

Core Knowledge® Adventures in History™

WORLD WAR II

RESISTANCE



by Kathryn Erskine

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Resistance

by

Kathryn Erskine

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ADVENTURES IN HISTORY™

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1

Piet It's Time

Piet and Hannah crouched in their hideout in the park, hidden from view inside a circle of thick magnolia bushes. But if you knew where to look, you could peek through the leaves and see the path—and the people on it.

“They were just here!” the Nazi officer said. “How could you have lost them?”

“S-sorry,” the young Dutch policeman said.

The Nazi swore and stalked off, barking over his shoulder, “You’d better find them!”

“I will, sir!”

Piet and his sister shared a grimace. It was bad enough that Nazis had invaded their country, but even worse, some Dutch supported them. Did this police officer really want to work for the Nazis, or did he feel like he had no choice? To Piet, the choice was clear. Even if you lost your job or had to go into hiding, it was better to be loyal to your country.

Piet knew who the policeman was looking for: the man and woman with yellow stars on their coats, identifying them as Jewish. Moments ago, he and Hannah had peeked through the bushes and seen someone in dark clothing and a black knit hat give the couple an envelope and lead them into the woods.

“What do you think was in the envelope?” Piet whispered.

“Probably fake IDs,” Hannah said as they watched the policeman head the wrong way.

“The man in black is with the resistance, right?”

“How do you know it’s a man? Women are fighting the Nazis, too.”

“Hey!” came a shout right next to their hideout.

“Frits!” Hannah snapped. “Don’t sneak up on people!”

“You’re the ones in the hideout,” Frits said, with his lopsided grin.

“Finally,” Piet said, “you made it!”

“Ya, just in time for us to go home,” Hannah said, eyeing the darkening sky.

“Nooo, please stay,” Frits whined.

fake IDs: identification documents that look real but contain false information

the resistance: a secret group in a conquered or nearly conquered country that fights against the conquerors

"Sorry," Hannah said, grabbing her bike from behind the bushes.

Frits bit his lip. "You better paint that. The Nazis know orange is the color of the Dutch royal family."

"So? I am Dutch!"

Frits squirmed. "Ya, but they don't like it. We're only supposed to be loyal to Hitler."

Piet hoped Hannah wouldn't challenge him. Frits was just spouting what his dad said.

"Race you home, Hannah!" Piet said, "Winner gets *both* Mrs. Bogaard's cookies."

"Give your sister a head start. She's smaller than you, and she's got a smaller bike." Hannah started to speak, but Frits quickly added, "I'm just looking out for you."

Piet rolled his eyes. "She's older, so she has more experience." Piet knew his friend had a soft spot for Hannah, but he was also right. "Fine. Go ahead, I'll still beat you!"

Piet chased his sister out of Vondel Park, through the streets of Amsterdam and over the canal. As she pedaled ahead of him, he took a shortcut down a cobblestone alley. He knew she didn't like them. The cobblestones were bumpy and slippery, worse when it started raining, like it was now.

canal: a human-built waterway for boats or irrigation

WORLD WAR II



His stomach growled. Since the war had started, it was hard to get enough to eat with those annoying ration books. Cookies, in particular, were a real treat.

He was a whole block ahead of Hannah when he pulled into their street. He had her! But when he saw Mrs. Bogaard from next door, he faltered. She was laughing with several soldiers, as usual. Why? She had always been a family friend, but Piet wasn't sure he trusted her anymore. Some Dutch people snitched on their neighbors who hid Jews or helped the resistance. In exchange, the Nazis gave them food and money.

Mrs. Bogaard grinned and waved goodbye to the soldiers as she limped over to their house with her huge basket. The cookies!

Piet startled as Hannah overtook him. With a final burst of speed, he managed to edge past her. Running through the parlor, he beat his sister into the kitchen. They were both panting and bent over, hands on their knees.

"Hello to you, too," Mom said with a smirk as she stirred a pot of soup on the stove.

ration books: books containing coupons or stamps that allow people to buy limited amounts of certain products when supplies are short

faltered: hesitated

parlor: a room used for entertaining guests

“How are my dears?” Mrs. Bogaard asked, pulling the blue-and-white checked cloth off the basket, revealing two huge cookies as well as two large loaves of bread. “Help yourselves!”

Piet grabbed both cookies. “Thanks!”

Hannah turned away, like it was too painful to watch.

“Excuse me,” Mom said, “there’s one for each of you.”

“But I won the race, so I get both.”

Mom gave him sad eyes. “Isn’t it enough that you won? Think how you’d feel if you had to watch your sister eating both cookies.”

Piet let out a loud sigh but gave the second cookie to Hannah. They both took large bites of spicy, sugary goodness and closed their eyes.

“Did you children enjoy your last day of summer vacation?” Mrs. Bogaard asked.

Piet made a face. He didn’t mind school, but he liked his freedom better.

“I can’t wait for school,” Hannah said. “I’ll be with friends my own age.” She turned to Piet. “I’m not going to the hideout anymore. I’m too old for playing in the woods.”

“Frits is twelve, too.”

"I'm almost thirteen, and I'm more mature."

"You still look like you're eight."

"I do not!"

"OK, nine." Piet tilted his head and grinned. "Nah, eight and a half."

"Well, you're eleven going on five."

"Children!" Mom rapped her wooden spoon on the edge of the pot and looked at them over her shoulder. "Be friends! One day, you'll only have each other."

They rolled their eyes. Mom always said that. Piet grinned at his sister and stuck his tongue out. She crossed her eyes at him, but she was grinning, too.

A loud clap of thunder startled Mrs. Bogaard. Piet heard the rain pouring down.

"Oh, my dears, I must get home. It's raining cups and saucers!" As usual, she mimed holding cup handles in both hands and then turned her palms face up to represent saucers.

It always made Hannah and Piet laugh. Piet couldn't help snorting as Hannah imitated the cup-and-saucer hand gestures behind Mom's and Mrs. Bogaard's backs.

Hannah grabbed Mrs. Bogaard's basket of bread from the table as the elderly lady limped toward the parlor.

"Don't forget this."

"The bread is for you," her eyes flitted briefly to Mom, "in case you can use it."

In case you can use it? Of course they could use it. Piet was always hungry!

Dad passed Mrs. Bogaard on his way in. He took off his hat and bowed. She giggled. Piet rolled his eyes.

"What's wrong?" Dad asked him as he hung up his coat and put his medical bag on the bench.

"I don't like her."

"The lady who makes you cookies?"

"She's always giggling with Nazis, even invites them in for tea!"

"Piet thinks she's a Nazi snitch," Hannah said.

Mom flinched. "She's an elderly woman, trying to survive."

"Well, I don't like it."

"You're not an elderly woman," Dad said. He made a confused face. "Are you?"

"Very funny," Piet said, smirking at Dad.

Dad winked and walked over to Mom, giving her a kiss on the cheek. He closed his eyes and breathed in. "Ah, pea soup, my favorite!"

"Then you must be happy every night," Piet grumbled. Now he wished he'd saved his cookie for after dinner. At least he'd have something to look forward to.

As they sat down to eat, Hannah's arms were crossed, her eyebrows raised. Piet knew that look. She was suspicious. "We have two huge loaves of bread from Mrs. Bogaard. That's got to be an entire week's ration. Why?"

Mom looked down at her bowl. "Wasn't that nice of her?" She glanced at Dad, and they stared at each other for a moment before they both quickly took a spoonful of soup.

Hannah was right. Something was up.

The phone rang, which wasn't unusual. Being a doctor, Dad got calls at all hours. But this time, Mom dropped her spoon, and she and Dad stared at each other again.

Dad grabbed the receiver from the wall. He always answered with "Dr. Julius," but now he just listened. Finally, he said softly, "I understand."

When he hung up, he stared at Mom, his face serious. "It's time."

2

Hannah Houseguest

“**W**hat’s going on?” Hannah demanded as Mom pulled blankets from the closet.

“Your dad is bringing a houseguest. Please take your toys out of the attic to make room.”

Hannah squinted at her mother. “When we have houseguests, they get Piet’s room, and he sleeps in the attic.”

Mom stopped halfway up the attic stairs. “There is someone . . .” She cleared her throat. “Maybe several people who need a place to stay, just briefly.”

“You mean onderduikers?” Hannah bounced on her toes. “We’re hiding people!”

Piet grinned. “From the Nazis!”

Mom wheeled on them. “You cannot breathe a word of this to anyone. Especially Frits. Do you understand? No one must know, or we’re all in danger.”

onderduikers: people in hiding; literally, “under divers”

Hannah felt her heart beat faster. “Is it a Jewish family? Mirijam’s? Are we helping them escape?”

Mom’s voice went soft. “It’s not Mirijam’s family. We don’t know what happened to them. We think they’re still in the Jewish ghetto.”

“Is it a pilot who got shot down?” Piet asked. “British? American?”

“The less you know, the better. Now, take your toys and let me get this space ready.”

Hannah caught her brother’s eye. *Can you believe it? Mom and Dad?*

I know!

Hannah went through her attic toys quickly. It was like going through a time capsule: dolls, tea set, and clothes she’d outgrown. “I don’t need any of this,” she told Mom.

“Make a pile to give to Mrs. Bogaard. She takes toys and clothes to those in need.”

Hannah saved her oldest doll because she couldn’t quite bring herself to give baby Liesbeth away. She’d “operated” on her, trying to be a doctor like Dad, cutting

Jewish ghetto: a neighborhood where Jewish people were forced to live separately from non-Jews

time capsule: a container that keeps objects from the present safe for people to find in the future



her fabric body to put in a paper heart. Hannah smiled, seeing where Mom had stitched it up again. She hid the doll in her room so Piet wouldn't laugh at her. After all, she'd just made a point of being too old to play like a child.

As Hannah piled her toys in the kitchen and Piet came downstairs, Dad arrived with a tall man in a tweed jacket and glasses. The man gave them a nod as Dad shepherded him to the attic.

Mom followed shortly after with soup, a large hunk of Mrs. Bogaard's bread, and coffee.

"Who do you think he is?" Piet whispered.

shepherded: guided

But Dad was back before Hannah could answer. "Children, let's finish our dinner."

"Who is he?" Hannah whispered, as they sat down. "Are you in the resistance?"

"I'm a doctor. I . . . take care of people. That's all you need to know."

Mom joined them as Hannah demanded, "You have to tell us what's going on."

Dad sighed. "I'll tell you everything, but after the war."

Hannah crossed her arms. "And when will that be?"

"We don't know. We just have to stay strong and try to do the right thing."

Piet pointed to the ceiling. "Can we go visit him?"

Dad shook his head. "You need to leave the professor—"

Mom cleared her throat.

"So," Hannah said, "we're hiding a Jewish professor?"

Dad looked at Mom, raising his eyebrows as if asking permission.

She pressed her lips together. "OK, but remember, none of this goes beyond this table."

"We know," Hannah said. "We haven't told anyone we listen to BBC or Radio Orange." The Nazis forbade

people from listening to either station so they wouldn't hear any kind of news except Nazi propaganda. Dad kept their radio hidden because he worried that the Nazis would ban radios next.

Dad put his spoon down. "The man in our attic spoke against the Nazis and spoke up for Jews, even though he's not Jewish."

Piet frowned. "So just for saying something they don't like, they'd arrest him?"

Dad nodded. "And send him to a work camp, like they're doing with Jewish people." He shook his head. "I suspect there's more going on than just work."

Hannah stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"I think these camps are more like prisons . . . or worse." Dad looked at his watch. "Ach, the BBC broadcast is almost over!" He ran from the table, gently pulling one side of the painting of skaters on a frozen canal away from the wall. It opened like a door, revealing their radio hidden in an alcove. As he turned it on, the announcer said, "Goodnight. Regards to Pete and Re-Pete."

propaganda: information designed to convince people to support a certain idea or cause

alcove: a small area set back from a larger space

Piet sat up straight as Dad turned the radio off. "Dad, who are Piet and Re-Piet?"

"It's a code." Their parents stared at each other again.

Hannah raised her eyebrows. "You know something. What does it mean?"

Mom shook her head. "We don't know. The message is meant for someone, and only that person will understand what it means. It's a way for our Dutch government, exiled in London, to get messages to the resistance here. Now, you two need to get ready for bed. School tomorrow!"

Hannah's mouth dropped open. "You expect us to go to bed when—"

"Come on," Dad said, "I'll read to you from your favorite book."

Piet pumped his fist, but Hannah wanted to talk about real life. "I'm too old for stories."

Dad smiled. "Hannah, we're never too old for stories. Besides, these are about you, the Lady of the Lake, and—" he gave a nod to Piet—"Sir Gawain."

"Hey!" Piet said. "Those could be our code names!"

Hannah rolled her eyes.

“Well, it’s better than Piet and Re-Piet,” Piet said with a grin, “because I’m Piet, so you’d be Re-Piet!”

Hannah had to admit it felt good to hear her father reading. It was like the way the world was before three years ago, when the Nazis started taking over Europe. Before a year and a half ago, when they took over the Netherlands. Before last year, when they said Jews couldn’t go to public school. And before this summer, when Jews were no longer allowed to visit non-Jews and weren’t even allowed to have phones. That meant Hannah never got to see or talk to her friend anymore. And she might never again. She didn’t even know if Mirijam was in Amsterdam. The Nazis kept sending Jews away on trains to the work camps that Dad said were prisons, or worse.

How could something be worse than a prison?

3

Piet Questions Are Your Superpower

Piet strutted down the hall, finally in the top grade of his school. As he passed all the “little kid” classrooms on the way to his, he smiled, feeling important.

Until he saw inside the kindergarten classroom. Several kids were gazing at the picture of Hitler on the wall and giving the Nazi salute—holding up their right arms. They even said, “Heil, Hitler.”

He stared. This was the Netherlands, not Germany. It suddenly dawned on Piet what *Heil, Hitler* really meant. Sure, it was German for *Hail, Hitler*. But what it meant was pledging loyalty to one man. Not loyalty to a country or a cause or a people.

“Piet!” The kindergarten teacher’s voice snapped him out of his daze. “Get to class. You’re late.”

Piet hurried down the hall.

“Ah,” Mr. van Hulst said as Piet sat at his desk, “how nice of you to join us.” He didn’t say it in a mean way, though. In fact, he took a closer look at Piet and asked, “Are you alright?”

“I was just thinking . . .”

“Those words are music to my ears!”

Some of the kids giggled.

“What were you thinking?” Mr. van Hulst prompted.

“Why do people say *Heil, Hitler?*”

The giggles stopped. Mr. van Hulst’s eyes stopped smiling.

“I mean, isn’t that like saying *Hail, Caesar?* And wasn’t Caesar a dictator? Shouldn’t it have been *Hail, Rome* or *Hail, the empire*, not just one person?”

Mr. van Hulst looked around the class. “What do you all think?”

“He was a great leader,” Frits said, “like Herr Hitler.”

Kurt snorted. Like Piet, he was not a fan of Hitler. “Sounds like a dictator to me.”

dictator: someone who rules with absolute power

Frits argued in favor of dictators because they were strong leaders, but Piet challenged him. “Why would you give your loyalty to one person? Shouldn’t it be to your country?”

“But my dad says Hitler is helping our economy,” Frits countered.

“Ya?” Kurt said. “And what’s he doing to the Jews?”

Piet nodded. “Right, he’s a maniac—”

“Piet!” It was Mr. van Hulst. “We must be careful what we say now.”

Piet thought about the professor in the attic. His teacher was right, but . . . “How can you learn anything if you’re not allowed to talk about it or ask questions?”

Mr. van Hulst smiled. “As far as I’m concerned, Piet, you can never ask too many questions.” He glanced around the room. “That goes for all of you. Questions are your superpower.”

“OK, then,” Frits said, “has everyone forgotten that we’ve conquered countries, too, and how much our economy improved?”

conquered: taken over or defeated by force

“Ya,” Kurt snorted, “our economy did, but what about the places where we took their resources?”

“Not just resources,” Mr. van Hulst added. “We also took people from their homes in Africa and enslaved them on coffee and sugar plantations in Dutch Guiana.”

Frits frowned at him. “Why are you being so negative?”

“This is history, Frits,” Mr. van Hulst said. “It’s important to analyze history and try to understand the impact of actions taken. For example, how do you think people in other countries felt when we went in and took over?”

Piet knew. It was exactly how he felt when the Nazis took over his country.

For the rest of the period, they talked—or argued—about Dutch history. The Dutch had given the world great advancements in science and engineering and business. But, as Mr. van Hulst said, there were also things of which they might not be so proud.

The bell rang for recess, and the boys ran to the playground, taking out their slingshots to see who could hit the tree farthest from the school.

Frits shook his head. “I can’t believe Mr. van Hulst.”

Piet said, eyeing a huge oak, “Ya, he’s great. He treats us like what we think matters.”

"No, I meant that he's just spouting propaganda. He's trying to poison us."

Piet snorted. "Propaganda is when you only get one view."

"That's what he's doing!"

"Were you even listening?" Kurt asked as he aimed his slingshot high into an oak tree. "He said we can ask as many questions as we want. You have to hear all sides, not just," Kurt grimaced as he hit an acorn off the tree, "Herr Hitler's."

"You should watch your mouth," Frits said.



“Why? Are you a Nazi spy?”

There was a chorus of “Ooooh,” like a fight was about to happen. Piet knew that if it did, Frits would lose. He was skinny, and Kurt had the solid frame of a farmer.

Piet stood in front of Frits, facing Kurt. “Stop it! Of course he’s not a spy.”

“Well, his dad is.”

Frits looked like he might say something, but he turned and stalked away.

“Don’t say things like that!” Piet hissed. “Haven’t you noticed he doesn’t have a bike? They’re too poor. His father *has* to work for the Nazis.”

“So what’s your excuse? You’re not poor.”

“What’s your point?”

“Why does your mother need to work for the civil service, like Frits’s dad? That’s a government job, and the Nazis are running the government now.”

Honestly . . . Piet didn’t know. He hadn’t even thought about it before this second. He knew Mom wasn’t a traitor. But he was going to find out what was going on.

civil service: administrative jobs in the government that are not political

4

Hannah Independent Thinkers

Hannah wasn't supposed to be anywhere near the Jewish ghetto. She stood in the shadow of the row houses across the street, watching children sneak through the fence. The police yelled, grabbing at them, sometimes letting them run off, like they weren't worth chasing.

Hannah remembered when the fence went up, blocking people from entering or leaving. She'd tried many times to see Mirijam, even though she knew it wasn't likely. Today, as she scanned the fence, she saw someone in the distance with a familiar limp. Mrs. Bogaard. She was taking Hannah's toys out of her shopping bag and passing them to children through the fence when the soldiers weren't looking. Despite Piet's suspicions, Hannah had always had a good feeling about her.

The church bells struck five. She had to head home. She got back on her bike and caught up with Piet, who was walking his own bike next to Frits, who didn't have one. Fortunately, they were at the canal bridge that Frits had to cross while they continued straight.

Unfortunately, Frits saw her.

He grinned and waved. "Hi, Hannah! What took you so long?"

Hannah wasn't going to mention the ghetto. "I was talking with friends."

Frits stopped smiling and crossed his arms. "Boy friends?"

Hannah rolled her eyes. "See you later, Frits. Come on, Piet. We're late."

She waited as Piet got on his bike, and then they both pedaled away. As soon as they were out of earshot of Frits, Piet blurted, "He wanted to come over, so I had to pretend Dad was seeing patients at our house today. He barely believed it. I don't know what to say tomorrow."

"Say it'll be too late by the time you get to our house, since it takes longer to walk."

"That's just it. He's getting a bike."

"What? How? The Nazis have taken most of them. Mine's too small, but you're lucky they haven't taken yours yet."

"Frits says his dad will get him one if he joins the National Youth Storm."

National Youth Storm: a youth organization associated with the Dutch Nazi party

Hannah skidded to a stop and stared at her brother in horror.

Piet pulled up short beside her and quickly added, "He says it's just hiking and camping and stuff, like scouts."

"Ya, scouts for the Nazis!"

"No, Frits would never—"

"Turn in Jews like his dad does?" Hannah finished. "Don't be so sure. Frits worships his dad." She shook her head and resumed pedaling.

Piet caught up with her. "What do I tell him about coming to our house?"

"Ask Mom. I don't even know why you're friends with him."

"We've been friends since kindergarten, and Frits . . . he's not like his dad."

Hannah wasn't sure if Piet believed that or just wanted it to be true.

At home, they headed for the kitchen but stopped when they saw the professor run upstairs with Dad's black book.

"Mom," Hannah hissed, "he's got Dad's patient information book!"

“Ya,” Piet said, “that’s private. Should he be reading that?”

“It’s fine,” Mom said, stirring something on the stove.

Hannah frowned. “Really? And Dad needs it. Shouldn’t Piet bring the book to Dad?” Dad had forgotten it once before, and Mom had sent Piet because he was faster. It was a record of every patient’s medical history—illnesses, medicines—and without it, Dad might diagnose or prescribe something wrong. Also, he said that if he didn’t write everything down immediately, he might forget something critical.

Mom hesitated. “Your father didn’t need it today.”

Hannah looked at Piet. His eyebrows were raised, too.

“How was school?” Mom asked, changing the subject.

Piet told her about Frits wanting to come over, and how—and why—he might get a bike.

“Tell him I’m at work and I don’t want you having friends over when I’m not home—not with the city getting more dangerous.”

“Maybe Piet should stop being friends with him because of his dad,” Hannah said. “He’s the dangerous one.”

diagnose: recognize a medical condition by signs and symptoms

prescribe: tell someone what medication to take

"No, it would look suspicious if we suddenly forbade Piet from seeing his best friend. But Piet, be very careful what you say. Hannah is right, Mr. van der Waals is dangerous." Mom sighed. "I hope Frits doesn't join the Youth Storm. It's just a way for the Nazis to train our Dutch boys so they'll fight for Germany." She shook her head and turned back to the stove. "Now, please set the table for five. Your father will be here any minute, and the professor will join us."

At dinner, Piet asked Mom why she worked at the same government job as Mr. van der Waals.

"I work there because I'm not the best employee. I make mistakes. I lose things. But don't tell anyone that."

Piet frowned. "But you never lose things. And you're really smart."

Hannah rolled her eyes. "If she loses a list of Jewish names, then the Nazis don't know about them, and they're safe." She thought about the Jewish ghetto. "It doesn't make sense. Why is Mirijam suddenly 'bad'? She's the same person she's always been. And why is it 'bad' to have her as a friend? How could anyone come up with such a stupid idea?"



“Power,” the professor said. “Hitler needs a scapegoat—the Jews—so people focus on them and are distracted from what he’s doing, which is taking everyone’s rights away, one by one.”

“Why do people believe him?”

Mom nodded at the painting that hid the radio. “The news is restricted. They’re bombarded with lies. If they hear a lie enough times, they start believing it’s true.”

“Ya,” the professor said, “it’s easier to see the world in black and white than to analyze a situation. And some people like to be told what to do so they don’t have to think for themselves.”

scapegoat: someone who is blamed for something that is not their fault

Dad sighed. "Which isn't very Dutch. We're independent thinkers."

"Right," Mom said, "that's why we say if we don't agree with what you preach, we'll start our own church."

"My history teacher says you can never ask too many questions," Piet said.

"I admire him," the professor said, "but he needs to be careful what he says."

"It's just elementary school," Hannah said.

"Ah, but that's where the Nazis start their propaganda," the professor explained. "They plant their seeds before children even learn to question."

Hannah snorted. "Maybe that works for grown-ups, but kids are smart. We ask questions."

She saw Piet's face drop, along with his spoon. "At school, I saw kindergartners saying 'Heil, Hitler' and giving the Nazi salute."

"What?" Mom's voice was shrill.

All three adults shook their heads, and everyone was quiet.

Until someone pounded on the front door. "Open up! Police!"

5

Piet Don't Ask Questions!

Piet pedaled slowly as he approached school, thinking about the night before. Dad had stalled as long as he could while the professor dashed up the attic stairs. Hannah and Mom washed dishes as Piet ran them to the sink so the soldiers wouldn't see the table set for five. He'd wondered why Hannah suddenly put several clean plates and glasses in the sink, and Mom even smiled. Then he realized—if the police counted five of everything instead of four, they'd wonder. Lots of dirty dishes just looked like the breakfast dishes never got washed. As it turned out, the police wanted Dad because a Nazi officer was ill. Still, Mom said it was too close, and the professor would have to stay in the attic all the time from now on.

Frits met Piet at the school door, his eyes wide. "Guess what! Kurt's parents were arrested. They were hiding Jews!"

Piet's legs felt weak. He gripped his bike to stay upright. "That's terrible," he whispered.

"I know! Can you imagine anyone doing that?"

Piet didn't answer. He meant it was terrible that someone had snitched. What if someone snitched on his parents?

The day got worse when they went inside.

Mr. van Hulst was missing. A thin man with a beak nose frowned at them. "I am Mr. Lindemans. Everyone stand!" The man faced Hitler's photo and raised his right arm. "Heil, Hitler!"

Piet looked around the classroom, noticing that Kurt was missing. Kurt's best friend, Hans, was gripping his right shoulder. Only Frits and a couple of students half-heartedly raised their arms and mumbled along.

The man's eyes widened as he stared at them. "Again!"

A few more students raised their arms. Piet's weighed heavily by his side.

"Or I will report you to the authorities!" Mr. Lindemans shouted.

It was the last thing Piet wanted to do, but he also didn't want to draw attention to himself—or his family. He raised his arm but put his first and second fingers in a "V" for victory. It was the sign that the British prime minister, Winston Churchill, used to say Hitler would lose and the Allies would be victorious. The Dutch were quick to adopt it.

Allies: the nations that fought against Nazi Germany and its allies in World War II, led by the United States, the United Kingdom, and the Soviet Union

"You!" Mr. Lindemans said, and Piet was sure he'd been caught, but he pointed at Hans, who was still gripping his shoulder.

"I hurt my arm. I can't raise it."

Mr. Lindemans strode down the row and reached for his arm, but a girl behind Piet quickly said, "And my blouse is too tight. I might rip it. I don't think Herr Hitler would like to see that."

There were snickers, and the man, red-faced, hesitated.

Piet didn't want to give him a chance. "Mr. Lindemans? What happened to our teacher?"

"I am your teacher!"

"What happened to Mr. van Hulst?"

"You are better off that he is gone, and you would be wise to forget about him."

"Why?"

"Don't be disrespectful!"

"I'm just asking—"

"You have been told all you need to know!"

"But why—"

"Don't ask questions!"

That stopped Piet. He looked around the classroom

and saw that others were thinking the same thing. Mr. van Hulst's words played over in his mind: *Questions are your superpower.*

Outside at lunchtime, Piet shot stones with his slingshot while he listened to Frits and the others talking. He learned that Mr. van Hulst had been caught making fake IDs and was labeled a traitor and a terrorist. Piet realized Mom and Dad could be considered that, too. And yet, like Mr. van Hulst and Kurt's parents, Piet was sure they were doing the right thing.

He also heard that Mr. van Hulst had been taken to the Hollandsche Schouwburg theater, where Jews were being held. By the end of the school day, Piet was so angry, he told Frits he had to run an errand for his mom and rode furiously to the theater. Mr. van Hulst had been arrested just for helping Jews—Jews who hadn't done anything wrong. Piet would demand to speak to him. And whisper that there was a place for him in their attic.

Piet got as far as the entrance before he heard men and women screaming inside. What was happening? Were they being . . . beaten? He froze like the blood moving through his body had stopped. How could people hurt someone to the point that they're screaming for it to stop?

traitor: someone who betrays their country

terrorist: someone who uses fear of violence to try to achieve their goals

“You!” a guard shouted at Piet. “Get out of here!”

Piet opened his mouth, but his words were frozen, too.

“Move! Do you want me to confiscate your bike?”

That snapped Piet out of it. He pedaled away, down streets and across canals, eventually ending up at the hideout. He hunkered down under the magnolia branches, hugging his knees to his chest. He wasn’t crying, he told himself. It was the cold that was making his eyes water. Eventually, as the sun set, the lump left his throat, but now his head pounded, and all he felt was anger. Anger that made him sneer, grit his teeth, and clench his fists.



confiscate: take away from someone by power of authority

He pedaled home fast, recklessly, ignoring police who yelled at him to be careful. Piet wanted to tell them to shut up and leave him alone. At home, he kicked the door open, ran past Dad in the parlor, and slammed his books on the kitchen table.

“Where have you been, Piet?” Mom asked. “Your sister is out looking for you!”

“Mr. van Hulst was arrested! He’s at the theater. I want to help the resistance!”

Mom flinched and shook her head.

Dad rushed into the kitchen. “Piet! Quiet down. Anger will only bring trouble.”

“I don’t care!”

Dad pointed at the ceiling, toward the attic. “And it endangers others.”

Piet slumped onto the bench and grabbed his history book, opening it and slamming it shut repeatedly.

Sitting down next to him, Dad sighed. “Your anger will call attention to you.”

“How can I not be angry?”

“You have every right to be angry. We all do. But use that anger wisely—to fuel your resolve, your bravery.

I would like nothing better than to march into Gestapo headquarters and demand they release Mr. van Hulst, but that would call attention to him, and to me. And it wouldn't work anyway. I think you know that."

Piet did know that. He just wished the world were different.

Hannah burst in. "I heard Mr. van Hulst was arrested!"

Piet nodded. "And I want to join the resistance."

"You're only eleven!" Mom said.

Hannah smirked. "That's funny, Mom, because when I was eleven, you'd say, 'Hannah, you're eleven years old! You're practically an adult! You need to look out for your brother.'"

"I—this is different!"

Hannah lost her smirk. "Ya, because it's even more important. I'll still look out for him because I want to join, too." She held her hands up when both parents started speaking at once. "Listen! Some girls at school are already delivering messages, ration books, radio parts—"

"Hannah—"

"Dad! Hear me out. Nobody suspects kids. They think we're stupid. They ignore us. We can get away with it. It's much safer for kids."

Gestapo: the secret police of Nazi Germany

“Safer?” Mom scoffed.

Dad rubbed his chin. “She has a point. And we need those forged IDs soon.”

Mom’s mouth dropped open. “What?”

“I can get them,” Hannah said quickly.

Piet stood. “No, I’ll do it. I’m faster, so I can get away if there’s a problem.”

“Too dangerous,” Mom said, shaking her head.

“Even Nazis don’t hurt children,” Hannah argued.

Mom bristled. “Remember the workers’ strike last year? Protesting the roundup of hundreds of Jewish men? The Nazis fired into the crowd, killing nine people. They didn’t care if any were children.”

“That was a crowd of protesters, Mom,” Piet argued. “I’m just a kid on a bike. Kids don’t get arrested.”

“Enough,” Dad said, steering Hannah and Piet out of the kitchen. “Your mother and I need to talk. Go upstairs and do your homework.”

“Homework?” Piet said. “We’re talking about people’s lives! Who cares about homework?”

Dad’s eyes were piercing. “If you want your cover to be that you’re just a schoolboy, then you have to be

forged: fake but designed to look real

strike: an organized refusal to work in order to protest or negotiate

a convincing one. You've always gotten decent marks. If they slip, you'll call attention to yourself. Homework. Now."

They went upstairs but stopped at the landing to listen. Dad's voice was steady and reassuring. Mom's was not. "I don't like it at all! If I ever agree, they have to promise to say they had no idea what was in their bike basket, that their parents packed it."

"I'm not saying that," Hannah whispered. "I'm saying they knew nothing about it."

Piet nodded. "Same here. That's the whole point. They could get arrested, even killed. We're kids. We're safe."

6

Hannah You're Too Old to Play with Dolls!

By Saturday morning, two more men were in the attic: a wounded American pilot—helped upstairs by Dad and the professor—and a Jewish doctor Dad seemed to already know. The doctor took care of the pilot with provisions Dad handed up to the attic. The American must've been getting better, because they heard slow, limping footsteps gradually get faster and more regular.

Mom, Dad, and Mrs. Bogaard were whispering in the parlor. Hannah and Piet had been tasked with peeling potatoes in the kitchen. *To get us out of the way*, Hannah thought.

"I still don't trust Mrs. Bogaard," Piet muttered.

"I told you I saw her giving my toys to kids in the ghetto!" Hannah hissed.

"I know, but it's creepy how much she likes the soldiers and police."

provisions: supplies

"It's an act, Piet. What could be a better cover than being friendly? It's like hiding in plain sight." Hannah stopped peeling for a moment. Like the men in the attic. Hiding in the middle of Amsterdam. Right under the Nazis' noses.

Dad's voice was low but urgent. And audible. "We need the fake IDs so they'll be ready to escape at a moment's notice. But that Commandant Klein follows me everywhere. I don't think I can pick them up this time."

Hannah and Piet mouthed, *This time?* So Dad had done this before.

Hannah ran to the parlor, Piet on her heels. "This is why you need us," she said.

"I can pick them up," Piet said. He looked at Hannah, as if expecting her to protest, and added, "I'm fastest."

He was right. He was the best choice. Mr. van der Waals, Frits's dad, kept his eye on Mom, so she couldn't get away with anything. And Mrs. Bogaard, with her limp, couldn't get away, period.

"No," Mom said, "you—"

"I'm doing it, Mom. For Mr. van Hulst, for Kurt's parents, for the men in the attic. For us."

audible: able to be heard

Mom's eyes welled up, but she didn't say no right away.

"Go," Hannah said, shooing Piet away. Dad hurriedly whispered instructions to him.

Mom opened her mouth to speak, but Mrs. Bogaard grabbed her arm. "There's something else. A soldier I was feeding spoke about another huge deportation of Jews coming very soon."

"When?" Mom asked.

"I don't know. Another soldier told him to stop talking. We need to get word to those in the ghetto. Also, they'll need money . . . if they can get out." She shook her head. "The soldiers are almost too friendly now. They want to help me everywhere. I doubt I can get to the ghetto; I certainly can't slip money and messages through the fence."

"I can," Hannah said, and dashed up to her room.

Dad was back in the parlor, without Piet, when she ran back downstairs with her Liesbeth doll. "Look! We can hide messages and money inside! I'll sneak through the fence—" Mom gasped—"or just hand it through the fence. It'll look totally innocent!"

It took a while, but eventually her parents relented. While Mom sewed money and messages into the doll,

Hannah grabbed her pink sweater with bunny buttons and braided her hair. Maybe she'd only look eight or nine, like Piet said.

Dad smiled at her. "Good, you look very young." His face turned serious. "I know you're learning German in school, but if you're questioned by a German soldier, pretend you don't understand. And if anything goes wrong, toss the doll and come home."

Hannah promised and ran. She decided to take the tram because her orange bike was so distinctive. When she reached a street near the ghetto, she got off the tram and ran to the fence. She snuck through, hoping, unrealistically, that she'd see Mirijam.

She searched for a girl old enough to understand her message but young enough to look natural with a doll, since there were soldiers around. She headed for a serious-looking girl in a plaid dress and started to give her instructions, but a little blond girl ran up and tried to grab the doll before Hannah had a chance.

"No!" Hannah said, yanking it away.

The little girl started throwing a tantrum, screaming for the doll, prompting a tall soldier on the outside of the fence to turn toward the commotion.

tram: a public transport vehicle that runs on tracks in the street and is usually powered by electricity through overhead cables

commotion: loud disturbance or confusion



“Hey!” the soldier shouted. “You in the pink sweater! Where’s your star? If you’re not Jewish, get out of there!” He stepped through the fence himself as the little girl cried. He grabbed the doll, holding it above his head. “Get out!”

Hannah hesitated. He spoke with a German accent, but his Dutch was fluent, so she couldn't pretend she didn't understand him. "But it's mine! I—I came here to get it back!"

"You don't belong! Go home!"

But Hannah couldn't. She didn't want to fail, but more importantly, she didn't want the soldier to find the money and papers inside.

She started to cry, only half faking. "I want my doll!"

The soldier picked her up roughly under her arms, ripping the side of her dress as he pushed her through the fence. Several soldiers nearby laughed at her. She whirled around, glaring at the tall soldier. "You're too old to play with dolls! She's mine! Can't you get your own doll?"

Now the other soldiers were hooting and laughing at the tall soldier, whose face turned red. He threw the doll at her. "Don't ever let me see you here again!"

She didn't intend to. She ran for the tram as fast as she'd ever run.

Hannah was shaking. She was angry at the soldier for picking her up—*How dare he?*—and the other soldiers for laughing at her. As she waited for the tram home, another group of laughing soldiers jostled her. She felt her teeth clench and her fists ball up. They were Waffen-SS,

Dutch soldiers who fought for the Nazis. Traitors!

So when a tram arrived and one of the soldiers pushed people out of the way and said, "This car is for soldiers only! Everyone else out!" Hannah snuck in the back door. *Oh no it's not*, she thought. Still, she slumped down low in a seat at the back so the soldiers wouldn't see her.

It was a small victory. Tomorrow she'd try to deliver the doll again. Another section of fence. No pink sweater. Maybe no braids, so she'd look different.

As the soldiers spoke, one of them said, "Quiet! Is there anyone else in this car?"

Hannah heard footsteps and slid silently to the floor, crawling under the seat in front of her. She barely breathed. Her heart was pounding. She could almost hear Mom asking her what on earth she thought she'd gain by pulling this stunt. A moment later, she had her answer.

"Nah, it's fine," a voice finally said. "So, ya, I'm on duty tomorrow. It's going to be the biggest transport of Jews ever."

They were talking about the plans for Jews to be sent from the ghetto to labor camps—and it was tomorrow! Now she had to deliver the doll. Today.

At the next stop, she took a deep breath—and dashed out the back door.

A soldier shouted, “Hey! What were you doing in our car?”

Hannah didn’t look back. She kept running. When she turned a corner, she undid her braids, pulled off her pink sweater, and wrapped the doll in it.

Soon, she was at a different area of the ghetto, pushing through the fence again, trying to catch her breath. Her eyes darted around the street. There! She ran to a girl and her mother, thrusting the doll into the woman’s hand. “Look inside. The message says soon, but it’s tomorrow. Please tell everyone.”

The woman’s eyes were wide, but she gave a quick nod, grabbed the little girl’s hand, and walked off briskly. Looking back at Hannah, she mouthed, *Thank you*.

7

Piet There Is a Secret!

“Stop!” the soldiers shouted, but Piet put his head down and pedaled as fast as he could. He had the IDs in an envelope under his shirt. No way was he giving them up.



The two Dutch soldiers following him were fast, used to biking down narrow streets and across canal bridges and taking corners at top speed. Piet was faster. He glanced back. They weren't any closer than a minute ago. He could turn down an alley and lose them.

As he faced forward, he grinned. Until he saw the jeep with no roof racing toward him. A Nazi officer in the passenger seat stood and pointed at him.

No! He had to get rid of the papers, like Dad said. But how? Ahead, on the right, he saw what he needed. He faked losing his balance and crashed headlong into a row of bushes. Grabbing the envelope from his shirt, he stuffed it as far into the dirt as he could.

Piet jumped up fast, dragging himself and his bike away from the bushes.

One soldier grabbed his bike, and the other grabbed him. "Got you! Why were you trying to escape?"

The Nazi officer spoke sharply. Piet didn't speak German, but he understood a few words that were similar to Dutch: *child* and *fast* and *why*.

Piet kept his eyes on the ground, and the officer switched to Dutch. "Why are you running away, boy?"

Why hadn't he thought of a story before now?

The soldier holding him gave him a shake.

“Answer the question!”

It reminded Piet of being in school, which gave him an idea. He looked the Nazi straight in the eye. “I’m practicing for a race at school. If I can beat soldiers, then I can beat Frits and Kurt, easy.” Then he remembered to say sir. “Meneer. I mean, mein Herr.”

The Nazi officer threw his head back and laughed. “That is why I saw you smiling!”

The soldier holding Piet asked, “Should we confiscate his bike?”

The officer laughed again. “But how will he beat Frits and Kurt without his bike?” He looked toward the bushes, and his smile disappeared. He pointed his finger at the bush Piet had fallen into. “There is a secret!”

Piet froze.

“Do you know what it is, boy?” The man fixed his gaze on Piet, who shook his head, hardly daring to breathe.

“Don’t fall in the bushes if you want to win that race!” The man slapped Piet on the back and roared with laughter.

“Ya, mein Herr,” Piet whispered.

Piet slunk into the kitchen as Dad came downstairs. He was rolling up his sleeves to wash his hands at the kitchen sink when he saw Piet and stopped.

Before Dad could ask, Piet blurted what happened. "And I couldn't even get the envelope when I picked up my bike because the soldiers were staring at me."

"You were smart, Piet! Someone can pick up the envelope from the bushes, pretending to look for berries."

Dad dried his hands and gave Piet a hug. "I'm proud of you. Now," he nodded at his bag, "I have two hundred ration books to deliver so two hundred Jews in hiding can have food."

Piet followed him into the parlor and bumped into him when Dad stopped abruptly.

"Oh, mein Herr, you must try my cookies!" Mrs. Bogaard said loudly, somewhere outside.

Dad groaned. "It must be that Commandant Klein who's always following me. I can't let him inside because—" he glanced up at the attic—"so I'll say I have to see a patient urgently." He looked at his bag, his eyes widening. "I don't want him to search this . . . but I can't leave them here . . ."

"Give them to me!" Piet whispered.

Dad hesitated until a man's voice said, "Get back, woman! I'm here to see the doctor!"

Dad thrust the envelope from his bag into Piet's hands. "If you're stopped, say you found them and you're

taking them back to the ministry. Understand?”

Piet nodded just as there was a loud knock at the door. “Where?” he whispered.

“Oh! Library, men’s room, behind the trash can. Go!”

There was more banging and a shout. “Herr Doctor!”

“Coming!” Dad called. “I have an urgent house call to make!”

Piet was already heading out the back door.

8

Hannah Medical Light Bulbs

By Saturday morning, the three men were still in hiding upstairs. Mom was taking ration cards to different stores to buy enough food for seven so she wouldn't raise suspicion. She couldn't use that many ration cards where she normally shopped because the shopkeepers knew there were only four in her family. Dad had left early to try to find out when the men could safely escape. At least, Hannah was pretty sure that was what he was doing. She'd heard him whispering to Mom that every day meant it was more likely they'd be discovered.

Hannah and Piet sat at the kitchen table with their homework, but it was hard to concentrate. They wanted to be helping the resistance. So when Dad got home and placed his bag gingerly on the table, Hannah raised her eyebrows at Piet and asked, "What's inside?"

Dad smiled. "I can't get anything past the Lady of the Lake and Gawain, can I? It's vacuum tubes for radios. The young soldier who stopped me thought they looked

vacuum tubes: sealed, mostly airless tubes that control the flow of electrons

like odd 'light bulbs,' so I told him they were medical light bulbs. I have to deliver them immediately so we can have a working radio to get a message out about our houseguests, but everywhere I turn, I see that blasted commandant."

"I'll do it," Hannah said at the same time as Piet. "My turn," she reminded him. "You got those IDs *and* delivered those ration books. I've only delivered the doll."

The phone rang. Dad picked it up without saying anything, then after a few moments said, "I understand." He hung up. "I have to go see Mrs. Bogaard." He left through the back door.

Hannah eyed Dad's bag. And opened it. She answered Piet's gasp by explaining, "We have to take them out, anyway, to deliver them." She held the two vacuum tubes in her hands. "They do look a little like light bulbs."

"Ya," Piet said, "but stretched out and with a mini bulb at the top."

They heard the front door open. "Hello?" came a voice Hannah didn't recognize. "Dr. Julius, are you home?"

"Klein," Piet breathed.

Hannah stared at the vacuum tubes. Her mind raced.

medical light bulbs: light bulbs specially designed for use in medical settings or devices

Bag? No, he'd search it. *Pockets?* She had none. By the time he entered the kitchen, Hannah had stuffed them in her blouse.

"Hello, children!" the man said with a fake smile. "Where is Daddy?"

Before they could answer, Dad strode into the kitchen from the back door, carrying Mrs. Bogaard's basket of bread. "Commandant Klein!" Dad said with a smile. Hannah knew his smile was fake, too. "May I help you?"

"Just a friendly visit," the man said as his eyes scanned the kitchen and stairs. "I haven't been inside your home before."

"You are in luck, mein Herr! My wife said I must invite the gentleman who so often keeps me company to dinner."

"Good," Klein said. "I'll stay."

Dad shook his head. "Oh, no, my wife will be horrified if she comes home and sees a guest before she has scrubbed the house. Isn't that right, children?"

Hannah and Piet nodded. Hannah saw Dad's eyes flare briefly when he saw her blouse.

"Herr Commandant, can you come at eight o'clock?"

"That late?"



"I'm often back late from seeing my patients."

Klein slowly smiled. "You won't mind if I look in your bag for aspirin?"

"I'm afraid I don't have any. It's very hard to get. But feel free to check."

As Klein reached for the bag, Hannah stayed as still as possible so the vacuum tubes wouldn't clink together under her blouse.

Klein frowned when he came up empty.

"So we'll see you at eight o'clock, Commandant?" Dad said with a smile.

Hannah marveled at how calm Dad looked. After the commandant left, he slumped onto the bench. "Hannah, you are brilliant."

Piet grinned. "Nicely done."

Dad grabbed the basket of bread. "Wrap the tubes in a towel and put them under the bread, with Mrs. Bogaard's cloth on top. You're delivering bread to the back door of the hospital. If anyone stops you, say it's for German *officers*, so soldiers are less likely to take it."

Dad put an arm around each of his children. "I'm very proud of both of you. You know the rules. If you're caught, say you had no idea there was anything other than bread."

They both nodded, even though Hannah knew neither she nor Piet would.

"Now, I have something very important to tell you two." She and Piet waited as he took a long, slow breath before continuing. "I need to take a trip."

Hannah looked toward the attic. "The men? Are you helping them escape?"

He smiled. "I'll tell you everything after the war, remember? I should be back in a few days."

A few days was OK, Hannah thought. But as she hugged him tight, she worried she might never see him again.

9

Piet Snotnose

Dad was *leaving*? It hit Piet how serious, how dangerous, it was to be part of the resistance. He had to admit, it had been almost like an exciting spy game. But people got arrested—or killed—for doing what he was pretty sure Dad was about to do.

He felt jittery, restless, his stomach churning. He had to do something. So when Dad was talking with the men in the attic, he decided to follow Hannah. After seeing that sneaky Commandant Klein, Piet wasn't sure he could trust what the Nazis would do, even to kids.

He knew the route she'd take to the hospital and knew he could catch up with her. As he rounded a corner, there she was. Standing beside her bike. Gripping the handlebars. A soldier loomed over her, staring at the blue checkered cloth in her basket.

This time, he had a story planned. He pedaled toward her, shouting, "Stop, thief!" He jumped off his bike and grabbed her handlebars. Hannah startled.



The soldier stared at Hannah. "The young lady? She is . . ." The German soldier spoke slowly, as if searching for the right words. "Stealing?"

"She's not a young lady! She's my sister! And she stole my slingshot!"

Finally, Hannah's shock wore off. "I didn't steal your stupid slingshot! And get out of my way because I'm doing something important! Mom said I have to deliver this bread to the hospital." She turned to the soldier and spoke slowly and deliberately. "It's for German officers."

"Are you sure that's all you have?" Piet made a show of pulling the cloth off the basket and roughly moving the bread around as if he were looking underneath. "Where's my slingshot? What did you do with it?"

She narrowed her eyes, leaning over the bike's handlebars. "I threw it in the bushes." She grabbed the blue-and-white cloth from him and put it back in the basket.

Piet stomped his foot and turned to the soldier. "See what I have to deal with? She thinks she can take my stuff and—"

"Mom says slingshots are dangerous, so you shouldn't be playing with it, anyway."

Piet put his fists on his hips and mimicked, "*Mom says slingshots are dangerous. Snotneus!*"

Hannah looked at the soldier. "Now you see what I have to deal with." She stuck her tongue out at Piet. "You're the snotnose!"

"Stop!" the soldier said. "You," he said, waving his hand at Hannah, "go! And you," he turned to Piet, "go home to Mama."

"Ha!" Hannah said, giving a superior smile, but she was already pedaling away.

Piet frowned and picked up his bike, watching his sister until she had disappeared down the street. As he turned away from the soldier, he couldn't help smiling.

"Stop! Boy!"

Piet felt his shoulders seize up as his smile dropped. He turned around slowly.

The soldier pointed at his bike and walked toward him. "I want this."

"What? It's *my* bike!"

"Now it is mine."

"But—"

The soldier pushed him away, got on his bike, and pedaled awkwardly, teetering from side to side.

"It's too small for you!" Piet called after him, but the

soldier merely lifted his arm to give a brief wave and rode off.

Piet stuffed his hands in his pockets and walked away, head down. Part of him wanted to scream and fight. Part of him wanted to cry. It was his bike, his freedom, and now it was gone. He wanted to punch something. He wanted to take revenge. But he remembered what Dad had said about not drawing attention to yourself because it endangered those around you. So he gritted his teeth and kept on walking. Until he heard a bike bell ringing behind him and a voice said, "Hey, Piet!"

Piet sighed and closed his eyes. He'd barely spoken with Frits since their teacher's arrest because he wondered if Frits had something to do with it. Had he said something to his dad that made Mr. van der Waals tell the authorities about Mr. van Hulst? He wanted to ask, but Dad said not to make a fuss. Mr. van der Waals didn't need to know how strongly Piet felt about Nazis.

Piet turned to see Frits. On a bike. Wearing a Youth Storm uniform, the too-large black hat falling into his eyes. Piet felt his mouth drop open.

Frits grinned. "Ya, I know. I finally got a bike!"

"Because you're a Storm Trooper." Piet could hear the disgust in his voice.

Frits lost his grin and looked away. "It's no big deal. I just joined to get the bike. It doesn't mean anything."

Piet clenched his jaw to keep from talking. He wanted to say, *Of course it means something! It means you support what the Nazis are doing! And you're wearing the uniform to prove it!*

"You should think about joining," Frits said with a shrug.

Piet stared at him.

Frits bit his lip and wrinkled his forehead. "It . . . it might make you look more loyal."

Piet opened his mouth to speak, but Frits rushed on. "And you get to earn badges, be a leader, wear a knife with your uniform, and—"

"No thanks," Piet said through gritted teeth.

Frits hung his head, and Piet knew his friend felt bad, but he was too angry to care.

Suddenly, Frits brightened. "Hey, why don't you come over? You should see all the food we've got—sausages, cake, even chocolate!"

Piet was about to ask how the van der Waals got all those treats, but then he realized. The Nazis were rewarding Frits's dad for turning in Jews, maybe for making Frits join the Youth Storm, and probably other

things that Piet didn't know about.

"I have to get home."

"OK, I'll come to your house!" Frits smirked. "I have a bike now."

Piet shook his head. "I don't feel good." It was true. He felt sick to his stomach.

10

Hannah Commander Klein

The “bread” delivery was easy. A nurse grabbed the contents of the basket. Looking past Hannah, she said, “Tell your mother thank you.” Only when Hannah turned around did she see soldiers walking toward them, but they were too busy talking to notice her or the nurse.

As Hannah neared home, she saw Piet, walking. “Where’s your bike?”

“That soldier took it.”

“I’m sorry. But thanks for—” She stopped when she saw their house. The front door was open. Hannah had a bad feeling.

When they ran inside, the soldiers rifling through the parlor ignored them. In the kitchen, more soldiers pulled dishes out of cabinets and looked in cupboards. In the middle of the room stood Commandant Klein.

“What’s happening?” Hannah demanded.

“That is what I’d like to know. Where is your father?”



“Probably seeing patients,” Hannah said.

The commandant smirked. “Tell me about the people hiding in your attic.”

Hannah’s jaw dropped. She was shocked that Klein knew, but she pretended that shock was surprise. “There’s someone in our attic?”

Klein narrowed his eyes at Piet. “You, boy. Tell me who was upstairs.” When Piet didn’t respond, he grabbed Piet’s shirt and lifted him off the floor. “I said, tell me—”

"What's going on?" Mrs. Bogaard called from the parlor as she hobbled into the kitchen.

"Who are you?" Klein demanded.

"I'm the next-door neighbor. What's happening here?"

"This family has been hiding people in their attic, and now the father is on the run!"

Mrs. Bogaard laughed. "That's not possible, meneer. Dr. Julius is an upstanding citizen, and Mrs. Julius works for the civil service!"

"Apparently, they fooled you." He turned to Hannah. "I'll ask you again—"

"Oh, pish!" Mrs. Bogaard waved her hand, "What would children know about any of this? You're sorely mistaken, anyway."

The commandant smirked again. "We already know their mother is a traitor, a spy, a disgraceful woman, helping the Jews."

"Shut up!" Piet said.

The Nazi raised his hand to strike him, but Mrs. Bogaard grabbed Piet and shook him. "Where are your manners?"

Mrs. Bogaard hugged him to her chest. "He's just a little boy. He doesn't understand." She nodded at Hannah. "And neither does his little sister. Poor dears!"

She held an arm out to Hannah, who ran over and clung to her, only partly for show.

“Mein Herr!” A soldier entered the kitchen, holding Dad’s patient information book.

Hannah’s eyes widened.

“So,” Klein said, “you know what this is, young lady?”

“Ya, the medical information of all Dad’s patients. See? He hasn’t gone far because he would never leave it behind.”

The commandant flipped through it. “I will take this.”

Mrs. Bogaard gasped. “You mustn’t! If the doctor is away, his young assistant will need it. It lists areas where scarlet fever and other diseases have been found. It’s like a Bible of sickness. In fact, it may have germs on it. Here—” She reached out, making a show of covering her open palm with a handkerchief. “I’ll give it to the young doctor.”

Hannah knew there was no “young doctor.” Dad had never had an assistant.

The commandant squinted at Mrs. Bogaard and dropped the book on the kitchen table, wiping his hand on his coat. He grabbed a butcher knife from the counter and faced them. “I don’t believe you!”

scarlet fever: a bacterial infection of the throat that causes fever, sore throat, and rash

11

Piet Loyalist or Traitor?

Piet froze. He heard Hannah gasp and felt Mrs. Bogaard clutch him tightly.

The commandant took the knife and flipped open the cover of Dad's book.

Piet exhaled. The man was just using the knife to avoid touching the book. He flipped several pages. "Aha! It says, 'Monthly delivery for Miss Mies . . . to be concealed!'"

Hannah giggled.

Klein gritted his teeth. "Care to explain?"

Hannah's face was pink. "It's . . . something for girls and women. Mies doesn't want her brother teasing her."

Klein's face went pink, too, and he threw the knife on the table. "This house is off-limits! Now, what do we do with you?" He squinted at Piet, then Hannah.

"I'll take care of them," Mrs. Bogaard said. "The poor little dears are scared without their mommy and daddy." Piet felt her hand pushing him downward, and he shrank as much as he could. The younger they looked, the less

likely Klein would want to deal with them.

It worked. The commandant gave them just enough time to grab some clothes, then made them stand outside with Mrs. Bogaard as soldiers searched both houses.

“Where’s Mom?” Piet whispered.

Mrs. Bogaard gripped Dad’s book. “I’m sure she’s fine, my dears.”

“What if they arrested her?” Hannah asked, her voice cracking.

“No, she’s probably in hiding, or she went with your father.” Her voice hardened. “Your friend’s father, Mr. van der Waals, brought soldiers to your house earlier, but thankfully everyone was already gone.”

“Frits!” Hannah hissed.

Piet swallowed. “No,” he whispered, “not Frits. His dad.”

“Ya, but I bet he had something to do with it.”

“Frits,” Mrs. Bogaard said quietly, “was on his bike, watching.”

Piet suddenly felt very cold. He thought about Frits in his Youth Storm uniform and avoided Hannah’s eyes.

“We must deliver your father’s book. It’s more than medical records and must not fall into the wrong hands.”

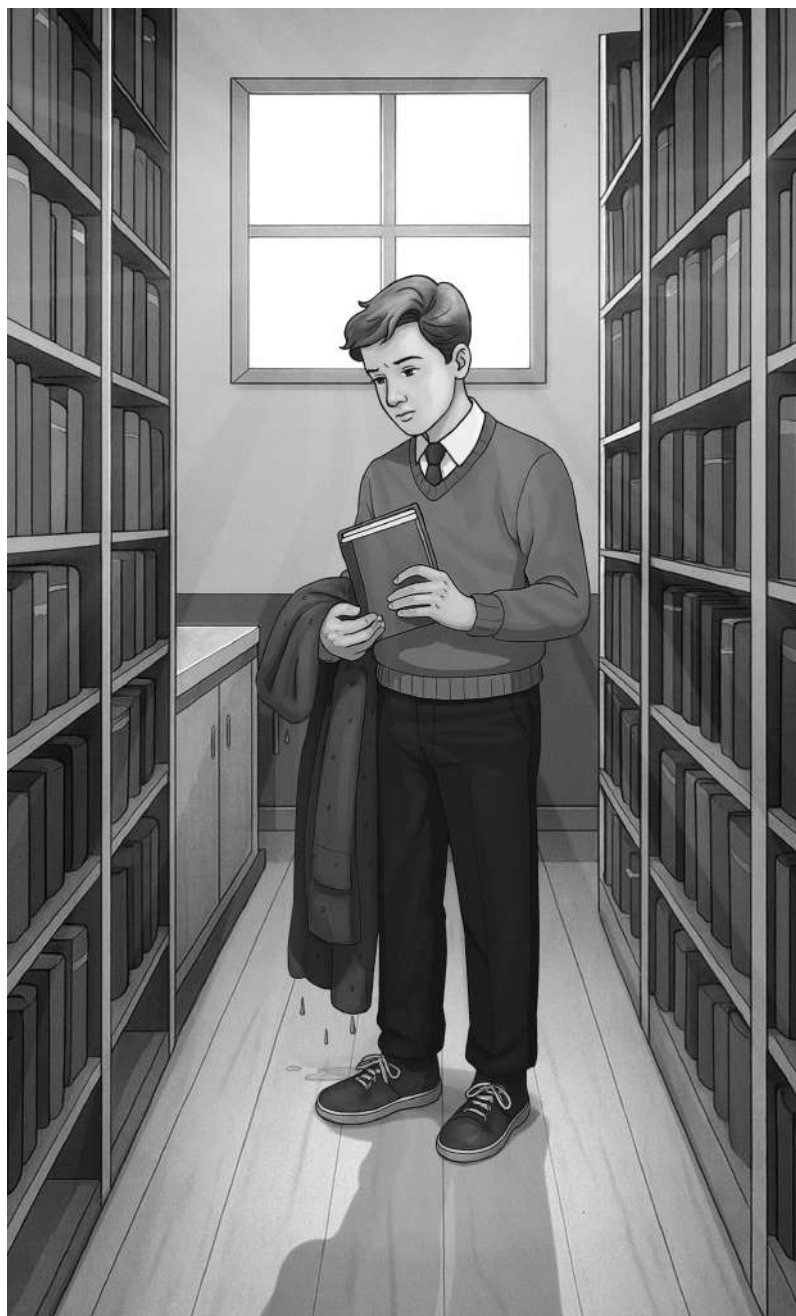
So it was a codebook. “I’ll deliver it,” Piet said. It was the least he could do, since his friend probably snitched on his family. “And don’t say I’m too young, because you can’t stop me.”

“I wasn’t going to. Children and old women make the best spies.”

She told Piet where to drop the book—under the bottom shelf of aisle two in the nonfiction section of the public library. “Wear your coat. It’s going to rain cups and saucers,” she said, motioning her hands to hold imaginary cup handles and then turning her palms up to indicate saucers. Piet looked at Hannah. Neither of them grinned. It wasn’t funny anymore. Nothing about this war was funny.

He delivered the book first because it was the most important task. Next, he ran all the way to Frits’s house. Frits was just getting on his bike. Piet ran up to him, grabbed the handlebars, and shook the bike hard. “What was your dad doing at our house? What were you doing there? Did you tell him some story about us?”

“I didn’t say anything! All I know is my dad said there was something wrong at your house, so I followed him.” Frits stuck his chin out. “My dad is just doing his job. He’s a loyal Dutchman.”



Piet spit on the ground. "If you thought Hannah liked you, she hates you now!"

Frits's face fell, and his shoulders drooped.

"Who are you for, Frits? Nazis or the Netherlands?"

"Nazis *and* the Netherlands."

Piet shook his head. "There'll be no Netherlands anymore under the Nazis. Can't you see that? Our queen and our government are in exile. The Nazis have taken away our newspapers, our radios, our people, our freedom. Your dad is not a loyalist. You're not a loyalist. You're traitors!"

12

Hannah Raining Pipe Stems

After a week, soldiers grew tired of following Hannah and Piet. They were model students. Model students who carried their books to the public library to do homework—books that held fake IDs between their pages whenever Hannah found some wedged behind the toilet tank in the third stall of the ladies' room. They brought the IDs home to Mrs. Bogaard, who sewed them into the lining of her coat and went to her friend's house for tea. The friend's son was in the resistance. Sometimes, under the shelf in the nonfiction section of the public library, there were ration books to deliver to the same hospital where Hannah had delivered bread.

Mrs. Bogaard tried to find out about their parents, without success. What gave them hope was that the Nazis seemed to be looking for Mom as well as Dad, so they had to both be free. "And we are, too, my dears," Mrs. Bogaard reminded them.

Until she wasn't. The very next day, Hannah and Piet were walking home when Hannah stopped. Soldiers in front of Mrs. Bogaard's house wasn't unusual, but grabbing her and pulling her out the door? That was.

Hannah pulled Piet behind stairs that led up to the front door of a nearby house.

"What are you—" But then he saw Mrs. Bogaard, who had seen them, too, then quickly looked away.

"My coat!" Mrs. Bogaard called out, glancing at the sky. "It's going to rain pipe stems, my dears!"

My dears. Hannah realized Mrs. Bogaard was saying goodbye.

They watched as two soldiers marched her away and three more went inside her house.

"What do we do now?" Piet asked.

Hannah thought for a minute. "The hideout."

They ran.



13

Piet Frits's Choice

Just as Mrs. Bogaard had predicted, it was raining by the time they reached the hideout. They collapsed, panting and wet. Hannah was trying not to cry. “What will they do to her?”

“I’m sorry I didn’t trust her,” Piet said. “It’s just hard to know who you can trust.” *Like Frits*, he thought. *Oh, no!* “Hannah? What if Frits tells his dad about our hideout? He—”

She grabbed his arm.

The rhythmic rustling of leaves told Piet that footsteps were approaching.

Someone in black with a black knit hat parted the branches of their hideout. “Come on, you two, you have to leave.”

It was the person they’d seen giving something to that Jewish couple weeks ago—or was it?

“Who are you?” Piet demanded.



"We know Mrs. Bogaard was arrested. And I've seen you here before. Figured this was where I'd find you. You have to come with me."

Piet looked at Hannah. She was frowning, too. "How do we know we can trust you?"

"You don't. That's the problem. But do I look like a Nazi spy?" The person in black reached up and pulled off the knit cap. Red hair came tumbling down.

"You're a girl," Piet breathed.

Hannah nodded. "We can trust her."

"Because she's a girl?"

"No, because I'm sure she's the one who helped the Jewish couple a few weeks ago."

Piet was still wary. "What's your name?"

"You can call me Auntie."

Somehow, knowing she had a code name made Piet feel better.

Even though it was dark, they avoided the main path in the park. Instead, they crept their way behind trees and bushes. They were almost out of the park when Auntie pulled them both to the ground, pointing through a hedge.

It was Mr. van der Waals, with policemen and Nazi soldiers, Frits trailing after them.

"Show me this hideout," Mr. van der Waals said. Frits didn't answer but looked at the ground. "This is for the honor of our family. Are you not a loyal Dutchman?"

Frits looked up, swallowed, and started to head for the hideout, then stopped. Something made him look toward the hedge they were hiding behind.

"What is it?" Mr. van der Waals called out. "Do you see them?"

He did. Piet knew. Frits was looking straight at him through a gap in the hedge, his eyes wide, staring.

"Frits?"

Slowly, Frits shook his head.

"Are you sure?" Mr. van der Waals walked toward his son.

Frits finally turned away from the hedge. "Ya, it's this way," he said and walked toward his father, who peered into the bushes near where they crouched.

Mr. van der Waals stepped closer to their hedge.

"Dad! Do you want to find them or not? It's over here!"

Mr. van der Waals hesitated, took one last look toward the bushes, and followed his son.

Piet breathed out a silent sigh. Hannah reached over and grabbed his hand, squeezing it.

14

Hannah Gawain and the Lady of the Lake

They walked for hours in the rain, through back streets, crouching as they ran across canal bridges, until they were out of the city.



Drenched and shivering, they slogged through marshy land before finally reaching a barn. Half a dozen people were inside, talking softly or looking at papers. There were stares, and no one smiled.

Auntie gave them each a blanket. "I'll get you some hot tea."

A man in blue overalls squatted in front of them. He was old, older than their parents. "You can call me Oilman. You're Hannah and Piet?"

They nodded, but Oilman shook his head. "Not anymore. We'll give you new IDs. You're now Anne and Albert."

Hannah and Piet looked at each other.

"What happened to our parents?" Hannah asked.

"I don't know, but we're sending you to live on different farms."

Hannah glanced at Piet, who'd turned pale, his mouth dropped open. "We have to stay together," she said, thinking back to what Mom had said. "We only have each other."

Oilman wrinkled his forehead more than it already was. His eyes went back and forth between Hannah and Piet. "Ya," he finally said, "OK."

Auntie came back with tea and bread, which Hannah ate ravenously. She hadn't realized she was so hungry.

Oilman turned to Auntie. "Did you see her? Did she say anything? A clue?"

"No. They'd already arrested her when I got there, and they were searching her house. So we still don't know where the—" She glanced at Hannah and Piet. "Where we need to go."

Hannah thought for a moment. Had Mrs. Bogaard said anything that could be a clue? She'd said my dears . . . "Wait! As they took her away, she said it was going to rain pipe stems."

Oilman shrugged. "Well, it is."

Piet stared at his sister. "But she always says cups and saucers."

"Exactly. I think pipe stems is a clue. Does pipe stems mean anything?"

Auntie smirked at Oilman, put on her knit hat, and headed out of the barn.

Oilman turned to Hannah and gave her a nod. "Clever girl."

"We want to keep helping, even if we're not in Amsterdam. Right, Piet?"

ravenously: with extreme hunger or eagerness

“Ya, children make the best spies. But what can we do way out in the country?”

“You can deliver letters between the families in hiding,” Oilman said. “The local mail carriers will wonder what all this new mail is. Also, people still need ration books every month.” He pointed at Piet. “You can deliver them with the farmers’ milk, Albert.”

“How do we get the ration books?” Hannah asked.

“That’s where you come in, Anne. There’s a convent nearby. On Sundays, you’ll pick them up from Sister Jerome. Don’t tell anyone how many nuns you see there.” He winked. “Sister Jerome calls her convent ‘Our Lady of the Safe Hiding-Place.’”

Their conversation was interrupted when a man in a sailor’s cap said, “It’s time!”

Everyone crowded around a radio that was hidden behind a bale of hay while the man in the cap fiddled with knobs. Except for a BBC announcer speaking English, the barn was silent.

Hannah listened because some English words were like Dutch. When she heard what sounded like Arthur and Guinevere, she looked at Piet. A moment later, when they heard Gawain and Excalibur, he breathed, “That’s us.”

convent: a place where nuns live together

nuns: women who dedicate themselves to a religion

Oilman said to the man in the cap, "Translation, please."

"Arthur and Guinevere are happy in Camelot while the Lady of the Lake and Gawain find Excalibur. Whatever that means."

"It's from our favorite book that Dad reads to us!" Piet said.

"It means our parents are safe!" Hannah explained. "They must be Arthur and Guinevere, and Camelot is..." She wasn't sure.

"London," Oilman said, smiling. "They made it to London."

Hannah felt tears running down her face as Piet hugged her, and she held on tight.

The man who'd translated said, "But who are Gawain and the Lady of the Lake?"

Hannah pointed at Piet. "He's Gawain." Then at herself. "I'm the Lady of the Lake."

"And Excalibur?"

"Excalibur," Piet said, "is the sword that belongs to whoever rightfully rules the land—like the Dutch people."

"Yes!" Hannah said. "It means we're taking our country back!"

Afterword

There really were kids who resisted the Nazi occupation of their countries during World War II. Six-year-old Marcel Pinte and ten-year-old Jean-Raphaël Hirsch carried messages in France. Twelve-year-old Motele Schlein in Belarus, sisters Freddie (fourteen) and Truus (sixteen) Oversteegen in the Netherlands, and many more also helped in various ways. Sometimes, adults don't think children can accomplish something as important as saving lives. You know better.

This story and the characters are fictional, but there were many brave people in the Netherlands, and elsewhere in Europe, who risked their lives to defy the Nazi regime. I specifically chose character names to honor those who contributed to the resistance.

Here is a list of characters and their real-life inspirations:

Piet—Piet has two namesakes. Cornelis Pieter van den Hoek was a Dutch resistance fighter who smuggled messages, supplies, and people between the free and occupied Netherlands via boat. Pieter Elias was a Dutch policeman who pretended to be loyal to the Nazis but was secretly working for the resistance.

Hannah—Jannetje Johanna “Hannie” Schaft was a member of the Dutch resistance who was so successful and so feared that she was on the Nazi’s “most wanted” list. She chose the name “Hannie” when she joined the resistance. (And yes, women did hide items in their clothes and underwear, like Hannah putting vacuum tubes under her shirt!)

Dr. Julius (Dad)—Julius de Clercq Zubli was a Dutch doctor who provided ration books and fake documents, as well as medical services, to Jews and resistance members. His patient information book (like the one in this story) contained code names and escape routes. Like Piet and Hannah’s dad, he said he wouldn’t tell his children what he was up to until after the war.

Mrs. Julius (Mom)—After Dr. Zubli was arrested, his wife went to police headquarters and asked for his patient information book, knowing that if the Nazis discovered the codes and escape routes, Julius, and many others, would be killed. She told them it contained vital patient records that her husband’s assistant needed. Fortunately, she was able to get it back.

Mrs. Bogaard (neighbor)—Johannes “Uncle Hannes” Bogaard was a Dutch farmer who sheltered hundreds of Jews on his farm and those of his family and neighbors. He went to Amsterdam himself and brought them out

to the country. He also got them ration books and IDs, much like the farmer to whom Piet and Hannah are going to be sent at the end of this story.

Mr. van Hulst (Piet's teacher)—Johan van Hulst was a teacher who helped more than six hundred Jewish children escape from the Nazis.

Frits van der Waals (Piet's friend)—I gave him the name of an important Dutch resistance fighter, Fritz Conijn, because in the end, he did the right thing.

Auntie (resistance member)—Aunt Riek (Tante Riek, in Dutch) was the code name of resistance member Helena Kuipers-Rietberg, who helped organize a network of hiding places. Her husband was also a resistance member. Like Piet and Hannah, their children helped them with their work for the resistance.

Oilman (resistance member)—Oilman was the code name of Walraven van Hall, a Dutch banker and resistance member who helped fund the resistance by diverting money from the Nazi-controlled national bank.

Sister Jerome and Our Lady of the Safe Hiding-Place—Sister Jerome is not based on any Dutch person in the resistance (she was my beloved middle school teacher), but Father Bleijs, a Dutch priest, came up with "Our Lady of the Safe Hiding-Place" as a "guardian angel" to comfort those in hiding.

Although I didn't name the men in the attic, these are the people they were inspired by:

Professor—Professor Rudolph Cleveringa spoke against the Nazis and how they treated Jews, for which he was arrested and imprisoned.

Doctor—Lard Zilverberg was one of many Jewish citizens who were arrested after fighting back when Nazis raided their homes, destroyed their property, and beat them.

American pilot—After being shot down over the Netherlands, American pilot Jack Blanchard was hidden by a Dutch woman, Maria Kool, for six weeks.

These characters are named after those who collaborated with Nazis against their fellow Dutch:

Mr. van der Waals (Frits's dad)—Anton van der Waals was a Dutch double agent for the Nazis who was responsible for the deaths of many Jews and resistance members.

Mr. Lindemans (Piet's new teacher)—Christiaan Lindemans was another Dutch double agent responsible for the deaths of many Jews and resistance members.

I chose Amsterdam, the Netherlands, as the setting for this novel for several reasons. First, there was an active resistance. Second, there was a large Jewish population,

and despite the small country and many flat, open areas, the Dutch people were able to hide many onderduikers (under divers) from the Nazis. There were approximately 140,000 Jews living in the Netherlands at the start of the war. The Nazis sent more than 100,000 Dutch Jews to concentration camps and killed all but about 5,000 of them. The Dutch managed to hide around 30,000 Jews. Unfortunately, about a third were discovered by the Nazis, but the other two-thirds survived the war. Finally, I was born in Amsterdam, and whenever I read about these Dutch heroes, I wonder if I would've been brave enough to be part of the resistance. I'd like to think so. How about you?

World War II Timeline

The steps that led to World War II started well before the war began in Europe in 1939. Hitler started his push for power in the 1920s. Other nations tried to appease Hitler by giving him what he wanted, hoping he'd be satisfied and stop invading other countries. However, Hitler wanted Germany to take over Europe with the "Aryan race," a made-up racial group that he believed those with "true" Germanic heritage were a part of. "Aryans" were characterized primarily by blond hair and blue eyes. He felt that "Aryans" were superior to other races. Hitler wished to kill all Jewish people in Europe, as well as other groups he didn't like, so they would no longer exist. He called it his "Final Solution."

January 30, 1933

Adolf Hitler is appointed chancellor of Germany by the German president, Paul von Hindenburg. The chancellor is the head of government, and the president is the head of state.

February 27, 1933

The Reichstag (parliament) burns in a fire that is believed to have been started by the Nazi government. The Nazis blame it on communists in order to scare people. That way, Hitler can justify taking power into his own hands.

March 23, 1933

The Enabling Act is passed, which allows Hitler to make laws without the Reichstag's consent. Before the Reichstag votes on whether to give such power to Hitler, he has many of his opponents arrested, leaving his supporters with enough of a majority to pass the act.

August 2, 1934

Paul von Hindenburg, the president of Germany, dies. Hitler declares himself Führer, the supreme leader of Germany.

parliament: the highest lawmaking body of a country

communists: people who believe in a system in which all property is shared by the community, not owned by individuals

September 29–30, 1938

France, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy force Czechoslovakia to give Germany the Sudetenland, an area of the country where some Germans live. In response, Germany says it will keep the peace. However, Germany continues to invade, eventually taking over all of Czechoslovakia.

March 31, 1939

France and Great Britain promise to defend Poland if Germany attacks.

April 7–15, 1939

Italy, a fascist country like Germany, invades and takes over Albania.

August 23, 1939

Germany and the Soviet Union make a secret agreement to take over countries in eastern Europe and divide them between themselves.

September 1, 1939

Germany invades Poland.

September 3, 1939

France and Great Britain, having promised to defend Poland, declare war on Nazi Germany.

fascist: of or related to a political system characterized by extreme nationalism, a dictator-like leader, belief in social hierarchy, and suppression of opposing views

September 17, 1939

The Soviet Union attacks Poland.

September 27–29, 1939

Poland surrenders. The Soviet Union and Germany each take a part of Poland.

November 30, 1939–March 12, 1940

The Soviet Union attacks Finland and takes part of the country from the Finnish.

April 9–June 9, 1940

Germany invades and takes over Denmark and Norway.

****May 10, 1940***

Nazi Germany invades the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, and France. Luxembourg surrenders.

****May 15, 1940***

The Netherlands surrenders to Nazi Germany.

May 28, 1940

Belgium surrenders to Nazi Germany.

June 10, 1940

Italy enters the war on Germany's side.

*Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.

June 21, 1940

Italy invades France.

June 22, 1940

Germany takes over the north of France. The south remains supposedly free, but the French government in the south collaborates with the Nazis.

June 28, 1940

The Soviet Union takes over part of Romania.

June 14–August 6, 1940

The Soviet Union takes over Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

September 13, 1940

Italy invades Egypt.

**October 1940*

Jews are not allowed to be given government jobs, and government officials must sign a document swearing that they're not Jewish, their parents and grandparents aren't Jewish, and their spouse or fiancé is not Jewish.

Any business owned by Jews, partially owned by Jews, or in which any Jew is financially involved has to register that information with the Nazi authorities.

*Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.

October 28, 1940

Italy invades Greece.

****November 1940***

All Jews who are government employees are fired.

****December 1940***

No one with “German blood” is allowed to work in a Jewish person’s home.

****February 1941***

All Jews in the Netherlands must register with the Nazi authorities, or they will have their property taken away, be sent to prison for five years, or both.

The Nazis set up a Jewish Council to handle Jewish matters for the Nazi authorities.

The Jewish ghetto is formed in Amsterdam.

****February 22–23, 1941***

Nazis round up 425 young Jewish men, beat them, and take them away.

****February 25, 1941***

Trams stop running in protest of the young men’s removal, and other businesses decide to strike in support.

***Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.**

****February 26, 1941***

Angered by the general strike, Nazis shoot and kill nine protestors and arrest hundreds.

****March 1941***

Jews cannot use public parks.

Jews cannot have jobs in the field of culture.

Jews cannot travel anywhere without getting permission from the Jewish Council.

Jews cannot buy or sell anything on the stock exchange.

The Nazi authorities start taking over Jewish property.

****March 13, 1941***

The Nazis execute three people who participated in the February strike and fifteen Dutch resistance members.

****April 1941***

Everyone in the Netherlands is given ID cards by the Nazi authorities.

Jews must surrender their radios to the Nazi authorities.

culture: the shared artistic, social, and intellectual practices of a society
stock exchange: a place where people buy and sell shares of companies
***Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.**

****May 1941***

Jews may not be journalists.

Jews may not play in orchestras.

Jews may not go to beaches or swimming pools.

****June 1941***

Jewish shops may not stay open on Sundays.

June 22, 1941

Nazi Germany invades the Soviet Union. As a result, the Soviet Union will join the Allies.

****July 1941***

All Jews registered in the Netherlands must have their ID cards stamped with a J.

****August 1941***

Jewish children are not allowed to attend public school.

All money owned by Jews, in any form, is frozen in order to be taken by the Nazi authorities.

****September 1941***

Jewish bars and theaters must have signs identifying them as “Jewish premises,” and non-Jews may not enter.

***Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.**

***September 1941 (continued)**

Jews may not enter a variety of public and private places, including libraries, restaurants, museums, and sports facilities. Signs are posted that say Jews may not enter.

***October 1941**

Jews may not work for non-Jews.

Jews may not join clubs with non-Jewish members.

Jewish stores must be identified as Jewish.

Jews need a permit to work at any job.

***November 1941**

The Nazi-led government in the Netherlands institutes a Chamber of Culture, which all artists (including writers, actors, musicians, dancers, photographers, etc.) must join. The Chamber of Culture dictates what the artists are allowed to say and do.

***December 1941**

Jews who are not Dutch citizens are to be sent away.

institutes: sets up

dictates: gives orders

***Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.**

December 7, 1941

Japan bombs Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, in the United States.

December 8, 1941

The United States declares war on Japan, as does Great Britain. The United States becomes part of the already-fighting group of Allies (led by Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and China and including many other nations, from Australia and Canada to nations in Central and South America, the Caribbean, Europe, Africa, and the Middle East). In turn, Japan declares war on Great Britain and the United States.

December 11–13, 1941

Germany and its allied countries (the Axis powers) declare war on the United States.

**January 1942*

Non-Jews may not work for Jews.

Jews may not drive.

**March 1942*

Jews and non-Jews may not marry.

Jews may not marry at city hall.

Jews may not sell any household items, such as furniture.

*Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.

***May 1942**

Jews have to wear a yellow star with the word *Jew* on it.

Jews may not go fishing.

Jews must give all valuable property to the Nazi authorities except for wedding rings and gold teeth.

***June 1942**

Jews may not play sports.

Jews may only buy fruits and vegetables at Jewish stores.

Jews may not use public telephones.

Jews may not use public transportation.

Jews must give their bikes and any other vehicles to the Nazi authorities.

Jews may not work as street vendors.

Jews may not go outside between 8 p.m. and 6 a.m.

Jews may only enter non-Jewish shops between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m.

Jews may not enter the homes of non-Jews.

*Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.

**July 1942*

The Nazis begin sending trainloads of Jews to holding camps in the Netherlands for eventual deportation. Most are there only briefly before being sent to death camps outside the Netherlands, where they are killed.

**August 1942*

Jews are not allowed to have phones.

Jewish street names are changed to be non-Jewish.

**September 1942*

Jews may not attend any school or university.

**April 29–May 3, 1943*

Because the Nazis need soldiers, they take three hundred thousand Dutch soldiers as prisoners of war and make them fight. In protest, Dutch people go on strike. The Nazis execute eighty of the strikers. Firing into crowds of strikers, they kill ninety-five more and injure four hundred.

**September 1943*

The final expulsion of Jews from the Netherlands takes place, including the leaders of the Jewish Council, the Jewish governing body established by the Nazis.

death camps: places where large numbers of people are killed in a deliberate and systematic way

expulsion: forcing out

***Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.**

June 6, 1944: D-Day

Allied soldiers land at Normandy, France, to take France back from the Germans.

July 25, 1944

Allied soldiers leave Normandy and head for Paris.

****August–December 1944***

Allied troops liberate most of France and Belgium and part of the Netherlands.

****November 1944–May 1945***

A famine known as the Hunger Winter is caused by Nazis purposely preventing food from getting to the western part of the Netherlands. Twenty thousand Dutch citizens die.

April 30, 1945

Seeing that the Nazis are about to be overthrown, Hitler dies by suicide.

****May 5, 1945***

The Canadian Army liberates the last part of the Netherlands still under Nazi control.

May 8, 1945: Victory in Europe (VE) Day

Germany surrenders.

*Dates with asterisk apply specifically to the Netherlands.

August 6, 1945

In an effort to make Japan surrender like Germany, the United States drops an atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan.

August 9, 1945

The United States drops a second atomic bomb on Nagasaki, Japan.

September 2, 1945: Victory over Japan (VJ) Day

Japan surrenders. World War II is over.

atomic bomb: an explosive device whose power results from the splitting of atomic nuclei

Meet the Author



Kathryn Erskine grew up in Europe, Africa, Canada, and the United States. She attended eight schools and four universities. She was a lawyer before becoming an author. Her experiences inspire much of her writing.

She loves to travel and talk with readers around the world and has been lucky to visit schools in the U.S., Canada, Scotland, Italy, Brazil, Panama, and Singapore. She also loves research and went to Amsterdam to research this book, including walking in Vondel Park

and visiting the Resistance Museum. She was awed by the incredible courage of Resistance members and hopes she'd be as brave as Piet and Hannah if her country were taken over or a group of people were targeted for being different.

She has published seven novels including National Book Award winner *Mockingbird* and three picture books. As always, she has several books in progress. Her books have won multiple awards. What is most important to her is that readers enjoy her books and realize that, like the characters in books, they have the power to achieve their goals.

Visit Kathryn Erskine online at kathrynerskine.com.

Meet the Illustrator



Kailien Singson. A born artist, Kailien hails from the northeastern region of India known for its rich natural beauty that serves as a constant inspiration in his work. His passion for art began at a young age with artistic scribbles in notebooks at school, and gradually developed into a serious career that led him to pursue a degree in arts. Having explored several techniques in art through his education and professional years in publishing, Kailien specializes in using striking colors and depicting realistic forms in his work. He is equally adept at traditional art styles, taking inspiration from everyday life.

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Core Knowledge® Adventures in History™

Nazi Germany has invaded the Netherlands. Nazi soldiers patrol the capital city, Amsterdam, looking for dissenters while enforcing their harsh, brutal laws. Jewish people are no longer safe. Many have already been rounded up, forced into ghettos or worse, transported to camps. Despite such bleakness, there are glimmers of hope, shards of light that come in the form of people willing to fight back. Hannah and Piet, their parents, and others operating in the shadows are determined to do whatever they can to save as many people as possible. And though young, Hannah and Piet use their knowledge of the winding, narrow streets, canal paths, and secret hideouts of Amsterdam to become important members of a group dedicated to undermining the Nazis—the Resistance.

These books are suitable for readers aged 8 and up.

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