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My father saw that he would have to flee the village. He fled to *rudniky*, to the mines. This was near Kryviy Rih, where there were iron ore mines. He got a job there. In 1932 he came back at night and took my brother, mother, grandmother and myself. We fled to the city, and that's why we survived. My great grandmother didn't want to come with us. She said, "I'm old, I'm going to stay." So she stayed. My mother returned to the village several times to try to get her to come to the city. But she wanted to stay at home. My mother came back, crying, because her sisters had died. The last time my mother went to the village, my great grandmother said she would go with her to the city. But she was swollen, and couldn't walk anymore. My mother went to her sister's house – her sister and husband were already dead. Four children were lying on the stove, swollen, and there was nothing she could do for them. She left them a bag of dried bread, and when she came home with my great grandmother, she cried a great deal, because those were the last children from my mother's family. Nobody was left from her family. My great grandmother survived for only three days in the city. My mother said that she was barely able to get her to the train station, because she couldn't walk anymore.

I remember very little, but this I remember, because a grown man was crying. A doctor came to my father, crying. He said to my father, "Fedor Serhiyevych, you don't know what's happening." This doctor went from village to village recording how many people had died. He was arrested and nobody ever saw him again.