

ROMUALDA KOSZEŁOWICZ

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Class 7

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Wartime experiences

The life in Poland while under German occupation was unvaried. Weeks, months, and years passed, living in fear of the Gestapo, who were more akin to animals than people. And suddenly everybody started saying that there would be a war which would free us from German shackles. A few days passed. Some rumbling sounds were coming from the east, and it getting closer. Then an order to relocate came, and everybody left to find a place to hide from bullets swooshing above our heads. My family and I packed our things and were about to leave, but we did not know where to. I looked at my home and tears sprang into my eyes. Our destination was Majdan [Stuleński?], among the woods. There were a lot of people, almost like in a camp. At one point we heard a deafening, crackling noise in the forest, the planes were flying above us. Everybody was clinging to the ground, terrified, as bullets started to swoosh over our heads. A day passed and that horrible night came, when we thought that the whole world had been set on fire and we would burn along with it. The bullets were flying until the a little spot appeared at dawn – it was our liberators, who came to free us from captivity. It seemed like a dream. Within a couple of minutes the forest was full of Soviet cars and tanks. We could open our eyes and enjoy our freedom. Everyone could return home, and so did I, overjoyed at the sight of my family home.