

AGAINST HER WILL

by Bruce McClain

Crammed into cattle cars, without food or water. Disposed, rakish, and unprepared for death, they are uncertain of the villainous plot to root them from their existence. Not only the living make this ominous trek. The dead

accompany, lifeless bodies, breath already expired, before the journey's end. Crushed against the interior, crumpled corpses fall to the ground as the loadmaster unhinged the doors. Then one after another file down the ramp from the stench-

filled freights. Eyes, meander. Mouths, lolled. An orchestra greets them with music and song, a disguised attempt to mollify what anxieties they may still breath among them. Leading down a narrow path between two chain link fences,

an ensemble of walking dead watch on with hollowed eyes, looking first to the right and then to the left. In the distance a chimney weeps with smoke from a menacing building. A teenage girl notices a pile of shoes then focuses on the clothing

in an open yard. "Am I going to die?" she whimpers. The SS officer gently takes her hand. His voice aims to calm. "Come my child. There is no reason to fret. You've already lived long enough."

