

3. Unloading a Train

John Guzłowski

The boxcar my father emptied had 97 bodies in it.

Most were adults, some older, some younger. Men and women both. All dead for a week, maybe longer. It was terrible in the car. You couldn't breathe, couldn't look, couldn't look away.

In that car there was also a group of little girls, dead. They were 2 and 3 and 4 years old. All dressed up like dolls, like they were going to a birthday party.

The men were careful carrying them from the car, working slow because that's the only way you can work with such beautiful children.

An SS man kept beating my father and the other men with a cane to work faster, but they wouldn't work any faster.

When they finished that boxcar, my father and the others were moved on to the next.