

The Light

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This was actually a English assignment, we had to use 6 things from our room and connect them into the story. Ya, and I liked how I wrote this story so enjoy! Its about the Holocaust, so don't read it if you don't want to read about some descriptions

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The Light

Commotion came from upstairs, people screaming in fright. My eyes widened in fear, I searched in the pitch black for my parents. I grasped my mom's hand as she pushed her beloved necklace into my palm. I shook with fear, my pulse racing. We were going to get caught, all of our hiding was for nothing, no one could save us now. My dad lifted me up and pushed me through the small window in the foundation of the house.

"Go, run as far as you can. When you have to stop don't try to make a fire, sleep in the trees, sell your mother's necklace if you need the money, we'll find you soon. " He whispered to me as he handed me my stuffed animal and my favorite childhood book, removing all traces of a child from the small dwelling we had lived in for the past 5 months.

I got up and ran, just as he had told me to. Guilt consumed me as I sprinted harder, loosing my torn slippers along the way. My feet began to bleed from the sharp rocks on the forest floor, but I didn't care. My single goal was to find a town, to have them help my parents and the kind people who had housed us. I thought back to when my mother used to read Cinderella for me every night before I went to sleep, I used to dream I was Cinderella and lived in a nice house in America. Yet as soon as my dreams came they were gone again, shattered by a simple yellow star. The star had done so much damage for such a small thing. Yet it united our community as we passed the word about the concentration camps, where we would be viciously killed or worked until we fell over from exhaustion. So we went into hiding with our long time family friends, yet they must not have known the danger that could have befallen them this very night. My book dropped to the ground and as I knelt to pick up my prized possession I heard the heavy fall of footsteps. I scrambled up leaving the book behind, while clutching my stuffed animal hard, afraid that it would fall apart in my arms the way my life had. The pounding of the footsteps behind me made my veins run cold, imagining what would happen if I was caught. No one was around to save me and as I looked for salvation I spotted a light up ahead. A light that seemed so brilliant it had to be the light from angels, ones that would carry me across the vast ocean to America. Where the streets were paved with gold, and everyone was treated equally. I snapped back to reality as the ever looming threat of my pursuer became apparent by a yell, one that made my heart pound in my ears, drowning everything out except the steady pounding of my worn feet against the dirty forest floor. The light had become brighter, almost a steady heavenly glow. I had never been so relieved in my life and as I fell to my knees I prayed that the light would still be there as I took a break from running. I was so tired, my lungs screamed in protest as I inhaled deeply. Suddenly I coughed, I wasn't inhaling the sweet smell of forest air, I was choking on something putrid. As I looked up, I saw the blinding light of a search light pointed directly at me. Blinking to regain my vision I notice barbed wire, the smell of burning flesh and the snarling of german shepherds. I was looking at what I was running from rather than my salvation. My mind flashed back to something my father once said, "Keep the ray of hope in your heart Meira, for in the language of our people, your name means light." Yet that very ray of hope that I had shown within

me had been smothered by another light, the intense burning lights of hell.

I ran after Meira and shouted her name into the forest, yet she didn't turn. She needed to know that she could come back, it was a false alarm. My legs pounded after her, yet no matter how hard I ran, I never seemed to get any closer. I saw a glimpse of her white pajamas as I reached the edge of the forest. I froze in fear, she had run directly into a concentration camp, the very same one I had tried to protect her from. I looked for her and saw an officer standing above her as she cried and tried to tell him that she walks in her sleep. He sneered in disgust and pointed his vile revolver at her. My brain screamed in outrage, I wanted to jump in front of her, I wanted to tell my Meira that we would die together, yet my body wasn't responding. I watched in horror as he shot her, her blood soaking her pure white pjs, my wife's necklace and her stuffed cat. I sank to my knees, her blood had stained the ground where so many of her people had died before. Yet her's seemed the brightest, the mark that shown above all the rest she was the one Jew who would not die in vain. I stood up and taking my gun out of my back pocket shot the very officer who had killed the light of my life. He turned to me which such hatred in his eyes that it made me want to gag. And as my mind slipped quickly into darkness, I cradled my daughters body as I heard the shot meant for me, hoping to catch some of the light she had shown me through the years in death.