

# Dagmar Lieblova And Her Sister And Cousin



This picture was made in Kutna Hora in the park beside the church Barbora. Me and sister carry our cousin Tomas Reitman.

Kutna Hora is a nice town, but I didn't realize this until later. I took the area for granted as a child.

When we were in Terezin later on, I didn't like the fact that everything was flat and square there. I had been used to winding streets and to there being hills everywhere.

Wherever you go in Kutna Hora, there is always a uphill to go up. The land become flat on the way to Kolin, but remains hilly with forests on the way to Sazava.

My younger sister was born in Kutna Hora in 1932. We were together a lot of the time and had a normal sibling relationship. I was an irate child and she would sometimes tease me a bit, so I would be shaking with rage.

Our parents always told me that I should be more sensible, as I was the oldest. It annoyed me whenever they said that. In the summer and winter, when the school term was over and we had no homework to do, we used to play in the garden in front of the house.

Our parents saw to it that they didn't leave us outside. We had friends who would come round to see us, but when I was older and wanted to go out, I had to bring Rita everywhere with me, which I

wasn't too keen on. But then again, Rita wasn't too pleased about having to wear my cast-offs.

Once we were supposed to go to the Krkonose Mountains for Easter, when Rita was probably about four years old. We were already half way there when Rita said she had a soar throat and headache, so our parents turned round and went back.

They put her to bed, took her temperature to see if she had a fever, which she didn't, and dad looked at her throat and saw there was nothing wrong with it.

After she had recovered, they asked her what had happened and she said she was scared of Krakonos the Giant.

Our parents used to go on hiking trips before we were born, and me and my sister soon became used to hiking from an early age. We liked to go to the forest and dad always went mushroom picking when we were away somewhere on vacation.