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memory book

Short green spiked stubble on an otherwise brown marsh ground reminds me of my skinned scalp those years ago. Life is full of these memories. Some that tie around our ankles as dead weight, that stops us from running through the rest of our lives. The weight of our actions, holding us back from our better future. Some our society would rather forget within a rolodex of "mistakes in history".

Flip, the first leaf.

That was when my face turned pale grey. They made us aliens. Unrecognisable. I felt as though I was a sheep ready for its fate, shorn alongside extended family. The same experiences, the same names, the same life. Bleating and bleeding. Breathing for the final gasps of unattainable air. Lambs waiting to roast.

Flip. *I still hear their cries. **80 years on – they echo through pain-stained museum walls.***

Bones clang and clink like the empty pots and pans we never used. Maybe because we hadn't eaten a home cooked meal in months, maybe because we were busy attempting to not make noise. We often *had* to fear the inevitable.

Flip. *I see them in a history classroom. **80 years on – the podcasts of what they lost, the documentaries the diaries the posters the dramatizations***

Brown, black and blue bodies scattered the streets, beside a red sea that resembled the everlasting pain they faced. Mocked by the yellow of a holy star.

Ouch, *the same red scatters my fingers.*

Crash and smash. Sugar-like glass leaves its crumbled frames. The crumbs left for the ostracized of society. **80 years on – crystallized in plastic laminate.**

Their faces are empty. Piles of shoes to the ceiling and seas of plastic skeletons, put in the place of real human lives.

I return to the beginning.

As our life's rolodex becomes thicker and greater, humanity is lost. Lost from the stories like those of sugar glass and empty pots and pans. Lost are the memories of what our society has been through, as the weight around our ankles seems comparably more bearable. Human beings become plastic mannequins found in the back of dust-ridden museums.

The memories of these mannequins beg to be seen, to be heard, to be felt – by our weightless future.

In 80 years', time, our witnesses will expire, and they will leave shallow footprints on history. They will be dusted over as time moves on and history repeats. But we can't let it. We must

remember those stories – the lives left forever changed. Allow them to change you, to change our future. Let it be the rolodex's last page that has to be filled. It belongs to them.