

# The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas

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I've made a friend.

Bruno. I don't know his surname and I have forgotten mine.

Papa. You'd often say, "Survival is primary, friendship's secondary." But he'll help me find you.

Mama. I can't seem to find you, no matter how hard I try.

The striped pyjamas are a constant reminder of our imprisonment. The white lines retell our fall from rich to poor, doctor to slave. Each line surrounded by a clear and cold blue sea that seems to restrict us, stopping us from uniting. But tonight, I feel warm. The air doesn't inspissate my dreams, because tonight I am whole, I'm not alone. I have a second pair.

I've made a friend. That's why I stole.

He has rosy cheeks and I have sunken.

His home is warm and made of stone and my house is cold and made of bones.

He is an explorer and I am a prisoner.

A mop of hair and nothing but bits.

The German and the vermin.

Our friendship is, will be ephemeral, shrouded by childhood naivety. But I can't seem to let it go. The future might hold something new and pure, but the future is merely the aftermath of happened prior.

I've made a friend, that's why I hope.

Sticks and stone have already broken my bones and words don't seem to hurt me anymore. Instead, they fill me with renascent joy.

" Your name's Schmuel? That's a funny name."

He would stretch out my name, " Scchmuelll."

" Let's play, Schmuel! "

" I want to be a Explorer. What do you want to be?"

I want to be your friend, Bruno.

My stomach grumbled, a sound that reverberated through the room.

No snores could be heard.

Nothing but slight whimpers and sobs. A room filled to the brim with beds.  
Beds that hold dead people.

Dead people who once had flair, charisma, a job, a home, a family and a friend.

I guess I'm no longer dead. I have a slight blotch of amaranthine colour on my soul.

I have a friend, who has replaced my faults and doubts.

I've made a good friend, so I put trust in our camaraderie.

As I closed my eyes, smoky air filled my nostrils.

I thought I heard Papa.

I drifted off to sleep, hearing a bubbly laugh call to me.

A childhood friendship made through barred wire.

I've made a friend, that's who I am no longer scared of the future.