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# Golemata voda

By Zhivko Chingo

Get out! Get out of the way!  
- I have his coat.  
- Open the door!  
Get out of the way! Get out!  
I told you, I have his coat.  
Yes, sir. I'll report.  
Come on, get out of the way!  
Get back!  
- Hey, get lost! Fuck off!  
- Easy, easy.  
Get back! Get out of the way!  
Easy, easy!  
There isn't enough room  
for everyone!  
- I'm a doctor!  
- What's the matter with you?  
- Easy, Rose! Give me that!  
- Be quiet!  
Use the stairway!  
Nurse!  
You can't get away from me!  
We caught the rabbit!  
ELECT LEM NIKODINOSKI  
FORA SAFE FUTURE  
Damn, damn me.  
If seems like a thousand years  
have passed since then.  
My name is Lem,  
Lem Nikodinoski.  
When I was 72  
I signed my name "M.  
I couldn't remember  
the letter "L.  
if reminded me  
of something very bad.  
Comrade soldier,  
whom should I call?  
Comrade soldier,  
whom should I call?  
How should I know?  
Call whomever you want.  
Just be quick.  
If was the summer of 7.945,  
the first summer after the War.

We were a bunch of hungry,  
dirty children Without a home.  
Branded orphans  
and hunted like wild animals.  
Hunted by soldiers  
and all sorts of do-gooders.  
Ariton is coming!  
What did you say, you louse?  
Get up!  
- Stand straight, bastard!  
- Swine!  
To your left!  
TO your right!  
My command applies to the first  
company only. Attention!  
Attention! That means  
you should get in line.  
Do you see this line?  
I don't.  
You say you don't'?'  
Don't you see how long it is?  
Straight as an arrow!  
Do you see it now'?'  
- Well...  
- Well, what?  
Comrade...  
Let's plant flowers.  
Don't you see it'?'  
What are you looking at'?'  
Get lost.  
- I see it.  
- What did you say?  
- I see it!  
- Good.  
Only our enemies can't see it.  
Comrade Warden, we have  
a new child. Lem Nikodinoski.  
Yes, Comrade Warden.  
Metodija.  
Complete the admittance procedure  
for the new one.  
Come on, hurry up!  
Same unknown genius  
from the local government

had the bright idea to turn  
the abandoned factory  
into an orphanage.  
At that time there were orphanages  
for the children of fallen veterans,  
but our orphanage was an orphanage  
for fallen enemies' children.  
Children of the Wealthy,  
the traitors, the collaborators.  
They had all sorts of names  
for our dead parents.  
Get undressed!  
Damn me.  
This... this was a dungeon.  
A dungeon.  
Pick them up.  
That's my grandmother's cross.  
God rest her soul.  
The underpants too.  
The underpants!  
A BED FOR THE NEWLY ADMITTED  
Get up, come on!  
Come on, make your bed!  
Get up!  
Get up!  
What gave birth to you? Hurry up!  
I'll teach you, swine!  
Get up, get UP!  
Come on, what are you waiting for?  
Clean them!  
Running in place!  
Running in place!  
Salute the flag!  
On the double.  
Stop!  
Side circles! Take the initial  
position for the exercise!  
And one, two...  
For being late, 20 extra sit-ups!  
I'm talking to you, boy!  
Don't turn your head away!  
For the lack of hygiene,  
This is your place, monkey!  
Stop!

Jumping and kneeling!  
We were surrounded by Wall  
an all sides.  
One thousand steps high,  
two thousand steps Wide.  
A mountain of rack.  
Damn me, life was so far away  
from this place.  
Do your exercise!  
I was a scared little mouse.  
Don't laugh, big ears!  
I was lonely.  
Klimovski! For disturbing  
the harmony, three more laps.  
Faster! Hurry up, you slime!  
Hurry! Hurry up!  
You'll sing, kitty.  
Three! Klimovski, stop!  
Run to the classroom!  
The new kid, seven more laps.  
Don't shorten the laps,  
motherfucker! Circle wide!  
Damn me.  
Everyone In the orphanage knew  
something was going to happen.  
You had to check in at the gate.  
I want to see the warden,  
Comrade Ariton.  
I'm Comrade Olivera Strezovska,  
Deputy Warden.  
Lenche, get back to your place!  
Comrade Petkova, get back  
to your place! Immediately!  
Get back in line!  
Comrade Warden, I have orders.  
We caught the child with the monks.  
The peasants reported him.  
They say the child is a devil's seed.  
Complete the admittance procedure  
for the new one!  
Isaac, His name was  
Isaac Keyten,  
Damn me.  
I've asked myself

a thousand times  
What was his power?  
He had something in him.  
How shall I put it'? He radiated  
with some strange light.  
Lem Nikodinoski!  
Listen carefully. We eliminated  
these "plus" signs long ago.  
Once and forever,  
and until further notice!  
Damn me, we have fought  
a bloody fight against those lies.  
I personally...  
A bloody fight.  
Is there anyone here  
who believes in the Lord'?  
A great hero of the century.  
Someone else?  
L...  
believed.  
Before.  
All right, wise guys.  
Let's say, for the sake of argument,  
that the Lord exists.  
Can He, after you kneel  
and pray to Him at night,  
complete your math homework  
for you?  
Can He?  
Can He? Come on!  
Believe in work, not prayer!  
No.  
Of course He can't.  
Let's see what you know  
about religion. Metodija.  
- Religion is the masses' opium.  
- Exactly. Sit down. Spasko.  
Priests are traitors who suck  
the blood of the working class!  
Klimovski!  
Our village priest was  
a womanizer and a thief.  
Sit down.  
We don't punish

because of religious feelings.  
But our friends have done  
wrong to the collective.  
One night in the yard  
without any sleep.  
If I could only hear his voice.  
If he would just speak to me.  
Look at me.  
What surname is that, Keyten'?  
My Granny told me the Turkish  
name for the devil was "sheytan."  
Get up!  
The punishment is over.  
The Earth...  
The Earth...  
The Earth...  
The Earth...  
The sun...  
The Earth... No, the sun  
revolves around the Earth.  
I'm certain about it, yes.  
That's right.  
Good, I see that you've learned.  
Keep on learning.  
It's not correct!  
The Earth moves around the sun!  
You're lying!  
You just want to spoil my grade!  
Comrade Copernicus proved it  
in the 16th century.  
Who is that Comrade Copernicus?  
Teacher said the sun revolves...  
I dreamt of getting close to him.  
Bur he didn't even notice me  
for days,  
Take a break!  
The youth, the pride  
and the future of our people,  
The youth, the pride  
and the future of our people,  
have all the conditions  
for cultural and political learning.  
- This is not edible.  
- You won't eat it'? Give it to me.

Our youngest, the pioneers,  
enthusiastically manifest that.  
They see the great love and care  
of our Party and our government.  
Cheese.  
In clubs, through practical chores,  
the pioneers easily cope  
with schoolwork and gain  
greater skill and knowledge.  
Tonight, I'll take you  
to a secret place.  
Finally, I asked him  
if he Wanted us to be friends.  
There was no answer.  
It doesnt'? have to be now.  
Later is okay too, I said.  
Yet he kept silent.  
My nightmare in those days  
was called Lenche.  
Lenche Petkova.  
I kept sticking to them  
like a leach.  
I was as jealous  
as a young bride.  
"Why are you fallowing me?  
he asked.  
Are you angry at me'?'  
Friendship is to be earned.  
I didnt understand  
What that meant then,  
but I remembered those Wards  
for the rest of my life.  
Comrade Strezovska's shorts!  
That day Comrade Olivera  
was leff Without the one thing  
mast holy to her in her life.  
The red sport shorts she was awarded  
for winning the crass-country race  
an the birthday of comrade  
Stalin Visarionovich.  
Ff would have been better  
if she fast' her sour',  
You, primitive bitch.  
Look at your comrade.



Shame on her.

A socialist youth member, acting  
as if we were in the Dark Ages.

- Please, don't, Comrade Olivera.

- Shut up.

Marija, did you ask for an advocate?

Did Marija ask for an advocate?

You won't get out until you tell me  
who committed this awful crime.

Listen carefully.

Those shorts are not underpants,  
comrades.

They are not ordinary shorts.

They are holy. A sacrament.

Are you aware how important  
those shorts are for our collective?

They are a gift  
from the Gymnastics Committee...

Shut up, bastard!

I'm talking now!

Those shorts acknowledge  
a great respect for all of us.

We bear those shorts in our hearts.

They have social, political,  
and moral meaning.

Those shorts filled me with pride.

I got goose bumps  
when I saw Comrade Strezovska  
in those shorts.

I have goose bumps now!

Fucking peasants,  
the red shorts must be found!

Look under every tree!

Turn every stone! Is it clear'?

They didn't find  
the sacred shorts

Our poor girls stayed for ages  
in an icy cold roam.

The coldest roam in the orphanage  
in the middle of winter.

Many got fix',  
Some even started  
coughing out blood:1.

While Lenche, our Lenche,

was taken to hospital.  
"What is it with you?  
Why are you following me? he asked.  
Maybe you're queer, kid?  
What's a queer?  
You're not a kid, but a devil!  
You want to show off, don't you?  
I'm going to report you  
to Comrade Warden.  
Comrade Olivera's shorts!  
I found them!  
Quite by accident  
the red shorts' mystery  
had been solved.  
The kitchen ladies used them  
as Washing rags.  
The very next spring we heard  
that Lenche Petkova, our Lenche,  
died in hospital.  
Damn me. We were already dead.  
Just shadows.  
It's a lie that she's dead.  
I know who spreads such rumors.  
That bastard.  
- Queer.  
- You want trouble, mouse?  
Queer.  
I'm going to stick your head  
in the toilet! You won't know...  
Exercise!  
Not you! You are supposed  
to control them!  
Get in line, motherfucker.  
Save soap.  
You, swine, no bathing for you!  
Lem, I told you the friendship  
is to be earned.  
If you want to be my friend,  
tomorrow you'll ask  
about Lenche's death  
at Olivera's class.  
At Comrade Olivera's?  
Finally I got the chance  
to become his friend.

Damn me, I was scared.  
"I'll stand like a border post,  
defending... " Klimovski, be quiet.  
Macedonian, Turk, Vlach  
And Albanian  
Brothers side by side  
Started a new life  
With Tito as the guide  
Good. Sit down.  
What's important in what we heard?  
Klimovski'?  
- Brotherhood and unity!  
- Good. Sit down.  
And what else? Goce!  
Sit down, Goce.  
Sit down, you blockhead.  
Lem Nikodinoski!  
I wanted to ask...  
I wanted to...  
Comrade Tito...  
He's important, isn't he'?  
We are here to formulate  
thoughts and ideas.  
Not to speak nonsense.  
Nikodinoski, aren't you listening  
to me'? Repeat what I said.  
Do you know the word "moron,"  
or is "idiot" more familiar to you?  
Is it true that our comrade  
Lenche Petkova has died'?  
Look, comrades.  
Some people get sick.  
Some stay healthy.  
That's how nature works.  
It's a dialectic.  
How should I put it'? It's all  
connected to materialism!  
And our comrade  
Lem Nikodinoski is provoking us!  
While our country is attacked  
by monarchs and fascists,  
our comrade Lem Nikodinoski  
is provoking us!  
He's a saboteur! Sit down!

Fifty-eight, fifty-nine, one hour.  
Isaac finally smiled at me.  
There was a strange oath  
Written with small letters  
in the message.  
I swear before my brother  
and before Lord our God  
that I'll use all my strength  
fighting for the truth.  
I'll accept any punishment  
if I'm not faithfull  
to the fallowing commandments.  
Respect your awn free will.  
That's the mast sacred thing  
that you have.  
Never lie. The lie is a Weapon  
of evil powers.  
Do not run. Running away  
is no solution.  
Remember, all things In the world  
are interconnected.  
Now we're brothers.  
He gave me a present.  
"With the box you see  
the world's mirror image.  
The future is the past.  
That's What he told me.  
You know what repentance is,  
don't you, son?  
You know what repentance is,  
don't you, son?  
I haven't done anything wrong.  
Listen carefully.  
Provocation is a bad thing.  
Sabotage, even worse.  
You're a smart kid. A hero.  
Comrade Warden,  
I just asked if Lenche had died.  
Listen. Your village has  
given people heroes. Veterans.  
What is self-criticism  
for a big man like you?  
- You'll learn this by heart.  
- But, Father...

I don't understand.  
How have I sinned?  
I didn't love Lenche.  
She was even...  
Beast!  
I think the biggest mistake  
is our comrade Lem,  
who doesn't want  
to admit his mistakes.  
With that, he is not only  
a provocateur and saboteur,  
but a collaborator of our enemies.  
A traitor!  
Very good.  
What punishment do you suggest?  
To throw him into the cellar and  
give him just bread and water.  
Sit down. Someone else? Nikolche.  
We all accept self-criticism.  
Who does he think he is?  
It's not right.  
What punishment do you suggest?  
The bellman should beat him blue  
until he confesses.  
Metodija.  
Our former comrade Lem has  
become an anti-people's element.  
We gave him a chance to repent,  
to be self-critical, but he refuses.  
The beast would've  
understood by now!  
I suggest we throw him  
into the cellar for life!  
To clean toilets,  
to sleep alone in the cellar,  
and to clean our boots  
for five years.  
- No, seven years!  
- And to wash our socks!  
- To serve us lunch!  
- To be castrated!  
- Death to fascism!  
- Freedom for the people!  
Have Isaac cast a spell on him

and turn him into a pig,  
and then out his throat,  
so we can all have a feast.  
Come on, comrades,  
let's not go too far.  
Get back!  
Listen carefully.  
For Keyten.  
He's to be thrown down in the cellar  
and be given only bread and water  
until comrade Lem states  
his comradely self-criticism.  
Damn me, if seemed  
Whatever I'd do, I do Wrong.  
To save Isaac,  
if would have been simple  
to read the self-criticism.  
But that meant lying in public.  
And I swore before my brother  
and before Lord our God  
that I wouldnt lie  
I would have swallowed not only  
raw potatoes but live snakes  
just to get sick and to be taken away  
from this cursed orphanage.  
Like our Lenche.  
You ran away?  
"Running away is no solution,  
said Isaac.  
I'll have to go back.  
I'll smear your mouth.  
Then you'll be able  
to utter the self-criticism.  
This will draw your Wards  
to Wipe them out  
as if you uttered nothing.  
The magnetic and strong force  
of the collective  
has got me back to my senses.  
There's one force tough enough  
to show me the right way.  
Materialistic self-criticism.  
That way, the victory will be ours.  
- Death to fascism!

- Freedom for the people!  
Three cheers for our comrade!  
You'll be a Tito's pioneer  
after all, won't you, son?  
I'm not good at writing,  
Comrade Strezovska.  
Damn me.  
Even when they proclaimed you  
a model child,  
they didn't fer your sould' rest  
I'm not the one to write reports.  
Peer evaluations.  
You know it's an honor and  
a privilege. A sacred pioneer's duty.  
Our little comrades  
who've gone astray  
must be returned to the right path.  
Metodija Glishkovski. Nikolche.  
Spasko!  
2' read my friends' names  
My God', how they ?ed,  
They've made things up,  
told an others.  
What about Isaac?  
Isaac wouldn't write such a thing.  
Was Isaac jailed here too'?'  
Quick, the cart!  
The peasant!  
He should take him to the hospital!  
Klimovski! Klimovski! Klimovski!  
Little brother.  
Get up, little brother.  
Get away from him!  
"See? Running away  
is no solution, said Isaac.  
Maybe if was because  
of poor Klimovski  
that Isaac decided  
to start a War.  
Our world against theirs.  
Little brother?  
Kitty.  
Sing, kitty, sing.  
Yes, kitty, sing. Sing, kitty.

It died.  
Get a grip...  
I see dust! They're coming!  
LONG LIVE THE SOVIET HERO  
The kitty is alive!  
Kitty!  
The kitty came back to life!  
Catch him!  
Catch Comrade Bellman!  
Don't look at me, you moron!  
After him!  
Come on! Hurry!  
You must catch him  
before they arrive!  
Catch him! Hold him tight!  
Carry him! Carry him away!  
Come on! Come on!  
May drought burn you.  
Kitty.  
Kitty.  
Attention!  
I greet the Yugoslav pioneers!  
- Death to fascism!  
- Freedom for the people!  
Three cheers for a Soviet hero!  
Respected comrade, people's hero,  
knowing your heroic deeds  
and achievements in the fight  
against the fascist occupation...  
Kitty!  
Dear Yugoslav pioneers,  
the eyes of your proud fathers and  
mothers are filled with tears of joy.  
They're orphans.  
Who says you're orphans?  
All of you have a mother!  
The Party!  
And you have a father!  
The great Stalin!  
Let's give a warm welcome  
to your comrade Klimovski,  
who looked the doctors straight  
in the eyes and bravely said:  
"Comrades,



I won't miss today's oath!"  
Kitty! Father!  
Today, when I become a pioneer,  
I give a pioneer's word of honor  
to diligently learn and work,  
to respect my parents and adults.  
Kitty!  
Father!  
May drought burn you.  
This is for your own good.  
For the fatherland with Tito,  
forward!  
For the fatherland with Tito.  
- Someone should watch the bellman.  
- Immediately.  
Comrade,  
this is the first time for me.  
Nothing. Nothing.  
In front of the enemy!  
Charge!  
I give a pioneer's word of honor  
to diligently learn and work,  
to respect my parents and adults.  
All things In the world  
are interconnected.  
The case with our bellman  
showed me too soon  
how true that gibberish  
of ours was.  
The drought seemed to last  
a thousand centuries.  
The curse of the crazy Bellman  
got us.  
Deadly White heat  
reigned everywhere.  
In the Earth, in the stones,  
in the air,  
in our hands, Kips,  
in our breath,  
Damn me, even in our young souls.  
Isaac, chase it away, old man.  
He is a bad person.  
Isaac, please, chase it away.  
Damn me.

That night everyone  
in the orphanage  
knew that something  
was going ta happen.  
He told me, "Run, Lem,  
go away.  
Get back! Don't run, motherfucker!  
Get back!  
He stayed.  
Gad knows Why.  
Come on, tell us where you were.  
We caught him in front of  
your window, Comrade Warden.  
Let him go. He has done nothing.  
Will you tell me what you saw'?  
Will you tell me what you saw'?  
Don't fret. I won't tell anyone.  
Party member's honor.  
From the Warden they took him  
to comrade Olivera.  
We all knew  
she was the master punisher.  
My beautiful one. A man. A big man.  
Damn me.  
I started hating everything.  
I was jealous.  
Comrade Olivera  
became my greatest enemy.  
The culture is a front for sacrifices.  
That is why today,  
on this great holiday,  
we uncover the bust of  
our comrade Stalin, with pride,  
a work made with our hands.  
Hey, Olivera has fallen!  
Speak up! Speak UP!  
Speak up! Who's done it'?  
Who's done it'?  
Take him away.  
Get him out of my sight.  
The interrogation lasted  
a day and night.  
Come on. Slowly.  
Cveta Eftimoska.

You want to buy my dead body?  
My remains? My corpse?  
Everyone was feverish.  
Every single soul in the orphanage  
was sick with fear.  
If I knew  
if would come to this...  
It was engraved in his heart  
from the earliest age.  
Often, while playing with friends,  
in the height of the game,  
Joseph Stalin was known  
to suddenly stand still  
and stare at the setting sun.  
He especially liked the heavy  
red clouds in the evening sky.  
He is a symbol of the fight against  
the exploitation of the proletariat,  
leader of all the diligent  
and honest people in the world.  
Let's see what you know about this.  
Kid. Come over here.  
May you be a great man.  
- Long live generalissimos Stalin!  
- Come on, you're free.  
Who's next?  
Dervutovski Blagojche.  
Blagoja Dervutovski!  
Keyten! You've crossed the line.  
You go first!  
Isaac Keyten, shut your mouth.  
Leave him! Get away from him!  
It was him! I knew it!  
It was all his fault!  
Come on. Come on, hush.  
Isaac.  
They accused him  
of the most terrible crimes  
and laced him in the cellar.  
The transport was expected.  
What future could he have now?  
What future could I have?

**CONFESSION:**

I, Lem Nikodinoski...  
Father's looking for you. Hurry up.  
I was the only one  
who could save Isaac.  
What's that in your hand?  
Comrade Warden, I want to...  
I have to tell you that...  
Listen carefully.  
You'll go to an all-federal  
competition in Belgrade.  
I have signed you in.  
They'll let you go.  
Read all the books you can find.  
The life and work of Joseph Stalin.  
This is your chance of a lifetime.  
Don't miss it.  
I don't have time.  
They're waiting for me.  
Come, now. Promise me  
you'll be fit as a fiddle.  
Comrade Warden,  
I wanted to tell you that...  
I Wanted to say,  
Isaac is not to blame.  
I should be lying in prison  
insted of him.  
Promise me.  
I Wanted ta... but I didn't.  
I just stead there with the Wrinkled  
confession in my hand.  
I promise.  
Damn me.  
Beat the hell out  
of those regular pupils.  
All the things In the world  
are interconnected.  
I'm not making an excuse  
for myself I'm guilty.  
Attention, attention!  
This is the new Deputy Warden  
speaking, Metodija Grishkovski.  
Comrades, the crime committed  
by the orphanage resident Isaac,  
is proof that Warden Ariton

didn't perform his duties  
and proved himself  
unworthy of our Party's trust.  
The authorities have decided to  
appoint a new orphanage warden:  
Comrade Olivera Strezovska.  
An order from the new warden:  
Every morning, the siren  
will wake us up an hour earlier  
to extend the time  
for morning gymnastics.  
Death to fascism!  
Freedom for the people!  
Fucking life!  
Damn me.  
Someone had to suffer.  
Ariton, the Lord doesn't forgive that.  
For my sake.  
It's more vital that you forgive me.  
Lord, forgive me.  
What was that?  
She made the gratest  
sacrifice of all  
to save his soul from a sin  
that's unforgivable.  
And I, damn me, what did I do?  
That Sunday they sent me off  
to Belgrade  
to the all-federal competition.  
Isaac would be transported  
the same day.  
But they found the cellar empty.  
They proclaimed him dead.  
Lem, the die is cast.  
I never returned  
to the orphanage.  
Why did I tell this story?  
Maybe because I have never again  
been so close to the light.  
Isaac, I hope  
you will never forgive me.  
Damn me.  
Hand over that gas can!  
The cameraman wants to shoot!

LEM NIKODINOSKI :