

# My Fight



By Marilyn Carney  
Illustrations by Kimiko Boothby

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I couldn't believe they did that! How were they allowed to do that? Especially to people who are raising a child. This is the beginning of the end! Life is starting to get hard, really hard. My name is Bella and this is my story.

The loud bang in my ears, the hate in people's eyes, the pain in my body makes me just want to run and I will on this fateful day in World War II.

"It has been two days since" I mumbled to myself "two days since they had been taken to that awful camp."

You think that life in Portland, Oregon sounds good, well not for me really. I have always hated city life but I sucked it up for my parents that owned a coffee shop four miles away from my school, but they are now in a Imprisonment camp cause apparently my kind are bad people. Fidgeting around while waiting for them to come back is turning me into a wreck inside and out.

Most 14 years today don't feel the pain that I did during the war. For three reasons. 1. My race was treated like the dirt beneath someone's feet because of the war and what others were doing, 2. I had lived in godforsaken war and you most likely live privileged lives, 3. My brain is like a puzzle and with autism, it doesn't think like everyone else.



“All right, this is it” I said loud and proud “I am going to escape the city!”

When I saw my chance I jumped out of the window and ran for my life. I hitchhiked and a small car picked me up and let me stay in the back, low and quiet. Four days have passed, now I’m seeing tall leafy things, hearing the beast make it’s call and smell the farm air, away from the city. I did know that this was not going to last long. My puzzle brain can finally breathe. I keep repeating to myself in my head I must be careful or I will get caught.

I got a good job as a herder, despite almost getting caught at the interview. Now working in the small town gave me hope that hate will shrivel and love will grow. I even made friends with the animals on my job, and I might think like one as well.

Saying to myself “ I’m doing great but people think I’m someone else.”



One night after work I decided to head to a local diner and hear the weirdest sounds, then I realized the big bangs are bombs near the town. The first one made me jump like a rabbit out of a hole.

“It’s one of them!” a man yelled “ A bomber!”

Hearing that made me want to hide under the table knowing now I got caught. What should I blame, My puzzle brain or the unknowing prejudice of these people? A lady called 911 on me even though I did nothing. My puzzle brain was yelling at me to tell the people “I am not who you think I am.”

Four more hit the nearby city due to terrorists, now people are in terror and the cops bust up the joint.

Now I’m in big trouble! I did it! I had to screw everything up for myself.

One of the cops asks ”What's going on there!”

People were coming up with so many lies I could barely count.

“All right That's enough” Another cop barked “ She is coming with us.”

“What did I do.”I said

“Domestic disturbance.” The cop growled at me

In the dead of night I was thinking of a plan to bust out of these jaws of pain and hate but someone saw me and started yelling, that's when I took my chance and ran for the hills.



The person who was yelling at followed me to the next town.

She said with voice smooth as silk “My name is Moon, I’m just trying to help you, not to hurt you”

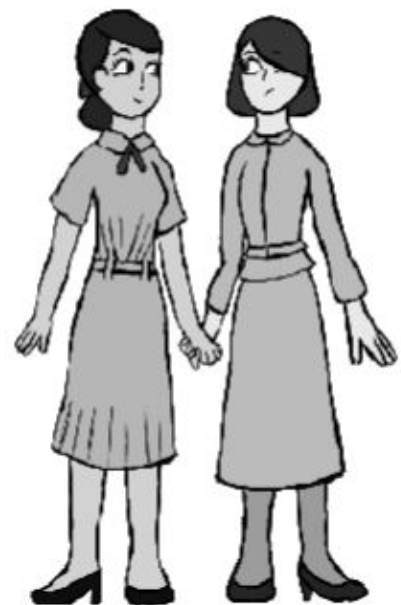
My puzzle brain was wondering how she did not want to hurt. We are now in the next town but it feels the same. Same sounds, same smells, same people. It was obvious she wanted me to follow her and um I did, for exactly 2 miles. She was interesting. I think that Moon might have the puzzle brain too cause she can’t sit still for long and loved to talk about animals.

I am really thankful that she decided to open a door of love and opportunity for a person like me. Moon knew it was likely to be hated because of her origin. Me and h feel we are the only people for each other, and we like it that way. Maybe Moon was the light in my dark tunnel.

That's why she helped me. We are going to stick with each other through the war.

Now the end is near and thing are getting better, But I learned the best way to get through a war is if we stick together and not get angry at each other. It was tough on me, it was tough for a-lot of people.

Now I realize I’m not alone in this. My name is Bella and this was my story.





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