

The truth? I don't even know what is the truth. After all these lies I've told... Oh, God. My father... How can I explain how much I loved my father? My father believed that human perfection was a possibility. Every night I pray to God to forgive me for always making a disappointment to my father. And I pray to him to make worthy of such a great good man. I was a grown woman. I was wholly come of age. I was a married woman when I realized I hated my father beyond all words to tell it. It was winter of 1938. And my father was working for weeks on the speech he calls... "Poland Jewish Problem". Orderly I typed those speeches and I don't hear the words, their meaning, but this time I came upon a word that I have never heard it before. The solution for Poland Jewish Problem, he concludes is "vernichtung". Extermination. I have not meant to go to the ghetto that afternoon but something made me go there. I stood there I don't know how long watching these people that my father has condemned to die. All these men, these women, these children would be "vernichtung". Extermination. I suddenly remembered that my father is waiting for that speech and I hurry home to finish the typing but in my rushing and my haste to finish that I make so many mistakes in the sentences and I run with it to the University and my father has no time to check that before speaking. And he get up in front of all those people and he reads the speech and I see him getting so angry. And when it was over, he came up to me I was with my husband, of course. And in front of him and all his colleague he said: "Zozia... your intelligence is pulp." Pulp. I didn't have any courage to say: "Yes, but what about the Jews?" The Jewish people, but after that he didn't trust me anyway. And neither did my husband. Afterwards in Warsaw I had a lover who was very, very good to me. Josef lived with his half-sister Wanda. She was a leader in the Resistance. Two weeks later the Gestapo killed Josef. They cut his throat. They had courage. Oh, God, they had courage! Not too long after that, they killed Josef... I was arrested. My children were sent with me to Auschwitz. When the train arrived at Auschwitz the Germans made the selection. Who would live and who would die. Ian, my little boy... Ian, my little boy, was sent to the "Kinderlogg"... which was the children's camp. And my little girl, Eva, was sent to crematorium II. She was exterminated. Thanks to my perfect German and my secretarial skills and the things my father had taught me so well. I came to work for Rudolf Hoess... Commandant of Auschwitz. The day they took me to work for Hoess I was forced to walk pass block 25. That is where they took the prisoners that were... selected for extermination. The people there were made to stand for, sometimes, days. They were naked and they had no water. And their hands reached out from the bars... and they cried and pleaded. But in that night... I kept saying to myself... "I have saved my son, I have saved my son Tomorrow I can see him! And I can tell him good bye". And he will have been saved". Oh, my God, I had such happiness that night! Such hope! But Hoess did not keep his word. I never did know what happened to my little boy. So, you know, that's why I didn't want to... to live no more. Till Nathan came and he made me live for him

