

Words on a Page

By: Maya W. 2015

It is told from the lips of survivors

The horror that the world is capable of with all its terrors

They engage us with their every word, their every message.

They explain their story and survival along with pain's package

When the survivors are gone we will enter a new age

Where it will all be words printed on a page

"What's the difference between labor and death and what's a ghetto?"

"Why in the picture are there numbers on the arm of that sad fellow?"

Their ignorance will be nothing but bliss

The miracle and suffering is what they will miss

How do we keep this information from being inside only books and their cage?

How do we keep words from just being on a page?

A Walk on an Eerie Night

By: Zoe M. 2015

He was walking on the stony pathway .
As the world around him creaked.
A shiver sent down his spine.
As he saw the starving children.
Their eyes glaring back at him.
Begging for help.
For a meaning and purpose of life.
But it was too late
So he continued walking.
His oxfords tapping on the floorboards.
He then saw a frail woman sobbing.
Begging for her children.
Her husband.
And for her future.
But what could he do?
So he continued walking.
And then he saw a demon.
The voice roaring .
"Turn left , turn right".
Taking peoples names.
Replacing them with numbers.
But who was he?
To tell the demon to stop.
So he continued walking.
He then saw ditches.
Of cold
Innocent.
Silence.
Made of dirt.
With no end.
And thus, his opportunity was gone.
For his chance to save the people.
To save the world.
And the ditches continued to fill.
And fill.
And fill.
Then he saw a ray

NO LONGER A DREAM

By: Meital F. 2016

In the beginning,
My life was a dream,
I knew nothing but the safe, warm community in which I lived,
All the Jews, together,
Shabbos was together,
My family was together,
It was a perfect reality.

Suddenly,
I was torn away,
Like a leaf from a tree,
I was torn from my roots,
My community, my family.

Now,
I am timeless, floating through the wind,
Looking at nothing but the end,
Time becomes nothing,
Just ticks on a clock,
Ticking and tocking while I work,
My hands red and raw,
At night, when the work has been completed,
I lay in bed and stare at the ceiling,
Wishing to wake up and realize this was a horrible nightmare,
I blink and when my wish isn't granted,
The tears come,
Burning trails into my flesh,
Saltwater rivers run down from my eyes,
Trickling to my chin and dripping off my face,
Like water occasionally leaking from a faucet,
It comes and goes unexpectedly.

I am like a grenade,
It takes a small flash of a memory, a graze of the flesh,
To set me off.
My body shakes, like it is repulsed by its own weakness,

I am grateful for one thing,
I have not broken yet,

In the camp,
Hope dwindles like a dying fire.
At first, so strong and true,
But as the clock ticks and tocks,
The hope begins to creep away,
And fire is replaced by plain coal.
I stopped looking out the window,
The outside world holding no sway over me anymore,
As I am no longer a part of that world.
My life is this building, dusty, dirty, hopeless,
My life is the coal in my heart, empty and lifeless.
My life is...no longer my own,
But is controlled by someone other than myself,
And I desperately grapple for the hands that hold my destiny,
I lose again and again and eventually,
I fall and am too broken to stand,
My pieces too scattered.

I am scarred,
My heart,
My mind,
My body,
Even if the war comes to an end,
These memories never will,
The nazis have robbed me of my childhood,
They forced me to grow up too soon, too fast,
I am changed now, I no longer daydream of a husband and children,
A little house with white shutters,

No, instead, I dream of my next meal,
I am different person now,
A broken girl,
My life is no longer a dream,
One thing is for sure,
My nightmares will never stop

Death March and Liberation Diary Entries

By: Zachary W. 2016

February 1945

Dear Diary,

Sorry I haven't written for three weeks. Life's been hell for the past three weeks. The Germans know that they are losing, so they decided to send us away on a death march to Ravensbruck. I barely sat, let alone slept for three weeks. They barely fed us, and I still have a gnawing pain in my stomach as well as major aches in the rest of my body. I feel as if I have run 10 marathons straight without a drink or a rest. I just don't get it. If the Germans know they will lose, why not leave us alone! I would hate Hitler and the Nazis so much more if they didn't drain me of all of my energy and will. I can't even imagine what life was like when I had real food, and my body was rested and not too cold. On the death march people just dropped left and right, but the Nazi's just left them, and there wasn't much that we could do. I guess that's why they call it a death march. No one even talked the entire time, because we were afraid of being shot, and we just didn't have the energy. I feel as if I will never be able to recover from this type of pain. Also, it was sooooo cold. They have us marching in the middle of the winter, it's as if they have no regard for human life. I mean is there like a machine which drains all of the Nazis feelings? How are they even human?

May 3, 1945,

Dear Diary,

Great news, but also not so great news. Firstly, the Russians liberated us yesterday, but they just told us to go home, they didn't give us food or shelter. I kinda wish the Americans liberated us, but I guess beggars can't be choosers. Me and my friends were so hungry, that they killed a horse, and ate it right away, they all got extremely sick, so I just ate a potato. I guess the Nazis in a way won, even though they surrendered, because now 6 million Jews are dead, and the rest of

us are lost, like we are stuck in a forest. How can it be that there is barely any sympathy for us in this world, even though we just went through that hardship. No one will ever understand me and my people, forever. No one will know how hard it was. No one knows how it is as a nation to literally lose everything. No one will ever understand.

Letters to my Father

By: Nate C. 2016

Dear Father,
August 5th, 1944

Me and mother are doing fine. We are still working in the kitchen of the concentration camp which is owned by the Germans. We are getting little bits of food from our generals, while we steal the rest of it. Nagymama (grandmother in Hungarian) is still well and happy here with us. Dad, it's so cold in our camp, the Germans won't do anything to help us live better, in fact, if we ask them to make it warmer they will make it colder. I'm still sleeping on top of mother and grandmother, being the only boy, for the Germans like to torture them at night but they can't see them if I am on top. Please help!

It was only three days ago that we were imported to this camp along with other prisoners by a train but feels like so long ago. There were lots of scary dogs there and I'm making a promise to myself that I will never love a German shepherd in my life. Even though I am only eight years old I am trying to be strong in the face of all the things I have seen here. I just lost one of my only shoes and mother gave me a scolding that I have no more shoes to wear, so it looks like I am going to go barefoot for a while. I am getting tired being in the field the whole day, but the weeds won't pick themselves. I have to heave them all over the place and make sure that the Germans fields are spotless from weeds. This yellow star on my chest is really starting to bother me. Father why do I have to be singled out as a Jew? Aren't we all the same? I just don't understand.

During the night, if there is a construction site, my friends and I have to help the workers by getting them water and the stuff that they need. I don't see why they can't just do it by themselves but they have to make us do it. Once, they took one of my friends captive and blamed her for doing something wrong. They told everyone that they were going to kill her if we didn't build an entire road by sunrise. Everyone worked the whole night but we got it done. They freed my friend so it was worth all of the work. I felt very proud of the big road that I had just built. I am not sure if the Germans knew that or not but either way, the next day they tore up our road and rebuilt it, the "right" way.

August 6, 1944

Daddy, Daddy I really need you here. I am very scared. There are so many people here that have better status than us that can do anything that they want to us. It's a good thing that mommy made friends with the head of the Russian prisoners that are here with us in the camp, that is one less gang that overpowers us that we have to worry about.

I am not really sure why I am writing this letter to you because there is no way that you are going to be able to get this. But, if you do somehow read this, Daddy please help me.

Mommy yelled at me again today for not eating the food that she had stolen for me. She said that she puts her life in danger just to get me a little piece of chicken and I refuse to eat it. I didn't want to eat it because I had witnessed a shechting factory and I feel really bad for the chickens once their heads are cut off and they are still running around. I still ate it but am regretting it. I will never eat another piece of meat in my life! I have to eat everything I can, since I am one of the youngest in the camp so everyone steals my food at dinner. I have to eat quickly.

Dad, there also some nice people here. Like there is one German that saw that I don't have any shoes so he gave me a pair of shoes and a hat. He then yelled at mother that she should have told him sooner, but she probably thought that if she asked for something as stupid as a shoe she would surely die.

I have to go now dad because I have to go back to weeding the fields.

Thanks for filling in my time with this letter,
Peter