



"Who would these fardles bear to grunt and sweat under weary life, but that the dread of something after Death, the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns."

Hamlet's gazing into the bulging eyes of Death remained fixed in the depths of the Will, which said: to wander over those paths leaving behind without remorse the services and comforts of the town, for the reality of this horror, to drag oneself to the end the World only for a morsel of Life and ... punishment. Punishment, for what? For the astronomic numbers of innocent deportees, for numbers, which astronomers with all their instruments, having lost heaven and earth called the dark years instead of light years.