

Dear Alfred,

I have recently learnt about you and the Holocaust Children. First off I would like to sincerely apologise for the situations you were in. You have inspired me in more than one way. Mainly though, you have shown me that one kind deed goes a long way and that even one bite of bread could end up being the difference between life and death. I know very few of your stories; however, I know of your pain. My mum used to be anorexic, meaning she starved herself, but I can't imagine what it would be like to be starved. I may not be able to feel to be starving but I am capable of feeling empathetic. If mere hunger causes nausea, then starvation is unbearable. Now you will inspire forever more. And now I'd like to share an act of kindness of my own.

One Saturday morning, I had my breakfast and decided to go out. My friends and I went to the park and found a hedgehog. A dead hedgehog to be more specific. We tried to feed it, it still lay there. So I made a grave for it. I was devastated as it was once a living thing. One year later builders destroyed the park and made a new one, destroying the grave with it. I love the new park but I will never forgive it. I named the hedgehog 'Parker' in honour of the old park.

I would like to thank you and the rest of the Windermere Boys for their perseverance and inspiring acts.