

## LUDWIK GORAJ

Ludwik Goraj

Class 5

### My memories of German crimes

It happened in 1943. My uncles lived outside of Małogoszcz; they had a mill in the neighborhood called Młynki. When the partisans began fighting the Germans, they would bring grain to grind it into flour. The German gendarmes in Łopuszno were informed of that by four Polish traitors. One Monday morning, at 2 a.m., 30 gendarmes arrived and surrounded nearby buildings with machine guns. The others entered the buildings and ordered everyone to lie face down on the floor. Then they lead out one person at a time outside. They lined everyone up. One of them escaped and survived.

Between them there were two little children – one was three years old, and the other was one year old. One of the gendarmes ordered the children to be taken aside. The aunt thought she would stay with them. The second gendarme told her to join the uncles but she didn't want to. The gendarme picked her up and put her down next to the uncles. Then the gendarmes murdered everyone with machine guns. After that, they robbed the house of everything, and burned it down along with the beautiful mill. One of the uncles was asleep in the attic. When he saw that there was a fire, he jumped out into the yard. The Germans took him to the car and left. They shot him near Gnieździska.

Because of this horrible German crime, great sadness befell our entire family. It was as if together, we all swore deep down in our hearts to take revenge on the Germans, those murderers of the Polish nation.