

## **Lernen aus der Geschichte e.V.**

<http://www.lernen-aus-der-geschichte.de>

**Der folgende Text ist auf dem Webportal  
<http://www.lernen-aus-der-geschichte.de> veröffentlicht.**

Das mehrsprachige Webportal publiziert fortlaufend Informationen zur historisch-politischen Bildung in Schulen, Gedenkstätten und anderen Einrichtungen zur Geschichte des 20. Jahrhunderts. Schwerpunkte bilden der Nationalsozialismus, der Zweite Weltkrieg sowie die Folgegeschichte in den Ländern Europas bis zu den politischen Umbrüchen 1989.

Dabei nimmt es Bildungsangebote in den Fokus, die einen Gegenwartsbezug der Geschichte herausstellen und bietet einen Erfahrungsaustausch über historisch-politische Bildung in Europa an.

### **Emilia Kostrubała, born 1922**

I was evicted with my mother, my father and my sister with her child. We stayed at shack no. 10 in Zamość. My sister was separated from us at once. Her child was then 10 months old and died just one week later from a cold. My sister brought it to the morgue. She said when she put it down onto a board there were lice at once. There were many dead, as people were dying all the time.

On 12 December 1942 we were brought to Auschwitz. It took us several days of travelling. At Auschwitz we were divided, men and women separately. We had to leave our bundles behind. Father said good-bye to us; mother and I never saw him again.

Then we were divided into groups of five and taken to the bath house. People wanted to drink, but if anybody came near a water tap, they were beaten. Later on, they distributed us to the shacks. We were assigned shack no. 24. Then each of us got a camp number tattooed on the forearm. [...]

The situation in the shacks was very bad. 6 persons slept on one pallet. There were only two blankets and bags of straw from which "fleas and lice poked out their heads"; they bit us so badly that it was impossible to sleep.

In February, my mother was taken to shack no. 25. She stayed there for two weeks. While she was there, I visited her every day. [...] She said her stomach hurt, probably due to the food. I thought if I fried a piece of bread for her before the roll call, her stomach might stop hurting. Then, on 24 February I came again and called her, "Mom, Mom!". But instead of her, another woman came and said, "She doesn't live any more, she has just died." But she didn't say whether they had taken her to the furnace or if she died just like that. On the previous day, Mom had said that we would probably not see each other again as they had started taking down the numbers.

In October 1944, we were taken to Schlossenburg and later to Weiden in Bavaria. During the daytime, we were released from the wagons, but at night we were locked up again. In

the end we escaped. We hid in cemeteries. We went to German people to get something to eat.

The Americans freed us. That was in April 1945. We took baths and picked flowers to welcome them. There were white flags everywhere. Then we were taken to camps again. They gave us additional food on top of the normal meals, a special diet, because we were so emaciated. I only returned to Poland on 14 August 1945. Nothing had remained of our farmstead, everything was burned down. Then I went to see the head of the village administration and asked him to give me a place where I could stay. But he yelled at me and said, "What? Am I to rebuild your house for you after the Germans have burnt it..."