

(課題 NO.1)

At night I dream of Mariupol

I do not miss the lost things, the ruined house. I don't care that I have a loan on the TV, which I will never watch again. It's all so mundane and devalued by the war itself. But I miss so very much my special world which Mariupol was for me. The city always had a special smell. During winters, it was a bitter aroma of frozen grapes, which were left on the vine, mixed with a touch of smoke emanating from family houses. During summer, it was filled with the smell of dust settled to the ground by the long-awaited rains. And in the spring... What a beautiful city it was in the spring.

It's winter in my city, brought by Russian bombs. They did not just bomb my city. They bombed my spring. My life. My past.

And, it turns out, my future too. Because the most difficult question for me now is, "What do I do tomorrow?" I used to have a thousand plans and millions of wishes. Now I really wish for only one thing: for the enemy to back down.

At night I dream of Mariupol . The way I remember it. I walked with my youngest son along the alleys of the City Garden and he kept asking me: How many steps to the sea, and how many trees in this alley? Such a pleasant dream and such a painful awakening.

Everyone says: "It's OK, Anya, We will rebuild. Our city will be even more beautiful than it was before."

I don't want a better city – I want what I had. The city where I knew exactly how many steps to the sea and how many trees in the park's central alley there were.

I want returned what cannot be returned. And this is the tragedy of my life.

305 words

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