

It first started with neighbors, then friends and finally my family. Why did it have to come to this? My infant son is across the continent with a foster family. My wife lay dead in the street alongside a helpless boy who she was trying to protect. I tried to stop her, but it was too late, and then I ran. I don't know where to go, where to hide, where to eat, or where to sleep. There was nothing left for me to live for. How did it come to this? Is it because we're Jewish? But why would people hate one another if we're all just humans? Why have war with one another? Why not just forgive one another? So many *Why's* but all I get is the cold dead silence of the night. But that was decades ago.

I thought I could just ignore all the hatred around me, I thought I could keep my wife safe from all of this. I've clearly failed, but I've managed to keep my son safe at the very least. I can still see it as if it was yesterday. The train was ready to leave the South and move up to the more safe and secure North. My son an infant, of course had no idea what was going on. He was crying and so were we. It was for the best. The family that to take care of him as one of their own. They were a nice family. The dad was my best friend when we were young. The train Conductor yelled, “All aboard!” My beautiful wife cried in my arms. I cried as well once more. The last glimpse I saw of my little boy were his little hands waving like a baby does when it's crying and trying to grab something. So then it hit me then and there; He was gone-forever-never to be seen again. But that was decades ago.

My wife, Anita, is the most beautiful and kindest woman to ever exist. She cares about others when no one else cares about them. She'll give food away to people in need when she barely has any for herself, and she'll take a bullet for any helpless soul. If she hadn't seen the boy, or better yet, if the boy wasn't even there to begin with, it could've all been better right now. Why must the Nazi get irritated for the most dumbest of reasons? Most importantly, why they kill children? Children have nothing to do with the war, so why must the children suffer? Anita life will not be left in vain. She will be remembered, and if no one else will remember, then I will even, if it was decades ago.