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A month and a half has already passed since I returned from the war in Ukraine, yes, yes, I know that you can't say this word "war", it was banned, but still I will say exactly "war", understand correctly, I'm already 33 years old and all my life I have been telling only the truth, even to my own detriment, such a "wrong" one and I can't do anything about it. So this is a war, our Russian army is shooting at the Ukrainian one, and she is shooting back, shells and rockets are exploding there, have you ever heard the sound of a shell approaching you? If not, then it's a pity, it's an unforgettable feeling from the vibration and whistle of air when all the insides turn over, it's just breathtaking, then if you're lucky, you hear an explosion and think that this is definitely your day, of course, if you understand that nothing has been torn off by the blast wave and your body is not took some kind of fragment, but if not, then the day didn't set and this time you were unlucky, in short, the job is still ... At the same time, the military on both sides are dying, as well as civilians who were lucky enough to live where they decided to start a war, calling her special operation. Oh, yes, we must also not forget about the accompanying war hunger, illness, sleepless nights, unsanitary conditions and life with constantly off-scale adrenaline that consumes the resources of your body giving strength, speed and reaction, but then when you return from the war zone, you feel like a survivor lemon and you realize that your health is not at all the same. Then there is also the morally painful pressure of your conscience on your heart and soul, if they are, of course, because you do not freely ask yourself the question of why you are doing this and for the good of what. Why are you risking your life and leaving your health. Why are you polluting your and so perhaps not the most cloudless karma.

Now I will tell you how I had to see this war and how I got into it in general. I am aware of the responsibility for spreading the word about my service, but to hide this, for me, means to continue to increase the losses. I was evacuated from the front line near Nikolaevsk because keratoconjunctivitis of the eye began, after another shelling on us, the earth flew into the trench and got into my eyes, it's not pleasant, but consider bullshit, I was lucky, my eyes began to inflame and one of them began to close, after a few days, the paramedic said that I needed to be evacuated. without treatment, you can be left without an eye, I was taken to the Med Detachment in Kherson, occupied by us, from where I was evacuated to Sevastopol. The feeling that you experience when you leave the war zone is indescribable ... Two months of dirt, hunger, cold, sweat and the feeling of the presence of death nearby. It's a pity that they don't let reporters to our front lines, which is why the whole country cannot admire the paratroopers overgrown, not washed, dirty, thin and embittered, it's not clear what else, stubborn Ukrainians who do not want to be denazified, or their mediocre command, unable to equip them even during hostilities. Half of my guys changed clothes and went in Ukrainian uniforms because it was of better quality and more comfortable, or their own was worn out, and our great country is not able to dress, equip and feed its own army. For example, from the very beginning I didn't have a Ratnik kit and crossed the border without even having a sleeping bag. A week later, the guys brought the old one, not the commanders, please note, with a broken lock, to say that I was glad to say nothing to him. Sleeping on the ground in a torn sleeping bag in winter, on the front line, and in Ukraine and in March there were frosts, this is another trip. In short, somewhere in the middle of March, my legs and back began to hurt, I thought for a long time that it was muscles or ligaments and stupidly endured limping and attributing everything to the fact that we hardly took off armor and helmets, but later I learned that from sleep on frozen ground, lack of water and food, combined with loads, I earned osteochondrosis of all

sections of the spine, protrusions, a hernia in the neck, a sequestered hernia in the lower back and incomprehensible pain in leg joints.

So about the evacuation, and then bam, and you are taken out from there and you feel joy at the same time that you are leaving this asshole and a feeling of annoyance that your comrades remain there and it is not known what will happen to them next, a feeling of happiness for himself is mixed with a sense of guilt towards colleagues which are there, and you leave them.

We drove in a PAZik, the driver, and in the cabin there were 20 wounded, dirty, exhausted people, uniforms in the blood, on the faces of those who were seriously wounded, pain and longing were read, those who are easily the joy of that that they are finally leaving there, because I was not injured evacuation I was carried out as a patient, so I sat on step in front of the exit door (there were not enough seats for everyone) and many there were less fortunate than me, it was necessary to go five hours six, I don't remember exactly, it was at this moment that I finally relaxed and thought about the last two months of my life, about what it was, why I needed it, did I do something good or vice versa bad, why did you participate in it and how was there at all. At that moment and still inside of me is not the internal dialogue from a cocktail of conscience, patriotism and common sense stops. If you look at templates then the answer will be that I am a military man, a paratrooper, I am obliged to fulfill orders and do not have the right to be cowardly and not go to war when she started, I am obliged to serve for the good of my country and protect people of Russia, but then common sense begins to contradict and to ask questions.

“And how did Ukraine threaten Russia?”

Everyone around is talking about the fact that Ukraine wanted to join NATO. But do we attack all the countries that want to join NATO?

Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Poland are already in NATO. Finland now joins NATO. Turkey shot down our plane not so long ago, but we it was quickly forgotten, Japan claims our islands.

Damn it, the United States borders on us in the East, but for some reason all this is not a reason to start a war. We're not attacking them, or is it just for now? It turns out that this is not the reason. "If we had not attacked Ukraine, would it have attacked us?" Many echo the TV that we launched a preemptive strike, but how can you believe that Ukraine would have attacked Russia, Crimea, if the Armed Forces of Ukraine could not even hold their borders, they are waging a defensive war suffering huge losses, anyone knows that the war in defense is easier than attacking. How could this country, which defends itself with difficulty, slowly but losing its territories, attack? And wouldn't it be easier for our army to strengthen the borders and defenses around Ukraine and, in the event of their attack, meet the enemy on the defensive, break their offensive potential and go on the counterattack, after all, in this case, our losses would be much less, and the world community would not be able to accuse Russia of an aggressor and glorify our country as an occupier and invader. It turns out that Ukraine was going to attack Russia is also not true? "Ukraine was enslaved by Nazism and they infringe on the Russian population?" But strange as it may seem, when communicating with people who were in Ukraine before the war, no one could remember a specific case that someone somehow infringed or offended him for having a Russian surname or not being able to speak Ukrainian. And some isolated cases of domestic conflicts on ethnic grounds can be found in any country in the world. "We attacked to save the DNR and LNR" What are the DNR and LNR? Indeed, in fact and legally, these are two regions that were part of Ukraine, which rebelled and decided to become independent. Wouldn't it be the same if Karelia wanted to go to Finland, Smolensk region to Lithuania, Rostov to Ukraine, Yakutia to the USA or Khabarovsk to China, isn't it the same? Why are we defending the LDNR? Did ordinary people in Donbas feel better? After all, in the Russian Federation we

they would not have tolerated this, just as they did not once give independence to Chechnya, paying for it with thousands of lives. Why did we do the same with our neighbors? But at the same time, the top of the LPR and DPR, despite the support of the government of the Russian Federation, could not provide their people with social security and give them security, which is why people fled en masse to Russia, Crimea and Ukraine. Communicating with people who fled the war in Donetsk and Luhansk, I did not hear cases of Nazism that are shouted about from our media. But all as one talked about the fact that they fled from the war and that they just want to live and work in peace. If we tried in every possible way to help the people of Donetsk and Lugansk, then why didn't we limit ourselves to providing Russian passports to everyone, we have a lot of empty land that a human hand has not touched, please, let them come, live and work with us, why do we need territories in fact foreign state? What for? Are we short on land? Really all those who wanted to live in Russia have not yet received Russian passports and moved to us?

First, they decided to motivate us with money, and on February 23, our divisional commander announced that we would receive \$ 69 per day, which at that rate was about 7000 rubles, (although here we were thrown and in the end we received 3500 rubles per day) from the very first day when we realized that this was not the Crimean operation "Polite people" and not exercises, but a full-fledged war began and crossing the border of Ukraine under the salvos of MLRS missiles, accompanied by combat helicopters and aircraft, even then they began to say that such a job was not worth any money. But we are the defenders of the fatherland, the paratroopers, the pride of the fatherland and money are not the main thing, and if you have to get the order "Forward!" to the War, then something serious must have happened, maybe the Armed Forces of Ukraine are already capturing Rostov or the Americans have landed on Kamchatka! Without laughing, I'm serious, at first I assumed that something like this happened, since we went to break through the border of Ukraine and received an order to capture Kherson, I did not see another logical explanation. Oh sorry, I didn't introduce myself...

Guards ml.s-t. Filatiev 6 DSHR, 2 DSHB, 56 DSHP, 7 VDD. Yes, yes, exactly that 56 DShB, which our MO S.K. Shoigu decided to disband right on the eve of this war. Probably in order to level the chances of Ukraine against Russia, last year the Brigade was disbanded, equipped, well-organized and equipped Brigade of 3,000 paratroopers, consisting of three assault battalions, a parachute battalion, a reconnaissance battalion, a tank battalion, which has its own artillery and air defense, is being disbanded, in the brigade there were almost no vacancies, a brigade that had been created for 20 years in the city of Kamyshin! They disband the destinies of families and scatter them all over Russia. They create a regiment from the brigade, well, like a regiment, from the regiment one name, leaving only one parachute battalion on a regular basis and transfer it to the Crimea in the city of Feodosia, combining it with the separate 171 assault battalion already located there, and from these two battalions they form a "regiment", a regiment consisting of an airborne battalion, an airborne assault and a reconnaissance company (whose number is equal to a platoon). Not only is this not a regiment! So also the airborne assault battalion was not fully staffed in terms of numbers. Moreover, our great reformers decided to create, as we were told, the Night Experimental Airborne Assault Battalion by putting the entire battalion on ordinary UAZ vehicles, not armored! So that's exactly how my 2DShB was sent to war, I also forgot to mention that the battalion consists of three companies, my company went to war with about 45 people, and the other two 60 people each, and that airborne assault battalion consisting of 165 attack aircraft, brilliant, well, in principle, it's me, everything looks better on the reports, because the battalion is about 500 people, the number of troops around Ukraine was about 200x thousand in the same way. In my opinion, given the corruption and the system of photo reports that are now so bred in the army, when the command hides problems, about 100 thousand Russian servicemen crossed the border of Ukraine on the first day, and this is against 200

thousands of military personnel of the Armed Forces of Ukraine. Thanks to endless ridiculous experiments and a lack of common sense, the army has finally ceased to be an attractive and promising place for the “best youth”, a situation when there was a shortage in military universities, and contract service (which we have been going to since 2003) has finally become a place where people from the lower social circles (to which, unfortunately, I also belong), because the less educated and law-savvy you are, the easier it is to manipulate you. In addition to all this, the institute of military service was destroyed, turning it into a mixture of a kindergarten with a colony settlement, when the soldiers of military service, having rewound their term, go to civilian life without learning anything, then telling their friends about it and anyone who had the opportunity prefers to simply avoid such a useless waste own life. But once upon a time, it was the conscript soldiers who successfully fought in Afghanistan and Chechnya, successfully in terms of the fact that they carried out the tasks assigned to them and did not suffer such losses as the current “professional army of the Russian Federation” has already suffered in Ukraine. Yes, I forgot to tell you that I have been in the 56th Children's Ballet School since 1993 and have been observing its collapse for 30 years. I remember 1999, the beginning of the war in Chechnya, then, as a teenager, I accompanied my father there to go to war. At about three in the morning, the 1DShB lined up on the parade ground near the headquarters and the regiment commander brought the combat order to the battalion that it was necessary to make a forced march, that it was necessary to engage in battle with the bandit formations of the self-proclaimed Ichkeria (doesn't it remind you of anything? Didn't Ukraine also react to LDNR?), that it is dangerous and if one of the soldiers for some reason does not want or cannot do this, then it is necessary to get out of order, that the reasons may be different one in the family, religious or a sick mother, but then no one went out of action, not one, although apart from the officers, the battalion (about 500 people) consisted of conscript soldiers aged mainly from 18 to 20 years. It was a qualitatively and fundamentally different army. This is the army that they had in

1999. Yes, it was not perfect, it needed order and reforms, but the army of that time was head and shoulders above the one that had been "reformed" over the past 23 years. As for the current one, a huge number of contract soldiers refused to go to the war with Ukraine. Which also played a role in the failure of the "special operation". I remember that all the two months that I was on the front line, we daily hoped that we would be replaced and allowed to move to the second line to rest, wash, wash, but this never happened, because as it turned out there was no one to change for ...

First, I was taken to the city of Sevastopol, to the Orion hospital, our pavilion, which I mentioned above, arrived there at one o'clock in the morning ... Before that, there was a stop somewhere in Krasny Perekop, where a medical tent camp was set up on the territory of a civilian hospital, where we were met by a medical detachment from Buynaksk, it mainly consisted of Dagestan women who greeted us with warmth. We unloaded like wildlings from the pазик, we were immediately surrounded by military doctors from Buynaksk, we were wild because there was no shooting around, silence and other people, a feeling of calm and security appeared, this is an indescribable feeling. Doctors began to quickly find out who needed a dressing, painkillers or other help, while seeing off to a cozy tent where a dining room was organized. At the moment, it seemed to me a corner of paradise. There we were very tasty fed with stew and barley soup, it was impossibly tasty at that time. I felt care and compassion from these women, it was a very strange and already forgotten feeling. A very strange feeling due to the fact that until that moment it seemed to us that something was happening everywhere, everyone tightened their belts everywhere, such as "everything for the front, everything for victory", but then it became finally clear that everyday life is everywhere, people work, rest, hang out in clubs, and the Internet is not blocked. Do not be surprised, for the first two months we had practically no connection with the outside world and we lived in our little world, in

a war where, in addition to the inhuman conditions of lack of food, water, sleep, warm clothes and normal human life, we experienced an information hunger when you feed on rumors from a driver who went to the rear for dry rations and heard that the Internet was being blocked, planes over They don't fly to Crimea, the price of sugar has jumped ten times, and the dollar has exceeded 120, being in the isolation of hostilities, you cannot assess the picture objectively and start thinking for yourself. It was because of this that I began to interrogate these women about what is happening in the world and what they write in the news. I remember that they seemed upset to me, but they tried not to show it, perhaps due to the fact that several such buses pass through them a day because of a ribbon like ours and they understand that the special operation is not going according to plan, (or someone was there such a plan?) perhaps due to the fact that they themselves do not understand why this is all. I remember one of them who began to tell me upset by the high prices, but at the same time joyful from the fact that "celebrities and traitors are pouring out of the country", while for some reason she happily spoke about the fact that Sobchak was arrested, which surprised me then (still a former presidential candidate), but then, as expected, it turned out that this was not the case, like many other rumors. After a half-hour stop there, when we were fed and bandaged and anesthetized the wounded. We were taken further to Sevastopol, as mentioned above, to the Orion hospital, having arrived there at one o'clock in the morning, we wandered around and shouted in the yard for another half an hour, because no one met us stupidly. The guys who were already lying there, mostly our colleagues from the Airborne Forces, from the 11th Airborne Brigade, as we called them "Fighting Buryats", who were with us on the front lines from the first days, came out, they warmly welcomed us, helped to climb the front line, then with great particular successes, we still stood on the line of demarcation between the Kherson and Nikolaev regions, the artillery of the Armed Forces of Ukraine fired at our positions, ours hammered at them, and between them we were waiting for reinforcements for a further offensive.

Half an hour later, a woman dressed in a mixture of military and medical clothes came out, took us to the waiting room, and they began to make us out and change into pajamas and gowns, all the wounded were immediately sent for operations. My condition was exhausted and all I thought about then was that I want to lie down and fall asleep faster, it felt like I was hit by a train, everything hurt wildly, I couldn't explain exactly, my back and legs hurt, in addition to problems with my eyes. When they finally got it, they took me to the ward where the nurse gave me some kind of mixture and a pill, saying "to sleep better." I was very surprised that the hospital was very modern and new, the wards were 2-bed, the ward had a shower, toilet, air conditioning and there was a second exit to the street directly from the ward. It was fresh, quiet and comfortable, after the trenches it seemed to me that it was better there than hotels like Radisson or Hilton. In the war, I dreamed of a soul, but at that moment, despite the fact that my hands were black from stubborn dirt, I didn't find the strength to shower, I just lay down on the bed and fell asleep after sleeping all this time in one position, such bliss from the possibility of sleeping on beds with clean linen, in safety and silence, a person who has not slept on bare ground in frost and shoes with a sense of constant danger will not understand. While I was sleeping, my brother-soldier was put in my room, we arrived together on that PAZik, his eardrum was torn in one ear, he heard with only one ear. That's how they put us together blind and deaf. I don't remember how long I slept, in the morning a nurse came to take blood from a vein, and I could only open my eyes and I remember that I couldn't wake up, my eyes closed and fell asleep back, but somewhere around dinner they woke me up and took me to another old building to the optometrist. The optometrist was somewhere on the sixth floor and it was very difficult to go up there, the pain in my body gave off with every step, and the adrenaline to help no longer stood out, so the chubby elderly nurse who accompanied me went up there faster than me. The ophthalmologist examined me, the equipment there is not bad, as it seemed to me, the doctor said "you have such a normal terry keratitis in both eyes with astigmatism", he also said

that my vision in both eyes was -5.5 and began to write a conclusion for a long time, simultaneously calling and agreeing with the ophthalmological department to transfer me there. As I later found out in this exemplary hospital, people are not kept for a long time shoved to other cities, hospitals and sanatoriums. After that, I was escorted back to the ward where I finally went to the shower, washed myself for at least 30 minutes, rubbing the stubborn dirt under hot water. Then there was lunch, they cook very well there, literally at home. Then he lay down again and passed out. In the evening, the doctor began to wake me up and tell me to change clothes, they took me to another hospital, I don't know why, but it was very difficult to wake up, clumsily changing into my uniform, while discussing the future treatment with a friend in the ward, literally five minutes later she ran again and became irritably indignant and stating "what are you digging for", and I noticed that she was a major, my irritation at that moment began to go off scale. Only in our modern army is this possible. Military doctors have their own structure and are treated in hospitals, but according to in fact, they often have military ranks that are often quite high and, according to military regulations, they are senior in rank, which is why they often behave very arrogantly towards ordinary contract soldiers. From such military "doctors" you often hear such a tone that our direct commanders in the Airborne Forces do not allow themselves in our country. Any self-respecting adult man will be humiliated when they talk to you in this way, and reading in her eyes that she believes that she has some kind of superiority over me because she is a major, her tone finally began to infuriate me. Those. you take part in hostilities, risk your life, leave your health, while this madam here further builds up fat folds, and she yells at you and tries to "build" you, because she is a major, and you are a simple contract soldier, and even now you have a vision so-so - thin, overgrown, dressed in bespontovy hospital pajamas, and you get out of bed groaning like an old grandfather because your whole body hurts.

Such behavior is ubiquitous in the medical military services, and I myself have come across and heard from others that some kind of Therapist or Surgeon from the medical service who has the rank of captain or major, but who has not served a day in a real army, is trying not to treat you (his direct duty), but to build. And in the case of this madam major, when you already feel bad, and for the whole day none of the doctors approached you and asked how you feel, so even at night he appears and yells irritably that you're going slowly. I think that my eyes were not very furious then, but all I could squeeze out of myself was "you don't need to yell at me!" and continued to tie the shoelaces on the berets, at the same speed as before, but not specifically to annoy her, but because he could not go faster. Madame Major was outraged by this, it was clear from her that she was used to commanding and building those who came to her for "treatment" and she yelled "how are you talking to me! I'll call the military police" I got up, moved away from her, moved away and also answered raising her voice, "get away from me, call the military police, but you don't need to yell at me." Indignant at the fact that she did not receive a portion of self-satisfaction, from the fact that she was dominating someone, Madame Major left the ward, scaring me with the military police, although without any legal grounds for this. A couple of minutes later, tying my shoelaces and saying goodbye to my deaf comrade in the ward, I went out with a large trash bag on my shoulder (I didn't have a backpack) where my camouflage coat and sneakers were (a gift from the Stavropol special forces). Going out into the courtyard I saw that the car that was waiting I was not there, i.e. the noise with the fact that someone was tired of waiting for me there was fictitious, it was raining outside and for another ten minutes I stood there, because I was also annoyed by this hysterical doctor with the rank of major, deciding that I would rather stand here than go back and I will cross paths with her again. A UAZ loaf rolled into the yard, got into the car, Madame Major got out, gave the driver some of my documents and told him not to give them to me, we drove off. us,

while we evacuees stood on the street for half an hour, in the cold in the yard, to hell with me, but almost all were with shrapnel and bullet wounds, some of the bandages were soaked with blood for a long time, and some were groaning from the fact that the painkillers had stopped working, okay when we have to endure in the war zone, but when we are "at home", when all the social services that the state maintains for this very purpose should work, and they behave so carelessly, isn't this a threat to the country's security when someone because of this may not survive or remain crippled, is not this criminal medical negligence ... but as you know, the military was forbidden to disclose problems in the army. I would not want to be objective, because perhaps this woman is not a bad person and treats her work responsibly, but the fact that she overslept the arrival of a bus with the wounded is a consequence of the fact that the hospital has an acute shortage of staff and huge overtime, which are probably not paid, I heard a lot of complaints from nurses and doctors, but again I wonder if they themselves are to blame for this? After all, they, like all of us, do not complain to the labor committees, the prosecutor's office, the courts (to which it is a big problem to turn) that they have to do the work of several people, that they are not paid for overtime, that they do not have the necessary medicines and equipment, they endure, which ultimately affects the quality of their work and, as a result, the venting of anger on others. For example, the paramedic who sent me to evacuate from the front line asked me to transfer to the medical detachment. that he does not have syringes and painkillers, there is not even this on the front line, if they just wanted to get rid of all of us, then there are no questions, but if not, then who will be responsible for the thousands of lives of Russian soldiers who followed orders and did not receive quality medical care guaranteed by law! Why maintain a medical service as a branch of the military at all, I'm not talking about field and emergency medicine? What is the problem with having independent modern hospitals for the military, where the doctor will

treat me

, and not try to build, how can you put in

one status of a serviceman of a person engaged in real military service and a person who has nothing to do with a real army, and at the same time they are treated in military hospitals far from being good, but they receive all the benefits of a serviceman who are given high military ranks and who will not rot in the trenches

How do you...

One of my friends who died at the airport of Nikolaevsk, in the summer he was diagnosed with an inguinal hernia in our hospital in Feodosia, he told how he was already lying on the operating table under local anesthesia and realizing that he had already been cut, he heard the doctors whispering that he did not have a hernia !There are thousands of such stories, but it is impossible to achieve the truth and punish the guilty, this is how the system of interaction between services and justice is arranged. Ordinary contractors are often not legally literate enough, and the military prosecutor's office does not provide assistance if, in their opinion, something interesting has not happened to them at the moment. Continuing the topic, I will already speak out about the fact that I am generally against women in the Russian army, or let them serve both in the army of Israel and the United States, i.e. on an equal footing with men, or they are not needed there at all. Only in our army, women in the vast majority serve as decorations, which are often arranged there by husbands and lovers, not counting isolated cases of paramedics, sometimes really trying to help someone somehow, despite small powers. I am generally silent about the civil ranks of Generalsh, who are higher in rank and position than regiment commanders, I had to think of it, you really need not to understand and not appreciate your army. If we continue the topic of military medicine of the Russian army, then it's enough just to compare the IPP, the first-aid kit of a Russian soldier and an American one, now often found in the Armed Forces of Ukraine, in our tourniquet, bandage and promidol, and as practice shows, not everyone on the front line has it, but looking into the American , then immediately without experience and you won't understand what it is, the best parallel would be a comparison of a Zhiguli and a Mercedes. But we were forbidden

spread about your service, otherwise everyone will suddenly find out about these problems, it's easier to hide it than to fix it. While the driver drove me to the other end of the city, to the ophthalmology department, I smoked and tried to stop being angry. I learned from the driver that no one is kept in this new hospital for a long time and everyone is scattered to other hospitals and sanatoriums in different cities. Paying attention to the folder handed over to Madam Major to the driver, I asked him to let him see what it was, opening I saw a certificate form where there was a listing of my health problems, indicators that were not actually carried out for me, there were a lot of sheets and everything about my health, by the way, most of the parameters were drawn up in abum, it is written that during a special operation in Ukraine, earth got into my eyes ... Perhaps due to endless paper work and heavy workload, doctors are not up to being more attentive to treatment, what else is the explanation for this? He complains of pain in his back and legs ... At the bottom, a handwritten inscription in bright light green marker "Behaves aggressively, violates military discipline!" That's all you need to know about the army, if you're not smart enough in front of senior officers and don't pretend to be stupid and agreeable to everything, then you will be branded, and it is practically impossible to achieve military discipline from them in relation to you legally. Because of this, some lose patience with injustice towards themselves and simply enter into open conflicts with the command, which immediately means a cross on a career, because in the current army only "Gerasim agrees to everything" is needed. The trip around the night Sevastopol is over, we enter the territory of a military hospital, there is a huge territory here, but the buildings are far from the first freshness, the legacy of our ancestors from the USSR, like almost everything that surrounds us from another great country of the past. I was again dragged through the registries and sent to the ophthalmology department. The time was already around 21:00. The body of this department is not at all the same, but I

it was a sinful thing to think that those who returned from the front would be well treated, this hospital comes out like an armata tank and much more, ostentatious.

At the entrance, an elderly nurse meets me, gives me old slippers of various sizes and puts me in the ward with a young conscript guy, takes me to an ophthalmologist who re-examines me and prescribes treatment ... I sleep, eat, watch news from Ukraine in the hall on TV in order to collect all available information and communicate in the smoking room with the guys, almost the entire department is occupied by the wounded, with shrapnel, burns and eye contusions. Watching the news on TV, I could not understand why there is no truth there, the war is almost not consecrated and I don't see any objectivity. Here are two cases worth hearing. On the very first day, I eagerly sat in front of the TV screen expecting to hear real news from the front, but besides solid water and it's not clear where the reports were filmed, I have a dissonance from what I saw and show on

The news, standing there in positions under shelling, had the impression "Not a step back, behind Stalingrad" we need to hold on by any means, our hunger, illness, lack of sleep and losses are not important, according to the News, they say that the losses are minimal and we are endlessly supplied by the whole country with everything what the soul may desire. The presenter begins to tell a short news about the fact that a fire broke out on the cruiser Moscow, which was successfully extinguished and the cruiser was towed somewhere. This news did not seem interesting to me in the maritime business, I don't understand anything. This is my ship, there is no more Moscow, "the guy also has something with his eyes after the explosion, and I learn from him that Moscow is the pride and flagship of the Black Sea Fleet, that they were 40 km from Odessa, from where they launched missiles and that three missiles, two of which hit the hull, the ship began to burn, the crew was evacuated, but not all ...

Another week the loss of the ship was hidden, But now everyone knows about this loss, shame and sadness, I don't think that Peter I and F.F. Ushakov are proud of the state of the current fleet. After his story, everything returned to its place and I remembered that you can't trust the TV ... The second important point about the conscript. A young, thin and stooped little boy, a conscript, was lying there. From the conversation, I learned that he was also in the war. As he was told to go, you will not have to do anything, you are a signalman. Their unit was an artillery unit, on the very first day of the war they went to Kherson, on the bridge in front of the Dnieper they collided with the Armed Forces of Ukraine, somewhere in the same place, we were there, part of our regiment, together with 11DShB, made its way across the bridge and fought there, and the gunners understood that they arrived at the front Ukrainian and Gards, turned around and drove back along the highway to deploy howitzers for battle, it was already dark, they, like everyone else, had no working communications, and the vehicles had poorly distinguishable Z. In the dark, the column was shot by part of the cars burned, 200,300 others fled in a panic in the dark, this guy with several comrades fled and went out to ours the next day. As far as I know (I saw this column in the morning) and the conscript also says that the column was shot by their own. It seems that corruption and chaos in the army is too expensive. To die like this, on the first day of fighting from a friend, who will be responsible for these lives and the wounded? After all, the fault of their death was not the professionalism of the Ukrainian army, but the mess in ours. After a week of treatment, my eyes became white again and opened up, the doctor allowed me to put on lenses and I began to see well again, including the shabby condition of the department in which I was lying, where there was one toilet for 40 people. Patients were not detained there because there was no shortage of new ones, new ones arrived every day. Before I was discharged, I was sent to the trauma department because I complained of pain in my back and legs, it was painful to get out of bed, climb stairs and walk.

In the trauma department, a cheerful and ruddy fat man (probably also a major) listened to my complaints and sent me for an x-ray, having made x-rays of the bones of the legs and spine, they cheerfully told me that the bones were intact, and if the pain did not go away, then go to the hospital at the place of service. It was unpleasant to have such a disdainful attitude from a doctor who is paid by the state for my health, but I myself did not understand what was happening to me and the prospect of "freedom" beckoned beyond the gates of the checkpoint, I really wanted after all this a normal human life, home comfort, drink and delicious food, yes, at least just walk around the city and look at people ... From the Sevastopol military hospital, all those who arrived from Ukraine are sent to the military unit of the marines located at the other end of the city, they brought a loaf to the UAZ (a cool car, why don't the deputies drive it?) which ran out of gas and we, 7 wildlings, got enough sleep from it near the Metro supermarket, scaring passers-by with our stunned eyes, beards and tattered uniforms. Everyone was from different cities, Cherkessk, Volgograd, Rostov, Nalchik, Ulan-Ude and everyone wanted to go home as soon as possible. I remember one guy from Volgograd, there were still friend-foe marks on the uniform (left arm and right leg with a white bandage), he was a BMP3 driver (lucky not junk), Javelin flew into the BMP, the car burned down, the crew died, he alone survived, the little guy stuttered terribly, he spoke one word from 5 to 10 seconds, he said that they wanted to send him to a psychiatric hospital, but he fought back, wrote a refusal of medical assistance and goes home... Having reached the unit of the Marine Corps, we were taken to one of the barracks, which was determined for those who were discharged from the hospital and sent there to await dispatch to the unit. I do not envy this unit. A hundred people who returned from the war, whose roof is eating after the experience and the feeling of insane happiness, from the fact that they survived and returned to civilization, someone stutters a lot, they saw two with loss of memory (they either remembered where they were from, or forgot) many people there drink hard, drinking what

they earned by going to prostitutes at night and walking 100 thousand per day (some do not go home for up to 10 days), many of them received 3 million for injuries, someone for a broken rib, someone for a bullet. I can understand them, because the roof is really tearing and I want to get everything that I could not afford there, especially after what I experienced, after returning from the war you feel that you were born again, but I preferred to leave on the same day, because I understood that such a revel in the company of comrades-in-arms, people who have experienced the same thing as you, with those who understand you now better than the people closest to you, can be very dragged out, (from 2007 to 2010 he served in Chechnya and fell into the same courage), and I did not receive 3 million as well as many others, on my card account for 2 months of "special operation" I had 215 thousand. at that moment, I thought about the fact that our deputies, useless for society, whom the people don't even know, receive 500 tons per month without leaving their health and life for the good of Russia, and a normal programmer will earn this money in a month. This is the current reality. By the way, about 3 million, we call them "Putin's", according to the decree on the receipt of participants in special operations, would be, and so they stopped paying, choosing the victims in a strange way, when a person is completely serious, someone has a fragment didn't go deep enough into the body and didn't pay anything, but someone was paid for a broken finger in the first days of the war. There were also rumors that someone didn't make bad money on this, spending it as a wound to any fighter, he doesn't know about it, indicate the necessary details and voila, the business is ready. There are also rumors that someone is enlisted in the war, receives money, but in fact is simply located somewhere else. For example, I have been in Russia for two months, but for some reason I still receive 120 tr. per month, and someone did not receive a penny at all, because. was listed in the garrison and no complaints in the Moscow Region solved this problem. By this decree, they only increased corruption and discontent in the army, tore off a leg, by 3 million, broke a rib, keep 3 million, and a splinter only pierced your skin, you can do it.

I don't even want to talk about those who deliberately shot themselves in the foot, because if his z.p. 30t.r. (like mine), then for the sake of 3 million he needs to work 100 months !!! (great temptation) Well, in principle, where on top to know about this and understand about the problems of ordinary soldiers, who should do all the dirty work. All is well on the reports. In general, I preferred to get out of this place as soon as possible, without issuing travel documents, having arrived in my unit, I was almost immediately given a 2-week vacation (over the past year I didn't take a veteran's vacation and they went to a meeting) with the condition that after the vacation back , "to save Nazi-occupied Ukraine." It's time to clarify how I feel about war. Like almost any sane military man, I have a negative attitude towards war. Of course, I love everything related to military affairs, like most men, I grew up in this after all. those who will not take part in it will shout the loudest. In general, I don't understand why we need a war with Ukraine, I don't see at least one significant reason for this, and even more, I was against the annexation of Crimea (where I am writing these lines) and "brewing porridge" in the LPR and DPR, especially since Ukrainians are the closest people for Russians, for me this is nothing but the Civil War. My great-grandfather, after whom I am named Pavel, was a fist from Ukraine, went through the First World War (which, by the way, brought nothing but death and suffering for our country) where he was gassed by the Germans and never smelled again, but upon his return home, was dispossessed and exiled to Siberia, since then for a hundred years, power has changed hands and now his great-grandson Pavel is sent to his great-grandfather's homeland to leave his health also for nothing. The tsar, then the leader, then the secretary, now the president ... As they say, "the boyars swear at the lackeys, hats fly", it would be right in my opinion if Putin and Zelensky came out once at a time and figured out "whose what is there", and tens of thousands of Ukrainians, Russian military and civilian, would continue

live, hundreds of thousands did not lose their health, but millions at home and property. But I was forbidden to say such things, I don't have it no rights, therefore I will not offer it, therefore such no one will ever see the picture.

After all, who am I to think about this , ordinary contractor paratrooper, they gave the order, the Airborne Forces said "Yes!" After all, the army is really built on unity of command. And on my look, this is true, because really if someone attacks our country, and the army will begin to think whether it is right or not, good or bad, true or false, then this can be expensive for Russia cost , our cities can begin to bomb and capture, our relatives and friends will suffer until every soldier understands that command was right.

We carried out the order, for me personally it would be a shame and it is shameful to refuse to cross the border of Ukraine on February 24, because I did not have the information at that time and did not know the strategic and military and political environment. All this information must own the big uncles at the top, that's what the nations are for our country was endowed with almost unlimited power, trusting in order to increase or at least preserve prosperity, power and greatness of our country. Strength the Russian army in their hands, if they forgot about it at the top, then the people endowed them with this power and not in order to destroy people, but in order to protect our country and its peoples, so that the horror of the Tatar-Mongol invasion, burned Moscow Napoleon or Stalingrad destroyed by Hitler is not repeated. But forgetting or ignoring this, Russia for everything world turns into the Fourth Reich. Who is guilty? I? In fact, I observe the endless fall of Russia into the bottom of the world. I a person brought up in a military family of the , my father served in that same 56DShP, which I now serve, the collapse of the Airborne Forces I watch all my life.

My father took part in the UN from the Russian Federation, a peacekeeper in Yugoslavia, in the first and second Chechen companies, all their own he laid down his health and life being a patriot of the Russian Federation, he sincerely believed in good intentions, during the second company in Chechnya, he

was with one kidney, it was a shame for him to refuse, he went through both Chechen companies ... In 2017, he died of cancer, my last conversation with him was that he didn't regret it, I drove him home from the cancer hospital in Volgograd to Kamyshin He was then 52 years old. The distance from Volgograd to Kamyshin is 200 km, it was the beginning of August, a month ago he had his bladder removed and, as I said above, since 1999 he has been with one kidney, continuing to serve in the Airborne Forces, take part in hostilities and at the same time, for example, pull himself up 30 times . He was diagnosed with cancer two months ago; container from the last kidney. I remember that I spent I, a healthy one, the day before yesterday, and as a result, some of the commission where they allegedly decided something about whether to put him on this procedure or not, I remember my father, (several months before that, he was a strong, athletic man) he sits haggard, thin without one kidney and bladder in front of a medical commission of about seven people, at the head of the commission is a woman irritably asks some questions, I look at my father and I understand that he is already very ill, he does not understand what she is asking, and the woman doctor continues to ask questions, raising her voice to him more and more, I just tore, yelled at them all! I don't understand how you can communicate with sick people like that! I don't I understand why our country is so unfair, in which people give their health and life for it, and respect for them comes down only to propagandistic chatter on federal channels, I don't understand how our society is rotten once doctors allow t behave with patients. After yelling at them, I went out and went to the head physician, I remember that I flew into her office and told her that he was a military pensioner and veteran and that if they didn't give him that

the procedure that is needed, then I will leave him here to die and go after the journalists, the FSB, the prosecutor's office, the police, whatever, but he will remain here. Strange as it may seem, the doctor ordered that everything be done for free, either she really felt sorry for us, or she got scared, or there were still people with a soul in this system. So, driving my father back after a few days in that hospital, I talked with him 200 km of the road, thoughts from this song reigned in my soul, Blue Berets "Tell father, tell me", before reading further, listen to her ... I was very offended for him, for the indifferent attitude towards a combat military pensioner from our rotten system, of course he was paid a military pension, but it was small, about 15 tr. At the same time, disability was not issued, because there you will have to go through several circles of Hell during your lifetime, proving that you are disabled. This Man was a true patriot, a paratrooper of that old Soviet guard, which unfortunately no longer exists. Until the end, even being in the position described above, he believed in the good intentions of the government for the country and that they could make our country and its army better. He once refused to emigrate to Germany (my great-grandmother was German and was also exiled to Siberia), believing in Russia and its government and considering himself only Russian. Even despite the fact that, being a 52-year-old military pensioner, he was denied the help of military medicine and had to be treated for a fee in civilian hospitals, and he was literally now an invalid and was not needed by anyone except his family and a few old friends. I was offended for him, for having received all these diseases while serving in the wars of Russia, he had nothing but a miserable pension, and when he needed treatment, the state simply forgot him, like many others who left health and life for yachts, palaces and luxury, but for the sake of the happy future of the Great Country and its long-suffering people, to whom the ancestors who defeated fascism bequeathed - If only there was no war! Then I felt and understood that he had very little time left to live, but because of resentment for him, for leaving his family so early, at only 52 years old, I

talked to him about politics, about Chechen companies, corruption and the collapse of the army, asked if he regrets that he gave his health to the army, and in response, she doesn't even treat him, despite the fact that from all the cracks they yell about her rise and the invincibility of Russian weapons , (already then I did not believe it when I saw the kitchen from the inside). In response, he protested that everything was not so bad, that everything around was getting better and would only get better, our army was moving in the right direction, and the president was doing everything right ... Because of this, we quarreled and were silent for the last half hour of the journey. Taking him home and leaving him with his sister and mother, I got into the car and left (at that time I worked in Volgograd), three weeks later I returned to bury him. The state gave him a free tombstone, a place in the cemetery and a salute of the funeral team ... conversation, but it still sits inside me, that nothing is changing in the army for the better, why are these problems not being solved?

I have to tell a little about myself for the sake of completeness. From 2007 to 2010, after the sergeant training of the OVGO units, I left for a contract in Chechnya at 46 OBRON, I was very interested despite the fact that he once suggested that I enter a military institute, began to dissuade me from going to Chechnya I decided that I would do everything myself. My ingenious (as it seemed to me then) plan was to serve in the army and enter a military institute out of competition. Despite the fact that not everything was perfect then, now, 12 years later, I understand that then the service there was much more serious. Having decided that I will deceive the system, I quit half a year before the end of the contract. I already had a veteran's certificate, which gave me the right to enter a military university, and my military service came out. A year later, I am preparing for admission, passing commissions and preparing documents. I graduated from school in 2005, then there was no USE, but now it is mandatory for everyone. As a veteran, I need to pass the passing ball, without preparing to pass the exam, I gain the required number of points. I'm going to the military institute

in Saratov, but as it turns out, my exam did not come there and I was denied admission. Pushing around there in search of justice, going to the prosecutor's office and not finding any way out, I swear to never again have anything to do with this system and the unjust state. I apply in absentia as a history teacher, because it seems like you need to have a higher education, it's not clear why, everyone says so, so it's necessary. Soon I connect my life with horses. At first he was a groom, then a horse breeder, having studied in different places and as experience gained, he became a groomer, a riding instructor, a stud farm manager, and eventually became close to the state again, becoming the leading livestock specialist for horses in the now well-known Miratorg. Initially, I was very happy about this, I developed with my work, the company developed dramatically thanks to the state budget, about 300 American and Australian cowboys worked there, who shared their invaluable experience. The whole company is purchased equipment, livestock, horses and technology from the West, for money that I cannot imagine. Everything seems to be cool, but in 2017, our state decides to take a shit with everyone again, breaking contracts with all Americans from the Miratorg company, in response to sanctions. It got ridiculous, they were photographed in a bar, how they drink beer and, on the basis of this, they broke contracts with them, everyone had a sense of shame from this approach in front of people who shared invaluable experience with us. The whole point, the whole technology of growing Black Angus marbled beef, is tied to American horses and cows. Having broken relations in such a bespontovy way, the board of directors sets the task of import substitution, absolutely not delving into the fact that Western ammunition is not produced in Russia and horses of the Quoter Horse breed are not raised. In Russia there were a lot of beautiful horses that we inherited from the USSR (which began to disappear over the past 30 years), but there are no breeds of horses that are suitable for this work in terms of their qualities. But no, the task was set as in the army to "give birth". Trying to find saddlery shops that can make such ammunition, I

I was horrified to be convinced that there is no production in Russia, even such a simple thing as a snaffle, this is an ordinary piece of iron inserted into the horse's mouth to control it. Trying to conjure and appreciate my position, I collected horses in the Caucasus, for which the company allocated such a budget as 75 tr. (the lowest price for a horse on the market). With this lower price, it was necessary to select, find and bargain to bring in young and healthy horses. On the farms, the workers were massively dissatisfied with the lack of horses and ammunition, because of which they could not do their work. Coming to the newly opened farms, I saw horses and cows in a terrible state, the workers expressed dissatisfaction with the state of affairs, the farms were opened one by one at the request and plan of the board of directors, but no one cared how things were going there, the main thing was the plan and reporting. I was required to control and calm people by any means, to promise them that it would not happen. The plan must be carried out, no matter if you don't want it, there will be another one, people are there, this is a tool and nothing more. Everyone in the company knew that, in fact, all this belongs to Medvedev, his wife is on the board of directors, not brothers rule the company. The company became a virtual monopolist occupying the Bryansk, Oryol, Kaluga, Smolensk and Kaliningrad regions. Communicating with people in high positions in the company (among whom there was also a high turnover), I had to hear more than once that so much money was pumped into the company that it has no payback period, it lives off the budget, on subsidies. In 2018, a new surprise appeared, in connection with the board of directors falling under sanctions, new restrictions begin in the company, all leading specialists are deprived of compensation for rented housing, sneezing on employment contracts. Someone is trying to defend the rights, someone is suing, I decide to quit there, realizing that all this is dearer to me. There they didn't pay me as much as they promised when I got a job, and in the end they also deprived me of funds for renting a house. Those. minus 15t.r.

Regretting that I contacted the state again, I decide that I probably do not belong here. I'm starting to look for attempts to go abroad. In general, to see what it is? In a month, I get the opportunity to go to Germany, to Bavaria, to exchange experience in horses. I remember my excited state from this, for the first time to go abroad. I heard so much about it, but the information was very contradictory, someone spoke enthusiastically, and somewhere they said that everyone there was fagots, everything was terrible and there was nothing to do there. But you have to see for yourself and draw your own conclusions. As a result, I was endlessly surprised at the order, beauty, cheerful people, the fact that there are a lot of pensioners enjoying life, that there are horses in Bavaria almost at every step, they are not a luxury item there and many Germans know how to handle them, because they feel like a professional in Russia, I felt like an amateur in Germany... Honestly, I wanted to stay there, but I didn't find legal ways to do this, and of course I didn't have the money for this. After a while, and also not finding myself in Russia, I decided to leave firmly, I had a feeling that I was not needed in my homeland. For emigration by profession, Australia and Canada were suitable, I learned the language and prepared for this. But then, Covid came in 2019, the whole world began to close from each other, and I had to accept this reality. Unsuccessfully mooching around and moonlighting with horses in different places, and the salary in this narrow area was falling, at the beginning of 2021, I decide to return to the army, my years go by, and by the age of 33 I still don't have my own housing, I decide that it should be the Airborne Forces and it was the regiment in which I grew up, 56DShB in Kamyshin, despite the fact that the MO S.K. Shoigu, decided to disband him and transfer him to Feodosia, r. Crimea. I decided what fate means, if you return to the army, then only to where I grew up. After the difficulties of getting a contract, I received an order to come to the unit.

On August 18, 2021, I re-signed the contract. Initially, I wanted to sign a contract in Kamyshin 56DShB (in which I

grew up where my father served). But as I said above, big uncles at the top decided to disband it to the composition of one battalion and transferred to the city of Feodosia, the Crimean river, in Feodosia a few years earlier, 181DShB had already been created, based on which it was planned to create 56DShP 2x battalion. I basically wanted to serve in 56, so I went to serve on 08/18/2021 in Feodosia, in 181 DShB, in order to serve in 56 DShP from 12/1/2021.

Arriving in Feodosia on August 18, 2021, quite happy, he quickly began to lose optimism from what he saw.

Crossing the checkpoint, where I showed documents with an order on the contract, wonderful views of my new house opened up in front of me. Immediately behind the checkpoint there is a small parade ground with pits and broken concrete, in front of there are two old broken-down 2-storey barracks, an old canteen and a small area for paratrooper training

preparation. While walking to the personnel department, located in one of barracks, crossing the parade ground, stumbled upon 2 mating dogs (good aunts in the dining room regularly feed them because of what there a pack of stray dogs took root perfectly). Arriving at the departments personnel and handing over the documents, I was told that the command now no, and so go serve, having learned that my company is located here on second floor, I go there. Having risen and got acquainted with several contractors, I find out that the officers are here now no, contractors cannot live in the barracks, because in my a company of half of the conscripts, and there seem to be free beds there

No , there are no places in the hostel (and the hostel is like me warned immediately, which I later became convinced of, this is the Cloaca), they advised me to go to the neighboring barracks in another company, I go there I explain the problem to the commander of another company, he says that here on the floor there is a mortar battery cockpit, they are at the training ground, but there scouts from 56 brought equipment (began reorganization, 56 distilled part of the equipment here), I go to I get to know him, the guys are good and fellow countrymen, they have one bed free, I think very well, the main thing is to turn over for now, soon

everything will get better, because new ones have been built behind the fence since the beginning of the year

barracks ... but even a year later, they were not completed, but I'm getting ahead of myself. In the course of communication with intelligence officers, they ask me without understanding why I signed the contract, I tell them about stability and mortgages, and they twist my finger at my temple, okay, I think, to each his own ...

For about ten days I wander around trying to get in shape ... I have 15 thousand rubles left in my pocket, the food is bad in the canteen, then there is not enough food for everyone, then the potatoes in the soup on the water are raw, then bread ended...

I meet my comrades in misfortune who, like me, came here after signing a contract, and now they are left to their own devices ... It's a problem to wash there, broken souls, water shortages, which often caused the toilets to be locked ... After 10 days, they give out a uniform, but only a summer one gerbil and brilliant green, but there are no berets of the right size, which is why, in order to finally start "serving", and not uselessly shy away from civilians, I go and buy berets for myself ... Being present at the morning formation, I'm finally in shape, thinking that now everything will be more interesting, I'm starting to be horrified by the fact that all this hell understand what it looks like, two torn flags of the Russian Federation and the Airborne Forces are developing on the parade ground, the anthem is sadly playing from the column, and half of the military personnel do not sing it. From 2007 to 2010, I served a contract in the 46th Armed Forces in Chechnya, until the age of 15 I lived in the 56th Airborne Division, constantly went with my father to the training ground, but what I saw now looked like just a crowd of people in military uniforms ... After the divorce, which finally then my company commander appeared, he takes us new arrivals with him to sort out some garbage in a container under lock and key, these were some spare parts and rags that he did not have enough, and soon there should be a check and he had to count it all and he took about 10 of us with him, without even getting to know the new arrivals, there were five of us. As a result, for several hours at 10 we shift some kind of garbage from one place to another, I remember what to even take in

hands it was disgusting. I thought, okay, then it will probably not be so. After all, back in 2007, on an urgent basis, in training, we had daily classes from morning to afternoon, theory, tactics, physio. So many years and reforms have passed, for sure now everything has become better. A few days later, in which there is nothing to remember, the company commander, after a divorce at 18:00, decided to get acquainted all the same indicatively. The fact is that on that day I expressed dissatisfaction about the indifference of the commander and one spy told him that the new contractors were dissatisfied with the commander. The company commander introduced himself demonstratively in front of the formation and began to approach us one by one, we called our rank, surname, marital status and our city. I stand and think that I don't have to swear with my superiors, so I try to laugh it off. I looked at him, we are the same age for 33 years, but he looks much older than me, with sly eyes, coupled with being overweight.

Nothing happens for another week, only once I have to go to the car park, in which there are UAZs. The goats of our company, tear the grass ... I go to the ditch, thinking that I will not show off.

Finally, our young Deputy Politician of the company, on his own initiative, conducts a lesson on tactics for us, despite the fact that the command tried to send everyone to another useless job, on the principle of just pretending
perplexity.

The next day we go to shooting, we get up at five in the morning, we line up for three hours and wait for the Kamaz truck, we finally eat, we arrive at 12:00, we line up, we stand, the command at the training ground does not like how some piece of paper is filled out, the major tears the sheet and throws at our young deputy politician in front of the formation, with some hysterical cries yells that there will be no shooting because of this, the whole formation stands and contemptuously looks at the hysterical major with sympathy for the young starley, who is beaten off by any

sound initiative and desire to connect his life with the army. As a result, after another hour, the shooting starts, the time is 13:00, the heat is 50+, there is no water, we initially drove before lunch, now it turns out that we are here for the whole day, plus night shooting, we eat back at one in the morning, dehydrated and having eaten one dry ration for 3-4 men. Just don't, I need to fill in about the fact that it tempers and makes us stronger. The health of more than one person has not been beneficially affected by the lack of normal sleep, food and water. All this only takes away health, the health of people whose charter says that they are obliged to monitor their health, on whose health the country's defense depends. This is not hardening of the body, this is nothing more than sabotage of one's own army. Contractors most often simply ignore orders to do some kind of cleaning, which is why conscripts are forced to mow grass or carry something uselessly somewhere. Therefore, conscripts look even more filthy, and given that they are given uniforms that are already worn and even tattered ... it does not at all look like 56DShP of the 1993-2003 model. In mid-September, I find myself a room in a hotel for 12t.r. the holiday season is over, until the next season you can rent something, May-September prices triple. Landing training for admission to jumps begins, we are engaged in three weeks, we get admission, we are waiting for the jumps. Jumps are promised throughout October, but there are still none. Everyone is forced to take two-component vaccinations against Covid, because they are massively diagnosing Covid in the battalion, I decide to do it so as not to go on the rampage with the command. I get vaccinated, I was asymptomatic with Covid, after the vaccination I lie down with a fever for three days, I decide that I won't be able to do the way, a month later, Covid miraculously disappeared from everyone in the tests, despite the fact that many did not get these vaccinations, miracles.

In mid-October, they begin to issue demi-season and winter uniform, but only worn and no sizes, I refuse Rebels don't like to receive a worn uniform that is not in size, which is why the aggravation of relations with the command of the rebels begins. After arguing with the company commander, I go and buy a jacket for himself. The company commander begins to take revenge by shoving into outfits in a day. At the beginning of November, everyone is sent on forced leave, because the president announced "non-working days", despite the fact that I have there is still a probationary period and I don't have the main vacation I'm going on vacation for 15 days, but I'm not going anywhere. every jumps are promised for several days, but I need to make a program. Salary 27t.r. it is almost impossible to arrange a lease, the delivery of physical for newly arrived contractors, no one has yet spent, if I still don't have time to make four jumps, then the whole next year z.p. will be 27 tr. In Crimea, while not having housing this is poverty, you need to pass the physio and make jumps. A week later they report that the jumps will be accurate, I am writing a report on leaving vacation, several days go to waste, laying parachutes, it turns out that half of the parachutes are not stacked knows how, fit in from morning until 21:00. At 2:00 departure for jumping. We arrive at the jumping site at 4:00, it was a minus at night, we drove in open KAMAZ trucks, everyone arrived numb from the cold, we jump on the spot until 9:00 to somehow warm up, flew in turntables, the jumps are finally starting, they jumped off at 11:00, my board was mistakenly thrown into the cemetery, good that the weather was good, everyone taxied out, no one landed on cross or someone's grave. We are going back, on jumps I broke the lock on the pea coat because of which I quarrel with the company commander, he demands to fasten his pea jacket the lock is broken, after refusing to receive a worn uniform from us special relationship. The next day on Saturday I wake up, I have a fever, I understand that I caught a cold, I'm going to buy a statutory demi-season and winter uniform, fundamentally worn and out of size like a scarecrow I will not walk.

Sunday hot. On

Monday I go to work, quarrel with the company commander, do not want to let me go to the hospital. I'm going to the hospital, fluorography shows 2-sided pneumonia.

"Treated" in the hospital.

When I left the hospital, I found out that while I was lying there, there was finally a physical exam, on which I was given two, because. the company commander did not include me in the lists of patients and hid the fact that I was in the hospital. Because of this deuce, I can't see the additional payment for physio for the next year. I go to the command of the unit, it's not realistic to get the truth, I understand that I got all this mess, I write such a complaint to the Ministry of Defense:

I am a contract serviceman junior s-t. Filatiev Pavel Olegovich, 08/09/1988

I am forced to file a complaint, due to the fact that my direct command of military unit 81505 does not respect my rights as a serviceman and combat veteran in relation to me, and also allows the following violations: I re-signed a three-year contract from 19.08. The last straw for me to apply to the Ministry of Defense was the fact that after making my first parachute jump on 11/12/2021, I fell ill with pneumonia. at two o'clock in the morning we went to jump in Dzhankoy, it was minus 6 degrees outside, we were driving in open Kamaz trucks, arriving at 5:00, we unloaded, waited until 8:00 for the start of the jumps and all this time there was no way to warm up except jumping on the spot, many servicemen were without warm clothes, someone did not receive, someone refused to receive a worn uniform (like me), or a uniform that did not fit. After jumping the next day, I began to feel unwell, because. froze for a very long time, I hoped

lie down for the weekend , but on Monday morning waking up in five in the morning to exercise, I felt a fever, with difficulty bringing myself to condition with the help of pills, I came to the divorce unit by 8:00 in the morning, with shortness of breath. After the divorce, I informed the platoon leader and to the company commander that I feel bad, I have a temperature and that I you need to go to the bathroom. In response, the company commander said that I you need to go and sign up in the book of records of patients and on the next day to go to the bathroom. , he didn't let me go ordered to unload the parachutes along with everyone, around 10:00 when , the parachutes were unloaded, he nevertheless said that now I can go to the bathroom. part. Arriving at the sanitary unit. I was measured temperature which turned out to be 37.5 (considering that before that I took three paracetamol tablets) and was sent to the hospital for fluorography, in the picture I was diagnosed with bilateral pneumonia, they did a test for coronavirus and said that I hospitalization is necessary, I tried to solicit an outpatient treatment, but the doctors said that if I was diagnosed with covid - pneumonia, then I could be held accountable and that The maximum I can go home for personal things. I informed the platoon commander about this by telephone, to which he told me to come to the unit, write a report and submit a certificate. The hospital doctors, in response to my requests for help, said that I am hospitalized urgently and about my hospitalization I report in a different order and I can't go to the unit. Obeying the order of the commander, I still went back to the unit, although I considered this order not lawful, having come to the medical unit. and explaining the situation, the paramedic on duty told me that from me I don't need a report and a certificate and I need to go to the hospital to help, already exhausted from walking and panting in this state, I went by taxi to the military prosecutor's office, where I was strongly recommended to go to hospital, and all other issues to be resolved later. Arriving at in the evening back to the hospital, the doctors scolded me verbally, for not following their requirements and taken away in an ambulance with shortness of breath in the infectious department. During the week in the infectious department received about thirty

military personnel of my unit (all were present at the jumps) with diagnoses of SARS, Bronchitis, Angina. staying in the infectious disease ward did not imply the possibility of going out into the street, there was nowhere to wash normally, you could not use phones, you could not receive parcels, i.e. complete isolation, and the quality of hospital food leaves much to be desired. All this time in the department, a man unknown to me in civilian clothes demanded formations from the military at different times, I refused formations referring to the temperature and the status of this man was unclear to me, as it turned out later he was a major in the medical service, on Sunday, November 21, around 8 :00 again he announced the construction, which the nurses announced to me, I again refused to build, referring to the temperature on Sunday 8:00 and the ambiguity of the meaning and legality of these requirements, as a result, he demanded from the honey. explanatory sisters that I refuse daily formations at 14:00, although it was 8:00. In response to my requests to send me for outpatient treatment, I received a refusal and a recommendation to spend another week in the infectious diseases department. at the age of 33 he was in good physical shape. Now I assess my condition as unsatisfactory. And due to the fact that I was denied the opportunity to return my medical documents and an extract from hospitalization with pneumonia, I am forced to serve without the opportunity

recovery.

Finally upset, I committed a misconduct and smoked in the toilet of the hospital, for which my attending physician came and began to say that they would discharge me for smoking for violating the regime, I began to ask to be discharged, but they refused me again, having collected my things, I came to the major in "citizen" and began to ask to write me out

to which he told me, "Then I'll write you out for violating the regime."

, then he said with

mock the junior military rank"

In response, he ordered the nurse to call the military police, he picked up the phone himself and said that I was violent and should be put on my lip, I was waiting for the military police, because. this their honor, and ~~calls was false dignity and give explanation to defend~~ situation. As a result, an hour later, the company commander called me and said that the department commander would come for me and I had to leave with him to the unit, I obeyed again and left with him, the major of the medical service, the head of the department refused to provide me with documents and treatment appointment. Arriving at the unit, the company commander sent me with the platoon commander to the beginning. honey who said in a rude way that I should go on to serve, that from that day on I was in the ranks, because. I behaved incorrectly and I will be discharged for violating the hospital regime, realizing that I am not able to take up duties due to health reasons, I went to the unit commander with a request to release me from duties in order to complete the course of antibiotics, in response to which he let me go to recover on an outpatient basis, after a few days I finished the course of antibiotics prescribed by the attending physician, I went to the service without asking for exemptions, although I felt unwell and found out that I was illegally absent during the FIZO and that I had a mark of two, for which I would lose my monthly allowance -24 %, and the annual bonus 10/10, and also lose the opportunity to receive a bonus to the salary. +70% At the moment my salary is 27 tr. of which I give 12 for rent. At the time of the surrender of the FIZO, I was in the hospital with pneumonia on the fact that it was documented everywhere except for the military service of the unit, there were no proceedings.

The company commander, the deputy commander of the unit, the deputy commander of the unit for political work, the head of the medical service and the commander of the unit began to convince me in raised voices that it was my own fault, now I myself have to prove that I really was in the hospital these days. From which I conclude that the command is trying to hide my illness received in the course of service. In addition, with all the above persons, deputy polit. of the battalion began to say that I could be fired as a person who had not passed the probationary period (the probationary period ended two weeks ago), to declare the NSS to me for smoking in the toilet, and also began to express suspicion that the rank of junior s-t. I bought and he will check it! Which offends me as a serviceman and denigrates my honor and dignity. In addition, the company commander "lost my report on veterans' leave" referring to the fact that I personally didn't hand it over to him, violating the Federal Law on Veterans. From my first arrival at the unit, violations appeared against me, namely, I had to look for a place to live on my own, because the hostel was occupied at that time, and the company commander did not allow contract servicemen to live in the barracks, as a result, I had to run like a homeless man from one barracks to another looking for a bed for the night, until I found myself a place to rent at my own expense. (3 weeks). Lack of form. Until now, on 12/01/2021, I am not provided with a full set of uniforms put to me, in the clothing warehouse a uniform is issued either not in size or worn, I refused to receive such a uniform, being guided by the fact that "a serviceman is obliged to monitor his appearance", because of which began to attract the negative attention of the company commander, trying to resolve the issue on my own, I began to buy the necessary uniform in stores, today I have acquired the VKPO uniform - demi-season uniform, insulated jacket, insulated pants, winter hat, belt, chevrons.

Providing myself with a uniform for half also fell on me myself, because. I refused to receive a form in poor condition and not suitable for me in size. Food insecurity. The food in the dining room is extremely poorly organized, raw potatoes in soup on the water are a common thing, there were not enough cutlets, salad, butter, bread or salty tea ended. As a result, contractors almost never eat in the canteen, and conscripts simply have no choice. The overtime book is not kept, the rules of working time are not observed. For three and a half months of my service, I still do not have an entry in the military ID that I serve in this military unit! I do not have a weapon fixed! But at the same time, I repeatedly went to the outfits. After two months of service, the company commander still collected military tickets from newly arrived contract soldiers, but when I entered the office a few days later I saw military tickets scattered on the table and decided to pick up my worries about its safety, more about no one remembered me, but it seems useless to me to remind the company commander about this again, he already has trial after trial. For three and a half months, in fact, there were no classes, except for pre-jump additional training. There is an atmosphere of apathy among contractors, and 90% in smoking rooms are discussing how the contract would end faster. Conscripts do not understand why contract soldiers serve at all. I also heard from a number of officers that they do not want to serve here. More than once acting as an assistant on duty in the unit, I had to accept the flags of the Russian Federation and the Airborne Forces in such a form as if they had gone through a war (only two weeks ago they were replaced), and the outfit at the headquarters sat and patched them. there was already a hole in the hole, the raising of flags in the morning to the anthem of the Russian Federation (half of the military does not sing it). The duty unit and the anti-terror unit intervene only on paper and Ingoda is present at the divorce.

I understand that I need to apply to a military court. The fact that I have been observing the course of three and a half months horrifies me, being in such an important strategic direction, in fact, I see complete anarchy, there is only a faint hint of combat readiness, among the local population a lot of ridicule is heard about the Feodosia Airborne Forces, I am a contract serviceman 46 defense , in the period from 2007-2010, a combat veteran, served in the Caucasus, seeing what is happening now, and being a contract serviceman, I don't know where to look for support other than the Ministry of Defense and the media, I turn to the Ministry of Defense in order to defend the honor and dignity of a soldier RF Airborne Forces, a citizen of the Russian Federation, a veteran of military operations of the Russian Federation. I request an independent verification of my statement

, at the time of the check, I ask you to provide me with protection, I am ready to bear responsibility for giving false testimony in the flesh to the point of criminal.

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When I wrote this appeal, there was hope that not everything was lost in our army. Although most of my colleagues said that all this was useless and would bring me nothing but problems. After the answer from the Ministry of Defense to my complaint, where they wished me good landing health and recommended to follow their own discipline, to serve in this realm of a madhouse, the desire disappeared completely. Also, my hopes were connected with the fact that from December 1, 2021 we will have my "native" 56 and there will definitely be more order. But alas, nothing much has changed, except for some clumsy attempts to tighten the screws. The legendary 56 has sunk into centuries for me, the people who formed it, almost all quit a long time ago. On December 1, we officially became military unit 74507 56 Airborne Infantry Command from two battalions, somehow completed, the deputy commander of the Airborne Forces arrived at the formation of the regiment with a huge retinue of

headquarters of the Airborne Forces, because of which we were built from 8:00 to 15:00, we stupidly, as usual, screwed up the whole day, instead of learning something, in fact, no one checked anything with us, the general did not even bother to come up, we they stood stupidly, in the park they checked the equipment of UAZ, KAMAZ, BMD2, NONA. All this is a hundred years old at lunchtime, much is not working, but on their reports everything was probably fine and this was two months before the special operation. I, standing in the ranks, thought that now he will bypass us all and will ask questions, complaints, suggestions, and then I'll definitely tell him about the problems directly, but no, the general didn't approach any of the contract soldiers, he even indifferently walked past the conscripts who were standing in a tattered worn uniform not in size. When I was growing up at 56, conscripts did not look like this, and this is after 20 years of reforms. On Saturday, December 4, we had parachute packing, many were without a jumping program, I still hoped that I would complete it and my salary would increase a little. From morning to afternoon, we only laid one canopy, which is simply ridiculous ... the company commander to whom I presented this in front of everyone, with a mockery and laughter replied - "You are professionals, you must be able to do everything!" By lunchtime, when my friend and I were packing the spare tire, he came up to me and said tensely, "Jr. s-t. about my complaint to the Ministry of Defense, while we were walking and that he was not supposed to be a fact that he was around his neck, nothing more came to his mind. I replied that I warned everyone that I would not let it all go so easily to them. After the conflict with the hospital, I didn't care about him anymore, if I already follow the truth, then to the end. In fact, I don't want to offend him, but he is a reflection of the problems of our army, the commander who doesn't give a damn about his personnel, a full man, short of breath, accused of theft, but they couldn't prove it in court, his career at 56 in Kamyshin didn't work out and he dumped in Feodosia, but by the will of fate 56 was transferred to Feodosia

a couple of years later, from which he did not hesitate to constantly lament about it in front of the personnel. Having come to the regiment commander's office, he began to try to show me that I was complaining and it's bad, when he was told the essence of the complaint and that they were addressed to the previous leadership, he attacked the company commander, I won't describe it ... Then he let me go ... After leaving the unit, they began to call me, the deputy commander of the division for work with personnel, called and displeasedly demanded explanations about my complaints to the Ministry of Defense, they tried in every possible way to make it clear to me that I was now in

disgrace.

Before this complaint to the Ministry of Defense, I had no reprimands, but after it I got three at once. Some officers, talking face-to-face with me, fully supported me, saying that all this is of course true, but it's useless to complain. I also received information that my command prepared documents for a criminal case because I allegedly slandered them, but as I know from rumors, the Division Commander did not give a move to this ... As I said, the desire to serve disappeared completely. Looking at all this, I understood that our combat capability, to put it mildly, is not very good, we are engaged in nonsense, useless jobs, outfits or pretending that we have classes (we rarely even did the kind of classes). After January 15, I decided for sure that I was quitting, began to pass the VVK, went to the hospital, and the attitude from the command towards me, of course, was no longer very good, but I didn't care and frankly began to score a lot. In the army, your ability to stand out is valued, completely agree, do not defend your rights, do not show dissatisfaction, and if you are not satisfied that your rights are not respected, then the command takes all measures to ruin your life. The most amazing thing is that most of my colleagues told me that they did the right thing by writing to the Ministry of Defense, wants order and

they really want change, to be engaged in military training, and not to create a kind of violent activity, but seeing examples like me that trying to achieve something only leads to problems with the command, it is not possible to achieve order at such a price want.

Resigning from the army is even more difficult than getting into it ... Despite the fact that almost the whole country already knows that in the Russian army, a madhouse reigns and everything is for show, there are still people who, like me, come there, thinking that maybe everything is not so bad or something went wrong. Unfortunately, there are those in the army who are satisfied with everything, those who have spent their whole lives on a career, have reached the rank of major or higher, and now that there is not much left before retirement, they don't want to lose it all (the rotten system rests on them), who blindly they believe that everything should be so, those who believed that we, with such a mess in the Ministry of Defense, would capture Ukraine in three days ... Who and how will be responsible for this state of affairs in the army!? And this is in the Airborne Forces, the elite, the reserve of the supreme commander It's scary to imagine how things are now in other divisions. In mid-February, my company, like many other units, was at the training ground in Sary Krym. Watching the news, I understood that something was definitely brewing, everyone who was dismissed or sick was driven to the training ground. On the one hand, I did not want to have anything more in common with such an army, where you are nobody, and your rights prescribed in the law are written only on paper, where your salary is less than that of a loader in Magnit, he also understood that the army was not combat-ready, which he wrote to the Ministry of Defense, which in a response letter, wished me good landing health and advised me to follow my discipline. That's all, you write about what a mess is happening in the army, and in response, the Ministry of Defense writes that it wishes you good landing health and recommends that you take care of yourself! So what is the purpose of the Department of Defense?! Destroy yourself? As I later found out, the command of the unit quickly concocted a trial, where they exposed me as a regular violator of discipline and as the worst soldier in the unit. Even in

personal file, not finding my photos in uniform, they just concocted on photoshop, pasting my eyes, nose and mouth from a photo on the Internet, to another person in uniform, that photo is not me!

On the other hand, I thought that now, when something is brewing, it would be shameful to refuse, tantamount to being scared. There were different rumors and information, from the fact that Ukraine and NATO would attack the Crimea and we just have to gather at the borders to prevent this, and ending with the fact that Ukraine would attack the DPR and LPR, although I am not a supporter of all this, but refuse to go to the training ground, afraid of a possible conflict, I was ashamed, I don't know what led me, patriotism or not wanting to give back. Moreover, it takes a long time to wait for dismissal, and right now no one will fire me. Then I didn't believe that Ukraine or NATO would really attack, but if it did happen, it would look like I was scared. It seemed to me that most likely we would all be thrown into the DPR and LPR, we would stand on their territory, we would announce a referendum under Russian flags, joining the unfortunate Donbas in this way, I thought that fights are possible, but only in the form of the fact that we will lead them on the defensive, standing on the border of Ukraine and Donbass, or on the border of Crimea. It seemed logical to me that they would carry out the operation under the guise of peacekeepers ... I arrived at the training ground, around February 15, having come to the political officer of the battalion who was responsible for sending everyone there and saying that I needed to go to the training ground, that something was brewing, he rolled out to I was balls like crazy, asked several times where I got it from, but in the end sent me there, scoring what I had then, category "G", which means temporarily unfit for service. Arriving at the training ground, I continued to freak out from how everything was arranged. Our company lived all in one tent, about 40 people (conscripts all remained in the garrison) in a bunk tent, a potbelly stove, by the way, even in Chechnya, where we then lived only in tents or dugouts, life was better organized. Food in the dining room is even worse than in the garrison, although at the training grounds

urgently, back in 2007, food has always been better in the field kitchen. There was nowhere to wash. Even in our company, it was so a set of the Warrior, knapsack, sleeping bag, you are given only when the company commander decides, for example, at a review or training ground. I have long heard that there are not enough of them in the company, which is why he had courts. Well, and accordingly, those who arrived later than the rest, as I, there were 5 people, didn't have a sleeping bag, armor, , no camouflage helmets, etc. It turned out that we changed them alternately . Arriving at the tent, where my colleagues had already quite a wild look from such a wonderful life and realizing that I don't have a sleeping bag and a place to sleep (they were already there two weeks), I lay down in the place of the company commander. As I found out, the company staff began to directly express their dissatisfaction with him. life, food and the fact that the company does not have a bath, because of which he almost did not spend the night in a tent. Then from many divisions driven to the Crimea for "exercises", I heard that the conditions were worse, for example, someone had nothing to heat stoves in February, there was nowhere to wash, because of which people went to the sea in winter, in As a result, the hospital already in February were crammed with patients and even I received an order not to go to the hospital. Once in the evening I saw my commander, and he was definitely not happy my presence, in addition to other dissatisfied ones, I ask him the question is where is my sleeping bag and Ratnik's kit, to which he replied that it is not there and in general where to sleep and where to get ammunition is mine problem. In general, from the very beginning, I noticed such an atmosphere in company that the commander is trying in every possible way to expose the young platoon commanders and foremen are not in the best light, those in their turn trying to show something to the personnel, personal the composition begins to present that they do not have this or that more problems, as a result, all problems hang in the air. problems of personnel, these are only their problems, because of which everything converges to the fact that every man for himself. Next a few days, we went to the shooting range, stupidly dropping ammunition, there I finally took my machine gun for the first time, which was convulsively assigned to me by the company commander only from December 1, right on the parade ground, during the check by the general,

Before that, for four months, I didn't have a fixed weapon at all! By the way, even during my service in 2007-2010, this was generally not possible to imagine. So, it turned out that my machine gun had a broken belt and was just rusty, at the very first night shooting there was a plug after a few shots, after which I cleaned it in oil for a long time trying to put it in order. Every night they patrolled the tent city, one night my friend and I entered the patrol at about 1:00 am, the duty officer gave us a radio station and told us to stop everyone and report to him about the arrivals, we went on patrol to the road indicated to us on entrance to the camp. About half an hour later, we saw in the distance that a car was driving towards us on the way, we stood across the road with the intention of stopping it and reporting to the duty officer, as he ordered, the car was approaching closer, blinding with headlights, we stood with our hands apart, it became obvious that the car would not stop and at the last moment we left the road, I had a radio station in my hand, moving away to the side and perplexed by the arrogance of the unknown driver, I struck the antenna on the body and then already considered that this was a military UAZ Patriot, he stopped after 20 meters and from there there was a heart-rending scream with obscenities that we were fucked up, what kind of fuckers and what a freak ordered to stop the cars, then they gave me a remark that my hat was not authorized and the regiment commander went on ... the desire to follow the orders of the command disappears immediately. Somewhere on February 20, an order came for everyone to urgently gather and move out lightly, a forced march was coming to no one knows where, then the majority hoped that this forced march meant the end of the exercises, some joked that now we would attack Ukraine and capture Kyiv in 3 days, I even then it was no laughing matter and I said that if something like this happens, we won't capture anything in three days and put forward my guesses that we would be sent to the Donbas ... We were going all day, most of the units left their mobile phones there, all the weapons were loaded with you, hours

By 17:00, our regiment gathered, consisting of my assault battalion on the UAZ, an 82mm mortar battery, a parachute battalion on the BMD2, a reduced reconnaissance company, an artillery battalion with 120mm mortars and d30 howitzers, and separate platoons. According to my impressions, there were 500-600 people there. And again, everyone got food and water as they wanted, our command does not care. There were a lot of weapons per company, NSV Cliffs, AGSy, RPG-7, Fagot ptura, Pecheneg machine guns and ak 74 m "kit" with grenade launchers. Only the problem turned out to be that no one knew how to shoot from ATGMs. Or, for example, I had an ak74m "Kit" with a grenade launcher, and a friend with sore legs, who was not sent to the hospital because of the ban, had a PKP, so in addition we got also suddenly NSV Utyos, and in addition to the RPG7, the grenade launcher had an AGS, well, it's necessary, it's necessary. At about 20:00, when it got dark, the convoy began to advance onto the highway, except for us, the convoy, traffic police and VAI cars with flashing lights appeared on the highway, huge columns began to crawl, all the way we wondered where we were going, the drivers followed the people in front without knowing the final

points.

As a result, we arrived in the fields, somewhere near Krasny Perekop, at about 3:00 am. In many UAZs, the stoves did not even work. In the morning we received dry rations. Even then, everyone was dirty and exhausted, some lived for almost a month at the training ground without any conditions, everyone's nerves were on edge from this, especially since the atmosphere was becoming more and more serious and incomprehensible. The majority no longer had a connection, and everyone fed on rumors that the atmosphere was heating up. I suppose that at the level of regimental commanders, they already knew what would happen. Two days later, we again, at night, moved in a column to a new place, closer to the border, somewhere near Armyansk. We slept in cars, intensively patrolling at night. On the night of February 22-23, information was received from the command that through

sabotage groups crossed the border to us with the aim of sabotage, the night was already tense for everyone, but the whole joke was that we were never given ammunition, and some, like me, were without a Warrior ... One of my comrades, taking this very seriously, invited everyone to wrap their hands to indicate their alien and with a laugh suggested the password for the night - "Kherson is ours" (the phrase turned out to be prophetic). In the dark, each company stood at a distance from each other, that night it was rain and fog. No one really understood what was happening, everyone was wondering. On February 23, the division commander arrived and, congratulating us on the holiday, announced that from tomorrow, the salary per day would be \$ 69, the exchange rate then was more than a hundred rubles and according to our estimates it was more than two hundred thousand a month, plus the usual salary, it was a clear sign that something serious is about to happen. After the formation, fuss began with the issuance of ammunition, grenades and promidol, rumors spread that we would go to storm Kherson, it seemed to me nonsense. Nobody knew what would happen tomorrow, someone said that we would defend the border of Crimea. Someone that we will go to Kyiv and take it in three days, with such I immediately entered into an argument that we would not take anything in three days and that it would be just an ass, it seemed to me that even no one would simply give such an order to me I didn't like such a frivolous attitude towards this from my colleagues. I got the impression that they would attack us, and all the fuss to show our readiness, either somehow, we would be loaded onto turntables and transferred to the LDNR, or we would be left at the border in reinforcement, and from the east troops will enter the LDNR for a referendum. It was already clear that something was brewing, but there was no connection and access to the Internet for a long time. That day I had a fight with both the platoon commander and the company commander, the situation was escalating and I didn't even have a bulletproof vest. I went to look for the battalion commander (God rest his soul). The lieutenant colonel had a combination of commanding qualities that he could both bark like a dad and delve into the problem like a mother.

Finding him near the mortar battery, he somehow paternally shook hands, said that I was a good fellow that I still went, listened to my problem that there was no Warrior and said that he had already ordered that in the evening they be brought from the regiment to those who did not have them. It was. He had long known about my conflicts with the company commander and suggested to second me to the mortar battery for the time being, for some reason there was always the same, there were always not enough people, with the commander mortar battery, I crossed several times in the gym and he seemed to me not a bad officer, I agreed, tired of conflicts, resigned to the fact that I can't change anything and wanting so that it all ends faster, so that he quits as soon as possible.

Having received by the evening, when it began to get dark, a bulletproof vest, a helmet and backpack, I went to the KAMAZ mortar commander, , approached her he was already aware that I was seconded. explained that I don't understand mortars at all, but I will do everything that he will say, the commander told me to be with a control platoon, pointed to their KAMAZ, I climbed in there, there were five people, faces were acquaintances, still served in the same battalion, right there. It was getting dark and the column began to line up again.

In general, on that day, everything began to change, I noticed how they began to people change, someone was nervous and tried not to communicate with anyone, some frankly read fear, someone, on the contrary, was unusually cheerful and cheerful, I had a strange sense of humility along with a slight feeling of enthusiasm, it's adrenaline.

The column began to move, rebuilding, mortar 82mm from five guns, consisted of three KAMAZ and three Urals.

KAMAZ control, in five other mortars, mines to them and about five people calculation guns.

On the go, the guys began to explain to me that the function of a platoon control is reconnaissance and adjustment of guns, and that if something happens, we should still be three kilometers behind to support assault companies, then I thought something like that dumb out, my company will be in front, and I will be behind it hide, because of their conflicts, but immediately began to drive this thought what will happen? Nothing will happen, what kind of war, in the 21st century, at most we will stand somewhere and make a formidable look, but right there

there were thoughts that everything somehow turns out strangely, where we are going, lately everyone has been sleeping for five hours, literally living on street, I fell asleep with the rest in the back of a KAMAZ ...

00:00 February 24

In terms of distance, we probably rode a little, some fields, it was rain and mud at night, I woke up probably at two in the morning, the column lined up somewhere in the wilderness along the railway in several rows, everyone turned off the engines, the headlights were off, a command passed for everyone to wrap white bandages friend or foe, hand^{left} right leg, from somewhere they began to pass to each other suddenly appeared masking tape.

While leaving the training ground on February 19, the cars were inflicted with horizontal white stripes.

On the evening of February 23, a command came to the drivers at the exit finish the strip, it turned out a checkmark, now standing somewhere near railroad in complete darkness and wrapping his left hand and right leg, the drivers were ordered to finish drawing another strip on cars, it turned out Z.

While they stood shaking their arms and legs, talking and smoking near densely parked cars, the guys from the next car with a gun began to chatter me join them, on their guns three man instead of five, their platoon leader approached in the dark, young lieutenant, said that there were not enough hands, let's say to us, I took his RP and helmet, went to the neighboring Urals, thinking about what might I'll be there in business, one horseradish in mortars I don't rummage anything.

Throwing a backpack and a helmet into the body, he began to climb through the closed board in complete darkness. Climbing over the side, got hooked stores on body armor, pants prevented lifting my leg higher, somehow hanging, leaning on the armor on board the Urals, I collapse head first into the body and a cry of pain immediately breaks out, from eyes in the dark as if the light flashed ...

I can't understand anything, already being in the back I hold my hand on eyes, I feel something wet and severe pain ...

Around darkness, someone in the back is trying to strike a lighter and shine a light in my face, remove my hand and try to understand, I see two eyes or one. The one who shines in my face exclaims "Oh, fuck!"

I immediately ask him, is my eye in place? He shines and says "Put your hands away, I don't understand!", I see that there is blood on my hand and I feel that hot is flowing down my face. It turned out that the eye was intact, but tore the upper and lower eyelids of his right eye.

weak light in the back, I understand that I ran an eye on the handle an army thermal barrel for grub, with anger I kick the barrel, looking around I see a young guy mortar, everything is littered boxes with mines, mortar, tripod, compass. Will have to go to body on boxes with mines, fucking, I think that the fuck is everything to me this is necessary at the age of 33, there weren't enough adventures in the Caucasus, it would be better if he sat silently in his company, it's good that he didn't gouge out his eye, they smoked while getting to know each other and fell asleep again ...

At about 4:00 in the morning I open my eyes again, I hear a roar, rumble, vibration of the earth, I feel a sharp smell of gunpowder in the air, I look out of the body, throwing back the awning, I see that the sky has become bright from volleys, illuminating in the darkness either clouds, or smoke, to the right and rocket artillery was working to the left of our column, there were powerful volleys from long-range guns are heard somewhere, like appeared behind us, the air was filled with anxiety and vibrations, the dream immediately flew off, it was not clear what was happening, who was shooting from where and at whom, the fatigue from lack of food, water and sleep. A minute later, lighting a cigarette to wake up, I realize that the fire is being fired to the side in front of the face of our column, 10-20 kilometers ahead, everything around they began to wake up and smoke, a quiet murmur began - "it began". We must have a plan...

I smoked a cigarette and digesting what I see, I felt adrenaline rush with a charge of vivacity, unusual clarity and clarity of thought and the disturbing realization that the script Crimea will not be Ours, there was a clear premonition of "fucked up". I could not fully understand what was happening, we are firing at the advancing Ukrainians? Maybe NATO? Or are we attacking?

On whom is this infernal shelling being carried out? Where did rocket artillery? Referendum in LDNR? Capture of Kherson? On We were attacked by Ukraine? Does NATO help her? Anyway, we have a plan.

The army is arranged in such a way that there is no one to ask questions there, and it seems that the orders to the command are received on the go, in stages, no one will explain anything to me, I can only drop your weapon and run back somewhere and become a coward, or follow everyone, the higher the position, the more you know my , the paratrooper level of the contract soldier, this is the level of the stallion of which lead to castration.

Once upon a time, as I was already govirid, I was a horse trainer, it seems even not badly succeeded in this , but then he probably went crazy and decided to go back to the army.

Once a friend and I bought a dozen wild stallions destined , young for meat, we decided that because. them waiting for death at the meat processing plant, we'd better buy them at a price meat, castrate, not much train and sell. It turns out stallions will continue to live, and we will be able to earn on it. Not despite the fact that both of us did not like it and the stallions we sincerely sympathized, we still did this dirty deed, like chose the lesser of two evils, so we justified ourselves. So to castrate wild stallions, they needed at least not a lot to teach, to put on a headband and walk in your hands man, the stallions were already hefty two-year-olds and just not to take them by force, I had to go to all sorts of tricks with a huge risk to your health. When the stallion has already followed you and let you put on a headband, then we led him to the paddock and instead of the usual treat at the end , tied up , they felled and cut off his balls ...

The stallion had no idea that he would go for this procedure now, he was used to being told to go there, he gets used to the fact that it's better to go, no one will bother you, it's better to agree, and after that

They will give sugar. So the same thing is for the army for a contract soldier, go there, go there, well done, well, go there now and in one beautiful moment it will drive you to hell, you

trained. You don't have to know anything, just do it this is. Now I understand that I was used, just like once I used horses somewhere, somewhere by cunning (media and patriotism), by force (law and punishment), sugar (salary), somewhere praise (awards and titles). Somewhere upstairs there is a certain uncle who is smarter, stronger and knows more. He uses the same tools as I used with horses for "education what I need." The only question is what goals he pursues, chooses the lesser of two evils, earns money as a hired a veterinarian who performs or treats a horse were more obedient, or maybe he's just a sadist? Only knows the answer this uncle.

The column noticeably perked up and began to slowly move forward, I saw how my company drove past me forward and experienced a strange feeling that despite the fact that yesterday he left her without thoughts, now in a moment of danger and uncertainty, I would rather be with them, like a horse that prefers stick to your herd, are we really not so different ... It may seem like nonsense to some, but I want to to retell everything frankly and without hiding those emotions and thoughts, what I experienced then.

We passed Armyansk, there was turmoil in the city, shells in the direction of Ukraine and through it now moved a huge column, VAI and traffic police blocked the roads to random civilians did not interfere with her, through the reclined in the Urals tend, I saw houses in which the lights were already on, and people looked out into windows and balconies of five-story buildings, suddenly we stopped abruptly crashing into something, as it turned out in the Urals which I was not driving there were brakes and when in front of the driver she stopped abruptly car, then he decided to leave to the right crashing into the fence, the war will write off everything, who will pay attention to the fence when they flew rockets. Nearby, then overtaking, then lagging behind, UAZs moved assault battalion and parachute infantry fighting vehicles when UAZs my company was already ahead and having passed closer to the border Armyansk, there was a forest on the left, and on the right of the field, I heard shooting and

explosions in the direction where we are going, at that moment I regretted that I agreed to be assigned to a mortar, where I don't have any kind of emotional connection with people and we don't know much, and this unit, as it seemed to me, is assigned a secondary role, from a fucking body, you can see only what is behind, but what if my company is now in the "ass", what is happening there? Where are we going? planes, attack helicopters behind them, explosions were heard ahead, the air smelled of gunpowder. This picture was both bewitchingly frightening and disturbingly beautiful. It was already dawn, perhaps six hours, the sun shone brightly in the spring and began to warm after a night of vile sputum and rain, I saw at the same time a dozen helicopters, a dozen planes, bmdshki flew across the field to the right and from where - then tanks appeared, hundreds of pieces of equipment with the flags of the Airborne Forces and the Russian Federation, and this is only what I could capture with my eyes with a broken and blood-cured eye, from the body of the fucking Urals without brakes. What is happening, this thought was spinning in my head at the same time with admiration, bewilderment and anxiety.

clear.

My Ural slowly crossed the broken border post of the Crimea-Ukraine customs, the column began to slow down, then stop, then pick up speed again, I saw damaged, smoking or shot cars, passing the border I saw how a platoon from the assault battalion dispersed, their UAZs stood on the edges of the road, they held the border post while we were passing it, I noticed blood, I didn't see the corpses, they may have already been removed, on the right in the field the caterpillar vehicles crossed the border across the field, I noticed how one huge stream of equipment began to divide into smaller ones, moving further and further into the field on the right, having passed the post, signs appeared, inscriptions in Ukrainian, flags of Ukraine, I had a new feeling, a feeling that I

I don't understand shit, the feeling that all this around is more real real, but at the same time like in a dream. No video, no will convey all this, especially where the most interesting, no reporters, and eyewitnesses are not up to making videos. Here behind the post, a shot gas station is burning, here they walked ahead armored personnel carriers of our scouts, here someone went to the next world, every now and then abandoned or destroyed cars on the road. Column constantly stops, then accelerates again, UAZ of my companies then overtake , then they lag behind, cars move at two or us in three rows, windmills appear on the right, a beautiful view of the fields, the weather is like the beginning of April, volleys of artillery subsided, I begin to see the places of arrival of shells and pieces of rockets MLRS, it feels like they shot nowhere, but maybe there was the enemy and he retreated.

Our column left the road to the right, for the driver to the left, constantly when the column stops, I get up in the back and I look ahead as soon as the column is unpredictable again starts moving, you have to abruptly return to the body and sit down on a box with mines that jump in the back and do not add confidence in the future, the road is getting worse and worse, boxes with mines on the body are jumping more and more, I like to be a mortar man, I become less and less less. The width of the column then decreases, then increases again, the roads go from unpaved, back to paved. Guide ahead of the column periodically stops, apparently waiting for the next coordinates, now we are moving further and further west. Intermittently visible attack helicopters and planes, then returning, then again receding into the depths of Ukraine.

Suddenly we stop abruptly on some deserted road, the command "to Battle!" comes, we all sharply, but not skillfully we get enough sleep from the cars and scatter along the sides of the road, taking positions for battle, some on their knees, some lying down, and some stupidly standing because you get dirty in the bastard, it's good that the command is false, otherwise a well-trained enemy would give us a good shake with such skill.

Here is the first settlement, we are speeding along a good, asphalt road through it, near some hangars I see a group of men, you can see from them that these are ordinary farm workers who are dissatisfied with how this morning began, but keep their distance, the fighters of our convoy are also perplexed where and why we are eating, this can be seen from the tired and somewhat confused faces, but what to do? Everyone is driving silently "fucking", for sure we have some kind of plan! While we were flying through this village, besides the puzzled, crowding peasants, I saw several old men, they came out and met us with the banner of the cross, a double feeling, either they saw us off to the next world, or they blessed us ... While we were driving through this village, I was surprised that these villages were pleasing to the eye, despite the now hostile, often seen flags of Ukraine or fences painted in the colors of yellow blockade ... We passed several more similar villages with gloomy bunched lads and single old people who baptized our column. All this time I was driving with a cartridge in the chamber of the machine gun and was to shoot at anyone who was dangerous, where, why and why we were eating was not clear, it was clear that everything was now very serious, obviously a real war had begun. We passed some hangars, slowly, at minimum speed, crawled along some seemingly abandoned hangars, something like Soviet cowsheds, between which I saw a stretched camouflage net and a military KAMAZ of the KShM type, there was an unusual tower, an inner feeling danger told me and I wanted to open fire in that direction to attract the attention of the others, logic said that reconnaissance armored personnel carriers and UAZ attack aircraft were ahead, and if they did not notice the strangeness, then everything was OK. But I was wrong again, logic and the modern army of the Russian Federation are not compatible, as soon as the Urals drove away from this place, indiscriminate shooting began,

the column began to stop and get ready for battle, because. I became a "mortar man", then, together with the others, I quickly jumped out of the truck and we began to prepare for battle, pulling out mortars and mines, right around the corner of the building behind which I saw a strange KAMAZ, literally a minute later the order came to turn back, the shooting continued, we threw mortars and flew further in a column of trucks and UAZ along the road for 300 meters, then again the command "to battle!", Again we jump out of the trucks, taking out mortars and mines, we begin to make them for firing, firing is heard, I see that everyone is shooting from small arms and Cliffs in the direction where I saw a KAMAZ not like ours, having prepared mortars for battle, the commander yells that they should be put a hundred meters further, we grab mortars and mines and run in the direction indicated by him, running drenched in sweat, holding parlets in each hand with mines "heavy damn, this mortar to hell with me!", while I'm running, I see an earthen rampart in front of us, behind which another assault company, hiding, fires towards a strange KAMAZ, while they fled in their direction well, splashes appeared near us, the grass was sagging and the whistle of bullets was heard nearby, it is clear that the bullets lay down next to us, the rest of the young guys from the mortar, as it seemed to me, did not understand this until I started shouting "get down, these are bullets next to go ! ", from where they were shooting, I didn't understand, I immediately had to run back again for "variable charges", I didn't know how to assemble a mortar and decided that I would have to carry it, at least some benefit, while again I was running with mines from the truck to calculated, again cursed that I had hit a mortar, I don't understand shit about it, and running with such loads under fire kills a breather right away, the weather was beautiful and warm, it poured over me in a stream while I was running, again I saw splashes nearby from this beautiful fine day, I recalled that I myself had a couple of bullets, I joked days ago that crests. ~~The commander at the back, who I then shot them away,~~ an pointed the compass, giving coordinates to the tower, I lay down and turned back in his direction, aimed the machine gun in the direction of the hangars behind him, there was information that there was also an enemy, I saw that in those

The hangars ran forward from our column. Our attack helicopters began to circle above us, they fired rockets, but somewhere in the other direction, which I didn't see there, after that they went over us several times, probably finding out what was happening. At the same moment, a hundred meters from commander with a compass giving coordinates, something exploded, it looked like it was a grenade launcher, confused how to attract attention, but realizing that he didn't notice it, because of the firing around, I shouted "mines!", Some turned around but there were no more explosions until we aimed mortars at the coordinates and waited for permission to open fire, the tower next to the KAMAZ was shot from Utyos mounted on UAZs, it started to burn, prisoners were taken from there, I still didn't understand how many, from one to three, I'll meet one of them in a day .After this skirmish, having jumped into the Urals, I was sure that the bullets that lay nearby, as well as the explosion of a grenade launcher behind the commander, were our own, the column stopped and began firing from three sides, there were arrivals of those who shot at us I was three hundred meters away from the other side, the "enemy" was in the middle. There I lost sight of my company, it turned off somewhere and went to other routes, I heard that they were going to storm the bridge across the Dnieper to Kherson, we should also go there, by a different route, but we didn't arrive on time. Around noon, the column ended up in the sands of a coniferous forest, in the Kherson nature reserve, it reminded me very much of Kamyshin's nursery, which I knew so well ... In these sands we prepared for battle several more times, shooting was heard, the column stretched out and somewhere, someone shot at someone, I don't know the details. Helicopters and planes, as we deepened into the territory of the Kherson region, were already less and less common. The equipment began to break down and they simply threw it on the road, and its crews sat down with others. By 13 o'clock we drove to a huge field of coniferous forests, in front of a huge field with already or still green grass, everyone's condition was probably already in order

, behind were sandy

fucked up, moving through this huge field, our trucks got stuck in the mud on it, there formed a kind of

inconspicuous low

, where the snow has long melted but the water in the ground is not

dried out and was immediately

imperceptible swamp. Part of the UAZs broke through due to their lightness and drove forward, several trucks got stuck, some remained

personnel carriers, some armored vehicles seconded from the 7th division of the KShM, shells and BMD 4 some kind of hodgepodge, was

incomprehensible to me. In general, it seemed to me that there were about 300 people there from where, but most of the 7th Airborne Division, another 300 people were ahead, the column was divided.

BMDs began to drive up and try to pull out the trucks, while they themselves got stuck in the mud. Then one car would be pulled out, the other was already stuck in its place. The Linza medical armored car got stuck, the only modern equipment except for BMD 4 and

Shells in our column. in the same place ... Looking at all this for 30

minutes, I became nervous, a huge column in the middle of an open field, on the left a kilometer of hills, on the right a kilometer of a forest, the column has been standing in the middle of this field for half an hour, this is just an ideal target. If the enemy notices us and is nearby,

then we are "fucked up", an ideal target for artillery or aviation. Many began to climb out of the carriages and stand smoking, walking from one to another, I find out something that almost everyone is already aware of, the order is to go to Kherson, capture the bridge across the Dnieper . It became clear that we attacked Ukraine...

While we were driving, despite the fact that shooting was heard and rare, single light military equipment of the Armed Forces of Ukraine was destroyed, and aviation was working somewhere, there was still no serious

resistance oncoming. We are standing in the field and no one can decide that the trucks should be abandoned, some of our guys went ahead, it is clear that we are using the effect of surprise, the main forces went the other way, and the Airborne Forces set the task of doing

I became

an inconspicuous maneuver and through the fields and forests, drive to the bridge and capture it, creating a bridgehead for the main forces. It was obvious that any delay is now a crime, because of this now we are missing somewhere, we may not be in the right place, where they are counting on us now according to the plan, we will not be due to the fact that no one can decide to leave the stuck trucks. The situation was aggravated by the fact that there were battles ahead on the right and left, it was audible who and with whom was unknown, and the huge column was dense stands in an open area and does not take up defense. It's been 2 hours already. There was nothing to drink, there is also food, although I didn't feel like eating. To the left behind the hill, the pace of the battle was growing, something was burning, sometimes something exploded, there were artillery arrivals there, I took binoculars from the commander and tried to see something there, sitting with my knees on the ground. I was already all dirty and covered with road dust, like almost everyone else, and wet thermal underwear did not add comfort. Behind the hill where the battle was going on, either white or red rocket launchers began to appear ... I did not know the established signals and began to walk from car to car and show everyone there, asking what it meant, no one could answer. I began to walk from officer to officer and to ask, pointing in that direction. In general, the atmosphere was strange, everyone was already tired for a long time, everyone saw and heard the same thing, but either people no longer had the strength (some slept in cars), or simply, corny, as usual "fuck

"The reconnaissance armored vehicles drove up behind us, they pulled out the stuck cars in the sands of the forest behind us, I went to them to smoke with them and find out something. These guys were more interested in what was happening around and their view was more cheerful, it's not for nothing that intelligence is considered more combat-ready than the assault and parachute battalions, the people there are mostly ideological. So far, I found out that we already have the wounded and killed, they brought one guy with them from the sands, a 7,62 bullet entered from behind between the shoulder blades and pierced the armor killed him. Died from Ukrainian or from

Russian bullet, it's not clear. Despite the fact that they had just arrived, I began to resent the mess in front of them, they shared my opinion, it's already happier that not everyone "fuck", began to point to the hill and talk about flares from there, shooting there subsided and poured smoke from burning equipment, they decided that they would go and look, comb the hill, suddenly there was an enemy. Having learned from them who was the senior in the column, I went to the lieutenant colonel, finding him near other stuck cars that also climbed to pull out trucks and got stuck themselves. The underground stood with a group of people, who the officer was now not clear, almost all were in Ratnik camouflage suits, respectively, without insignia. Going up to him, I say, "Comrade Colonel, there is a battle going on behind the hill, two maximum three kilometers, signal flares and smoke were let out, red and white, what do these signals mean, maybe our help is needed there or crests!?" He looked at me somehow strange, but expressively, maybe he was digesting who I was in general, his face was tired, there were drops of blood on his uniform, he probably helped the wounded man, as if the blood was not his. After a pause, looking into my eyes, then he replied to the hill, "I fucking know what it means, you have to get the fuck out of here!" He then began to confer with the officers, fucking about this theater of operations, I wandered to my car, as I already understood, no one else has a connection, we also don't know the fate of those who went ahead, those whom we were supposed to to catch up, firing was heard ahead and periodically explosions, who is there and with whom it is not clear, the distance is also not clear, should be not far from Kherson, but while walking back I saw how two armored personnel carriers of our scouts climbed the slope to the hill. Having reached his Urals, stopping along the way and exchanging rumors with everyone in a row. Someone sleeps in cars, someone wanders from one crew to another, everyone looks tired and somehow confused. Someone noticed a drone and a murmur began in the column. Then a fighter plane flew low over us, whose it was ours or not, no one understood, the command had no communication.

I went further from the cars by 150 meters, sat down on my knees, putting
they have a machine gun on them, if there is shelling, it's better to be away
from cars, looking around I understand that I still don't
there were even posts of observers and guards of the column, which stood
in the middle of the field, the distance between cars sometimes
it was almost point-blank, if now the artillery "vibes" at us
or aviation, then this whole crowd will turn into a multitude of 200 and
300. I continued to sit on my knees, smoke and look around
around, the weather was beautiful, as if it were spring, the time was about
17:00 and the sun was already setting, February 24, 2022, the feeling was
exciting, I remembered my mother in Krasnodar, my sister in Moscow, I began
to sort out my ex-girlfriends in my head, I still don't
married and have no children, for some reason a lump appeared in my
throat. For the last ten years I have been working with horses, somehow
it was bad, but the money earned was not enough to
save for housing, I wanted to take a walk and dress up, but I didn't
having his own housing, at the age of 32 he decided that I would go back to
army, I will take a military mortgage, the years are flying, I must become
more seriously and think about the future. As a result, my salary is less
thirty thousand and to serve in such an army there is not the slightest
desires. I began to remember what everyone who was close to me told me
knew that my problem was that I was truthful, proud, stubborn and
idealist, that I want everything around to be perfect, but not
it happens. Maybe they are right, even in the army I came and for everything
command stood up like a bone in my throat, I constantly shake my rights, my
colleagues told me that complaints to the Ministry of Defense
lead to nothing, that the system cannot be broken, it will
pray and spit it out. As a result, they turned out to be right, except
spoiled relations with the commanders, nothing has changed. , well, there is no
Maybe now, just like me, connection, it happens, everyone is tired, also
they do not understand what is happening. They didn't set up guards, maybe
they have information that others are on the flanks
divisions. Maybe everything is really not so bad and I just
I'm driven. I understood that something global was happening, but what
it is not known exactly, a variety of thoughts were spinning in my head, not
could we just attack Ukraine, maybe NATO really

it got good and we intervened, maybe there are also battles in ,
Russia Ukrainians attacked together with NATO, maybe something in
the Far East too, if America got into a war with us, then the scale will be
huge, and nuclear weapons, then surely someone will use it, damn,
some kind of nonsense ... the way out is either to drop your weapon and
go back towards the Crimea, or do what they say and don't think up a
dick for yourself, understand what, I don't know anything now. UAZs
began to move away from the convoy along the flanks, they nevertheless
put up something like guards, the unit again went forward "this is fucked
up, I fucking knew that all this cars are mainly BMD, a shitty mess that
military , on dick I went to this was my peace time, with happy fucked up
annexation of Crimea, I was against the mess in the LDNR, I thought that
we don't need Syria, and now you don't understand where, under this
mediocre leadership. Surely the guy was also thrown into the back by
some kind of donkey by accident, just as I was almost shot in the morning
by my own people, I already knew that one of them broke his leg today,
it's not clear how by turning the gun on the BMD, another one was driven
by a caterpillar on the leg, this army does not need an enemy, itself will
destroy." I got up and walked about 250 meters away from me, they
began to gather, damn it, they also arranged a formation, in the middle of
the field, when there were fights around, an artillery division was being
built, to which I now belonged as a "mortar gunner". The commander of
the artillery division did not even greet me, looking askance at my parched
eye, we hadn't communicated badly with him before, after my ill-fated
complaint to the Ministry of Defense, he also tried to stay away from me.
how all childhood up to 15 years old passed in 56DSHP, now after 17
years everything has changed so much, I didn't see anything in common
with the Airborne Forces from the past and the Airborne Forces of the
present, people have become different, the soldier in my head,
the twinkle in my eyes has disappeared, now I serve in 56DSHP, but left for
me

The commander tried to cheer everyone up, said that there was no connection, fuck understand what is happening, but the main thing is not to "piss", now we will go further, leave the equipment stuck (I would have been asked earlier), everyone be ready for battle, we are breaking through to our people who have left ahead, they they are waiting for us, but there is no communication with them either, ambushes of sabotage groups of the Armed Forces of Ukraine are expected ahead. He said it with feigned courage, but in his eyes I saw that he was also "wow". But well done that at least something clarified people. It was already getting dark by the time we were leaving for the cars, I finally got the puzzles of the picture that two companies of the assault battalion initially left ahead along with my battalion commander, my company turned off somewhere along the way for a long time and had to also go to the bridge but on a different road, regiment commander with bmdshkami, recently went after them because they did not get in touch, we had to catch up and also be on the bridge, initially our entire regiment, reinforced by units from the 7th Airborne Division, had to arrive there in full by lunchtime, strengthen on the bridge and enter to Kherson. Already in the dark, the column began to move again, leaving part of the bogged down equipment behind, while we were driving, I and a young mortarman were sitting in the "Ural without brakes", on boxes with mines, having made machine guns for battle, thinking about the company "fuck and die" those was not smart that I didn't take it off, there are no friends close to me, but if they are fucked, and I left them because of my scandalous nature. Some teased me in the company "where is our veteran", I was offended then, but now the veteran is coming out in the rear, and the company is in the "pisdorez", here on this powder keg, if we fall into an ambush, also in the dark against a competent enemy, then for sure we are "fucked up", no one had any jokes, everyone has matured sharply and become more serious, having driven slowly for about thirty minutes ahead, the column stopped, stood for about an hour. It was completely dark that the team passed by that we were standing here until dawn, turning off the engines, waiting for the enemy to attack, the headlights were not turned on, in the open area the column lined up like in a shooting range. I had a vile realization that in the event of an experienced enemy attacking us at night, the chances were

there are few of us, especially since I am in the Urals with mines. There were thirty cars in the column, trucks, UAZs, 2 BTR82 reconnaissance vehicles, several BMD2 and BMD4 and KShM Rakushki. It's enough to undermine armored vehicles that can't even withstand RPGs, I'm generally silent about the Javelins, and then water the column with machine guns, in the dark we won't figure out who is shooting from where. We decided to sleep, I was with a guy in the back, the guys gave me someone's sleeping bag, the two who rode in the cab sleep in the same place, there are four of us together, we are the calculation of the mortar, from every three cars there are two patrols, that is, the convoy was patrolled at night by 20 people. They climbed into sleeping bags without taking off their shoes, lay on boxes with mines in an embrace with machine guns. Didn't eat anything, fell asleep around 23, it started to drizzle.

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that they seemed to have just fallen asleep, they were already waking up at 2:00, while they were sleeping, they were frozen to the bone. Gunfire and explosions can be heard in the distance. We patrol in complete darkness, we walk intensively to somehow warm up. Everyone seemed to become closer to each other, the officers became simpler. In an hour we will have a shift, wrap ourselves in a sleeping bag again and fall asleep frozen. At about 5 in the morning they wake everyone up, we are getting ready to move out, everyone is already ready, no one undressed and did not lie in bed, everyone "sleep" in their muffled cars, did not see anyone who even took off their shoes, it is not clear what we are waiting for and eat again with dawn. They are being sent by car so that everyone is ready for ambushes. Reconnaissance armored personnel carriers are ahead, the rest of the vehicles are a little behind. The mood became more cheerful, I was surprised that no one attacked us at night, given our vulnerable position, this meant that things were not so bad and in the Armed Forces of Ukraine either things are really worse than ours, or we are now falling into a trap. The column crawls along small country and dirt roads, again one of the trucks got stuck, due to overload the truck sat down in the sand on the rise, we begin to reload mines from it

on other trucks. I carry heavy boxes with the rest (we are already exhausted) and grumble that it would be better to leave the car and hurried to their own, because again we are losing time, the officer is standing nearby (an old acquaintance) smiling teases me "So you write a complaint to the Ministry of Defense "and it's worth watching tired eyes waiting for my reaction. I stopped and turning to him, he gave a speech about the fact that if everyone had done like me , and did not engage in photo reports, useless constructions and workers, instead of learning something and engage in real combat training, then we would not now were in such a mess, without communication and a bunch of equipment not capable of get to Kherson.

He looked away from me, pretending that somewhere, there is something more interesting, did not understand what it means that he does not want talk or that he agrees with me. According to the military discipline, I don't have the right to talk to him like that at all, so I silently continued to overload the boxes. An hour later, the unloaded truck was able to drive out of the sand.

The column drove onto the paved road and stood up again. I cursed everything around, we stood in an ideal place for an ambush, thickets on both sides.

I jumped off the "Ural without brakes" and began to smoke wandering along columns, next to the "Ural without brakes", stood BTR82 scouts, glancing at them, it seemed to me that none of I don't know them, the regiment was only recently formed, not everyone knew each other, and given that he is now seconded to us

Reconnaissance Battalion 7 divisions , then, not finding familiar faces, I decided that the armored personnel carrier from there, silently passed by, sweetly smoking one of the last cigarettes, someone from the armored personnel carrier shouted merrily to me, "Don't hello!?" considering the applicant, I understand what it is young lieutenant who led me to the initial landing training, despite the fact that he was much younger than me, this was one of the few young officers whom I really respected, sometimes met him at the stadium, he is very ran well, perhaps the best in the regiment. standing above the command had not yet had time to discourage him from serving, and he

transferred to the reconnaissance company, which I did not succeed, again thanks to my relationship with the company commander and the fucking idea to complain to the Ministry of Defense in order to break the rotten system. We stood talking about nothing and everything, smiling at each other. I noticed that from now on everyone suddenly began to call each other brothers more and more often, and seeing acquaintances it is warmer and more joyful to communicate. Suddenly, the chief medical officer of the regiment appeared, he went and looked for where to shift the wounded, at night he met him on patrol and despite past conflicts between us because of my incident, while I was in the hospital with pneumonia, we had a good conversation about what was happening, seeing that in the back of our "Ural without brakes" there are only two people and the body is "exactly" packed with boxes with mines on which you can put a wounded man on a stretcher, we chose our car. Having put the delirious guy on the boxes, the chief medical officer climbed into the body, gave him an injection, wrapped him in foil and covered him with a sleeping bag, told us to watch and if bleeding starts, pull the tourniquet. It seems that this was the guy who broke his leg by turning the gun on the BMD, he lay and moaned very quietly, periodically checking whether he was bleeding, he constantly said that he was cold, which is why we also covered him with our sleeping bags from above. As one person later told me, this guy died, instead of as in "American films" to evacuate him to the hospital to wonderful and caring nurses, we drove him farther and farther behind enemy lines on boxes with mines in the Ural without brakes. All the way with a young mortar operator, we sat at the edge of the body on boxes with mines, we were focused preparing for an ambush. As I already understood, in the event of a clash, our task is to abruptly unload mortars, install them, aim at the coordinates and fire while supporting the infantry. 82 mm mortars with a maximum range of up to 4 km and no one has fired from them yet, they were only issued with batteries, before that they worked with 120 mm. Brilliant, everything, as always, at the last moment, will be sorted out on the go. We drove through terrible roads, some dachas, greenhouses, villages.

In settlements we were met by rare people and saw off with a sullen look. Over some houses, it seemed revealingly, Ukrainian flags were fluttering, these flags were conspicuous and evoked mixed feelings of respect for the brave patriotism of these people and the feeling that these colors now belong to the enemy, and these people so demonstrated that they were not happy with us. There was a feeling of anxiety and a sense of danger from these houses, at the same time as a feeling of respect for their patriotism, I understood that if suddenly from one of the houses by which our column passed, danger seemed to me, then I would shoot without thinking, not attentiveness or procrastination - my death or comrades, doubts are dangerous. But at the same time, I did not want to kill anyone, there was no doubt that I would do it if necessary or if there was a threat to me or my comrades, but I wanted everything to go without bloodshed. I still did not understand what awaits us next, what is the situation? What is happening in the world? Who attacked whom? Why do we need Kherson? What about those who left last night ahead? We went to the track at 8:00, drove a little and slowly along it and began to meet ours, armored personnel carriers, tigers ... shouting to unfamiliar tigers, which were not there at 56, "Where are you guys from!?" in response, they shouted "11 brigade! Where are you from?" Slowly driving further, I saw a wrecked armored personnel carrier that had left the road, then more wrecked, shot military vehicles or burnt, abandoned trucks with howitzers, some with bullet holes, some it was not clear whose, the color of the howitzers was somehow not normal, some cars were green like ours, some of a strange, incomprehensible color, on the road there is glass, blood, scorched marks, dirt, shell casings, the smell of blood and battle in the air, there is still smoke from some of them, although it seems that Z is visible on the sides of some of them

, but a small z, it is clear that the equipment was moving in the other direction, on the move, thinking that it was ours who shot the column of the Armed Forces of Ukraine traveling from Kherson, but they drew the APU for hell, small letters Z on the sides of their equipment or is it our equipment?

Later there were rumors that ours had destroyed their own at night. column, even later lying in the ward of the ophthalmology department hospital of Sevastopol, with a small stooped conscript who said that he was an artilleryman, for the first time in the days of the war they were ambushed at night and their column came under fire from their however, the majority fled through the forests along the road, the Kherson reserve, not understanding what was happening ... UAZs line up right next to me in a column, I understand what it is Oises of my company, our column also stops nearby, I I jump out of the "Ural without brakes" and go to my guys. Approaching them, I understand that they look kind of crazy, walking from car to car and asking about how things are going, everything they answer incomprehensibly: "Damn, this is fucked", "We're up all night up" fucked up, eat smoking?", "I'm in awe, what's with your eye?", "I collected corpses from the road, there one has brains on the pavement left", "Give me a cigarette, we ran out, and who fucked you?", "Hi, where were you, let me smoke ?!", I meet eyes with sergeant, now there is no rise for conflicts, in 2014, on the very first day of the war he was wounded, for which he immediately received the Order of Courage, he is very liked to tell those who were not fired upon what a professional he was, it was usually amusing for me to listen to his stories and I silently listened with a smile, but on February 22, telling the guys around the fire how his brigade slaughtered "Khokhlov" like kittens in some village or how their company destroyed the regiment of the Armed Forces of Ukraine, I began to boil, understanding the danger of such "tales around the fire" and began to get into an argument, asking questions that were not convenient for him, our relationship were destroyed and it was clear that he had already sunk to the ground. I walked further from car to car of the company, saying hello and sincerely rejoicing at seeing the guys, in order to find out if we have any losses I was told that the young lieutenant, the one who was in charge of the platoon, with whom I quarreled and, in part, because of whom I am now in the first day of the war in the new unit, this lieutenant disappeared, later it turned out that he sat down and left with the battalion commander and two companies forward, what is now unknown to them, it seems to them "fuck"...

Everyone looked exhausted, but more and more often everyone began to call each other "Brother". Civilian cars constantly drove past us, maneuvering between vehicles, taxis, ambulances, some cars looked suspicious, but no one paid attention to civilians, only occasionally stopping and shooting cigarettes from passing people. Why is my company not where the battalion commander of the assault battalion with two companies left, and my 6th assault company is standing here, I still don't

understood.

One more literate guy from the company shared the news with me like this: "Pasha, this is fucked up, it looks like the company commander got blunt, didn't lead us where we needed to, we got lost, but by doing so he saved us all, the Battalion commander looks like a "fucked up" with two companies, in the morning he was here he prescribed to the The regimental , company commander in front of everyone, but where are you anyway commander was, give

me a cigarette! After wandering along the column, I talked with other guys from the 11th Airborne Battalion and there were few of them from the special forces of the Marine Corps, but these units had Tiger armored vehicles. The only thing I realized was that the company received a baptism of fire and it's good that everyone seems to be intact in it, although this is strange, according to the stories, the battle went on all night, as they say, three sides participated in the shootout, ours, Ukrainians and it is not known who the third, but so that there are no losses after the battle that lasted all night, it's just something unreal. As they say, fear has big eyes. The command "for cars" was received and, trying to digest the collected information, I began to climb into the back of the "Ural without brakes", if only not to break the other eye. The wounded man was taken from the body and taken away somewhere. It turns out that things are not so bad with us. Now we are lining up a column on the track in several rows. A colleague approached us with a mortar and handed us water in one and a half bottles and two dry rations. The last day we didn't eat, got drunk, opened one dry ration, took canned food and began to chew it cold, like we didn't really want to eat, a slight excitement from adrenaline interrupted hunger, because it was clear

that now we are going again to go to Kherson, there will certainly be clashes. Civilians with bags walked past the column along the highway, obviously those who were running away from the war, basically everyone was walking and driving from Kherson, from where we were now preparing to move. I felt sorry for these people, and at the same time it infuriated and made me nervous that the cars, without checking, were passed through the column, because of which they interfered with its construction, because it was already clear that this was a war and no one met us with open arms, among these people there are probably military, at any moment they can transmit our coordinates for artillery, aviation or UAVs, then a closely lined column on the "fucked up" highway. A young guy in civilian clothes caught my eye, passing by us, who, unlike the others, was walking towards Kherson, I stood up and shouted "Hey, come here ?!". The guy came up frightened, he was about twenty years old, dirty clothes that were too big for him, small in stature, swarthy, it was clear that he was shaking a little in front of me with fear, there was something alarming in him, I began to ask who he was and why he was going to that aside, he began to answer in a chatterbox with a strong Ukrainian accent that he worked somewhere at some vegetable base, that because of the war the owner told him that there would be no more work, that he lives in the Nikolaev region and is now going home. All this seemed to me some kind of nonsense, he did not inspire confidence and looked like a soldier who was disguised and sent for reconnaissance, or a deserter, I told him about it, he began to shake justifying himself, stuttering and showing his plastic passport, he really was 20 years. We began to reassure him, "Don't be afraid, we won't do anything to you," but don't go to Kherson now, it's better to go there after our column leaves, there was a feeling that there would be a batch there now and it's better for civilians not to get between the military. The guy continued to chatter that he had nothing to eat and therefore he had to go ... We exchanged glances with a friend and gave him one of our dry rations, I told him to leave the road into the forest, make a fire and warm himself, eat and go further when we leave, he took sukhpay and

went into the forest. It seemed to me that the boy was lying, but what if I'm right and what should I do with him then, maybe he really is just a deserter who does not want to fight, there is no anger towards him, do not care, not much sorry for him, some sense of guilt crept in that we invaded and ruined the lives of all these people, and at the same time, suddenly I'm right and he will go out to his own will give the coordinates, on the other hand by hundreds of cars with video recorders have already passed us, and some openly filmed us through the glass on the phone, which or a lunatic.

This fuss with the construction of the column continued until about lunch, after which the column began to pick up speed and at high speed rushed in the direction of Kherson, we passed broken, burned out or abandoned Ukrainian vehicles, it was an old Soviet technology is even worse than our armored personnel carriers, armored personnel carriers, lawns, Urals, Old air defenses such as OSA, it seemed that it helicopters hit in places, and most of them were abandoned, or fired upon with small arms, most likely by our guys breaking forward, I wonder what is happening to them now. Several once the column stops and we get enough sleep on command for battle taking positions along the edges of the road, shooting ahead, in head of the column armored personnel carriers of scouts, a crowd of ten people lie down next to me at close range, I start yelling at them to dispersed and did not bunch up, everyone was somehow confused, yelling so that they would not point their weapons at each other, one of them with jokes with a dumb look, "oh, we have a professional!" right here the driver of the "Ural without brakes" shoots next to me and blushing, he apologizes to everyone that he accidentally peered into the forest, someone landed there from the BMD in front several bursts from a cannon from which pillars of several trees shattered into chips, further in front of the column, too, someone somewhere gave queues to the forest, information passed that there was an enemy, I was lying peering into the forest, adrenaline was going through the roof, the weather was gray and cool, the forest in front of us looks gloomy and does not you can't see the hell, someone nearby says that he seems to have seen someone, after about ten minutes the team on cars again. Farther fork and pointers to Kherson and Odessa, fly by in my head

the idea that all my life I dreamed of visiting Odessa, it always seemed to me that I would like it there, is it really now that our troops are now entering all regional cities like this, holding a type of referendum and joining Russia, it became funny to me because I remembered the phrase "dreams come true", holding a gloomy forest at gunpoint to his right, sitting on a box with mines at the edge of the side of the Ural without brakes, his partner controlled the forest on the left. The column was rushing at high speed, I saw several broken civilian cars, our burned-out "Tiger", also our "Lynx", an RPG shot was fired through the front window, the car was abandoned, hit but did not burn out. I have thoughts about how we will storm Kherson, I don't think that the mayor of the city will come out with bread and salt, raise the flag of the Russian Federation over the administration building, and we will enter the city in a parade column, everything that I see the last two days does not look like the Crimean scenario. These two days of the war are not clear. What is happening, what is in Russia? What is in the Donbass? What is happening in the world? I hope our command does not think of entering the city in a column. As far as I heard, Kherson is a large city, if we drive there in a column, then we are "fucked up", Grozny was much smaller, do the mistakes of the past really teach us nothing, I knew our level of preparation and organization and how bad things must be in preparing for the worst, that we would take this city in Ukraine, especially since we had to take it yesterday, yesterday there was a surprise effect on our side, but everything is as always, in peacetime a mess, in wartime it became even more worse. I was sitting in armor and a helmet, worn goggles from the helmet in front of my eyes protected from dust from the road but prevented me from seeing clearly, the ammunition was uncomfortable, the machine gun with a broken belt buckle, because of which I had to fasten the end of the belt to the ramrod, the balaclava was uncomfortable and cold, it made it difficult to breathe, from the straps my shoulders hurt, I haven't taken it off for two days, the statutory berets are not comfortable, my legs are sprayed and frozen in them, these stupid white armbands on my arm and leg have already darkened from dust and dirt, who even invented them, are we playing airsoft, in a battle at a distance, no one will look at them. There are two cigarettes left in the pack, and almost

everyone around them has already run out. Okay, pull yourself together, we must have some kind of plan! It looks like there should be a bridge across the Dnieper somewhere nearby, suddenly we start to slow down, the speed is low, then we stop, then we eat again, our military vehicles begin to fly past us in the opposite direction, but in the opposite direction, it is clear that the carriers press the gas to the floor, while squeezing everything possible out of technology, I begin to see acquaintances in passing cars, anxiety appears in my head, I don't understand shit, the whole column flies back at full steam, we begin to turn around and fly back at maximum speed, we are overtaken by all those who could and ended up our trucks unguarded

chasing the rest...

"Pizdets", what's going on there?!

The time is already 16:00, it's not fucking clear, it feels like we flew 50 kilometers in the opposite direction, the column lines up again and starts turning into the forest along the sand breaking trees, in the forest 150 meters from the highway they begin to put equipment in the places indicated by them, people begin to get out of the cars and exchange information, firing at each other to smoke, through the commanders they bring that Ukrainian hailstones were seen ahead, everyone is preparing for shelling, urgently dig as deep as possible, the cars almost ran out of fuel, communication problems, in a way that I don't understand positions in the semblance of a circular defense, but where the mortars should be is not yet clear, the impression was that each commander chose the positions randomly. Someone starts digging trenches, someone doesn't understand where they're going, someone opens dry rations and tries to eat faster, taking advantage of the moment, it's not clear who and how manages this ... My friend and I also decide to heat the dry rations on the burner while positions for our mortars were not indicated to us, for fifteen minutes we warmed and threw hot porridge into ourselves, at this time someone from the mortar was told to the foreman of the mortar, an ensign of the Dagestan, that he had not eaten for two days and did not know that we had dry food and water, he in response, he yells that he doesn't give a fuck and go take it in that KAMAZ and gobble it up at least everything at a time, I silently eat sitting on

ground and watching this scene, it looks like they are just breaking down on each other, realizing that they need to quickly chew while eating possibility.

After eating and realizing that no one around has cigarettes and positions for mortars have not yet been determined, I walk around the camp trying to find a smoke, while looking for familiar faces, but getting to know everyone around whom I did not know. I say to the next Somebody I meet, "Brother, let me smoke," he stops, looks at me tiredly and says, "Brother, I'm actually the division commander," at the same time he takes out a cigarette and sips on me, takes a cigarette, lights up and speaks with a pohaistic look "sorry then, thanks for the cigarette." I really don't give a shit what his titles and position are now, it's obvious that he actually does too. Everyone walks around without insignia. Considering that now we are expected to work out the enemy Grads and it is obvious that then there will be many 200 and 300, we are occupying all-round defense, our planes and helicopters have not been seen for a long time, there is no connection, we are in the rear for a hundred kilometers, everyone is tired and wants to sleep, but no one wants to die either, some are intensively digging trenches with their last strength, sweating ... Sweetly smoking a cigarette, I walk around the "camp" in search of information and with the desire to shoot more in reserve, it turns out we occupied a square about a kilometer per kilometer, there are 500 of us here, equipment placed randomly, trenches and trenches are digging, soil-sand, I understand that the trenches in the sand will definitely not save us from the MLRS, but there are large coniferous trees above us, maybe they will somehow help, although if the rockets explode about them, then the fragments will still they will fly down taking 200 and 300. I go with a lump in my throat, realizing that I may not live until the morning and those whom I see around too, from this I am very glad to see them all,

it looks like they me.

Approaching one of the groups and firing a cigarette again, they answer me that there is a natsvay, well, now I'm also happy to natsvay, I throw green granules on my lip, they relax me a lot and spitting saliva, I stand and communicate with the guys, they tell me what they are out of the 11 brigade, that there were 50 of them left

that it looks like they are the last of their brigade, the rest probably not alive, their 11th brigade was thrown here for helicopters.

After listening to them in cold blood, I went on with a sense of resentment in heart for our army, which did everything fucking anything but real training and now in such

position, I was offended by the realization that probably here so ingloriously die with these guys under the blows of MLRS and counterattack of the Armed Forces of Ukraine or hell understand who, with whom we are at war, with NATO? Who could destroy those who broke through? Where are the main forces? Where are the armats, sarmatians, white swans and all the rest of the shit from propaganda on TV?!. Then already inwardly I realized that death nearby, but was determined not to give up his life cheaply, despite on this and bypassing the entire camp, I realized that there are about half my regiment, reinforced by the 7th division, 11th brigade and a little special forces of the Marine Corps it is not clear how they ended up with us, those. almost all paratroopers ...

I continued to walk around the camp with the thought that we burned down and the MLRS 100% will hit us, the losses will still be, if at the same time sabotage groups of the Armed Forces of Ukraine attacking us after the shelling, then for us it will be just a "meat grinder", we are exhausted, we are not on our own land, we do not know the terrain, there is no air support and artillery support, those who rushed forward seem to have already been destroyed. Walking around the camp and looking for my company, I recalled my father, all I knew about 56 in Yugoslavia, Chechnya 1 and 2 companies, the height of 776 and 6 companies, it looks like we will repeat their fate, a mess of corruption, lack of normal training and immediately in pizdorez, in the war alone in the field is not a warrior, success will depend only from the general coherence, preparation and motivation, I understood that with we have gaps in coherence and preparation, but walking and communicating with brothers, I understood that we have motivation, despite the fact that things are bad with us, everyone resigned themselves to the fact that those who went ahead the paratroopers most likely died, and this is about a thousand, judging by me around and the rest agreed on the idea that it is possible will have to die here. While walking and looking for his company with lump in the throat and resentment for all the whore around, for the fact that so

ridiculously many of us may die, the idea has ^{but finally} taken root that despite the fact that I am against the War, for the Airborne Forces and all the paratroopers who gave their lives before, I will die, so be it, it's a shame that our training was only on paper, but the glory of the Airborne Forces of the past, we we have no right to tarnish, to die like this with music. If our Ukrainian brothers killed those who went ahead, then everything is very serious and we must tune in to fight to the end, we will not give up our lives so easily. At this time, some kind of bastard, sitting in warmth and comfort, chatting about the fact that he was now ashamed to be Russian (I learned this upon my return), I thought about what was happening now, maybe Moscow is also under attack? I have a sister there. What is happening in the World on the evening of February 25 We did not know...

Having found my company, I saw how everyone was digging trenches and trenches in a hurry, the deeper you dig in now, the more chances you have to survive when hit by artillery. The soil was soft-sandy, most likely that in the event of an explosion nearby, the trenches would crumble immediately, it seemed to me that it would be better to distribute people at a greater distance from each other, there were 500 people in an area of a kilometer per kilometer, trucks with ammunition were right there, in case of shelling the enemy will always hit the bull's-eye. But no one asked me, the "fathers commanders" know better, but who commands all this madness is not clear. Walking around and saying hello to the guys, I was very happy to see everyone, I wanted to cheer everyone up and for someone to cheer me up, because maybe we won't see each other again. I remembered the first parachute jump, jumped under Dzhankoy in the Crimea, everyone on board was the first time, when the turntable began to rise sharply into the sky and the yellow light at the ramp turned on, I, like everyone else, was "wow", but seeing that everyone around became pale and the faces changed, then he began to smile through his strength and show everyone a thumbs up, while looking for eye contact, all I thought about then was the main thing not to screw up, everything looked about the same now, only the situation is much worse. I saw a captured Ukrainian, I saw several from far away in UAZs in the morning. He was sitting by a tree with his hands clasped, a couple of empty cans and an empty

a plastic bottle from a cart, canned food was Ukrainian, probably his dry ration, it was clear that he had recently eaten. Beside my comrade, a Dagestani, stood and guarded him, by the way, a man with capital letter, it seemed that he was guarding him more from their own. One of the passing colleagues yelled commander "let's shoot him the fuck, how many of our they put it down, "it was clear that he would have really flunked him if they had given him. Now that the losses have gone, the people woke up cruelty and desire for revenge. Under the eye of the prisoner was a huge black eye with a bruise, it was clear that the blow was very strong and probably not by hand. For some reason I really wanted examine him and talk to him, I squatted beside him. He was a plump man of about 45, he was greedily smoking a joint from shag, which he had just carefully handed over and gave smoke a Dagestan. He seemed to me his own and someone else's at the same time, the only difference between us is that now our countries in conflict, but we were born with him in the USSR. I looked at him like an alien, but I didn't find anything out of the ordinary, I didn't have anger towards him, for some reason I felt sorry for him. I looking into his eyes, for some reason said loudly, "Well, Brother, will we die together?" he sat resigned, surprised looked at me and asked "why?", I smiled stupidly explained "because now for us now yours, they will hack hailstones," he replied, smiling, "probably together." At the Dagestan guarding him found out that one of our guys decided to interrogate him and he didn't like how he responsible for what he prescribed to him from his feet. The commander noticed regiment and forced him to apologize to the prisoner, threatening tribunal. Where is the regimental commander? I had never seen him before, but I knew he was around somewhere. I was seen by a company commander who was passing past and teasingly asked, "Well, Filatiev, do you like it in mortar? Finally left the commander to blame for all your troubles?" I angrily replied that now we are all in the same boat, and finding out who is to blame for whose troubles is not the best time, he took look as if agreeing with me and went on on the go

screaming at the top of his lungs giving some orders more like to screams.

Someone is running somewhere, someone is walking, someone is digging, someone is dragging ... I get up and go back to the mortar, I have to hurry, it starts to get dark sharply, passing by the KAMAZ company, the foreman of the company and in confusion asks for help loading 200, I say that I need to hurry, he insists that this is not long. Several people in KAMAZ accept corpses on stretchers, they are all very tired, others fall off their stretchers from the ground, how many are already loaded in KAMAZ, I don't see, there are three 200 on stretchers on the ground, I help them load, how heavy they are, or am I so tired . On the go, I ask if they are from our company, they answer me that they are not. Having loaded the bodies, I rush to the mortar, approaching them, I find out that we have determined the positions for the mortars, we unload the mortars, in total five crews are now four people each. We drag the mortars to the edge of the positions, even deeper into the forest, it's hard, our feet get stuck in the sand under the load, we come, we throw mines and mortars ... I stand and grumble that this is fucked up, and not a position, a small clearing, we put five mortars in a line, directing the guns in different directions . To our nearest 200 meters to go, it turns out that we are without cover, we only have machine guns. If they come out of the forest on us, then fucked us. The rest don't even know that we are here, no matter how they covered our own at night from Utyosov and AGS in case something happened ... I understand that my machine gun disappeared somewhere from behind my back ... damn, well, this is fucked up ... the belt lock is broken and was still dragging couplets with mines on his back, did not feel how he unfastened and fell. I'm going back along the same path and peering in search of a machine gun, it's almost dark, I've reached almost the middle of the camp where mortar trucks were parked, one of our yells "who fucked up the machine gun!", I run up and shout with a sense of relief "this is mine!", I check for sure my, "thank you", I go back to the outskirts to the mortars. When I arrived, I saw that the guys were already digging trenches for mortars, I was digging with them, it was almost dark, we had no strength, but we were digging ... When we finished it was already dark for a long time, about 21:00. We are wet with sweat, and it has become very cold in the forest.

There have been no volleys against us so far, this is very good, but perhaps the enemy is specifically waiting for the night, to fire at us at night, and then the infantry may come at us, in complete darkness, in the forest. How else to explain that the enemy hailstones have not yet hit us. I remember how the positions were located, the impression is that they will shoot each other in battle. We start conferring what to do and how we will sleep, our mortar is the most extreme, there is a forest on three sides, none of ours are there. If the enemy comes to us, then our mortars will be easy prey. What idiot thought this would be a good position for mortars? They will still be of little use in the forest. One young guy puts forward the theory that the command specially put us deep into the forest, that we are of little use with mortars here, we only have machine guns from weapons, from the forest the main forces see the track and the enemy from the tracks will be detected, but if the offensive comes from the forest, then we, standing on a small sandy clearing, are an ideal target and bait. I understand that we all look like treason, we need to calm down, the command plan is not clear. All that the command conveyed was to bite into the ground, prepare for shelling with Grads and attack the enemy, there is no communication, there is no aviation, the fuel in the tanks is almost over, we are deep in the rear. Maybe he's right? Why are there no scouts here? It would be more logical to put secrets around the perimeter at a distance from the camp, but no one put them up. This is some nonsense. We have not seen our battery commander since yesterday, according to rumors, the battalion commander took him with him as a spotter, then perhaps he also died. I ask a young comrade about this, he replies that he does not feel sorry for this freak, an excellent mood, I regret that he raised this topic. Or maybe they broke through to Kherson, entrenched themselves there and are fighting surrounded, waiting for us. We still have two lieutenants, platoon commanders, but they are somewhere in the middle of the camp with the command. Who will give us the coordinates? In theory, we can fire mortars at

highway, but the trees in the forest are very tall. There is a lot of equipment with large-caliber weapons, the track can be shot through like in a shooting range, why the heck are our 82mm mortars here. I remember that the positions of my company are directed approximately in our direction, they are not visible behind the forest.

In short, if the enemy attacks through the forest, then we have almost no chance, if we step back in the event of a battle in the camp, our own people will warp us without understanding who we are in the turmoil. I set myself up that in the event of an attack, it is necessary to fight back as you like, there is nowhere to retreat. Again, like last night, in the subconscious, I began to think about God, probably we are all people like that, when we are running out, we remember him. I resigned myself to the fact that most likely I won't survive this night, but I won't give my life cheaply, last night we weren't attacked while we were standing in a shooting range, although there were battles nearby. I don't think we'll be so lucky again tonight. In my opinion, all of Ukraine already knows where we are and how many of us there are. Sometimes there was shooting and explosions from somewhere far away. For any local military know well this forest.

According to the idea, if a full-scale war began, then ours probably should have launched missile and bomb strikes on all military facilities, destroying all large enemy formations, but something tells me that everything is going

poorly.

Complete darkness and silence came in the forest, only a little light from the stars through the clouds fell on our clearing, through night vision devices we saw only our own field, everything that is not visible in the trees is too dark and the devices do not help, and the battery is needed save. We begin to fall asleep in spite of the cold. I convince the guys that two of them should sleep in the trench near the mortar, and two of them should lie near the trench and watch the forest on the sides, our positions are extreme and we have no one to hope for if the enemy comes from ~~our side every half an hour, it is better to~~ been sleeping normally for a long time and I am worried that if we all fall asleep, we can oversleep our lives.

then

So we do, two sleep, two watch. It seems that he just fell asleep, they immediately wake you up to change. How beautiful it is all around. It's very cold... I really want to sleep...

Wash up...

Hot food... Now I

would like a cup of hot coffee... I wish I could open YouTube now and see what is happening in the world, maybe YouTube has already been closed? Somewhere far away there is shooting... Why is there no connection, maybe nuclear weapons were used... Where is all our aviation? I want to smoke, my cigarettes are long gone... If only I don't fall asleep on duty, I don't want to be taken by surprise... Something explodes somewhere far away... It's already five o'clock and it seems to be starting to get lighter... It's best to attack at dawn... It's already six in the morning and it's light... Has it really blown over and they didn't overkill us all that night from the MLRS, then launching the infantry to storm to finish off.

February 26

It was already light, around 6 am. It was joyful to meet a new day, along with the dawn, hope arose again and the thought that you would not have to die heroically surrounded, it became warmer.

The body was clogged and stiff, the bulletproof vest never took off. Suddenly, the sound of a column appeared from afar, a lot of caterpillar vehicles were heard, the sound was distorted, but it came from the road not exactly clear.

From the depths of the camp came the cry of "Attention, everyone Get ready!" The buzz from the equipment grew, it was clear that the column was large. That's right, the tanks are coming.

In my head, the question was spinning whose technique is this? There was silence in the forest, everyone tensed up and fell silent. The column was already very close, now it had already caught up with our positions at the track. From the depths of the camp, joyful cries of "Ours!" It was a column of the 33rd motorized rifle regiment, in the column there were tanks and infantry fighting vehicles, tankers and air defense Pantsir-M, artillery of the Msta type. The 33rd motorized rifle regiment from Kamyshin, it was created last year on the basis of the disbanded 56DShB, part of the paratroopers remained in Kamyshin and transferred to the infantry of this 33rd motorized rifle regiment, some left, someone transferred to other cities, some remained in 56th infantry regiment having moved to Feodosia. Those. many of the 56 and 33 served together before, many of the 33 were former paratroopers, and how they told us that we were all buried there, they thought that we had been destroyed and therefore no one got in touch. The meeting was joyful, everyone's mood rose noticeably. Soon, Pantsirya, who arrived with a convoy, began to shoot down drones and drones above us. Perhaps this saved us from MLRS strikes. Their column continued to stand on the track, we continued to stand in the forest. The mood was already more optimistic and relaxed, we even began to make fires to warm the dry rations and, having boiled water, drank tea and coffee. Closer to 11 o'clock, a team passed to gather and prepare to move out. Having plunged, we began to line up on the side of the road. Fuel arrived and our equipment was refueled, I wandered around the column, met new people and found out who knew what. One of the guys I just met handed me a natsway, throwing it over my lip and relaxing, standing talking to him, suddenly I was deafened, we were standing next to the Shell, he fired a rocket and it beautifully leaving a winding white trail in the blue sky exploded destroying a drone right above us. During this day, they were shot down by about 20. Closer to dinner, the team all went into cover for battle, enemy armored vehicles were seen and were moving towards us from Kherson. This whole crowd rushed into the forest randomly taking up positions.

The thought came to me again that if they reach us and pass by, then half of us will shoot each other ... I tried to find a position for myself so as not to fall under fire, when I realized that it was almost impossible, I just sat down by a tree and helmet, the sun shone brightly, it was hot ... Suddenly, the young mortar lieutenant gave the command to install mortars, we ran grumbling to the trucks to get guns and mines, putting them on ourselves and trying to run with them to install them faster, the sand also parted under our feet while we were dragging them about a kilometer, to the old positions, we heard shooting a few kilometers away from us on the highway from Kherson. Then I realized that I had fucked my helmet, left it in the forest where I was sitting, when the command came to urgently install the guns, I jumped up with the rest and ran forgetting about it ... I didn't see, but how did I find out that in front of our main column, there were reconnaissance armored personnel carriers and tanks, they opened fire, destroying several vehicles, the rest drove back, as I understand it, there was a small column of the enemy, perhaps they went out for reconnaissance, I don't know the details. As soon as we set up the mortars, the command to stop came, we again piled the mines and guns on ourselves and dragged them back. While walking, I felt that fatigue had accumulated and there was almost no energy. While we were standing, I wandered through the forest and asked everyone around if anyone had taken my helmet, there were five hundred people in the forest, no one saw the tree I was at then, I could not find it, it seems that my brain is already boiling from fatigue. Only this night they were frozen to the bone, now it was very hot, the uniform was again soaked with sweat. For a few more hours we lined up in a column, our Cars continued to be refueled by tankers. The team for cars came, everyone sat in their carriages and waited for the command to move.

At about 4:00 pm we set off. Again it was necessary to tune in to the assault.

Ahead of the main column in which I was, there were reconnaissance armored personnel carriers and tanks, periodically in front there was fire from tank guns and heavy machine guns. The column moved at high speed, but periodically stopped, we jumped out of the cars preparing for battle and again receiving the command to stop, jumped on the cars and moved on. One guy from another Car didn't have time to jump into his and on the move we literally threw him to us. He was also a young, Crimean guy, he had been to Kherson before, and while we were approaching the bridge, he seemed to be giving us a tour, telling us about the area. He had a rather harsh attitude towards Ukraine and spoke with malice about the Nazis. I didn't have anger inside, but I liked listening to him, it was easier for me to tune in, either they are us or we are them, I had no doubt that if necessary I would pull the trigger, but at the same time there was no feeling that I was doing what That's right, everything is like in a dream. The sun began to go down sharply, everything turned gray, the smell of gunpowder and smoke, we drove by and saw broken cars and old equipment that periodically came across, it seemed to me that the abandoned Ukrainian equipment that we saw yesterday was also destroyed, most likely the tanks going ahead were destroying it now from afar so as not to risk. Also, a lot of our vehicles appeared on the track since yesterday, mainly BMD2s and UAZs, the vehicles simply broke down on the go and were abandoned. In front of the bridge I saw destroyed hailstones. Having crossed the bridge over the Dnieper (the river turned out to be quite wide and reminded me of the Volga), I noticed several corpses, it's not clear whose, behind the bridge there seemed to be a fortified post and a gas station, it's not clear when, but it was clear that the fighting was going on here. All the way I watched broken gas stations and shops. Ahead, volleys of tank guns were periodically heard. It was getting dark and cold. The Crimean guy said that we would soon see Kherson, really on the left at dusk, the lights of a big city could be seen in the distance, our huge column without headlights was bending around it along the highway.

Passing one of the burning downed Ukrainian vehicles, in the dark it was not clear that it was a tank or an infantry fighting vehicle, it was about a hundred meters from us in the field, an explosion thundered brightly blinding and the tower flew up, we all jumped up and aimed our weapons in that direction while our the truck drove by, it looks like the BC just detonated, I have not seen such explosions yet. Probably everyone was on edge, we were waiting for the fight. Then picking up speed, then stopping abruptly, we moved on, suddenly the driver turned the steering wheel sharply to the left, we flew along the body along with the boxes, the mortar flew up and beat off my leg. Having passed, we saw a wrecked tank in the dark, it seems Ukrainian, which the driver saw in the dark at the last moment, in fact, the driver of the Ural without brakes, just because he was able to get here on it, already deserves a reward. What a madhouse, the Urals went to war without brakes ... The road was broken, it was dark, the column began to crawl, the cars began to tightly gather in a heap and for a long time standing close to each other became an excellent target for aviation and artillery. How crappy the affairs of the Armed Forces of Ukraine must be, that they still haven't "fucked" at us. This huge column, slowly crawling along the highway along Kherson, was an ideal target for aviation and artillery. We have been crawling for several hours, along the city along the highway, in the distance I saw several bursts of tracers from a machine gun on our column from the side of the city, the column moved on ... Slowly crawling along the highway in complete darkness, some began to run into broken roadside shops and pull out cigarettes, chips , soda ... No one had cigarettes anymore, I also wanted to run there, I really wanted to smoke, adrenaline, fatigue, cold, hunger, thirst, I did not consider it stealing, I did not care, but I could not find the right moment, it's easier to get out of the UAZ and jump back than into the back of the Urals, and no one will wait for anyone and, as it were, in the dark not to fall under their own wheels. At one of the moments of pauses, a guy ran past, jumping already back into the Tiger with a package, I shouted to him

“Brother, let me smoke!” The column was already moving, but he quickly threw three packs of cigarettes into the back of us, jumping into his “Tiger” on the go. Finally, I have a smoke, I smoke several cigarettes in a row, I rejoice at these cigarettes indescribably, Ukrainian cigarettes are not so bad, red West, strong, they don't sell them here. I'm not pleased that I didn't buy them, I'm not used to taking someone else's, but I console myself with the fact that the local marauders have already begun to rob themselves, I smoke and I'm angry at the command that we've been here for three days and no one can see upstairs and didn't think that we we will smoke, eat and drink, I remember how a week ago at the training ground we lined up in a column and there was a command to go light, when most still believed that these were exercises, but I felt that something was brewing, but that it would go further than the DPR and LPR, not He assumed in his worst forecasts, or maybe he also deceived himself with hope. At about one in the morning I saw all of Kherson, the column was stretched along the highway, I got the impression that we were taking the city into a ring, I hope our great generals would not lead us into the city at night in a column, I was sure that then it would be very deplorable. We sat in cars, unloaded 120mm mortars nearby and opened fire somewhere, their range was up to 8km, our 82mm mortars with a range of up to 4km were suitable only for covering the assaulting infantry. Again, thoughts are coming up that the fuck I went to the mortar, it would be better if I was now with an assault company, I'm sitting on boxes with mines, like on a powder keg ... Nevertheless, my company was also standing nearby. A friend from the cabin came up and gave us a bottle of soda, someone gave him a few bottles, we drank it in one gulp, sweet water gave us a little energy. At about two o'clock in the morning, our reconnaissance company left for reconnaissance at the Kherson airport, our regiment was supposed to occupy it, followed by us in mortar trucks and an assault battalion (of which only my company remained, the other two disappeared with the battalion commander on February 24) in UAZs and paratrooper battalion

on BMD2 (it also seemed to me that there were few of them, either a part turned off somewhere, or so many cars broke down along the way) As I later found out, it was not far to go, but we crawled slowly. Residential buildings, some buildings, shops, gas stations and warehouses were already visible, it was a suburb, the Airport sign seemed. fell asleep, but I was afraid to fall asleep and be taken by surprise, my friend also fell asleep, there were many excellent places for ambush around ... It seems that we slowly entered the airport, our "Ural without brakes" stopped near the terminal, I saw how the building was already calmly entered and exited, the command equipped the headquarters in the building. It seems that everything is not so bad and we completed our task, at that moment I myself did not understand how I fell asleep ...

February 27

Bright light, some kind of fuss, someone is shouting for battle, our Ural was driving somewhere, but suddenly stopped, we jump out of the trucks and do not understand anything, a strong explosion lit up everything around and I saw six of our mortar trucks, UAZs nearby my company, some equipment is further away, a KAMAZ exploded on the runway, I don't understand how many cars are on fire, two people scatter, fall to the ground, someone takes up positions, some cars drive away from the fire and explosions, everything explodes again, I see the terminal building from there I can hear bursts of machine guns, I don't fucking understand, I ask those who catch my eye "what's going on?" to the ground after each explosion and again I jump to my feet trying to understand where they are attacking us from, who, from what and where they are shooting. KAMAZ blazes brightly, illuminating the vast area of the airport, it had howitzer shells in it, so the explosions are constantly repeated. The young lieutenant, also not understanding what is happening, gives the command "mortars to

battle", we install mortars, we take positions. I'm tired of constantly reflexively performing burpees during explosions, so I go another 50 meters and lie down with an automatic machine covering my head, I immediately regretted the lost helmet, 200 meters to the burning KAMAZ, fragments from the explosions fly further sometimes sticking into the ground somewhere nearby, another KAMAZ is on fire . I peer around, my company takes positions lying around the perimeter around, I lie down next to them, trying to find out what is happening, no one will understand anything. After about 10 minutes, I understand that we were not ambushed and no one is attacking us now. I don't know how, but several trucks were destroyed, it's not clear whether there were dead and wounded, after a couple of hours the cars burned to the ground and their pieces simply smoked, the explosions stopped, it was already dawn. We begin to dig in, dispersing my company into a line of UAZs at a distance of about a hundred meters from each other, in each UAZ there are 4-5 people, in total there are 40 people from the company, and another 10 people seconded drivers. For example, one of the drivers, from a UAV platoon, for some reason was appointed as a driver at a training ground in Crimea, although he studied to become an UAV operator and did not ask to be a driver. A line of UAZs at a distance of one hundred meters from each other, behind them is a runway, behind it is a terminal near it, where the command is located, no one else in my field of vision. We are digging our mortars in front of the last UAZ, I start telling the lieutenant that this is some kind of nonsense to dig trenches in front of the assault infantry, that we need to find out the positions, he is stupid walking, he was told our positions here, our trucks with mines are right next to him, some kind of nonsense , if we are attacked now, they will also turn into fireworks, and even next to us. Having taken out the lieutenant, he tells me, go to the terminal and tell this to the command, other grunts grumbling begin to dig in the mortars. I understand that here I start to be smart and argue with the commanders, I decide to shut up and go digging too, I got the feeling that I no longer have the strength to argue and I have no choice. Our calculation is four people. The earth is hard and clayey, we dig until 11 o'clock. A team arrives to drive our trucks to the forest belt near the landing

lanes, drivers get into trucks and six cars leave and stand about 250 meters behind, the forest belt consists of dry small trees, looking at how they stand like disguised, I understand that they will be visible from any distance, there are no leaves at the end of February, but dry sticks taller than trucks, they can't be hidden in any way, but it's good at least they drove them back. In the distance in the field, in front of us, 2 kilometers away, a car appeared, drove into a forest belt, it is not clear who it is, we release a mine in its direction so that it does not come closer. UAZs leave for reconnaissance, check the surroundings. The passenger car, raising a column of dust at full speed, leaves back. At about 12 o'clock, a team of mortars arrives, move closer to the weather station near the terminal (the trenches, as I said, we dug there in vain), we arrive there, from there the lieutenants are called to the command for a meeting. Having returned from there, alarmed, they change our positions to the forest belt, to the trucks dragging guns there, we put everything in trucks, the time is about 14:00, they bring us the following information: "our task is to keep the airport at any cost, according to intelligence to us from Nikolaevsk is moving about 20 tanks and 2000 infantry (including mercenaries). We are also waiting for Grad shelling. Our large-caliber artillery will cover us from afar, it is necessary to disguise the vehicles, dig into the ground, because if the enemy comes close to us, then the artillery will catch us. 82mm mortars will be of no use, so we have to dig in near the trucks and act like infantry, whoever doesn't like it, hand over your weapons, Crimea is on the other side. It can be seen that everyone, to put it mildly, was depressed. Someone says that he doesn't fucking need it, someone tries to be brave, someone silently begins to disguise cars, which makes the trucks look like a pioneer fire being prepared, thin dried sticks like a hut on a truck, which is why it's already rare the forest belt is thinning and from afar you can see how six trucks with mines are littered with sticks, I can't be silent again

and I say that this is all garbage, and not a disguise, you have to dig in faster and away from the trucks, otherwise if they explode during battle time is fucked up for all of us. The lieutenant offers a place in thirty meters from the cars, everyone starts arguing and everyone chooses a place for a trench for himself, as a result, we randomly dig in in front of the cars 30 meters from them, I also dig in next to at least I understand that this is suicide. Again I am thinking that military institutes are well taught not to think, the only thing that I am glad that at least they are nearby, all command is higher than commanders mouth in terminal. Several people went there for water. When they returned, they brought as much water as they could carry, we got a little drunk, told that all the command is there, there is water and duty free at the airport have already been smashed, there was a feeling injustice, we are here without a dick, the command is there for sure with food, alcohol, cigarettes and water, terminal looks pretty strong, there are more chances to survive there. Well, how says "who studied what". Now we have to dig trenches, forces not at all, I'm just lying there for half an hour looking at the beautiful blue sky, I'm thinking of leaving for the company and throwing mortar, on the calculation of three people, one of whom is head here at the same time, suddenly there will be

it turned out that he was with them, it is probably no coincidence. I get up and I decide to go through all the positions. Mortar positions are the most extreme left, in front a little to the right is my company, to the right of it I see UAZ 4 and 5 DShR, several cars did not leave with the Kombat, further on the right flank there should be BMDshki parachute battalion, but I don't see them, the territory of the airport is large, not is included in the review. Command, control and medics in terminal. Having passed through the positions of the company, I see that everything is the same exhausted, digging in, installed AGSs, Cliffs and Ptura (with which no one has shot before because a rocket costs 500 tons. I fuck with this office), they lay grenades, cartridges, RPGs around the trenches, something, but there were no problems with ammunition, if you save money, then you can hold out all night, of course, if tanks will not dismantle us from the cannons from afar along with the Grads, but the infantry will simply go to clean us up. Standing next to funny

stupid, old UAZs, which will not even save you from fragments, unmasking positions. Something unusual was read in the eyes of everyone, everyone seemed to be themselves and not themselves at the same time, such eyes are not found in people in civilian life, probably because everyone understood that it was quite likely that this was the last day of our life, though also like the days before. I am curious and looked with regret at those who were going to take Kyiv for three days, it was evident that something began to reach them too. Despite this, everyone dug in and it seems that no one is escaping. was going to. Despite the fact that during the service we often making fun of each other and laughing at our professionalism, now everyone looked serious and addressed each other as "brother". I got some sense of pride for all those who surrounded me there. Again there were thoughts that before that we were lucky and now more no luck, you have to tune in, before that our ancestors are paratroopers also stood to the end, and if now our time has come, then you need to stand with dignity, die like that with music. From this awareness and acceptance of the situation, a feeling of resentment reappeared for the fact that all our preparation was only on paper, that the technique ours is hopelessly outdated, UAZs and Urals, BMD 2, Cliffs and AGSs, all this is what was in service for another 50 years back! Of course, then it was a great technique and weapons, but 50 years have passed! We even have tactics so far just like grandparents! We are an airborne assault battalion, sent to war in UAZs! And then already gouged, in many of the stove does not work go gap in the door as thick as a finger! When it comes to everyone that we are praising our equipment and army, in emphasis not seeing real problems, we simply self-destruct. Half of the men in the country have themselves served in the army and know how things are there, but after quitting and taking on the chest they begin yell how we all win and how they can repeat. How much I met idiots in life who prove to shit that us all the best! What was created 50 years ago cannot be the best, at least because the years spare nothing,

a huge amount of equipment simply could not reach war! It's only 200-300 km! With such thoughts, I came across the next UAZ of my company, the guys dug in a bit, just sat down warming dry rations, someone, somewhere got a bottle

Half a bottle was already gone and it was clear that the four of them were already relaxed a little, they handed me a bottle and I sat down with them nearby, on the hood of the UAZ, a blue beret lay beautifully. twisting bottle in hand, it became clear that the cognac is good. Guy handed me a bottle, said "For the boys", I hit a bottle in their fists and took a few sips, inside the heat went down from the mouth into the stomach ...

I lit a cigarette and, sitting with them, looked at the positions, these UAZs from tanks will be destroyed far away, all that remains is to fight back in trenches, how few of us are here, where are our tanks that were yesterday? Probably the rest took the city in the ring, the airport we have to keep.

I was not much relaxed and, smoking with them, chatted about that "Russians don't give up", we tuned in. It sucks when in such situations, all that can help is remembering the exploits of people who died a long time ago, in other wars. Patriotism is in your hands, instead of good preparation, provision and modern technology.

I had to go dig a trench for myself, leaving about two hundred meters back and left to the mortar, I saw that most of them had already dug themselves trenches for prone firing, a line of single trenches was obtained for prone shooting, having chosen a place next to his calculation of 4 people, he began to dig without stopping ...

When I finished lining the trench with grenades, I left one of them in the trench, then we got together with the calculation, warmed dry packs and we ate well, something, and we have good dry packs, boiled water and drank coffee from dry packs.

During the day, sometimes shooting or volleys were heard from somewhere guns, several times I saw how, from somewhere behind the terminal, Shell missiles flew out, shooting down drones.

It was already dark, walking around the positions of the mortar to chat with everyone, I noted how I like the attitude of the foreman of the Dagestan, my peer, who, although it was clear that he was also excited, was brave and told everyone around that we would fight back, that cunt Khokhlov, we would stand to the last . Closer to midnight, tired of waiting for an attack on us, I went and lay down in my trench, the guys brought a sleeping bag with a broken lock. I lay down in the trench, wrapped in it, lying on my back in an embrace with a machine gun, a grenade that I had previously left in the trench, put under my head. Lying on my back, I looked at the sky, it was very beautiful, there were a lot of stars and an unusually large number of satellites, it seemed to me that life is beautiful, I no longer had the strength to fill my head analyzing everything around, I decide that I will sleep, falling asleep again I set myself up that when the battle starts, I won't give up the back so that it doesn't happen, if it comes to injury or captivity, then I'll blow myself up with a grenade under my head, "God give me the strength to adequately accept what is destined for me", "where I was born (at 56) there and came in handy ", 10 years of a completely different life in the past, while I was working with horses, seemed not real, as if it was not with me, in another universe, it was not me, I am real now here, such thoughts hovered in my head, tuned in and feeling absolute happiness from accepting my fate, I begin to switch off ... I still didn't fall asleep completely, one of those who patrolled the positions came up to me and with the words "Pasha, you're still awake, let's smoke," began to tell something about his

family , about children and wife ... He was squatting nearby in full in the dark, I was lying on my back wrapped in a sleeping bag in an embrace with a machine gun, also lit a cigarette and realizing that he needed to speak out and he was looking for support, I was saying something to him trying to understand, so I turned off ...

28th of February

I woke up at dawn, "Lord, how beautiful this world is." Again want to live.

At night I heard some explosions and shooting, I don't know where, I slept too soundly, I remember that at night I woke up from the cold and immediately fell asleep.

After walking around and talking with everyone around, we began to warm up dry rations, there was no attack at night, it seems like artillery from afar did not allow us to approach us, I don't know the details, only rumors. There was a murmur that our scouts found the battalion commander and the commander of the mortar with them, two companies that had gone ahead on February 24, it is still not clear whether it is true or fake. I recognize a rumor that someone shot a civilian car that did not stop from a BMD cannon, there was a mother and several children in the cars, only one child survived, he is now in the terminal. I am not one of those people who have illusions about the war, the death of innocent civilians has been and will be in any war, but it becomes disgusting in my soul. While our governments are figuring out among themselves how to live, and the military on both sides is their tool, civilians are dying and their familiar world is collapsing. It seems that everyone understands this, but when you realize this and do not know what to do. You drop everything and leave, then you become a coward and a traitor, you continue to participate in this and become an accomplice in the death and suffering of people. Some kind of chess fork. An hour later, I see how the UAZs of the 4th and 5th companies leave, lining up and taking up positions in front of us and to the left of us. The feeling of joy begins to overwhelm, so everything is not so bad at all, I go to greet them all and find out where they were at all, what happened to them? Coming to them and wandering from car to car, I find out that they crossed the bridge with a fight, took refuge in the forest, waiting for the main column, there was no connection. I will not list the details that they emotionally told. What is true and what is not known only to the participants. Taking a few packs of cigarettes from them, I went back in high spirits, at least some good news. Returning to the mortar trenches and seeing the returning mortar commander, who by the way changed outwardly,

probably like all of us, I find out that we are again digging trenches for mortars.

After a couple of hours, the retreat team came, we begin to gather for the assault on Kherson There was an indescribable feeling, whether it was fatigue that spoke in us, or a feeling of incomprehension of the overall picture, no one really knows anything, there is no one to find out from, everything is brought to the last moment. According to the idea, the task of the Airborne Forces is to make a quick throw, occupy a bridgehead and hold until the main forces approach, there is no serious equipment and weapons in the Airborne Forces, we are not the main army, our total strength throughout the country is a maximum of 40 thousand, of which some are conscripts and they are in the garrison. Where is the army? Why is only my 6th assault company left at the airport, and the 4th and 5th, who have just arrived from the other world, are already sent to storm Kherson? Will the airport be held by one incomplete company? With such thoughts, we are going to storm, there is nothing to do, no one is going to give back. After lunch, at about 17:00, we line up on the runway in a column, about 30 UAZ vehicles of the 4th and 5th companies, our mortar must go in UAZ companies with mortars and a small supply of mines, trucks remain at the airport, we throw mortars on the move and each looking for a place on the go, in the end, not wanting to climb into crowded UAZs, I wait until the last UAZ in the column, it turns out to be an UAZ of my company, it is the only one from among the 6th company. I jump into it, the column goes, there are 6 of us in an UAZ filled with ammunition, grenades, Utes and ATGMs. With difficulty I try to sit down, we all eat, having prepared weapons for battle and controlling everything around, at any moment we are ready to open fire. We leave the airport, while we are driving I see the other side of the airport, sometimes there are places in which there seemed to be a shootout. The column moves quickly, everyone is tense, several "Tigers" rush towards us, it seems with Kadyrov's men, we greet each other with a show of hands. We are moving through the suburbs, some hangars, private houses, we come across groups of civilians with bags, they are fleeing the city. Tension while eating with difficulty trying to stay open

in the back of an UAZ, it's crowded, grenades, grenade launchers are scattered on the floor, we sit and stand on them, on the go I think about how we ourselves are blown up and then write off everything as "heroically fell in battle". While we are driving, I look around through the scope of the machine gun and think, as in the case of an ambush, I will have to manage to jump out of the UAZ in this tightness (with bullets this bucket is stitched through, and given the number of grenades and RPGs, it turns into a powder keg). We didn't drive for long, a small bridge appeared ahead, on the sides of it a dried-up river overgrown with high reeds, this is the entrance to the city, then high-rise buildings begin. I really hoped that we would not enter the city in a column, it seems that I was mistaken, on the bridge our column lines up and freezes in place ... An ideal place for an ambush, the column stands on a narrow road, high reeds on the sides, private houses in the back, skyscrapers begin in front and to the left, on the right, some kind of factory ... This nonsense does not fit in my head ... We are just an ideal target on our unarmored UAZs, we stand for 20 minutes without moving ... Civilian cars are either driving up or leaving around. It can be seen that it will soon begin to get dark ... Just clowning, the question is spinning in my head why we have not yet been attacked, whether they are luring us further, whether the city is gathering

pass...

For 20-30 minutes the column stood like that, the car was tight to the car. As a result, the first cars began to try to turn around on a narrow road and slowly move back. It turned out that we missed the right turn. One company occupied positions to the right of the bridge, the other to the left, part of the mortars from one, part from the other. I got the position on the left. Civilian cars drove past us at great speed, in half of them people filmed us on their phones, a Woltswagen minibus flew by, inside I managed to see that it was packed with strong men ... no one gives the command to block the road, a motorcyclist flew by with one hand filming us on a camera like GoPro ... All this time we have been occupying positions of the type of all-round defense, behind the private sector right next to us, in front across the river

overgrown with reeds Kherson. On each side, about 15 UAZs, reinforced with 82mm mortars, in the companies Utesa, AGSy, Ptura. The atmosphere is knee-deep... it starts to get dark quickly, rare shooting began to be heard from the city. The team comes to dig in everyone. No one from ours seemed to go there, but in the process I find out that from different directions, the rest of the troops from our 7th division approached the city, somewhere there is our parachute battalion, each unit has its own direction and the point that needs to be taken, we are assigned the Seaport , are we really going to be sent to enter the city at night ... There is a small earthen rampart in front of the rivulet, a good position, but private houses are right next to us, I think that it will not be difficult for an enemy who knows the area to get around us if desired and attack. It is dark, the lights are not turned on in the houses, a slight excitement from adrenaline does not leave me, what kind of plan we have there is not clear, as always no one knows anything around. Behind from private houses, men begin to gather in groups and approach us, expressing their obvious dissatisfaction with our presence, we are trying to politely explain something, people are somewhat afraid of us, but some civilians are behaving very rudely, we are also a little on edge, it is not clear what is coming from

wait and from whom.

At about 23:00, at positions on the right side of the road, something starts to burn, after 10 minutes a fire also starts to the left of us. Someone set fire to the left and right of our positions dry reeds. Obviously someone did it on purpose and it's definitely not ours. Now, from a strong wind that has risen, a huge bonfire flares up, illuminating our positions as in the daytime, everything is light around us, but because of the fire we do not see what is in the darkness around. There was unrest in our ranks, everyone took up positions and carefully watched around. The locals stopped approaching, perhaps we are illuminated for artillery fire. The reeds in the river flared up more and more, the trees caught fire, the fire became high and strong. I was standing next to the embankment, there were several guys on it, watching the opposite

side of the city across the river now covered in fire. Someone said that he sees someone there, and then he shouted louder "stop I will shoot". I ran up to them and lay down hiding behind the embankment, pointing my weapon down and peering into the dark places in front of us, a fire was burning somewhere, but there were gaps that had not yet flared up. In one of these places below us, now I also saw a dark silhouette, aiming at it, I start screaming in the most terrible voice I can, something like the following: "stop, bitch, I'm going to shoot you in the head! raise your hands! crawl over here! Crawl on your haunches! ", The voices next to me shouted about the same thing. The silhouette hesitated, but eventually began to approach us, crawling uphill on its hands and feet. When he was close enough to me, I got up and grabbed him by the collar, jerked him over the hill, a hefty kid flew at me from the top to which he crawled to us, I somehow crashed down the slope

down on your knees.

Immediately jumping up and running up the slope, back to the unknown kid and trying to take him by the scruff again, I see how someone nearby swung and now hit him in the head with a butt, I shout "don't hit!", I jump to him, sliding the butt on my hands with a clanging meets his head (not that I felt sorry for him at that moment, but it was much more interesting to talk with him and just beat him, if he does not resist, there was no desire). The kid starts shouting "don't beat!", I pull his sweater over his head, he is dressed in black pants and a black jacket (not for the weather), we twist his arms, start to search him, he has nothing but a lighter and he stinks of diesel fuel . I try to intimidate him by shouting, then switching to a calm tone, we ask why he sets it on fire and who ordered it, he replies that he was going home and scaredly constantly repeats "just don't hit me." By the way, no one else beat him, of course I can't vouch for our entire army, but in front of my eyes no one mocked anyone, much less raped. We pick it up and lead it head down to

commander's UAZ, there are several more of these men in civilian clothes with their hands tied with collars. I go back talking with other guys in positions, I have no doubt that this guy set fire to the reeds and he certainly did not get lost. Walking back, I see that a group of men left private houses and one of them, obscenely talking to ours, I come up holding a machine gun on my chest, our foreman Dagestan very politely tries to explain to them that we do not threaten them, tries to convince them to go home. Five minutes later, the men leave, they do not look friendly, I have a fear that perhaps they are from the Armed Forces of Ukraine and simply dressed up and approached our positions in order to get a better look. It's dark all around, everything is on fire next to us, sometimes shooting is heard, we already have detainees in civilian clothes, and people don't stop walking around. It is only clear that these arsons indicate our positions. The feeling of anxiety and excitement from adrenaline does not leave, it is not clear what to expect. There is some kind of anger towards civilians, of course I understand that we are uninvited guests here, but for their own safety, it is better for them to stay away from us. Therefore, it angers and surprises the behavior of civilians. What the fuck are we even doing here

this is definitely not our area of expertise. , where is the National Guard, we are not the police and not OMON, everyone is set to clash with the Armed Forces of Ukraine, but no one wants to explain to civilians "why the hell did we come here", we fucking don't even know ourselves, orders are coming from the command at the last moment. It's too late to argue, you're at the forefront and either you or you. It was already two o'clock in the morning, it was very cold, frost began, some began to try to sleep in turns. None of the mortars had sleeping bags, a strong wind arose and in the cold began to tear to the bone. I, like some, went patrolling positions, so it's warmer if you don't stop. Sometimes it was visible that in the distance, someone seemed to be throwing Molotov cocktails, not letting the fire on our positions go out. There was information that one of the detainees found a group in the Telegram phone in which people throw off information, photo

and a video about how many troops were seen where and when. We are being watched online and a large number of civilians are involved. Doesn't add any positives, the atmosphere is shit, there is nothing to eat, the mortar left without sleeping bags and dry rations. Walking along the moat on which our people dug in and watched the city, I again hear someone shouting that he sees someone in the ditch, there is also a strong fire burning in places. I run into the moat, the guy starts yelling down with threats "raise your hands!", seeing the silhouette, I also start yelling obscenities aiming at the silhouette, I understand that if the shadow starts doing something wrong, I will shoot without delay, my nerves are already at the limit. The silhouette on all fours is crawling towards us, already at close range, I see that it is a girl, I grab her by the collar and drag her across the moat. Also dressed inappropriately for the weather. The girl is very scared and chattering something in a heap, mixing Russian and words in Ukrainian that I don't understand. I take her by the arm, as if on a date, and lead her towards the commander's UAZ, my friend immediately comes up and takes her arm from the other side, walking slowly, we calm her down, she is hysterical and she roars and says that she was looking for a husband in this burning ditch, but she hid because she was afraid of us, some kind of garbage. I tell her to show what she has in her pockets, she quickly takes out and gives me the phone and says something like take whatever you want. I watch a smartphone, I ask her to unlock it, she unlocks it and gives it to me, I watch instant messengers and messages. Almost all recent messages in the spirit of "Where are you?", "I am there", "Here are warriors everywhere", "Here (address) are also warriors", a lot of what is written in Ukrainian is not clear to me, but I did not read further and gave her back, it became somehow disgusting from all this shit again. Calming her on the go, we bring her to the command and leave them with them. At that time, on the other side of the dried up river, there were shouts like "Glory to Ukraine" and as if one of them was shooting somewhere, the distance was great, it was hard to see and we did not shoot

in reply.

It was very cold and fatigue was already just chopping off my feet. Half an hour later, the girl walked past us towards private houses behind, she said that she was released and she would go home. AT

at the end of the street, about 200 meters away, there was a group of men, they did not approach us, she went to them and together they disappeared behind the crossroads behind our positions. I did not like this idea of command, when I saw the commander, I expressed this to him. I don't like all this either, but it's obvious that a woman in her right mind will not crawl in the dark under the positions of the military, especially since everything is also on fire there. What she did there, one can only guess. At about three o'clock in the morning, they simply turned me off, making sure that there was someone besides me to watch, I lay down under a tree next to a lying concrete pipe, behind it, hiding from the wind, lies a young guy with a mortar. He is shaking all over and chattering his teeth says that he is very cold, I am also frozen to the bone, so I get up and go somewhere to find a sleeping bag. There were not enough of them for everyone, not all of them took them, leaving most of the things in positions at the airport. Having gone around everyone, I didn't find a sleeping bag, those with whom they were not ready to give theirs, everyone slept while there was an opportunity, approximately so that two are sleeping, and the third is on duty. Some found some cardboard boxes and rags, hiding behind them, tried to sleep until they needed to watch. Having found some oilcloths and walking past private houses that were ten meters behind our position, I see that one of them was sort of abandoned and did not look like a residential one. Opening the gate and going into the yard in complete darkness, I see that this old house is in the same yard with a good one, it can be seen that it is a residential building. I carefully reach the broken-down house, but there is nothing in it, looking at the residential building nearby, located in the same courtyard, I stand and struggle with the desire to enter it, if there are people there, then ask them for blankets or something to hide. If there are no people in the house, then just go in and take something to warm up ... After a few minutes, I abandon this idea, thinking that if there are people there, especially with children, then my nightly entry into their house will simply scare everyone completely and their reaction can be very different, they already have something going on around the house that you don't wish for anyone. Quietly closing the gate behind me, I take the oilcloths I found and go back to the pipe, where my young comrade was trying to sleep chattering his teeth. Feeling vile from everything

around, we, like creatures, are just trying to survive, we don't even need an enemy, the command has put us in such conditions that the homeless live better. From some I heard grunts in despair from the frost that he would now go break the window and climb into some house, but no one did this. I laid one oilcloth on the ground, the boy and I lay down pressed against each other to somehow warm ourselves, we covered ourselves with another oilcloth from above, it did not warm but protected it from the wind a little. In half-asleep, after half an hour, we got up even more cold and began to walk to try to warm up, it didn't help much, but we couldn't sleep from the cold. Just like us, almost everyone who did not take sleeping bags slept. The cars were turned off and it was no warmer in them, and 30 UAZs were not enough for 150-200 people. From the command there was a ban on fires and an order to turn off the cars in the evening. Despite the fact that everyone in this city already knew where we were and how many of us, and in front of the positions a fire was blazing, illuminating us in the darkness at a glance. At about 4 am, I saw that the commander's UAZ started up and was warming up, the stove was working there. Those UAZs in which there was a working stove followed his example, no one cared, frost and fatigue overcame caution. I collected some firewood and lit a fire under a tree near a concrete pipe, one officer began to tell me that it was forbidden to burn fires, but I didn't care about such a command, everyone began to change around the fire to somehow warm up. Such nonsense, everything around is blazing. As a result, the objecting officer also did not disdain to warm himself ... So we met the dawn of a new day.

March 1

No one has slept since five in the morning. The battalion commander gathered the 4th and 5th companies and, almost at full strength, marched to the city on foot.

The mortar men remained in position with the task of covering, if necessary, mortar fire, individual platoons and drivers

stayed with us.

An hour later, they returned and said that on the other side, trenches were dug and bottles with combustible mixtures were laid, they were waiting for us at night. If we went in a column at night, then we would be hot, not cold. Rota went on reconnaissance. I found a UAZ with a working stove and got in there, there were two people in the car. Tried to warm up by talking to the driver. Warming up, I began to feel that my legs hurt, raising my trousers, I saw that hematomas and a tumor appeared on my knees and tibia bones (the consequences of a fall from a moat, when I pulled a strong arsonist on myself). Thanks to the Motherland for the kneecaps. Rubbing the swelling on my legs, I gave out with anguish that now I would have a bottle of beer. The accumulated fatigue, thirst, hunger, cold, lack of normal sleep quickly remind us of how we do not appreciate all this in ordinary life. I imagined how I would drink a bottle of cold beer now and, dreaming in colors, told the driver about it. He listened attentively looking at me, after a minute of my story, he climbed to open the back seat, from there he took out two cans of beer and handed me one, saying that he no longer had it, but listening to my story, he decided to share with me, who knows what's next will be. I could not believe my luck, slowly drank it and felt an indescribable buzz. Everything got a little better. Fatigue let go a little and relaxed a little, I have never drunk such a delicious beer. Again the order was received to build the 4th and 5th companies, they in a hurry again left for the city without resting after the last exit. We were left with mortars and separate platoons. I was again visited by the thought that to hell with me these mortars with a range of 3 km did not rest and it would be better if I went with them. The city was gray and gloomy, the frost joined by rain and snow. In the city, shooting began just from the direction where our people had gone. The rate of fire increased and the explosions of grenade launchers were added. The radio station in the KShM command began to receive

combat information. Several Tigers drove up to the road and in short bursts began to fire at the roofs of high-rise buildings, there was information about snipers on the roofs. The battle intensified, information about our wounded began to arrive. Anxiety appeared among us, I saw how some were very nervous. I felt uneasy that I was here, and the battle was ahead. I had no desire to kill more "Natsiks", but there was an awkward feeling that I was not there now. Judging by the kind of shooting and explosions in the city, I got the impression that there was "fucked up". Shooting was heard from other directions in the city, ie. ours also entered from other parts of the city. There was information on the radio station that two tigers of special forces with the wounded would now leave so that they would not be shot down by their own. They flew past us towards the airport. They began to collect the crew, the UAZ needed a volunteer driver and a machine gunner on the cliff fixed in the UAZ to take out our wounded and take them to the airport. The driver was found, I volunteered for a machine gun (although I shot from the Cliff once in my life). I had a slight jitters from the cold and adrenaline, I wanted to do at least something but not be on the sidelines. Half an hour later, the lights out, the wounded were taken out in other vehicles, according to the information we had only two wounded, I could not believe it, given the rate of fire and the duration of the battle. Several times we received coordinates for aiming mortars and readiness to work on targets, but after a while the lights out came. The observers noticed movement in the reeds of the shallowed river, then it turned out that they seemed to see a woman there, I ran there with the mortar commander. In short dashes, at the ready to open fire, we found a woman about 50 years old in the reeds, checking her bag and finding out who she was, we led her through our positions. She worked on the water supply, when the shooting started, she ran away from work, her house was behind our positions. The city was gray, everywhere there was a smell of gunpowder, there was shooting and explosions, something was burning, somewhere it was smoking, civilians were already

it was almost invisible, as if the city had died out, snow with rain and wind emphasized the gloom. After lunch, the shooting became less and less frequent. A command was received to start preparing the cars to move into the city. At 17:00, we stood in a column ready to move. Nearby stood the UAZ Patriot of the battalion commander, there was no one in it except for his driver. The UAZ in which I got into with my crew was overcrowded, the stove did not work in it, the driver of the battalion commander, seeing our tightness, began to wave inviting me to his UAZ. Without thinking, I jumped out on the move and sat down in the Patriot and began to warm up, I drove the battalion commander only glad that at least someone could cover in case of something. Lighting a cigarette, I put the machine out the window and controlled everything that we passed. Broken cars, shops, in the general city were lucky, so to speak. Sometimes the column stopped, once again stopping near some house, I saw a man and a woman next to him, they stood nearby looking at us, I asked him if he had seen Ukrainian troops anywhere here, the man was smiling strangely and shaking his head negatively turned away, saying that he would not say anything and went into the house. Half an hour later we arrived at the Kherson seaport. It was already dark, the companies marching ahead of us had already occupied it and placed themselves, looking for where they would sleep and where to wash on the go. The territory consisted of a checkpoint, an administrative building and a building more like a hostel with warehouses, changing rooms and showers. The ships were at the pier. The mortar was assigned a large office on the first floor. Other units began to enter the port, the Stavropol regiment of the Airborne Forces and the Stavropol special forces (former GRU). I went to wander around the neighborhood. Have you seen the pictures of "Barbarians in Rome"? This best illustrates what happened. Everyone looked exhausted and run wild, everyone began to search the buildings in search of food, water, showers and a place to sleep, someone began to carry computers and everything of value that they could find. I was no exception, having found a hat in a broken truck on the territory, I took it away, Balaklava was

too cold, but dragging household appliances even to me, who had gone wild from life on the street, became disgusting. Walking through the building, I found an office with TVs. Several people were sitting there and watching the news, they found a bottle of champagne in the office. Seeing the cold champagne, I took and took a few sips from the bottle, sat down with them and began to watch the news intently. The channel was in Ukrainian, half of it was not clear, all I understood there was that Russian troops were advancing from all directions, Odessa, Kharkov, Kyiv were occupied, they began to show footage of broken buildings and injured women and children. I felt sorry for all the dead and wounded, especially civilians, but the news inspired a little optimism, ours would have taken Kyiv, Odessa and Kharkov faster so that all this shit would end faster. Coming out of the building, I saw the battalion commander with officers, greeted him as it should be according to the charter, he greeted me, shaking my hand, fired a cigarette from him, Marlboro red, I stood smoking and asked him about everything. All he basically told me was that everything was fine, everything would be over soon... On that note, with the hope in my heart that everything would really end soon, I went to the offices where the mortar was located to go to bed. The offices had a dining room with a kitchen and refrigerators. We ate everything like savages, everything that was there was cereal, oatmeal, jam, honey, coffee ... Everything was turned upside down and we ate everything we could find ... It was absolutely spit on everything, we were already driven to the limit, most lived in the fields for a month, without any hint of comfort, showers and normal food, and after that people were not allowed to rest, they were sent to war. Everyone randomly looked for a place to sleep, there was a curse for the queue for the shower. I was disgusted by all this, although I understood that I was part of it all. How much the command should not care about its people, those who, with sweat, blood, health and life, must carry out their plans that are not clear to us. To what extent can people be driven to a wild state without

thinking about what they need to sleep, eat and wash. We got such a large city as Kherson with little blood. Despite the fact that I have no impudence, I decided not to swear at anyone for the queue in the shower. It seemed to me that now we would hold the city and there would still be an opportunity to wash. The time was at midnight, taking off his bulletproof vest (for the first time in a week), undressing to thermal underwear and laying everything together with weapons on a large two-meter table, lay down on it. I was visited by a feeling of bliss, my whole body buzzed and demanded sleep. The office was nice and for some maybe even very good. Lying on this table on my back, with my head automatically covered with a uniform, I remembered that I once also worked in a similar office. I was a different person, as if in a different life. Now I'm lying like a savage in the office we turned over, on the table and I feel like in a five-star hotel, if you don't pay attention to the occasional shooting.

2nd of March

At five in the morning they woke me up, my friend and I had to go to the post, we got the checkpoint gate to the port. Pretty quickly, everyone began to wake up, the Stavropol Airborne Regiment was leaving somewhere, I still didn't want to let them in either the battalion commander or the regiment commander. he did not know the password ... What nonsense, the passwords are not consistent with each other. In the end, I spitting missed them, all they had to do was load into armored personnel carriers in front of the gate, the coordination between us was at zero. At dawn, the Stavropol colleagues in the Airborne Forces left for the unknown. Ours also began to gather and load on cars. For me, this was a surprise, because. I was sure that now we would have to hold the city, all my hopes that we would stay here and have a chance to wash still failed. I left to at least wash my face and brush my teeth. Walking through the offices, it was clear that during the night we turned everything upside down. Coming out from the other side of the building, look around for the sake of

curiosity, met breaking coffee machine in search of hryvnia, it is not clear to them who gave up. At 11 o'clock, the companies left for the city, information was received that to control negotiations with the city administration. The mortar and the Stavropol special forces were left in the port for control and support in case of emergency. Partisans remained in the city and a sniper was shooting somewhere. Having taken positions in the windows, we watched, the mortars stood ready for battle. I was in the director's office, leather furniture, a large area of the room and a huge table, the safe had already been opened, a good library, most of the books were in Russian. We split into different windows to observe the surroundings. A guy came to me with a bottle of cognac and a chocolate bar, offered me a drink, I agreed. He was from the Stavropol special forces, having drunk a few sips and talking with him, I was pleased that he turned out to be far from stupid, he also did not like all this garbage. He talked about how this shit was for a long time, he knew how the Armed Forces of Ukraine were fortified near Donetsk and did not believe that ours would be able to quickly break through the defense there. Asking me why I was in a demi-season green, I told him how I had to buy it myself so that it was new and in size. He gave me a set of Ratnik camouflage suits and sneakers, saying that he had more, they had better supplies than ours, it was clear that these were his things, they were not new but washed, I can't tell you how happy he was at that moment. In general, I am amazed at our ability at the level of ordinary soldiers to help each other and unite in the war, there we become brothers, in civilian life we forget about it again. How many ordinary soldiers unite there, how much the big command does not care about us ... After lunch, several UAZ trucks arrived and we huddled there like sprats, together with mortars, drove to the city center, our rest were there. We cordoned off the center of the city and controlled it, we were there until the evening, there was also a special forces detachment, it seems Rosich (it was not possible to communicate with them normally). mortars

were useless and we, along with the rest, held the center of the city. There were negotiations in the administration. It began to get dark and again, like sprats, huddled in the UAZs, we began to leave the city for the Kherson airport. While we were driving, preparing for attacks and holding weapons at the ready, we came across local civilian marauders robbing their own shops. On the outskirts of the city, our riot police, reinforced with armored personnel carriers, appeared, they were inspecting rare civilian cars. Back at the airport in the dark, we settled back into our dug trenches earlier. There we learned that while we were away, the airport was shelled with artillery and there were losses.

March, 3rd

The next morning, there was a rumor that we were going to storm Nikolaevsk and further to Odessa, I couldn't believe it, didn't they really understand at the top that people were exhausted ... Soon everyone was ordered to load and leave. The column of our regiment, consisting of UAZs, trucks and BMDs, advanced towards Nikolaevsk, we already had noticeably less equipment. We drove first along the highway, then through some fields, as it turned out, we were going to storm the Nikolaevsky airfield. After lunch, our column, which was driving through the fields, began to be fired upon from artillery, the column stopped, there were explosions nearby, we jumped out of the cars, made mortars for battle, we had to run through a ditch in which our knees got wet, I don't know who gave the coordinates, we made several volleys. Several UAZ vehicles drove off in that direction, we ceased fire, I saw explosions from artillery in front of the column next to us. First, the ambulance drove there, then it drove back. The wrecked UAZ drove back in the wake of the captured ambulance. Artillery shelling continued on us, but no more than three guns, the column was still standing, no one else gave coordinates. Half an hour later the column moved on. Private houses appeared, abandoned Ukrainian equipment, it is clear that not badly fortified positions of the Armed Forces of Ukraine were left recently. We came

an order to dig in at its outskirts, while we were installing guns, with the support of an ATGM platoon, a battle was going on a little ahead, almost everyone went there. Around us were abandoned positions and equipment of the Armed Forces of Ukraine, boxes from under the Javelins and an abandoned Ukrainian infantry fighting vehicle. There was shooting and explosions next to us, but a little ahead, who, where, whom it is not clear, Kinzhal-type missiles were flying, aircraft were heard, several Javelin-type missiles flew back over us. When it began to get dark, our UAZs began to drive back past us. Stopping them and asking what was there, I understood that no one could clearly explain, they got into a pizdorez, well-fortified positions of the Armed Forces of Ukraine were in front, it seemed that ours were randomly retreating ... Who rules all this shit? It was almost dark... We also received a command for cars, having driven literally 500 meters away, we got up and the command came to everyone silently lie down and spend the night here. Without strength, we slept in the bushes on the ground, it was very cold, patrolling at night, who was not clear where, there was a rumor that the battalion commander was killed ...

March 4

At dawn, by cars, we drive back, where it is not clear, having driven three kilometers, we take up positions in the forest belt, the turntables flew forward. Taking advantage of a pause on the go, someone tries to eat, someone to sleep. I see the paramedic of the company, I ask him "what's wrong with the company, brother?" Again, artillery shelling on us is not clear who and where. Hiding in a forest belt under a large tree, someone turns to an officer hiding behind the same tree, "Comrade Major, what should I do?" The answer is "I don't give a fuck what to do, I'm not a battalion commander, I'm a political officer!" Everything is clear, no one expected another answer. Back in cars, everyone is driving back randomly, along the way I see the NONA of the parachute battalion taking up positions, leading

fire in the direction of Nikolaevsk, I see my company jumping over UAZs. In general, the feeling that everyone is going back randomly, but on someone's orders, the shooting subsided. I see turntables flying away from Nikolaevsk, later I learned that at least five were shot down there. We're going back, it's not fucking clear ... I don't know why, but on the way back I got the impression that maybe they made peace? After all, before that, the divisional commander said that on March 8 everyone would celebrate at home, and a couple of days ago I saw on TV in the port of Kherson how Kyiv and Kharkov were being bombed, that our cities had been encircled, there was a rumor that the marines had taken Odessa ... I don't know why, toli in delirium, or from fatigue, or looking for hope, the thought arose that perhaps this was the end of the war, because at the top they should understand that no one can attack effectively for 11 days without rest ... After lunch, returning to Kherson airport, we saw that troops had increased there, artillery appeared there Msta, Pinocchio, air defense and infantry, it was no longer so sad. The infantry was strangely dressed, old helmets and old camouflage, as it turned out later, they were mobilized from the DPR ... We looked down on them, realizing that they would not be of much use, most were about 45 years old and they were dragged here by force. Now we have heard rumors that motorized rifle infantry is refusing to go en masse, perhaps that is why we do not have the opportunity to rest. There was anger at the refuseniks. Having already scored on everything, everyone burned fires and warmed rations, having eaten and discussing rumors around the fire, we exhaustedly retired to sleep in the trenches. Thanks to the arrival of the troops, there was a feeling that you can relax a bit.

the 5th of March

In the morning, there was a rumor again that we were moving back to Nikolaevsk ... At night, artillery worked in Nikolaevsk.

Having gathered in a column, we again advanced there. Dangling through the fields in the suburbs and falling under artillery fire, we changed positions until nightfall ...

March

6 Morning again began with the shelling of artillery on us. Jumping into Cars and throwing smoke, we again stop in different places and again change positions, falling under fire, including Gradov with cluster munitions. By the way, the accuracy of the Ukrainian artillery was not too high then. By evening, having found a position somewhere near the border of the Kherson and Nikolaev regions, we disperse over a huge length of about 20 km, given our small

number.

March 7

My crew with mortars is sent to positions next to my 6th company. Arriving there and spending one night, I meet my own, one of the sergeants says that there are few people in his platoon and four have been lost near Nikolaevsk, without hesitation I say that I am leaving for the company in this platoon, especially since until that moment the mortar was sitting, roughly speaking, on the sidelines . A little later, the mortar unit also began to suffer losses, losing more than half of the wounded.

More than a month later it was Groundhog Day. We were digging in, artillery was working on us, our artillery was working on the Armed Forces of Ukraine, our aviation was almost invisible. We just held positions in the trenches on the front line, not to wash, not to eat, not to sleep properly. Everyone was overgrown with beards and dirt, uniforms and berets began to fail. Various rumors began to appear, we did not see the high command. There are various rumors that many refuse to go to war, that we will be paid 5 million upon our return, that we almost won, that our losses are huge and NATO is sending its fighters, that the dollar is 150, that Sugar has risen in price in

three times. There was nothing to eat except for dry rations, and then over and over again they said that one box for two days. Then they said that there were no more dry rations in the division. After some time, some smart guy upstairs decided to put a field kitchen behind our position, where they found volunteers from our company as cooks. Because of her, the shelling increased. They announced that they would pay money for each killed soldier of the Armed Forces of Ukraine or damaged equipment, just as militants used to do in Chechnya. From our company they were looking for volunteers to be cooks, the previous volunteers refused, the shit that they sent for cooking was not very edible. Most didn't eat it at all. Not a single wise guy with stars thought of putting a ban on the daytime movement of equipment, which is why the shelling increased, it was clear from the drones where the equipment was going and after it the shelling most likely began, due to which almost all the equipment was out of order. As a result, they said that there is BMP 1! And soon they will be with us. Who are already 60 years old! Nobody brought us a new uniform, shoes, ammunition and warm clothes. A couple of boxes that arrived, called humanitarian aid, contained cheap socks, T-shirts, shorts and soap. In fact, only parcels from relatives and wives in Feodosia reached us. But for some reason, the parcels did not always reach the addressee and were opened. Only thanks to them, we began to somehow "normally" eat tea, coffee, sweets and canned food. The Armed Forces of Ukraine tried to counterattack from different directions. While the Airborne Forces and 33 SMEs from Kamyshin held out, they did not succeed. Someone began to shoot himself in the limbs or specifically substitute himself to get 3 million and get out of this hell. Our prisoner had his fingers and genitals cut off. Dead Ukrainians at one of the posts were put on seats giving them names and smoking. At night, satellites flew over us like nowhere else in the world. A girl in a neighboring village had her heel torn off due to the shelling of the Armed Forces of Ukraine, our doctors helped her. Due to artillery shelling, some villages nearby practically ceased to exist. Everyone around was getting angrier and angrier. Some grandmother poisoned our pies. Almost everyone got a fungus, some had teeth falling out, and the skin

peeled off. Many discussed how, when they return, they will ask the command for providing and not competent leadership. Some began to sleep on duty because of fatigue. Sometimes we managed to catch a wave with the Ukrainian radio, where they poured mud on us and called us orcs, this only embittered us even more. My legs and back hurt terribly, but an order came not to evacuate anyone due to illness. Someone began to thump strongly, it is not clear where he found alcohol. There were rumors that we would be equated with WWII veterans. The O group was withdrawn from Kyiv, saying that negotiations began as a sign of goodwill. I immediately said that this is garbage, no one would have brought the group out like that, which means the losses are big. After the withdrawal of the O group, the pressure on us increased and more helicopters and planes of the Armed Forces of Ukraine began to arrive at our positions. The regiment held its positions to the end. But there were losses. Each time during the shelling, I pressed my head into the ground and the thought floated in my head again that "Lord, if I survive, I will do everything to change this!". I don't know how, but I wanted all those responsible for the whoredom and mess of our army to be punished. I wanted the war to end, there was hope that the politicians would finally come to an agreement. What happened can only be compared with stories about the Great Patriotic War, sometimes it seemed that the whole world was also at war. I was not afraid to die, I was offended, it was a shame to give my life so ridiculously, I was offended for everyone who gave their life and health because of this shit, it's not clear for what, for whom? I serve where I spent my childhood and youth. Where was it before? How could that legendary 56 that I knew be ruined! I was offended that the top doesn't give a shit about us, they demonstrate in every possible way that we are non-humans for them, we are just like cattle. I was offended that before the war that they started, they did everything to ruin our army. And every time during the shelling, I kept saying "God, I will do everything to change this if I survive." Even then, I decided that I would describe the last year of my life, so that as many people as possible would know what our army is now. The army that was confidently disorganized while we were all silent and believed

parades on May 9 on Red Square, on May 9, when we thanked the ancestors who ended the war, did we really unleash it on their descendants.

By mid-April, earth got into my eyes due to artillery shelling, almost two months in lenses dried my eyes, and the earth that got into it aggravated this and keratitis began. After five days of torment, because of the threat of losing an eye, when the eye had already closed, they still evacuated me.

This shit is over for me, but I am not relieved by the bitterness of the fact that until now people there are destroying each other and every day only more and more give rise to mutual hatred.

In this retelling of those events, I tried to convey as honestly and reliably as possible what happened there, to convey my thoughts and feelings then, what I saw around. Retell it as if I'm confessing to myself. I do not have the goal of slandering anyone, embellishing or hiding anything. Exactly as I described, this war looked to me.

Returning, not believing my ears, I find out that it is forbidden to say War, seriously? And what the hell is this, then? The law on decrimination of the RF Armed Forces is directed against the RF Armed Forces themselves! And what about the many other laws that are aimed at ensuring that I, as a citizen, do not feel like a slave?! Have they been cancelled?

Our government has found a great way out for itself, to forbid talking about it, we are allowed to speak only in a positive way. But I am convinced that by hiding all this, we will never change anything for the better. Problems must be raised, discussed and resolved, and not hushed up and hidden, aggravating the current state of affairs even more. Probably to tell about all this, I'm more scared than being at war, because I understand that the system will chew me up and spit me out, calling me a "traitor".

I survived unlike many others. My conscience tells me that I must try to stop this madness. I don't know where these thoughts came from, "God, if I survive, I will do everything to stop this." But I will have to fulfill this promise ... As one famous song says - "to stand on the other side of paradise, called hell" - I do not want to. About the reasons for the "failures" of our army, a bunch of "experts", often very far from the army, spoke out.

I'll give my opinion:

1) The main reason is that we did not have the moral right to attack another country, especially the people closest to us. Most people in Russia pretend that nothing is happening and do not want to cloud their thoughts with this, and Ukraine rallied just like the USSR in 1941. No matter how now both sides hate each other. But thirty years ago, we were one country, Russian roots from Kyiv, Ukrainians and Russians are the same people, we have many family ties. That is why everyone in Ukraine hated us, because the betrayal of a "relative" is much more painful than an outsider. We were divided by state borders and different political views of our governments. But nevertheless, when it all started, I knew few people who believed in the Nazis and, moreover, wanted to fight with Ukraine. We did not have hatred and we did not consider the Ukrainian people as enemies. Many citizens of Russia still do not think so, I draw such a conclusion from communication with ordinary people around.

2) The second reason, this is how it all started, to start the "special operation" with shelling the territory of Ukraine with artillery, aircraft and missiles ... What kind of reception from the civilian population did we expect if civilians woke up on February 24 from explosions of artillery, aircraft and missiles? Ukrainian

people, just like we survived the invasion of the Nazis in 1941-45. They were brought up on the exploits of their grandfathers who fought against fascism. On the exploits of those who defended the country at the cost of their lives. Like us looked like February 24th? Who expected that after such a start, the people would not rally against the invaders? Or sow the real hatred between us was the plan?

3) The third reason is the terrible corruption and mess in our army, its moral and technical obsolescence. twenty years entered military institutes for bribes and blasphemy. Many ideological and worthy people who served in the army left it, realizing that it was useless to fight the system. What will they be do anything other than real military training. Career growth is possible only with connections and loyalty system. In the current army, in order not to have problems, one must silently do what they said, even if they said complete nonsense. The system of military institutions and the structure of officer levels outlived itself. Of course the officers will say that how should I know that I did not graduate from military institutes, but I will answer what exactly to see so I can see better from the outside, because I was not taught five years silently follow any order, but since childhood I have a lot of time spent and watching how everything is arranged in the army and I see how now the whole world sees that something is wrong with the Russian army. Officers are still being taught how to run an army on conscription, not professional army of contract soldiers, who often older than younger officers. Selection for the army is far From common sense, getting a job is hard, and quitting is even harder. For many of these reasons, many really promising and those who are interested in military affairs go to PMCs. The salary of a contractor is far from worthy. Worthy it is for people only from low-income segments of the population, which be surprised that many men do not want to go to the "contract" army. What wonder that someone could not resist to grab trophies in the form of a computer if his salary does not allow him buy it? How can an army be run by people who have not served in her? How can they know and understand its problems and needs? How

really promising and enterprising contractors break up? No way! A person should get into the military institute after school and join the army as a 21 year old lieutenant, go through 100 circles of hell from bureaucracy, chaos and humiliation to become a company commander, then new circles of hell for the deputy. battalion commander and so on again and again. That's why a huge number of officers give up such service and leave. Those who still rose to high positions are sitting silently clinging to the position with their teeth and not being crossed, it's not in vain they have endured so much to achieve this. At the same time, not realizing that it is precisely because they are silent that the system eats herself. Creating strong and friendly teams is impossible in such conditions. We all dreamed of being soldiers, not do anything but actual military training, but end up doing anything other than military training. The system skips up not the most promising, strong and

smart, and those who could adapt to it, the higher you are rose the more you had to get dirty. In our country, millions of men left the army due to the fact that in this system of lack of common sense, you either silently do or leave. Military regulations are written for the army of the past and they have not yet been adapted to modern realities. We all we serve there, and do not make the army stronger. All all this know, but we are all silent. We were forbidden to say it and raise these issues, if you're talking about what's wrong, then you are a traitor, as a result, we now continue to fall into the abyss his inaction. Modern warfare won't let you win number of untrained infantry. Tanks, planes, ships and rockets are all great, but you need a strong professional, mobile, disciplined assault infantry. It cannot become such without education, preparation, selection and strong motivation. For such infantry to appear, there must be the possibility of feedback when problems and the needs voiced below will be heard and solved at the top, and not demand to pretend to report later that everything is fine. AT at the moment, many who have returned from the war are leaving, taking with them

experience, even if it is a negative experience. because upon return, they cannot receive the due payments, treatment and seeing that no one is going to change anything. Everyone sees what all seven received compensation for the dead. The person is listed missing, but no one cares when witnesses come and they say they saw him die. Awards are not always given those who deserve them and are not issued to those who deserve them. In our I don't know the regiment at all to be given to someone except posthumously. At the same time, I heard that they signed a decree on awarding me a medal Zhukov. But at the same time, I will not receive it, I do not think that did something good and somehow deserved it. Impossible win in modern warfare by the number of mobilized and untrained infantry. Volleys of artillery and MLRS will grind this crowd. Much of our technology is outdated or insufficient, and the complex new supply chain does not work efficiently. Much exists only on paper and reports.

Our ammunition and uniform, uncomfortable and of poor quality, which evidenced by the fact that the majority of military personnel buy and dress up in American, European designs or even Ukrainian. Why not ask the soldier about what he needs? But before that, assure him he will receive from his superiors. With us in 1941, we are not ready for a modern military

reality, because if they attack us now, it will cost us millions of lives. Why doesn't history teach us anything?

Why do millions of men who served in the army know about it and silent?!

Returning back, as I wrote at the beginning, they treated my eyes and they let me go on all four sides to sneeze because I was limping because of my legs and back, and my right eye did not see well even with correction. After being examined in a private hospital at his own expense, he found out that the cause of pain in the legs and back was sequestered hernia in the lower , a hernia in the neck and three protrusions. I was given back diagnoses dorsopathy against the background of degenerative-dystrophic changes in the spine, muscular-tonic syndrome, astheno-

neurotic syndrome. For our reality in military hospitals, this is generally considered healthy, they will not be treated. Despite the existing order on rehabilitation, no one sent me to the sanatorium. I also had to pay for treatment and buy medicines at my own expense. For two months I tried to get treatment from the army, went to the prosecutor's office, went to the command, to the head of the hospital, wrote to the president. Nobody cares, no one helped. No insurance, no treatment. I asked to be transferred to other troops. objectively blind and with a sore back in the Airborne Forces I have no place, according to the fate of my father, I already know that no one will appreciate this and my problems are just my problems. Having spit on everything, after a conversation with the deputy division commander, I decided to go through the VVK and leave for health reasons. After handing over the documents and going through the doctors, no one appoints me a meeting of the VVK, for a month now, as a result, they say that they lost my documents, and the command said that I was evading service and handed over the documents to the prosecutor's office to initiate a criminal case, not giving a damn that I was being prevented from passing the VVK. Taking such a show-off, they try to send many back. Battalion political officer, mr. Shchennikov, a bastard and drunkard, who was sitting next to me under artillery fire during the unsuccessful assault on Nikolaevsk, when our battalion commander died, to the questions of the fighters "what are we doing?" answered in a panic, "I don't give a fuck what to do in my heart, I'm just the political officer of the battalion!". Later, he rolled over drunk in the UAZ and probably spent it as an injury during the fighting. The command sent him back as an alcoholic. And this "officer", returning from the war, bravely starts a case against me for being absent from the service, avenging my attempts to enforce the laws against me, for complaining about him, for unsuccessful attempts to achieve justice through the Ministry of Defense, the Main military prosecutor's office and a letter to the President. Taking advantage of the fact that I decided to leave this mess for health reasons, I have been going through the VVK for more than a month, a commission meeting is not scheduled, and as a result, my documents were simply lost there, there are massive shortages of doctors in the hospital, the old broken-down hospital is crammed with the wounded in the corridors.

Literally yesterday, he was outraged by impunity, he just stood in front of everyone and said that he didn't care, write letters to the president, now he is absolutely sure that he can behave as he pleases, apparently they have already been given carte blanche from above. Their goal, for the sake of a new star, is to throw as many people back as possible, albeit without training and equipment. Having found a soldier who could not answer him, he simply stood and insulted him, calling him "schmuck, scum and scum", because he did not want to go to such a war again. Finding those with whom you can talk like that, they are simply humiliated and spread rot. With those who will not let you talk to yourself like that, they will simply initiate a case under any pretext or find another mechanism of influence. For all the time in the war, I can't remember how officers delved into problems and led soldiers, many got drunk and sat in normal fortifications, while ordinary contract soldiers did all the shit. It was there, gentlemen officers, that we needed you as father commanders, it was there that we had to prove ourselves. And not in the daily service of useless constructions, workers and outfits. Where the measurement of a good soldier comes down to shaving and obedience. The only one who was an authority there for ordinary contract soldiers was the dead battalion commander. I do not want to say that all contractors are good, and all officers are bad. But at least it's not normal when no one speaks positively about most of the officers from

his soldier.

And it is not normal when officers look down, behave and treat contractors with condescension. Is it not in our history that such an injustice led to a riot of soldiers and sailors under a red banner? God forbid something like this happens again

again.

An army in which they spread rot on their own soldiers ... those who have already been at war, those who do not want to return there, it's not clear what to die for them, those who know that there are a lot of dead, whose relatives were not paid compensation, but the wounded and sick, in the majority cases are denied compensation and insurance. In a war in which no one will care about your provision, what you will eat and drink. Where even the parcels sent

relatives and friends can be stolen. Where humanitarian aid often does not reach the front line and all the cream settles in the headquarters on the second line. I did not believe that it would come to this, but in this war they simply decided to shower Ukraine with our corpses, women are still giving birth. When more than half of the regiment is gone, someone quit for various reasons, sick and wounded, dead. There are even those who have not yet been paid anything, because. according to the documents, they were not there, and again, letters to the Moscow Region do not bear any result. Three guys in my company, having served eight months before the war, did not have military tickets! And now they simply bring people from civilians to the regiment, often aged 40 or more, on contracts of 3 months and without any preparation, without providing them normally, they try to close the gaps in personnel. From the legendary 56 they make a militia regiment ... surely Uncle Vasya would simply be horrified to see what the Airborne Forces have turned into. There are hundreds of thousands of men who served in the Airborne Forces in the country, have you forgotten how the paratroopers were thrown in Afghanistan and Chechnya? Resigned? So now, what happened to us in Ukraine will outweigh everything in history! We have always been at the forefront, but as a result, the broken system has thrown many. Why do many people get the feeling that they are simply trying to exterminate us at the top using the troops for other purposes and putting them in such conditions! At least they didn't think of landing on ILs! With all this, I do not know the one who would have chickened out and ran away! I know those who, having returned, do not want to go back. Despite the lack of proper training and support, I did not see the escapees! But now I really see that the troops are being exterminated by the mediocre leadership, after losing the wounded and killed, they simply recruit everyone in the Airborne Forces in a row and immediately transfer them to the front line. The latest rumor that they will recruit from prisons is generally fucked up. Aren't you ashamed of what this mediocre command from the Airborne Forces did? Who is the traitor? I'm for what is it? Or command turning a blind eye to all this for the sake of a career? Who believes that this war can be won like that?! Why did they untie all of this? Where are the real enemies?

How can the government give a shit about those who owe at the cost of their lives and health to fulfill their plans incomprehensible to us.

After returning from the hospital and gaining access to the phone and Internet, I began to eagerly absorb information from everywhere.

Our federal sources dryly and hiding the truth carried a blizzard about some other reality.

Bloggers and YouTube stars kept saying that they should be ashamed Russians and ashamed of Putin's army... fucking handsome, while we were there without understanding why and why, dying, crippled and enduring what they cannot imagine in a mine life, you called us Putin's army! We are not Putin's army, we are the army of Russia and the oath was given to the people of Russia, and you, bearing a passport a citizen of the Russian Federation is Russia, and if you could not collect your balls in the cam and go with other people to demand from government (which you chose) of the abolition of the war, then all this shit and on your hands. Russia is not Putin, Russia is people with Russian passports. Russian army, can't make decisions, there strict hierarchy, so that tomorrow if someone attacks us, then the Army does not think, but immediately acts so that secure your pissy asshole you hid

Abroad. And you say that you are ashamed of us? This is for you ashamed? Where were you while we died, maimed and suffered from deprivation? Where?! You were afraid for your comfort and could not go out to administration building and say "No to war!" afraid to get ,

administration. I will tell you a secret that even many OMON chasing people at rallies refuse to go

there so that in their faces, women and old people do not yell

"occupiers", many among them do not want to participate in this. Not

war, it is these consolidated words that are capable of

stop anything. You were sitting in your comfortable homes, or abroad, and

whined that you were ashamed of us "Putin's army". Tear your passport and

don't you dare call yourself Russian, never and nowhere! In the West, citizens like you are also not needed, if you don't know, then read about how Western society

built democracy at the cost of their blood, like US citizens

to get this status they died and fought with Great Britain for the sake of independence and the status of a citizen! How US Citizens Stopped the Vietnam War! What did you do? You escaped! Declaring to the whole world that the army is not yours! What a shame for the nation! What are you ashamed of the president who became King because of your inaction and cowardice! You are plebeian! You don't deserve to be a citizen! I am ashamed of you, just as I am ashamed of my mediocre command that thinks only of its ass, just as I am ashamed of the government that thinks only of itself and has forgotten about the people, as if it were a president divorced from reality, just as I am ashamed of you, a citizen carrying a passport Russian Federation, but hiding and not capable of anything other than whining, you are a slave and a product of a corrupted system, tear your passport, or go and become a citizen, if you are not ready to put anything on the line, then do not disgrace the long-suffering country in which you are a parasite and nothing more. Most of the military do not want to kill anyone, and even more so do not want war, but we are constrained by laws, we are constrained by guilt towards our colleagues, no one wants to be a coward, we cannot drop our weapons and run away, constrained by a sense of patriotism through which we are used by propaganda.

Returning to Russia, I struggled with a strange feeling that I was against the war and I felt sorry for the people of Ukraine, and that I was being pulled back, because. the most real and real life opens before you only in the face of death, when you understand that at any moment you will not be, only at this moment you understand what life is and how beautiful this world is. These feelings were mixed with the fact that I was ashamed to be safe while others sacrifice themselves, especially when you return, the command will lag behind you in every possible way trying to ruin your life for refusing. We have all become hostages of many factors, such as revenge, patriotism, money, debt, career, fear of the state. I think that we played too much, we didn't annex the DPR and LPR, we started a terrible war, a war in which they destroy

cities and which leads to the death of children, women and the elderly. I believe that the Ukrainians are also to blame for this, when they did not stop their rabid who were yelling that they had been fighting Russia for eight years (with the same success our propaganda is yelling that we are at war with NATO) when they did not shut up those who were going to march in a defeated Moscow, Red Square. Before yelling? Despite the fact that the Russian army has shown to the whole world all its flaws and a mess in it, nevertheless, Hell is happening in Ukraine and the Armed Forces of Ukraine are no less losing than the Armed Forces of the Russian Federation, in a country in which there are many of our relatives, the military of both countries and civilians are dying who were nearby. Our rabid ones picked up the wave of yours and dragged everyone into the war, now we are all drawn into madness. We, two fraternal peoples, the Slavs are destroying the Slavs, we hate each other like crazy people. We are the two peoples of the victorious fascism, ourselves turning into fascists on both sides, while the majority silently watches this, fearing for their safety. Of course, most of the blame for this is on Russia, because we were the first to attack, but we must not forget how many slogans there were in Ukraine, where Russians were directly insulted and called the second grade. How the entire YouTube was overflowing with videos from Ukraine with supposedly "evidence" that Russia is a country with second-class people. Get fucked up! And all kinds of devils are only happy to watch how we destroy each other. As crazy as it may seem to anyone, there is only one way to stop it. Both of our peoples, Orthodox, we both must begin to forgive each other, revenge and hatred every day will only aggravate the situation. Thousands of years of history have taught people that war is pointless, but we can never figure it out. If it is at the level of peoples that we cannot lend each other a helping hand, then we will simply exterminate each other. The frenzied from Ukraine are shouting about how they will seize the Kremlin and after they liberate Ukraine they will not stop there, not realizing that this aggravates the situation, that such slogans make even those who are against the war in Ukraine think. Ukrainians mock and cut off the genitals of our soldiers, ours bomb the cities with missiles from which they die

women and children, and propaganda from both sides only adds fuel to the fire, frankly calling on you and me to destroy each other ... it's just terrible, wake up, we are people, we are Orthodox, we are not different, we are not enemies, we were pitted like dogs in the arena and we feel the blood can not stop! Where are all those damn Christian churches! Whatever you say, you offend the believer, but where are all these believers who suddenly forgot the commandments of the prophets! We violate the main ones, we hate and exterminate each other! How then to believe the church?! She blesses us to destroy each other! I wouldn't be surprised if it comes to nuclear weapons if people don't start talking about the problem. Everything is in the hands of our peoples, not governments. The government is the representatives of the people, until the people make it clear to the government that no one wants war, this extermination of each other will continue. I met a huge number of ordinary people on the street who are against the war and a small number of those who say that we probably had no choice, but at the same time I did not meet anyone who would say that they wanted to go and kill. As with all this, the extermination of each other continues ?! And God forbid anyone think that I'm calling to the barricades, it will only lead to more bloodshed. Now is the moment when we must tell the truth, and the truth is that the majority in Russia and Ukraine do not want to kill each other. And while this majority sits silently, more and more people are drawn into the war. With each day this madness continues, there is only more death and hatred for each other for the dead, which are added on both sides daily. Perhaps many will not understand this, but this is the reason why people who did not sacrifice themselves in the war do not have the right to decide on its start, launching this mechanism that is difficult to stop later. What moral right and who has to decide on a war where thousands of your citizens and citizens of another country should die there? I don't see the children of Skobeeva, Solovyov, Kiselev, Rogozin, Lavrov, Medvedev in the trenches, because I constantly hear from them

calls to kill. Which Duma deputy's son is at war? Are their children more talented and smart than the children of workers and peasants? Or parents do not wish them such a fate as ours, when many go there because it is at least some chance to earn. They are only ready to yell about what should be sent to death for the sake of the children of workers and peasants who have lost touch with reality! In our country, the population is aging endlessly. There are a lot of old people and sick people around, and we unleash a war in which young and healthy men who trust propaganda die.

All they can do is send their children and mistresses to study and live in the west! Get citizenship there and enjoy real justice there! They want everything that is there! But they are not capable of creating anything like this in Russia, all they did was plundered and plundered the country, thinking only of themselves! All these reforms and initiatives served only to enrich those who mastered the budget.

I am ashamed of the officers and command who exchanged honor and conscience for pensions , stars and awards!

Thank God that once I did not enter a military institute, because almost everyone knows how long they took bribes there, starting in 2000, and this is exactly the generation of officers we have now! How few commanders have become capable of raising their people to the attack and leading them! How few of you are able to cover your fighter with yourself, and it is for this that every soldier will then save you! Not for paperwork and licking the ass of the command you went to the service! Each of you is a commander whom people should follow! How many ordinary contractors have heard that we are second-rate! I will never forget the evening formations at which the commander begins to tell how some freak raped my grandmother somewhere and that, God forbid, some freak of you does this, and you stand and think "What are you talking about ?!". Yes, most have no education and they are from

dysfunctional families, but that doesn't give you a commanding officer the right to talk down and send people into battle while staying safe while receiving much more pay and rewards! What happened to you? What do they teach you in military institutes now? The Testaments of Suvorov are not taught? Instead of building a collective, for the most part you follow the rule of "divide and conquer", destroying collectives. I am ashamed of the government of any level from the village to the capital! I'm ashamed of the teachers forging elections! I am ashamed of the doctors who have destroyed healthcare and are only looking for profit! I'm ashamed of the police dying in corruption! When often the help and protection of the police is really needed, it cannot be obtained. And I have no doubt that the majority went there to protect. Why have our courts become the epitome of injustice? I can't believe that the judges went there only for profit, and not for the sake of administering justice. I can't believe that the prosecutor's office has people who went there not wanting to be a stronghold of the law for citizens. Why do we not have representatives of the people in the Duma?! I am ashamed of our people, who fence themselves off from all this, hoping that it will not affect them. It hasn't dawned on you yet that it will affect everyone! Every year they turn us all into slaves harder and harder. If you don't want to, we'll force you, if you don't agree, you'll agree, if you don't like it, we'll put you in jail. I am ashamed of myself, for the fact that I can not and do not know how to fix it all! But the most terrible and most important institution of the state is the army! There is not a single country created without an army! The army is the country! The army is the face of the people! The army is those who, at the cost of their lives, must defend the borders of the country in case of a threat to it! None of us wants to be an invader, we didn't grow up on such ideals, we all wanted to be defenders and were brought up on the glory of our ancestors who defeated fascism that came to us, and now invaders have been made of us!

The worst thing is the collapse of the army, this is what has long been happened to us. If parents do not want to send their children, so everything is already bad. Most of those who have weight, power and money in this system do not send their children to the army, realizing that everything is bad there. Kiselev, Solovyov, Simonyan and others will scream to the end, sending everyone to war until they they pay it, but they send their children to the decaying west. Even if, after years, we will be able to capture the whole of Ukraine, but on why the hell do we need it, is it not enough for us the land left to us ancestors? How many millions of Russians, Ukrainians and others peoples of Russia, we need to destroy for this? How much our country will become impoverished after that. Well, you people, wake up. I don't understand what's going on why turned upside down and how we imperceptibly came to this. Probably the same as two years ago, despite the fact that everything understood the futility of the mask, but humbly walked in them because they were forced to, and now suddenly Covid disappeared from Russia.

We are just now, destroying our army, which is already so far was not in the best position. When our army is completely weakened, do you think the militia is haphazardly armed and without equipment will be able to resist the modern army that has already attacked us China, US or EU? No, after we own with indifference, we will weaken our army even more, alien and in modern warfare with pitchforks and guns no one beat off.

Years later, when our people will be exhausted from war and poverty, when it will reach everyone again how terrible war is, when we will starve when state employees stop receiving their salaries again, tk. the state went bankrupt, then it will reach everyone, but nothing it will no longer be possible to change. Russia itself will fall apart, and then to kind uncles from the West will come to her, who frightened children and China, will lend a helping hand in exchange for land and resources ... When again exhausted people will have nothing to eat when they are not able to will put up an army, then this people will forget about everything imperial ambitions and will agree to any conditions. None

one empire in history, all empires fall apart sooner or later.

Now we are following the path of Byzantium ...

We do not need an empire, we all need a normal, free, fair, modern country. Where you can live, develop, work and love. I believe in God, but I don't see God in our church, which has forgotten the main commandment "Thou shalt not kill" and blesses us to kill our Orthodox brothers. I just can't believe it until now. I don't want to be Kochubey, I want to be Peresvet. In my understanding, upbringing, conscience and heart, there is a justification for murder only if I save my life, someone else's life or

defending my land from an invader.

Why the hell did you send me to Ukraine? What the hell, when after that, having lost your health and wanting to quit, you want to put me in prison, depriving me of all the rights prescribed in the guarantees for military personnel? For what? For the fact that I do not see the point in the war in Ukraine? For the fact that I have no health left to carry out these crazy orders there? For the fact that I was trying to achieve justice by complaining about the website of the President and the Ministry of Defense that the entire command is busy only with the fact that they need to send people to war as much as possible? And their whole goal will be cured until the next star. More than a month has passed, and I have not been given an answer according to the laws!

One colonel of the Airborne Forces, a former friend of my father, told me, "Pasha, I am a grain of sand in this system, and you are a grain of dust." Let me be a speck of dust and mine to rot in a "beautiful" Russian prison, but I will not be silent! My conscience and my whole being says that I despise this broken system! What am I doing right! From me, a man who was brought up on the exploits of Russian weapons and the glorious history of his ancestors, who resigned himself to die many times, they are now making some kind of traitor and trying to frame me for not saying what you think, for not wanting to serve in such an army, for that you do not see the point in this war! They tricked me into

fratricidal war, and now they will probably put you in jail! There is nothing I can do now, except to write everything that has accumulated in my soul during this madhouse! For me there is no God in the church! He is inside me, in the form of my conscience and my conscience says that I am doing everything right! To those who crippled and reworked the invaluable human material of people ideologically and spiritually ready to give their lives for the Motherland! How many people have already given their lives? For what? So mediocrely pissed off so many men capable of sacrificing themselves! All that has been done over the years is to perfectly educate the slaves of the system! From a great and educated people, the richest and most respected country in the whole world, they made a herd of weak-willed slaves! This is all they could, plunder, divide and fool the great people! In my understanding, this government is either complete mediocrity, or there are agents of the West, whose goal is to destroy the country. My favorite book is *The Quiet Don*, as much as I would not like to repeat this story, but at the top they are doing everything to repeat it. Most of the people around are dissatisfied with what is happening, but everyone was intimidated, everyone twisted their hands and shut their mouths. And this is done just as often by dissatisfied people, but by the will of fate they found themselves in the executive system. What about our intelligence agencies? After all, the same people went there with whom we all grew up and were brought up on the same values. Why is everyone who is dissatisfied with something and raises the topic of the fact that the country is overflowing with injustice, are declared agents of the West and enemies of the people!? Once, for the general development, I read the *Phagavad Gita* and all I see is that the Kali Yuga predicted there is what surrounds us now. The great country is mired in lies, deceit, theft and substitution of values. Huge lands are empty, the ecology is being destroyed, the economy is collapsing, the people are mired in the vice of the dough because of poverty, and the money belongs to the unscrupulous and sold out. From the people of the victor, they made the people an invader and aggressor for the whole world! Apparently now is the time when the people are responsible for the consequences of their inaction and indifference. All branches of the state have degraded - the Ministry of Defense,

healthcare, education, the judiciary, agriculture, manufacturing and industry, the space industry, the military-industrial complex, sports, culture, have devalued the status of a citizen by flooding the country with immigrants ... And all this was not told to me on the Internet, this is what I see every day and everywhere.

The people from the government themselves did not serve in the army and do not understand what it means to be ready to give their lives and health for the sake of the country for a penny salary, they do not understand what it means to live on 30-50 thousand rubles a month, when you can afford little for it, the only thing that this is patriotism as an incentive to you, it seems that it has not been among the people for a long time, but being at war, you remember the great ancestors, those who gave their lives for us to live in the largest country in the world, destroying the strongest conquerors of the world like the Tatar-Mongols, Napoleonic France or Hitler's Germany, great ancestors who, at the cost of their blood, gave us the opportunity to possess the largest amount of natural resources in the world. Not so long ago, we were considered the most educated nation in the world, the strongest army in the world and one of the greatest cultures of this world, why do veterans die in poverty in my country, why have we forgotten who we are? Why did the whole world begin to laugh at us and hate us? Why have we fallen so low in all areas? Why are we now in Ukraine with weapons, because our roots are from Kyiv, a thousand years ago our ancestors came from there and created a great country?! Why should I now die with these guys around me, probably like thousands before me in Afghanistan, Chechnya, Dagestan, Yugoslavia, Karabakh, Georgia, Syria and many other regions, because the vast majority of the country will not remember us when we are gone, there will be no men ready to give the most valuable thing a person has is his life and health, ready to give it for the sake of his country. We have no idea what is happening and why the orders came to follow or capture something, we are in the middle of nowhere, we are doing no one knows what, while you are recording a video on YouTube, that you are ashamed to be Russian, while you are very

probably squinted from the army, living in a great country, speaking the richest language, instead of
muster up courage and go out to protest on the streets of your city, you, run away from the country or anonymously write on the Internet that
are you ashamed to be Russian or "glory to Ukraine", "death
Putin's army. Putin's army is the army of the Russian Federation, and if you have passport of a citizen of the Russian Federation, then this is your army, if you are not satisfied with what she does, so state it and demand her withdrawal from government, while you have no time to be interested in politics, which, with the tacit consent of the citizens of the Russian Federation, is completely detached from reality. While you were writing this, people like me were preparing for death worrying about the fact that if only in Russia everyone it was good, many died or were already crippled, with thoughts of experience and not understanding what is happening there in Russia, is my house and my loved ones intact? I will tell you a secret, the majority in the army are dissatisfied with what is happening there, dissatisfied with the government and their command, dissatisfied Putin and his policies, dissatisfied with the Minister of Defense is not who served in the army and does not understand it just like you do not hell, but expecting from you, at least some action, because I like serviceman, shines, and for writing this, from 7 to life possibly death from some kind of traveler
"comrade" who thought that I was a traitor who hait our army.

I don't know how to convey to millions of biomass with passports of citizens of the Russian Federation that we ourselves are to blame for everything that happens, it's us, we are all to blame for the death of citizens of the Russian Federation and Ukraine, you Russian citizen? You said that in the elections from you nothing depends? You didn't go to the polls, did you? you gave bribes traffic cops? Did you buy a diploma from a university? Did you know that in the country rotted all state-forming institutions, such as police, courts, health care, education, and the army is the most important and most complex institution of the state, without its own army in the country will be someone else's. We are all, millions of citizens they watched indifferently while our country was collapsing all these years, but if you don't understand this, then it's better to jump out of the window. On the

in my opinion, people who are not interested in their country and politics in it should be deprived of the elective right to vote. The country is full of people who do not know anything about it, not history, not geography, not political structure, people who did not give the country anything and at the same time do not want to do anything, people because of whose indifference it all started ... But such "citizens" also often like to talk about "politics", statements that "We can repeat" (go and repeat! Why aren't you on the front line yet?) or "Bulk faggot, I'm sure he's an agent of the West" the shelves were given an alignment about which official stole how much (from you and me) and instead of demanding that the whole country conduct a transparent investigation and punish or justify them, we did nothing, we do not want to be citizens of our country, I see that we are behaving and we live like plebeians ... It is not surprising that there were unscrupulous people who usurped power in the country and elevated themselves to absolute, because the plebeians are not ready to make decisions and take risks, everything will be decided for them and their opinion will not be asked. left in the subcortex of the population. All this crowd cannot unite in more than one issue. So many diverse people carry the passport of a citizen of the Russian Federation that it is simply impossible to unite them in more than one initiative for the common good. Some yell that they are ashamed to be Russian and whine about it to the whole world sitting in comfort and warmth, ashamed to be Russian? So kill yourself freak! Embarrassed about the war? So go and get the authorities to end the war! That you shame all the people with your whining to the whole world, you are a citizen of the Russian Federation, you have the right to your position, you have the right to express your views, but before expressing them, read at least the Wikipedia article on the topic you are going to talk about! Others yell that we are a Great country and the whole world wants to destroy us, but at the same time they don't want to do anything for it, they don't want to be citizens of their country, they don't want to influence politics inside it, they don't want anything, gluing these Z on the glass of your imported car, did you decide that you contributed to the victory? Pack up and run to the front, freak

just before that, remember what our ancestors said, and they raised a toast not only "For victory", but also such as "if only there was no war" or did you forget how the fighters in Chechnya and Afghanistan said that war is terrible, show me at least one person who remained sane after the war and said he wanted more! Return there to earn money or because they are ashamed of being safe while most

there, they are influenced through feelings of patriotism, camaraderie and duty. But does patriotism consist in the readiness to destroy a neighboring state, and not in love for one's country? Why is love for the country and love for the government put on equal terms? But a large mass in the country takes a cunning position of waiting, "I don't know a damn hut from the edge", they are not happy with all this and understand that everything is getting worse and worse, but they do nothing, let others rock the boat, I'll sit and see who wins, "idiots who are ashamed to be Russians" or "frantic with the letter Z on the glass of a car", I will join those who win. Usually these "citizens" argue that nothing depends on them, or "I have a family, children", and so it's "You have children!", I don't understand you at all, do you want them to live in such a country of surrealism?! What future do you wish for them? Every year the country is falling more and more rapidly to the bottom of this world! How much I have heard in my life about the greatness of our army from a variety of people who have not even been there themselves, but when I tried to explain something to them, I heard only a set of stereotypes from propaganda and they could not think about the fact that our army was in decline. hearing any arguments. There is another category of people, even more dangerous, these are those who are in this army, those who, seeing the whole mess from the inside, lie to themselves and everyone around that everything is not so bad. They have different motives, there is not much left before retirement, big stars on their shoulders for the sake of which he put common sense to hell all his life and endured for so many years anything just to advance his career in this rotten system. Now all these people see how while sticking their tongues in

ass, the army was ruined so much that it was not able to cope even with the Ukrainian army. What America or China are we talking about? The collapse of our army brings the arrival of a foreign army closer, ask the Ukrainians how much they like the presence of a foreign army, and not those who are "ashamed to be Russian, not those who" wanted to repeat", the presence of a foreign army in our country will not be pleasant, in this case you will immediately regret your criminal inaction, but it will be late.

For all these years, I'm so tired of watching the intensifying madhouse in my country that I just don't care. Imprison for life, I don't want to see it all. I am not a slave! I'm not a coward! I'm a patriot! I'm sorry that this was my fate! I feel sorry for the Ukrainian, brotherly people for me! But even more, I feel sorry for the used Russian people, the peoples of the great USSR, whose people were used by others, but more unprincipled, ruining the largest and greatest country in the world! My great-grandfather fought for this country, but he was dispossessed and exiled to Siberia! My father left early, giving his health to this country, and in return he could not receive normal medical care! I, like many others who arrived from the war in Ukraine, cannot receive normal medical care and have to be treated and buy medicines at my own expense. Who else believes in justice and guarantees in this country? I understand that my name, this system will mix with shit for everything that I wrote here and hide forever in the most distant prison. Nevertheless, I cannot remain silent: I am not a coward and never have been. I am not satisfied with what is happening in my country. If I, having come back from the war, have no right to say "No to war!", then who has? Nobody? Isn't this a sign that serfdom is back in the country? I was brought up on the exploits of the Russian people over the invaders! I was not taught not by my parents, not in a military school, not at an institute, not in the army to be an invader! We Russians are not killers of children, women and the elderly! They are trying to make some kind of ISIS out of us. Most of those who are now at war are dragged there

deceit, blackmail or need. The system has built everything so that many military people cannot leave because of a mortgage, an approaching pension, or banal financial need. Someone does not want to be a coward, but as soon as there are a lot of those who fight ideologically. Most do not want war and are not morons who believe in the Nazis and want to kill everyone. There are the same people, for the most part, like you, who want peace, who want to go home to their relatives and friends. Who, like Ukrainian soldiers, do not want to die and like ours do not want to kill everyone. I don't personally know of more than one case where one of ours mocked people, or even more so that women were raped there, of course, I can't speak for the entire army. Here is one of the cases that I know, one guy from my regiment was accused by the Ukrainian media on all channels of the fact that his wife allowed him to rape Ukrainian women. He had the stupidity to call his wife from the front line, as a result, his conversation was recorded and, having cut, they expose everything as if she allows him to rape Ukrainian women and they laugh about it together. This is a lie, this guy was almost always in front of me and the places we were in did not imply a female presence. Where did he rape them? Whom did he rape? In a column? In a trench? In Kherson, on the streets of which there was almost no one during the assault? Wherever we were, there were almost no civilians, and most often they bypassed us as far as possible. Even if someone was going to rape someone, I have no doubt that his comrades would shoot him in the leg himself. This is a blatant lie, this particular case, turned upside down, a competent cut of the conversation was made. The media from both our sides only pour lies in order to set us up to kill each other as violently as possible, and we, like fools, believe in everything and rejoice in the new portion of shit that they throw at us like fans. I repeat that, of course, I cannot vouch for the entire army. As no one adequate from the Armed Forces of Ukraine will be able to vouch for all of his own. Does anyone have any doubts that there were also those in the Armed Forces of Ukraine who did not deny themselves slander, considering it their trophies? The worst thing is that under artillery fire,

aircraft and missiles children are dying! Our Slavic children! Us Slavs and so very few in the world! But do you believe that the evil Russian a soldier specially aims guns at them? He was given the coordinates, he has no idea where to shoot, he was told that there opponent, of course this is not an excuse, but one should not do of all killers and killers. The main enemy of both Russians and Ukrainians is propaganda, it only further fuels hatred in people.

I do not want to make excuses for anyone, but if we do not understand what our madness with a veil of hatred in the eyes of a crazy woman propaganda for the destruction of each other, if we are not Slavs calm down and not sober up from hatred, then we simply will not will become, not Ukraine, not Russia.

Hatred and murder will exterminate us, we must reach out friend friend's hand.

I fought in Ukraine, if I don't have the right to say no to war, then who has the right to start it? I can't get our army back home, but I can tell my experience and my thoughts about participating in this war and call on fellow citizens to engage in their country in which has so many problems of its own. Who gave equal between the support of the government in the decision to start the war and the support of his army, which should do this shit? I despite everything is not fair to me, everything

I love my army equally and will not forget the death of my comrades, more often all the young, those who are ready to sacrifice for their own countries. I can even find an excuse for the government detached from reality due to the fact that the people are afraid and do not wants to express his position and influence politics. Closed some kind of circle, we are all to blame, but we need to draw conclusions, we need to start correcting our fall. Where is the latitude of the Russian souls? Where is our nobility and spirituality? I can not believe it that we again became serfs, but for the sake of freedom our ancestors shed so much of their own blood. Perhaps it will not change anything, but I will not participate in this madness. Morally, it would be easier if Ukraine attacked us, but the truth is such that we came there and the Ukrainians did not call us.

It seems very suspicious to me that the army was systematically destroyed, convincing the population through TV of the opposite, despite the fact that millions of men who served earlier know and saw that the army is falling apart. At the same time, we were told that our main enemy is NATO and Ukraine. And in the end, having collapsed the army, they start a real war. I understand that this gesture of peace will cost me dearly, but I cannot shut up my conscience. Surely a "fair" court will give me up to a life sentence, they will tell me that they bought me and I am an agent of the West, but I can no longer silently look at all this. I was not afraid at the war in Ukraine, I was infinitely offended by the fact that I could not change anything. But for some reason I'm scared to publish this text in my country, to voice what I think, because here you can no longer tell the truth and what you think, you can't defend your legal rights here, you can only go to war to die for the sake of unformed goals or surviving to endure for the sake of the happy future of the country, which is constantly running away from us, for some reason, farther and farther.

NO WAR!!!

Ha my last breath
God appeared to me
And he told me:

It's a shame what you've become

And the devil followed him

Acid smoke

Morality read to me that he
had nothing to do with it

I'm confused, where is the truth and
lies? What you reap, you will reap in the end!

I am alone, I stand at the gate

On the reverse side of heaven, called hell

On the reverse side of heaven,
Called, called hell

Today God said: I am
ashamed of who you have become
My lost son. I agree
with him

And the devil took off his mask
Raising your face
He looked like me
and I just looked away

I'm confused, where is the truth and
lies? What you reap, you will reap in the end!
I am alone, I stand at the gate
On the other side of paradise, called hell On
the other side of paradise, called, called hell

I'm sinking, I'm sinking

regretting nothing

Everything below, every day
Everything is closer to me every day
My final, my final, final, final, final
Everything is closer every day

I'm confused, where is the truth and
lies? What you reap, you will reap in the end!
I am alone, I stand at the gate
On the other side of paradise, called hell On
the other side of paradise, called hell On the
other side of paradise, called, called hell

