**Sophia Klein’s Diary**

**11 April 1937**

Dear diary, my name is Sophia, I was born in Graz, Austria on 31 January 1925. Today Daddy bought me a new notebook, it’s very beautiful! I decided to make it a diary, to write down everything that happens to me, every day. My daddy is really great! He’s always giving me things! And Mommy too! She often buys me new clothes.

**25 July 1937**

Today Mommy bought me a new dress! I can't wait to put it on!

**10 June 1938**

Today when I went to the park, I heard two men talking. They said that our country is in trouble. I'm afraid for our family. I just got home, I saw something horrible on the street, people started hitting a helpless man in front of everyone! They were screaming "dirty Jew!" and many other horrible words. I was very scared!

**12 June 1938**

Daddy’s been very sad for a few days. He hasn’t gone to work. When I asked him why, he told me that I shouldn’t worry. He also told me that he wanted to look for a job in another country. That's why he doesn't work anymore. I also asked him if it had anything to do with the strange things that are happening at the moment. He answered that it did. I don't think anyone can live without hope, that's what Mom and Dad tell me every day.

**26 September 1938**

I heard Mom and Dad talking last night when I was supposed to be asleep. Mom kept saying, "We don't have any more money? But what are we going to do? Dad finally said in a firm tone, "we have to go”. I was up all night.

**28 September 1938**

I have to leave everything here and take only the minimum for our departure. We are leaving for Paris by train today. I just have time to write a few words before I leave our house. I don't want to leave, I'm too scared of what's waiting for us there. I've always lived here and I have to leave everything. I will miss my country very much.

**29 September 1938**

We're in the train, Mom and Dad are sitting next to me. I see beautiful trees outside, the landscape is so beautiful. But inside, we're jammed together, there's no room. People are bumping into each other. The wagons are full of people. I can't write properly because the train is moving.

**19 October 1938**

We live on rue de Compans. Our new house is much smaller than the one we had in Graz. Dad has decided to take French classes and is also studying international law. Mom is studying to become an aesthetician; before, she didn't need to work. I am in a group of children my own age, who have experienced almost the same thing as me. I get along well with Mathilde Parolier, a girl of my age.

**09 November 1938**

Mathilde received a letter from her brother telling her everything that’s happening in Germany. It seems there's a lot of violence against Jews. More and more people are leaving.

**26 September 1939**

Today French gendarmes came to our house, broke down the door and took Dad away with them. I screamed and cried. It's very hard for Mom and I not to know where they took him and what’s going to become of him.

**5 October 1939**

Mom now lives alone in Paris. She decided to send me to the Montmorency villa for my safety. I miss my parents despite their letters. I don't feel good here. I'm having trouble fitting in. I'm worried about Dad.

**12 November 1939**

Dad sent me a letter to tell me he got out of the internment camp. He came home with Mom. I’m so relieved.

**29 February 1940**

In the park, there is a small corner at the foot of large trees where I like to sit to read my mail, and today I received a letter from Dad and another from Mom! Dad gold me to persevere in class because after Hitler's fall, Austria will rise again and there will be a lot of work to rebuild everything. And Mom told me to enjoy my life at the villa because if I were with her, she wouldn't have time to take care of me. She has just graduated and is looking for work.

**5 March 1940**

Today when I opened my window, I saw squirrels running along the branches of the trees. I would like to be free like them. I'm very sad because I can't do what I want.

**1 June 1940**

My parents have told me we have to leave again. This time we are going to the south of France, to Montauban. I have to go back to Paris tomorrow. My things are already ready.

**13 June 1940**

We are staying on Avenue Saint-Michel and I am enrolled in Michelet High School in 4th grade. I don't know if my new life in Montauban will do me any good.

**17 November 1941**

I like to learn and I am a pretty good student in languages and drawing. I easily made it to the third grade. My life is rather quiet in Montauban but as I get bored a little, I read, I listen to the radio, I draw the people around me, scenes from everyday life, fashionable clothes. It helps me to pass the time and forget my situation.

**27 November 1941**

Dad’s trying to leave France for Mexico. He explained to Mom and me that it would be better for us all to leave Europe to escape anti-Semitism and get out of poverty. Dad read us a letter he received from the American Welfare Center. It said that we’re on their list for the next departure. It makes me happy but it also scares me. We have to leave again.

**4 May 1942**

Mom and Dad are under house arrest in Auvillar. The prefect allowed me to continue studying at the high school in Montauban until July, I am staying with Mrs. Margaret Wass, a family friend. I can visit them from time to time.

**29 May 1942**

Today we were told that no new visa authorizations had reached the Mexican consulate. It's been going on for months! I’m tired. We can't take it anymore. I have heard that foreign Jews are being arrested and then interned by the French police. In seeing all these roundups from day to day, I don't think we can escape it.

**29 August 1942**

Dear diary, I believe that the situation cannot get any worse. We were rounded up by French gendarmes in Auvillar on 26 August and sent to the Septfonds camp in Tarn-et-Garonne with three other families. I managed to hide you and a pencil in the folds of my coat.

When I arrived at the camp, I met a man who did a magic trick for me with a spoon. His name is Jacob. It made me smile, it’s like a secret between us.

I don’t know what’s going to happen to us. We have all been crammed into huts with one blanket per person. Fortunately, the nights are quite warm at the moment. The food is not good. We are barely given enough to feed ourselves. I’m very scared. Mom is too. Besides, we’ve been separated from Dad.

**4 September 1942**

I didn't stay long in Septfonds. Despite the help of some people, including Jacob and the other Austrian socialist families with whom we were arrested, our time in this camp was horrible.

We were taken to Caussade station, my family and many other Jews. We took the train to the Drancy camp, if I understood correctly. The conditions are very difficult, we are crowded together. In the car, Jacob gave me his spoon. He told me that I am young and that I have my whole life ahead of me. I'll hide it in the pages of my diary. I don't know if I’ll be able to keep it. Mom and I are constantly being pushed around. I'm afraid I'm going to lose you, or the spoon and my pencil.

**24 September 1942**

We have just left Drancy to go to the Auschwitz camp. I have heard horrible things about this camp. I'm afraid of what might happen to Dad, Mom and me.