

Stripservice. A book on porcelain. Cups.







Playtime.

Every summer all the children of our court, turned into warriors of the game called Cossacks and Beigands. The idea of the game was, that the team of Cossacks should hide their banner from the Beigands.

And this meant that I had to run all the summer from the bandits. Typically, the beigands were older boys, usually they quickly caught small Cossacks and instantly shook out of them all the secrets and the place of storage of the team's flag. But sometimes they came across very courageous opponents, whom they, after being carried away by the game, really tortured.





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Once I was caught, tied to a tree with my hands twisted behind my back.

One boy was hanged, for real, on a tree. There was blood and bruises and many many tears.



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