

ZYGMUNT BACAŃSKI

Class 5

Horodło, 17 June 1946

Air-raid

The fifth year of the German occupation came. In July that same year, as the German sappers started to abandon our little town of Horodło, two Soviet planes flew over our town. Machine guns were fired from the planes.

A great panic arose in the town. People scattered and ran terrified in all directions, not knowing what to do. Everybody hid as quickly as they could wherever they could, but the ominous roar of the planes sowed fear and dread all around. The whistling of bullets sprayed from the planes sliced through the air one after the other. The planes flew over people lying on the ground and shaking with fear. Nothing could be heard then except the noise of the engines, the whistling of the bullets and the cracking when they burst.

That mayhem lasted around 15 minutes before the planes finally flew away. People started to emerge from their hiding places. Great terror was painted on everyone's faces; they started to look for one another and discovered the desolation – the results of the aid-raid. It turned out that only one house had been destroyed and several people had been wounded on the bridge. They were taken care of immediately.