

[illegible]

I was weeping profusely. One girl came over to me, later she became my best friend, and said to me, 'I don't know why you're crying. I'm here three months, and I haven't cried yet. And yet, when I look out the window, I can almost see Litomerice, where I was born and grew up. I can't go there, but despite that I didn't cry.' At that point I was a bit ashamed. 'You're lucky, once a week we get better food for going to the garden. You'll get some. You're very lucky to have gotten in here, and that you've got extra food rations.'

There were certain people in Terezin that died of hunger. But young people that worked had a chance of surviving. In the morning we'd go to work; two girls would stay in the room, as they were

on duty. At lunchtime they'd go for food, which they'd then distribute in the evening. In one bucket they'd bring soup, in another potatoes, or whatever there was. Half of it would be rotten. The food there was horrible. They'd for example cook turnips for us. The turnips were woody, you had the feeling it would stick you in the throat, all wood. They used to feed it to cows, and it was grown there. The Gestapo also had farms in Terezin. When they were writing people down for a transport, and the Gestapo was deciding on who'd be put on it, the head gardener would sit there too, and save people who worked out in the fields, because he didn't want to change workers that already had experience.