

Nazi Germany Train Station

Setting Description

Y6

Arriving at the once familiar train station entrance, I gazed around forlornly with morbid fascination. Tanks rolled past the front of the station and there were several, stationary, guarding the entrance. All signage had been hastily pulled down: replaced by bright red, garish flags and blank, empty walls. The Berlin of my youth evaporating before my very eyes and changing as dramatically as when a caterpillar morphs into a butterfly. Except this change wasn't going to result in a beautiful, colourful creature.

Nervously, I embarked on finding the right platform. As my hands trembled in my pockets, I felt for my mother's wedding ring – her most prized possession - and entrusted to me to keep safe. Uptight and meticulously-dressed soldiers stormed about in a menacing fashion. Large carts with a plethora of dangerous-looking parcels were being pushed around by the youngest looking of the soldiers. They looked as young and as naïve as a little boy on his first day of school. I walked tentatively past – the atmosphere was one of chill and expectation despite the frenetic nature of their movements. Where were they taking all of this equipment?

The clouds, which prophetically loomed in the sky, covered what should have been a bright spring morning. The sun had been imprisoned and locked in by an infinite grey blanket. This only added to the imposing chill I could feel growing in the air. I could almost taste the fear of people I can only call strangers. Everyone in this place was desperately trying to avoid eye contact with each other. Fear was definitely the overriding emotion tangible in the way people moved quickly, looking down at the shoes of others'.



There were long, uniform trains shackled at each platform. The naïve and unsuspecting trains waited in anticipation. Each had a destination unknown... there were no announcements, no names on the front by the faceless drivers. Shouts and pleas of anxious German civilians were effortlessly drowned out by the booming commands of the controlling Nazis. They ruled now. Everyone else? Mere pawns in this evil game.

Each carriage looked crammed with tired, apprehensive, innocent humans. Distraught mothers were leading their children away from reality. They mumbled to one another when they were sure a soldier would not hear. One train had only men on board. One by one, they shuffled along the barren platform. Where was their luggage?

The Germany I called home, the Germany I
had come to know and love,
was no more.

