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They came in the night. Silently creeping into the village like a cat hunting its prey. I heard a scream in the distance, but I was too tired to look.

I am a Jew. The Star of David on my chest says so. The thirteen years of my life has been hard. Why, because my parents are dead.

When I woke up, everything was oddly silent. "Mamma?" I asked. "Pappa?" There was no answer, I walked out of my room and into the kitchen. There was no one there. I looked around confused. Where were they?

Then I saw it, the Nazi sign. They took my parents away. The Nazis took them away. That was the only option. My parents wouldn't have left without telling me.

A monster erupted inside of me, tearing at my insides and burning in my heart. I fell to the floor and buried my head between my knees. My parents were gone. My source of light, my source of comfort and people I could rely on were gone. A huge sob came out of me, and I couldn't stop the tears from flowing.

How was I going to survive? I was only a girl trapped in this house with nowhere to go. My grief turned into fear. My parents were gone and I had nowhere to go. I became numb everywhere, but tears kept rolling down my cheeks.

Feeling completely helpless, I closed my eyes and dreamed of a world full of happiness and hope with my friends and family. I dreamed of a world where this nightmare was gone and Jews could live without fear, and I just sat there.

"Open up!" a voice yelled. I woke up from my daze and got to my feet. I already knew they were Nazis, and they were about to take me away too. I opened the door with a blank expression to see them standing there. I couldn't understand what they were saying, and I didn't care. They shoved me out the door, and I stumbled after them.

They loaded me into their van. It was gray with the red Nazi sign painted big and bold on the side. They shoved me into the back and started down the street.

Soon more and more children were joining me. We all stayed absolutely silent. It was like all of the life was sucked out of us.

When the van stopped, they loaded us out. I saw the most horrible sight in the whole world.

The camp had a ten foot tall fence around it with six towers. There were tiny tents and huts that people were coming out of. Some of the things I saw were so brutal, it was stuck permanently in my head.

The leader of the camp came to us. "Well well, what do we have here," he sneered with a nasty smile. The fear sprawled through my chest, and it was choking me.

"They have one night here, get them working," he said.

So we worked. Worked tirelessly and endlessly. Brutal work, work that was so unnecessary like we were toys to play with.

Someone next to me fell down from exhaustion, she was shot in the head and moved out to burn. I looked away and forced to not think about it. Tears blurred my vision, and my legs were like jelly, but I forced myself to keep moving.

I slowed down a bit, and a soldier whipped me. I sped up, but I was too numb to feel the pain. "Hurry up," he barked.

All around me there were people crying. Crying for their family, their loved ones. I had cuts and bruises everywhere, and my skin was raw from all the beatings. I could barely move, but nothing hurt as much as my chest.

If I had known this would happen, I would've told my parents I loved them more.

That night, when I was in bed I thought about many things. Like how unfair life was.

A few days later of this brutal work, I didn't wake up. I didn't bother to. It felt so good to let go, knowing my parents were waiting for me on the other side.