

# Missing

Lily H.

I was pacing around my room hoping the Nazis wouldn't take us to those death traps everyone calls camps. We are one of the most hated families in our town because we are Jewish. I mean why do they have to do this to us? They have...knock! Knock! I froze. Who is knocking? I sprinted downstairs like I did in the races at school before I was banned. Once I turned the corner, I gazed at my parents who were standing near the door with these frightened looks on their faces that I have never seen before. KNOCK! KNOCK! We could hear multiple deep voices screaming something that I couldn't understand. Right at that moment they busted down our door.

Their ears had steam coming out of them and their faces were filled with rage and anger. They had these disgusting green-colored caps and uniforms, spotless boots, shaved heads, a red armband with a black and white symbol around their upper arm, and worst of all, shined guns that were ready to fire on their belts.

My 2 younger sisters, Gretel who is 9 and Hannah who is 5, ran downstairs with their hands clasped together to see what was all the yelling about. They stopped next to me and froze with their faces holding the same look my parents had on theirs. I was trying to convince myself that everything was going to be okay, but the Nazis had come into our house behind my sisters and me and pinned us to the ground with our hands behind our backs. I watched as they slowly dragged my parents outside our broken apartment door. I have not seen them since then, and I wish I could have done something about it. About five minutes after they took my parents, they picked us up by the forearm and took us out of the apartment. They placed my sisters and me onto a wooden wagon and we began moving through the deserted streets.

I assured my sisters that we would be okay. I also said that our parents would be okay, but I doubted we would ever see them again. We slowly closed our eyes and fell asleep into the dark, silent night. When

we stopped, I was awakened by these mean men yelling in the same language they did when they invaded our home. Everyone who was on the wagon were scurrying off with Nazis surrounding them. When it was our turn to get off, a tall blonde haired and blue eyed man was behind us, gun in hand, pushing us to walk toward these weird, wooden house-like structures.

I looked around and saw wired gates with razor wire on top bordering where they expected us to live. I saw some people come out of the structures in these blue and white horizontal striped clothes that were skin and bones with no muscle or fat, and they looked like they hadn't eaten in weeks. Then it hit me. My sisters and I were in one of those death traps. My heart was racing, but I had to stay calm for my sisters.

Once we got "settled in" and got our new clothes on, I asked a woman if she knew what happened to our parents. She said that our parents were rounded up and killed one by one. I didn't understand why the Nazis hated Jews so much. They came into Poland and just invaded our privacy without warning. After they came, they convinced all non-Jews that Jews were terrible, ugly, and parsimonious.

Later that evening that grabbed us out of our "houses" and we lined up by the number on our tops. They harassed us with mean words I am not allowed to say, tortured us for a laugh, and assigned us jobs we were to do during the day. My job was to haul wood to where they were building more barracks. When the long day of work ended, we received warm water served by Jews. Sometimes we would get potato skins, but that was only about once a month. I got so used to my routine, that I didn't even noticed when it was a new year.

After about 18 months I finally saw my sisters. Their faces were hollow and their skin was bruised and looked like it had been beaten. About 10 months after that, while I was hauling some wood back near the barracks, a Nazi yelled for all of the Jews in barrack 24 (my barrack) to line up in number order. One by one each of us were beaten by a braided, leather whip on the backside. Each beating was like someone

was stabbing me constantly with a sharp knife.

After we were beaten a Nazi pointed at me to come with him. I was trembling as I followed this murderer over to this empty space where a man was standing there that had the same uniform as the Nazi, except for on his cap he had a skull with two crossbones and what looked like a rifle in his hand. The Nazi quickly pulled out a rope and tied my hands behind my back. He pushed me to my knees, then started walking in circles around me, harassing me with mean words that I cannot say. It felt like slow motion as I closed my eyes and almost broke down.

I closely watched as the man pointed his gun toward me and called me one last name. He slowly pulled the trigger and a round bullet came straight towards me. I closed my eyes as the bullet penetrated through my rib cage into my heart. I didn't know my life was going to end as gruesome as it did.

The Jews always told each other how many people died in the camp that day. I was one of the people who lost the battle between the Nazis and the Jews. My name is Eva. I died in the holocaust.