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## Bayonet (monologue)

I am the father. I am digging potatoes. My wife sent me. She says – one needs to feed that little big mouth of youth. There he is that kid in the garden babbling. And there I am in the village garden digging. Hot like hell but I'm digging. Get the potato bushes out of the ground, crack the lumps of soil and then the wife comes with the buckets. Small potatoes go to small, big to the big, planting ones to the planting ones. There she is, the wife, running up with the new buckets. Hot like hell, she doesn't care. I told her hundreds of times. Let's sell it, let's sell this piece of land, why the hell do we need it. We spend so much more for the bus getting here. No pleasure, no taste. Just planting and digging. We don't need those potatoes. And she says – no way, those are the old

man's potatoes. This is the old man's place. We can't sell it. As if it's her old man. This is my father. Well he was so old, everyone just called him – old man. Hot like hell, I'm still digging. Sometimes I feel like the black hands are stretching out of the ground and they hold my legs, hold my hands, my mouth, my stomach. The spade gets a metallic sound. I lean, push the lumps away. I found a bayonet in the ground. An old rusty bayonet of a rifle

I am the grandfather. And they're stitching up my case. There's this resolution from the Soviets – turn in all the weapons. Part of fighting the banditism. Turn in my rifle? No way. It is mine. It's shining black I grease it every day. It is mine. Well I shoot it maybe two or three times when Petrovich gave me the ammo. We were pretty drunk. How can I turn in my rifle? I shot the devil out of it. They say in our village that there's a devil sitting in the centre of the whirl. And if you shoot in the centre of that whirl with a holy bullet you gonna kill the devil. And if you kill the devil you gonna make the boots out of his skin, the boots that wear forever. The boots out of his skin. The devil took my dad and I killed the devil. Now I'm wearing the boots of his skin and they tell me to turn in my rifle? I found it in '27 after the fight near our village when... Well, you imagine – a boy gets the gun. So I took it. So they're not gonna get my rifle, no way. They can dig the whole piece of land and still find nothing.

I am the great-grandfather. I'm standing near the village and holding my stomach. One shouldn't eat that much. I told my wife – do not cook that much. What for? No need. And she says – no way, let them all know how the landlords eat. For we are the landlords now. Let them all know. We just sat back at a table as the door opened and Petro ran in. "They're coming"! They're coming... I just grabbed a spade and we went. We met ...