

## **Vera Stefaniuk**

In 1932 there were still some potatoes, or beets, or maybe pickled cucumbers. But in 1933 there was nothing. People walked around and ate grass in the spring. There was nothing.

I remember that I was very swollen, hungry and tired. I wasn't able to get up, and was very hungry. Mother and I prayed a lot, and she found a porcupine in a hole. She cleaned and baked it. I was small, but she gave me most of it and only took a bit for herself. And that saved my life.

Many people died. They lay there, there was nobody to bury them. Nobody had the strength to give graves. People were swollen. One man saw a cat across from my house. He tried to catch and eat the cat. The cat ran away, and the man fell and died. And there was nobody to bury him.