

WORD

From *Maus*, Reading Two, Page 122:

...But when Anja and I approached to discuss (hiding in) this bunker with Lolek...

“No thanks, forget it!”

“But Miloch organized everything!”

“I’m sick of hiding!”

Our nephew was then only 15. He was working as an electrician.

Always Lolek was a little Meshuga (crazy)...

“I’m a skilled worker. Wherever they take me, I’ll be okay.”

“You’re crazy! You’re going straight to the ovens!”

And he did get put into one of the next transports to Auschwitz.

Anja became completely hysterical.

“The whole family is gone! Grandma and Grandpa! Poppa! Momma! Tosha! Bibi! My Richieu!! Now they’ll take Lolek!”

It was also around this time that we heard first the bad news from Zawiercie – about Tosha and Richieu.

“Oh God. Let me die too!”

“Come, Anja, get up!”

“Why are you pulling me, Vladek? Let me alone! I don’t want to live!”

“No, darling! To die, it’s easy...But you have to struggle for life! Until the last moment we must struggle together! I need you! And you’ll see that together we’ll survive.” This always I told to her.