the first day of school. No, his mother’s name, the
was given. He named Edith to his teacher. Mr. Sherman
was called Mr. Sherman because his skin was so dark. Besides
objects because the people like a Chinaman, particularly
them to study Chinese. Nothing was called Chinese by all the
buddhist church. One called Buddhist Papers. Many called
people, and could barely pronounce. One called
They gave themselves new names we had not cho-
sure of it—In Japanese.
words they came out of these notions came out—we were
ever heard them calling our land in their sleep. The
my children go to get of working in the country. But when
study Japanese. They did not learn a thing. The only one
when we sent them to the Buddhist church on Sundays
pronounced their L’s and S’s with ease. And even
learned the letter X. I could ask my name at the bank
us even though we had been in America for years. All
in this new language. Their name, written in kanji
they spend their days now. They spend their days now. They
woven over the highest and deep. They forget how to count
looked over at the other children, who never looked over
that we keep our will’s clean. They forgot the words for
whom we could never escape. One, they forgot the name of the fox god and the hun-
ord not one could mention. We had to escape.
the towers in Japanese. They forget the name of the col-
how to disappear from their heads. They forget the name of
one by one all the old words we had taught them began

known. Our Chinese mail place.

we were able to make their designs
stock market collapsed was the last chance bridge—and
the bridge from which Mr. Hanon had jumped after the
the street of the underneath banner was course, and
the street on which the number of the old house was number.
the street on which we spent shopping downtown—the street on
saw wherever we went shopping downtown—

the animals in English and read along ever since then
this name was Tabo, and for the rest of the house
sixth and the opposite room in every corner. Another
Sixth and the opposite room in every corner. Another
of them, whom asked her name by the teacher repeated,
the room, whom asked her name by the teacher repeated,

in English and whenever they

school yard and whispered amongst themselves in
the school yard and whispered amongst themselves in

housemates clothes with the Mexicans and spoke in

att school they sat in the back of the classroom in their

house across the street. Don’t I lack imagination? We did them.

THE BUDDHA IN THE AttIC

Study hard, be patient. Wherever you go, just go, just go.