# Prologue: The Double Voice

I was born carrying others' memories. I don't recall when it began-one day I realized I was living a story not my own. Perhaps it was when, as a child, I understood my mother was unlike my classmates' mothers. Or perhaps it was when I became a mother myself, and the truth suddenly slammed into me: She survived. I am a carrier.

This book was born from that rupture, and from what remained whole. Two voices carry this story. She is a Holocaust survivor, and she bears in her body and her soul what cannot be borne, what cannot be understood, what cannot be lived through. I am her daughter, born into a people rebuilding their lives, into survival, into ordinary life. Each of us writes in the first person. Not about one another, but from within ourselves. Two complete stories meeting.

I didn't want to write "testimony" in the documentary sense. I wanted to understand how her story lives in me. Not only in the memories that were spoken or hidden, but in my body, my words, my silences, my memories, the way I live, my fears, my habits, my motherhood, my love. I wanted both voices to exist side by side-not as commentary or explanation, but as presence, infused with love and longing.

That's why the book is structured like a two-voiced kaleidoscope, the voices distinct and not always aligned. Sometimes my mother's story seems to belong to a distant past; sometimes it happens within me now. Sometimes my own story seems far removed from the Holocaust, until you realize that it is its continuation-in another language, on another planet, until I recognize it for what it is: her story, carrying on.

I tried not to beautify or retouch anything, not what was said, not what was described, and not what remained in feeling. It took courage to write my mother's story in the first person, in her own voice. I had to write myself into it, to face it and stand inside it, and perhaps that is the closest I have ever come to her.

This book is not an account of "how she survived," nor is it a study of "intergenerational trauma," genetic or psychological. It is simply an attempt to weave together two breaths: one that struggled to live a life, and one that was born into memory.

And if you listen closely, perhaps you will hear the space between them.