

COPS AND WOBBLIES

A Historical Novel

by

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2015-2016

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Chapter 1

It was November 5th 1916. Two ships tried to land at the docks in Everett, Washington. Men lined up at the docks getting ready to fire. A single bullet was shot, it was not clear which side started it. Soon a war broke out in between the two sides, bodies falling dead into the water, blood splattered everywhere and gunshots echoed throughout the Puget Sound. People ran around frantically attempting to reload and trying to find shelter. Finally the ships stopped trying to dock and steamed away, and once again the pier was calm. Five lives had been taken that day and many were wounded. It was a tragic event that would never be forgotten.

February 21, 1913

In a little shack on the countryside of Ireland, two brothers sat and drank their tea, one named Alexander and one named Finnegan. The two brothers were extremely close being together almost always since birth. That day they were more silent than usual and the situation was slightly awkward. Alex had recently been fired from his job as a member of the Irish Transport and General Workers Association. He attempted to break the awkward silence by inquiring about the weather. Finn, seeing what Alex was attempting to do, answered.

Finn replied with, "It's more or less okay."

The conversation went on for a while then eventually died down, they put an end to afternoon tea and started their evening chores. Alex and Finn were only poor farmers barely making it by with just the two of them. That night they went straight to bed, skipping dinner, for they wanted to save their resources.

The next day Alex woke up with a jolt. Finn turned over in his bed.

"Are you okay?" He asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just had one of those sudden falling dreams."

"Okay, I'm just glad that you're okay."

Alex had been having a lot of those recently, ever since he was fired. Maybe it had something to do with the anxiety that came back with him from work to stay.

Although it was earlier than usual they decided to get up. Maybe if they got all their chores done, they would have some extra time to relax whilst they ate their lunch. It was always the same routine

every day: feed the livestock, water the horses and crops, plow the fields and sow the seeds, polish the tack. What they had was truly the typical life of the poor farmer. Despite them waking up extra early it seemed like chores had been moving extra slow, so the extra time they had was not that significant.

Finn had to take a trip into town for some feed so Alex would be eating his lunch alone. He soon remembered he had not had the chance to read the paper during breakfast, so he decided to read it during his lunch. He opened the front door only to find there was no paper. He looked around the house for it and found it in their bedroom.

"I wonder how this got here?" he thought to himself. "Meh." With that he picked it up and brought it to the kitchen. He sat down with it and started reading. He read about how World War I was really starting to affect Ireland and started to think again about how he lost his job and how much trouble they would have to get by.

All of a sudden he heard a large boom - thunder. Alex quickly ran outside to secure the livestock, then he thought about Finn stuck in town, "I really hope he finds shelter." The wind started to pick up, a large bucket flied toward him and nearly hit him in the head he ran back inside. After that what happened back there with him almost getting hit by the bucket, he realized that the only thing he could do at the time was hope that the livestock survived and Finn made it home safe.

About four hours later, the wind started to die down enough he could go out and check the livestock. When he got out there he realized that the storm indeed took it's toll on the farm. But all of the sudden as he is looking over the horizon he sees the shadow of a horse drawn wagon and a man sitting atop it. It was Finn, he had made it back alive. Although the celebration was not to last. Later that day Alex showed Finn the damage the storm had done to the farm. Most of the livestock was killed. Only one cow, three pigs and two chickens remained, along with the two horses they owned that had gone with Finn. It would surely take a long time to fix the damage the storm had done, and at that moment Alex knew that they could not stay there for they wouldn't be able to get back on their feet.

"There is something we need to talk about." Said Alex to Finn, "Come inside."

"What is it?" asked Finn.

"Well, I was thinking about how I got fired from my job, how the war is starting to affect Ireland, and now this storm which has completely set us back."

Finn looked at Alex with worried eyes. "I think we need to leave here." Alex burst out.

"You mean leave this farm?" asked Finn.

"No," said Alex. "I mean leave Ireland!"

"What? Where would we go?" asked Finn.

"We would go to America, there is an opportunity for a new life."

"Well if it's for the best, I guess we must."

Before they left, they had to find a way to get rid of their farm. Alex knew someone in town that was looking for property. The next day Alex went into town to talk to him, they settled on a deal: 200 pounds for the farm, and 30 pounds for all the remaining livestock. They used the pounds to buy tickets to New York. Once they sold the farm, they packed what little resources they had left, small and important enough to take, and bought the tickets. Their itinerary would be through the North Atlantic ocean which was often considered a very dangerous path. As they were getting on the boat, Alex thought about how he was really going to miss Ireland and how truly scared he was, but there was no other option. There would be many new opportunities. Suddenly he was pulled out of his deep thought when he heard a loud "Hey!" He looked over to find Finn starting to get into a little scuffle with a man that ran into him. Alex knew that Finn's temper was like a short fuse. As young boys, Finn got into fights and hadn't grown out of it. Alex quickly ran over to intervene, he managed to break them up and scolded Finn afterwards. At that point he realized that this was going to be a long boat trip. And with that, the ship set sail and they started their long journey to America, "well there's no going back now, right?" Finn said.

" Guess so" said Alex, "no more storms, no more hunger, no more pain, new life." But unfortunately Alex was to be mistaken.

Chapter 2

The two brothers were making plans on the boat that was following the itinerary to New York. They were talking about how amazing their lives would be there, not thinking about where they'd stay for the time being or how they'd buy enough food and still have money for when they got to their final destination in Washington state.

"We are going to have such a great time in the city, drinking, meeting girls, dancing without a care, and wearing stylish clothes!" Finnegan sang, very loudly, excited about getting to stay in New York for a whole week.

"Yeah, we won't have to do work at all!" Alexander chimed in "It'll be great."

As the boat moved on, the brothers started to get impatient, anticipating their first moment in America, where they'd finally get to be somewhere exciting, away from their little town in Galway, Ireland, where they had lived all their lives. The clouds started to thicken, crisp air beat on the glass, every gust of wind making their trip even more unbearable. They wanted to be there immediately.

Finn, who was growing more and more impatient by the second started to whine, "UGH! How long is this trip going to take? When is it gonna be OVER?!?" Alex was getting frustrated. Even though he is a full grown adult, only three years younger than I, my brother still whines like he's five years old. He silently complained. "Uhhhh" he groaned. Traveling on the water was definitely NOT one of his favorite things to do.

"Goodness Finn, won't you shut up. We'll be there eventually, so just calm down, alright?" Alex half-yelled, nauseous, and wanting to shoot himself through the head. He did not do well on long boat journeys. His younger brother had been whining for hours. Finn could whine about anything, and about every little thing he could come up with; "Ugh! The boat is too small, why can't it be bigger!" or "Ughhhhhhh, I'm so tired but I don't want to go to sleep..." Finn would whine and rant non-stop, sometimes it got so annoying that Alexander and his father would go outside to the farm and shear the sheep or kill some chickens just to drown the sound of complaining from their heads. Finn inherited mostly from his mother, nothing was just right for him.

A week or so later, the two brothers finally arrived in New York. They were so relieved to land, both of them not very 'equipped' for boat travel, (and they were also starting to get tired of each other). It was only five o'clock in the afternoon and the brothers were ready to go to sleep. Alex had almost kissed the ash-speckled ground underneath him. He closed his eyes and breathed in the smoky air...

which he surprisingly enjoyed, it was mostly the idea of the air being American.

"Ouch!" Alex heard a voice behind him. "Watch out where you're going dingbat!" When he turned around, he saw Finn. He was glaring at something. Alex glanced in the opposite direction and saw a man. He was about Finn's height, which meant he was taller than Alex. The man had brown, rumpled hair, a fair complexion with a lazy smile, steel blue eyes... and only seven fingers. Goodness! Alex thought, what did he do to lose all of those fingers!

"Sorry mate, I didn't see you there! Are you alright?" Alex heard the man say as he walked closer to the two men. "Yea, I'm fine. But I won't take back my dingbat remark."

"It's a little warm for my taste, but I shouldn't get used to it. We're getting on a train to Everett in a few days." Finn said half gloating.

"I grew up in Everett! Absolutely loved the view. I'm going there next month" Jack exclaimed, this made Alex grin.

"Even though I love talking to people I don't know and sharing life stories," Alex gave a look at Finn, "We really have to go." Alex was finally thinking about shelter.

"Oh, that's fine. I need to get home too." Jack yawned. "Maybe we could see each other in Everett."

"Sure, I guess we could." Finn

Alex was puzzled; unsure about the new surrounding. The city was huge, how was he going to find a job in this place? Thousands of people everywhere you looked, and all of them were looking for a job. 'This probably isn't true' Alex thought to himself, he never dreamed of growing up and finding work.

"NEWS PAPER! GET YOUR NEWS HERE!" Shouted a young looking boy. "ONLY TWO CENTS!" His shrieking voice echoed through the block. Alex was intrigued, maybe there were job

ideas in the news, maybe?

Alex searched his pockets for change, but he remembered that he spent his last five cents on bread for Finn who was complaining about being hungry. "Oh nuts." Alex said in a disappointed tone. Putting his hands in his worn pockets, the wind chilling his face. Searching for coins in the ground.

"Um, do you need a news paper? I'm finished with mine." Said the tall stranger next to him.

Looking up, Alex was confused, moving to a new place and finding that people were nicer than people said they would be.

"Uh." Alex heard again realizing he was just staring at the nice man. "Oh, sorry, I spaced out." Alex said in a awkward sort of way.

"Don't worry about it mate, here, take it." This person said in a playful way. "I'm Hugh by the way, Hugh Pursen."

"Thank you so much Hugh, I really appreciate it." Alex said, so grateful for this. "Wait, will I see you again?" Alex asked, but when he looked up, Hugh was already gone.

Scanning the paper for something, anything that pays enough for food and housing.

"Move it! I need to be somewhere, dingbat!" Shouted an oldish looking man from behind Alex.

"Oh, I'm sorry sir, I'm just, uh, sorry." Alex responded in a sheepish way as he stepped to the side.

There was a small cafe across the road, dodging the traffic. The warm, welcoming air of the room had a pleasant aroma. Grabbing a chair, Alex started to read through the paper for a job opening. The sky was getting darker and the cafe was beginning to empty.

"Okay, you need to leave sir, we're closing in five minutes." Whispered a lady sweeping next to him.

"I know, I'm new here and I need a job." Alex announced in kind of worried tone.

"They're always looking for new shingle weavers, maybe you could try that! But you really need to go." She exclaimed.

"I used to work there but I got older and slower so I quit." The waitress giggled.

"Well I uh, I guess I could give it a try." Alex stuttered both excited and scared when he noticed missing fingers.

"I'm happy I could help, now please leave."

Chapter 3

When Alex got home back from the cafe he was thinking about what the lady had said about the shingle weaving factory. He decided that tomorrow he would go to the factory and see if he could get a job.

As Alex woke up he felt the bright sunlight shining into his window. It was a sun bright, but cold day and Alex wanted to get to the factory as soon as possible so he got changed ate his breakfast and headed out.

When he got there he saw a man with a bright blue shirt on at the entrance "Hello how may I help you sir" said the man in a welcoming voice

"Hi I was wondering if you guys are looking for more workers?"

"We are always looking for new people. When would you like to start?"

"As soon as possible," Alex said, very happy.

"Great. I could show you around today and show you how to do things and you can start tomorrow."

"Sounds great! Thank you."

The man showed Alex around and showed him how to do things like he said and Alexander came back home excited and very happy that he finally found a job.

Alexander was walking home. A lot of things were on his mind. He was thinking about how his brother Finnegan didn't have a job. After Alexander found a job as a shingle weaver, he always tried to tell Finnegan to find a job, but every time Alexander brought it up Finn would try to deviate from the discussion by all of a sudden changing the subject. He wanted to give Finnegan some time to settle in. When he got home, Finnegan had already made dinner and Alexander was really hungry, so he washed his hands and started to eat. He was telling Finnegan about the shingle weaving factory and how he had seen lots of finger dismemberment. Alex was telling him that he had almost lost a couple fingers himself. Alex was very tired, so just after dinner he went right to bed.

Alexander woke up early on a very rainy Monday. He was not used to it at all, he was still very sleepy while he was eating his breakfast, he thought about every other morning that he would have to wake up this early the same time every single day. Well, he was going to have to get the hang of it sooner or later.

When Alexander was at the shingle factory, he noticed that a lot of workers did not have all their

fingers. He worried that he would lose some of his own. Alex had almost lost one of his a couple of times. He was tired coming back home from work at the factory, so he ate his dinner and went to sleep as soon as possible, knowing that he was going to wake up very early the next morning.

Alex walked to the house as rain soaked through his clothes. He had come from his long day of work from the shingle factory. It felt like he was there forever, even though he was only there for 10 hours. He was so bored of going there every day for 10 hours. It was not temporary. He just wanted to go to his house and sleep. As he walked in the door into the cold house and saw his brother lying on the couch. He got mad and said, "get up and find some work instead of sleeping on the couch all day."

The brother sat up and replied, "It is not my fault that you are only good enough to work in a shingle mill."

Alexander raised his voice to just below a yell as he told him, "At least I can work, unlike you." Alexander threw his stuff on the floor near the door as his brother yelled back.

"I'm sorry for not being content on taking a stupid job like shingle weaving that everyone can do."

Alexander yelled back, "Not everyone can do it."

Finnegan smirked and said, "Who can't?"

"Someone like you who is to scared about getting your fingers cut off."

"Well I'm sorry that I like my fingers intact. I'm quite attached to my fingers and it's not exactly aberrant to want your fingers."

"Well then you're not up for a hard working job yet!"

Finnegan threw a punch at Alexander and hit him in the stomach. Alexander stumbled back and tried to throw a punch back but Finnegan blocked the hit with a swift kick. He knocked Alexander's legs out from under him and he face planted on the ground as Finnegan walked out of the room.

Alexander limped out to the courtyard, thinking about the still-upsetting episode with Finnegan the previous night. It was a sunny day, bright, crisp sunlight with a slight, cool breeze. It was the advent of spring. He saw a girl walking a few feet in front of him. She had long, light brown hair. "She's pretty," he thought.

The girl approached him, and he saw bright hazel eyes. "Hello, I'm Hazel."

"Like your eyes." The girl, Hazel, nodded. "Oh, hello, I'm, uh, Alexander. But you can call me Alex."

"You're...Scottish?" She asked.

"Uh, no. Irish, actually," He corrected her.

"I'm sorry! I hope I haven't offended you!"

"No, it's fine. That happens a lot - more than you think, really."

"What time is it?" Hazel asked after a moment.

Alexander pulled out his pocket watch. "About 15 to 1."

"Thanks," She said. "Well, I need to go at 5 til', so..." she trailed off.

"Where to?" Queried Alexander.

"Oh, just the market. Would you like to come?"

"Sure!"

The market was pretty nice, for a market. It had one translucent window, which was green and white. They sat down on a stone bench. After a while, Hazel finally got up. "Let's go. Keep in mind that I'm the daughter of the house-owner, so don't try anything."

"Wasn't planning on it."

Hazel walked up to the sidewalk to cross the street. Alexander limped after her.

"Why are you limping? Are you hurt?" Hazel looked concerned.

"Oh, umm... Well, last night, I had a stupid fight with my brother."

"You have a brother?" Hazel asked, surprised.

"Oh, yeah. He's my younger brother. Finnegan."

She frowned. "He must be a jerk."

"You've met him? And I promise, he isn't usually so rude. I think he's just upset that he hasn't found work, but I have."

"Well, he still has no right to take it out on you like that," She said, taking a look at a bruise on his cheekbone.

An hour later, Hazel and Alexander were back in the courtyard of the house. Alexander sat down on the bench. Hazel sat down to join him. She scooted slightly closer.

"What's this?" Said Finn.

Hazel pulled back as if Alexander had punched her.

"Finn, what're you doing?" Alexander looked up at him.

"In case you'd forgotten, I live here too." Finn glared down at the pair of them.

"Finn, what's wrong with you? Why are you looking at us like that?" Alexander stood up.

Finnegan looked back and forth between them. "Fine, but don't come crying to me when this doesn't work out and she forces you to leave." Finnegan walked away.

"If he doesn't stop this madness, I swear, I'll...I'll..."

"Alex, calm down."

Alexander realized that he was clenching his fists. He relaxed his hands and suppressed his remaining anger. Looking up, he saw that the sky was beginning to darken.

Hazel also seemed to see this. "We should go inside."

"Right, then. Let's go."

"Are you sure you'll be alright? You still seem pretty...upset, to say the least."

Alexander sighed. "How could you tell?"

Hazel stood up, changing her mind about going in. "Let's go for a walk."

"In the dark?"

"Why not? Plus, it's not dark quite yet."

Alexander sighed again.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, it's just...Well, my job is awful. I've nearly lost a finger at least thirty times. And Finnegan...Well, enough said."

"You could say that again." Hesitantly, she added, "Have you heard of the IWW? Also called the Wobblies?"

"I've seen some posters..." Alexander raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

"Well, I am a part of...that group."

"Really? Also, why are you telling me this?"

Hazel looked up at him. "Well, do you know what they do?"

"Yeah."

"Do you want to be a part of that?"

Alexander was taken aback. "Are you saying...?"

"Yeah." Hazel continued walking. "We're looking to recruit some new members. Plus, you said you hate your job."

"Well, I didn't word it quite like that...Will they convene soon?"

"No, but I can take you to their main building."

"Okay. Tomorrow?"

"Actually, how about Saturday?"

Alexander was getting ready to go to work on a really rainy day. He was glad that he had a rain jacket that was impervious to water. He grabbed his rain jacket and headed out into the rain.

He was thinking about how the prices of the shingles had been raised but the shingle weavers' pay

did not increase along with the shingles. Even though Alexander knew that having the pay so low was transitory, he was still worried. He was the only one working in the house and he needed to pay the rent for the house, they needed food and much more. The shingle workers' bosses had promised them that the pay would be raised but it still hasn't happened. Alex was really angry that he woke up super early almost everyday and he was not even getting paid properly. He thought about what Hazel had said about the Wobblies. Hazel had said that she would take him to the building so, he'll see how it works out. If he likes it, he might end up working there.

Chapter 4

June 19th, 1916

The sun was hovering in the orange-streaked, early summer sky just above the horizon. Alexander was relaxing on a bench on the dock, soaking in the last of the daylight. He often came to the docks during the sunset. It was an inspiring view and the ambience created by sound of the ocean calmed his nerves.

It was a peaceful setting. The only sounds that could be heard were the gentle cries of the seagulls and the calming sound of the waves on the beach. That is, until his brother, Finnegan, came out of nowhere yelling, "Hey, Alex! You'll never believe it!"

Alex groaned mentally. "What is it, Finn?" He really didn't want to talk to anyone. Sometimes Alex was a huge introvert.

"I got a job as a security guard," Finn shouted, running up to the side of the bench.

This was surprising to Alex. Knowing his brother, he never believed that he would be hired by the police force. Though he knew Finn wouldn't make just anything up just to gloat. Plus, he seemed to be really excited. "Nice, Finn! Congratulations," he said with an encouraging smile, though he was still a bit on edge.

"I just got assigned to guard this dock for my first evening shift, so I'll be keeping you company for a little while," Finn said, Alex rolling his eyes in dismay.

October 30th, 1916

The wheels of the bike were skittering against the gravel on a cloudy Everett morning. Alex was on his bike riding around town admiring it. Before he knew it, it hit a rock causing the it to fall on its side and throw him off it. "Drat!" he complained as he saw a huge scrape on his leg, almost a gash. He slowly got up and held his bleeding leg, getting some blood on his hand, when a huge sign on a building caught his eye.

The sign read: IWW in big, thick letters. This really interested Alex. He remembered Hazel mentioning the IWW to him before. He wanted to learn more about this IWW, so Alex put his bike on the side of the building and went in. He looked around, and saw Hazel. The corners of his mouth turned up when he saw her, and he slowly approached her. "Good morning, Hazel," Alex greeted her.

"Hi Alex, I didn't think I would be seeing you today," Hazel replied, "What brings you

here?"

"Well, you know," Alex said a little too casually, suddenly getting really shy.

"Actually, I don't," Hazel said, a glint of humor in her eye.

"Sorry. I was on my bike and I fell in front of the IWW sign, and I just got a bit interested. I also kind of remember you telling me about it."

"Okay, nice! I hope you have fun looking around the IWW building," Hazel replied with a happy attitude, "Oh, I wanted to ask you something. How is your schedule for this evening? Got any special plans?"

"No, not especially," Alex responded, shaking his head.

"Great. How does dinner sound? We could go down to that Italian restaurant."

Alex started to detect a warm glow on his face. "S-sure," he stuttered nervously.

"Great!"

Alex started walking toward the entrance. As he walked in, he saw people convening at a table, but the secretary seemed to notice Alex and walked up to him, "Hi, how may I help you?" asked the secretary of the IWW.

"Um, I'd like to learn more about the IWW," Alex asked with confidence and a hint of timidity.

"Well, first, you can just call it the Wobblies. Second, IWW stands for Industrial Workers of the World. Third, the Wobblies are an organized association of workers, so you can work here if you want." She said this with a lot of cockiness, which Alex found to be quite rude. He was interested in joining the IWW or the Wobblies, but if the people were that rude, he just didn't know.

"Yeah, uh...well...um...I'd like to join the Wobblies," Alex said losing his confidence.

"Yeah that's great," the secretary replied with no care.

After the conversation with the rude secretary, Alex was debating whether or not he should join the Wobblies. He thought it would be fantastic, but if all the members and workers acted like that cocky secretary, except for Hazel, he didn't want to be involved. This put Alex in a really awkward position for himself. He absolutely hated cockiness and rudeness, and this almost immediately made Alex have second thoughts about joining the Wobblies.

LATER THAT EVENING...

Alex was on his way to pick up Hazel. The clouds were dark and thunder was crashing in the distance. There was an ominous atmosphere hanging in the air, Alex was trying to figure out where the screams were coming from. He ran and ran until he found where they were coming from. Suddenly he

came across the noise. Alex saw officers beating many people that looked innocent. They were crying and yelling for the officers to stop beating them. Alex saw the sign saying Beverly Park and somehow, he knew this would be history. Alex immediately thought to intervene. He started yelling, "Stop, stop! Can't you see that you're killing these people?!" Alex stopped and saw some familiar faces. The IWW secretary and some of the members. He knew that he shouldn't have joined the Wobblies, and he was happy he didn't. After his intense thinking and yelling, one of the officers came up to him with a evil smirk on his face. Alex was slowly backing up and the officer ran and jumped at him.

"Stop, stop!" Alex shouted.

"Do you think I care? I also remember you at the IWW building. I was around 20 feet away from you, but I still heard the conversation. You declined." Yelled the officer. "Do you think I'm not going to beat you up?"

The officer beat Alex with a couple of punches and hits with the baton. With that, Alex got so upset and jumped on the officer. The officer was about to knock him out, but Alex escaped him and ran as fast as he possibly could. He ran until he reached the docks. Once he did, he almost collapsed and saw all the bruises on his arms and legs. He groaned and went to his bed trying to forget about everything that just happened even though he knew that he couldn't, also remembering that he was supposed to meet with Hazel, but he couldn't forget.

It was a dark and stormy mid to late evening. The rain was pouring down in waves as it drenched Alex's hair. He had to see his brother about the episode that occurred the day before. He was still extremely sore with purple-ish and black-ish bruises covering his body. It was really hard for him to walk or even move. He barely managed to get out of his bed and walk to the docks. He was met by Finn on the docks looking a bit upset. "Hey," Alex said seeing if he could catch Finn's attention, but Finn was already facing him. He just stood there, not talking. He stared with his arms crossed and was giving him a cold, unfriendly stare.

Alex was kind of upset that Finn was acting so vulgar and not happy and funny like he normally was. "Um," Alex said, trying to explain what happened the previous day, "did you hear about what happened yesterday? At Beverly Park?"

"No...is it why you have all the bruises? Did your girlfriend beat you or something?" Finn chuckled thinking it would be funny.

"What is your problem? You're always starting something. There was a beating at Beverly Park with members of the IWW. I was going to become a member, but I declined because the people there were incredibly rude, and I was walking back home and I saw police beating innocents and I ended up

getting beat too! Because of that I couldn't even meet with Hazel! And by the way, she's not my girlfriend," Alex said, with an annoyed tone almost out of breath. "Why do you blame everything on Hazel? What has she done to you?"

"Well because you love her so much, and it seems as you love her more than you love me! You always hang out with her. Always. Her presence is always here too! I know you're always thinking about her. Sometimes I feel as if you don't even care about me anymore!" Finn yelled this so loud it seemed as he made Alex deaf

"Wait a minute-"

"No. I am so done with you!" Finn said getting up.

"Just let me finish! God, you're so annoying! I hate you sometimes."

That just seemed to do it. Finn got up and started to hit Alex knowing that he was sore. "No, stop! Finn!" Alex shouted in terror. He got back up and glared at Finnegan.

"Just listen to me!" Finn cried in a rage. "You'd better stay away from her if you know what's best for you! She's turning you into a monster who doesn't care about anyone but himse-!" Suddenly, Alex blew his top and pushed Finn back making him break his ribs. The cracking noises were loud.

"Owww," Finn moaned with deep pain. He was able to sit and pull Alex down and hit him hard across the face, knocking Alex unconscious.

Chapter 5

November 3, 1916-November 5, 1916

Alexander got up from the bed, groaning. The bruises that he had received earlier in the week were acting up again, and he was very sore. He looked around his room. It was the same as always: gloomy and lifeless. He sighed and walked into the hall.

He went to the kitchen and started to boil water on the stove. While the water boiled away, he started cooking eggs, porridge and making some toast. This is going to be another boring day, he thought as he poured the hot water into the teapot. As he waited for the tea to steep, Alex smeared butter on to his toast, and piled eggs on a plate. Finally, his tea was done, and he poured the steaming liquid into a cup. He only put a small amount of sugar into the tea, for he could rarely buy sugar and it was never enough. Alex sat down at the small table and enjoyed the hot meal.

Putting on his coat, Alex stumbled out of the door into the cold November weather, then walked over to his rickety means of transportation, his old rusty bicycle. Taking his itinerary to the factory, he took his time thinking he had plenty time to spare. His thoughts almost drifted away, but every time that happened he thought, I still have to pay attention. I can't waste too much time before work.

He dismounted and walked to the door of the factory. As he opened the door and walked in, Alexander gladly stepped out of the frigid winter-like air. His coat was by no means impervious to the cold. Alexander stepped into the warm interior of the shingle factory. As he walked to his station, he took a look at the clock.

His happiness quickly deteriorated as he realized he was ten minutes late. Everyone looked at him and scowled. Alex stood over to his station, trying to ignore all of the looks he was receiving, and started cutting wood. Alex was cutting away, with an almost subconscious rhythm, trying to make up for being late.

About half-way through the day, he got side-tracked. He was thinking about the Wobblies. He was thinking of how bad his job was. This job isn't worth it, thought Alex. It's dangerous, the pay isn't reasonable...All of a sudden, Alex felt a searing pain in his middle finger. He looked down, his daydream shattered. His finger was bleeding profusely. He could see a huge cut on his finger. He had never seen so much blood coming from him in his whole life. The cut went almost all the way through his finger. All that was holding it on was a small piece of skin. He stared at the bloody mess at the end of his left arm, at the piece of skin that was swiftly getting smaller. The finger fell off. He was in shock. He had never lost a limb before, and it hurt. It hurt more than anyone could have prepared him for. He

couldn't move, he couldn't talk, hear or see anything except for the finger on the floor and the blood gushing from the wound. To an outside observer, this would have been quite the episode. The pain only got worse. People were coming over now. Other workers coming to see the hold-up. One of the men said:

"There's a first time for everything. We've all had it happen" and went back to his station. People started going back to their stations, cutting the hard cedar shakes.

The only person who was still standing near him was a man. Much older than himself, wearing a long, black trench coat. He offered him a bandage. After Alex was done wrapping the bandage, the man spoke.

"I know how you feel. I'm fed up with this job as well. It's not worth it. There's a Wobblies meeting tomorrow. You should go. It's in Pioneer Square, Seattle." The man walked out of the factory. Alexander was too deep in thought to notice the man leaving until he was almost out of sight, and Alex realised he still had so many questions for him.

Alex tried to shout at the top of his voice, but his finger was too distracting. All of his time on the farm gave him a lot of experience of pain, even though this was worse than anything else he had felt before. A lot of the workers gave him a funny look as he tried to shout, but he was focused on getting that man to come back. Fortunately the man heard Alex and came back. This was good news for Alex because he was completely out of breath.

"Hey, wait a moment!" Shouted Alex.

"What is it?" asked the man.

"Tell me more about this meeting." He said.

"Well," said the man, "You can find out tomorrow if you decide that this job isn't worth it, just like I have. I hope to see you there." He reached into his pocket. He struggled a little and then pulled out a tram ticket.

"Here. You can use this if you want to go." The man walked away, not responding to all of the questions Alex had.

A minute later the foreman walked over. "You should go tend to that at home," he said. Alexander walked home. He couldn't ride his bike, for fear that his finger would start bleeding all over again. It took him over an hour and a half to reach the place he called home. The reason was his finger. At this time, that seemed to be all of his problems. Every time he tried to move fast, his finger started hurting, forcing him to stop.

When he got to the door he knocked, and went in. He went to the kitchen sink, and took the bandage off his finger, and washed it in the sink. He dried the bloody stump with a dish towel and

wrapped it with a new bandage. He looked down at the place where his middle finger would have been. I am done with this job, he thought, just as Hazel walked in to visit.

"What happened to you?", she demanded.

"I wasn't paying attention...", he replied.

"I'm so sorry... I'll leave you to it then.", she said, quickly hugged him, then went out.

He went off to bed. After a stormy dream-filled sleep, Alexander got up and stretched. His finger exploded in pain. He had completely forgotten about the bloody episode from yesterday. He went to the sink and grabbed a dish towel. He dabbed at the stump and then wrapped it up.

He made his breakfast, trying to keep his left hand mostly out of the way. He was looking forward to a good day. He was going to an IWW meeting, and he was going to enjoy it. He bumped into Finnegan while he was walking to the table and spilled his tea on the floor. Finnegan just glowered down at him as Alexander stooped to pick up the cup. Neither of them talked.

What is his problem? Thought Alexander. He went to get a towel to clean up the mess. He poured himself another cup of tea, and walked back to the table. A few minutes later, Finn walked to the table, made eye contact with Alex, quickly looked away, and went as far away as possible. They both ate in complete silence.

Alex was thinking: How am I going to get to the meeting? Then he remembered: The tram ticket! He pulled out the slightly crumpled piece of paper. He turned over the small leaflet, on the back was scrawled an address and a note: "Pioneer square 9:00pm, be there."

He got up and put on his hat. He opened the door and walked out into the afternoon sun. The sun was bright, but the air was cold, it bit his throat every bit as much as if there was snow in his mouth. He walked along the street, and went to a bridge where he liked to sit. He bought a bagel and sat on a bench. He ate the bagel while watching the stream rush by under the bridge. I wish I could be like water, he thought. It can evade everything bad that comes its way.

As his brain snapped back to reality he realised that he had lost track of time. He looked at his watch. It was almost 8:00pm. Alexander raced to the tram station, and showed the conductor his ticket. The conductor looked and said:

"Go on ahead, I heard this meeting is important."

On the tram, Alex thought about how tired he was. But he couldn't sleep now, he was going to his first ever IWW meeting, and it wasn't a long tram ride...

He stumbled off the tram at Pioneer Station. Realizing that he had no idea where to go, Alex blindly stumbled around, until he heard the throng of people in the distance. He followed the noise as it got louder and louder with every step that he took. In the distance, he saw a building. It seemed to grab

his attention over all of the other buildings around it. The sound was also coming from that building. He knew that the meeting was there, and he didn't know of any other events at the time. He walked faster and faster as he got more and more excited.

When he got to the meeting, he saw that everyone had already convened in the area. He heard someone yelling about the route they were going to take. Realizing he was late again, Alex quietly went to an empty spot. The man next to him said "Don't worry, they just started." Trying to keep up with everything, Alex had to realize how tired he was. He only got five hours of sleep last night. He couldn't keep up. Everything became quieter as he fell asleep.

His dreams were filled with turmoil. He was swimming. Pain coursed through his bones. He felt the warm trickle of blood on the side of his head. He was next to a boat, drifting away. "Help!", he cried. But it seemed that no one could hear him. He slowly drifted down the river, the cold, dark water lapping at his face. Then someone yanked his arm.

He woke up, blood-red eyes looking into his own. He fell backwards, off the barrel he had sat down to rest on. He looked up and found himself staring into the red face of a man who was obviously not happy with Alex. Alex stood up and asked: "What happened?"

As Alex's mind came into focus, he could tell the man was angry. His question to himself was why.

"You fell asleep, you little son of a..." speaking in an erratic manner, the man never finished his sentence. Hazel had intervened. Her hand swung back, ready to slap the man, if necessary. She made contact at that moment. Hazel didn't try to hit the man hard, but he obviously felt it.

"Hey, what are you doing! I'm trying to show this guy that he has to pay attention if he wants to help with the mission!"

"Stop, you're gonna cause a fight. If that's really what you want to do, save it." said another man.

Alex's attacker backed down. Alex stepped outside the large hall and was surprised to see the sky. It was bright and getting brighter. The sun was up. Had he really slept all night? He walked around the square. He went up to a man who was looking at a shiny gold pocket watch.

"What time is it?" Asked Alex.

"About 8 o'clock." Replied the man.

"Thank you." Said Alex. Alex walked away. It looked like people were going somewhere.

"Hi." Hazel said from behind him.

"Oh, hello," replied Alex, startled. "You're still here."

"Yes, and I'm going too," she replied.

"What do you mean?" asked Alex.

"Oh, so you were asleep then?" asked Hazel.

"Yeah." said Alex, gingerly.

"Everyone is boarding boats. They're going to Everett, they're going to protest about wages and such..." Hazel said sheepishly.

"Everett? Isn't that pretty far?" Inquired Alex.

"Not really. I'm going. You can decide whether you're ready." She replied, then walked away.

Alex followed, but got caught up in the crowd. The crowd was very energetic, and they started pushing each other onto the boat. Alex got pushed as the crowd advanced, eventually pushing him up onto one of the gang planks and onto the ship. Alex made up his mind at that moment. Although he still had enough time to get off, he knew for sure he wanted to go to the protest, and with any luck the shingle weavers would finally get their way. All he had to do was sit back and wait.

As he boarded the boat, he caught a glimpse of the plaque on the hull of the ship. The Verona. He walked onto the deck and found a bench. As soon as he sat down, the boat lurched into movement. The Verona slowly shifted away from the dock. As the boat started to gain speed, they floated farther away from the shore. As the dock receded into the distance, everyone on the boat burst into song.

Chapter 6

Sunday, November 5, 1916

Everett, City Docks, End of Hewitt Avenue

This boat ride was long and grueling, but it was short compared to the one he was on to come to this country. The itinerary of the journey was to head to the docks at the end of Hewitt Avenue. But this time his brother was not there complaining, so it was mostly quiet until the other passengers started to sing the song *Workers of the World, Awaken*, an IWW song they all knew. Except for Alexander. He was trying to sing along even though he did not know the words to any of the songs.

After a while the dock came into view as the boat drew closer. He could see the outlines of people convening on the pier, becoming clearer with every second, especially on the dock where the boat was going to land, as well as on the dock across from them. When he looked hard enough through the smoke he saw someone he knew. It was Finn.

When Finn was looking at the boat he saw his brother. Finn was upset that his brother did not listen to him. He just finished loading a magazine into his rifle. With a satisfied click, it was loaded. Finn looked through the iron sights of his rifle as he trained the barrel on his brother. His finger slowly closed his finger around the trigger, a little piece of metal that could end Alex's life. Then there was a loud bang that startled all the birds in the tree. The loud bang started a cacophony of bangs and shouts.

The bullet took Alexander's ear off and grazed his cheek bone. He screamed in pain as he saw the blood starting to cloud his vision. The rain was washing away some of the blood but more took its place. The place where his ear was supposed to be was gushing blood like a river in the high season. This was the second time he had been seriously injured, but luckily he had felt this pain before and was prepared this time. However, it was still too much pain and blood. He fainted when he saw the amount of the blood that grew bigger and bigger until it started to spill over the side. He fell off the boat into a small pool of blood in the water.

Right before Alexander hit the rushing water, he was back on the porch drinking tea with his brother, talking about the weather, and when he was so excited to come to the new place to start again. Then later that night when he woke up screaming when he had a dream when he was falling and his brother was there for him and comforted him.

Then he fell into the water.

As the shooting started all of the Wobblies went to the port side. The boat listed and Hazel fell into the water. She swam to the dock and climbed up. As Hazel saw Finn she started yelling at Finn. "What did you do!?" Hazel screamed, attacking him, flailing her arms, trying to land a hit. She hit Finn in the jaw, then sucker punched him the stomach. After that gruesome hit she slammed her elbow into the back of his neck while she kneed him in the face, sandwiching it between her elbow and knee. Finn was angry

because he was being beat up by a girl and while he was thinking about this Hazel jammed her thumbs under his ears. She followed up with a delivery of fast punches in succession to Finn's face was swelling to twice the normal size of his. Finn stumbled back, he had enough and he turned around and swung the butt of his rifle at her head it was the same rifle he used to shoot Alex and she fell unconscious into the water.

When the salt water got in her eyes she screamed and woke up. She thrashed in the water for a second then stopped when she got her bearings. Bullets were hitting the water very close to her, splashing water into her eyes. There were bodies everywhere. Most weren't moving. Some were trying to swim to shore or back to the boats. The bodies were getting pierced with the lead bullets that kept hitting the water. Blood was spreading over the the bay as if the blood was the clouds and the water was the sky. Faraway towards the end of the dock a body with a trail of blood leading back to the boat the gruesome trail was coming from the side of the head was floating out to sea. When Hazel looked closer she realized it was Alexander floating in the water unconscious. With his mouth in the water, not moving, slowly drowning. She started to swim towards Alexander, trying not to get hit.

When Hazel reached him, she grabbed him at the chest, and pulled him to the beach and yelled at him "Wake up, wake up!" She found a fishing bucket that had a fish in it and slapped him multiple times with the fish until he came back.

He coughed, and when he was done, Alexander said "That water is cold and thanks for waking me up."

Hazel said "I'm glad you're awake. Now you have to get back there and teach your brother some manners, or I will do it for you." She cracked her knuckles with an erratic look in her eyes that Alexander had never seen before. It was thirst for revenge.

Above them the shooting started. "It is madness up there." said Alexander "It almost sounds like thunder."

"Well then go up there" said Hazel.

"Fine but wrap my head with a bandage at a 45 degree angle so that I can still see but is will stop most of the blood, so I don't bleed to death." Alexander said. Hazel unhappily tore a piece of

Alexander's shirt and wrapped up his head. She still wanted to go up there and teach Alex's brother a lesson. Alexander stood up and walked over to the entrance to the docks. He had to circumvent the shooters. When he got to the dock, he saw Finnegan shooting.

When they reached Finnegan, who was pumping lead into the retiring Verona and yelling for the people on the Verona to come back and fight.

Alexander put a hand on Finnegan's shoulder and said, "I hope you don't take this personally, but you are a devious person." After he said that he punched Finnegan right in the face and there was a loud crack. His brother staggered around to he got his bearings and walked angrily toward Alex.

He was in Alex's face and said, "Let's settle this like men." He put the rifle down and got into a fighting stance.

Alexander answered back with "All right let's do this." As they circled each other as if there was a telepathic war going on between the brothers while on the outside they were swearing, and spitting at each other testing the other's patience and trying to get the other one angry so that they would have no control and make a mistake. Finn was still a bit stunned from his fight with Hazel. That was when Finnegan started to wind up...

Chapter 7

Sunday, November 5, 1916

Finnegan hit Alex in the face. They punched and fought until Alex got pushed to the ground. Hazel, enraged from Finn's action charged straight at him and attacked him, after taking a hit to the stomach he Grabbed her hair. He pulled her hair so she was right next to him then Finn put his arm around her neck in a choke hold and pointed his gun directly at her head. "MOVE ONE MORE INCH AND I WILL SHOOT HER!" she was too terrified to talk, she had a horrified odd frown across her face and she shook her head.

"Don't touch he-"and before Alex finished the sentence Finn shot Hazel in the stomach, and kicked her off of the dock. Alex shouted and charged at his brother and knocked his brother over and the gun flew out of his hand, off of the dock and into the water. As his Finn hit the dock his nose broke even more on the wood of the dock. His nose started bleeding and blood started running down his face.

Finn slowly rose to his feet. He tried to regain his balance at the same time as punching Alex. This resulted in slow, light hits that did nothing to stifle his opponent. Alex started backing up, dodging the light blows. He was waiting for the right time to strike. After Finn found his balance he attacked Alex full on. Alex, taking a hard hit to his stomach that knocked him off his feet, got up and punched Finn's still bloody face. He continued repeatedly punching him, and Finn's teeth started cracking as Alex shouted and screamed. Finn, still pushing to fight, grabbed Alex's throat and threw him back to the ground. Finn stomped on his chest,Alex exhaled rapidly and got back up and stepped back a bit to regain his balance.

By this point, they were already off of the docks. Finn picked up a rock and hurled it at Alex's head. The rock missed because Finn was too dizzy and beat up to aim. Alex ran at Finn and tackled him to the ground as they started fighting and punching again. Alex quickly got to his feet and punched Finnegan in the face once again. By now, Finn was unable to talk. Finn lost his balance again, and walked backwards.

They fought all the way off of the docks and got to an active railroad. By this point they both were bleeding heavily and both so dizzy they were almost going to pass out. Finn, still stumbling backwards, tripped on a railroad spike and fell onto the train track. Finnegan tried to get up but kept falling back to the ground. He could hear the train on train track. The railroad was shaking, The train got louder and closer. Finn, still trying to get up heard the train. He looked backward to see the bright lights coming very close to him. They both knew there was no way for him to get out. "FINN!" shouted

Alex but the only reply was a simple apologetic smile.

We should have stayed in Ireland thought Alex . He watched as his brother was snatched away by the train. He was shocked, speechless. The only thing he could think of was the times he had with Finn back at the farm. Alex very soon blacked out from blood loss.

He woke up in the hospital about 4 days later. He looked around to see a very happy man sitting next to him.

"Are you finally awake?"the man said to Alexander.

"Yes... Who are you... Where am I?"

"I'm Jack, and you're at the hospital," said Jack in a positive voice .

"What Happened to me?" Alexander asked.

"I'm not sure, I was just walking along the the railroad after my shift and I saw you passed out. So I brought you here."

Alexander re-adjusted himself so he was sitting up but noticed he was restrained from going any further by an IV tube.

"What happened to my brother?" Alexander asked, but he was afraid that he already knew the answer.

"Your brother?" asked Jack.

"The man I was fighting. The man next to me...Finn. He was on the train tracks. And Hazel, what happened to her? She fell off of the docks..."

"Oh. I'm so sorry. They're gone."

Alex felt a shiver crawl down his spine just as a horrible weight of grief and murder fell onto his shoulders. Alex felt trapped. He shouted and screamed about his brother whilst pointlessly trying to escape the hospital bed. The doctors calmed him down and soon enough he left the hospital with a raincoat that the doctors gave him. Jack asked if he still needed his company for the rest of the day.

"I don't need company. I'm just going to go to my house."

Hugh Purrson showed up. "Are you okay"? he asked, "I heard you were in the hospital."

"I'm fine but... Finn."

Jack, intervening into the conversation, said, "Finn is his brother."

Hugh Purrson acted as if Jack wasn't there and asked, "What happened to Finn?"

Alex turned around and said "LEAVE ME ALONE!"

Hugh and Jack turned to each other, each with a concerned stare. "Guess he's in a flap..." said Jack

Alex turned to his boarding house's doorstep. It filled him with a sense of despair and made him

think of Hazel. He entered the house to see Hazel's dad Thomas inside, He immediately ran up to him.

Thomas implored, "Where is Hazel? Where is my daughter?! What happened to her? Did you do something?!" Alex teared up and ignored him and went back to his room. Thomas knew what happened by the look in Alex's eye. Thomas came and knocked on his door but all he heard was a faint crying. Alex and Thomas didn't leave the house. Hazel didn't come home that night, nor would she come back any other night.

The next day Alex woke up at around 6:30, it was a Tuesday, and the sky was light grey, then he heard a knock on his door.

"You don't have to answer but... Hazel and Finn's funerals will be held on Thursday." Thomas said. There was no response.

"We don't know how she died but we believe it wasn't you. We hope you can come..."

"I'll be there..."

"See you there then". Thomas then walked away.

As the week slowly went by, Alex never left his room. He heard several people knocking on his door but he still never answered. Every day until Thursday Thomas left food at his door.

The day of the funeral it was sunny, one of the only sunny days in the month. While Alex was in his house Thomas was getting the Funeral all ready. An hour before the Funeral Alex decided he was going to get out of the house. He bought a bouquet of flowers and put on his nicest clothes.

When he got to the Funeral he slowly walked in through the doors. He was not in a great mood but he was happier than he was the rest of the week. The ambiance in the room was very quiet and almost eerie. Thomas was particularly sad. This was probably the biggest episode in his life, even bigger than his wife Matilda, dying.

When Alex walked in he was greeted by Thomas "I'm glad to see you here Alex." Alex nodded and grinned then kept walking.

While Alex was walking he saw the guy from the hospital, Jack. When he saw him he turned the other direction and kept walking until he came to a seat. The Funeral then started. On the right of Alex was a old lady dressed in a black dress and to the left was a tall man. No matter how he tried to get away from Jack he kept following him. He impolitely pushed past the old lady and stood next to him. "It's me, Jack, the guy from the hospital. I have been looking for you but you kept seeming to get farther away from me," Jack said in a whisper.

Alex quietly shushed him. "OK, we will talk when the funeral is over," he whispered again.

Alex rolled his eyes and tried to ignore him. The funeral was very quiet except for the thoughts mourning over their loss. Alex wished he could just see Finn and Hazel just one more time. He started

to tear up. Several moments of silence passed before Thomas started to talk about her in front of the crowd. Sooner or later it was Alex's turn to speak. "Hello my name is Alex which most of you know, I was Finn's brother and Hazel's boyfriend." He started his speech. He told his story about his time at Everett. The funeral was over after his speech. Alex then started walking back Jack met up and said;

"I'm sorry... I didn't know about this stuff. I'll get out of your hair"

"No, it's okay. You remind me of someone I used to know."

"Who?"

"Finn."

"Well, I'm sorry. I am moving to Ireland soon. I won't be around for long," said Jack.

For a moment Alex felt completely alone. Without friends, family or a girlfriend. Then Alex had an idea to go back to Ireland, back to his mom , dad and family. He didn't care about the war anymore he just wanted to go back home.

"Jack... Can I go to Ireland with you?"

"Oh yeah, of course. I'm leaving tomorrow."

Alex went on the next day longing to get back to his home as he boarded the ferry and waved goodbye to Hugh and Thomas. He stood on the boat, looking back at the docks where Hazel fell off, of he felt remorse but, at the same time happiness. He remembered the good times he had with Hazel and Finn. He remembered the time before they left Ireland with Finn and remembered how they used to get along so well. It was not even an hour into the trip when he heard Jack say, "UGH! How long is this trip going to take? When is it gonna be OVER?!?" It was as if he was taking the words straight out of Finn's mouth. Alex smiled and laughed as he looked back at Jack. "Goodness, Jack, won't you shut up. We'll be there eventually, so just calm down, all right?" Alex said, remembering his brother. Alex laughed again. They felt a sense of courage as they looked over the bow off into the Pacific, soon to return to their families.

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