

# The Document of a Camp Guard

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## Herzlich Willkommen

Please fill in the template every report with your signature.

### Prisoner Log, Month 1

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 22

Location: Janinagrube (Libiąż)

Location Founded: 1943

Date: June 13, 1944

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

Day one in Janinagrube. Currently 877 living occupants, almost 100 arrived today.

Two French men rebelled by refusing to come out to mine coal, prisoners (NUMBER REDACTED) and (NUMBER REDACTED). They've been dealt with.

Otherwise, an uneventful day.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

### Prisoner Log, Month 2

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 22

Location: Janinagrube (Libiąż)

Location Founded: 1943

Date: July 14, 1944

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

It's been a busy month. Many prisoners have died of fatigue and hunger, at least fifteen. With that being said, we need a new batch of rations.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

### Prisoner Log, Month 3

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 22

Location: Janinagrube (Libiąż)

Location Founded: 1943

Date: August 10, 1944

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

I won't be sending this report up, but I need somewhere to speak of this. It's shameful, but I favor some of the prisoners in this place. For example, Ada. I know we should use the numbers, but I know her name and I'll use it. She's an Austrian girl, sweet and soft-spoken, probably around thirteen or fourteen. I don't get to see much of her, but I talk to her during some of her work and lunchtime. I try to stay professional with her, but she knows I find her enjoyable to be around. I should be angry that she has some individuality in a place where standing out gets you killed.

But I can't force myself to lose my temper about her. She's like a daughter to me. And today, she almost died. She was lugging around coal, and collapsed. I saw the light in her eyes, the light that made her different, dull. She barely forced herself back up. And as this happened, everyone kept walking. The guards continued their protocol. Not even the other prisoners batted an eye. It made me mad. I wanted to scream, "Where is your empathy? Have you gone mad? A girl has collapsed to the ground, weak and cold, and nobody acknowledges her presence?"

I feel like I've snapped and woken up from a dream where I reigned above everyone else and now am seeing how lowly I truly am. I'm conflicted and afraid.

### Prisoner Log, Month 4

Name: Adalrich Jäger  
Occupation: Camp Guard  
Age: 23  
Location: Janinagrube (Libiąż)  
Location Founded: 1943  
Date: September 7, 1944

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

20 or so deaths by fatigue in the past two months, but many arrivals. Prisoner Ada 743008 came close to death but pushed through. They're a good one to keep around.

Hopefully.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

## Prisoner Log, Month 5

Name: Adalrich Jäger  
Occupation: Camp Guard  
Age: 23  
Location: Janinagrube (Libiąż)  
Location Founded: 1943  
Date: October 4, 1944

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

Another report I'll fail to send in, but there is nowhere else to speak of this safely. How could I have not realized before? How have I not realized how sick it is what I'm doing? To myself, to other people, to every person in captivity? I stare at these rotting people, *children*, and can do nothing for them. After Ada almost passed, every death I have to report hurts a little bit more. I didn't see any of the prisoners as human before; reporting their deaths was a trifling task. If I had one wish, I would go back to myself about to sign those papers to work here and say, "Put that pen down, and realize what horrible crimes you'll commit if you go through with this."

I've never hated a version of myself more. It just shows how fear can blind a person, and how it still blinds me, because I have the gall to watch people die and do nothing. That's the base of the whole thing. Fear. Make the captured fear escape or rebellion and make them think there is no escape. Make those on your side fear the consequences of leaving it so they promise, no, plead loyalty. They grab Death from behind and tie strings to it; make it their puppet, and perform for an audience who claps and smiles out of fear of what will happen if they show any disdain. They have the power to decide who is invited to the show, who becomes a volunteer on stage, and who will never be seen again after they volunteer. And as long as Hitler reigns, I will be forced into this vicious cycle of smiling, clapping, and killing, where I help produce the play.

## Prisoner Log, Month 6

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Janinagrube (Libiąż)

Location Founded: 1943

Date: November 24, 1944

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

Several prisoners have tried to rebel or escape in the past few days. I couldn't tell you why they chose now.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

## Prisoner Log, Month 7

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Janinagrube (Libiąż)

Location Founded: 1943

Date: December 20, 1944

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

It's come to light why those prisoners were trying to escape now. Word has been going around that the Red Army is coming to strike us down. We won't let them, and we'll try our best to keep our camp safe.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

### Prisoner Log, Month 7

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Janinagrube (Libiąż)

Location Founded: 1943

Date: December 20, 1944

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

They know we won't win. And frankly, I don't want us to.

### Prisoner Log, Month 7

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Janinagrube (Libiąż)

Location Founded: 1943

Date: December 20, 1944

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

My apologies for the second report in a month, but we're manning a complete evacuation of camp Janinagrube due to the Red Army approaching to liberate Auschwitz. Almost a thousand prisoners have been sent to Birkenau or Monowitz as unfit for work, so the evacuation will not be too rigorous. Some of the prisoners will be transported by train from Gliwice to the Mauthausen and Buchenwald camps, while the others will be walking to the Gross-Rosen camp in lower Silesia. I will be mandating the Gross-Rosen walk. I will keep as many updates as I can.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

## Prisoner Log, Month 8

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Gross-Rosen (Lower Silesia)

Location Founded: 1940

Date: January 17, 1945

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

They left her. They left Ada behind. They said she was too weak to march with us. With these cowards who flee from their consequences while pretending they still reign on high. They will pay, and so will I. I deserve punishment as much as these sick men, laughing at the suffering of others while drowning in champagne and phony power. I deserve punishment because I went along with their games. The worst part is I can't go help her, or I will die at the hands of those who once praised me. Treason, they call it. Empathy is what it is. I know my end is near, whether it be by my employers or the 'enemy'. I just hope they find Ada alive and well. I know she won't worry about me after I'm gone. I didn't help her; she doesn't know that I cared. And now she never will.

## Prisoner Log, Month 8

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Gross-Rosen (Lower Silesia)

Location Founded: 1940

Date: January 17, 1945

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

Made it to Gross-Rosen. We left behind 60 prisoners at Janinagrube. The SS men said they were too weak to march. The camp's good as abandoned now.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

## Prisoner Log, Month 8

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Gross-Rosen (Lower Silesia)

Location Founded: 1940

Date: January 17, 1945

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

Camp Janinagrube has been liberated. We're close to becoming a target.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

## Prisoner Log, Month 8

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Gross-Rosen (Lower Silesia)

Location Founded: 1940

Date: January 17, 1945

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

Ada's in the camp still. I hope she isn't hurt. The Red Army found her. They must have. They have to help.

### Prisoner Log, Month 9

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Gross-Rosen (Lower Silesia)

Location Founded: 1940

Date: February 10, 1945

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

The Red Army will arrive soon, we have little time left. We will try to keep our troops safe and away from the Army.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

### Prisoner Log, Month 9

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Gross-Rosen (Lower Silesia)

Location Founded: 1940

Date: February 12, 1945

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

I can't say I'm surprised, but those cowards are blazing and blowing up any evidence of their wrongdoing. The crematories have been blown to smithereens, bodies have



all been burnt. The Red Army will be here by daylight tomorrow. I know they mean well, but liberation is a dangerous game, and blood of both the pure and the poisoned will shed. And if this is where I meet my end, I'll meet it with a clear conscience, helping the innocent people I once hurt stay alive and away from stray bullets.

### Prisoner Log, Month 9

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Gross-Rosen (Lower Silesia)

Location Founded: 1940

Date: February 13, 1945

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

They're here. Wish me luck.

*-Adalrich Jäger*

### Prisoner Log, Month 9

Name: Adalrich Jäger

Occupation: Camp Guard

Age: 23

Location: Gross-Rosen (Lower Silesia)

Location Founded: 1940

Date: February 13, 1945

**Submit reports at the end of the month. Reports are not mandatory unless something eventful has happened.**

I'm... alive. The camp was liberated. The SS men are under arrest or dead. And I'm free. The Red Army took pity on me because of my youth; they let me go and I'm free. I can go back home to my family safely and live life without fear. Soon, I won't

have to answer to the Nazis, to Hitler, to anyone. And I don't need to document my  
fear ever again.

*It's been a while, hasn't it? I finally found these old papers of mine. Reading through  
them is so surreal. I was such a panicked child back then. But enough about him, I  
guess I should finish my story now.*

*It's been three years since the war passed. Hitler died, there was rejoicing, and people  
slowly but surely settled back into their normal lives, as I did my part. I became a cook  
for the nearest orphanage, and that is where my life changed. I met the most beautiful  
girl, Bernadette. We soon got together, and last year, I proposed to her and we got  
married. She makes me so happy every day, but there is one thought in the back of my  
head that intrigues me: "Where is Ada?" Yes, I haven't found her yet, and I know I  
probably never will. Wherever she is is better than that cold place. I hope she's doing  
well. I hope she's healthy and smiling.*

*Oh, gosh! How could I forget? I had my first daughter last week. She's the light of my  
life.*

*Her name is Ada.*

*Farewell, old friend.*

*-Adalrich Jäger.*