**The Journal of Rosa Hubermann**

Dear Journal,

I’m scared. Everything was once much better than it is now, but with ration cuts and the decline of Jew customers, I think we’re all losing it. I keep losing customers to do the cleaning for; I only have a few more and I don’t know how long those rich, snotty *Saukerls* and *Saumenschs* will stay with us. Hansi of course doesn’t have many customers either due to the lack of use for his trade—I mean who even needs that *Saukerl’s* work for anyhow? Nobody has a need for a painter. He has his worthless cigarettes that he’s been rolling to trade with for random things, but that’s not something to depend on, that nasty habit could be dropped. We have Liesel to look after—our foster daughter. I want that little *Saumensch* to feel safe and comfortable here, but I’m not going to go all soft so that she does. I love her; that little *Saumensch* though, she’ll know her place and she’ll know it well.

Dear Journal,

Not only have I lost customers which does put less food on the table for Hans, Liesel, and I, AND forces us to have pea soup every night for dinner, but money is being shorted. Nope, it’s not that customers are just cheating me out of the full amount, or less work came in, but that skinny, worthless *Saumensch* of a daughter took money out of the money she collected while delivering the laundry. I wish I was more upset, I wish I was livid. I felt almost bad that she took a few coins—she took them so that she could mail the letters she wrote to her biological mother. It breaks my heart knowing she won’t get a letter back. She’s writing to nobody; her mother will never read any of the hard work that went into those letters. If she could just have that, her mother to read them, maybe I’d show this caring side a bit more—but let’s be honest, probably not—Liesel went through enough watching her young brother die right in front of her. I had to punish her though; she knew she deserved a watshten. I was sorry. I didn’t want her to know the pain it gave me to give her, her punishment. When I picked up the wooden spoon it hurt, but that first smack, I felt like I was being punished. That *Saumensch* knows she can’t steal, but I don’t want her to think that she can just get away with it either, especially not stealing from her own family.

Dear Journal,

~~The stupid Saukerl of a husband made a deal with a man and now there is a Jewish man in my basement. We took in a Jew for hiding. Max Vandenburg. Blonde hair—like feathers Liesel would say—and skinny, all bones. I want to nourish him back to health. I’m going to do my best for him that I possibly can. We’ll all just eat smaller portions to make up for Max’s half so nothing can be made of having more and more food each night. I’m not sure how long this secret can be held. We’re counting on a worthless~~ *~~Saumensch~~* ~~to realize how major this is and to keep her mouth shut and not run and go tell her pitiful little~~ *~~Saukerl~~* ~~of a friend, Rudy Steiner. She better understand, she’d better never even tell a soul. We’ve hidden him…~~

I shouldn’t be writing anymore..

Dear Journal,

My *Saukerl* of a husband’s profession is actually useful at this point. People need their windows tinted and darkened, so Hans has been hired over and over to paint people’s windows. Liesel has been going with him to help him out instead of just sitting around and not being useful. They take their lunch with them and then don’t come back until later that day. He doesn’t always get paid in currency; however, some days they trade, he’ll take a ration of some sort, some filthy cigarettes, but some days he comes home with barely anything and doesn’t quite explain himself—I know that filthy *Saukerl* is too nice to people and will do it for barely anything, or nothing at all. I can’t corner Liesel into telling me and putting her on the spot—that stupid *Saumensch* would lie for her Papa any day though, no matter what. I know Hans can’t paint everyone’s windows forever, but it’d be nice if the income could.

Dear Journal,

There was an air raid tonight. All of us who didn’t have an approved basement were in the Fielder’s basement. I’ve never been so anxious. I wasn’t the worst however; you could see some were much more traumatized than I. I wasn’t even THAT bad, there were just so many *Arschloch’s* who were trying to show off and not be scared—I know they were, they weren’t fooling anyone, especially not myself. Liesel kept looking at me. It was like she could tell how scared I felt. So many things really could happen while we’re down there. I didn’t want to show how I felt. I couldn’t. I Rosa Hubermann, could not show fear. Not here, not now. All I wanted myself to do was think of how truly outrageous and pathetic all these *Saukerls* and *Saumenschs* are. They will not over power me at my weakest.

Dear Journal,

After time and time went on, he finally woke up. Max woke up! Not just for a split second again, but really woke up. I was beginning to worry; what the hell would we do with him anyways if he hadn’t? We would more than definitely be caught. How would we have ever even done that? I keep having to remind myself that we won’t have to deal with that. I didn’t want Max to wake up, just so that he would wake up and be okay, but because we would be screwed into possessing a Jewish corpse.

I did what I promised Liesel. I went and told her, even though she was at school. That *Saumensch’s* plan really did work. I don’t think one person even suspected a single thing. I guess being my rude self has its advantages—good. I ran into that *Saumensch’s* classroom and began yelling at her about my hairbrush. (She said she would get it—of course that Saumensch didn’t though.) I made my hair into an elastic bun of a mess and yelled and attempted to keep it as normal as possible. I had to pull her out of class and keep yelling at her trying to hint about what was going on. Unfortunately that *Saumensch* just didn’t get it. I had to flat out tell her what was going on. Boy, have I never seen a face light up so much in so long. I couldn’t wait any longer to see the joy in her face again—Liesel was right, she had to know right when he awoke.

Dear Journal,

That worthless *Saukerl* did it. He gave in and exploited us to the German officers. They had all the Jews walk to Dachau today down Himmel Street. They were starving. I can’t even imagine how it felt, it had to have been worse than when Max first came to us. Some of them had fallen down and Hansi had a piece of bread in his pocket; I know he didn’t mean for anyone to see, but **some** did! I’ve never been so scared in my life. Not ONLY did he give a Jewish man something other than hatred or a “Heil Hitler!” but he gave leverage into the thought of us housing a Jew. I’m scared for us. I’m scared for Max. I don’t know what punishment Hans will get.

Or us.

Or Max.

We’ve been waiting days for them to arrive. Max left of course. We don’t know where he went, if he had a plan, nothing. Every moment waiting for them to come and search the house is even harder, it’s even harder for the *Saukerl* that caused it all. He’s changed—he just isn’t acting like himself. That *Saukerl* needs to get it together though and not draw further attention or draw suspicion. The *Saumensch* knows she can’t talk of this, even if it’s brought up—that’s the scariest thought; our future could be in the hands of a thirteen year old girl. Let them come and just get this over with.

Dear Journal,

They took him. The German Nazis took away my Hansi for war. That was his punishment, nothing else. They didn’t even search the house and I think that was the hardest part for Hans. Max was sent out into the world on his own in danger for ***no*** reason. He could have stayed. Hans’ title for this was is to be part of the LSD; furthermore, he has to go out after air raids and look through the area and make sure everything’s okay and safe. It’s dangerous. He sends letters, but very short and not nearly as good as Alex Steiner sends to his family. One letter wasn’t even finished. He wrote our names and that was it. If that Saukerl is healthy and okay, he should be able to write more to his dear wife and Saumensch of a daughter. COME HOME!

Dear Journal,

Hans came home, he had too. He really is a lucky one—you could say. His life was saved from death due to mere kindness. He let a man take his seat in the truck and moved to a different one, needless to say the man in his seat died. He lived because he sat in a seat a little further away. He had problems with his leg so he isn’t allowed into war anymore. They’re giving him time home for his leg to heal and for his health to increase and then he’ll be back to work—this time in the offices doing paper work so that he can maintain his duties to the war. I don’t mind as long as he’s working in an office building and out of so much danger. He gets to be home with his family now and I swear Liesel hasn’t been this happy since Max came out of his sickness. Liesel’s spelling and reading has already grown in the short time he’s been gone. Hard to say that *Saukerl’s* illiterate brain helped her education. Things are going to be so much more comfortable with Hans back in the house.

Dear Liesel,

I know you don’t get that from me much. I know I tend to refer to you as *Saumensch*. I know I don’t show much love for you—not as much as I should. I know I haven’t been as good to you as Papa has been. I know Liesel, I know. I want you to know that I care for you more than almost anything. I don’t know when, or if you will actually read this. You know you mean so much to me, no matter how hard I try not to show it. Every *Saumensch* to you is a sweetheart in my mind. You know how much I love you, no matter how much of a true *Saumensch* you can be.

Love always, Mama.