

The diary of a russian factory worker: 1905



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I am writing a diary entry for the first time to let out something about my encumbrance or troubles, its new, letting out what I am really thinking or feeling, so here I go. My name is Gerome Pavlov and I am a loving husband and father of three children, two boys and a girl all under the age of 14. My wife, Mischa Pavlov and I are both hard working factory workers who try to provide as much and work very hard for our family, being a proletariat isn't easy when your job is at the bottom of the social economic status, it is sort of like a food pyramid we proletariats being at the bottom of the food chain.

In other words our job is to sell our labouring power in order to survive. Our customs are bad, my family and another family of three have been put with three other persons in a city apartment house in which it has crowded space, no hot water, only three double beds, roaches and one window, it's disgraceful circumstances. We evenly share whatever money we have left over from paying tax for buying food supplies and other hygiene necessities such as soap.

As much bad has happened especially now that many factory workers, millers and other proletariats have gone on a strike and have had Father Gapon help write us all a petition in order to set our hearts and minds free from the worry that our children and our children's children would have to go through the hard labour in which their parents and even grandparents have had to endure, so I will start by telling of my day of strike commencement...

Today was horrid, a tragedy of unfortunate events. I and hundreds of other factory and mill workers had decided to call upon each other and sign a petition in which the good Father Gapon had written out for us with sincerest

concern for our wellbeing as well as the rights we deserve. My day started with the petitioners who decided to go along on the march had come to meet at 8 O'clock to discuss how we should approach our beloved Tsar and have Father Gapon read our petition.

Father Gapon suggest we marched and sang humbly for the guards who would await us see that we were sincerely peaceful. As we all started forth toward the Nicolai Bridge near St Petersburg, we sang the Tsar's hymn " God save thy people". With Father Gapon leading the way all of us felt very confident that our petition might actually get answered and the Tsar will take it all into consideration.

We were marching along the bridge now and I sought to it to check the time, Father Gapon was carrying a nifty pocket watch and it said 9: 50 a. m. e were at least 10 minutes away from the Tsar's winter palace We were still singing and chanting at this point and all hoping for the same thing, ' Our Freedom'. Now we were at least a few minutes away from the Palace where we had seen the huge iron gates, and at least a dozen foot soldiers holding their guns at the ready, hoping that the chances were not them getting ready to shoot at us, but because we believed in our Tsar so much we didn't believe that he would allow his distressed citizens to be shot down in cold blood for being misread.

But we were wrong to do so, it was unquestionably gruesome with bullets flying everywhere at everyone, I'm just really glad I convinced my wife and children to stay home because this was just too much, such a disgrace has become of the Tsar, allowing this to happen to his followers, his loyal citizens

who have wanted nothing more than their freedom and rights and in doing so they are persecuted.

As this bloody wreck was closing and the guards decided to slow down their targeting at us, we thought to try and head back with as much people we could take without getting shot, Father Gapon was standing with much digression at the tragic event that took place. I was in much admiration of him because he is the priest and he has tried to do so much for us while the Tsar sits in his throne not caring to consider our petition or making things right with his people.

As if times weren't hard enough, now this had to happen. Family, friends, mothers and children most shot, so many wounded it was just so sad, I'm not as proud in myself considering I was stationary in the sidelines. But seeing all of this and now writing it I just hope one day our nation will be free and our children will be free to live their life with laughter and enjoyment.