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Holocaust Essay

21-42

“ In spite of everything I still believe everyone is still good at heart”

-Anne Frank

Those were the last words that Anne Frank wrote in her diary, those pure honest words. I want to know, how could she still see the good in people after she had been locked in an attic for two years? How could she forgive that, when I still cannot forgive others for the acts of bullying they committed against me in kindergarten? I still remember the day I realized that hate is a much more hurtful thing than I could have ever imagined, that it crawls inside of you and can eat you up. It can make you feel like you are worth so little and you can't do anything because hate has power over you.

I remember a time so clearly it is like it could have happened yesterday. It was the time I realized that sometimes people don't follow the rules that your teacher wrote on that bright sheet of paper in your second grade classroom. I learned that day that even though there are rules, people still will break them just to get some satisfaction. It was a bright autumn day and I had just started the third grade. I was actually enjoying school for once, but my opinion changed when a new girl stepped off the bus. The new girl wore a hijab and was herding three of her siblings. She made sure each had their lunch and she sent them off. I watched from a distance and held my breath as the girls in my class who made side comments while your back was turned, made their way to her like hungry cats. I knew it wouldn't be good, but the girls did something to surprise me. They each took one of the girls hands and started to talk and laugh with her. I felt a sigh of relief escape from

my mouth. (They wouldn't do anything to her, they liked her.) Something inside my stomach told me that I couldn't trust them, but for some reason I did. It continued like this for days. The girls would sit together at lunch, laugh with each other during recess and play hop-scotch. But I still kept my eye on the girl. Then the day came when they lost interest. One day she stood at her bus watching them laugh without her. She didn't know how these girls worked. How they would do anything to tear her down. I remember hearing her crying behind her reading journal. She always wore the same lost, sad look, and still I did nothing because I was scared and a coward. By November, the girl was gone. I still regret not doing anything to help the girl. But then I think, what could I have done? I didn't warn her about them and I didn't try to help. To this day I regret it.

This is why 11 million people died in the Holocaust. The Germans trusted their government enough to let them take so many lives. They were promised that their lives would be better. Most people never wondered where all the Jews were going. All they cared about was making sure that they got what they needed. In a way they could have said they didn't know. But something that people never think about because they think it is so sad or depressing to talk about is that only one-half of one percent of non-jews resisted the Germans. The half of one percent are the people who did not believe the lies that that the German government was telling. They were the people that did not think it was ok for innocent people being killed or what they believed.

Ignorance is like poison, it spreads too fast and you can't stop it. You can't even resist poison because it will always find a way to take over. The heart breaking thing about it is

that we will never know what could have happened if people might have questioned themselves about where everyone was going. The Holocaust was terrible but when you think about it, it might have been prevented. We can't just pretend it didn't happen. But when you do think about it you really have only one burning question "what if?". What if the Holocaust hadn't happened? Something that we know for sure is that, inside we are the same, we all have blood in our veins and we all have beating hearts and yet people found flaws in that, but then you think if we are the same aren't those flaws in all of us?