

**Name Him Peter**

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Insecure, with no self-confidence, always doubting about oneself, I think, this is a comprehensive description of this young boy - whereby, with his black, soft and naturally curled hair, his slim figure, his bright and blue-gray eyes, he looked anything else than unattractive, in fact, one could say, that he looked cute, only nobody told him - you could imagine that this boy would have a cute girlfriend, in fact he had no girlfriend, and he never would have one.

A middle class family, a family that, together with the whole country, managed a certain social advancement, the cars got bigger, a first holiday abroad, a first flight, the first time real smoked salmon, not this colored fake stuff. The TV got colored, it became more and more normal to eat in a restaurant, real restaurants, to experience a certain kind of "luxury".

What else could I say about the boy? Maybe that he was interested in anything, curious about everything, he loved it to look at the stars, in winter he looked at Orion and his two dogs, framed by two huge fir trees - a view that would accompany him his whole life, even long after the huge fir trees were no longer. Science, all science, but also art, attracted him, but it was difficult for him, not only because in his youth many things were not even thinkable, that would be a matter of course in his later life. In TV only three programs, later a more and more, but as a boy he was not allowed to watch TV alone, he had to go to bed early. The family owned only a few books, but some, especially two. At one night he stood up, his parents already in bed upstairs, he slept downstairs besides the living room, he switched on the TV in the living room and discovered.....but I'm not sure, if this is interesting at all, interesting to talk about this insecure boy, who struggled to find his way, his way in life, his place in the world - never he would find any of it all, during his whole life.

The boy's name? Name him Peter, if you like to do so, but you could give him also any other name as well.

## **A Special Book I**

Sometimes the boy was alone at home, sometimes when his parents were in bed he was still awake, he was curious about, what all could be discovered in the house. In the living room, filling out a complete wall, was a wall unit with three huge drawers right at the bottom. I know no details, but one day he looked after, what all was in this three huge drawers. Table linen for instance, many of it, but this he knew already. The good ones, for holidays and family celebrations, but this was not really interesting. All in all, nothing of interest was in this three huge drawers, but then he discovered a book between some table cloths, easy to oversee, very well covered - a book? The family owned not many books, a series of lexica - a-z - all in all maybe twenty small volumes, sometimes he read in them. Some other books, a few novels, more kitschy ones, an uncle bestowed from time to time another volume of the endless Karl May novels, but he not liked them, stupid stories with stupid plots and stupid characters, only the movies were even more stupid, especially the endless re-runs, especially Winnetou I-III! His sister read them all.

But now he held another book in his hand, a book like he had never seen before, text, but it were the pictures, many pictures were in the book, the pictures aroused his interest. I cannot really say how old the boy was in this very moment, but young. He finished school at the beginning of fifteen, he started with school relatively early, he finished his apprenticeship at the end of seventeen. This discovery happened years before he left school, maybe he was twelve.

"Der Gelbe Stern" (The Yellow Star), a book by Gerhard Schoenberger, published in 1960, five years before the boy was born, fifteen years after the Third Reich became defeated by the allies. A book about the persecution of the Jews in Europe, 1933 till 1945, with nearly two hundred pictures. The boy looked at the pictures, often he would open this drawer from now on, to take the book and to look at the pictures, especially those from the concentration camps. He asked himself:

"Why this was possible?"

"Who could do something like this?"

A bulldozer pushed piles of dead bodies, all horribly gaunt, into a mass grave.

"Well, they had to do this, after they had liberated the concentration camps, what else they could have done? The danger of diseases, what did the American soldier felt, doing this, pushing piles of dead bodies into a mass grave, with a bulldozer?"

Americans forced Germans to visit the concentration camps, to bury dead bodies, to witness what has happened there.

"That's good to do so, no one should say: I had no idea about it, this has not really happened."

Pictures from the rebellion in the Warsaw Ghetto.

"Had they ever a chance, but what would have been the alternative?"

Pictures from the crematoria.

"Was a human in fact able to bear such a place, burning dead bodies in piecework, every hour, every day, constantly - only thinking about the smell?"

Pictures from endless lines of Jews, waiting to be on the row to be shoot dead in East Europe.

"Why the not ran away? Why they not simply ran away, they would die in any case, why not dying, when running away, maybe the bullets would miss you?"

There were many pictures, very disturbing pictures, pictures causing a lot of questions, question not finding a rational answer. It should take long, the boy already an older man, a millennium later, that he found his answers. Those who once liberated his country, saved him not to become endangered, to fall for the tricks of the Nazis, as a boy in the "HJ", the Hitler Youth, he knew that he was very enthusiastic, in regard to many things the Hitler Youth had offered, nature, science, technique - but thanks to those who ended this insanity, he never had to face this seductive offer, offered by devils.

But now the boy got his answers, and it was heartbreaking that those who once rescued him, now were the endangered, endangered to fall for the tricks of the devilish seducers.

### **Postscript**

I will stop "Name Him Peter" today, because I will add this writing to the new story. The so far written two parts I will include as they are written, as well as a written, but not reworked and uploaded third part. Therefore, this part will find its continuation as one of the storylines of the new story.

Bad Friedrichshall, October 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2020