"COUNTDOWN TO HITLER"

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"Adolf Hitler" Neighbors start giving me stares Friends starting to disappear Mean looks thrown at me on the streets This shouldn't last long But even after weeks, Things didn't seem to change. When I questioned They told me it was because, I was a Jew. 9 Boys big and small are torn away from their homes All for his Nazi army But I'll be alright here I still have my family And some friends With a good job to keep my income, The people tell me to be grateful. My ears are drawn to the news People given new names, And bright stars sewn to their clothing, But they were nowhere near me.

A new government

Why should I worry?
8
"Hitler"
"Hitler"
"Hitler"
Is the only talk out of anyone's mouth
Will people stop this nonsense?
Who even is this man?
As thoughts flood through my mind,
I begin.
The anxiety.
Worry.
Fear.
While I walk to work
Fearful faces look my way
Are they scared of me?
Have I done something wrong?
I have yet to know,
What was to come.
Words hit me in the face when I left
"Oh my goodness, a Jew!"
"Get rid of it!"

7 I am fired now No money made I live off what I've got left. A bang at my door, A new middle name, A star stuck on my clothes, I am becoming the people I once brushed off. 6 Signs hung on shop doors "Jews forbidden" I can't even be a human. To them, I am an animal Treated inhumanely And soon enough I am forced from my home, Put on the streets of some old ghetto, Living with the other so called, "Saras" or "Israels" This was sick

Horrid.

And I knew I was going to end up just like the others
Ending up in some camp
Giving into hard labor
Torture.
Death.
Hitler's evil,
Is now coming to engulf me too
Just like how it got to the rest of us.
5
We learn to make schools,
Educate the children,
Care for each other,
This ghetto will not pull us apart.
We vow to stand strong
Undefeated
Work hard
We will cannot let them win
They will not just exterminate us like we are some disease.
4
We continue praising our religion
We keep believing.
We keep fighting.

We keep dancing. We will keep going. 3 The sun rises The smell of smoke floods my head What is happening? A hand grabs my shoulder Tough and strong The face of a Nazi looks down I blink, and I am on a train. I blink, and I am on the ground. I blink, and I am in a tight room, Surrounded by a crowd stripped of their belongings. There are tears, screams, cries. And I realize 2 Why do we hate on people that are different? Why do we think that violence is always the answer? Why can't we all just be friends and care for one another? We are all here on this earth together

We keep educating.

We keep singing.

To work together

To change together

To fight together

So why get rid of us because we are different from you?

1

And I am another one

Lost to the countdown of Hitler.

Bachrach, Susan D. *Tell Them We Remember: The Story of the Holocaust*. Little Brown and Company, 1994. *publishersweekly.com*, https://www.publishersweekly.com/978-0-316-69264-9.