

Krinik in Khurbn

Chapter 8 / Pages 100 - 110



*Drawing on sandpaper: Beate Schützmann-Krebs*

## In the Wood

<p>ikh bin lign geblibn in keler di gantse nakht. groyse meyz zaynen mir aroyfgeshprungen oyf di fis. ikh bin di gantse nakht nisht geshlofn. ven ikh hob zikh abisl baruikt hob ikh getrakht, tsi bin ikh beemes oyf der fray. farshidene bilder hobn zikh mir forgeshtelt far di oygn. ot ze ikh mayne khaveyrim, mayn bruder, vi zey zaynen ale oyf der tsveyter zayt fun taykh Berezine un zey greytn zikh tsu geyn in shlakht un bafrayen undzere families, vos shmakhtn shoyn untern merderishn shtivl.</p>	<p>I stayed in the basement all night. Big mice jumped on my feet and I did not sleep all night. When I calmed down a bit, it went through my mind whether I am really free. Various images appeared before my eyes: There I see my comrades and my brother, being on the other side of Berezina and preparing to go into battle to liberate our families languishing under the murderous bondage.</p>	
<p>a kelt iz mir ibergelofn ibern gantsn kerper, ven ikh hob gezen far mir dos kleyne kirgizl, vi er shnaydt mentshn-fleysh mit a tempn farzhavertn meser un di keshenes zaynen bay im ful mit shtiklekh gebrotn fleysh fun mentshn. mentshn, velkhe zaynen nokh nekhtn geven tsvishn di lebedike. mentshn velkhe zaynen gegangen in kamf far frayhayt un gefaln vi heldn in shlakht.</p>	<p>It sent shivers down my spine, when I thought of the little Kyrgyz man, cutting off human flesh with his dull, rusty knife and having his pockets full of roasted people's flesh.</p>	
<p>ikh hob oykh gegesn fun dem fleysh. bay mir in mogn lign nokh itst shtiklekh nit fardeyte mentshn-fleysh. a shoyder geyt mir durkh durkh leyb. ikh shpay oys. mit di tsayt reynik ikh mir di tsung-tomer iz nokh farblibn a shtikl mentshn-fleysh.</p>	<p>People who were still among the living yesterday. People who had gone to fight for freedom and had fallen as heroes in battle.</p> <p>I also ate from that meat. There are still pieces of undigested human flesh in my stomach. A shudder goes through my body. I spit out and continuously clean my tongue - in case a piece of human flesh still has remained there.</p>	
<p>ikh lig oyfn nasn tsement un mayne oygn zaynen gevendet tsum kleynem, ofenem fentsterl fun velkhn es rayst zikh arayn a diner pas groy likht</p>	<p>I am lying on the wet cement, and my eyes are turned to the small open window, from which a thin stripe of gray light comes in and falls beside</p>	

<p>un falt leben mir. mayne hoyzn zaynen nas un farflekt mit blut. di marinarkhe iz tserisn.</p>	<p>me. My pants are wet and stained with blood. My jacket is torn.</p>	
<p>dos ershte muz ikh zen mir aynshafn kleyder, az ikh zol kenen aroysgeyn fun danen. mayn plan, velkhn ikh hob oysgearbet ligndik oyfn tsement, iz: ikh zol antloyfn in vald un dort vel ikh zayn a frayer</p>	<p>First, I must see to acquire clothes, so that I can leave here. My plan, which I have worked out, lying on the cement floor, is: I must escape to the forest, and there I will be free</p>	

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<p>foygl. in vald iz faran geveer un mit geveer vel ikh alts bekumen un zikh filn dreyster un mutiker. der groyer pas vert heler un heler. es iz shoyn tog. di gas iz ayngelilt in a toyter shtilkeyt. di letste shtern leshn zikh oys. a hon hot zikh tsekreyt un bald-a tsveyter.</p>	<p>as a bird. There are weapons in the forest, and with a weapon I will get everything and feel bolder and braver. The large stripe becomes brighter and brighter. It is already daytime. The street is wrapped in a dead silence. The last stars go out. A rooster has crowed - and soon a second.</p>	
<p>ikh shtey oyf un pruv tsu geyn tsum fentsterl. mayn blik falt oyfn gortn, velkher iz ibergetsoygn mit a toy. ikh kuk zikh arum mir un derze in a vinkl, oyf der vant fun keler, hengen shvartse kleyder, oyf velkhe es falt itst der pas likht fun fentsterl. yo, kleyder! kleyder fun a ban-arbeter mit meshene kneplekh. alts iz faran: hoyzn, a marinade, un a mantl. a hitl valgert zikh oyf der erd. der mantl iz abisl oysgeshmirt mitn veysn kalekh fun der vant.</p>	<p>I get up and try to go to the window. My gaze falls on the garden, which is covered with dew. Looking around, I see black clothes hanging in a corner, on the wall from the basement, on which the stripe of light now falls through the window. Yes, clothes! Clothing from a railroad worker with brass buttons. Everything is present: Pants, a shirt and a coat; a hat lies on the ground. The coat is a little smeared by the white lime of the wall.</p>	

ikh reynik es oys un tu zikh on vi a ban-arbetter. itst bashlis ikh, az ven es vet vern shpeter, arum akht azeyger inderfri, vel ikh aroysgeyn fun danen un geyn in der rikhtung tsum vokzal, fun velkhn es iz zeyer noent dos vald.

ikh shtey shoyn greyt aroystsugeyn, ober mayne shikh zaynen tserisn un zeyer shmutsik. s'iz nishto mit vos zey optsuputsn.

ikh rayb op di blote mit di hoyzn vos ikh hob avekgevorfn. itst gey ikh tsu tsum fentsterl. ikh varf a blik oyfn gortn.

arum iz shtil. es hert zikh nor fun der gas a bavegung fun oytos. loyt der zun ze ikh, az s'iz shoyn arum akht azeyger inderfri. itst iz di rikhtike tsayt aroystsugeyn. ikh vel geyn tsu der ban vet dos nisht zayn oyffalndik.

ikh shtey shoyn in gortn, oyf der tsveyter zayt fun fentsterl. a shprung ariber ibern ployt un ot bin ikh shoyn oyf der gas. arum iz shtil. etlekhe alte froyen geyen arum tsugedekt di kep mit fatsheyles un murmlen tsvishn zikh.

ikh gey glaykh. mayn blik iz gevendet oyf foroys. ot bin ikh aroyf oyf der breyter gas, vos firt tsu der ban.

etlekhe ban-arbetter loyfn mit shnele trit in der zelber rikhtung vos ikh. keyner leygt oyf mir nit keyn akht. ikh shtel

I clean it and dress like a railroad worker. Now I decide that when it gets later, about 8 o'clock in the morning, I will go away from here towards the station, to which the forest is very close.

I am already ready to go out, but my shoes are torn and very dirty. There is nothing available with which I can clean them.

I rub the mud off with my discarded pants. Now, I go to the window and take a look at the garden.

All around it is quiet; from the street only moving trucks can be heard. From the position of the sun I conclude that it is already about eight o'clock in the morning. Now is the right time to go out. It will not be noticeable when I go to the railroad.

I am already standing in the garden, on the other side of the window. One jump over the fence, and I'm already on the street. It is silent. Several old women walk around, their heads covered with headscarves, whispering among themselves.

I'm about to leave, my gaze turned to the front. Now I have come to the wide road that leads to the railroad.

Several railroad workers walk with fast steps in the same direction as me. Nobody pays attention to me. I take long

<p>lange trit. dem krankn fus fil ikh gornisht. ot ze ikh shoyn di ban-stantsye. links dos vald. mayn blik falt oyfn vald. ikh vil shoyn vos gikher arayn in zayne orems und dan bin ikh geratervet.</p> <p>ikh farnem zikh oyf links un loz di stantsye in der zayt. etlekhe shnele trit un ikh hob dergreykht dos vald. ikh gey tsvishn di hoykhe sosne-beymer. der veg iz farzeyt mit biksn. oytos lign mit di reder aroyf. arum valgern zikh leydike un fule fesser benzin. leydike un fule kestlekh mit amunitsye.</p> <p>do shteyt a tank arum velkhn es iz arumgetsoygn a din kupern drot. keyner kumt mir nisht antkegn. dos vald iz pust fun mentshn nor es hert zikh dos zise gezang fun a foygl un dos murmlen fun di beymer.</p> <p>vuhin zol ikh geyn? in velkher rikhtung? dos veys ikh nisht. ikh gey vuhin di oygn firn mikh, abi vayter fun der shtot un tifer in vald. ikh veys, az dos vald iz zeyer groys. es tsit zikh arum drey hundred kilometer fun Minsk biz Bialystok.</p> <p>azoy bin ikh opgegangen a tsvey sho biz ikh hob derfilit a shtarke veytik in fus un der vaksndikn hunger.</p>	<p>steps. I don't feel the sick leg at all. There, I already see the train station, and on its left the forest, to which my gaze is turned. I want to get into his arms as quickly as possible, because then I'll be saved.</p> <p>I turn left, leaving the train station to my side. Several more quick steps, and I have reached the forest! I walk between the tall pines. The path is littered with rifles. Trucks are lying with their wheels up, and around them are empty and full barrels of gasoline, empty and full boxes of ammunition.</p> <p>There is a tank with a thin copper wire around it. No one is coming toward me. The forest is deserted; only the sweet song of a bird and the murmur of the trees can be heard.</p> <p>Where should I go? In which direction? I do not know. I go where the eyes lead me, somewhere further away from the city and deeper into the forest. I know that the forest is very large. It stretches three hundred kilometers from Minsk to Bialystok.</p> <p>So I have walked for two hours, until I feel a strong pain in my leg and and an increasing hunger.</p>	
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<p>shoyn vider dem tsveytn tog nisht gegesn. itst fil ikh zikh opgeshvakht un bashlis oystsuzukhn a gedikht plats, vu ikh zol zikh kenen farmaskirn un blaybn biz morgn. dan vel ikh vayter zen vos tsu ton. ven ikh hob oyfgemakht di oygn, iz shoyn arum mir geven fintster. dos vald hot oyf mir ongevorf a shrek. bay yedn shorkh fun di tsvaygn hot zikh mir oysgedakht, az men geyt tsu mir.</p> <p>di gantse nakht bin ikh gezesn oyf an ort. di kelt hot mir durkhgenumen di beyner un ikh hob nisht gekent antshlofn vern. farshidene bilder zaynen mir gekumen far di oygn zitsndik ongeshpart in a boym, di oygn gevendet tsu der arumiker fintsterkeyt.</p> <p>di nakht iz mir aroysgekumen azoy lang. mir hot zikh gedakht, az eybik vet zi zayn un eybik vel ikh azoy zitsn ongeshpart on boym. ikh veys nisht di tsayt vayl ikh hob nisht keyn zeyger un di zun iz itst nishto. batog shats ikh khotsh op di tsayt loyt der zun. a pas groykeyt iz oysgetsoygn gevorn ibern vald un mit yeder minut gevorn heler un heler biz ikh hob shoyn gut gezen arum.</p>	<p>I have not eaten for a second day, already. Now I feel weakened and decide to look for an opaque place where I can hide and stay until tomorrow. Then I'll see what to do next. When I opened my eyes, it was already dark around me. The forest instilled fear in me. With every rustle of the branches, I thought that someone was approaching me.</p> <p>All night, I was sitting in one place. The cold crept into my bones and I could not fall asleep. Various images came to my mind as I sat leaning against a tree and letting my eyes wander into the darkness around me.</p> <p>The night has seemed so long! I already was thinking that it would last for all eternity, and I would sit leaning against the tree forever. I don't know what time it is because I don't have a watch and the sun is not visible now. During the day, I estimate the time according to the position of the sun. A gray stripe stretched across the forest, and with each minute it became brighter until I could already see the surroundings.</p>	
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*photo: Beate Schützmann-Krebs*

<p>feygelekh zaynen oyfgeshtanen fun shlof un hobn freylekh getantst un gezungen, fliendik fun tsvayg tsu tsvayg. ot ze ikh a veverke shpringen fun boym tsu boym un pistshet tsu a tsveyter, vos shteyt kegniberdikn boym.</p> <p>der hunger hot mikh itst, in der frimorgndiker vald-luft, gut a nem geton untern hartsn un shvartse pasn zaynen mir gekumen far di oygn.</p> <p>broyt. a shtikele broyt-dos iz mayn eyntsiker farlang. ikh vil oyfshteyn. di fis zaynen mir opgeshvakht. der kop dreyt zikh. far di oygn shvindlt. fun minut tsu minut vert mir alts erger un erger.</p> <p>ot khalesh ikh, ot gey ikh oys. neyn, nor nisht zayn fartsveyflt. oyfshteyn!</p> <p>ikh red tsu zikh aleyn un gib zikh tsu mut. mit di letste kreftn shtey ikh oyf un shtel zikh oyf di fis, velkhe vaklen zikh un kenen nisht oyshaltn dem kerper. es tsit mikh tsu der erd. ot gib ikh a fal un shtel nokh a trot. vayter abisl lign („oyf“ missing?) fanandergevorfn kestlekh. ikh zets zikh oyf a kestl un a kalter shveys nemt arum mayn gantsn kerper.</p> <p>a foygl iz aropgefloygn fun boym un zikh geshtelt kegn mir.</p>	<p>Birds have woken up from sleep, dancing and singing happily, flying from branch to branch. There, I see a squirrel jumping from tree to tree, squeaking to a second one that is on the opposite tree.</p> <p>Hunger has overwhelmed me now, in the early morning forest air, and I have seen black streaks before my eyes.</p> <p>Bread. A piece of bread, that is my only request. I want to get up, but the legs are weakened, and in my head, everything is turning. Everything is spinning before my eyes. With each passing moment , I'm feeling worse and worse.</p> <p>Now, I am going to faint, and soon I will perish. No! Don't despair! Get up!</p> <p>I talk to myself, giving myself courage. With my last strength, I get up and stand on my legs, which are wobbling, not being able to hold my body. It pulls me down to the earth. I'm already falling, but (quickly) take another step. (Better, to) rest a little on the thrown apart boxes. I sit down on a box and a cold sweat is gripping my whole body.</p> <p>A bird has flown down and stands in front of me.</p>	
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<p>-foygl, foygl, breng mir a shtikl broyt!- murml ikh tsu dem foygl, velkher hot mikh bamerkt un tsurik farshvundn tsvishn di gedikhte bleter.</p> <p>nisht vayt fun mir shteyt a groyser tsebrokhener kastn, bay velkhn es valgern zikh kleyne, blekhene pushkelekh. ikh leyg zikh oyfn groz un shar zikh mitn gantsn kerper foroys tsum kastn! akh, efsher, efsher iz dort faran epes tsum esn, tsum shtiln dem hunger, tsum rateven dos leben! ot bin ikh leben dos kastn. ikh nem in hant a pushkele, oyf velkhn es shteyt geshribn oyf rusish „myasa“ (fleysh). ot ligt an ofn pushkele.</p> <p>ikh rays mit di negl shtiker fleysh un shtup mit bayde hent in moyl arayn.</p> <p>nokhn oyfesn di ershte pushke bin ikh geblibn lign oyfn groz, di oygn gevendet tsu dem shtikl bloykeyt vos zet zikh on tsvishn di tsveygn. es iz mir gevorn beser. der hunger- geshtilt. ikh</p>	<p>"Oh bird, oh bird, bring me a piece of bread," I murmur to the bird, which has noticed me and has disappeared - back into the dense foliage.</p> <p>Not far from me, there is a large, broken box, next to which are lying small, tinny cans. I lie down on the grass and crawl with my whole body forward to the box!</p> <p>Oh, maybe, maybe there is something there to eat, to satisfy hunger, to stay alive! Just now, I am next to the box. I take one of the cans in my hand, on which is written in Russian, "meat". And there, an open can is lying!</p> <p>I rub off pieces of meat with my fingernails and stuff them into my mouth with both hands.</p> <p>After I have eaten the first can, I have lain on the grass, my eyes turning to the piece of blue that shows itself between the branches. I feel better and the hunger is satisfied. I</p>	
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<p>ken shoyt oyfshteyn. itst darf ikh zen shafn gever. a biks oder a revolver oyf tsu farteydikn zikh, in fal ven men vet mikh khapn. biksn, granatn valgern zikh arum yedn boym, ober ale zaynen on shleser (1).</p>	<p>can get up already. Now, I have to get a gun. A rifle or a revolver, to defend myself in case they try to catch me. Guns and grenades are lying around every tree, but all are without locks (bolts?) (1).</p>	
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<p>di shleser zaynen aroysgenumen gevorn batsaytns fun di rusn. ikh nem an oytomat (1) in hant un trakht: dos vet zayn mayn khaver, ober vu nemt men a shlos. koyln lign tsezeyt ibern vald, zeyer a sakh, nor der iker- a shlos!</p> <p>ikh bashlis tsu geyn in der rikhtung tsu Baranovitsh. geyn vel ikh nor banakht. batog vel ikh lign gut farbahaltn un shlofn.</p> <p>oyfn dritn tog hob ikh gefunen leben a benzin-tsisterne a toyt n rusishn soldat, velkher iz gezesn haltndik dos redl (1a) in hant, mit a tifn lokh in brust. leben im iz gelegn an oytomat un zeyer a sakh koyln. dos ershte hob ikh genumen dem oytomat un bin shnel avek tsvishn di gedikhte beymer.</p> <p>itst iz mir shoyn freylekher un ikh fil zikh dreyster, haltndik in hant dos geve mit velkhn ikh vel zikh farteydikn un kemfn far mayn leben. ikh hob gut oysgeputst dem shlos un arayngeleygt a fuln magazin koyln. di keshenes hob ikh oykh ful ongepakt mit koyln. etlekhe pushkes fleysh hob ikh genumen in a militerisher torbe.</p> <p>itst bin ikh zat un hob in hant a khaver, velkher git mir kraft tsu leben un kemfn. ikh gey oyszukhn a gut maskirt plats oyf tsu leygn zikh shlofn.</p> <p>oyfgekht hob ikh zikh shoyn farnakht.</p>	<p>The locks had been taken out in time by the Russians. I take a machine gun (1) in my hand , thinking: This will be my comrade, but where can I get a lock? A lot of bullets are scattered in the forest, but the main thing is missing - a lock!</p> <p>I decide to go in the direction of Baranovitsh (Baranavichy). But I'm going to walk only at night; during the day, I would better lie well hidden and sleep.</p> <p>On the third day, next to a gasoline tank, I found a dead Russian soldier sitting there, holding the "cog" (1a) in his hand, with a deep hole in his chest. Next to him is a machine gun and a lot of bullets. First, I took the machine gun and quickly walked away between the dense trees.</p> <p>Now, I am already more joyful and I feel bolder, holding the rifle with which I will defend myself and fight for my survival. I have thoroughly cleaned the lock and have inserted a full magazine of bullets. I have also filled my pockets with bullets. In a military sack, I've packed several cans of meat.</p> <p>Now I am full, having in my hand a comrade, who gives me strength to live and fight. I go to find a well-hidden place where I can sleep.</p> <p>Already in the evening, I have woken up.</p>	
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<p>bay yedn trot vos ikh hob geshtelt, bin ikh yedes mol gefaln mitn gantsn kerper oyf a boym un tseklopt di noz. der himl iz oysgeshternt. a kil vintele bavegt di tsvaygn un bleter faln oyf der erd.</p> <p>ikh gey un fil zikh itst dreyster un mutiker. mayn ayntsiker tsil iz tsu gefinen a grupe partizanen un tsuzamen mit zey tsu kemfn. s'iz di drite nakht vos ikh gefin zikh in vald. itst shrekt mikh shoyn nit di fintsterkeyt. ikh fil zikh mutiker un dreyster.</p> <p>bay yedn shorkh vos ikh derher, halt ikh shoyn greyt dem oytomat un dem finger oyfn tsingl.</p> <p>dem zelbn frimorgn hob ikh derzen farbayloyfn an ibergeshrokenem hoz. ikh hob glaykh gekhapt dem oytomat un getsilt</p>	<p>Every time I take a step, I fall down with my whole body on a tree, hitting my nose.</p> <p>The sky is covered with stars. A cool wind is moving the branches and leaves are falling to the earth.</p> <p>I walk and feel bolder and braver now. My only goal is, to find a group of partisans and fight together with them. It is the third night that I am in the forest. But now, the darkness no longer frightens me. I feel braver and bolder.</p> <p>With every rustle I hear, I already have the machine gun ready, with my finger on the trigger.</p> <p>In the same early morning, I see a startled rabbit hobbling by. Immediately, I have taken the machine gun, aiming</p>	
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(1) In general: I think that by the Yiddish term "oytomat" the author does not mean a modern machine gun, but an "automatic weapon/rifle". a "shlos"= a lock, the lock is the mechanism for igniting the propellant charge of a firearm. Anyway, also the term "bolt" might be meant here, a lock being an archaic element of a gun firing mechanism, see [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Machine\\_gun](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Machine_gun) 1a) „redchen“= the cog, part of a wheel lock <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wheellock>

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<p>un im getrofn. der hoz iz gelegn mit a tserisenem boykh. dos iz geven der ershter shos in mayn leben, vos ikh hob gegeben oyf a lebedik beshefenish. azoy bin ikh langzam gegangen mitn vald foroyt un ven ikh hob bamerkt an oysgetrotenem veg,</p>	<p>and hitting it. The rabbit was lying there with a torn belly. This was the first shot in my life that I fired at a living creature.</p> <p>So, I was walking slowly ahead through the forest, and when I noticed a beaten path or a</p>	
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<p>oder a veg vu es zaynen geforn ferd mit vegener, hob ikh zikh shnel fun im dervaytert. mayn „veg“ iz geven nor tsvishn gedikhte beymer, vu s'iz nishto nit keyn veg un nit keyn stezshke. Bemeshekh di teg fleg ikh lign farbahaltun un in di nekht-marshirn foroys.</p> <p>oyfn zekstn tog hob ikh gefunen a toytn rusishn soldat, velkher iz shoyn geven shvarts vi a glovnye (1) un s'hot zikh shtark gefilt fun im. ikh bin tsugegangen nont, haltdik di hant oyf der noz. leben soldat iz gelegn a shtik farshimlt broyt, oyf velkhn es zaynen arumgekrokhn gele flign. dos ershte hob ikh genumen dos broyt und an zikh genumen zukhn in di keshenes fun toytn soldat.</p> <p>ikh hob gezukht fayer un tabak. gefunen hob ikh a zapalnitshke ( tsind-mashinke), ober der benzin iz shoyn geven oysgetriknt. di shtivl hob ikh aropgetsoygn. zey zaynen zeyer shver arop fun zayne fis. nor nokh shtarke onshtrengungen iz mir gelungen zey aroptsushlepn. mayne tserisene shikh hob ikh gelozt lebn dem toytn soldat. zayne shtivl hobn mir gut gepast.</p> <p>itst iz mir gevorn varemer in di fis. a koldre hob ikh gefunen in vald un dos iz geven mayn inventar. itst iz mayn tsil gevorn tsu shafn benzin oyf tsu kenen leygn a fayer ven me vet kenen.</p> <p>leygn a fayer ken men nor, ven s'iz a groyser nepl arum. dan zet men nisht dem roykh. nepldike frimorgns zaynen geven zeyer a sakh un holts mit</p>	<p>path where horses had been walking with wagons, I quickly moved away from it. My "path" only led along between dense trees where there was no path or trail. I lie hidden during the day and march ahead during the nights.</p> <p>On the sixth day, I found a dead Russian soldier, who was already black as a "glovnye" (1) and from whom a strong smell emanated. I approached him, holding my hand over my nose. Next to the soldier, there has been a piece of moldy bread with yellow flies crawling on it. First, I took the bread and then started searching in the pockets of the dead soldier.</p> <p>I was looking for fire and tobacco. I found a lighter, but its gasoline had already dried up. I pulled off his boots, which came off his feet with great resistance. Only after fierce efforts, I managed to pull them off. I left my tattered shoes next to the dead soldier. His boots fitted me well.</p> <p>Now, I became warmer on my feet. I also found a blanket in the forest. And all this was my current inventory. Henceforth, my goal was to obtain gasoline so that I could start a fire, if it was possible (safe). You only could set a fire, when it was very foggy so that the smoke was not visible. Foggy mornings had been very frequent, and there was</p>	
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<p>papir hot oykh nisht gefelt, nor di hoyptzakh-fayer! itst hob ikh shoy n a mashinke, ober benzin muz men ersht krign.</p> <p>oyf morgn inderfri hob ikh getrofn a fesh benzin, fun velkhn ikh hob oysgekapet far zikh a bisl in a militerisher flash, velkhe ikh hob oykh gefunen in dem zelbn frimorgn.</p>	<p>no lack of and wood and paper. Just the main thing was missing, fire! I already have a lighter, but I still had to get gasoline.</p> <p>The next early morning, I found a barrel of gasoline, of which I poured a bit into a military bottle, which I also found that morning.</p>	
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1) glovnye= main, głownia= torch, głowacz= bullhead, old carp (see „fulshtendik Poylish-Yidish verterbuch“, A. Mark)

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<p>der gantser veg iz geven farleygt mit farshidene militerishe zakhn, velkhe zaynen mir zeyer gut tsunitsgekumen. ikh hob gefunen tabak un papir un in der tsayt ven ikh fleg nisht shlofn-fleg ikh roykhern un putsn mayn „khaver“, velkhn ikh hob zeyer gut gehit, vi an oyg in kop.</p> <p>oft fleg ikh shisn feygelekh un zey brotn oyfn fayer. dan fleg ikh zikh leygn shlofn mit a fuln boykh. vaser fleg ikh gefinen in flesher, oder ikh fleg trinken regn-vaser. tsaytnvayz iz der dursht geven azoy groys, az bay a kleynem regn fleg ikh shteyn un halt n ofn dos moyl un tropns vaser hobn mir nokh mer gereyts dem dursht.</p> <p>ikh hob oykh gepakt a helm, velkher hot mir gedint als a top tsum kokhn. ikh fleg gefinen in a taykhl shlimakes tsi zshabes. dos fleg ikh brotn, oder esn roy. broyt hob ikh gehat zeyer</p>	<p>The whole path was covered with various military accessories, which had been very useful to me. I found tobacco and paper and in the time when I would not sleep, I used to smoke and clean my "comrade", which I guarded like gold.</p> <p>I often used to shoot birds and roast them on the fire, and then, with a full belly, I went to sleep. I usually found bottled water, or I drank rainwater. At times, the thirst has been so great that I tend to stand there with my mouth open when there is even a little rain - but with the result that the few drops of water tend to make me even thirstier.</p> <p>I also packed a helmet, which served me as a pot for cooking. I usually found snails and frogs in a stream. These I used to fry or to eat raw.</p>	
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<p>veynik. mayn eyntsike shpayz iz geven fleysh. keyn kartofl fleg ikh nisht zen far di oygn. azoy hob ikh zikh tsugevoynt tsu der aynzamkeyt un gegloybt, az mayn gants leben bin ikh shoyn in vald tsvishn feygl, opgerisn fun mentshn, fun shtet un derfer.</p> <p>eyn mol- nokh drey vokhn leben in vald- bin ikh in a gants fri gegangen zukhn vaser. di tsung iz mir geven vi a bret un shoyn etlekhe teg, az dos vaser iz mir oysgegangen un keyn regn iz nisht gefaln.</p> <p>plitsung hob ikh bamerkt a fray feld, velkhes iz geven farzeyt mit korn. a tsiter iz mir ariber ibern gantsn kerper:</p> <p>ikh gefin zikh, oyb azoy, nont tsu a dorf! men muz shnel avek fun dem plats! nor s'hot mikh a tsi geton ikh zol durkhgeyn tsvishn dem hoykhn korn, efsher vel ikh oyf der tsveyter zayt gefinen vaser.</p> <p>dos feld iz geven tsvishn vald.</p> <p>es dertrogt zikh tsu mayn noz a shtarker reyekh fun a farfoylt ferd. ikh bin arayn in korn un bamerkt a groysn, vaysn falshirem, bay velkhn es ligt a daytsh mitn ponim tsu der zun. er iz shvarts vi koyl un zayn gezikht iz bazetst mit gele flign. leben im ligt an oytomat un tsvey granatn hengen oyfn pas. oykh a ...</p>	<p>Bread, on the other hand, I had very little, my only food was meat. I did not see any potatoes. So I became accustomed to solitude and almost believed that I had been among birds in the forest all my life, separated from people, from towns and villages.</p> <p>Once, after three weeks of living in the forest, I left very early in the morning to look for water. My tongue seemed to me like a wooden board, and it had been several days that I had run out of water and no rain had fallen. Suddenly, I noticed an open field where grain was sown. I was trembling all over:</p> <p>"That means I'm close to a village and need to leave the place quickly!"</p> <p>But the thought that I might find water on the other side tempted me to go through the tall grain.</p> <p>The field was between the forest.</p> <p>A strong smell of rotten horse is penetrating my nose. I enter the cornfield and notice a large, white parachute, close to which a German is lying, with his face to the sun. He is black as coal and his face is covered with yellow flies. Next to him lies a machine gun and two grenades hang from his belt. Also, a ...</p>	
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*Baranavichy, photo courtesy of Tomek Wisniewski*



Zeichnung von W i d e r t

Aus Baranowitschi: Straßensbild.

*Baranavichy, photo courtesy of Tomek Wisniewski*

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revolver hengt in der zayt.

ikh halt zikh tsu mit der hant di noz. der reyekh iz azoy shtark, az s'iz mir fun der ershter minut nisht gut gevorn.

... revolver hangs at his side.

I hold my nose with my hand. The smell is so strong that I feel nauseous from the first minute. His body is swollen. He looks as if

<p>er iz geshvoln. er zet oys vi do volt gelegen a hoyfn shteyn-koyln. oyf a hant velkhe iz gelegen oysgetsoygn kimat untern kerper hob ikh bamerkt a zeygerl. dos rimendl iz tif aynggevaksn in fleysh. ikh pruv es arofnemen un es geyt nisht. dos fleysh arum pasikl leder iz tsefoylt.</p> <p>ikh hob arophenumen dem revolver fun zayn pas un aruntergeshtupt dos redl untern zeygerl. dan iz es arogefaln on dem lederl. oyf der tsveyter hant hot er gehat a groysn kompas, tsu velkhn ikh hob shtark geshmeykhlt. shnel hob ikh arophenumen dem kompas un mit freyd antlofn tsurik in vald arayn.</p> <p>dos iz geven der ershter daytsh, vos ikh hob gezen lign mit a durkhgeschosenem kop. fun dem bin ikh geven zeyer tsufridn un gliklekh. ershtns vos ikh hob gezen a daytsh ligndik a farfoyltn un groyse fligh hobn im geshmak gegesn un tsveytns- vos ikh hob gekrogn a gutn revolver un a kompas mit a zeyger. der zeyger un kompas hobn gut funktsonirt. di tsayt hob ikh opgeshtelt loyt der zun. a mape hob ikh gehat un itst hob ikh genoy gevust vu ikh gefin zikh un vuhin ikh hob vayter tsu geyn. di freyd fun dem gevins iz bay mir geven azoy groys, az ikh hob azsh fargesn in dursht.</p> <p>itst hob ikh oysgefunden a gut plats tsvishn yunge, gedikhthe beyemelekh. ikh hob zikh gut farmaskirt mit tsvaygn un zikh geleygt shtudirn di mape mit der hilf fun kompas.loyt mayn</p>	<p>there were a pile of stone coal lying there. On one hand, which is stretched almost completely under the body, I discover a watch. The bracelet has dug deep into the flesh. I try to take it off, but I can't. The flesh around the leather strip is rotten.</p> <p>I took the revolver off his belt and stuffed the cog (of the wheel lock) under his watch. That's when it fell off the leather strap. On the second hand, he had a large compass, the sight of which gave me a big smile. I quickly took off the compass and ran back into the forest with joy.</p> <p>This was the first German I had seen lying with his head shot through. This made me very satisfied and happy. First, because I saw a German, lying in a rotten state with big flies eating him with relish , and secondly, because I got a good revolver and a compass with a watch. The clock and the compass worked well. I set the time according to the sun. I already had a map and now I knew exactly, where I was and where to go next. My joy at winning was so great that I even forgot about my thirst.</p> <p>Now I had found a good place between young, dense trees. I hid myself well with branches and lay down to study the map with the help of the compass. According to my calculation, I</p>	
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<p>oysrekhenung hob ikh zikh gefunen arum Slonim-Baranovitsh.</p> <p>mayn vayterdiker plan iz geven tsu geyn in der rikhtung tsu Bialystok, vayl dort darfn zayn partinzaner. mayn eyntsiker tsil iz-zey tsu trefn. tsum vald, tsu der fintsterkeyt un tsu der eynzamkeyt hob ikh zikh shoyn tsugevoynt, vi kh'volt shoyn yorn do geven un azoy gelebt. teylmol, ligndik mit di oygn gevendet tsum bloyen himl, zaynen mir gekumen farshidene gedanken un bilder. ot ze ikh mayn mamen, mayn tatn un alemen fun der familye, vi zey zitsn far-</p>	<p>was in the area between Slonim and Baranovitsh (Baranavichy).</p> <p>My further plan was to go in the direction of Bialystok, because partisans had to be there. My only goal was, to meet them. I had already gotten used to the forest, the darkness and the loneliness, as if I had been there and lived there for years.</p> <p>Sometimes, when I am lying there, my eyes turned to the blue sky, various thoughts and images used to come to me. There I see my mom, my dad and all of the family, sitting there,</p>	
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<p>troyert un baveynen mikh, az ikh gefin zikh shoyn tsvishn di toyte. ot ze ikh vi mayn bruder ligt a geshosener bay Minsk un flign esn im vi yenem daytshn. ot ze ikh nokh shreklekhe bilder: bay undz in shtetl zaynen di yidn farshpart in lagern un vartn oyfn tog ven men vet zey bafrayen. ot iz undzer shtetl mit der freylekher, shtoltser yugnt, vos shpatsirt avek shabes nokhn tsholnt in Shalker vald arayn. dos alts zet mir itst oys vi a kholem, vi keyn zakh volt oyf der velt nisht geven, glaykh vi ikh volt fun a shteyn geboyrn gevorn, on a mame, on a heym.</p>	<p>mourning and crying over me, because I am (supposedly) already among the dead. And there, I see my brother, lying shot near Minsk, and flies are eating him like that German. But I also see other terrible pictures: In our shtetl, the Jews are locked up in the camp, waiting for the day when they will be liberated. And there, I see our shtetl with its happy, proud youth, walking to the Shalker forest on Sabbath, after the "tsholent" (meal). All this seems like a dream to me now, as if none of this had ever existed, as if I too had been born from a stone, without a mother and without a home.</p>	
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<p>tsaytnvayz ven der regn flegt mikh shoy n durkhnetsn bizn leyb un der vint flegt adurkhnemen di beyner, flegt mikh onkhapn a gedank tsu makhn a sof tsu mayn leben- tsushteln dem revolver tsu der shleyf, a druk dos tsing! un oys!</p> <p>tsu vos aza eynzam leben, on a morgn misht visndik vos arum kumt for?!</p> <p>neyn, ikh vel nokh vartn a tog, efsher vel ikh gefinen a khaver und dan zikh teyln mit der umetikeyt- fleg ikh redn tsu zikh aleyn un zikh aleyn veln ibertseygn tsu vartn nokh a tog.</p> <p>in a tog ven es geyt vider oyf di zun, triknit oys di nase kleyder un di beyner glaykhn zikh oys, fleg ikh zikh trakhtn:</p> <p>aza sheyne velt mit a likhtiker zun, mit a frayen vald un du vilst aleyn makhn a sof un farlozn di velt oyf eybik, nisht brenendik keyn nutsn der mentshhayt? ikh vel dos nisht ton! tsuersht kemfn farn leben un es oyskemfn!</p> <p>ober in etlekhe teg arum, ven der dursht oder hunger flegt mikh paynikn- flegt vider kumen der zelber gedank: a sof un oys!</p> <p>a tog nokh a tog flegt ibergeyn un ikh fleg zikh langzam rukn foroys un fleg nisht visn vu iz der tsil, vu darf ikh shteyn blaybn. azoy hob ikh</p>	<p>At times, when the rain is already drenching me to the body and the wind is sweeping through my bones, a thought tends to take possession of me, to put an end to my life; to hold the revolver to my temple, to press the trigger - and finished!</p> <p>For what should I continue to live such a lonely life, without a tomorrow, not knowing what else will happen?</p> <p>"No, I want to wait one more day, maybe I will find a comrade, then I can share my melancholy with him", that's how I used to talk to myself to convince myself to wait one more day.</p> <p>On a day, when the sun would rise again, when the wet clothes would dry and the limbs ("bones") would tighten again, I used to reflect:</p> <p>"That world is so beautiful, with its bright sun, with its free forest. And you want to end your life yourself and leave the world forever, not bringing any benefit to the world? I don't want to do that! First fight for life, and finish the fight!"</p> <p>But after several days, when thirst or hunger would torment me, the thought would come again: "stop, full stop, finish!"</p> <p>One day after another went by and I was slowly moving forward, not knowing my destination and where to stop. So I drag myself</p>	
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<p>zikh opgeshlept finf mit a halber vokh. der fus iz mir shoyn gevorn badayndik beser. ikh fleg itst yedn tog tsuleygn bleter un dos flegt heyln.</p> <p>mayn inventar fleg ikh shtendik haltn leben zikh, ven ikh fleg shlofn. oft fleg ikh haltn dem oytomat un di koyln tsukopns un teylmol, az ikh</p>	<p>along for 5 1/2 weeks. My leg was already significantly better. Every day, I used to put leaves (on the wound) and they helped to heal.</p> <p>I used to keep my "inventory" with me at all times while I sleep. I often put the machine gun and bullets right under my head, and sometimes, when I</p>	
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<p>fleg zikh oyfkhapn fun a beyzn kholem, az men shteyt leben mir un men tsit aroys dem oytomat fun untern kop, fleg ikh mit farshlofene oygn shnel a khap ton dem oytomat un zikh arumkukn arum.</p> <p>ligndik azoy unter a boym, oyf velkh es zaynen geshtanen a sakh feygl, hot mikh ongekapt a kheyshek tsu shisn a por un vartn oyf a nepl, ven ikh vel zi kenen opbrotn.</p> <p>ikh nem a gutn tsil un shis in der makhne feygl, der shos hot opgehilkht mit a shtarkn ekho un tsvey feygl zaynen aropgefaln oyf der erd. bayde zaynen getrofn gevorn fun der zelber koyl un bayde mit ofene beykher.</p> <p>dos iz geven farnakht.</p> <p>ikh hob di feygl opgeflikt un bahaltn oyf morgn inderfri- efshe vet zayn a nepl un kh'vel kenen makhn a fayer.</p>	<p>wake up from a bad dream that someone is standing next to me and wants to pull the machine gun out from under my head, I used to quickly grab the machine gun, looking around with sleepy eyes.</p> <p>Lying under a tree that just had a lot of birds on it, I felt like shooting a few and waiting for fog so I could roast them.</p> <p>I take good aim at them and shoot into the flock of birds. The shot has echoed loudly and two birds are falling to the ground. Both have been hit by the same bullet and have torn bellies.</p> <p>It was evening now.</p> <p>I plucked the birds and hid them for tomorrow morning; maybe it would be foggy and I could make a fire.</p>	
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take vi got aleyn volt geven mit mir, iz oyf morgn fartog aropgefaln a gedikhter nepl un ikh hob gemakht a fayer, gebrotn di feygl, opgekokht a bisl regnvasser, vos hot di nakht ongekapt un ikh hob zikh gezetst esn mit a gutn apetit, fartrunken mit vaser. a foygl hot mir tsugezungen oyf a boym un ikh hob zikh gefreyt vos es geyt gut.

der iker- vos ikh hob tsu es nun tsu trinken. dos fleysh iz afile geven on zalts un halb roy, ober dos iz shoyn bay mir geven farekht far gut. zeyer a sakh mol fleg ikh esn ingantsn roy. itst hob ikh zikh gefilt zeyer oyfgeleygt. nokhn esn hob ikh fardreyt a papiros un im tif fartsoygn, vi kh'volt itst opgegesn a heymishn mitik.

zitsndik azoy ongeshpart on a boym, kumt mir far di oygn mayn familye, vi zey zitsn ale hungerik un kukn oys a shtikl broyt. vi di mame zitst un baveynt mikh un mayn eltern bruder, velkher iz in rusland a soldat. ven di feygl vos zaynen do azoyfil arum mir, voltn mir avekfirt a brivele tsu der mamen, az ikh leb un kemf farn leben un bin gezunt un fil zikh fray, fray, take vi der foygl do arum mir.

ot bashlis ikh, az ikh vel zikh dernentern tsu undzer shtetl un kumen banakht in shtub, aroysnemen dem tatn un nokh etlekhe

In fact, as if God himself was with me, the next morning a thick fog fell and I made a fire, roasted the birds and boiled some rainwater that had collected drop by drop during the night. I sat down to eat with a good appetite, drunken from the water. A bird sang to me in a tree and I was happy that everything had gone so well.

The main thing is that I had enough to eat and drink. Even if the meat was without salt and half raw, I considered that good. Because very often, I used to eat something completely raw. Now, I was in a good mood. After the meal, I rolled a cigarette and took a deep drag, as if I had just finished a lunch at home.

Sitting there and leaning against a tree, my family comes to my mind, as they all sit there hungry, looking for a piece of bread. I see Mom sitting and crying for me, and my older brother, being a soldier in Russia. Oh, if only the birds, so numerous around me, would carry a letter to my mother that I am alive, fighting for my survival, and that I am healthy and feel free, really as free as the bird(s) around me.

Thus, I decide that I will approach our shtetl and enter our house by night to take my father out with a number of comrades.

khaveyrim. tsuzamen veln mir dan zayn in vald un tsuzamen kemfn.	Then we'll be together in the forest, fighting together.	
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<p>loyt vi ikh rekhn oys oyf der mape, darf ikh zikh itst gefinen arum Volkovisk-Zelve.</p> <p>dos iz shoyt nit vayt fun mayn geburt-shtetele, Krinik, arum fertsik kilometer. in finf-zeks teg vel ikh dort zayn und dan vel ikh oysarbetn a plan, vi azoy arayntsugeyn oder zikh azoy farbindn mit der familye un di khaveyrim. ikh gefin zikh shoyt zeks vokhn in vald. shoyt alts far der tsayt adurkhgemakht.</p> <p>shoyt geven in di merderishe hent fun di hitleristn. shoyt gezen a toytn daytsh un bin shoyt zeks vokhn tsvishn vald, luft un himl. itst lig ikh un mayne gedanken arbetn oys farshidene plener, alts vi azoy ikh zol araynkumen banakht in shtub arayn un shnel tsurik antloyfn mitnemendik di yugnt fun shtetl. dan kemfn farn leben un kegn di merderishe banditn velkhe hobn undz yidn farurteylt tsum toyt.</p> <p>di nakht iz a regndike un a shtarker vint treyslt di beymer. ikh zits ayngedekt mit der koldre, velkhe iz shoyt nas. plutslung derher ikh trit.</p>	<p>According to my study of the map, I must now be in the area between Volkovysk (Waukawysk) and Zelva.</p> <p>It's not far from the town of my birth, Krynki, only about 40 kilometers.</p> <p>I'll be there in five or six days, and then I'll work out a plan for how to go in or otherwise connect with family and comrades. I've been in the forest for six weeks and went through everything early on:</p> <p>I was in the hands of the murderous Hitlerists already, I saw a dead German, and I've been between the forest, air and sky for six weeks. While lying there, I mentally work out various plans on how to get into our house during the night and then quickly flee back, taking the youth of the shtetl with me. Then we fight for our survival and against the murderous bandits who condemned us Jews to death.</p> <p>That night is rainy and a strong wind shakes the trees. I'm sitting right now wrapped in the blanket, which is already wet. Suddenly I hear</p>	
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<p>ikh shtey shnel oyf, haltndik dem oytomat greyt tsum shish.  di fintsterkeyt arum iz gedikht. me zet nisht di eygene hent, haltndik zey far di oygn. ikh shtey ongeshpart on a boym un her trit. es brekhn zikh tsvayglekh unter yedn trot. ikh shtel zikh oyf di kni, ongeshpart on boym un kuk in der rikhtung fun vanen es derhert zikh di trit. ikh her vi men geyt nenter tsu mir.</p> <p>ikh freg oyf rusish: ver iz dos?  -paro(1)!, entfert men mir oyf rusish.  -ver bistu? vos tustu do?-her ikh vider a shtim.  -ikh bin an eygener.  -fun velkher shtot?  -ikh bin a Krinker.  -hostu gekent Levitn?(2)  -Levit! Levit!-shray ikh oys oyf a kol mit a fraydiker shtim-avade hob ikh im gekent!  -nu, dos bin ikh-Levit!-entfert mir dos kol un der mentsh dernentert zikh.</p>	<p>footsteps! I quickly get up, holding the machine gun ready to fire.  There is dense darkness around me. I can't see my own hands in front of my eyes. Leaning against a tree, I hear (again) footsteps. Small twigs break under each step. Leaning against the tree, I kneel down and look in the direction from which the steps are coming. I hear someone approaching me.</p> <p>I ask in Russian, "Who is there?"  "Parol!"(1) someone 'answers' me in Russian.  "Who are you? What are you doing there?", I hear a voice again.  "I am one of you!"  "From which city?"  "I'm from Krynki."  "Did you know Levit(2)?"  "Levit! Levit!", I shout loudly in a joyful voice, of course I knew him!  "Well, that's me. I am Levit!" the voice answers me and the person approaches.</p>	
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1) He asks for the watchword, password

2) We learned to know this man on page 63, but there, his name is spelled „Leviet“ or „Levyet“.