

















Eva, anyone who looks at you when you laugh realizes that you are " ".a Jew

.That is what aunt Marisia used to say

From that moment on I did my best not to laugh. I also stopped .smiling

Going out into the yard was forbidden ever since the neighbor had asked me questions to which I answered that I was a Pole and even made the cross sign across my chest but nonetheless she continued

with her questions. Maybe that was why we moved to Krakow. We took everything with us including our pictures and papers -in a red .box

Now that I'm all grown I regret wanting to stay a Christian. Now I sometimes escape the children's quarters at the Kibutz, hide among the bushes and write this journal about everything that has

happened during the war so that I don't forget it and also to let you know daddy, what I've been through during all those years when we were apart