

MISERY.

Miriam clutched her siddur as the train rattled. Once, it had guided her prayers. Now, its pages were her lifeline. She whispered psalms to calm her brothers, their faces pressed against her. For a moment, she imagined they were back in their shtetl, not crammed in a cattle car. The train stopped. The world of Miriam's childhood vanished forever.

Isaac had been a mohel, bringing life into tradition through the covenant of brit milah. His steady hands were prized in the community. At Auschwitz, his skill caught the attention of the guards. They made him carve not holy symbols, but numbers into skin. Each mark stole his breath. The sacred had become profane.

Sarah dreamed of Shabbat candles as she crouched in the dark forest, clutching her infant son. The flickering flames, a memory of light in her childhood home, became her anchor. She could not let the Nazis extinguish his life. Each step toward safety felt like a prayer whispered into the void.

Eliezer had once been the chazzan of his synagogue. His voice carried the prayers of the people to the heavens. In the camp, his voice was silenced. But in the quiet hours, he hummed softly to those who could still hear. His music wove a fragile thread of hope among the shattered.

Rivka lived for Purim stories, her laughter contagious as she recounted Queen Esther's bravery. In the ghetto, she smuggled bread for her neighbors, defying fear. Rivka never saw herself as a heroine, but she became one for the starving children she saved.

Yitzhak stared at the Torah scroll, hidden in a false wall. He had been its guardian before the Nazis came. With trembling hands, he buried it, praying its words would rise again, even if he could not.

Six million Jews and six stories. Six million is not just a number. It is lives, worlds, songs, and prayers—forever silenced yet enduring in memory.