

SOVETICA

Caroline Clark



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Rations card
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For Greta and Christa

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Scrapheap

The scrapheap was the place we'd always go. The centre of our lives. Every yard had their own one. You couldn't just go to someone else's. It was part of our yard. There were sometimes fights but usually we just dredged through looking for stuff.

Once me and a friend found a bottle with some white liquid in it like milk. The first thing he did of course was to smash it against the fence, but it flew past the fence to where there was a park we called the little forest where people used to beat their rugs. A moment later an angry woman came running towards us covered in white liquid. She tried to grab my friend by his ear, but he got away.



Town

For a long time I
thought the town
where I was born
was called Zlatoust.
When filling out
forms I would write
the town of Zlatoust.
Then one day my
mum told me that
it was in fact called
Zlatoust-36 or 33.
It was some kind
of classified town
with a name and
number that was
on no maps.

Broad

Broadway was the main street.
Everyone's town had their own
broadway. That's what we all
called it. The widest longest
street. When we got together
we'd say let's go to the *broad*.