

Grace sato was happier than she'd been since she ~~fixt~~ that April morning when she first felt the bite of manzanar dust kicked up by a strong wind...she was going out into freedom...~~xxx~~ jim bradley, sailor boy was going to be out at the highway...mrs. sato didn't like jim...she didn't like the idea of grace's marrying a caucasian...~~xxx~~ she didn't really mind that but only fast girls had ever done such things...even then she ~~would have~~ might have accustomed herself to it except that jim was a sailor...sairra boy no gudu, she told grace ^{navy man} ~~in broken english~~ constantly...but jim wasn't an ordinary gob...he'd grown up with Gracie and the two had never gone out with other people...when the war broke out, he joined the navy...at first he wasn't sure that he wanted to, but grace had told him that she didn't like the way the ~~gap~~ gov't wanted to run the world and that jim shouldn't let his feeling for her stand in the way of his duty...so he'd gone to the post office to sign up...He was inducted ~~xxxxxxx~~ the same morning grace's family received notice to evacuate...he visited her at camp so often ~~xxxxxxx~~ every time ~~xxx~~ he got leave and naval authorities grew suspicious of him and brought him up for court martial...but he was innocent and they had to drop charges...jim said that as long as you're behind a fence, i cant visit you without being accused of being a spy...you've got to get out... so they planned to elope...~~xxxxxxx~~ the night for her to escape had come. gracie walked out toward the fence...she went out of the boundary...a guard spotted her...he challenged her...gracie ran...he sprayed a few machine gun bullets in front of her~~xxxxxx~~ as warning...he aimed at her and pulled the trigger...gracie felt as if someone had given her a hard push, she ~~fixt~~ stumbled, fell, the blood roared in her head, then blackness...the guard was almost crazy~~xxxxxx~~ as others came up t see what the shooting was about...migawd, only a girl...i didn't mean to kill her. .i tried to warn her to turn back...gosh bill, don't take it so hard, we got orders you know...if they try to get out, you gotta shoot, what kind af soldier you gonna make if you bust out bawling every time you

kill someone...goddam, it's not like killing japs in the philipines or
midway or guam...these people have done nothing to us...i didn t mean
to kill her...i only wanted to stop her...

gracie's face was rigid in death...she'd gotten her freedom,
but her face didn't show whether she was delighted or disillusioned.

fat uncle toby...he d dn t know what he was taling about most of the
time...~~xxxxxfxxx~~ the rest of time he ~~xx~~ was either sleeping or eating.
~~xxxx~~ when he was awake and not ~~xxxxxx~~ eating, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ he talke
a blue streak...he must have said more words ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
at 15 than a man 80 years old...that's why they called him perpetual
motion...strangers ~~xxxxxx~~ thought it was from irony cause he was the
laziest man in kaintuck...but ~~we~~ they couldn't decide whether to call
him windy cuz he talked so much or hog cuz he ate so much ...so they
compromised on perpetual motion cuz his mouth was ~~xxx~~ always moving.