

The Trunk

By: Chanice P.

The trains had been whistling today. Everyone was kind of fidgety. Every snap, crackle, pop, and slam made us all jump. So when we heard pounding on the door, Mother told us to hide inside the large trunk in the back room.

“Open up,” they said angrily. “Coming,” my mother hastily replied. She opened the door, and they marched in. The two of them stalked through the house. As they rummaged through our belongings, they were as stealthy as a fox. There was a peephole in the side of the trunk. Their tall, sleek black boots glimmered in the room’s dim light.

As they neared, my sister and I inched closer to the back of the trunk. Finding nothing in our room, they turned and trudged away disappointed, at the finding of nothing.

The Nazis in our ghetto were frightening. As they passed, they scowled at your presence and a sort of chill spread though you following their presence. When Mother and I got to the ration table, they recalled our family and took away the loaf of bread Mother was holding. “ This one took too long opening the door.” “She will not be receiving bread for a week,” they spat in terrible Danish. We picked up the rest of our feeble rations, and hurried out of the public square.

“Mother, you must not let them push you around like that!” I said troubled. “It must be like this, or we would not survive” she said scared. I felt the truth wash over me like a tsunami. It would be like this for a while.