

## **Petro Yunenko**

**PY** - There is a moment, which disturbs me. Some say that this was a failed harvest. This is not true. The harvest was very good, and the grain, the wheat was beautiful. They took it to the elevator, and left nothing for the collective farm. It came to it that we had nothing. So my brother and I went to the fields, because it was a small town surrounded by fields, and in the spring we went to the fields, where the snow had melted, and the little piles of grain that the mice had collected for the winter - we would take apart their nests and take the grain and put it in a bag and bring it home. We would dry it, and mill it. There were all sorts of grains there, grasses, and [maybe] a wheat stalk, that they would hide for the winter. So you could say that we were thieves, who robbed these mice. We'd bring it home, clean it and then mill it. Later my mother would make porridge or soup from it, something like that.

The only reason we survived was because my father, I guess [he understood], and left [the collective farm]. Because later you couldn't leave the collective farm. You had to have permission from the head of the village and the collective farm. And they wouldn't give you the certificate, because they said they needed workers. So people couldn't leave the village. But my father [had left] earlier, before this law. And that's how we were saved. We were hungry, and I had swollen legs and my eyes were swollen, but somehow we survived.

My father's brother died, and my father's sister died.

**Interviewer** - *What were their names?*

**PY** - His brother was named Mykyta, and his sister was Tetyana.