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**Holocaust Writing, Art, and Film Contest 2019**

She gazed at the papers on the table.

They stared right back at her.

She saw the place where the Jewish mark was missing,  
it seemed to accuse her.

How could one mark mean so much?

She couldn't believe she had survived this long,  
she felt a little guilty for doing so.

She didn't have to register as a Jew

her mother had been raised catholic,

Her father still had some influence so she wasn't a registered Jew,

She knew she was lucky,

She knew what happened to the those who registered.

How long would her safety last?

Was she still in danger?

She was free to leave after all

She could run before things got worse,

She knew they would get worse

She couldn't hope for the rest of the world to see this tragedy and help,

She knew they had already turned a blind eye.

Would she even have the same choice in a year?

Should she run while she still could?

Her father's business had been seized the day before,  
The Nazis had stormed in,  
The very sound of their boots caused onlookers to run away and tremble,  
They provided no reason,  
They simply took the store and left.  
Leaving behind the feeling of loss,  
Crouched among the smashed glass and destruction.

What would happen to her family?

It was clearly becoming more dangerous,  
Her mind couldn't help but wander towards the rumors she had heard.  
Rumors of a Danish resistance against the Nazis.

Was there really something she could do?

She thought of all her cousins and family,  
she couldn't abandon them,  
not knowing the fate she would be leaving them to.

But would she really be able to help them?

She was just 18 herself, barely an adult,  
She reached for her coat, put on her shoes,  
Grabbed her papers and left.

She wasn't running away.

She walked through the streets with quiet determination,

She knew this was the right choice,

Her footsteps echoed with purpose.

She was going to do something.

She hoped she had the address right, it was only a rumor after all,

She arrived, she looked around her, the streets were empty,

You could hear the wind whistling through the empty alleys,

The far off sounds of soldiers laughing as they exited a bar echoed through the alleys,

This was the moment of truth.

She looked at the plain wooden door,

The moment was ripe with tension,

You could smell it in the air,

she raised her hand and knocked.