

12.04.1946

Dear diary,

Today, I tumbled out of the train to London, in a mess of scruffy clothes, sharp elbows and suitcase corners. Then, barraged by interviewers and questions, shouting questions like, "what was Berlin like?" Or stuff and sensationalist nonsense like "how did you survive?" and "what was it like being a Jew?". It was quite startling actually. Intrusive and disrespectful, considering what we'd been through. Intuitively, I took a deep breath and ran. Ran like I had before. My heart was racing. I didn't look like a normal person. I ran, and glanced back at where I had been standing. It dawned on me. I didn't know where I was. I ran from the swarming crowds of Red Cross people, interviewers and refugees.

Eventually I caught up with Arek and some of the others. We were by a bench with an Englishman in a cheap coat and thin leather gloves who was reading a newspaper. His teeth were a spectrum of yellow black and gold. He took a big yawn and opened the newspaper. The headlines were blatant, big and bold. They couldn't be mistaken as I glanced over the man's shoulder and read.

NAZI TRIALS NUMBERING! WAR CRIMINALS TO BE HANGED! JUSTICE MUST BE DONE! NAZI SPIES FEARD HIDING IN ENGLAND!

The article detailed how, the few Nazi leaders who had been captured alive at the end of the war were on trial for their crimes. Would the judges one day catch up with all the other little Hitlers who'd carried out the orders? Before I could read any more, the man folded his newspaper and took his lunch out of a paper bag. It was a floury bread roll cut in half with two slices of warm fatty bacon dropping out of the side. I couldn't help feeling I'd been, cruelly, cheated out of reading the truth.

The man flapped his newspaper around the carriage in a half-hearted effort to straighten the pages. Arek and the others were staring in wonderment at the bacon butty in awe and longing like hungry hounds. The man started shouting "Get away you greedy beggars! A man ought to be able to eat a bacon butty in peace! Hey, you nurse! Are you in charge of these brats! Keep them under control!" Margret went pink. "Boys, sit down. She said "You will get fed soon, I promise."

"Ruddy foreigners," said the man, through a mouthful of half chewed bread. "No manners! I blame the parents. They ought –"

"They don't have parents," Margret snapped. "They're Jewish survivors of the horror camps, if you must know. I dare say, you must've read about them in the papers – Auschwitz, Belsen and such like."

The man had a think and a look at his butty. "Well, they can have some if they like." The man said.

"They don't eat pork! They are Jews!" Margret exclaimed. I flinched. What was she thinking, saying the J-word out loud and all that? Anyone could be listening.

Sincerely Brigitta Iggle.