**The young gladiator**

**We left the home and went on foot.**

**The city saw the tanks.**

**We reached the station with no food,**

**a loaf for all – no swanks.**

**In Kazakhstan we had new homes,**

**we fled there under bombing**

**but found there snowy storms.**

**The wish of food was growing.**

**The local "boys" there used to play:**

**they mastered whips they had**

**and gave me whippings every day -**

**exchange for a piece of bread.**

**My crying mom was watching that,**

**the skin with scars was blue …**

**In Berlin fought my lovely dad -**

**so hard were front ways too.**