

I went to the Holocaust War Camp in Poland a few months ago, and it was an experience I will never forget. The way there was an eerie, miserable sky. The wishes of forgotten freedom seeped into my skin. The cabins were grim; it was beyond my imagination to grasp the concept of the torture and the pain that victims would have experienced.

It reminded me of when I read Anne Frank. At first, I was confused about how any of this was possible. But then after I saw the War Camps, I realised I was a witness, and I was honoured in some sort of way.

I remember the guard towers and the way they seemed to glare at me through the forgotten memories of the fallen. As I walked along the path where thousands and thousands suffered, I was thankful that I lived in a place where we have justice and peace.

I learnt about the Holocaust and what happened. I didn't realise I was a witness until now. Once I visited the War Camps, I didn't realise anymore; I knew I had become one. A witness.

I now know that I want to share my experience. This memory shouldn't be forgotten. This memory can't be forgotten. The visions of future generations sharing experiences, stories and memories flash before my eyes, people becoming witnesses one after another.

I saw the Holocaust war camps. I remember reading the text boxes and seeing the vivid images. I think about what it would have been like, a story from each member. I am a witness. You can be as well.

You can be a witness through words. You can be a witness through a voice. You can be a witness by seeing something. So after reading this, you are a witness.