

Lilly

(Talking to her teacher. It is 1943, during World War II.)

LILLY: I heard him! I heard President Roosevelt on the radio. He said every American who has a scrap of land should plant a victory garden. If we grow our own food, then the big farmers can send the food they grow to the soldiers. That'll help us win the war, won't it? My yard's only five by five from back porch to alley. But Momma says I can plant beans, maybe some squash. It won't be much, but I know it'll help. It's gotta help. I'll do anything! Cause...my brother's over there. In Germany or somewhere. We used to get letters from him, but we haven't gotten one in a long time. I get so scared every time I see a car comin' down the road. That's how you find out. A man in a uniform brings you a telegram if...I can't think about it. I'm gonna plant every patch a' dirt I can. What do I do first?

Eddie

his Father as they enter a museum exhibition.)

, I told you, I'm not interested in this stuff! My dad says I should do this. Draggin' me to museums to see a bunch of old things right in the middle of baseball on TV — (the airplane.) Wow! Is that Lindbergh's plane? The one that he flew across the ocean in? I bet it's a fake. (the airplane's name.) "The Spirit of St. Louis." It's a plane. But it's so small. Man, Lindbergh must have been one brave pilot. He flew all that way in something like that? And he was the first! Incredible! Dad, you've brought me here before. What kind of a Dad

(Talking to his friend, Reuben.)

EDDIE: I've got the greatest idea. What if we took over the White House. Not the whole place, just the thermostat. Think of the power! In the middle of some high-level negotiations between heads of state, we could turn the place into an igloo. They'd be calling the Secret Service for sweaters and scarves. Nobody could sign any treaties because their fingers would be frozen together. Or get this: It's summer. The President is having a fancy party for a million guests, and we pump the place to 110 degrees. "All points bulletin. Find the thermostat villains." Finally, we'd bust out and demand... *(EDDIE hasn't thought about this.)* something. What would we ask for? World peace? Uh, no more pollution? Wait. I got it. Year-round professional football! On demand! What, you don't think this'll work?

Glaston

(his little sister, in front of a flower shop.)

Now this is the store. See, here's Mom's bus stop. My sister comes by here every day. These *are* beautiful flowers. 'Someday, I'll have the smell of a garden again in my room. We can give her that smell! We have money...a lot of money. The yellow ones can't cost too much. *(He looks at a flower.)* Seven dollars. Maybe these. They have much more color. *(He looks at the price.)* Six dollars. Why are they so much! *(Speaking to the seller.)* Excuse me, sir. Our mother. She is lonely for her country, and she loves to have many flowers. But we live here now. Your flowers would make her happy again. I have four dollars. Can I buy?

(A young storybook hero is talking to a reluctant dragon.)

GLASTON: Tell me another story, Dragon. Of saints and battles, dragons and armor from the olden days! Weren't there creatures like you quite plentiful then? Oh, the world must have been filled with thrills and surprises! Tell me! Didn't all the knights from distant lands come together for great tournaments to joust and wrestle? And didn't they wear suits of armor that sparkled in the sun? And didn't they — what? *(He listens, then repeats what the dragon has just told him.)* "Rip and bash themselves up just to prove who was the noblest?" Why, that makes them sound silly. Knights and saints aren't silly. They're heroes! You have it all wrong, Dragon. You've been living underground far too long. Your memory is bad. Let's try again, Dragon. Tell me another story. Dragon!

Lindsey

(*classmate.*)

please. I want you to understand! I don't
much before I was five. I know we lived in many
ups. Refugee camps. But I do remember the
everything changed. We were sleeping, my sister
uld hear footsteps coming closer to our tent.
ootsteps before, but they'd never stopped for
an, with a clean face and shiny glasses, hand-
line tickets. He said, "You're coming to the
s." And then he gave me a little American flag.
was a toy, so I played with it, and my sister
nbassy man's flashlight on it, like a spotlight.
dl. So beautiful. That one little flag held all my
ould I ever say anything bad about this coun-
olds my dreams. Maybe not yours, but *mine*.

(*Talking to her friend.*)

LINDSEY: I had a boyfriend when I was five. Why can't I
get one now? I had them lining up! In kindergarten, I got
married. It was just pretend, but we kissed and walked all
the way to the circle-time spot holding hands. Then in first
grade, three boys all wanted to marry me at once. I was
adored! What happened? (*Pause.*) Maybe I don't deserve a
boyfriend now. Back then I was little and cute and smart.
Now I'm the tallest girl in my state. People think I'm twen-
ty, but I'm thirteen. You don't get glasses, braces, and pim-
ples all in the same month unless you're thirteen. Oh, I
wish I could snap my fingers and the right-now-ugly me
would just disappear! Then I'd be the next me — whoever
that is. Who do you think I'll be when being thirteen is
over?