

Lidiia Ilkiv

FROM FURY TO SUMMER

A story from the frontline



Kyiv

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Who will tell the truth about the war? Only the one who is aware of it and the one who kept his heart and soul pure. A story written during the days of war. Our daily pain, faith in God's help and desire to live to the Victory for the sake of those we love.

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*THE DEDICATION
TO THE WARRIORS OF LIGHT
THE WARRIORS OF GOODNESS
THE PEOPLE OF UKRAINE*

Слава Україні!



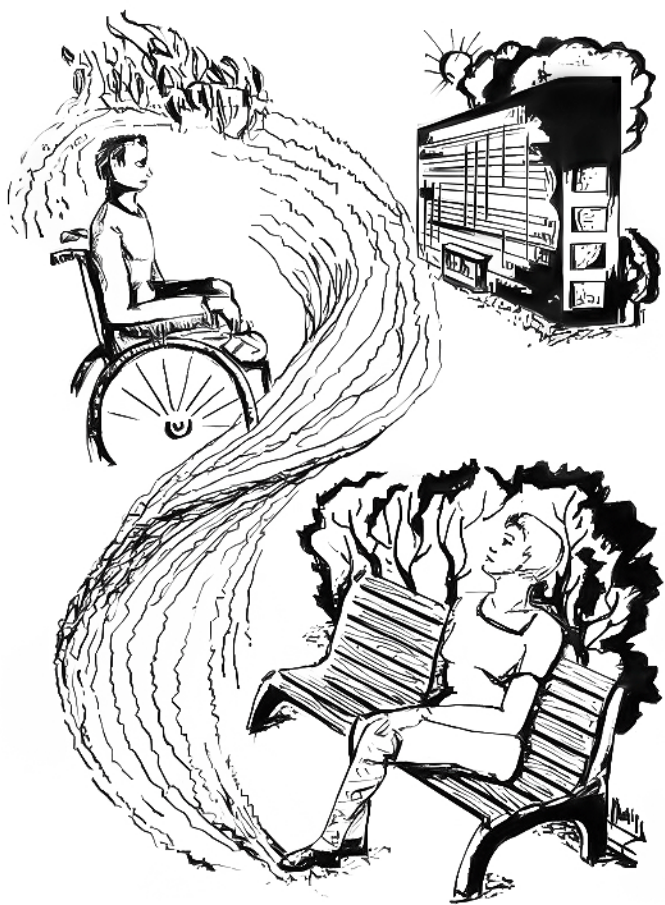
Героям Слава!

It is already summer!

On the first day of summer, which promises to be very hot, on the promenade of the military clinical center territory, in the shade, a beautiful and focused blonde was sitting. The gentle morning sun warmly illuminated the fresh wavy hair, gathered in a bundle. The sound of trams from Lychakivska Street nearby woke up the local birds, which, after singing their dawn songs, drowsily dozed off under the care of well-tended landscape trees and bushes.

God's beauty! How good it is to see such a quiet sky! – thought the woman gratefully.

She wanted to look up or down now, just not to the sides, because it was awkward to meet eyes with a young boy without legs in a wheelchair. Because she was on her own legs. Actually, her left leg, bandaged up to the knee, still throbbed a bit... next to her crutches were laying, her indispensable companions now. Larisa was waiting for the doctor's appointment, taking a break for twenty minutes to catch her



breath, gather her thoughts, have a sip of water, and pop a couple of chocolate candies into her mouth. For a good dozen years now, she had been so attentive to have at least some candies with her. With age, the woman noticed that more and more often there were occasions when it was just vital to eat something sweet for her own reassurance... And her friends, who were forced to leave her in the war zone recently, knew very well that she always had sweets. Individual current fighters, mostly younger, whom she perceived as sons or brothers, military and medical personnel, drivers and construction workers, entrepreneurs and cooks, were ashamed when Larisa treated them, because now they wanted to be even more serious, mature and independent. And more often than not, they shared with her the goodies that they brought from their stocks. In a word, this lady was absolutely not deprived of male attention during that unusual spring, especially, since women, of course, could be counted almost on the fingers of one hand..

The spring that ended yesterday according to the calendar was already called a shot spring. Few expected such horror. In the human imagination, it is impossible to comprehend even

the assumption of what was happening there.... On the territory of Ukraine, which still managed to be united in a single rush over a deep chasm, crossed by an unheard threat! War! On their God-given land! Real! Insane! Insidious! Cruel! Damn war! In the twenty-first century! In a civilized world with a cult of tolerance for hedgehogs on the roads! Hundreds of innocent children are dying! Innocent babies become cripples! Thousands – not only military, but also civilians almost all over the country! There can be no peace with those moscow bastards: Ukraine pays for its freedom with the best sons in full! You have to have iron nerves to hear about the atrocities committed by Horde scum in Bucha, Irpen, Borodyanka, Chernihiv... Those aliens brutally rape not only young Ukrainian girls, but also mock cruelly boys and old people! The satanic debauchery of lost perverts invaded our Ukrainian home! Even her fellow citizens, vaccinated by the events of 2014, were shocked by the scale of what was happening right now starting from February 24, the day that had divided the life of the whole world into before and after. And for her compatriots, the day that became another test for the right not only to live in a united, sovereign, independent country, but to



exist in this world literally. Mother of God, what is happening in the world! – that’s what their late grandmother used to say all the time, a Pole by Soviet standards, who had never seen Poland with her own eyes, having lived in a Podillya village for ninety-one years. Thank God, the deceased did not suffer such troubles! – such words their mother repeated more than once in generous phone conversations. Maria Pavlivna, the mother of Larysa and her three younger brothers, a village teacher, carefully looked after the lonely old woman to the end of her years, because both of them, mother and grandmother, stayed together for a good two dozen years. Just in a moment, practically in one year, at the end of the difficult nineties, my grandfather and father, agricultural workers, a veterinarian and an agronomist, passed away. “Two widows” remained: a mother with a daughter, a former librarian and a teacher..

In her golden age, not being ashamed of her real years, Larysa did not hide the status of the one who is fifty years old. Although few strangers could immediately assume that she is already such a mature lady. Often, as many as ten, and sometimes even fifteen years were thrown off by the observers. Even the not-so-mature



ones tried to court her, mistaking her moderate but noticeable well-groomed appearance for her youth. It must be said that quite old men, approximately the age of her late father, also showed a noticeable interest in her. Recently, one gentleman tried to make a fool of himself, counting on the fact that a lonely young woman would be tempted by his high, by the standards of an average pensioner, prosecutor's pension of 19,000 hryvnias. "No, just sorry. It is better to be alone than to make such compromises. My freedom already has a high price," said this young woman, recently widowed, in her thoughts. Is it a sign of troubled times? Or, can't it be an ancestral karmic test? That was thought about again and again, when more than once for several years, they celebrated at the family table three lonely women, when Andriy suddenly passed away, and the old grandmother was still alive...

This morning she came from home to the neighboring region for a routine surgical check-up. Four weeks ago, she was operated on by a fairly young doctor, but already a lieutenant colonel of the medical service, head of the traumatology department of the Lviv Hospital – Military Medical Clinical Center of the Western Re-

gion, who worked now in an intensified mode not only for the western region. A friendly and attentive, humane and gallant senior officer singled out this unusual patient in a continuous stream of mostly male bodies. He was also surprised by her life situation, and how she stood out in a non-standard way in the unprecedented scale of everything that was happening around her. After a one-week inpatient stay in May, on the fifth floor of this military medical institution, she was transferred to the resort of Truskavets for ten days, where they invited soldiers who had been mutilated by the war uninterruptedly, after the hospital, and they later mostly returned to the ranks. Then, Zabolotna L.M., after a partial rehabilitation, was granted a leave of absence for 30 days. The woman continued to be treated at home, in her native Ternopil, from where she came in the morning by a passing car, to examine her leg, wounded by mortar shrapnel in the combat zone in the Zaporizhzhia region. Her leg was saved by skilled military medics in the local hospital. And, shortly before, her brothers in arms, servicemen of a medical center saved her very life.