

Honorable Mention

Division I – Writing

Katie Archbold, Grade 6

Used to Be

The Lippman School

Sydney Weishar, Instructor

Word Count 611

Used To Be

Andrew

It is late at night. The Nazis broke into my boarding school and ordered us to line up outside. There were maybe fifty or more of us boys lined up, shivering in our PJs. One of my friends hesitated, asking the leader of the group what was going to happen to us. The leader turned around, took one look at him, and shot him. My friend crumpled to the ground, clearly dead. My name is Andrew. I was captured by Nazis on Kristallnacht, "The Night of Broken Glass." I used to have a life in Nazi Germany.

Michael

I am in shock. The boy who was killed was just asking a question, and the Nazi killed him just like that. It will be a miracle if I make it out alive. I don't see my best friend and older brother, Andrew, in the crowd. I hope he is alive. The boy's killer turned around and said, "Let your friend be an example to the rest of you! You do what we say, and do not ask questions! You will not be answered, filthy Jews!" I was so scared, and I could not believe my eyes. The leader's speech shook me to the core. My name is Michael. I witnessed the Nazis kill a boy. I used to be a normal boy in Germany.

Andrew

The leader of the group of Nazis ordered us to walk single file. I don't know where they are taking us. I only know that I hope to reunite with Michael there. After walking, for what seemed like miles, we stopped in front of what looked like a collection of small tents as the sun was rising. They looked like they could barely fit one person inside them, but the Nazi leader shouted, "Run, filthy Jews, two to a barrack, hurry, go!" I looked around and saw Michael running into one of the tents. I beelined it to that tent. I made it before anyone else. I hugged Michael and said, "we have to get out of here!" Michael agreed, and we planned our escape. "So, we wait until night, then we scale the fence surrounding us. Easy peasy." I said, followed by "why don't you try to sleep until we can escape?" My name is Andrew. I found my brother, Michael. I used to have a life in Nazi Germany.

Michael

I woke up from my nap to Andrew shaking me awake. "Come on!" he said. I got up quickly, moving as quietly as I could. We tip-toed toward the tall fence surrounding the makeshift camp. My heart was pounding in my chest, I was so scared. I heard a voice behind me, yelling "Stop, filthy Jews! Why are you not in the barracks?" I froze, petrified. Andrew said, "Um...we had to use the restroom?" the Nazi soldier said, "the restroom is that way, as you very well know. Nice try." Then I heard Andrew say, "can we have another chance?" I could feel him shaking next to me. The soldier responded with, "you are Jewish, you don't get second chances. "I heard two gunshots, and then I felt a searing pain in my gut. I instantly fell to the ground in agony. I saw Andrew falling to the ground next to me, and I knew where the other bullet had landed. I only had a second to register this, though, and everything went black. My name is Michael. Me and my brother, Andrew, were just two of the nearly eleven million people who died in the Holocaust, six million of them being Jewish like us. I used to be a normal boy in Germany.

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