

Luba Kachmarska

LK - They took my mother's kerchief, her boots. None of us had boots, we were barefoot, so my mother was crying saying, "what will I do? I won't be able to get wood, or anything." They said, "you'll die, little kulaks." And they robbed us to the point that they took everything from the house. We had cauldrons in which my mother cooked food for the pigs, they destroyed those cauldrons. We had a cow; they took it, and the calf, so that we wouldn't have a cow. They took everything. When my mother was crying, they said, "You'll live," because my mother was from a very poor family, "but your husband, he's a kulak. Tell us where he is." My mother said, "I don't know where he is." Maybe my mother knew, I don't know. But she said she didn't know. They opened the door to the house and told my mother to leave. My mother left, and we followed her, in a row. My mother was crying, and we were all hugging her. Then they boarded up our windows and doors so that we couldn't get in. Because we don't have the right to live in the house, we have to die. So my mother took us to the barn. Then when night came and we didn't have where to sleep my mother was scared to take us to her sister's, but my godmother took us into her barn and gave us some blankets and we slept there. We were in the barn because if they had known that my godmother was putting us up, she would be punished too.

In my village, I know that in the corner where I lived, there were twenty-two houses, of which three had people left in them. I don't know how many died in the village. When I came back to school, where there used to be 23 or 24 of us, six of us came back. There were no other children. Six of us came back.

Interviewer - *And there used to be 23?*

LK - There were 23 or 26 of us. And 6 returned to school.