***Directions: Read and respond to some of the quotes below.***

Chapter 4

1. The victim this time was my father. …And he began beating him with an iron bar. At first, my father simply doubled over under the blows, but then he seemed to break in two like an old tree struck by lightning. I had watched it all happening without moving. I kept silent…What’s more, if I felt anger at that moment, it was not directed at the Kapo but at my father (Wiesel, 54).
2. That evening, in the latrines, the dentist from Warsaw pulled my crown with the help of a rusty spoon (Wiesel, 56).
3. A man appeared, crawling snakelike in the direction of the cauldrons. Hundreds of eyes were watching his every move. Hundreds of men were crawling with him, scraping their bodies with his on the stones. All hearts trembled, but mostly with envy. He was the one who had dared (Wiese, 59).
4. He was still alive when I passed him. His tongue was still red, but his eyes not yet extinguished. Behind me, I heard the same man asking: “For God’s sake, where is God?” And from within me, I heard a voice answer: “Where He is? This is where—hanging here from this gallows…” That night, the soup tasted of corpses (Wiesel, 65).

Chapter 5

1. The summer was coming to an end. The Jewish year was almost over. On the eve of Rosh Hashanah, the last of that cursed year…Blessed be God’s name? Why, but why would I bless him? Every Fiber in me rebelled…and I, the former mystic, was thinking: Yes, man is stronger, greater than God (Wiesel, 66-67).
2. A terrible word began to circulate soon thereafter: selection. We knew what that meant. An SS would examine us. Whenever he found someone extremely frail—a “Muselman” was what we called those inmates—he would write down his number: good for the crematorium (Wiesel, 70).
3. “Here, take this knife,” he said. “I won’t need it anymore. You may find it useful. Also take this spoon. Don’t sell it. Quickly! Go ahead, take what I am giving you!” My Inheritance…(Wiesel, 75).
4. I did not return to the infirmary. I went straight to my block. My wound had reopened and was bleeding: the snow under my feet turned red (Wiesel, 82).

Chapter 6

1. I was putting one foot in front of the other, like a machine. I was dragging this emaciated body that was still such a weight. If only I could have shed it! Though I tried to put it out of my mind. I couldn’t help thinking that there were two of us: my body and I. And I hated that body. I kept repeating to myself. “Don’t think, don’t stop, run!” (Wiesel 85-86).
2. I had no right to die. What would he do without me? I was his sole support (Wiesel, 87).
3. Rabbi Eliahu…But then I remembered something else: his son had seen him losing ground, sliding back to the rear of the column. He had seen him. And he had continued to run in front, letting the distance between them become greater. A terrible though crossed my mind: What is he wanted to be rid of his father? He had felt his father growing weaker and believing that the end was near, had thought by this separation to free himself of a burden that could diminish his own chance for survival (Wiesel, 91).
4. When I awoke at daybreak, I saw Juliek facing me, hunched over, dead. Next to him lay his violin, trampled, an eerily poignant little corpse (Wiesel, 95).