I remember back in a church I used to live in this kid named Joseph. The year was, oh, I say 1935-36. He was such a delightful laid back kid when I first met him, He was always by himself playing jumping jacks and other games in which he could play by himself. He did not have to play by himself but he would for some reason always reject our offers that myself and the other kids there made to him. We would ask him if he would want to play tag or hide-and-go-seek but it was as he was mute, ignoring us for no reason.

Like a year later I learned that his parents had abandoned him at the step, of the church in which we all stayed, when he was only five years of age. Joey never talked about his parents, it was like he was still mad at them. He never understood that his parents were poor and could not carry the burden of taking care of him. His parents thought they were doing the right thing by dropping him off at this church which was SUPPOSED to take care of him so that he could grow up with a normal life. In 1936 it was hard growing up in Germany. In the town we lived in there was never peace, the nuns would not tell us that, but we knew we all knew, accept for little Joseph. Nazi's would come in the church and try to teach us their "superior" ways. None of us fell for it, except Joseph. I guess he had no other place to turn to, so he slowly sank into these idiotic ways.

About three years later the now 12 years old little boy was a nazi himself and the one of his kind in that church. He still would play by himself. No one liked him anymore and never asked him to play. Instead he would ask us, but now we would refuse.

One day in 1939 he got so sick of us "inferior" people in the church so he left. What he did not know and what most of us did not know was that there was a battle just a town away. The nuns never told us about World War II. They always said in the sweetest voice "The world is such a peaceful place." Well, Joseph unknowingly went to this town in search for a new place to live. But stepping into this town was like slitting your wrist. Anyway a Jewish man saw him with his swastika on his arm. This obviously made the Jew mad. The two of them brawled about for at least an hour, but when the fight was over the Jew came out on top, simply because he had a knife in which he used to stab the innocent young child at least 20 times in the chest. Another nazi saw this happening, he later on killed the Jew. His life ended because of superiority...I guess superiority cannot always save your life or make it better than someone else's, because now they both are resting and surely not in peace.