

Krinik in Khurbn

Chapter 13, Pages 155-157



Drawing courtesy of the the painter, Zdzislaw Nitka

Death - Live

mir zaynen geshtanen a sho un keyner iz tsu undz nisht gekumen. bloyz di postns hobn arumgemarshirt tsuklapndik mit di fis. nor plutsung zaynen ongekumen oytos un taksis, fun velkhe es zaynen aroysgekumen hoykhe, merderishe geshtaltn mit toytn-kep oyf di hitlen.

mit yedn moment kumen alts mer un mer azelkhe parshoynen. ot shteyt a grupe SS-layt- soldatn bavofnt fun kop biz di fis. zey farteyln zikh arum tsug. yede finf meter shteyt eyner, ot derzeen mir mentshn in geshtreyfte kleyder mit numern oyf der Brust un oyf di hoyzn.

zey loyfn ahin un tsurik. eyner a hoykher mit a heyzeriker shtim loyft nokh un shrayt: shnel foroys! er halt a grobn dembenem shtekn in hant. di mentshn mit di geshtreyfte kleyder zeen gut oys. yederer trogt geputste shikh.

ver zaynen zey? vos far a mentshn zaynen dos? -fregt eyner baym tsveytn.

di oytos zamlen zikh eyne leben di tsveyte. in der zayt shteyen groyse hiltserne trep. di merderishe ponimer mern zikh mit yeder minut alts mer. yeder fun vagon shtupt zikh tsum fentsterl un vil zen vos kumt for. di froyen pakn zikh un veynen fartsveyft. di etlikhe eltere yidn haltn farglotst di oygn un shrayen: Ya'anha Adonai Beyom tzara!...(2)

Zeydl Filipski shteyt ongeton mit talis un tefilin. zayn tsveyyorik kind shteyt leben im un halt mit a tsiterdik hentele a tsitse (3). eyn kuzindl mayns shteyt leben mir, der tsveyter- leben zayn mamen. plutsung hert zikh a klapn in der tir, a hastiker pral oyf un a vilder geshray falt in dem vagon arayn: „ales oyshteygn! paketn lign losen! froyen- ekstra, mener- ekstra!“

We had been standing at the station for an hour, and no one came to see us. Only the guards marched around outside with their shoes clacking. But suddenly, trucks and cabs appeared, from which tall, murderous figures with skulls on their hats got out.

With each passing moment, more and more of these people are arriving. Just now, a group of SS soldiers is already standing there, armed from head to toe. They spread out around our train so that there is one of them every five meters. And there, we also see people in striped clothing and with numbers on their chests and pants.

They run back and forth. A tall man with a hoarse voice runs after them, yelling, "Quick, forward!" He holds a rough oak stick in his hand. The people in the striped clothes look well; each wears polished shoes.

Who might they be? What kind of people are they, we ask each other.

The trucks gather and park next to each other. On the sides there are big wooden stairs. Every moment, more and more murderous faces can be seen. Everyone in the train car pushes to the window to see what is going on. The women are packing up their things and crying desperately. The elderly Jews have their eyes rolled upward, shouting, "Ya'anha Adonai Beyom tzara!..."(2)

Zeidl Filipski is standing there, dressed in his talis (tallit) and tefilin. His two-year-old child is next to him, holding a tsitse (3) in his trembling little hand. Next to me is one of my young cousins, the other is with his mother. Suddenly, there is a rumbling at the door, which falls wide open, and a wild shouting pierces through the carriage: "Everybody out! Leave the packages! Women here, men there!"

- (1) Hitler's SS ("Schutzstaffel", "Protection Squadron") was divided in several groups with special responsibilities. The "SS - Totenkopfverbände" ("Death Head's Units"), ran the concentration - and extermination camps.
- (2) Psalm 20:1: "May the Lord answer you in the day of trouble ", transkription according to Ivrit
- (3) tsitse (s)/tzitzit: the silk ornamental fringes on ritual garments of pious Jews



Picture of [tzitzit strings](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tzitzit), <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tzitzit>, This work has been released into the **public domain** by its author, **DRosenbach** at *English Wikipedia*, date of original upload 2 September 2005

The original description page was [here](#). All following user names refer to en.wikipedia./2005-09-02 15:54 [DRosenbach](#) 1944x2592x (1434814 bytes) *Picture of tzitzit strings, no changes made*

Bay der tir zaynen geshtanen etlekhe yunge banditn mit grobe shtekns in di hent un geshlogn iber di kep. ven Zeydl Filipiski hot zikh bavizn in tir, zaynen ale shtekns gefaln oyf zayn kop un er iz glaykh gefaln in a kaluzshe blut. Yakev iz geshtanen in eyn hemd in der ershter ray fun di mener. ikh bin geshtanen in der tsveyter, „tsu finf in a ray!“- hobn geshrign di SS-mener, shlogndik iber di kep. di froyen zaynen geshtanen in der zayt fun undz.

a hoykher elterer ofitsir hot zikh bavizn far undz mit a papiros in moyl, eyn hant farukt hintern mantl. zayne merderishe oygn hobn geglantst vi bay a vildn tiger. zayn blik iz glaykh gefaln oyf Yakovn. in eynike minut arum zaynen shoyn ale geshtanen eyner hintern andern tsu finf in a ray.

kegniber zaynen geshtanen finf oytos un gevart oyf mentshn. der alter ofitsir iz tsugekumen un genumen di ershte tsvey finflekhn un tsugefirt tsu di shvere hiltserne trep. mir hobn avekgeshtelt di trep leben dem ofenem oyto un aley n aroyf oybn.

-arunter, ir farflukhte shveyne, hinte! - hot zikh derhert a geshray fun dem ofitsir, velkher hot zikh abisl gevaklt oyf di fis.

mir zaynen shnel aropgelofn un zikh vider geshtelt in der ray. tsu ersht hot men oysgeklit etlekhe tsendlik meydlekhn biz 20 yor un zey oysgeshtelt in a zayt. dan iz der merder tsugegangen tsu undz un mitn vayz-finger gevizn oyf rekhts un oyf links, fregndik derbay yedns fakh.

At the door stood several young bandits, beating people's heads with rough sticks in their hands. When Zeidl Filipiski appeared in the doorway, all the sticks hit his head and he immediately fell into a pool of blood. Yakob, dressed in his one shirt, stood in the first row of men; I in the second.

"Line up five to a row!" the SS men shouted, banging people's heads. The women stood to the side of us.

A tall, older officer with a cigarette in his mouth, positioned himself in front of us, holding one hand behind his coat. His murderous eyes gleamed like those of a wild tiger. His gaze immediately fell on Yakob. After a few minutes, we were all standing one behind the other in rows of five.

Opposite, five trucks stood waiting for people. The old officer approached us, separated the first two rows of five and led them to the heavy wooden staircase. We moved the stairs next to the open truck and climbed up on them.

"Downwards, you cursed bastards, dogs!", we heard the cursing of the officer, who was a little shaky on his feet.

We quickly descended and got back in line. First, they picked out quite a few girls up to 20 years old and put them to the side. Then the killer went to us and pointed with his index finger whether we should go to the right or to the left, asking everyone about his profession.

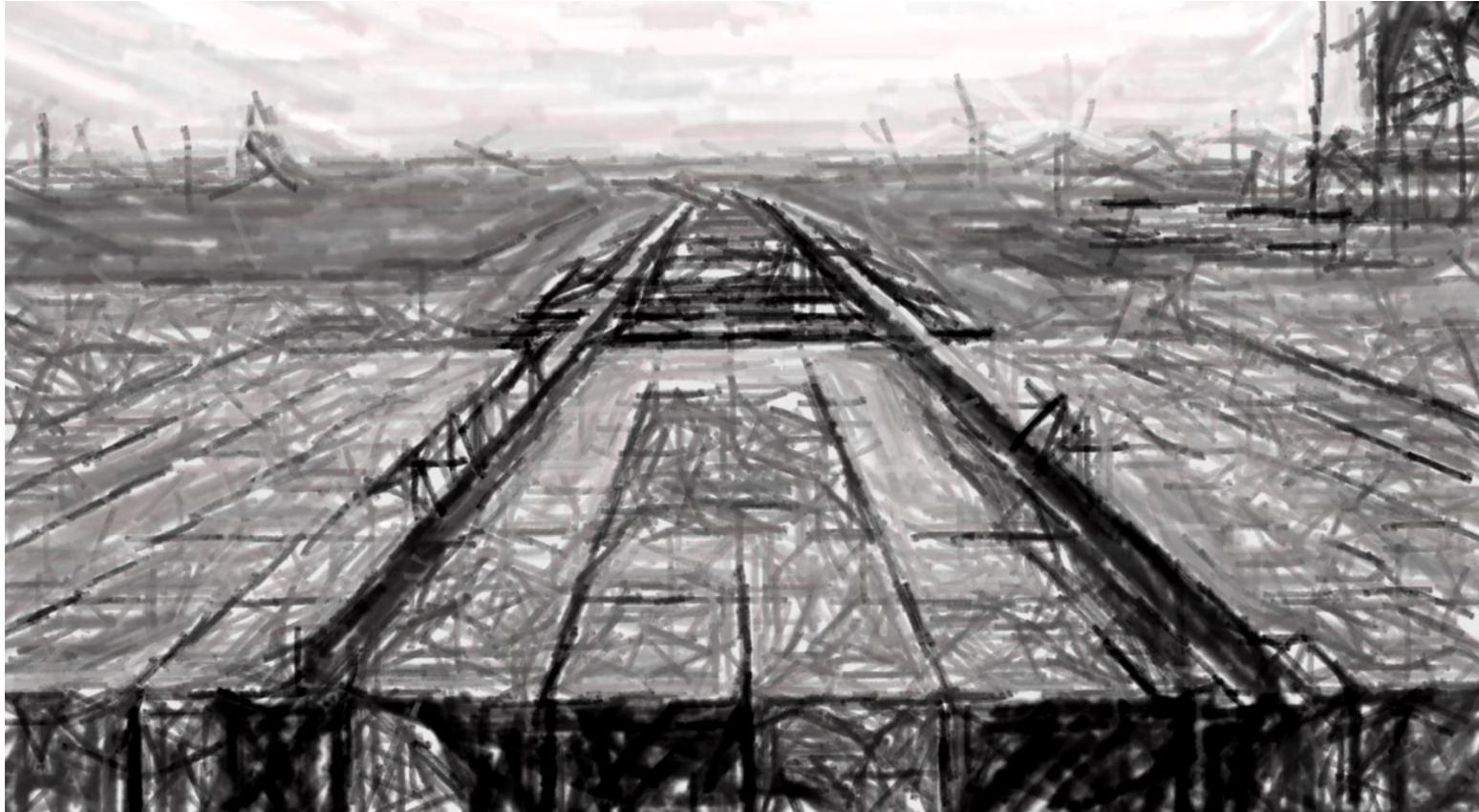
<p>ikh shtey oyf der rekhter zayt tsuzamen mit Yakev un nokh etlekhe yunge mentshn. glaykh hot men undz opgetseylt etlekhe mol un kontrolirt. un ven men hot gemoldn az es zaynen shoyn do 150 perzon, hot men shoyn oyfgehert tsu sortirn.</p>	<p>Together with Yakob and several other young people, I stood on the right side. Immediately, they counted and checked us a few times. When they reported that we were already 150 people, they stopped sorting.</p>
<p>di eltere zaynen geshtanen oyf der linker zayt. fun a sakh kep hot gerunen blut. kegniber dem vagon iz geshtanen a grupe yunge meydlekh, gants hintn,- froyen mit kinder. tsvishn undz iz geshtanen <i>Pinye Klas</i> un zayn foter iz geven in der tsveyter grupe. der zun hot gemakht mit der hant tsum tatn er zol aroysloyfn fun zayn ray un zikh avekshteln in der ray mit undz.</p>	<p>The elders stood on the left side. Blood was running from some of their heads. Opposite the wagon, stood a group of young girls, and in the very back - women with their children. Among us was <i>Pinye Klas</i>, but his father was in the second group. Pinye gestured to him with his hand that he, his father, should leave his row and stand with us.</p>

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<p>ven der merderisher ofitsir hot zikh umgekert mitn rukn tsu undz iz der foter ibergelofn un zikh arayngeshtelt in der ray tsuzamen mit undz. nokh im hot a tsveyter gevolt iberloyfn. nor dan hot eyner an SS-man bamerkt un tsugelofn mitn shtekn un im aropgelozt ibern kop. der mentsh iz gefaln in a kaluzshe blut.</p>	<p>When the murderous officer turned his back on us, the father quickly ran over and stood in line with us. After him, another one wanted to run over, but one of the SS men noticed this, came running and hit him on his head with a stick. The man fell into a pool of blood.</p>
<p>ven zey hobn geheysn opmarshirn zaynen shoyn geshtanen di oytos gepakt mit froyen, mener un kinder. dem letsn blik hob ikh gevorn oyf di kleyninke kinderlekh, velkhe hobn gemakht tsu undz mit di hentelekh un di froyen fun di mener, velkhe zaynen gegangen tsvishn undz hobn nokhgeshrien mit treyn in di oygn un gemakht mit di hent.</p>	<p>When they ordered us to march off, the trucks were already on standby, packed with women, men and children. My last glance was at the little children who were waving to us, and at the women who, with tears in their eyes, were shouting and waving their hands to their husbands who were among us.</p>
<p>mir hobn opmarshirt bavakht fun bayde zaytn mit SS-layt, velkhe hobn geturkhet(?) mit di biksn men zol geyn nont eyner tsum tsveytn. dem letstn blik gevorn oyf di oytos fun velkhe es hobn zikh gerisn ranglendike hent tsu undz. mir marshirn. in kop shvindlt. keyner veyst nisht vuhin mir geyen.</p>	<p>We marched off, guarded on both sides by SS men who gestured pointing their guns at us to walk close together. One last time, we looked around and saw the trucks from which scabbling hands were reaching out to us. We march. We feel dizzy. No one knows where we are going.</p>
<p>ot zeen mir far undz in der vaytkeyt hoykhe shtekhike drotn un etlekhe kleyne shteynerne heyzlekh, vu es shteyen fil mentshn. shotns ongeton in groye geshtreyfte kleyder. vos nenter mir kumen tsu tsum drot alts</p>	<p>Just now, we see in the distance high barbed wire fences and small stone houses where many people are standing like shadows, dressed in gray striped clothes. The closer we get to the wire, the more clearly we see their</p>

daytlekher zeen mir di oysgemogerte, umbaholfene ponimer. ot zaynen mir shteyn geblibn leben a hiltsernem barak mit gefarbte fentster bay velkhn es shteyen etlekhe SS. eyner halt a papir in hant un tseylt undz etlekhe mol iber. di SS velkhe hobn undz bagleyt blaybn shteyn. mir marshirn arayn in lager.

emaciated, helpless faces. Finally, we stop next to a wooden barrack with dyed windows, where several SS men are standing. One of them holds a paper in his hand and counts us off several times. The SS men who accompanied us come to a halt. We march into the camp.



KZ Auschwitz-Birkenau 2003, photo courtesy of Tomek Wisniewski