

The Deiml Sisters



This is my sister Milena and I. It's a photo from the time immediately before my departure for England. The decision that I should go to England took place sometime after the occupation. Then it all went lickety-split, I was supposed to leave on a transport in July 1939. My sister was also supposed to go, and we'd been picked out by some family, that we'd be staying with them. But then my sister broke her leg, and what then happened is something I'll never forgive my parents. They said that she can't go anywhere with a broken leg, and that she won't leave until the September transport, when she's well. As is known, the September transport never left. My sister, Milena, was almost five years younger. As opposed to me, she was skinny and had curly hair. She was also more agile, she even knew how to climb, which is something I've never been good at. Of course, outside we each had our own friends, there we didn't play together, but at home I used to boss her around a lot. She suffered a lot from me, for example we'd be playing school, and she'd

have to sit with her hands behind her back and so on. On the other hand, I used to read to her, that I liked.