

Excerpt from **TWO DAYS AND ONE SUITCASE**  
By Anne E. Neuberger and Helen Hannan Parra  
From Part 3

It was August now, and hot. So hot.

Mari walked into the house and announced, "I am taking as many kids as I can into town for ice cream and to the wading pool."

Larry was washing dishes. "You can do that?"

I thought of those guards and those guns.

As I said before, Mari, once she had an idea, was like a beach ball in a lake. No matter how hard you try, you can't keep it under water. No one was keeping Mari down!

"I stopped at the administration building. I asked and found out even though the adults aren't allowed to leave the camp without special permission, the kids can go if someone who can leave will take them. But no one ever has. Most of the kids have been here for three years! That means for some of them, they don't even know there is a world outside of these barbed wire fences! But no more! I am taking them to Granada!"

Larry and I both looked at her determined face. "I bet you will," Larry said, with a grin.

A day later, Mari packed our car with kids and then packed some little ones on top of the bigger ones. Larry and I squeezed in too as Mari got behind the wheel.

It was hot and sticky and no one could even wiggle, but Mari called, "Ready?"

We all shouted. "Ready!" And we were off!

Of course, we had to stop at the gate where a guard stood, gun over his shoulder. He slowly approached our big old car, filled to the brim with shouting kids. He slowly opened the gate.

I wondered if any of the little kids might wet their pants in fear. I especially hoped the two on my lap would not. But so far, so good!

Mari, behind the wheel, just gave the guard a smile and called out, "Thanks!"

That prompted all of the kids to yell, "Thanks! Bye!" as that big old car slid out of the prison camp.

“Wave to him,” Larry said to the kids on his lap, and so several little arms appeared at the open windows and that guard got more greetings and many a wave.

My sister, brother and I all knew how unwelcoming some of the people in Granada could be. We had felt that the first time we had gone to town. We had also heard stories of “townies” that had welcomed the newcomers. But today, with these excited kids we had come to love, we didn’t really think about which reaction we might get.