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American Literature 4.1S  
Paper #1

## **INDIANS ATTACK!**

“All right class! Before you leave, I want you to write a paper for next week about the Indians in our history. And try to think how their culture is so different from ours.” It was the beginning of the weekend and he had one thing in mind, go back home.

He slowly opened the door that creaked as a long sigh. Passing his head through to watch out for a sign if he could disturb me. He entered. He was thoughtful.

“Yes?”

“How can a civilization like that, keep and practice their traditions for so many centuries without being disturbed by our civilization?”

“What are you talking about?”

“The Indians of course”, he said. “I have a paper to write but I have no idea.”

I glanced at my encyclopedia and tried to find some useful basic information. I closed that volume and became more thoughtful than Jim.

“All right”, he said, “I’ll keep you in touch when I’ll find an interesting clue. I go to the library.”

“Oh, by the way, can you go to the drugstore and buy a bulb. My desk lamp is broken.”

“But, where is your drugstore?”

“You know, it’s on the 43 street. It must be near the library.”

“All right, see you!”

It was a warm and shiny day, but nothing in the area showed if it was spring or summer time. In a huge town like New York City, trees are rare and birds are too shy to sing. The boy walked on the streets. It was rush hour and he tried to sneak through the hurried passer-by. He thought that situation was funny and, as he was strolling, he acted as if it was a car race where people were obstacles to go round. On Friday afternoon, the town is very busy. Everybody has the same purpose: escape from that place. The yellow cabs drove fast, honking for nothing. It was like chaos, a flock which wanted to run away to better fields. He felt that something was on the run and nobody was under control. Arriving in 43 street, two blocks near the library, he searched for the drugstore but did not find it. The boy looked around. There were a couple of retailers but not the one he expected.

“That’s strange” he thought, “Daddy told me it was there near the library. Well, never-mind. I must hurry, the library closes in two hours.”

After coming back home, he told his father:

“Daddy, I did not find your drugstore.”

“Were you in East 43 street?”

“You didn’t tell me that! The library is on the West Side. I understand why I did not find it.”

“Oh, excuse me son. It’s my fault. I didn’t remember the library was on the opposite. So, have you found any interesting information about the Indians people?”

“Yes, but I’d rather listen to you first. I’m sure you have hit some interesting point!”

I sat on my desk, looking at my notes. Jim took a chair and sat down too, ready to take notes.

“I discover that Indians are not one nation. Actually, there are more than fifteen ethnic groups”

“And they have developed their own language!”, replied the boy.

“As well as they have many different religions, with many gods and goddess.”

“Oh yes, one for every situations.”

“That’s correct!”, I retorted. I was proud for my boy’s knowledge. “But, their belief were so strong, that the colonization of their country by the United Kingdom didn’t change their cultures and traditions, because they are so numerous!”

“Are you sure?”, answered the boy. “It seems that they’re not so numerous now!”

“No, since their liberation by Gandhi, the population has more than doubled.”

“You mean Geronimo, father.”

“I’m talking about the liberator of India!”

“Oh no, you misunderstood the subject.” The boy laughed at me. “My paper is about American Indians and not Indians from India!”

And I replied with an ironic intonation.

“All right. The next time, if you are talking about turkey, please, precise if it’s about the country or the poultry!!”