

Wall of Death

So, this is how it ends, my road from boyhood in Szentendre. I cursed László, a “friend” from Budapest’s ghetto, now a Sonderkommando, overheard by a Szwab. Stripped, hands tied, pushed to my knees facing the Wall. My suffering will soon be over. I hear commands. I wait for relief.



The Shooting Wall, Block 11, Auschwitz, 6 May 2025

29 November 2025



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