

A Very Bad Experience in the Moscow Airport

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I would like to write about the last few hours that I spent in my native country, in January, 1994.

I remember that day: It was a very cold day. I was at the Moscow Airport, Sheremetyevo #2, and it was 8 o'clock in the evening. I had a lot of time before my flight, so I took my dog for a walk.

I had brought my camera with me to take pictures of him and just when I started to take pictures, my friends found me and said, "Your ex-wife is having problems with the customs officers who are checking everybody's bags. She is crying. You have to go there and calm her down because she feels terrible." I left my dog with my friends and went to the check-in counter.

When I arrived there, I saw my ex-wife standing with the customs officers and crying. All of the customs officers were checking. They were smiling and they looked like Nazis. I came up to my ex-wife and asked her, "What happened? Why are you crying?"

She said, "Stay away from me because you will have the same problem" and she started to cry again. I found out that when the customs officials were checking her, they had said, "You can't take anything with you." Then they put all of her clothes on a table and left them there.

While I was standing there, I saw how one official talked with a very old woman. He spoke with her as if he were speaking to a young girl. A lot of people were sick and they couldn't sit or stand anymore.

Later on, I got my dog and my bag. When it was my time to show the customs officials my bag, they said the same thing to me. They told me to take my clothes out of my bag and to put them on the table. One of them took all of my documents and said, "You can't take this dog with you because he is too big."

I replied, "I have the right to bring my pet with me as long as he is not sick."

Two hours later, they gave me everything back and allowed me to sit down.

And this is how I remember my last day in my country. I think that I will never forget it.

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