

Inessa Vitkina, Her Sister Lidia And His Friend



My sister Lidia Koshkina and I, Inessa Vitkina, and our friend - my father's driver, a young Chechen.

My sister and I also had an adult friend. He was my father's driver, a young Chechen man. He was a very nice man and he loved children. My father got angry with him once, although it was my fault. The driver was waiting for my father and I asked him to give a ride to other children, out friends which he did. My father didn't want us, children of secretary of the regional party committee secretary (this was the most respectable and important position in town) to enjoy anything that other people couldn't afford.

He didn't even allow himself to have what others didn't have. He had one leather jacket that he was wearing his whole life. He had one suit. Later Mama made me a skirt from it. He was one of

those communists that were convinced that they didn't have a right to afford themselves what other people didn't have. Once the Party committee delivered strawberries to all its employees and mama accepted it. But Papa made Mama take all berries to the kindergarten. My sister and I were no different from other children in our yard. Maybe our toys were a little better, because our father was deputy of the Supreme Soviet and went to Moscow often. He brought us toys from there but we always shared them with other children.