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My father came home, and told my mother that things are getting very bad. He closed the bank [where he worked] and after a couple of days, two horse-drawn wagons came to our house. They grabbed my father and tied him up. They beat him. I ran after them, yelling, grabbing his legs. I yelled, "That's my father! That's my father!" They grabbed me and threw me in the snow. This was in 1933, and there was a very severe winter. They took everything we had out of the house. My mother had made some borscht; these NKVD agents took it out of the oven and ate it. My mother was holding Andrij, and I was holding my mother by the dress. They threw us out onto the road into the snow, and locked up the house. They took my father away. He was sentenced to ten years in prison, because we were kulaks. They called us kulaks.

When my father went to prison, my mother went to work on the railroad. About 2 km from Kybyntsi there was a distillery where they made vodka from beets. That vodka was exported to Moscow. The mash that was left [after distillation] was poured into a hole. When my mother came home from work she would take a bucket, walk 2 km and take that mash. We called it *braha*. She would bring it home, pour a bit of water in, and cook it. That's what we ate.