

2402. War Diary

1 Day. It's the worst morning, it's impossible to be ready, no matter what you done beforehand.

It is important that everyone understand that, it was Russia attacked Ukraine, today at dawn, in different regions both.

All day long, my family and I have been building a shelter in basement in mom house, supporting loved ones and mourning the dead.

2 Day. It's been a long night, an endless day. It feels like forever. Today, battles takes place where I am. We take turns sleeping, hiding under the table, and we cover ourselves with mattresses.

3 Day. The night was heavy, hardly slept. Explosions and gunshots were heard 24 hours with little interruption. But we're still good, we're safe.
Please, appreciate peace!

4 Day. Today I managed to take a shower and have a family meal at the table instead of under. In Kyiv it's sunny, and no matter what, lunch with family is priceless.

We're preparing for a two-day curfew.

We'll be fine, we have no choice

5 Day. It's a crime against humanity. It's beyond evil. In Kharkiv shelled residential quarters. They try to destroy Chernigiv. A lot of civilian casualties. We went to donate blood, my mom have AB, but in hospital ran out of canisters. We back to shelter.

During the air alarm we cover ourselves with a mattress on top. My brother always says: «Let's hope, let's hope». He's fourteen.

6 Day. I'm not afraid anymore, I've learned to tell the difference between the sound of explosions. Time goes slow as before.

7 Day. You can adapt to everything. But the emotional reserve is exhausted with time. You do what you can for your family and other Ukrainians. But it still feels like it's not enough.

8 Day. Because of the lack of sleep, it seems like it's all one long day. But the diary helps keep them separate. Now it's harder to remember a peaceful life and what happened before. You think it's forever.

9 Day. Yesterday was the hardest day since the war began. There was a disagreement within the family, someone wanted to leave, someone wanted to stay. But we can't split up, no matter what happens. Decided to stay in Kyiv.

10 Day. I look at photos of friends, acquaintances and other Ukrainians. And I understand that we all share a common look. It's impossible to fake. Hope hell exit my country soon. First time in 10 days I went home, I needed to pick up the dog food.

I realized I don't remember what it was like to walk and sleep without shoes. It felt like I born in shoes. In case of a quick evacuation you have to be fully dressed, including in a coat. In Kyiv now -1.

11 Day. It was snowing this morning, and at first I thought it was ashes. But it's just such a spring in Kyiv this year) I've been thinking a lot about photography today. Whether we need pictures that break hearts.

12 Day. The first day I've managed to relieve emotional tension. Yesterday was a watershed day. But today we played in Uno. My brother has Uno emoji version, in this edition there's a card what emotion you should be show for one round, I recieved this one:



13 Day. Today was snow grains. Beautiful! I don't really like winter. Spring and summer have always been the most productive for me. But the feeling of something melting on your hand, of something changing in your everyday life, reminds you that we're still alive.

14 Day. I'm not sure that this will end soon. But, the hardest part of the war is that you have to make tough decisions all the time. And none of this solutions are right.

15 Day. Today there was neither fatigue, nor anger. It was as if everything, that had accumulated over the past weeks had been reset. And all day long in my head, only one Ukrainian phrase: "Slaves are not allowed to paradise", of course these words about internal freedom.

16 Day. The last two days in Kyiv quietly. Today I've been thinking a lot about my plans that didn't come true, and that I've been putting many years on hold. Presumptuous) I never realized I might not be in this future.

So strange times, we can watch the war online.

17 Day. It's not quiet again. In wartime it means the fights are close. I had an interview today, and there was a question about my long-term plans. I started writing that I plan to reassemble my backpack tomorrow. Then I realized that the essence of the question is elsewhere.

18 Day. When the war broke out, I didn't wake up to the sound of the explosions. Although they were. I woke up from my mother's call, and she scolded me for I still don't watch the news. The day before, I scolded her, that she still didn't realize the war was about to start.

19 Day. There are things you never thought about or read in books. And then when you meet them in real life, you don't know how to react. You understand that this is true, but you cannot believe this reality.

20 Day. Today I learned that it is not right to taped windows in the form of the letter X, it is better to taped them with horizontal strips. There's a better chance the glass stays intact in the blast. I'm not sure that you will need this, but it is better to know in advance.

21 Day. In my youth I dreamed of seeing a star fall. But when a star fell somewhere, I

always looked the other way) Now I know that while a star is falling you have time to understand that it wasn't a projectile, and about half a second to make a wish. I made it.

22 Day. I'm exhausted. When a war begins in your home, your whole life is narrowed down to the date of its beginning, and the date of our victory.

23 Day. Poetry helps a lot during an air raid. Surprisingly, when I hear explosions, the only thing that can silence them is poetry.

24 Day. Everything looks and sounds different, well-known songs and phrases acquire new meanings. Often when I saw a good movie, I was jealous of those who had not seen it. Now every familiar things, for me, is new.

25 Day. I lived all my life in Kyiv. Like my mother, grandmother and almost all life great-grandmother. I was even taught by the same teachers as my mother and grandfather. We are preparing to leave Kyiv. I hope everyone is together. Tomorrow is the key day.

26 Day. We had to postpone the trip to the end of the week. In Kyiv introduced a curfew. The fourth week is difficult, on the one hand you are accustomed to danger, on the other you understand that the fight will be long. Which means the price of freedom will go from inexcusable to horrifying.

27 Day. Every new day looks like each other, and each new one brings new nightmares. But spring has come no matter what. Today is the first time I've slept without a coat.

28 Day. It's been almost a month, and it feels like a year. I miss the times when my mom used to send me art and science news. Today, she sent me a memo on what to do if you're in enemy captivity.

29 Day. Tomorrow after dawn, I leave Kyiv. This is one of the most hardest decisions in my life, and I don't know if it's right. The rest of my family stays. It's breaks my heart, again.

30 Day. 21 hours at the wheel, and the whole road shrouded in tears. Made it. I told before, during the war you never know if you made the right decision. Those 48 hours showed, I were wrong. Kyiv is the capital of my heart.

31 Day. I'm not sure I can stay here. There are things that can't be explained. But when your house is on fire, you can only go for a bucket of water to put it out faster.

32 Day. Hope to be in Kyiv by the end of the next week. I guess there's something wrong with me.

33 Day. Every new day is still February 24. When I left from Kyiv my brother asked if I would ever return. But it turned out that no matter how far you were away, it's impossible to get away from the nightmare.

34 Day. Today everyone saw a hole in the building of the regional administration in Nikolaev. Yesterday and every day, everyone saw Mariupol. Every day I feel physical pain. When will the 25th of February come?

35 Day. Before the war, at lectures on the preparation of the population were told to take the most necessary things and do not forget the photos. Because pictures help you handle with everything.

36 Day. What do you see when you close your eyes? Before, I always saw the future. Now, I see things about don't say out loud.

37 Day. I brought war with me. And I'm trying to leave her at the door, but she's still follow me. Decided to come home next week.

38 Day. Bucha. Irpin. Motyzhyn. I've been fighting hate all day. It is difficult to maintain humanity towards those who have done so. We often say that we will not forgive, but no one asks for forgiveness.

39 Day. These soldiers came to kill all Ukrainians, this is genocide, because they don't fight the military. Every time I see videos or photos, it's like I'm dying. I'm afraid of losing everything good that was in me before it started.

40 Day. Found atropine. I was afraid we couldn't buy it. The warmer, the higher the chance of a chemical weapon attack. Since we're going back, we need to be prepared. Mom bought gas masks. Could only buy three pieces.

41-42 Day. I sleep a lot, I make up all sorts of things to get out of the house. But I still feel like a stranger.

43 Day. It seemed to me that I would be more useful and collected if I left a place of constant danger. But It's not working. I'm thought only about my home and my people.

44 Day. We see what war does to people. At one point, we all changed, the country changed, everything we knew gone different. It's impossible to survive it all at once, it's impossible to tell. So we talk to each other through our eyes.

45 Day. We're going in Kyiv. It's a long trip ahead, but this road to home.

*Such inscriptions with the name, date of birth and phone number write on children. In case parents was killed or lost.

46 Day. Long day. Many things went wrong, and we realized that we will not have time to get to Kyiv before curfew. Miraculously found accommodation in Kamianets-Podilskyi.

47 Day. 42 hours trip and I'm in home. When I left, I had full feeling that I wouldn't return soon. And now I am here, and I don't know how long I will be home.

48 Day. Mariupol. There are horrific acts, there are unforgivable ones. And there are those that do not have the right words to describe. There are no words to describe all this horror.

49 Day. For 49 days, my whole life has been packed in a backpack and a few bags. For 49 days now, I've been grateful for every new day, just because there is one.

50 Day. It's hard to get used to a life where you can only make plans for a few days. I don't know how long I can stay home, I can't be sure we won't all be destroyed by weapons of mass destruction. But I do know I'm not ready to leave. I don't see how we can describe this war to our children, how we can tell them what we all went through. And somewhere on the other side of the Earth, people are preparing to go to Mars.