

# The Music Inside Me

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1,141 words

Energy courses in my veins. I pick up the bow, as amity battles the never-ending war outside my dark oak door. I pour my heart into the violin, and beautiful music echoes out. Bliss, Melancholy, Fear, Hope. All the burdens I carry fall off my shoulders.

“Schöne,” A soft voice says behind me. “Beautiful.”

I turn around to Auntie Annalise and smile. “Do you like my music?”

Auntie opened her mouth to say something, when suddenly loud knocks came from outside the door.

“Nazi Police. Open up!” the huge muffled voices shout.

I turn to Auntie, my face now pale. What do we do? I mouth to her. She doesn’t answer. Instead, shaking, she opens the door and two huge Nazi Police officers barge into our tiny home.

“Neighbors have complained that for days someone in this house have been playing unauthorized Jewish music. By new Hitler law, all members in this household are to be arrested and taken to the Buchenwald Concentration Camp!” One officer says.

Shocked, I say, “But I was just playing Schoenberg! Surely there is no harm in playing that?”

The Nazi police officers start to bring out handcuffs, when Auntie shouts, “Hope, run!”

I bolt past the two startled guards and run out of the house. I see one of them is chasing after me, so I run as fast as I can to a dark alley. I stay there for an hour, until I’m certain he has left. I quietly walk over to the nearest bus stop and wait, still shaken about what has happened. Auntie was arrested, and she’s being taken to the death camps! Going deeper and deeper into thought, a bus horn surprises me and I jump with a start. A bus has stopped right in front of me, and I go inside and I ask the driver, “Where to is this bus driving?”

“Kiel, Denmark,” he replies, clearly uninterested.

Even though Kiel is so close to Germany, I need a city right next to the Buchenwald Concentration Camp so I can rescue Auntie and return home! I know

that idea sounds absurd and impossible, but I ask the bus driver to take me to Weimer, Germany.

“That’ll be five extra Euros for the trouble,” he glumly says.

I fish out ten Euros for the ride, and five extra for the “trouble”. I then hop onto the yellow rickety bus, and sit in one of the seats. I rest my head on the windowsill and look outside. It makes me think of Auntie. She was the person that raised me, after my parents died when I was two. I have only ever known her, so I must think of a plan to save her. I consider climbing the barbed fence, but that seems too risky. The Nazis could just spot me and shoot me from there! Twenty long minutes later, I think of a plan that just might work.

In the middle of the night, I will sneak to the barbed wire fences and dig a small hole for me to fit in. Sooner or later, I’ll be in the camp. I will go to a nearby barrack and sleep in the bunk beds until morning. I’ll pretend to be a prisoner until I find Auntie, then at night, we’ll sneak out using the same hole I dug. Satisfied with my plan, I fall asleep until I arrive.

SCREECH! The sound of the bus coming to a stop wakes me up in a second. I grab my violin I still had, and rush out. Whoosh! The cold, breezy wind smiles at me and gives me a hug as step out of the bus. Shivering, I walk to find a place to stay. Nein, I can’t find one. Oh, well, I must start going to the camp early then. I ponder where the camp is. I go up to a nearby woman sitting down, and ask, “By any chance, do you know where the Buchenwald Concentration Camp is?”

“Oh my,” the woman replies with a shocked tone in her voice, “I suppose I’ll answer you. It’s only about five kilometers’ northeast of where you are. Why anyone would want to know...”

“Thank you so very much!” I gratefully chirp.

And I went on my way.

I walk for hours, or at least that’s what it feels like when I reach the camp. It is now sundown, and in a few hours, I will go in the death camp. For now, I will explore. My feet are covered with blisters and incredibly sore. I stare at the camp, and how unsafe and unsanitary it looks. The camp must be covered with diseases! I walk over to what looks like an abandoned materials storage, and peer inside.

The vast number of objects in there takes me by surprise. Crates of fresh food, water, guns, medicine, and more greets me with open arms. My face soon turns red with anger and hatred for the Nazis. They are taking food and other necessities us common Germans need and hording it all to themselves! That makes me want to rescue Auntie even more. I hear slow but loud footsteps coming near from behind me. I rush outside the exit fast, but not too attention-catching so that the Nazis will see me. I go over to the closest barrack I can find, and thank God, it's empty. I go over to the floor mattress and notice a paper near a lamp. I pick it up and on it the paper has the list of the people in the concentration camp and where they are located! Sighing with relief, I look for Auntie's name. I find it, and it reads, 'Barrack 5'. I walk outside and see that this is Barrack 3, so I tiptoe over to Barrack 5, which is only a couple feet away. Nervous, I open the door and peer inside, and there is Auntie! She is pacing the room with her head in her hands, and I whisper, "Auntie! It's Hope!" She looks up and looks shocked.

"What are you doing here?" she says. "You're going to get us both killed!"

"I found a way for you to escape!" I quickly state. I grab her arm and making sure there were no officers near me, I walked over to the hole I had done. We both crawled out of the hole and finally, Auntie was free. A moment of silence passed between us, and then Auntie burst into tears and wrapped her arm around me.

She cries, "I never thought I'd ever see you again," and moved by her sorrow, I say, "You should've known I would come back for you!" She smiles and gives me a hug as we stare at the camp, where we will hopefully never return to again.

Auntie was free.