

## Terezin, July 2000

“WHAT DOES THE CHECK MARK MEAN?” asked Fumiko, as she looked at the page listing Hana Brady and George Brady.

Ludmila hesitated and then spoke carefully. “The check mark means that the person didn’t survive.”

Fumiko lowered her eyes to the paper again. Hana’s name had a check mark beside it. Like almost all the 15,000 children who passed through Theresienstadt, Hana had died at Auschwitz.

Fumiko bowed her head and closed her eyes. She had already guessed the awful truth. But hearing it spoken, seeing it on paper was still a blow. Fumiko sat silently for a few minutes, trying to take it all in.

And then she gathered herself together and looked up. Hana’s story was not over. Now, more than ever, Fumiko wanted to know everything about her — for herself, for the children waiting for her back in Japan, and for Hana’s memory. She was absolutely determined that this life, ended so unjustly, at such a young age, would not be forgotten. It had become her mission to make sure of this. The quest was not over.

“There is no check mark beside George’s name,” Fumiko said. “Is there any way,” she stammered, “that we can find out about him? What happened to him? Where did he go? Is he still

alive?" If she could only find him, he might help her discover more about Hana. Fumiko began to tremble with excitement.

Ludmila looked sadly across the desk at Fumiko. She could see how badly Fumiko wanted to know. "I have no idea what happened to him," she said softly. "The war was such a long time ago, you know. He could have gone anywhere in the world. He could even have changed his name. Or he could have died, long after the war."

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"Please," Fumiko pleaded, "you have to help me find him."

The woman sighed and turned back to the bookshelves crammed with bound volumes of names on lists. "We can keep looking for clues in here," she said. For an hour, Fumiko and Ludmila sorted through books filled with names, looking for another mention of George Brady. And finally, they found one.

He was on the list of inmates of Kinderheim L417, the Boys' House at Theresienstadt. The names were clumped in groups of six, since two boys shared each mattress in the three-tiered bunks. When Ludmila checked the names listed with George Brady, she looked up at Fumiko with a start.

"Kurt Kotouc," she said. "Kurt Kotouc," she repeated. "I know that name. He's alive. I think George Brady's bunk-mate used to live in Prague, but I have no idea where. If we can locate him, maybe he can tell you what happened to Hana's brother. Unfortunately, there's nothing more I can do for you here. Try the Jewish Museum in Prague. Maybe someone there can help."

Fumiko thanked Ludmila over and over again for all she had done. She hugged her and promised to let her know about the results of her sleuthing. Ludmila wished Fumiko luck. Then Fumiko picked up her briefcase and ran out of the office into the town square. The bus for Prague was due at any moment.

## Prague, July 2000

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FUMIKO HAD ONLY A FEW HOURS OF DAYTIME remaining before her plane left for Japan early the next morning. As soon as she got off the bus in Prague, she hailed a taxi. “The Jewish Museum, please,” she said, trying to catch her breath.

She arrived at the Prague Jewish Museum just before closing time. The guard told her to come back the next day. “But I can’t,” pleaded Fumiko. “I have to go back to Japan tomorrow morning. I’m here to see Michaela Hajek. She helped me find some very important drawings.” When nothing else seemed to convince the guard, Fumiko bent the truth a little. “She’s expecting me,” Fumiko told the man confidently. And he let her in.

This time, luck was on Fumiko’s side. The woman was in her office and remembered the story of Hana. She listened carefully as Fumiko explained what she had found out.

“I have heard of Kurt Kotouc,” Michaela said quietly. Fumiko could barely believe it. “I will try and help you find him,” Michaela promised. She understood that Fumiko had no time to lose.

Fumiko sat quietly as Michaela made phone call after phone call. Each person Michaela spoke to gave her another number to try and wished her well in the search. Finally she reached an office where Mr. Kotouc worked as an art historian. She handed the phone to Fumiko who tried to explain what she was looking for. The secretary wanted to help, but told her Mr. Kotouc was

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leaving on an overseas trip that evening. "I'm sorry," she said to Fumiko, "a meeting will be impossible." No, he didn't even have time for a phone call.

Michaela watched as Fumiko's face fell. She got back on the phone herself and pleaded with the secretary. "You have no idea how desperate this young woman is. She has to go back to Japan in the morning. This is her only chance." The secretary finally relented.

Two hours later, the sky was dark and the Museum was officially closed. All the staff had gone home. But one office was still brightly lit. There, Fumiko and Michaela awaited the arrival of Mr. Kotouc.

Finally he came. The heavysset man with bright eyes had much to tell. "I only have half an hour," he said, "before I leave for the airport. Of course, I remember George Brady. We shared a bunk in Theresienstadt and much more. You never forget the connections you make with people in a place like Theresienstadt. Not only that," he said, "we are still friends. He lives in Toronto, Canada."

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Mr. Kotouc pulled out a small leather book. "Here's what you're looking for," he said with a smile.

He wrote down George Brady's address and gave it to Fumiko. "Oh, Mr. Kotouc, I can't thank you enough," Fumiko said.

"Good luck," he told Fumiko. "I'm so happy that children in Japan want to understand the lessons of the Holocaust." And then Mr. Kotouc practically flew out of the office, baggage in hand.

Fumiko beamed from ear to ear. All her persistence had paid off. She told Michaela how grateful she was for her help.

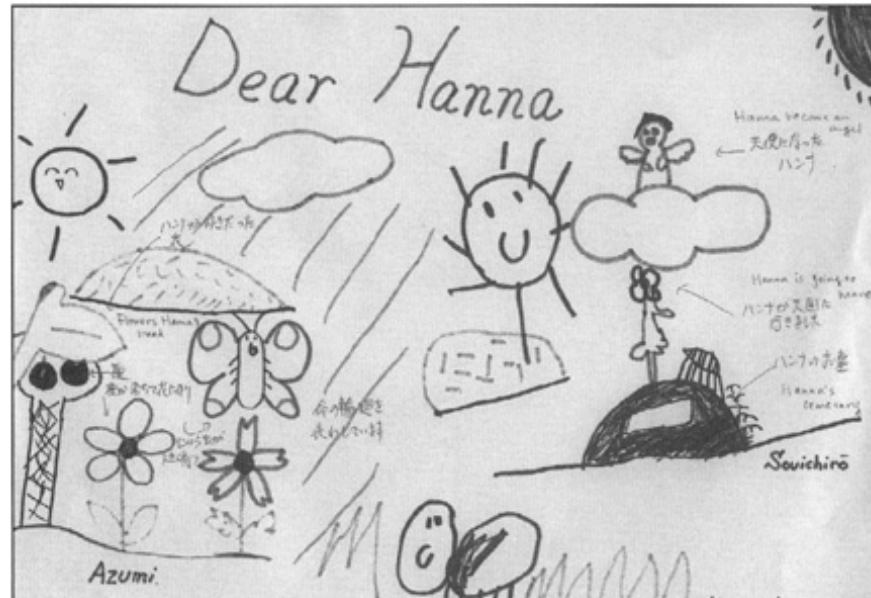
The next morning Fumiko settled in her seat for the long flight to Japan. She was still tingling with excitement. She tried to recall all the news she had for the children at the Center. When she thought about Hana having a big brother, Fumiko couldn't help picturing her own little sister, three years younger. Fumiko had always been her protector and she tried to imagine what she would do if her little sister were in danger. The very thought made her shudder. She looked out the window as the story repeated itself over and over in her mind. After an hour, she fell into a deep sleep, the first one she'd had in a long time.

## Tokyo, August 2000

BACK IN TOKYO, Fumiko called a special meeting of Small Wings. She shared every detail of her adventure with the members. The sad news came first. With the children around her in a circle, Fumiko told them, in a quiet voice, what they had already imagined. Hana had died at Auschwitz.

“But I have a wonderful surprise,” Fumiko said. The faces of the children brightened. “Hana had a brother named George — and he survived!”

The questions started flying at once. “Where is he?” asked Maiko. “How old is he?” one boy wanted to know. “Does he know that we have Hana’s suitcase?” asked Akira. Fumiko told them everything she knew. And she said she would work late that very night so that she could write George a letter.



*A tribute to Hana by children at the Holocaust Center. They used the German spelling of Hana's name because it was spelled that way on the suitcase.*

“Can we send something with it?” asked Maiko. The older kids scattered to quiet spots around the Center to compose poems. “What can I do?” Akira asked Maiko.

“Draw a picture of Hana,” she replied.

“But I don’t know what she looks like,” he said.

“Just draw her as you imagine her,” Maiko said. And Akira did.

Fumiko wrote her own letter very carefully. She knew that receiving it would come as a shock to George. She knew that some Holocaust survivors refused to ever speak about their experiences. She worried that his memories might be so bitter and painful that he wouldn't want to hear anything about Hana's suitcase and the Holocaust Center in Japan.

Fumiko had copies made of Hana's drawings and packaged them carefully, along with the children's writings and artwork. Then she took the parcel down to the post office, crossed her fingers, and sent it off to Canada.



## Toronto, Canada August 2000

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IT WAS A WARM AND SUNNY AUGUST AFTERNOON. Seventy-two-year-old George Brady had come home from work early and had planned to spend a quiet afternoon in the empty house, clearing up some bills. He was sitting at his dining room table when he heard the footsteps of the mailman, the whoosh of envelopes being shoved through the slot, and the thunk of them landing on the floor. I'll get them later, he thought. Then the doorbell rang.

When he opened the door, the mailman was standing there. "This wouldn't fit through," he said, handing a package to George. The package was postmarked Japan. What could this be? George wondered. He didn't know anyone in Japan.

When he opened the package and began to read the letter, George's heart began to pound. He closed his eyes. He opened them, blinking hard, making sure that what he was reading was real. Was this a daytime dream he was having?



*George Brady today.*

The loss of his sister Hana was George's most private and deepest sorrow. He had lived with it for over half a century and had never been able to get over the feeling that he should have been able to protect his little sister.

Now, somehow, halfway around the world, her story was being told and her life was being honored. George was stunned. He sat down and let his mind wander back fifty-five years.

When Auschwitz was liberated in January 1945, George Brady was seventeen years old. He had survived the horrors of the camp by starting out young and strong, by good luck, and by using the trade he had learned at Theresienstadt — plumbing. When he was freed, he was very weak and painfully thin. But George was determined to make his way back to Nové Město na Moravě — to his parents and his little sister Hana. He desperately wanted his family to be together again.

By foot, by train and by hitchhiking, George made it back to the home he loved in May 1945. He went straight for Uncle Ludvik and Aunt Hedda's house. It was the last place where he had known family, love and safety. When they opened the door and found their nephew standing there, aunt and uncle fell on him — hugging, kissing, touching, crying — barely able to believe that George was alive.

But the unbridled happiness of the reunion was shortlived. “Where are Mother and Father?” George asked. Ludvik and Hedda were forced to tell him the terrible truth. Marketa had been sent from Ravensbruck to Auschwitz and murdered there in 1942. Karel was killed there the same year. “And Hana?” George whispered. All his aunt and uncle knew was that she had been sent to Auschwitz.

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For months, George nursed the faint hope that somehow, somewhere, Hana would appear. He searched for her in every young girl's face he saw, in every ponytail that swished by, in every jaunty step of a healthy child on the street. One day, George encountered a teenaged girl on the main street in Prague. She stopped in front of him.

“George?” she asked. “Are you not George Brady, Hana's brother? My name is Marta. I knew Hana. All of us older girls at Theresienstadt loved her.” George searched Marta's eyes for information, for hope. She realized that George didn't yet know the final truth about his sister. “George,” she told him quietly, plainly, taking hold of his hands. “Hana was sent to be killed in the gas chamber at Auschwitz, the same day she arrived there. I'm sorry, George. Hana is dead.” George's knees turned to jelly and the world went black.



ホロコースト教育資料センター  
Tokyo Holocaust Education Resource Center

~For Children, Builders of Peace~

〒100-0015 東京都千代田区千代田1-10-1  
TEL: 03-5263-4000 FAX: 03-5263-4009  
2F: 100-0015 Tokyo, Japan  
TEL: +81-3-5263-4000 FAX: +81-3-5263-4009  
E-mail: [resource@thec.or.jp](mailto:resource@thec.or.jp)  
Website: <http://www.rs.graeco/teecor/teepc>

Mr. George Brady  
23 Blyth Hill Road  
Toronto 12, M4N 1J5  
CANADA

August 22, 2000

Dear Mr. Brady,

We take a liberty of addressing and telling you about our activities in Japan. My name is Fumiko Ishioka and I am Director of Tokyo Holocaust Education Resource Center. In July this year I met with Mr. Kurt Jiri Krcusak in Prague and I got your address from him. The reason why I am writing to you is because we are now exhibiting your sister, Hanna Brady's suitcase at our Center. Please forgive me if my letter hurts you reminding you of your past difficult experiences. But I would very much appreciate it if you could kindly spare some time to read this letter.

Please let me start with a little explanation on what we do in Japan. Tokyo Holocaust Education Resource Center, established in October 1998, is a non-profit, educational organization that aims at further promoting understanding of the history of the Holocaust especially among young children in this country. Children here do not have a chance to learn about the Holocaust, but we believe it is our responsibility too to let our next generation learn the lessons of the Holocaust so that such a tragedy would never be repeated again anywhere in the world. As well as learning the truth of the Holocaust, it is also very important for children, we believe, to think about what they can do to fight against racism and intolerance and to create peace by their own hands.

Besides welcoming children at our Center for exhibition and study programs, this year we organized a pair of traveling exhibition, "The Holocaust Seen Through Children's Eyes" in order to reach more children living far from our Center. For this project, we borrowed some children's memorial items from individuals and museums in Europe, one of which is Hanna Brady's suitcase from the museum of Auschwitz. Many children are now visiting our Center to see this suitcase to learn about the Holocaust. In June, furthermore, we held the Children's Forum on the Holocaust 2000, where our Center's children's group "Small Wings" did a little opening performance on Hanna's suitcase. "Small Wings" is a group of children, aged from 9 to 18, who write newsletters and make videos to let their friends know about the Holocaust and share what they learn from it. At the Forum they decided to use Hanna's suitcase to do an introduction for their friends who have never heard of the Holocaust. It successfully helped participants of the Forum focus on one little life, among one and a half million, lost during the Holocaust, and think about importance of remembering this history.

When I received the suitcase from the museum of Auschwitz, all the information I had were things written on the suitcase, her name and her birthday, and from the Terezin memorial book I got the date when she was deported to Auschwitz. I could also find 4 of her drawings from Terezin. But that was all. Hoping to get more information on Hanna, I went to Terezin in July, when I found your name on the list I got from the ghetto museum and heard that you survived. I was then so lucky to find Mr. Krcusak in Prague and met with him, from whom I heard you now live in Toronto. Those children of "Small Wings" were all so excited to know Hanna had a brother and he survived.

I was wondering if you would kindly be able to tell us about you and Hanna's story, the time you spent with Hanna before sent to the camp, things that you talked with her, you and her dreams, and anything that would help children here feel close to you and Hanna to understand what prejudice, intolerance and hatred did to young Jewish children. If possible, I would be grateful if you could lend us any kind of memorial items such as your family's photo, and so on. It will greatly help us further promote our goal to give every child in Japan a chance to learn about the Holocaust.

Thank you very much for your time. I would very much appreciate your kind understanding for our activities.

I look forward to hearing from you.

With kindest regards,

Fumiko Ishioka  
Director  
Tokyo Holocaust Education Resource Center

*Fumiko's letter to George.*

## Toronto, August 2000

IN THE MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY since George learned the terrible fates of his parents and sister, much had happened. At seventeen, George had left Nové Město na Moravě. He moved from city to city in Europe, carrying his only treasured possession — the box of family photographs that Uncle Ludvik and Aunt Hedda had hidden for him. Then, in early 1951, he moved to Toronto and set up a plumbing business with another Holocaust survivor. It was very successful. George married, became the father of three sons and, much later, of a daughter.

George was proud that — despite his suffering during the Holocaust and the fact that his mother, father and sister had been murdered by the Nazis — he had moved on with his life. He was a successful businessman, a proud father. He thought of himself as a healthy person who, for the most part, put his wartime experiences behind him. But whatever he accomplished, whatever joy he felt, it was always tinged with the memory of his beautiful little sister and the horror of her fate.

And now, here he was, with a letter from halfway around the world, telling him how his sister's suitcase was helping a new generation of Japanese children learn about the Holocaust. The letter from Fumiko also asked, very gently, for his help.

*Please forgive me, if my letter hurts you by reminding you of your difficult experiences. But I would very much appreciate if you would kindly be able to tell us about your and Hana's story. We would like to know about the time you spent with Hana before you were sent to the camp, the things that you talked with her about, your and her dreams. We are interested in anything that would help children here in Japan feel close to you and Hana. We want to understand what prejudice, intolerance, and hatred did to young Jewish children.*

*If possible, I would also be grateful if you could lend us any family photos. I know that most Holocaust survivors lost their family photographs, along with their families. But if you do have any pictures, it would greatly help us with our goal to give every child in Japan a chance to learn about the Holocaust. We at the Tokyo Holocaust Center and the children of Small Wings are all so excited to know that Hana had a brother and that he survived.*

It was signed "Fumiko Ishioka."

George could hardly believe it. Such amazing connections and strange coincidences had brought three worlds together: the world of children in Japan, George in Canada, and the lost world of a Jewish girl from Czechoslovakia who died so long ago. George wiped the tears from his cheek and then smiled to himself. Hana's young face was so clear to him. He could almost hear her laugh, and feel her soft hand in his. George went to the large wooden dresser and pulled out a photograph album. He wanted to get in touch with Fumiko Ishioka as soon as possible.

## Tokyo, September 2000

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EVER SINCE SHE HAD SENT THE LETTER TO TORONTO, Fumiko had been a bundle of nerves. Would George Brady write back? Will he help us to know Hana? Even the letter carrier who delivered the mail to the Center knew how anxious Fumiko was. “Anything from Canada today?” she would ask the minute she saw him walking up the path to the front door. He hated to see her disappointment when, day after day, the answer was no.

Then on the last day of the month, Fumiko was in the middle of welcoming forty guests at the Center. They were teachers and students who had come to learn about the Holocaust and to see the suitcase. Out of the corner of her eye, through a window, she saw the letter carrier walking very quickly toward the building with a huge smile on his face. Fumiko excused herself and ran to meet him. “Here it is,” he said, beaming. And he handed her a thick envelope from Toronto.

“Oh thank you,” Fumiko cried. “Thank you for making my day!”

She took the letter to her office and opened it. As she unfolded the pages, photos spilled out. Four photographs of Hana, her blonde hair shining around her smiling face.

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*Hana*

Fumiko screamed. She couldn't help it. Some of the visiting teachers and students rushed to her office door. "What's wrong? What's the matter?" they asked.

"Nothing is wrong," she told them, stumbling over her words. "I'm just so happy, so excited. Here, look, this is a picture of Hana. This is the beautiful little girl whose story we have worked so hard to find."

Along with the photographs, there was a long letter from George. In it, Fumiko learned about Hana's happy early days in Nové Město na Moravě, about her family, and how she loved to ski



and skate. It was comforting to know that Hana had had a good life before the war ruined everything.

And Fumiko learned about George, too. As she read about his life in Canada, his children and his grandchildren, Fumiko was bursting with happiness. She began to cry. He survived, she repeated over and over to herself. He survived. More than that, he has a beautiful family. She couldn't wait to tell the children of Small Wings.

## Tokyo, March 2001

“CALM DOWN,” FUMIKO SAID WITH A SMILE. “They’ll be here soon, I promise.”

But nothing she said could tame the excitement of the children that morning. They buzzed around the Center, checked their poems, straightened their clothes for the umpteenth time, told silly jokes just to make the time move faster. Even Maiko, whose job it was to calm everyone else down, was jumpy.

Then, finally, the waiting was over. George Brady had arrived. And he had brought with him his seventeen-year-old daughter, Lara Hana.

Now the children became very quiet. At the Center’s front entrance, they crowded around George. They bowed to him, as is the custom in Japan. George bowed back. Akira presented George with a beautiful multi-colored origami garland. All the children jostled gently for the chance to be nearest to him. After so many months of hearing about George from Fumiko, they were thrilled to finally meet him in person.



*Fumiko holds a picture of the suitcase as George Brady talks to children during his trip to Japan and the Holocaust Center.*

Fumiko took George's arm. "Come with us, now, and see your sister's suitcase." They walked to the display area.

And there, surrounded by the children, with Fumiko holding one of his hands and his daughter, Lara, holding the other, George saw the suitcase.

Suddenly, an almost unbearable sadness came over him. Here was the suitcase. There was her name written right on it. Hana Brady. His beautiful, strong, mischievous, generous, fun-loving sister. She had died so young and in such a terrible way. George lowered his head and let the tears flow freely.

But, a few minutes later, when he looked up, he saw his daughter. He saw Fumiko, who had worked so hard to find him and the story of Hana. And he saw the expectant faces of all those Japanese children for whom Hana had become so important, so alive.

George realized that, in the end, one of Hana's wishes *had* come true. Hana had become a teacher. Because of her — her suitcase and her story — thousands of Japanese children were learning about what George believed to be the most important values in the world: tolerance, respect, and compassion. What a gift Fumiko and the children have given me, he thought. And what honor they have given Hana.

Fumiko asked the children to sit in a circle. She beamed with pride as, one by one, they presented George with their drawings and poems about Hana. When they had finished, Maiko stood up, took a deep breath, and read a poem aloud.

*Hana Brady, thirteen years old, was the owner of this suitcase.*

*Fifty-five years ago, May 18, 1942 — two days after*

*Hana's eleventh birthday — she was taken to Terezin in Czechoslovakia.*

*October 23, 1944, crowded into the freight train, she was sent to Auschwitz.*

*She was taken to the gas chamber right after.*

*People were allowed to take only one suitcase with them.*

*I wonder what Hana put in her suitcase.*

*Hana would have been sixty-nine years old today, but her life stopped when she was thirteen.*

*I wonder what kind of girl she was.*

*A few drawings she made at Terezin — these are the only things she left for us.*

*What do these drawings tell us?*

*Happy memories of her family?*

*Dreams and hopes for the future?*

*Why was she killed?*

*There was one reason.*

*She was born Jewish.*

*Name: Hana Brady. Date of Birth: May 16, 1931.*

*Orphan.*

*We, Small Wings, will tell every child in Japan what happened to Hana.*

*We, Small Wings, will never forget what happened to one-and-a-half-million Jewish children.*

*We children can make a difference in building peace in the world — so that the Holocaust will never happen again.*

By Small Wings, December 2000, Tokyo, Japan.

Translated from Japanese by Fumiko Ishioka.



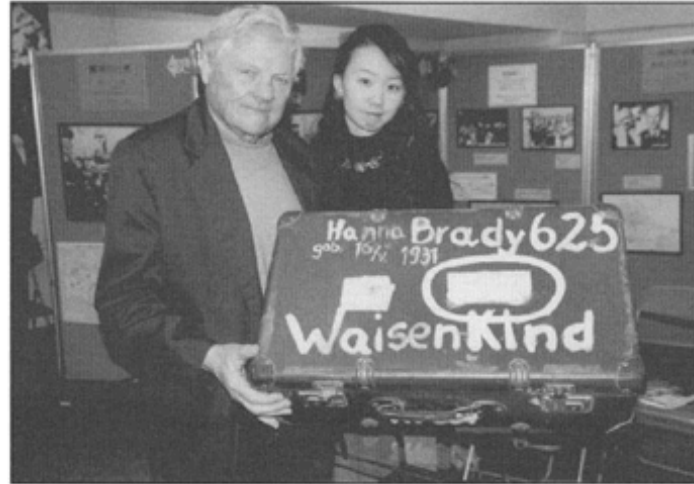
*While Maiko reads on the left, members of the Small Wings hold up signs saying “Let’s Learn, Think and Act [to create peace] for the 21st century.”*

## Afterword

The story of *Hana's Suitcase* continues to hold surprises for us. On a trip to Poland in March 2004, George and Fumiko learned that Hana's original suitcase was destroyed, along with many other objects from the Holocaust, in a suspicious fire in Birmingham, England in 1984.

The museum at Auschwitz created a replica — or copy — of the suitcase from a photograph. It was that replica which Fumiko and the Small Wings received in Tokyo. As a matter of policy Auschwitz tells borrowers when an object on loan is not the original. This time a mistake was made. George and Fumiko did not know that the suitcase was a replica until the recent trip to Poland.

On reflection, everyone involved is grateful that the curators at Auschwitz went to the trouble of creating a faithful replica of the suitcase. Without it, Fumiko would never have searched for Hana. She would never have found George. And we would never have the story of *Hana's Suitcase*.



*Hand's Suitcase* is now being read around the world by hundreds of thousands of children, in more than twenty languages. Fumiko, George and the suitcase continue to travel, sharing Hana's story, the lessons of history and a message of tolerance.



## Acknowledgements

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FIRST AND FOREMOST, my thanks go to George Brady and Fumiko Ishioka. This is their story. Each of them, with remarkable dedication and generosity, helped to bring the book together. They are very tenacious and compassionate people, driven by the desire to make the world a better place, and to bring attention and honor to the memory of Hana Brady. I salute them.

My heart jumped the first time I learned of Hana's suitcase in an article by Paul Lungen in the *Canadian Jewish News*. The story so touched me that I decided to come out of "exile" and produce my first radio documentary in a dozen years. The result was "Hana's Suitcase," which aired on *The Sunday Edition* on CBC Radio One in January 2001.

The first phone call I received after the broadcast came from a tearful Margie Wolfe, who said right then and there that I had to write this book. Margie is one of my favorite people in the whole world — a fiercely loyal friend, and a hilarious, kooky, exuberantly talented woman whom I can now refer to as "my publisher" with feigned nonchalance.

Along with Margie, Sarah Swartz brought a clear and gentle touch to the editorial process. Jeffrey Canton, as well as the women of Second Story Press, Carolyn Foster and Laura McCurdy, also made important contributions. Reynold Gonsalves knows that without his patience and skill in the radio studio and on the computer, my life would be much more complicated than it already

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is. Thank you also to Carmelita Tenerife for her sustaining care and Teresa Brady for her kindness.

My sensational circle of women friends were morale boosters, babysitters, and all-round hand holders in this writing project: Susanne Boyce, Cate Cochran, Joy Crysedale, Brooke Forbes, Francine Pelletier, Geraldine Sherman and Talin Vartanian. I want to give special thanks to 9-year-old Madeline Cochran for being an early reader of the manuscript. Her (and her mother's) suggestions were great!

No daughter could ask for more support and cheerleading from her parents. My mother, Helen, and my father, Gil, taught me (among many other things) to celebrate human struggle, to know the past and to fight for a better future. And they gave me the best big sister, Ruthie Tamara, who has encouraged me in every way.

Michael Enright — my beau and co-vivant — thought I could write a book long before I did, and never missed an opportunity to tell me so. His confidence in me, and his unvarnished enthusiasm about this project, terrified and thrilled me at the same time. At every step, he gave me the nourishment I wanted, the prodding I needed and the room to work. I am truly grateful for it all. I am also grateful for the true-heartedness of the Enright brood — Daniel, Anthony and Nancy.

My son — Gabriel Zev Enright Levine — is six years old now, too young to know Hana's story. But when he is old enough, I'll read it to him. I hope he will be as drawn to Hana, George and Fumiko as I was. I also hope he will learn from the story that history matters, and that despite the most unspeakable evil, good people and good deeds can make a difference.

Images from the documentary film *Inside Hana's Suitcase*.

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*The young actress Jindřiška Hanušová, who appears in the documentary Inside Hana's Suitcase, poses to reproduce the photo of the real Hana used for the front cover of this book.*

All photos by: Kateřina Svobodová



*The film recreates scenes from Hana's happy early life in the 1930s before the Nazis came to power.*



*In this scene, Jindřiška Hanušová and Daniel Hájek, portray Hana and George in December of 1938. The Nazis ruled Germany and already had taken over Austria. There was talk of war, and the carefree days of childhood were over for Hana and George.*



*The early months of 1938 were a frightening time for Hana.*



*In the film's recreation of Hana's trip to Auschwitz, Linda Drexlerová (as an older Hana) lines up to have information painted on her suitcase.*



*Linda Drexlerová conveys the apprehension and fear Hana must have felt arriving at Auschwitz all alone, not knowing if she would ever see her brother or her parents again.*