



THE LONE SURVIVOR

"Tell us your story granddad," asked Mike's granddaughter.

It was World War 2, 1940, on May 9th, at about 12:00pm. My friend Jake and I played 'hide 'n' seek' in the dirty, German concentration camp. Every single harmless Jew captured by them stupid, smelly German Nazi Soldiers. Nobody knew what was happening.

I was in for 'hide 'n' seek.' "Ready or not, here I come," I yelled. Everything was quiet. No birds sung, no dogs barked. I tiptoed past the stony, old bunk-rooms but I couldn't find him anywhere. "Jake where are you?" I yelled at the top of my lungs. There was no response. "Say woho." I listened as my echo grew silent. Still no response.

I got worried. Where was he? I carried on looking for hours and hours but still no luck. Jake was nowhere, but I still haven't looked in one spot, 'The Shower' (so I thought). "Jake are you in here," I whispered. All of a sudden all these men crowded in the small shower room. "Alright men, clothes off, you're just having a shower," the grumpy Sargent ordered. I saw the last of the freshly gassed bodies getting yanked out. "IT'S THE GAS CHAMBER!" one of the older men yelled. Everybody screamed and ran for the door. No one could get out but I had a plan.

I was scared but I stayed calm. I was shaking like a building in an earthquake. Hopefully my plan will work. While the Nazi soldier was concentrating on the screaming and shouting. I sprinted for his legs. I ducked and slid right under him. "PHEW, he didn't notice," I thought to myself. The last of the gassed Jews got thrown onto the trucks. I was guessing that they were going to the incinerator. I quickly jumped onto the ginormous truck. It smelt like death and gas. It was so putrid I was about to vomit. The last body got thrown onto me as I lay on the truck pretending to be dead. "That's the last of them," one of the soldiers wailed. I felt the truck move and as soon as I saw the green trees I jumped, out the back and onto the soft, green grass. I quickly scampered over to a swaying oak tree. "I'm free, I'm free," I screamed. A shiny car drove past looking at me with a

weird, disgusted face, and that is when I remembered that I was naked. "Oh no," I thought. I then sprinted to the nearest house.

"And that's where it ended," Mike mumbled. "A lady opened the door and I told her I was a Jew in a concentration camp. She finally led me into her house (after staring at me in confusion.) She gave me some fresh, clean clothes and made me a cup of hot cocoa, and that is where I met Anne, my pride and joy, my wife."

Written By Phoebe Bradley-Doig



Some of the Jews in a concentration camp, looking hungry and tired.