

The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas

by Aishah David 9D

Dear Mother,

How are you? Are you well? It's strange not knowing how you are when your room is across the hall from mine. I would ask how father is, but somehow I seem to no longer care. He killed my brother. He murdered my brother. I hate him. I hate everything he stands for. I know at one point I believed in everything he stood for, but I don't know why. I was hypnotised, like being under a spell. I did love him mother. I loved Kotler. I wanted to impress him. I wanted him to love me. I hate how low I was. I hate how needy I was. I hate myself for what I was.

I keep thinking at night, if I could have saved him. Mother, I could have. All he wanted was a friend, someone to play games with. He was just a child. He was only eight. I should've been there for him. He would never had gone exploring, he would have never gone, if I just played with him. Instead I was too busy, pretending that Kotler loved me back. I was too busy changing myself, so I could have someone. But I have Bruno, or used to.

Mother, what am I doing here? I feel so lost. I feel so confused. I don't know what to do. I find myself in bed staring at the ceiling, crying. I find myself hallucinating about seeing Bruno, beloved innocent Bruno. I wish and I beg to whoever is up there

to have taken me instead of him. Why is it, that the innocent gets punished while the damned are left living. Is it so that, the damned stay and endure the horrors of what the world has become, and to watch while their sanity slips through their finger? Because I feel my sanity leaving me, ever so quietly. My hands shake. My heart pounds against my chest, almost protesting the fact that it's beating. The scary part is that I don't mind if it does.

I'm a monster. I'm no better than my revolting excuse of a father. I hate what the world has become. The innocent is killed and the guilty live on. But the worst thing, is that the guilty think that they are the innocent. How did the world get so terrible? When did, the world become a living hell? All I can hear on the streets are shouts of 'Führer, the great' and 'Führer, the righteous'.

You know what I see when I close my eyes at night? I see, Bruno's mangled and burnt body, but his eyes, his blue, naïve eyes are still alive. I see him, smiling and I imagine him on his swing, oblivious to the world's corruption. In heaven, does he still think it's a game? He's probably exploring heaven right now, down to its last nook and cranny.

I don't know what to do. I don't know. I can hear voices in my head. I hear my old self. I see my old self. I feel my old self staining me, like blood. I want it gone, mum. I want it gone. I don't want to live. It's too hard. I'm so exhausted. Please, help me.

This life has become too hard to live. This corruption, this destruction of the world all down to one man. One man, one hell-bent man, one man filled with so much hatred, single-handedly ruined millions of lives. How can one man have so much power? Can he not feel the tears of the lives he's desolated? I know, you won't show his to father, but can you please give him a message to him. Ask him, if he's still proud of what his uniform stands for, with the blood of his son, staining every thread.

Don't be sad mother, I know you are. I see the way you stare a little too long at the kitchen knife and always come out from a bath, with red eyes. Imagine your two children smiling, far away from this wretched world. Imagine us with all of our innocence.

I want to be with Bruno. I want to be a child. I exchanged my innocence for a love, a feeling. Now, there is no vindication.

I'll tell Bruno you love him. I'm sorry, I just need to be with my brother.

Yours truly,

Gretel.