



# ABOUT MY WAR

**W**hen I was making coffee in my kitchen on February 24 at 5:30 AM I heard an explosion.

Next I was sitting on the floor at the headquarters of the regional defense, watching the machine gun being disassembled in front of me. I was writing my name on the admission application. I read "Hereby I apply to join the ranks of Armed Forces of Ukraine". And at this moment I

learned that regional defense represented the Army divisions, not volunteer squads. So in fact I was joining the Army. Then someone asked me: "Will you complete the application?". I replied, "Of course I will." I finished with crooked writing, because my hands were shaking with panic.

Next day there was artillery shelling in the afternoon and an enemy quadcopter was flying low, almost over my head. I saw the it, and its operator saw me.

For the first time I understood they were not some abstract "orcs" from the fiction. I just realized they were certain people aiming to kill us.

I lost my ammo when our unit moved. I found some ammunition. I signed all my things with a black marker.

Later someone PMed me that while others lost their jobs, I cunningly went to the army and were doing just fine there. I read this at 5 AM, and it was very cold outside. I regretted pulling my fingers out of the glove just to read that BS. I searched for the thermos in my pocket, but it turned out I ran out of hot tea.

The enemy located our trenches, they shelled them, so we jumped to the ditches. Apparently, another unit left a pile of boxes with cannon shots as tall as me just nearby.

Next thing we were getting out of the shelling through the forest with together with a guy, who was a civilian yesterday, just like me. It seemed to me that only ten minutes had passed, but in fact it was two hours.

Every time during the phone call my relatives asked me why I joined the Army and these conversations always ended with them crying. I was ashamed, and didn't know what to tell them. We had such telephone conversations for several weeks.

I was told once in a personal message on social network that I was just playing a servicewoman, and I was not a real one. They claimed many people were doing that, just taking pictures with the machine guns wearing military uniform. And that there should be pros in my place. So I didn't know if I was a real one, probably not.

AND THERE SHOULD DEFINITELY BE PROS IN MY PLACE, BUT THEY ARE NONE. **BUT I AM HERE.**

I stand on the edge of the pit near the church in Bucha, and the pit is full of corpses. It's cold and raining. One corpse is wrapped in a bed linen with flowers.

Before, I didn't know who I wanted to be when I grew up.

And now I know. I want to see relatives every day, sleep a lot, live in a warm room with windows, and hug. I want to walking down the streets just like that. Want to wear different clothes every day.

Clothes in bright colors.

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