

Voices of Survivors

Henry Friedman - Transcript

Starvation

The people that took us in were not the elite. They were poor people. My father prepared food for three months, for six months. But the food was gone after three months

The piece of bread that we got, I ate it right away. My younger brother would save it so he could eat it later but I was so hungry. So he would nap and I would start nibbling away on his bread and before long, I ate it.

When he would wake up I would tell him a story that the mice ate it because we had mice all over; they were not afraid of us. One time he caught me reaching for his bread; he started crying and my mother got very angry with me. We were all starving. And I got very angry at my mother. And I said

'Mom, look at me. I have blue eyes. I am blond. Why am I in this place?' And all we could do is just cry.