

Theo Parkyn

The Showers

I am in a cart. It smells, and babies are crying and throwing up. There are people dying. I'm only twelve – I shouldn't be experiencing this – I should be playing in fields rather than suffocating in cattle carts. The cart begins to slow; maybe it's the British come to save us from our terrible fate. We stop and I see someone jump out of the cart and begin to run. I hear shouting, I hear a gun go off, a thump and then silence. We get out slowly, hands over our heads, and then it hits me - the smell. It smelt like a house that hasn't been cleaned for years; it smelt of death, despair and devastation.

We slowly begin to walk towards this hell hole that will be my cage. I hear a German soldier shout "mehr ratten kommen durch!". The gates open slowly and I see more soldiers waiting for us. We are ordered to line up and we do. As I'm looking around I see that the people around me are dirty and thin. A man is walking up to the front; he points left for the first three people and then he points right. All the Jews who are watching gasp. The man says "zu den dushen mit dir!", "to the showers with you!" he translates for us.

After a while it comes to me – he points right – I can't wait to be clean again. I will write as soon as I am clean. These Nazis aren't as bad as I thought. There is one thing that is bothering me, it smells strange and I don't like it. I will write once I'm done.

This short story was written in memory of the Holocaust victims. May they not be forgotten.