

AT1 English – Night
Creative Writing

April 11, 1944

Dear Diary,

I feel that something evil and devilish is going to happen as everyone around me is gloomy, sad or angry. It is time to observe the 8 days of Passover. I spent my time watching mother cook food for everybody because the synagogues are closed by the mean people called the Germans. One of the rabbis came to our house to pray with us and our neighbours. We ate beautiful food, drank sacred drinks and we sang many songs to celebrate and please our God.

During our days of celebration, the Hungarian policeman came into our home and were very mean. They took all our gold and silver, and valuable possessions. How dare they! We did not do anything like that to them, but this will be a part of the Lord's plan, so it is not in vain.

A few days later we had to wear a big yellow star. I asked Helda why our family and the members of the church had to wear one. She hugged me and told me that things are just changing for a little while and to never give up hope.

Tzipora Wiesel

May 13, 1944

Dear Diary,

Our little town of Sighet has changed. There are big areas called (ghettos) here now and our house is in one of the streets of the ghetto, so we can still live in our house. There is an enormous barbed wire fence as far as you can see around the ghetto.

The Hungarian police drove some of our relatives from their homes, so now they live with us. Last night father had to go to an important meeting with some other elders of the town. He came home, his face heavy from long days of business and long nights of worry. His hands white and clenched. "The news is terrible," he said at last. And then one word: "Transports." In the beginning, I did not understand this, but now I know that it involves moving as our world became a flurry of packing, baking and sorting.

My only escape was to my bedroom even though the valuables were safely buried, I still felt a sense of peace there, away from the rush and bother outside those four walls. This is the place I have always known when I was born this became, my room and has always been. I had to pack all my other belongings in my suitcase, I have chosen to wear my new, favourite red coat on the trip as it is big, leaving more room in my bag. It is also cold outside, even though it is spring.

Mother is in a state of panic; her only escape is through the kneading of bread. It makes her feel important, as that bread is coming with us. She watches us, Elie says that she is watching us wistfully, with a glimmer in her eye, as if each time is the last time.

Father has been very busy, too. He had to attend last minute meetings, help neighbours prepare for the journey and help us, his own family prepare as well. Each member of the family has a suitcase with belongings packed to the brim and a sack with food hand cooked by Mother, Hilda and Beatrice, enough for 3 days if eaten in precise portions. My suitcase was a gift from Bubbe (Grandma), the last birthday I had with her before she died.

We leave tomorrow, I am to pack this diary and pen into my suitcase and get as much sleep as possible, even though I will be tossing and turning with worry, for this is will be the first time I have been away from home.

Tzipora Wiesel

May 15, 1944

Dear Diary,

We are travelling to a very bad place as this journey is not nice. The train that arrived had been a bunch of cattle cars. Each car was over packed with people, so much that you could only stand. I grasped Mother's hand and vowed to never let go. I was terrified for my life, but oh the train was a nightmare. The stench of the cows, the stench of sweat, the stench of those dying. It was all too much. It stayed in my nostrils until it became only just bearable. After the second day, my thirst was great. I could not stand it, the heat making it stronger.

We stopped at the town, Kaschau, on the Czechoslovakia border. The door opened, and two officers entered the cart, one German and one Hungarian. The Hungarian acted as his interpreter, 'From this moment on, you are under the authority of the German Army. Anyone who still owns gold, silver, or watches must hand them over now. Anyone who will be found to have kept any of these will be shot on the spot. Secondly, anyone who is ill should report to the hospital car. That's all.'

The possessions were collected in a basket by the Hungarian officer. "There are eighty of you in the car," the German officer added. "If anyone goes missing, you will all be shot, like dogs." At that moment I gripped Mother's hand even tighter, as she gripped mine. We were all going to die, not today as we were too gripped by the German fear, but sometime in the future very soon, we will die, this is what Elie has explained to me. He is such a wise big brother.

Tzipora Wiesel