

Title (up to 20 words) - Can anyone still hear me?

Strapline (up to 40 words) - Hannah powerlessly listens as the Nuremberg laws strip her of: her right to vote, her citizenship and the validity of her marriage to a non-Jewish German

Copy (between 900 and 1000 words) -

1927

I stare down the aisle, a walk which looks like a thousand miles. At the end my forever waits under the Huppah, my heaven; he smiles goofily at me and the nerves which have been settling like a pit in my stomach evaporate. It is a beautiful day and the sun reflects off the lake in a thousand diamonds. Around me anticipated family members expectantly wait for the ceremony to begin. I glance at my father standing next to me. He initially resented Karl, he represented a dagger plunged straight into the heart of his faith. Unlike many of my Jewish friends who had had their marriages arranged, their lives chosen for them, my father believes everyone deserves the right to decide their own destiny, he just never expected me to choose a non-Jewish man as mine. I sometimes worry that I have disappointed him but his smile is as wide as the skies Schiltach on nights when the poplars shiver and the sound of crickets swell in the gardens and I know he approves. As the blissful music begins to float on waves through the park the buzz of excitement which hums from the crowd silences, and I begin to walk towards my future. Smiles spread across the faces of the few who know us well enough to understand the choice of song; the same as the one played when Karl fatefully asked me to dance. Back then forever used to scare me: a vast, uncomprehendable abyss which meaninglessly stretched into eternity, but with Karl forever doesn't seem long enough. I finally reach the front and the Ketu...

1924

My mother's words ring around my head as I restlessly wait in line to cast my vote. *Hannah, millions of women have come before you who have had their voices silenced, do not let them make you voiceless.* I have been desperate to cast my vote for a long time now, I want to help save my country from tipping over into civil unrest. In the last few years more and more extremist groups have been trying to seize power, threatening to overthrow the newly formed democracy, our newly formed voices. I remember when the Kaiser abdicated and the fear which rippled through the country at the uncertainty of our future. Our entire history had been controlled and dictated by the monarchy, now freedom and choice was like an elevator with open sides, it made us dizzy, we had grown secure within the four walls which imprisoned us. But, ordinary can be quick to change and now we have become accustomed to controlling how

our lives are governed, freedom seems unquestionable. I don't want to lose my freedom, become a silent bolt in a colossal machine. And now, I can finally fulfil my duty to my country by using my voice to help protect it. We have all suffered too much over the last decade, losing our family, friends and humanity. We deserve the chance to escape war and violence, we deserve a beautiful future of happiness and peace. I only hope that others think the same God knows that war is like a drug. I'm at my booth and the slip of paper is slid towards me, I place my ma...

1914

Outside the window I can hear cheering, we all rush to see what is happening ignoring the protests from Frau Mathiak. The streets are like a hive bustling with people waving flags and newspapers in the air. I catch sight of one of the headlines, *Germany at war*, it says. An anticipated murmur runs through the classroom. There have been rumours of a war for several months now, my parents talk in hushed tones about it after I am meant to have gone to bed. I think it scares them. But right now it is impossible not to become infected by the buzz of excitement which surrounds the country. My mind fills with images of tanks and soldiers, aeroplanes and huge boats. Someone pulls down the flag from the back of the classroom and we all rush to follow him onto the street singing our national anthem. On the street our voices mingle with the hundreds of others creating a cacophony of music which swells with national pride. My parents fear fades as I look around me at all of us together, united, how can we not win when we are all so connected. I naively join in the hopes of short war where we emerge victo...

15 September 1935

Our little kitchen begins to shrink, it is being torn apart by the claws of a vicious bear. An angry animal which is so full of hatred that my desperate pleas for mercy are futile. His murderous voice echoes around the room, it is the sound of a sinister growl which bounces off every wall creating a cacophony of revenge attacking my life, my existence. Soon our little kitchen is so broken that I have nowhere to hide. I'm trapped, suffocating, drowning in the poisonous sounds emitted from the radio, with each inhumane grunt my life is stripped away from me a little more. I am like an untethered boat floating powerlessly on top of the turbulent waves, swept away as the calm waters transform into a violent storm. They drag me away from the shore: from Karl and my marriage, from my voice, from my citizenship. My belonging. My home. I am alone and lost on a bottomless expanse of murky black water. My life never happened. I never existed. Can anyone still hear me?