

Stefania Krikun

SK - People died every day. A lot of people died. I saw this. We had a river in the village, and not a single fish, or frog or turtle was left. Nothing. There was not a single dog or cat left in the village. Nothing. People ate everything. Later there was nothing. Absolutely nothing was left.

Interviewer - *And then what did they eat?*

SK - They died. What did they eat? They tore leaves from trees, and those people, as I said, who didn't have a cow, they couldn't survive.

How were they buried? A wagon went around every day, from house to house, collected the dead and threw them on a wagon. At the cemetery they dug a big pit, about the size of this room, and for two or three days would collect the dead there. It depended on how many dead there were; once the pit was full, they covered it up and would dig another pit. That's how it was.

I often think about this, but it is very hard to remember this, to talk about it or to think about it. It's hard to talk about it because I become ill from all of it. I simply can't; it's very hard to describe, and who can believe that this is what happened.