

## Zsuzsa Kobstein With Her Cat Zsubrika



This is me and my favorite cat Zsubrika. We had this cat in Pilisvorosvar but when we moved in 1942, we moved into a flat. My mother said that we could not possibly take the cat because there is no garden and we have nothing to give the cat to eat. We left the cat behind. I was heartbroken. But my mother went back to the house a few weeks later, and the cat jumped on her with delight. The neighbor told her that it had not stopped meowing since we had left. So my mother decided to bring the cat home. I had rationing tickets for milk, the doctor got it for me as I had to drink milk every day to strengthen. I went to get milk every day and I gave it to Zsubrika. When my parents came back to the flat from the ghetto after the liberation of Budapest, it was completely empty. But the cat was there. She was the only one in the whole building who survived the war there. My husband Odon took this picture some years after the war. He said that I love the cat so much, he wants to make a picture of the two of us.