**The orphans**

**The village huts were nice one day:**

**the thatched roofs were everywhere,**

**the wells with shadoof on the way,**

**the sky was bright, the sun shone there.**

**The youth was walking in the streets,**

**the music was then heard,**

**and on the fields – a lot of wheats,**

**young couples met sunset.**

**And suddenly, as if the bursting glass,**

**to pieces their life was broken...**

**The enemy disturbed the peace at once**

**and bombed them. Horror was awoken.**

**The family was killed, but we survived:**

**my furnace, I and little sister.**

**Then, in Siberia, we were revived**

**in Krasnoyarsk. I'm not a twister.**

**There, in the orphanage, we had the shelter.**

**For orphans it became a native place.**

**We studied there, lived in the cold and swelter.**

**We’re obliged to it and we’re full of grace.**