





WE'VE ARRIVED AT TANFORAN ASSEMBLY CENTER!



EVERYBODY OUT!







SHE WAS OLDER THAN THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN HER, BUT SOMEHOW I RECOGNIZED HER. SHE WORE THE SAME BARRETTE.



I LISTENED TO HER SPEAKING TO HER PARENTS—MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS—IN JAPANESE AS THEY MOVED INTO THE STALL NEXT TO MINE.

I COULD HEAR THEM THROUGH THE THIN WALLS.

馬小屋に泊まるのですか？
夜寒くなりますよ。



I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THEM BUT I COULD TELL BY THEIR TONE THEY WERE STRESSED.

間に合わせるしかないな。



I KNEW NO JAPANESE, AND NEITHER DID MY MOM. BUT ERNESTINA SPOKE IT FLUENTLY. I WONDERED FOR THE FIRST TIME WHY SHE NEVER PASSED IT ON TO HER CHILDREN.





I HAD NEVER FELT AS SCARED
AS I DID THAT NIGHT.



ONCE AGAIN I FELT HELPLESS
AND AT THE MERCY OF THE
ARMED GUARDS WHOSE
PRESENCE LOOMED OVER THE
CAMP AT EVERY MOMENT.



BUT EVEN AS I FELT HELPLESS,
OTHERS IN CAMP WERE
FIGHTING FOR THEIR RIGHTS.

THE ADMINISTRATION GAVE US
ALMOST NO INFORMATION,
SO NIKKEI STARTED A
NEWSPAPER SO WE DIDN'T
HAVE TO RELY ON RUMORS.



ALL THE ARTICLES HAD TO BE
APPROVED BY THE CAUCASIAN
ADMINISTRATION BEFORE IT
COULD BE PRINTED, BUT THE
ILLUSION OF FREE PRESS WAS
STILL HEARTENING.