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The War Has Touched Everyone

My grandfather Pyotr Mikhailovich Marychev, like many other boys of his year of birth, did not go to war immediately. In 1941, he was only 17 years old. Therefore, he did not get to the front line until the end of 1942. He did not fight for long, but as he himself said – enough for three lives. He did not like to talk about the war, but when the Victory Day was approaching, he remembered those months of service. There was mud, blood and confusion. While getting to the front, their train was bombed 4 times. Less than half of the soldiers reached the front line. There was one rifle for three people, and they had to get weapons themselves in the battlefield if they had enough time. My grandfather told that when they arrived no one understood which direction to run, they were shooting from all sides, and the commanders themselves did not know where the front line was. Many retreated. In one of the battles near Moscow, my grandfather was severely wounded. The leg wound did not heal for more than 20 years. He was recognized as a disabled veteran.



May 9 was his favorite holiday. The song “Sluchainiy Vals” was sung with him every year. He worked for a long time after the war and raised three children. He is my role model!