

Survivor Edi Weinstein on Thirst in Treblinka

The next morning, August 26, I crawled out of my hideout and saw three young men drinking. Half-dead with thirst, I asked them to share the water with me. One of them replied that they were drinking urine, not water. I pointed to my chest, told them that I had been shot and could not go outside, and was very thirsty. One of the men poured a little of the cloudy liquid into a cup, measuring it as if it were a rare treasure, and gave it to me. I sipped a little but it did not quench my thirst.

On Thursday, August 27, I heard from the men in the hut that a transport had arrived from Miedzyrzec Podlask. A transport from Kielce had also come in during the day. Before sunset, a young man clutching a pair of scissors approached me and asked me to cut his long hair. Unable to move my right arm, I could not do as he asked. Instead, I asked him to search through the parcels, hoping that he would find something for me to drink. He found a small bottle of vinegar and poured a little of it onto a sugar cube. I popped the cube into my mouth. My lips, tongue, and gums stung; it was vinegar concentrate. Nevertheless, it gave me some relief because the burning helped slake my agonizing thirst.

Source: Edi Weinstein, *Quenched Steel. The Story of an Escape From Treblinka*, Yad Vashem, Jerusalem 2002, pp. 46- 47.