

This is a work of fiction. Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events, is purely coincidental.

VADIM

No COMRADE CAPTAIN! We have not bought or sold any meat!

YAGAINY

You have sold more meat in the last weeks than any three State stores in Moscow combined. You will tell me who has been supplying you with stolen state property.

VADIM

I swear to you COMRADE CAPTAIN I sold nothing. I gave it to people. They were hungry so I feed them. I wanted to help them, that's all!

YAGAINY

Feeding the people is the responsibility of the State VADIM MIKALAYOVICH. You and your family and neighbors will now *help* in the salt mines for the rest of your lives. But before you leave for that hell you will tell me what I want to know. Or I assure you that I will personally guide you through a worse hell than a deep, cold, dark mine.

The THREE SOLDIERS walk into the tiny living room each holding a 20 pound cut of fresh beef. They have four yards of sausage links draped around their necks.

SOLDIER ONE

There's several hundred
kilos in the bedrooms
COMRADE CAPTAIN.

Excerpt from:

"TO EACH HIS NEED"

by

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