

SAMPA

Dee Phillips

We face each other on the battlefield. Two proud samurai. Revenge burns in my heart. Here is where it ends.

SAMURA The Story of a Warrior

In medieval times, Japan was ruled by mighty warlords. They fought each other for land. They went to war to win power. Every warlord gathered an army of warriors around him. These fearsome fighters were trained from childhood. They were skillful and brutal. They had no fear of death. They were the

SAMURAS. Those who serve.

We face each other on the battlefield. Two proud samurai.

My body aches from fighting. My armor is thick with blood.

The need for revenge burns in my heart.



We face each other on the battlefield. Two proud samurai.

The battle rages around us. No other man will join our fight, though. That is not the samurai way.

Revenge burns in my heart.

Here is where it ends.

SAMURAS What's next?

AND SO IT BEGINS AGAIN ON YOUR OWN

At the end of the story, the enemy general's son sees his father killed by the book's main character. The ending sets up the story for a sequel—just like in some movies! Using words

and sentences from the book, write a sequel. Imagine you are the enemy general's son.

How do you get your revenge?

THE WAY OF THE WARRIOR ON YOUR OWN / WITH A PARTNER / IN A GROUP

Samurai lived by a code, or set of rules. What rules do you think people should try to live by in our modern world? How would these rules make life better?

Try writing a code for life in the 21st century.



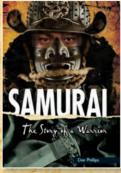
Titles in the

Yesterday's Voices

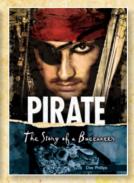
series



We jump from our ship and attack. But something feels wrong. I know this place.



We face each other. Two proud samurai. Revenge burns in my heart.



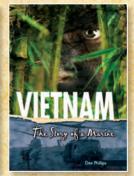
We saw a treasure ship. Up went our black flag. They could not escape.



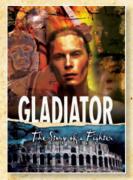
My body aches from the hard work. I miss my home. Will my dream of America come true?



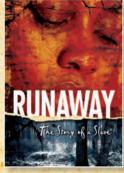
I jumped from the plane. I carried fake papers, a gun and a radio. Now I was Sylvie, a resistance fighter.



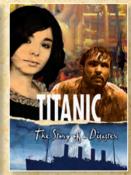
Every day we went on patrol. The Vietcong hid in jungles and villages. We had to find them ... before they found us.



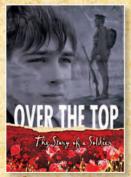
I waited deep below the arena. Then it was my turn to fight. Kill or be killed!



I cannot live as a slave any longer. Tonight, I will escape and never go back.



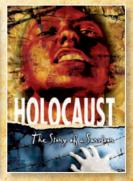
The ship is sinking into the icy sea. I don't want to die. Someone help us!



I'm waiting in the trench. I am so afraid. Tomorrow we go over the top.



Another night. Another bombing raid. Will this night be the one when we don't make it back?



They took my clothes and shaved my head. I was no longer a human.

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