



A DREAM OF

AMERICA

The Story of an Immigrant



Dee Phillips

Week after week I worked.

Every day for 12 hours.

It was hard in that place.

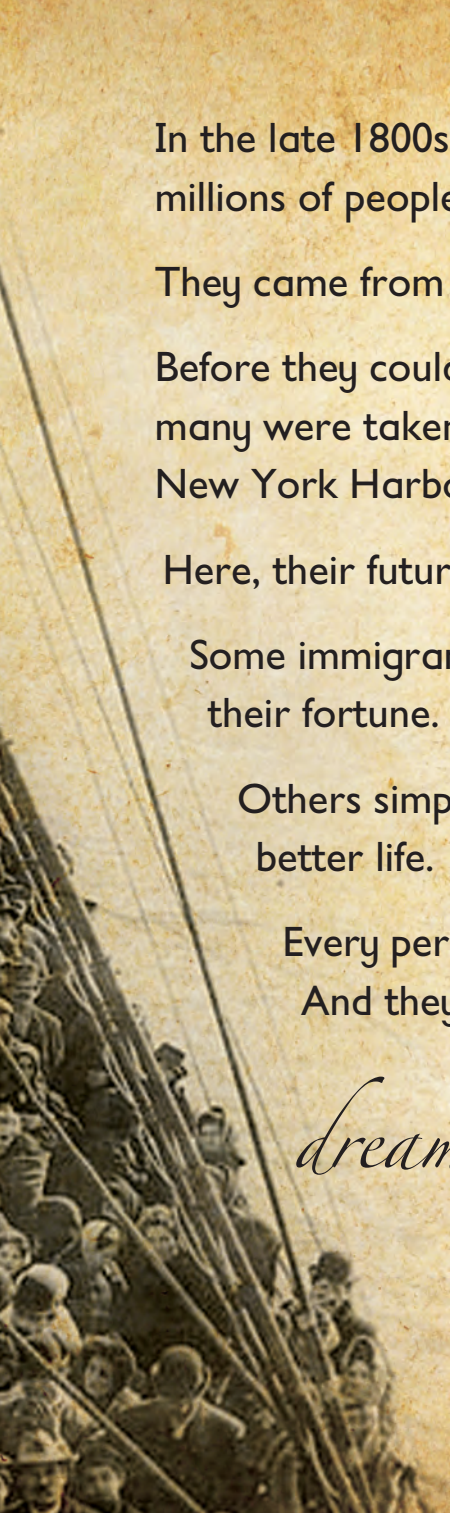
But I held on to my dream.

A DREAM OF AMERICA

The Story of an Immigrant







In the late 1800s and early 1900s,
millions of people came to America.

They came from all over the world.

Before they could enter America,
many were taken to Ellis Island in
New York Harbor.

Here, their futures were decided.

Some immigrants hoped to make
their fortune.

Others simply hoped for a new and
better life.

Every person had a different story.
And they all had their own

Dreams of America.

The air in this room is so hot.
It's very hard to breathe.

The boss shouts at me.
But I don't speak much English.

So I just sew faster.







The air in this room is so hot.
It's very hard to breathe.
The boss shouts at me.
So I work faster and faster.

I think of the air back home.
The air in the cool green forest.
I think of my dream.

My dream to come to America.



A DREAM OF AMERICA

What's next?

YESTERDAY'S VOICES ON YOUR OWN



The black and white photos in this book show real people traveling to America, being processed on Ellis Island and living in New York City in the early 1900s. Choose one of the photos. Then imagine you are Maria, Milek, or Leo.

In the character's voice describe what is happening. You can speak the words or write them down. What do you hear and smell? What do you feel?

I COULD NOT SPEAK ENGLISH WITH A PARTNER

Like millions of immigrants, the characters in the story traveled to a new country where they could not speak the language. Today, many people still face this strange and often terrifying experience.

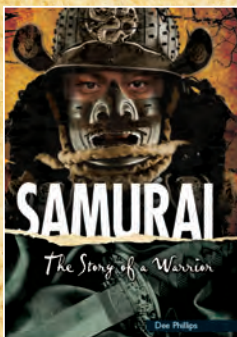


With a partner, hold a conversation. Think of two questions to which you need answers. You must ask your questions, and your partner must answer them without speaking your shared language. How will you communicate and make yourself understood?

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.



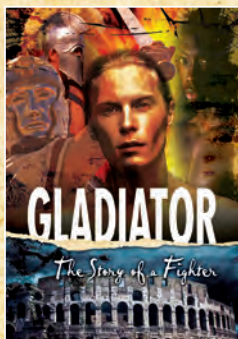
The work is so hard. I miss my home. Will my dream of America come true?



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.



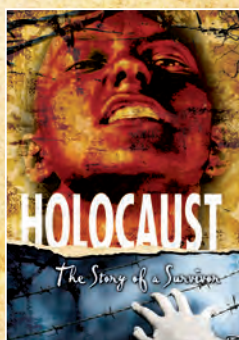
The ship is sinking into the icy sea. I don't want to die. Someone help us!



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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Life was hard in my
village in Poland.

So I came to America.

I have little money, and I don't
speak English.

Will my dream of a better
life come true?