Fridja Studen Born 1934, Gorzkow, Poland

We spent much of the time running and hiding.

My mother expected that one day we would be captured.

She tried to prepare me.

Time and again she would tell me I must deny being her daughter.

I must tell the Germans that she was my neighbour...

...that my father was in the Polish army.

I must tell them that my mother had been killed.

When we were captured I did as I had been told.

I lied just as mother had instructed me.

Could I have done anything else?

I was only seven.

One day as I passed the prison, the main door opened.

A woman in a black dress was pushed out.

She was so weak.

At first I didn't recognise her.

It was my mother.

I saw a German walk behind her and take out a revolver.

I heard the shot and began to scream.