

First Place
Fiction Writing, Division I
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Different Schools, Same Time
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“I hate Jews, and especially you.” I hear a voice say on the playground.

It sounded like Sam Cardo.

“You don’t want to start this.” Said Ben.

“I do,” Sam answered.

Ben threw a punch at Sam first.

They were taken to the office along with the witnesses and I.

My parents told me there was this German man that hated us.

I’m not sure why he hated us.

The Germans came into the school again.

I don’t know why they wanted to know how big our heads are.

We are just told it’s to measure how smart we are!

In the principal's office we were told to line up.

I was next in line and all I had to do was explain what I saw.

“The last thing I heard before things started to escalate was Sam Cardo says

‘I hate Jews, and especially you.’ to Ben.” I said.

I am next in line to get “interviewed”

They said they just needed to figure out if I was Jewish.

Which I am, but why do they need to know?

A few days later they came back and said I got to go to a party!

They said I can’t tell my parents because it was a surprise for them, too.

I left the principal's office and got ready for study hall.

The only thing I could think about was,

Why do Sam and Ben hate each other?

There's nothing that happened between them that I know of.

My friends and I went to school earlier than usual so we weren't late to catch the bus.

The bus was taking us to the party!

After a few hours of driving, there was no sight of buildings.

We were dropped off at a field.

Was the party fake?

Both of the boys got an in-school suspension for one day.

After that day was over I decided to take it into my own hands to figure out what happened.

My 2nd period was with Ben, and he threw the first punch, so I'm guessing he would have a reason.

We traded in our school uniforms for dirty, light tan shirts.

This was not looking like a party to me.

I connected the dots.

It was because I was Jewish.

When I got to 2nd period I asked Ben about the situation.

"Ben, do you mind if I ask why you fought Sam."

"I don't really want to talk about it" Said Ben

"You know, we used to be best friends last year. You can trust me."

I walked into what an old lady called a “concentration camp”.

All I knew at this point is that I wouldn’t see my family or friends...ever...again.

I heard gunshots coming from fields in the distance.

“Was I next?” I thought to myself.

“Well...” Ben sighed, “He basically told me I belong in a concentration camp because I’m Jewish.”

“Wow. That’s dreadful, I’m sorry..”

“Thanks, but that’s in the Germans area and we are in California. So, I’m not worried about it”

“Don’t worry Ben, nothing will happen.”

A short, obese man walked into my camp.

He had his guards take my friends by their hands and legs.

One made eye contact with me.

I’ve already been through more situations than I could ever imagine, so I let it happen.

I talked to Ben for a few more minutes about Hitler’s rule.

I truly could never imagine what conditions the Jews are in right now.

At my school there was just a fight.

Other schools, like in Germany, Jews are being taken away to concentration camps.

How much worse could it get, honestly?

I was dropped off at a different camp that was filled with gas chambers.

I knew this was the end, and there was nothing that I could do about it now...

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