

The Führer's Flames

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The freezing, November air whips me like a thousand, tiny, swords made of ice. I yearn to be back home in the Synagogue's ark, but I am glad to be able to feel the harsh wind, or anything really besides pain, because will soon be the only thing I will be able to feel.

I lay on the edge of the pile made innocents who, like me, are filled with words written by Jews. We lay here, waiting for our certain death because of our connection to a Jewish person or idea. Maybe both.

A few others like me are thrown into the pile. Some on the very top, others close to me. After a few minutes, a man walks up on a stage where a podium stands. The Swastika is seen everywhere, from his uniform, to flags that hang from houses and shops.

Crowds stare at us. No sympathy can be seen from anyone, though they all know that the pile they stare at is sure to be dead within minutes. They do not even try to help. If we were Mein Kampf, they would help us in seconds. Because of this, I begin to feel anger boil within me.

And just as quickly as the anger ignited, it disappears. Not a trace of it left.

How could I think such vile thoughts? Only Mein Kampf has vile thoughts. I should not be angry at the crowd. It is not like they can give us signs of sympathy, much less help. If they tried, a Nazi soldier would put a bullet in that persons head. Or worse, throw that person into a concentration camp...

Maybe there is one book besides Mein Kampf who deserves to be here for its horrific thoughts.

Me.

Or maybe I just feel guilty for my disgusting thoughts.

I hear the cries of excitement, the 'Heil, Hitler's', before I see it. From the east, a column of gray smoke billows upwards, towards the sky full of stars before slowly fading away. I watch others looking at the smoke. Some seem delighted, others confused, for they do not know where the smoke is coming from.

But I do.

It comes from the Synagogue. But not just any Synagogue... my Synagogue. The Synagogue where I, the Torah myself, would be read aloud at because I spoke the truth. I told others to love everyone and God and to never hurt anyone, unlike Mein Kampf who says that many people, especially my people, should be killed for their religion.

Now my Synagogue burns away.

The Nazi at the podium begins speaking, disturbing my thoughts.

"Tonight, we gather here to restore our country by riding of infested items and to begin a new revolution. This revolution will do no negative to our country, but remove the intellectual dirt."

The crowd roars with agreement.

I begin to think to myself, if we are to clean ourselves of infested, dirty thoughts, we should rid of Mein Kampf, a book of nothing but Adolf Hitler's own evil political outlines.

"The illness that has been infecting Germany for the past twenty years lies before us." He motions to the pile of books, including me, "They will be exterminated tonight!"

I do not understand. Why am I, a book that teaches and tells you how to live the right way and to show God that we truly love him, described like an illness that needs to be destroyed immediately, whereas Mein Kampf, the real illness, is practically worshipped?

The Nazi interrupts my thoughts.

“Burning these evil books in the Führer’s flames will help by säuberung-cleansing-ourselves from Un-German Spirits.”

What a hypocritical thing to say. Mein Kampf should take the place of every book here. It is the true, evil book. It is an Un-German Spirit

Two Nazi’s holding flaming torches come forward. The fire connects to the gasoline-soaked books on the other side of me. Tiny cheers fill the frigid air, before louder ones replace them as the tiny torch creates a roaring fire, engulfing the books.

The Nazi up on the podium continues.

“We will fight our enemies, even if it means war. We will stand by our Führer until the day of our final victory comes.”

The crowd begins to cheer yet again, but the man continues to speaking. “Such a war will see our nation fully restored, and bring an end to our enemy.”

Gleeful cheers begin, just as I begin to feel a bit of warmth to my left. The fire is spreading.

It creates ashes from the burnt books, which are blown into the sky from the wind. That will be me soon, flying through the sky in the form of ashes seeing as I am now beginning to catch on fire.

“The end of plutocrats.”

“Ja!” or yes they scream.

“The end of kommunist.”

“Ja!” the crowd becomes a louder as I become hotter.

“And the end of Jews!”

The crowd becomes wild. They jump and cheer, but only for a minute. No sooner had they started this, when the man speaking began to say some final words.

“To our great German Empire, and to our beloved Führer, Adolf Hitler.” He puts his arm out in salute.

The crowds arms extend out in salute as well.

“Heil!” They yell.

Young boys and girls from Hitler’s Youth and the League of German Girls to the older men and women in the crowd with nothing but loyalty showing on their faces begin to sing the German national anthem.

It is then that become completely consumed by the flickering flames.

Books continue to sail across the sky, landing in the pile. Everyone finishes the anthem with an echoing ‘Heil!’

It is the last word I hear.

One final thought rings in my head:

Everyone who shouldn’t be here, but is, burns here, while another book who deserves our suffering is not here.

The book that surely sits comfortably in every German house rather than here is
Mein Kampf.