

Tatsumi Noritake
Core 9 Period 5-6
Dec. 29, 1942

"All About 'Little Me.'"

The stork reached our house in Seattle, the day of January 31, 1928. I was looked upon what was to be my big brothers and my big sisters .

Time marches on! Four years later I was given a special name from my dear neighbor. Unfortunately I was named "Porky," which some people may think that I am plump. Some folks take it for granted that since my original name, and my nickname are that of a boys, they may get red in the face. Especially those who have the sme name as I.

By the time I was five years old I was to get an idea of what school was. My first impression was that I was going to work hard, the teachers mean, and that school was no place for me. But fortunately school thoughts was only a ghastly nightmare.

I was greeted by a kind women who later in the day gave me blocks to play with, I also met very kind friends that were in the same room as I. We painted, took naps, played games, sang songs, and many more things.

So as seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years went by, I enjoyed this great building that was our school.

It so happened that our family lived in the country. We had a beautiful home to live in , and a beautiful garden, and everything else that makes up a home.

When the tragic day came along, and my dear Mother who comforted and sheltered me, was called away by the Angeles, and never would return, I felt that our beloved home was shattered. To live in this house without Mother it seemed empty, and deserted, so we packed up our belongings and moved to the city, where we learned later, that it was quite a different place from the country. We lived in what can be called an apartment, and had a little garden. The traffic day after day was noisy, but gradually we became assustome to the city. This was in 1937.

We lived in the city for five years when the news of Pearl Harbor came over the radio. We were shocked that our own ancestors were the cause of this, but in our hearts we have America in mind, and we will fight side by side with her.

In April, 1942 the mass evacuation began and as we boarded the bus that was to take us, there was a lump in my throat that said goodbye to our homes, but we hope that someday we may come back to the gardens, lakes, rivers, mountains, and to everything that we once loved.

In Puyallup I met more friends that I ever did before in my life, and in Idaho I still am meeting many more as we go to school, parties, church, and every place else, but I am always hoping that I may see the time again where we can have our own home to live in.