

BJ LIBRARY PRESENTS

# Shlomo and the Holocaust Museum

BY SHALOM TZVI SHORE



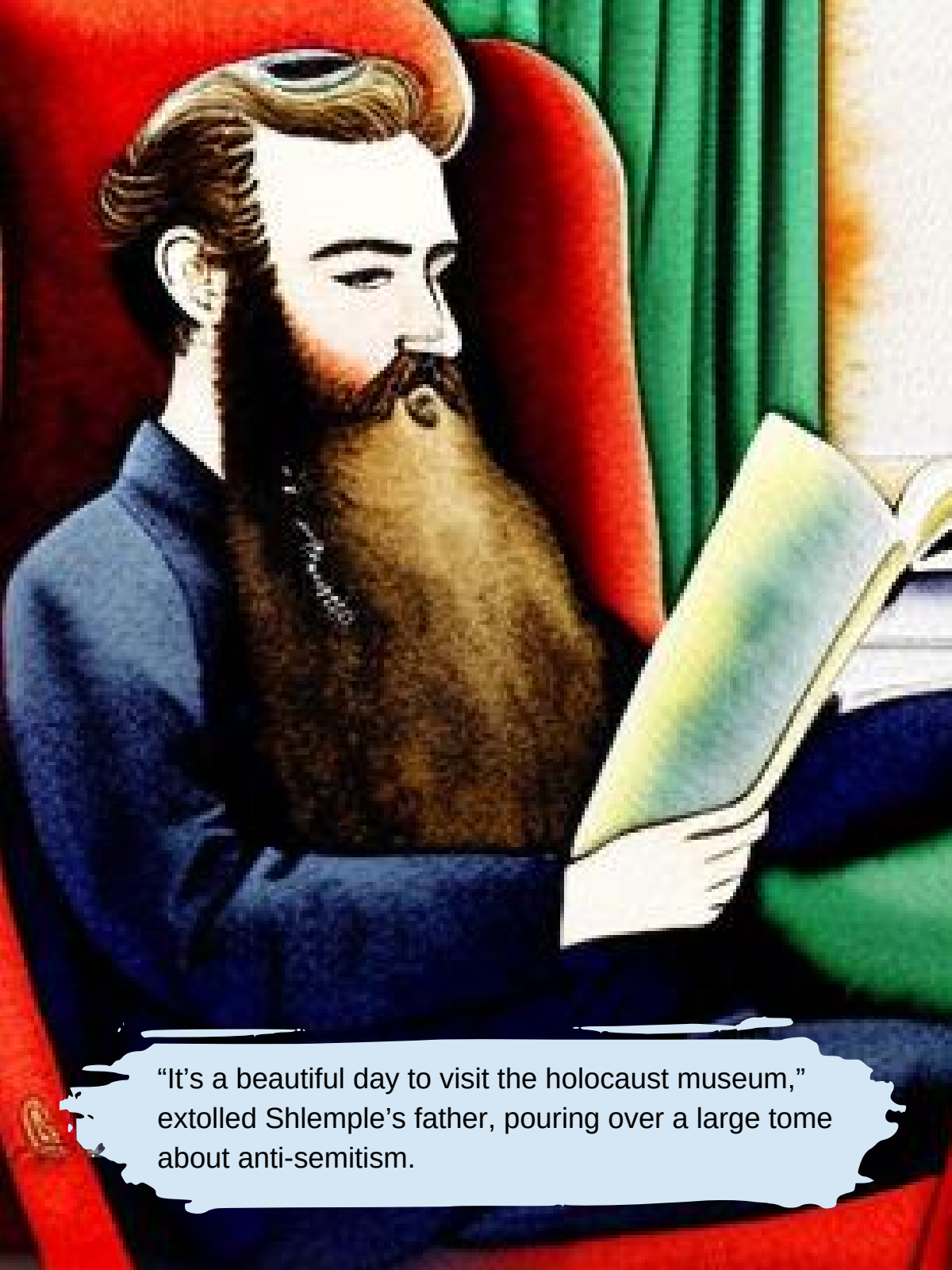
ILLUSTRATED BY A ROBOT



"It's time to go to the holocaust museum!" said Shlemple's mother, throwing the windows wide open and letting the sunlight stream in through the window.

"No." Said Shlemple.





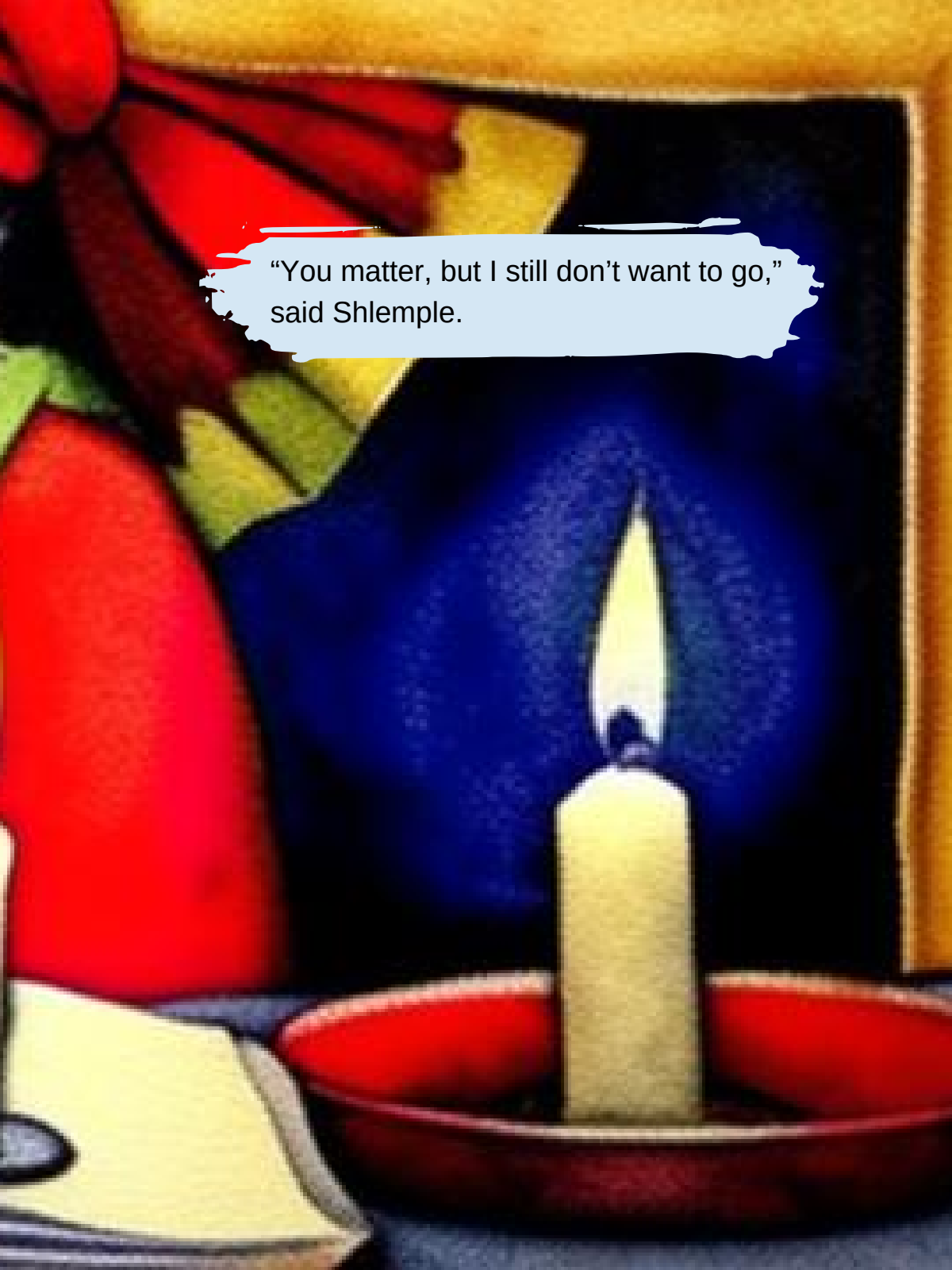
"It's a beautiful day to visit the holocaust museum," extolled Shlemple's father, pouring over a large tome about anti-semitism.

"I won't," said Shlemple.





“But what about your pride?” asked Shlemple’s grandmother, lighting the Shabbat Candlesticks.  
“Don’t I matter to you at all?”



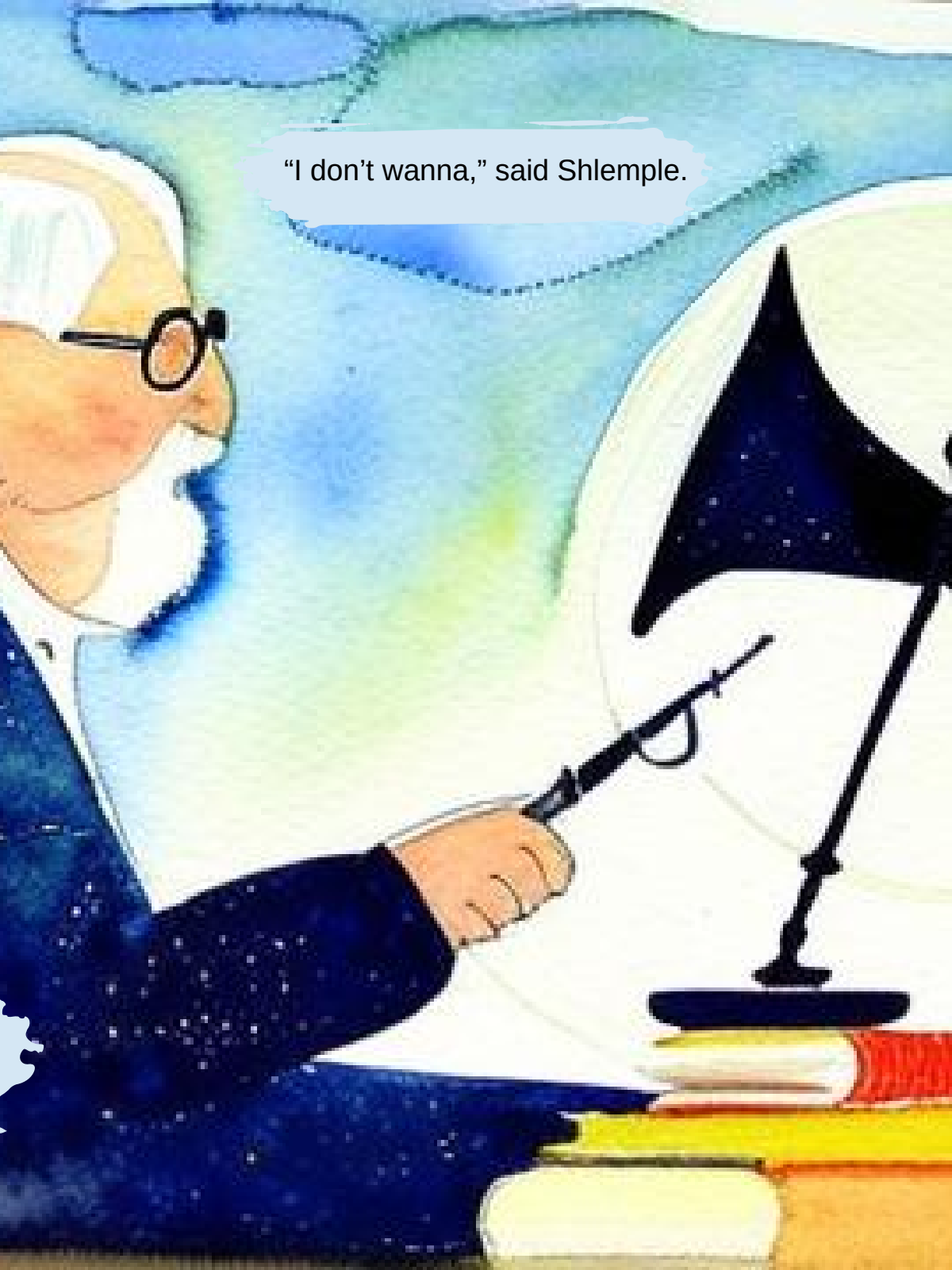
“You matter, but I still don’t want to go,”  
said Shlemple.



“Our forefathers have been going to the Holocaust museum every year for generations,” explained Shlemple’s grandfather, adjusting his spectacles and placing a record in the phonograph “Do you want to break the chain?”




"I don't wanna," said Shlemple.



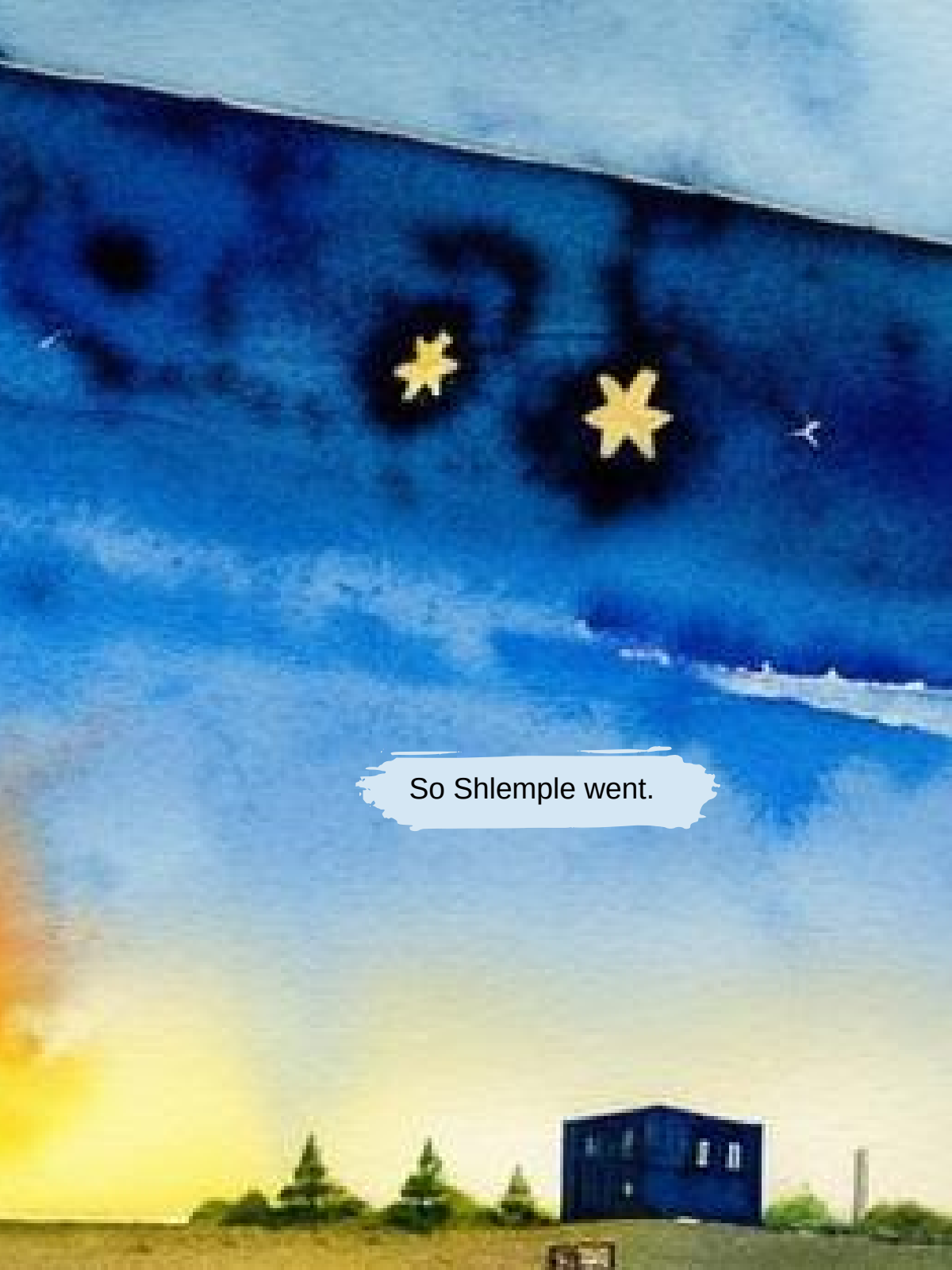


“But what about Hitler? What about hate? What about passing the burden to the next generation?” wondered Aunt Rivka to herself, making sure Shlemple could hear every word. (She was kneading the dough for Challa.)

A stylized illustration of a woman with a large red hat and a blue dress with white polka-dot cuffs. She is sitting at a table, eating from a yellow bowl with a white spoon. The background is a light green wall with a white circular light fixture. To the right, there is a potted plant with blue leaves. The bottom of the image shows a brown surface, likely a table or floor.

“Oish,” said Shlemple.






So Shlemple went.






He saw the gas chambers and the graphic pictures and the videos.

A large, bright yellow sun is positioned in the upper left corner of the frame, set against a clear blue sky. The foreground is dark and out of focus, showing what appears to be a field of tall grass or reeds. A white, brush-stroke-like graphic element is centered in the middle of the image, containing the text.

He saw the monuments and the  
testaments and the sacraments.







And he was filled with pride that  
only trauma can give you.






Or was it trauma that only pride  
can give you?





A child with dark hair, wearing a red shirt, is seen from behind, looking out over a landscape. The sky is a deep, vibrant blue, filled with large, soft white clouds. The ground below is a mix of green and yellow, suggesting grass and a path. The overall style is that of a children's book illustration.

Shlemple wasn't sure.