

*What was the pre-history of the conflict?*

*How did the inhabitants meet the events of the first years of confrontation?*

*Where there any discussions about resettling?*

*What things those who left the uncontrolled to Ukraine territories were guided by?*

### **Chapter 3. On another side of the frontline: my life (not) in Ukraine**

*What happened to the old friends?*

*What does everyday life in occupation look like?*

*What were changes at school?*

*What is the attitude of youth to new things?*

*Where would you like to study?*

*What is Ukraine associated with?*

*How were the dreams changed?*

## **We learnt to appreciate the sun**

Gunay Alekperova  
Horlivka (Donetsk region)

My name is Gunay, I am Azerbaijanian. I was born 15 years ago in town of Horlivka Donetsk region, where I also live today, that is why I always considered Ukraine to be my Motherland. After the collapse of the Soviet Union my parents resettled here, fleeing from the war in Nagornyi Karabakh. And again the war entered the life of our family. Nobody could think that such a thing could happen in the XXI century. When we listened to the recollections of my grandparents we thought that such a horror would never happen to us, that everything would always be all right. But the war came to us out of the blue. At first we hoped that it would not last for long, that everything will soon pass. Now already for the fourth year there is explosion after explosion, death after death, pain after pain. More than once we discussed the issue of resettling in our family. But we decided to stay. It is very difficult to abandon one's house, where every brick was laid with hard work, there is one's own yard, a garden where the trees have grown – those had been planted by my parents before my birth. We have spent so much effort on this small, but so dear to us plot of land. Several times, rescuing our life, we moved to other cities of Ukraine, hoping that peace would come soon, but were forced to return to our own home again.

My city has become empty, and not so much due to the death of people, but because of many inhabitants' leaving in the search of the peaceful, calm and stable life. They were forced to leave their own land, where they had been born, made the first steps in their life, said the first word, lived almost whole their life. It is very difficult. Many of my classmates also resettled to other towns and villages where it is quiet and peaceful. They study in good conditions, walk on the live ground, yes, just on the "live" ground, because we do not have such. It is scary to make an additional step, because every moment one can explode on a tripwire grenade or a mine.

Today in our 10<sup>th</sup> grade out of 33 students only 13 have been left. For some time I've been keeping in touch with many classmates, but in time we grew distant both from those who resettled to Russia and those living now in Ukraine. I miss my classmates very much, that time when we had peaceful, happy studies, and now, when I remember that school life and my classmates, I want to cry. Many things have changed. Now the instruction is conducted in the Russian language. Instead of history of Ukraine – there is history of Russia, once a week – one integrated lesson of the Ukrainian language and literature. There is a new subject – "History of Donbas citizenship". Another thing is that on the basis of our school № 42 there is active also the school

№ 15, which has been taken from Zaytseve, because their school is almost destroyed and is situated almost in the centre of military actions.

It is very difficult to speak of patriotism in today's conditions. We are becoming more and more estranged from Ukraine, and it is harder and harder to be a loyal patriot. It seems to us that we were forgotten here, and none of politics cares for us. And we are mentioned by the highest officials only for the sake of their own PR or for some their mercantile interests. That is why I consider that patriotism means loving and appreciating that land where one was born, to love and appreciate one's relatives, friends, school and everything that surrounds one. Without it the world will be empty. Although, in my opinion, it is empty now, because people have forgotten what is humanity.

On the territory where I live there is no live place left. And one wants to cry even when one hears the sounds of the heavy artillery. It happens in our life almost daily. Everyone, who has not seen these explosions, has not seen the bloodstained blown up bodies, can say that all of us will die sooner or later. But they do not understand how with every explosion mothers' souls hurt for their children and do not know how firmly I hug my mother, fearing that I might lose her in any moment.

But even in such conditions children are still children. We want to go for a walk, to go outside and play with a ball. We are very glad when it is quiet and we can go to school, and our parents are beside us. We have learnt to appreciate the sun, the sky, songs of birds, because when the cannons start firing, even insects silence. I wish very much that a smile would never go away from children's faces, so that everyone stayed alive, safe and sound.

I would like to defend all the people, but, unfortunately, I am still a child myself, and little depends on me in this world. I hope that my dreams will come true: I want to become a paediatrician, to finish school studies successfully, to have a good job, stability. But most of all I want my parents and sisters to be alive, healthy and happy, also I wish that the war ended soon and the peace came!

## **When there are traces of military vehicles' tracks in one's soul...**

Elizaveta Yefremova  
Luhansk

War.. What is a war? For someone these are two dates in the history textbook, but for me it became a part of my life.

«My name is Liza. I am 12. I live in Luhansk in settlement Yubileynyi together with my grandparents. My mother lives outside the city in the settlement Beloye with my stepfather Andrey. I am a student of the 7<sup>th</sup> grade of Luhansk specialized school № 54. I also study in the school of aesthetic education № 4. I learn to play the piano, singing and choreography. I also study in the computer academy "Step". The summer will soon begin. But I cannot go for a walk until 8 p.m. I am not allowed to. It is all because somewhere far away one can hear shootings and explosions. I do not realize the reality of the things happening yet. And then the explosions come closer and I can hear them better. Behind my home the barricades have been built and a check point made. My mum has decided to take me outside the city, but it has not become calmer.

June, 19. The clock shows 16:26.

My mother calls me: "Hello, Lizzy. Start packing your things. Tomorrow we are going to the seaside for a week. We will go with uncle Serezha, godmother and Mira. Soon Katia will join us, because she is in a camp, in Crimea. Take only the most necessary things." I am full of happiness, because I will spend a whole week together with my cousins. I love them very much. I begin packing my things quickly.

June, 20. 11:10.

I've heard the sound of car engine in the yard. My uncle with his family have come. Mother and me quickly threw our bags into the boot, said good-bye to Andrey and got into the car. We drove only 10 kilometers when there was the first check point on our way. I looked into the window and saw a man in a camouflage uniform with the machine gun on his shoulder. I am astonished, as I do not understand what he needs it for and what is the sense of check points. Our documents have been checked and we were asked to open the boot. After its inspection we could go further. We passed this procedure at every check point. On our way we saw everywhere the traces of the tracked military vehicles. In early evening we came to the hotel. As it turned out, we had come there also earlier, in 2012. We all went to our rooms and similar days of holiday started... Every morning we wake up, have

breakfast and go to the seaside, in the afternoon we sleep, and go to the beach in the evening again.

June, 27.

A week has passed after our arrival, but we are not going to return home.

June, 28.

This day was the same as all the previous ones, BUT at 12:47 my uncle received a call. It was my grandpa calling: "Hello, son! We are at the dacha in Zheltoye with mum. There is shelling around. We do not know what to do. We cannot leave." I am standing near him and can hear explosions at the background. I can hear the sounds of machine-guns. I became scared. The uncle says that grandparents should take white fabric and tie it to a long stick, quickly get into the car and slowly driving, hold the "flag" over their heads. After that talk they got disconnected and could not reach the grandparents any more. We were sitting over the phone trying to call them the whole evening. The entire family worried very much. We thought of all possible variants of the events development.

20:36. The phone call from grandpa: "Hello, do you hear me? We are at home! Everything is all right! Don't worry! We love..." We were disconnected. I am crying. Crying from happiness. It is so good that everything is all right and the most terrible things which could happen, was only in imagination. Now I understand that everything is serious, that the war has begun...

Two more weeks of grey days. I've got bored of the sea. I want to go home.

June, 17.

We are packing things with mum, as we are going home tomorrow. Uncle Serezha and his family will stay one more week.

June, 18. 10:25.

We are standing near the mini-bus. We say good-bye to the uncle, godmother and cousins. I have tears in my eyes. I will miss them. We got into the car. The whole way home there were only two of us. No one was returning to Luhansk. There were the same check points and barricades on our way. Some hours later we drive up to Ugegorsk. I am deeply shocked. I see the town. It is fully destroyed. There are enormous holes from the shells in residential houses. Some houses are fully destroyed. Not a living soul can be seen in the streets. One has such a feeling, as if the town turned into a town-phantom. An hour later we drove into Lugansk. We could get out at the stop

in Beloye, Andrey met us there. We were very tired from the long way, came home and went right to bed.

June, 19. 9:11.

I was sleeping and suddenly my mum dashed into the house. She shouted that I should quickly get up and run after her. I do not understand anything, but as soon as we run into the street, there is a hissing noise over our heads. In several seconds Andrey, mum and me jumped into the cellar. And then we hear an explosion. Powerful, horrible explosion. I do not suppress emotions and shout loudly. I'm frightened. After that once more hissing noise and explosion comes. I shout again. My ears are closed from this hissing and the earth is trembling from the explosions. We sat in the cellar for 15 minutes. And after that there was dead silence... We go out of our shelter. Silence... We can see many ragged pieces of metal in the yard on the asphalt. These are splinters of a bomb. The thought that if we had left the house a second later, we could have been dead, is frightening. Because this small splinter has a terrible lethal force. We went through the gate to the garden and stopped, terrified. The house, which is situated 50 meters from us, is destroyed. There is neither roof, nor wall. Andrey makes up his mind to go and learn, whether our neighbours are alive. We stay in the yard with mum. In 10 minutes Andrey comes back. The people are alive. They managed to run into the cellar. It is so wonderful that everything was all right. I still cannot come to my senses. My legs are as if made of cotton. I am embraced by terror. Now I really understand that my relatives' and my life are under enormous threat... We tried to switch on the light, but there was no electricity. And there would be no electricity in the next 3-4 months.

Now my days were full of fear. Fear for one's life. We hid into the cellar oftener and oftener. I did not shout any more. The hissing noise became customary for me. The sound of explosions – commonplace.

In such a way almost the whole of my summer passed. Without electricity. Without water. Thank God, the neighbours had a hand water fountain and they allowed us to use it. Every evening we sat around the table in the yard and played board games. When the dusk fell, we entered the house and went to bed, and the door was left open, so that in case of shelling we had time to hide quickly. Almost every day we with mother fried patty cakes and treated to them our neighbours. A survival kit, which contained the documents and the most important things necessary for some first time, was always standing near the door. In August it became calmer and the friends of family started coming to visit us. They had to walk about a kilometer, maybe more, to our house. They all have got so much used to the tense situation that it did not seem so tense any more.

August, 9. 11:13.

Mother and Andrey decided to drive to Yubileynyi in order to visit granny and grandpa. We have gathered a present for them consisting of vegetables, which grew in our kitchen garden and bakery cooked by mum and me. I wanted to go with them very much, but mum said it could be dangerous and that is why I had to stay at home. At 12 they left. So, it was 14:00, and no one was at home. 15:00 and I was still alone. 15:27. I heard an explosion, somewhere not far away. I ran out of home and rushed into the cellar. Silence... I decided to go out. Our neighbor ran in a second later. She knew that mother and Andrey had left. She asked if I was very scared and said that it would be better if we went to her place. We were sitting near the cellar in the neighbours' yard. We did not hear any more explosions, but we heard shots. We were very worried so that no "answer" came to us. I was very worried for my family. Where are they and why did not they return still? And then 16:52. The sound of the car engine in the yard. They have returned! Everything was all right. I learned from my mother's words that in the flat of my grandparents, in the children's room, the window was broken. A small splinter of the bomb threw through the window and stuck in the wall. Grandparents sleep in the bathroom or in the larder, as it is problematic for them to go down every time from the second floor to the ground floor. In principle, everything is well with them. They miss me very much. Grandpa has told how difficult it is for them to live without light, how he goes with the wheel-barrow to take water from the pump room, near which an electric generator was placed and thanks to it people can take water...

#### Miner's Day.

Today is the first holiday during the time of war – the Miner's Day. Andrey and my grandpa worked in the coalmine. So, it is their professional holiday. Today guests will come to us. The family friend Yura, who works in the coalmine, his wife Vika and their son Misha. We serve the table with mother. At 12.00 our guests come... It was silent. We did not hear any shots for several days. But at 15:12 we hear an explosion. After that the hissing and explosion again. We are sitting in the yard and are not in a hurry to hide. We have got accustomed to these terrible sounds. And the explosions continued. They were closer and louder. We came into the cellar and were sitting there for 40 minutes."

40 minutes without stop the settlement Belye was being shot at. We heard the sounds of breaking glasses. The sound of splinters dropping on the asphalt. I was no longer afraid, I got accustomed to it... And it was the most terrible thing that could happen.

"15:42. We went out from the cellar. It was silent in the street. We could see smoke not far away. There were huge splinters, about 20 centimeters long, in the yard.

I noticed, that my beloved dog is nowhere in the yard. Her name is Motia. I run around the yard and call after her, but she is not to be seen anywhere. I'm very worried, as she is my loyal friend. 5 minutes later all the people who were in the yard, were looking for her. But she was not there. I sat on the stool and tears ran from my eyes. I understood that I would never see her again. But suddenly the familiar muzzle protrudes from the garage. I cry out from happiness. My most loyal friend is alive!

Yura decides to go home, because his mother was left there. Andrey goes with him.

They came back an hour later. And brought with them a horrible find – the shell head. They told that a man, who did not manage to hide, was killed near the shop. More than 10 houses were hit during this shelling. Our lives, like every time during the shellings, hung by a single thread.

August, 31.

It was unbelievably quiet on that day. Today is the birthday of Misha, the son of Yura. We are invited. At 13:45 we left home. On our way there we met military men driving in a car. When they stopped near us – we felt uneasy. But when one of them said: “Good afternoon! Aren't you afraid of going about the settlement in such a tense time?” – we felt peaceful in our soul at once. After speaking briefly with them we wanted to continue our way, but before saying good-bye, the military men gave us three immense parcels of humanitarian aid...

...It is already evening. Having said good-bye to our hosts and greeted Misha, we started walking home. We had gone half of our way when suddenly heard a loud snap and a signal fire started burning brightly in the sky. From unexpectedness I fell down with my face on the ground and covered my head with my hands. Mum and Andrey squatted. After that we quickly stood up and went home...

At home we found out that the night lamp, which was usually plugged in, was burning. And it meant only one thing... We were supplied with light at last...

September, 1.

Today all children go to school, and I feel myself deprived. It is terrible, when people are deprived of the rights, are hurt. I want to learn, like all normal people. Because I am not different from the people living on the territory of Ukraine.

September, 8.

On September, 8 my grandpa was born. At last we are going with the whole family to Yubileynyi in order to greet him on his birthday...

...I go up the stairs to the third floor, run into the flat and hug firmly my granny and grandpa. I have not seen them for whole two months... Having sat at the table and communicated with relatives, I asked to go for a walk. At first I went to the neighbouring house to my classmate Katia. We have not seen each other whole summer. We have missed each other very much and after the warm-hearted meeting we decided to go to my friend Svieta. She was very glad to see me and later confessed that she did not recognize me at first. As the girls spent all three months in Yubileynyi, they held a little excursion for me. We were going in our own settlement and got horrified. There were holes from the shells in houses, which many people tried to stuff with improvised materials. The boring tower of the coalmine looked like a sieve. There was an enormous number of holes on it. Plenty of people died in our settlement. We found splinters on the ground. Our life will never be calm and careless...

... After I came home, I have decided to stay with granny and grandpa. Now every morning I help my grandpa, go to bring water with him. We go to sleep at 9 o'clock, because it is already dark at that time. We went to school on the October, 1. We did not have a celebratory assembly. In the meantime, my uncle and his family have resettled to Severodonetsk.

I am 15 now. I am still studying in the specialized school № 54 of Luhansk, but paralelly I'm studying online in school № 1 of Severodonetsk. I have finished the school of aesthetic education № 4 in specialty "choreography" with the mark "excellent". The computer academy "Step" was closed.

The war in Donbas has left an unimprovable trace in my life. It has put everything in the right places. In the previous 3 years I understood how many friends I really had, whom I could trust. But the most important is that I know what is really important in life. Not material values are important. The clear, peaceful sky over our heads is important. I do not want to remember things that happened in 2014, but, unfortunately, I remember everything very vividly. The war has changed me. It has changed everybody. But now I look at the world quite differently. I appreciate everything that I have in the given moment, because I understand that I can lose it in a matter of seconds. I want every person to appreciate what he has. I wish that all people in the world never knew such an awful word as the war.

## **We want to live in Ukraine!**

Mykhailo Skrypkin  
Lysychansk (Luhansk region)

The war in the East of Ukraine has been continuing for five years. It did not omit also my family and my own town of Antracyt. It is a provincial miners' town, which is still under occupation. We have lived with my family in the town for two and a half years after its occupation, after which we moved to the controlled by Ukraine territory to the town of Lysychansk. But I still remember every day. And maybe will never forget.

The beginning.

It all began in March 2014. Already in that time the inhabitants of Antracyt divided into two camps: pro-Russian and pro-Ukrainian. Once there was held a meeting near the Lenin House of culture. My father considered that it will be a meeting of both points of view, and we went there taking with us a poster with inscription "Putin, go away from Ukraine!" and a small Ukrainian flag. At once, when my father took out the poster, many people attacked him, crying: "Go away from here, bandera!" They shouted at him and were snatching the poster from his hands. The father answered them: "Look into your passports and see the citizens of what country you are!" I was very worried for him, because he could simply be beaten, but everything turned out all right. The father was expelled from the square and I followed him.

May 3, 2014.

At the weekend, as it often happened, my parents, brother and me walked about the town. We came to the central square and saw the following picture: many people were standing in front of the district state administration, among whom were the people in military uniforms and people in military coats and astrakhan hats – the so-called "Cossacks". There was not a single Ukrainian flag there. There were many people with weapons, and military lorries with boxes were standing in the yard. The Cossacks, who did not conceal that they arrived from Rostov region, began supplying the local separatists with weapons. Then it became clear that the war came also to us. Since then we tried not to go to various demonstrations on May Day, because they were always accompanied with glorification of Russia.

May 11, 2014.

The referendum was held in our city, by the results of which Luhansk People's Republic had to be set up. The polling stations were situated in various buildings in the town, even in schools (including my school). There was no doubt that many pro-Russian thinking people would go to vote. They will decide the destiny of the town. Because of them I will be forced to leave

my home. But in those places where I was, I did not see any crowds of people who wished to vote.

May 25, 2014.

The farewell bell. My father has suggested I should put on the embroidered shirt and go to the holiday. Of course, I was very frightened, but few people paid attention to me. Several people came up to me and shook my hand. By the way, no flag was hoisted on that holiday.

Summer 2014.

In the summer our family went to the seaside in Berdiansk. We were going through Donetsk region. We passed through many check points of well-armed separatists, who defended them with military vehicles. Some time later our Russian language teacher said: "I passed the check points and saw that our very young boys are defending us, confronting those big Ukrainian military men armed to the teeth, who came to our land". I can definitely tell that there are both young boys and adult, big men in the same quantity on both sides of the check points.

In a few days we were returning home, but then the situation was much changed, and we had to go along the line of the military conflict through Donetsk, Makiyivka, Yasynuvate and Debaltseve, which had been freed by the Ukrainian army not long ago. We could see the fresh traces of battles: a gunned down car, burnt fields and forest belts, abandoned houses – it all called for only sad thoughts. On our way we sometimes met the convoys of enemy combatants' trucks which were fleeing from our army. We even were driving accidentally for some time with such a convoy, but later understood that we needed to drive in a different direction.

August 6, 2014.

My father, brother and me were going home from a barber's. Father did not work then, because he quit his job after the arrival of the "rebels", because he did not want to work for them. Suddenly we heard very loud shots of artillery. I had never heard such massive volleys before. When we were approaching the street crossing, father saw the smoke coming from the side of the market. He asked a woman, what had happened. "These are our "defenders" who accidentally hit the market", - answered she. Father ordered us to run home, and he rushed to mother who was working near the market. I could hardly wait at home for them. My brother was still very little and, maybe, did not even understand that it was the war going on. He was very terrified of shots and therefore, I tried to calm him down. Father and mother came home unscathed. It turned out, that one of the shells, with which separatists were shooting from the outskirts of Antracyt in the direction of Kransyi Luch, did not reach the aim and hit the market. As a result of the

incident, a woman with her daughter have been killed. Later father took me to a many-storeyed house and showed such a picture: in the yard, almost near the house, just such a shell dropped. One could see clearly the splinters which flew into the flats, where people might have been. After that almost daily we could hear the shots of the separatists' artillery, to the sounds of which we began to get accustomed. We already were preparing a bomb shelter in the cellar of our house. We even went to sleep with my brother on the floor, so that in case of shelling we would not suffer from shell splinters or mines. There were almost no people in the town, many people left it, the majority of shops were closed, instead of it there were plenty of military vehicles and military men. Unfortunately, our town was not freed from occupants, but good thing was that it almost did not suffer from shellings, and there were almost no destructions in Antracyt.

Every summer my friend from Luhansk came to Antracyt. That time he did not simply come to his granny: then there were fierce battles conducted for the city, and he escaped from them. He told us about those horrors he had seen in Luhansk, told us about military vehicles with Russian flags on them and all the time repeated that it was calm and quiet here.

Autumn-winter 2014.

In that autumn the academic year started later than usual. Everyone was afraid of the beginning of battles in Antracyt. When we began learning at last, there were less than half of children at school. Many students and teachers had left the town. At school I saw different attitude of people surrounding me to the situation. Out of the teachers, only the Russian language teacher was openly supporting the separatists, other her colleagues deliberately avoided talking about politics, but often criticized the attempts of the school administration to change the school program. Teachers expressed dissatisfaction with the activities of separatists. The majority of my classmates also did not like it. Some time later, when we again started having the lessons of Chinese language, at one of the lessons we had to tell about ourselves. At the lessons of foreign language we usually say the phrase, where we are from and what our nationality is. The majority of students, including me, wrote "I am Ukrainian", and only some of them wrote "I am Russian". The new history teacher said: "Of course, now the subject is entitled "History of Motherland", but we will be learning history of Ukraine. All students who do not like it, may go out of the classroom". By the way, no one went out of the classroom.

In the autumn there were renewed the trainings in the wrestle "kudo", which I have been doing for three years. Here I saw another, aggressive attitude towards Ukraine and Ukrainians. And it was not strange, because fathers of some children were Cossacks. For example, one boy said something like this: "I hate Ukraine very much. I want all the Ukrainians simply to be destroyed. So that they do not exist any more". And it is only the simplest

example of hate instilled by the television and surrounding people. I was thinking then: “And these people are telling fairy-tales about the Nazism in Ukraine?”.

During some time there aroused conflicts and even military confrontations between “Cossacks” and “rebels”. Fortunately, they did not affect our family. But since sometimes innocent people suffered because of it, it drove me to some contemplations. How can these people be called defenders? Because during the time of the war the town suffered not only from their crimes, but also from their customary quarrels between themselves. For example, a 15-year-old girl was wounded during one of such confrontations. I was also thinking that all these “*novo-Russians*” will defeat each other quicker than the Ukrainian army will come here. But will the usual people be alive until that time? Can’t some more innocent people have suffered?

At the end of the year the battles retreated from the town, there was the cease-fire, but big convoys of military vehicles were passing through Antracyt. We saw once such a convoy of tanks from the school windows during the lessons. Our town is situated not far from the border, that is why the vehicles driving from Russia often passed through our streets.

The late 2015 – early 2016.

Once our students of the 11<sup>th</sup> grade came to school wearing the embroidered shirts and with the Ukrainian flags. Then a scandal broke out: the school administration asked the parents of those students for talks, and all the remains of Ukrainian symbols were taken away from school.

After that the occupation government decided to deal with ideological work among the youth more seriously. In Antracyt there began being carried out the numerous actions on behalf of Luhansk People’s Republic with its symbols – “republican” subotnik, sport holidayds, etc. Then we were forcibly taken to various performances and lectures, which were held by the Cossacks from “Cossack regiment Yarga”. Thus, once our class was taken to the “lesson of courage” that was conducted by the same Cossacks. There they were telling about the recent war, about their own “heroism” and told lies about the Ukrainian army. Nobody in my class liked that event, we thought: “Why don’t they tell anything about the fact when the Cossacks killed with the knife a boy in the village of Schotove when he wanted to protect a girl to whom they were picking on?” And really, Cossacks did not tell anything about their crimes, they were telling only about “heroism”.

There was another case, when we were taken to the “lesson of health”. I went there, as I thought there will be nothing bad, but on the contrary, it will be interesting and useful. All my classmates went there with such a mood. But we were mistaken: the lesson was conducted by the same Cossack who had conducted “the lesson of courage”. Of course, he was telling that only “Ukrops” (*Ukrainians*) drink and smoke, “because of that the war had broken

out, and all our people are sober”. Some time later in the streets of Antracyt the posters with inscriptions “Russian means sober”, “Sobriety is the choice of strong people”, etc. were hanging. Certainly, I have nothing against it, but I wish that Cossacks themselves followed these mottoes. Twice I was picked on by such characters with their “philosophy”. It certainly, looked funny, but I wanted to stop our conversation very quickly and to go my own way.

At last, since autumn 2016, it became compulsory at schools to listen to the anthem of Luhansk People’s Republic, but it was already without me, because my family moved to the freed territory and I started learning in the Ukrainian school. “At 8.15. students are taken every day to the school yard and the anthem is played”, - so tell me my former classmates.

And to sum up my story. Whole my life I was afraid of the war. I have heard about the horrors of the World War II and could not imagine that the war could come into my home. And nevertheless, it came. Because of the war I had to leave my own town, friends, some relatives. I hope, no – I BELIEVE, that the war will end, the occupants will perish and we will return to Antracyt.