

## Friday, April 2

In truth, everyone (was) afraid. The whole convoy was numb with fear. No one slept. With heavy hearts, man and women silently questioned the meaning of their lives: why so many trials, so many adventures, so many exiles, so many discoveries, if it was all to end in *this*?

This— what was it? Thirst. Hunger. Terror. Beyond that, dirt; exhaustion. By the third day...(they) were assailed by a new feeling of weariness. Suddenly, they were not even curious any more. Come what may, they no longer had the strength to read the signs.

*Elie Weisel and Albert H. Friedlander*