



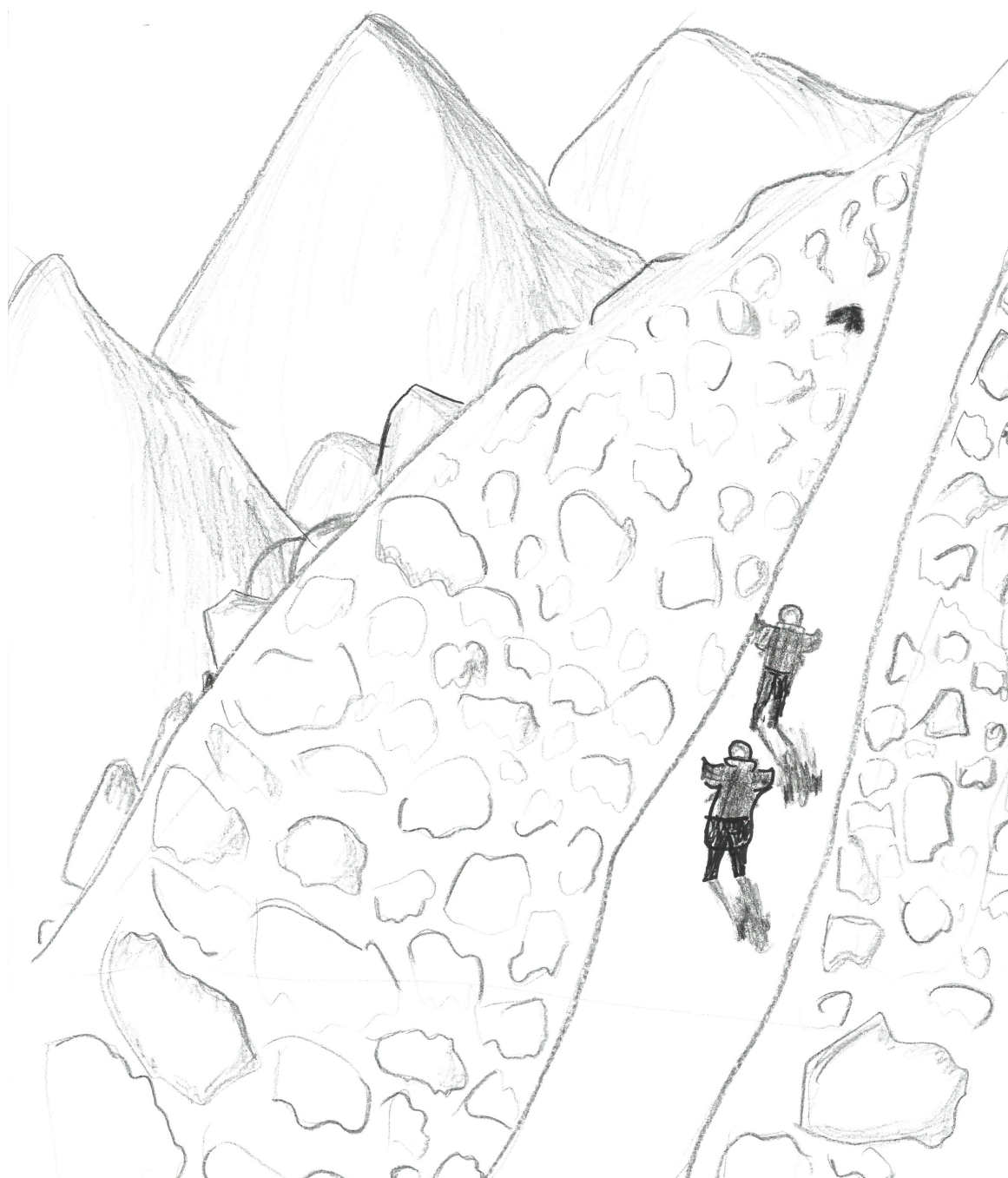
# Peter's Story

Written by Peter Austin Knoblauch; Illustrated by James Austin Knoblauch  
Gosei (5th generation  $\frac{1}{4}$  Japanese American)  
Grandmother & Great-Grandparents incarcerated at Rohwer  
Great-Aunts & Great-Uncles incarcerated at Manzanar and Tule Lake



As my dad yelled at me “Get all your stuff together, we’re leaving!” I was so mind boggled that I immediately grabbed my duffle bag and emptied my dresser into it.

As I was about to say “I’m ready!” the rock glimmered in the corner of my eye. I quickly grabbed it and shoved it into my bag.





This rock is very special to me because I found it on a hike at Glass Mountain. This was one of the last times I saw my friend, Billy, because he was moving to Sacramento.

I thought it was fitting to find something that will last a lifetime so he and I went on a hike with my family as a bonding trip and I picked up this beautiful piece of obsidian rock, about four pounds.

When we got home I broke it into two pieces; one for me and one for him. I never saw him after that but I wrote him letters.

After, we arrived at this weird camp called Amache, I realized everyone here is Japanese. I turned and asked, “why are we here?”

My dad only looked at me with sad eyes. Later that evening he told me, “apparently the Pearl Harbor incident made everyone afraid of us and they think we’re all spies.”

I couldn’t sleep that night, all I did was rub my obsidian until I fell asleep.



Billy and I wrote to each other but when I didn't hear from him after about two years, I decided to put my piece in my mom's rock garden behind our barrack.

It was amazing how much work she did to make it "our garden." It stretched around from the front to the back of our barrack which could happen because we were on the end.



When we were able to leave the camp, I was so excited to finally go home, I completely forgot about my rock.

I grabbed my things and only realized that I left the rock in the garden when I got on the train. I felt a little sad inside, like I lost a piece of myself.

After the long train ride back to California, I was so glad I was home it didn't even cross my mind that the rock was still in Colorado. I also never thought to go back there and relive that time. It was traumatizing for a 10-year-old.