



Auschwitz. A place of no escape. A place where death comes to many. Except one.

Erika.



The train, rattling as it went, held many passengers who know what was to come for them. They knew that this may be the last time they saw daylight. Outside the train, snow glistened amongst the scraps of metal and broken guns. Mothers hugged their babies close and told them it was going to be alright.

Except one. She pulled apart the barbed wire guarding the hole on the top of the cart and threw her baby. Erika's mother threw her about of the train. She threw her to save her life.

Meanwhile, the train creaked and shook as it entered the camp. The prisoners were shoved by the observant and fearsome guards, the thumps of their chunky boots sending shivers down the children's backs as their mums held them close – even though they were just as scared as them. In huge letters, emblazoned on the steel sign was VERBOTEN. Forbidden.

The wind was wailing and the clouds were sobbing. It was a solemn day. As the useful went into the courtyard, they heard the chilling hiss of the gas chambers and the screams of terror. The next day, those who were left alive lined up at the barbed wire, scarred by the atrocities that had gone on in there. And that went on for many years after.

The holocaust. Auschwitz. A place and time of horror and death. A place that Erika escaped. We must always remember the bravery she showed and the love of her family.

This was Erika's story.