

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

YAGAINY looks around the room and turns an upturned chair over and places it directly in front of VADIM. He calmly sits down and looks at the man for several long seconds. The family avoids his eyes.

YAGAINY

I am CAPTAIN YAGAINY of the Ministry for State Security. VADIM MIKALAYOVICH you, your family and neighbors are black marketeers. You have been profiteering from the purchase and re-sale of meat.

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

YAGAINY CON'T.
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.

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