

Out of the silo pit – my verdict

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In the Village News I have read the expressions of the human soul in pain and decided to write about the famine of the year 33. I attended school and was not a bad student. I remember being accepted into “zhowteniata” (the youngest branch of the communist youth movement), and looking at the portrait of Stalin, holding the child Switlana in his arms. How we rejoiced at the sight of that picture. We were thinking that this was our own dear person. What has this, our own dear person, done to us children that year, he had taken us both dead and living and thrown us into the silo pit. Thus I myself ended up in the silo pit still alive.

My mother was dead of hunger, so were my brother and sister, but I was still stirring. A wagon came by, picked up the dead bodies as well as myself. The drayman said that they would have to come back for me the next day, anyway, so I was thrown into the silo pit as well. A neighbour, a stable-man was passing by and came over to see how many pits have been filled that day, he recognized me, pulled me out and took me to his house. That is how I am still alive and pronouncing my verdict against Stalin.

If I was allowed to get to his grave, I would rake out his bones and throw them to the dogs and make his relatives erect a Memorial, at their cost, to those who perished in the famine. It has been said that the children are not responsible for the sins of their father, but they knew they were eating white bread and other dainties, why did they not ask him to give us Makukha [a by-product of making sunflower oil, usually fed to cattle and pigs], so we would not have to eat cats, dogs, frogs, tadpoles, weeds and people. It was such a tragedy that it would have been better if he killed us all by shooting instead of torturing us by famine. I am asking the Village News to, please, forgive my illiterate writing, because I am also crying remembering this tragedy. Those who defend Stalin have no soul either.

Now, thank God, there is bread and things to go with it, but it is not respected, even given to the cows. While the children now have buns to eat, I suppose what is left over can be given to the cattle. After surviving such a crisis, for me bread is like gold, health and happiness. Please forgive me, workers at the Village News for writing about this, but in my old age it will be easier for me to die knowing that the robber and soul killer Stalin has been exposed. There was no peace for us not knowing who has caused this artificial famine. Although even as a child I did think that it was he, the soul killer. He buried my childhood into the grave, and it is because of him my eyes are full of tears every day. So many people he sent to their graves. Please take note and publish in the Village News, my verdict.