

## Chapter Nine

### Hisstory



Hersch awakens in an empty room...

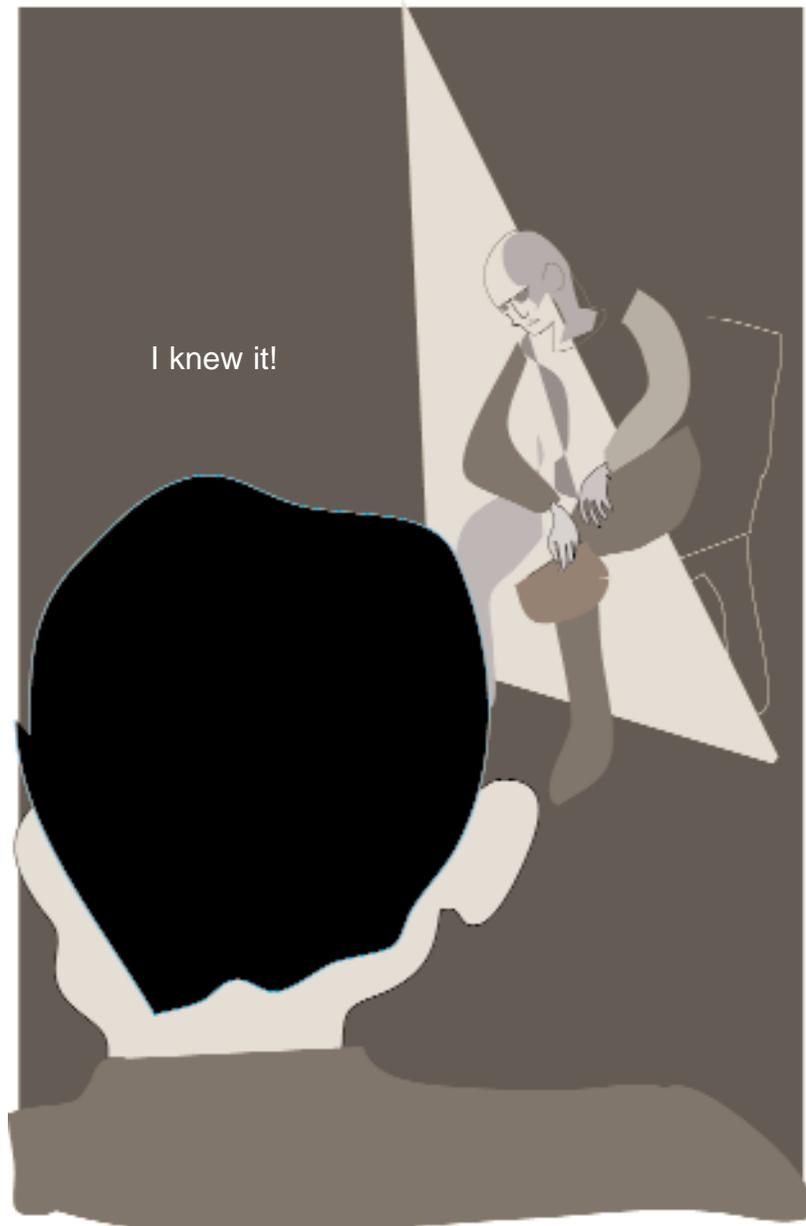


I am sorry. How can you ever forgive me?



Don't worry dad...

The children were lined up two by two. We held hands as we marched into the showers...



Hersch is confronted by Ernst's spirit. He is transported to a soup line in a death camp. Ernst tells his story...



Mom stood in the back of the truck shouting: "where are they taking my boy!"

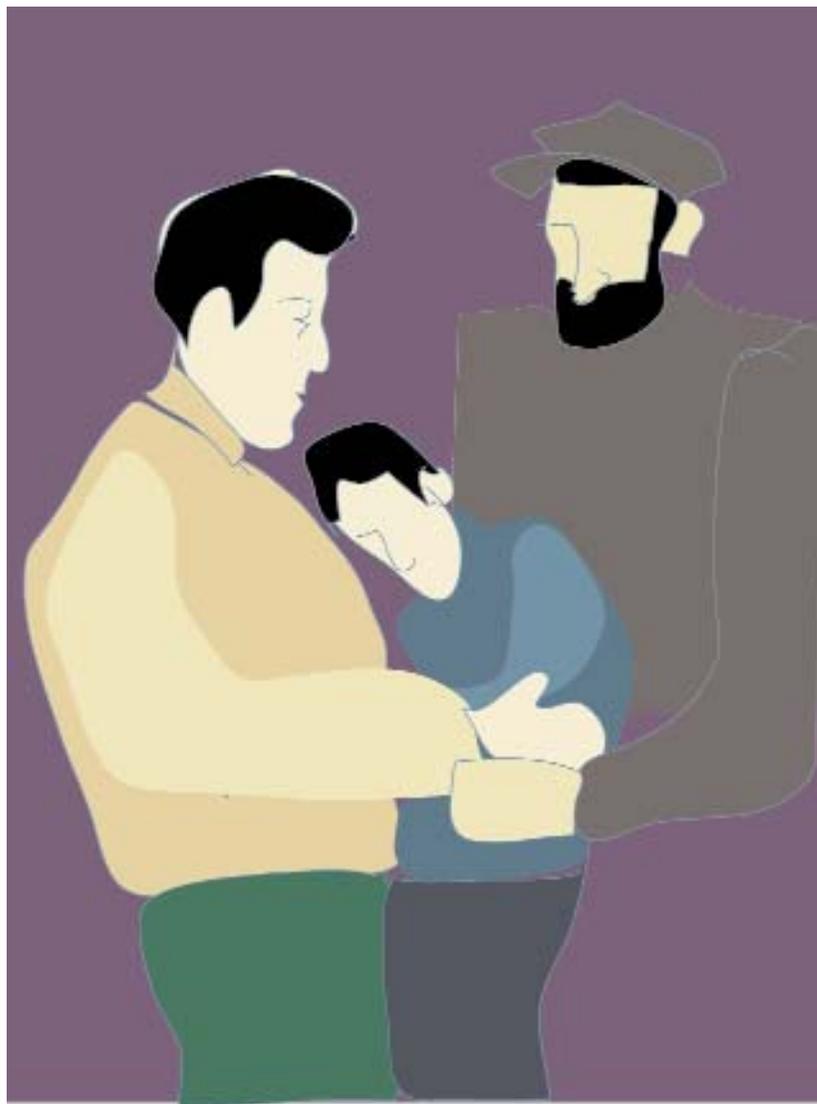


Then came the trucks. Our mothers, sisters and bubbes were loaded onto them and driven away. That was the last I saw of mom...

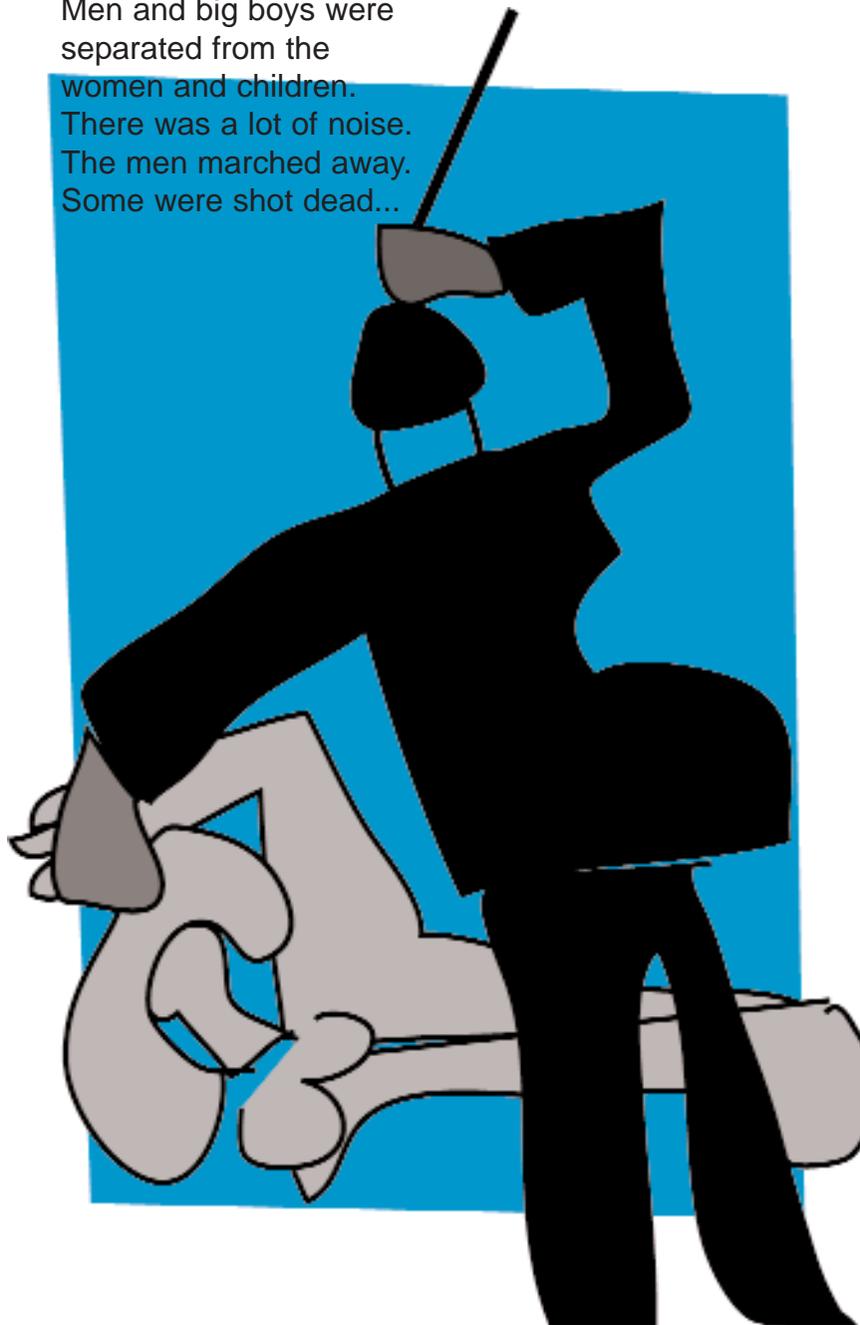


I know these are from your mother's mother, but we need the cash...

I promise to send for you and mama as soon as I reach the border...



Men and big boys were separated from the women and children. There was a lot of noise. The men marched away. Some were shot dead...





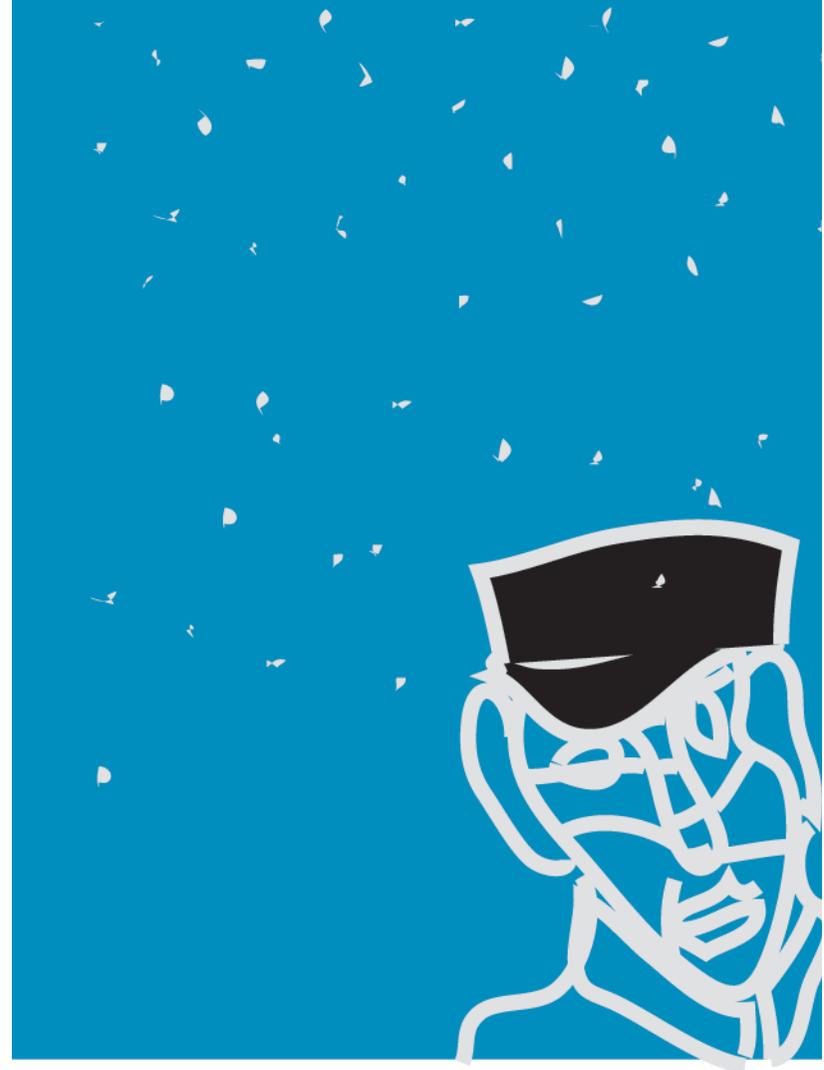
After you left, mom went back to work at Grandpa's store. I stood home with Bubbe because Jewish children were expelled from school...





“Why is this night different from all other nights?”

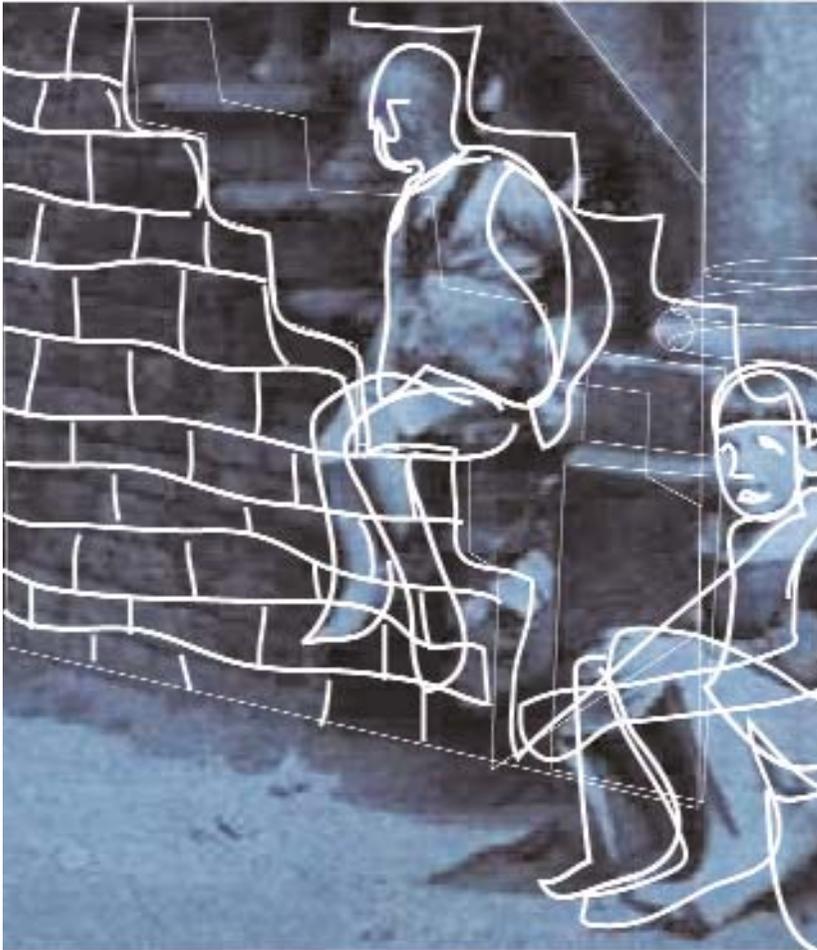
Bright lights shined in our eyes. Snow was falling, though it was September...



When they opened the doors, Grandpa was dead...



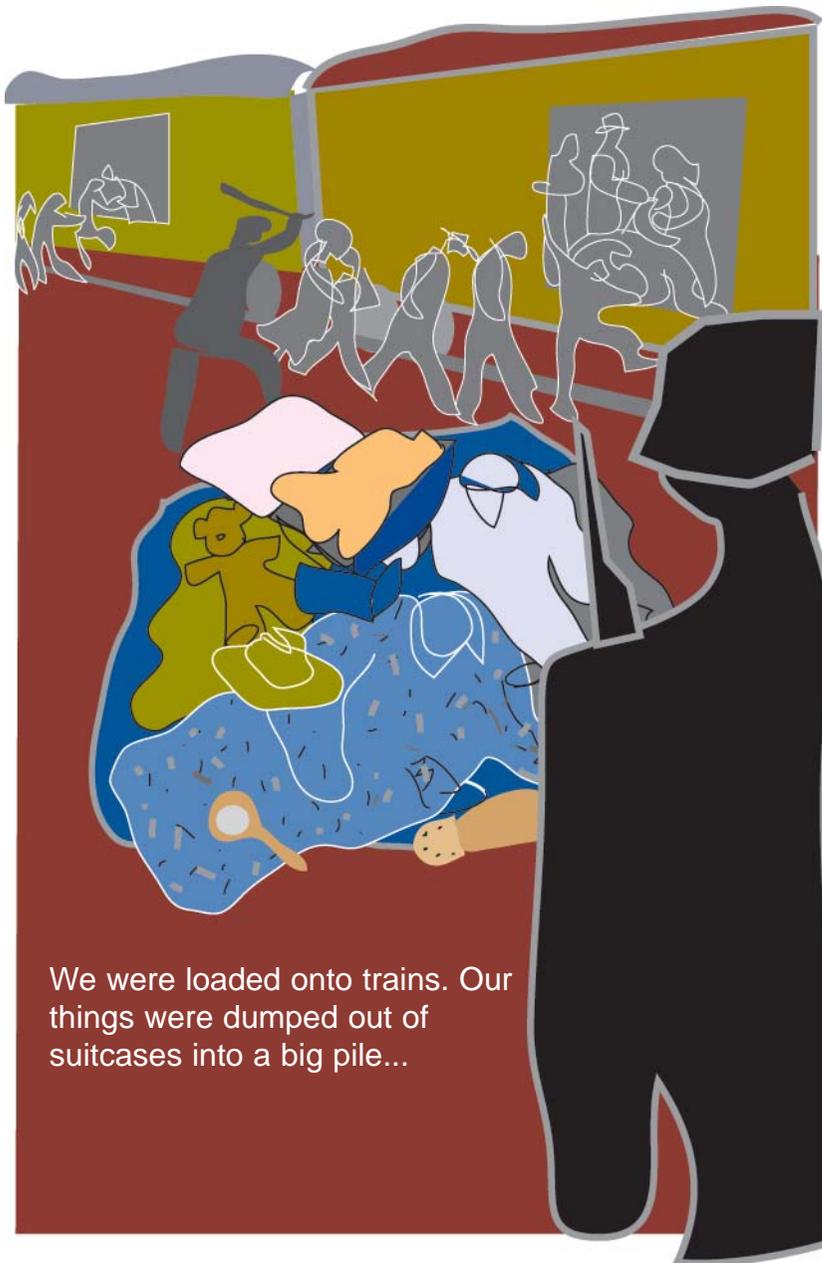
Grandpa's store was given to German owners and we were moved to a small apartment across town with four other Jewish families. I brought my favorite toys along.



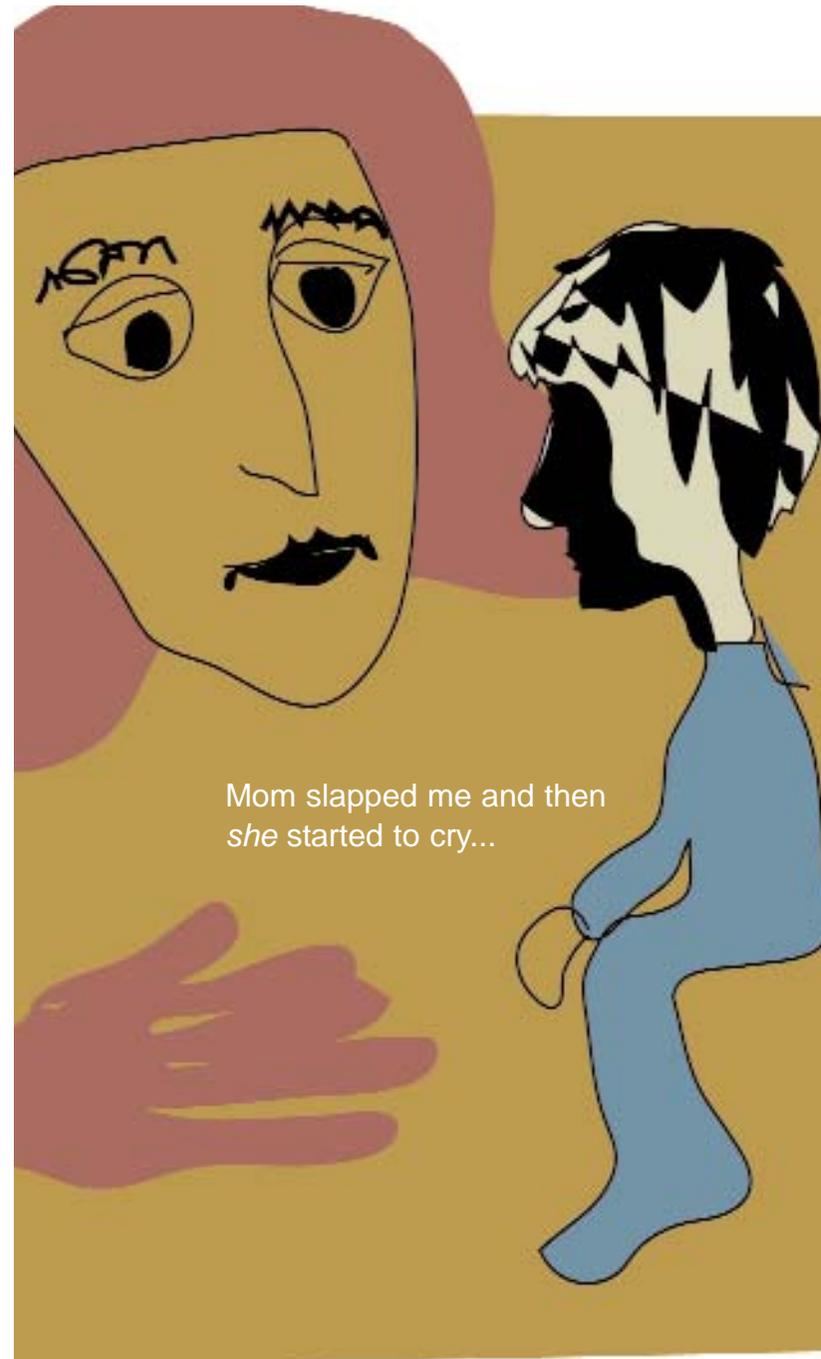
There were so many children. One of the big boys broke my train. I bit him on the nose...

There were so many people on the train.  
There were no seats and no place to sleep.  
We rode standing for two days...





We were loaded onto trains. Our things were dumped out of suitcases into a big pile...



Mom slapped me and then she started to cry...

We were hungry all the time. We lived on potato peels and other people's garbage. Grandpa got real old...



One day in September after Yom Kippur, we were told to pack our bags and leave. Mom wore here prettiest dress...