

2. A Story My Mother Heard in the Slave Labor Camp

John Guzłowski

They took me from my children, three little ones, Jan was 3, Wład 5, and Sasha 6.

They said the children would be useless on the farm in Germany. They were too young to do anything but cry and plead for food.

I begged the soldiers to let me take them with me. I said I could care for them and do the work both. I even dropped on my knees and wept, clung to their boots, but they said no.

I asked them who would feed my babies, and they said that surely a neighbor would.

I couldn't stop weeping, and they said if I didn't stop they would shoot the children.

So I left them behind in Dębno.