

I woke up like any other day. I went to dance class. We went outside to stretch and that's when it happened. That's when they came. My class ran. BOOM BOOM!! Something shot me. It hurt and I began to lose feeling in my body, I was down.

I woke up in darkness. My body hurt as I sat up. I think they were watching me. As soon as I sat up the door opened and a woman approached me. She blindfolded me, when she took it off I was in front a mirror and she told me to sit down. Then she told me to do whatever the next person to walk in says to do. She left and a man walked in as if it was perfectly timed. He told me to put on a the ugliest shirt and pants, and they had... STRIPES! I was only six when they took me.

I vaguely remember how they took my family. when they took my father. My mother was the one who dropped me off that morning at dance class. I never saw her again.

As soon as I finished changing he took me outside. He didn't dare to touch me. Its like I was sick or poisonous. He grabbed this metal claw and put it around my neck. He pulled me with the claw outside where there were endless rows of huts and fields.

In the fields there were people of all sizes tall, short, big, and small. They were all wearing the exact same thing I was. As I was being pulled by that man we walked by the huts, and outside the huts were people just crying as I passed by. They were looking over yonder to a big building that looked like a brick. On top was a long pipe with black smoke coming out of it. The smoke reeked, it smelled as if someone died. The man kept pulling me so I followed.

We got to a small hut, and he gave me another pair of ugly shirt and pants along with a piece of paper that had a bunch of different languages on it. It was like when you buy a toy, and you have to build it, it usually has like 50 languages. He let go of me and I fell on the ground. The hut was just a bunch of sticks with leaves, so when I fell on the ground I scraped my knee with the rocks that were on the floor. He left. I scanned the paper, and I was surprised to find instructions in my language, Polish. I read it and it told me that I had to use this tool that looked like a big fork. It was called a R-a-K-e. The instructions said I was to tend the fields and wash the tool morning to night. I grabbed the R-a-K-e and headed toward the fields I saw not to long ago. As I passed by the brick the smell was smellier than before.

As I got to the fields the other people who looked like me, helped me. I learned that all I had to do was take the R-a-K-e and move it in

straight lines all across the dirt. I thought it was going to be easy. It wasn't I quickly got dehydrated, I made it through most of the day until I just had to rest. I sat down in the dirt and heard someone yell, "HEY YOU, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING? GET UP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I turned around because he was speaking in a different language. BOOM!