



WARREN VU NGUYEN

middle, with his brothers, Fred Loc, top, and Gregory Khoa Nguyen. "Firecrackers" didn't frighten the small boy, but a clown did.

Even though I was 4 years old at the time, there were things I can't forget. Our house on the outskirts of Saigon

was two stories high and every day during that year, new relatives or friends moved in. What my mom told us were firecrackers often went off in the middle of the night. Every time there were firecrackers, everyone rushed down to the basement and hid. I thought these times were exciting because I wasn't scared myself, and I was thrilled to see so many scared faces.

However, maybe something was not quite right when my dad one afternoon told my younger brothers and me to pack up. Maybe something was wrong when my mom started crying when she talked to our relatives. The next thing I knew, we were on a speed-

ing jeep heading to the airport.

There were strange people running around screaming. I saw many tall, light-complexioned, blue-eyed men gathering people.

My dad appeared dragging his two sisters, my aunts, by the hand. All three were crying, and I could hear his sisters screaming, "I don't want to go!"

A blue-eyed man grabbed me and put me on his shoulders and we all went toward a giant green plane. We had no bags, no food, no direction. Where were we going? Why was everybody on the plane crying? Someone said, "They're almost into the city." Who?

When the plane landed, the first thing I saw was a big clown giving me toys. I was scared—I had never seen a clown before. Later I learned that we landed in Guam. We were starting a new life.

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