

Children of Tokmak

Yanos Kaniezavich , 3/2/2022, a relief worker on the Moldovan border had been directing Ukraine refugees to rail stations that would take them through Romania and then onto Poland. Yanos worked as a volunteer and has kept him busy for many days.

On one of those days, he encountered a group of children that were traveling with their schoolteacher. The teacher (name unknown) told Yanos that the war came to their village outside of Tokmak. Many of the children's parents had been killed by Russian troops. She gathered the class together then started walking west trying to get away.

She and the children walked for ten or more days. Hunger and exhaustion were beginning to overtake the group. The teacher told Yanos she was near the point of giving up. About the fifteenth night she spotted a bright light in the western sky. She said it looked like a star that was too close to the ground. She prayed it wasn't a Russian jet.

She told Yanos she was not sure why, but she got the children back up on their feet. She felt a need to start walking west in the direction of what looked like a star. She said each step they took got them closer to the star. By the next morning they had all gotten close enough to make out an image. The group of ten-year-old students watched as she walked up closer to it trying to get a good look at it.

Yanos asked her what it looked like. Her answer surprised him. She described it as something out of one of those science fiction magazines. A large disc shaped craft that looked like it was floating in the air. She told Yanos that she started to cry hysterically. Yelling out, " We ran from death by the Russians and now we have to die here like sheep in a field!" A beam of yellow light came over her. To her amazement, it didn't hurt. Instead, she felt calm, relaxed, her fear was gone. She told Yanos she could hear a voice in her head asking why she was so sad. The teacher said she found she was talking out loud.

"We're hungry, we're tired, we're trying to get to safety." She said her tears ran down her face as some of the children hugged her. She stated that without any sounds, small pieces maybe two inches round fell from under the craft. The children picked up the little round balls. Their hunger was so great that the children started to eat them. She tried to tell them no. The children kept eating the balls. She told Yanos that she was so hungry that in her mind she thought if I die, I die. So, I'll eat and then die with a full stomach.

To her happy surprise, she didn't die. In fact, the little round balls were not only eatable, they were tasty as well. The class sat and ate their fill. The teacher said she watched the children fall asleep and then she fell off to a much-needed sleep.

The children were waking up slowly the following day. The teacher said she stood up only to find she and the children were no longer where they were the night before. After she focused on her location, she saw that her and the children were in Moldavia near a check-in station outside the town of a location she said was Slobozia. The children were all talking about what happened to them. Yanos had to get them all to slow down. The teacher took charge of the children so she could talk to Yanos.

Yanos Kaniezavich took down everything she told him. She then sent it on to a friend (S.G.L.) of his in Poland. This report was sent to the library. G. Wheaton released it for group discussion. The report was sent to RUFOS as a courtesy for all their help. The children have all been placed in refugee centers. The teacher told Yanos she was going back to look for more children that needed help getting out.

This report was transcribed for use by S.G.L. staff and translated into English.

S.G.L. Staff Transcriber
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