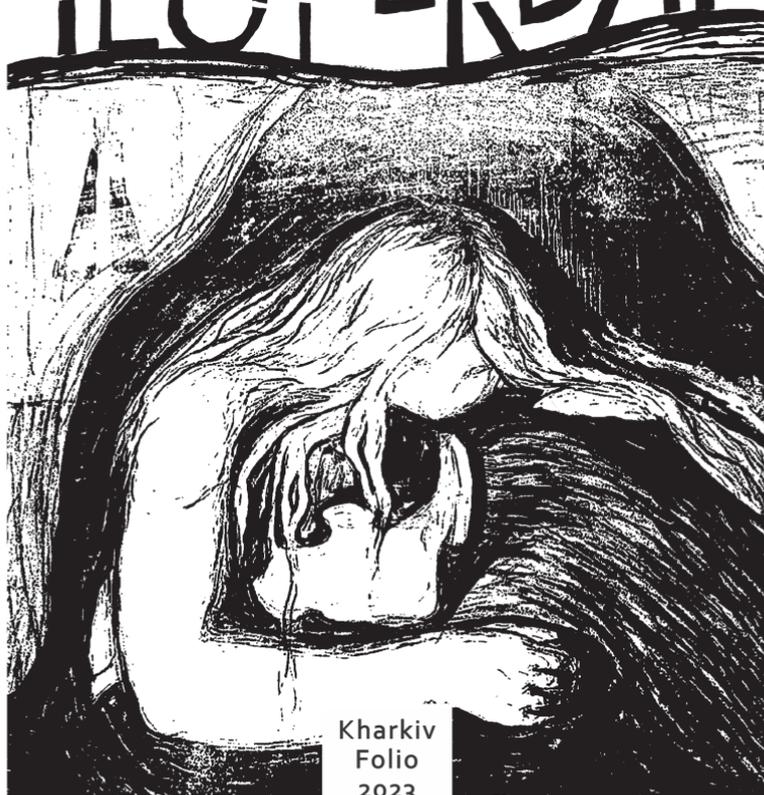


Oleksandr Krasovytsky

YESTERDAY



Kharkiv
Folio
2023

PROLOGUE

4:30 a.m. of September 1

The planes entered flying from the sea. Gdansk was the first to experience the horrors of the bombardment. The second wave of aircraft was sent towards Lodz and Warsaw.

In Warsaw, bombs fell in completely non-military spots—on the square near the Royal Castle; after that, hits were registered precisely at a dairy shop in Bielany neighborhood and at a bookstore in the downtown Krakow. Only then did the sirens wail loudly. The inhabitants of the city, who did not believe in the war until the last moment, hid in fear in the basements and hoped to survive the terrible time in their suburban country houses, having taken with them only the most necessary things. It was not clear to which borders to flee from a country that suddenly became very small.

The allies kept silent. The news roundups resembled quotes from science fiction books.

The aggressor's tanks crossed the border in convoys, having easily smashed the resistance of the Border Guards, and moved along the beautiful Polish roads in three wedges—to Gdansk, Warsaw and Krakow only by lunchtime, apparently due to the lack of reaction from the allies. The allies continued to remain silent even after the entry of tanks.

It seemed that a naval blockade was next in line; aggressor ships were noticed near the 30-kilometer zone.

At 16.00 CET, a statement from the Polish government appeared. Thousands of volunteers did not storm the recruiting stations; in fact, they were not really expected there yet.



PART 1

CHAPTER 1

2014

Kharkiv—Sevastopol—Kharkiv

“Fedorovych, wake up, here are Russians,” the faithful Rybak shakes my shoulder from the back seat.

“Yes, Vasilievych, it was a heavy dream; some devil in camouflage was chasing me. What kind of Russians? Are we not in Zaporizhzhia?”

“We passed Melitopol. They are here. Andrey Petrovych has just called; they are meeting us here. He is with them.”

After yesterday's unsuccessful attempt to hold a congress in Kharkiv, in order to retain at least the left-bank Ukraine (which was prevented by Avakov's militants), I decided not to wait for anything else to happen—and to go to the Donetsk airport. In Kharkiv, the night of February 21-22 was unsettling. Moreover, although the residence of the Oblast Administration was well guarded, and the plane was safe on the territory of the aircraft plant, I did not like the situation in the city. A call from Moscow confirmed this. Therefore, the participants of the congress, if I got there, could become the living hostages of Bandera people. I decided not to risk their lives, therefore I got into the car and we rushed to Donetsk. My presidency appears to be ending.

Putin wouldn't pick up the phone. All attempts by Andriy Petrovych to get through to Sergei Ivanov were also useless. I decided to fly away from Donetsk. There are all our own, they must be in time. Meanwhile, these prostitutes from our faction in the Rada have already betrayed me.

I feel sorry for Nikolai Yanovych, of course, he was a faithful person. Stop, why was? Maybe he will still break out of Kharkiv? It's no good, of course, what we did to him... He had a presentiment and he told me that we were supposed to ask Russia

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