

## **Zsuzsanna Fleischmann remembers, 1998**

Time flies and life goes by quickly... Having completed my 71st year, memories return to me stronger than before. The year 1944 flashes before my eyes, full of pain that cannot be described, only experienced. And the loss of my loved ones is impossible to forget.

My older brother had been taken on forced labour six months earlier, but goodbye was: "See you soon!", and he said, crying, as he ran: "Do not worry, I will come back!". I am still waiting...

I don't want to talk much about what happened before the camp, I will only mention a very small event. We had just been occupied by the Germans and I went to catch a train from the Western Railway Station. I was surprised to see that there was a queue: a constable was checking passengers from a registration form to see if they were Jewish. When it was my turn, I spoke before he could say a word: "I hope you don't think I'm a Jew! By the time you finish checking the form I will miss my train. It's here and it's leaving in a minute!" He replied: "All right, run along, dear". I ran to the train. Jews were set aside and were not allowed to leave. I only burst out crying on board. This was one of the many times G-d saved me.

Next day I had to go back to Budapest. I stood in the aisle, while some officers were sitting in a compartment. One came out to say: "Please come in, we will free a seat for you". I replied "Thank you, I'm fine here". A few minutes passed, then another came out and repeated the offer. I got angry: "I am Jewish, do you understand? Jewish! I heard yesterday a Jewish woman had to give up her seat on the bus because Jews have no right to sit!" "We don't mind your religion", they said. I kept quiet.

After that we had to wear the star, then all Monor Jews were moved to the ghetto. I was living in Budapest as a dental assistant, worrying about my loved ones, but there was no way to travel by then.