

"Lost in the Attic"
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800 Words

Could a decade in time ever be lost?

Could history ever be thrown off into books and shoved aside?

Could what should be remembered ever be

Forgotten?

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Mr. Able walked up the old wooden stairs leading to the attic. The wood squeaked as he climbed up the steep stairway. His 5 year old son, not far behind, hopped up the stairs bouncing off one foot to another. Timothy was happy to get to come to work with his dad. The stairs led to an open doorway filled with dust and a musty smell. Mr. Able knocked a spiderweb down in the corner of the doorway.

"Well this is it," he said, placing down some empty boxes.

Mr. Able had gotten the job of cleaning out the attic at work today - he had never been up here before.

"Looks like this place hasn't been cleaned in ages," he said.

His son, who liked to stay quiet, went off to the end of the attic and started to explore through some old boxes.

The attic had a lot of miscellaneous items in it but important ones too. There were files, books, old christmas decorations, and everything that you might find in an attic.

"I think this might take awhile, bud," he said, kneeling down to sort through a box full of books.

So the two started on their attic clean-out, putting items in one of two boxes. One of which led to the trash. The other was to keep either in the attic or in the office.

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They were about 2 hours into their job when his boy found a box full of old children's books sitting behind an old record player. There were all sorts of classics; Charlotte's Web, Nancy Drew, and Doctor Sues.

"Would you like to keep some of these?" asked the father.

Timothy nodded, grabbing a stack from the top and setting it by the stairs.

Most of the books he wanted, but others he did not, like the girly books about princesses.

It was when he came to a particular book that he was unsure about.

It was an old book about the Holocaust for children. The boy tilted it up to show his dad.

"Oh. That's not for kids," said his dad taking it and placing on a shelf.

"It looks all broken too," said his dad, placing it in the trash box.

The boy looked over into the box.

"Dad, why are you throwing that book out?" questioned the son.

"We don't need that book anymore," said the dad.

"Well what's it about?" he asked.

"Its about a time long ago, where people were killed for being a different religion. You wouldn't understand though."

So the dad put the book away. It wasn't that he didn't view it as a bad thing, but was the Holocaust really relevant in 2080?

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Timothy took a bite of his cereal. He looked up at his mom who was packing his bag for school.

"What's the Holocaust, Mom?" he asked, setting down his spoon.

She kept packing his bag.

"What?" she asked.

"The Holocaust."

"Now where'd you hear about the Holocaust?" she asked.

"Dad," he said. Most stuff he heard was from dad.

"I haven't heard the word Holocaust in a while."

There was a long pause.

"The Holocaust is a bad thing, honey."

Timothy wanted to know more.

"Okay," he said, sighing.

It seemed no one thought about the Holocaust nowadays. Thankfully, listening to the whole conversation was his grandma. She, for one, would tell him about the Holocaust.

Downstairs, sandwiched between a Bible and an old lamp was exactly what Timothy was looking for.

So Timothy sat next to his grandma as she flipped through the pages of an old Holocaust book. She read the words slowly and carefully as Timothy soaked it all in. While the world put the Holocaust aside, she would not.

Little things could go a long way. Timothy, after learning about this newfound story, figured his friend Peter must know. And also Andrew and Terry and John. The word spread like a wildfire in his Miss. Huysman's kindergarten class. Soon, the whole school knew.

Little did grandma know that her story with Timothy was going a long way. She could only hope it would. Not just to a kindergarten class, but to everyone around the world.

The Holocaust took place from 1933-1945. 6 million Jews were killed, but many more were affected. It is my hope then, that everyone should learn and think about the Holocaust.

"I made the visit deliberately, in order to be in a position to give first-hand evidence of these things if ever, in the future, there develops a tendency to charge these allegations merely to 'propaganda.'" - President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Works Cited

<https://parade.com/.amp/1327091/jessicasager/holocaust-remembrance-day-quotes/>