

Paper Chains
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950 Words

2 Paper Chains

The human body consists of 604 muscles, 206 bones, and 78 organs.
We have the ability to taste, see, feel, smell, and hear.

We can feel love and experience moments of joy.
We live lives of excitement and uncertainty.
We day dream and let our imaginations run wild.
We are on a constant path never knowing what the next bend in the road will bring.
Adolf Hitler and his Nazi's took that all away from me.

Bu bump bu bump bu bump

Our heart beats with a steady rhythm.
It pumps blood through our veins allowing us to live.
It is a symbol of the love that we feel and the pain we endure when that love is lost.
I experienced this feeling of great love in my small village of Gennevilliers.
I was delivering the costly dresses that my boss Mrs. Weber had just finished mending for the rich women on the other side of town.
That's when I saw him.
His eyes were as blue as the clearest summer sky.
He was walking with his friends and one of them must have said something funny because his lips turned up in the corners forming a smile that stopped my heart.
But then the voice of reason inside my head washed away the joyous haze that had concealed the cold hard truth of reality.
I was a Jew and he was not.

Marriages between Jews and subjects of the state of German or related blood are forbidden.

A chain of paper and Hitler's words wound around my heart.
Hitler had taken away my ability to feel love.

The brain is an extraordinary place of thought.
I have always loved to learn, read, and ponder the deeper meanings of the things I see in the world around me.

I had always gotten high marks in school and I was hoping to attend a university.
I often fantasized about the books I would read.

The people I would meet.
The experiences and knowledge I would gain.
Until...

My acceptance to the university was revoked.

3 Paper Chains

We are no longer accepting Jewish students.
Hitler has tied his chain of paper and hateful words around my brain.
He has taken away my ability to learn.

I often daydream about the world.
Oh how I would love to be twirled around to French music in the light of the Eiffel Tower.

Oh how I long to see the freedom of America.
I know that these dreams will never be my reality.
I am bound by the one thing that defines me, the yellow star on my worn coat.
The star acts as a weight keeping me here stuck under the fist of Hitler.
Because of that star I can not leave Germany.
My passport is no use to me as long as I am marked by that star, my dark eyes, and my brown hair.
How I can only dream of shaking off the laws that bind me to the ground and soar through the sky towards a new adventure.
Hitler has woven his paper chains around my dreams pulling until all that remains is my cold, dark life full of restrictions.

When I was younger I would cry to my mama about the mean girls at school who would make fun of my messy braids and second hand dresses.
She would hold me in her arms and say to me, "Weine nicht mein süßes Mädchen. Sie sind und werden immer etwas Besonderes sein."
Don't cry my sweet girl. You are and always will be special.
Her words were always deep in my heart.
I have always clinged to my originality.
Even when I felt as if Hitler had taken everything from me I always had my originality.
Until I am forced to be registered with the second name Sarah like every other Jewish women in my village.
I am forced into the cramped box of how the Nazis view us.
I am not even a person to them.
They see me as a disease that needs to be contained.
My originality lets out a shrill scream as it is obliterated by another one of Hitler's laws.

My favorite memories consist of the days where I would go to the public park.
I would carry with me a book and sit in the shade of a tree and read for hours.
I loved how the Sun felt on my skin.
I loved listening to the birds sing their happy song.

4 Paper Chains

I loved to inhale the fresh air that smelled how I imagined bright green grass and vibrant wild flowers smelled.
I would bring my weekly allowance or whatever I had managed to make by helping our neighbor Ms. Schmidt with chores around her house to buy myself a chocolate ice cream cone.
The thought of feeling happiness is so foreign to me now.
I am no longer allowed to visit that park.
I am no longer allowed to read those books.
I am no longer allowed to buy ice cream from that shop.

I am no longer a human to the people around me.

I am a shell.

I have a heart that cannot love.

I have a brain that cannot learn.

I have a spirit that cannot dream.

My feet are bound tight by the ropes of the Nazis.

I am trapped by words on paper.

These laws are building a cage made of paper around me suffocating my spirit until I feel as if there is no point to live.

I am nothing but a broken soul constricted by the paper chains Hitler has created.