Honorable Mention Division I – Writing

Seraphina Voytilla, Grade 6

Where Are They Now?

Hudson Middle School

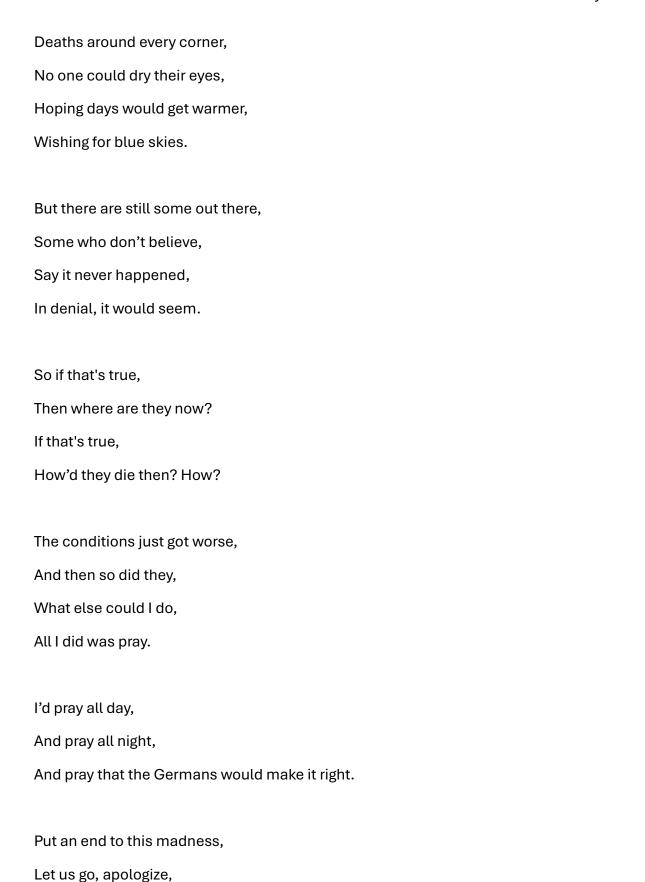
Cathy Kantin, Instructor

Word Count 692

Where Are They Now?

Listen to me now,	
For there's something you must hear,	
A story so important,	
One that I hold dear.	
am a living survivor	
Of the Holocaust	
Here to tell my story,	
Make sure it isn't lost.	
There are many people out there,	
Who'd say I'm ludicrous,	
But you had better believe me,	
When I tell you this,	
lost both of my parents,	
My uncle and my aunt,	
My 2 older sisters	
And my best friends.	
All by the same man,	
And his forces at will,	
Only one thing to do,	
Get rid of Jews, kill.	

And so he did, I tell you, he did. And you better believe it, That's why everyone hid. But there are still some out there, Some who don't believe, Say it never happened, In denial, it would seem. So if that's true, Then where are they now? If that's true, How'd they die then? How? They rounded us up, Put us in camps, Gave us little food, Our beds were all damp. The beds were so firm, Food bowls always dry, Water portions, so small, Then again, so was I.



Do they know what they're doing?

Do they open their eyes?

Look at the damage,

They split the world in two,

They made it all happen,

We had no say,

We were treated like scum,

No one had hope,

What were we to become?

But what could we do?

The guns poised and ready,
Their barrels glistened,
We had to obey orders,
We had to listen.

Every move, monitored,
It was either life or death,
I was always hoping
For just one more breath

But there are still some out there,
Some who don't believe,
Say it never happened,

In denial, it would seem.

So if that's true,

Then where are they now?

If that's true,

How'd they die then? How?

With no extra cloths,

Just those dirty striped suits,

No clean water for us,

Unimaginable abuse.

Disease didn't discriminate,

It didn't decide,

Anyone was a target,

We were dropping like flies.

Families separated by force,

All hope withdrawn,

We clung to what was left,

Barely making it along.

I was one of the many,

transferred camp to camp,

Dachau to Auschwitz,

The trains dark and cramped.

Unlike most others,
I held fast to my dreams,
I wanted my family,

Freedom by any means.

But there are still some out there,

Some who don't believe,

Say it never happened,

In denial, it would seem.

So if that's true,
Then where are they now?
If that's true,
How'd they die then? How?

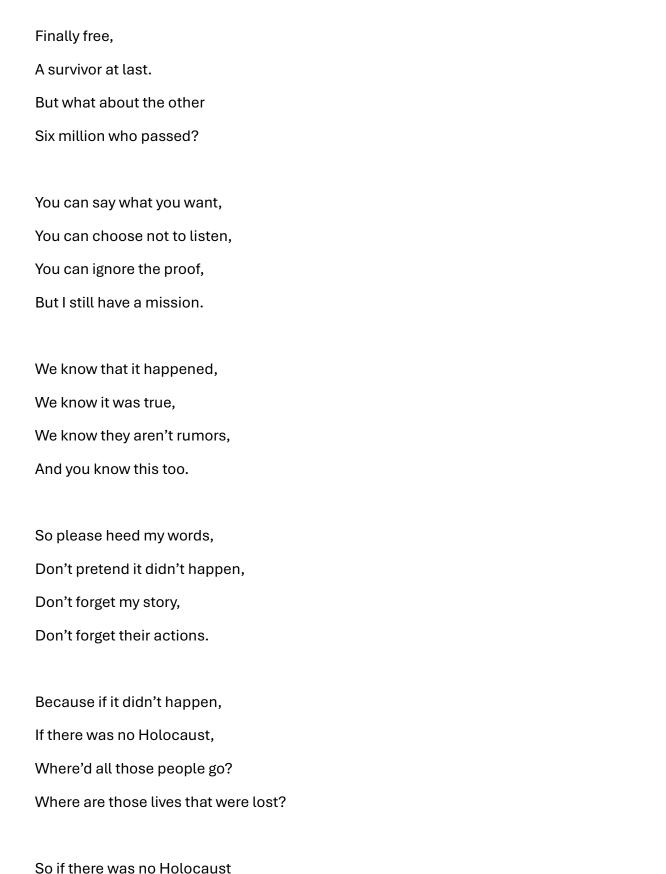
They could strip me of family,

They could strip me of clothes,

They could strip me of freedom,

My will to survive only grows.

I'll never forget
the sounds of that day
The hum of the tanks
As they took us away.



Then where's my family now?

All the people who died,

How'd they die then? How?

Works Cited

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