

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER VOROZHBYIT DARYA

When the war started, my great-grandmother was only 14 years old. Her early carefree years were destroyed by a brutal war.

The young girl was in the deep rear, but she could not sit idly by while the entire nation stood up for their Homeland. Fathers and older brothers went to the front. Boys were also eager to fight, besieging military enlistment offices. "All for the Front! All for Victory!"

I remember my grandmother telling me about the hardest times: "It was hard to work, I spent a lot of time in the field, in the forest, at work. Even drinking and washing had to be done from a puddle." Life was very difficult. At the age of 14, she had to do the job, which in pre-war times, not every man could stand - harvesting and rafting wood. That's where she lost her health. She worked from 8 am to 8 pm. Food was given with food stamps, bread was given in portions of 800 grams per family. "I felt hungry all the time, because instead of eating the food myself I took everything home to feed my family. At work, everyone was tired, because it was necessary to take care of the cattle, mow hay, bring firewood, water at home", my great-grandmother says. When the war started, she was only 14 years old. Her father was called up to the front and she lived with her stepmother and 4 sisters and a brother. She remembers only work during the: she logged wood for tractors, firewood for schools and farms, helped her stepmother take care of the collective farm cattle, made hay and straw for horses. Her arms and back ached constantly. It was very hard. Winters were cold, the temperature dropped to 50-60 degrees, heads and feet all froze, people died of cold. Everything that had been collected from the fields was sent to the front, people kept the minimum for themselves.

My great-grandmother's whole life was different. Her childhood was gone with the war. There was no time to play, to learn. It was necessary to help the stepmother raise younger children, to help her with hard collective farm work.

At the end of the war, my great-grandmother started to work in a kindergarten as a cook, and a nanny. The children loved her very much.

Unfortunately, my great-grandmother is no longer alive, but when I was a child, she told me about her hard, military childhood, and she also saved and preserved the medals and certificates given to her for her faithful work and devotion to her Homeland.

I will always remember my grandmother's phrase: "God Forbid you such a childhood, let there be peace and blue sky above you. Live, enjoy life and work, young people!"

I am proud of my great-grandmother she will remain in my heart and memory forever: "No one is forgotten, nothing is forgotten". Thank you for the Victory and for our life!

Koryttseva Anna, Journalism Dpt., 1st year