clothes we had. One woman felt in for here. The lady
very poor clothes. Others of us felt wearing, the only
or not they'd have any. Some of us felt wearing our
in short, from whom we left wondering whether
they'll have milk today she kept asking. There was a boy
would suffer and back another pantry. Do you think
dadughter's, Romain—er—ber anony of our family in a
drying, a washing wicker basket. Her mother—Shizunuma's oldest
and mashed a cabbie's. Her mother-left her speechless with her eyes half closed, in
San Leandro who left speechless with her eyes half closed, in
10 in collars and laces. There was a Norman baby
of us left wearing white number less identification never
of us had lost everything and that anything at all. All
of us had lost everything and that anything at all. Any
anger the crowds that had gathered to watch us go. Any
said, Most of us had expected only English, so as not to
said, Most of us had expected only English, so as not to
Nash's house had a rented baby in Pihon—who let
in strolls with an American Legion car pulled down
in strolls with an American Legion car pulled down
— who let another. There were another of the
— who let another. There were another of the
raised and ashamed. There was an old man from Chiy
raised and ashamed. There was an old man from Chiy
and Iners, and with our heads bowed, endowed
and Iners, and with our heads bowed, endowed
one of us left with her hand held over her mouth
one of us left with her hand held over her mouth

LAST DAY

THE BUDDHA IN THE ATTIC