

In Response to Executive Order 9066:

All Americans of Japanese Descent Must Report to Relocation Centers

Dwight Okita

Dear Sirs:

Of course I'll come. I've packed my galoshes and three packets of tomato seeds. Denise calls them love apples. My father says where we're going they won't grow.

I am a fourteen-year-old girl with bad spelling and a messy room. If it helps any, I will tell you I have always felt funny using chopsticks and my favorite food is hot dogs.

My best friend is a white girl named Denise—we look at boys together. She sat in front of me all through grade school because of our names: O'Connor, Ozawa. I know the back of Denise's head very well. I tell her she's going bald. She tells me I copy on tests. We're best friends.

I saw Denise today in Geography class. She was sitting on the other side of the room. "You're trying to start a war," she said, "giving secrets away to the Enemy. Why can't you keep your big mouth shut?" I didn't know what to say. I gave her a packet of tomato seeds and asked her to plant them for me, told her when the first tomato ripened she'd miss me.