

Institutional doubts are deadly and threatening to humanity, it is the smallest of things, the tiniest, of things will become our demise.

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“Mother, Yuratopez messed up my yarmulkes, and Bubbe just knitted this one.” “It's not fair she breaks everything she puts her hands on!, and yet she gets anything she wants anytime she wants it!” I said with a frown. but before you judge me you should know she’s doing this because she doesn't get punished for anything at all .

“Oksana she is a young girl and you shouldn't be so mean toward her at all one day she will be all you have, and you will have to depend on one another and it would be pretty hard if you don’t respect her no matter what.” said my 30 year old mother who had beautiful dark brown hair. “No mother! It’s when she starts respecting me then I’ll respect her! I will never be a man if I just respect everyone who doesn't respect me! Now would I mother?” Mother looked at me with dare eyes and then and there I knew to shut up. This would be a typical day at my house, Me and Yuratopez arguing and her getting the upper hand. I am the eldest but I don't feel that way, I am the 1st of 3. It’s me (oksana) the 1st, then it's shmuel 2nd then it’s Yuratopez the youngest. And of course it’s her that gets everything she wants. Like on last Hanukkah all I asked for was a wooden airplane and a paper soldier doll, but NOOO I got nothing but an old book titled “ Tanakh .” A jewish bible. But guess what? Shmuel got a paper soldier and Yuratopez got a homemade Betty Grable doll.

When I asked Mother why I didn't get the present I wanted, Father said "Son, you are far too old for toys, you need to learn religion." Most men didn't like my father, they felt he taught me religion too early. My mother said "Maybe next year, son." next year is now so I've made an extra long list. My life is pretty much surrounded with responsibilities. Mother owns a boutique in Amsterdam called sheyn froy (pretty woman) and my father worked at a bread shop.

At my father's job, they made delicious baked goods. My father never really liked plain bread so he would mix it up with sweet or spicy herbs. My personal favorite is his cinnamon bread. It was my childhood favorite! My dad brings home lots of bread and he also bakes a little. When my father 1st got his job he was "basic" as he called it. He said he didn't like plain bread but took the job because it was the only baking job in Amsterdam at the time he actually liked. One day he went to work to discover that the bread business was failing and sales were low, and he wasn't going to get his pay check that week. The boss (Tony) told everyone to go home. On the way home my father saw an inspirational poster that read "Dreams are Possible" and I don't know how that related to the situation he was in but I'll tell ya one thing he came home and baked like it was no tomorrow. For about a week Tony turned Father's opinions down because they didn't have the money for all the herbs that needed to be used. Dad offered to grow the herbs still no. Until one day he came home and screamed " I'VE BECOME THE MANAGER!"

Mother on the other hand just started her business 2 years ago, she had a passion for knitting and fashion. So while Mother and Father were out working I was at home taking care of my 2 younger siblings Yuratopez and Shmuel. We'd often go for walks around the courtyard, we live in a 9 bedroom house up on a hill overlooking Amsterdam and the bridge that they would ride their bikes happily on,, Oh how they looked like little ants, after someone had stepped on their home. We have a lake right by the apple orchard by the courtyard, sometimes we would go swimming in the lake until Father told us a story about the kind esn farzeenish (child eating monster) and Yuratopez won't go near it again. "Oksana please come get your sister and brother and take them for a walk." "Mother but I wanted to stay home today, it's far too hot outside and as soon as we were to leave Shmuel and Yuratopez will complain." "Please do not argue with me, do as I told you and I will talk to your brother about that." "But Mother what if we are thirsty?" "I will give you 50 euros for food and water." "Yes Mother but-" Shhhhhh now and do as told you are always in the house sloth is what it is called, you need to move around." Where are we gonna walk? I really hate being down there. People are always staring and shoving. I really can't help but be mad at Yuratopez because it was probably her idea. Shmuel doesn't care to be outside; he is fine with just reading books and playing checkers. I ran to my room and put on my favorite red shoulder padded jacket with my checkered white and red shorts and my white bow tie. I went to check on my sister Yuratopez and she was in her sky blue dress with her white stockings and white heels, she had her long blonde hair tucked behind her ears with a blue tie on one side. Mother definitely dresses her. Shmuel on the other hand had on just a white shirt and an overall

with his brown hair slicked back. He was younger than me but surely got all the attention not with mom but with the girls at school. We grabbed a bag and some sandwiches to go with us and we left as soon as mom closed the curtains we grabbed our German made bikes and quickly hopped on. “ Weeeeeeee this is sooooo fun last one to the jelly store is a rotten egg!” Yuratopez is so confident she says that but she will never beat me. “ You can’t beat me Yura you never will.” “ Hey your cheating!” I sped up faster than her little legs could ever go. Shumel was speeding up to putting yura in last place . to be continued.....