

Disclaimer:

I offer a range of memoir styles to suit different preferences, including a factual narrative style and a more creative, novel-style approach. The sample shown here reflects a *novel-style memoir*. If we work together, we'll explore which style best suits your story and vision.

Chapter Sample:

(Based on the true account of a holocaust survivor, interviewed and written by Remembering Tomorrow)

The streets of Vienna were bustling. Children playing, salarymen rushing on and off trams. My father's large, calloused hand held mine with a tenderness belying his stature. "Did you have a good time in Hallstatt, dear?" He beamed at me.

"Yes Father! It was so small and cute!" My father ruffled my hair. "I'm glad, but remember, it's back to school again tomorrow! I know you're the birthday girl, but you still must work hard." My father's attempts at being stern always fell flat. His adoration was smeared across his face. Still, I humoured him. "Yes Father" I responded with a grin. I was about to open my mouth to comment on how lovely a day it was, when I heard a sudden sound behind me.

"Boo!" I jolted upward and turned around, only to see my mother standing over me, ice cream in hand. "My little Suzy is such a big girl now!" She fawned, handing me the ice cream. I grinned from ear to ear, almost drowning out what my parents were talking about as I was encapsulated and enraptured by this double scoop of pistachio ice cream. I tuned back in for a split second, to hear them talk in hushed tones. I could only pick out one word. "War".

"War?" I questioned, innocently. Mid-sentence my father stopped, they both turned to look at me.

"Darling, everything is going to be just fine." My father reassured me.

"Yes Suzy, your father runs the biggest watch making shop in Vienna! We're very important people" My mother winked at me.

"But how does watchmaking stop bad men with guns?"

My parents stared at each other for a moment, then back to me.

"Come on Suzy, it's getting late" My father insisted "It's about time we went home".

With one hand in my mothers, and one in my father's we walked back to our flat in the city. I was only nine, but even I could sense something in the air.

Two months had passed since then, and the ominous air had turned stagnant. I was about to leave my flat for school, until I heard my father call for me. "Suzy! Don't forget your arm band!"

"Yes father" I sighed.

Producing a large yellow star of David armband from my pocket, I attached it to my sleeve with a pin and left for the outside world.

When walking to school now I always kept my head down. I used to wave hello to the woman who ran the bakery down the road from me. I used to pick flowers in the park I would meander through when taking the scenic route. But now there were men in black with guns in the park, and the woman who runs the bakery couldn't look me in the eye. I realised it was because I had this arm band, and she didn't. I wished I didn't have to wear it, but father said if I didn't, my life would be worse than it already was. I didn't know what changed to my home, but I constantly felt uncomfortable.