

- Read the text. Then meet in your group. Each student has read a different page from the novel.
- Guess WHO these characters are. Where the story plays? What might be going on?
- Be prepared to share your ideas with the class.

I stood in front of the Larryfest banner, too shocked to move. Larry's logo greeted the hundreds of thousands of visitors—lots of teenagers, but to my amazement toddlers with middle-aged parents and senior citizens too. I had assumed most of the people attracted to Larry's message were kids in high school and college, but here were people from all age groups settling in for a weekend of music and fun.

People crowded around the entrance gate, but no one seemed impatient or annoyed. Several participants had crossed off the logos on their shirts and jackets, or opted instead for simple handmade T-shirts with "I am not your billboard" stenciled on them. A fifteen-year-old girl asked me if I knew which way to the main stage. Beth had already memorized the map on the drive up and gave her directions.

"This is unbelievable," Beth said for the millionth time. "Larry must be overwhelmed."

I told her that was a pretty safe bet.

Beth's sister and her friends set up camp near the arts and crafts booths. Beth and I carried our tents and sleeping bags down to the body-painting area.

For the first hour, I barely spoke, just stumbled around snapping pictures. My mind reeled from the immensity of the event. Music, colors, food—everything seemed surreal, a Technicolor explosion. Instead of taking credit for Larryfest, patting myself on the back for being the guy who made it all happen, I realized a force much larger than myself at work. The universe was now behind the wheel, and I was all too happy to hand over the driving.

Every few moments, something new caught my eye. Angel wings, tie-dyed togas, horns, fishnets, soccer uniforms, American flags, Dr. Seuss hats, camouflage, Larry tattoos. The food vendors sold the enchiladas, salads, and noodles at cost. Poland Spring gave away thousands of bottles of water. Local bands shared the stage with international stars. The lines at the charity and volunteer-back-home booths rivaled those for the Porta-Johns. People signed petitions, made pledges, sat around campfires,