

[1/1] Wolf¹, my dear friend whom I have not forgotten [1/2] we are in Poland again—we came back healthy [1/3] and whole, mom, Eva, and I—a week ago to [1/4] Warsaw to Maria and Frank (sister and brother in law of [1/5] Sewer²). Besides them, nobody is left. I knew about [1/6] the terrible fate of all my friends [1/7] and family back in 1944. [1/8] Only you are left Wolf in unreachably far [1/9] America. Danka is in Palestine. Marysia is with Frank and [1/10] Joasia (a cousin whom you did not know). There is not, nor [1/11] will there ever be Wisio and Jozia—can you [1/12] grasp that? They died as far back as August of 1942. It brings me [1/13] solace to know (something I found out from [1/14] Maria) that Wisio had time to give Jozia poison a moment before [1/15] they were taken away to be killed and he himself got on board of the car [1/16] after ingesting the poison. I don't know if you'll understand [1/17] me—but when I found out about it—it calmed a bit [1/18] my terrible rebellion, my hatred [1/19] of destiny—of the cruel unfairness [1/20] of their death. I would very much like to see you. [1/21] I once got a letter from you dated November 1942—later [1/22] after leaving the prison camp in 1944 I wrote [1/23] often to you. We are back, [1/24] naked and barefoot without a cent, but we [1/25] happily live here³ now. The sincerity, care and luxuries with which [1/26] we are surrounded by Maria and Frank is hard to describe.

[2/1] They've dressed us from head to toes, because you can't go out [2/2] onto the street in the rags in which we came back. [2/3] Sewer is somewhere in Italy—I don't know if he [2/4] will come back to Poland—I don't know when and where I'll see him—but [2/5] think how happy I am, I know he [2/6] is alive!!! I'm thinking about sending mother to my sister [2/7] in Palestine—What Ewa and I will do, I don't know. [2/8] I am waiting for a sign of life from Sewer. Maybe I'll find [2/9] a job in Warsaw, which is growing back from the [2/10] ruins, elegant and creative, maybe I'll move to [2/11] another city—I'm still too [2/12] shocked—merely a week ago we got back from [2/13] Siberia—I'm still reliving in conversations with Marysia and [2/14] Joasia those horrible times—my heart still has not [2/15] accustomed itself—it still hurts so much—and yet I want to [2/16] know everything—I who escaped their [2/17] fate and in cattle-like peace, and in cattle-like worries [2/18] about life daily, spent the past six years of my life. That dad [2/19] died there, back in March of 1944, I already wrote you—It's so [2/20] good Wolf that you have a home, a beloved wife [2/21] and a child—send me a photo of your little [2/22] Ann—she's big now and for certain, and probably, [2/23] you really spoil her. Dear Wolf don't [2/24] be surprised that this letter is so dramatic—I am [2/25] still slightly unconscious—and it seems strange to [2/26] me to be sitting by a table—in a well-lit room [2/27] and writing a letter to you—to

¹ Wolf is a nickname for the proper name William.

² Sewer is short for Seweryn. The “w” is not pronounced “wh” as in “wheel”, but more like the “v” in “very”. Seweryn was Ala Manelska's husband.

³ Here, meaning, post-war Warsaw. Warsaw was nearly leveled to the ground during the German occupation, because of the heavy resistance of the Poles.

a friend from those [2/28] prehistoric times. Kiss your wife [2/29] and the little girl
and write back to Ala