My grandfather…..

Ferdinand is my grandfather. He died earlier this year, he was 100 years old. He was a baby during World War I and a man during World War II. He was a Jew and, between 1940 – 1945, the Germans didn't like them. He lived in Namur. The Germans killed his parents and took him away, him and his wife , in a military car. When they got out of the car, they found themselves in Mechelen. And after this he never saw his wife again.

One week later, he took a train with other 1000 passengers – they were all Jews. After 4 long days on the road, they were in Birkenau. Some of them were killed by dogs or by the Germans in a gas chamber because they were too old to work. So he started to work 14 hours a day. He had a tatoo on his arm like all the other prisoners.
He saw a lot of Jews being tortured by the nazis and many of them died. He is friend with Mr Israel, they slept together in the same room at Birkenau. He was a good man because he would share his food with the other inmates.

He arrived in Birkenau in 1944 and in 1945 he was a free man.
In 1950, he met a woman, they fell in love and had a baby together, my father…
My grandfather is a survivor of Auschwitz, but for me he is a superhero !

 Gaziaux Lévi