

One day, I heard a girl say something that inspired important questions: "Why do we need to know history? We can't change what already happened, so why do we need it?" That evening, I told my parents about it. Then they told me about my great-great-grandfather. Alexey was born and lived in the village of Zharkhan in the Leninsky District. He couldn't read, but he knew how to count numbers. Probably because of that, he was appointed as a brigade leader in the collective farm. Alexey had three daughters. He wanted a son very much, so they adopted a boy. After that, his wife gave birth to the long-awaited son. Then the war began. The eldest son was drafted and killed in the war. In the rear, all the women and the elderly worked from morning until night. My great-grandmother was only eight years old at the time, but she was working like a man. She took care of her sisters and her younger brother herself. Soon, the boy became seriously ill and died. My dad remembers how my great-grandmother blamed herself for not watching him carefully enough. From grief, their mother became seriously ill. During these difficult times, a "friend" of my grandfather wrote a denunciation against him. After, he was arrested for a shortage of three kilograms of flour. Alexey was sent to the city of Vilyuysk. He was escorted by a policeman. Noticing the family's desperate situation, a wife on her deathbed with three young children, this man gathered documents and sent his case for review. My great-great-grandfather was acquitted by the court and released. But, unfortunately, the review process lasted more than a year. During the father's absence, his wife died, and the children lived wherever they could. The eldest daughter, my great-grandmother, who was only ten years old at the time, went to work in the collective farm to feed her younger sisters. She prepared firewood and mowed hay until late autumn, just like the adults. And she didn't even work for money, but for a single flatbread. She would hide this flatbread and at night, under the blanket, she would share it with her sisters. Even when they grew up, they always lived close by, as neighbors. After his acquittal, my great-great-grandfather was drafted into the war. He fought in the war with Japan. The Great Patriotic War and the Second World War greatly affected all the people of the Soviet Union, and the impact is still felt to this day. War is terrible, but when you know that your own

relatives were a part of that history, it becomes even more frightening. There is a saying, "Hard times create strong men. Strong men create good times. Good times create weak men. And weak men create hard times." Yes, they lived in hard times and, at such a cost, left a peaceful life for our parents. But we having access to history, let's change these words and have good times in the future.