

# Honorable Mention Division I – Writing

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*Back Home*

The Lippman School

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Word Count 529

## Back Home

I just got out of school to see my brother waiting for me.

“Hey Raphy.”

“Hi David.”

Right now there was so much I wanted to say, but I know he was too young. While we were walking home my little brother was talking but I was not really listening. I was thinking about how so much evil roams the earth. How could this one man take over Germany and hurt so many people just because they aren't what he thinks they should be? It just makes me so angry! It's like this guy thinks he is a God... it's so dumb. When we got home my dad told my little brother to go upstairs. He then told me to go into the dining room with my older brother, Ari, my mom and of course my dad.

He said “I'm guessing you heard the news Raphael?”

”Yes I did. Do you know if Uncle Ab and his family are okay?”

“Right now we believe that they are.” said my dad

“Okay that is good.”

“Son, me and your big brother Ari are going into the army to help against the Nazis.”

### ONE YEAR LATER

Ever since Ari and dad left I have been paranoid that I will get kidnapped. I have become a much quieter kid because I am just so scared. After school, me and my mom were reading the newspaper when it happened. The newspaper headline stated...

“BREAKING NEWS: HITLER AND THE NATZIS TAKE OVER DENMARK”

My stomach churned. I felt like I wanted to throw up! Then my mom gave me a big hug and said “It's going to be okay.”

### IN DENMARK

“Welcome, come in quick,” said Carl. My friend Carl let me and my family in.

“Follow me to the attic this way.”

My wife Abigail, my daughters Sarah and Maya and I were led into the attic. After about two hours it began “bang, bang!” The sound of gunshots and screaming. I heard and saw through the window. Then, “bang, bang, bang,” as they knocked on the door. I knew we should be safe. I mean I knew Carl since I was twenty-four and now I'm forty. I knew he would not tell, at least I thought until I heard him say “don't hurt me they are upstairs!”

I was so mad! I wanted to go down there and beat him up. I heard them going upstairs. I saw my wife standing up right before I could tell her to sit down. “POW!” I witnessed her get shot right in front of me. As I was getting up, the Nazi said “I wouldn't if I were you, kike.” I sat down and they grabbed me...

### A FEW YEARS LATER

I'm free and in America with my sister-in-law and my nephews. My brother died in war fighting for us. My wife and daughters are dead. Lucky Hitler is dead. My wife died from a gun wound, my daughter Sarah died from starvation in the ghetto, and my other daughter

Maya died in a gas chamber. I am the only one in my direct family alive. My parents may be alive, but I don't know.

#### Works Cited

<https://www.ushmm.org/>