

JADWIGA KUĆ

Jadwiga Kuć

Class 7

Wisznice, 19 June 1946

My most important wartime experience

The war was terrible and so were the experiences during the war. I am going to describe one of them. On 23 July 1944, in the morning, there was a huge commotion in our area. People fled into the woods. Soon the German army came with their machine guns, grabbing people, taking their belongings and setting fire to houses and grain. They set up their cannons right next to our home. Mum told me to run away. That's what I did. She gave me a slice of bread in a bag, said goodbye and I went. I felt terrible and sad leaving my parents. I was already on my way when the shells started flying over my head, but I went into the forest hoping to find my brother and sister. And so I did. We were all sitting in the open air.

Suddenly, we could hear the rattling of a plane engine. There was nowhere to hide from enemy bullets. The plane [flew away], only the sound of cannon shells could be heard. The night came. The Germans saw that they were not going to be able to run away, so they set fire to dozens of cars, and the houses caught fire. The fear was incessant. In the morning, as soon as the sun appeared [in] the sky, people began to return to their homes, but I decided to stay in the forest with other people. Then, we heard explosions and gunfire again. It was the guerrillas, who were chasing the Germans away. It was all over then. This was the experience that scared me the most.