hard to find a job on my own. I am young, I could go to college, You know what dad, I think im going to college." You decide to go to college with many classmates who have fought in the war. It does seem kind of claustrophobic being in a room filled with this many people, but you are handling it pretty well.

After a few years and some hard work, you finally receive your degree. If it wasn't for me joining the army, there was no way I could of afforded college, you think to yourself as you reflect on your past. With so much experience in war I can take the next challenge now finding a job, start a family maybe. There is so much behind me, but there is still so much ahead.

~The End~

Did You Know?

After being sent home many veterans were left unemployed. The goverment set up a program called the GI Bill, which helped the veterans receive benefits like house mortgages, jobs, college education, and/or unemplyment money. This program is the reason many veterans were able to get a higher education after the war. Europe did not have its offcial victory unill May 8th, 1945. It was callled VE day for "Victory in Europe". Although the war was finished in the European theatre, the U.S. was still fighting in the Pacific. The soldiers who were fighting in Europe were allowed to go home

You grab the coat and the magazines, despite it lying in the snow for who knows how long, you feel warmer as it covers your body. You run up to the rest of the soldiers.

"Where did you get the coat bud?" one asks.

"I took it from a soldier, he was dead."

"That's kind of selfish taking stuff for your own good."

"I got some magazines, they're full," you say as you hand them out to those in the group who are running low on ammunition. You can see their expressions change a bit as they thank you. BANG! BANG!

"Ambush!" you yell as you move into a standard formation, and begin to pull your trigger glad you had time to reload. Bullets escape your gun making their way towards the Germans. With all these battles, you are an experienced soldier. Taking out a small group of Germans is a simple task now. The last gunshot made its way through the air.

"You saved our lives."

"If it wasn't for those extra magazines we would of been dead." A grin escapes your face being so close to death, you managed to escape it yet again. You remember the body back there and remind yourself, it's war, things aren't going to be pretty.

Turn to next page.

Did You Know?

The Battle of the Bulge was one of the harshest battles ever fought. The Allies were being pushed back by the German forces due to the cloudy weather. It wasn't until the weather cleared up that the Allies were able to get the upperhand through air support.

You have been fighting for weeks now, and today January 25, the allied forces, have finally been able to push back Hitler's lines. You take a small rest in a foxhole, tired and bruised. You look up to see the blue skies, thanks to them, we were finally able to defeat the Germans with air support.

Three days pass, and you are finally pulled from the front. With the lines secured you will be able to rest and recover from your injuries. Your commander takes the opportunity to address the men and rebuild morale after the difficult battle.

"Yes this is a great victory. It wasn't until the skies cleared that we were finally able to get some air strikes. Over the course of these weeks we have lost a lot of men. I can't say how many, but a close estimate of 80,000 men. The Germans got it far worse than us. Sources tell us to close to 100,000 were lost on their side."

All around, you can hear the relieved voices of the soldiers who survived this important battle. However, there is an air of suspense as you wonder what your next mission will be.

Turn to page 252.



257 - World War II: Housewife

"Goodbye Darling!" your husband calls to you as he leaves for work.

You wave goodbye to your husband and see him off. You walk over to the couch and sit down to think about what you're going to do today. After a few minutes you can feel the house getting warm and stuffy. You decide to open up the curtains and clean the house today and do some laundry.

As and you get all of the cleaning supplies out from the cabinet you can hear the daily paper hit the door. You step outside to get the paper and as you pick it up, you read the headline saying, "Germany invades Poland!" You think about how hard it must be to live somewhere where a war was going on. You don't think much of it though and continue cleaning.

Two years later, nothing has changed. You keep doing the daily chores as usual and you decide to turn on the radio for some music. You hear the paper hit the door and you proceed to put down the vacuum and head to the door.

The headline reads, "WAR! Oahu bombed by Japanese Planes."

You read the article. It said the Japanese bombed during the Giants and Dodgers game. Opening the newspaper you see a picture of a ship sinking in flames. Under you see a caption that said there were four U.S. navy ships that were attacked and 2,402 people were killed. At the bottom corner you see a box saying they want all men to help out in this war. You knew your husband would have to go, knowing that he would want to fight for our country. You feel a little uneasy and scared from reading the paper. You continue to spend the rest of the day cleaning.

Later you hear a knock on the door. You open the door and see your husband with a disappointed look on his face.

He says, "Did you hear about what happened in Hawaii?"

You reply, "Yes, look at the paper," he reads the paper, lets out a sigh, and tells you he doesn't want to think about it.

A few days after you read about Pearl Harbor, you get a letter saying they want all the young men to help out in the upcoming war. You grip the letter and start getting anxious. You don't want your husband to leave you and you start to think of all the things that could go wrong. You also know that you probably wouldn't see him for awhile, but you know this is for a good cause. A few weeks later you and your husband head to the boat and spend time saying goodbye. As you watch him head off you think about how you wish you could help in some way.

"I can't believe it's been a year since the war happened." you tell your neighbor Diana.

"I can't believe it either, I'm just glad my kids are here to keep me company."

You don't say anything and pick up the newspaper on the coffee table. As you flip through the paper you see an ad on the corner of one page that had a woman in uniform that reads, "This is my war too!" Below the

picture it said, "Women's Army Auxiliary Corps or WAC for short," you keep looking at the picture.

"Diana come over here! Look at this!"

Diana rushes over to you, "What is it?"

You point to the picture, "What's the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps?" She looked at the picture, "I've never heard of it before, it's probably like the army but for women."

"Can we really sign up for it though?" Diana says, "I'm pretty sure you can but why would you join them?"

Without even thinking you tell her, "Our country needs help so why wouldn't we help out?"

Diana tells you, "We don't even know how to work in factories, we don't know how to use tools, we don't know how to do a lot of the work that men do!"

You think for a little bit and say, "I don't care if we don't know how to work or anything, we should only care about helping out!"

Diana looks away. "I'm still not sure if that's a good idea, I mean, you've never heard of girls working in factories before. Plus we could get cut or get really dirty."

You don't really care about any of that though.

If you decide to go to the WAC, turn to page 259.

If you decide to search for other work, turn to page 269.

DID YOU KNOW?

On December 7th 1941, Japanese fighters surprise bombed the United States Naval Base in Hawaii. The Japanese believed that after suffering such a blow, the U.S would be willing to negotiate with Japan and end their conflicts. This tragedy killed more than 2,300 Americans.

"Are you ready to go Diana?" You pull up to her driveway.

"I'm coming!" you can see her saying goodbye to her kids and her mom. As she walks down to the car you wave to her mom and kids and they wave back. She jumps into the passenger seat. Diana doesn't really talk to you. As you look over to her you see her sleeping.

"Diana we're here!"

"Alright.."

Diana slowly wakes up and gets out of the car. As you step out of the car you can see a groups of women standing around talking to each other. After a few minutes, a woman in a uniform tells everyone to get in line in front of her. You see everyone rushing to be first, and finally everyone gets into a straight line. You see a few women carry a plastic table in front of the line.

"I want everyone who thinks they can get their hands dirty and doesn't mind using tools in this line to the left of me; I want everyone else to the right of me."

You point to the left line and say, "Diana I'm going to go in this line. I know you probably want to go over there and that's fine."

Diana whispers to you, "I still don't think this is a good idea, but I'd rather not work with tools so I'm going over here."

You tell Diana, "I'm still glad you decided to come with me here, I think it's great that you're helping out anyways."

As everyone gets into their separate lines you see two women come out. One woman is wearing a white nurses uniform and the other has dirty overalls and big leather gloves. Each of the women take the lines into separate rooms. You wave to Diana before the doors close. The woman with the overalls and gloves begins to tell you what it's going to be like working in a factory. The woman tells you about the working conditions, your work uniform, and protocol. First she talks about the working conditions, the factory is a pretty dirty place with dirt, dust, grease, etc. Second, she tells you that you should either buy our own overalls or borrow them from somebody you might know. Lastly, she talks about what you are going to do for each day. Most of the days we were going to just fix or work on the machines. She said on the first day of training you would get to learn how to use tools. When you get out you see Diana waiting by the door with some other people from the other room.

You ask Diana, "What did they have to talk about with your group?"

"Nothing much, just what we should expect and what we were going to do for each day. They expect us to know how to treat basic wounds and how to treat certain illness like colds or the flu. They also told us that we were going to work at the nurses clinic."

"That's wonderful, I'm sure you can do all of that." you reply. After talking for a bit you drive back home with Diana. You drop off Diana at her house and head home after that. When you get home you immediately get ready for bed and decide to think about everything in the morning.

If you decide you want to be a factory worker and sign up to begin your training, turn to page 261.

If you decide to sign up to work in the air force, turn to page 271.

DID YOU KNOW?

For the WAC (the Women's Army Corps) on May 1941 a bill was passed to enlist 25,000 volunteers, fortunately more than 150,000 volunteers applied.

One night after cooking dinner for yourself, you forgot about the mail and head out to check the mailbox. As you look through each envelope you see one addressed to you.

On the front of the envelope it says WAC and the letter reads, "Congratulations you have been accepted to work with the WAC, meet at Fort Des Moines to start your training as a factory worker."

Excited you rush into your bedroom and pull out a pair of your husband's old overalls and rush over to Diana's house. You start knocking on her door.

As Diana opens the door you yell, "Diana I can't believe they actually sent me a letter! I get to work at the WAC now!" Diana smiles and hurries inside and comes back with her own letter reading the same thing.

Diana invites you inside and tells you, "I can't believe this is actually happening." You tell Diana that you can leave now if she's ready. She nods and both of you head into the car and you both wave to Diana's mom and kids. As the both of you head to Fort Des Moines, Diana tells you to drop her off at the front building since the nurses clinic is there. You feel a little disappointed that you don't get to work with Diana but tell her good luck anyways.

When you enter the building you see that the other women are already in their work uniforms, you take your overalls and change in the bathroom. When you look in the mirror you see how big these look on you. You feel a little embarrassed by how ridiculous you look, but don't really care later because everyone is wearing the same thing. When you step into the factory you look and see how dirty the floor is, there's dirt, dust, grease, hair, and probably sweat stains. It's disgusting, but you did agree to sign up for this. You also see lots of machinery and tools in here. Along the walls you can see pictures of Rosie the Riveter. The poster you saw in the newspaper was one of the reasons you joined, that woman looked so inspiring and strong.

The same woman shows up and hands each of you a pair of working gloves and saying they were going to split you up into different groups. One of the groups was going to learn how to use the tools, another group was going to learn how to fix certain things, and the last group was learning how to build different parts for each machine. The first day of work wasn't actually that bad. You thought it was a lot better than staying at home and doing nothing important. You actually know how to work in a factory now.

A few weeks later after working in the factory, you hear one of the bosses announcing that there will be a new factory opening up in the city and they need people to move over there to help get it started. She also announced that If you move to that factory you will be promoted and help teach women over there how to work in the factory.

A few weeks later after working in the factory, you hear one of the bosses announcing that there will be a new factory opening up in the city and they need people to move over there to help get it started. She also announced that If you move to that factory you will be promoted and help teach women over there how to work in the factory.

At the end of the day you tell Diana about the news and she tells you, "I think it will be a great opportunity for you, but think about if your husband comes back and doesn't see you at the house or what if you won't be able to see me anymore?"

You have to think it over like Diana said, plus they also told you they would have cabins by the factory so all of you wouldn't have to completely move.

If you decide to move to the new factory in the city, turn to page 263.

If you decide to turn down the promotion and stay in town, turn to page 268.

You pack your last bag, lock the front door and head to the car. You decide to drop by Diana's house first before you leave. You park on the curb and open up the gate in their front yard. You can see both of her kids run to the window and wave to you.

You wave back and see Diana open the door. "I'm gonna miss you." you tell her.

"I'm going to miss you too." Diana comes up to you and hugs you.

"Tell everyone I said bye."

"I will." Diana says as she smiles. You head back to the car and wave goodbye to her family. You first have to head to the factory before you head up to Fort Des Moines. Your boss was telling you that you should drive some other people up there. You stop by the factory and see a woman standing there with her luggage.

"I can take you to the new factory if you want!" you yell to her.

"Okay. Thanks!" You get out of the car and help the woman with her luggage. It takes you about two hours to drive down to the city.

You meet everyone else at the factory and begin working just like at the old factory. You feel glad that you moved, because you will have a lot more opportunities here. You also get rooms in the back of the factory which is a big plus.

A few years later you hear that the war has ended and the men coming back. As everyone keeps on working you see a few men enter the workplace.

"Alright everyone I appreciate your hard work these few years but it's time for us to take the workplace back." Everyone just looks at each other and acts confused.

You think to yourself, "We can't let them take the workplace from us."

If you decide to organize a group of women, turn to page 265.

If you decide to let the men have their jobs back, turn to page 267.

Working in the factory isn't really the right job for you. After all you've been working in a house for a long time, maybe working as a housekeeper won't keep you so lonely all the time. You grab some of your cleaning supplies and go to your neighbors house and tell him you'd like to work for him. The nice elderly man slowly opens the door and smiles.

"I'm glad you stopped by, I can't move that much anymore and need help with the chores around my house." You smile and nod, then walk into his home.

For the next few weeks it's the same work everyday. You have to wash the carpet, dust everything off, do the laundry, do the dishes, and finally make three meals a day. It gets a little tiring. You think to yourself, "I don't know If I want to keep this job. If I join the WAC I could get a better experience at working a real job."

You haven't heard that much about the WAC, but you have to decide If you want to keep working as a housekeeper or not.

If you decide to continue as a housekeeper, go to page 272.

If you decide to go to the WAC instead, go to page 273.

“What do you mean you’re taking the workplace back?” you ask the men.

“Well in a few days we all have to get back to work.”

You look at the other women hoping they would say something.

One of them finally says, “Can’t we just work here with the men? We’ve been working here for a few years now.” Some of the men have a confused look on their face.

“All of the men have to get back to work, I don’t think some of the men would appreciate working alongside women. I also think men have more experience in doing factory work.” They all leave without waiting for anyone to say anything else.

You look at the other women and say, “We have to do something we can’t just let them take away our jobs. What are we supposed to do?” Some of the women agree while a few tell you to back down.

“I’m going to make a plan tonight and everyone who wants to join me should stay tonight too.”

Around 7 of you all gather on the factory floor and share different ideas on what you could do to keep your jobs.

One of the girls says, “I think we should have a protest or stand in front of the building.” You think about it.

“I think that could work, I’ve seen how protests have worked in the past, it could work for us too.” you reply.

“Tomorrow we should all bring in some paper and markers to make signs.”

The next day you bring in some papers and markers too. When everyone finishes up their signs you look at the other women who didn’t agree with you and they just laugh.

“These signs aren’t going to do anything!” they say.

“Don’t listen to them.” you say. You tell everyone to grab their signs and head to the front. You all form a line at the door and wait until all of the men come. When all of the men come, they all have surprised looks on their faces.

“What do you think you’re doing? This is crazy!”

One of the women replies, “We aren’t going to lose our jobs that easily! We just got here!”

The men all look at each other, “We aren’t going to put up a fight, this is ridiculous.” One of the men tries to push through the line. You stand in front of him and give him a stinky look. “I don’t want to fight or hurt any of you. Just let us through!”

“We aren’t going to move until you let us stay here and let us keep our jobs.”

He looks at you, "We'll be back with the police, let's see how you deal with them."

You calm everyone down, "It's alright girls, we need to fight for our rights. We signed up for this, we can't run away now."

When the police come back with the men they ask you what was happening.

"We were just trying to keep our jobs, but these men tried to take them away from us!"

"I'm sorry mam', but these mens jobs were originally here. So technically, these jobs are theirs." the policeman said.

"Officer that's not fair! We can't go back to staying at home and doing nothing."

"I'm sorry there's nothing I can do."

"Well, I guess were just going to have to stay here until you change your mind."

The policeman gives you a surprised look, "Miss if you don't move I'm going to have to take you all away by force." "Okay we can stand up to you."

Later more policemen arrived with handcuffs. You tell everyone it's going to be okay. They take everyone away and keep you all in jail for a few days. You feel a little disappointed that the protest didn't work, but maybe the men will all realize the issue that's going on. Maybe there will be more hope in the future. A few years later you hear about men and women working together. You feel better that you could have helped this cause.

~The End~

You think it would be best to just go home after working. You wouldn't want fight with anybody anyways. Even though you enjoyed working with the other woman, you feel like working in the factory really wasn't cut out for you anyways. After returning home, you feel somewhat sad about giving up your job so easily. Maybe if you at least talked to the men or the police you could have made a change.

The only thing you do is look forward to seeing your husband again.

When he returns, he tells you his stories about the war and what it was like. You tell him how exciting his stories sound. You can't stop thinking about the factory and what happened. Maybe listening to your husband talk will get your mind off of it.

~The End~

In the morning you wave goodbye to everyone leaving for the new factory, you wished that you had spent more time getting to know them. After all the other woman left, everyone else got back to work.

For weeks you've been doing the same thing, working on engines and repairing parts. You try to make things a little more interesting by trying to make friends with everybody. Everyone you say hi to happily says hi back.

A few years later, everyone hears about the war ending. Shortly after, the men come back and group a of soldiers show up at the factory and say, "Thank you everyone for helping out these past few years, you can all return to your homes tomorrow and work there from now on."

Nobody questions the men and you all meet up outside.

"Even though I haven't know any of you that much I'm glad we've had this opportunity." You tell the rest of your friends that you've enjoyed working with. You all return home that day. When you get home you realize you haven't cleaned up in a while. You don't know when your husband will get home, but you quickly change out of your dirty clothes and try to straighten up the house a little.

When your husband comes back you enjoy listening to him tell about his stories about the war. You're also glad he's home and safe, but you can't help thinking about your past few years working at the factory. Now you just enjoy having your husband around, you've missed his company.

~The End~

You don't think that working in a factory would suite you best, so you decide to look for other work. You haven't really seen anything you'd enjoy doing or anything that sounded interesting. When you stop by the supermarket, you look on the bulletin board for some ads. While looking at the board you see flyers for the women's air force or the WAF. It sounds just like working in the factory, but who knows what it's like. You rip the ad off the bulletin board and return home.

You're still not sure what you want to do. You want to make sure you have other options first. Maybe you should ask your neighbors if they need any help around the house. After all, you clean your own house almost every day. After asking your neighbors around if you could help with anything, one finally tells you that he needs help around his house and he could hire you as a housekeeper. You tell him you have to think about it first. The air force looks like it could be far from your house, but your neighbor is only two houses down.

If you decide to work with the air force, turn to page 271.

If you decide to work as a housekeeper, turn to page 264.

Did You Know?

The WAF was officially formed in 1947. Some women from the WAC were recruited to work at the WAF. The women were taught many different roles, except being a pilot.

“What do you mean you’re taking the workplace back?” you ask the men.

“Well in a few days we all have to get back to work.” you look at the other women hoping they would say something.

One of them finally says, “Can’t we just work here with the men? We’ve been working here for a few years now.” Some of the men have a confused look on their face.

“All of the men have to get back to work, I don’t think some of the men would appreciate working alongside women. I also think men have more experience in doing factory work.”

They all leave without waiting for anyone to say anything else.

You look at the other women and say, “We have to do something we can’t just let them take away our jobs. What are we supposed to do?”

You think to yourself about whether you should form a protest group or fight by yourself.

If you decide to get a group of other women to help fight back, turn to page 277.

If you decide to stand your own ground, turn to page 279.

Working in the Air Force sounds like the best idea. You could get a lot more work experience working in the Air Force. You decide make the most of it.

The next day when you arrive at the Air Force you see a lot of other women working there. As you look around the factory you see women working on planes and engines.

You walk up to one of the workers and ask, "Do any of you actually fly the planes?"

"No we only do ground work such as repairing or building engines for the planes. The men don't trust us with flying planes."

"Well why not? Have any of you actually tested out the planes?"

"No, but they told us we were only allowed to work on the different parts."

"I don't think that's fair at all!"

"I agree, but there's nothing we can really do about it."

You don't really know what to say her. "Can you show me the rest of the factory?"

"Sure!" The woman gets up, dusts herself off and shows you around her work area.

"Right here all of us work on repairing broken engines or building new ones for the planes." The woman shows you some of the tools on the side.

"Here are the different tools we use and that's about it for this side." You can recognize some of the tools like the wrenches, the hammers, and the screwdrivers, but not the rest.

At the back you see some women working on the smaller parts of the engine. The woman walks you over there.

"Here in the back you can see some of the woman working on smaller parts of the engine, which me and the others use to build the engines."

You think for a moment and ask the woman, "Do you think you can teach me to work on the engines like you do?"

"Of course! We need all the help we can get."

The woman tells you to change into some old clothes or some overalls so you can get started. Within next few weeks, you finally begin helping to build engines. It's hard work. At the end of each day you return home dirty and sweaty.

You think to yourself, "This isn't very ladylike, I've never been this exhausted or sweaty before. I have to keep pushing myself harder though, I know we need all the help we can to support our country."

Being a housekeeper might be the most reasonable thing for you. You enjoy working for the elderly man and hearing him tell you all his stories from when he was growing up. Your favorite story is when he tells you about the Great Depression and how his family had to overcome it. Most of the time you actually enjoy doing house work and it reminds you of working at your old house. Since you're still in your neighborhood you can visit Diana and her family too which is nice.

After a few weeks you notice that you haven't really talked to any of your friends. Sometimes it gets a little boring or lonely listening to the same person tell the same stories all the time. You don't want to be rude, so whenever the old man tells a story you've already heard, you listen to him anyways.

On the other hand, It's nice being close to home. Your house was only two blocks away. The only thing you want is for your husband to come back home.

You think to yourself, "I'll probably quit being a housekeeper after my husband returns and find someone else to take care of the old man. Even though I'll miss being here I can talk to him anytime."

~The End~

You soon realize that being a housekeeper probably wasn't the best option for you. You find the courage to tell the elderly man you have to leave this job.

"I'm sorry that I have to leave you. I've enjoyed my time here and enjoyed listening to your stories, it's just that I feel like I should try to get a better experience at working a real job. I'll even try to find someone else to be your housekeeper!"

He smiles and tells you, "I understand, I've enjoyed your company and know that you have to move on, but visit me anytime you like." You smile and nod.

When you get to your house you remember that your friend Diana would know where the WAC would be. You ask her about it.

"Diana can I see that flyer for the WAC?"

"Sure let me go find it. I can't believe you decided to finally join the WAC!"

"Yeah, I can't believe it either. What's it like working there?"

"I can't tell you that! You have to see for yourself!"

"Aww come on! I want to know!"

"Sorry! You'll just have to see!"

At the factory, you enter the building and you see that the other women are already in their work uniforms. You take your husbands old overalls and change in the bathroom. When you look in the mirror you see how big these look on you. You feel a little embarrassed by how ridiculous you look, but don't really care later, because everyone is wearing the same thing.

When you step into the factory you look and see how dirty the floor is, there's dirt, dust, grease, hair, and probably sweat stains. It's disgusting, but you did agree to sign up for this. You also see lots of machinery and tools in here. Along the walls, you can see pictures of Rosie the Riveter. The poster you saw in the newspaper was one of the reasons you joined, that woman looked so strong and inspiring.

The same woman shows up and hands each of you a pair of working gloves and says that they are going to split you up into different groups. One of the groups was going to learn how to use the tools, another group was going to learn how to fix engines, and the last group was learning how to build different parts for each machine. The first day of work wasn't actually that bad. You thought it was a lot better than staying at home and doing nothing important. You actually know how to work in a factory now in.



You think it would be best to just go home after working. You felt like working in the factory really wasn't cut out for you anyways, and if you had to go up against the men and the officers they could easily take you away. After returning home, the only thing you look forward to is seeing your husband again. He tells you his stories about the war and what it was like. You tell him how exciting and scary it sounds. After thinking about your day you can't help but feel a little bad for the other girls.

"I think they might have stood up against all of the officers," you think to yourself. "There's nothing I can do about it now though."

Maybe going back to how things were before will take your mind off of everything.

~The End~

A few years later you hear about the war ending and the men coming back. As everyone keeps on working you see a few men come into the workplace.

"Alright everyone I appreciate your hard work these past few years, but It's time for us to take the workplace back."

Everyone just looks at each other and acts confused.

"Why should we leave?" you ask them.

"We've had these jobs even before we left for the war!"

You think to yourself, "What should I do? Should I stand up for myself or should I try not to get caught in a fight?"

If you decide to fight to keep your job, turn to page 270.

If you decide to let the men take their jobs back, turn to page 275.

"What do you mean you're taking the workplace back?" you ask the men.

"Well in a few days we all have to get back to work."

You look at the other women hoping they would say something.

One of them finally says, "Can't we just work here with the men? We've been working here for a few years now." Some of the men have a confused look on their face.

"All of the men have to get back to work, I don't think some of the men would appreciate working alongside women. I also think men have more experience in doing factory work." They all leave without waiting for anyone to say anything else.

You look at the other women and say, "We have to do something we can't just let them take away our jobs. What are we supposed to do?" Some of the women agree while a few tell you to back down.

"I'm going to make a plan tonight and everyone who wants to join in with me should stay tonight too." Around seven you all gather on the factory floor and talk about different ideas you could do to keep your jobs.

One of the girls says, "I think we should have a protest or stand in front of the building."

You think about it. "I think that could work, I've seen how protests have worked in the past, I could work for us too." you replied. "Tomorrow we should all bring in some paper and markers to make signs!"

The next day you bring in some papers and markers too. When everyone finishes up their signs you look at the other women who didn't agree with you and they laugh.

"These signs aren't going to do anything!" they say.

"Don't listen to them," you exclaim.

You tell everyone to grab their signs and head to the front. You all form a line at the door and wait until all of the men come. When all of the men come, they have a surprised looks on their faces.

"What do you think you're doing? This is crazy!"

One of the women replies, "We aren't going to lose our jobs that easily! We just got here!"

The men all look at each other, "We aren't going to put up a fight, this is ridiculous." one of the men tries to push through the line. You stand in front of him and give him a stinging look.

"I don't want to fight or hurt any of you, just let us through!"

"We aren't going to move until you let us stay here and let us keep our jobs."

He looks at you, "We'll be back with the police let's see how you deal with them."

You calm down everyone, "It's alright girls, we need to stand up for our rights. We signed up for this we can't run away now."

When the police come back with the men they ask you what was happening. "We were just trying to keep our jobs, but these men tried to take them away from us!"

"I'm sorry mam, but these men's jobs were originally here, so technically these jobs are theirs." the policeman said.

"Officer that's not fair! We can't go back to staying at home and doing nothing."

"I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do."

"Well, I guess we're just going to have to stay here until you change your mind."

The policeman gives you a surprised look, "Miss if you don't move I'm going to take you all away by force."

"Okay we can stand up to you."

Later more policemen come with handcuffs. You tell everyone it's going to be okay. They take everyone away and keep you all in jail for a few days. You feel a little disappointed that the protest didn't work, but maybe the men will all realize the issue that's going on. Maybe there will be more hope in the future. A few years later you hear about men and women working together. You feel better that you could have helped this cause.

~The End~

You don't want anyone else to get in trouble for protesting. The day before, you tell the other girls that you can take the men by yourself.

When the men come the next day, you stand in front of the gates and say, "I'm not letting you take away our jobs," all of the men give you a angry.

"Get out of the way. We were working here first anyways, just go back to doing housework," as they tried to push you out of the way, you hear the front door open and see some of the other women come out.

"Leave her alone!"

All of the men step back, "You aren't even worth my time, I'm calling the police. If you don't leave now," you all stare back at the men without saying a word until they leave.

When you all return into the factory you ask them, "Why did you guys come out there? You could all get in trouble too."

They all smile and say, "We won't let you stop them alone. Some of the women already went back home for good, but we're here with you."

You tell them that we should come back early in the morning tomorrow to make sure they have enough time to make it before the men or police do.

The next day, as you all walk by the factory you see a few broken windows.

"Oh no!" You all rush to the front and open the door. When you open the door you see someone had torn down all the posters in the factory. Rocks and broken glass cover the floor. When you look behind you, you see the men and police arrive.

You yell, "Officer arrest these men! They've vandalised our workplace!"

The officers bring you over to the side and ask you, "This workplace doesn't belong to you, these men told me you refused to go home after they came back from the war. These are soldiers! They have the right to work at their former workplace."

You tell the officer, "We have a right to work to! We can't just leave and expect everything to go back to the way it was!"

"I'm sorry miss, but if you don't leave I'm going to have to take you all out by force."

You try to back away, "You don't understand, I don't want to be a useless wife who only cooks and cleans. I want to have a life and do something I love. Even though a factory work isn't much, it gives me a good experience of working a real job."

He looks at the other men and looks back at you, "I'm sorry, but these jobs already belonged to the men. if you won't leave, i'll have to take all of you out now."

You walk over to the other women and grab their arms, "Come on girls we're not leaving!"

The officer asks the other men to help you take out the women. You all stay linked as they take you outside.

When they all let go they say, "Get outta here! We don't want you around," you all give them disgusted faces and leave.

"What do we do now?" you ask them.

"I think we should just go back home." one of them say.

"I think we should at least tell our husbands or our neighbors what happened here," another one of them says.

You don't want anyone getting in trouble, so you decide to go with their plan. A few weeks later, after spreading the word around, you hear on the radio about all the different protest groups going on. You see how you and all your friends made a difference in your town. Maybe the whole world will hear about this.

~The End~

281 - World War II: Japanese Citizen

"Does anyone wanna help me!?" you yell to the large field, but your voice vanishes into the air.

You don't see anyone behind the fog, but you still try to find your father. You breathe a sigh from melancholy that you still have to collect all of the avocados. You look around and sigh again.

"Why do I have to do this?" You start to feel dizzy just thinking about it.

"Hey, what's up?"

Suddenly, you hear the voice behind you and narrow your circle eyes. Expectedly the boy that is almost the same age as you appear. "Ha-ha, do you need help?" He laughs. He smiles politely and grabs the avocados from you. You and the boy disappear into the deep and white fog.

"I thought that was dad," you said, "Thanks for helping though." This was first time that you talk to him,

"No problem" he said

"So whats your name?" you wonder

"I'm John."

You think to yourself, "John... I think we can be good friends, my first good friend..."

You notice that this boy is special, because he helped you, talked to you, and even smiled at you. He is special.

You think again, look at your hands, and glance over to see his hands. You see two different colors.

"So, are you Japanese?" he asks.

At that time, you stop walking and you direct face to the ground. He has the same smile. But this time, you can't see his face... July 17, 1941... That was the day of start of long summer.

When your dad came to the US, it was 1916. He came here to get a job and he was employed in the agriculture field. 5 years later, he married a beautiful Japanese woman, who later became your mom. Your dad is a first generation immigrant from Japan, called Issei.

Although you were born in the US and only speak English, your father wants you to grow up as a cultural Japanese boy. Not only your father, but your father's friends, who are also Japanese. As you grew up, you thought more about your father's feelings and you began to think about yourself. It's because you are not sure if you are Japanese or American.

Also, you had another problem. When you talk to other kids, who are not Japanese American, their parents always separated you from them. You didn't know why they did it, however you realized that your background as Japanese was a big problem.

So that 's why you thought that he is special until he asked you about that. He is white.

"Don't you like it when people ask you about that?" he asks you.

His smile disappears and you see how apologetic he looks.

"No... I mean." You want to say something to him, but your face turns white and say nothing. "I'm sorry about that, I just wonder because I've never seen beautiful black hair before." You look up to his face, "You think so?"

"Yeah, sure, I mean it's really nice to meet you."

You have a big smile. Since this day, you and John become really close friends. However, you didn't introduce him to your family because you knew your father wouldn't approve of him since he is not Japanese. Also, you have never met John's family. But you like him and began to work together at the field. You thought this happiness will continue forever, until "that day".

December 7th. Almost six months have passed since you met John in the fog. You prepare to work in the morning and meet John at the field. You talk to him a lot and have lunch together. You remember you promised him to hang out in downtown this evening.

2:07 pm. When you were in the different field, you notice that John isn't there. He was supposed to come here at 2:00. When you thinking that, suddenly you catch somebody screaming from behind.

"Run away!!!"

You try to find where this voice is coming from, you look around carefully and you find John is running hard cross the field.

"Hey, run... run... go home right now! Hurry hurry, please!" He turned pale and try to tell some words to you. "What are you doing?! Go, run now!"

"Wait!! what's wrong, what do you mean I have to go home right now? Is there something wrong with me? But I just came..."

"So, don't you know that?" he blocks your words and make his face. You start getting more complicated, but after you hear his story, you turn pale.

Turn to next page.

“Ok, first, please listen to me calmly. Just 7 minutes ago, Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, the Navy base on the Pacific Ocean. After this happened, the government spread this out to public. I heard the owner talking about how they are treating Japanese American here. I don’t know exactly what he will do, but I know things are going terribly wrong. So I want you to run away from here and go to your family... RIGHT NOW!”

Your brain stops thinking and strangely, you aren’t upset. You just see your best friend looking worried, but you don’t feel anything. You feel as if many hours have passed that you had been in the peace and quiet. 10 seconds later, John breaks the quiet, “Go! Just go home!”

If you decide to listen to John and go home, turn to page 319.

If you decide to ignore John and stay on the field, turn to page 328.

DID YOU KNOW?

Large amounts of people from Japan began immigrating to the U.S. in 1868. Many of them went to either Hawaii, or the west coast on the mainland. The first generation of original immigrants were called the “Issei”. Their children that were born in the U.S. only spoke English, and were called Nisei. Although they were both viewed the same as Japanese-Americans, there was serious conflict between the Issei and Nisei because the Issei had loyalty and cultural tradition from Japan, but the Nisei had loyalty to the U.S..

The day that you leave the camp, you give your parents your farewell.

"Bye dad! Bye mom!" you say, as your eyes fog up, knowing you'll miss them and that you may never see them again.

"Good bye!" they shout, tears streaming down their faces as you make your way out the door.

In your mind, you think, I'm not sure if this is the right choice. However, I want to show my loyalty to the U.S, and if this is the only way, then so be it.

You and the other soldiers gather at the front of the camp, ready to be shipped off to Europe to fight fiercely for your country.

Turn to page 230.

Did You Know?

As a way to leave the camps, many of Nisei were loyal to the U.S. joined the military. They wanted to prove their loyalty and solve any misunderstandings with the American citizens. The 442nd Regimental Combat Team was the most famous draft team. The whole squad was composed of Japanese-Americans, including internees. They fought in Europe and were awarded eight Presidential Unit Citations and twenty-one Medals of Honor. Their motto was, "Go for Broke".

The day after the attack, you stop going to work.

"It's cold today," you say and open the door. Although the wind hits your cheek, you don't care and run to the store. Buying newspapers becomes your daily routine, because you realize how important it is to know information. You always go early morning to avoid groups of people. "Good morning..." you step in the store and tell the old man. This man doesn't say anything. He always gives newspapers to you in silence. You can still come to this store, but you also scare this man, since you can't read his mind. You take a newspaper on the shelf and bring it to the man. You pay the same cost as you do everyday. Suddenly, he grabs your hands. You are really surprised that he does this. Finally, he opens his mouth.

"Careful." that's the first word you hear from him, but you don't know what he means.

"What do you mean?" you ask him, but he never opens his mouth again. He moves back on his chair again. You give up waiting for his answer and step out from the store. At the same time, the man stares at you. "Oh, I have to go home before people come outside." you start running again.

Once you arrive home, you sit on the couch and read the newspaper. You usually try to find new information about the attack or something for Japanese Americans. Sometimes, it isn't written on the first or second page. Today, however, you don't need to do it. "FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT SIGNS EXECUTIVE ORDER 9066, REMOVE JAP CAMP." You hear the sound of the paper falling to the floor. It takes a few seconds after you notice that it has fallen from your hands.

"Mom! Dad!" your yell echoes in the house.

"What's wrong!?" soon, your parents come to you and read newspaper. Your mother holds her mouth, and your father looks astounded. He strains his eyes.

"Government officials brought important news on the community board!" It's the second time that you hear the voice from outside. Your family begins to run with their breath taken away. When you arrive at the board, there are already groups of people. "Now, I will read the new order from the government!" the man in front of the board yells to everyone. The place becomes quiet. "Instructions to all Japanese, war requires every possible protection against espionage and against sabotage, from which any or all persons excluded." At first, people don't understand exactly how this order will affect them, but after they all think together, they know. They have to leave their house and go to another place. The government decided to gather all of 110,000 Japanese Americans living in the west coast to camp.

"How could it be possible!?" you and your family talk when you go home. "This is our country! This is our home!" you yell. The government gives all of the Japanese Americans only one week to prepare to pack up all their stuff and leave the house. "If we leave home, when can we come back?" you know nobody knows this answer, but you ask your father.

"I don't know, son."

Time is approaching... February 19th. About two months pass since the horrific attack.

If you decide to obey this order and leave home, turn to page 288.

If you decide to go against this order and stay home, turn to page 291.

Did You Know?
Executive Order 9066 was ordered by F.D. Roosevelt on February 19, 1942. As a result of this order, 110,000 of Japanese Americans who lived in West Coast were forced to move to internment camps, called "Relocation Centers". Although 60 percent of them were U.S. citizens, there was no different treatment between those people and those who were not U.S. citizens.

"I choose number one," you tell them.

"Ok then. Bye, and good luck."

Even after you've left the stable, they look at you until you arrive at East Station and you can't see them anymore. They kept waving for a long time. When they disappeared from your sight, you are attacked by a tremendous sense of loss, something deep from within from your heart. We will never meet again- a small voice mutters in your mind.

East station is overwhelming, obviously there are too many people in the line.

"Where is trolley!!"

"When can we leave!!" Many people yell and push each other, while you try to find a seat. You move hard in order to lose your father's hand, and thinking of which line has less people.

"Dad, I think that one has a shorter line." you yell to your father and mother, dragging them to the line.

Turn to page 337.

After you and family arrive home, you begin to discuss what should be done.

"I think," your father says, "we should obey this order and pack up all our stuff. We don't know what happens after we leave the house, but we don't also know what will happen if we're against the government. I want to protect my family, do you understand?" you see firm intention and fire in your father's eyes.

"Yes, sir!" you and your mother trust him and begin to pack up all your stuff.

Four days pass and your mother realizes an important thing, "I hear many of my friends sell their furniture to get money. Shouldn't we do that?" Since Japanese American communities begin to prepare for camp, many people also sell their furniture. People desperately try to live and protect their family.

"But mom, we have only two more days. We can't miss the trolley."

"We are almost done, we can do it for one day, meaning today." you think you should leave the house as soon as possible. You hesitate about your mother's idea.

If you decide to go to sell furniture, turn to page 311.

If you decide to persuade your mother and leave the house to go to the trolley station, turn to page 297.

"I'm sorry." you apologize to your friends and leave the door slowly. You return to your bed and cover your head with the blanket. You think, what if something happens to them? Your feelings become really bad. They may not talk to me anymore, you wonder.

"I betrayed them." you mutter in the blanket.

"You are right." suddenly, you hear a voice and you are surprised,

"Are you awake?" you put out your head from the blanket in response. However, it's just quiet and you can hear the sound of the clock. Is it my imagination? You think. You go to sleep again. This time, you feel less bad. At midnight, you dream.

"Hands up, guys." one guy in military clothes says. When you see him carefully, you notice nine boys in front of him. You feel like you know them. They stand between the guy and a desk, but they are shaky and look filthy. They are bloody and cry.

"This is wrong." a boy in the middle of the line says to the guy.

"I call the rules here." he tells them and smiles. He moves his gun and pulls the trigger. You see many of your friends fall down to the floor and suddenly they catch your eyes.

Your sight turns black and everything disappears. You get up from bed, look at the window, and see that the sun has risen.

"Just a dream?" you notice the sweat on your forehead. Your breathing is rough.

"Are you alright?" your father looks at you with anxiety, "I was worried because you were saying something in your sleep. It's okay, it's just a nightmare." he tells you. His voice gives you relief.

"Thanks dad. I know. I'm alright," you tell him.

"By the way, we have to go to the military cottage. They call all internees in front of the cottage. I don't know what's going to happen though." he says, and walks to the door.

"Are you guys ready?" suddenly, the door opens and your mother comes in.

"Sure, let's get out, son." While you are following them, your brain starts thinking quickly. Military cottage? Your pulse beats quickly. You think, nothing will happen, nothing will happen, but what is this feeling? Why did I dream it yesterday, in this timing? Your pulse is getting faster and faster. While you are thinking it, you crash onto your father in front of you.

"Oh, sorry dad. I was thinking."

"It's okay. Son, here is the military cottage."

When you look around the cottage, many of internees are gathered in the same place. It seems like all of them have same questions.

"Good morning internees!" thousands of eyes look up the same way. A guy in front of the cottage has a microphone and his voice comes from the speakers, "We are really appreciative that you guys work here, it's good. Although, many of you guys work hard and follow rules, unfortunately,-

we were attacked by a group last night." Your pulse is faster. "We couldn't see who these attackers were at the time, but since they attacked us, our obvious intent is to kill. We had to go against them with the usage of guns." Your pulse is at its fastest and your breathing is rough. You shake your body. Your face turns pale. "We shot them." You feel pain beating in your head.

You fall down to your knees and your brain stops thinking. "THIS IS A WARNING!" While internees make a fuss, the guy's voice yelling exceptionally to people, became progressively smaller. "If other internees have an intention of rebellion for us, and try to do same thing that nine poor boys did last night, they will face consequences. Thank you, it's over, now return to the post!"

After his speech over, many internees begin to walk to their job. You can't move from there. Your hands fall to the ground. Suddenly, you fall down in strong shock from the left. You don't know what is happening.

"YOU MUST KNEW IT!" a woman grasps your shirt and shakes you up and down. Her face is a mess with tears and a runny nose, "WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP THEM!" She yells at you again. Your parents and other people around you notice you getting in trouble.

"What are you doing to my son?!" your father tries to separate this woman from you, but she is still grabbing your sleeves and pushing against your father. "Leave my son alone!" he calls more people to take her away. Finally, they succeed with four more men.

"RETURN MY SON BACK! I WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU! NEVER! REMEMBER, YOU BETRAYED YOUR FRIENDS AND KILLED THEM!" you remember this woman is one of your friends' mother. She used to be kind and nice. You remember that she made a rice-ball for you, but now she looks like a crazy person. You feel really sorry and your mind is full with regretful feelings.

Turn to page 345.

After you and your family arrive home, you begin to discuss what should be done. "I think," you say, "we should stay home and be against this strange order, because we are an American citizen! We don't need to do this, I like our country and people here, even if they don't like us. I can't hate them. We should protect our loyalty! Right dad?" your father thinks for a while and opens his mouth.

"If you think so... But son, remember, I don't want you to feel loyal to the U.S., but we want to respect your decision, alright?" your mother also nods. However, your plan will not succeed. Three days after the order, you and only a few families are still against the rule. Most of the Japanese Americans are already finished packing up. Furthermore, some family members have already left their family and rode a train to move. You still believe your decision.

At evening, suddenly, you hear your mother screaming.

"Mom!" you run out of your room. There are two guys who you don't know. They look like the military and have guns on their back. "Who are you!? What are you doing!?" you yell to them.

"We are from the military, and we're checking this neighborhood if japs obeyed our new order... But some don't. You guys are one of the families who are against the order, aren't you?" he laughs at you. "If you guys won't obey this order, we will arrest you." he laughs at you again, and you hate this guy.

"We will start packing." you say and glare at him.

"Very well." While they stay, they never change their facial expression. You shudder, This is stupid, who is this immoral... You become frustrated. "I'm sorry mom, that was my fault."

"It's not your fault, you just did what you believed in." you feel saved after those words. After your father comes home, you and your mother explain to him what happened. You start packing. Packing is not as hard as you expect, since your family originally doesn't have a lot of stuff. When the packing is done, your mother speaks. "I heard that many of my friends sell their furniture to get money. Shouldn't we do that?" Since Japanese American communities begin to prepare for camp, many people also sell their furniture. In this hopeless world, people try to live and protect their family.

"But mom, we have only two more days. We can't miss the trolley."

"We are almost done. We can do it for one day, meaning today." you think you should leave the house as soon as possible, but you also can't disagree with your mother's idea.

If you decide to go sell furniture, turn to page 311.

If you decide to persuade your mother to go to the trolley station, turn to page 297.

You try to push people and go to the first line.

"Excuse us, excuse us!" you yell to the people and grab your father's hand. He grabs your mother's hand. "Are you following me dad!?" you yell to the air so your father can hear you.

"I'm alright!" you catch his voice and keep moving forward."

"That was hard." you tell your mother after you escape from the crowd.

"Yeah it was, look at my clothes." you look at her clothes and hair. You start laughing.

"Hey, you're mean!" she laughs too.

"Haha!" your father starts laughing as well.

"Mom, your hair is like a bird's nest... And your clothes!" Some parts of your mother's clothes are ripped, because of moving through the crowd.

"You guys, too!" she puts her hands on her back and points at you and your father. You and father look at each other and laugh again. While you laugh with them, you become confident. I will never give up, you promise to yourself.

"Hey, should we leave you?" when you look back, your father and mother walk to the door.

"Wait for me!" you run to follow them. You say to farewell to the station.

Turn to page 345.

You hit his face, but he hits your stomach. You feel strong pain and you vomit.

"Hey, it just started now!" you see that he is tired too. The bloody taste is spread out in your mouth. As he tries to kick you, a noisy bell sound rings in the camp. You and the boy become surprised and stop fighting.

"What was that sound?" you wonder, but once you check the clock on the cottage, you notice it's curfew. "I have to go!" you begin to run to your room. It's too late.

"WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING THERE!" your eyes catch a bright light and you can't move anymore. You and the boy are surrounded by eight guards with guns. "HANDS UP! DON'T MOVE!" you are reminded of your parents again, and you feel handcuffs consuming your hands.

"COME TO THIS SIDE." one of the guards tell you with a terrible smile.

"Wake up, wake up!" you are awoken by a noisy voice. You think, where am I? Oh, I hit the boy, and... You try to shake up your memory, but you are not sure what you did. When you try to move, you notice your body doesn't follow up with your thinking. You see a silver, hard, circle surrounding your hands. You wonder, what did I do yesterday? Once you think about last night, you remember that you suffer from your behavior. You are embarrassed and scared to tell your parents.

"Can I talk to my parents, sir?" you ask a guard in front of your cage, but he doesn't respond to any question from you.

"Son! Are you alright?"

"Dad! Mom!" you can see two faces that you've been wanting to see. Your parents come to meet you. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry." you apologize to them so many times, "I will never break the rules again. So, so...." you look up at their face. You hope that they are glad to meet you and you want them to forgive you. However, they don't look happy. Your mother looks down on the floor and never speaks. "Mom?" you ask her, and she begins crying. You are confused the situation and you look at your father. He opens his mouth.

"I have to tell you something really important. I should have stopped you last night, and it's my fault." you don't get what he's talking about. You think to yourself, obviously I am to blame, but why is he apologizing to me!?

"What do you mean, dad?" he moves his head down and tells you unexpected words.

"We have to send you." he says to you and keeps talking, "They said if someone occurs a problem in the camp, they send those people to another camp."

"Okay, dad." you behave as if you understood, but you actually didn't get what he meant. It's too complicated and you are confused, "So what did you say?" you ask him again.

“YOU MUST LEAVE THIS CAMP AND GO TO ANOTHER CAMP!” You will never forget this moment in your future. You just hear your father’s big deep voice. It represents his emotions, anger, sadness, and fear, but his voice also includes blame. At first, you think he blames you. When you look at his tears, you notice he blames himself for not stopping you. You have never seen your father like this before. He is usually strong and tough, but now he’s crying like a baby. His tears don’t stop. A few minutes later, he whispers, “Son, we can’t live together anymore...” Finally, you understand what you did and what you lost.

“Dad.. Mom.. I, I did...” you can’t say the words. Your brain stops to think, and your tears come down from your eyes to the floor. Three days later, you are sent to the Tule Lake Camp.

Turn to page 332.

"Oh my arms," you groan. Since you had to support your body for a long time in the trolley, your arms couldn't feel anything.

"I'm so tired," you whisper. Looking around, you can see that other people are tired too. When you got up and listened to the announcement, the sun was shining high. But now, you could see it closer to the horizon.

"The day will be over," you tell your father.

"Let's keep following the people," he says. You and your family get off the trolley and follow the people going to the camp.

You hear a boy and his father walking next to you. "We may get a good house this time, right dad?"

"Yeah, of course," his father tells him. The boy smiles at his father and they move ahead, following the people.

"I don't think so." You can't be sure of what you think. "I have a really bad feeling about this dad."

"Me too son. Me too." On the contrary, the father and the child you just saw was a real and hopeless family conversation. Something unexpected always happens.

As you walk anxiously behind everyone else, the people suddenly stop.

"And then we - Wow, I'm sorry. I wasn't watching where I was going." You say after bumping into the person in front of you. "Why did we stop moving?" You can't see in front of you, but you hear someone yelling something. You try to catch what they yell out.

"...ey...ck...us!" You can't hear well.

"It's too far, I can't hear them," you complain to your father.

"Hold on son. You need to be patient." Tired and hungry, not knowing what's going on makes you feel frustrated.

"THEY TRICKED US!!!" Suddenly, you can catch the words, but you are confused.

"What do they mean?" you wonder. But with what they say next, you clearly understand why the people have stopped moving and expectations are confirmed.

"Look at the fence!" someone yells, and every single head turns toward to the voice that spoke. Thousands of eyes looking at the same direction.

There are hundreds of similarly shaped cottages. They're settled exactly at the same angle and equal distance between each other. "Those don't look too bad," you think. However, once you move eyes to what's surrounding the cottages, its a whole other story. There's barbed-wire fencing and machine guns around the whole camp.

Surprise is the first feeling that you come up with in your head.

"...W...ow..." You don't know what to say about this. You expected that government wouldn't just make a "relocation center" for you. But this? This is like...

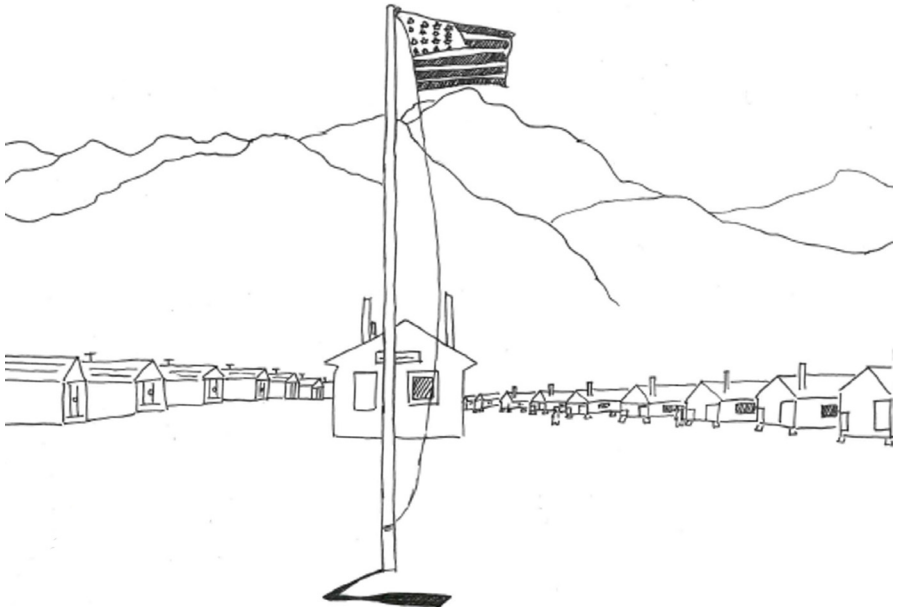
"This is like a prison!" This is more than what you expected. "We can't free," you think solemnly.

Thus, your life in internment camp begins.

Turn to page 325.

DIID YOU KNOW?

110,000 Japanese-Americans were distributed among different camps located in California, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Wyoming, Colorado, and Arkansas. The camps were surrounded by barbed wire and a lot of military, whom were armed and acted as guards. Internees couldn't go outside except for special reasons, otherwise they were allowed to accept items from outside and could write letters to family.



“No mom, even if.., I don’t want to miss the trolley” you tell your mother as you quickly finish packing your things. However, you don’t have very much to pack thanks to a government rule that forces everyone to pack just one small bag. You decide to bring some clothes and a shell necklace that Anne gave you. As you carefully pack the necklace in your suitcase, you don’t realize it, but you look very sad. Your parents begin to feel guilty and wish their was something they could do to help.

“I’m sorry son.” you are surprised when suddenly, your father apologizes.

“Why are you apologizing dad?!”

“If only I had decided to stay in Japan instead of coming here... Then we wouldn’t have to go through all this!” your mother begins to cry.

“No... No, dad you don’t need to say that! I’m just angry and sad about everything, but it isn’t your fault. We are American citizens, and we should not have to go through this” you tell them. After that, nobody talks. The room becomes totally quiet.

As you’re about to leave home, you look up at the sky. It’s usually blue, but today its gray. It’s almost as if the sky knows how you’re feeling. You touch the wall of the house from the outside “We will come back soon.” you say and lock the door..

When your family arrives at the trolley station, there are a bunch of people and a long line. However, you can get tickets for the evening train ride .

“When can we go back again?” you ask yourself, “Never.” you murmur. Sadness hits your heart, and you stop to think about it. At evening, when you begin to feel cold, finally, it’s your turn to ride. You carry your bag and take a seat. As soon as the trolley leaves the station, you fall asleep.

You find yourself dreaming about eating noodles, the kind that your mother always makes. In the dream, Anne and John are sitting next to you. You are really happy with your friends, you are smiling. Then you wake up. You see many Japanese Americans, the trolley keeps moving towards the assembly center as you feel hopeless. It is now December 25th, six days later.

Turn to page 301.

You think, I don't know who he is and I don't want to get in trouble anymore. You are reminded that a couple days before, you ran away from the owner. You even remember that your former friends, who you believed in, your best friend, John, and many people stared at you while you were walking in town. In your head, you think to yourself, I'm done with trusting people if they betray me. He looks like a Japanese American, but I'm worried if he will trick me. Your thinking is becoming negative and you can't stop thinking that way. So, you decide to ignore him and run home.

"Hey wait!" you hear someone's voice behind you. However, you think, I shouldn't trust people easily. As far as you think, you don't have a single good memory of a time when you trusted people. You trust your thoughts and you run home. People and voices disappear when you notice it.

Turn to page 321.

You decide to talk to a man behind the cashier.

“What do you think about the attack..?” you ask him. Even if you don’t look at his eyes, you can feel his surprise. He shakes his body, mincing, and looks up at you slowly. His move is so slow as if he’s a robot. After a moment, words are jump from his mouth.

“I don’t know...” he says, “I don’t know what we should do and... And I know the government already began their project quickly.” you grimace your face and ask him.

“What project?” you grimace your face and ask him.

“I don’t know.” he says again. “But I’m pretty sure the government plans a big project for us. It’s not good for us, because the FBI came to my house yesterday, and they arrested my dad.. I couldn’t stop them. I couldn’t do anything for him.” You take a deep breath, gulp, and don’t say anything back to him. “I also heard that many people were arrested by them too. So, I decided to go to the conference tonight to get more information about my dad and other people who were arrested.”

“Conference?” you wonder and ask him, since you have never heard about it.

“Oh.. Don’t you know that? It’s going to be a big conference about the attack and all the people who will come are Japanese Americans. We can talk about it deeply.” you are surprised and it sounds interesting to you.

“Where is it?” you want to try it if it’s not far from your house.

“It’s at the Nisei Japanese American Organization in the village.” You surprisingly think, I know that place! You are reminded that you went there before with your father, and it isn’t so far too. You also worry about your father and mother. Should I check if they are safe first? You wonder. While you are thinking about it, you thank him for the good information and go outside the store.

If you decide to go to the conference, turn to page 303.

If you decide to go back home, turn to page 321.

"Hello...?" you decide to talk to her . No reaction. You try again, "Hi..umm cou.."

"SHUT UP, CLOSE YOUR MOUTH. HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME?! I DON'T WANNA TALK TO YOU, JAP! TRAITOR!" At the moment, all customers in the store look at you with anger. You feel as if all people think you are the enemy. You just give money to her immediately and run to the outside. "WAIT! HEY, GUYS ENEMY IS THERE!" you don't know who yell that, but just run to the door without look back once.

"Hey, are you Japanese American, too?" When you escape from the store, you hear the voice. You find the man behind the building and speak to you. "Can you come here? I want to talk to you" He says, you wonder who he is and get closely,

"THERE HE IS!" Suddenly you look your back and there are some guys trying to get you,"Come here, now!" the man says to you again, anyway you need to run away from here.

If you decide to follow him and escape together, turn to page 324.

If you decide to ignore him and go home, turn to page 298.

"Hey.... Hey! Wake up!" suddenly, Anne and John disappear in front of you. When you look at the window, there is no scenery that you know.

"Where are we dad?" you ask him.

"Here is an assembly center, son. Japanese Americans living in our area gather at this place. After that, the government separates us and tells us where to go next."

You think, so this is our first prison. You laugh and step outside.

"It's so cold dad!" The trolley keeps moving north as you remain asleep. This cold is too hard for you and other Japanese Americans, since your family and Japanese Americans have never lived in a cold location.

"Anyways, we have to move." you follow the line of people, but when you arrive inside the center, you are more shocked.

There are no house-like buildings. There are a lot of stables on the desert.

"Where is our house!?" many people start to complain.

"A-A-Attention, visitors! We still need to prepare your assembly centers, but our goal is to move you guys to our relocation center! We changed our plan a little bit. You guys need to stay here for a while until the relocation centers are built. We prepared one stable for two families. Now, begin to move! Thank you!" the guy with military clothes on motions to a bunch of people to start moving.

"What the heck!?! So we have to stay in a stable?"

"They don't look at us as humans!" you feel the same, but you and other Japanese Americans have no choice. Finally, the line begins moving slowly. The more you walk, the more you get tired with this place. The wind is too strong and the sand brushes against your cheeks. Your eyes dry up and you are growing restless.

"How can we live like this?!" When you find your stable, you reach the highest peak of stress. You almost drop your bag out of shock, since the stable doesn't seem in good condition for people to live in. It's too small for two families to live together. The roof and walls have many holes. When you touch the wooden wall, a swift of dust brushes towards you. You make a face and cough it out. When you go inside the stable, there is already one family in there.

"Hi." there is one elderly couple. They look like they are over sixty years old.

"Hi." you say to them. You think they are nice. When your father and mother come inside, they also have a good conversation with them. You think, this is only one thing that I can be glad about here. You father talks about where you used live and what you did. You know that they come from an area a bit far from where you live. It has already turned dark, and you can see the stars. This is not bad, you think.

"When can we leave?" the words change the atmosphere in the stable.

"Good night." the old lady says.

"Good night." everyone ends the conversation and begins to sleep.

You are thinking about John and Ann. You think, I hope they are fine. You close your eyelids and the room turns pitch black.

103 days pass since you have arrived here. You become accustomed to this cold life in the center. One thing that you despise is the food. The center always lacks enough food for all the families. You force yourself to be patient. You and your family have a good relationship with the elderly couple.

"For all visitors, come in front of the main center now. Repeat, visitors must come in front of the main center now."

After you hear that, you, your family, and the old couple move to the main center. There are many groups of people. It reminds you of the first day you came here.

"Finally, relocation centers are built up for you guys. Choose a number between one or two in the stable. If you choose number one, go to the East station, from there, we will take you to go to Manzanar Relocation Center which is in desert. If you choose number two, go to the West station, and you will stay at Granada Relocation Center. We promise you will have safety and nice houses better than here. Thank you." the guy says to internees and cheers of joy went up.

"Finally, we will have a decent place to stay at!"

"We have a right to live as a human!"

Everyone is glad to receive the news. You wonder if this is good for you, I don't think the government won't give us a comfortable camp to live in. You completely wipe a bad feeling in your mind. As a result of discussion, the elderly couple gives you the chance to choose a number.

"If we go to different camps, we won't forget you." they say to you.

"We won't either." you hug them and feel a hole in your heart. For a long time, you wonder why you feel comfortable when you talk to them, but now you realize it. You think to yourself, I feel like they are my grandparents. Because your parents immigrated to the U.S., you have never met your grandparents before. You tell them which number you choose.

If you decide to choose number one, turn to page 287.

If you decide to choose number two, turn to page 329.

You begin to go to the conference. You stand in front of the building, and you find a signboard on the wall that reads, "Japanese American Community Center". After that, you see a little paper on the door. "December 8th. Topic: Emergency Meeting About Pearl Harbor". When you read those words, it forces you to re-think what happened. You touch the door and push it. Once you step inside the building, there are already a bunch of people. You are looking around if your old friends are present. Since you begin to work, you rarely talk to them.

"Anne!"

When you call the name, a girl with long, shiny black hair responds and tries to find the direction of the voice. She looks worried for a short while, but when you call her name again, she finds you and escapes from the crowd.

"Long time no see!" she is pretty and you really like her smile.

"Where are your parents?" as you ask her about her parents, her smile vanishes from her face. Her eyes move strangely.

"Yeah, they're fine. They... They just stayed home tonight." she tries to form a smile again, but it doesn't succeed.

"I know you must be lying." you mutter to her. At that moment, many tears come down from her eyes and she changes shape of her face. "Something happened to them... Right?" you ask her. She just moves her head up and down a few times. You wait until her tears wither, "Can you tell me what happened?" She hesitates for a few seconds, and she starts talking about yesterday.

"Ok... Um, do you know what my parents job are? Well yeah, basically, they are the leaders of an organization that helps Japanese Americans, especially Issei because they know that they have trouble in their work. However, because it's a really complicated problem, they sometimes go to each Issei's work place and talk to their boss. Since the attack happened, the government and FBI arrested the people who helped Japanese Americans or had suspicious views. That's why my parents were arrested yesterday." you can't hide the surprise on your face.

"I didn't expect they would already be active that quick." you say. You think, I can't do anything. You feel tantalized and helpless. "I'm sorry." you tell her.

"Good evening guys." suddenly, you hear a voice from the stage in the center. There is an old man speaking to everyone, "Since the attack happened, all of us know that discrimination is getting worse and now we aren't even safe." Many people nod their head in consent. Obviously, you can see that they have the same trouble with it. "Also, I think some of you know that many of our fellow Japanese Americans, who worked for the leader of our organization that support Japanese American, were arrested by the FBI!" you notice people breathing deeply, and it expresses their sadness and anxiety. "I think now many of us know about the attack and understand

how this situation is serious. I suggest all of you guys not to go outside after sunset, and if you go outside, please make sure you take someone with you. Don't be alone! Thank you." after he finishes his speech, people begin to go back home. You feel anxious and you notice Anne vanishes in front of you.

"Anne...?" after a while, you give up finding her and walk home.

Turn to page 285.

Did You Know?

One of the reasons that caused misunderstandings for Japanese Americans were their dispositions. Japanese American who lived in West Coast, they would gather to make Japanese American villages. They made isolated communities from other people in their neighborhood. Community centers were the only place they could get information from. Nisei tried to make an organization called JACL, (Japanese American Citizens League). Now it is the oldest and largest Asian American civil rights organization in the U.S. They are working on responding to issues of Japanese Americans human rights and implements strategies to effect positive social change.

"Mr. Hachi, what's today's assignment again?" You ask. It's been a month, and you have been connecting with Mr. Hachi.

"Again? I just told everyone seven minutes ago." He laughs. You like that he doesn't get mad when someone makes a mistake or has done something wrong. He is really a kind and calm person, he is also a great advisor.

"See you tomorrow!" you wave goodbye to him and run to your cottage.

"Don't run too fast!" Mr. Hachi warns with a smile on his face.

All the while, nobody's noticing that the military is working harder than usual, making a lot of papers ordered by the government, over in the main cottage...

February 8, 1943. You wake up at 5:45 A.M like you do every morning. You usually change clothes and go to the hall to have breakfast with Chris and Alex, but you realize something is different than usual. When you look out the window, there are military men guarding the street and standing in front of the cottage. Your eyes get bigger in surprise and your brain begins to run on overdrive.

"Dad, mom! what's happening?" You wake up your parents and tell them, "Look out the window!" your parents look outside.

"Stay here. I want to go check out what's going on." Your father says. The moment he opens the door, orders begin being shouted at you.

"WE WILL BEGUN THE LOYALTY QUESTIONNAIRE TODAY!" You listen carefully. "ALL INTERNEES OVER THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN ARE REQUIRED TO FILL IT OUT!" after the military people's announcement, one person from each family has to go to the military cottage to get the questionnaire papers for the family.

"Why do they want to do this so suddenly?" Nobody knows the answer yet, but you have to fill it out by the afternoon.

For a long while, nobody in the room speaks. You try to answer all the questions. Most of them were easy to answer, but as you turn to page four, you freeze.

"27. Are you willing to serve in the armed forces of the United States of America when ordered to?"

"28. Will you swear unqualified allegiance to the United States of America and faithfully defend the United States from any and all attack by foreign or domestic forces, and to forswear any form of allegiance to foreign governments, powers, or organizations?"

So...this is what the government really wants to hear from us. You spend a lot of time and think deeply about these questions. I'm pretty sure my answer is Yes. I'm an American citizen and I have loyalty to the U.S... but... You glance at your father, Dad will answer No, because he is...he is... Even though family, you know this question separates you and your father and mother. My dad is Japanese and I'm American. You are reminded of-

your childhood. He wanted you to grow up as a Japanese boy and how you couldn't introduce John to them. If you don't think deeply about this questionnaire, you can just circle Yes and that's it, but you worry about what government wants to do with this result. I don't think they just did it, it suppose to for some purpose. That's why you are really thinking about it, you don't want to lie to yourself. -Which one should I circle...You check the clock, it's already 11:58, two minutes left. You grab the pencil again, your hand is shaking as you hover above the answer.

"ONE MINUTE LEFT!" In a last minute decision, you circle your answer.

If you decide to circle "yes" and show loyalty to the U.S., turn to page 341.

If you decide to circle "no" because of worries about family, turn to page 322.

Did You Know?
In February of 1943, the U.S. Government decided to test internees' loyalty. Those answers would be used to decide whether they were loyal to the U.S. or not. As a result, It separated some families between who was loyal and disloyal, moving some internees to different camps.

"I wanna go to school aad." you tell father with confidence in your voice.

"Are you sure?" he still looks serious as he ask you again.

"Yes, dad. I'm sure," you can't stop the sweat that pours out from every single pore of your body as he stares down at you. You clench your fist in suspense, and finally, your father gives you a wide grin.

"I'm glad you've decided," you also smile him, while your mother envelopes you in a hug, kissing your cheek.

"Oh my baby..." she sobs happily.

"I'm not a baby anymore, mom," you tell her, laugh together,

Next week, school has finally started. On first day of school, you're nervous but at the same time you're excited.

"Bye dad, mom!" you hug them goodbye, and run to the cottage where school is held.. When you arrive, there are already loads of kids from first graders to high school students. But, since many of the kids your age didn't go to school, there were only a few students in your class. Otherwise, all of the kids were separated, thirty students in between twelve classrooms.

"Wow...I didn't expect it to be like this." you exclaim, surprised that your class has a mixture of younger kids and teenagers. You find an empty seat and sit down. While you and other kids are waiting for teacher, you're able to find and make new friends..

"Hi, I'm glad that we have same class!" you look back finding a familiar face.

"Chris!" you shout smiling happily at him, as he points to the girl next to you. "This is Alexis, we met at the store last month and we've been talking for a while. "Alex, this is "that" guy." he tells her.

"Oh... That guy huh? Nice to meet you."

"What did you say about me?!" you ask him about 'that', "Didn't you tell her wrong?"

"Uh... Not really...?" Chris smiles innocently smile and laughs with her. You wonder what he's talking about, but when you try to ask him again, your teacher enters the classroom. All the kids take their seats quickly, staying quiet.

"Good morning everyone, I'm Kouhachi Suzuki. I will teach this class. Please call me Hachi." After a short introduction, Mr. Hachi talks about how learning is important for life and he says that all dreams have a chance to come true. You are impressed by his words and like him.

"Mom, dad, my school and teacher are great!"

When school is over, you run to the cottage and tell them about your day at school. While you are talking, they look so happy. You think, even if we don't have a good environment and lack stuff, I like this school and Mr. Hachi is amazing. You think you can do well at school and think about your dream. What is my dream? You are reminded of Mr.Hachi's words and think about it. I feel like I can make big change for my life, you wonder. At night, you can't sleep again, but this time, it's because you are too excited about school.

Turn to page 305.

Two days later, you are standing in front of your house... Or is it your house?

"What is this...?" "NO JAPS WANTED HERE!" The big words are written on the wall outside. You sigh deeply and think, we can't change our past but we can make a better future. This time, we will be a U.S. citizen. You open the door, as dust and spider webs appear. You can see some broken parts.

"Jeez... I have to fix it." you say to yourself.

"Did I hear you wrong? "We" need to fix it, right honey?"

"Sure." suddenly, you hear voices behind you. You look back and run to the door. You jump to hug your parents in front of the door.

"DAD! MOM!" you are surprised, glad, and happy. Many of your emotions come up once, and your face is dirty with hard work. At night, you sleep on the floor with your parents. It hurts your body.

The next day, you wake up early because of habits you've become used to from camp. You open the door and run to the store to get the newspaper. The same guy that you met before the camp still works there. He has never spoken to you, but it's different this time.

"Hi!" he says to you, and he smiles at you for a little bit.

"JAP RETURN" After you arrive at home, you read the newspaper with your parents. It says the U.S. government decided to release all Japanese American internees from the camps.

"But now we have to rebuild our life." your father says. When you hear it, you notice that your real challenge starts now.

"Anyways, I have to find a job. I think we can join agriculture again." you say, and you talk about how you changed the agriculture environment in the camp. It surprises your parents and they praise you. You think about being a farmer again, but then you think about being a teacher. This makes your parents more surprised. They didn't expect those words to come from your mouth.

"But why?" your mother asks you.

"I don't know if I can be, but Mr. Hachi helped me so many times. He taught me other things besides studying, and I was really impressed. He taught me 'the power of a teacher' even after the government separated us, and he helped me a lot. I want to be a teacher like him."

"To become a teacher is really hard, but if you want to do it, I will support you." your father and mother agree.

At night, after you go to bed, you can't get sleep. You think, I thought I would never get this feeling again. You laugh but you are thinking if you should choose a realistic path or your dream. If you want to be a teacher, you have to study much harder than other people, and it will cost a lot. You ponder, perhaps it will suffer our budget, learning always takes cost. You are thinking another more. If you go back to agriculture, you can get money easily. "Dreams come true." Mr. Hachi's words complicate you. You think, hard decision! You cover your face.

If you decide to be a farmer and help the family, turn to page 325.

If you decide to be a teacher, turn to page 338.

Did You Know?

Although Japanese-Americans were released and were allowed to go home, their fighting was not done yet. Their houses were attacked and had slander and graffiti written all over them. The government lost many of the items that they confiscated from the internees. Fortunately, discrimination from the public was getting softer. Since almost all of the relocated Japanese-Americans lost their jobs, they began to look for new work.

While your father keeps packing at home, you and your mother go to downtown with another Japanese American family. You bring desks, books, rugs, and lamps. These are all the furnitures you will be selling, thanks to your father who worked hard. You think, we will lose all our property, with all our memories... You feel really sad and your tears spill from your eyes.

"Mom, let's start selling!" you smile to her and both of you begin selling. It's 9:00 A.M.. You and the other family member's voices become heard from down town. Contrary to your expectations, selling is not going good. It's already 5:00 P.M., but you just sold old lamps for fifty cents.

"This is nothing!" you yell at your mother angrily.

"We need to be patient." she says and she still smiles. It makes you more angrier. Other families give up selling their stuff. However, you and your mother remain at the street. You are on the verge of giving up.

"Mom, we should.."

"Hey, JAP, do you sell these?" you look back in response to the words. You want to say something, but your mother stops you from doing that.

"Yes, sir. Would you please give mercy to us?" she still smiles.

"You don't need to do that, mom." Finally, the guy buys all of the items but he gives you \$2.50.

"That's it!? These items are our property and my memories!" you yell.

"Huh, how dare you speak to me like that, you JAP! You must appreciate me, why do I have to give money to you? You can talk back to me, huh?" you chew your lips and remain silent.

"Let's go home, mom" you say to your mother. You leave her. You start walking back home.

"How was it? Hey wait!" you ignore your father and go straight to bed.

"He is just tired. Just leave him alone now." mother says. At night, you cry and wet the pillow. You are not sad about not getting a lot of money, but you're frustrated that your memories were bought by a guy. It's all gone. You remember your mother's attitude to the guy. You can't do anything you want with this order. You are extremely upset and frustrated.

Finally, it's the last day that your family finishes to prepare to go to the trolley station.

"Hurry up, mom and dad!" you and your family try to go to the station as soon as possible, but there's a long line. There is no space in the station. You go to the ticket base and try to get tickets, but it's already sold out.

"What?!" because all Japanese Americans must leave their house, they are not allowed to go home again.

"We have to stay here overnight." your father and mother give up.

“Oh.. My goodness!”

Finally, you can leave the station two days after you arrive there.

“I am so tired.” you fall asleep right after you take your seat.

“He must be tired.” your mother says. Your mother and father also look so tired. While you are in the trolley, you dream about you eating noodles that mother makes you often, Anne and John are sitting next to you. You are really happy with your friends, and you are smiling. You dream a very sad dream... With many hopeless Japanese Americans, the trolley keeps moving to the assembly center. It's December 25th, six days after the order.

Turn to page 301.

"I'm sorry," you apologize to father and mother in your mind and slowly open the door. After you close the door, you quickly run to your friends. At the same time, back home, tears from your father's eye reached to floor as if he knows everything. I don't know why...but I have a big presentiment. He notices that there's something wrong, like you're hiding something you don't want anyone to know. But, he also believes in you. Come back safely, son. But this time, there is no hope to fulfill his wish.

Moonlight has against you running,

"Huh...huh....huh." you pant. When you run out of breath, you can see your friends.

"I believed you were coming." he tells you. When you look around, you feel like there are supposed to be more people here.

"Where are others?" you ask him.

"Some of them didn't come here, maybe they got scared and ran away. But, it's ok I don't need chickens like them so..." he says distorting his face in disgust. His height scares you, he is the size of a monster. You hide your feeling. "Let's go guys." you and nine other boys follow him to the cottage of the Military Camp Manager.

Nine shadows are on the ground, each boy has a weapon that they made themselves. I should have brought something like that. You think, and you regret not having anything, so you look around. There are pieces of firewood near the cottage, you take it quickly and follow the boys again. When you arrive at one of the cottages, you stop walking. He looks at each of the boys' faces, making eye-contact.

"Ready?" as if his eyes are asking for your resolution, you and the boys move up ahead, keeping down. In the next moment, he and the two other boys in front begin running to the cottage. Breaking down the door, they step inside.

"What's wrong?!" You hear the man's voice and you make up your mind. You run inside with one of the firewood logs. Once you step inside, you see other boys already fighting with some of the military men.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" You hear horrendous cries, but you don't know who the screams belong to, your friends or the military men. But you try to brandish the log, you close your eyes in fear and you feel it hit something. When you open your eyes, a man is lying unconscious, your arms are shaking and you can't even move an inch.

"I have to go, I have to go..." the alarm is ringing in your head, "H-Help..."

You look back, hearing someone calling, but there is no one there. "Where?" at the same time, you slip on something on the floor. When you get on your hands and knees, you feel something warm and sticky on your hands. You move your head slowly to the left. "Ah...ah..." Eighteen pairs of eyes are looking at you. "Hey. Hey guys!" You yell, but there is no response.

“Hey...” at the time, you feel something cold against your forehead. You turn your head to right and look up slowly.

“Don’t forget about me.” The guy in front of you smiles, his thumb twitching on the trigger. Your entire body is shaking and tears are flowing down your face. “Don’t be scared, your friends waiting for you,” he tells you in a deep voice, “Goodbye, Jap,” your consciousness ends there.

~The End~

You believe that agriculture is easy for you, especially because there are only Japanese Americans in the field. You don't need to care about the owner or others arguing. You are also looked on as good farmer. There are a lot of kids your age, but your skills are by far the best.. You make many new machines with few materials in the camp, and you begin to study about the soil environment to grow better crops. However, even if you spend time to do this and you like this new lifestyle, everyday, you think about your parents and dreams. It is always same. You dream about you and your parents living in a real house, laughing. When you try to hug them, they always disappear and you are forced to wake up. You repeat this dream a thousand of times.

"Can you check my machine? It's moving strangely." when you look behind you, there are some farmers.

"Yeah, I will check it." you stop your work and stand up.

"But after you come and our crops grow well, we have to appreciate to you, right guys?"

"Yeah!" you laugh and begin check their machines.

"Oh... I need new screw." when you move your arm to the tool box, suddenly, all the farmers stops working.

"GOOD AFTERNOON! WE NEED ALL INTERNEES GATHERED IN FRONT OF THE MILITARY COTTAGE!" you wonder what's happening. There hasn't been an announcement for a long time since the questionnaire happened. You and the other farmers finish work quickly and go to the cottage. Thirty minutes later, it looks like all of the internees have arrived. You are reminded of the first day you came here. Then, you think, but I had a father and mother at the time. You realize that and you feel yourself almost cry. You stop thinking and focus on what's going on. After a short while, the military manager begins to speak, "AT FIRST, IT HAS BEEN FOUR YEARS SINCE THE GOVERNMENT MADE RELOCATION CAMPS, BUT TODAY, TWO HOURS AGO, OUR GOVERNMENT DECIDED TO RELEASE ALL OF THE INTERNEES IN WESTERN REGION." after the manager finishes the last sentence, other guys try to explain their plan. The people remain silent for a short while, but someone suddenly screams.

"WE ARE FREE!"

"YEAH! WE ARE FREE!"

"WE CAN GO OUTSIDE!" all of the internees, or "former" internees, begin jumping, hugging, and dancing.

"STOP! CALM DOWN!" you watch the military manager try to keep explaining, but it looks like nobody can hear it anymore. While you watch them, you feel like this is a dream. You wonder and hit your cheek.

"It hurts... It hurts.. IT HURTS!" Finally, you believe what just happened to you.

After that, the situation moves quickly. First, the government decides that internees may go outside. They gave money to the internees to go

home. Everyone is excited to go outside, but you are excited to meet your parents instead.

"I hope they are fine." you ride a trolley and find a seat. Last time I rode this, I had the opposite feeling, you think.

"DOOR IS CLOSED!" you look at the window, and you see the cottage and farm past you. You remember many good memories and terrible memories. You think to yourself, we are free, we won. You fall asleep and this time, you can hug them in a dream.

Turn to page 309.

When you arrive at the store, your eyes turn bigger and many words jumps into your eyes. "WE DO NOT NEED JAP" "KEEP JAP AWAY" "BETRAYED" There are many of those papers written about Japanese on the wall. You feel your heart drop, "inescapable" one term comes up in your head. Wherever I go, no, "we" go, these mental attacks chase us. You give up thinking about what you saw and think about what's going to happen next. The world as you know it has been changing. You try to ignore these papers and step in the store. Even though after you are inside, you see some windows are broken. You look away from these reality and try to find newspaper.

"LOS ANGELES TIMES," You pick up one of the newspaper from the shelf and some food and take it to the cash register. He looks pale but glances at you a few times. You are thinking if you should ask him about the attack. You feel a little comfort because he too is Japanese American.

If you decide to talk to him, turn to page 299.

If you decide to go straight to home, turn to page 321.

While your mother and father worry about you, you are out walking, not paying attention to where you're headed..You just can't sleep and obey rules. You don't think you can stay here anymore.

"This is not what I expected." you say,still walking along the road, your shadow is getting darker and darker. I wonder what time curfew starts...As you are thinking about it, you bump into someone with your shoulder. You almost fall down as a result of that hitting. "Hey watch out!!" You yell to that person, but they yell at you too.

"Don't you dare!" he looks the same age as you, "You wanna fight with me?" he asks you. You get more frustrated and stare him. In your head, you remember what you told your parents and elderly couple in the assembly center. If I get into some problem here. You think, I'm sure I gonna get in big trouble but...You also feel really bad about this boy and your head is overwhelmed with full of frustration. I will end up crazy if I keep these thoughts in my mind. You clench your fist and stand across the boy. "So you wanna fight?" He asks again. This time you hate his smile, and you tell him.

If you decide to say "sure" and hit his face, turn to page 293.

If you decide to say "I don't care about you" and run to the cottage, turn to page 330.

You run into town and you can't see anything. You feel water accumulating in your eyes, and you tightly close your mouth, but salt has spread in there.

"Go home, go home," you repeat the same phrase in your head.

"Dad! Mom!" you yell as you open the door. No response. You are walk back and forth in your room and wait for their return.

"Son, are you alright!?"

You can't see the sun outside and you begin to feel colder. You prepare to burn firewood and throw it into the fireplace. Then you run towards your dad the moment you finished.

You hug father tightly, "Dad, I'm alright. Where is mom?" You find your mom behind him. She looks so tired and her lips are shaking. You and your parents hug again and sits down.

"Ok, what should we talk about first," your father bravely speaks first and you listen to him quietly. "...so we have to decide."

After he said his last words, you already feel overwhelmed. Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. US government decided to take action. You runaway. Many words run through your head. While you are thinking, you gradually get tired. That is the last memory that you remember before you lie down on the sofa.

When you open eyes, you feel the bright sun shining on your face. You begin to move slowly and think about last night.

"Oh my goodness... I had a terrible dream last night... Wait! That wasn't a dream!!!" You lie down on the sofa again. "Dad?" You wait for a response. But this time, the warmth of your family is gone.

You get off the sofa and walk into a cold room. Now you have a big concern to figure out, if you should go to work or not. John said that the owner thinks about Japanese Americans badly. Obviously, if you don't go back to your job, you can't get any money for family

"Run away!" John's words races through your mind, and it makes your decision more difficult to choose.

"What should I do?"

If you decide to go to work, turn to page 327.

If you decide to stay home today, turn to page 323.

When you go inside the store, all the sounds and voices stop at once. Everyone turns to look at you. You freeze in place, and try to act as if nothing happened. You try to find the newspaper as fast as you could. "LOS ANGELES TIMES," Fortunately, you find it easily. It's next to the entrance. You feel like it takes hours to pick up the paper and walk to the other side of the store to get some food. You walk fast toward to cash register. When you try to give money to the store clerk, you can't look her in the face. She doesn't look at you either, and starts packing your items. Shes just staring you and you are thinking what you should do.

If you decide to talk to her, turn to page 300.

If you decide to pay and go home, turn to page 317.

The minute you get home, you quickly grab a newspaper. Before you start to read, fatigue hits you like a storm. You sit on the couch and take a deep breath. You prepare yourself for the news and turn the first page. The first words you see on the paper are even more shocking than you expected. "JAPAN PICTURED AS A NATION OF SPIES." That's why...that's why the owner tried to catch me, that's why people gaze at me like an enemy, that's why...John yelled at me. Finally, you understand why the world surrounding you has changed. You read that the Japanese attacked the U.S. Navy fleet at Pearl Harbor on December 7. They killed 2,400 military personnel with 200 Japanese bombers and destroyed hundreds of aircrafts. But, that was not by Japanese Americans, Japan did it. Your homeland attacked your country, this is true, but it seems like the U.S. citizens don't think of it that way. "DID THEIR LOYALTIES LIE WITH JAPAN OR WITH THE UNITED STATES?" At the moment, you ask to yourself, Am I Japanese, or American? Thousands of thoughts have passed in your head, "I-I am..."

"Are you still awake son?!" You here your father say.

"Dad?" you start to ask. He cuts you off,

"We have a conference tonight, this must be important. I think you are old enough to join it. It is about time I recognize you as a man, not a boy."

"When will we leave home?" You ask scared.

"Right now." He answers.

Turn to page 303.

“TIME IS UP!” You release your pencil and as it clatters to the floor you pass your papers to your father. He silently grabbed the papers and ran to the military cottage to hand them over.

“That was hard,” your mother says to you.

“Yeah, mom...” Did you notice those questions? You want to ask her about that, but you hesitate. After your father comes, he is the first to break the silence that has settled over the room.

“Can I ask about numbers 27 and 28?” you snap your head upwards to look at his face..

“I answered No” your mother quietly whispers.

“Me too,” your father says. They look towards you awaiting your answer.

“I...I answered...” you feel hours pass as your try to speak, sweat dripping down your face. “..No,” your mother and father release the breath they’ve been holding, and smile with relief. You think, If I answered Yes, I might not be here now. But, you still wonder about governments real intention. You find out the answer one week later.

That day, after you come back home from school, you immediately notice a heavy tension hanging heavily in the air.

“What’s up dad, mom?” You wonder why they look so sad and depressed.

“This is their goal, so tricky...” your mother mutters.

“What do you mean, mom,” she passes you a piece of paper, and you feel your face drain of color. This paper is for the internees who answered have “No” to the loyalty test. It forces people to move to another camp, which gathers those who are danger to the government, the nation, and its people.

Your family and some of other families who were chosen by the military to go to other camp, begin preparing to move. You went to school to tell Mr. Hachi, Chris and Alex farewell, they cried, telling you they would miss you. You tell them you would miss them as well, but you promised yourself you would never shed a tear in front of anyone.

You hear the whispers in your mind of, “We will miss you...” as you run to your cottage, collapsing on your bed, hiding your tears. You cover yourself from head to toe with blanket and crying into your pillow. You can’t stop the tears that are pouring out of you, eventually, weariness takes over and you fall asleep.

February 19, 1943. Exactly, one year later that the order was given for you to be moved to another camp. You and your family ride the trolley again, heading to Tule Lake Camp.

"I will keep my promise with John."

You decide to stay home today, even if you don't get money for today.

You don't want to get in trouble, but you also worry about John. The owner notices that you heard about his plan. You shake your head and try to forget about that. I have to forget him. As if they are magical words, you repeat it to yourself.

The sky has turned red. When you realize you are getting cold, the sky was already turned red. Suddenly, you stand.

What did I do? What should I have done? What did dad say yesterday?! Once you think about yesterday, hundreds of memories start running in your head. You shake your head again. I should have listened to dad carefully. Since you were so tired, you don't remember what your dad said. But you are pretty sure that it was something important about the attack. I don't know anything. I need to know why owner and other people are trying to get me. But how?...How can I get it?

Usually, you go to Japanese American community center to talk to people. But this time even that place is dangerous. After a short while, you come up with an idea, Newspaper! That is I don't need to face to people so long! I must go right now. You try to move quickly but your body doesn't move like you had expected it to. You notice that you are very tired. Waves begin to strike your body.

"Oh my goodness, my arms! My legs! Do I have lead or something in my body?" You remember that yesterday you had to run from people who were chasing you. Wow, why didn't I notice it? That's why, I must be tired. You laugh to yourself. You then begin to move slowly and carefully this time, You also think you need to refresh your thinking. I don't wanna get even more tired but I wanna breathe the clean air outside...Which store do I go?

If you decide to go to the closest store, turn to page 327.

If you decide to go to the further store, turn to page 320.

"Hurry up!" you look to your back and see his face. You decide to trust him now. You and him run between the buildings.

"WHERE IS HE?!" you look back again and hear their voices from far away. He still grabs your hands and keeps running.

"Where... Are we... Going!?" you ask him while running,

"I will tell you later! keep running now!" he doesn't look at you, but he yells. You wonder how long you have been running, but now, you can see many people,

"I know this place." you tell him, as he laughs.

"Sure you do. This is the Japanese American Community Center. We have a conference tonight." you believe you hear some people talking about it.

"But why did you call me at that time?" that is one thing you really wonder about.

"I don't think you know me, but I saw you a few times in this neighborhood, so I thought you were Japanese American. I thought I needed to help you."

"Wow, I didn't know that. Yeah, I'm very appreciative about that." you think if you've seen him before, but you don't remember. "I'm sorry, I don't know you, but thanks anyway. What's your..?" When you look up, you realize he disappears. You look around and try to find him, but finally, you can't find him. "I didn't even get the chance to tell him I appreciate it..." you think you should have told him at first, "I wish I could meet him again." You walk into crowd.

Turn to page 303.

Since you came here, you and your family have been able to live in the same room. That is one thing you feel really comfortable about living here, but you just have wooden beds and a small window. You are forced to put up with cramped up little spaces.

"This is too small for us." Everyday, you complain to your father.

"To be patient, everyone has to stay here." You respect your father, and he doesn't even complain about anything, just try to make you feel calm down. Also, you are frustrated about the many rules here. You can't go outside. You have limit to bring stuff to camp. You can't do many things. You can't... you can't...

"I can't do anything!"

Especially, you really hate curfew. After joining this camp, you made new friends, and you are glad that they want to hang out with you.

"Hey, what's up!" When you call them, they always look so tired since you and your friends help make this camp better.

"Yeah, not bad. I'm just tired." You have a job during daytime. So even if you meet with them during daytime, they don't have enough time to talk.

One day you suggest to them, "How about we meet at evening?"

"Don't you remember? We can't walk around after 6 o'clock."

"Yeah, that stupid rule!" You and your friends talk a lot about that.

"If we don't have curfew," you think, "we can talk more."

You are working and thinking at the same time one day at lunch. When you begin walking back to your room, you hear someone calling you. You look around and try to find where this voice coming from.

"Hey, here!" You look at behind the building, and you find one of your friends.

"Hi, what are you doing here?" Once you step in behind the building, there are your other friends too. While you wonder, a boy in the middle of the circle talks to you.

"We can't put up with any more of bontage." You step back by being pushed to his spirit. "So we have decided to fight against the military... tonight."

"Tonight!? But isn't that too steep!? Even if I do that, we should make a more specific plan." You try to persuade them, but it seems like they'll run at any moment now.

"I need your help!" They don't hear you anymore. "Can you come?" You hesitate for a moment.

"Sure." You answer them without thinking about it. While you are watching them with their glee, your anxiety levels rise.

Crying of the crickets strangely get louder. When you look up the window, it's already pitch dark outside. You think to yourself as you're looking at your parent's faces. When you came into the room, they sense that you are a little bit different. Although they don't say anything to you, it

seems like father knows everything.

"Be patient son." Before your father turns the light off, you shake your shoulders.

"I know dad, I know," you tell this to yourself. The clock moves to 12.

"It's time."

You wake up slowly and touch the door. You are still thinking about what your dad has told you. "Be patient." "I need your help!" Two different phrases that fogs up your mind.

If you decide to betray your father and help your friends against these stupid rules, turn to page 313.

If you decide to betray your friends and keep your promise to your father, turn to page 289.

Even if there is danger, I want to meet John again, I have a lot of things that I want to say to him! You say to yourself and run to the door. While you're running into town, you notice some people gazing at you, but you keep running.

"John!" you call his name as you're running. You are happy to see him again. You think John feels the same thing.

"Hey, what's up?" Since he doesn't face you, you say it to him again. He doesn't still see you. "Hey, John did you--"

"WHY DID YOU COME HERE?!" He yells with a voice you've never heard from him before. You can see anger and hatred on his face. You're surprised because you think John would be glad. You hear words you don't want to hear. "It seems like you don't understand what I'm talking about, so I'll tell you again. WHY DID YOU COME HERE?! YOU JAPANESE TRAITOR!" He says with rage in his voice.

"Wh-What are you talking about? Why did you call me that? You must know I didn't betray this country!" You say to him with grief in your voice. His facial expression doesn't change.

"SO WHAT?! JAP" He says coldly.

He has changed. You don't know what happened to him, but it's obvious that John turned into a different person almost overnight. Your heart is breaking without making a noise. "But John, I-I like..."

"SHUT UP!" your voice is blocked by biting his word. "GO AWAY." He says and turns around. While you are looking back at him, you freeze. "DON'T MAKE ME SAY THE SAME THING AGAIN, GO AWAY JAP!". You see his shoulder shakes. You think it's because in anger.

"John...?" you can only call his name while running, Why? This time you run holding your heart.

John is still shaking his shoulder. However, he is crying. Big tears, one after another, running down his cheeks.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I have to do this in order for you to not come here again...I'm sorry." His clumsy tenderness would never reach to you. You wonder how far you ran, because you don't recognize where you are.

"I wanna go home..." You murmur softly. You begin to walk and realize you are hungry. Oh...I didn't have anything since yesterday, my stomach needs food even at a time like this. You smile bitterly, but the more you think about food, the more you realize your hunger. "How much did I run today?" Your body aches and you feel hunger, "I really wanna eat noodles right now...but it's not sold in the general store." But you want to forget about John "I need clean air for my heart".

If you decide to go to a store near the farm, turn to page 320.

If you decide to go to a store near the house, turn to page 321.

"No, I'm not gonna leave here!"

You decide to stay and you think to yourself, "It was not my fault. I like this country. This is my home. There is no reason I have to run away from here."

"Why don't you listen to me!" John yells at you.

You see in his eyes the feeling of sadness and fear. You can feel that he is really worried about you. Few minutes later, you begin to regret your decision.

"THERE YOU ARE!" Suddenly, you and John hear a big angry voice. You look around and try to find where it's coming from. While you are feeling anxious, this reminds you about the first time you met John in the field.

"See! They are coming. Go home right now!" said John.

But you don't believe that owner will try to catch you. You still couldn't decide if you should go. While you think about it in your head, the voices gradually increase.

"CATCH THE JAPANESE!" "DON'T FORGIVE THEM!" "WE DON'T NEED JAPS!"

This time, you finally realize you are wrong. Even if you think you are Japanese, there is a cultural, genetic Japanese relationship. They just see you as Japanese.

"Run!!!" John pushes your back and says, "Don't look back again!"

You begin to run back home.

Turn to page 319.

"I chose number two," you tell them.

"Ok then. Good bye and good luck."

Even after you left the stable, they look at you. Until you arrive at West Station, you can't see them anymore. You keep waving your hands good-bye.

"Bye!" Finally, you give your last farewell. "We can meet again, right dad?" you ask your father. He makes a troubled face. "Right dad?" you ask him again, wanting to believe that you will see them again.

"If you believe, it could be," he says to you, trying to appease you.

You breathe deeply. "Hey, dad I..." But when you call him, he catches your eyes. West station is overwhelming. Obviously, there are too many people in line.

When the trolley came to the station, people are yelling and moving rapidly. As you search for the shortest trolley line, you keep moving through the crowd, looking for a seat, and thinking which line has less people.

"Dad, I think that one has a shorter line." You tell your father, then lead him and your mother to the line.

Turn to page 292.

"I don't care about you!" You yell to him and run to cottage.

"You dumbass!" he says to you, but you ignore him. After you arrive at the cottage, you open the door slowly, not to awake your family.

"We were so worried about you!" At the same time your mother gives you a hug from behind you.

"Did you stay awake mom?!" You are surprised.

"Of course we did," your father turns on light and smiles to you.

"Dad!" You run to to father and hug him too. "I'm sorry about my behavior dad." You cry into his arms.

"It's ok, we understand what you're feeling. I'm just glad you're back here safe and sound." You talk to them about the boy. "Anyways, I'm really glad that you were brave," he says. "Good night, son." You fall asleep between mother and father.

Few days later, you hear that boy is sent to another camp.

"I was right!" At that moment, you realize that you made the right decisions. Then you hear your dad calling out to you.

"I'm coming, dad!" You decide to follow rules, but you also promise yourself that you will never give up.

Turn to page 345.

"No, I'm not gonna leave here!"

You decide to stay and you think to yourself, "It was not my fault. I like this country. This is my home. There is no reason I have to run away from here."

"Why don't you listen to me!" John yells at you.

You see in his eyes the feeling of sadness and fear. You can feel that he is really worried about you. Few minutes later, you begin to regret your decision.

"THERE YOU ARE!" Suddenly, you and John hear a big angry voice. You look around and try to find where it's coming from. While you are feeling anxious, this reminds you about the first time you met John in the field.

"See! They are coming. Go home right now!" said John.

But you don't believe that owner will try to catch you. You still couldn't decide if you should go. While you think about it in your head, the voices gradually increase.

"CATCH THE JAPANESE!" "DON'T FORGIVE THEM!" "WE DON'T NEED JAPS!"

This time, you finally realize you are wrong. Even if you think you are Japanese, there is a cultural, genetic Japanese relationship. They just see you as Japanese.

"Run!!!" John pushes your back and says, "Don't look back again!" You begin to run back home.

Turn to page 319.

After you arrive at the station, you feel the air is different from the camp you used to live in.

"I don't think I can do well here." you walk to the wired fence surrounded by guards with guns. You step into the camp.

"Hey, come here boy." you are taken with many other boys, "From this day on, you guys must work as farmers." The guard says to you and the other boys. He gives you clothes for work. "Your work starts at seven in the morning. You can take a rest. You can also have lunch and dinner." It sounds not too terrible, you think.

"If you cause some trouble in here..." suddenly, he changes his attitude and tells the boys. You stiffen when you hear his voice. "We don't prepare the other camp for you, it means..." you hear someone swallow deeply.

"Yes, sir." you and the other boys begin living together since that day.

Contrary to your expectations, the result of living in this camp has been terrible. Even if you have rest time in a day, it makes nothing better. It's 5:30 in the morning, and it's time to get up. Since you are separated from your parents, you share a room with three other boys. The rooms look the same as what you had in the former camp. They have nine rooms for boys, so the room is small for these teen boys. The problem is not only the room, but these boys are not kind to you. It's because they have all encountered some trouble in the camp before they were sent here. They always argue with each other. There is one bad boy, who is called "Boss" from the other boys. He is the tallest and strongest of the farmers, but hated by everybody. The next day, when you wake up and prepare to go to work, you hear someone yelling at the dining hall. You wonder what is going on and walk over there. You see Boss looking mad because of something that occurred.

"Who stole my watch!?" he yells in the middle of the room looking at all of the boys. You are also scared about who planned this stupid idea. All of the boys know that Boss treasures his watch. Whenever you see him, even if it's bath time, he has never taken it off from his wrist. You remember that he once said it was a present from his father.

This is going to be terrible, you think and try to escape from the room. Suddenly, Boss yells to everyone.

"Freeze! I'm pretty sure someone in this room took my watch, so I will check each of you guys and find this stupid robber!" you are depressed again. It's still 6:00 A.M.. Maybe your brain isn't working yet.

"I'm done with this boy," he says. You and the other boys are scared of Boss, but you have to wait until he comes to check. You are dozing off while you are waiting, and you don't notice that someone stretches out his arm in your pocket.

"Hey, stand up. It's your turn!" Suddenly, you are pulled by strong power. You quickly move your body and stand up, while he is checking your body. You are just thinking, when is this over!? You glimpse at the clock, and it's 6:30 A.M.. It is thirty minutes before work begins. When you look at Boss, he is checking your pocket, and in his hand, you can see his watch. You don't know what's going on because you don't know anything about it. He pulls the watch from your pocket.

"So you did it!" when you realize what has happened, Boss stands up vigorously to hit you. His face and hand is already in front of your face.

"I don't know anything about it! I'm tricked by..." before you finish talking, you feel a large impact on your face, making your head jolt back. You feel the cold ground touching your cheek. You can see everyone's shoes. While you are closing your eyes, you hear everyone's voice and many sounds of stomping come into the room.

"Hey, hey, are you alright?" someone says to you, but all you can see is his military clothes.

"He stole my watch, I'm not bad!"

"Shut up!" you hear Boss arguing with the military guys. It sounds like they took him away. "For the rest of you guys, it's time to work!" another military guy tells the boys, as you are carried to the medical cottage. You wonder how long you have been sleeping here... You remember that someone tricked you and your boss hit you. When you wake up in the bed, the sky turns red. You want to drink water. When you try to stand up, your legs reach the floor. You realize no power enters your foot, "What? What's going on!?" You try harder but you fall down because you can't support your body. "I need some help!" you think this is going to be terrible and you try to call someone for help. You notice your voice doesn't come out. When you are thinking what just happened to your body, someone opens the door. You look up at the person and he runs to you.

"You.. You are awake!" he suddenly cries in front of you, but you don't know who he is. After he calms down, he begins to tell you something that surprises you, "First of all, I have to apologize to you, it was, it was me who stole the watch from Boss and put it into your pocket. That was just my little impulse to embarrass Boss but.. I didn't expect him to get mad like that. I felt terribly scared and I..." while he talks to you, he also cries. You feel really mad at him since he tricked you, and thanks to him, you had to sleep on the bed.

"I know Boss is strong and nobody likes him. I might have done the same thing if I had a chance." you forgive him and wonder, "By the way, I wonder how long was I asleep here? Two days, or perhaps one week?" you-

ask him. He makes a terrible face, and tells you slowly.

“I’m so sorry. It has been one year since you slept...” you can’t understand what he just said to you.

“WHAAAAT!?”

“Also, while you were sleeping, the U.S. government decided to release us.” you are so surprised that you faint again.

After you wake up, the time passes by quickly, and you are allowed to go home. Since Boss caused trouble, he has to stay here longer than the other boys. He is also forced to work for the military until all of the other internees in Tule Lake are released. You have to continue the rehabilitation for a few weeks because you can’t move your body yet. On January 18th, 1946, you finally step out of Tule Lake Relocation Center.

Turn to page 309.

You get up a little bit later than usual. You think about the new job all night.

"Good morning." you walk into the living room.

"Good morning son, did you sleep well?" he asks you.

"Yeah, I guess." you say, but you look let down and have dark circles around your eyes.

"I don't think so." he laughs.

"Haha, I can't hide anything to you. But I have decided, dad." you laugh feeble and tell him, "I will join the farm again. I think this is the best decision for me. I can get money easily and I know how to do it." Your father listens to your story carefully then he asks you.

"Are you sure?" he asks for confirmation.

"Yes, dad." finally, you smile to him and hug each other. Your mother doesn't say anything but she hugs you.

"I'm proud of you." she whispers in your ear.

You walk down the street, and many people look at you, but you don't feel hated from them anymore. You walk the same street that you ran on before the camp.

You think, I had to run away from everything. You are really glad that you can walk this street safely now. You arrive on the field and think, this is a familiar sight to me. You stretch yourself and step on the field. After a short while, you knock on the door.

"Come in!" after you hear the voice, you open the door with energy and anxiety. If owner still hates me... I have to run again, you think to yourself. You hear that many Japanese Americans are still looking for a job. Even if camp is over, our challenge is still in front of us, you wonder. You look up and around the room. There is a person that you know.

"Long time, no see owner, Do you reme.."

"I had been regretful about you for a long time." he interrupts you and keeps talking, "I'm really sorry that we didn't trust you and treated you in such an awful way. We didn't see the truth and thought the wrong way. After the war, we finally noticed we were wrong, so please forgive us." He says to you. He looks at your face for a long time, and you can't stop crying again, but this time, you cry without sadness.

"Yes, yes owner." you smile and cry at the same time, and shake his hand strongly. You talk to the owner about how you have developed agriculture in the camp, and suggest some new machines that you came up with.

"That sounds amazing, can you make it here too?" you decide to begin making a new machine, and study about soil to make more crops. You are not sure if your decision is right yet, but you step into a new life.

A few years later...

"Does anyone wanna help me!?" you yell to a large field, touching your dark black beard around your mouth. You try to stand up on the field, but your cry is vanished into the air. You don't see anyone behind the fog, but you try to find other farmers. You wonder, they were here a few minutes ago. You breathe a sigh from melancholy since you still have to carry these machines to the office. Today, you have an important meeting about the new machine and you have to show the owner these machines. You look around and sigh again. Why do I have to do all, you think. You feel dizziness when you just think about it. You try again with lower-back pain. You think, I'm not young enough anymore. You laugh.

"Hey, what's up?" suddenly, you hear the voice behind you and narrow your circled eyes. Unexpectedly, the guy who is almost the same age as you appears, "Haha, do you need help?" He laughs. He smiles politely.

"Thanks for helping!" you know this is not the first time that you talked with him.

"No problem." he says.

"So what's your name again?" you ask the guy. He is white and he has light brown hair with white hairs. Your voice has shaken.

"I'm John." It's the same time that you hear his name and you jump to him. You hug him tightly. The fog has gone without your noticing it and the sun shines on the two guys in the large field. You can't say anything and he is also silent, but you feel happiness ever since you came back from the camp. You think, my life has just started, if I were in a hard situation, I can go anywhere and be anything I want. You say in your mind and weep in each other's arms.

~The End~

"Hurry up, dad and mom!" you take them to the first line and line up in a row.

"Don't push me!"

"Hey, who stepped on my feet!?" Many voices surround you and roaring is everywhere. You can feel people's anger, impatience, and grief. Everyone worries about what's going on and nobody knows exactly where they are going. Hopefully, nothing happens, you think. You try hard not to fall down by those people.

"THE DOOR IS OPEN!" a driver yells to the people. Commotion becomes bigger and bigger.

"I'm first!"

"No! It's me!" They are like beasts. You tell yourself that you don't want to act like that. You feel like you see everyone's true colors. When people fall into a real crisis, you think, they show their real personality. When you ride the trolley, three hours pass since you and your family had arrived at the station. You can't get a seat, but you still stand by the door.

"THE DOOR IS CLOSED!" the driver leaves the empty station and it starts moving.

Turn to page 295.

You get up a little bit later than usual, you couldn't sleep because you think about your new job all night.

"Good morning" You walk to living room and say to your parents.

"Good morning, son, did you sleep well?" Father asks.

"Yeah, I guess." You say, but you look really let down and have dark rings around your eyes.

"I don't think so." He laughs.

"Ha-ha, I can't hide anything from you. But I decided, dad." You laugh feeble and tell him. "I wanna be a teacher, I know it won't be easy but...I wanna be like a Mr. Hachi, I wanna teach our culture as a Japanese American to the next generation." Father listens your story carefully then asks you a serious question.

"Are you sure?" He asks.

"Yes, dad." Finally, you smile at him and you both hug each other. Mother doesn't say anything but she hugs you too.

"I'm proud of you." She whispers in your ear.

At first, you have to think about how you can be a teacher, since you have not been able to go to school for long. I am pretty sure that you have to finish school first. This is much much harder than I thought. You begin to re-think if your decision was right.

"Do you want to join me at the community meeting today?" One day father asks you. You are too tired. "I think you need to take a rest, and it will be a good opportunity for you to talk with other people your age." You agreed to father's suggestion and go to community center. It looks much better. When you came back soon after the camp close, community center was broken by other people, but Japanese American community tried to re-make it, also you heard government helped to do it.. Wow...this is amazing, you think to yourself. Although there are a bunch of people, you can't see anyone you know. I'm tired...I can't find anyone. When you think you want to go home, suddenly someone grabs your shoulder and pulls you strongly.

"Wooo!!" You are surprised because it's too sudden. When you realize, you are standing by the window, away from the crowd, you look up the person who took you here and you complain. "Hey, what are you..!" But when you look that persons eyes, you begin crying and jump at him for a hug.

"I told you, all dreams comes true, see? My dream came true in the end." He tells you and pats your head softly, you know his hands, you know this voice, this is what you needed.

"Mr...Hachi." You hug him tightly and cry.

A few years later...

"So this x equals 3, does that make sense?" You ask the many little eyes sitting on the floor, looking up at you with strong power and desire.

"I don't understand!" a girl in the middle of the circle yells.

"Me, neither!"

"I wanna go home!" They shout. Your head droops, and you say to them,

"Again?! I taught same thing three times!!" You touch your black beard and hair.

"I can take your white hairs if you want to!" A boy sits on the chair in a back tells you loudly. Everyone begins laughing and starting their own conversations.

"Can anyone help me?" You ask in your mind and sigh again.

Turn to next page.

DID YOU KNOW?

Since many problems arose since their release from the internment camps, the Japanese American Citizens League and other support groups began to pressure the government to compensate internees for lost their property. In the early 1970's, there was a formal apology from the government to former internees along with reparations. President Gerald Ford admitted that "the evacuation was wrong" and "Japanese-Americans were and are loyal Americans." The final apology from the government was The Civil Liberties Act of 1988, including full redress payments for former internees to compensate for their lost property. However, it had been 42 years since the last camp closed, and most of adult Issei at the time had already died.

"What are you guys doing?" Suddenly the door has opened and an old man comes into the classroom. They stop talking and looking at him.

"Are you guys behaving well?" He asks them.

"Yes, Mr. Hachi." They suddenly change their attitude. They become quiet and nice.

"I can see so many liars here!" You laugh and say to them. You catch his eyes for a short while, and smile at him.

"Okay, now let's keep studying, open your textbook to page 46!" They are smiling, and the sound of each student turning the page echos in the classroom.

"I will go to a meeting then." The old man told everyone and disappeared.

"And then..." You try to keep them studying.

"I'm tired!" They say.

"Can I take a nap?" each student begins to speak again.

"Oh...man!!" you hold your head in your hands and hit your forehead to the blackboard.

"Are you okay?" some students asks you.

"Do you think I'm okay?" You ask, but you don't feel bad feeling anymore. You think to your self. I can make a new future with them, you think and look around at all of the little eyes. "Okay, I don't wanna do math anymore, today I will talk about a dream!" Suddenly you yell to the classroom. They change their attitude again and look interested in your story.

"When I first met Mr. Hachi..." You begin.

~The End~

Did You Know?

Since many problems arose since their release from the internment camps, the Japanese American Citizens League and other support groups began to pressure the government to compensate internees for lost their property. In the early 1970's, there was a formal apology from the government to former internees along with reparations. President Gerald Ford admitted that "the evacuation was wrong" and "Japanese-Americans were and are loyal Americans." The final apology from the government was The Civil Liberties Act of 1988, including full redress payments for former internees to compensate for their lost property. However, it had been 42 years since the last camp closed, and most of adult Issei at the time had already died.

TIME IS UP!" You release your pencil and papers. You pass them down to your father. He takes them in silence and walks over to the military cottage to turn them in.

"That was hard" Mother says to you.

"Yeah, mom..." You reply. You want to talk to her more about the questions, but before you can say anything, your father bursts into the room. You decide to ask him instead.

"Can I ask what you both put for 27 and 28?" You move your body quickly and look at his face.

"I answered no." your mother says.

"Me, too." your father says, they wait for you to answer.

"I...I answered..Yes". They both gasp in shock.

"Okay...we understand, that's your decision." says father. You don't know what to say. You feel so ashamed, you can't even look them in the eyes. You decide to go outside to be alone, you start running.

What should I have done? You ask yourself without being able to answer. While you are running, you are thinking about the government's real intention. They must have plan. The answer is known one week later.

After the questionnaire, you have not spent much time with your parents. You don't know how you can talk to them again.

"Do you have something you want to talk about?" Mr. Hachi asks you one day after school.

"Why?" You ask him.

"You seem like you've changed. I don't see that same boy you used to be anymore. I miss that boy" he says to you. Although you do feel like a different person and you have stopped talking to anyone, Mr. Hachi is still being kind to you and his attitude has not changed.

"..Mr...Hachi.." You begin cry and talk about your feelings. At first he tried to stop you from crying, but he listens carefully to your story. You tell him about the questionnaire and how you chose different answers from your parents, and you feel like you betrayed them. "That's why I don't know how I can talk to them again" after you stopped crying, he pats you on the head,

"I believe your decision is right, and I think your parents think so too."

"Really?"

"Of course, they are your parents, how could you not trust them?" you realize how childish you had been and decide to fix things.

"Thank you Mr. Hachi, I have to apologize to them!" You stand up quickly and run to the cottage.

"Dad..mom!" You open the door and yell. Your parents are surprised. "I'm sorry I've been.." Your words were bothered by a big hug. Even though they don't say anything, you know how much they love you.

"I'm proud of you, son." Your dad tells says, you cry again. However, the actual situation leaves little room for optimism. The Government decided to gather people who answered No, to other camps. Your parents, of course were not excluded.

"Why? How could it be possible?!" You don't believe that you have to be separated from your parents,

"I'm sorry son, but I want you to go your own way. This is our choice and you have your choice. I know you can do it and this is not really our last farewell...but forgive us..." You look around and see other children begging their parents to stay just like you.

"Don't leave me mom!!" You can see a little girl, younger than you screaming and a woman probably her mother running away from her crying. The kid tries to follow her but a man picks her up and takes her inside the cottage.

Maybe that girl's mother is forced to move to another camp, like my parents. You feel sad but stop yourself before you cry. When you and your parents arrive the station, you see the saddest farewells you have ever seen. At the time you realize how this questionnaire separates family each other and it brings more depression and sadness to this camp. Before the trolley leaves the camp, finally your parents show tears in front of you and you see your father's tears for the first time in your life.

"Dad, I will do my best!" You can't stop your tears from your eyes and wave hands until the trolley is finally disappeared. After the trolley gone, rest of family who might answered feel loyalty to the U.S., they stood there as if paralyzed in the quiet station.

After your parents were sent to the Tule Lake camp, your life changes. You have to quit school and are forced to find a job just so you can eat.

"That was very short, but I learned a lot of thing from you, Mr. Hachi." The last day of the school, you tell him your appreciation. "Chris, Alex, thanks for giving me this precious time." They all cry a lot but you have to make big decision again. After the government decided to move people who answered no loyalty to the U.S., they re-start getting people jobs, some people begun work on building and some are cooks for internees, school has started again and you really want to go. But, since you lost your parents and have to make money by yourself, there is no way to go to school again.

Turn to next page.

While you are checking the list of work, finally you find you have only two jobs that you might be able to do. First one is join agriculture, since you had good experience and you know how to do it. You think you can do it very well, and the second one is join draft, this one is challenge for you because you have never do this before and last time you didn't choose this. But this time, I don't have any concern anymore, I have loyalty to the U.S., I have to keep my iron will for interneers and my parents. You know this is risky and agriculture is much much easier.

If you decide to join agriculture, turn to page 315.

If you decide to join draft, turn to page 284.

"Dad, mom wake up! We have to go!"

"Alright, alright, calm down. We have to wait for those people." you move your eyes to the people in front of you. There are already thousands of people outside, and they look like the same people you saw on the trolley. You expect that this camp is better than the assembly center.

"Hopefully, we can get one room per family." your father says.

"Sure we can. Ready dad and mom? one, two, three!" you jump outside.

"Here we are...?" After you get off the trolley, you can't move from there.

There are hundreds of the same shaped cottages. It's settled exactly the same angle and there is equal space between each cottage. It doesn't look too bad. However, once you move your eyes around cottage, you see that there are barbed-wire fences. Machine guns surround the whole camp.

"Welcome to Granada Camp! I know you guys are tired, but before you go to your cottage, I need you to follow the rules here..." while the camp manager is talking about this camp, your ears don't catch anything.

Once you step into the camp, you feel like a prisoner. You think, this is prison, we are prisoners and they are guards. You glance over to some guys in front of the fence. "Also, we have work for some people. If you want to, come talk to me!" Finally, his speech is over and the crowd of people began to move into the cottage.

"I expected the wrong thing dad." your eyes darken, as you walk while dragging your feet to the cottage.

"No way, it couldn't be worse..." when you open the door of the room for your family, you cover your face and get more tired. The room is obviously too small for one family and there are cots. "So, how long do we have to stay here!?" you are very frustrated and you express your feelings to your parents, "How long? When can we leave? Dad! Mom!" You catch your mother's arms and shake her body.

"Stop! You know we can't do anything!" finally, your father stops you.

"I don't want to stay here anymore!" you say to them. You open the door and leave the room.

"I'm going to get some sleep." your father says and heads straight for bed.

"I'm worried about him."

"He is alright." your mother reassures. It's already dark and almost time for curfew. "We must trust our son, right?" your mother turns the light off with silence.

"Can I talk to you now?" your dad calls you as you are reading the book on your bed..

"Yes, dad." You mark the page of the book and close it.

"I need you to decide on something very important by tomorrow." you feel a little bit nervous because of your fathers serious look. "You have to choose one of two things." your father says as he begins to speak..

It's January 1943, and it has almost been a year since you came to this camp, sometimes you were in big trouble or had conflicts with your friends, other internees, and even parents. But every time, you have been able to solve the problem by yourself with lots of support. Recently you've been living here feeling calm and safe.. That's why you are surprised, when your father speaks to you so seriously.

"I know you have been helping people to make this camp better and we can feel your progress in these past few days. But, I also want you to have time to think and to have fun and enjoy yourself as a boy, you understand? I don't know if you've already heard about this, but by next week ,you have to either to go to school with the other kids or you can join the draft." you try to think about what your father has just said, but it's all too sudden for you.

"I'm sorry, I didn't meant to confuse you like that," your father says, as he laughs. When you see his smile, you feel less nervous and tell him.

"I will think about it, but please give me time to think dad."

"Of course." he smiles at you. When you get back to your bed, you wonder and ask your father.

"Dad, which one do you want me to choose?" you see different and complicated emotions showing on his face.

"Do I have to answer? Honestly? I want you to go to school. I regret that I couldn't send you to school, and I also don't want to lose you. But son, listen, this is just my opinion, you decide on your way your life, not me," after he finishes, he goes outside. There are no other people in the room, but you. You are alone.

This is a big decision. Whether you choose go to school or the military, you are confident this decision will change your life. If I can go to school, you think, I really wanna go there, I wanna study! You have been longing to go to all your childhood, but it had never come true since you had to work at the field to help out your family. I can learn new things, I will be able to find out interesting things, and I can even make more friends. The more you imagine about going school, the more your adoration grows.

On the other hand, however, you have a strong passion for the draft, since the U.S. government and the public have been thinking that Japanese Americans are danger and have no loyalty to the U.S. You felt saddened because, although your parents and friends parents, felt loyalty to Japan, than to the U.S, your generation, which are children born in the U.S. had a strong loyalty to the U.S. You have been thinking about how you can show your loyalty to your country. This is good chance, you think. But perhaps, I will never see my mom and my dad again. You think. This makes your heart suffer.

The next morning you are tired, because you couldn't sleep well, and the time has come for you to make your decision. Father stands in front of you looking down at you for a long time. Mother is sitting on the bed, looking down at the floor. "Can I ask for your decision?" your father ask of you.

You breath deeply and looking up at your father, you tell him your decision.

If you decide to go to draft, turn to page 284.

If you decide to go to school, turn to page 307.

The Cold War

The decade of the 1950's was a time of post war boom in the economy, which drove many people to have children and live in the suburbs. The United States and the Soviet Union (USSR) were the two superpowers of the world, both with conflicting ideologies. This later on created tensions between the two countries, thus initiating the Cold War. The Cold War was the time period in which the U.S. and the USSR would constantly butt-heads in a political sense. The U.S. wanted to maintain its superpower and did what they could, technologically and politically, to stay on top. Although it is termed the "Cold War", there was no military conflict.

NAVY PILOT: You are a man from Kansas, Topeka, working in the Navy since the age of 18. With all the commotion about the Cold War your work field was in full throttle. Work needed to be done everywhere.

CIA AGENT: You just graduated from college and live in Washington D.C., where you get offered a job at the Pickle Factory, a secret Pentagon operation. Whether or not you take the job is up to you.

If you decide to be a CIA Agent, turn to page 349.

If you decide to be a Navy Pilot, turn to page 375.



349 - Cold War: CIA Agent

"Agent Walters," you say aloud looking at your shiny name card. That sure has a real nice ring to it, you think to yourself. At 22 years old you are shocked that you got a job as a CIA agent. It's a beautiful July day in Washington DC around 88 degrees. It's a cloudless sky, painted a shade of vibrant periwinkle. You walk out of your apartment building ready to report to the Pickle Factory, a secret division of the CIA from the Pentagon. Your rusty Ford parked on the street looks as though it could give out any day, but still manages to get you all the way to the The Pickle Factory. As you parallel park into by far the smallest parking space, you notice a few hairs out of place. You pull a comb from your pocket and make sure all of your hair is slicked back in unison and slip the comb back into the pocket of your high-waisted pants.

You walk inside of the old factory building wearing your scrubby navy blue duds. When you got the job, the outfit came with it. It only makes sense, you can't wear a suit to an abandoned factory. That would look suspicious. You walk up to the factory door and go in. You see a man with biceps the size of your head and a mustache so pointy it could chop through a brick. He approaches you with a stern look on his face and a good ten years your senior.

"Are you Murphy Walters?" he asks with a voice that sounds as though he came straight from the nightly news radio program.

"Yes sir," you try to reply as confidently as you can.

"Good, let's get to work. Come, I will give you your first mission. I'm Agent Casper Bernanke, but please call me Bernanke. Pleasure to meet you kid." he says as he shakes your hand hard enough to churn butter.

He walks you through the factory where you see many lamps and many papers and many cups of coffee. The lights are bright, the factory is dim and the sags beneath people's eyes are puffy and sleep deprived. You finally reach Bernanke's office when you see her, a radiant woman with shiny black hair that is perfectly spiralled down her back. She is wearing a red jacket and a matching red pencil skirt. She has ice blue eyes like diamonds and full maroon lips.

"Meet Olga Rose, my secretary," says Agent Bernanke.

"Hello Agent Walters, pleasure to meet you." Olga says with a wink. She made you a believer in love at first sight.

"Alright, we need to deliver papers to Berlin. I need you to get them there. They are specific instructions for our men in Germany. They need to know how much food they can give to people in Berlin." Bernanke says with urgency.

"What do you mean?" you ask. You knew there was a crisis in Berlin that had started a month prior, June 1948.

"Don't you know we're amidst the Berlin Airlift? The Commies stopped all land flow to Bizonia and the U.S. is sending food to Bizonia so the people don't starve. The Commies are trying to starve them out, but we

can't let that happen. The problem is we can't send that much food. People are limited to 900 calories a day until we can send more food. There is only one landing strip for us and until more can be built, 900 calories is the cap per citizen. That's what this message says." Bernanke says as he holds the papers in his hand, "I need you to get on a flight to Berlin by tomorrow." You take the papers and is about to leave. When Bernanke adds one more detail, "You may take Olga with you if you would like help with making copies or need someone to take notes for you. It's up to you."

Olga throws you a smile that nearly makes your heart stop. A woman like that could cause some serious trouble. You feel conflicted. Also that name Olga, it sure didn't sound American. Her accent too, sounded Soviet.

If you decide to take Olga with you to Berlin, turn to page 353.

If you decide to go to Berlin by yourself, turn to page 361.

Did You Know?
Commie refers to communists or people part of the Soviet Union. Bizonia was what the Western part of Berlin was called, it was Ally (United States, United Kingdom) territory.

June 1954...

Your name was mentioned and now you are faced with a trail. You look at the letter requesting you to go on trial tomorrow with utter denial. This is not at all how I thought this would go, you sigh to yourself. You can't believe that you are here. You are about to be put on a McCarthy trial. This is a career ender for sure. The American people would see your face and know your name. They would see you try to make up excuses and you would lose your job. No one would want to hire you. If you didn't say names you would go to jail. If you did, the people you threw under the bus would go on trial too. Doing this however, could save your career.

* * * * *

The next day on trial...

Your mind is racing. Whose name could I even say? People from your work are relatively clean. Bernanke is the only one that will even be believable. He did have a past. Secrets could come out. While mulling it over you miss what they are accusing you of. There is no way that you can even defend yourself. You could plead the 5th amendment and go to jail but then again Bernanke may have secrets that could help you out.

If you decide to stay silent and not say names, turn to page 367.

If you decide to mention Bernanke on trial, turn to page 369.

<p>DID YOU KNOW?</p>
<p>The McCarthy Trials were named after Senator Joseph McCarthy who drove a majority of the fear of communism into the American people. McCarthy was well known for being against communism and even claimed that there were 200 known communists within the U.S government. The McCarthy trials took place from April 1954 - June 1954. The 5th amendment says that you have the right to remain silent in a court of law.</p>

"I'd like to go to that Soviet hot spot," you say.

"Good, look out for people who shouldn't be there and listen for key locations," Bernanke replies. He looks through a pile of index cards with addresses and hands you one. You take the card and start up your rusty Ford.

When you arrive, you enter the restaurant to find it filled with only a sparse amount of people. The ceiling fan is spinning slowly and the restaurant is eerily silent with some whispering here and there. It smelled like secrets and the furnishings are dated and drab. It looks like the people are not here for the food. You think quietly. You look to your left and see no one that you know. You scan to your right and see nothing. Wait a minute, you turn to look again and there you see Olga with some papers. They look like they could be blueprints for nuclear bombs. You decide to walk over and talk to her.

"Hello Olga," you say as if you caught her.

"Wha-what are you doing here Agent Walters?" she says nervously while shoving the papers into her bag. "You look especially handsome today Agent Walters."

She said what? You think to yourself. Maybe you should ask her out on a date. You should probably ask her questions but she said you looked handsome. How can I deny such a compliment? What will you do?

If you decide to go on a date with Olga, turn to page 366.

If you decide to ask Olga questions about the papers, turn to page 357.

"I think that I would like to take Olga, I mean I'm new and I could use some help from time to time," you say nervously.

"Wonderful, Agent Walters. I'll see you tomorrow," Olga says with a flirty flare.

"Here are your papers. Make sure that you and these papers get on that plane. No one is allowed to see these except for the general. He will be waiting for you at the airport, you won't be able to miss him. Due to the difficulties with the planes, you will stay in Bizonia for two nights. They will have accommodations made for you when you get there. Good luck and be at Washington National Airport at 7 am sharp," Bernanke barks quickly.

You arrive in Bizonia at 11pm with Olga sitting next to you. You slept nearly the entire flight. Olga did not even shut an eye. I'm just surprised she can stay awake that long, you think to yourself. My neck hurts! I must have slept weird, you think to yourself. Every time you turn your head left, you can hear the clicking sound of bone-on-bone followed by an electric nerve-wave sending pain into the depths your shoulder muscle.

You get out of the uncomfortable airplane seat and walk out of the plane. You see as you walk out a man in a khaki-green military uniform. He has "General Smith" embroidered on his right-hand chest pocket. He walks up to you and shakes your hand just as hard as Bernanke had. You take the papers out of your inside pocket and hand them to him. He nods and redirects you to two army men holding guns in the ready position. They appear to have escorted General Smith there. You look at the soldiers. They gruff as they see Olga struggling with her large suitcase, women. You help Olga with her bag. The two soldiers guide you and Olga to the military base. Inside it's crawling with army men. You are led to a room with a bed on the second floor of the building. It is barely shoulder width and you cram your body into the tiny doorway. You suck in your stomach. Golly, I'm not that fat. You feel a little insecure. Olga is led somewhere else.

Hopefully I will get a better night's sleep than I got on that plane, you think.

The sleep was not even close to being better, to say the least. You get dressed and wander to go find a decent cup of coffee. You walk by the clearly labelled room name plates. Your eyelids half mast and it looks like you have two black eyes. Your lips are in a pout and your nose whistles every time you exhale.

You are so desperate for a strong cup of coffee, you accidentally walk into the "copy" room. You are disappointed that there was no coffee and were about to walk out when... Wait a minute! you think to yourself.

You turn around again to see Olga! She's got papers and she is making copies. You see blueprints that look curiously like nuclear bomb blueprints. That's fishy, you think to yourself. "What are those Olga?" you say suspiciously.

"Uh-uh nothing," she says as she drops all the papers. You help her pick them up. You help her pick them up. She should definitely not be copy-

ing these papers, you think as you see exact instructions in building the bomb. Olga could sure get into a lot of trouble for having these papers.

"Where did you get these papers?" you ask in a condescending tone.

"Bernanke gave these to me to scan," she says with an annoyed underbeat to her words.

"Oh really? He gave you top secret blueprints straight from the Manhattan Project, and told you to make copies?" you say unconvinced. "He did, okay? It's none of your business anyway," she retorts with her arms crossed. You want to believe her, but you don't know if you should.

If you decide to believe Olga's story and take her to find some coffee, turn to page 366.

If you decide to not believe Olga's story and to ask her more questions, turn to page 357.

Did You Know?
America used the nuclear bomb in August 6, 1945 to end World War 2 by bombing Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Soviet Union exploded their first nuclear bomb in August 29, 1949. The Manhattan Project was a secret program that had developed the nuclear bomb.

"Let's get some more information on that new plane technology from the engineering department," you say to Bernanke.

"Agreed, I want to see what all the chatter is about," Bernanke replies.

You and Bernanke go down to the engineering department and find them talking in excited voices about some "U-2 spy plane." You listen to them claim that it could soar to 70,000 feet and that no Soviet could take it down. They talk about how it can take pictures of Soviet newspapers as it flies overhead. They talk all about how it is some of the greatest technology that America has and how it is "far beyond any of that Commie technology."

"Hey boys, what's all the fuss about?" Bernanke barks.

"Come and look at this new spy plane we have drawings for," one of the engineers says.

You and Bernanke walk over. The interior of the plane and the design is more advanced than anything you had ever seen before. You would mistake it for a bird in the sky.

"This looks great but we'll need to do some more research on this plane before we can get it approved to be built," Bernanke says. Olga makes some copies of their design and you begin to help Bernanke see how this plane compares to the Soviet technology.

* * * * *

5 years of research later, 1955...

The research has finally come together and you sent it off. The plane appears to be far more advanced than any other plane ever made. It was difficult to know if the plane was "better," as Bernanke had said, than what the Commies had. Either way the first U-2 spy plane was built and had already been test flown. Bernanke assured that it was perfect and that we should be using it in the Soviet Union immediately. You feel like there is more research to be done still. The phone rings and Olga answers as she usually does. She suddenly puts the phone down and yells at Bernanke.

"Bernanke! Come answer, the President is on the phone! It's President Eisenhower come right now!" Olga yells at Bernanke while putting her hand over the speaker of the phone.

Bernanke ran to the phone. "Yes, yes Mr. President, this is Agent Bernanke. Yes this is regarding the U-2 spy plane. It is 100% ready to be sent to the Soviet Union. The plane is perfect. You can have your staff look through our research and the files submitted by our engineers. They will tell you the same thing. This technology is far beyond that of the Soviet's. You asked if I had someone who could confirm this? Yes I do, one moment Mr. President."

Bernanke hands you the phone. That phone looks like a trap. It's speaker is staring back at you, taunting you. Your mouth is hanging open.

How can I tell the President something I don't believe? Bernanke's eyes are desperate, he needs this and he needs you to tell the President that U-2 spy plane is perfect.

If you decide to tell President Eisenhower that the U-2 spy plane is ready for field work, turn to page 373.

If you decide to direct the phone to someone else and continue research on the U-2 spy plane, turn to page 369.

DID YOU KNOW?
Dwight D. Eisenhower was the president of the United States from 1953-1961.

It's best that I ask Olga about those nuclear blueprints, you think. As you sit down across from Olga at the squishy leather booth. You think about how sketchy she was being. Who did she think she was to have those documents and then try to act casual about them?

"Where did you get those nuclear papers from?" you say intrusively.

"This is not the time or the place to discuss those," she says trying to bat the subject away.

"I need to know. Those aren't papers you just get from anywhere."

"Oh, yeah? You need to know? Why are you so curious about these? Bernanke gave them to me okay?" she sounds aggravated.

"I don't believe you. Bernanke wouldn't have access to those papers and you shouldn't either."

"Bernanke gave them to me, take it or leave it."

"Fine, so you got them from Bernanke. Why do you still have them? What do you want with them?"

"He told me to study them."

"That is a lie. You are a secretary. You do not research projects, that's my job."

"You don't know half of what I do." she is now practically shouting.

"I suppose I don't," you say with a biting sarcastic edge. Olga has her arms crossed. Her cheeks have gone crimson and has her teeth in a clench strong enough for her neck veins to protrude. Her frown is snarled and fists clenched in her crossed arms. She waits for about a minute like this. Both of you are in utter silence. She then suddenly picks up her purse, gets up, and then clicks her heels out the door. To report or not to report? You wonder silently. She sure seemed suspicious, but you would sure hate seeing her go to prison for something she didn't do.

If you decide to report Olga, turn to page 360.

If you decide to not report Olga, turn to page 365.

You ask the Rosenbergs for information and they gladly give you blueprints. You think this is totally fine and so does Bernanke. You begin reviewing the information when some of the engineers come over and look at the blueprints.

"What do you got there Walters?" says one of the engineers.

"The blueprints for the nuclear bomb. We wanted to see what we are fighting with," you say casually.

"Oh yeah? Where'd you get those from. We've been trying to get our hands on these for years," he says almost in jealousy.

"A family friend of mine, Julius Rosenberg," you say nonchalantly.

"Enough standing around, get back to work ladies," Bernanke barks at them.

They nod their heads and then go back. They seemed a little too interested in those blueprints.

* * * * *

The engineers must have reported Julius Rosenberg. Your family friends the Rosenbergs go on trial. They are accused of actually leaking secrets from the Manhattan Project itself. That is absurd. You know the Rosenbergs and you know that they would do no such thing. Julius had a past with the American Communist Party, but that was a long time ago. Another thing, if he wanted to be part of a certain political party, he had the right to be as an American citizen. You and Bernanke watch a recording of the video of the Rosenberg trial.

Turn to next page 359.

They are accused of leaking the information. They try to defend themselves but there is nothing that they can say that can combat the prosecutor's random string of circumstantial evidence. People came out of the woodwork to tell these stories of how they knew it was the Rosenbergs. The Rosenbergs are asked if there is anyone else who might have taken part in this with them. Suddenly you hear the two words you were hoping they would never say, "Murphy Walters." They threw you under the bus. You are doomed. I can kiss my career goodbye. You think sadly. Bernanke looks at you in utter shock. Everything you have worked for has just slipped out of your fingertips.

Turn to page 351.

Did You Know?
Julius and Ethel Rosenberg spent two years in Sing-Sing Prison and were executed via the electric chair in 1953. Julius was an engineer for the army and was accused of giving Russia the secrets of the atomic bomb. Circumstantial evidence is evidence that cannot be concretely proven.

Olga goes on a public McCarthy trial. You reported her a few days earlier to the Human Resources department, hoping she would get a slap on the wrist. Now look where she is, about to have her life ruined. She is sitting up there and facing all kinds of accusations thrown at her. Half of them aren't even true and have nothing to do with what she is there for. The prosecutor is asking her an annoying amount of questions.

"Are you or are you not working for USSR?"

"I am. I'll admit it! Okay?" Olga yells and then immediately cups her hands over her mouth.

"Is there anyone else working with you?" the prosecutor asks.

"Agent Murphy Walters," she says looking straight at the camera. Your jaw hits the floor with a thud. She just took that bus, threw you under and ran you over about 6 times. You can kiss everything you just worked for goodbye. Well there goes your career. She knows you reported her. Olga is sent back to the Soviet Union and is never seen again.

Turn to page 351.

DID YOU KNOW?
USSR stands for Union of Soviet Socialist Republic and is another way to say the Soviet Union prior to the dissolution in 1991.

You arrive at the Washington National Airport at 7 am and arrive in Bizonia at 11pm. You awake with your lower back feeling like it was hit by a crowbar. You now know why your grandfather always complained about his back and wonder if you got his bad back genetics. You walk out of the plane to see a strong looking man in a khaki-green military uniform. He has "General Smith" etched on his right chest pocket. You give him the papers that Bernanke gave you and shake his hand. Two armed soldiers then guide you to the military base. You spend a week on the military base in Bizonia and fly back home.

* * * * *

Two years pass after your mission in Bizonia, 1950...

"Hello Bernanke," you say as you report back at the Pickle Factory.

"You look like something the cat dragged in kid." Bernanke asks.

"You always know just what to say," you say in between sips of coffee.

"We are working on a new project today. We received orders straight from Truman, he wants 100-200 locations with bombs ready to clear. We need to find cities that are going to make the difference kid, we need to cool the hostilities coming from the Commies. Got it?" Bernanke spits at you.

"Got it," you say.

Bernanke leaves you with a map of Soviet cities that have small notes beside them. They say populations and political background. You are picking out cities that you think would truly weaken their power but begin to realize you might not be so cut out for this. Am I even doing this right? You think silently as you work. "Bernanke, I think I need more experience before I can pick out these cities," you say cautiously.

“That’s alright kid. There’s a restaurant I can take you to that is a hot spot for Soviet spies. You could ask questions there and get better insight. We also have new plane technology that everyone at the engineering department won’t shut up about. We also need to stockpile nuclear weapons with the Soviets getting the atom bomb just a year ago. On top of that, nuclear weapons are real key in making sure we remain in control of these locations. We need to be able to strike at anytime,” Bernanke says with urgency. “What do you say kid?” This will be a tough decision, what will you do?

If you decide to go to the Soviet spy restaurant, turn to page 352.

If you decide to get more information on nuclear weaponry, turn to page 368.

If you decide to get more information on the new plane technology, turn to page 355.

DID YOU KNOW?
The Berlin Airlift ended in 1949.

Asking Olga questions is not what this date is about. You figure, quite frankly it would be rude to bring up work in a setting like this. So, you just relax and enjoy the date. She too likes going on long walks and experiencing the beauty of nature. She loves looking at the night sky and all the stars almost as much as you do. She laughs at all your cheesy jokes and playfully answers back. The date went better than you could have planned.

"I had a really great time tonight Agent Walters. I hope we will do this again." Olga says.

"As did I Olga Rose. Are you available next Friday night?" you say feeling like a sly dog.

"I might, we'll have to see." Olga says as she kisses you on the cheek. "Good night Agent Walters." She hops in a cab and they scoot off.

* * * * *

1 year later...

Things have been going better and better between you and Olga. You feel it is finally time to pop the question. You are really going to do it. Olga is the woman for you. She is beautiful and kind and shares passions with you. She is truly the perfect woman. You go down to the flower stand on the corner and pick out the most beautiful red roses money can buy. Red is her favorite color and suits her well. You wait for her to come home from work and decorate her apartment. You have candles lit and her favorite record playing when she walks in.

"What is all this?" Olga asks surprised.

"Olga Rose, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever laid my eyes on. The kindest soul I have ever met. You put up with me day in and day out and I wouldn't want to spend a day without you. So will you do me the honor of marrying me?"

"There's something I need to tell you, Murphy," she says. You know this is serious. She never calls you Murphy, she always calls you Agent Walters.

"You can tell me anything Olga."

"I'm a spy for the Soviet Union."

Oh my goodness, you think, how could I have not seen this all along? She was always wearing red, the Soviet color. She had an odd accent. She didn't look American. The situation with the nuclear documents. It all made sense! What are you going to do? Should you defect to the Soviet Union? Should you report her? Will you betray your love or your country?

You leave the room to process your decision.

If you decide to elope quietly with Olga and deflect to the Soviet Union, turn to page 371.

If you decide to stay loyal to the United States and report Olga, turn to page 360.

Did You Know?
To defect means that you choose to repeal your citizenship within one country for another.

Reporting Olga would be wrong. You decide that you should let this one slide. You continue your work as you would and pretend like the entire situation with Olga and those papers never happened. You get to work and as soon as you do, a secretary from the engineering department comes up to you. Her hair is in pin curls and they bounce when she walks. She's very plain and her suit is the same dusty brown color as her hair. Despite her drab looks, she is very bubbly and peppy.

"Hello, I'm Darla are you Agent Walters?"

"Nice to meet you Darla and yes I am," you say trying to match the warmth of her tone.

"Do you know Olga?" she asks with a touch of concern.

"Yes ma'am I do," you say trying to sound charming.

"Do you know about her having those nuclear papers?" Darla kind of whispered.

"I do- I mean I don't know why she has them. I mean she's had them for a while I guess," you say very awkwardly.

"Oh, well, thank you very much Agent Walters." Darla walks away with the clicking of her one-inch Mary Jane heels. That was odd, you think to yourself, what do Olga's papers have to do with me?

* * * * *

A week later...

You hear that Olga confessed to being a Soviet Spy while in an interrogation room. Bernanke says that you will be put on trial for not saying anything about those papers. Darla must have ratted you out.

Turn to page 351.

You decide to take Olga on a date. You meet her at Dee Dee's Diner. She looks ravishing with her hair pinned behind one ear and red stilettos. Her red lips never look anything but radiant. She's put rouge on her cheeks and has winged black eyeliner that makes her eyes look like the stars in the night sky. She brought a small purse. Your heart is thumping out of your chest and you notice that you are drenched in sweat. Danggit! I knew I should've brought deodorant with me, you think to yourself as you internally face palm. You open the door for her like a real gentleman and are directed to your table by a girl who looks like she is too young to be working there. Between the pigtails and the giant wad of gum bulging from her cheek, she has to be no older than thirteen. You have so many questions for Olga. Should I just bite my tongue? I mean maybe it's totally fine to have those papers. You think about those papers you spied her copying closely resembling nuclear blueprints. You think as you mull it over in your head. You really want this date to go well but you can't help but wonder if you put the U.S. in danger by not asking. Golly, what to do, what to do?

If decide to bite your tongue and make the date go smoothly, turn to page 363.

If you decide too ask her questions about the mysterious papers from before, turn to page 372.

You decide to continue to remain silent. It is not fair to do that to your boss. Bernanke has never done anything wrong to you. He probably has a wife and kids to worry about. You don't have anyone to worry about. Bernanke shouldn't get wrapped up in this mess. Bernanke doesn't deserve it. You are sentenced to Sing-Sing prison for 6 months. You feel like you don't deserve any of this, and you are right. It feels like a blur between being cuffed and when your prison door slams shut. It smells like dampness and melancholy. You hear the other prisoners yelling something about "fresh meat." Their raspy voices echo through the entire building. It is cold and so are the hearts of everything there. I am not a Commie, you say over and over to yourself. You know who you are, you just wish the American people knew too.

* * * * *

6 months later...

You are released from prison. You are cold-hearted and scarred from the inside out. You feel numb. You apply for a job as an accountant but the man hiring remembers your trial and doesn't hire you. You apply for many jobs when there is a job opening as a janitor at Orwell High School. You take the job, as it is the only one you can get. The students and staff give you looks as though you were one of the pieces of trash that you pick up day in and day out. In the back of your mind, you think about Olga. You wonder whatever happened to her. You fantasize about the happy life she lived back in the Soviet Union and it gets you through the long work weeks. You never fall in love, you never let go of the possibility that Olga would come back for you. The janitorial work is drab and the pay is bad for a Commie like yourself. You retire at age 60 due to your back problems catching up to you. You die at age 67 of old age in your sleep.

~The End~

"I think we should study that atom bomb," you say.

"Agreed, we should know what we are aiming at other countries," Bernanke replied.

"I have some friends named the Rosenbergs, they might be able to help us. Julius Rosenberg is an army engineer."

"Well, call him for crying out loud, and tell him that we need some blueprints."

"Yes, yes sir."

You get on the phone with Julius and have an hour long chat about Ethel and about your mother. The entire conversation is like nails on a chalkboard and you don't even have the opportunity to ask about the blueprints. Bernanke is less than amused by the entire situation and is glaring at you during the entire phone call without breaking eye contact. You try to avoid making eye contact and so you stare at Olga in the copy room. She looks hot in that fitted black dress. You hang up the phone with Julius and can't help but notice that she has papers that look like blueprints. She also has diagrams that sure look like nuclear bombs.

"Do you want to go to lunch with me, Agent Walters?" Olga asks sweetly.

"Um, um," you say looking at Bernanke. He is giving you a death glare. Olga looks beautiful but Bernanke looks mad. What should I do?

If you decide to give Julius a call back and get those nuclear blueprints, turn to page 358.

If you decide to go on a date with Olga turn to page, 366.

Bernanke doesn't get roped up in the McCarthy trials, despite what you thought would happen. You thought his career would fall apart during 1954, but it didn't. Bernanke's demise came when he bragged to Eisenhower about that stupid U-2 spy plane. He wouldn't shut up about it. He made guarantees and promises that even the average joe would question, let alone the President of the United States. He made that plane sound like it was some kind of indestructible device.

"It could never be shot down by the Soviet technology," he would brag on the phone. "Our plane goes 70,000 feet in the air. The Commies sure don't have any weapon that can shoot that high. They wouldn't even see it. We could spy on the Commie newspapers all day and they would never know." You sat there and patiently listened as Bernanke would ramble to President Eisenhower. He just kept digging himself deeper and deeper. You know that he had far over estimated the plane's abilities and that something bad would happen.

* * * * *

May 1, 1960...

You are surprised that the U-2 spy planes hadn't been shot down yet. Bernanke over-hyped them so much that flights over the Soviet Union increased and increased some more. This was really working. The plane had done everything it was supposed to. On this day you come to work and immediately notice the emptiness, a new secretary is there at the desk as if she's been your secretary for years.

"Where's Bernanke? Where's Olga?" you ask.

"I don't know. I haven't seen Bernanke all day. Olga was fired, she's a Commie. They sent her back to the USSR where she belongs. I'm Norma by the way," Norma replies continuing to file paperwork. Norma was not as beautiful as Olga. The bags under her eyes are deep. She was Bernanke's age but she looks ten years older. Her frown is permanent and her hair is pulled back tight enough to give her an aneurysm. She acts as though everything is normal. Everything is not normal. Bernanke was never late for anything. Bernanke was never sick. Bernanke always showed up to work. Your train of thought was broken when the phone rings. Norma answers it.

"It's for you," Norma hands you the phone.

"Hello?" you say.

"Hello, is this Agent Walters?" the voice on the phone asks politely.

"Yes, yes it is sir," you reply with a worried tone.

"Yes, well Bernanke has been fired. You got a promotion. You will be taking over for him. We will be interviewing some new kids to take your old job. Congrats on the promotion," the man on the phone says.

"Wait, fired why?" you ask.

"He says that the U-2 spy plane couldn't be shot down. One was

shot down today, just moments ago. He put men in danger and embarrassed

The President of the United States America. I think that is reason enough to fire him. Good day Agent Walters." The phone call ends with a click in your ear and you sit there stunned. You knew that plane was overhyped but you never realized it would come to this. Are you truly ready to fill in as Bernanke? I suppose only time will tell, you say beneath your breath.

"Ready to get to work Walters?" Norma asks. I guess we never called him Agent Bernanke, we called him Bernanke. I guess I'm not Agent Walters anymore, I'm Walters.

~The End~

Did You Know?
The U-2 spy plane was a plane that was used to spy on the communists as it flew over the Soviet Union. It was some of the most advanced technology that the Americans had at the time and America was determined to keep it to themselves. On May 1, 1960 Francis Gary Powers was flying over the Soviet Union when it was shot down by the Soviet Union. Powers was alive and the plane was intact. This was considered such a disaster because it gave the Soviet Union our latest technology.

What can you say? You are a true romantic. Olga is perfect for you and you want to marry her.

"We will go to the Soviet Union, wed there. Olga, it doesn't matter who you are. I love you and I always will," you say to Olga.

"Thank you Agent Walters, you are too generous," Olga says sweetly as she slips the shimmering diamond ring on her delicate finger. The ring shines. Olga shines. You know you made the right decision.

"You know you don't have to call me Agent Walters. You can call me Murphy," you say.

"Okay Murphy, let's go home," Olga says, throwing you her signature wink.

You start packing that night. You've got pilots that would stay quiet for you. You call Officer Jacobson. You've known him for years. Also, he owed you a favor from losing a bet that he made years ago with you in a bar. That idiot thought the largest organ in your body was the heart.

"Officer Jacobson," you say to him on the phone.

"Hey Agent Walters! What can I do for you?" he says cheerily.

"I need to be flown to the Soviet Union with my secretary. We have a project down there." You can't tell him the truth. "It's real secret, can't tell a soul."

"You got it Agent Walters. You'll have a plane tomorrow."

"Thanks Jacobson, I knew I could count on you."

You kiss Olga on the forehead. That's when you realize it's all over. The knife has already plunged deeply into your stomach. You fall to your knees with blurred vision.

"Спасибо за кольца," (Thank you for the ring) Olga says as she smiles and walks out of the room, every click of her crimson high heels sealing your fate. No one calls 911. You are too weak to yell. You die of loss of blood two hours later. Olga is never heard from again.

~The End~

You decide it's best to ask a few questions. They're just questions, that's harmless right?

"Where did you get those nuclear papers from?" you ask intrusively.

"This is not the time or the place to discuss those," she says trying to bat the subject away.

"I need to know. Those aren't papers you just get from anywhere."

"Oh, yeah? You need to know? Why are you so curious about these? Bernanke gave them to me okay?" she sounds aggravated.

"I don't believe you. Bernanke wouldn't have access to those papers and you shouldn't either."

"Bernanke gave them to me, take it or leave it."

Is she telling the truth? How can I even know? I wouldn't want to ruin what we have going right now. Olga is just my type. Your mind is racing. Tomorrow you can report her, but should you?



If decide to report Olga, turn to page 360.

*If you decide to not report Olga,
turn to page 365.*

You take the telephone into your hand. Looking at it, you reaffirm that what you are doing is correct. Bernanke needs your support and who better to support him than his right hand agent? You take one more deep breath before getting on the phone with the President of the United States, for crying out loud.

"Hello Mr. President, I am Agent Walters," you say nervously. Crap! That sounded weird. I sounded weird while talking to the President!

"Hello Agent Walters. Can you confirm what Agent Bernanke has just explained to me?" President Eisenhower asks.

"Absolutely, everything that Agent Bernanke is saying is absolutely true according to our extensive research on the subject."

"Thank you, hand the phone back to Agent Bernanke."

You hand the phone back to Bernanke, he whispers a thank you and talks to the President about how great the U-2 plane is for another good ten minutes.

May 1, 1960...

You are surprised that the U-2 spy planes hadn't been shot down yet. Bernanke over-hyped them so much that flights over the Soviet Union increased and increased some more. This was really working. The plane had done everything it was supposed to. You walk into the office with a smile on your face. How can you not be thrilled? Everything worked exactly the way it should have. You see a man with a suit and briefcase looking through Bernanke's paperwork.

"Are you Agent Walters?" he turns to you and asks.

"Yes-yes I am. Where's Bernan-." You are cut off.

"I just fired him a moment ago. You're fired also," he says sharply.

"Why exactly?" you ask scratching your head.

"A U-2 spy plane was shot down. The pilot is alive and the technology is intact. You and Bernanke did not have sufficient enough research in order to make the claims you did about Soviet technology. Mind you, you even made these false claims to the President of the United States of America." He rips your name tag off of your shirt and swiftly walks away.

"I just got sacked," you say out loud. You are stunned. I suppose the job hunt begins. You look at your office one more time before leaving and thank it for giving you the adventure of a lifetime.

~The End~

Did You Know?
The U-2 spy plane was a plane used to spy on the communists as it flew over the Soviet Union. It was some of the most advanced technology that the Americans had at the time and America was determined to keep it to themselves. On May 1, 1960 Francis Gary Powers was flying over the Soviet Union when it was shot down by the Soviet Union. Powers was alive and the plane was intact. This was considered a disaster because it gave the Soviet Union our latest technology.

375- Space Race: Navy Pilot

You're waiting outside Mr. Miller's office, hopefully your future boss for The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. It's awfully quiet, and it makes you sweat more and your leg starts to shake a lot. You hear the click of heels and you look up to find Mr. Miller's secretary waiting for you to come in. You stand up and you wipe the sweat off from your hands on your pants. You start to walk into his office but you have a hard time moving. You finally take a deep breath and walk into his office with a smile in your face.

"Good morning sir." You lean over to shake his hand, but he doesn't bother to even look up. You take your hand back and pretend you didn't just do that. You sit down and Mr. Miller gets straight to the point.

"You're a Navy Pilot, why do you want to work with The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA)?" You take a deep breath and you answer him as honestly as you can.

"Well, Howard Clifton Lilly has always been a rolemodel to me since I heard he was a test pilot for NACA. I've had a lot of training as a Navy Pilot. I do have my Bachelor's degree in Physical Science, and in Mathematics. I've had more than 1,000 hours in command." You wait for him to answer, but he just nods his head. "That is all the requirements I need to have in order to work with you guys." There's an awkward silence between you and him.

Finally he looks up and says, "Well then I'll see you tomorrow to get you all ready." It takes a while for you to realize what he said. But basically you get the job. You get up and shake his hand, which he finally shakes back.

"Thank you sir," were your last words and you head outside where the secretary is holding a lot of paper work for you to fill out and turn in tomorrow. You tell her thank you and head outside to your car. You check your watch and you see that it only took about 5 minutes. You're so happy you got the job and you decide to get a late lunch. You head over to a nearby diner which was the closest place for food. You order and finish your lunch. Then you decide to head home.

You fill out the paperwork to turn in the next day. After you finish, you go to sleep satisfied. You wake up the next morning and you go get the newspaper from your front yard. On the front of the paper is the headline,

"Sputnik 1 launched into Space!" You're intrigued and you keep reading. "October 4, 1957, the Soviet Union launched up a satellite called, Sputnik 1. With the finding of new technology and an incredible advancement the Soviets were able to send the satellite up in space and it was successful. Does this mean that the U.S. is lagging behind? What will The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA) do to get the U.S. back on top?" Pilot? You have to make a decision.

You stop reading and you realize that The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA) will be stressed out. Maybe that's why Mr. Miller was quick, he had a lot on his mind. He'll probably be mean to the workers? Are you ready for that challenge? Do you think you should just stay as a Navy pilot?

If you decide to stay as a Navy Pilot, turn to page 383.

If you decide to take the job in The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA), turn to page 377.

DID YOU KNOW?
NACA, The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, predated NASA. It was established by Congress on March 3, 1915. NASA was later established in the same year after the dissolution of NACA by the nation's best aeronautical engineers. NASA won five Collier Trophies, one of the greatest honors for aviation. The Soviet Union was the first to send a satellite into orbit. The U.S. feared they were behind in technology and that the Soviets would attack other countries. The U.S. wanted to go back to being the number one Superpower and so the Space Race began when Sputnik 1 was launched on October 4, 1957 by the Soviet Union.

You've decided to take the challenge with NACA. You think it'd be great to move on from being just a Navy Pilot. You shake off any ideas that make you think today will be a hard day. You go off to get ready for your first day of work. You go get breakfast after your done dressing and then you brush your teeth. You look at yourself in the mirror and you try to calm yourself saying it would be a good day. You head outside and go over to your car. You get in and start the engine. You start heading to work.

You arrive to work and you easily arrive to the check ins. You grab the slip of paper that has your name on it and you place it into the machine that will mark the date and time. You hear a thump and you take the paper out, and look at it. On the first line it says Oct. 5, 1957, 8:30. Not a minute late and you put it back in its slot and walk to Mr. Miller's office. You knock and wait for him to answer.

"Come in." You enter his office and you say "Good morning sir." Mr. Miller stands up and sits on his desk.

"Morning. I'm surprise you showed up today. I'm assuming you heard the news about Sputnik 1, right?" "Yes sir, I did he..." He cuts you off and says, "A lot of people wouldn't want to come after that news. Why did you come?"

You clear your throat and say, "I like a challenge, sir and I love this kind of stuff." Mr. Miller stands up again and stretches out his hand. You look at it and then you realize he's trying to shake your hand. You shake his hand and he tells you, "Welcome aboard to NACA." You smile at him and say thank you.

Mr. Miller gives you a tour around the building and shows you the routes to the bathroom and all the offices you're not allowed to go in. He says that currently the NACA is working on Explorer 1, a satellite they wish to send off into space. You will be assign to help test it and build it. You're fascinated and you have a smile in your face and want to get started. Mr. Miller leaves you with the crew of Explorer 1. They introduce each other and they tell you what you need to do and you get right to work.

Months have past and you're still working with the crew, when finally on January 31, 1958, you are one of the first to see Explorer 1 launch into space. People are smiling and cheering for the satellite being successful. Mr. Miller comes up to you and shakes your hand.

"Well done. I've heard a lot of good things about you while working on the satellite, and I want to make you an offer." You look at Mr. Miller and wait for him to finish.

"How would you like to be part of the crew of Explorer 2? But don't answer yet theres another offer on the table. We're trying to build a weather satellite and you can be part of that crew but you can only pick one." You start to think what would be the best satellite to help.

Mr. Miller sees you hesitate, and he puts an arm around you and tells you,

"Listen I'll give you till 3:00 to give me an answer. Alright? I'll be in my office when you're ready." You shake your head and Mr. Miller leaves. You look at your clock and you realize he only gave you 10 minutes to think about this. Which one should you pick?

If you decide to work on Explorer 2, turn to page 379.

If you decide to work on the weather satellite, turn to page 381.

You've decide to work on the next Explorer and you run after Mr. Miller telling him that you want to be part of the next Explorer crew. He shakes his head and tells you, "You'll start tomorrow on the new project." You go home feeling satisfaction in your stomach and go to sleep.

The next day when you go to work you think you're ready to start from scratch and put 100% effort on the project. When you punch in you don't realize that while you were working on Explorer 1, there was already a crew on Explorer 2 and there wasn't much left to do. You try to look through it but nobody lets you.

"You can try to work on the satellite but there's not much you can do," one of the crew member tells you. You see that not everybody was working on it and they were just watching and leaning against the machines. You keep trying to get involve but people keep saying that we don't have much left to do that it will only take a couple people.

On March 5, 1958 the launching of Explorer 2 was ready. Everybody gathers for the launching. You and other people were gazing up with anticipation. When you see people start to come down from the launching pad people start to mumble and ask questions of what was going on. You go up and collect all the crew that worked on the satellite. When you approach the guy who was the head leader of the satellite you hear him say, "It's not able to launch into orbit." The crew tries again but the engine seems like it has no power and you start to see smoke come out from the sides. Everybody starts to ask questions why it can't and you just don't seem to have the answer.

Your crew finally disperses giving everyone the news that Explorer 2 could not be launch and it was a failure. Mr. Miller comes to you and says to forget it, there will be times when we will fail and when we will succeed. He tells you that NACA will no longer exist but it will be turned into NASA, The National Aeronautics and Space Administration on October 1, 1958, and if you would like to be apart of it.

You say yes. He says, "That's great they are already working on a special program called, Mercury 7, and they ask if I knew anyone that would be interested, and I told them I had a couple of people." You look at him in astonishment and you want to answer him yes but he stops you. "Don't answer yet there might be another satellite they want to build. I'll just tell them you're still interested to be part of the new NASA team. You can decide what crew you want to be in later. With that Mr. Miller leaves you for you to decide what you want to be in.

If you decide to be part of the satellite, turn to page 382.

If you decide to be part of the special program, "Mercury 7," turn to page 385.

You've decided to work on the weather satellite which is called The Pioneer Weather Satellite. The first weather satellite and you get the chance to work on it. To build the satellite it was a tough task. The technology was trickier and when you show up to work in the morning you wouldn't leave until there was no more sun. It took months to get the process going and by now NACA no longer existed. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) was the new NACA on October 1, 1958. NASA started a special program called Mercury 7 and they are starting to train people to go up in space. You see the new logo blue, red and the letters in white. You like it.

People are going crazy trying to build the weather satellite since its the first one ever to be sent into orbit. The technology isn't working out, you see a lot of things missing in order for the aileron to work. You have trouble moving on when you can't find a certain piece in order to finish the satellite but the one piece you want to find is nowhere to be seen, and the whole crew is starting to look like the \your break.

Finally the day came when your team figured out the technology and put everything together by figuring the new technology. On October 11, 1958 the first weather satellite Pioneer was sent into orbit.

Mr. Miller approaches you out of nowhere and says, "What a success the Pioneer satellite was." You nod your head and say, "It was a lot of hard work but it was worth it sir." "Well since you like working on the satellite how would you like to work on the next satellite?" You look at him speechless and just nod your head with a wide smile. He smiles back at you and walks away.

Turn to page 382.

The Television Infrared Observation Satellite Program also known as Tiros was NASA's first step to see if the satellite sent up to orbit will be useful to be able to study Earth. You and the crew are wonder how to be able to put cameras into the satellite and be able to store the photographs. "They want us to be able to get the Earth during sunlight. How are we going to do that?" one of the crew members ask.

Someone with a rough voice said, "We can try to operate them so when the sun hits Earth, it will snap the pictures." Everybody agreed and got to work.

Sooner or later the satellite started to takes its form.

"How is it going?" Mr. Miller ask from behind you. You turn around and tell him how the satellite is going.

"Well so far it is 19 inches high and 42 inches in diameter," you said with a smile on your face.

"What is it made out of?" You turn back to the satellite, with a loud voice so Mr. Miller can hear you, you say, "With aluminum alloy and stainless steel and at the end we will cover it all with approximately 9200 solar cells. The solar cells are being use so we can charge the batteries when it goes into orbit. We also already have three pairs of spinning rockets to help move it easily."

"Very good." Mr. Miller looked impress and let you get back to work.

The Tiros crew was told that the launching should be no later than April 1 of 1960. Lucky for your crew you didn't have any complications and you guys spent your time working on it and making sure everything was in its place.

"Tomorrow is April 1, and the satellite is done." The lead member announced and everybody was smiling and cheering.

The next day came and you waited while the anxiety was starting build up. The anticipation was growing in your stomach when the count-down came. "10...9...8...7...6.....1," and up the Tiros satellite went, yet the anticipation still stayed.

"Will it go all the way?" you asked yourself and waited until the leader said it was in orbit, but nothing was said. Everybody was moving around and shaking their legs and waiting for the answer. Then in about 5 minutes the announcer cleared his voice and said, "The Tiros satellite was successfully launched into orbit." The crowd erupted in celebration.

Turn to page 389.

You get ready and go to the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics main office. You walk to the secretary who is putting away papers, and when she looks up you wave your hand around to get her attention.

She walks over and ask, "May I help you?" You clear your voice and say,

"Yes, I'm here to see Mr. Miller." "Right this way."

She escorts you to an office behind her desk, and knocks at the door. She tells you to stay outside and goes inside the room. She comes out and leaves the door open for you to come in. You walk in and sit yourself down in one of the chairs.

"So are you excited about your first day of work?" Mr. Miller asks you without taking his eyes off the paper he's reading. "Well sir I actually came to talk to you about that." Mr. Miller puts the paper down and looks up for the first time, and waits for you to continue. "I read the news this morning and I don't think I am up for this challenge. I appreciate that you gave me the job but I don't think I can handle the pressure that will come along with the job."

Mr. Miller just nods and says, "Well when you think you can handle the challenge come back and see me and we'll talk then." You get up and shake his hand, "Thank you sir." You walk out of his office and head to your car and release a deep breath. You start your car and head to your normal workplace. You recognize the planes you've worked on and the people you work with.

You say to yourself, "I love my job and that's all that matters." You park your car and get back to your routine of washing the planes and flying them to see if everything is fine and you run in order to keep your condition. That's your routine for about everyday until you hear one the news about Sputnik 2 was launch on November 3, 1957. You start to think that maybe you made a mistake not taking the job and you realize you wanted that job. You go back to Mr. Miller's office saying that you're ready for the challenge and you want to start working right away. Mr. Miller just smiles at you and extends his hand out.

You shake his hand and he tells you, "Welcome aboard. Theres some business we need to take care of. He gestures for you to sit and you ask, "What kind of business?"

Mr. Miller takes a deep breath, "Well currently I have a crew working on our first satellite, Explorer 1 but there is a special program, 'Mercury 7,' coming along and we need new assets. You can choose what you want to do but we will need an answer by the end of the day. You can walk around and get to know the building but report back to me at the end of the day to see what you pick." You thank Mr. Miller and you leave the room.

If you decide to work on Explorer 1, turn to page 386.

If you decide to be part of Mercury 7, turn to page 385.

You tell Mr. Miller that you want to be part of The National Aeronautics and Space Administration special program, "Mercury 7." Mr. Miller tells you that the problem with working on the special program is that they won't start until April of 1959. You tell him, "Well Mr. Miller I think it will be worth the wait." He nods and says, "Well in the meantime you can stay around and see if anyone needs help." You nod and thank him and leave the room.

You're excited and you can't wait to start to work on the special project. When you attend the meeting of what Mercury 7 will be about you learn that you will be selecting people to start training to be sent into space. There's protocols to remember like in case someone got injured you needed to know how to respond. Finally the choosing of the people was left at the end.

Everyone was given papers of people who qualified to start training. "You all have different profiles and don't be afraid to ask questions and ask around," one of the leaders of the project said. "You may begin." He finishes and all you heard was muttering and papers shuffling around the room. You look through the profiles and you pick out the ones that think are the best in shape and have good experiences. You ask around and find people and see the profiles everyone else picked out.

At last you had your first group of astronauts, Walter M. "Wally" Schirra Jr., Donald K. "Deke" Slayton, John H. Glenn Jr., M. Scott Carpenter, Alan B. Shepard Jr., Virgil I. "Gus" Grissom and L. Gordon Cooper, Jr. "We will notify them right away sir." You heard the secretary say. "Wait a second Linda." The secretary stopped and waited for further directions. "You, you, and you will be in charge of Mr. Shepard for going into space. Now you can say no and we'll find something else for you to do." The leader of the project said. You were part of the you's that he picked and you need to decide if you want to be in charge of sending Shepard into space.

If you decide to help Alan Shepard turn to page 387.

If you decide to not help turn to page 397.

You've decided to work on Explorer 1. You think it would be great to move on from being just a Navy Pilot. You shake off any ideas that make you think today will be a hard day. You arrive to work and you easily arrive to the check ins. You grab the slip of paper that has your name on it and you place it into the machine that will mark the date and time. You hear a thump and you take the paper out, and look at it. On the first line says Nov. 5, 1957, 8:30. Not a minute late, you put it back in its slot and walk to Mr. Miller's office. You knock and wait for him to answer. "Come in." You enter his office and you say "Good morning sir." Mr. Miller stands up and sits on his desk. You shake his hand and he tells you, "Welcome aboard to NACA."

You smile at him and say thank you. He leads you to where your new crew is working on the satellite. Introductions are quick and they tell you, "It's your first day here but don't be afraid to get into the work. We could use help with the building." You nod your head and get to work and it pays off.

Months have past and you're still working with the crew, when finally on January 31, 1958, you are one of the first to see Explorer 1 launch into space. People are smiling and cheering for the satellite being successful. Mr. Miller comes up to you and shakes your hand. "Well done. I've heard a lot of good thing about you while working on the satellite, and I want to make you an offer." You look at Mr. Miller and wait for him to finish.

"How would you like to be part of the crew of Explorer 2? But don't answer yet theres another offer on the table. We're trying to build a weather satellite and you can be part of that crew but you can only pick one." You start to think what would be the best satellite to help. Mr. Miller sees you hesitate, and he puts an arm around you and tells you, "Listen I'll give you till 3:00 to give me an answer. Alright? I'll be in my office when you're ready." You shake your head and Mr. Miller leaves. You look at your clock and you realize he only gave you 10 minutes to think about this. Which one should you pick?

If you decide to work on Explorer 2 turn to page 379.

If you decide to work on the weather satellite turn to page 381.

You chose to help Alan Shepard and get him to go to space. You think it's going to be hard and you start to sweat a lot and your words keep getting mumbled up. Since you heard the Soviet Union sent cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin into space and became the first person to orbit the Earth. "Let's get him into shape, and try different stimulations, and see what we could do after that." One of the crew members said.

The crew was trying to figure out the plan for the next couple of weeks in order to be able to send Shepard off into orbit. "Since Gagarin beat us to space we need to start training fast so we don't lag behind." Your heart quicken at the thought of the pressure on this task.

The next couple of weeks went by fast. You kept track of Shepard's blood pressure and how he reacted to different stimulations. One day he said, "So how am I doing?" You let out a deep sigh and say, "Well, you're doing well, we didn't think you would be doing so well." "When do you think they will send me?" You look up at him and say, "They're thinking on the 2nd." He looks at you with a puzzled expression. "Of?" he asked. "May." Shepard took a deep breath and said, "Well let's keep training then."

For the next days Shepard kept running and eating healthy to stay in his training mode until May 2 came. Shepard was suited up and ready to go off into space. "We have to reschedule the launching." You hear one of your supervisors say. "Why?" You and a bunch of coworkers ask. "Weather isn't the best, not until the 5 that is when we'll launch Shepard." Everybody agrees and waits till May 5, and when the day comes Shepard is launched.

Shepard was sent into orbit for a whole day and you are responsible for anything that goes wrong. Your fingers are crossed and you sweat a lot until Shepard lands on Earth you relax.

Your supervisor congratulates everyone that worked on the mission and when he comes to you he says, "NASA is working on a different project, called the Gemini Project, and they've ask to recruit some people from this mission." You open your mouth to say thank you but he cuts you off, "You can also be part of the next group of astronauts we're picking. Don't say anything right now. I'll give you till the end of the day to give me an answer." You nod your head and see him walk away, thinking that he reminded you of Mr. Miller. Now you have to make a decision. You had a great time working with the Mercury 7 but the Gemini Project can be a great new experience. What do you pick?

If you decide to be part of the 2nd group of astronauts, turn to page 397.

If you decide to be part of the Gemini Project, turn to page 389.

You've decided to go on a different path and you think the Gemini Project would be a great experience especially since the new president, John F. Kennedy challenged NASA to send a man up to the moon.

"Our first objective is to be able to send astronauts for a longer time in space." One of the supervisors said.

"Wouldn't that consist newer technology?" you heard yourself ask.

"Well that's for all of you to figure out," he gestured around including everyone in the room and continued, "Our second objective is to perfect how we land our spacecrafts and select before hand where we will land." He made a dramatic pause and you rolled your eyes thinking this guy is too much. "Our third objective is to be able to maneuver our spacecrafts while up in space, and our last objective is to know as much as we can about the effects of the weightlessness and the effects of longer time in space."

He looked at everyone in the room and with a smile on his face he said, "Good luck to you all." Everybody disperse and you waited for everyone to clear out. When you were about to leave to your workstation in the far corner, the supervisor starts to talk to you.

"How much do you love your work." You're thrown off by the question and you say, "As much as I can sir."

The supervisor looks at you with questioning eyes, "Well good, because I want you to be part of the first manned Gemini project."

You weren't sure it was a question but you say, "I would love to contribute to the project sir."

With a nod of his head he let you to it. You go to your workstation and gather up a pencil and a notepad to take notes. Right when you were about to go look for your new team someone comes up from behind you and say, "First manned Gemini Project?" You look at the small man looking up at you and you nod your head.

"Follow me," he turns around and starts to walk without waiting for you.

You hurry to catch him and you enter a massive white room, filled with chairs and refreshments, and you figure its the meeting room. You spot the little man.

"This is where you'll be working along with your new crew members. Good luck."

"Thank you." You walk more into the room and get acquainted with your new crew.

"Are any of you nervous?" you ask. Everybody looks at each other until one speaks up, "Just a little, I mean even though Alan Shepard went to space already, it's still scary." You all agree and start to make the plan to start on the project.

Turn to page 391.

Did You Know?
John F. Kennedy, being the president of the United States, supported the Space Race by challenging the U.S. to get a man up on the moon before the Soviets did. Initially, Americans did not support his decision but after technological breakthroughs they were able to accomplish the goal. This project came after the Mercury project which was initiated by JFK.

"Please welcome the astronauts that will be going on this mission, Gus Grissom and John Young." Both men wave and smile at everyone. You shake both their hands and say, "Welcome aboard. I will be your recorder during the project. Do you have any questions?" Grissom raises his eyebrows and asks, "What's a recorder?" "Basically I'm just keeping track of your training, injuries, protocols and medical condition." Both men nod and you say, "Let's get to work."

You spent the next couple of weeks keeping track of both men's condition during the training. You make sure at the end of the day that they're still in good health by checking their blood pressure and finally the day comes when you move on to work on the protocols. "Ok this is the first Manned Gemini Spacecraft and we have different protocols, like for instance if you get stuck in the bathroom and no one can hear you, we have a protocol for that." Both men nod at you and say, "Okay. Shall we begin?"

It takes two years to finally get the men ready to fly the spacecraft and understand the protocols in case of any emergency. Everybody gathers around to talk about the launching of the spacecraft, until you come to a conclusion that on March 25, 1965 will be the day the First Manned Gemini Spacecraft will be launched, which is just a month away.

As the day comes around the air is filled with the odor of sweat and anticipation. You tap your pen on your desk as you wait for Gus and John to come out in their suits. You can't help but shake your leg as the time passes by until finally you hear the footsteps of heavy boots.

Both men approach and are ready to be launched. You help by making sure the men are buckled up and then check the system to make sure that everything is still functioning. Once everybody is out of the spacecraft and waiting for the countdown you start to play with the button on your shirt. You look at the face of everyone and you wait along with them with anticipation until the countdown finally reaches 0 and you feel the heat of the spacecraft launching into orbit. Everybody stays still until no one can see it any longer making it a successful launching.

Everybody jumps at the excitement and cheers for the spacecraft. You go back to your office and see two stacks of paper. You look over them and read, "Apollo 1 Capsule," on one packet and on the other, "Gemini 12." At the side you read a note saying, "Make a decision." You don't know who wrote it but you think it's your supervisor and you sit down and read through the packets. You like both but have to decide which one.

If you decide to work on Apollo 7, turn to page 394.

If you decide to work on Gemini 12, turn to page 392.

You sit down in a room filled with chairs and table with refreshments. People start to sit down in the chairs and make small talk. You keep to yourself wishing for the meeting to start, when finally at the front of the room you hear someone clearing his throat.

"Everybody please take their seats." Everybody hustles through the room to sit down. Mr. Wagner, the guy who is in charge of placing people in the mission groups, smiles and continues, "Welcome aboard to the Gemini 12. You were given the chance to be able to work on the last Gemini project. We have already started to work on it and we are finishing our last touches." Someone raised their hand.

"If you are almost done, why are we being ask to help?" The guy at the front smiled and said, "You all have worked on spacecrafts or satellites or worked with the astronauts and we want to make sure we don't miss anything." Everybody stays quiet and the man says, "Follow me."

Everybody gets up and follows the man to see the progress of the project and you wait for further directions. The man faces everyone and says, "Good luck, and thank you for your assistance." You look around the spacecraft and nobody has anything to say. Everybody gives it a thumbs up and waits for the launching date.

Finally November 11 of 1966 comes around and you are present to witness the last Gemini flight. You see James Lovell and Edwin "Buzz" Aldrin approach the satellite. This time you don't feel the butterflies in your stomach or the shakiness of your hands. You wait patiently and when the countdown reaches to 0 you watch the satellite go up. You head back to your workstation and you see a stack of papers you never got to reading.

"Apollo 7," was the headline and you suspect that you're being recruited to join the team of Apollo 7, but you start to think if you want to continue at your work. You love doing what you do but the thrill is gone. You get up to go home. You take your time getting to your car. You start the engine and you make your way home thinking if its time to retire. You get home and you decide to go to bed early. You sleep on the idea of maybe on retiring.

If you decide to retire, turn to page 393.

If you decide to work on Apollo 7, turn to page 394.

You wake up and decide that its time to retire. You think that you don't have the energy to be up all the time. You don't bother to change from your pajamas and go straight to the phone. You call NASA and ask for Mr. Anderson your supervisor.

"Hello?" You explain to Mr. Anderson that you wish to retire.

"Why? You're good at your job and you have great experiance to be helping us with other satellites."

"Thank you sir but I just feel like its time for me to retire," you say sounding a little upset. "Well if you wish to retire, so be it. We will miss your help here at NASA. You will have to come to pick up your stuff and fill out some paperwork."

"I'll come in this afternoon." You hang up and take your time getting ready to go pick up your things. The process goes by quick. You say your goodbyes to your co-workers and finish the paperwork. You go home and start your retirement.

One day you read the newspaper and the headline says, "Man Walks on the Moon." you read it and find out that NASA was finally able to send someone up to the moon. In the article they quoted what Neil Armstrong said, "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind." You couldn't help but smile. One of the crewmates along the mission went orbiting the moon alone. You call to congratulate NASA. You felt pride that you were able to be part of NASA and help them in some missions.

~The End~

You feel like you were up for the challenge just one last time. You go to the meeting for the mission.

"This mission is the first manned test of the Command and Service Module." You were intrigued, you leaned forward to try to get a better hearing. "This spacecraft we plan to build will have to be big enough for the crew to have enough space. We don't know how long this mission will be but we want the crew to be as comfortable as they can be. Since this is the first manned test of the Command and Service Module it will be the first live TV from a manned spacecraft." He paused for dramatic effect and continue.

"How much time will we have?" one of the man ask from the crowd. "The plan is by October of next year we can get it launch." Everybody in the room started to murmur around and rustling in their seats. "Let's get to work," were the last words the guy said that was leading the meeting and everybody disperse.

You felt like a year wasn't enough in order to get this spacecraft ready. Everybody is hurrying to meet the deadline and while you struggle with the paperwork you also help out with the building of the spacecraft. You and a couple of other people were use to stand inside the spacecraft while other people were measuring the outside. When it did come, you were biting your fingernails wondering if the spacecraft will hold itself together from the pressure to orbit? Your shirt was dripping in sweat and you realize that October 11, 1968 was a hot day in Cape, Kennedy.

You feel a gentle breeze after the launching of Apollo 7. You felt overjoyed when you saw that the the spacecraft successfully went into orbit. The mission takes ten days and it did exactly what it was sent for to test of the Command and Service Module. You decide that you couldn't help but stay for one more mission and then decide to retire.

Turn page to 395.

The last mission you decide to do and you are ecstatic. The mission is to get the first man to walk on the moon. You feel the butterflies in your stomach and you can't wait any longer to start.

"Everybody I like you to meet our astronauts that we will be sending if you haven't met them yet. This is Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin but people call him 'Buzz' for short." Everybody waves and smiles, while they go off to start on their training.

"This mission is planned to be the first manned spacecraft to land on the moon also known as the Apollo 11 mission. This is also the beginning of new technology, the beginning of colored television." another supervisor said while he passed out the papers and people got up to get to work.

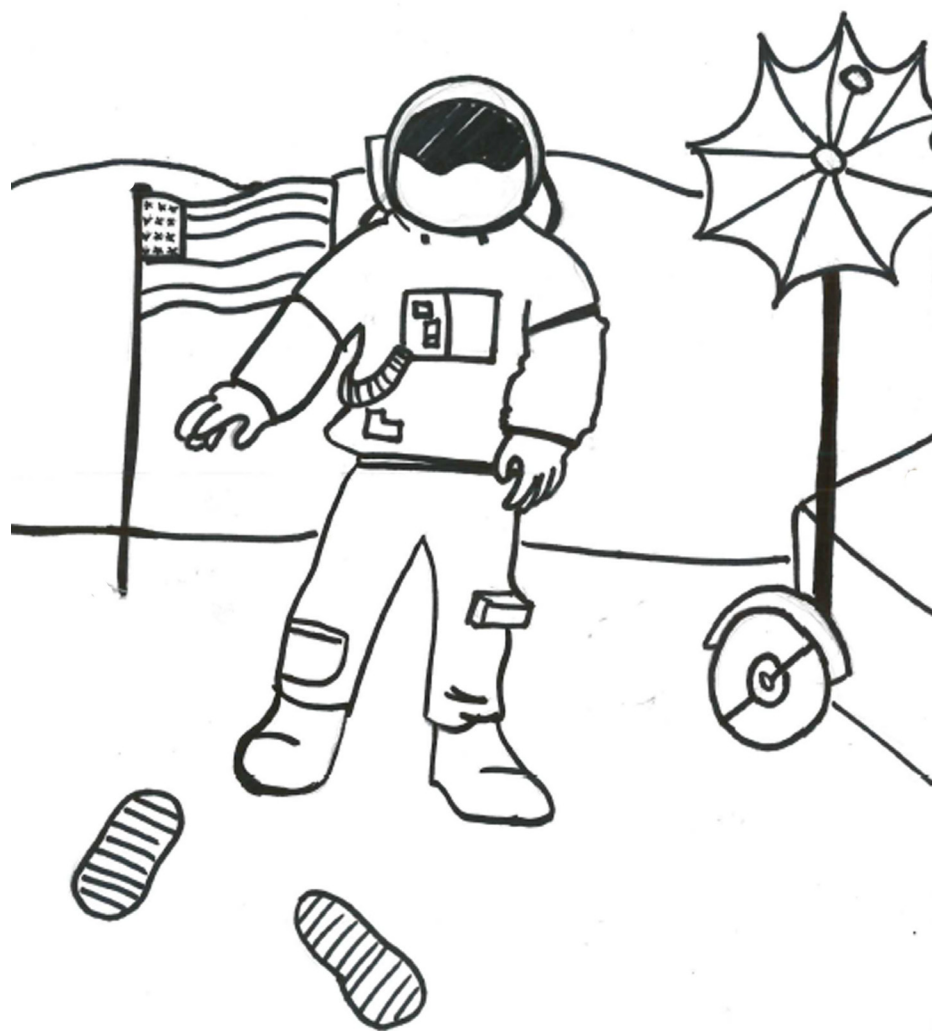
The day came on July 16, 1969 the launching day for Apollo 11. A crowd was outside by the launching pad and you were watching and waiting. You could smell the anticipation in the air and the longer you waited the more people showed up to view the launching. The butterflies made your stomach hurt and you had to frequently wipe the sweat off your forehead. Finally the countdown started and you join in. 10... 9... 8... until it went down to 0.

You followed the spacecraft until you couldn't see it anymore. Everybody disperse, not cheering yet since the mission wasn't over. The crew of Apollo 11 waited for response. You pace around the room back and forth. You got tired and began to tap your pen on anything. After 3 days they made it to the moon. The astronauts ask for rest and again you started to pace the room.

On July 20, 1969 Neil Armstrong became the first man to step foot on the moon followed by "Buzz" Aldrin. You were watching it on the television seeing both Neil and "Buzz" jumping and placing the flag of the United States on the moon.

You heard Neil Armstrong say, "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind." After that you join the cheering that was going on around you. Everybody was celebrating for the success of having the U.S. send a man up to the moon before the Soviets and being able to reach John F. Kennedy's goal of sending a man up to the moon.

After the whole event you decide its time to retire. Later on you hear that Pete Conrad and Alan Bean perform the first precision lunar landing and after that the Space Race seemed to have ended.



You were helping pick out the second group of astronauts for NASA. You had to read through a lot of paperwork. It was a little difficult to read through them because after the first few papers your eyes were getting tired. It took several days to bring the papers down.

From 100 to 60 to 40 until it came down to 20. Everybody was complaining that the guy there coworker chose wasn't fit to work at NASA. "They just don't have the experience for the missions we plan to do," one guy said. "Your guy just has about 40 hours of pilot experience, that's not enough to be part of NASA," another said, and one and one it went.

It took a while for everyone to agree which one to recruit. You pace around the room everytime they started to argue about a guy not having enough experience or a guy being too old to be able to help on the mission.

Finally on September 17, 1962 NASA finally picked out its second group of astronaut. It consisted of Neil A. Armstrong, Frank Borman, Charles 'Pete' Conrad, Jr, James A. Lovell, Jr, James A. McDivitt, Elliot M. See, Thomas J. Stafford, Edward H. White II, and John W. Young. You shook the guys hand and said, "Welcome aboard to NASA." The day ended quickly and you see your supervisor heading your way. He says hi and quickly gets to the point.

"We're working on two different spacecrafts, Surveyor and Lunar Orbiter. You can pick whichever one you want."

"I'll think about and I'll give you an answer tomorrow." You say to your supervisor. He nods and walks away leaving you to decide where you would want to work.

If you decide to be part of the Surveyor 1 crew turn to page 398.

If you decide to be part of the Lunar Orbiter, turn to page 399.

As you are fixing up the papers that have all the recording for this mission, you start to think if its time for you to retire. You think you worked hard enough to finally finish working, but you love the job and you feel like you just need one more mission to satisfy you.

"We need help with the wires," one of your co worker says, and you put all your thoughts of retiring away. You head over to where he's working and you help him out.

"Usually people get mistaken with the black wire and the dark blue wire because they look alike. I recommend to have a flashlight with you when you're working with wires, and remember the black always goes with the red," you told the guy and went back to finishing up some paperwork.

Surveyor 1 was a little difficult, the crew was trying to build new system to help support the to be able to soft land it on the moon and help with future space missions. Luckily the crew was able to figure it out and on May 30 of 1966 the Surveyor 1 was launch.

On June 2 1966 the spacecraft soft lands on the moon creating a success to the mission. You congratulate everyone who worked on the spacecraft and you finish up the last of the paperwork. You get up to go home. You take your time getting to your car. You start the engine and you make your way home thinking if its time to retire. You get home and you decide to go to bed early. You sleep on the idea of maybe on retiring or maybe just doing on last spacecraft mission.

If you decide to retire, turn to page 393.

If you decide to do one last spacecraft mission turn to page 395.

"A robotic spacecraft?" You hear one of your co worker ask. You were a little shock to hear that you will be helping build a robotic spacecraft to send to orbit earth. It didn't seem impossible, the only problem was trying to build the new technology.

"We want it to be able to take pictures when we send it off to orbit." The supervisor said and with that everyone got to work.

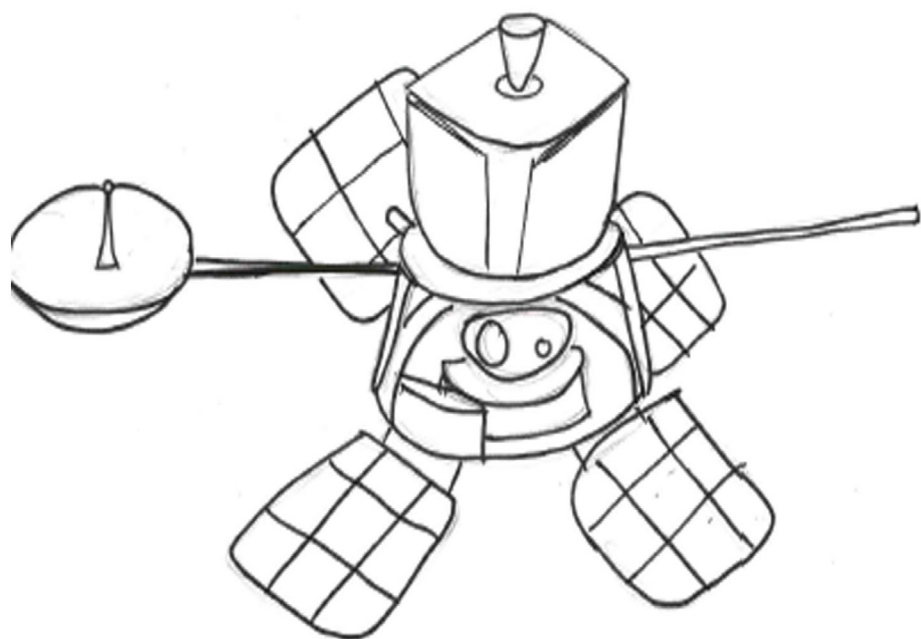
The spacecraft launch on August 10, 1966. "Do you think it'll work?" one of your co workers ask. You turn to him and be as honest as you can even if the butterflies grow inside your stomach.

"We can only wait and find out." The Lunar Orbiter 1 finally enters into orbit around the moon and takes the first picture of earth from a distance. When NASA receive the picture everybody starts to celebrate at the success of the first American robotic spacecraft.

After the celebration is done, you go to your workstation to do some paperwork. Your tired by the time you finish and you notice that almost everyone is gone.

You get up to go home. You take your time getting to your car. You start the engine and you make your way home thinking if its time to retire. You get home and you decide to go to bed early. You sleep on the idea of maybe on retiring.

Turn to page 393.



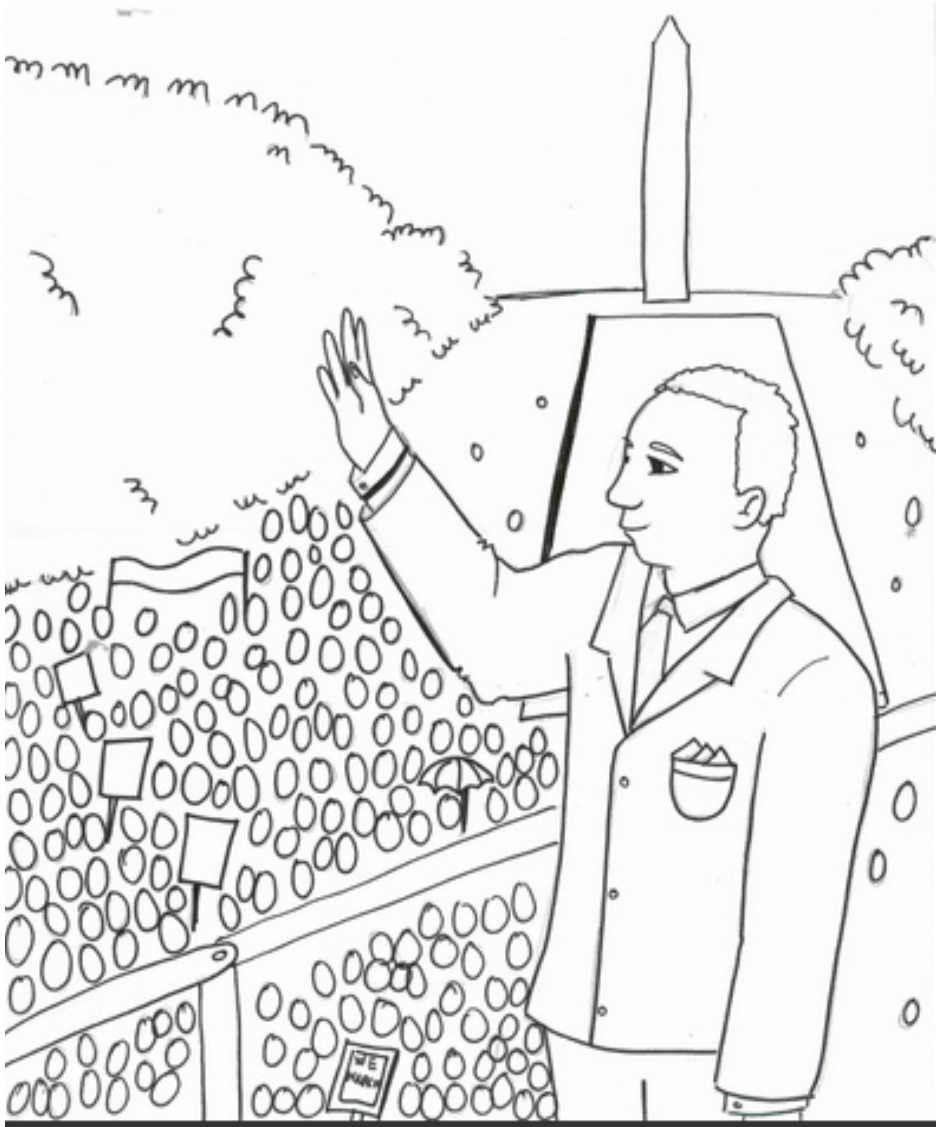
The Civil Rights Movement

The Civil Rights Movement was as a mass movement for African Americans to have equal access and opportunities for the basic privileges and rights of U.S. citizenship. The roots of the Civil Rights Movement go back to the 19th century and the movement peaked in the 1950's and 1960's. African American men and women, along with whites, organized and led the movement at national and local levels. They pursued their goals through legal means, negotiations, petitions, and nonviolent protest demonstrations. The Civil Rights Movement focused in the South, where most African Americans live and where racial inequality in education, economic opportunity, and the political and legal processes was the worst. Beginning in the late 19th century, state and local governments passed the Jim Crow laws that made restrictions on voting rights, which left the black population economically and politically powerless.

AFRICAN AMERICAN MALE: You are an African American born in Montgomery, Alabama fighting for your civil rights through different movements.



Turn to page...



403 - Civil Rights Movement

You are a 15 year old African American teenager in 1954. You're heading home from a long Sunday visiting your grandmother. Wind is hitting your dark skin as your hand is sticking out the bus window. The bus stops and it's time for you to hop off and make your way to another bus stop that will lead you closer to home. As the bus rides away, you notice a newspaper article being blown away by the fast wind.

As the newspaper rushes by you, you reach out and save it to read while you wait for your next bus to arrive. You take a seat on the bench and begin reading your article. Your eyes open wide, and you can't believe what you've come across on the newspaper.

"A girl named Linda Brown from Kansas was not allowed to enter her school because she's African American. Her father then filed a suit against the Topeka, Kansas school board on December 9, 1952. Being treated unequally and school segregation is violating the Equal Protection Clause of the 14th Amendment. Then on May 17, 1954, the Supreme Court decided to integrate public schools. This means African Americans can now go to the same schools that white people attend."

A smile across your face, you are filled with joy from reading this information because you now have lots of new opportunities coming your way. Yet you fear of what can possibly happen if you move to an integrated school.

The bus arrives and you're ready to go home. During your ride, you continue to think about having the opportunity to attend a white school with a better education. You are currently attending a black school which means you're not getting the best education. Many thoughts lead you to confusion, so you decide to stop thinking about your future plans in school for a second. All your thoughts made the bus ride faster than the speed of light.

Again, it's time for you to get off the bus and walk your way home. On your way home you walk by Montgomery Central High School. Everytime you walk by the school, your eyes illuminate with desire and hope. Wishing that one day you can attend a school such as Central High. This school is beautiful, the biggest you have ever seen. It can easily be compared to a palace.

You then walk away after observing it for a few minutes. Hoping to attend Montgomery Central High, or another white school sometime soon. After all, schools are now integrated. But you have some hard decisions to make and really think things through.

If you decide to stay in an African American school, turn to page 405.

If you decide to move to a white school, turn to page 407.

Did You Know?
Linda Brown from Kansas was not allowed to enter her school because she was African American. Her father then filed a suit against the Topeka, Kansas school board on December 9, 1952. Being treated unequally, school segregation, and separate but equal policies were violating the Equal Protection Clause of the 14th Amendment. Then on May 17, 1954, the Supreme Court decided to integrate public schools and other public facilities in the United States.

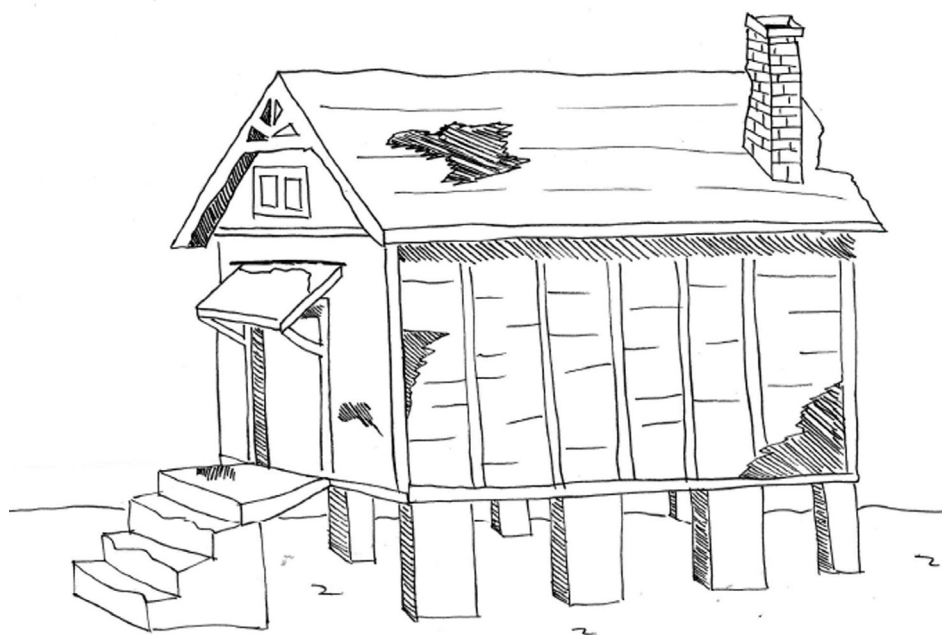
Same routine, different day. It's a new, sunny Monday in Alabama.

As you're getting ready for school, you quickly think to yourself, "A white school? What would I be doing there? I don't belong there. I'm black."

You are out the door in no time and you take the bus to school. Arriving to school gives you no motivation because you know that you'll be reading out of those damaged, old, and useless books all day. It's difficult for you to get a good education in an all African American school due to the lack of resources compared to white schools.

The school buildings are old and ruinous. The classroom's wooden floor squeaks every time your teacher takes a step, preventing you to concentrate in class. The day is going by really slow. It's 12:00P.M. which means it's lunch time and you find yourself to be hungry. But African American schools don't have cafeterias or any kind of lunch areas like white schools. You will have to wait until you get home to eat.

Turn to page 409.



It's a brand new day filled with new opportunities. You think things through and decide that a white school will be more beneficial to your future. You are extremely nervous for your first day in a white school. The palm of your hands are dripping with sweat. You hope to meet good people on your first day of school, and that you stay away from trouble. It's time to walk out the door and get yourself to school. It's a cloudy day as you're walking down the street to catch the bus.

You enter the school bus, and the majority of the students riding are white. There are only 3 African American students riding the bus as well. This fills you up with fear of a bad situation coming up anytime soon. You choose a seat next to another black student. But as you're walking up to your seat, some of the students stare at you with despise because you're divergent from them. You ignore all the looks and take seat. A finger pokes your shoulder, and you nervously turn around to see who tapped you.

A white boy kindly introduces himself, "Hi there, I'm Jimmy." He asks you if its your first day, and why you moved.

You respond by saying, "Yes it's my first day, I enrolled to this school to be well educated in an integrated school."

"Sweet! We can hang out during lunch time. I'll introduce you to my friends", he responds.

You keep talking to this guy on your way to school, and so far you have a good feeling about today. Not all white Americans are racist. Jimmy has changed your perspective a bit and now you feel as if everything will be just fine.

When you get to school, it's flooded with people. You've never seen huge amounts of people in high school. As you're heading towards the entrance, an angry mob of parents and students approach the new black students. They're blocking the doorway while they're yelling and prohibiting you to enter. You have never panicked this much in your entire life.

"GET OUT OF HERE NEGROS! YOU DON'T BELONG HERE!" yells an old white lady.

So much chaos goes on as more students joins the mob. However there are many students minding their own business and getting to class. All of this madness makes you very upset, so you decide to run back home. Tears roll down your face. You're tired of being segregated ever since you can remember.

You get home and explain to your mom everything that just happened. Your mom then forbids you to return to that school. You're at big risk around racist, angry mobs blocking you from entering school. That's when you decide to return to your old school. An all African American school.

Go to page 405.

"Come on mom! We are going to miss the bus if you don't hurry!" you yell as the wind hits your face. Ahead, you can see the bus more clearly as you are getting closer. You suddenly halt in front of the bus and take a moment to catch your breath. Seconds later, your mother shows up. You enter the front of the bus watching your step with ten cents you retrieved from your pocket in your hand. Your mother follows behind you onto the bus. You hand the change to the bus driver. As you enter the bus, you pass the first "whites only" aisles and keep your eye out for an open seat in the cramped bus. You see many familiar faces from your black community and greet them with a warm smile. You then find a seat in the back and sit down.

Once you sit down, you notice that the bus doesn't drive off right away. You peak your head up and slide your butt on the edge of your seat to see the front of the bus. The bus driver, a white man named Blake, is talking to some African Americans sitting down in some of the front rows.

You hear him say to them, "Y'all better make it light on yourselves and let me have those seats." You spot a white man standing behind him. You also notice the African American man and two women, who Blake was talking to, stand up and move to the back of the bus. One lady remains sitting.

The African American lady who is still sitting, calm as can be, replies with a simple, "No."

Blake, with an immediate disgusted expression on his face says, "Who do you think you are, what is your name?"

"Rosa Parks." she replies with a confident and relaxed voice.

"Well Parks, I'm going to have you arrested." Blake says.

"You may do that." Rosa responds.

Within minutes, you hear police cars pull up next to the bus. You observe Rosa Parks suddenly being grabbed and handcuffed by police. She is taken away and forced to sit in the back of a police car. You are shocked of how the woman did not obey Blake's orders by refusing to give up her seat on t

Did You Know?

Rosa Parks was a Civil Rights activist and member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP). She was arrested and convicted of violating the laws of segregation, known as "Jim Crow laws." Four days after she was arrested, the black people of Montgomery and supporters of other races organized and promoted a boycott of the city bus line, the Montgomery bus boycott. She triggered one of the most dramatic nonviolent protest in the history of American race relations.

Four days pass since the incident. You are walking to the bus stop and notice a flier hanging on a fence. On top it reads, "Montgomery Bus Boycott." Your eyes widen while your mouth drops in shock. The bus arrives and you stand on your tippy toes trying to peek through the window. You don't see any of your friendly neighbors sitting on the bus. You think to yourself, did Rosa Parks's actions have anything to do with this? You look around and see many African Americans walking on the sidewalks. You glance down the street and notice more people walking. You see your neighbor Joey walking towards you and you wave hello.

"Joey what is happening?" you say as you quickly scan the neighborhood.

"African American citizens are refusing to ride the bus," he exclaims.

"What? Why? That is our main source of public transportation," you reply in engagement.

"Didn't you hear? There is a major event happening, a boycott of the city line buses! African Americans are starting to demand equal rights and fight to end segregation on buses."

"How are they doing this?!" you ask in astonishment, waiting for Joey to respond.

"People walk or take the carpool system. They take any type of transportation besides riding those darn segregated buses." you take a pause and various thoughts flow through your head. You know you want to take part of this event because you can't stand the segregation laws on the buses. You know it is not right for whites to have first priority for everything, especially buses, which is transportation for the public. You are glad people are starting to make change happen. Since you heard about the different ways to go about this bus boycott, you can either choose to start walking to your destinations or participate in the carpool system.

If you decide to take a part of this bus boycott by walking, turn to page 431.

If you decide to take part of this boycott by using the carpool system, turn to page 427.

DID YOU KNOW?

For segregated buses in Montgomery, even when only one white passenger needed a seat, all four African American passengers were required to stand up because a white person would not sit in the same row as an African American.

You're on the road again seeing the great lands of greenery surround the road. You then pass high mountains with cows scattered on top. Five hours pass and you are in Anniston, Alabama, a state that still doesn't obey the integration laws, which is close to your home town. The journey is very peaceful and a smooth drive. Suddenly things got a turn for the worst. Once the bus crosses the Alabama state line, you see a mob of about 200 men with widen, glaring eyes.

"Those men are members of the White Citizen's Council and people who support white supremacy and segregation." Joey whispers in your eyes as you both stare out the window.

The men carry metal pipes, clubs and chains and start to wreck the bus, creating dents in the side. Suddenly, glass flies onto your body. Joey shoves your head into his chest, as you cover your ears. The windows are destroyed. The bus driver is able to pull away and left to find help, abandoning the bus and the passengers.

"Someone has slashed the tires!" one of the worried passenger yells out. One of the men who is a part of the angry mob, crashes through a window. Flames start to rise. Your lungs fill with smoke. You spill out onto the grass and into the angry mob. Being small, you army crawl through the crowd and run for your life. You legs move quickly towards a tree, which you use to hide for cover. You feel tears drip down your face. You look back and see the bus engulfed in flames. The passengers you came along with on this journey are being hit and brutally beaten to the ground. You can't bare to look. You see the other bus in the distance. You know you can make it to the bus if you run fast enough, but it could be a dangerous journey staying on the Freedom Ride. Do you sprint towards the bus and join the other Freedom riders or escape, trying to make your way back to Montgomery?

If you decide to sprint towards the bus, turn to page 424.

If you decide to make your way back to Montgomery, turn to page 422.

You get in the passenger seat in the car. VROOM. Soon enough, you are on your way to Washington D.C. You know the ride will be about five hours so you rest for a little, closing your eyes and leaning your head against the back of the seat. After an hour of sleeping, you munch on a granola bar.

You scan your surroundings outside the window and admire all the trees and beautiful blue skies covered with fluffy white clouds. Two more hours pass and you see a sign reading "Richmond", which is the capital of Virginia. You are more than half way to Washington D.C. On your way, you pass Monument Avenue, which incorporates statues lined up of rebel leaders that were either present in a battle, war, army or was president. You fall asleep for three more hours and wake up in the amazing capital of the United States, Washington D.C.

Turn to page 418.

Seven hours have passed of you listening to the radio jams, staring out the window, and sleeping. You feel the car stop moving. You slowly open your eyes, since you've been resting in the car for the past few hours and see that Joey pulled in front of the Woolworth department store. You open the car door and stretch your arms high above your head. You feel the soft wind blow against your face. You slowly pace to the entrance. You enter with Joey and stroll through some aisles. You make a small purchase of a colorful keychain to remember the trip. You then look over your shoulder and view a lunch counter in the corner. There are about twenty African Americans crowded around, just sitting peacefully in the counter seats. None of them seem to be getting served. You are curious of why this is. Maybe nobody is in need of a beverage or meal, or the staff is not doing their job of serving customers. You see a sign hanging above the counter reading "whites only." It seems the lunch counter staff refuses to serve the African Americans at the counter. You realize those customers don't have a choice of not being served. It's the store policy.

"If the African American customers aren't going to be served, why do they still remain sitting?" you ask Joey.

"Well they are fighting for their rights, using the method called a sit-in." Joey responds.

"A sit-in? When people just sit-in?" you ask confused, yet engaged.

"Well yes, sit-ins are nonviolent protests. African Americans are doing this to bring attention to what is not right." Joey says.

"Hmmm, so a sit-in is happening at the moment, Correct?"

"Correct."

"May I join?" you say, as you pace towards a seat at the lunch counter.

"Of course. If you want to help join for fighting for equal service to our race then go for it." You smile as you take a seat on the lunch counter stool. You sit in the same spot until the store closes.

"Would you like to continue the sit-in tomorrow?" Joey asks.

"Yes, I need to be a part of fighting for my rights." You leave and come back the next day, sitting in the same spot you were yesterday. Hours of sitting pass and you detect news reporters rushing through the door. You think to yourself, this sit-in got enough attention to get the press involved?

"Do you think this sit in will make a difference Joey?"

"Of course, in due time." You want to participate in a sit-in to help support the fight for inequality, but you also think that you want the sit-ins to be a more of a major event.

If you decide to organize more sit-ins, turn to page 420.

If you decide to stay in the sit-in at Woolworth department store's lunch counter, turn to page 429.

You hear about how news reporters are everywhere, surrounding the streets while recording and documenting the progress of the boycott. The city bus lines are losing money and passengers. The white community are at a low point at the moment. You see police standing by and not preventing the fights at hand. The whites tend to gang up and attack your African American friends. Your eyes become watery as you tend to look away, feeling your heart drop to your stomach. Your close neighbor, Joey walks up to you, pressing his hand on your back pushing you in the opposite direction. Joey, being an older male is there to help protect you from the violence occurring.

As days pass, the city is unable to deal with financial losses and constant national media coverage. They are finally forced to remove their segregation law by a federal court order. The bus boycott ends up being a success with the U.S. Supreme court ruling that segregation on buses is unconstitutional and the Montgomery buses are integrated. This means thousands of black riders are on the buses again and sitting in any seats they chose. The day after the boycott ends, you ride a non segregated bus for the first time.

Turn to page 434.

"That's us," the woman a part of the group says. You trudge towards the sign that reads "New Orleans." You tiredly aboard the plane and sit down in the comfy seat.

"Please fasten your seatbelt and we do remind you that smoking is not permitted." You feel the wheels of the plane roll across the runway. You hear the roar of the plane engine and suddenly, you're on your way into the blue sky. Big fluffy clouds surround the plane. You place your hand on your stomach, feeling woozy. Then you tilt your head back closing your eyes. Two hours pass of you sleeping. You slide up the plane window and stare out. You notice townhomes, different colored, lined up horizontally, surrounded by lands of greenery. Another hour passes of you patiently sitting.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are now on our final approach into New Orleans."

Turn to page 434.

You glance around quickly trying to flag down the police. You notice a policeman standing on the other side, which you start running towards to get him to help stop the beating.

“Please help! My friend is getting beaten by some white males!” you say as you point towards the direction of the fight. The attack triggers a reaction from the police officer who stood by and witnessed the whole scene.

The police step in and pull one guy off of John and say, “All right boys. Y’all have done about enough now. Get on home.” More police arrive and ask John Lewis if they want to press charges, but he says no. That was the first attack on the Freedom Ride where blood was drawn. Various people just stood by as their eyes widen as they visualized the scene. The attack really did draw attention. Quickly, you and other passengers then board another Greyhound bus, which heads to Anniston, Alabama.

Turn to page 411.

You sprint far away avoiding the situation. You make your way to a nearby bus stop. A city bus pulls up and you pay with the little change you have in your pocket and take a seat.

“Will this bus take me to Montgomery?” you ask the bus driver.

“Montgomery is sure of a way from here, but I will write a list of buses you must take in order to get there.” He says sliding you the paper with some change into your hand.

“What’s this change for?” you ask with a smile appearing on your face.

“You will be taking various buses. This is so you don’t run out of money.”

“Oh thank you!” you say grabbing the paper and coins and make your way to find a seat.

You take thirteen bus transits to Montgomery passing through four cities, Oxford, Talladega, Sylacauga, and Wetumpka. Your rides consist of you waiting patiently, either sitting or standing, staring at your feet or out the window. After about two hours, you get off your last bus at the stop and walk home. Thank goodness I am home. So much has happened.

Turn to page 434.

Once you arrive to Washington D.C., you pass the White House. The stunning architecture takes your breath away. The iconic pillars are even more magnificent than you previously imagined. The pristine whiteness of the building conveys a certain pureness that the White House radiates. You admire the freshly mowed lawn. You appreciate the lovely sunny weather and the cool breeze. Up ahead, you notice two big buses with college students. The students who were a group of mixed races, male and female, are gathered around. You are curious to know where they are headed. You make

Joey pull up behind one of the buses and you slowly get out of the car. You notice the crowd of students and approach an African American male.

"Hello there. Mind if I ask where y'all are headed?" you ask politely.

"New Orleans. Me, along with many supporters of civil rights, are going on a journey to fight for equality."

"Everyone go eat and meet back here in an hour!" one of the bus driver yells, as his eyes peer on some people in the group. You observe everyone disperse and stroll towards the dining areas.

"Want to join me for some lunch?" the man asks.

"Sure! That would be nice. Mind if my friend comes along?" you say, motioning Joey to come join you.

"No not at all, the more the better. I'm John by the way, John Lewis. I'm a member of CORE- Congress of Racial Equality." he says, welcoming you with a friendly smile.

"Nice to meet you John." All three of you go out to eat lunch at Old Ebbitt Grill. You munch on a delicious old fashion hamburger with a soda on the side.

"Where you guys from?" John asks you before taking a bite into his burger.

"Montgomery, Alabama" you reply.

"Montgomery? I heard in the news there was a big bus boycott that led to the buses being integrated."

"Yes that is true. I was a part of it and so was Joey. He was one of the carpool drivers. That is how we got here."

"What are you guys doing here? Being far away from home."

"We wanted to visit the U.S. capital. I was thinking we could possibly take part in more civil rights movements," you say looking at Joey with a smirk on your face

“Civil rights movement? Well you bumped into the right person! All my life I’ve despised racial discrimination and segregation. It is truly unfair to our race that we do not get treated equally as whites.”

“I totally agree! Everyone should be treated equal, not depending on our race or color of our skin.”

“Me and some college students are taking two separate buses, traveling through different Southern states. We are taking Freedom Rides. Our mission is to challenge local laws that enforce segregation in public transportation.”

“Interesting, but isn’t your bus already integrated? There were blacks and whites in your crowd.”

“Why yes. We are civil rights activists who represent CORE- Congress of Racial Equality. We are against segregation and plan to fight against it with our journey on the buses in other Southern states where inequality appears. ”

“Fascinating! May I take part in this journey?”

“Are you sure you can handle it? Might be a bit violent.”

“I can handle it.” You, John, and Joey make your way back to Greyhound, the bus. John introduces you to various people that will accompany you on this long and dangerous journey you plan to take. While everyone and yourself embarks the buses, the driver sets your bags at the bottom of the bus. In no time, you are on your way on the Freedom Ride.

Turn to page 426.

Did You Know

John Lewis is a civil rights leader. He was born in Troy, Alabama in 1940, where he grew up in segregated schools and picked cotton with his family. He always disliked the idea of segregation or racial discrimination, even as a child. During the CORE Freedom ride, he was 19 years old when he joined the freedom riders, and had already five prior arrests as a member of the Nashville Student Movement

Since you want to organize another sit-in, you make Joey drive you to the Greensboro Kress store. It is a department store with a lunch counter inside. You guide yourself to the lunch counter and take a seat.

You ask the waitress kindly, "May I please have a Dr. Pepper?"

"Sorry I cannot serve you, store policy," she says as she makes her way towards a white customer. Your nostrils flare as your lips tighten. You swivel your chair, face your back towards the counter and stare speechlessly at the department store. You then immediately purchase a pen and notebook. You sit in a chair owned by the diner. Your pen scribbles across the sheet of paper, writing out, "Service to all customers at the lunch counter in this store should be provided." You would ask anyone who walks by if they agree with your statement. If so, you have them sign their name on the paper. Joey is by your side the whole time.

"I'm sorry, but you cannot do this here. I revise you to leave immediately," one of the staff members from the lunch counter says. You roll your eyes and turn your head the other way, ignoring what she just said. An African American lady notices what you are doing and takes a seat beside you.

"You sure are trying to make a difference, huh kid?"

"Of course. I can't stand how the store policy of this lunch counter refuses to assist us. We are here to enjoy the food they have to offer and they just shut us down rejecting our orders."

"Well it's a good thing what you are trying to do here. I support 100%."

"Thank you, it means a lot," you say as you simper, with your eyes looking at your shoes.

"If you are against the segregated policy of the store diner, please come support my friend here!" the lady yells cupping her hands around her mouth. You grin, as you see African Americans starting to approach you. All of them sign your paper and most take a seat surrounding your chair. You glance around thinking, did I actually manage to start a sit-in? After the time passes, you count up your signatures and see there are 68 names that agree with you.

The lunch counter staff becomes fed up and begins to yell, "All of you African American customers must leave now!" You of course, did not obey their orders. As the hours pass, more and more people come to participate in the sit in. News reporters start to enter the department store with mics in their hand. They reach your table and start interviewing you.

“Where are you from? Is it true you are the one who started this event? How did you get supporters? What is your view on the lunch counter’s service policy?” It is all so overwhelming. You did not know the press would get involved.

“I’m from Montgomery, Alabama, participant of the Montgomery bus boycott. I think I started it? I just wanted to see how many people feel the same way I do about the situation of not being able to be served, because I absolutely dislike the service policy. The fact that I’m African American means I should be treated more unfairly? Just doesn’t seem right.”

Turn to page 430.

You are getting homesick and feel you contributed enough to the Civil Rights Movement, being a part of the bus boycott and the Greensboro sit-ins. You know it is time to share your stories of what you've done, with your family back home. You take a seat in the passenger seat of the car. You make a stop by the local market to pick up some snacks that get you through the long eight hour drive. As you are patiently sitting in the car, you think of how proud your family will be that you contributed a great amount to the Civil Rights Movements.

Looking back, you remember walking down the street, tired and thirsty for a drink of water. At that time, you approached the drinking fountains labeled "white" and "colored". You turned your back and noticed no one in sight. You thought at that moment, Hmm it wouldn't be bad idea to take a sip from the "white" fountain, since no one can catch me. You leaned forward, pressing your hand against the button releasing cool, fresh water that filled your mouth with delight.

After you took that joyful taste of the refreshing water, you felt a light tap of your shoulder. Your eyes widened in fear as soon as your twisted your body around. A white man was standing there before your eyes. Before you knew it, you were lying straight on the ground, with a bruised eye... From that cruel encounter, you think, Wow I was pretty brave to go out and take a stand for myself and my people.

Turn to page 434.

You suddenly step in, placing your body between John's and the other males. Other white men join the one abusing John, who also start to take hard aggressive punches towards your stomach and face.

"UGH," you scream as you drop to the ground. Tears fill your eyes.

A bruised eye appears on your face as blood drips from your nose, touching the top of your lips. Your arms and legs feel shaky, as you try to push your weak body off of the ground. You think, I can't do it. I can't get up. Once you pull your head up to see what has happened. BAM. A fist punch hit straight to your face, knocking you back to the ground.

-The End-

You sprint, eyes focused on getting to the bus. You stop in the front of the bus, and start banging on the doors. Come on, open the door. You continuously glance around, keeping your eye out for anyone who may attack you, the doors slowly open and you jump in. You find an open seat on the bus.

"Are you alright? Are you hurt?" an African American woman asks you who is sitting in the row across yours.

"I ran as fast as I could to get here. There are so many of the other passengers being beaten. It was terrifying. I am just glad I made it out alive," you say breathing heavy.

"Oh no, your arm is bleeding. Let me wrap that up for you." You slowly look down, seeing blood leak from your forearm. The woman grabs your arm gently. You feel your arm stinging as she wipes it with a wet napkin, then covers it with a cloth.

The lady who is healing your arm asks the bus driver, "Are we gonna be on our way to New Orleans now?"

"I'm afraid not. Sorry, but I cannot drive you guys to different states. It is too dangerous. There are people who are not on our side that may have the urge to violently attack us," the bus driver responds.

"So we are going to stay here?"

"No, I will drive you passengers to the airport in Birmingham where you can catch a plane to New Orleans." You lean back in your seat as you feel the bus start to move. You add pressure to the cloth that is lying on your arm to prevent bleeding. An hour later, you arrive at the airport. There are men with a guns, hardhats and matching uniforms approaching the bus. Once you and everyone else step off the bus, everybody gathers around to hear what the men have to say.

"Is everyone alright? I know that your other bus has been burned down and the passengers were unfortunately attacked. We are federal troops here to protect you guys and have scheduled you guys for a flight to New Orleans, being your destination of the Freedom Ride." You step inside the airport, a cool breeze hits you and you glance around, noticing people well dressed in skirts and suits ready to board for their flights.

"Now boarding to New Orleans," you hear the announcer say.

"Some of my buddies want to continue the Freedom Ride to Mississippi. Want to join?" the lady who helped take care of your arm, who is also a CORE member says to you.

"Isn't it a little dangerous?"

"Well yes, but we can't let the violent situation that happened with the other bus end the trip. We must keep going! And fight for our rights, and if not, die trying." she says placing her hand on your arm, looking in your eyes. Do you board the plane to New Orleans or continue the Freedom Ride to Mississippi?

If you decide to board the plan, turn to page 415.

If you decide to continue the Freedom Ride, turn to page 428.

Suddenly, you and the others are forced into a paddy wagon by police and driven to jail. Standing in the jail cell, you hold the bars staring at the wall across the way. You stare and stare as hours go by. I must get out of here. Besides staring at the walls and the others in the cell, you lie down and rest your head on the pillow in the bed. It's not as comfortable as your bed at home, but you must deal with it. The next day, all of you guys enter a room containing rows of chairs and a big desk at the front of the room. You and the other Freedom Riders are in trial and convicted for violating state law.

"This group of people here were trespassing the whites only waiting room," the prosecutor says.

Jack Young, as defense attorney spoke in the defense of you and the other riders. When you glance up at the judge, he is constantly turning and glaring at the wall rather than listen to what he has to say.

"Is that all?" the judge asks Jack.

"Yes." Jack responds.

"They are sentenced to thirty days in the State Penitentiary," the judge explains as you and the others are taken away by police. Thirty days pass, and attorneys from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People appeal the convictions all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, which cleared your records.

That summer you watch T.V with your buddies who rode the Freedom Ride.

"Hundreds of people made Freedom Rides throughout this summer. Many of those Freedom Riders fill the jails in Mississippi and other Southern states. Since this is being such a huge issue, the Interstate Commerce Commission require public places to post notices that they are prohibiting segregated transportation facilities. Any bus company that sent vehicles to segregated station will be charged with breaking the law." You and all the former Freedom riders exchange smiles and hugs.

"We did good guys, we did good," you say glancing at everyone's cheerful facial expressions.

Turnn to page 434.

You take a seat by the window while Joey is by your side. You glance around and familiarize yourself with the different faces on the bus.

Thoughts of what might happen on this journey fill your mind.. I hope to make a change from this Freedom Ride. I wonder if there will be a lot of stops? Are we going to get attacked by non-supporters? You then think of your family. Hopefully my family is doing okay. You pull out a pen and a piece of paper to write a letter to your family. In the letter you mention how you are on a bus headed to different states in the South and don't know what this journey has in store for you. You know that it will be dangerous, but beneficial in ways that contribute to the Civil Rights Movement. After writing your letter, you fold it into thirds and place it in your back pocket. You hope the next stop has a mail stop. Five hours pass of you tiredly staring out the window. Your eyes close shut every once in a while, as you rest your head against the window feeling the bumps the bus goes over. The bus suddenly takes a stop.

"Where have we stopped?" you ask Joey pulling your slouched body forward, while you peek out the window.

"Rock Hill, South Carolina. We arrived at the Rock Hill Greyhound Terminal." You, along with everyone else, gets off the bus and enters the terminal. You wait there patiently with others for the bus to arrive. You glance up, and notice there is a waiting room strictly for whites only. You observe John pacing towards the "white" waiting room.

"Nigger," a white man says as he raises his finger pointing towards the door down the way with a sign reading "colored."

"I have a right to go in here on the grounds of the Supreme court decision in the Boynton case."

Not knowing what that is, you whisper to Joey, "What is the Boynton case?"

"It held that racial segregation in public transportation was illegal because such segregation violated the Interstate Commerce Act, which forbids discrimination in interstate passenger transportation."

The white man who was talking to John raises his right fist, readying himself for the punch. Suddenly, you are shocked of how the man shoves his fist in John's face. The impact makes him jolt back. Your heart is beating hard in your chest as you look at John, while blood spills from his mouth, which he manages to spit out onto the floor. He puts his fist up and immediately takes a punch to his stomach from the man. I need to do something! I can't watch this for much longer, you think to yourself. He falls to the ground and struggles to stand up. Do you help your new friend John fight? Or do you flag down the police to do something?

*If you decide to help John fight, turn to page 423.
If you decide to get the police involved, turn to page 416.*

You walk to the corner of the street and see your neighbor, Joey parked in a taxi. The window rolls down as you approach the car.

"Hello Joey, what are you doing driving this cab?" you ask curiously.

"Well you see, I am here to help the Montgomery Improvement Association by driving this taxi. I am a part of the carpool system to help support the bus boycott, which incorporates 300 cars. It was created to drive any African American who refuses to ride the bus to their destinations."

"Well my mother said I needed to pick up some milk, may I hop in?"

"Of course, that is why I'm here."

Joey, on his way to the local market, picks up three more passengers who are in need of doing some shopping for groceries. You enjoy the peaceful ride, not having to walk the long distance. From that day on, you would sometimes take the carpool system with your parents when needing to get across town to visit family or to the store, rather than riding the bus.

Turn to page 432.

"Letting violence end the trip would send the wrong signal to the country, so us as freedom riders must continue the trip. Who is willing to join?" the lady who was a CORE member says. Hands from various people shot in the air, raising in agreement with her.

"Let's go then!" she yells. VROOM. VROOM. Sixteen highway patrol cars and the buses were on their way. Each patrol car contained three National Guardsmen and two highway patrolmen to protect the passengers. The bus stops at a gas station to refill the tank. Once the bus's gas tank was full and ready to hit the road, you and some others open the windows and hold up signs to enforce the Freedom Ride, reading "The law of the land is our demand", "End segregation in the South", "Enforce Constitution- 13th, 14th, 15th Amendment" and "Freedom's wheels are rolling!" The three hour Freedom Ride consists of you and the other passengers cheering and holding the signs out the windows to enforce the end of segregation in the South. Once you disembark the bus in Jackson, Mississippi, hundreds of supporters greet you, shaking your hand, giving you hugs, and sharing smiles.

You see some of the Freedom Riders in your group stroll towards the "whites" facilities. Since you don't want to be left alone in the crowd of people, you tag along with them. You stand there patiently with the others. Ahead you see police officers rushing your way. Who are the police after? You glance around to see any possible suspects. Seconds later, your hands are being held behind your back while the police officers hold them down.

"What are you doing!?" you scream trying to wiggle your way out. You feel restricted.

"You and your other friends are under arrest," the police man says in your ear.

Turn to page 425.

Did You Know?

13th Amendment says slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist in the United States, except as punishment for a crime.

The 14th Amendment gives citizens to anyone born or naturalized in the United States, and forbids states from denying any person "life, liberty or property, without process of law" or deny anyone with equal protection of the laws. The 15th Amendment prohibits the federal and state governments from denying any US citizen the right to vote based on that citizen's "race, color, or previous condition of servitude".

The next day, you arrive at the Woolworth department store. More than 60 people are sitting calmly. Most of them are well dressed male and female college students. The women have multi-colored dresses with silk stockings and white gloves covering their small hands. The men are nicely dressed with their clean cut suits and top hats. The lunch counter still maintains its segregated policy against African Americans. Sitting patiently, doing no harm to anyone goes well, until suddenly, a crowd of white men, who appeared at the lunch counters, begin to harass some of the protestors. You spot the men spitting on the African Americans. You look away in disgust.

That is very immature of the men being so cruel to my race. The white men keep harassing the protesters. You can tell by hearing them uttering abusive language in the corner of your ear. The African Americans seem to ignore the actions of the white men by looking away in the opposite direction, not acknowledging their presence.

Days pass of African Americans being harassed, while they've been sitting patiently, and people getting arrested, while the press was involved. Finally the sit-in came to an end with the lunch counter becoming integrated. There is no more "whites only" lunch counters due to the non-violent protest that you just participated in.

"So now, would you like to visit the capital of the United States, Washington D.C.? Or do you want me to take you back home? You must miss your family." Joey asks. Now that you were a part of a major event that led to segregating the "whites only" lunch counters, will you want to travel to Washington D.C. or go back home to Alabama, Montgomery?

If you decide to travel to Washington D.C, turn to page 412.

If you decide to go back home to Alabama, Montgomery, turn to page 422.

The next day, you continue the sit in with about 300 people. Adults, students from nearby colleges, and children all accompany you. Everyone sits peacefully. A TV crew shows up to record the sit-in and document the number of people here to support. The lunch counter manager had enough and closed the diner right away due the constant media and loss of customers purchasing meals and beverages. You lead a mass meeting outside the store. Everyone agrees to continue the protest. The next day, everyone shows up to attend the sit in. Many people sent letters to the Mayor's Advisory Committee complaining about the segregation of the lunch counters.

The Advisory Committee deals with issues raised in the community.

Three days of the sit-in pass, and Joey hands you the newspaper from the front of the store. Your eyes browse through it and you suddenly get to a page where you stare in awe. You see a picture of your face... In the newspaper! Your hands fly to cover your mouth, as you read the description of how you started the sit in. You gaze at the newspaper article.

"Joey! I can't believe it. Is this really true!?"

Your eyes move quickly across the page as you read, "The sit-in movement has spread to fifty five cities in thirteen states."

Your mouth drops open. This is too crazy.

"On July 26, 1960 the lunch counter becomes segregated..." A broad smile appears on your face, as the headline of The Greensboro Record reads "Lunch Counters Integrated Here." African-Americans are now able to eat at the same lunch counters as whites.

"I'm really proud of you. You took a stand for your rights." Joey says while he crouches down by you.

"Thank you Joey, especially for taking your time to drive me here."

"Oh no problem. So now would you like to visit the capital of the United States? Washington D.C.? Or do you want me to take you back home, you must miss your family." Now that you were a part of a major event that led to segregating the "whites only" lunch counters, would you want to travel to Washington D.C. or go back home to Alabama, Montgomery?

If you decide to travel to Washington D.C., turn to page 412.

If you decide to go back home to Montgomery, turn to page 422.

By being a supporter of the Montgomery Bus Boycott, you enter with many African Americans by your side into the Holt Street Baptist Church. Once you pass through the entrance, you notice rows of church benches. You take a seat and gaze at the front where Martin Luther King stands. Martin Luther King is chosen as leader of the boycott and is going to lead the nonviolent protest that is about to occur. You, being one of his followers, hears him say that everyone must commit to no violence, no matter how much someone may provoke them to do so. The doors of the church are closed. There will be no harassment occurring, since the church is the only legal place African Americans could gather and get information.

By committing to no violence, African Americans in the community use any type of transportation rather than riding the buses. This is the way of non-violent protesting. You, still being in school, would rather walk every day than take the bus. By participating in the boycott with your friends, you walk down the street in the neighborhood. All of you guys become very cautious of your surroundings. You hear whites are going to fight against the protesters. Your mouth drops open as you encounter some African Americans being pushed around and harassed by local whites. Fists are raised in the air by the white men traveling towards the bodies of the African Americans. Suddenly you turn your back, not being able to watch what was about to happen. You run home with your eyes staring straight ahead focusing only on getting home. You quickly arrive home. Your mother, with her butt planted on the couch, is watching the news channel on the television.

“Breaking News! Bombs were set off at the houses of both Martin Luther King Jr. and E. D. Nixon, president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, by local angry white citizens.” You look down as you hold your head. You cannot believe what you just heard. You think that the white communities are getting out of hand.

Turn to page 414.

You have participated in the carpool system for about a year now. Since the boycott ended a few days ago, you may now sit on the bus wherever you please. Today, you meet up with Joey, the carpool driver, and he drives you to the local cleaners for you to wash your clothing. During the car ride, you observe people smiling, and the fresh breeze coming through the rolled down window touches your face.

Suddenly, Joey asks, "Would you like to get out of this town and explore other Southern states?" You think about it for a second. You realize that you have been living in Montgomery, Alabama for quite a while now. You feel it is time to experience how other states deal with inequality against your race.

You reply, "Yes, that sounds great!"

"I'll drive you home for you to pack your bags, meet me outside in an hour, we will head to Greensboro, NC once we're ready. It is quite the place to deal with racism." he says as you're sitting in the car on your way to your house. You stare out the window, seeing grocery stores and shops you've been to since your little pass by your eyes. You pass the "colored" and "whites" water fountains making you look down, shaking your head in shame. You then arrive home.

"Mom, Dad! I'm going to travel to Greensboro, NC with Joey." They were shocked from the words that came out of your mouth and before they could respond, you rush to your room to pack your bags with some shirts, pants, and your favorite light blue jacket. You then seat at your dining table and enjoy a bowl of cereal before you leave. As time passes, you hear the front door of your house open and peak out your head to see who is there. You hear an older male voice greeting your parents, who are the ones that opened the door. It was Joey.

"Hello there Joey, is there something you need?" your parents ask politely.

"Well I was wondering if I could take your child with me to explore other Southern states. You know to encounter more experiences of how African Americans fight for inequality." Your parents with vacant eyes, staring wordlessly, turn around in your direction and cross their arms.

"What is this about going to Greensboro?" they ask you.

"Mom, Dad...Joey asked if I would like to go on a trip with him to other Southern states and I think this would be a good experience for me. I would love to get the chance to visualize, face, and fight for inequality in other states that help African Americans move forward in life... Please let me go."

"You don't know how dangerous that could be. There are some cruel people out there that aren't going to be on your side." your mother says with furrowed brows.

"I know and I'm okay with that," you say getting up from your seat.

"I'll be there protecting your child in all situations we come across." Joey says while placing his hand on your mother's shoulder.

"I know I can trust you Joey, since you have always been there for us all these years as neighbors. But I don't know... what if something happens to you guys?" your mom replies.

"I'll make sure to contact you if any problems occur and how we are doing." Joey responds.

"Well.. Alright."

"Thank you mom!" you wrap your arms around her holding her tight.

"I love you and be safe," she says kissing your head.

You run back to your room to pack a few more necessities and quickly start heading out of the doorway. You kiss your parents goodbye, as you know you will miss them dearly and hope to be back soon.

You and Joey head out the door. He takes your bags and sets them in the trunk. You jump in the passengers sit, buckle up, and rapidly tap your foot against the floorboard. You look to your right and see your parents in the front doorway. You wave your last goodbye as Joey starts the engine.

You suddenly see the image of your parents fading away. Joey tells you to rest since it will be a long seven hour drive to Greensboro, North Carolina.

Turn to page 413.

It's been a good morning in Birmingham's community park. You admire everything around you as you sit on a park bench. You've been living with your uncle in Birmingham since you graduated high school, wishing that Birmingham gives you good opportunities for your future. Often, you miss home. But now you're looking for a new life for yourself. It's 1963, and you hope to attend college this fall.

"Will you be attending the Children's Crusade March that will be led by James Bevel?" an old lady from the neighborhood asks your neighbor as she walks by.

The march's purpose is to walk downtown and speak to the mayor about segregation in Birmingham. Many children and young people will march because they have nothing to lose compared to adults. All of this begins to really interest you, and you want to make a good change in your city and stop segregation. You then speak to your uncle about the march that is happening on May 2, 1963.

You're not fully sure if you should march in the Children's Crusade because of all the risky situations that might come along with it. You can get arrested or get into really big trouble. These consequences tend to happen in marches. It's April 29th, which means you still have 2 days to decide if you will attend the march or not.

If you decide to participate in the march, turn to page 444.

If you decide to stay home and be safe, turn to page 441.

A couple of minutes have gone by and there is no sign of anybody around. You are confused. It's like no one even heard the bombing happen. Your heart is pumping faster as you get closer to the destruction. You go up the front steps and peak inside. Everything is completely burned and damaged.

Cough cough.

You walk into the mess and rapidly look for a survivor. You grow impatient and begin to call out for anyone still alive.

"IS ANYBODY THERE!? PLEASE SAY SOMETHING, I'LL HELP YOU! ANYONE?" you say desperately.

More groaning.

A weak hand slowly raises under piles of wood. You run towards the hand and begin digging for the survivor. Almost dead, covered in dust and ashes, the man breathes. You feel joyful yet worried because you found somebody. But now you feel the need to save his life.

POW!

Wood hits the back of your head and blacks you out. The crumbling roof continues to land on you. It keeps hitting you rapidly and harder.

Out of nowhere, you receive many hits and kicks all at once, "DUMB BLACK! YOU'RE DYING TONIGHT! WE ARE THE KKK! THIS IS OUR TOWN!" an angry young man and his gang dressed in all white yell out.

You will die knowing who bombed the 16th Street Baptist Church. Gun clicks. BANG!

~The End ~

You will not give up. All you think about is making justice for Birmingham. A strong pressure begins hitting your back. It brings you to your knees and you black out for a few seconds. When you wake up, you find yourself laying on the ground and soaked. The strong pressure you feel on your back was water hitting you from a fire hose. Pain takes over your whole entire body.

"Get him! I'll go take care of the others," you hear.

To you, it sounds like you are caught. Sturdy hands then grabs both of your arms and you try to fight them off.

"BE STILL!"

You're still laying flat on the ground, and you have no strength to get yourself up and run away. Cold metal on your wrists. Zzztttt!

"Stand up and stand by the car! Don't try anything if you're not looking for more trouble," the cop says as he walks a few steps away to arrest a few more people.

The handcuffs grips on you really tight. You never knew handcuffs hurt that bad because it's your first time being arrested.

Ten minutes go by and the police officer is back. He opens the back door and pushes you and the other people he arrested into the back seat. The officer then gets in the vehicle too and begins to drive away from the march. The sirens are on.

"Everyone remain silent. You guys will be taken to Birmingham's Juvenile Court."

You take a look at the others. You see young African American teens with worried looks on their faces. They all know the consequences await them.

You arrive at the Juvenile Court. Hundreds are being brought in as well. As you walk in the door, you notice Birmingham's Juvenile Court is infested with the boys and girls from the Children's Crusade March. A judge walks into the room dressed in all black. Everyone is quiet and watches him take a seat on his desk. You are in trouble.

~The End~

Frightened, you hide in an alley across the street. You can't believe what just happened, so you decide to stick around until help arrives. Surprisingly, cops and firefighters never showed up which concerns you even more. You hide and wait.

Two hours pass by and nothing is happening. It's now time for you to check out the incident. As you're about to step out of the alley, a group of men dressed in white run away from the Baptist Church. This confuses you, but it seems as if the group won't be coming back. So you head over to investigate.

The church is completely wrecked. Rooftops are hanging down and everything is completely burned. Small flames are still remaining but the fire has stopped from the explosion. You step on the front steps and take a look inside.

Cough cough.

Your eyes open widely and gasp. You walk into the mess and rapidly look for a survivor. You grow impatient and begin to call out for anyone still alive.

"IS ANYBODY THERE!? PLEASE SAY SOMETHING! I'LL HELP YOU! ANYONE?!" you say desperately.

More groaning.

A weak hand slowly raises under a huge pile of burned wood. You run towards the hand and begin digging for the survivor. Almost dead, covered in dust and ashes, the man breathes. You feel relieved yet worried because you found somebody. But now you feel the need to save his life. You help the man out from where he is trapped. You put his right arm around you and walk him outside to the front lawn.

After a few minutes, he thanks you and begins to sob.

"My name is Fred Shuttleworth," he says out of breathe.

You realize that this man is Reverend Shuttleworth, a leader of the civil rights who has fought to stop segregation in Birmingham.

"The Ku Klux Klan is responsible. They caused this mess," he says.

Shuttleworth can't thank you enough. He then asks you what your dream is.

"I want to study and have a successful future."

Turn to next page

He nods. Fred sends you over to the nearest house to call for help. When you return, he keeps thanking you for saving him. The cops then arrive and question you for a few minutes.

Shuttleworth then hands you a paper with his information on it. "Contact me next Tuesday. I wish to discuss your future plans. You deserve to live that dream."

It's now Tuesday. You and Fred Shuttleworth agreed to meet up at a local cafe close by your uncle's house.

"I grew up in Montgomery, Alabama and lived only with my mother who raised me on her own. I had a tough life. That is the reason why I moved to Birmingham where my uncle lives. I want to be successful from my studies, and I know some day I'll be something big because I'll work my way through somehow," you explain.

He is very pleased with you wanting to go to college and making something out of yourself. So that's when he offers you an admission to Alabama University.

"It's the least I can do after you saved my life. I used to work for administration in Alabama University. I got connections and I can help you get in. Please accept my offer," Reverend Shuttleworth says eagerly.

If you decline the offer and not attend, turn to page 443.

If you accept the offer and enroll at Alabama University, turn to page.440.

All you hear is mayhem. People are acting crazy running back and forth. You turn right, chaos... You turn left, more chaos. Young children are being attacked by dogs and policemen. You try to think of what to do next, but your mind fills with blurred thoughts.

A police dog is running towards you. You're paralysed. As it's about to jump at you and attack, you quickly react and dodge the dog. A cop then notices his dog is barking and begins running after you. You don't think twice about running away.

"STOP RIGHT THERE! GET BACK HERE!" the cop shouts.

Nothing stops you, so you keep running until you're as far as you can from the march. You stop, look around, and notice that dusk is rapidly coming in.

You then think to yourself, "I should get home soon. It's getting late and uncle must be very worried."

You're still catching your breath from that long run. It's been a rough day. All you can do now is begin to walk home.

Turn to page 442.

Did You Know?

The Children's Crusade March was lead and organized by James Bevel. The march's purpose was to walk downtown and talk to the mayor about segregation in their city, Birmingham. It begun on May 2, 1963 and continued until May 5, 1963. Only children and young people participated in the march because they had no jobs to loose. The March was interrupted by the head of police, Bull Connor. The officer's team brought in fire hoses and police dogs to attack the children. Many children were exposed to violence during the Children's Crusade March. Then, the children were arrested and taken to Birmingham's Juvenile Court which was infested with the young protesters those 3 days. The event caused President John F. Kennedy to support racial equality.

The offer to attend Alabama University is a great opportunity, and you can't let it slip from your hands. You accept Shuttleworth's offer and the both of you begin working on getting you enrolled into school for the month of June. This is your ticket to a bright future. The admission process seems to be going well and smoothly.

You get a notification to show up on June 10th. Goosebumps rise and you can't help your excitement. Something big is coming your way. This is your entry to the future you've always wished for.

It's June 10th 1963 and you wake up with a smile across your face. You are ready to take on the obstacles university will be throwing at you.

"Have a splendid first day at the university. I'm very proud of you and I wish your mother was here to see you take off," your uncle says.

The day goes by. At the end of day, you are feeling accomplished and satisfied to finally be in school. The next day arrives and you're excited to get the second day going.

You get out of bed and start getting ready for school. "Today will be another good day," you say to yourself as you look at your reflection in the mirror.

You're out the door in no time and you happily head over to the bus stop. The bus now arrives to Alabama University. As you look out the window, it seems as if something is occurring at the entrance of the school. You get off the bus wondering what's happening. All you see is a big crowd of African Americans students waiting at the entrance.

"WHATS GOING ON!?" you ask a student loudly and worried.

"THE ALABAMA GOVERNOR GEORGE WALLACE IS STANDING AT THE ENTRANCE! HE'S NOT LETTING US IN AND HE WANTS TO STOP DESEGREGATION!" he replies back.

Federal marshals arrive at the scene and ask Wallace to step away from the entrance. He refuses and is forcefully removed. You all get asked to leave and head back home. Filled with disappointment, you walk back home and start regretting your decision. Many negative thoughts take over your head. You are tired of being treated unfairly, not having rights, and being segregated your entire life.

Turn to page 445.

Did You Know?

George Wallace, Alabama's Governor in June 11, 1963 stands in front of Alabama University's entrance. Wallace was trying to stop desegregation in the school once two African American students were enrolling. The Governor was confronted by federal Marshals. Then, later in time he apologized for his behavior and opposing to racial integration.

It's May 2nd and you decide not to go to the march because your uncle talked you out of it. He explains to you that he supports the purpose of the march, but he doesn't want you to get into trouble. You look outside your window. It's a nice sunny morning in Birmingham. You have the urge to join the march, but your uncle warned you it's dangerous. You look over to your alarm clock. It reads 12:05 P.M.

"Get down here child! You're missing out!" your uncle yells.

Running downstairs, "What is it uncle? What's going on?"

Gasps and eyes wide open. Your uncle can't believe what he is watching on the 12 pm news. You slowly sit on the couch while paying close attention.

Children and young people are being hosed down with fire hoses, attacked by police dogs, arrested, and taken to juvenile court. It's major chaos. That's when you realize that could have been you out there. Watching the news is making you feel sick to your stomach. Cops are stopping the people so that they don't have an opportunity to speak to the mayor.

"Child, I told you it would be too dangerous," your uncle repeats.

You continue watching the news on your television screen. You are too worried, angry, and sad. Your emotions can't show. At 1:00pm, the news ends.

Turn to page 445.

“No way. It’s a huge offer and I simply can’t accept it. I only helped you out of the church, and I’ve got other things going on at the moment. I’m currently working two jobs to support my uncle and I,” you say insistingly.

Shuttleworth expresses confusion, “But you saved my life. You helped me, and now I want to help you pursue your dream,” he says.

You over think the situation for a second, and you definitely want to go to college. But you believe that he is offering too much. Your heroic action isn’t meant to be rewarded.

“I very much appreciate what you are offering me here, but it’s a huge offer. I’m sorry I can’t accept the admission. Whenever I feel the need to help, I don’t need to be rewarded. I need to continue supporting my uncle in order to keep living in Birmingham. Maybe sometime soon, my decision could change. But at the moment, it’s too much for me to take on,” you repeat.

Shuttleworth sighs, “If you change your mind, please get a hold of me. Think things through and make the right decision. God will repay you!” he says loudly as his car drives away.

Turn to page 445.

It's May 2nd. You're ready to go and try to make a change in your city. You meet up where it's been planned to start the march. From a far you see James Bevel, the march leader. He is speaking to all of the children trying to organize the march as much as possible. The Children's Crusade then begins an hour after your arrival. Downtown is pretty far away from your neighborhood. Walking up there will take the crowd about 2 or 3 hours. Time passes by and the people are halfway there. So far everything has been okay, and no one has tried to stop you guys yet.

Another 30 minutes passes by and you begin to hear a sound echo through the streets. Sirens. Bevel encourages the young protesters to stay strong and keep the march going no matter what happens.

Cops pass by the marchers on their motorcycles and orders all of you to stop marching. The crowd doesn't give up. Some children are being arrested now and the cops are beginning to react towards the march.

You spot Bull Connor, the head of police. Water drops hit the back of your head. Just as you turn around, a fire hose is after you and a few others. You freak out and run. Officer Bull Connor brought in fire hoses and dogs to attack the crowd. Water, barking, cops, screaming, and running all at once is too overwhelming. Fire hoses and dogs are being used to prevent the people from meeting the mayor. If you don't make your next move in the next 10 seconds there might be consequences.

If you stay in the march, turn to page 436.

If you run away from the march, turn to page 439.

"Ain't it a beautiful day outside?" you scope your view out the dusty window, "Sure ain't nothin' like Alabama these days."

After gazing into the nothingness of the bright Alabama Saturday summer sky, you quickly look behind you and realize you're talking to yourself. Your Uncle Graham left early morning to work in the factory as a steelworker, and your mama has started cleaning off the dust on the windows upstairs.

Having free time away from all the business you've done, you head on out on your shaded porch, and admire the view in front of you on a twenty year old rocking chair. You spot a pigeon that swiftly lands on the corner of the rusty handrail near the front of you. It looks straight at you, however, you are easily distracted by a moving image in the reflection of the small lake half a mile northeast from you. Shimmering in the glimmering waves of the silent lake, you see a bus on Granite Springs St. making it's way through the road. You look down as a smirk gradually forms on your face.

You automatically fill your thoughts of the Freedom Rides and envision your survival and success of riding freely on the buses, expressing your desire for desegregation on public transportation. Your dear friend, Billy, was taken off the buses and arrested by the white policemen. The bullets you heard struck through the glass windows on the buses. Squeak, squeak. Distracted, you hear your mama wiping out the dirt on the window directly upstairs in her bedroom. Suddenly, you hear the window slide open.

"Suga', please don' forget to get the mail, I be spectin' a letta' from Aunt Louise in North Carolina, it had been her birthday last week!" mama yells through the screen, as her voice echoes to the calm waves of the soothing lake.

"I neva' forget, mama." you say, getting up from the chair and walking down the five porch steps onto the dried grass.

As you approach your olden black mailbox a minute later, you open up the lid, as your palm feels the edges of each envelope. You see that an envelope has been sent for you from an unfamiliar address. Anxious, you rip open the envelope and unfold the single paper that is found inside. You read: "TAKE PLACE IN THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON! WHEN: AUGUST 28TH, 1963. ORGANIZED BY PHILIP RANDOLPH AND MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.. MANY CIVIL RIGHTS ORGANIZATION SUCH AS CORE AND NAACP PARTICIPATING. FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT TO VOTE, PUBLIC ACCOMMODATIONS, BETTER JOB OPPORTUNITIES, BUYING/RENTING HOUSES, INTEGRATED SCHOOLS, AND A CIVIL RIGHTS LEGISLATION!" After reading the stirring announcement, you envision another light at the end of another tunnel. You realize how significant of an event this may be and see that many participants are going to be attending. On the handout, you see that 250,000 to 300,000 people are attending.

"Mama, great things are happening!" you happily exclaim out of excitement. Your mama heads out the door, reads the letter you received, and gives you the look to take on the event.

Interested in taking action, you want to send out a letter to one of the P.O. boxes listed below the announcement. However, before you grab a piece of paper to write the letter of interest, you become jarred. You forget that your first semester of college falls two and a half weeks before the day of the March on Washington. You don't want to miss your opportunity of taking the time and effort to organize the march beforehand, but you don't want to miss the opportunity of your college experience after working very hard to get accepted either. You then wonder if it's worth to become absent many days of school to have the experience of becoming a march organizer, or to just miss one day by participating in the march on August 28th, 1963. How will you let your school life affect your decision to become a part of the March on Washington?

If you decide to be a part of the march on the designated day, turn to page 454.

If you decide to be involved with the organization of the movement, turn to page 457.

Did You Know?

The March on Washington (August 28th, 1963) was an interracial protest that was sponsored by different civil rights organizations and was intended to help persuade Congress to pass President John F. Kennedy's Civil Rights bill. The original march was on Washington D.C., but there were also sit-ins on Capitol Hill. Different organizations such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), the Congress on Racial Equality (CORE), and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) sponsored the march. The march also focused on job opportunities and black employment, not only on the new civil rights laws. Martin Luther King Jr. was involved by speaking his famous "I Have A Dream Speech." The Great March on Washington is considered to be one of the largest political rallies in United States history today.

You run, run, run! You run past four troopers that are busy beating two gentlemen and one lady with nightsticks. One sheriff notices you zooming right past the scene, and he aggressively throws his nightstick at your feet. You trip on your knees, seeing a scrape that bleeds across the top of your knees to your shins.

"Ouch!" you exclaim and tears start rolling down your cheeks. However, you manage to get up. Before you move forward, you look back and run away from the next trooper. Run, dodge nightstick, eyes on your sides, look behind, keep running. Your mind is buzzed by the chaos, as your mouth opens for air while you run. To your right, you spot an officer spraying tear gas on the face of a young teenage boy, as he falls to his hands. You hear him desperately begging for the sheriff to stop.

You have no time to be distracted. Keep running. You push yourself. Finally, after running at least two blocks of road, you kneel down to help the lady up and put her arm around your shoulders. You take her around the side, to avoid all the violence occurring in the middle of it all. As you lower your head away from the troopers, you spot your uncle coming closer to grab the weakened woman to the back of the car.

"Take her!" you hand her over to your uncle as he rushes her to the hidden area. As you follow along, you turn around and hear a strange sound.

"NEEEIGH!" you see another officer on a black horse, holding a five foot long whip. He stares right through you. Please don't attack me, please. You think as you avoid his eyes.

"GO!" he yells, and motions his horse towards you. Gallop! Gallop! The horse heads straight for you and you become frightened by its hooves. It is four times larger than your hand! Just as you barely make it back on your feet, the horse is already 27 feet away from you. You suddenly realize that the first seven steps you make to gain speed aren't worth it. A quarter of a second later, you are trampled to death by the extremely heavy hooves of the horse, as the trooper violently whips your face to death.

-The End-

CLMP! You hear Uncle Quincy bust in through the door of the motel room. He rushes towards you, holding the updated newspaper article.

"Read this!" he hands you the paper excitedly, pointing to the headline.

PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON SIGNS VOTING RIGHTS ACT OF 1965. You stand up out of shock, as your jaw drops.

"Southern blacks may now have an easier time to register to vote. Literacy tests, poll taxes, and other such requirements that were used to restrict black voting are made illegal." you read to your uncle, as you tightly grasp the paper in your hand.

All that hard work paid off! You think to yourself. You celebrate with your uncle by going to the nearest diner. Both of you spend your lunch in joy and laughter. You share your experience as he shares his own as well.

You visualize yourself putting a slip of a name in the ballot.

"I can not wait til' election comes 'round, it'll be my first vote." you say to your uncle, while taking a bite out of your burger.

Turn to page 465.

Did You Know?

The Voting Rights Act of 1965 was signed into law by President Lyndon B. Johnson on August 6th, 1965. The Act was designed to prohibit discrimination in voting and to enforce voting rights. The Act also gave mass enfranchisement to racial minorities throughout the country, even in the South, which was the main location for the Civil Rights Movement.

As you two prepare for an unexpected afternoon, you listen to your uncle as he reads the newspaper, "BLOODY SUNDAY ON EDMUND PETTUS BRIDGE."

"C'mon! Since ya' didn't wanna' go to the Selma march, might as well march over Edmund Pettus Bridge." your uncle smiles at you, expecting an 'okay' answer from you.

"Okay, okay, it's bout' time I got involved into somethin' else anyways." you smirk, as you begin to pack your stuff for the day. After hearing about the violence that broke out the first time, you hesitate. I'm not sure if I should go march out there... The nightsticks, the horses, and the deaths on the newspapers... You shake the fearful thoughts out of your head and minutes later, you two head out to meet with King and the other marchers.

As you arrive on the grassy fields, you notice something spectacular about the crowd. Your eyes widen.

Turn to page 461.

"We are in favor of the First Amendment. The law is clear that the right to petition one's government for the redress of grievances may be exercised in large group. These rights may be exercised by marching, even along public highways." King announces.

You continue to join the crowd, spiritually lifted, and walk along the trek as King leads the way. As the days go by, you realize the lanes narrow down from four lanes to two lanes. It makes it slower for you to walk. As the days pass, you march through the chilling rains of Lowndes County, to the warm city weather of the Montgomery county border. You begin to see additional marchers, ferried by bus and car, expand the group. The sun blazes across your face, as you squint your eyes away from the sunshine. To your left ahead, you see well-dressed men exiting three ferries from Walter F. George Lake. You smile as they hold their own picket signs and clap their hands together in song.

"The shepherds feared and trembled, when lo', above the earth, rang out the angel chorus, that hailed our Saviour's birth!" a mile ahead, you are excited to see others leave their cars and join in on the march as well.

Throughout the day, you happily welcome new marchers, sing songs, hold up signs, and chat with other participants. By the time you know it, evening has come and you arrive at the City of St. Jude on the outskirts of Montgomery. You and your uncle join hundreds of others to listen to a rally.

You are amused by Harry Belafonte, a social activist and singer, as he begins to serenade, "Day-o, day-o, Daylight come and me wan' go home!" The night falls into the sweet celebration of the movement.

Turn to the next page.

The next day, you find yourself marching once again, but this time, with 25,000 marchers along your side. Ahead of you, you see what seems to be a smaller version of the South Portico of the White House. This is it! Your spirit lightens after a tiring day of continuous walking. The State Capitol Building! You and all the marchers encouragingly go up the steps of the Alabama State Capitol.

King begins his speech in the face of the crowd, "The end we seek is a society at peace with itself, a society that can live with its conscience. I know you are asking today, how long will it take? I come to say to you this afternoon however difficult the moment, however frustrating the hour, it will not be long."

You look around you and all the demonstrators are silent in respect. Your hope for change is lifted.

Turn to page 448.

“Let’s hit the road!” Uncle Quincy motions you to get in the car, as you drop your black luggage in the trunk.

“Uncle Quincy, why did the SCLC choose Selma as the focus for black voter registration?” you question, glancing over at him as he keeps steady on the wheel.

“Well ya see, more than 80% of blacks live under the poverty line and only fewer than 1% of the blacks in the area are registered to vote. It’s ridiculous.” he shakes his head.

You decide to nap the rest of the way as the car consumes more and more of Alabama road. In about four to five hours, your eyes slowly open. The view of the window is blurred by your vision. You shake your head awake and look outside. U.S. Highway 80. You get out of the car to follow your uncle and see that you are surrounded by 600 other civil rights marchers who are waiting for the start of the event. Hey, it’s John Lewis! You think to yourself as you see a man drawing attention to himself in the middle of the road.

“The march beings now!” John Lewis signals all the marchers to head east out of Selma on U.S. Highway 80, and follows the massive group.

Throughout the day, the sound of harmonious chatter fills your ears, “We demand voting rights! We demand voting rights!”

“We shall not, we shall not be moved, we must build a mighty union...” you look to your uncle and he smiles widely, as he sings. You join along and raise your right fist to the sky. You see no signs of violence, injury, or death, just celebration and hope. You straighten your attire, and look up to see what everyone else is wearing. You observe black suits, red ties, lovely dresses, and light colored sun hats. You look behind you and in the middle of the march line, a man in a brown suit is waving the American flag. The energy remains in the crowd, and then you see that the group is slowing down. So, you look far ahead of you and notice a white arch curving over a bridge.

As you march, you see a sign ahead of you that reads “Edmund Pettus Bridge.” You are eager to cross it and march even farther, until you think to yourself... Uh oh. You are curious after noticing a wall of white state troopers waiting on the other side! Looking at their brown uniforms with matching brown hats, you see that they are lined up on the other side, as if they had expected you to come. You begin to carry fear as you watch twenty of them pat their black solid nightsticks on their palms. The march participants are silent out of fear. You are confused. What is going on? You think to yourself and your mouth becomes dry. You, along with the other marchers, stand behind Hosea Williams, a member of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. You patiently wait, trembling your hands, as he talks to the white troopers.

"There is nothing to discuss." one of the sheriffs say firmly in an assertive manner.

Seconds later, you quickly notice the troopers as they shove the demonstrators. Right in front of you, the families are knocked to the ground and beaten with nightsticks. You are lucky, as you make a trooper miss your calf with his nightstick, since you run to your uncle on the other side. You also witness another detachment of troopers that fire tear gas from your sides. Minutes later, you are terrified as you see mounted troopers charge the crowd on horseback from the other side of the bridge.

"Follow me! Hurry up!" Uncle Quincy tugs your back and motions you to hurry behind a car in the distance. Looking over the edge of the hood, witnessing the chaos, you almost make eye contact with a trooper on the lookout for more people. Luckily, you rush your head below the window. You then wait for enough time to look over the hood again.

"AHHHHH!" a middle aged male screams in excruciating pain, as he claws at his eyes from the tear gas. In the middle of all this chaos, you become aware of a woman who is caught in the mess. You are horrified, as the trooper beats her and nearly gasses her to death. You hear her cry for help. You take a look at her legs and realize that she is unable to get up, because the beatings have made her legs weak. The tear gas still burns on her skin.

"Help! Please Lord help me!" she reaches out her hand, but the others around her are suffering as well, and you're the only one who has an eye on her.

You stand up to go, but your uncle pulls you back and says, "You sure you want to go out there and save her? You can get severely injured, or maybe even die!" You think hard and long, with a strong feel of sympathy.

If you decide to help the injured lady, turn to page 447.

If you decide to be safe and go with your uncle to find safety, turn to page 464.

Vroooooom! Vrrrooom! H00000NK! H00NK! You unconsciously open your eyes to the non-movement of the flow of traffic. Out the window, you see the unsatisfied looks on the faces of nearby drivers trying to pass each other. After beating traffic, you gaze into the still and dark blue water of the Potomac River. You notice that the road stretches across alongside the river and the warm summer sun reflects off the meager waves. You glance over at your homemade picket sign leaning on the side of your leg that yells, "WE DEMAND VOTING RIGHTS NOW!" The past few days were a blur on the bus. You were asleep most of the time, as the bus consumed more roads from Alabama to Washington D.C.. Looking out the window of your black bus seat, you shake your head awake from another nap as the 70-foot white structure of the Lincoln Memorial slowly appears from the black gum trees.

"Take a look out the window folks and get all your stuff ready to go! We're in D.C.!" the bus driver joyously announces.

You look around and see that all the bus riders stretch out their bodies as far as they can to see the festive event. An eager smile forms along each of their faces. CLSHHHH. The bus door folds open, and each row heads down the stairs onto the solid concrete of Washington D.C..

Once you finally make your way through the doors, you slowly walk toward a group of people singing, "Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe, we shall overcome some day!" As you look around you, you observe each participant's well-placed church attire.

Oh how lovely the red sun hat looks on that participant... Wait... **ALL THE PARTICIPANTS!**

"Sweet lord!" you exclaim to yourself as you realize the large capacity of the event. You can't walk anywhere without having to squeeze through and make your way through the metal gate fences. You hear the echoes of expressions for government action move through the heat waves of the American blue sky. The singing, the yelling, the chatting, and the movement, all bouncing on your eardrums, as you walk through the harmonious crowd. You treasure the graceful image of black and white people coming together to fight for the same purposes. All 300,000 of them. You think. You wipe the sweat off your forehead, as the summer Washington day blazes upon the energy of the march.

You raise your picket sign with all your courage and sing, "Oh freedom, oh freedom, oh freedom over me. And before I'd be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave. And go home to my Lord and be free!" As you serenade to the top of your lungs, holding your wooden sign, you spot an interracial group linking arms to express equality.

The more you progress closer to the towering monument, the more you discover. You notice another group in clean white bottoms, white tops, and a white caps as well. On the top left of their pearly shirts, a button is pinned that says, "STUDENT NONVIOLENT COORDINATING COMMITTEE: WE SHALL OVERCOME." You observe all the signs that are being held up and see that the people want voting rights, better job opportunities, a civil rights legislation, the civil rights bill to be passed by Congress, decent housing, more integration, the diminishing of discrimination. And much more!

The high energy of the march move through your body, as you watch John Lewis, a civil rights leader, stand behind the podium. You observe the crowd and see that he catches the eyes of the 300,000 marchers.

He begins, "We march today for jobs and freedom, but we have nothing to be proud of, for hundreds and thousands of our brothers are not here. They have no money for their transportation, for they are receiving starvation wages, or no wages at all..." You listen attentively as he continues talking about how the Negro must be free from the chains of political and economic inequality.

"YESSSSS!" the crowd goes wild and agrees in loud harmony.

Surprisingly, he is just the warm up act. You see another man in a suit, walking up to the podium.

You easily identify this well-known man as Martin Luther King Jr., another civil rights leader.

"I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation," he looks back down on his speech written on paper. The crowd is dead silent. King continues, "I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character!" As he is speaking through the microphone, his persuading, inspiring, and authoritative voice reverberates through the crowd. In return, you look around you and join the crowd by wildly waving your arms, yelling to the top of your lungs, and feeling extremely pumped. After King finishes his speech, you continue participating in the event as the crowd holds up picket signs, sings more songs, and stays together.

The March on Washington then leads to a close, and you find yourself walking back to the door of your designated bus. Your picket sign rests on your shoulder. You slowly sit on the black seat once again, wiping more sweat off your forehead and think to yourself, Oh freedom.

"I think we should head back. I'm awfully sore and starving." you put your hands on your knees, wiping the sweat off the back of your neck.

"Alright, let's get going." he pats you on the back and nods his head towards the direction back to the motel.

Slower than before, you start walking alongside your uncle as you look back to see the group continue forward.

"The union is behind us. We're fighting for our freedom. We're fighting for our children. We're building a mighty union. Black and white together!" the song soon fades away as you progress a mile back. The organized chaos that was peaceful to your ears, now disappears to your joyful memory.

The adventure continues... Turn to page 465.

To whom it may concern,

I would be honored to become a part of this lively event. I will participate by helping organize the March on Washington. In my experience, I have worked with the Freedom Riders, participated in the Montgomery Bus Boycott, and I was also a part of the Greensboro sit ins. I believe the March on Washington is a spectacular idea in waking up the government to take action and support OUR needs. If there is any way I can support the movement and this stirring event, count me in. I will help in any way that I can.

You send this out to one of the organizers listed on the flyer and look forward in receiving a letter of response. As you retrieve the new mail, you see that one of the envelopes are addressed for you. You open the letter and see that it's the news you were waiting for! Your march organizer partner informs you that you have been selected to support the march. "WHEN: AUGUST 1ST, 1963. TIME: 12:00 P.M.. WHERE: 1736 PLAZA TOLUCA ST. 35004." You firmly grip the letter in your hand, as you look for the department in which you will be working in. You are assigned to help with transporting the participants to and from Washington D.C. for the march.

"Mama! I'll be apart of organizing transportation for the March on Washington!" you explain the news to your mama with a joyous look on your face. She encourages you and celebrates by baking your favorite blueberry pie.

As you are on your way to the office in which you'll work in, you feel a sense of purpose, ambition, yet a bit of anxiety. As you arrive to the front of the office, you are greeted by a kind, inviting white lady. You look at her as she signals you to come through the door. You look away not knowing how to feel, since it is unusual for you to have peaceful contact with white people. You slowly walk towards the door, as the white lady leads you into the room, and takes you to your own office. You notice that there are two tables. The first one is topped with with pens, paperwork. Another one is filled with index cards, pins, and water.

"I'm Suzy Wilson and I am your partner in coordination to figure out the transportation for the event." she calmly speaks and offers a handshake which you avoid.

Pulling out your chair, she gives instructions on what to do.

Turn to next page.

"If you confirm transportation for a participator, pin up the name of the participator onto the bulletin board and let's try to get as much names as we can up on the board today." she smiles and heads over to her office table next to you.

She hands you a list of the people who still need to be assigned a ride. You take the list quickly, feeling somewhat eager to get started.

"I sure believe that the government must start taking serious action, it's incredibly ridiculous that the color of your skin puts such a negative impact on your life. Never was there a time where I was on the Americans' side, that's why I'm working with you today." Suzy calmly says, glancing over you with another soothing smile.

"Ain't no easy times out there for us." you smile back at her, accepting her kindness by offering the handshake you were afraid of.

You send out letters to the list of people and post up index cards of the people who have transportation secured. Elijah Lewis. Malik Jones. Xavier Hamilton. After hours of working hard, you count the amount of index cards on the board to take a tally. 246.

"I think that'll do for you today, you did a wonderful job, and thank you so much for your help! I'll send you another letter in three days for your schedule." she waves swiftly at you, as you walk towards your bus stop on Harrow Hills St..

"Welcome! Send me a letta' anytime!" you joyfully stride away from the office, looking forward to come back and work again.

Turn to page 454.

"The heck you here for?! Creatures your skin, psh, shouldn't even be buying in OUR stores! AMERICAN stores!" you stare as the white cashier scoffs at your face, and throws the bread you wanted to purchase.

"S'cuse me?" you are disgusted from the man and angrily walk out of the store before physical violence breaks out. You shake your head in frustration, and you turn around after you hear loud footsteps approaching your back.

"Get off my storefront you dirty fool!" he threatens to push you and points outward away from the store, motioning you to run away.

"I'd rather starve than buy from you." you calmly state with authority, staring right through his blue eyes. You confidently walk away and head home, with no luck of getting bread. Do they not remember the Civil Rights Act? You wonder to yourself in frustration.

In the following months after the great news, life is not what you expect. You think that life will now change drastically, but you realize that you are wrong. You still hear about black people out in the public being discriminated by white cashiers. You figure out that white business owners continue to claim that Congress do not have the constitutional authority to ban segregation in public accommodations. You keep thinking about how the government passed the act without caring for it. Hoping to keep fighting for a better act, you continue to figure out a way to support the Civil Rights Movement by looking into other organizations taking action.

* * * * *

On a torrid August day in your meager home in Alabama, you wait on the front porch for the usual mail man to swing by to drop the mail. BLLLLLGHHH. As you wait for the mail, a light yellow 1941 Mercury vehicle approaches and stops on your dry grass.

"Uncle Quincy!" you happily plop down the stairs to greet him a welcoming hug.

"Well ain't you gettin' old now? I got some thangs' to talk to you bout'!" he returns the hug and walks alongside you back into the house. He wipes the sweat off the back of his neck.

"From all the letta's yo mama sent to me, I see that you were part of the March on Washington! That's great, well I got some good news for you." he takes out a piece of paper and a black ink pen, "Down by the city

Turn to next page.

of Selma, by the Alabama River, a march has been planned to Montgomery. I'm sure you heard of the fella' Martin Luther King Jr., he, as well as the Southern Christian Leadership Council, made Selma as a focus for voter registration. If you wanna do it, I'll take you to Selma with me first thing tomorrow, if not, you could wait for another opportunity for the Civil Rights Movement. What's it gon' be?"

If you decide to wait for another opportunity for the Civil Right's Movement, turn to page 449.

If you decide to head up to Selma to participate in the march to Montgomery, turn to page 452.

"Well won't you look at that?" you point out, as your head slowly turns to observe the extremely grand crowd.

As you both get out of the car, you hear King's confident voice, "We have failed to receive a court order prohibiting the police from interfering. However, we have decided to hold a partial ceremonial march that would cross over the bridge, but halt when ordered to do so. The council is confident that Judge Frankis Munis Johnson will lift the restraining order eventually."

Dr. King leads the larger group of 2,500 marchers, including you, to Edmund Pettus Bridge. You tilt your head up to see the front of the group and see that a wide, fifteen foot banner is being held across to the sides. It reads, "WE SHALL OVERCOME." Once you arrive at the bridge, King holds a prayer session.

You hold the hands of your uncle and another man the same age as you, listening to King's words, "A cry for strength to carry on the work of peace and justice; for courage to be nonviolent, come what may; for blessings on the movements for civil rights, justice and peace; for healing for the oppressed and the oppressors; and for the coming of God's reign of peace, love and nonviolence here and now. May all our prayers for peace with justice be answered!"

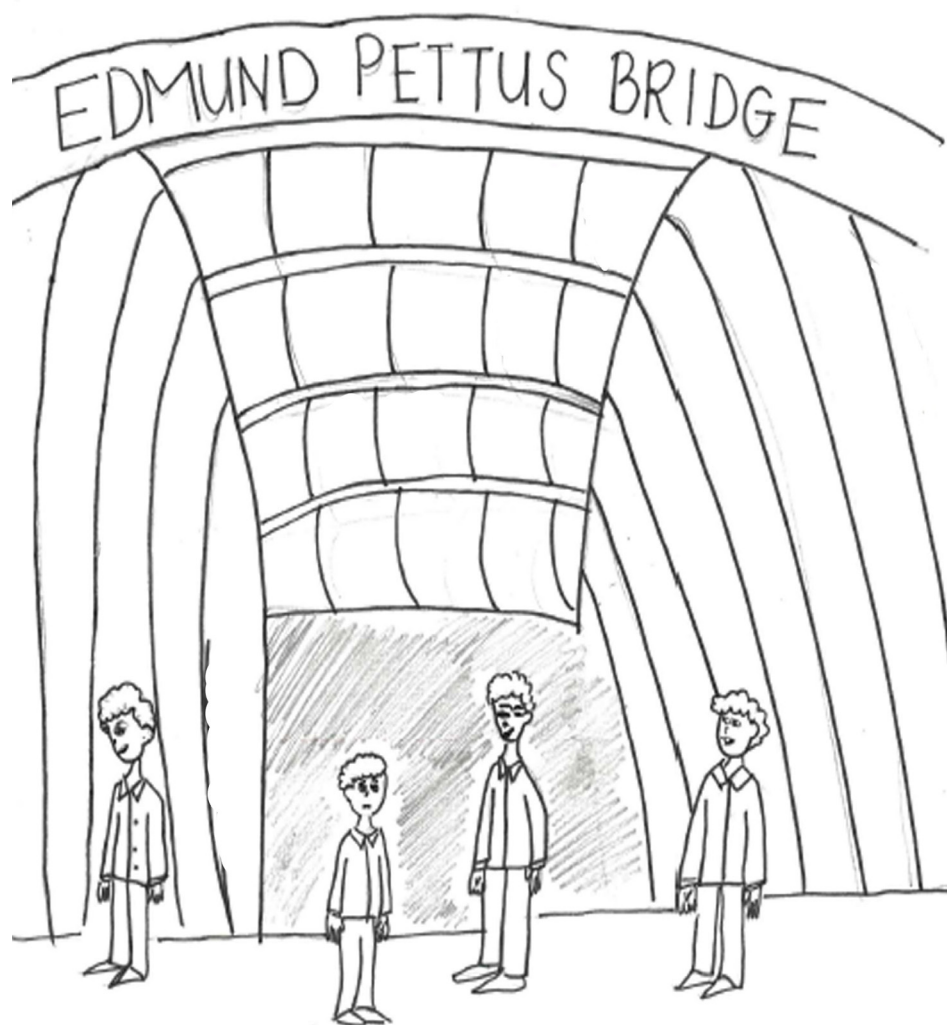
The crowd humbly chatters, "Amen."

"Fortunately, the restraining order has been lifted and we shall continue the march!" King speaks and nods accordingly.

In return, the crowd moves forward, only hoping to reach Montgomery without anymore violent occurrences.

If you decide to join the crowd and march to Montgomery, turn to page 450.

If you decide to head back with your uncle to rest up, turn to page 456.



A few months later, you wake up smelling your mama's sweet bread and hear, "Suga', bread fresh outta' the oven!"

You rush down the stairs with an eager look on your face. However, your ear catches the sound of a yelling voice before reaching the kitchen.

"C'MON OUT AND GET YA' MAIL! MAIL!" a local newspaper boy yells out as he walks tiredly across the front of your scanty home. THUMP.

"I'll get it mama." you insist as she washes the clothes out in the backyard.

You eat your last piece of bread and head up to get this weeks paper. You are only excited to read news that involves the Civil Rights Movement. As you grab the paper that lands right on top of the worn out door mat, you slide out the blue rubber band and unfold the news.

PRESIDENT LYNDON B. JOHNSON SIGNS CIVIL RIGHTS ACT OF 1964 INTO LAW ON JULY 2ND, 1964. The header automatically makes your jaw drop, and you rush to your mama to tell her the news. She hugs you out of excitement and reads the rest of the news.

Turn to page 459.

DID YOU KNOW?
The Civil Rights Act of 1964 was signed into law on July 2nd, 1964 by President Lyndon B. Johnson. The Act banned discrimination based on race, color, religion, sex, or national origin. It diminished inequality of voter registration requirements and racial segregation in schools and public accommodations.

"I'm glad you didn't risk yo'self out there fella', you could've been sent to the hospital like the others." your uncle pats you on the back, with a look of relief.

As you lay on the clean sheets of the motel bed, looking out the morning sky, you think to yourself, Would I have been seriously hurt? Would I have been able to save her?...

"I'll be right on back, Ima' just get the newspaper in the motel lobby real' quick." Thump. Uncle Quincy closes the door and leaves you alone for a few minutes. You feel a small sense of guilt for holding back from saving the woman. Before doubting and regretting yourself, clink, er-rrrr, thump.

"Well won't ya read the headline?" he throws the newspaper at you with a humble smile above his stubbled chin. THE MARCH ON EDMUND PETTUS BRIDGE CONTINUES.

"We should meet up with em' today!" your eyebrows narrow down and you quickly get on your feet.

"Alright, alright." Uncle Quincy begins to pack his bags and looks for the car keys.

"Put ya bags in the trunk, looks like we gon' have another crazy day." he smiles at you, motioning you towards car with his head.

Turn to page 449.

Did You Know?

On March 7th, 1965, the SCLC and SNCC started the Selma to Montgomery marches. The purpose of these marches were for residents of Selma to present their melancholy to Governor George Wallace in Alabama's capital, Montgomery. During the first march, participants were stopped by state and local police on horseback at Edmund Pettus Bridge, just outside of Selma. Police attacked the demonstrators using teargas and night sticks. The protesters were also trampled by horses. This day was known as "Bloody Sunday".

It's been about three years since the March on Washington and everything seems to be fine... Well, not for everybody. Thinking back on the day that the Civil Rights Act was passed, you think that all your problems will be solved after 1965, but nothing's changed. Your close family friend didn't get the job at the local grocery store because of the color of his skin. Your uncle keeps on getting complaints from his coworkers because he's black. Your little five year old niece continues to get bullied at school.

You decide to sit back on the old rocking chair that's placed right in front of your porch. You can feel the morning sun warming up your face. Summer is just around the corner, yet you don't feel the excitement of the season. You can't stop thinking about your family and friends that are going through rough times.

As you reflect back on these terrible wrongdoings, you see your little niece sprinting towards you.

"Go inside now! We need to watch the TV!"

You run back inside with your niece squeezing your hand and turn on your television.

"Wait what's going on?" you sit on the couch puzzled by your niece's hysteria, as she quickly changes to the news channel.

The first thing that you hear from the newsman is about a man named James Meredith. He decided to take a solitary march from Memphis, Tennessee all the way to Jackson, Mississippi as a nonviolent protest. Only 30 miles from his destination, he was shot twice by an armed man with a shotgun. You see on your screen that FBI agents and reporters witnessed the ambush. He was immediately taken to the hospital. Thankfully, Meredith's wounds weren't as life-threatening and he survived.

This violent act has proven to the nation that white violence still exists, and you want to do something about it. Coincidentally, a lot of other people want to change that too. After the report about James Meredith, you hear that many civil rights leaders will be continuing what he started. You can feel all the emotions running through your body. You want to hurl your chair out the window and throw a rampage in your bedroom all at once.

Once you get your thoughts together again, you head to a nearby bathroom to wash your face. You see yourself in the mirror as the drops of water roll off your chin. The icy water cools you down and you know that you have to make a decision. Your first instinct is to pack up and head onto the road for the 330 mile trip. The entire car ride there, you sit on your ripped up leather seat and constantly have your family and friends in your thoughts. It's June 6, 1966, and you finally arrive at Memphis after your 5 hour drive.

The moment you get out of your car, all you see are marchers passing by. In honor of Meredith's bravery, you join in on the March Against Fear. You end up in the middle of a huge crowd, surrounded by African-Americans of all ages. You can hear the yelling and desperation in the people's voices. The volume is so loud that you can barely hear your own thoughts.

Then there right in front of your very eyes, are Reverend Martin Luther King Jr. to your left and Stokely Carmichael to your right.

You notice that everyone starts to chant, "We Shall Overcome!" so many times that you lose count.

You simply admire the passion of MLK and his belief of using the weapon of love.

Then all of a sudden you hear Carmichael in the distance shouting at the top of his lungs, "Black Power! Black Power! Black Power!"

Now you're curious to see what the excitement is about.

If you decide to stay with MLK, turn to page 470.

If you decide to join Carmichael, turn to page 468.

Did You Know?

James Meredith was the first African-American student to be admitted at the University of Mississippi in 1962. He organized and led a Civil Rights march as a public effort to encourage blacks to register and vote after the Voting Rights Act of 1965 was passed. On June 6, 1966, Meredith was shot by Aubrey James Norvell. He rejoined the march after recovering from his injury. Stokely Carmichael was a leader of the SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) and a black activist during the Civil Rights Movement.

One day you are patrolling the streets of Oakland with your fellow Panthers. You have one hand on your rifle that hangs against your side, ready to have whenever you need to use it. While you are walking on the cracked sidewalk, you think about what you are doing.

A few months ago, you never imagined yourself carrying a gun and joining such a radical organization. You feel frightened yet excited to be a part of something different. To take charge and defend yourself for what's right.

The next thing you know you see the police taking aim on you from the local food market stand. You try to take cover but...

BAM!

It is too late.

You feel as if a million needles poking your right thigh all at the same time. The bullet in your leg became the most painful thing that you ever felt in your life.

All of a sudden, you are being brutally attacked by an officer. He hit you on the head with a baseball bat and you fall unconscious on the cold hard floor.

The ride to the hospital is such a blur and all you can see is a bright light illuminating your view. You try to move out of the gurney, but there was no way off. You can feel a huge bruise forming on your forehead and a blood hemorrhage coming from your leg. The massive blood loss makes you feel cold throughout your entire body. Unfortunately, your wounds are cut so deep that there is nothing else that the doctors can do to save you.

That very day, your vision fades to darkness and a chill runs through your veins. Slowly, you feel your heart beating slower and breathing less heavily. You lie on the hospital bed, taking the last breathe you will ever have... and you lay there dead.

~The End~

You decide to join Stokely Carmichael and his uprising of the Black Power Movement. Although Carmichael believes in equality for the black community, he wants to gain that freedom by any means necessary, including violence. All you see ahead of you are fists in the air and angry faces.

"What do you want?... Black Power!"

You can feel your cheeks starting to burn up. It's as if your ears are about to burst with burning steam. The phrase is repeated over and over again. Each time the volume would rise even higher than the last chant.

"Say it loud - I'm black and I'm proud!", and you join in along with your peers.

You see yourself bumping into people half your age. Even elderly men walking with their canes. You slowly start to absorb the amount of empowerment surrounding you. It astonishes by how abundant the crowd is that day.

After the march, you hear of Carmichael joining the Black Panther Party. You wonder to see what all the buzz is about. Apparently, this group is starting over in the West coast and you know that's a ticket for an adventure.

But then you hear about a man named Malcolm X and his proposition about the Nation of Islam. The NOI is a national organization that assists African Americans improve their social and economic conditions. It sounds very interesting since you recognize the name before. Luckily, they have been an organized group for many decades now.

Somehow you are curious about both of these groups and you want to be involved.

If you decide to join Malcolm X, turn to page 473.

If you decide to join the Black Panther Party, turn to page 469.

DID YOU KNOW?

"Black Power" was a political slogan used by groups of African Americans as an expression against racial oppression. This movement included various ideologies about achieving self-determination and promoting racial pride to the black community.

You decide to join the Black Panther Party and you can feel the intimidation in the room. All you see are men in black leather jackets, military-style berets, and armed with shotguns and rifles. You take a closer look at their faces and you notice that a few of the men were a bit younger than you expected.

Out of nowhere, somebody welcomes you with a firm handshake and says, "Hey how you doing? My name's Huey Newton. If ya need anything, just let me know," then leaves you with a pat on the back and a brand new black leather jacket on your shoulder.

Everything is happening so fast that it leaves you a bit lightheaded. You feel so ecstatic yet scared at the same time. Who knows what to expect next.

It's now May 2, 1967 and you are at the state capitol in Sacramento along with 29 other panthers to protest against the Mulford Act. You can see your fellow comrades of both genders wearing bandoliers with shotgun shells criss-crossed across their chests, carrying shotguns and rifles in their hands, and wearing all black from the berets on heads to the combat boots on their feet. All of the panthers are lined up against the walls within the hallways and one man steps out of line.

He carries this scroll and as he passes you, you recognize him as Bobby Seale, the co-founder of the BPP. Seale had a serious look on his face and you don't dare to look into his eyes. You are so intimidated by him that you are afraid that he would turn you into stone. He steps right in front of the crowd of news reporters and cameramen and recites the party's "Executive Mandate Number One". This story spread all across the nation, giving the social media an image of black men handling heavy weaponry.

Continue on to page 467.

Did You Know?

The Black Panther Party (BPP) was a black revolutionary socialist organization active from 1966 to 1982. They instituted a variety of community social programs designed to alleviate poverty, improve health among black communities, and soften the Party's public image. Huey Newton and Bobby Seale were co-founders of the Black Panther Party. The Mulford Act was a 1967 California bill prohibiting the public carrying of loaded firearms. The bill was signed by California Governor Ronald Reagan.

You decide to join Martin Luther King and his movement of nonviolent protests. As the president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), his guidance has led the African American population to great success throughout the past few years. You feel the sun shining on your face and hear the soothing sounds of the marchers singing. Along the way, local residents treat you with food and water as you pass by.

Over the course of the march, the diversity of the participants grow more distinct. You surround yourself with so many smiling faces. However, you also hear angry chants in the background.

As you look behind your right shoulder, you see Dr. King glancing upon the concrete with a straight look on his face. The disappointment from the Black Power advocates has definitely taken a toll on the Civil Rights Movement. Shocked by the multiple "boos", you can see in his eyes that he feels as if he isn't fulfilling his promises to the people. The promise of gaining civil rights through non violence was not enough for the crowd, which took them to another direction.

Continue to page 472.

A couple of days later, you find yourself at Ferncliff Cemetery in Hartsdale, New York with a bouquet of flowers in your hand. The long drive from Memphis was quiet. A little more silent than usual. You were heart-broken when you found out that he was assassinated. No words can say how you felt after the mysterious man in the suit broke the news to you. At the time, all you can remember after that moment was the pain in your stomach churning all around.

In your head, you question yourself, "How can a person do such a thing? He has been such an inspiration to us all and this happens." As these thoughts run through your head, a teardrop falls off the side of your right cheek.

You've been searching for a person to look up to, somebody that knew what they were doing to fight for our civil rights.

You stand in front of a grave that reads, "Malcolm X, May 19, 1925 - February 21, 1965".

For awhile you couldn't believe that the great man that you admired has been dead for the past year. But you know that his work isn't over. He would've wanted you to carry on his hard work into triumph. Now there is one thing left to do... You place the flowers in front of the tombstone, bow your head, and walk away.

~The End~

On April 3, 1968, you attend a public address that Martin Luther King Jr. is speaking at the Mason Temple.

Throughout the entire speech, there are only a few words that struck you... "I've seen the promised land."

With those words, you can imagine a nation of equal rights and opportunities. There are so many meanings to this little saying. Someday or somehow, your lifetime goal is to get there.

The very next day you wake up to loud bangs from your room at the Lorraine Motel on Mulberry St. You can feel your heart skip a beat when you were shocked by the gunshots. Your neck aches while you lift your head off the pillow and you feel your sore back as you struggle to get out of bed. You realize that the gun shots you heard sound pretty close, so you decide to stay in the safety in your motel room.

Out of curiosity, you walk up to the window and slowly peek through the curtains. You look up and notice a group of men on the balcony above you. You squint your eyes to get a closer look. There lying upon the ground, you see a man surrounded by a puddle of blood. Finally you realize that the man on the floor is Martin Luther King.

All of a sudden you hear sirens and flashing lights of bright red. Within a quick glance, you see a stretcher with an oxygen mask on top come out of the ambulance near the motel entrance. They immediately rush to take Dr. King to the hospital. All you can do now is pray for a miracle.

An hour later you hear the news that the Civil Rights leader was announced dead at 7:05 pm at St. Joseph's Hospital. You feel emotionally unstable from the anger caused by the assassination. However, all you can do is mourn. Saddened by the tragic loss, your eyes start watering and you take a moment of silence in your room.

Many thoughts run through your head, "How can the world survive without Mr. King? How are the people going to react?"

Before you know it, all chaos broke loose. From every corner you see riots from every corner. Angry men running a muck on the streets. Without Martin Luther King, who will guide African Americans to the promised land?

~The End~

You decide to join the Nation of Islam. Even though you heard about the NOI, you have no idea what the organization has done in the past. So you decide to ask one of the leaders at their headquarters about what you can do to learn more. You walk into a desolate and silent building and you go up to a tall man in a black suit wearing a cherry red tie.

You tap him on the shoulder and ask, "Hello sir, I was wondering what I should know about the Nation of Islam?"

Without a word he leaves the room. You are left puzzled and wondering where this mysterious man has gone off to. After a couple of minutes, he comes through the door with a folder in his hands.

He hands it to you and says, "This should be helpful to you," then immediately exits the room once again.

You don't know what any of this means or what's inside the folder, but all you know is that the folder in your hands is stamped "Confidential". You feel your hands shaking from the anxiousness, yet calm as you take a deep breathe. Left in solitude, you open the folder and see the title, "The Ballet or the Bullet", on top of the page. Out of curiosity, you read on and read a paragraph:

"I say again, I'm not anti-Democrat, I'm not anti-Republican, I'm not anti-anything. I'm just questioning their sincerity, and some of the strategy that they've been using on our people by promising them promises that they don't intend to keep.... Let the world know how bloody his hands are. Let the world know the hypocrisy that's practiced over here. Let it be the ballot or the bullet. Let him know that it must be the ballot or the bullet.... We will work with anybody, anywhere, at any time, who is genuinely interested in tackling the problem head-on, nonviolently as long as the enemy is nonviolent, but violent when the enemy gets violent." - Malcolm X

Turn to next page.

This astounding piece of work gets you feeling enlightened from head to toe. You think that the speech was so good that it gives you the goosebumps. You can feel the little hairs on your arms spiking up and the chills running through your spine. Knowing that there are some good people in the world gives you that sense of hope that you haven't felt in such a long time. Coming from a poor neighborhood, you didn't really have that much. Your whole life you've been searching for that inspiration, that extra push to keep going in life, and now you found it. All you want to do is meet the man that has written this fine speech.

Turn to page 471.

Did You Know?
Malcolm X was an African American Muslim minister and a leader of the Nation of Islam. He believed in black supremacy and advocated for the separation of blacks and whites.

The 1960s

The 1960's was a decade when hundreds of thousands of ordinary Americans gave new life to the nation's democratic ideals. African Americans used sit-ins, freedom rides, and protest marches to fight segregation, poverty, and unemployment. Feminists demanded equal job opportunities and an end to sexual discrimination. Mexican Americans protested discrimination in voting, education, and employment. Native Americans demanded that the government recognize their land claims and the right of tribes to govern themselves. Environmentalists demanded legislation to control the amount of pollution released into the environment.

FEMALE COLLEGE GRAD: You are an optimistic young woman attempting to obtain equal rights by participating in activist movements.

MEXICAN/AMERICAN TEEN: You are a young teen grape picker trying to obtain equal rights by being part of protests and rallies.

CORNELL GRAD: You are a high class Cornell graduate living in New York. Unsure about what to do with your life, you choose between the urge to work in the government with JFK or to work at your dad's company; either way, conflicts will arise.

HIGH SCHOOL GRAD: You are an 18 year old that just graduated from high school. You want to go to college and get a degree, but the fear of getting drafted to the war is on your mind. You have to choose between getting a job or going to college.

if you decide to be a Female College Grad, turn to page...

If you decide to be a Cornell Grad, turn to page...

If you decide to be a Mexican/American Teen, turn to page...

If you decide to be a High School Grad, turn to page...



477 - The 1960s - Female College Grad

As all the caps are thrown up you just smile and feel a small tear running slowly down your cheek. A good amount of thoughts go through your head as you see your cap coming down and you catch it as gravity slowly works against it. It was June 16th 1961, the most glorious Friday of your life. You look around to try to look for your friend Amy in a ocean of men and finally spot her with her colorful cap over her curly red hair once again. As you see her happily skipping towards you, you can't help but smile.

"We did it!" you tell her.

You and your friend were one of the few women to graduate from Ballou High School. Summer was approaching so it was a hot day and after your graduation you decide to go get soda pops with your best friend and walk around the park.

"Can you believe it?! We proved all of them wrong, we actually finished high school!"

It was a massive accomplishment for the both of you because your parents never agreed with you going to high school. Which meant you were never fully supported, but now you had proven them wrong. You two go to your usual spot where you can lay down in a patch of grass next to a huge tree. That's the place where you could find peace. That patch of grass and tree reminded you of everything you went through and how you could just go there and forget everything that was going wrong.

"What's next for you?" your friend asks.

"I don't know I'm just excited to look for a job and to be able to be more independent and not have to rely on my parents." But you really didn't know what to expect. You both said your goodbyes and headed home.

As you open the large wooden door of your house you feel unaccomplished. You had just graduated high school but at home you had no one to share it with. You had all this momentum when you had left school and when you were with your friend, but as you entered your house all your hopes were shut down. You walk into the large dining room and look up at the chandelier as you try to avoid eye contact with your parents.

As you sit next to your mom, still avoiding eye contact you say

"Graduation went great, just in case you were wondering", The room was silent, no one responded.

"Amy says hi and hopes to visit us once in a while since she's moving to New York," you say.

"Poor young woman, she has no idea what she's getting herself into." your mom says cutting through her steak. "She's about to ruin her life. I hope God blesses her because she's walking into hell." your mother adds. You couldn't stand her outrageous judgmental comments and you can't keep quiet about it anymore.

"Well at least she's trying to do something with her life and not throwing it away staying in a little stupid town where women don't do noth-

ing but go to events with other women and talk about women they don't like. I want to be like Amy, I want to go get a job. And you know what?! I'm going to do it. Whether I have your support or not." You say with an authority you never knew you had.

You feel your dad's stare come upon you.

"Young lady don't talk to us like that, your mother just wants the best for you and being like your little friend Amy isn't the best way to make something of yourself. If you want to get a job? Fine, then go look for one. You have a month to get a job. If you don't find one, you have to start paying attention to the Radley's kid that has been after you for several of months now." said your father. You had never seen your dad so angry.

"Fine, excuse me I'm going to start looking." you stand up and start walking out of the dining room.

Looking for a job was harder than you thought it would be. Most of the companies and offices only wanted male workers and if they took female workers the pay would be horrible. 3 weeks pass and still you find nothing but you have to get a job because you need to prove your dad wrong or you'll have to start talking to the Radley's kid. You find a job in the factory but it has a horrible pay and the boss is a jerk. But you have no choice, he gives you 2 days to decide if you want the job or not. You need to quickly decide if you're going to take the job or not.

If you decide to take the job, turn to page 481.

If you decide not to take the job, turn to page 479.

You decide not to take the job and keep on looking. Finding a job is not going as you planned. The days pass and your dad's deadline approaches in a blink of an eye. You walk home after a long day with no success. As you open up the little gate, you see your father creeping through the window of his office. You realize that your facial expression is dreadful so he probably figures you have no success on finding the job you were hoping for. As you walk into your house, one of the women, that helps keep your house clean, tells you that your dad is waiting for you in his office. You grab the rail and start heading upstairs.

You walk through the long hallway, dragging your feet against the rug slowly, because you are in no rush to talk to your dad. You knock on the door slowly, hoping that maybe he hadn't yet heard it or that he'd be busy answering a business call.

"Come inside, took you long enough," your father says from the other side of the door. You open the door and sit down in the chair right across from your dad. Finally, you gain the courage to look straight into his eyes.

"Were you able to find your job?" he asks.

"No dad, but.." you say, but he cuts you off.

"But nothing. We had a deal and now you must go through with it," you just nod your head as if you agree and understand his argument.

"You must talk to Radley's kid. Your mother and I are planning a dinner so the Radley family can come over. Don't worry, your mom will take care of everything. I just want you there on your best behavior and don't bring up any of your crazy ideas." your father demands.

The day of the dinner comes and at around 6:30, you hear the gate outside open. You peek out your room window and indeed it was the Radley family. You see their arrogant son and clumsy daughters walking into your house. As the night passes by, you start getting bored of listening to how amazing Jason Radley thinks he is.

"Can you excuse me one second, I need to use the restroom." You walk upstairs into your bathroom. There's one downstairs, but you just want to be as far away from Jason as possible. You can't stand him, but you know that your parents want you to be with him because of his prestige family. Weeks pass as you and him keep on going out on dates. It is a Saturday and you two are having breakfast with your parents. All of a sudden, he asks you to marry him. All these thoughts roam through your head, not knowing what to say or do. You need to decide. Everyone in the room is staring at you, waiting for an answer.

If you decide to marry him, turn to page 481.

If you decide not to marry him, turn to page 482.

You stay with your parents and you get married to Jason. You two move into a beautiful white house a couple of houses away from your parents. As time goes by and years pass, you're sitting on a chair in your living room. You could see a little crack of sunlight come in, as the sun rises. You think about all the hopes and dreams you had for yourself. Then, you look around in your living room. You think about all the memories you have started making and how you are actually happy. You realize you have learned to love Jason, since both of you are starting to make a family of your own. You look down, touch your belly, and smile as you feel a little kick. You realize you are exactly where you want to be and you wouldn't trade any protest for that moment.

~The End~

You decide not to marry Jason. Your parents no longer want to financially support you, so you have to get a job if you want to keep on living under their roof. Your mom no longer talks to you because saying no to Jason is like throwing her dream for you down the drain. You have to go back to the factory and accept the job because you have no other choice.

"Merna, come here right now." your boss yells from his office upstairs. You see Merna roll her eyes and walk up the stairs to his office. You could hear her heels clanging against the steel stairs. She wasn't even in there for 10 seconds, and they treated all of you more like personal assistants than secretaries. It's something you are so used to but you know it's so wrong.

The winter of 1962 comes around and it is now New Years Eve. You spend it with some coworkers and is ready to receive 1963. As you are walking to get a drink, you hear several of women talking about how 1963 will be a year of change for the women of America.

"There are women up in D.C. that are getting ready to start a new movement." you hear one of them murmur. You start walking back to the table where you were originally sitting at and think to yourself about all those comments. You believe that they were lies because there was always talk of change but no matter how many executive orders John F. Kennedy passed, nothing changed for the women. A whole six months pass and it is almost summer time again. You could feel the wind getting hotter as each day pass. One morning, when you walk into the musty offices, you hear women gathering around in the lunch tables. They listen to Merna while she is reading out of a book. Their eyes are so focused on her and they all seem so intrigued to see what she'll say next. That's the day *Feminine Mystique*, the book of 1963, came into your life. You start reading the book and embrace all the ideas of women being active to take a stand for themselves.

After reading the book, you feel that same feeling you felt the day of your graduation. Still being at your parents' house and working in a factory where women are unappreciated was not the way you imagined yourself the day you got out of high school. You feel like you could take on the world once again. You start talking to your female co workers and they start telling you how women are going to plan to start a movement for equality. You want to join, but you think about how it could affect you in the long term. Do you want to stay or do you want to risk everything for something you really believe in?

If you decide to join the movement, turn to page 484.

f you decide not to join the movement, turn to page 483.

You decide not to join the Feminist Movement. Although it is something you really love and strongly believe in, you are scared to risk everything you have at home. You were in the process of regaining your parents trust. So you keep on working in the factory's offices feeling unsatisfied, yet happy.

~The End~

You decide to join NOW and fight for what you believe in. You go to a meeting for the March on Washington and help out in one of the committees for the march. As you sit in this large room in the center of town, you see all these women around you. They remind you of yourself when you had graduated from high school. You can't wait to have their mentality and become fearless. Fighting for what you believe in is all that matters. The next day, you wake up to go to work and you're excited to tell the women from your job that you joined the movement. You get up from your bed and go into the bathroom, as you look up from your sink. You look at your face dripping with water, since you had just rinsed it. You see a new you, no longer afraid to stand up to a man because you know that you are not alone.

You arrive and all the ladies are in the breakroom. Each of them drink their coffee with their usual mug.

"Well look at you, someone woke up on the right side of the bed today." says Rita, as you walk in with a smirk of happiness on your face.

"I joined!" they all couldn't believe what had just come out of your mouth.

With an astonished look on her face, Rita says "I never thought you'd have the guts to do it!" You tell them your role in the march, and that you're ready. They are so pumped to also join, that one of them even let out a chant. You tell them to simmer down since your boss was going to know you weren't working. It seems as if you summoned him because he walks in.

"I never want to hear any of you talk about feminist movements in this factory." he exclaims, "You!" he points at you. You just stare at him because you're afraid he'll get closer and hurt you. "You either get out of this factory or leave that march you're talking about. You choose what's more important to you." he turns and leaves. Without a doubt in your mind, you get up, go to your desk, get your belongings, and leave.

* * * * *

Finally, the day you have been so anxiously awaiting and preparing for is finally here. August 28th, 1963 is the day that not only represented a new beginning for women, but for African Americans as well. You're surrounded by a sea of people. It seems as if when one person moves, the whole crowd goes along with them. You feel some kind of proud joy inside of you, just like when you graduated. You feel like you are one of the few that is doing something to change America. It is Daisy Bates' turn to talk, and you are excited to hear her, since she is going to be the only woman who will speak.

"We will walk until we are free, until we can walk to any school and take our children to any school in the United States." she says, as she finishes her speech. All of the women in the crowd go wild and you look around.

You can't believe you're actually there. You're apart of something-bigger than yourself! After the march, everyone starts stepping away and goes back to their homes, either to celebrate or to simply just feel accomplished in the comfort of their home. You reunite with some of your friends from the committee, because you all had promised yourself to go celebrate afterwards. As you walk down the streets of Washington D.C., all you hear is the talk about Mr. King's speech and how they want that America that he described. All the restaurants are full so you just grab some food and go eat at a park nearby.

"I think people will start to try to make a change just by simply being more aware of what's happening." says one of the older women that helped in your committee.

"I don't know what's next for me." you say, as you finish the last bite of your sub. "I got fired and my parents no longer want me living with them, since I broke the promise I kept. I think I'm going to use my savings and move to New York. I've heard there's better opportunities over there and I think it's time for me to go." You don't know if you should move because you don't know what to expect or where to go. However, you need to make a change. If you stay, your parents will persuade you to marry someone again, but at least you won't have to worry about money.

If you decide stay in Washington, turn to page 481.

If you decide move to New York, turn to page 487.

"I don't know what's next for me," you say, as you finish the last bite of your sub. "I got fired and my parents no longer want me living with them, since I broke the promise I kept. I think I'm going to use my savings and move to New York. I've heard there's better opportunities over there and I think it's time for me to go." You don't know if you should move because you don't know what to expect or where to go. However, you need to make a change. If you stay, your parents will persuade you to marry someone again, but at least you won't have to worry about money.

If you decide stay in Washington, turn to page 481.

If you decide move to New York, turn to page 486.

DID YOU KNOW?
The National Organization for Women is the largest organization of feminist activists in the United States founded in 1966. Currently, NOW has more than 500,000 contributing members and more than 500 local and campus affiliates in all 50 states.

You take the earliest flight from D.C. straight into New York. When you're on the plane sitting all alone, you realize how you don't have anyone in New York with you. You are really on your own now, without your parents and their rules. It is just you. You hear the pilot say that it's time to descend, and everyone starts to put their seatbelts on. You look outside the window and you see New York at a far distance. You feel the plane slowly descending and it finally, completely stops. You finish the process of gathering your things and you step out of the airport. Life is a blur there in that moment. You see people everywhere rushing. Some people say their hellos and some say their goodbyes. There is a lot of taxis, but it seems as if all of them are taken.

"So where to now?" you mumble to yourself, feeling a little discouraged because you really didn't know the question you just asked yourself. You start walking towards the street to see if you could find a taxi there. A man standing in the street offers you a newspaper for \$0.25. In the front of the newspaper, there is an article about the march you had just taken part in. You can't help but have a little grin on your face because you have been a part of that. You see a studio in the ads section that you could rent out and you decide to take a look at it.

You see a taxi and attempt to whistle as loud as you can. You feel like you failed but you still got the taxi. As the taxi goes through the streets of Manhattan, you realize how many people there are in New York. It's as if it were the March on Washington, but that was actually how the city was. You finally arrive to a tall, skinny building in between a butcher shop and a bar. The front of the building doesn't have the best smell, but it isn't too bad. You turn around as you get out of the car to give the driver money, and thank him. You see him drive off. You enter the building and ask for the person in the ad named "Annika Williams".

"You can go up the stairs and turn to your left. The red door is where Ms. Williams lives." said the awkward and creepy concierge. You knock on the door. A tall white girl with red hair and freckles opens the door.

"May I help you?" she says.

"I'm looking for Annika Williams. She's the woman renting the studio on the third floor."

"That'd be me, you want to take a look at it?" replies Annika.

"Yes please." She leads the way. You walk upstairs. The place isn't in the best condition as you hoped for, but you wouldn't mind living there. She opens the green, ugly, scratched door with "3B" of the studio. As you walk inside, you see that it's actually really nice.

It has all the furniture needed and all the facilities are included.

"How much?" you ask Ms. Anikka, hoping that it would fit your budget.

"Well young lady, how much do you want to pay?" You strangely look at her since she didn't set a price for you, but you didn't question it. You tell her your price. She accepts and gives you the keys right away. You could pay rent for at least two years with the money you had saved and the money your father secretly gave you when you left.

* * * * *

Two years pass and the work you had managed to get is a waitress job at the bar next to your house. It isn't the best pay, but it helps you buy your necessities. It even has some to spare change so you could save up to buy one of the black and white TVs everyone is fussing about. Two more years pass and you are still participating in the movements for equal rights. You sit on your couch one afternoon, waiting for your shift to start so you could go downstairs and work. However, you start to think about how you've been dug in the same hole for two years. You came to New York to do so much more. You're fan stops working, so you open the windows. It's late September, summer is almost gone, but the heat is still roaming through Manhattan.

"President Johnson is working on passing Executive order 11246 before this month ends." The news broadcaster says on T.V. You turn up the volume and sit back down. You feel yourself stick onto your leather couch because of all the sweat.

"Yes, this executive order will reinforce that in the workplace, people are no longer discriminated because of their race, color, religion, national origins, and sex." says one of the anchors.

"There you go! To all you women, go get yourself a decent job!" said the other anchor man, but it almost seemed like he was mocking all the women out there, fighting for equal rights. You get up and turn off the T.V.. Days pass and it is finally announced that the Executive Order 11246 was signed by President Johnson. This brings a little hope into your life, and you decide to get newspapers to see if there are job openings anywhere. It is time for you to move on to a better life. You see that there's an opening at a lawyer's office in the upper east. You circle it and get the phone number, so you can call and set up an interview. You get an interview on Monday, so you have three days to prepare! Monday comes and you wake up early, ready for your interview. You hardly got an eye shut last night, since you were so anxious for your interview.

Your morning goes by quickly and sooner than you know it, you're outside the law firm, ready to be interviewed. You walk inside to the room where you are going to be interviewed, and you see a handsome man sitting in the chair right across from where you were indicated to sit.

"Hello I'm Michael Everett, nice to meet you miss." he smiles and you feel like fainting. He is gorgeous but you contain yourself.

"Very nice to meet you, Mr. Everett." "Oh please call me Michael, Mr. Everett is my dad. So you're applying for the secretary position?" asks Michael.

"Yes, I believe that's what the newspaper ad said."

"Alright, well you start on Wednesday at 8:00am. We'll have your office ready for you to just move in. Goodbye." you look at him and he smiles.

"Alright, thank you. See you on Wednesday." you say with a puzzled face.

* * * * *

Wednesday comes and you start working. You're Michael's assistant and he apparently admires you very much. Two months pass and it seems to you that you are there just to answer his calls. One day, Michael builds up the guts to ask you out.

"Miss, could you come in here for a second?" he says, while peeking out of his office. You walk into his office but stay at the doorway. "I was wondering... If um... If you wanted to get a drink after work one of these days."

You look at him surprised and smile, "Of course boss." You walk out and smile when he's no longer capable of seeing your face. You go out with him on a Thursday, but you feel like he doesn't agree with women having equal rights as men. You don't want to ask him, because above all, he is your boss. You have a wonderful time that night talking and sharing views on cases he is working on. The night ends and each of you go your separate ways, but before that, he asks you if you'd like to do this again someday.

"Maybe..." you say very dryly and walk away. You don't know if you should just focus on your work or if you should keep on seeing him.

If you decide to keep on seeing Michael, turn to page 493.

If you decide to focus on yourself, turn to page 490.

You decide to focus on your work and keep trying to pursue everything you came to New York for. The relationship with your boss becomes awkward since you constantly deny his invitations. Once, he asked you in front of his father, who owns the company you work for, and you still said no. He still keeps a solid work face and you saying no doesn't affect your job. You only stay in that job for about two more years, because you decide to open your own business.

* * * * *

You look for a place to start a business in the newspaper. You find a little studio in the upper east side of Manhattan that is a little over your budget. You still want it because it's the place you imagined. When you see the real estate agent, he gives you a tour of the place. It has black glass gates as doors and you walk into an open space with marble floors. With the money you gathered working at the law firm, you're able to buy a little studio. You even buy cloth to start making clothes you've designed since you got to New York. In front of your T.V., you watch the shows where they sell clothes and start designing your own late at night. This is the start of something new for you. You start preparing for a viewing of your clothes, and invite important designers. You hire an intern (she was just called an intern because you had no money to pay her yet) and she starts making the invitations for you.

"Givenchy? Oh my! Do you really think he'll show up or even send someone from his company?" says Maggie, your intern.

"Well you never know and it doesn't hurt to try. He likes innovative designers and that could be me."

Turn to next page.

You have have a successful night at the show. At the end of the night, Givenchy, the most successful fashion designer, comes and congratulates you.

"That was amazing! Great, new fresh ideas we'll stay in contact." he extends his hand to shake yours and it takes you a while to react.

"Thank you so much, Mr.Givenchy!" your eyes widen and you finally shake his hand. He leaves your shop and you stare at him until he is no longer visible.

You turn around and you run to hug Maggie.

"We did it!" you both yell as if you had planned it. A few days later, just when everything seems as if it's going right, there's commotion about a protest that is being planned to support women's rights. You attend one of the meetings that is taking place in an office building. It looks like the law firm you used to work at.

"So today, we've all been called here because I'd like to tell you that the Miss America Pageants don't help us women look any better in front of men." The woman speaks angrily and is more masculine than anything.

"We need to stop this pageant from happening!" She slams her fist against the table that is in front of her. You leave right after the meeting is over because you don't know if you're actually going to join them this time.

"If I join, it'll affect my career, but if I don't, it'll seem like I don't care about women's rights anymore. They won't want me to be a part of them."

If you decide to join the Miss America protest, turn to page 494.

If you decide not to join the Miss America protest, turn to page 492.

You decide not to join the protest because it could affect your career as a fashion designer. You get to work in one of Jacqueline Kennedy's shows because she buys one of your designs. Your career is a success. That day, you work with the best designers and models. When you're at the show, all the big names in fashion are there. At the end of the show, Jacqueline calls you up onto the runway with her, and you are more than shocked that you're there in that moment. Your designs are the most acclaimed in the market right along with Givenchy's.

~The End~

You keep on seeing Michael and have a lovely time with him. You constantly join him at dinners and go to a different restaurant every night. You never feel like you don't belong when you are with him. He eventually asks you to marry him and you two decide to join your lives together. You withdraw from the NOW program, so now you have nothing to do but to pay attention to your husband and have a family. The happiest day of your lives comes along when your first child is born. After that day, everything changes for you. You no longer care about women's rights. You just care about the family that you have by your side. You have no financial problem because your husband is a heir of all the actions of the company his dad left behind when he passed away. You and your husband, along with your son, live a calm happy life. You realize you are exactly where you want to be and you wouldn't trade any protest for that moment.

~The End~

You decide to join the movement because you prefer to fight for what you believe in and take a risk. The designers you work with find out that you're working with the activist to stop the Miss America Pageant. That means there won't be a raise in sales for the designers. They are very upset with you and make sure that no one buys your clothes anymore.

"You can't do this to us!" says Maggie, "You are just going to hurt your own business."

"If I don't do it, it'll seem like I don't care anymore."

After a few months, you become out of business and you go back to working at the law firm.

~The End~

495 - The 1960s: Cornell Graduate

12:50. You're late. It will be impossible to get a good spot now. You push and shove your way through the crowd. Screams here and there.

"Start already!"

"Is it on?"

"We want Kennedy!"

You find a spot near the front left speaker, next to a lady with a stroller. The speakers are placed right under a giant billboard of Kennedy's face, and instantly they begin to blare with the sound of Kennedy's entrance and the crowd cheers. Kennedy begins to talk and it gets silent, everyone wants to hear what the new president has to say. You are marveled by Kennedy. To think, that I could also be him. I too went to an Ivy League, I come from a wealthy family. You feel pride in this new president and a sense of connection. You can feel a sense change that will come; promise.

The speech ends and you applaud, glad that he is your president. You can't get his words out of your head...

"And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you--ask what you can do for your country."

You are astonished at this remark; it was something you had never imagined. The crowd begins to disperse but you continue repeating President Kennedy's words. Lost in your train of thought, you find yourself standing alone in Time Square...I thought the country had to look out for us? Have I had it wrong the whole time? What can I do for my country? What does it need? Your brain starts working at a thousand miles per second, asking question after question.

You begin to walk down the city streets, thinking, asking, and wondering. You pass by the cafes where you used to study for the exams, and the clubs where you would party the day after. All the memories come flowing to your mind, the good and bad.

Your father and his influences have always been an impact your life, in what way? You still question. You suppose it is for your best. All your father wants is for you to follow his footsteps and take over his marketing company. That was the main reason you went to college, and now being a graduate from Cornell, you find yourself doing just what your father wanted.

But now after hearing President Kennedy's speech, you feel that you should do something more. You continue walking down the street, passing Rockefeller Center. You are supposed to meet your Dad at 2 pm in the office to begin your job as administrator but you are now questioning whether or not that is what you want to do the rest of your life. You feel remorse leaving your Dad alone with the marketing company. You know he needs you to continue with it, that is the reason he got you into a university.

But Kennedy's speech is still running through your mind and something inside of you is telling you to do something else, something more. You have a gut feeling. You hit 56th Street and stare up at your father's company. Walking through the doors you realize that whatever happens in the meeting with your dad will determine your future. You don't want to abandon your dad and the company that will be yours in the future but your gut is telling you that there is more out there that you could do. You could do something for your country. You reach your father's office door, and you take a deep breath. Once you cross that door your life will have been determined, the decision you make will impact your life forever.

If you decide to go into the family business with your father, turn to page 505.

If you decide to do something for your country, turn to page 497.

Did You Know?

On January 21, 1961 JFK gave his inaugural address speech at 12:52 in the Capitol. It is said that Kennedy's speech was one of the 5 best inaugural addresses ever given by a U.S. president. Many people remember the speech by hearing Kennedy's famous quote; "And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you--ask what you can do for your country.

John F. Kennedy- John Fitzgerald Kennedy, or JFK, was the 35th president of the United States. His term ran from January 1961 until November 1963 when he was assassinated. He is mostly known for his work during the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Civil Rights Act, and the Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty.

You walk through the door determined; you are going to go with your gut feeling. "Dad, I need to talk to you..." you tell your dad about your gut feeling, Kennedy's speech, your thoughts as you came walking from Time Square and about him.

"I know you really wanted me to work with you and learn the ropes and follow your footsteps and-" He cut you off,

"All I want for you is to do what makes you feel happy. If you want to go work in the government by all means. A man like you can't get a meager job; you are a man of class. You deserve a title to match you. Let me work my magic, I'll call you in a bit."

Your father quickly begins contacting his influences and as you stand there idly you can't believe how supportive your dad was. You step out quietly from his office, very gently shutting the door. You take a seat in the waiting room.

His secretary comes to notify you that your father requests your presence in his office. You walk into his office with a shortness of breath, and your heart vibrating inside of you. You stare at your dad waiting for his answer, you don't even bother to take a seat.

"You will be interning with Arthur Schlesinger Jr. down in D.C. You need to report to work in two days. Here is your plane ticket; you leave tomorrow morning. Don't bother to pack; I have already made a call to have your stuff sent to D.C."

Your father finishes his sentence and grins at you. He has always been a straight to the point type of guy, and now you love that about him.

"I love you dad!" you hug him hard; take your ticket and head towards the door.

"Make me proud. Don't mess it up."

"I will." and you step out.

You head to the airport early in the morning. On the plane you think about what just happened; I am on my way to Washington D.C. to work in the Government. You still can't believe it. You repeat it to yourself under your breath a couple of times for it to stick into your brain. By the third time you repeat it you doze off.

"Sir. The passengers are getting off. We have landed." a soft, soothing voice notifies you. You open your eyes and a lovely attendant is there. She has bags under her sky blue eyes but her beauty is overcasting any small imperfection. You thank her for the notice and head off.

As you walk through the airport a man stands, waiting for you, he holds a sign with your name on it. Your father sent him, of course he would. You arrive to your hotel suite, the same as every other suite. You tip the clerk and try out the bed... You don't wake up until the next morning.

The chauffeur takes you down to an office in the heart of D.C. The building is full of people all minding their own business. No smile or hello from the people who work there. You see men in uniform, in suits, and others in coats. The inside of the building gives you a secure feeling, but also an extremely clean feeling with the walls all white. You ask the man in the front to see Arthur Schlesinger Jr., you are escorted by two officers to the office of this man. You enter the office and it is very welcoming yet disorganized. There are papers everywhere, in piles, in folders laying around the tables, but it feels hospitable.

"You must be Steven's son. Welcome. I am Arthur Schlesinger," he greets you with a strong handshake. You begin to feel sweat forming on your forehead, and your stomach starts to churn.

"Hello Sir. It is an honor to be able to work with you," doubt starts to creep into your head.

"Well tell me a bit about yourself. Take a seat. Pardon the mess. Go on, sit," any nervous feeling swarming in you slowly dies as the conversation begins with you telling him about your life. You tell him about your mother's death, your father's business, NYU, and your reason to work in Washington.

"This country can sure use more men like you in it. I believe we will have a great work experience. For now you will start off as my assistant, your first task will be to organize my papers. As you can see, it's a mess. I must leave for a meeting, but make yourself at home. We'll talk about your arrangement later. Goodbye."

You begin to organize all of the papers in the office, on the floor, on the table in the folders. Not one paper seems to be in place. Organizing them gives you a headache just thinking about it but you don't want to let your boss down on the first day. My father would kill you if I ruined this. He must've paid a lot of money or something to get me this job.

As you are sorting through the papers you come across a folder that is at the bottom of all the stacks. You notice it is very neatly put there, as if it was trying to be hid. You take it out from under the pile and inspect it. You can't believe your eyes, these are invasion plans. The U.S. is planning on invading Cuba. Your mind begins to race again with a million questions: Invasion? That could be war. We just got out of one, why invade Cuba? What is so important? This can't be right.

Turn to next page.

You don't know what to think, and you hear footsteps approaching. These documents need to be seen by the people, they must know what is going on. But what if you lose the trust of your boss. Your dad would never do such a big favor for you again. One side of your brain says; Tell the American people. Inform them. Do something for your country and stop it from invading. But on the other side it is saying; I don't want to lose this job. I would be an embarrassment for my father. How would I be able to do something for my country when I am going against them, stabbing them in the back?

If you decide to take the documents, turn to page 500.

If you decide to tell Arthur Schlesinger about your finding, turn to page 501.

DID YOU KNOW?
Arthur Schelsinger Jr. - Arthur Schelsinger Jr. was a historian and a political adviser. During the Kennedy administration he was the Special Assistant for Kennedy, working primarily on Latin American affairs and speech writing.

The footsteps get louder and louder. You stuff the papers into the back of your suit jacket, and continue to "organize" the other papers. You move the papers around and try to make it look like you are working when Arthur steps into the office and towers over you.

"I am impressed. You are doing good. Keep this up and you might get promoted."

The day continues, with small talk here and there. Once every paper is put away you get dismissed to go home. You walk out casually and get into the car. You wait until you are in the hotel to get a better look at the documents. Inside you see the entire plan. The invasion will take place in the Bay of Pigs, Cuba. Fidel Castro and his regime-SMASH.

The suite room door is on the floor and men are filling in faster than running water. A SWAT team files in your room and yells, "FREEZE. STEP AWAY FROM THE PAPERS. HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE THEM." Your heart is pounding louder than the voice; you can feel the blood rushing to your head. You don't want to go to jail. You see the balcony across the room and you sprint towards it.

You don't make it halfway across the room when a loud blast fills the air, followed by a burning pain in your leg. Your leg gives in and you are on the floor. Your leg burns and you can feel something warm running down it. You are handcuffed and escorted out, limping.

You get 2 life sentences and your father disowns you. Didn't you ever learn not to bite from the hand that feeds you?

~The End~

The footsteps get louder and louder. You close the folder, but keep it close to you; you are going to inform Arthur of what you saw. You don't want any misunderstandings.

Arthur steps into the office.

"I am impressed. You are doing good. Keep this up and you might get promoted."

"Thank you Sir. Um, I was organizing these documents and I found this folder. I opened it to see what papers I could put in it but it seemed already organized." You hand him the folder, and his eyes open wide. "I only glimpsed at it."

"You have no idea what you have just done." You feel your knees going weak. You're fired. "These are very important documents, that if in the wrong hands could cause complete continental disorder. You have gained my trust. Let me explain... Take a seat." You sit yourself down in front of Arthur as he begins to talk. Arthur explains everything regarding Fidel Castro, the Soviets and the Bay of Pigs in Cuba.

"I trust you will keep this inside the office walls."

"Yes sir."

"You may continue doing your job." Arthur says as he takes a seat at his desk and goes over the papers he has just explained to you. Your full confidentiality has impressed Arthur so much he now considers you as a part of his circle. During the course of the next few days, tensions between the United States and Cuba increased.

Arthur kept you well informed of the incidents and the decisions being made from within. The Bay of Pigs invasion was a complete catastrophe, leaving the American reputation in jeopardy. The American judgment was put into question, and Kennedy's judgment as well.

"I must confess," privately commented Arthur Schlesinger, "that I feel more gloomy about international developments than I have felt since the summer of 1939." You nod your head to show your paying attention but decide not to comment. As an American you feel shame, but as a Government employee you feel loyal to the government.

But you also feel that the catastrophe of the Bay of Pigs, was a plan that went from bad to worse. Your beliefs are questioned and you aren't sure whether you would like to continue with your job. You question, do I want to continue being part of this section of people that have so much in their hands? It's too much responsibility, even if I am just an assistant filing papers. But nobody's perfect and accidents happen. Maybe it was meant to be...you like every other American is disappointed in the failure of the invasion of the Bay of Pigs, but you don't feel it is worth throwing the towel in so soon.

If you decide to stay with your job, turn to page 503.

If you decide to leave your job and go work with your dad, turn to page 505.

You don't throw in the towel; this country needs you now more than ever. You continue your job with Arthur Schlesinger. One day you are in the office while Arthur and Bobby Kennedy are conversing. You can feel eyes watching your every move. You don't want to look up, you're too nervous to see who. You try to do everything perfectly and precisely, but your hands keep trembling.

You can't take it anymore and you look up to see who exactly was watching you. It was Mr. Bobby Kennedy. His eyes are fixated on your every move, and you can sense a feeling of admiration radiating off of him...

"How would you like to be MY assistant?" Bobby Kennedy asks.

"Excuse me Sir." You aren't sure if he is talking to you or to Arthur. Arthur bursts into laughter.

"I told you he wouldn't take you seriously Bobby." Arthur continues to laugh.

"I need a guy like you with me. You won't be my assistant; you'll be my right hand man. What do you say?" You look at Bobby Kennedy and you look back at Arthur and back to Bobby and back to Arthur.

"Go on son, you don't need my approval, who do you think recommended you?" you smile from ear to ear, and you shake Arthur's hand.

"Thank You Sir, I won't let you down." You shake Bobby's hand as well.

"If you want this job you got to get my name right, it's Bobby not Sir." Bobby and Arthur burst out laughing hysterically. You laugh as well, but more out of nervousness than hilarity.

Working side by side with Bobby Kennedy gave you a sense of importance and satisfaction knowing that you were doing something for your country. You accompanied Bobby Kennedy to various meetings, almost all of them. You were working side by side with President Kennedy, McNamara, Lyndon B. Johnson, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., to name a few. Many of the meetings held were regarding the aftermath of the Bay of Pigs situation. Tensions between the Soviets and the US continued to increase.

Meeting after meeting with Bobby you could tell how complicated the situation was. The American people started to catch onto the tensions too; children began to have nuclear raid drills, women were getting into arguments about politics and there was a nervous feeling filling the air the Americans breathed. You feared that the decade would end without a war. Not another war. Not. Another. War. Please God. You prayed for peace.

You are scared out of your mind. You don't know whether to stay where you are and possibly end up getting involved in another war or step out and go work with your father. You have worked so hard to get to where you are, but you do not want to be blamed for taking part in the making of a war. It is up to you if you stay where you are or you take a step back and get out before war breaks out.

If you decide to stay where you are, turn to page 508.

If you decide to step back, turn to page 505.

Did You Know?

Bay of Pigs- "It was an incident between the U.S. and Cuba on April 17, 1961. The U.S tried to invade Cuba after they heard about Fidel Castro's reign. The invasion was a complete disaster, leaving a lasting impact on the Kennedy legislation."

Robert Kennedy- Also known as Bobby Kennedy, he was JFK's younger brother. During the Kennedy Administration he was the Attorney General, after he went to work as a Senator in the U.S. Senate. Robert Kennedy was assassinated during his run for presidency in 1968.

You walk through the door of your father's office. He greets you with a huge smile on his face, "Finally the heir to the throne is here!" You laugh nervously at his remark.

"Dad, I think I need to learn the ropes first." He laughs at you.

"Don't be silly, of course you will, but you will begin on top. Nothing mediocre. You will start as an administrator, observing the operations and the manufacturing. You'll learn the ropes but in a higher level. Let me show you your office."

You walk with your father to an office across the hall. The office is great, very wide and full of light. There is a desk and a sofa area with a coffee table. It's mostly windows, allowing for a lot of light to come in and a great view of Time Square. You love the lighting in the office, it reminds you of the way the light floods in your room in the morning, it gives you a sense of home. You feel like you fit right in. There is a radio and a telephone on your desk and next to it is a shiny gold placard with your name on it. You touch its cold surface, tracing your fingers across each of the letters of your name, the surface is rough but at the same time it feels good.

"I see you like the placard. I thought it would be a good gift to begin your first day."

"Yes. Thank you dad. I won't let you down."

"I know you won't. Now I will leave you to begin working. You have the paperwork on your desk to get you started. Anything you need phone the secretary." Your father begins to leave your office.

"Oh, and I want you to be with me in a meeting at four o'clock, finish reading by then and come to the large conference room at five till." Your dad shuts the door behind you loudly and you are left in silence to begin your work.

You head to the large conference room on the fourth floor of the building. You feel pretty confident knowing that you have filled yourself in on the company. You enter the large conference room and the large wooden table fills the room. There are black chairs filed around the table, almost all of them are being occupied. There is small chitchat in the room.

"Good Afternoon," you say and seat yourself next to your father. It is four o'clock and the meeting is starting.

"I would like to introduce to you all, my soon to be heir of the company."

The men applaud and welcome you. The meeting begins with your father's colleagues discussing the new marketing proposal with Central Park. As the meeting continues, you take notes and listen attentively, you are nervous and the butterflies in your stomach aren't helping. All you want is to first get a feel for what it's like and later with time get involved in the discussion.

As the meeting continues you hear something that catches your ear; guns. You aren't sure if you heard right but as the word continues to be repeated you know you aren't hallucinating.

"We will use our spots in Central Park to make the exchange. I already have a buyer and a dealer," said the man with a pointy nose and bags under his eyes.

Goosebumps appear upon your arms as you start to process the following information. You get a chill when you realize, your father's company is making illegal business. The room becomes smaller and smaller, the voices louder and louder, your head is pounding and you can barely breathe. You manage to say, "Excuse me," before you step out of the room.

You take a deep breath of air and release it. You can feel your lungs working again. You pace down the hall, trying to gather your thoughts. My dad is doing illegal business. MY DAD. No. Yes I saw. Why? My family has enough money from the company itself. Does it? Is this how my dad got the rest of the fortune? Is this the reason my mother was murdered? How did my dad pull it off?

There is a burning rage inside of you, knowing that your dad is doing illegal business but there is still something about the idea that gives you a thrill; a rush. You are caught in feelings of rage and thrill. You can return to the meeting and pretend nothing happened, and continue with your dad's business. Or, you can finish the meeting knowing you want nothing to do with your dad's company and that you'd rather start your own business. Go with the thrill and get involved in illegal business or go with the rage and leave the company and your father. You know you need to make a decision fast when you can see your father inside the conference room looking around for you.

If you decide to go with the thrill, turn to page 507.

If you decide to go with the rage, turn to page 521.

The curiosity is killing you. How your father pulled such a major fraud makes you idolize him. If that is the way you have your fortune, by all means you want in. You walk into the conference room and take your seat next to your father. He looks at you, mouthing "Okay?" and you nod your head and smile.

The meeting has ended and you feel so excited to begin trading guns. Your father has you follow him to his office. He shuts the door.

"I am glad you are all in. I know you have a lot of questions. Let me explain, this partnership began about 6 years ago. It is the way we have about half of the fortune we have now. It is very risky. We deal with a lot of people with a lot of negative power. And yes, your mother died because she got involved. She knew the risks, she knew everything from the beginning, and there wasn't much I could do to save her. I'm so-" Your father begins to shed tears and you hug him.

"Let's continue this for mom." You say to him as you smile through the tears.

Years pass and you become the head of the company, taking your father's place. Your father becomes your right hand man. You become one of the 20 richest men in the country. Remembering what happened to your mother you decide to never get married. You always live with constant thrill and a sense of fear. The illegality of the job makes your life exciting, but you don't feel safe being alone, ever. You get chills just walking to the car alone. The feeling of fear is with you till the end, you die the way you fear dying; caught alone, with no one to know what truly happened to you...

You were walking from the coffee shop to your car. You had to park it about half a block away due to construction, but it was the best coffee shop in New York so you found it worth the walk. You had gotten your usual; a large hazelnut macchiato with a lemon pastry. You walked past an alley where you could see a group of men waiting around. You took a look at the men; they took a look at you and you got a queasy feel in your stomach. Something inside you told you to walk faster. You took a bite from your pastry, one last sip of your coffee and one last look at New York before you are taken away and killed in the middle of nowhere, buried where no one would be able to bring you flowers.

Your disappearance was a mystery; some thought you ran away before the cops could catch you, others thought you had been murdered, others thought you had been kidnapped. Your father believed the first rumor that you had gone off but no one ever truly knew what had happened to you and soon everyone forgot all about you.

Tensions between the Soviets and the U.S. continued to increase. You could feel it inside the office and outside on the streets. The air was filled with unease, it blew through the streets, through windows and doors, in between cracks, blowing in your face and creeping inside your heart and mind. It was like a plague. Even the men who you are working with knew that nuclear war was a high possibility.

One day you were asked by Bobby Kennedy to attend a meeting, a secret meeting. You felt butterflies in your stomach as you walked into the room. Inside, all the men were whispering to one another, discretely asking each other what the meeting was for. You, as every other person in the room, are nervous.

President Kennedy and his staff walk into the room.

“Good Morning gentleman. Please take a seat.”

The room went quiet and all eyes were on Kennedy, waiting for the answer to everyone’s question. What is going on? As President Kennedy takes his seat, he doesn’t even bother sugar coating the news, he straight out announces it.

“There has been a discovery of Soviet missiles being placed in Cuba. I would not want this to get out of hand and I surely do not want them to find out we know this information.” Talk erupts in the room, questions are raised and your brain begins to ache.

“Gentleman, I have gathered you all here today because you are some of the finest working men in government. I know that together this issue will be resolved.”

Over the course of the next several days there were meetings after meetings. You discussed ways to solve the problem, but you rarely participated in the discussion, you were just there to assist. I’m only an assistant, you repeat to yourself in your mind, this situation is scary enough, I don’t think I have the correct mindset to bring solutions to the table. The meetings were long, from dawn to dusk, and you could feel it draining you of your energy.

Turn to next page.

Finally President Kennedy announced a peaceful resolution.

“It has been decided, the United States course of action will be to quarantine the Soviets military supplies by placing a naval blockade around Cuba.” Every man in the meeting nodded their head in agreement.

Turn to page 510.

Did You Know?
Cuban Missile Crisis- “The Cuban Missile Crisis was a period of thirteen days between the Soviets and the United States during October 1962. The U.S. discovered Soviet forces storing missiles and soldiers in Cuba. The course of action was to create a blockage, halting the supplies being brought into Cuba by the Soviets. War was never declared, but the stakes were high. In the end, the U.S. was successful and the Soviets removed their missiles.”

The announcement of President Kennedy's course of action set the country in a state of panic. In the office, you remember the talk about the demonstrations for peace in different cities throughout the country. You didn't bother to focus on that problem, you know you should put all your effort in aiding in the solution. You didn't want to end up terrified and risk putting your job in jeopardy, that's why you don't even bother to pay any attention to what the rest of the world was thinking you. I have come this far, and I'm not going to ruin it by letting my fears consume me.

The day of the naval blockade was a day that you know will forever be part of history; it was the day nuclear war almost broke out but didn't. Everywhere there was tension, and you working in D.C., there was even more. All over the White House people were waiting alongside the television screen, the radio, and the phones for any news. You, like everyone else, was glued to some type of form of communication.

By night time it was known throughout the country that President Kennedy's course of action was a complete success. There was a breath of relief from everyone involved in the crisis and from the American people. War was no longer an option. You could breathe easier now. As the problem with the Soviets subsided, talk began to increase on a different issue; the Civil Rights Movement. You think, we just got out of one problem, now we must deal with another one.

Bobby Kennedy called you into his office. You take a seat and he begins to talk about this new issue and you remember hearing about it before. It had been mentioned a few times, mostly when you heard about that lady, What was her name again? The one with the bus?, something Parks or Rose. You know that there many African Americans fighting for equal rights. When you were younger you remember your fathers words,

"Those niggers don't have any right to take what rightfully is ours."

You never really thought about this subject, it was never a question to what you thought or felt, it was what it was and you had no part in it. Bobby dismisses you, and as you walk out of the office you can't remember what he said about the Civil Rights Movement because you were too busy remembering yourself.

Your office was right next to Kennedy's; it was not very large, fit for one person, maybe two. The walls are covered in a wooden like wall paper, your desk matches the wallpaper. There was a window on the right side that allowed for a hint of sunlight to shine into the room, too bad it only lit half of it. Your desk was on the darker side of the room which means you always need to have a light on.

Sitting there reading through last weeks meeting papers, your phone rings. You are instantly startled, knocking over a stack of papers. You scramble to answer the phone.

"Hello?"

"Yes, come quickly to my office would you?"

"Yes Mr. Kennedy, 'll be right there." You don't even bother to pick up the papers on the floor.

You knock on the door and step inside, "You called me Si-"

"SSHH! My brother is giving a speech. Come listen."

You quietly take a seat and listen. Having been working as Bobby Kennedy's assistant for a couple of months now you were pretty comfortable in your work area and there was a good friendship. The speech had already begun so it took you a while to understand what he was talking about but once you heard the word, "color."

You continued to listen to the speech,

"It ought to be possible, in short, for every American to enjoy the privileges of being American without regard to his race or his color. In short, every American ought to have the right to be treated as he would wish to be treated, as one would wish his children to be treated." Presidents Kennedy's words were deep, not many white men had that opinion on desegregation and equality for all and those that did didn't go publicly about their opinion.

You are now put in an uncomfortable situation. All your life you grew up thinking that whites were better than blacks, but you don't precisely feel that way. You know your father has a very strong opinion on the subject and would want you on his side. You never actually sat down to think about what you felt, it just went in one ear and out the other Now you begin to think and question, What is right? What should I feel? What do I truly believe in? Your train of thought is interrupted.

"So, what do you think? Do you agree with my brother?"

You are frozen, up until the last three minutes you have never thought about what you thought. Your father's voice is inside your head and its familiarity connects with you, but you also know that that is not you, it's your father. Somewhere you know it is the right thing to have equal rights to all, but you wish you could know more. You feel Kennedy's eyes on you, waiting for your reply. You must answer fast.

If you decide to go along with your fathers voice, you leave your job and go work for him. Turn to page 505.

If you decide to agree with Kennedy, turn to page 513.

If you want to know more about the Civil Rights Movement, turn to 445.

DID YOU KNOW?
Radio and Television Report to the American People on Civil Rights- "On June 11, 1963, John F. Kennedy spoke out to the American people regarding the Civil Rights Movement. JFK was in favor of equality and pushed forward with the Equal Rights Act. This was a big movement that created a lot of controversy, especially since JFK was a white male who supported it."

"Yes, I agree with him, sir." you answer Kennedy, knowing you made the right decision, your decision.

"Great. I would like you to take part in the movement. You would just be there for moral support from the government whenever it would seem necessary, like an activist. Is that okay with you?"
You don't know what to say. It is an opportunity that will probably never come again, but it is something outside of your comfort zone. Then, you hear inside your brain, Do it for my country. Do it for my country.

"Yes, that's great."

"Good. I knew you wouldn't let me down. I will inform you when your services will be needed, you may continue to do your work."

"Yes sir."

You leave the office and as you take a seat at your desk, you realize you have been smiling the whole time.

* * * * *

It's early Friday morning, and you are in your office reviewing the Civil Rights Bill that President Kennedy had passed onto Congress. You check your clock and you know that the President has already landed in Dallas, Texas. You haven't slept at all last night and since Bobby is in the White House, you decide to take a little nap... RING! RING! RING!

"HELLO! IM UP! HELLO?" you wake-up abruptly, screaming at the air.

The phone stops ringing. You look at the clock, and it's 1:15 A.M.. You took a nap for more than two hours. You look down onto the desk and notice a large drool stain on some papers. You begin to try and clean the mess when the phone begins to ring again.

"Hello?"

"Where have you been?! I have been calling." you hear Arthur's voice on the other line, agitated.

"I, I, I, I was in the bathroom." the words are barely coming out of your mouth. You know something is wrong when it is not the secretary or Bobby's voice on the other line.

"Forget it. I need you to come down to the White House immediately. President Kennedy has been assassinated." the line closes and all you hear is the dial tone. You are in a state of shock and question. You bolt up from your seat, and grab your coat. You call the car around and run out of the room.

Once you arrive at the White House, security is tight. You are asked to step out of the car and you walk the rest of the way from the main gates to the doors. You get patted down, even after you show them your badge.

Secret Service agents are all over the place, guarding every inch of the White House. All the workers look like the life is sucked out of them, the whole White House seems like there is no life. Some women are shedding tears. You are escorted to the doors and from the doors, you are escorted to a chamber.

Inside you see some of the men with which you work with, all of them with their heads down, slouching in their chairs. You spot Arthur. He approaches you and guides you to the next room; another chamber. Inside, Arthur seats you down and takes a seat himself. No words are necessary, you already know the most important fact.

"I just found out myself as well. Lyndon B. Johnson should be landing in any moment. He was sworn in as President immediately on Air Force One. Jackie is okay."

"How could- Why would- What-" you could feel your throat closing in on you, and your breath shortening. It is hard for the words to come out of your mouth. The man you idolized, the man that inspired you to be where you are now is gone, so young with so much potential.

"There is footage, but I haven't seen it." you nod your head in agreement. "You might want to check in with Bobby. He's in the oval office." you nod your head again and walk out of the room, numb like. Now, you feel that same lifeless feeling.

You are escorted to the oval office by the Secret Service. At the door, you take a deep, long breath and knock. No reply. You knock again, and open the door slowly, cautiously.

"Bobby?"

You peak your head through the door and notice Bobby Kennedy, slunken in JFK's old chair, with a bottle of scotch beside him and a half empty glass. His tie is undone and his shirt is too wrinkled. You could tell he hasn't even noticed you entered the room.

"Sir. I came to offer my condolences and my services."

Bobby looks up at you with a look as if he is seeing right through you. He nods his head, but you can tell that it took all his willpower to do that small movement. His eyes are swollen and red. He turns around in the chair, facing the windows and takes a drink.

You step out of the office and sit down in one of the benches in the hallway. You can feel your eyes stinging, and the muscles in your body going numb. There is an ache inside of you and a feeling of unbelonging. JFK is the only reason you went to Washington, D.C. He is the motivation to strive for a better position in the government, to do more for your country. With him gone, your hope is gone too. You wonder, how can I continue? I have no

more inspiration. No motivation. I'm only an assistant, I can leave easily after the funeral. But what image would that leave for me? What would that say about my dedication to the country?

Lyndon B. Johnson will be arriving anytime. You know that it is easy for you to leave, just resign, and go work at home. Life is short, you wish to spend the rest of the time, and why not with your dad? But you know that JFK wouldn't have quit, he wouldn't have resigned just like that. Something pushes you to stay and continue with Kennedy's legislation.

Lyndon B. Johnson enters the building. You are going to have a minute or so to talk with him and inform him of your decision. Do you continue with the legacy of the man that inspired you? But what will you do without his inspiration? Maybe the best is to walk away, treasuring the memories you built? All the men are ushered inside the main chamber where Lyndon B. Johnson will be to address the issues. Hurry and make up your mind!

If you decide to leave after Kennedy's funeral and go work with your dad, turn to page 505.

If you decide to continue with Kennedy's legacy, turn to page 516.

Did You Know?

JFK Assassination- "John F. Kennedy was assassinated on November 22, 1963 in Dallas, Texas. He was shot during a motorcade while riding with his wife Jackie, Texas Governor John Connally, and wife Nellie. He was immediately taken to a hospital and was announced dead at 1 pm. This event was televised, and the citizens of the United States mourned the loss of their president throughout the country."

Lyndon B. Johnson encourages all of Kennedy's staff to stay and complete Kennedy's plans. You continue to work on the Civil Rights Bill. Everyone keeps their job and works as if Kennedy is still around, but it isn't the same.

You remember Lyndon B. Johnson's words exactly, "No words are sad enough to express our sense of loss. No words are strong enough to express our determination to continue the forward thrust of America that he began."

His words are enough to bring comfort to the American people and to the world. Kennedy's death had not only impacted the people around him but also the people away from him. The world is in a state of shock and mourn but Lyndon B. Johnson bringst back some comfort. Soon, people begin to return to their normal selves.

* * * * *

1 Year Later...

You continue to work in the government, even after Lyndon B. Johnson had won the election. You know that your purpose was in the government, and your job title went from assistant to coordinator. You are in charge of Lyndon B. Johnson's meetings, public affairs, presentations and any type of relationship. You get pretty good at what you do, and come to love your job too. Like with Bobby Kennedy, you accompany LBJ to all of his meetings (you were mostly there for moral support).

Inside, a meeting on August 3rd, there is a lot of commotion going on. You hear words from;

"Lets send troops!"

"We were attacked!"

"We provoked the attack!"

"Order!" Johnson calms the room with his authoritative voice and all the men shut up.

"Yesterday at noon, the US Maddox reported being under attack by three North Vietnamese ships, launching a torpedo to them. Then the U.S. Maddox opened fire. Gentleman. The CIA had engaged in a secret operation down in North Vietnam, attacking its coastal installations. This attack will be explained to the American public as 'unprovoked' and 'in international waters on routine patrol.'"

Turn to next page.

All the men nod in agreement. McNamara speaks up, "I will accompany you when informing the people."

"Thank you McNamara. I would like to address the people on the fourth." Johnson is talking specifically to you now, looking at you through his spectacles.

"Um...," you scramble through the agenda finding the fourth, "I will pencil it in. Broadcasted or radio?"

"Radio."

You write it in when you hear McNamara ask, "What will your course of action be?"

"I have already got Congress working on it. We will send in military troops." your eyes triple in size and your mouth jaw drops. You stare a Johnson, knowing what those words really mean. Sending in U.S. troops means battle which means war. You can't believe how they will cover up such an important event. This is wrong. I can't be a part of something like this. It's too sketchy. If Kennedy were here he would do things differently. But I can't just walk out like that. Or can I? I have worked long enough and I really would like to have a family. That is my dream. I want to have children and be a dad, just like my father was with me. But I can't just abandon my country, I can still do more for it. What would Kennedy have done?

The meeting ends and you walk with Johnson. Your resignation letter is still in your desk drawer from when Kennedy died. You have a quick moment to grab the paper before you enter Johnsons office for a debrief. You walk inside the oval office and take a seat with Johnson. You have a split second to make up your mind before he begins talking. Pick now.

If you decide to resign and have a family, turn to page 519.

If you decide to continue working, turn to page 520.

DID YOU KNOW?
<p>Gulf of Tonkin Incident- On August 2, 1964, a confrontation between North Vietnam and the United States broke out at sea. The USS Maddox was out doing an operation when it engaged three North Vietnamese torpedo boats. Fire broke out and a sea battle commenced. This attack initiated sending troops to Vietnam.</p> <p>Lyndon B. Johnson- Lyndon B. Johnson was the Vice President of the United States during the Kennedy administration. He later became the 36th president of the U.S. following Kennedy's assassination. He is commonly known for his involvement in the Vietnam War.</p>

"Sir. Before you begin to talk, I have been meaning to give you this." You hand Johnson your resignation letter. There is puzzlement in his face and as he roughly opens the letter. As soon as his eyes see the text, they pop out of his face and you could almost see the steam coming out of his ears when his face turns sweet and kind.

"So, you think your time is up here?" You think, is he gonna scream? Will he fire me before I quit? Will he pull a double agent move?

"I understand. We will be missing such and important right hand man, but we can survive." He sticks out his hand and you shake it. Pheew. You thought this would turn ugly.

"Thank you sir for this opportunity you have given me, but as you said my time has come."

"I understand, just one question... What is your plan after this?"

"Family." You smile so wide, from ear to ear as the words slide off your tongue.

* * * * *

You have been married for about six years now with one little girl and one on its way. You met your wife the afternoon resigned from Johnson at a cafe. I remember the noise and the smell of coffee. I couldn't wait to get out of that place and rest. In that hurry I collide into her and spill my coffee. Your cheeks turned tomato red and hers did too. The butterflies in your stomach had left its cocoon and started to fly around inside of you, and instantly you knew she was the one. Funny the way life works, some things are just meant to be. Imagine what would have happened if you hadn't resigned that day?

~The End~

The second is gone. Johnson begins to debrief about the meeting, organizing his thoughts out loud, and you jot down everything. In the back of your mind, you think to yourself, I had the chance, and I blew it. You push that thought out of your head and continue to write Johnson's every words. You organize them into fluent notes, like you always do.

* * * * *

2 Years Later...

As the war in Vietnam progresses, you find yourself more and more involved in your country, not involved, more like enwrapped. You feel it was like a spiral going down, down, down, and you go down with it. You have meetings after meetings, no free time. The days are long and the hours eternal, you lose track of time and sense of being. You find yourself doing work, and never enjoy anything.

Even after Johnson left presidency, you are still in the government, mostly because that is all you know. That dream of yours to form a family is taken by your country, and you end up alone, just like your father. To the very last day of your miserable life, it is still in the back of your head, I had the chance, and I blew it.

~The End~

The rage consumes you, as you loudly step into the conference room and take your seat. Your father looks at you and mouths, Okay? You just glare at him and turn your head. You're counting the minutes on the clock to see when the meeting will end. Tik-Tok, Tik-Tok, Tik-Tok. Finally the meeting is adjourned, and you get up and walk out, without saying a single word to anyone.

You head to your office and grab the belongings you had with you when you arrived. thump, thuMP, thUMP, THUMP. You hear your father's footsteps approaching the door, you know that beat. It's the same beat he had when you were five and you broke the neighbor's window; you were in trouble.

Your father doesn't bother to knock and you don't bother to leave just yet. SLAM, goes the door and your father is in.

"What is the matter with you? Could you show some manners? I payed so much for you to turn out like that! What has gotten-" your father catches a look at your belongings in a box and in your hand; you are ready to leave.

"Before you say anything, let me say this is not for me. I am not this type of person and you know that and so does mom. I want no part in this. Thanks but no thanks. Goodbye."

Your father is speechless, jaw dropped and eyes out. You walk out of the office with your head held high and you morals higher. You never talk to your father about business again.

* * * * *

"Thank you sir." a little girl skips out of the restaurant. To think that two years ago you opened up this shop and now it is turned into a restaurant. You name it after your mother, and many of the recipes come from her. It has five star dining and during the weekend, it is reservation only. You are the owner, and you are proud of that too.

"The paper sir?" a young man comes into the restaurant handing you the newspaper.

You read the headline WOMEN WANTING RIGHTS. You have heard about this a couple of times, it intrigues you.

"Yes. Here you go. Keep the change."

You walk the young man out and you open the paper when you feel a light, gentle tap on your back shoulder. You turn around and there is a women; eyes big and brown, long eyelashes, fair skin, hair shiny and wavy, you just want to touch it. She is average height, but her eyes are captivating. Then, she smiles... Oh, that smile lights up the room. It is the most beautiful thing you have ever seen.

"Hello." you stick out your hand. Her cheeks begin to get red and you know a woman like her is one in a million.

"Hello Sir. My name is Anabel Doe Smith. I know that this may seem," her voice is trembling, she is nervous, "Inappropriate, but I was wondering if there was any job holding available in your restaurant. I know how to cook, and clean, I can clean the bathrooms, or the dishes or the floor. I can wash tablecloths or windows. I could be a waitress or a host or whatever you see fit. I can do any job you ask." You are speechless. You stare wide eyed at this woman. You notice her cheeks turning red again, "I need a job to take care of my brother." You still don't say anything. You can't wrap your head around the idea of this woman and her request and you. "I-I-I-I am sorry to have bothered you. Have a good day sir."

You think, something about this women intrigues me, I want her to stay, I want to get to know her. But there are no job placements available, besides what would the customers think if I allowed a women to work here. I would lose my credibility, my stance. But her, her smile, her voice, the redness in her cheeks, the way she gently tapped me. So many thoughts in your head you don't know what to do. The women is at the door, and you feel panic rise inside of you. What should you do? It's now or never.

If you decide to take her, turn to page 524.

If you decide to let her go, turn to page 523.

The woman steps out of the door, and before she closes it, she looks back at you. You make eye contact and the feeling of remorse is too big inside you that you break the connection. She closes the door and heads off. You watch her discreetly as she passes the window, taking a good last look of her, absorbing it all in. You take a deep breath and walk around the restaurant, doing your hourly run through, but all you could think of is that woman. I could've helped her. I could've been the one, SHE could've been the one, is all that runs through your mind

* * * * *

You never get over the fact that you let her go. You are remembered everyday; walking down the streets, reading the newspaper, seeing a brother and a sister, a couple, a waitress, a secretary, a cleaning lady, during the entire Women's Suffrage Movement. You run into her every now and then on the streets, the same street actually; Lexington Ave. You walk down there every day, hoping and wishing to see her.

Your restaurant continues to function well, but it never improves. It maintains constant. You date every now and then, but you never quite feel the same thing you did when she had touched you. The way she had managed to draw you in within a few seconds is something you never found in any other women.

You are walking down Lexington Ave, like you always do, and you see her. Her brown hair waves in the winter breeze. Her smile is wide and happy and her eyes look side ways, To who? You look to see who it is. It is a man. She is locked in his arms, walking down the sidewalk.

You begin to breath heavily, you can feel your chest tightening, you can almost feel the bubbles bursting inside of you. You try to walk down the street without taking another look at her, but it was too tempting and you glimpse back. She kisses him in the cheek. You are sure that steam is coming out of your ears now. The only thing you think is; That could've been me.

~The End~

The woman steps out of the door, and before she closes it she looks back at you. You make eye contact and the feeling of remorse is too big inside you.

"WAIT! Miss, please wait." she stops in mid doorway, as you sprint towards her. You catch your breath as you are in the doorway as well.

"Please stay. I can find something for you." you hold the door for her, and usher her inside.

You look at her face, happy with delight, and redness in her cheeks to show her embarrassment, "Thank you, sir."

"Call me by my first name please, Anabel," you show her your name tag. She laughs nervously, but that laugh makes your day. You give her a tour of the restaurant ending with the reception table.

"And this is where you will be working. You will work side by side with Sam Adorens. Don't worry you will be taken good care of here, I promise."

* * * * *

As time goes by, you and Anabel have start to connect in a very deep way. She is the first person you turn to for help, advice, or even a fun evening. You meet her younger brother, Paul, and gain his trust after you take him to see the Yankees against the Red Soxs game. You and Anabel begin dating short after that game. You think, I remember baking a molten lava cake for her. It was so complicated to make but it was worth it. Her face was like a child on christmas morning.

Besides being your girlfriend, Anabel is a great working woman too. She is the manager for the restaurant. With her help, you have been able to improve your clientele and income by 300%. You don't know what you would do without her.

One day, you go to pick up Paul and he asks you, "So are you ever going to become my brother or what?"

The question catches you off guard.

"I-I-I-What?"

You don't know how to respond. You drop him off at baseball practice and head to the restaurant. Paul's question ponders through your head over and over. Should I ask her to marry me? I don't know what I would do without her. But I am not the type of guy to settle down, I'm not into formalities. Anabel knows that, doesn't she? I don't wanna lose her, or Paul. I-I-I-I love her. But I can't see myself married.

Turn to next page.

You arrive into the restaurant and Anabel notices you're worried face.

"What's wrong babe?" You are startled; your train of thought comes to an abrupt halt and you can't seem to find words. "I love you." Is all you manage to say.

"Aw. I love you too babe." she kisses you on the cheek. "Come on, stop playing around, the Palacio's are here to meet with you." she guides you to the private dining hall and leaves you to work.

Still, your mind is on Anabel; I do love her. Why not marriage? My father always said marriage ruins everything. Look at my mom, she died, I don't want Anabel to die. She wants a family and kids though. She wants things right. But she knows me, she knows I am not a marriage fan. Your mind is not with your body and you know you won't be able to work until you answer Paul's question.

If you decide to marry Anabel, turn to page 481.

If you decide to not marry Anabel, turn to page 526.

Paul continues to ask if you are going to marry Anabel or not whenever you pick him up from school, baseball practice, or home. It seems as if that is all he knows how to ask.

"Would you just stop!" Paul's eyes are wide with fear, he has never seen you raise your voice like that. "Look Paul, who says you need a paper to tell you if I am your brother or not? Who says you need a paper to tell if two people are meant to be or not? I do not need a paper to tell me that I love Anabel and you. Yes I am your brother and Anabel is the one for me but I will not marry her to confirm that information."

You realize Paul's eyes had drifted behind you, and you turn to see what it was. It was Anabel. You can feel the blood leaving your face, and your breath weakening. Anabel has tears in her eyes, she turns and bolts away.

"Anabel, WAIT!" you sprint after her and catch up with her near the exit of the baseball field. You grab hold of her arm.

"Let go!" she says in an angry tone of voice.

"Why are you mad at me?"

"You honestly don't know?"

"If it is about what I said regarding marriage--"

"Yes it's about that!"

"Well then you should've known that was coming. You always knew I am not into formalities, and I'm not a fan of marriage."

"And you know I am. You know that is what I've wanted all my life. Why did you lead me on if that wasn't what you wanted."

"I didn't-I didn't lead you on. I want you--"

"Oh stop. You did and you know it. We are done. I will turn in my resignation letter tomorrow. PAUL LETS GO." Anabel storms off, with Paul jogging behind her. That is the last time you and Anabel talk. You see her every now and then, down Lexington, but she avoids your look. You are never able to get over Anabel. Every woman you date after can't compare to her.

One day, you are walking down Lexington Ave, like you always do, and you see her. Her brown hair waves in the winter breeze. Her smile is wide and happy and her eyes look sideways, To who? You look to see who it is. It's a man. She is locked in his arms, walking down the sidewalk.

Turn to next page.

You begin to breath heavily, you can feel your chest tightening, you can almost feel the bubbles bursting inside of you. You try to walk down the street without taking another look at her but it is too tempting and you glimpse back. She kisses him on the cheek. You are sure that steam is coming out of your ears now. The only thing you think of is, that could've been met

~The End~

Turn to the next page for more adventures!

529 - The 1960s: Mexican-American Teen

You groan as you reach upwards to carefully pluck the grapes from the luscious green tree. You pant as you place them in the basket and move on. You're tired, and dehydrated, the heat of the day bringing weariness and discomfort. You had only just begun to pick the harvest and already you are tired. The sun shines and reflects off your bronzed skin, you look around, seeing the other farm workers tired and struggling to pick the grapes of the trees. They've been working all day non stop. You count yourself lucky that you're able to attend school, even though it's only for half the day. Though you still aren't allowed a break, as soon as school is over you head straight to the farm and work until you're allowed to leave.

You sigh as you bend down to pick up the fully loaded basket; time to take it back to the main house. You continue to do the same thing, monotonously going back and forth until sunset. By the end of the day, your feet are sore and blistered from the walking and continuous standing and your arms ache from having to reach up to pick the grapes. All you want to do is go home and lie down.

As you are walking past the landowners house, the door opens, and a man walks out. He's about 5'9" and bronze skinned like you. You know this man, you see him everyday, not only his reputation of being the fastest and most persistent picker, but as the kindness and most compassionate man you know. He sees you and approaches you.

"What happened?" you say as you catch a glimmer of sadness in his eyes. His jaw clenched, and face stiff. He scratched at his moustache. Immediately you know its bad news.

"They...me dejaron ir."

You choke. "What?!"

"Its ok, esta bien." he said as he turned to go.

"Wait but...dad wait!" you yell grabbing his arm. "They can't let you go! You're the best picker here and..."

"I said its fine mijo," he insisted staring at you intently.

You let go of his arm. There was no arguing with him once he got that look his face.

"Lets go home, vamos a casa," he muttered sadly. You follow behind him, glad to be going home, but sad knowing that your father had lost his only job and that it would all be up to you to support the family. You would be working alone.

"Mijo! Levántate aurita or else!" you hear your mother scream. Immediately, you jump out of bed and change, afraid of angering your mother.

You eat a small bowl of oatmeal and hot chocolate and quickly make your way to school. School goes by the same as always. You attend a local high school filled with Mexican-Americans that all work part time, so it's short and boring barely an education at all. Your teachers aren't educated and neither are you, as they're unable to teach you the content needed for you to reach the standards set by the school board.

As school lets out, you head towards the farm, navigating your way through the crowded sidewalk-man you hate Fresno. Behind you, one of your closest friends catches up to you.

"Hey wait up!"

You turn to look at him.

"Hello."

"Where are you going?" he asks.

You turn to look at him, as if he's stupid.

"The farm where else?"

His eyes widen.

"Why are you going there? Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?" you ask curiously.

"About Cesar Chavez! I heard he's going around recruiting farm-workers to join his organization, to fight against the way these farm workers have treated us, to fight for a better pay."

You look at him, something begins to come alive in you, a feeling of excitement. But then a thought hits you.

"Wait, but what about...my family, I need to work to help them out."

He looks at you in the eye. "Exactly, if we join this organization, then we could finally get paid better, get more money for our families."

"I-I don't know about this." you stutter.

"They fired you're dad didn't they?"

You look at him.

"Yes they did."

"Well that wasn't right, your dad was the best picker out there and if we can finally fight against the gabacho landowners and stop this."

"I-I"

"What do you say? Are you in? Should we join?" he asks almost begging.

Turn to next page.

Your eyes flicker left to right. You don't know what to do. Should you join Cesar Chavez's Organization, which you don't even know much about and fight for better treatment and a better pay? Or do you not join and continue working to support your family?

If you decide to join Cesar Chavez Organization, turn to page 569.

If you decide not to join Cesar Chavez Organization, turn to page 563.

DID YOU KNOW?
That Cesar Chavez was a Mexican-American farm worker, labor leader and Civil Rights activist. He founded the National Farm Workers Association (later named the United Farm Workers union).

You smile as the light of the sun warms your body, while you make your way to Laguna Park. You follow the other Chicanos who are headed to the park. You see men, women, children, families, and ancianos making their way to the rally that is to take place.

You easily make your way into the wide open park, crowded with a mass of people squeezing in between each other on the grass. You stand under the shade of a large tree. You watch contentedly as people continue streaming into the park, having to fit in through the fence surrounding the perimeter. You aren't here for fun times and relaxation, you think as you remember why you're here.

You, along with many others, had marched down Whittier Boulevard to the peaceful rally here in L.A, to call attention to the injustice of the Chicano Vietnam deaths. There were too many Chicano casualties in the Vietnam war, more than the the Americans. The Chicanos would not stand for their own people being used as cannon fodder, and so you joined the Chicano Moratorium, an anti-war activist group.

You thought this would be better than the Brown Berets-a bit more peaceful-especially after getting thrown in jail, even if it was for a while.

You stand there, smiling. A cool breeze blows across your face, the voices of the peoples chatter mingling and mixing. You smile contently. Having a march and then filling a park with hundreds maybe almost thousands of Chicanos. Now this, is a rally.

Suddenly the smile from your face falls, as you feel an uneasy sensation in your gut just before the barrage of police sirens fills the air.

You look up, something is wrong you think, no one is paying attention to the sirens. Your gut is telling you to run, the uneasy feeling filling your body, but you don't want to leave. It's a peaceful rally, no one is doing any harm, but why is it such a coincidence that you hear police sirens coming your way?

If you decide to trust your gut and leave the park, turn to page 543.

If you decide to ignore the uneasy feeling in your stomach and stay, turn to page 536.

You arrive at the school district headquarters, enter the building, and head straight for the board room. As you walk past the cold concrete walls, you feel a pang of nervousness in your stomach. You don't know which direction the meeting will go, but you just hope it goes in the right one. As you reach the heavy oak wood door, you take a deep breath, slowly open it, step inside, finding a seat. As you sit down, you take the time to look around at the wood covered walls, beautiful soft red carpet, and strong bright yellow lighting. There are over a hundred people in the room, men and women, students, organization members, and the school board members themselves.

While you wait for the meeting to begin, you talk to a few of the other people at the meeting. They all talk about the same things you already know; they're here to try to get the school board to see their dilemma and to agree to change things within the schools. One thing does catch your attention, many are here because of one man, Sal Castro, a teacher who had been prohibited from returning to his teaching job because of a felony charge for conspiring to disrupt the school.

The meeting begins. It goes back and forth between the school board members and everyone else. You don't say anything as you continue to watch silently. The school board refuses to see anyone else's side. You start to become nervous that they will never see the people's side, and they won't listen. The last speaker, Reverend Vahac Mardirosian, stood up and tried to reason with the School Board, again they refused to see anyone's point. Frustrated with the School board, he called for a sit-in.

"We're not leaving until Sal Castro is reinstated to his teaching job at Lincoln High School." The school board looked on in shock, while you and the crowd cheered him on.

The school board did not believe that you and the protestors would stay. They left, leaving everyone on their own. Before the security guard warned you that they were going to close the school down for the night, many of the people left. Reverend Vahac said he didn't want them risking their jobs, and a couple of people who were not able to stay. By the time the school was closed and it was time to sleep, only a hundred of you were left. You spend the night, sleeping on the ground with 99 other people.

You just may get to get to sleep in your bed again. The police have threatened to arrest you and everyone inside if you don't come out today. It's seven in the morning, and you have till nine am. You and the other protesters talk together, some were even part of the Brown Berets, which you've heard about, since they organized a couple of the other walkouts that took place after the first one.

Two hours have passed and you only have ten minutes left to decide your fate. You can stay here with the other men and women who are choosing to stay and get arrested. Or you could avoid being arrested by slipping out through the back.

If you decide to stay and get arrested, turn to page 555.

If you decide to avoid getting arrested, turn to page 561.

You've been arrested, and you now stand in front of the court. The charges? Assault of a U.S government agent and refusal to cooperate. As the government agents give their testimony, you look around the room. The judge is white, the lawyers are white, and the jury is filled with white people.

You gulp afraid of the turn out. As the government agents finish their testimonies, you await the jury's verdict. You were notified by the police; or more accurately taunted, that you would not be allowed to give your testimony, while they sneered at you.

You already know your fate, you know you'll end up in jail. But for how long?

You hold your breath as the one of the jurors rises. The man spoke. "We find the defendant...guilty!"

You lower your head. You knew this was coming, but nothing could have prepared you for being sent to jail.

The judge nods his head, and slams his gavel. "You will be given, the death penalty!"

You look up in horror. Your mouth is suddenly dry, unable to swallow, fear builds in your stomach. You gulp.

"Wait, what?! Please, no!" you yell as the security guards grab you and drag you away.

"NO!" you yell, "Please!"

You spot the men who brought you into this. They smile wickedly, satisfaction shining in their eyes.

You glare at them as tears stream down your eyes. Your put into a police cruiser and escorted to the coldest most lifeless building known to man, escorted to the pits of hell on earth. Prison, the one places you've never wanted to go to as long as you lived, but now it looks like that's changed. You cry as you sit on the burning leather seats, feeling the tension and nervousness filling the air around you. your life is now officially, over.

~The End~

You decide not to dwell too much on the uneasy feeling in your stomach, its probably something you ate, you think as someone approaches to you.

It's a girl, she seems to be about your age. She has beautiful bronze skin, jet black long hair ,and deep brown eyes. Her features are extraordinary, and you can't help but stare at the beauty before you.

She smiles. "My name is Daniella" she says holding out her hand. You shake hands, using the chicano handshake.

You smile back at her. "It's nice to meet you."

"So," she said "What do you think of today?"

"Today? Well..." you look around. "It amazing the way we can all group together to accomplish one gol, the way we can all be together without any vi-"

You were cut off by the sound of a large array of cars screeching to a halt, police sirens blaring. Your eyes widen. There were cop cars surrounding the whole park, you cursed. Should have listened the gut, always listen to the gut.

"What's going on? Why are they here?!" she cried.

As soon as the police cruisers had stopped everyone began to panic. A couple of people stood around while others ran for the gates.

You stood staring. Why were they here, no one had done anything.

You fully grasp the danger of your mistake for staying, when the first capsule goes off. You didn't even see it coming, until it was stinging your eyes.

"tear gas!" you yell, hands immediately clawing at your burning eyes.

You hear people scream and yell. You feel them stampeding around you as they head to the exits. You hear another canister go off as you make your way to an exit.

You stop, squinting your eyes to see, the exit was crammed, people were jumping the fence in a desperate attempt to escape.

Turn to next page

You didn't know where else to go, you had to move, there were too many people and you'd get trampled if you stood still for long. Grabbing hold of the fence you climb over it and run, you didn't know what was going on, you could barely see and only heard the screams and yells of panic, tear gas canisters going off.

As you make your way into clearer air, you were able to open your eyes for only a moment, a moment you don't think you could ever forget. You see the girl you'd met earlier-Daniella- for just a moment she shines under the rays of the afternoon sun, her eyes wide, mouth open as she ran. Then the image is ruined as a baton is smashed against her face, blood spurting from her mouth and nose, she cries out as she lands on the ground. She screams in a panic as police officers surround her, beating her.

Your eyes widen and you turn to run, her cries of pain stab at your heart, you know you're a coward, you feel the guilt settling deep within you, but you don't have time to think about it. You have to get out here. You run, feet stomping the ground you sprint towards one of the alley ways hoping to reach safety, you don't make it. You crash into a police officer, ouch, you think as you land on the ground. You look up and gulp.

The man is staring down at you, an evil snarl on his face, evil intentions reflecting in his eyes. You scramble to stand up, but a sharp pain in your back brings you down. You groan as you lie on the pavement, face down. You gasp as a heavy weight is placed on your back.

"Please let me go!" you plead.

"I don't think so, you piece of trash." You whimper as the weight is pressed down, harder.

You hear a sadistic laugh as something makes contact with the back of your head. You let out a yelp of pain, a tear streams down your face, eyes still burning from the tear gas.

You whimper as a couple other officers catch sight of what's going on and approach, looking like they're having the best times of their life. Their boots near your face are the last thing you see as they kick you, hit you with their batons, and continue to beat you. The pain increases until it almost becomes mind numbing, you can't take it, you feel something stream down your face, blood, you decide from the bitter metallic smell of it.

As the assault continues and the sadistic laughter echoes in your ears, along with the scream of your fellow Chicanos, your mind can't take anymore and you slip into the darkness of unconsciousness.

You decided to join the protest. The Brown Berets are happy with you, as they take you to the station where the protest is just beginning. A horde of brown berets are at the front of the station screaming, and yelling for their rights.

You join the Brown Berets as they scream and yell. As you make your way closer you spot civilians in the middle of the horde, mainly students who are protesting against police brutality. You remember what you've heard; that the Berets protect those who are protesting, from the police and other abuse.

As the protest continues, you see police officers come outside. The Berets get excited, demanding for the brutality to stop, their yells getting louder.

They warn you to stop and leave, or else. Everyone, including you ignore him and continue yelling. Though an uneasy feeling builds in your stomach, you decide to ignore it. You regret your decision completely as soon as you see the police officers throwing canisters into the crowd.

They immediately go off, releasing a plume of gas, everyone begins to scream and run. You don't know what's wrong, but that changes as soon as the gas hits you.

"Tear gas!" you scream and cry as the gas stings your eyes and you begin to run blindly. You don't know where you're going, but you don't care, you just need to get away from the gas.

Eventually, you are able to get away from the gas and into fresh air. You find a water fountain and wash your eyes with water. Even though your eyes still sting the pain is somewhat relieved. You sigh, 'The worst is over,' you think as you turn around. But, you're stopped in your tracks as you bump into two men wearing dark sunglasses and black suits that barely hold their bulging muscles and wide shoulders .

"Can I help you?" you squeak out, the fear and nervousness showing in your voice.

"Yes. We want you to do something for us." the one on the right says, voice deep and powerful.

"and that would be...?"

"We want you to...cause a little trouble for us. To get us some information."

"Whe--"

He cut you off. "Within the Brown Berets."

Your eyes widen. "What? You want me to be a subversive? A sell-out? Why would I do that? I'm part of the Brown Berets!"

“Exactly,” the man on the left said, his voice deep and menacing causes you to immediately fear for your life. “You know the Berets, and they seem to trust you, and if you don’t do what we want,” he paused and leaned forward. “We. Can. Ruin. Your. Life.” he whispered, slowly enunciating each word.

You gulp. What should you do? What can you do?

If you decide to do what the men want, turn to page 567.

If you decide to take your chances and go against what the men want, turn to page 560.

Its been a couple years since the events that you've been through. Protesting, attending rallies and the like. And even though its been hard, you haven't given up.

Eventually everyones hard work and dedication comes to fruition when finally, in 1975, you receive another equal right. One that La Raza Unida party had been fighting for.

The right for political rights. That day it's announced that the Voting Right Act, which was passed in 1965, has have been extended to include language minorities. Meaning that hispanics, spanish speakers, and other language users would be provided with ballots in their native language. Allowing you, and other Mexican Americans to participate in politics.

On this day you cheer, cry, and celebrate with your family. Your finally back home, and your glad something has been accomplished, and even though some may not see it as much, you see this as a beginning to better treatment and equality for Mexican Americans (Chicanos) and other minorities.

To you, this is one of the greatest accomplishments of your life, and one that you would share with your children, their grandchildren, and the future generations of your family. Because for them, they would be affected by what has occurred these past few years. They would have rights just like any other person, advantages and opportunities that you never had. You know they will, because things are changing and even though its slow going, the changes are for the better and are ultimately, worth it.

~The End~

The day has arrived. You look at the clock as time continues to move at a snails pace. You're nervous, but ready. You catch the eye of another Latino. He nods.

It's time. You and the other guy both stand at the same time and quickly walk out of the door. You see the teacher starting to wonder what you're both doing, and as you exit the classroom you hear her yell of "come back". As you make your way down the hall, other students are exiting the classrooms and walking out. You see teachers and the white kids peeking out wondering what's going on.

You make your way outside along with the rest of your Mexican American peers. You follow as they begin to walk out onto the front lawn and sidewalk.

You hear yelling. The students are shouting and chanting, demanding Mexican History classes, bilingual education, and for more Mexican-American teachers to be hired. You chant along, a surge of excitement coursing through your body.

The walkout continues throughout the school day as you and the others walk around the front of the school, yelling and protesting. You see people staring. You notice your aunt and uncle watching, disappointment in their eyes. You gulp and ignore them. Now is not the time to get emotional and to feel sorry and guilty for disappointing your aunt and uncle. At the end of the day, as the students leave, the principal comes out. Finally. Was he too busy to come out before hand? He yells and threatens the student's on protest, but you and everyone else ignore him. His face reddens like a tomato. Angry and frustrated he screams and goes back inside.

The walkout only ends after everyone from school is gone. You agree with everyone else to come here in the morning to continue the walkout until the school board agrees with the terms. You head home, your feet aching, your stomach empty, and your mouth as dry as the Sahara Desert.

It's been five days and the walkout is still going strong. Every day from sunrise to sunset, you're there, even though your aunt and uncle don't approve. You hear that there's going to be a meeting at the school board headquarters. The supporters of the walkout will be there to convince the school board to give a better education, to stop the racism, and for fairer treatment.

As you continue protesting, you wonder if you should go to the meeting. You don't know, but it could probably turn out good, and there's a slight chance things may go in the Mexican-Americans favor. 'You just might win,' you think to yourself. So why not go?

Go to the School Board meeting, turn to page 533.

Did You Know?
"That the L.A walkouts were a series of protest on unequal treatment and the quality of education in the Los Angeles High School District. Held and organized by the students."

The uneasy feeling increases in your stomach and you decide to leave the park. You walk out casually, wondering why you would be having this uneasy feeling.

As you walk out of the park and head to a liquor shop across the street you freeze on the sidewalk as you see police cruisers screech to a halt, surrounding the park.

You see men exit the vehicles, wearing helmets and waving their batons in the air. You see a couple of the men holding cylindrical and elongated guns. They fire a shot, and a small cylindrical canister falls amidst the swarm of people, gas begins to rise up and that's when everyone begins to panic. They swarm of out the exits, climbing over the fence, screaming and yelling as the officers continue to launch-what you realize to be-tear gas canisters.

You watch in horror as the police begin beating and abusing the people. You gulp and turn to run, you see a couple of the people are fighting back throwing rocks, cans, and anything they could get their hands at the police.

You see a truck coming down the road, you wave at them. "Turn around, go back!" you yell. You run away hoping they would listen to you. You turn the corner running for your life, suddenly you were glad you'd listened to your gut.

Turn to page 540.

You and your friend arrive at Denver in the early morning. You stop in front of an enormous church, which he mentions has been converted into a community center. It's four stories high and Jaime says it's divided into offices and meeting rooms, with one enormous auditorium that seats several hundred people.

You exit the car and follow your friend around the back to a side door. He knocks on the door. At first there's no response, but then you hear movement behind the door. Finally, the door opens and the barrel of a rifle is thrust into your faces.

"Who are you and what do you want?!" the gunman demands of you and your friend.

The both of you focus on the rifle barrel two inches from your faces. You and Jaime reply as calmly as you can.

"We're here for the Youth Conference," he says

"We came from Los Angeles," you say slowly.

The door is slammed shut and you hear voices conversing on the other side. A silence fills the space and the door is opened again. You are searched for weapons and brought inside. One of the conference organizers comes up to you, giving you the chicano handshake. The ice broken, you are now brethren.

The conference organizer takes you downstairs for breakfast. You stand in line behind some other people, who are about your age and still half asleep. The smell of cooking meats and eggs permeates the air, causing your stomach to rumble. You blush as everyone stares at you, you must be hungrier than you thought. A few minutes later you and your friend are eating at one of the crowded tables in the basement commissary.

After breakfast you are escorted to the auditorium a; humongous room that fits over a hundred people. It was a dark room with surrounding wooden walls, a musty smell permeating from an unknown origin and dim lighting placed around the room. A dark ugly green carpeting covered the floor. You walk down the aisle and sit in the middle of the third row, a perfect vantage point of the center of the stage.

Throughout the day people continue to arrive, and arrive, and arrive. You didn't expect such a big turnout. But, by the time the first session was about to begin, the auditorium was crammed with other youth spilling into the aisles and crammed into the balconies.

Corky Gonzales stepped on stage and gave his opening address. He stressed that a program is needed for Chicano Liberation. He spoke on how the whites have taken your land, property, and power. He called for a national unity.

While he continued to speak, shouts of "Viva La Raza!" punctuated the air.

The next day as the discussion is continued there is a consensus between everyone there that an ideology of Chicano nationalism must be formed. You agree with everyone else. And within the next day a plan was hammered out. What would be know as, the Plan de Azatlan.

The day after the Plan de Azatlan was read, starting with the preamble. Because of the plan you were united together, it was a call to unity, to unite with each other against the whites. You had never felt so close as you had then to these people, this was a new beginning. For you, and for the youth. Because of the Plan de Azatlan you and the other Chicano Youth could finally take control of your lives.

On the third day things become interesting. During another session in the auditorium Gonzales gives you the news that he's heard. He heard about a rally for the Farm Workers Union at the state Capitol building in Denver, which was a couple block away from where you were staying at. As soon as Corky announces that you should all attend the rally, everyone immediately jumped to their feet and marched through the streets of Denver. Straight towards the capitol.

You stand behind, watching. Should you go? They were already ahead of you, you have to make your choice quickly before they leave you behind. 'But' you think, 'isn't this going too far? This was suppose to be a conference not a protest or a rally.'

You think quickly, thoughts flying through your head, analyzing every pro and con you can think of. What will your choice be?

If you decide to attend the UFW Rally, turn to page 553.

If you decide to stay behind, turn to page 548.

It's been a year since you've dropped out of high school. You've spent your whole time going from job to job. Small jobs like bagger at the grocery store, busboy and dishwasher at a couple local restaurants, as well as being a janitor for various businesses and restaurants. You even tried to be a construction worker, which didn't even work out very well. Every time someone complained about being served by or seeing a Mexican-American you would immediately get fired.

You're sitting in your living room on the floor, legs crossed, watching TV. You're not even watching; you're only staring. You hear your uncle enter through the front door and walk behind you. Silence. No hello. Your aunt and uncle barely talk to you anymore. They were angry when you told them that you would be dropping out.

You sigh, "Tio."

"Mande," he says stiffly as he takes off his boots.

"I'm sorry uncle, please just talk to me," you beg.

He sighs and looks at you, "It's ok mijo. You've made your choice and that's it. I'm not mad at you...just disappointed."

You look down at your lap, ashamed.

"But like I told you before, you can stay here and continue working."

You nod slowly, "If I can keep a job for more than a month..."

He smiles at you and leans down to pat your back. "You'll find something."

He's cut off by the sudden onslaught of noise coming from the TV.

You look up to see people in front of a grocery store yelling, chanting, and holding up signs.

The reporter can barely be heard above the din of the noise. The people's voices rise up. They're saying something about people needing to stop buying grapes in order to support farm workers against the injustices, terrible treatment, and low pay they are fighting against.

As you stare at the event going on, you smile, "I think I just found the something I needed."

Turn to page 568.

Sadly, you were unable to participate in the boycotts that took place. But, you continue to work for the union in California, going from place to place, as far as you could to come back home within the day. You would tell stories and organize mass support for the union.

And that's why after a tiring amount of work, though you'd never admit you enjoyed it, you were filled with joy when the news arrived.

On July 29, 1970 the grape growers you were protesting against decided to sign a contract with the union. The contract would provide farm workers with added wages and other significant benefits.

Excitement and the feeling of accomplishment flows through you as you hear the news on TV. As a result, you and the rest of the Mexican-Americans have gained improvements in pay and working conditions.

You feel elated as you jump for joy, you can't help it. You're screaming with tears of joy rolling down your face. The feeling of taking part in something as big as the grape boycott, and actually reaching the goal of the movement makes your heart ache with pure happiness.

~The End~

You sigh, and leaving the auditorium you head to the hotel. You want to sleep. You didn't think it would be such a good idea to go to the rally.

You sigh again and stop, you can't help it, something is telling you to just go. Frustrated, you scream at the sky. You receive weird looks from people, as the sun shines brightly on your face.

You make your way down the street, immediately spotting a taxi. You know you have enough money to make it to the Capitol building, so you hail it.

As it stops and you get in you tell the driver. "Quickly to the Capitol building!" he nods and takes off.

He takes a shortcut through a small street, and in less than 10 minutes flat you're at the Capitol building.

You run out the cab, throwing the money in the back seat, and into the crowd of people gathering on the west steps of the Capitol building.

You reach the steps just as someone shouts out, "Form a ring! Form a ring!" and you rush to help the other Chicanos lock arms around Corky, the small farm workers rally, and the capitals steps in a semicircle.

You see another man, looking to be in his twenties holding a camera. He makes a crab-walk pan around the human ring. Standing in defiance of American society, you smile proudly as they pass you. Your faces reflecting of the dark and shining camera lens.

You look up and notice the Colorado flag being flown at half mast, in the mourning of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower's death. You remember when you'd heard the news of his death, that the massive audience at the conference had cheered in victory. As Corky began to speak, someone took down the state flag and you notice a large Mexican Flag was being hoisted up in its place.

As soon as the flag reaches the top of the mast a loud cheer fills the air, your own voice joining the rest. You were glad and proud of what had occurred here today.

By raising the Mexican flag over the Colorado state capital, the Chicanos had reclaimed Colorado, a land taken from your ancestors years before.

The air itself was thrumming with emotion and excitement. A group of a dozen police officers stood by watching, observing, but kept their distance.

The small demonstration in support of farm workers and their non violent ways was overshadowed by your appearance. Corky spoke about the issue of the farm workers and their movement.

Though he made it simple that even though he respected Chavez nonviolent approach, one day Chicanos might have to take more drastic measures.

After Corky finishes his speech, hundreds of overjoyed Chicanos and Chicanas made their way back to the crusade building.

You feel victorious at the events occurred that today, as you head back. You participated in an act of self-determination that would plant the seeds for the militancy and cultural nationalist fervor that would arise throughout the Southwest in the coming years.

Turn to page 540.

You have been recruited by the Brown Berets. You feel overwhelmed with disbelief and happiness as you are taken to the chapters headquarters. An abandoned warehouse remodeled with fake walls to create the feeling of privacy. The roof loomed overhead, sun radiating through the sky light and bouncing off the metal columns, and anything else reflective within the warehouse.

The air is stale as you're brought into a small space; as ordinary as the rest of the warehouse, except for a bed in the corner. You are given a uniform and told you will be participating in a protest, right outside of the city police station, against police brutality.

You are surprised at what you're being told. You've just been recruited and already you're being put into something as big as a protest against the police. You know what it is the brown berets do; they fight against police brutality and for educational equality. You wanted to be in with the Brown Berets, but now you're starting to have doubts. Do you really want to protest against the police in front of the station? What would the police do to you? After all, you were just arrested. But you really wanted to show the Brown Berets you weren't a coward.

If you decide to join the Brown Berets in the police brutality protest, turn to page 538.

If you decide not to join the Brown Berets in the police brutality protest turn to page 532.

You sigh as you stare at the TV, you have decided to not to go. You just couldn't. It was too much and too far. You'd probably end up giving up two days into the march. So, you decided to stay home.

It's the day before the marchers are suppose to arrive, April 9th, you're watching the news and like always, the attention is on the March. The march itself had gained national publicity and everyone had their eyes on the news.

Everyday you would watch on, saddened that you couldn't be there along with them. You want that feeling of accomplishment, of pride of doing something for your people, for the union you promised to join. But today, today is the last straw.

You see that they're going to make it there by tomorrow. You can't help yourself, you desperately want to be there as well. So you take action.

You head down to the bus station and buy a ticket directly to Sacramento. It would be leaving in the morning, just in time to make it there. Hopefully, by the time the rally begins.

Your awoken by a lurch and a yell.

"Kid we're here!"

Your eyes fly open. Dazed, from falling asleep on the bus, you thank the driver and get off.

Slightly blinded by the afternoon sun, you run towards the Capitol building where you knew the marchers would be. The bus had mercifully only taken a little over three hours to get here.

As you near the capitol, you see the marchers crossing the bridge. You smile wide as you see them come down the mall and towards the steps with the union flags, the banners, images of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and the crosses raised high up in the air.

You cry and shout as you make it to the capitol steps, their thundering cheers reverberating in your ears, and your friend smiling proudly at you for making it.

As you go up the capitol steps along with your friends and the other marchers, you feel proud that you came, even if it was by bus. The joy and companionship you feel and the shouts filling the air is an experience all on its own.

All for Chicanos, all for the freedom from prejudices and injustices. It was all worth sitting on a bus for three hours and in front of the TV for twenty four days pining to join the march.

You're sitting at the table eating, when you hear your dad yell for you. Its the early morning, so you stumble into the living room where you dad is sitting, reading a newspaper.

"Manda pa?" you ask.

"Come look at this, mira esto." he waved you over.

You lean over him as you read the section of the newspaper he's pointing at.

Its talking about Cesar's fast and how it has finally ended. He's lost thirty five pounds in the last twenty five days. It also talks about how Dr. King wrote to him in admiration and on the ending of his fast and how Robert F. Kennedy was there "out of respect for one of the heroic figures of our time." It spoke on about how the talk of violence had stopped.

It ended with a statement by Cesar, "It is my deepest belief that only by giving our lives do we find life. The truest act of courage, the strongest act of manliness, is to sacrifice ourselves for others in a totally nonviolent struggle for justice. To be a man is to suffer for others. God help us to be men."

You blinked, oh wow. Cesar really did it, he was able to stop the talk of violence through an act of nonviolence. Suddenly you feel the need to do something, the urge to do something. You feel an inspiration, a longing to do something with the union again, to help with what you stood up for.

You smile, standing up, you know just what to do. Immediately you run out the door, your fathers voice trailing behind you. You run to where you know Cesar and the people of the union will be. You hope that they'll let you help, you hope they'll answer your question of, what you can do to help."

You run with the all the speed of a roadrunner and the grace of a borracho, to your destination, to the only opportunity you will hopefully receive from Cesar Chavez to continue helping the Union.

Turn to page 568.

You shake your head. Making up your mind you run after them. You catch up to the other marchers on Colfax street, still a couple blocks from the capitol.

You look around at the people gaping in astonishment at you and the other hundreds of youth walking down the streets chanting. "Chicano Power" and "Viva La Raza" fists clenched and raised in the air. With a laugh you join them, as you march down the street straight towards the capitol.

As you reach the apitol, you assemble on the steps of the Capitols west entrance. Across the capital stood a mall and another Capitol building, to your right stood downtown Denver. The air was clear and fresh, the trees standing tall, and the afternoon sunlight was reflecting off the capitol steps.

You look towards the top of the steps as Corky prepares himself to address the large gathering.

"Form a ring! Form a ring!" someone shouts, and you rush to help the other Chicanos lock arms around Corky and the small farm workers rally in a semicircle around the capitol steps.

You see another man, looking to be in his twenties holding a camera. He makes a crab-walk pan around the human ring. Standing in defiance of American society, you smile proudly as they pass you. Your faces reflecting of the dark and shining camera lens.

You look up and notice the Colorado flag being flown at half mast, in the mourning of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower's death. You remember when you'd heard the news of his death, that the massive audience at the conference had cheered in victory. As Corky began to speak, someone took down the state flag and you notice a large Mexican Flag was being hoisted up in its place.

As soon as the flag reaches the top of the mast a loud cheer fills the air, your own voice joining the rest. You were glad and proud of what had occurred here today.

By raising the Mexican flag over the Colorado state capitol, the Chicanos had reclaimed Colorado, a land taken from your ancestors years before.

The air itself was thrumming with emotion and excitement. A group of a dozen police officers stood by watching, observing, but kept their distance.

The small demonstration in support of farm workers and their non violent ways was overshadowed by your appearance. Corky spoke about the issue of the farm workers and their movement. Though he made it simple that even though he respected Chavez nonviolent approach, one day Chicanos might have to take more drastic measures.

After Corky finishes his speech, hundreds of overjoyed Chicanos and Chicanas made their way back to the crusade building.

You feel victorious at the events occurred that today, as you head back. You participated in an act of self-determination that would plant-

the seeds for the militancy and cultural nationalist fervor that would arise throughout the Southwest in the coming years.

Turn to page 540.

You sit and lie in wait as the clock strikes nine, and you hear the police entering the building. You gulp as you lie in wait, ready for your arrest. As the few others who decided to not get arrested sneak out the back door, you wonder what you're parents would think if they could see you now.

The police enter, bursting through the door, cuffing you and dragging you out. You don't struggle, no one does. As you're dragged outside into the brightness of the sun, you see news reporters and people watching from behind the police tape. You smile into the camera as you're placed into the back of a police cruiser; sighing from the utter comfort of the leather seats. You close your eyes as the car takes off.

As soon as you arrive, you're immediately questioned and placed in a holding cell. You sigh as you lean against the concrete wall. 'Back to sleeping on uncomfortable surfaces,' you sigh internally.

Before any real time has passed, the door is yanked opened, and a police officer grabs you and drags you out.

"Whoa!" you yelp as he drags you outside, depositing you at the entrance.

"You've been bailed. Consider yourself lucky." he mutters as he walks away.

You look up from where you're laying face down to see three people, a woman and two men. Brown skinned and wearing khaki shorts; they held their arms crossed over their chests. You immediately know who they are. The brown berets easily give them away, with the round patch on the left side of their beret, in the middle of the patch a black eagle stood behind two brown shaking hands, with two rifles crossing in the front. They're the Brown Berets, an exploratory organization committed to protecting the rights of Chicanos and Chicanas alike. They're a group that is willing to do anything and will go to great lengths to protect your people.

"Congratulations," they say. "You've been recruited."

And at that moment, you remember the letter you secretly sent them. Wanting to join them and help in fighting in what they believed in.

To serve, and to protect, your brothers and sisters...

Turn to page 550.

You don't remember how you got here. All you remember was saying yes, and your friends smiling at you. And now you're here, on the side of the road, freezing half to death under the starry night sky.

A blanket is draped over you, as your friend approaches and plumps down next to you.

"Ah, what a great night huh? You enjoying yourself?" he asks turning to look at you, mirth visible in his eyes.

You glare at him, "Does it look like I'm enjoying myself? I'm freezing half to death out here!"

He laughs, "Then why aren't you by the fire like everyone else."

You blink, staring blankly ahead, "Ummm," you don't have an answer for that.

He laughs again. You blush at your own stupidity. "Come on lets sit by the fire," he says helping you up and dragging you next to one of the large fires someone had made.

You sit down gently. Slowly warming your hands and feet, you sigh in pleasure as the warmth penetrates your body, pushing the cold away.

You relax as you hear Chavez giving another inspirational speech and an update on the strike.

You ignore it though, its always the same thing. You choose to instead warm yourself and think on the progress of the march. Its been four days...or has it been seven? You don't remember, but you hardly care. You just know and feel that you've made good progress in the past few days, only stopping when it had darkened and stepping onto the side of the road to relax, eat, sleep and hear inspirational speeches.

Some marchers would even put on skits, ridiculing the farm owners, scabs(the workers who crossed the picket lines to work despite the strike) and even yourselves. It did put everyone in a great mood though, it helped everyone to continue marching.

The end of the march would come. And although your legs were sore, you would continue until you reached Sacramento, along with everyone else.

Its been 25 five days exactly and finally. Finally, you've reached Sacramento.

After resting on a the grounds of a school, which overlooked the Sacramento river. After marching 250 miles for 25 days. After having thousands of farm workers joining the march along the way. You've finally reached the capitol.

You join Chavez, and the others who had traveled the entire distance. Your feet ache, the blisters on your feet burning.

Your eyes want to shut, heavy with sleep, but the excitement in the air is like a powerful dose of caffeine. You take a deep breath, puffing out your chest, feeling proud that you've made it. And now led by supporters on horseback carrying the union flag, people carrying banners and portraits of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and one man named Roberto Roman-a farm worker who carried a wooden cross draped in black cloth for the entire 300 miles from Delano, and who had stayed up almost the entire night redraping it in white and covering it with flower-. and others wearing sombreros, you all join together as you march triumphantly across the bridge, down the mall, and up the capitol steps to the sounds of thunderous cheers.

Turn to page 565.

You've decided to support Cesar Chavez and his fast. You can see why he's doing it, to show that non violence has a bigger effect than most people think.

So, like everyone else that supported Cesar Chavez, you attended the Catholic mass that was held daily near where Cesar was fasting; in a tiny windowless room of an adobe-walled gas station at the Forty Acres. Everyday you would attend, supporting Cesar and his fast. Standing outside in the afternoon light, whether rain or shine, you would pray in silence along with Cesar Chavez.

You knew very little about what Cesar was doing. From what you've heard from some of the Union workers who were closer to him, he was eating very little. They said he only drank water and would eat beans once a day to keep him from fully starving. He was holding on strong, was what they kept saying. You just hoped he didn't go too far with this, you and the other people who were looking up towards Chavez didn't need him to die. You didn't need a leader to die. Not today.

Luckily, twenty five days later, Cesar ended his fast, losing 35 pounds. But the fast worked. All talk of violence stopped. The fast ended during a mass in Delano where thousands of people attended, including Senator Robert F. Kennedy.

You watch slack jawed as you see Robert F. Kennedy speak, and Cesar Chavez sitting next to him; thinner and weaker than before, but with a joyful light in his eyes.

Cesar was too weak to speak, so his statement was read for him. It ended with, "It is my deepest belief that only by giving our lives do we find life. The truest act of courage, the strongest act of manliness, is to sacrifice ourselves for others in a totally nonviolent struggle for justice. To be a man is to suffer for others. God help us to be men."

You smile, proud of what you've done, not only in supporting Chavez, but with keeping a nonviolent perspective on things. Coming here everyday, sacrificing your time for your people, even if only a bit.

The grape strike continued. But Cesar a couple days later had an announcement to make; he said that they would be having a boycott against the grape growers and farm owners. Not just strikes anymore. That not only would you boycott against eating grapes and buying them, you would travel across California standing in front of stores, boycotting, protesting. You stare wide eyed at Cesars announcement, as you stand at the meeting place that you attended on that life changing day long ago.

You listen intently to what Cesar and the farm workers have to say, that if consumers in communities throughout North America knew about the suffering of you field laborers—and saw the grape strikers protesting nonviolently—they would respond. For Cesar, nonviolence could only be seen in action. He said, “the whole essence of nonviolent action is getting a lot of people involved, vast numbers doing little things.”

You were beginning to get excited, the fast hadn’t been much and you wanted to do more. You could feel something building inside of you—the need to do more— but you knew you couldn’t drop what you were doing and dedicate yourself completely to the movement like the grape strikers had. Most of whom lost their homes, cars and worldly possessions, unlike you, you had your parents and they were at home providing for you, but you’ve already left your home to travel over 250 miles. Could you do it again? Boycotting supermarkets and being away from home for hours on end? What would the managers do? Would the police arrest you? What would your parents say? You weren’t sure if you could take the risk. Was it worth it? In the end will it have been worth it?

Can you do this? Are you able to do this? You want to, but you’re unsure.

If you decide to join the boycotting at the supermarkets, turn to page 568.

If you decide not to join the boycotting at the supermarkets, turn to page 547.

You stare at the men, bravely looking them in the eye. You take a deep breath and "No."

The men stare at you dumbfounded. "What did you say?" they both exclaim, their voices mingling strong, deep, and intimidating.

You flinch. "I-sss-said, n-no." you stutter.

"Well it looks like you're about to pay the price." the man with the menacing voice announced.

"Exactly," the other man states, looking at his partner. Turning back to you he said, "Get him."

Your eyes widen and you turn to run, fear coursing through your veins. You never made it. A force equal to that of a rampaging rhynos hit you from behind, sending you to the ground scraping your hands and arms.

You feel a great big weight on your back, you are unable to stand up. A pair of feet is suddenly in front of you as your arms are painfully pulled behind you, and a pair of handcuffs placed around your wrists. You glance up to see the man with the the powerful voice standing over you. He shakes his head, tsking. "You should have done what we asked." he said smiling wickedly. Swinging his foot, it connects on the side of your head. You gasp from the pain, your head falling back onto the ground. Your vision blurring, darkness surrounds you, you close your eyes and slip into unconsciousness.

Turn to page 535.

You slip out the back door, leaving those that wanted to stay and get arrested to...well...get arrested. As you walk around the school and make your way to the bus station, which is a couple blocks away, you catch a glimpse of news reporters and police officers surrounding the area.

The news reporters are trying to get as much coverage as possible, while the officers are placing the men and women who stayed behind, into the back of the cruisers.

You sigh in relief that you aren't one of the ones being arrested, though guilt isn't far behind. Both feelings hitting you intensely, like relief and guilt both share an apartment, but are constantly bickering.

You sigh again, as steer clear of the cops and the school. As you're walk ing past an alleyway you hear yelling. Wondering whats going on you walk into the alleyway and gasp as you see Jaime, a friend of yours, being attacked by two white men. They're merciless as they punch, kick, and spit at him. You watch in paralyzed horror as you see them beating your friend.

"Hey!" you yell, "Leave him alone. Stop it!"

They turn to look at you. Their mouths curve into malicious and twisted smirks. "Well well, another dirty Mexican. What do ya want kid? Buzz off!"

"No," you step forward, "I demand you stop beating my friend!"

They growl at you, like angered dogs and run towards you. Your eyes widen, but you don't have a chance to move as they grab ahold of you and throw you to the ground.

They laugh as they kick you in the stomach. You groan at the pain that shoots through you and up your spine as they continue kicking at you. As you look up at them, and you see the pure reflection of evil and hatred in their eyes, fear courses through you.

"Stop," you croak out. You want the pain to end. You don't want to die this way. Anything, but this.

They laugh as you curl into a ball and squeeze your eyes shut. You don't know when, but eventually they cease. You're so numbed by the pain you don't even realize they've stopped until a gentle hand shakes you.

You uncurl yourself and look up to see Jaime, bruised and battered, with a broken nose, bruises and cuts covering his face.

He smiles down at you. "Hurts doesn't it?" he says, more of a comment than a question.

You laugh, but wince in pain from a sharp sensation in your abdomen, "You know I was just out looking for you."

"Really? For what?" you say as you look up at him.

"I wanted to tell you about a Conference taking place in Denver. I thought you'd be interested, another opportunity to fight for our rights, though I didn't know if you would want to go."

You nod, thinking. "Well what other choice do we have?" you say.

He smiles at you. "Great, handale vamos carnal," he says, as you both slowly stand up and make your way to the hospital, already discussing on how you would both get to the conference in Denver.

Turn to page 544.

You take a breath and lower your head. You don't know how to say it, but you can't look your friend in the eye.

"I'm sorry. No," you mutter.

You hear him say "oh" under his breath.

You shrug and make your way back to the farm for another day's work.

When you arrive home, your father is sitting at the table drinking a bottle of beer.

"Hola papa," you exclaim as you make your way to your room.

"Esperate."

You stop and turn to look at him. He holds out a paper. You reach for it and read it. As you're reading, from the corner of your eye you see your mother enter the room. You continue reading. The letter is from your aunt and uncle living in L.A. They wrote that if you can go live with them there will be an opportunity for you to attend school full time.

You look at your mom and dad.

"We want you to go mijo," your dad says seriously, leaving no room for an argument.

You nod slowly. You see your mother smile and you know you have to go to school in a new city, away from your parents. You should have gone with your friend. You're nervous and afraid. You barely knew your aunt and uncle. How would they treat you? How are the people in L.A? First thing tomorrow, you are to leave. That wasn't enough time to process what was now going to be one of the biggest changes of your life.

Tears stream down your face as you run into your room, slamming the door closed. You cry hot angry, frustrated tears as you sit on the ground leaning against the wall.

Having to move here in the first place was hard enough. Driving from Fresno to East L.A in an awkward silence with your dad for three and a half hours was not pleasant, especially when he held you tightly after he dropped you off before he left. You didn't want him to leave. You would miss him. You already missed your mother since she didn't like to travel far distances, so you and your father left her home alone. 'But now this? You have to deal with this?' You think angrily to yourself.

Another terrible day at your new school, you think as you remember your first day. You remember entering the school and immediately noticing the large population of gringos. You remember seeing one Mexican in about every...what... 50?! You were made fun of and teased throughout the day as they locked onto you, the new Mexican kid. You remember seeing your teacher's angry glares and getting lost in the maze of school. You remember them teasing you and the names; calling you stupid, lazy, a piece of garbage that doesn't belong. The same as every other day. You hate it! It's been two years and nothing has gotten better! You don't want to be there anymore its not fair. It's not right. It's not worth it. You're thinking of what would happen if you dropped out when you notice a piece of paper sticking out of your backpack.

You pull it out and look at it. It's a note. It says that next week they're planning on having a walkout to protest the unequal treatment and poor education of Latinos.

You stare at the paper. This could be the perfect opportunity for you to do something against the whites who were treating you terribly.

If you decide to drop out of school, turn to page 546.

If you decide to join the walkout, turn to page 541.

After returning home you hear more about what the rally at Sacramento had caused. You receive snippets of news from your father, and the newspaper...

The strikes that occurred before the march drew new support from from other unions, church activists, students, Latinos and other civil rights groups. 'Support? We had gotten support, we weren't alone anymore, it wasn't just us against everyone else, but now it was us and our supporters against everyone else.' you smile as you continue reading. It goes on to say that because of Cesar's pilgrimage from Delano to Sacramento, it had brought national attention of the injustices and the farm workers plight to the American. 'Perfect' you think, 'were getting the upper hand now, getting attention, people won't be able to ignore us and turn a blind eye anymore' you smile proudly.

The Union...

That along with Huelgas speech and the rally things finally began to move along.

And gossip throughout town...

The youth were getting antsy. They wanted violence, to hurt the growers that were abusing them. Even you had to admit that you were feeling a bit antsy. But, you didn't want to hurt anyone, you didn't want things to get out of hand. If they did, you knew that everything everyone's been working for would crumble and fall apart.

And from Cesar himself..

But Cesar continued to call for acts of nonviolence, he believed that non-violence was more effective and powerful than violence, especially if your cause was just.

And that's, exactly what he did. A non violent act. At a lunch meeting during a park picnic with the union Cesar announced that he would be fasting to devote the movement to nonviolence.

Everyone was angry at what Cesar would be doing, erupting in shouts, some quickly surging to their feet to argue with Cesar. Some were scared for his health saying that he could die, and others didn't understand. They didn't see the reason for a fast, and how that could be connected to nonviolence, and even though the Farm Workers knew why, you still didn't fully comprehend why he would need to fast.

As Chavez deals with the angry Union volunteers, trying to calm them down and get them to understand, you begin wonder why Cesar would need to fast, and on the use of non-violence no less.

You begin to think on whether you should support Cesar and his fast, or whether you shouldn't? Was it worth it? Would it work in favor of the Union and its cause? As these question plague your mind, your indecisiveness rises to the surface, and you don't know what to do, what to decide.

If you decide to support Cesar in his fast, turn to page 558.

If you decide not to support Cesar in his fast, turn to page 552.

You've decided to agree to the men's demands. As you go back to your 'hideout' as you like to call it, you wonder how you're going to do it. How are you going to make trouble in between the Brown Berets?

An idea hits, literally, as a guy run into you. A Brown Beret Chicana trailing behind him.

"Sorry compadre." he says grabbing your shoulders, steadying you before you could fall.

"Esta bien." you say, as he lets go. You finally notice who he is. One of the leaders of the Brown Berets.

"Nice," he says grabbing the chicanas hand and running away. You see them enter one of the warehouses.

'Hmm,' you think, you wonder what they could be up too. You could use this for what you want.

That day you speak to the other leaders of the Brown Berets. Because you know one of the female leaders has feelings for the Chicano leader. You direct the information "you know" about the Brown Berets leader and the other female, and how they ran off into a warehouse alone and looking nervous. You see that one of the Brown Berets chicanas is looking furious, already creating connections that don't exist.

"Is he having a relationship with someone from the group?" she shrieks.

"I'm afraid so," you say lying through your teeth.

She curses loudly in spanish. "Find them! Encuentren los!" she yells. Everyone obeys her orders and runs out of the big, but darkened room you were gathered in. As you make your way out, you hear the news spreading from person to person. You sigh as you go outside, taking off your beret you feel guilt hit you deep within your gut. Having to cause discord between the berets wasn't what you truly wanted, but what else were you going to do? The men who talked to you, who said were government agents, said they would ruin your life. Instinctively, you knew it would be worse than death.

You don't know what else to do. Your job is done. You caused trouble, now it was time to leave. You throw your beret in a trash can as you walk past. A tear escapes your eye and runs down your face; the smooth crystal clear drop being driven down by gravity and onto the pavement, crashing with a silent splash, leaving a tiny drop of moisture on the ground. Your dreams and hopes vanishing within that one drop of water as it evaporated and disappeared. All because, of those manipulating and menacing men, you were now a subversive, and that, was not something to be proud of.

You've decided to agree to the men's demands. As you go back to your 'hideout' as you like to call it, you wonder how you're going to do it. How are you going to make trouble in between the Brown Berets?

An idea hits, literally, as a guy run into you. A Brown Beret Chicana trailing behind him.

"Sorry compadre," he says grabbing your shoulders, steadying you before you could fall.

"Esta bien," you say, as he lets go. You finally notice who he is. One of the leaders of the Brown Berets.

"Nice," he says grabbing the chicanas hand and running away. You see them enter one of the warehouses.

'Hmm,' you think, you wonder what they could be up too. You could use this for what you want.

That day you speak to the other leaders of the Brown Berets. Because you know one of the female leaders has feelings for the Chicano leader. You direct the information "you know" about the Brown Berets leader and the other female, and how they ran off into a warehouse alone and looking nervous. You see that one of the Brown Berets chicanas is looking furious, already creating connections that don't exist.

"Is he having a relationship with someone from the group?" she shrieks.

"I'm afraid so," you say lying through your teeth.

She curses loudly in spanish. "Find them! Encuentren los!" she yells.

Everyone obeys her orders and runs out of the big, but darkened room you were gathered in. As you make your way out, you hear the news spreading from person to person. You sigh as you go outside, taking off your beret you feel guilt hit you deep within your gut. Having to cause discord between the berets wasn't what you truly wanted, but what else were you going to do? The men who talked to you, who said were government agents, said they would ruin your life. Instinctively, you knew it would be worse than death. You don't know what else to do. Your job is done. You caused trouble, now it was time to leave. You throw your beret in a trash can as you walk past. A tear escapes your eye and runs down your face; the smooth crystal clear drop being driven down by gravity and onto the pavement, crashing with a silent splash, leaving a tiny drop of moisture on the ground. Your dreams and hopes vanishing within that one drop of water as it evaporated and disappeared. All because, of those manipulating and menacing men, you were now a subversive, and that, was not something to be proud of.

You take a deep breath, look your friend in the eye, and say, "I'll do it."

He smiles at your response, "Great! Lets go!" he yells, as he grabs your arm and drags you away.

"Whoa! Wait where are we going!" you yell.

"Theres a meeting here in Fresno! I forgot what they said it was about, but I know where it is."

You follow your friend through the streets of Fresno until you arrive at a church. It's a large Catholic church and you find it empty today. You follow him up around the back and up the stairs and enter a dark room with a couple light bulbs illuminating the room.

There's already a ton of people there, mainly adult farm workers, and a couple of other young adults. But the leaders are easily identifiable, at the front talking with confidence to each other and to the other adults.

You quietly sit down next to your friend as he takes a seat.

As soon as the whole room fills up, the meeting begins. You don't pay attention very well, only catching things here and there, such as how they've done on previous protests. Suddenly, something catches your attention when a man says that the organizations will be combining to create what they'll call the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee(UFWOC). You later find out the man is Cesar Chavez himself.

Everyone cheers and applauds as more than half of the peoples hands rise up, including yours.

They continue talking about fighting for your rights and better pay in a peaceful way. Everyone continues to cheer, together. You feel the empowerment, and a sudden feeling of courage radiating off of everyone else. But what they say next stops you in your tracks.

They want to have a march, a march all the way to Sacramento and to have a rally, at the square to speak out against the injustices taking place and to bring attention to the Farm Workers strike.

The people cheer in response and agreement. You stand there wondering. A march? That's more than what you expected to do. Everyone would be watching a march; a march draws a lot of attention and you aren't sure if you're ready for that.

As the people cheer, Cesar yells that the date had been set. You will meet in Delano on March 17 and march all the way to Sacramento. Over 250 miles! Did you really want to walk 250 miles? Is it worth it?

If you decide to join the March to Sacramento, turn to page 556.

If you decide not to join the March to Sacramento, turn to page 551.

DID YOU KNOW?
“That the NFWA/UFW was a workers rights organization made up of farm workers who were tired of being mistreated, co-founded by Cesar Chavez and Dolores Huerta.”

571 - The 1960s: High School Graduate

"I haven't felt this tired in years."

Sweat pours down your body as the sun's heat looks down on you. Here you are walking back home from your job as a waiter in Jodie's Diner. After the long walk, you finally get home, turn on the television, and lay in bed.

"BREAKING NEWS! Today, August 2nd of 1964, we have received information that President Johnson is sending U.S. troops to help the South Vietnamese Army fight the North Vietnamese Army! A journalist asks, 'President Johnson, what drove you to make this decision?' 'We have to take all necessary measures to repel any armed attack against forces of North Vietnam and prevent further aggression,' says President Johnson."

"War... Conflict... I'm not against it but I never understood it. Using violence to resolve a conflict is too careless. The disregard for human life is too big. It's madness!"

You turn off the television, now it's just you and your thoughts, that kind of loneliness kills you. It's like being trapped inside your conscience, nothing but unwanted thoughts and darkness. You guess that's why you've been keeping yourself from being there all your life, with distractions.

"There's the mail."

You look over to your right to nothing but a pile of bills. But in that pile of unwanted documents, something stood out. A yellow envelope. Something about it seems welcoming, so you pick it up. It's from Berkeley, the college you applied to. Stress fills your body like a cup being filled with water.

“This should be good news, but I don’t think I can go.”

Money has always been a problem and your plan is to work for a couple years to save some money towards your education. You didn’t even think that Berkeley would accept you. Realizing that you don’t have enough money to pay for college by yourself, you would have to ask money from your parents. However, you’ve been independent all your life. Are you really ready to break that and let others help you? You stay up all night thinking, trying to make what could be the most important decision of your life.

If you decide to get a job and start saving money, turn to page 573.

If you decide to ask your parents for a loan and go to college, turn to page 574.

Did You Know?
On August 2, 1964, the destroyer USS Maddox engaged three North Vietnamese Navy torpedo boats of the 135th Torpedo Squadron. That resulted in a sea battle, in which the Maddox expended over two hundred and eighty 3-inch and 5-inch shells, and in which four USN F-8 Crusader jet fighter bombers strafed the torpedo boats. Four North Vietnamese sailors were killed and six were wounded; there were no U.S. casualties.

"I really can't afford to pay for college on my own."

You have too much pride to ask your parents for a loan. You've always been very independent. You never let anyone help you with anything because that way you won't look weak and useless in everyone's eyes. Sometimes you wish you could just go back to being in high school. Back to when all you had to worry about was getting good grades. When you didn't have to work and pay bills. It's just too much stress to handle.

"I could get a job as waiter." You feel confident that you can get a job and work for a couple of years until you have enough money. "It's not that bad. Besides, the college isn't going anywhere. I can just go later," you say with comfort.

You make up your mind and at this point, you're like a train moving at full speed with no brakes. There's no stopping you. You crumple up the college letter with confidence, throw it in the trash can, and start your job search.

A week of job searching has past.

"YES!"

You feel like the luckiest person on Earth. You apply as a manager at a fast food restaurant. It's still hard for you to believe that you actually got it. Your eyes open wide in delight. You feel like you're at the top of the world. Everything seems more colorful as if your joy is making the world a happier place. It looks like things are starting to look up for you. From now on, it only gets better.

Its July 10th ,1965. *Yawn* You wake up after a long day, and the first thing you do is go get the mail.

"WHAT! NO! IT CAN'T BE! WHY?!"

You start feeling so many different emotions and you're in shock. It's a draft card. You're going to go fight in Vietnam.

"What do I do? Should I even go? I heard some people avoided the draft. But it's really risky."

If you decide to avoid the draft, turn to page 577.

If you decide to go to boot camp, turn to page 578.

It's December 1st, 1969 and it's after a couple months of taking a break. You make a decision to suck it up and ask your parents for the loan.

"Ahhh... I have to do it," you sigh in frustration. This is very hard for you, but if you want to get ahead in life, you'll have to do whatever it takes to get what you want.

So you apply for college and leave as soon as possible. You decide to go visit your parents. You continue reciting how you'll ask them for money in your head over and over on your way there.

"Hey mom. Hey dad. I came to visit you guys because I need a favor."

"What is it son?" says your mom.

"I got accepted to enroll at Berkeley, but I don't have enough money to pay for it. I was wondering if there's any way you guys can give me a loan?"

Just your luck, your parents reply, "Of course son. Don't you worry 'bout a thing. We'll pay for your tuition."

* * * * *

You came a long way to get to where you are now. You are a student at UC Berkeley and you aspire to medical school. The year is 1965 and it is almost the end of the spring quarter and your midterm is coming up. You've dedicated weeks of studying toward the midterm and made sure to sleep well, so you are surprised when you realize that you slept through your alarm. In a rush, you get your clothes on and gather everything you need for the test. You dress in no time and decide to get an early snack. As you eat your food, you realize you forgot your watch, but you don't bother to go back for it. On your way to your class, you run into a small anti-war protest event and you're having a hard time getting through.

If you decide it's best to get to your midterm early, turn to page 575.

If you decide to look into what the protests are about, turn to page 576.

As soon as you see the crowd, you try and get to your midterm on time without any distractions because it is the reasonable thing to do. After your midterm, you see your friend Mariah. She doesn't have the sharpest look on her face, so you ask her how she thinks she did on the test. She tells you that she thinks she did well, but that because she didn't study, it can go either way. She then starts explaining to you about all the time she spends working with the protest movement on campus. You find everything she tells you about the movement to be very interesting, and you are curious to hear more.

The two of you decide to have lunch together, so that she can tell you more about the protest movement. During lunch, she tells you all kinds of interesting details about what the movement does and how she helps. She tells you about how she makes their posters. You also learn that she communicates with people on the radio to announce their events and meetings. Towards the end of your conversation, she brings up an upcoming event that's being held tomorrow in Sproul Hall at 10a.m. She tells you that the event will be going on for the next two days and asks you to come.

You end up meeting Mariah the next day at the Sproul Hall sit in where you meet an interesting friend of hers, Mario Savio, an American political activist. He has a lot to say about the Vietnam War and how much wrong they're doing. His sparkling and intellectual attitude persuades you to show up again at Sproul Hall the next day. He tells you that he's walked in many marches and met many people that have first hand experiences from the war, and he talked to Muhammad Ali when he refused his army induction and was convicted for his anti-war stand and banned from boxing for four years.

The next day you go back to the Sproul Hall event organized by the SDS (Students of a Democratic Society) for the Free Speech Movement which seems to grow in size by the afternoon. You know the war is wrong is wrong and you want to do something to stop it. It isn't long before you see a student named Jack Weinberg a member of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) being put into a police car for refusing to show his identification to the campus police. At that moment, your anger rises in your chest, and you know you have found your calling.

~The End~

You walk up to one of the people protesting, "Why are you against the war?"

He replies in a disappointed manner, "WHY?! ARE YOU SERIOUS?! I'll tell you why! Because it's an unlawful war and many innocent people are dying, and were bombing civilians when it's unnecessary."

It's kind of annoying the way they keep shouting in anger. However, they do have a point about the war being bad. But they make it very hard for you to get to the places you need to go without people interrupting you.

"Hey! No more war for Vietnam! Use your head, not your draft card!" says a guy protesting.

"What are you guys doing with all these signs?" you reply with a lot of confusion.

"We're protesting against the Vietnam war. In fact, we're marching in a parade tomorrow here at the campus. You should come support us."

"I'll think about it," you say. Deep down inside you don't want to, but you weren't going to tell the guy that you don't want to go.

You walk back to your dorm thinking about whether you should go or not. You still don't really know if you should support the war or if you're against it. Maybe you should go to the parade. It would give you a better idea of what side to take. You go back to your dorm and you notice a letter taped to the door.

"Oh my God..."

You can't believe it. "What have I ever done to deserve something like this." You feel horrible, scared, angry, and so much more. It's like a bowl of mixed emotions.

"To Stan Smith, this is a letter to inform you that you have been drafted to go to war by the U.S. War Department on June 1, 1965. You are to report to the department immediately. Avoiding the draft will result in a fine of \$10,000 or 6 years of prison, or both. You are drafted to Vietnam by the lottery."

If you decide to go to boot camp, turn to page 578.

If you decide to leave the country, turn to page 590.

“No! I can’t and I won’t. I wasn’t made for killing. It’s inhumane, and there’s the risk of dying. Dying for what?!”

You decide that you won’t be part of such a violent war. “How am I going to do it. A lot of the people who tried to avoid the draft were detained. It’s not easy, but I know I can do it. Taking that risk beats being forced to go to war. To kill and see people being killed. Besides, everyone’s leaving to Canada to avoid the draft. I know I can do it.” So determined to leave to Canada, you start packing your things and getting prepared to leave the country.

You wake up and it’s time to go and leave home. You really start rushing because you were supposed to report in for your draft. They might be looking for you already, and the thought of being caught freaks you out. You get in the car and flee.

A couple of miles into the road, you notice a black car following you. In fact, now that you remember, that car has been following you since you left home. All of a sudden you hear a siren.

You look at the rear view mirror and immediately think to yourself, “Its the black car that was following me!” It all happened so fast you can barely remember what happened. The car following you is from the FBI... You are caught.

You are detained, but it feels more like being kidnapped. Now you’re in a room, nervous and scared. Acting like an ice cube, you just froze up. Then you just melted as a stranger walked into the room.

“Hello Mr. Smith, do you know why we detained you?”

“No, I don’t,” you reply. But of course you know. What else would it be besides avoiding the draft. But things could be better if you play it off and make an excuse.

“Well Mr. Smith, you’re being detained for avoiding the draft, and it is a very serious offense.”

“Oh God, they know,” you think to yourself with caution, to not alert the man.

“Mr. Smith, I can not overstate the seriousness of what you attempted. You might even serve prison time for what you did. But lucky for you, we can offer you a deal.”

“A deal? What kind of deal?”

“Well Mr. Smith, if you choose to re-enlist and go to war, you won’t go to court and possibly prison. Plus we will take off this detainment from your record. So what do you say? Do we have a deal?”

If you decide to go to prison , turn to page 579.

If you decide to re-enlist in Vietnam , turn to page 580.

You go to boot camp for 6 weeks where you will be trained to be a killer and withstand the toughest of environments. Sounds like fun right? You don't know what to expect and you're feeling really nervous and scared.

"How will they treat me? Will I even make it through the whole training?"

Well just as you thought. As soon as you get there, it hasn't been anything but very little sleep, a lot of chores, and extensive training that makes you feel like you're about to die of exhaustion and pain.

You think to yourself, "I won't lie, it's hard."

You wake up daily at five o'clock sharp to jog 5 miles. Followed by a four hour course of climbing walls and ropes, pyramid push ups, and crawling under barbed wire. Not to mention, during all the exercises, you had to wear ALL of your equipment. That's 90 pounds of gear on your back during training. It was horrible. Constantly having to hear the shouts of your sergeant didn't help either.

"RISE AND SHINE LADIES! Get your lazy asses up and report for duty!"

He does it so much that sometimes you wake up hearing his shout. When in reality he actually never did, as if it was a dream. Plus, having all of your superiors and even other soldiers treating you like you were some kind of peasant didn't make you feel any better. They said that boot camp is supposed to be easier compared to being in Vietnam.

"Yeah... NOT TRUE AT ALL!"

Your sergeant tells the whole platoon "This is it boys. Get as much rest as you can because you're being deployed first thing tomorrow."

If you decide to go fight in Operation Starlite, turn to page 581.

If you decide to go fight in Operation rapier, turn to page 587.

"No, I can't do it. I would rather spend time in prison than go to war. So don't try to convince me anymore. Let's just get this over with."

"Well, alright Mr. Smith. I'm afraid you are going to prison." says the agent.

You reply, "For how long?"

The agent tells you, "At least until the war is over, plus another 4-6 years."

You are immediately sent to prison where you will spend the rest of your life rotting in a cell.

~The End~

"I already told you... NO!"

At this point, you're already visualize punching this guy. But you internalize it. After all, you're not an animal.

The agent replies, "Mr. Smith, I highly suggest that you take my offer. I can make the rest of your life very hard for you."

Despite your efforts to remain under control, you collapse under fear. "Okay, I'll do it. Now let me go!"

"I'm glad we could solve this problem. You are free to go."

This is very hard for you, but you know it beats spending your life in prison. Next stop, bootcamp. You start mentally preparing yourself because Vietnam isn't filled with sunshine and rainbows. It's a very mean and nasty place that will beat you to your knees and keep you there permanently if you let it.

"Think smart and don't do anything stupid," you think to yourself.

You constantly repeat this to yourself again and again to the point where it sinks into your head. Maybe if you brainwash yourself into a mind-set of survival, you might see the day when you can go back home to where it all started.

Go to boot camp, turn page 578.

Operation Starlite- August 17, 1965
Van Tuong, South Vietnam

You're trying to keep it together as you're on your way to the landing zone, but you've never been in major combat before. Aside from your training, you barely even fire your weapon.

You think to yourself, "What will I do when I'm actually there? Boot camp doesn't train me to kill people." You don't know what to do other than go with your gut and pray that it all works out.

During the helicopter flight, no one says a word. It's as if the helicopter is filled with mannequins, and it's all really scary.

The helicopter lands to the ground as fast as it can, and everyone heads straight towards the command center. You see three green tents set up in a clearing in a jungle. You can't even believe your eyes. Dead bodies and ammo boxes are all over the place. Even the air stinks of dead corpses.

All of a sudden you start hearing Vietnamese voices ringing from far away.

"Đang chờ đợi bạn ngu'ời Mỹ bắn!"

No one knows what they're saying, but the message is clear. They're telling us that they're there, and they're waiting for us. At dawn, you start marching with your squad. It's all quiet. Nothing but the noise of the birds and trees, and your heavy boots walking over leaves. You stop walking for a couple seconds and stare at the vague horizon in the darkness.

You think to yourself, "There's people up there that I don't know, and they don't know me, In the next hour or two, we're going to be trying to kill each other." You just stand there, nod your head, and wonder to yourself. "I'm gonna get through this. I won't turn around and walk away. I'm going to keep walking."

But at the same time, you also wonder, "Why am I gonna to keep walking?"

The sun is just peaking out over the horizon. You see other soldiers whispering to each other and it's weird for you. For a moment, you could actually say it's peaceful.

You hear your sergeant's orders, "Fix your bayonets. We're gonna kill everyone we see, and if we run out of bullets, we'll stab them to death." You're shocked by your sergeant's dedication towards hating the enemy.

RATATATAT!

Enemy gunshots are fired towards your direction. It sounds like every weapon in the world is being fired. As the battle begins, you think that this would start in an orderly fashion. It's the complete opposite. It's all chaos and shooting.

Guys start peeling off in different directions, trying to get away from what's happening around them. You can hear the bullets coming in. It's crazy! You can literally hear them hitting the dirt in front of you. The enemy is firing out of trees and bunkers, but you can't see them. All you can shoot at are the muzzle flashes and hope that you hit the enemy. There's no worse feeling than being stuck in a position where you can't run and not know what to do. Adrenaline immediately rushes into your system and your heart starts pumping faster and faster.

You momentarily zone out and think to yourself, "God, please help me get through this!"

You get up to take cover behind a tree and you start firing. You take cover, put in another magazine, get up, and start firing again.

BAM!

Something suddenly blinds you. You reach up to protect your eyes when something hits you in the chest and knock you backwards. Your vision distorts and everything looks as if it's in slow motion.

For a second, all you can think is, "This is it. I'm going to die in some jungle out in the middle of nowhere." The pain starts getting more intense. But then you look at your chest and it looks like the bullet didn't penetrate your body.

"I'll never be this lucky again."

Your sergeant shouts, "ALRIGHT, I WANT EVERYONE TO FOLLOW ME!" You follow his orders and take off running following your platoon.

As you're running, you can see bullets flying and hitting the dirt right next to your feet. You're just running and not paying any attention to what's going on around you.

All you know is, "I'm gonna survive!" Then everyone just lays on the ground, kisses the dirt, and tries to avoid getting hit by bullets.

Turn to next page

"AAaAaaaAaa!"

You glance backwards with the corner of your eye and you see that a soldier from your platoon just got shot. He's just laying there on the ground, bleeding out, screaming with pain. Your survival instincts tell you to save yourself, but your heart tells you to save that man.

If you decide to save the wounded soldier, turn to page 584.

If you decide to leave the soldier behind, turn to page 586

Did You Know?
On August 18th, 1965, Operation Starlite was the first major offensive regimental size action conducted by a purely U.S. military unit during the Vietnam War. The operation was launched based on intelligence provided by Major General Nguyen Chanh Thi, the commander of the South Vietnamese forces. In northern I Corps area, Lieutenant General Lewis W. Walt devised a plan to launch a pre-emptive strike against the Viet Cong to nullify the threat on the vital Chu Lai base and ensure its powerful communication tower remained intact. The operation was a combined arms assault involving ground, air and naval units.

Your platoon keeps moving across the jungle. You stop and start running back to save that soldier's life. It's hard to see because of all the debris from the explosions and smoke from the fires, but you keep making your way towards the soldier.

You can see the enemy closing up on you. You can literally see them sprinting in the direction of the wounded soldier. It's almost like a competition.

Who can get to him first?

"I'm gonna to save him and get both of us out of here." You get to him and you start dragging him. You can see the blood squirting out of his wounds as his heart pumps blood faster and faster. It's incredible how the bullets aren't hitting you. It's almost like a magical shield is protecting you. But it seems like the shield wore off.

BAM!

You are shot in the arm. You think back to what you said earlier. "I'm going to save him and I'm gonna to get both of us out of here." Now both you and the wounded soldier keep running. Then just like that, you make it to a safety zone.

"I don't know how I managed to get to safety in one piece."

You and the unknown man whose name you still don't know, are going to being sent to the hospital in Saigon first thing. You're disappointed to be leaving your unit behind, but you know that you will be joining them again shortly when you recover.

To return to action, turn to page 585.

After your stay in the hospital, you are sent to an operating base near Nha Trang. You receive your orders to participate in an operation to help rescue 61 of your captured soldiers. As you walk to your helicopter that will transport you to the battle, the flight deck is covered with water and your boots are filled with the rain that is flowing from above. The chopper takes off and after awhile you land right in the middle of a grassy plain.

You are in Son Tay where your fellow soldiers are being held. You and your squad make the way under the dark night towards the camp. You approach a wire fence about 15 feet high. You see others cutting their way through the chain link. You make your way through the bunkers and find none of your fellow soldiers in any of the bunkers. You take your grenade and toss it into one of the bunkers and watch as the flames shoot high into the air. You hear gunshots firing off as you see Vietnamese soldiers run towards the camp. Bullets are flying past you, and you seem to be seeing things in slow motion. You pull the trigger of your gun and watch the bullets fire out one by one. But, in the darkness and gun smoke, you can't truly tell if the bullets are hitting their marks.

Under the cover of the gunfire, you retreat back to the helicopter and wait for the rest of the squad to return. You seem to be breathing easy and your nerves are steady. It seems gun battles don't have the same effect on you as they do many others. You aren't sure if you killed anyone, but the thought of your bullet tearing through someone's flesh makes you feel guilty. You would question, why you are here but you have nothing else in your life and serving your country seemed like a great honor. Things are different now that you've been wounded, but there's nothing more for you to do, but continue with this war until your tour is complete.

To go home, turn to page 589.

Remember what you said before all of this started? "Think smart and don't do anything stupid."

Saving that man would be against everything you've been teaching yourself. You keep running. All the leaves brushing on your face makes it hard for you to carefully know where you're going. For that moment, it's almost like you have no mind, thoughts or feelings. It's like you're living purely on instinct. You notice some strange object on the ground. It looks like a rectangle planted on the ground, something manmade. You stop to look at the object.

"Oh God... IT'S A TRAP!" As you say your last words, you have enough time to hear a "CLICK" It's really fast and subtle.

You're not prepared to die. So in an attempt to survive, you try to run away from the claymore. Unfortunately, running from a bomb isn't possible. Just like that, an immediate explosion occurs. The ground starts trembling and dirt violently shoots up everywhere.

~The End~

January 10, 1966
Operation Rapier

Its about 10:00 AM. Bravo company helicopters are sweeping the area around the landing zone so we can know when it's safe for us to set up all the equipment. So far everything is quiet, and the choppers are already delivering the second load of soldiers. Everything seems to be going according to plan. That's until 11:15 AM. It appears that Bravo's first platoon captured a single unarmed North Vietnamese Army soldier.

They start interrogating the prisoner. After briefly interrogating the prisoner, he then makes an incredible revelation. He says that they have 3 battalions of NV soldiers ahead. It's unbelievable. 3 battalions. That's almost 1,600 soldiers. No one can believe what they are hearing. You have less than 200 men on your ground, meaning that you're outnumbered 8:1.

Within minutes, the U.S. and North Vietnamese forces are locking into vicious combat. All the men on the ground are desperately trying to keep the North Vietnamese from overrunning them.

That's when you realize it. You can really hear it. The true horrendous noise of battle. Bullets cracking, bombs shells exploding, artillery shells exploding, people screaming, its just horrible.

You keep engaging the enemy with your M16, and then it happened. For a moment you are shocked by that unbelievable sight of a man dying right in front of you. Just laying there, screaming and bleeding out. You can see the fear in his eyes as they stare at you. Then the income of bullets snaps you out of it.

It's loud and it's coming from everywhere. It's horrible to not know what to do next. The only strategy your platoon ever learned was to move forward and kill anything in front of you. Not exactly the best advice to survive in such a lethal environment.

After nearly 8 hours of constant battle, casualties are mounting and supplies are running low. There's news that no more reinforcements will come until dawn, so you're on your own for the rest of the night. Supposedly when the reinforcements arrive, they will try to land a few miles away and try to fight their way to us.

"God, I hope they make it," you think to yourself with a lot of hope.

The battle is still alive and the enemies are already within 75 yards away from our lines. It's so bad that some of the men are down to using hand to hand combat. Your defense line is starting to break down. Enemies bullets even start passing right through your command center.

Your commander screams, "CALL BROKER HARROW!"

Fighter planes start bombing the enemy.

The bombs start landing too close to U.S. soldiers and a napalm bomb explodes next to about 4 soldiers. It's a horrible sight to see your soldiers die from your own team's attack. You can literally see your men burning in flame, dancing, and screaming right in front of you. Someone screams, "Get that man's feet!"

You reach down to try to drag him and his boots just crumbles in your hands. The flesh on his ankle just peels off and his ankle bone breaks into pieces in the palm of your hands. You pick him up and take him to the medical station.

You continue your fight, that's when...

RATATAT!

You are shot in the chest. The hit knocks you down on your ass, and suddenly everything turns gray and really cold. Everything turns into slow motion and things start getting blurry. There's also this loud, ringing noise that you keep hearing. You can see the the blood squirting out of your chest. Finally, a soldier come and aids you, but by then you pass out.

When you wake up, you realize you're on a helicopter, "Where am I? Where are we going?"

"You're going back home Private Smith."

No one else talks for the rest of the flight. You feel proud of yourself, and you can't wait to go home and receive the recognition you deserve. Vietnam was a huge experience. Not just for you but for everyone. There are some events that are so overwhelming that you can't simply be a witness. You can't be above it. You can't be neutral. You can't be untouched by it. Simple as that. You see it, you live it, you experience it, and it will be with you all of your days.

~The End~

Did You Know?

This Op began on the 10th January 1970 by an air assault into AO Bay swater which was in the Courtenay Rubber. Once the Coy had deplaned, they moved into position of a cordon and search surrounding the village of Ap Ngai Giao. This was the first phase of the mission of destroying the VC, their systems and installations. Two days later V4 was redeployed and were air assaulted into the Viet Cuong and then began ambushing and patrolling . Including the capture of the VC Political Cadre of Xuan Son. The Coy returned to Nui Dat on the 20th February.

Well this is it. You did it, you actually did it. You survived going to Vietnam, and now you're a veteran. You think to yourself, "I'm glad this is over." Although you were given the choice, you would of never gone to war. Part of you still feels that you did something patriotic. Like maybe you did make some kind of difference, and you weren't just some kind of pawn in all of this.

You're dropped off at the airport and you say, "Look, a crowd of people. They must be cheering for the veterans coming back home. This might be nice." You keep walking towards the crowd, feeling very enthusiastic.

You are stunned by the wave of tomatoes that are being thrown at you by the crowd of people. "GO BACK TO THE PLANE BABY KILLER!" You start running to get away from the aggravated crowd

You think to yourself, "Why are they picking on me? I didn't choose to kill those people. Besides, shouldn't people be happy we fought for them?" Never so confused, you keep walking to your parents' home. At this point, you decide to take off your uniform and not tell anyone that you're a veteran. It's just not worth it.

You get home and there's no one there. "I guess they didn't know that I came back today." It's not a big deal to you, so you just head right to bed to get a good night's sleep.

RATATATAT! "It's an ambush! Everyone down! Smith! Get on that M60 and light these suckers!"

You wake up filled with sweat, shaking. You feel terrified from the nightmare you just had. It's like you were back in Vietnam all over again. Seeing all those dead people, friends missing limbs, bleeding out, asking you to put them out of their misery, wanting to go back home to their family. This war affects you more than you think.

You can't go to sleep anymore. It's like a big part of you stayed over there. You close your eyes and you can even see yourself being back in the tents and the jungle. For that moment of imagining being back in Vietnam, you look around at the blasted out tree stumps, the empty hollow bomb craters, the moans of pain from the wounded that start to fill your ears, the smell of cordite that starts to burn your nose.

You just stand there thinking, "Was it worth it? Was going to war really that worth it? God, I certainly hope so."

“No! I won’t do it! I’ll never be a part of such an inhumane war.”

You decide that you will do whatever it takes to not go to Vietnam.

“There’s only one option for me... CANADA!” You decide that the best decision for you is to leave the country. You go home for the last time and start packing your clothes and other personal items. Just like that, you get in your car and start driving towards Canada. You didn’t tell any of your friends about your decision, not even your family.

“I guess the less people that know, the better. Right?” After all, it is illegal. If you get caught, you’ll go to prison.

As you’re driving, you can’t help but think, “Is leaving really the best choice?” Despite your doubts you keep driving forward and prepare yourself to start a new life.

~The End~

Nice try! Opening the book to the last page to see how the story ends isn't going to help you discover history.

Go to the Table of Contents on page one to get started with your adventure.