Children of dreams

Zelma Meerbaum-Eisinger is a young Jewish girl from Chernivtsi who wrote wonderful poems...
Hello, diary! My name is Meyerbaum-Eisinger Zelma, I am from Chernivtsi. My dream is to become a famous poet, but my most cherished dream is to become a mother. From today I will guide you, dear diary!

To be honest, she's a little scary. There we are talking about some kind of solution to the Jewish question. And about the fact that Poland has already been captured.

I wrote to my cousin Paul Celana to be careful.

Summer 1941

Summer! What a wonderful time! But I have a bad feeling. Tomorrow, a train will take me and my family to the ghetto.

We've been walking for quite some time...
Then we were taken to Transnistria.

Our railway carriage is empty compared to the others on the track.

I had more time to tell about myself.

This is my best friend Elsa Schachter.

And this is my boyfriend, he went to Transnistria before me, he said that he would write me letters every day.
But she did not receive a single letter

Now I understand why he didn't curse

I was mad at him, but...

Shoohhh!
Knock... Knock... Knock...

It was a terrible place
Our suitcases were taken from us

And they gave dirty, worn clothes similar to prison clothes

We were forced to dig our own graves and do dirty work

They told me that I have typhus...

Ich möchte leben.
Schau, das Leben ist so bunt.
Es sind so viele schöne Bälle drin.
Und viele Lippen warten,
lachen, glühn
und tun ihre Freude kund.
Sieh nur die Straße, wie sie steigt:
So breit, so hell, als warte sie auf mich.
Und ferne, irgendwo, da schluchzt und geigt...
Ich möchte leben.
Schau, das Leben.
Es ist so wahr,
so schön.
Und viele Lachen,
lachen, glücklich
und zum Ehe Freude kaum.
Sieh nur die Straße, wie sie
steigt.
So breit, so hell, als warte sie
auf mich.
Und dann, irgendwo, da
schlucken und gehe...