

**„Granparents. Grand stories.
The nearest stories from World War II”.**

In my family I do not have a person who has lived to this day but I have a neighbor Zof, who gladly told me about her family. Mrs. Zofia was born 1936. more than half of the story was told by her parents. So I am asking for a distance to the story, you must remember that people from World War II are older and remember them is not so perfect.

M – Good morning, I would like to interview you about World War II.-

Z – Good morning. What would you like to know?-

M – Preferably everything you remember or what your parents said. I know that such topics may be uncomfortable on some issues but every detail is important to me. I think we can start with the moment the effects of the war began to touch your family.-

Z – I think that what was not to stand anymore, I was 2 years old when the effects of the war began to touch my family. Mom, dad, 6-year-old brother, 4-year-old brother and 2-year-old me, we lived over Kutno. In 1938 The Germans entered our village, collecting residents into a truck (type Wehrmacht vol 3) to get to one of the concentration camps after switching to the train. My dad always had a lot of friends even among the Germans, if it wasn't for them, they could be different with us. Being on the train, my mother polished me with lipstick and pinch me to cry, giving all valuable things to Germany. They threw us out at the next station after a long walk we arrived in the village near Bzura, we were admitted to the fire brigade for accommodation with meals...-

M – What conditions did you find you there?-

Z – The meals were nasty for all our 5 for the whole day we got 1 cup of soup and a few stale slices of bread. The meals of a fugitive time changed but it was not enough when I started crawling, I cracked under the table of the lady who separated food. At one point she chewed the dog with a stale skin of bread I chewed on.

The lady jerked my hand and everyone could expect punishment but she gave me a few slices of bread I wanted to eat them but from a young age I was taught to share. After some time, I managed to find work in a nearby village in the bakery on which we lived. It was a tight apartment with an attic in which we placed cages with rabbits between them and the wall there was a large space in which we placed Izrealitke with a child she had such a doll, which I was terribly jealous of her. Unfortunately, she preferred to find a better place for themselves and her daughter, so they left and maybe it is good because a few

days later the Germans came, Fortunately, they took us against the wall, they had no evidence that we were hiding Jews, so 1 of them hit his dad with a rifle on the stomach.-

M – Was it better in this house than in the guard? And did Izrealitka survive?-

Z – In our houses it was definitely better, it was a bit warmer but those spreading fragrances from the bakery were killing. A few months later, the Germans chose all the Israelites and people helping them together with our pupil with her daughter, the child fell out the doll, unfortunately the Germans did not let her raise. My parents, giving me a doll, told me that this child would not be useful that night there were a lot of shots at that moment I did not know what it was about, now I have remorse that I was so jealous of her. But unfortunately I put a doll in a chair and 1 of the Germans sat on it.-

M – probably the doll was half ceramic and half the straw. Did you study?-

Z – she looked terrifying after massacre it was so sorry for her, so after these events we moved, we did it at the perfect moment because the Germans carried out a round-up in our village. Unfortunately, I was only 1 day at school because the Germans entered the class and took the teacher, Then, as soon as there was an opportunity, I learned my family at home. At that time, we had better food, but still insufficiently, most often we ate the cheese that we got at a lower price than my dad's friends and after today I can't look at the cheese.-

M – Do you remember time how the Russians entered Poland?-

Z – Something I remember when they entered our village on a tank, they chased 2 Germans riding a bike. They had fun with them, shooting rifles behind them, hitting their houses and killing their inhabitants. Once upon a time, when my dad went to work, the Russians entered our apartment wanting to play with my mother and me, Fortunately, the officer took them somewhere. Of such unusual things, my dad's death in 1943 was poisoned seriously with smoke when he helped to extinguish the fire in his death, he asked me to give me beer but my mother forbade me because of the indications, the doctor in his last words was, "if you don't give me when I die I will scare you." Nobody knew then that it would have such an impact on me for a long time I had the feeling of someone's presence, my mother sent me to different people and even invited exorcists to bless the house in the end it went through it, but to this day, when something wonderful happens I have a feeling of the presence of



someone. Unfortunately, I don't remember more important things, I am stupid that I can tell you so little.-

M – You shouldn't be stupid. In my opinion, you told me a lot and thank you for everything you told me.-

The conversation took place at best for the next 2 hours not only about World War II but also about things I can't make. I have never talked to my neighbor not counting. This conversation not only showed me what people went through during the war but how important it is to be nice and nice,

Because how do you know if your friend from the yard will not be helpful even while on the enemy side. I was touched by Zofia's dad was an honest man willing to help, in every critical situation he had friends who helped him and if it wasn't for the history of her family could have been different.

I hope it will not be my last conversation with my neighbor and that people will finally start learning from our ancestors. But is it feasible or is life without wars possible? After all, every person has a grain of greed, which, depending on us, rot or flourishes.