



HANNA  
DAISY

# WHEN STONES CRY

**Hanna Daysi**  
**When stones cry.**  
**Когда плачут камни**

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**Аннотация**

I had a happy childhood. I could live happy. But they took my happiness. They took my house. I put my heart in stone and started to kill, kill... But for you it was not enough. You took my memory, my parent's graves. But I do not give up to. У меня было счастливое детство. Я могла бы жить счастливо. Но у меня забрали счастье. У меня забрали мой дом. Я одела свое сердце в камень. И начала убивать, убивать... Но вам и этого было мало. Вы забрали мою память – могилы моих родителей...

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## When stones cry

What is the secret of this old tower,  
Which survived people and centuries?  
Noble and powerful  
The hand has conquered the stones.  
We caressed the cold stones,  
Heated hearth sore chest...  
The symbol of the spirit is the Ingush tower,  
Beacon illuminated the way.  
She did not fall mad  
Not bent your stone camp.  
Only quietly moaned in the wind,  
When they were driving people to Kazakhstan.  
And when we returned home,  
Like a gentle, kind mother,  
Gathering children at the foot,  
To tell your grief...  
There are graves in faraway Bishkek...  
It is heavy, chilly in them to all mothers.  
Dear them more often Ingush tower,  
Sing to them the song of running stream.  
Chases us to rock a hell of a circle..  
How many were there in our fate!!!!  
We put our hearts in stones

Having become like a tower.  
Ingush Tower  
Written by Maryam Lyanova.

## **«Hello, disrespected by me governor of the Kremlin in Ingushetia!»**

My name is Dasy what means from my relative Ingush language «honor of fathers». I am explaining this for you because I have some doubts about the fact that you are Ingush, but you say that you are. I don't think that you are the part of my nation. I want to tell you that I lived in the real castle when I was young. Even in not simple castle, in the whole castle complex, with defensive, residential, combat towers, with a barrier wall. It calls «Aegi Chozh» and it is located in my native Ingushetia near village Dattih. Do you remember? Yes. This is the castle complex that you sold on the twenty-sixth on September in 2018 to the governor of the Kremlin in Chechnya. I want to tell you about it, about that piece of land, about life and pain of my native, not small mental emotions. For what? Answer is simple: I understood that you don't know me, you don't know them, and you don't know any misery which we suffered from. I want to tell you that stones cry when they see how the heart of a tied father breaks, unable to bear the scene, how their son is slaughtered, and how these stones groan when they were burned alive and buried alive. And also I want to tell how people turn into walking stones. I want to tell this story beginning with my young years. The first childhood memory that pops up in my head is my

decade (1930). I turned 10 years old on day of the murder of governor of the Kremlin in Ingushetia (at the time – the Ingush Autonomous Region) – Chernoglaz. He had not got any difference from you. He impassively hurt and insulted Ingush old man's feelings by telling him that will make him personally breed pigs. That evening, Joseph Chernoglaz was beheaded. The Chernoglaz's head was not found and he was buried without it. In the court, the Ingush who made revenge refused to answer the question about where is the Chernoglaz's head is. He just told that Chernoglaz had not got head, otherwise he would not have told the Ingush that he will make them breed pigs. On that fateful day, a large number of Ingush were sent to Kolyma as state traitors. At that moment I did not understand anything, I did not feel the whole grief of their wounded and humiliated people, their suffering and overcoming. In those times shooting a rifle seemed to me a fun and activity that allows you to escape from the hassle and useless thoughts. My brothers and I often came across a forest in which they taught me how to hit the target and climb mountains. It was a happy time, no one had any thoughts about a difficult future, no one thought about it at all – we didn't want to plunge into hard thoughts.

When I was 15 years old I participated in shooting competitions, according to the latter even received a discharge.

If I or my family knew how useful it would be for me ... but neither I nor they knew anything. In that time I couldn't even think that my hobby will turn into killing real people.

I continued to do my hobby, study, and read a lot of information about Lenin and Stalin. I admired this person and thought that exactly Lenin made all people equal to each other, exactly Stalin is the father of nations. At the same time in the Ingush society flight excitement against the union with Chechnya but I absolutely did not understand why adults so zealously refused possibility of unite with brotherly native. I often looked at the map of Ingushetia and USSR, I just wanted to understand what will be if it would happen. It seemed for me that nothing, just it will be better for all people. It turned out that old men who were against were seers. They said: there must be a fence between the brothers and each of them should have his own. ... but in 1934 we were united. And now I want you look at the map which I drew by using my memory as well as I remember it. Do you remember that you argued that this land in which located my lovely house, my castle, the graves of my relatives never was Ingush? If conscience allow look with attention and tell right now that my house wasn't my. I will not depart from the story. I want to tell you about how happy I was, how colorful was my life at the beginning, and how people with epaulettes as you took it away. Particular, the one who sat in the Kremlin – Stalin. At the day of my seventeenth birthday (1937) I conquered Elbrus. I will never forget how I stayed on the top and I was inspire and full of happiness, O was relaxed, and near me – my lovely person. I don't think that you can understand my feelings. Anyone who is not able to penetrate the native land, and people will never

penetrate. When I stayed on the top I was feeling myself like eagle. Wings grew from my shoulder blades, and I rushed over the world and understood that all my efforts were not in vain. Standing on the top of mountain I understood how small can be land from bird flight's destination. And I thought about my native Ingushetia. It always was for me like a world, and from the top of Elbrus I understood that compared to the whole of the Earth, this is just a small island. Island which I really loved and wanted to see from such high. And it even seemed to me that I see it, there, far, far away. But in my 17 I did not know that that I will be pushed away from my native land at a distance far greater than the height of Elbrus that I conquered. I met my lover in shooting competitions, where I received first place, and Byrd – second. My heart was beating madly and almost jumped out of my chest when he came up to congratulate me with victory. I was ready to give up this first place and everything in the world, so that he always stood by his side and burned with his green eyes the very soul. I still remember how they sparkled, as if echoing gentle words. «You are so Beautiful...". I was able to read them in his lips, because I did not hear anything from the obsession, simple, but such a strong girlish love.

At the all next competitions we took part in it with hope meet each other. We understand that we do not want to live alone and we married soon. It is not possible to describe hat happiness which I felt. When I once went outside, I tried to breathe air. It seemed to me so pure, infinitely light and inspiring that it seemed

to me for a moment that I was flying in the clouds. My young girl's amorousness turned into big and it could be called really love. Byrd never leaved me and we walked on out native land and I heard how stoned were laughing with us. It was a beautiful, heavy, and carefree laugh, just like ours. Until this moment I did not thought that stones can be such alive. But I heard it, it was the real laughing! And I no longer looked at the stones as something inanimate, as if they became friends for me. Sooner I understood. I was surprised at this for nothing, because my happiness was enjoying the land of my homeland with me. Those same stones laughed at it. They laughed at it voice! I was the best partworker, always the first, as Byrd- always in good standing. We are the ideal Soviet family. Later we born a ball of happiness with pink heels who we called Cha-Borz (in translation – wolf bear). In the same year, the Great Patriotic War began. I visited military registration and enlistment office and asked for go to war without any doubts. I got refuse but I proved that I am a good sniper. But words couldn't help me. A year later, the enemy has already overtaken the city of Malgobek. Byrd and I took part in the defense, leaving year-old Cha-Borz and his mother. Everything ended successfully – the enemy was abandoned by Malgobek. If it were not for the cooperation of the Ossetians with the Germans, they could probably cope several times faster. But what difference does it make if we have already won a small one, but still a victory? I felt an extraordinary pride that exploded in a flash of pleasant heat in my chest. I breathed deeply and

realized that, despite the strength of the enemy, we were able to overcome everything and protect our land. Looking at my comrades, I looked into their eyes and smiled, knowing that they, too, could not hold back their joy. Each of us was proud of each other, for himself and everyone who helped this happen. After this battle I and my husband were awarded. We were happy and glad to serve our homeland faithfully. Byrd was took on the front-frank in this year too. I remember how I steadfastly conducted him without any tears but I will not lie – I suffered crazy pain of separation. I convinced myself that Byrd needs homeland more than me however, fear for him and for us prevailed over me and all my feminine nature. Time by time beloved sent me letters from the front and I read it for my son. And so... I got to the fateful date, the twenty-third of February 1944 is the date from which my life was divided into «before» and «after.» I was called to the regional party committee on the twenty-second of February they gave me a permit for unimpeded movement and asked to agitate the people not to resist exile. I was assured that they would evict only traitors. It was given special task -agitate the nearest villages. Just in case I asked sniper rifle and climbing equipment and I got consent. In the end, they trusted me one hundred percent. I calmed my mother-in-law, saying that I would go back home, put the child to bed and went on a journey at night, somewhere in the hour. This night – twenty-third of February, 1944. Remember, I only stepped on the mountain being in way about one hour and I heard sounds and

screams from side of village. I was not be slow and did not think about anything which is not means. I ran really fast forgetting how much time it can take again. It makes no sense to describe the panic which mastered my body at return. My house was empty. My and other, only the noise of cars leaving away was heard in the distance. I instantly saddled a horse and rushed after it. I did not catch up with the car, but I arrived at the nearest station, where my nation people were loaded into cattle cars. Using the case, I ran from railway carriage to railway carriage and looked for son, mother-in-law. I screamed, almost yelled, called them, but the crying of thousands of women and children interrupted everything. They, like ordinary cattle, were loaded into cold, unheated cars. And then – just like in a dream. I remembered only the words of some old man who shouted at those who were crying. «Calm down, we will not be taken to where there is no Allah!» -it was his instruction. The unhappy people calmed down, the districts plunged into complete silence... I remember how they pushed me away from the railway carriage, and then – the sound of wheels and nothing more. A void arose in my chest, and I put my hand on my heart, trying to at least somehow occupy it. But instead, I felt something moving away from me, flowing through my fingers like sand. The confusion turned into a burning stunned, and misunderstanding in the very present impotence. Not believing that I lost my son and mother-in-law, I tried to say something, to call for help, but I could not. The last thing I did was to glance somewhere on the railroad

and noticed how the metal silhouette of the train disappeared. I woke up because I was shaking by the shoulders. The secret companion was my colleague, part worker Ivan. Also he was friend of our family. Let's go Dasy, the political party needs you» – he whispered, I did not understand what he meant. And through some minutes I felt terrible insight- I have mother and brothers, maybe I can still protect them. I have not seen Ivan anymore. And I did not want to see him because I was stifled by envy and I hated people who had whole families. I remember how pushed up Ivan, jumped to the horse and after a few seconds rushed to the castle in which my mother live and after a few seconds rushed to the castled. I felt crazy horror when I crossed Fortange (river) but I had a hope and moved on. I haven't got the habit to give up. Even in such hard time I believed – there is the road which leads forward. ... But if in my house I was met only by emptiness, the castle ««Aegi Chozh» was not empty. Is it happiness? By no means. It was full of corpses. My dear mother, the most gentle and kind woman in the world, the one to whom I owe my life, lay with a broken head and hugged my younger brother, whose body was riddled with bullets. He was not taken to the front because of his age. I don't remember whether I was crying or howling, whether I was tearing off my nails on hard crumbs. Only the earth was incredibly hard to dig when she dug it to bury them. I first thought about what the first pain is. Looking around at the onset of tension, I could not understand why I could hear this deafening silence. And then I glanced at the

stones. They were all silent but waited for the moment to mourn those who are now buried in the ground. To mourn in silence without tears and with a groan which is only heard by them. Two my brothers were on the front and their families lived apart. One – in Jeyrakh, the second – in the Prigorodny district. By an inhuman effort of will, I convinced myself that at least everything was fine with them, buried mother and younger brother, and then rushed off to Jayrah. When I managed to get there, I saw people from the mountain and felt a shine of spark of hope- it means that there are alive people, and there are not empty and corpses like in other villages. For joy (could I still experience joy?...) I rushed faster until I did not noticed chord of people which was led towards Hamhi. When I managed to get there, I saw people from the mountain and felt a spark of hope shine somewhere inside – it means that there are living things here, and not emptiness and corpses, as in other settlements. For joy (could I still experience joy?) rushed faster, until she noticed how a crowd of people were led towards Hamhi. «They were certainly arrested and taken somewhere for detention... But at least they are alive, they are alive!» – I thought so when I called my daughter-in-law, nephews. People were too far away, nobody heard me and nobody answered. The village disappeared out of sight of the trees, when I came down from the mountain, spurred my horse and rushed after people at full speed. Oh, Allah, what I saw then... T

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