

Dear John Boyne,

After reading *The Boy in the Striped Pajamas*, I found myself very sad, and angry at the same time. I also found myself thinking a lot about what I just read.

This book gave me a great visual into Bruno's home life. I could also see the terrible things that took place during the war. I could see Shmuel getting thinner and the sadness in his face. I could feel sadness in my face.

It's hard to imagine that one group of people could think that they were much better than another group of people and try to get rid of them. It's hard to imagine that mothers and fathers knew what was going on and let it happen. How can a father be behind the death of children and look down on his own children and not feel bad?

Every day we see fences as we go throughout our day. Many fences serve a good purpose. But there are those that are bad. They are meant to separate. Why would we need a fence to separate one nine-year-old from another? The same reason you put an armband on a nine-year-old. To separate. To distinguish between the two. To remind one that you are less of a person. That you are nothing.

Remember when I said I was sad and angry? Well, I was sad because Shmuel died. I expected this. It was no surprise. I was angry that Bruno died. I was hoping that his father would discover him in the striped pajamas. That he would realize what he was wrong. That one child was no different from another. I found it strange that I felt worse for Bruno more than Shmuel. I did not see that coming at all. It was an unexpected twist. It made me realize in war all children are the victims.

Sincerely,

Alexis

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