



One fine day, Gołda left Warta. With great fear and risking her life, she stole across the Polish-Czech border and eventually arrived in the village where her only brother, Mordche, was staying.

Gołda could not recognise her brother. She sat by the bed where Mordche lay, looking with compassionate eyes at her withered brother. Mordche seemed [just] skin and bones. Emaciated, with a feeble voice, he began to recount his experiences since that day - the day of liberation - until he arrived here in the village of Allmannsweier, [Baden-]Württemberg, not far from the Swiss border.

The German murderers had driven him, along with hundreds of other prisoners, from the camp deep into Germany. Their brother Szymon had been with him, but Mordche had lost him on the way, during that tumultuous slave march. He [himself] was dragged off to the notorious Buchenwald death camp. From there, they were marched to Spaichingen and afterwards to Dachau. It was there, in Dachau, that Ludwik contracted the terrible typhus disease, and it was there that he perished.

At the last word, Mordche burst out in tears. Gołda fell on his neck. The pillow Mordche was lying on became moist with tears.

Gołda had no more strength left in her to hear out the details of her brother's suffering. She soothed him, and asked him, for today, not to continue calling to mind what had been. She would return quite early on the following day to see him again.

"Look, dear brother", Golda pleaded with him. "Recover your strength. I've got no one in life besides you, my brother", Golda said, sobbing.

Day in and day out, Golda listened to her brother as he recounted his experiences, how he had been saved and had, miraculously, remained alive.

He had escaped from the German camp a couple of days before the French army entered and liberated the prisoners. Mordche had been afraid to wait in that camp until the last day. He felt his strength leaving him. He would not live to see the first French soldier. The Germans had simply starved to death the prisoners in the camp. What did he have to lose?

In the middle of the night, he escaped from the death march [sic camp?]. Weakened by hunger, barely able to stand on his feet, he went into the stable of a German peasant. He lay there unconscious, neither dead nor alive. He did not know where he took the strength from to make a movement. He did not remember who had roused him from his fainted slumber. As in a dream, he had heard steps, voices, shouts - not in German, but in a language which turned out to be French. With his last strength, he dragged himself to the doorstep of a German peasant and lost consciousness.

As they afterwards told him, the German farmer was startled to death, when he looked at him.

“I looked like a skeleton – skin and bones”, Mordche sighed. The German peasant took him to a provisional French hospital, which the incoming liberation forces had set up, in the small German town of Altshausen, in those first days of victory.

Mordche lay there in hospital for six months, until he regained the appearance of a human being.