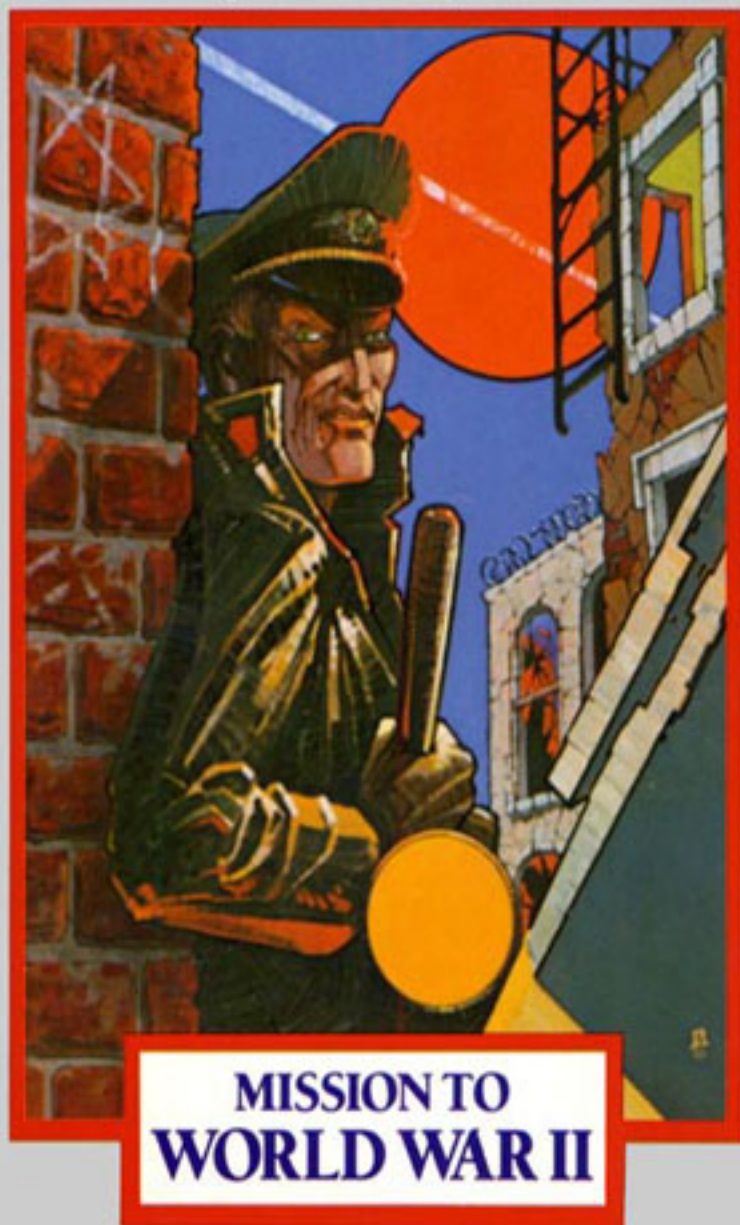


# TIME MACHINE 11

This book is a time machine.  
Travel back 45 years to recover priceless documents!



**MISSION TO  
WORLD WAR II**



**This book is  
your passport  
into time.**



**Can you survive  
the Second  
World War?  
Turn the page to  
find out.**



# **Mission to World War II**

**by Susan Nanus and Marc Kornblatt**

**illustrated by John Pierard**



**A Byron Preiss Book**

**To the six million. Never again.**  
**—S.N & M.K.**

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# ATTENTION TIME TRAVELER!

This book is your time machine. Do not read it through from beginning to end. In a moment you will receive a mission, a special task that will take you to another time period. As you face the dangers of history, the Time Machine often will give you options of where to go or what to do.

This book also contains a Data Bank to tell you about the age you are going to visit. You can use this Data Bank to travel more safely through time. Or you can take your chances without reading it. It is up to you to decide.

In the back of this book is a Data File. It contains hints to help you if you are not sure what choice to make. The following symbol appears next to any choices for which there is a hint in the Data File.



To complete your mission as quickly as possible, you may wish to use the Data Bank and the Data File together.

There is one correct end to this Time Machine mission. You must reach it or risk being stranded in time!

# **THE FOUR RULES OF TIME TRAVEL**

As you begin your mission, you must observe the following rules. Time Travelers who do not follow these rules risk being stranded in time.

1. You must not kill any person or animal.
2. You must not try to change history. Do not leave anything from the future in the past.
3. You must not take anybody when you jump in time. Avoid disappearing in a way that scares people or makes them suspicious.
4. You must follow instructions given to you by the Time Machine. You must choose from the options given to you by the Time Machine.

# YOUR MISSION

**Your mission is to travel back to Poland during World War II, meet Emanuel Ringelblum—the famous freedom fighter and historian of the Warsaw ghetto—and bring back secret documents that he hid from the Nazis.**

From 1939 to 1945, the countries of Europe and America fought desperately for freedom against the threatening might of Nazi Germany. But this was not just a battle of armies. Under the leadership of Adolf Hitler, the Nazis also conducted a secret war against civilian men, women, and children.

Some of these people were Gypsies, homosexuals, Christians, prisoners of war, and people who disagreed with Hitler, but most of them were Jews. In six short years, the Nazis killed six million Jewish people without the world finding out. They did this by telling enormous lies, working in complete secrecy, and destroying as much evidence as possible.

Many Jews tried to fight back, but they had few weapons, and the German army was far too strong. Emanuel Ringelblum, a brave young historian who lived in Warsaw, the capital of Poland, thought of another way to fight. He decided to write everything down. He knew that the Nazis wanted to control history by leaving no proof of what they were doing. He also knew he could be severely punished if the Nazis discovered that he and a group of his friends were taking notes on everything that was happening to the Jews in Poland.

Ringelblum lived in the Warsaw ghetto—a crowded, dirty slum where all Jews were forced to reside. In 1943, when the Jews in the ghetto rebelled against the German army, Ringelblum buried all his notes in three large milk cans near his underground hideout. In 1944, he was executed for refusing to reveal their locations.

After the war, two of the milk cans were found, but the third and



most important one has never been discovered. This can contains the most concrete evidence of what life was really like during that time.

Your mission is to go back to the Warsaw ghetto, find Ringelblum, and discover where he hid the third milk can. You must be very careful. There are informers and spies everywhere, and the Nazis will arrest anyone who looks suspicious. In order to succeed, you must outwit them every time!



**To activate the Time Machine, [click here](#).**

**TIME TRAVEL  
ACTIVATED.  
Stand by for Equipment.**



**[Click Here](#)**

# EQUIPMENT

You will go on your mission to Europe during World War II dressed as a schoolchild with knickers or a skirt. You'll also have a warm jacket, sturdy shoes, and a knapsack. To help you make your way, you will take along a map of Europe showing which countries were occupied by the Germans.



To begin your mission now, [click here](#).



To learn more about the time to which you will be traveling, [click here](#).

# DATA BANK

## EUROPE IN 1940



- |                            |                    |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Poland                  | 14. Czechoslovakia |
| 2. Germany                 | 15. Hungary        |
| 3. France—occupied         | 16. Rumania        |
| 4. France—Vichy-controlled | 17. Bulgaria       |
| 5. Great Britain           | 18. Greece         |
| 6. Italy                   | 19. Norway         |
| 7. Russia                  | 20. Sweden         |
| 8. Spain                   | 21. Finland        |
| 9. Belgium                 | 22. Turkey         |
| 10. Holland                | 23. Portugal       |
| 11. Switzerland            | 24. Lithuania      |
| 12. Austria                | 25. Latvia         |
| 13. Yugoslavia             | 26. Estonia        |
|                            | 27. Denmark        |

- 1) The National Socialist German Workers' Party, led by Adolf Hitler, took over the German government in 1933. Its members were called *Nazis*. They controlled the army and police and ran the country like a dictatorship.
- 2) The official sign of the Nazi party was a swastika, a black, crosslike insignia on a red background.
- 3) On September 1, 1939, World War II officially began when Nazi tanks crossed into Poland and attacked. The next day Britain and France declared war on Germany, and before long, all of Europe was caught up in the struggle.
- 4) The United States entered the war after the bombing of a military base in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, on December 7, 1941.
- 5) The German title for Adolf Hitler was *führer*, which means leader.
- 6) The Nazis believed that they were members of "The Master Race," superior to the rest of the world. They called themselves *Aryans* and considered blond hair and blue eyes a sign of Aryan purity. They thought Jews and other non-Aryans were only fit to be their slaves.
- 7) The *Gestapo* was the military police corps of the Nazi army.
- 8) The *SS* was an elite unit within the Gestapo which was answerable only to Adolf Hitler.
- 9) Germany, Italy, and Japan formed an alliance called the *Axis*. They planned to conquer the world and divide it among themselves. Germany and Italy waged their war in Europe, while Japan fought in the South Pacific.
- 10) Brown Shirts was a slang term for Nazi storm troopers. The Nazi party used these thugs to terrorize the population into submission.
- 11) Nazis rounded up Jews and other peoples of conquered countries to build roads and factories and do other forced labor.
- 12) Auschwitz and Treblinka were two concentration camps where Nazis imprisoned Jews, tortured them, and murdered them in gas chambers. The camps were part of the biggest secret of World War II.

13) The *Warsaw ghetto* was a large, crowded slum in Warsaw where the Nazis forced five hundred thousand Jewish people to live. It was surrounded by a high brick wall and constantly policed by armed guards and attack dogs. No one was allowed out, but people found ways of escaping. One way was to try to walk through the sewers to the Aryan part of the City.

14) The name of Emanuel Ringelblum's secret organization, which collected information against the Nazis, was *Oneg Shabbat*, "Spirit of Sabbath."

15) The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising was led by twenty-three-year-old Mordecai Anielewicz.

16) While the United States and Britain attacked Germany from the west, the Russians advanced from the east. In this way Europe was divided into the U.S. and Russian zones.

17) The first British victory against the Germans took place in the desert of North Africa outside the Egyptian city of *El Alamein* on November 3, 1941.

18) On June 6, 1944, British and American troops landed on the French coast of Normandy. This invasion was called D-Day and was the beginning of the end for Hitler and his army.

**DATA BANK COMPLETED.**  
**CLICK HERE TO BEGIN**  
**YOUR MISSION.**



**Don't forget, when you see this symbol,  
you can click it to check the Data File for  
a hint.**





It is November 15, 1940. You are in Warsaw, Poland. The sky is cold and dark, and there is misery in the air.

You are standing in the middle of a sea of moving people. Hundreds of men, women, and children look tired and scared as they push past you. Everyone is carrying bags and suitcases and wearing bedrolls around their necks. Some people are pushing carts or wheelbarrows filled with clothes, dishes, and bedding.

Suddenly you notice that the crowd is surrounded by soldiers. Haughty-looking men with blond hair and blue eyes stand everywhere, carrying machine guns and billy clubs. Some of them restrain snarling German shepherds on leashes. All of them wear bright red armbands with a black swastika in the center.

“Keep moving! Keep moving! Anyone who does not move quickly will be arrested!” a loud, harsh voice barks in German from a loudspeaker.

The crowd begins to hurry down a narrow street, whisking you along with it. Up ahead you see old and decaying apartment buildings surrounded by barbed wire. A high brick wall connects the buildings, and there are more armed guards at the entrance. Is that your destination?

“Where are we going?” you ask a young woman next to you. She is wheeling a baby carriage full of books.

“They call it the Jewish quarter,” she tells you bitterly. “They say we Jews have to live here for our own good. It’s nothing but a Nazi prison!”



The Nazis! So these are the Nazis, the ones from whom Emanuel Ringelblum hid the milk cans. You wonder if Ringelblum is somewhere in this crowd recording these events in his journal.

“Excuse me,” you say to the young woman. “Do you know a man named Emanuel Ringelblum?”

Before she can answer, an officer yells into a megaphone. “Make room! Make room! Let the Aryans pass!”

You nearly lose your balance as you are crushed to one side and separated from the young woman with the baby carriage.

A different crowd of people comes out of the entranceway. Many of them are blond and blue-eyed. Though they also carry suitcases, they seem calm and unafraid.

“Where are they going?” you ask a broad-shouldered man with a scar on his face, who is glaring at the Aryans with obvious hatred.

“Where do you think?” he replies in anger. “To live in our homes and take over our businesses.”

“Jews, forward!” The command from the megaphone sets the crowd in motion again. You look at the brick wall ahead of you. What could be behind there? A guard dog snaps at a little girl and she shrieks in terror. A soldier laughs. How could he find that funny?

The Aryans are moving past you in the other direction. If you run now, you can join them before the guard sees you. Or should you stay in line and enter the grim-looking Jewish quarter? Which way will lead you to Ringelblum? Decide quickly before it’s too late!



**Join the Aryans. [Click here.](#)**



**Enter the Jewish quarter. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're running for your life. The boy in front of you urges, "Come on. Faster! Faster!"

As you struggle to keep up, the boy darts down a darkened alleyway, through a narrow doorway, up three flights of stairs, and then to a barren rooftop. The buildings are so close together that you jump from roof to roof for an entire block before finally dropping through a skylight into a cramped, but quiet, attic.

"We'll be safe here," the boy says as you slump down in a corner, exhausted. "That was pretty close."

"Where are we?" you ask, looking around the room, which is empty except for a threadbare mattress and a small table.

"My hideout," he answers and adds with pride, "I'm a smuggler."

A smuggler? But he's no older than you are!

"What do you smuggle?" you ask.

"Today was turnips and carrots. Tomorrow might be cabbage. Depends on what's available on the Aryan side."

The boy pulls a carrot out of his pocket and offers it to you. "Here. No charge."

It tastes mealy, but you eat it hungrily.

"I'm feeding a family of six on what I bring in. Since my father died, I'm the man of the family." He takes off his knapsack, empties it of several pounds of carrots and turnips, and begins sorting them according to size.

"I guess you think you're pretty tough," he asks you without looking up.



“What do you mean?”

“Where’s your armband?”

“I just arrived,” you tell him. “I haven’t had time to get one yet.”

“Well, you’d better do it soon. You could get shot for that.”

The smuggler stands, ready to move on. “Do you want to go back to the square now and see if your family’s still there?” he asks.

“I’m alone.”

He shakes his head sympathetically. “Your folks picked up already, huh? You want to come home with me?”

“Thanks,” you say. “But I really have to find a man named Emanuel Ringelblum.”

“Never heard of him. But my cousin Mordecai might. He knows just about everyone in the ghetto.”

The ghetto? Is that the same as the Jewish quarter? There’s no time to ask. Your new friend is already climbing through the sky-light.

“My name is Yankel,” he says to you over his shoulder. “Come on. Let’s go.”



**Follow him to his cousin Mordecai.**

**[Click here.](#)**



It is February 1941, and the freezing cold takes your breath away. You're still in the Jewish quarter, but now the street is deserted. Everybody is probably inside trying to keep warm.

You walk to the corner and look both ways. The night is eerily quiet. Then you see some lights in the distance. You can make out a line of people standing in front of a large apartment building. They seem to be jumping up and down. Are they dancing? You hurry toward the crowd.

As you get closer, you slow down. German soldiers are everywhere. The light comes from the headlights of their jeeps.

The people standing in line are shivering with the cold. One by one, they are pushed forward to be sprayed with a milky solution from a metal canister.

"When can we go back inside?" gasps a small, thin man with glasses.

"As soon as every room in the building has been sprayed," answers a soldier, buttoning up his heavy woolen coat. "You know the rules! When one of you catches typhus, everyone in the building must be disinfected."

You try to turn back, but it's too late. A big blond soldier of about nineteen grins and points his rifle at you.

"Get into line, kid!"

"But I don't live in this building," you tell him.

"Tell you what," says the soldier. "I'll give you a choice. Either you come with me to the Pawiak Prison or you get into line."



Thinking fast, you head toward the line. You've just got to get away to someplace safe. The soldier turns his back on you for a moment. Now's your chance.



**Duck behind a Nazi jeep and jump!**  
**[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou are standing on the corner of Smocza and Niska streets in the Jewish quarter. It's still November 1940, but it seems as if you've stepped into the Middle Ages rather than twentieth-century Warsaw. There are no cars or trolleys here, only an occasional horse and wagon. There are no trees, no grass, not even very much sky. All you can see is a solid gray mass of sooty buildings. And armbands. White, three inches wide, with six-pointed stars in the middle. Every man, woman, and child is wearing one.

You know Ringelblum is Jewish, so he must be here somewhere. But how are you going to find him? There are thousands of people. Old, young, short, tall, dark, and light. Every kind of person you can imagine is wandering through the streets searching for a place to put down his belongings.

"Aaron!" a plump woman wearing a kerchief on her head calls down to her husband from a second-story window. "Bring up the children! I found a room."

"Jews!" a bearded man in a long black coat appeals to the passing crowd. "I have ten little ones. Help me find a place to live."

You look at the ten pale boys and girls clinging to their father.

"Go to the high school, friend," someone advises. "They're allotting each family a classroom."

"Ladies and gentlemen," a handsome young man shouldering a wagon covered with burlap announces loudly. "I have potatoes for sale. And none of them are rotten!"

A throng of people rush over to buy potatoes. You realize that



amid all this confusion, people are getting organized and trying to adjust to the situation.

A huge army truck charges down the street. Pedestrians scatter out of its way. It suddenly screeches to a halt, and two burly soldiers jump out.

“Volunteers for the führer!” they shout, grabbing people right and left and forcing them into the back of the truck.

No one is volunteering. Panicked people storm past you, trying to elude the soldiers.

“It’s forced labor! Forced labor!” they cry as they run in all directions.

One of the soldiers looks your way. “You!” he orders. “On the truck!”

If all these people are running away, the last place you want to be is on that truck. You look for a place to hide.

“Hey!” A short wiry boy with a knapsack on his back signals to you from behind the potato wagon. “Over here! Follow me!”

The boy looks as if he knows his way around. Maybe he wants to help you. Or maybe he’s working for the Germans and it’s a trap. You could take a chance and follow him, or you could jump three months ahead and search for Ringelblum then. What should you do?



**Go with the boy. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump three months ahead. [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou follow the Aryans away from the Jewish quarter and wind up standing by yourself in front of an elegant outdoor café on a wide, tree-lined avenue. Warmly dressed men and women are drinking vodka and coffee while a violinist moves from table to table serenading them.

A black Mercedes limousine pulls up and a chauffeur gets out to open the door. Out steps a black-uniformed officer wearing a skull and crossbones insignia on his sleeve.

The café owner comes running forward to him and bows deeply. “Good afternoon, Herr Obersturmführer. Your table is waiting.”

You watch as the officer is seated at the only table with flowers in the café. The other customers nod politely or bow as he passes.

You hear one patron say under his breath to another, “Those SS officers can get away with anything.”

Across the street, an old woman sells pretzels to schoolchildren in a beautiful park. Some of the boys are laughing and kicking a soccer ball. The nasty guards, vicious dogs, and barbed wire seem far off, but you know they are only one mile away.

“Looking for something?” a voice hisses in your ear. You turn to find a short blond man, wearing a trench coat, standing next to you. He wears a wide-brimmed hat pulled low over his blue eyes, and he seems to be examining your face. He is so close that you feel uncomfortable. You take a step backward.

“No,” you answer hastily, and turn and walk quickly down the street. As you turn the corner, you see a magnificent stone building with pillars and massive wooden doors. You see a sign that says

“University of Warsaw.”

A university! You know that Ringelblum was a historian. Maybe someone from the history department can help you. You run up the wide steps and tug at the door. It’s locked. You look for a bell but don’t find one, so you knock loudly. There is no answer. You try again.

“You’re wasting your time, little one.”

A stooped old man wearing baggy pants and holding a broom stands at the foot of the steps.

“I’m looking for the history department,” you tell him.

“History department?” The old man shakes his head. “The university’s been closed for months. Don’t you listen to the radio?”

“I’ve been away,” you answer. “What happened?”

“They arrested most of the professors. Sent ’em to labor camps for being intellectuals.” He spits in disgust. “Who you lookin’ for? I’m the caretaker. Maybe I can help.”

At last! “Well, the person I’m looking for may not have taught here,” you explain. “But he’s a historian named Emanuel Ringelblum.”

The caretaker stiffens in alarm. “Ringelblum? What is this? Some kind of trick?”

“Trick?” you ask.

“Ringelblum is a Jewish name. What are you trying to do? Get me arrested?” The caretaker looks terrified.

A strangely familiar voice suddenly calls out. “Over there! That’s the one!” You turn to see the man in the trench coat running toward you, followed by a Nazi soldier.

“Stop!” screams the Nazi. He is pointing at you!

The caretaker stares at you in horror. Before you can explain, he whispers, “Run!”

Pretending to grab you, he pushes you forward to help you escape. At the same time he hollers, “Come back here, you little sneak!”

As you race away, you realize that Jews are forbidden beyond the walls of the Jewish quarter. Since you know that Ringelblum is

Jewish, that's where he must be.

There's a park ahead. As you dash into it, you can hear your pursuers behind you. Frantically you look for cover. Quick, hide behind that band shell and jump to the Jewish quarter!



**Jump to the Jewish quarter. [Click here.](#)**



It is November 1941, and you are in the forest outside of Warsaw. There isn't a sign of life anywhere, but after all your narrow escapes the silence is pleasantly peaceful.

You feel safe for the moment, and you begin to make your way through the trees toward the city. You've got to find Mordecai.

Out of nowhere, a hard-faced woman wearing a man's jacket and trousers appears in your path. "Don't move or I'll shoot!" She is pointing an old-fashioned hunting rifle into your face.

"Why, it's a kid," she says in surprise, lowering her rifle.

"A kid can still be a spy," answers another voice. A young man wearing an ammunition belt comes out from behind a tree.

"That's right," calls out a powerfully built blond man as he points his pistol at you. "Search the spy, Jan. And watch out for grenades."

You hear the metallic click of gunbolts locking into place. You look around to find yourself surrounded by at least thirty men and women dressed in dark clothes and high boots. They stare at you suspiciously as Jan keeps you covered.

"I'm not a spy, believe me," you inform Jan as he pats you down.

The blond man turns to the others. "Magda, Peter, Fredric, and Halina—spread out and search the woods. This child may be a decoy."

"Or just a runaway," adds the woman with the rifle.

"Or a new recruit for the partisans," jokes Jan.

The blond man doesn't smile. "We'll soon find out," he growls. They all keep their guns on you.

The partisans? You glance at your captors and see that many of their weapons are old and out-of-date. So these are the courageous

freedom fighters who left their homes to live in the forests and fight the Nazis. If you can get them to trust you, they might be helpful.

The search party returns. "The forest is empty, Pavel," reports Magda to the blond man. "There's no one out there." The group is visibly relieved. They lower their guns.

"All right, talk," orders Pavel. "What are you doing here!"

"I escaped from the Nazis," you answer.

The partisans nod knowingly to each other.

"A renegade, eh? That's what I like to hear," says Pavel with approval. "What town are you from?"

You only know the name of one town, and there is only one section there that you're trying to reach.

"Warsaw," you answer. "The ghetto."

The partisans are shocked. They murmur among themselves: "A Jew?" "That's two days' walk from here." "The kid's got guts."

"You're very brave to have escaped," Pavel says. "But you've made a mistake coming here. You'll never make it on your own in the forest, and we can't keep someone your age with us. We're always on the move, and you would slow us down."

"But I don't want to stay here," you say. "I want to get back to the ghetto."

"Are you crazy?" cries Jan. "You want to be the Nazis' slave again?"

"Why did you leave there in the first place?" asks Pavel.

"You have your mission," you answer sincerely. "And I have mine."

Impressed, the partisans fall silent. As you hoped, they ask no more questions.

"Well," says Pavel. "There are two ways to get back into the ghetto. Both are dangerous. You can go through the sewers underneath the city, or you can climb into the Jewish cemetery."

He nods to his comrades. "Either way, we'll take you to the outskirts of Warsaw."



Return to the ghetto through the sewers.  
[Click here.](#)



Return to the ghetto through the Jewish cemetery. [Click here.](#)





**T**he high-pitched squeals of five thousand female voices pierce the air. You're standing in a gigantic room bathed in darkness, afraid to look ahead to see the cause of all the shrieking.

"Ooooooh! Frankie!" the voices all sigh in unison. Then the room falls silent.

It's November 1941, and you're in a large concert hall in the United States. The auditorium is packed with teenage girls swooning before their favorite singing idol, Frank Sinatra.

"Isn't he the most adorable thing you've ever seen in the world?" a brown-haired girl in pigtails asks her friend. "He just drives me crazy!"

Another girl, with a huge smile and tears streaming down her face, chants repeatedly: "If he says hello to me, I'll die. I'll die . . ."

After the misery and suffering you've seen in Warsaw, the way these people are talking seems absurdly unreal. Do they even know what's happening there?

You leave the concert in the middle and find yourself on a busy New York sidewalk crammed with fast-walking pedestrians. Some of them, carrying large shopping bags stuffed with packages, nearly knock you over as they swish by. Others pause to buy hot dogs, chestnuts, or ice cream from vending carts stationed every few feet. You wonder what the people in Warsaw would do if they saw all this food.

The day's headlines at a nearby newsstand catch your eye. "We Won't Go to War, Roosevelt Vows. German U-Boats Threaten

Britain.” You skim through one of the papers, but there is no mention of the plight of the Jews in Warsaw.

Can all of America be unaware of the situation there?

You jumped to this place to get away from the Nazis, and though you may be safe here, there’s no way you’re going to complete your mission by staying around. People don’t seem very concerned about Hitler, and you’re just wasting precious time. You must get back to Poland.



**Jump back to Warsaw. [Click here.](#)**



The address of the building is number 18 Mila Street.

"This way," says Yankel as he leads you through the crowded courtyard and down some cellar stairs.

"Maybe we should have telephoned first," you suggest. "He might not be home."

"Telephone?" snorts Yankel. "Where did you come from? Outer space? There aren't any telephones in the ghetto. The lines were all cut."

Again that word. The Nazis call it the Jewish quarter, but the people who live here call it by its real name. Ghetto. A filthy, crowded slum from which there's no escape.

A sharp voice comes out of the darkness. "Who's there?"

"*Amcho*," says Yankel. "It's Yankel looking for Mordecai Anielewicz."

A match is struck and you see a tall young man of about twenty-one with dark hair and burning black eyes.

"You've just found him and you're just in time. Get down here and give me a hand." The young man turns and lights the way down into the cellar.

"Mordecai," says Yankel, "my friend here is looking for someone named Ringelberg."

"Ringelblum," you correct him.

"I just saw him at the Smocza bazaar," says Mordecai. "He won't be home until this evening."

Your spirits rise. Mordecai knows Ringelblum! By tonight,



you'll be talking to him face-to-face.

You enter the cellar to find fifteen small boys and girls unpacking a sack of old, tattered books.

"What's this, a library?" asks Yankel.

"A school. Third grade, to be exact," Mordecai replies. "We're setting them up all over the ghetto. These kids are not going to grow up ignorant just because the Germans want it that way."

He points to a small pile of rotting wooden planks. "You set up the benches while I try to open some of these windows and get more light."

"Mordecai!" squeals a little girl with blond braids. "A rat!" She points to a corner of the cellar and bursts into tears. As two little boys rush over and chase the rat away, Mordecai strides quickly over to the little girl and covers her mouth.

"Shh, Sarah! Remember what I told you. No noise or we'll be discovered."

Little Sarah looks terrified and swallows her tears. Mordecai hugs her closely and strokes her hair.

"Don't worry. Nothing happened this time. But you have to be brave. No noise, okay?" She nods.

Mordecai turns to Yankel and you. "You'd better go upstairs and keep guard. If you see any soldiers or anyone suspicious, throw this brick down the stairs." He hands Yankel a broken piece of red brick and then turns and pokes you in the chest.

"And you! Where's your armband?"

"I don't have one," you answer.

"We'll buy one on the street," says Yankel. "Let's go."

"No schools either?" you question Yankel, following him up the stairs.

"No schools, no newspapers, no mail, no radios. Nothing!" he gripes. "But Mordecai says 'so what?' As long as we're alive, we can't give up hope. The war will be over someday."

"What's that you said to him on the stairs before?" you ask.

"*Amcho*? It's our password. It's Hebrew for 'one of us.'" Yankel suddenly freezes. "And there's one of *them*!"

A helmeted Nazi soldier is standing in the courtyard entrance with his hands on his hips. And he's looking straight at you!

"Where's your armband, Jew?" he sneers.

"Oh, God," groans Yankel. "I knew this was going to happen."

You dare not run into the cellar or you'll expose the underground school and endanger Mordecai and the children. You scramble through an open window on the ground floor, race past an astonished family sitting at their kitchen table, and run out through their front door. Behind you, the soldier is screaming orders for you to come back.

You're alone in the corridor of the building and safe for a moment. There's no returning to Mordecai for Ringelblum's address now. You've got to jump somewhere fast. Maybe you should jump to another part of the ghetto and try to return here later. Or maybe you should jump one year ahead to when the ghetto is more established and people have settled in. It might be less dangerous.



**Jump to another part of the ghetto.**

**Click [here](#).**



**Jump one year ahead and look for Mordecai then. [Click here](#).**



**P**link. Plink. Water drips from rusty pipes high overhead into muddy puddles by your feet as you creep through the enormous Warsaw underground sewer system toward the ghetto.

It's been a long walk from the sewer entrance at the edge of the Vistula River.

The partisans gave you a hand-scrawled map of the route you must follow. It's perfect. The tunnel is deserted. Everything is going according to plan.

A rustling sound off to the side makes you flinch. Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! A small army of rats, disturbed by your movements, scurries by. One of them, the size of a rabbit, scampers over your foot. You shudder and feel your body break out in goose bumps.

You remember Sarah, the little girl who screamed when she saw the rat in Mordecai's basement schoolroom. That was a year ago. Is she okay now? How have things changed in the ghetto?

Up ahead you see a stone stairway. The map says it should lead you to your destination. As you reach it, the sweet sound of a violin fills your ears. Someone is giving a concert right above you.

The melody is very beautiful, and it reminds you of a lullaby. With a smile, you push open a metal door into daylight.

In the middle of the street you see a group of children listening to a short, bald man with a violin. His eyes are closed and he is cradling the instrument as if it were a sacred treasure. The children stand motionless.

"He played for the Warsaw Philharmonic," a tall, thin boy tells you with awe. The others motion to the boy to keep quiet.

You notice that most of the children are barefoot and many of them look hungry. It surprises you that they can still take such interest in music.

You walk toward a mob of people standing outside a brown stone building. More people are overflowing from the entrance.

"What's going on here?" you ask a frail-looking woman leaning on a cane.

"Shhhh!" she hushes you. "The Jewish committee is having an open meeting."

You find a vacant spot underneath a window of the building and strain to hear what's being said inside.

"You must try to understand," someone with a deep voice implores. "We're doing the best we can."

"You are not!" shouts an angry but recognizable voice. "You are our representatives. This entire community depends on you."

"What more do you want us to do?"

"You must be more demanding," the angry voice persists. "We need more medicine! We need more food!"

"We're negotiating with the Nazis for those things every day. But the war has caused shortages all over Europe. It's not our fault."

"Of course not. It's nobody's fault. Meanwhile, we're locked up in this ghetto like starving animals."

Others begin yelling, and the meeting erupts into chaos. The crowd at the entrance suddenly parts, and Mordecai Anielewicz, the cause of the furor, emerges.

Some people are respectfully patting him on the back, but others are hollering at him. "Stop stirring up trouble! You'll only make things worse."

He breaks away from everyone and strides alone down the street. You follow him.

"Mordecai!" you call. He turns.

"I thought the Nazis caught you without an armband a year ago," he says, surprised.



“I escaped,” you reply proudly. “And I’m still looking for Emanuel Ringelblum. Do you know where he is?”

“He lives on Leszno Street. It’s around the corner. Third house on the left.”

Great! You’re almost there.



**Go to Leszno Street. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou looked strong, so the Germans decided to send you to a labor camp instead of jail. With a hundred other workers you are constructing a huge gasoline storage facility for the Nazi army.

You're exhausted but you keep on working. If you can just hold out for ten more minutes, there will be a break and you can sit down and rest. You hoist a heavy bag of sand onto your shoulders and stumble toward a grinding mechanical cement mixer.

As you dump your bag of sand into a huge metal tub, you glance around. Armed guards are posted all over the work site, and their eyes are always on you. It looks as if a chance to escape may never come.

You walk back across a muddy field and struggle with your next load. You feel like a mule. All you can think about is your next meal and when you can sleep. You look at the other workers. Their clothes are ragged and caked with dirt. Their faces are expressionless. How can they stand it?

"Easy, easy," cautions the man next to you. Kindly eyes flash behind wire-rimmed glasses. "Slow down, or you'll never make it through the day."

"When do we get out of here?" you pant.

"The average shift is about six weeks," he answers, "but this project may take longer."

Six weeks! You can't stay here that long.

"The first week is the hardest," the man continues. "After that, you get used to the work. The food isn't that bad, and the barracks

are primitive, but they're clean. As long as you don't get sick, you should make it through."

But you don't want to make it through. You want to get back to the ghetto as soon as possible.

What's that parked over on the road? It's a motorcycle! You stare at its shiny black tires and the sidecar attached to the seat. You walk casually toward the gleaming machine. The keys are in the ignition!

A cowbell clangs loudly. It's time for the work break. The workers and most of the soldiers are walking toward a soup wagon on the other side of the field.

Should you make a run for it? You've never driven a motorcycle, but you don't think it could be that difficult. But wait! One of the guards is looking your way. He's not in shooting distance yet, but he will be in a moment. Maybe you should bide your time and wait for a better opportunity.



**Grab that motorcycle and try to escape.**  
**Click here.**



**Wait for a better opportunity. Click here.**



**Y**ou're so excited to be meeting Emanuel Ringelblum that you stumble over your own feet as you hurry toward Leszno Street. As you approach the third house from the corner, you see a studious-looking man wearing a dark coat standing out front. Is that he?

"Excuse me, sir," you try to say casually. "Are you Emanuel Ringelblum?"

"No," he says gruffly, dismissing you.

"Well, he lives in this building, doesn't he?" you insist.

"Who told you that?" he asks, eyeing you with suspicion.

"Mordecai Anielewicz."

"You know Mordecai?" He relaxes. "Stay here. I'll see if Emanuel is available." The man retreats into the house, shutting the door behind him.

Okay, you've found Ringelblum at last. Now what? you think to yourself.

You've been running around this Nazi-controlled city long enough to know he's not going to tell you his secrets just like that. Spies are everywhere. And they can be any age, even yours.

If you want to locate the secret documents, first you must win Ringelblum's confidence and gain his trust. But how?

A tall, slim, black-haired man appears on the doorstep.

"I'm Emanuel Ringelblum," he says warmly. "Won't you come in?"

He's so young, you think as you follow him. And so friendly. Nothing like what you expected.

Ringelblum leads you past a small bedroom into a cramped study overflowing with books and papers.

He pushes some journals off a chair and offers you a seat.

"How can I help you?" he asks with a smile.

"Sir," you say. "I'd like to help *you*. I want to join your organization."

Immediately he turns serious. "What organization?" he asks evasively.

You begin to stutter. Of course, it is a closely guarded secret. He probably has only a tiny handful of companions helping him write the history of the ghetto. How could you possibly know about it? Now what do you say?

"I've heard a rumor that you're collecting information about the ghetto," you reply.

"That's a very dangerous rumor," he tells you gravely. "And I suggest you forget about it at once."

"But sir . . ."

"Now, if you'd like to volunteer to work in a soup kitchen, that *would* be a help," he says, trying to change the subject.

At that moment, the man you met outside earlier bursts into the room.

"Gestapo coming!"

You understand the panic in his voice. If these Nazi policemen find Ringelblum's notes, you'll all be arrested.

Frantically, the two of them begin to collect papers and several rolls of film off the desk. Are those some of the forbidden notes?

Ringelblum opens a small coal stove by his desk.

"In here, Simon."

The other man looks horrified. "But, Emanuel . . ."

"There's no time to hide them. Burn them!"

You hear the sound of pounding on the door. Simon and Ringelblum thrust the papers and the film into the stove. The pounding grows louder. Simon turns and looks at you.

"What about the child?"

Ringelblum grabs you with one hand and knocks against the

wall with the other. A secret panel opens. He pushes you into an alcove the size of a telephone booth.

“Keep quiet,” he warns, “or you’ll be arrested.” The panel closes and you’re alone in the darkness.

Suddenly the study erupts with shouting. You hear a German voice ordering the room to be searched. You hear pounding, crashing, and even the sound of someone being slapped. Then a soldier strikes the wall a few feet from your head.

They’re searching for false panels! You have to get out of there, but you don’t want to lose Ringelblum.

You can stay where you are and jump three hours into the future. Or maybe you should jump out of here altogether and come back to Leszno Street in a week, when it’s a little safer.

Decide fast.



**Jump three hours ahead. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump out of Ringelblum’s house and a week ahead. [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou decide it's now or never. You throw down your sandbag and run toward the motorcycle. Then you hurl yourself into the seat and turn the ignition key. The engine starts up with a roar. You hit the gas pedal and shoot down the road away from the labor camp.

Suddenly a shot rings out. The Germans are following you in their jeeps. And they're closing in!

You quickly swerve off the road and drive into the forest. You're bumping along between the trees when you hear a sputtering noise coming from the motorcycle. You check the fuel gauge. It reads empty. A bullet must have pierced the gas tank.

The motorcycle coughs once and dies. You jump off and let it fall to the ground.

You could jump to Warsaw and take a chance on where you'll land. Or you might try walking and enter unobtrusively. Either way, don't dawdle! The Germans are not far behind.



**Jump back to Warsaw. [Click here.](#)**



**Walk there. [Click here.](#)**





**A**n eerie silence shrouds you as you steal into the Jewish cemetery before dawn. The city is still asleep. But you've been up for hours.

It seems that the only way a Jew can leave the ghetto is to go with an armed escort of Nazi guards. Entering it alone and unnoticed is impossible, but perhaps you can join a funeral procession and get in that way.

The cemetery is outside the walls. It's no-man's-land. And you're nervously waiting there for the day's first funeral procession to come from the ghetto. When it does, you must sneak up and join the mourners in order to reenter the Jewish quarter without being caught.

For now, you must keep hidden and try to stay warm. Because when the time comes for you to move, you must be very quick and very quiet.

You see a huge granite mausoleum near the cemetery's entrance. That should be a good place to hide. Its wrought-iron gate is unlocked. You tiptoe inside.

Suddenly, you are knocked to the ground—and you feel the cold blade of a knife against your throat. Two dark eyes peer into your face.

"It's you!" your attacker whispers in a familiar voice.

"Yankel!"

He helps you to your feet and gives you a friendly bear hug.

"I thought they caught you a year ago."

"No, I got away," you tell him.



“You’re a smuggler too, huh? Welcome to the club.”

You shake hands, but are interrupted by a dog howling. Yankel looks outside.

“It’s a patrol coming this way. Run for it!” he gasps and is gone in a flash.

You tear out after him, but this time you’re not fast enough. A German shepherd pins you against a gravestone. Yankel can’t help you now. Dawn is breaking and you’re alone.

Like ghosts from the passing night, Nazi soldiers converge upon you from every direction. One of them jabs a machine gun against your back. Another leers into your face menacingly: “Thought you could get away, didn’t you?” He ties your hands tightly with a rope.

“One false step and you’re dead,” he growls, shoving you forward. “Now move!”



**Click here.**



**Y**ou're standing in front of a magnificent domed building on Leszno Street. It looks like a palace, but there is a terrible smell coming from it and you hear strange animal sounds inside. What can this be? You peek in.

The beautiful marble floor is covered with mud and manure, and the large hall is filled with horses. You look toward the ceiling and see a stained-glass window of a six-pointed star. This must be the Tlomackie Synagogue, the most famous and beautiful synagogue in Warsaw. It has been turned into a stable by the Nazis.

Disgusted, you hurry toward Ringelblum's apartment. You are more determined than ever to work for him.

"You! Hurry up! Come with us!" Two soldiers swoop down out of nowhere and lift you up by your arms. You struggle with all your might to get free, but they hold you fast and drag you down the street. Where are they taking you?

As you turn the corner, you stare in surprise. There in the middle of the street is a table set with a feast fit for a king! Seated at the table are eleven Jews gazing hungrily at the sumptuous meats and vegetables and fruit.

Hundreds of starving others, held back at gunpoint, stand on the sidewalk and groan with despair at the sight of so much food. For the past two years, all they have seen is rotten potatoes and moldy bread.

The soldiers drop you into the twelfth chair at the table.

"All right!" bawls an officer standing in an open jeep. "Cameras, get ready!"

Two Germans carrying portable movie cameras step into view. The officer points to the table.

"Attention, Jews! When I give the sign, you may eat. But slowly! Anyone stuffing himself will be shot!"

One of your captors chuckles with delight. "This ought to satisfy the Red Cross," he says. "The führer knows how to take care of his Jews."

You understand what is going on. The Germans are making a film of Jews eating, to prove that there is no starvation in the ghetto. For the first time, you really comprehend the value of Ringelblum's notes. Only they will tell the truth.

"Jews, eat!"

Everyone at the table begins to fill his plate. The woman next to you gives a blessing of thanks before she takes her first bite.

"More lies," a young man says wearily. "If only the Russians would show up and liberate us. Or the Americans."

"Americans?" you ask. You are conscious of the cameraman as he films you eating an apple.

"We got the word that they joined the war," whispers the young man. "After they were bombed by the Japanese."

"Jews, stop!"

The soldiers immediately begin to clear the table. One of them grabs the apple out of your hand. "Rise and march to the wall!" Now what? you wonder.

"Oh my God!" cries the young man. "They're going to shoot us!" He makes a run for it as the soldiers open fire. You dive for cover under the table.

You've got to jump somewhere, fast. You know that both Russia and America are fighting the Nazis. Maybe one of their armies will be liberating Poland soon. If so, you could enter under their protection and get back to Ringelblum safely.



**Jump to the nearest U.S. battle zone.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump to the nearest Russian battle zone.**

**[Click here.](#)**



It's stuffy here in the secret alcove behind the wall. You've jumped three hours ahead, and it is now early evening. Outside, you hear voices, but you're not sure whose they are. Cautiously you peek through a crack in the plaster.

You see chairs overturned, books scattered all over, and planks of the floor ripped up. The Nazi search party has turned the room into a shambles.

Then you see Mordecai pacing back and forth nervously.

"It's all arranged," he says. "The partisans will sneak you out and take you to a farm-house outside the city. From there we've arranged safe passage to London. I have the false passports. You can leave tonight."

Who is Mordecai talking to? You lean sideways and catch a glimpse of Ringelblum sitting at his desk writing.

"I told you before, Mordecai," he answers. "I'm not going."

You know Ringelblum never left the ghetto until it was in flames, in 1943. It's only 1941. You wonder why he stayed so long.

"Professor Ringelblum, listen to reason," Mordecai pleads. "You're too valuable to perish here in the ghetto. You must escape so that you can be our voice and tell the world what is happening."

Ringelblum looks up from his desk.

"The world is deaf, my friend," he says quietly. "It doesn't want to hear anything. But the day will come when the Germans will have to answer for their crimes. Then these notes will be our voice and our proof."

*Crash!* You've been leaning so hard against the secret panel that

you've pushed it open and have fallen into the room. Mordecai and Ringelblum gape at you in astonishment.

"You!" Mordecai cries.

"I forgot all about you," Ringelblum says apologetically. "Have you been in there all this time?"

"I wasn't sure it was safe to come out," you reply, embarrassed at your clumsy entrance.

"This kid's been looking for you for months," Mordecai informs Ringelblum. He turns to you. "Did you get what you wanted?" he asks.

"Not yet," you answer. You and Ringelblum stand face-to-face. "I couldn't help but overhear what you said about the notes, sir," you say. "Please let me help you."

"I will not jeopardize the life of a child," he says firmly. "Besides, what could you do?"

"I could be a messenger," you suggest, "or a lookout. Anything!"

Just then, Mrs. Ringelblum, a pretty woman with soft brown hair, enters. She is very upset.

"Emanuel!"

Ringelblum jumps up. "What's the matter?"

"It's Uri," she answers in a shaking voice. "I think he has typhus." Ringelblum turns pale and rushes out of the room.

"Who's Uri?" you ask Mordecai.

"Their seven-year-old son," answers Mordecai. "Let's go. There's nothing we can do. We'll only be in the way." Unwillingly, you let yourself be led outside.

"It's a death sentence," says Mordecai, shaking his head sadly. "There's no medicine in the ghetto. Little Uri won't last more than a week."

"Where *is* all the medicine?" you ask.

"England, Holland, Germany, Russia! All over Europe!" says Mordecai bitterly. "They even have some in Warsaw on the Aryan side. Only the Jews aren't good enough to save."

You walk through the street in silence. An idea slowly forms in your mind.



“Where on the Aryan side?” you wonder aloud.

“I know what you’re thinking. Forget it,” Mordecai warns. “It’s in a hospital so well guarded that a fly couldn’t get in without permission.”

Maybe a fly can’t, but you might be able to. What better way can there be to win Ringelblum’s trust than to save Uri?

But where should you go? You know the medicine is in the Warsaw hospital, but the place is like a fortress. Should you try your luck in England instead?

“So long, Mordecai,” you call excitedly. “I’ll see you later.” You hurry down the street to an empty courtyard and jump.



**Jump to England. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump to the hospital on the German side.  
[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou are standing at the edge of a huge plaza filled with moving tanks and thousands of soldiers marching in formation. It is five below zero. A sharp wind burns your face. Your teeth are chattering, and it hurts to breathe.

Nearby is a towering gold-domed palace that you recognize as the Kremlin. It is December 8, 1941, and you are in Red Square, in the center of Moscow.

A passing army truck slows down, and the door flies open. “Quick, little comrade,” a hearty voice booms. “Jump in before you freeze to death!”

Gratefully you hop into the truck. The driver, a ruddy-faced giant of a man with a bushy mustache, throws a heavy blanket over you. You burrow deep into its enveloping warmth.

“It’s fine to cheer the Russian army, but you must wear warmer clothes,” scolds the driver.

You peer out from under the blanket. The driver is wearing a heavy military coat, gloves, a hat, and a thick muffler.

A series of loud explosions echoes in the distance. “Hear that?” sings the driver happily. “Those are our guns! They chased us all the way to Moscow, but we finally turned the tide. Those Nazi murderers are going to get the beating of their lives.”

“How far away are they?” you ask.

“About twenty-five kilometers. Freezing their guts out,” he answers with satisfaction. “Their tanks are frozen. Their guns are frozen. Their food. Even their clothes! Hah! They’re dressed for the middle of summer.”



He winks at you. “They should have learned from Napoleon, eh? The Russian winter is our deadliest weapon.”

“But what about Poland?” you say, thinking of the ghetto. “How long will it take for you to get there?”

“I have friends there,” you tell him.

“Ah, friends.” The driver nods in understanding. He thinks for a moment. “The Germans are strong fighters. And Poland is thousands of miles away. Maybe the year after.”

Next year! You can’t afford to wait that long. You’re going to have to make it in the ghetto on your own. And so are all the Jews, you realize sadly. Help will not arrive for a long time to come.



**Jump back to Warsaw. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**es, I am a fascist,” you tell the people around you.

“Grab the traitor!” cries the man with the pitchfork.

“Don’t move, Blackshirt!” yells the man with the shotgun. “Mussolini can’t help you now.” Powerful hands lift you off the ground and carry you toward the edge of the field.

You’ve made a big mistake. Mussolini’s fascist army is hated by many Italians, especially the peasants in small villages.

Someone pulls out a rope and throws it over a limb of the tree. If you don’t work fast, you will become the scapegoat for all the misery these people have suffered.

“I have typhus!” you scream at the top of your lungs. “Anyone who touches me will catch it!”

The peasants drop you like a stone. You land on the ground with a heavy thump. They back away from you in fear. “The fascist is diseased!” They all turn and run off.

Italy seems to be a bad choice. You have to watch out for both Germans and fascists as well as distrustful peasants. Maybe you should try Holland.



**Hide behind the tree and jump to  
Holland. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're standing on a street corner a few blocks away from London's Piccadilly Circus, but it seems as if you're in the middle of a beehive. Everyone is so busy!

With determined but cheerful faces, workmen are piling sandbags in front of a school. Others, joking among themselves, are clearing rubble from the middle of a street. It seems that half of the buildings around you are nothing but piles of splintered beams and shattered glass.

It is April 20, 1942, and while there is a lot of destruction here, there is little despair. No one looks starved or afraid; instead people seem defiant and resolute.

"Stand back, dearie! You're in a danger zone!" You turn to see two pink-cheeked young women in army uniforms, wearing metal helmets.

"Have to check for UXBs," the taller of the two informs you with importance.

"UXBs?" you ask, not understanding.

"Unexploded bombs, of course," answers the second, a chubby, pigtailed woman wearing knee socks.

"That's one of the Jerries' favorites. They slip in a couple of delayed-explosion bombs with the regular ones. Then, a day or two later, some innocent kid like you comes along and gets blown to smithereens!"

You stare at a collapsed building in front of you and quickly move away. "Jerries" seems like such an innocent way to refer to such a menacing enemy. But looking around, you can understand

how these people have kept their sense of humor.

There are no Nazi soldiers anywhere. It is obvious that the English are fighting hard and paying a heavy price to protect their freedom, but they still seem better off than people in the ghetto.

"Excuse me," you ask a nicely dressed elderly man wearing a bowler hat and carrying an umbrella. "Is there a hospital nearby?"

"It was bombed the day before yesterday. Are you ailing badly, my young friend?"

"I'm not," you explain, "but a friend of mine has typhus—"

"Typhus!" The man looks surprised. "In London?"

"Well, no," you answer, "he's not even in England—"

"I should say not!" the man interrupts you again. "Whatever else is going on, we still maintain sanitary conditions in this country."

"Yes," you say, "but in the Warsaw ghetto, they barely have plumbing."

"The where?" The man looks puzzled. "Oh, you mean where all those Jews are?"

"Yes," you answer eagerly.

"Well, I wouldn't worry about those chaps. I saw a newsreel all about them in the cinema. They're doing just fine."

"But those newsreels are lies," you protest.

A howling siren fills the air. The man shakes his head sadly. "You see? We can't worry about anyone else. We have our own problems. My son is a pilot and . . ." He looks up at the sky.

You hear the droning of airplanes.

"You'd better take cover." The man hurries off.

As you watch people clear the street and enter a nearby bomb shelter, you realize that England may not be the place to find the typhoid medicine. The disease does not seem to exist here, so supplies may be low—if they're not nonexistent.

*Boom!* The first German bomb of the raid explodes nearby. Better leave London and look somewhere else if you want to find the typhoid medicine and win Ringelblum's trust. Mordecai mentioned Russia and Holland. Why not try one of those countries?

Slip behind a sandbag and jump.



Go to Russia. **Click here.**



Go to Holland. **Click here.**







**Y**ou're still stuck in the labor camp. Your back aches. Your hands are blistered. Your legs are numb.

You are never alone for a single moment. When you eat, when you sleep, when you wash your hands, there is always a soldier watching.

You should have grabbed that motorcycle, you think. Who knows when you'll get another chance to run for it?

The sound of shooting interrupts your thoughts. A young man of about twenty is dashing across the fields toward the forest. Soldiers are chasing him, their machine guns spitting bullets.

"I hope he makes it," the man next to you mutters. There is a burst of gunfire. The run-away crumples to the ground. Your companion sighs hopelessly.

While two soldiers drag the body away, the others surround the rest of the workers.

"Line up! Everyone! To the center of the field!" The soldiers shove you roughly toward the newly laid cement floor of the storage facility.

When all the workers are lined up in rows of twenty, the commanding officer appears. He is a huge mountain of a man with a blond mustache and a very red face.

"When one man breaks the rules, everyone suffers," he announces calmly. "We must maintain strict discipline. Unfortunately, now you must all learn that if one person tries to escape, ten of his comrades must pay the consequences—in front of the firing squad."

A firing squad! You feel sick to your stomach. How can they execute ten innocent people just to teach everyone a lesson?

“One!” The officer points to a middle-aged man with broken teeth, and the guards grab him. “Two!” The kindly man whom you met your first day is taken. “Three!”

Suddenly you feel yourself pushed forward. You are number three! You can’t believe this is happening. You’ve got to get out of here, but how?

“Four!”

You look desperately for somewhere to run.

“No! No!” A powerfully built worker rushes out of line and smashes the commanding officer in the face. “Run, everybody! Run!” he cries.

Now is your chance. Quick! Get behind those barracks and jump back to the ghetto.



**Jump back to the ghetto and go find Ringelblum. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou are standing on a half-collapsed pier as you watch a burning battleship sink in the middle of Pearl Harbor. It's December 8, 1941, the morning after the Japanese surprise attack on the U.S. fleet stationed there.

Sirens blare, and your eyes burn from thick smoke. You think the lettering on the side of the sinking ship says *California*, but you're not sure. The air is too hazy.

"Clear the way! Clear the way!" A crew of sweaty sailors brush you aside and pour onto a patrol boat alongside the pier. Within minutes they've reached the floundering vessel and joined a huge work crew that seems to be fighting a losing battle.

A short, stocky man with a camera rushes up to you and snaps your picture. "Great shot!" he says and asks, "Hey, kid. Will you turn a little more toward the harbor? I'd like to get more of your profile."

Before he has a chance to snap another picture, a tall, fair-haired sailor with freckles grabs his arm.

"Leave the little one alone," he drawls commandingly in a thick southern accent. "You reporters are all alike. All you care about is gettin' your story."

As the newsman storms off in a huff without answering, the sailor looks at you sympathetically.

"Who're ya lookin' for, young'un? Did ya know somebody on that ship out there?"

"No," you tell him, "but I need to find out when America is going to liberate Warsaw."



He stares blankly. “What?” he asks. “Where is Warsaw?”

You try to explain about what the Nazis are doing to the Jews in the ghetto, but he doesn’t understand what you’re talking about.

“We’re goin’ to move out and give the Japs a lickin’ they’ll never forget,” he vows. “And then we’re going to teach Hitler a lesson, too.”

This sailor and his comrades will probably know nothing about Warsaw for years. You’re off the track here. Better get back to Warsaw and stick closer to Ringelblum.



**Click here.**



It is a fragrant spring evening outside the Rotterdam train station in Holland. The streets are deserted, and it is unnaturally quiet. The only sign of life is a circle of beautiful red and yellow tulips in a stone planter on a nearby corner.

Where are all the people? you wonder.

You walk into the station to look for an answer and find a large group of people, waiting silently in line. Some are carrying overstuffed suitcases. Others hold shopping bags filled with pots and pans or have blankets and pillows tucked under their arms.

As you move closer, you see that all of them are wearing yellow six-pointed stars. A pretty little girl whispers to you, "How did you get here during the curfew?"

"I didn't have any trouble," you tell her.

"You're brave," she says in admiration.

"Where are you going?" you ask.

"We don't really know," she answers. "Somewhere in the East. The Germans say my papa will find work there and we will get more to eat."

A long train pulls into the station. Its cars have no seats or windows. They are merely huge, wooden boxes on wheels intended for housing cattle or sheep.

This does not look right at all. From what you know already, the destination may be a labor camp. You start to leave.

Too late! A German soldier cradling a machine gun blocks your path. "Into the train, please," he instructs you politely.

Some of the Jews are uneasy, but they are too scared to object.







You enter the cattle car with a pit in the bottom of your stomach and are packed in with over a hundred people.

“It’s too crowded in here,” a man holding a baby boy calls out. More people are ordered into the car.

“Where do we get water?” a gray-haired woman asks, but she receives no answer.

The soldier slams the train door shut, and the car goes completely black. As he padlocks you all in, an infant screams in fear.

You’re scared, too, as the train rumbles out of the station. There was something cold and almost inhuman about the way the soldiers kept packing people into the cattle car—as if they didn’t really care what happened to the “cargo” inside.

Where is this mysterious destination in the “east”? And what will happen to everyone when they get there?



**Click here.**



**Y**ou're standing in the long, brightly lit corridor of the Czyste Hospital on the Aryan side. The floor is freshly scrubbed and smells of disinfectant and floor wax. Every few feet there is an open door. Maybe one of them leads to the infirmary where the drugs are kept.

You remove your Jewish armband, tiptoe down the hallway, and peer into the first room. It is a ward filled with young men wrapped in bandages. Some of them look badly hurt.

At the far end, a white-coated doctor and a nurse are examining a pale, thin boy who is groaning with pain.

"Take it easy, Corporal," says the doctor in a soothing voice. "You're going to be all right."

These must be wounded soldiers, you think.

You move on to the next room. Your heart almost stops. Standing around the bed of a patient are three Nazi officers! You hurry past this room and toward the stairs. But more Germans are coming up the steps! You turn back and come face-to-face with a weary but pretty nurse carrying a tray of food.

"What are you doing here?" she demands.

"Oh . . . uh . . . I guess I must be lost," you tell her, thinking quickly. "I was looking for the typhoid ward. I want to visit a friend there."

"There is no typhoid ward," the nurse says, looking at you suspiciously. "It's all part of the infectious diseases wing. And who's your friend? This hospital is for German soldiers only!"

You realize you've made a mistake. How can you get out of it?

“Well, he’s not a patient,” you say. “He’s a pharmacist. He told me to come around and get a prescription filled.”

The nurse lifts your chin and looks you in the eye. “No civilians are allowed in this hospital,” she says quietly. “Now what are you doing here?”

You stare back at her face. It is strong, but also kind. You decide to trust her.

“I need typhoid medicine for a sick child,” you tell her.

“Impossible. All of it goes to the Nazi soldiers wounded at the front.”

“Just point me in the right direction,” you beg her.

“Are you crazy? You can be arrested for just being here.”

“Nurse?” You hear footsteps around the corner.

“Quick!” The nurse pulls you down the corridor. “Hide in here. I’ll come back later.”

She pulls open a door marked “Linen” and pushes you into a small closet. In a moment, you’re alone in the dark.

You think things over. The medicine is here somewhere, but finding it is going to be even tougher than you thought. But hiding in the German hospital has given you an idea. Why not jump to Germany, where there is probably an abundance of everything?. It would be a daring move, but it might work.

Or maybe you should stay here until the nurse comes back and seek her help. The medicine can’t be that far away.



**Go to Germany. [Click here.](#)**



**Stay in the hospital and keep trying. [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou are standing in a wheat field in Italy. You can see a tumbledown farmhouse about half a mile away. You set out toward it, hoping to be directed to the nearest hospital.

You push through the golden stalks of grain. Suddenly a heavy-set man pops up from the ground and menacingly points a pitchfork at your chest. To your right, another man, deeply tanned, with flashing dark eyes, aims a shotgun at your head. Five or six others jump up from the ground and surround you.

“Who are you?” asks the man with the pitchfork. “Are you a fascist?”

“That’s no fascist!” says an old man. “Too young.”

“Let the stranger answer the question,” insists the man with the pitchfork.

You’re not sure what to say. Should you pretend to be a fascist or should you deny it? It looks as if the wrong answer could mean trouble.



**Tell them you are not a fascist.**

**Click [here](#).**



**Tell them you are a fascist. [Click here](#).**





**Y**ou've been hiding in the linen closet for almost an hour. It's getting hot and stuffy, and you're wondering if you should try to sneak out. Time is slipping by, and Uri must be getting worse.

At that moment, someone tries the door. Before you have time to hide, a figure appears. You're safe. It's your friend, the nurse.

"Here, put this on," she whispers, as she hands you a short blue coat. "It's an orderly's jacket. It will help you get into the infectious diseases wing without a pass."

You quickly put on the jacket and follow her down the corridor.

"I don't know why I'm doing this," she says as you both hurry toward the stairway. "If anyone ever finds out I helped you, I'll be shot."

"No one will ever know," you promise.

"You don't have much time," she warns. "Is the child nearby?"

Instinctively you feel you can tell her the truth. "He's in the ghetto," you say.

"The ghetto?" The nurse turns pale. "Are you a Jew?"

Before you can reply, she mutters "*Amcho*" under her breath.

*Amcho!* You remember that word from Mordecai and Yankel. It is the password between Jews that means "one of us."

You look at the blond, blue-eyed nurse in amazement. "You're Jewish?" you ask.

"Passing as a Christian," she tells you. "They think I'm Polish here. My whole family is dead. Maybe someday I can tell you the story, but there's no time now."

The nurse checks to make sure that no one is coming, and continues. "Now listen carefully. Go up to the top floor and all the way down to the last door on the left. That is the pharmacy where the medicine is stored. The orderly's name is Josef. Tell him that Marya—that's me—has to see him immediately in the hematology lab. That's way over on the other side of the building. It will give you plenty of time to get into the medicine cabinet. The typhoid medicine is in a small bottle and it's well marked."

You try to thank Marya, but she won't let you.

"Go," she says quietly. "And save the life of one Jewish child."

Your spirits are soaring as you climb up to the top floor. Soon you'll be back with Ringelblum and his family!

You try to act casual as you walk down the corridor of the infectious diseases wing. You're not worried about catching typhus, because you were vaccinated before you began your mission. German soldiers walk back and forth. You pass them nonchalantly as you head for the last door on the left.

"Nurse!" An officer comes out of a patient's room and looks around. "Where are all the nurses? And I haven't seen a doctor either!"

The Nazi is right. You seem to be the only non-German on the floor.

"Orderly!" the officer calls to you.

"Yes, sir," you answer.

"Find me a nurse at once. The lieutenant is thirsty."

"Right away, sir," you answer as you hurry toward the pharmacy. You want to get out of here as soon as possible.

Suddenly a young man in a blue coat like yours comes hurtling out of the pharmacy and drags you to the end of the corridor.

"Take cover!" he cries.

*Kaboom!* An enormous explosion rocks the building. And the pharmacy bursts into flames. *Kaboom!* The ward full of Germans echoes with screams of pain and fear as the second bomb explodes.

The young man laughs with joy. "The partisans strike again. Let's go!"





The two of you race down the back stairs as guards and soldiers rush up toward the destroyed ward.

Your mind is in a daze. The partisans! You know they are the Poles who are waging an underground battle of sabotage against the Nazis.

“That was the officers’ ward,” the young man informs you. “We really hit them where it hurts!”

And you also destroyed the typhoid medicine, you think to yourself.

“You’re lucky I saw you,” he says. “I thought we’d warned all the orderlies on that ward.”

You both step outside as fire trucks and police cars come wailing up to the front of the hospital.

“No matter,” says the partisan. “Everything turned out fine.” He runs off and disappears.

You can smell the smoke coming from the burning infectious diseases wing. It looks as if you’ve lost your chance to get the typhoid medicine here. Better try somewhere else.

Maybe Germany was a better idea after all. Or how about Italy? Both countries are part of the Axis, which means they are allies. Since they’re winning the war, either one might have a full supply of medicine.



**Jump to Germany. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump to Italy. [Click here.](#)**



**N**o,” you reply. “I am not a fascist.”

The heavysset man lowers his pitchfork as the others lower their guns.

“I knew it!” cries the old man. “That face is too innocent to belong to a friend of Mussolini.”

You smile with relief. You know that many Italians hate their dictator Benito Mussolini and his fascist army almost as much as they hate the Nazis. Your denial has saved your life!

“But you are still a stranger,” a man with a broken nose says suspiciously. “What are you doing in our village?”

“I am looking for a hospital,” you answer. “For medicine for typhus.”

“Typhus?” The band of farmers step back in horror.

“Not for me,” you explain hastily. “For a little child.”

The old man’s expression softens. “Ah, a *bambino*,” he says. “They are the ones who suffer most in this war.”

The man with the pitchfork claps you on the shoulder. “The nearest hospital is thirty miles from here,” he tells you with a sympathetic smile. “But do not worry, we will help you. First, though, you look tired and hungry. Come with us and you will eat something and rest.”

You follow the peasants across the field to a small, crudely constructed barn with a thatched roof. Once inside, everyone is served a small portion of bread and cheese by two dark-haired, silent women.

“The fascists, they take everything for themselves,” a sad-look-

ing, middle-aged man tells you. “Our wheat, our cows, our horses and wagons.”

“They leave us nothing to live on,” adds a skinny man with big ears who is polishing his rifle. “Except this.”

You stare at his clumsy, outdated shotgun. It doesn’t look like much of a threat to the machine guns and tanks you have seen.

Suddenly, the sound of several car engines is heard outside. Everyone freezes as the skinny man jumps to his feet and peers out a window.

“Holy Madonna, it’s the Blackshirts!”

“The fascists? How did they find us?”

The peasants leap their feet. “Quick!” cries the man with the pitchfork. “The back door!” As the men unlatch a small door in the back of the barn, the fascists outside pound loudly.

“Open up! We know you’re in there.” The skinny man turns and fires his shotgun straight through the door. A loud cry of pain and rage is heard from outside.

“You! Stranger! This way!” You are dragged out through the back into a muddy pasture.

“We have been betrayed,” a peasant sobs. “Run for your life.”

The sounds of machine-gun fire behind you tell you that the fascists have discovered the back-door escape route. You race away into the fields without looking back.

You realize Italy may not be the place to find the medicine, after all. Here, you have both Nazis and fascists to contend with. Maybe you should have gone to Germany. It’s not your first choice, but it’s worth a try.



**Jump to Germany. [Click here.](#)**



**T**he door of the cattle car opens and a blast of fresh air hits your face. Guards in battle-gray uniforms rush up and begin to scream at you and everyone else.

“*Raus!* Everything out!” they shriek, yanking you onto the train platform. You stumble and almost fall as you hurry to get out of the way of the people toppling out behind you.

You look around to find yourself in a large, enclosed area surrounded by barbed wire. Above you is a large sign which reads: *Arbeit Macht Frei*—“Work Makes You Free.”

“Oh, my God,” a man moans behind you. “Those rumors were true. This is Auschwitz. A concentration camp!”

A concentration camp! You stare at the crude wooden barracks where thousands of people seem to be living. They are all painfully thin, with shaved heads. They wear black- and white-striped pajamas with a small, six-pointed yellow star sewn onto their shirts. They are Jews! But they don’t even look like people anymore.

Watchtowers are everywhere. Armed guards point their machine guns at the prisoners who drag by in small work groups.

The Nazis have lied about everything. There is no work or food here. Only slavery and starvation.

Once you’re inside, there is no way out of this terrible place. You’ve got to jump now, before you are taken off the platform.

Move to the very back of the crowd. Slowly and carefully. You must not be noticed. Edge your way toward the cattle car. Duck underneath and jump!



**Click here.**



It is an early evening in June 1939, and you are standing in the middle of a handsome, tree-lined avenue near Matejki Street in Warsaw. To your surprise, the city seems calm and at peace.

Hundreds of smartly dressed men and women stroll about enjoying the warm weather, meeting friends for dinner, or going off to the theater.

A streetcar rolls by. You look at the front car but see no ARYANS ONLY sign in the window. You gaze toward the Jewish quarter of the city and find there is no barbed wire or concrete wall surrounding it. The ghetto does not exist yet.

“Uri, come now,” you hear a familiar voice behind you call. “Mama and I are going to take you for an ice cream cone.”

You turn and see Emanuel Ringelblum and his wife trying to coax a cute brown-haired boy away from a toy-store window.

You would like to go up and say hello to Ringelblum, but you realize he wouldn’t know you.

You pass an outdoor café and notice another familiar face. There’s the violinist you saw fiddling for the children on the street in 1941. Now he’s laughing and sharing a cup of tea with a group of fellow musicians.

Your friend Yankel the smuggler passes by. He’s carrying a leather briefcase and is wearing a tie, and seems to be in a hurry.

“Hello, Yankel,” you say automatically.

He stops and looks at you, but there is no recognition on his face.

“Are you in the choir?” he asks, and before you have time to







respond he add, “Well, if you are, don’t tell anyone you saw me, because I’m not going to rehearsal tonight. There’s a soccer match I want to see instead.”

“I won’t tell,” you promise.

“Hey, why don’t you come along? I know someone at the gate who’ll let us both in for free.”

Good old Yankel’s invitation is attractive, but you can’t spare the time. You’ve jumped to Warsaw at the wrong point in history. The Germans haven’t invaded yet, and the ghetto will not be built for another year.

You must jump ahead with the typhoid medicine to help the sick Uri.



**Click here.**



**S**omething is terribly wrong. It is December 20, 1942, and you are walking down Leszno Street in the Warsaw ghetto. But it feels as though you've jumped into a nightmare. A cold, deadly nightmare of desolation. And of mysterious violence.

Doors hang half-torn from empty apartment houses. Windows are smashed and gape vacantly like huge, blind eyes. Suitcases and small bundles of damp clothing lie abandoned in the streets and courtyards. There is not a living soul to be found anywhere.

Suddenly you hear a loud engine. You jump into the nearest building. You run to the window and then quickly pull back again before you are seen. A large Nazi truck has pulled up in front of the building across the street. Soldiers march in and methodically carry out tables, chairs, and clothing.

You wait until the truck is filled and it drives off. You sneak out of the building.

Then, out of nowhere, someone grabs you and spins you around. You stare at a familiar face. It's Yankel! Looking older and tougher, and at the moment, very surprised.

"I thought it was you!" cries Yankel. "I can't believe it! You're alive!"

He throws his arms around you in a big bear hug. "I thought they got you two years ago!"

"Where is everybody?" you ask urgently.

"You mean you don't know?" He looks at you in amazement. "Where have you been?"

"I had to leave the ghetto for a while," you answer. "What happened?"

"It's not safe to talk here. Come on." You follow Yankel into an empty building and up to the roof. Three blocks away you can see another apartment being emptied into a Nazi truck.

"Everyone was sent to the East," he tells you without emotion. "Relocation, they called it. To work camps where there was supposed to be food and shelter. A place called Treblinka."

"Treblinka?" You say.

"People didn't want to go, but they dragged them out and forced them onto the trains. Anyone who resisted was shot."

Yankel stares at his gun. "Only it wasn't a work camp. It was a death factory. They killed three hundred thousand people before we found out."

Three hundred thousand people? You look out at the empty ghetto and you know it's true.

"Anyone who was left was moved into a smaller ghetto. This here is the wild ghetto. We live in about twelve square blocks. And we're building bunkers and collecting ammunition. Get down!" Yankel ducks quickly and you follow.

Below, a German tank rolls slowly through the street. Yankel peers down at it.

"The next time they come for us, we're going to be ready!"

Yankel's face is full of defiance and anger.

"Yankel," you say gently. "Did you see Professor Ringelblum anywhere in the small ghetto?"

"Ringelblum? No."

Your heart sinks. Then you remember Mordecai Anielewicz, the radical young man who was in contact with everyone important in the ghetto.

"What about your cousin Mordecai? Do you know where he is?"

"Mordecai is the head of the Jewish Fighting Organization," Yankel informs you proudly. "He's in hiding. Only members of the JFO can get in touch with him."

This is very bad news. Mordecai was your last link with



Ringelblum. You hoped he could tell you where the professor might be.

“So, if you want to join us . . .” Yankel smiles invitingly. “I’m on a search mission now. Looking for bottles or anything else we can use for firebombs.”

You would love to join Yankel and fight the Nazis, but you know you can’t. You have a different mission.

“When do you expect the Nazis to come back?” you ask.

“The Polish partisans heard a rumor that it would be sometime this spring.”

This spring. That must be April 1943, the date of the Uprising.

Even if you found Ringelblum now it would still be months before you might see him bury his archives. Better jump ahead to the Uprising.

“Sorry, Yankel. I can’t join you,” you say. “I have to find Emanuel Ringelblum.”

“Well, then just follow Smocza Street all the way down and you’ll reach the little ghetto. I have to stay here. Good luck.”

“Good luck to you, Yankel,” you say. You watch him sneak down the street and disappear.



**As soon as he’s gone, jump to April 21, 1943. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou're standing on a charming, clean-swept street in Berlin. It's late at night, November 9, 1938.

*Crash!* You look down the street and see a mob of men in brown shirts hurling bricks through the shiny plate-glass window of a small shop. They all cheer as two teenagers run inside and emerge clutching handfuls of gold watches and pearl necklaces.

A dozen others charge into the back of the shop and drag out an old couple. You stare numbly as they beat them to their knees with clubs.

More men, brandishing torches, join the crowd at a street corner where a clean-scrubbed young man is standing atop a beer barrel.

"Brothers!" he yells to the mob. "We all know why we're here." You move in closer to listen.

"The Jews are trying to take over the fatherland," he shouts with a red face. "Look around! Yesterday they walked into our factories. Today they're grabbing our banks. And what about tomorrow? Are we going to let them have our government, too?"

"No!" the crowd roars.

"Then let's teach these Jews a lesson!"

The speaker leaps off his platform and the mob surges toward a nearby synagogue. While some men kick in its beautiful stained-glass windows, others set the building on fire.

You've stumbled into *Kristallnacht*—the night of the smashed glass—and it is happening all over Germany.

The men in the brown shirts, you remember, are called storm troopers. They act as the thugs of the Nazi party, and they seem to

enjoy the havoc they are creating.

You hear a woman crying and turn to see the elderly lady from the jewelry store bent over her husband, who is lying in the street. You help them to their feet.

“We’ll be all right,” the man says in a shaky voice. “Thank you.”

He looks at you with a face full of pain. “What did we do to deserve this?” he asks. “I’m a good German. A patriot! I fought for the fatherland in the last war. And they are liars!” he yells hoarsely. “All that they said was lies.”

The couple retreats into their shattered home.

There may be typhoid medicine here, but in the midst of this insanity you’ve little chance of finding it.



**Jump to North Africa in 1941.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**Jump to France in 1944. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou are on a narrow street in a little French village.

Many of the buildings here have been bombed to rubble, and the town is quiet.

At a gray stone house you knock on the front door. No one answers.

You go to another house, and the same thing happens. But this time a little boy peeks through the curtains in a window and is quickly pulled away.

The streets are completely deserted. The only movement you see is a black cat slinking through the shadows of a tiny alleyway.

This place feels like a ghost town.

It is late June 1944. You know from your data bank that the Allies invaded the beaches of Normandy weeks ago and have the Nazis on the run. But the people here are obviously still scared. Maybe the Germans are close by.

From outside the village you hear a continuous droning sound. You stop and listen. The noise is getting louder and louder.

You strain your eyes to see down the road that leads out of the town. There's a jeep far away. Now there's another one. Then a truck. Two trucks.

Pretty soon you see an entire battalion of soldiers marching determinedly toward the village. They are followed by tanks and more trucks. And they're flying a red, white, and blue flag!

A man pokes his head out of a second-story window and stares at the approaching army.





“The Americans have arrived!” he shouts excitedly to others inside the house.

Dozens of people pour out of their houses and into the street. They break into wild cheering and applause. “Long live the liberators!” someone yells.

A beautiful black-haired woman runs up to a powerfully built GI with a stubby beard and kisses him. A little girl joyfully hands out roses. The townspeople are all laughing and singing.

It feels like New Year’s Eve, the Fourth of July, and the last day of school all rolled into one!

A group of motorcycles roars down the street followed by an officer’s car. Seated inside is a serious-looking man wearing four silver stars on his shirt collar.

“Bravo, Eisenhower! Bravo!” the crowd cheers.

It’s General Eisenhower, the supreme commander of the Allied forces in Europe. As he passes, he nods in your direction, and you remember that you have an important job to do.

You see a Red Cross jeep and run up to the medic driving it.

“Sir, please. Do you have any typhoid medicine?” you ask. You have to jog alongside the jeep to keep up.

“What?” he hollers above the din. “You want to hop up here for a ride?”

“No,” you shout. “I need typhoid medicine.”

“I’ve got some, but my supplies are low.”

“Please,” you beg. “I need the medicine for a little child. He’ll die without it!”

The medic doesn’t answer. Instead he reaches behind him into a beat-up green canvas medical bag and pulls out a small glass vial filled with a clear liquid.

“Here, kid,” he says, handing it to you. “Good luck.”

You’ve got it at last! You thank the soldier with a big smile and run off.

Now to get back to Warsaw. But to what year should you return? You know you have to meet Ringelblum before the ghetto uprising. But when was that?

People may be dancing in the streets here in France, but you don't have time to celebrate. Slip behind one of the houses and jump.



**Jump back five years. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump back two years. [Click here.](#)**



It is June 1941. You've been back in the ghetto for one month. You are sitting in a crowded basement watching a performance of *It's Hard to Be a Jew*, by Sholem Aleichem. Though this play was written in 1913, its story about a Jewish student who changes places with his Russian friend is very popular with the audience. Even Emanuel Ringelblum, who is sitting next to you, is laughing heartily.

"It's the same old story," he whispers to you. "In those days we pretended to be Russians, today we try to be Poles."

You know he is referring to the thousands of Jews who are hiding on the Aryan side, living their lives as Christians.

Since you have joined the *Oneg Shabbat*, Ringelblum's underground organization, you have learned many things about the Warsaw ghetto. Though they are starved and terrified, the people here are full of hope and ingenuity.

You have been to concerts, cabarets, weddings, and birthday parties. You have visited underground schools and newspaper offices, soup kitchens, an orphanage, and a hospital.

You've discovered that the *Oneg Shabbat* has a large staff that collects and produces diaries, religious and political writings, posters, photographs, announcements, and other examples of cultural life in the ghetto.

But you have not learned where these artifacts are hidden. This is a secret that Ringelblum guards closely. He knows that if Hitler's secret police, the SS, suspected that you knew anything, they would arrest you and torture you.

The audience breaks into loud applause as the play ends. The actors, all former members of the National Yiddish Theatre, proudly take their bows.

“Be sure to take the program,” Ringelblum reminds you. “Someday people will be interested to know that even in the midst of all this, we tried to laugh and forget our troubles.”

“Ladies and gentlemen,” the theater director announces, “you have twenty minutes until curfew. Please hurry home.”

As you accompany Ringelblum into the street, Hirsch Wasser, his secretary and right-hand man, comes running up.

“Emanuel! Did you hear the news? Roosevelt has issued the Germans an ultimatum. They have until the first of the year to surrender!”

Ringelblum shakes his head with a sad smile. “It’s just a rumor, Hirsch. Don’t believe it.”

Hirsch grins. “All right, I won’t believe it. But I’ll still hope. You know what they say. As long as there’s life, there’s hope.”

You silently agree with Ringelblum. The rest of the world is too busy at the moment to worry about the Warsaw ghetto.

“Come on,” says Ringelblum to both of you. “Let’s go home. I want to record this play in my notes.”

As you follow the two men down the street, you know that you cannot stay here any longer.

Your data bank tells you that Ringelblum moved the archives to their final hiding place just before the ghetto was destroyed, but when was that? In the future, of course, but how far?

Should you jump one year ahead to December 1942, or even further to April 1943?



**Jump one year ahead to December 1942.**  
**Click here.**



**Jump to April 1943. Click here.**



**C**annons are exploding all around you. Dawn has just broken, but the rising sun is already very bright and hot. You're smothering in a thick cloud of sand, and your throat is so parched it feels raw.

It is November 3, 1941, and you are in the western desert of North Africa outside the Egyptian city of El Alamein.

Far off you see a column of British tanks chasing a company of German soldiers in retreat.

The ground begins to tremble. You turn and see a massive tank charging right at you. If you don't take cover fast, you'll get flattened!

You see a foxhole and leap into it just as the tank rumbles past. Finding a half-filled canteen at your feet, you grab it and gulp down mouthfuls of water.

"Hey! What are you doing here?" A surprised British soldier appears before you with a rifle and bayonet in hand.

You hear a shrill whistling overhead. "Hit it!" the soldier yells. Both of you fling yourselves onto your stomachs.

The earth rocks as a bomb explodes nearby.

You stretch your neck out of the foxhole and see a truck bearing a familiar red insignia.

It's the International Red Cross! Maybe you can find typhoid medicine there.

You hop out of the foxhole and start toward the truck. But then you hear another bomb whistling through the air and you jump back into the foxhole. In a flash the truck is turned into a burning scrap



heap.

This battleground is just too dangerous. If you stay here much longer, you may never make it back to Ringelblum and Uri in the ghetto.

Better move out and try your luck with the other allies.

Duck behind a tank and jump.



**Jump to Italy. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump to France. [Click here.](#)**





**Y**ou are standing in front of a glass-enclosed case, studying its contents. Inside is a very familiar artifact—a ragged white armband with a faded six-pointed star. Another case nearby contains a worn-out army pistol like the one Yankel used. Another holds a copy of a deportation notice ordering all Jews to the “East.”

It is 1960, and you are in the Yad V’shem museum in Jerusalem, Israel. This museum is a memorial to the millions of Jews who died not only in Warsaw, but all over Europe.

You approach a guard who is holding a transistor radio to his ear. “Excuse me, sir,” you say. “Where can I find some information on Emanuel Ringelblum?”

The guard looks at you disapprovingly. “Why aren’t you home listening to the trial? You might learn something for a change.”

“Trial?” you ask.

The guard shakes his head in disgust. “That’s what I mean. Here we catch Adolf Eichmann—Hitler’s right-hand man—the architect of Auschwitz, and put his trial on radio and television, and do you kids care? Hah!”

“But I do care,” you protest.

The guard interrupts you. “People hate him so much they have to keep him locked up in a glass booth. Who was it you said you wanted?”

“Ringelblum.” You give up trying to defend yourself.

“Never heard of him. Try the librarian in the next building.”

You walk across the stone plaza and enter the shadowy Hall of



Names.

“May I help you?” A woman wearing glasses puts down her transistor radio and smiles.

“I’d like some information on Emanuel Ringelblum,” you tell her.

“Oh, we have quite a lot. Did you want to read some of his notes on the Warsaw ghetto?”

Your heart begins to pound excitedly.

“No,” you say, “but can you tell me exactly where they were found?”

The librarian pulls out a book. “Ah, yes. They were found in two places. Wolowa Street. And . . . Nowolipki.”

You know the answer! The remaining milk can must be on Swietojerska Street. You thank the librarian and hurry out into the sunlight.

Now all you have to do is go back to Poland and dig up the milk can. But when would be the best time? The past was always so full of turmoil. Maybe the present is better.



**Jump twenty-three years into the future, to 1983. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump nine years into the past, to 1951. [Click here.](#)**



It's dusk in the ghetto. Burning buildings light up the evening sky.

It's Wednesday, April 21, 1943, day three of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. You are perched on a rooftop overlooking Muranowski Square. Things look pretty grim for the fighters. They are outnumbered and low on ammunition. Below, a German tank is blasting away at a row of houses. The tank slowly rumbles forward, a squad of soldiers following in its devastating wake.

A burst of gunfire explodes from a courtyard on one side of the street. Four Jewish fighters immediately charge out and sprint past the Nazi tank into another building.

The Nazi machine gunner hammers back, hitting the last runner in the leg. But his comrades drag him to safety.

With the Nazis' attention diverted, a fifth fighter dashes out of the courtyard. Like a leopard, he leaps onto the tank, shoots the machine gunner, and tosses a hand grenade through the hatch. As he jumps off and runs for cover, an explosion rocks the tank. The Jewish fighters cheer.

Without their tank, the German foot soldiers have no protection. Bullets fly at them from every direction. On the next roof, you see Yankel and a fierce-looking girl firing old-fashioned rifles at the retreating soldiers.

But two Nazis have snuck up to the roof and are about to surprise them.

"Yankel! Behind you!" you scream at the top of your lungs.

Yankel and the girl spin around as fast as lightning their guns

blazing. Both Nazis plummet to the street.

Yankel looks over at you and laughs with delight. "I knew you'd show up!" he calls. "You're a survivor, like me."

After a final, savage volley of gunfire from the Jews, the remaining Nazis give up and pull out of the ghetto for the night.

Wild cheering erupts up and down the entire street.

"We did it, my friends!" a man jubilantly shouts from a rooftop. "And tomorrow we'll drive them off in the same way."

He waves a white flag with a six-pointed blue star in the center. The fighters appear from their hiding places to help the wounded and carry off the dead.

On the sidewalk, Yankel embraces you and introduces you to his fighting companion, Rutka. You look at her, a delicately built girl who is probably younger than you are. She's as fragile as a ballet dancer, but her proud expression tells you she isn't afraid to die.

"We have to scavenge for guns and ammo before we go back to our bunkers," says Yankel. He flips over a dead German lying in the gutter and yanks a pistol from the man's holster. Rutka holds open a large burlap sack, and he drops the gun into it.

"We had to learn the hard way," Yankel tells you as he pulls a rifle out of the rigid arms of another soldier. "It wasn't until they shipped off three hundred thousand to Treblinka's gas chambers that we decided to fight."

"And even if we lose, we're going to take as many of them with us as we can," Rutka adds. Her voice sounds hard.

"Where is Mordecai?" you ask anxiously.

"He's on Niska Street helping with the wounded and planning tomorrow's defense strategy."

You say good bye to Yankel and Rutka and head off to find Mordecai.

Suddenly an SS officer steps out of the fire and calls your name. His voice sounds familiar. He calls you again.

Can this be a trap? He's coming at you. What should you do?





**Hold your ground. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump anywhere for safety's sake.  
[Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou are back in Warsaw in 1941, and as you hurry towards Leszno Street, you can feel an even greater tension among the people than before. The number of Nazi guards patrolling the streets has multiplied. Their transport trucks seem to be parked at every other corner.

“Get off the street!” a woman warns you from an open doorway. “They’re getting ready for another roundup.”

You speed up and arrive at Ringelblum’s house out of breath. The front door is unlocked, so you walk in. The study is empty; nobody’s in the bedroom either. Then you find a door that leads down to a cellar. You see a shaft of light shining from below and go down the stairway.

The light leads you to an oil lamp set on the floor in the middle of a small, damp room. You look beyond it. Ringelblum and his wife are hunched silently over their sick child in the corner.

When he sees that it’s you, Ringelblum rises in alarm. “Keep away,” he orders. “My child has a fever.”

“I know, Professor Ringelblum. That’s why I’m here.”

“But he’s contagious. Go now or you’ll get sick also.”

“I’ve found some medicine. I brought it for Uri.” You hold out the vial.

Ringelblum and his wife seem stunned. Mrs. Ringelblum begins to cry with relief. Ringelblum crosses the room in two long strides and crushes you in an embrace.

“Thank you,” he says fervently. “Thank you.”

Mrs. Ringelblum runs out to find a doctor who can administer





the medicine, and you are left alone with her husband.

“I can never repay you for this,” he says.

“I don’t want you to repay me. Just let me join your organization.”

“The *Oneg Shabbat*? You still have your heart set on helping me record the history of this ghetto?” he asks.

“Yes.”

“So be it.” He offers you his hand and you shake it. “Welcome.”

You’ve won Ringelblum’s trust, but your mission’s not over yet. Now you must find out where he’s going to hide the archives.

“Come, my young friend, we have work to do.” Ringelblum puts on his hat and opens the door.



**Click here.**



**I**s this Warsaw? You've grown so accustomed to a city of bombed-out buildings and hungry people that you're not sure.

Now, in 1983, Warsaw is a modern metropolis. The people seem well fed, and there are no Nazis around. But still, something's wrong here. Wherever you turn there's a gray-uniformed Polish soldier watching.

You may be on what was the Aryan side of the city in 1943, but it's hard to tell. The buildings are all new, and you never learned your way around this part of town back then.

"Where's the ghetto?" you ask a fast-walking woman with glasses.

"Ghetto?" she asks, perplexed.

"The Jewish quarter, where the ghetto used to be."

"Jewish quarter? In Warsaw? What are you talking about?"

You don't try to explain. There must be very few Jews left in Poland these days.

You're wasting time, and your mission isn't finished. Obviously, the future was the wrong choice.



**Jump back thirty years. [Click here.](#)**



**Y**ou hold your ground as the Nazi runs toward you. Does he really want to tell you something, or is this a trick? As he comes closer, you stare at his face. It's Mordecai in disguise!

"Come on!" cries Mordecai. "I need your help! We have to move Ringelblum out of his bunker."

Your intuition has paid off. Mordecai is going to take you exactly where you want to go. The two of you run down the middle of the street in order to avoid being hurt by the falling debris from burning buildings.

"We never thought about the smoke," says Mordecai. "When a building burns, the smoke seeps underground to the bunkers and there's no way to breathe."

Mordecai leads you into a courtyard and down into a cellar. Emanuel Ringelblum, pale and streaked with soot, comes forward to greet you. Behind him you see Mrs. Ringelblum, Uri, and a group of young men and women, many of them wounded, all of them exhausted.

"There's no time to waste, Emanuel," says Mordecai. "We're sending you out through the sewers."

"But the Germans are flooding the sewers!" cries Mrs. Ringelblum.

"You'll have to risk it," says Mordecai. "There's no other way." He turns to Ringelblum. "Now, when you get to the Aryan side, send a telegram to London immediately."

"Don't worry," interrupts Ringelblum, "I will alert the entire world."

"I know you will," says Mordecai warmly. He and Ringelblum look into each other's eyes for a moment.

"I've put the notes in milk cans," says Ringelblum. "As soon as we bury them, we'll leave."

There they are! Standing in a corner. Three ordinary, battered milk cans that contain some of the most important information in the world about the Warsaw ghetto.

"Let's get going," says Mordecai, and picks up the first can. Ringelblum picks up the second, and you take the third.

"Send us some reinforcements, professor!" a young woman fighter calls out as she reloads her pistol. "When you get to the Aryan side, give Roosevelt a call." The other fighters nod and smile.

"Don't worry, my friends," Ringelblum answers emotionally. "We will all meet again in better times."

"Let's go," calls Mordecai.

You file out into the street, which has been bombed to almost rubble. You hear gunfire nearby, but for the moment you're safe.

"I want to hide the milk cans in the wild ghetto," says Ringelblum. "There are fewer fires there."

"Emanuel, it's too dangerous," warns his wife.

"Dangerous for us, but safer for the notes," he replies firmly.

You all make your way through the ruins of Smocza Street towards the wild ghetto. You see a hole in the wall and sneak out and hurry down a few blocks to Nowolipki Street.

"Let's bury one here," says Ringelblum. "I had a good many friends who once lived on this street." He takes a milk can down to a cold furnace in a cellar and hides it.

"How about hiding the second can on Wolowa Street near the brushmaker's shop?" suggests Mordecai.

"Good!" agrees Ringelblum. "Under the rubble of the factory." You all hurry to the bombed-out building and bury a milk can under a large pile of bricks.

"And the third?" asks Mordecai.

"On Swietojska Street, next to Krashinski Gardens," answers



Ringelblum. “We’ll hide it on the edge of the Aryan side, right under their noses.”

You hide the last milk can in the cellar of the building overlooking the beautiful park known as Krashinski Gardens.

“And now we must hurry, Professor,” says Mordecai. “I’ll take you to the sewer entrance.” Ringelblum turns to you. “Good-bye, my young friend. May God watch over you.”

“Good-bye, Professor,” you answer sadly. “Don’t worry. Someday people will know what happened.”

“I hope so, my child. I hope so.”

As Ringelblum turns to go, Mordecai clasps your hand. “Good work. You’re a true fighter. Meet me back at headquarters at number eighteen Mila Street.”

Before you can answer, he hurries off.

You know you will probably never see Mordecai or Ringelblum again. But you have found the locations of the milk cans!

You remind yourself of the street names: Nowolipki, Wolowa, and Swietojska. Two of them were found, so you must leave them in place. It is the third you must retrieve.

But how can you find out which milk can was never discovered?

You can jump to Warsaw in the future and examine all three sites. Or maybe you should jump to Israel in the future, where they established a famous museum in memory of the Jews who died. They might have all the answers you need.

You hear a droning above you and look to the sky. The Nazis have decided to drop bombs on the ghetto. Make a decision and jump fast.



**Jump to Warsaw, 1960. [Click here.](#)**



**Jump to Israel, 1960. [Click here.](#)**



It's 1980, midday, and you've arrived at Skokie, Illinois, in the middle of a parade. With people filling the sidewalks on both sides of Main Street, you push your way through the crowd to see what's going on.

A long line of police motorcycles and patrol cars slowly rolls down the center of town followed by a small band of brown-shirted men. Their uniforms look frighteningly familiar, and you stare in amazement at their red, white, and black armbands. They're wearing swastikas!

Nazis in the United States?

You see a huge banner that says "The American Nazi Party" and a second that reads: "The Death Camps Are Jewish Fairy Tales."

Your heart stops. This can't be happening in America, you tell yourself.

Suddenly a group of men appear wearing black berets. They have on white shirts with the words "Jewish Defense League." Vehemently, they chant a slogan: "One, two, three, four, Nazis only care for war! Five, six, seven, eight, death is all they instigate!"

The marchers respond, shouting: "Nazi power! Nazi power!" The men in black berets scream back: "Never again!"

Before the police have time to react, the Jewish Defense Leaguers dash madly at the Nazis and rip down their banners. Several of them suddenly produce baseball bats and beat a Brown Shirt to the ground. A riot erupts.

As the police move in swiftly to restore order and arrest the demonstrators, you overhear a spectator say: "Those Jews are



always causing trouble.”

“Ya got somethin’ there, neighbor,” someone else agrees. “And you know what? I never really believed that Hitler could kill off six million of ’em.”

“I wonder if they didn’t make the whole thing up,” a third person chimes in.

You want to shake these ignorant people and tell them how wrong they are, but you just don’t have the time.

Now you truly realize how important your mission is. You must get back to the ghetto and find Ringelblum’s archives.

It’s up to you to tell the world what the Nazis did to the Jews during World War II. Don’t linger here another second.



**Jump back to the ghetto. [Click here.](#)**



**S**unshine peeks through the leaves of a tall shade tree as you pause beside a bicycle path in Warsaw's Saski Park. The border of the ghetto should be just a block away, but the wall is gone.

You look for other familiar landmarks, but they aren't there either. In fact, nothing looks familiar.

Fifteen years have passed since the ghetto uprising, and war-torn Warsaw has been completely rebuilt. If you hadn't been here yourself in 1944, you could probably not envision the terrible destruction that occurred.

Leaving the park, you ask a passing stranger for directions to Wolowa Street.

"Wolowa Street?" He scratches his head. "There's no such street."

"It was in the ghetto," you explain, "near the brushmaker's shop."

"The ghetto is gone. I don't know anything about it," he answers with indifference.

This is getting you nowhere. You have to return to Warsaw of the 1940s and refamiliarize yourself with the layout of the ghetto.



**Jump back in time to Warsaw.**

**[Click here.](#)**



**W**alking down Nalewski Street, you reach what used to be Muranowski Square. The sounds of the battle that raged on this spot eight years ago echo in your memory.

You try to get your bearings to figure out which way will take you to Swietojska Street. You turn down Mila and start walking. Up ahead you see a lone figure standing in your path. Maybe he can give you some directions.

He is a young man in his early twenties, and he seems to be studying something at his feet. You wonder what's he looking at.

As you approach, he looks at you. A strange expression darkens his face.

"You!"

A stab of recognition rips you. It's Yankel! Older and taller, of course, but you'd know him anywhere.

He shakes his head and smiles. "Pardon me," he says. "But for a moment, you reminded me of a friend of mine."

"Oh?" you say, trembling inside.

"Someone who died during the war," says Yankel sadly. "Just like everyone else."

You look down and see what Yankel was examining. It is a small plaque that reads:

"On this spot Mordecai Anielewicz and one hundred members of the Jewish Fighting Organization perished in their courageous struggle against the Nazi enemy."

Yankel sighs.

You long to tell him the truth. You didn't die. You are standing



right here beside him! But you know you can't say anything.

"I just came to say goodbye," says Yankel. I'm going to Israel tomorrow. I have to live for all of them." With an air of determination, he turns away.

"Excuse me!" you call out hastily. "I'm looking for Swietojska Street."

"Go back the way you came and turn right at Nalewski," answers Yankel. "Just keep going. You can't miss it." Then he turns and walks off.

As you watch Yankel disappear, you remember what he said about the two of you being survivors. You know that Yankel will make it, no matter what he does.

Now you hurry back up Mila Street, following Yankel's directions. As you race down Nalewski, you can see a beautiful park in the distance. It is Krashinski Gardens! And Swietojska Street is right next to it. Emanuel Ringelblum's third milk can is somewhere nearby.

You walk slowly down the street, trying to remember which building contains the milk can. Most of the houses are just rubble now, so it is difficult to recognize the right one. Wait a minute! That gate looks familiar. Though it is rusted and broken now, it looks like the gate to the building where you hid the can.

Excitedly, you begin to lift heavy pieces of concrete. Before long, you reach the foundation of the building. You work faster, pushing aside the smaller stones and rolling over the larger ones with a wooden pole you found on the ground. Sweat is pouring off you. This is hard work.

You see steps! Do they lead to a cellar? You dig faster, pulling out stones and creating a path toward the steps. Then you see a glint of metal. Is that it? Yes! At the bottom of the steps is the rusted milk can you put there with Mordecai and Ringelblum.

You crawl over the debris and reach the object of this long and difficult mission.

You break the seal and pull off the top. You look inside. It's filled with photographs! Stacks and stacks of photographs of the Warsaw



*Mordecai Anielewicz*



*Emanuel Ringelblum*



*Yankel and other ghetto children smuggling food*





*A detachment of the Jewish Underground*



*Natewki Street in the Jewish quarter at the beginning of the war*

ghetto. You pull out a handful and look at them. There's Mordecai looking the way he did when you met him at the underground school. And here's a picture of Ringelblum himself, and one of the ghetto at the beginning of the war. And look! There's a picture of Yankel smuggling food!

Here it is. Actual proof in pictures of what happened behind those walls. By discovering these, you have made an important contribution to history and to the memory of the people who died there. You have learned of the magnificent struggle these people waged to survive against the most impossible odds.

**MISSION COMPLETED.**



# DATA FILE

Page 2: Was Ringelblum an Aryan or a Jew?

**Page 10:** Why was the boy behind the potato wagon?

Page 17: Which way is more dangerous?

Page 28: Never put off till tomorrow . . .

Page 31: A bird in the hand . . .

Page 33: Who might help you if you walk?

Page 39: Whom do you feel safer with?

Page 42: It's a long way to Tipperary.



Page 49: Check your map.

Page 60: Remember the labor camp. . . .

Page 67: Who's more involved with disinfection?

Page 80: When was D-Day?

Page 84: When did the war start?

Page 86: When was the Uprising?

Page 89: Who was Mussolini's number-one ally?

Page 96: Do you have any Nazi friends?



## About the Contributors

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