

CHAPTER 1

Konzentrationslager Auschwitz - August, 1945

I put my head in my hands, I started crying. How could my life ever turn out like this? Being captured by Nazi SS soldiers and being sent into this "death train" just waiting until I get killed in this concentration camp or "Auschwitz" as the Germans called it. I started thinking about the time I was fighting for the Polish resistance with my comrades, hunting together, and singing together at the bonfire. Oh how things have changed...

When I arrived at Auschwitz in southern Poland, I knew I had to stop crying, or else I would've probably been beaten. I was led to my cell by a German guard and when I got to my cell, I sighed. This place was horrible! My bed was just a plank of wood hung on a wall, and the toilet was just a metal bowl with vomit-looking water inside. But then I realized that the Nazis didn't want us to be comfortable, they wanted us Jews to suffer until our last breath. Why, though? Why us? Why did Hitler and the Nazi party hate the Jews so unbelievably much? I'll never understand.

CHAPTER 2

Ucieczka

2 days later

I met up with my family who were sent to the same camp a week before I was sent. They were captured in my father's attic, and they stayed in that attic for 6 months, and my 10 year old sister, Łucyna, almost starved to death. At first, I was happy to see them after such a long time, but then I realized they would have the same fate as me.

4 days later - 9:43 pm

I was doing forced labor with my family, late at night before we were to go to bed. We were working on a road for an extension to Auschwitz. I couldn't concentrate on the work however. I was horrified by the fact that I was scheduled to be killed the next day, and my family, including my young sister, were scheduled to be killed 2 days from now. They don't look the same as they did when I left Warsaw to join the Polish resistance. They were so thin, and so unhappy all the time, they were like entirely new people... but I could understand their unhappiness.

I planned an escape late at night, and this was the perfect time. Most of the Germans in the

camp were already asleep, making it much easier to escape than it would be at day. We were being watched by a German guard, reading a book. I started walking to the guard and gave him the most violent punch I could ever perform. I knocked him out. I grabbed his pistol and told my family we had to go. "Juden versuchen zu fliehen! Offenes Feuer!", a German guard yelled. Alarms started going off as we were climbing the barbed wire. I heard my mother scream, and she fell to the ground. She was killed. I wanted to cry for my mother, but we still were in the middle of escaping Germany's biggest concentration camp. We climbed over the fence and hid in a bush. Two Germans climbed over the fence, looking for us. "Ich habe sie gefunden," one of the Germans said. They found us and one of them stabbed my father. My sister was attempting to fight off the Germans but she was stabbed, and killed. I checked their bodies, tears started flooding my eyes, but I had to escape.

I ran harder that night than I ever have in my entire life, and I somehow made it to the city of Kraków.

CHAPTER 3

Po wojnie

1 month later - Kraków, Poland

I heard news that the war ended, which was great, but that wouldn't have stopped me from grieving for my family. I missed them so much, I wanted to commit suicide. What was the point in living on this cruel world anymore? I was barely surviving off of scraps I found on the streets and in trash bins, and I didn't have my family to support me. Everyday I sat in one of those alleyways, and cried in the corner. But then, one day, I caught something in the corner of my eye...

CHAPTER 4

Zaufanie

I walked closer towards it. It was a dog! A Polish Hound, to be exact. I quickly ran over to see if it had an owner, and it didn't. It was the saddest looking creature I had ever seen in my entire life. It looked like it was about to die of starvation. I gave it a piece of a sandwich I found, and it really seemed to like it! However, as soon as he was done eating, he walked into an another alleyway. I went into that alleyway and gave him another chunk of

sandwich, he ate it and walked away deeper into that alleyway. I gave up trying to befriend him that night, and went to sleep.

I woke up and the first thing I did was try to feed the dog something. I did this everyday, until he trusted me, and when he finally did, I named him David. He soon became my best friend, and I think he felt the same way about me. He was a very cheerful dog, he loved being around people, and he loved to play. David was the greatest thing to happen to me, and I'm forever grateful that he saved me.

Chapter 5

David

1 year later

I was selected by the UN to live in Chicago, USA. I would take a train to Gdańsk, and after a very long journey I would end up in the US. On one train ride, an old gentleman sat next to me. "Hello," he said. "Hi, my name's Elliot, and this is David," I said. "That's a very nice dog you have there, Elliot." You have...yes, I was his and he was mine, thank goodness...