

English edition

ІРПІНЬ

мій дім

IRPIN

is my home

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"Ірпінь-мій дім"

"Irpın is my home"

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Irpın is my home | Ірпінь - мій дім

The book was written and illustrated by the children of Irpin
Книга написана та ілюстрована дітьми Ірпеня



SAMIT-BOOK
2023

Давай знайомитись!



Я - дитяча збірка "Ірпінь - мій дім".

На моїх сторінках діти Ірпеня розповідають про своє рідне місто: пригадують улюблені місця, діляться переживаннями, які сталися з ними після лютого 2022 року, захоплюються своїм мужнім містом, мріють про майбутнє без сирен та вибухів, підтримують тих, хто зараз не може повернутись додому.

Юні ірпінчани поділились зі мною своїми дитячими спогадами про стрункі сосни і шепітливі ліси, про затишні парки і спів птахів, про річку та равликів, набережну та зимові гірки. Мої сторінки сповнені ніжною любов'ю дітей до рідного міста.

Я залюбки поділюсь нею з тобою.

Автори - діти Ірпеня

Let's get acquainted!

This is an anthology of writing by children from Irpin on the theme "Irpin is my home".

The children describe their hometown, remembering their favourite places and their experience at the time of and following the 24th February 2022 invasion. They write with admiration for their courageous Hero City; of their dreams of a future without sirens and explosions; and offer support for those who cannot as yet return home.

Many of the younger residents of Irpin share their childhood memories of slender pines and whispering forests, of parks and singing birds, of the river and snails, the embankment and winter slides. This book is full of the children's tender love for their hometown, which they gladly offer to share with you.

The authors are Irpin's children



Мій Ірпінь ВИСТОЯВ!

My Irpin survived!



Ранок 24 лютого розпочався з вибухів...
Спочатку ми нікуди не збиралися їхати, оскільки бої відбувалися не в місті. Ми вважали, що цивільне населення не будуть чіпати.
Але вже ввечері звуки вибухів було чути біля Ірпеня. Ми вирішили пройти в укриття, яке знаходилося в гуртожитку Податкової Академії. Там було багато дітей. Невдовзі вони почали гратися у війну і це дуже лякало.
04.03.2022 неподалік було влучання снаряду.
А потім ще раз...
05.03.2022 було прийнято рішення виїжджати.
Було страшно, бо постійно читали в новинах про обстріл евакуаційних колон, або людей на вокзалі. Надвечір ми доїхали до рідних.

У травні повернулися додому. Наш дім цілий, але без вікон.
Я був радий, що пес, який жив в нашому під'їзді, вцілів.

The morning of 24th February began with explosions...
At first, we were not going to go anywhere, since the fighting was not in the city. We thought that the civilian population would not be affected.
However, by the evening we could hear that the explosions were approaching Irpin.
We decided to shelter in the dormitory of the State Tax University. There were many children. Soon they started playing war games and it was very frightening.
On the evening of 4th March a projectile hit nearby. And then another...
On 5th March we decided to leave.
It was scary, because we constantly read in the news about the shelling of evacuation columns, or of people at the railway station. In the evening, we reached our relatives.
We returned home in May. Our house was intact, but without windows. I was glad that the dog that lived in our apartment block entrance survived.



Poems | Вірші

Поверни мене, мамо, в дитинство

Поверни мене, мамо, в дитинство
Недалечко... На рік поверни.

Заспівай же мені колискову
В Ірпені... де немає війни,

Де співає зрання соловейко,
Там де равлики після дощу.

Поверни мене, мамо, в дитинство,
Я тебе від війни захищу!

Take me back, mother, to my childhood

Take me back, mama, to my childhood.
Not far... Just a year.

Sing me a lullaby
In Irpin... where there is no war,

Where the nightingale sings,
Where there are snails after rain.

Take me back, mama, to my childhood
I will protect you from war!

Чудо-місто Ірпінь
The miracle city of Irpin

О Ірпіню, мій Ірпіню, дякую тобі!
За людей, за повітря, за школи
і за те, що тут живу!
Поселився ж тут недавно,
а вже я тебе люблю,
Твої парки, нових друзів, навіть потяги.
Ти собою Київ захистив,
прийняв на себе біль,
і тим самим же зберіг
тисячі життів.
Хоч тобі вже триста літ,
ти ще молодий!
Розвивайся, прогресуй,
будь містом
здійснення наших мрій!

O Irpin, my Irpin, thank you!
For the people, for the air, for the schools,
and that I live here!
I settled here only recently,
but already I love you,
Your parks, new friends, even your trains.
You protected Kyiv with yourself,
took on the pain
and thereby saved
thousands of lives.
Although you are already three hundred years old,
you are still young!
Develop, progress,
be the city
of the realization of our dreams!

ірпінь



The wealth of Irpin

I miss Irpin,
There have been many sad chapters for her,
But we will forget them,
Because there are also songs and loud laughter!
Irpin has nice parks,
Gardens, kindergartens and young people.
Greenery and flowers grow there,
And the children are not sad.
In Irpin there are also
Forests, rivers and fountains,
And the main thing is
The life, love and honour there.



Irpin



This lovely city is known throughout the world,
Its fame is everywhere.
In the days of war, it beat the enemy, as was right,
So that our people could live happily here.

Wherever you look – in a park or a square,
Beautiful buildings delight you.
Although badly mutilated by an evil fiend,
We still love them very much.

We will raise our native Irpin from the ruins,
It will again be picturesque.
For me, it is the sweetest place on Earth
And it always calls to me.

Wherever I am, my heart aches to be here,
Where the dews and stars are the brightest,
And the forests sing with a hundred voices,
Because wonderful people live here.

To my hometown

I love your wonderful beauty
The quiet dewy dawns.
I love to talk to you
In your dreamy splendour.
Praise and honour to you, Hero,
I compose songs for you.
Bloom in spring, be with me.
In these happy, peaceful days.

Irpın is my home!

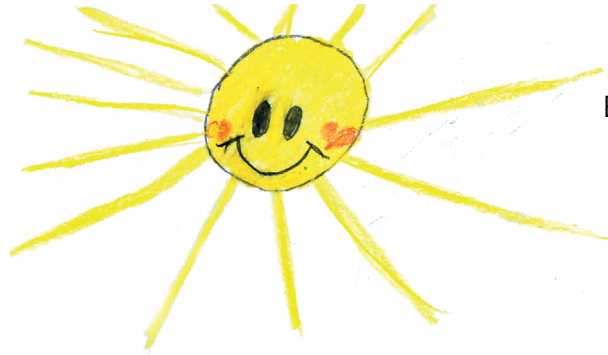
Irpın is my home,
Beautiful, sweet!
Irpın is a city full of goodness,
Which stopped the movement towards evil.
It is a Hero City, a centre of hope!
Centre of resistance and opposition
To the horde that can do nothing more here!
Our desire is to stand up for dreams,
That will come true.
Add just a little action –
The city will stand, and life will be renewed!



Sofia Mitritsan, 13 years old

A boy from Irpin
(counting)

A boy sits in a corner,
Repeats over and over again:
“Irpin, Irpin – kind, dear,
Full of sleepless nights.
So much blood was spilled
And pathways lost...”
The boy sits quietly,
He opens the book of misfortune.
Not to forget,
But to remember.



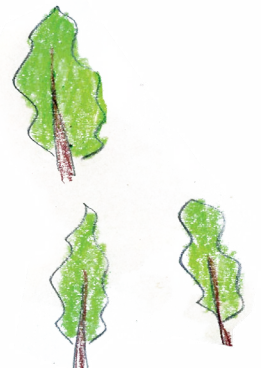
Ірпінь — мій дім

Я вже й забув, що повернусь додому,
Що знову гляну на зоряний Ірпінь,
Що в шелесті соснового ясного
Почую світлі голоси батьків.
Весняний вечір окутав рідне місто —
Воно заснуло в гомоні лісів,
А ліхтарі яскраві, як намисто,
Осяяли забуті спогади дідів.
Великий жах і страх, і крики —
Усе це дім мій добре пам'ятає
І не пробачить рани ті великі,
Які отримав від ракет хвоста.
Та все минуло, рани заживуть,
Руїни стануть зеленими садами,
І вдома білі квіти зацвітуть
У пам'ять тим, кого нема із нами.



Irpin is my home

I had already forgotten that I would return home,
That I would look again at the starry Irpin,
That I would hear the bright voices of my parents
In the rustling of the clear pine trees.
The spring evening enveloped my native city —
It fell asleep in the sound of the forest,
And the bright lanterns, like a necklace of beads,
Illuminated the forgotten memories of my grandfathers.
Great horror, fear and screams,
All this, my home well-remembers,
And it will not forgive the injuries
Inflicted by missiles.
But it is over, the wounds will heal,
The ruins will become green gardens,
And white flowers will bloom at home
In memory of those no longer with us.



I come from a real Hero City

I come from a real Hero City.
Irpin was better defended than Troy.
We fought back, suffered in agony,
And the cruel vipers
Put handcuffs on us.
Grief cried out everywhere,
But we would not surrender our city.
Each of us believes in a happy ending,
And, for the Russian executioners, retribution.



Я народилася в Донецьку. Мама розповідала, що
коли мені було 4 місяці почалася війна, і ми пере-
їхали в Бучу. І от знову почалася війна, яку я вже
дуже добре знаю. Було дуже страшно, бо над
нашим будинком літали військові літаки і де-
сяк разів дуже сильно обстрілювали. Ми вирішили виїхати.
Потім нам по телефону сказали, що наш будинок
згорів. Ми з мамою дуже сильно плакали. Хочу жи-
ти в ІПРЕНІ БЕЗ ВІЙНИ.

I was born in Donetsk. My mother told me that when I was four months old the war started and we moved to Bucha. And then the war came to us in our new home. I remember all too clearly. It was very scary, because military planes flew over our house and there was a very loud bang somewhere nearby. We decided to leave... Then we were told on the phone that our house had burned down. My mother and I cried a lot. I want to live in an Irpin without war.



Irpín, city of freedom and liberty

A city of freedom and liberty,
Of indomitable and smiling people,
So full of nature's charms,
One cannot look away.

You always give me hope
For a bright destiny in my land,
For our cherished dream
At the crossroads of the world's woes.

Your paths are covered with inspiration.
Nature's breath, fresh and light,
Blows everywhere, and in every moment
I hear your ringing echo.

Irpín, my dear, remember me!
Whenever and wherever I am,
I will keep memories of you in my heart
Under the gentle shelter of your wing.

Home

Your voice trembles, tears flow down your cheeks,
When you see thunder falling from the sky;
When you fill your backpack, but not for school;
As you sit in the cellar, hearing 'arrivals'.

You kiss your relatives, perhaps for the last time.
She squeezes your hand in farewell.
She whispers in your ear: 'May you be lucky in a
distant country.'
Let the storks accompany you.

I will not forget the moment of departure.
May an angel be with you,
Let the sun shine above your head.
Come back, child, come home soon.



Let's pray for Irpin

Unimaginably, inconceivably,
The war came to us.
It touched us
As if with a bloody look.
And we were just looking
And there was already trouble!
And that boundless trouble
Could not be stopped.
By that thought
My heart is so hurt!
And I, as if a statue,
I stand and look into the distance,
Because we are at war with the enemy.
There are flames and grief!
For my dear Irpin,
I have always prayed!
Pray, brothers and sisters
For our native home,
For light and happiness within it,
For peace, goodness and tranquillity!



Ірпінь — місто-герой

Ірпінь — місто-герой, моя Україна,
Ти — наймиліша для серця мрія.
Тут кожен куток і кожен будинок
Говорить про славу, і подвиг, і силу.

Твої вулиці — вузол зігрітих долонь,
Де тіні дерев віддзеркалюють ранок.
А в очах твоїх лицарський шал і вогонь,
І виклик стихіям — твій гордий світанок.

Ірпінь нездоланий, у тобі є сила,
І жодна біда тебе не скосила.
Ти світишся, ніби у темряві зорі,
Своїх пам'ятаєш синів і доньок.

Ірпінь, у мені твої вулиці й сквери,
І серце б'ється з любові до тебе.
Ти духом величний і милосердний,
Пишаюсь, що ми під одним вічним небом.

Irpin is a hero city

Irpin is a hero city, my Ukraine,
You are the sweetest dream for my heart.
Here, every corner and every house
Speaks of glory, achievement and strength.

Your streets are a knot of warm palms,
Where the shadows of trees reflect the morning.
And in your eyes there is knightly fire and fury,
And your proud dawn is a challenge to the elements.

Irpin, you are invincible; you have strength,
And no trouble has ever cut you down.
You shine like a star in the darkness.
You remember your sons and daughters.

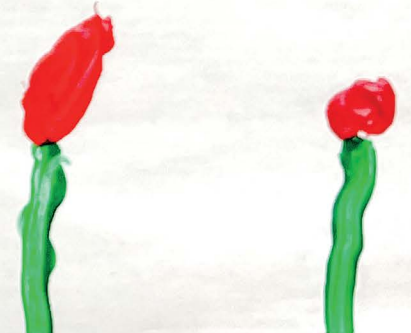
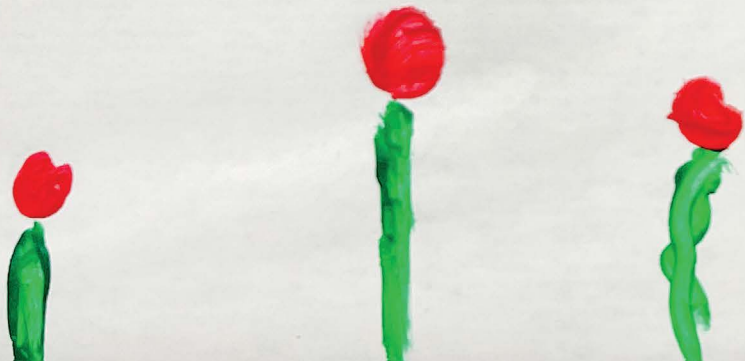
Irpin, I have your streets and squares within me,
And my heart beats with love for you.
You are majestic and merciful in spirit.
I am proud that we are under the same eternal sky.

Мій рідний Ірпінь

Скільки б не було між нами миль,
Завжди до тебе шлях я віднайду, повір!
Багато, любий мій Ірпінь, ти пережив:
Страшну війну, навалу ворогів.
Тебе хотіли стерти із лиця землі
Ті, хто не ладен називатися людьми.
Підтяли вільні крила люті вороги,
Але скорити твою душу не змогли.
У тебе є підтримка дужа —
Ми, ірпінчани, вільні й мужні!
Нас не поставлять на коліна
Ті, хто прийшов до нас не з миром.
Для перемоги будемо і жити, і любити,
Бо ми України-неньки вільні діти!

My Native Irpin

No matter how many miles are between us,
I will always find a way to you, believe me!
You have experienced a lot, my dear Irpin:
A terrible war, an invasion of enemies.
Those who do not deserve to be called people
Wanted to wipe you off the face of the earth.
The savage enemy raised its wings,
But could not conquer your soul.
You have a lot of support —
We, the people of Irpin, are free and courageous!
Those who did not come to us with peace
Will not bring us to our knees.
For victory we will live and love,
Because we are the children of a free Motherland!



Irpin is my home!

Irpin is my home!

It has always been mine,

Until the Russians came,

And most of Irpin was destroyed.

But we were not afraid,

We did not surrender to Moscow.

We covered Kyiv,

We protected the whole world.

We will rebuild Irpin,

We will be famous throughout the world.

We will plant viburnum,

We will restore our family.

No one will break our courageous people,

We will all unite for victory!

Ірпін - мій дім!

Завжди він був мій,

Поки роси не прийшли

І ледь не весь Ірпін рознесли

Але ми не здалися,

Не здалися Москві.

Ми Київ захищали

Весь світ доплатили

Ірпін відбудемо

Прочесалися по світу

Виноград посадимо,

Відновимо наш рід.

Хіхто не здолає наш мужичий народ,

Всі об'єднались заради перемоги!

What is the Russia saving us from?

Від чого рятує нас росія?
Від чого вона нас оберігає?
Жили собі під мирним небом,
А тепер що? Ракети літають...

Хочу повернутись в ті часи,
Де небо було мирним,
Де не було ще війни,
І дихали ми чистим повітрям...

Поверніть мене в ті часи,
Де люди ходили по мирній землі,
Де не було в планах війни,
Де готувалось все до весни...



Зараз того не повернути,
В повітрі один лиш дим та вогонь,
Зараз того краще не чути,
Де бомби зривають чи танк проїжджає...

Добре, що є в нас хлопці хоробрі,
Що йдуть нас захищати,
Дякують їм чи не всі люди,
За те, що йдуть нас обороняти...

Ось би закінчилось все швидше,
І незалежність була,
Ось би було як раніше,
І Україна нашим домом була...

Іван Вержиковський, 9 років

Ми морально були готові. Тому без паніки встали, поклали в машину перші-ліпші речі і вже о 6:45 виїхали з Ірпеня в Ужгород. Нам довелося прийняти важке для себе рішення – виїхати з країни до родичів в Іспанію.

Зараз тато захищає країну в лавах ЗСУ. А для нас час зупинився. Немає щирої радості, немає яскравих емоцій. Все стало сірим навіть в сонячній Іспанії. Я чекаю, коли життя знову заграє барвами в той момент, коли почуємо новину про нашу Перемогу. На малюнку зображений мій дитячий майданчик в Ірпені.

Our family had no illusions about a possible Russian attack. We were mentally prepared. Therefore, without panic, we got up, put the most important things in the car and left Irpin for Uzhhorod at 6:45 a.m. We had to make a difficult decision – whether to leave the country to visit relatives in Spain. Now my dad defends the country in the ranks of the Armed Forces of Ukraine. And time has stopped for us. There is no sincere joy, no bright emotions. Everything has become grey, even in sunny Spain. I am waiting for life to sparkle with colours again – the moment we hear the news of our Victory. The picture shows my playground in Irpin.

Ivan Verzhikovskiy, 9 years old



The most terrible spring

The most terrible spring...
Despair, tears, misery.
A very long, cold February.
We could not believe that there would be war
And that people would die for Irpin.

The most terrible spring...
The smell of smoke
From burnt houses and homes.
The most terrible spring – like a cold winter –
Brought us anxiety and horror

My city, Irpin,
Became a shadow
Of the city that I once knew.
The most terrible spring.
Scorched earth.
Some people fought, and some prayed.

The birds did not sing,
Because the gardens with
Their little nests were burned.
The most terrible spring is unhappy, sad,
So how could the birds sing?

But the grass reappeared,
The earth came to life.
And life returned to the city.
The most terrible spring
No longer makes us afraid;
Our brave Irpin survived!

War for OUR way

An essay in verse

The enemy crawls into the country like a snake,
My land hoots and screams! War...
In a dark city shrouded in fog,
Explosions are heard, people are confused.
In the early days, I had a feeling
That the terrible war would soon end.
But it was all in vain –
The war continued and continues to this day.
There's no light, water, or heat in the houses,
Only a small candle in a corner.
But hope does not fade;
The strength of-mind of these people is unmatched
in the whole world.
Many left the city of Irpin,
But we and a few others remained.
Hungry and cold, we sat in the cellar,
Waiting for bright days and quiet nights.
In the moments when the fighting waned,
We stepped outside to see the peace,

But peace had not yet come...
Destroyed houses, black smoke, tracks from tanks...
'If only it had rained ... to extinguish the fire engulfing Irpin.
I asked myself: 'Perhaps this is a dream
And I will soon awake?'
I would wipe the sweat from my temples,
And the reality was... war.
There is no need for war. There is no need!
People must live!
Although time gradually heals everything,
And the colours of memories fade in my head,
Still, I will remember
The day when war knocked at my house.
This reality will surely pass.
Ukrainians are free, brave, and unlike anyone else.
Goodness and strength of spirit will overcome evil,
And this bloody war will end.
A free, united country will shine.
My dear Motherland, my Ukraine!





Iryna Mykulska, 14 years old

Irpin

Irpin is my home.
It is bright, cheerful, green;
It has families
And new houses.
But there is pain that cannot be expressed,
So I just want to say:
About you, about me, about our Irpin,
Where there are parks and forests,

And bullets and bombs,
And horror and sadness,
Those days,
Which are like a spiral,

Wrap me in a circle,
And life does not return.
You just survive in the trenches,
And you are overcome with grief

Lisa Golenia, 10 years old (picture)



For the soldiers at the 'Giraffe'
And the people who were buried,
In graves in the parks,
Washed with blood,
And watered with tears.

And you are quietly silent;
For your heroic city, you grieve at home.
You remain silent,
Though in your heart you scream.

But it is as if the sun shone,
Embracing you.
Children's laughter is heard,
The sound of 'New Life' rings out from every corner.



Irpin

Irpin is a place of pleasure.
It is a fairy tale in which there is no disagreement,
Where laughter and joy embrace,
And the sun talks to you.
In freedom's eyes,
This place is a paradise,
Where there are forests, parks
And surprise adventures,
And every difficulty is small,
Soon overcome,
Resolved in an instant.

A siren sounds.
Five in the morning.
Bomb shelter.
Cellar.

Everyone is gathering somewhere,
And crying, saying: 'The war has begun.'

You run away.
You leave
Your native Irpin,
Which is filled with a wave of malice
And the desperate spirit of service and struggle.

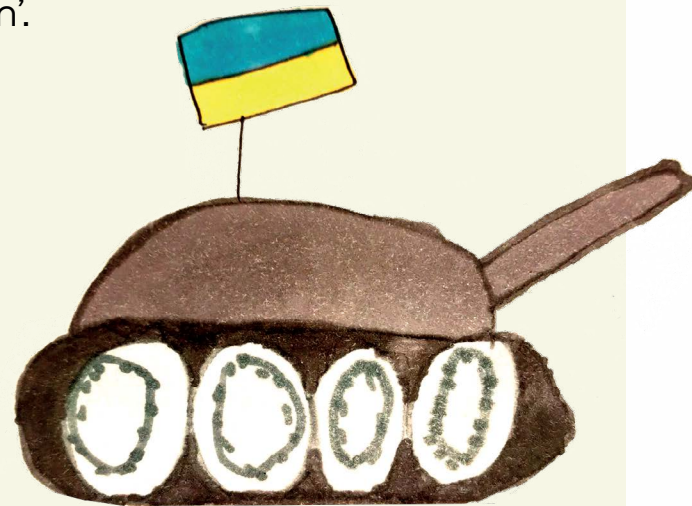
And all those tears
That the storm washed away, like forests,
Houses and human lives.

No more pleasure.
Only eloquent speeches
About the soldiers who fought for their lives
And the ruins in which a small baby lies:
An angel who will not taste life,
Will not see Irpin.

And the road with cars
Decorated with flowers.
A race not won by us.

March has already begun,
We said goodbye with hope.

Now this month presents a gift,
On which is written:
'The occupiers left Irpin.'
And the colours of real life
Showed us 'Who I am'.





Essay | Ece

Я знаю більш, ніж пам'ятаю...

Прохолода зимового ранку потроху охоплювала маленьке містечко Київської області. Це звичайне та ніби непримітне містечко, що називається Ірпінь. Таке звичайне, але чомусь сюди їдуть жити всі, хто хоче жити в Європі. Бо Ірпінь настільки комфортне місто для життя, що в ньому відчуваєш себе вільним, щасливим і безтурботним. Воно компактне, мальовниче, сучасне та молоде!

24 лютого погода була мінливою. У той лихий час паніка єхидно підступала, тим самим об'єднуючи свідомість українського народу. Перед загрозою спільної небезпеки люди уміло згуртовуються, тим самим підтримуючи одне одного і роблячи усю націю Великою та Незламною.

Багато різних днів минуло від початку того страшного зимового ранку. Мале хлоп'я споглядає, як грайливе полум'я охоплює багатопокрів'я. Вогонь поглинає такі важливі і дорогі для нього речі: зроблена власноруч халабуда, кошик з новорічними іграшками, якими щороку з мамою прибирали ялинку, настільні ігри, у які з таким задоволенням грали теплими сімейними вечорами, і ліжечко, в якому хлопчик засинав та прокидався.

Коли полум'я оповило весь дім, плівка спогадів знову

I know more than I remember...

The chill of a winter morning slowly enveloped a small city of the Kyiv region. It was a seemingly unremarkable municipality called Irpin. Irpin is so ordinary, yet everyone who wants to live in Europe comes here. Irpin is such a comfortable place to live; you feel free, happy and carefree here. It is compact, picturesque, modern and young!

On 24th February 2022, the weather was changeable. At that terrible time, panic was slyly approaching, uniting the consciousness of the Ukrainian people. Faced with a common danger, people draw together, supporting each other and making the entire nation Great and Unbreakable.

Many different days have passed since that terrible winter morning. A small boy watched as playful flames engulfed a high-rise building. The fire consumed things that were important and precious to him: a hand-made 'halabuda',* the basket of Christmas toys with which he and his mother decorated the tree every year, the board games they enjoyed playing on warm family evenings, and the bed in which the boy slept.

As the flames consumed the entire house, a videotape of memories played before his eyes, showing a movie called 'Life'. The child's eyes flashed with interest as snatches of happy and

* A traditional Ukrainian dwelling hut.

заграла перед очима, показуючи фільм під назвою «Життя». В дитячих очах промайнула зацікавленість. Уривки щасливих та сумних моментів-кадрів лягли у свідомість хлопчика. Важким тягарем вони охопили його плечі. У ці хвилини так бракувало обіймів тата і мами... Взявши себе в руки, хлопчик почав шукати щось у кишені своєї куртки. Через декілька секунд витягнув ручку й зім'ятий аркуш паперу. Хлопчик почав щось ретельно писати. Дитячі сльози лилися стрімким потоком символів і букв, зображуючи рядки, схожі на вірш:

Я знаю більш, ніж пам'ятаю...
Спросоння двері відчиняю,
У світ надій і незліченних мрій
Я вкотре поринаю...

Зв'язок у митях геть розмитий.
В закутках мізків зміст сховаю.
У тій туманності краси
Я вкотре забуваюсь...

Той день студений, руки теж,
Я геть не спав, лише бродив

sad moments flitted through his mind. In all, though, they were a heavy burden: at such moments he so much missed his father and mother's hugs.

Recollecting himself, the boy began to look for something in his jacket pocket. He pulled out a pen and a crumpled piece of paper. With great care, he began to write something. A child's tears were transformed into a rapid stream of symbols and letters, forming lines reminiscent of a poem:

I know more than I remember...
The night opens a door,
I plunge once again
Into a world of hopes and countless dreams.

In moments, the connection is completely blurred.
I will hide the meaning in the recesses of my brain.
In the beauty of that nebula
I am once again forgotten...

That day was cold, my hands too,
I didn't sleep at all, I just wandered
The street, a desert road...
And straightaway my child's eyes were engulfed

По вулиці пустель-доріг...
І вмить дитячі очі охопило
Вируюче цунамі сліз.

Це все неправда... Так не є...
Я досі вдома... Й зазвичай
У тиші п'ю я мамин чай.

У серці щось б'ється, скиглить, ламається... Та все даремно.
З того моменту пройшло багато часу, але дещо є незмінним.
Не всі речі підвладні маленькому українському хлопчикові.

Ліза Голєня, 10 років (малюнок) | Lisa Golenia, 10 years old (picture)

By a raging tsunami of tears.
It's all not true... It's not...
I'm still at home... And, as usual,
I drink my mother's tea in silence.

Something in my heart beats, whines, breaks, but it's all in
vain. A lot of time has passed since then, yet some things re-
main the same. Many things are beyond the control of a small
Ukrainian boy.



Це малюнок wall-E з Ірпінської набережної, біля якої ми жили. Під обстрілами ми провели 10 днів у підвалі. Мені було дуже страшно, я боялась виходити з підвалу. Боялась всіх звуків, вибухів і навіть блискавок. Думали перечекати... На щастя, евакуювались 04.03 через зруйнований міст Надії. Найяскравіше враження евакуації — це як військові переносили мене на руках через Ірпінку. Я відчувала гордість. 4 дні дороги до Німеччини були пеклом. Тато в перший же день пішов у ТрО захищати наш дім від рашистів. Я дуже сумую за татом. Малюю для нього багато і надсилаю йому світлини та відео. Записую усі свої успіхи.

у перше квітня
існа робота
Вправа 1
інтегру "Зоря"?
слухаю.
новати квітки.
біжить, уже немає.
до прощання.
з Днем народження!
ї дуже прикино!
м?
і дізналися.
мадамм квалю.
папато пошувалося.
се була у медсестри?
Піду після уроків.
а. пишеш татю.

This is a drawing of 'wall-E' from the Irpin embankment, near to which we lived.

We spent ten days in the basement under shelling. I was very scared.

I was afraid to leave the basement: afraid of all sounds; explosions and even lightning. We thought we would wait it out. Fortunately, we were evacuated on 4th March by way of the destroyed Bridge of Hope.

My most vivid impression of the evacuation comes from when the military carried me in their arms through Irpin. I felt so proud.

The four days on the road to Germany were hell.

On the first day, my dad went to the Territorial Defence Forces to protect our home from the Rashists.

I miss my dad a lot. I draw a lot for him, write down all my successes.

Наталія Клименко, 6 років | Natalia Klymenko, 6 years old



Irpin is my home

On 24th February 2022, I fell onto my bed, as if over a precipice, clutching my head with my hands. Thoughts... ate away at my mind, dissolving the last shreds of hope.

During the occupation of Irpin, at times when it was necessary to catch a moment of inspiration in the warmth of March days, and watch how dazzling sunbeams can warm the heart and penetrate harsh fogs, I recalled important memories. I remembered how I had already left home in 2014; and that hurt my soul because I was afraid that I would again lose my home. But days passed, and the faded clouds gave way to crimson sunsets and, finally, we heard the dream news, 'Irpın has been liberated'.

A short time later, I returned to the city and was amazed: the most beautiful town with beautiful modern streets was filled with rubble and broken glass. Tears came. But my house had survived; only the window of my room was broken. And the main thing is that I was HOME.



Ірпінь до війни

Усюди сяє сонце. Ліс, що росте недалеко від нашого будинку, шелестить зеленим листям. У центрі міста діти весело бавляться у фонтанах, а біля них урочисто стоїть пам'ятник Тарасу Шевченку. Учні школи №12 повертаються додому з навчання. Багато хто забігає у Львівську майстерню шоколаду, щоб поласувати смачними цукерками. Усе довкола пахне життям. Таким Ірпінь є кожної пори року.

Взимку тут особлива атмосфера: усе вкривається білою ковдрою, а біля пам'ятника з'являється ковзанка та новорічний ярмарок. А у Львівській майстерні шоколаду можна поласувати гарячим шоколадом чи какао та насолодитися теплими розмовами з сім'єю і друзями. Усе пахне новорічним настроєм.

Під час війни

Ба-бах! Це ЗСУ захищає Ірпінь. Ми вже знаємо, що це працює ППО. Ми перебуваємо у бабусі з дідусем, бо вдома небезпечно. Наша квартира знаходиться досить високо, і в будь-який час може бути приліт. Більшість сусідів виїхали ще в перший день війни. А зараз вже третій...



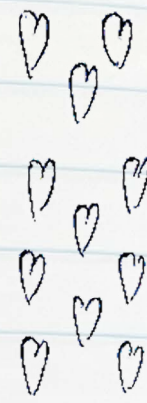
Irpin before the war

The sun is shining everywhere. The forest that grows near our house is rustling its green leaves. In the city centre children have fun playing in the fountains, and next to them stands a solemn monument to Ukraine's national poet, Taras Shevchenko. Pupils of School No. 12 are returning home. Many people run into the Lviv Chocolate Workshop to enjoy delicious sweets. Everything smells of life. This is what Irpin is like in every season.

In winter, the atmosphere is particularly special. Everything is covered with a blanket of snow, and a skating rink and a New Year's fair appear near the Shevchenko monument. And in the Lviv Chocolate Workshop you can enjoy hot chocolate or cocoa and warm conversation with family and friends. The New Year holiday mood pervades everything; yes, you can even smell it.

During the war

Bang-bang! Our Armed Forces defend Irpin. We already know that the air defence works. We are staying with my grandparents because it is not safe at home. Our apartment is quite high in our building, and there could be an airstrike at any time.



Я пам'ятаю цей ранок. Я прокинулася, і моя мама сказала два страшні слова: почалася війна. Ми похапцем зібрали речі, документи, взяли нашого хом'ячка Джоніка і поїхали до дідуся з бабусею. Всі були розгублені. Ніхто не знав, що робити. Згодом, коли ми поїхали до магазину, то там було дуже багато людей і жодної крихти хліба. Але потім буханці ще винесли... Відстоявши двокілометрову чергу, в якій люди мовчали, нам вдалося купити хліб. А коли ми поверталися додому, над нами пролетіло два літаки. Вони пролетіли настільки низько, що я могла повністю розгледіти їх. Ми не знали, чи це ворожі, чи наші літаки...

На п'ятий день ми вже звикли до пострілів та вибухів. Ми допомагали людям похилого віку. Мама з бабусею та дідусям робили ін'єкції, а я носила ліки. Також ми почали пекти хліб. Хліб був дуже смачним, але мама чомусь відмовлялася його їсти і казала, щоб їла я. Якось ми захотіли подихати свіжим повітрям і вийшли на вулицю. Раптом ми почули вибух. Він був так близько, що я почула, як задзвеніли шибки вікон. Я дуже злякалася і хотіла зайти додому, але мама сказала, що в будинку небезпечно. Тому ми продовжували стояти до тих пір, поки вибухи не стихли. Пройшов деякий час... Вибухи поруч вже стали зовсім звичним явищем. Ми жили у бабусі мого друга на

Most of our neighbours left on the first day of the war. It is now the third day. I remember the first morning. I woke up, and my mother said those terrible words: the war had begun. We hastily packed some necessary things and documents, took our hamster, Jon-ik, and went to my grandparents. Everyone was confused. No one knew what to do. Later, when we went to the shop, there were a lot of people there and not a single crumb of bread. But then some more loaves were brought out. After standing in a two-kilometre-long queue, in which people were silent, we managed to buy bread. Then, as we were returning home, two planes flew over – so low that I could see them very clearly, but we didn't know if they were enemy planes or ours.

By the fifth day, we had become used to the gunshots and explosions. We helped the elderly. My mother and grandparents gave injections, and I carried the medicine. We also started baking bread. The bread was very tasty, but for some reason my mother refused to eat it and told me to eat it. One time, we wanted to breathe fresh air and went outside. Suddenly we heard an explosion. It was so close it made the window panes rattle. I was very scared and wanted to go home, but mother said that it was dangerous in the house. So we remained where we were until the explosions subsided.

цокольному поверсі — там було безпечніше. Цілий день я гралася з котиком у коридорі, бо неподалік стояли танки. А наступного дня, з самого ранку, ми дізналися, що пішли мародери та диверсанти. Сусідка сказала:

— Їдьте, вони вже тут!

Я тільки встигнула крикнути:

— А Джонік?!

Ми швидко забрали клітку з нашим хом'ячком до автівки, сіли та поїхали. Мосту, що поєднував Ірпін з Києвом, вже не було. Ми проїхали кілька блокпостів, де стояли військові зі стурбованими обличчями. Потім наша дорога пролягала через ліс і на Житомирську трасу, де знову був блокпост. Ми не знали, що це вже були орки і що через п'ять хвилин вони почнуть стріляти по автівках. Ми вижили тільки тому, що в цей момент орки грабували магазин. Було дуже страшно...

Саме тут, на Житомирській трасі, загинули сотні дітей та дорослих. Там були розбиті світлофори, магазини, кафе та машини.

Ми хотіли доїхати до Києва, але в'їзд було закрито. Тому ми без одягу і тільки з шістьома вареними яєчками та двома маленькими пляшками води поїхали до Вінниці.



Time passed: explosions, sometimes quite close, become commonplace. We lived on the cellar floor at my friend's grandmother's house. It was safer there. There were tanks nearby, so, to keep away from outer walls and windows, I spent my days playing with the cat in the corridor.

Then we heard about looters and saboteurs. A neighbour said: "Go, they are already here!"

I just managed to shout: "What about Jonik?!"

We quickly packed the cage with our hamster in the car, got in and drove off. The bridge connecting Irpin with Kyiv was gone. We passed several checkpoints where soldiers stood with worried faces. Then our road ran through the forest and down to the Zhytomyr highway, where there was another road-block. We did not know that it was controlled by Orcs* and that in five minutes they would start shooting at the cars. We survived only because at that moment the Orcs were looting a shop. It was very scary.

It was here, on the Zhytomyr highway, that hundreds of children and adults died. There were broken traffic lights, shops, cafes and cars.

We wanted to get to Kyiv, but that route was closed. So we headed west and south to Vinnytsia – without clothes, and with just six boiled eggs and two small bottles of water.

* A derogatory name for the Russian invaders.

Під час евакуації



Сказати, що довго їхали – це нічого не сказати. Ми їхали понад десять годин. Бензину було мало. Згодом ми знайшли заправку й нарешті доїхали до Вінниці. Нас нагодували й ми одразу лягли спати. Вранці мама навіть не знала, що мені дати поїсти. Ми з'їли «Мівіну», яка була на кухні. Так у нас почалося нове життя у Вінниці. Я почувала себе погано, але підтримка друзів та батьків мене зміцнювала. Тато, який від початку війни пішов до Сил територіальної оборони, не виходив на зв'язок. Нам допомагали волонтери. Я навіть ходила гуляти. Щодня я навідувалася до качок з лебедями, які жили в озері.

Але у Вінниці ми мали тимчасовий прихисток... Треба було рухатися далі. Ми вирішили поїхати до міста Львів.

У Львові я жила дуже довго! Львів дуже змінився в умовах війни. Коли востаннє ми відвідували Львів, то скрізь ходили радісні та усміхнені люди. З початком війни на вулицях було багато воєнних, а в повітрі висів запах тривоги. Усюди можна було побачити плакати, які надихали на перемогу...

Львів завжди нагадував мені горнятко кави, бо якщо кава була гаряча, а погода тепла, то від бруківки віяло теплом. Коли падав дощ й бруківка ставала вологою, то кава

During the evacuation

To say that we drove for a long time is an understatement. We drove for more than ten hours. We were running low on petrol. Eventually we found a filling station and finally reached Vinnytsia. We were fed and went straight to bed. In the morning, my mother didn't know what to give me to eat. We ate Mivina,** which was in the kitchen. That is how our new life in Vinnytsia began. I felt bad, but the support of my friends and parents strengthened me. Dad had gone to the Territorial Defence Forces at the beginning of the war and we did not hear from him. We were helped by volunteers. I went for walks: every day I visited the ducks and swans that lived on the lake. Our shelter in Vinnytsia was temporary: we had to move on. We decided to go to Lviv.

I stayed in Lviv for a very long time. The war changed that city a lot. When we visited Lviv before the war, there were happy and smiling people everywhere. The war brought many soldiers to the streets, and the smell of anxiety hung in the air, as in all of Ukraine. Everywhere, there were posters urging victory.

Lviv always brings to my mind a cup of coffee. If the coffee was hot and the weather was warm, then the cobblestones were warm too. When it rained and the cobblestones became

зігрівала людей своїм теплом... Зараз, якщо лунали сирени повітряної тривоги, всі громадські місця закривали свої двері. І тут кава знову рятувала нас! «Львівська копальня кави» відкриває свої двері і перетворюється у справжнє бомбосховище! Наприклад, якщо ми смакували цукерками або кавою, і починалася повітряна тривога, то треба просто спускатися у копальню. Тут починалися чари: працівники, ніби чарівники, приносили стільці для всіх людей, іграшки для дітей, а також філіжанки, бо було багато охочих випити кави. Тоді поволі страх і тривога відступали...

Також всім видавали по касці, щоб не вдаритися головою. А під кінець повітряної тривоги всі виходили з укриття і насолоджувались містом далі.

Біля будинків я часто бачила мішки з цементом, які зміцнювали будівлі під час обстрілу. А ще на дорогах знаходилися «їжачки», які не давали проїхати ворожим танкам. Пам'ятники на площі Ринок закрили великими плакатами, бо не можна Львову втрачати таку красу.

Я ходила до міської бібліотеки «Леотека». Там я ліпила вироби з глини, багато читала, побувала на святі «Ніч з Гаррі Поттером» і стала учасницею літературного клубу «Джерельце»! Там я познайомилася з пані Марією Людкевич – письменницею, яка відвідувала раніше Ірпінь,

wet, the coffee warmed you.

During my evacuation, the Lviv air-raid sirens often sounded, and all public places would close their doors. But coffee again saved us. The Lviv Coffee Mine opened its doors and became a real bomb shelter. If we were there when the alarm started, we just went down into the mine. There the magic began: the workers brought chairs for everyone, toys for the children, and cups, as there would be many people who wanted to drink coffee. Also, everyone was given a helmet in case they hit their head.

Slowly, fear and anxiety receded – and at the end of the air alert everyone came out of the shelter and enjoyed the city further.

Near the houses, I often saw sandbags. They were for protection during shelling. And there were 'hedgehogs' on the roads to prevent enemy tanks from passing. Monuments on the Market Square (Rynok Square) were covered with large billboards, so that Lviv would not lose these beautiful features.

I visited the city library's Leoteka project. There I sculpted with clay, read a lot, attended the 'Night with Harry Potter' holiday, met the writer Maria Ludkevich, and became a member of the 'Dzherel'tse' literary club. Can you imagine, the club even has its own newspaper?! Maria Ludkevich. has visited Irpin and

знала про наш Парк Письменників... Вона розповіла багато цікавого і я захотіла відвідувати цей клуб! У них навіть є своя газета, уявляєте?!

Також в бібліотеці я навчилася малювати, бо там проводили майстер-клас з малювання.

Я часто гуляла вузькими вуличками Львова з моїми новими друзями. Ми були в зоопарку, музеях та парках. Мені сподобався Львів й львів'яни, але дуже хотілося повернутися у рідний Ірпінь.

Ірпінь відвойований. Повернення

Нарешті. Ми тут! Ми вдома! Але не всі можуть так радіти... Війна в багатьох забрала рідних, тварин, будинки... Деякі домівки були дуже дивно зруйновані: без стін, дах просто лежав на землі, або не було підлоги, а все інше було цілим... Дахи мені нагадували будинки з фільмів жаху. Деякі будинки вціліли, але почорніли від пожеж. Моя кімната також була пошкоджена: вибите вікно, уламки від снарядів — на ліжку, дірки у стіні, стелі... Один великий уламок мама знайшла на подушці. Диво, що він не загорівся! Ми робимо в нашому домі ремонт, як і весь Ірпінь. Я катаюся на велосипеді у Парку Письменників, гуляю Набережною

knew about our Writers' Park. She told me many interesting things.

At the library, I also learned to draw. A master class on drawing was held there.

I made new friends and often walked the narrow streets of Lviv with them. We visited museums, parks and the zoo. I liked Lviv and the people of Lviv, but of course really wanted to return to my native Irpin.

Irpin has been liberated. We return

Finally, we are here! We are home! But not everyone can be so happy. For many, the war took away relatives, animals, houses....

Some houses were destroyed in a very strange way: without walls, the roof just lay on the ground; or there was no floor, and everything else was intact. The roofs reminded me of houses from horror movies. Some houses survived, but were blackened by smoke. My room was damaged: a broken window, shrapnel on the bed, holes in the wall and ceiling. My mother found a large piece of shrapnel on my pillow. It's a wonder it didn't catch fire.

We are doing repairs – like the whole of Irpin. I ride a bicycle in



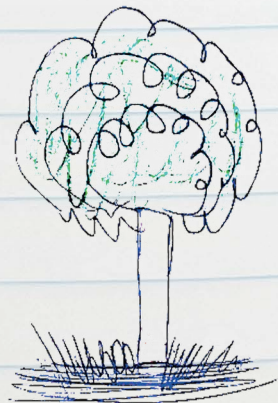
і читаю книжки, але вже з нашої міської бібліотеки! Зараз кінець серпня і незабаром я піду до школи. У нашій школі також триває ремонт, але навчання буде проводитися дистанційно. Я вірю, що після уроків ми знову будемо забігати у Львівську майстерню шоколаду (так, вона також відкривається), щоб поласувати смачними цукерками. Взимку ми будемо кататися на нашій ковзанці біля пам'ятника Кобзарю.

Україна — чарівна країна! Гори, річки, народ, міста... Все сильне та красиве! Слава Україні та ЗСУ!

20 серпня 2022 р.

* * *

Дорогі солдати! Я хочу, щоб в орків було все погано. Щоб вони пішли з нашої землі. Я хочу, щоб у вас була сила, як у сонця. Мені дуже шкода, що я не можу з вами захищати рідну землю. Слава Україні! Героям Слава! Слава Нації, кінець рф!



the Writers' Park, walk along the river embankment and read books. It's good that the books are now from our Irpin city library.

It is the end of August and soon I will be going to school. Our school is also being repaired: teaching will be done remotely. After the lessons, we will once again visit the Lviv Chocolate Workshop (yes, it is open!). In winter, we will skate on our ice rink near the Kobzar (Shevchenko) monument.

Ukraine is a magical country! Mountains, rivers, cities, people... Everything is strong and beautiful! Glory to Ukraine and the Armed Forces!

20th August 2022

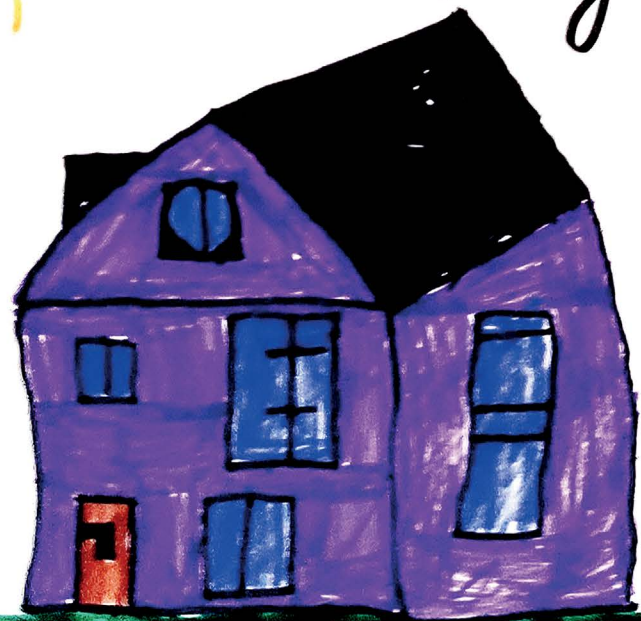
* * *

Dear soldiers! I want the Orcs to do badly. I want them to leave our land. I want you to be as strong as the sun. I am very sorry that I cannot defend my native land with you. Glory to Ukraine! Glory to our heroes! Glory to the Nation, the end of the Russian Federation! (20th June 2022 – in Lviv)

Тіса ми могли подумати, що
в 21 столітті може бути так?
У нас не було ні тривожного чемодан-
чика, ні повного баку бензину.
Війна застала нас непередбаченими.



Я хочу до дому!!!



Росія їдуть
з
України!!!

I want home!!!
Russia leave Ukraine!!! away

Ми змушені були почути і побачити
що таке війна....

Did we think that this could happen in the
21st century? We didn't have an emergency
suitcase or a full tank of petrol.

The war caught us unprepared...

We were forced to hear and see what war is.

Later, after Irpin was liberated, we saw
on a drone video that our house was damaged.

The roof was completely gone.

Згодом, після звільнення Ірпеня,
на відео з дрона, ми побачили, що
наш будинок пошкоджений.

Товариство знає дах....

Irpín is my home

On 29th July 2022, I returned to my battered but not defeated hometown – Irpín.

Because of the cursed rashists,* my emotions were hidden inside me. It was difficult to show them. All I felt was pain: pain for the city, and pain for the people who were left homeless, with broken hearts and divided families.

Walking along the deserted streets, it was hard even to imagine what was happening on those streets in that terrible March.

But I was glad to see my family, to return to my native home, to see friends who had endured the occupation.

Gradually, life is getting better, and all positive experience encourages us.

Thanks to our armed forces, we can feel safe and look forward to VICTORY.



Місто моєї мрії

Дім... Коли я промовляю це слово, мене огортають теплі почуття. Домом може бути не тільки будівля, а й місто, країна, людина.

Для мене домом стало одне чарівне місто в одній надзвичайно чарівній країні, де я зустріла справжніх чарівників. У цьому місті я вперше пішла до школи, зустріла перших друзів і вперше пізнала красу довколишнього світу. Це місто пахне для мене квітучими деревами та садками, літньою свіжістю та прохолодою набережної, сосновими лісами та парками. Коли мене попросять описати, яким я бачу місто, то я відповім, що там завжди лунають сміх дітей та тихі неквапливі розмови дорослих, а навесні — щебетання пташок та жужання бджіл.

Сьогодні, йдучи вулицями, ти помічаєш зруйновані, покалічені війною будинки. Незважаючи на це, місто продовжує жити і квітнути. Воно є активним учасником та ініціатором цікавих та корисних заходів, підтримує та розвиває молодь, обирає шлях до кращого життя. Це місто, де хочеться жити, де відчуваєш затишок і комфорт. Де б ти не був, ти завжди хочеш повернутися сюди.

Це місто моєї мрії. Це місто Ірпінь!

The city of my dreams

Home. When I say this word, I am filled with warm feelings. Home may not be just a building, but a city, a country, a person. For me, home was a magical city in an extremely magical country, where I met real magicians. In this city, I went to school for the first time, made my first friends and discovered the beauty of the surrounding world. This city smells of blooming trees and gardens, the summer freshness and coolness of the river embankment, pine forests and parks. When I am asked to describe how I hear the city, I will say that there is always the laughter of children and quiet leisurely conversations of adults, and in spring the chirping of birds and hum of bees.

Today, walking through the streets, you see war-damaged and destroyed houses. Nevertheless, the city continues to live and flourish. It is an active participant in, and initiator of, interesting and useful events. It supports and develops young people, and seeks the path to a better life. This is a city where you want to live, where you feel secure and comfortable. Wherever you are, you always want to return here.

This is the city of my dreams. This city is Irpin!



Danylo Noha, 9 years old (picture)

Irpín is my home

Home: this is a place where the soul is in harmony with the native city, its gentle and bright air; sincere smiling, people; cosy atmosphere.

Returning home after liberation is a very touching moment, because a soul, scarred by terrible events, awakens in the midst of rays of hope for a future in a free land.

My dear home, you persevered! Your walls calm and heal the turbulent emotions that overflow upon returning, although the pain of seeing damaged houses and burned trees – the lungs of our city – is beyond expression.

Looking at my brave city, I have no doubt that our people will win and will definitely rebuild the shattered territories. I am proud that my city is a hero. Despite all that has befallen her, she is just as kind and continues to inspire hope for future happiness.



Мій дім — Ірпінь

Ранок 24 лютого увірвався в наше життя неймовірною тривогою, сколихнув нашу свідомість, вибивши ґрунт з-під ніг, вливши у жили холод, несприйняття і неприйняття того, що відбувається навколо. Ранок — час пробудження всього живого — для нас став часом невимовного болю, який не зможе стихнути навіть через роки. Для нас почалася нова реальність, небачена, незнана раніше. У наше щасливе, розмірене життя увірвалася війна. Відтоді ми навчилися засинати під звуки обстрілів та повітряних тривог, дивитися на світ через заклеєні вікна, діряві стіни та дахи. Здавалося б, яка це романтика — бачити зорі над головою, якщо не зважати, що дивишся на них через стелю власного будинку, або того, що від нього залишилося. Ми не просили нікого нас звільняти! Від чого ви нас звільнили? Від даху над головою, від спокійного майбутнього, від рідних і близьких, від життя? Яка нісенітниця! Яка жахлива брехня!

Ніщо не робить людей настільки близькими і сильними, як спільне горе. Українці – неймовірна нація! Ми навчилися готувати їжу просто неба під обстрілами, ми навчилися підставляти один одному плече, ділитися останнім краєм хліба, лікувати, допомагати, донатити і просто надихати на

My home is Irpin

The morning of 24th February 2022 burst into our lives with incredible anxiety. It shook our consciousness, knocked the ground from beneath our feet, poured coldness and insensitivity into our veins, and rejection of what was happening around us. Morning, the time of awakening for all living things, became a time of indescribable pain; a pain that will not go away even after many years. A new reality began; hitherto unseen, unknown. The war broke into our happy, well-regulated lives. Since then, we have learned to fall asleep to the sound of shelling and air raids; to look at the world through taped windows, or holed walls and roofs. It would be romantic to see the stars above your head, if it were not that you were looking at them through the ceiling of your own house – or what is left of it. We didn't ask anyone to free us! What did you free us from? From a roof over our heads, from a secure future, from family and friends, from life? What nonsense! What a terrible lie!

Nothing makes people as close and strong as shared grief. Ukrainians are an incredible nation! We learned to cook food in the open air under shelling; we learned to support each other, share the last piece of bread, heal, help, donate and simply inspire each other to do great things. And believe me – our na-

подвиги. І повірте, наша нація непереможна! А як можна перемогти добро, людяність, здатність до самопожертви заради інших? Нас не зламати!

Пригадую той момент, коли ми залишилися у місті, поруч з ворогом, який вперто намагався прорватися до Києва. Паніка, відчай, метушня і разом з тим щоденні вчинки простих людей, які наближали нашу перемогу. Пам'ятаю, як продавчиня у магазині сказала схвильованим подіями покупцям: «Не хвилюйтеся, я з вами тут до кінця, я нікуди не поїду і щодня пектиму хліб.» Це вселило віру, дало надію, відчуття того, що ми разом, ми одна велика родина і тільки разом можемо вистояти і протидіяти ворогові. Я не знаю чоловіка, який вивозив нас із напівзруйнованого міста, я навіть забув його ім'я, але точно впевнений, що моя мама молиться до Бога щодня за його здоров'я.

Із болю, відчаю, горя викристалізувалося те, що завжди, споконвіку, було в українській душі: любов до батьківщини, добро до ближнього і безмежна жага до життя! Невже ви думаєте, що це можна здолати?! Я вірю в нашу перемогу, вірю всім серцем! Бо за нами Бог і за нами правда людська!

Єгор Кормильцев, 12 років (малюнок)

tion is invincible! How can goodness, humanity, and the ability to sacrifice for the sake of others be defeated? We cannot be broken!

I recall the time when we stayed in the city, next to the enemy, who was stubbornly trying to break through to Kyiv. Panic, desperation, commotion, and next to that, the everyday actions of ordinary people who brought our victory closer. I remember the saleswoman in a store who assured agitated customers: "Don't worry, I'm here with you until the end. I won't go anywhere, and I'll bake bread every day." It instilled faith, gave hope, the feeling that we are together, one big family, and only together can we resist and oppose the enemy.

I don't know the man who took us out of the half-destroyed city. I have forgotten his name, but I'm sure that my mother prays to God every day for his well-being.

Out of the pain, despair and grief, crystallized what, from time immemorial, has always been in the Ukrainian soul: love for the motherland, kindness to one's neighbour, and a boundless thirst for life! Do you really think you can beat that? I believe in our victory. I believe with all my heart, because God and human truth are behind us!

Yehor Kormyltsev, 12 years old (picture)

The Victory of Spring

Strange as it may seem, as soon as the snow melts, the grass begins to grow again, seeds germinate, and the white cold is replaced by life. War, like a grey blizzard, drives all life out of a place, kills and suppresses the existence of joy, security and happiness. But, sooner or later, the snow melts, releasing green grace from its shackles, and everything returns to its place. War is similar, isn't it? After our victory, our country will slowly return to what it was, and become even more familiar to the eye. The roads home will be rebuilt, growing and flourishing like the spring grass under the gentle breeze and nourishing rays of the sun.

What will our native Irpin be like after the victory? It seems to me that cities, even completely destroyed by a bloody hand, without a single chance for an old, happy future, will proudly bloom in the fresh colours of the new time. Not quickly, not soon at all. It will take a long time to see your city again in the glow of thousands of native smiles.

Irpin is my hometown, a Hero City; a brave city that defended itself and did not give the enemy a single chance to break through to the capital. A terrible onslaught wounded my city, clipped its wings, but did not break it. Almost every building,

every house shines with broken window glass, coal-black walls, destroyed balconies, and holes from shrapnel.

I am sure that it will take decades to fully restore Irpin, but it will be worth it. Our city will no longer be a lump of broken bricks, but a modern place near the capital, and it will receive a new wave of popularity and respect for its bravery. It will surely look like a cherished Garden of Eden, an oasis of harmony and spiritual strength; a breath of fresh air in the midst of the bustle of urban life.

A child knows that birds always return to their nests. Our compatriots will return from other villages, cities, regions, and countries, and will not recognize the once-familiar land, soaked in native and enemy blood, on which new life will eventually grow.



Постане з темряви нескорений Ірпінь

Найкращі загальнолюдські цінності, принаймні на нашому континенті, прийнято називати європейськими. Це насамперед демократія, гуманізм, свобода вибору людини тощо. З огляду на це, географічний поділ Євразії доповнюється ще одним критерієм розмежування на дві частини. Україна ж знову опинилася у центрі: географічно і світоглядно є частиною Європи, проте щоразу мусить доводити це своїм сусідам. З одного боку, європейці довго «придивлялися» до нас, а з іншого – дикий азіатський тиран прагне знову захопити державу й утворити тоталітарну колонію.

Сьогодні Збройні сили України, як і кожен з нас, у кровопролитній боротьбі виборюють право на свободу. Війна, яка триває майже рік, дала змогу переосмислити багато речей. Так, на початку вторгнення росіян ми, ірпінчани, відчували цілу гаму емоцій: від страху і тривоги за себе та рідних — до гордості за воїнів ЗСУ і тероборонців. Розуміння, що перемога буде за нами, з'явилося ще в березні. Саме тоді наш гордий Ірпінь звільнився від ненависної окупації.

Часто замислююся, яким буде майбутнє нашої держави

The unconquered Irpin will emerge from the darkness

The best common human values, at least on our continent, are usually called European. They are primarily democracy, humanism, freedom of human choice, etc. In view of this, the geographical division of Eurasia is supplemented by another criterion for dividing it into two parts. Ukraine, on the other hand, found itself in the centre again. Geographically and ideologically, it is a part of Europe, but every time it has to prove it to its neighbours. On the one hand, the Europeans have been 'watching' us for a long time; on the other hand, a wild Asian tyrant is trying to seize the state again and form a totalitarian colony.

Today, our Armed Forces, like each of us, are fighting in a bloody struggle for the right to freedom. The war, which has been going on for almost a year, made it possible to rethink many things. Thus, at the beginning of the Russian invasion, we, the residents of Irpin, felt a whole range of emotions: from fear and anxiety for ourselves and our relatives, to pride in the soldiers of the Armed Forces of Ukraine and Territorial Defence Forces. However, back in March the understanding emerged that victory will be ours. It was then that our proud Irpin was freed from the hated occupation.

після перемоги? Я уявляю Україну повноправним членом ЄС, адже кожен мешканець Європи оцінив кмітливість, працьовитість, підприємницьку ініціативу і разом з тим добро, чесність і вміння допомогти в біді ближньому. Думаю, ми погодимося і на членство в НАТО, адже наші воїни довели: вони найсильніші у світі, бо вміють ефективно користуватися будь-якою зброєю, проводити успішні військові операції, цілеспрямовані й мотивовані. Крім того, за квитки в ці міжнародні товариства ми заплатили власною кров'ю.

Зараз триває війна, але з кожним днем відчуваю наближення перемоги. Моя віра в перемогу непохитна. Так, тоді світ по-іншому погляне на нашу державу і визнає те, у чому ми переконалися давно: Україна – це Європа, а Європа без України неможлива. Це доводить приклад мого рідного міста: Ірпінь, учора поранений, понівечений ворогом, сьогодні відроджується: люди ремонтують свої домівки, відновлюють інфраструктурні об'єкти, до рідних осель повертаються мешканці міста. Як після зимового сну, настає квітуча весна, так після важких боїв із ворогом настає перемога.

Незламність наших воїнів щодня наближає перемогу, адже світло завжди перемагає темряву. І постане з

I often wonder what the future of our state will be like after victory? I imagine Ukraine as a full member of the EU, because every resident of Europe has appreciated intelligence, hard work, entrepreneurial initiative, and at the same time kindness, honesty and the ability to help a neighbour in need. I think that we will also agree to membership in NATO, because our soldiers have proven that they are the strongest in the world, because they know how to effectively use any weapon, conduct successful military operations, are purposeful and motivated. Besides, we paid for the tickets to these international societies with our own blood.

Although the war is still ongoing, I feel victory is getting closer every day. My faith in victory is unshakable. Yes, then the world will look at our country in a different way and recognize what we have been convinced of for a long time: Ukraine is Europe, and Europe is impossible without Ukraine. This is proved by the example of my native city. Irpin, yesterday wounded and mutilated by the enemy, is today reviving: people are repairing their homes, restoring infrastructure facilities, residents of the city are returning to their homes. As, after winter sleep, comes blooming spring, so, after hard battles with the enemy, comes victory.

The indomitability of our warriors brings victory closer every

темряви нескорений Ірпінь, місто-герой, місто-фортеця, що захистила столицю держави. Мирні будні поволі загоять рани мого містечка, а в чистому небі літатимуть тільки птахи.

day, because light always defeats darkness. And the unconquered Irpin, a Hero City, a fortress city that protected Kyiv, our capital, will emerge from the darkness. Peaceful everyday life will slowly heal the wounds of my town, and only birds will fly in the clear sky.



І Р П І Н Ь

Мій Ірпінь

Добре пам'ятаю той жахливий день у моєму житті. 24 лютого 2022 року я прокинулася дуже щасливою. Напередодні був день мого народження. Моя дитяча кімната нагадувала мені казкову хатинку маленької принцеси — кольорові кульки, подарунки, моє рожеве, неймовірної краси плаття.

І все це щасливе, дитяче життя обірвалося в один момент. Почалася війна...

Моя кімната, мій будинок, моя мила тиха вуличка, мій рідний Ірпінь — усе це ми швидко залишали під страшні звуки вибухів та постійних обстрілів.

Потім був один довгий день тривоги та очікування. Тільки добрі, але такі сумні мамині очі та постійні ніжні обійми рятували мене.

Влітку ми повернулися додому. Хотілося плакати від побаченого навкруги. Війна залишила свій жахливий слід на будинках, парканах, дорогах, машинах та деревах. Мені було жалко, що таке лихо сталося з моєю маленькою батьківщиною, моїм дорогим містом.

Але з кожним днем наш Ірпінь змінювався, піднімався, відновлювався.

My Irpin

I well remember that terrible day in my life. On 24th February 2022, I woke up very happy. It was the day after my birthday. My bedroom reminded me of a fairy-tale house of a little princess – coloured balls, gifts, my pink dress of incredible beauty.

And all this happy childhood life ended in one moment. The war began...

My room, my house, my sweet, quiet street, my native Irpin – we hurriedly left all this to the terrible sounds of explosions and constant shelling.

And then there was one long day of anxiety and waiting. Only kind, but such sad, mother's eyes and constant warm hugs saved me.

We returned home in the summer. I wanted to cry from what I saw around me. The war had left its terrible mark on houses, fences, roads, cars and trees. I was sorry that such a disaster happened to my small homeland, my beloved city. But every day our Irpin changed, rose, was recovering. People did and are doing everything to restore normal life for all residents. So my school is being rebuilt. I imagine how we will all meet in September – in our class!



Люди робили і роблять все для того, щоб повернути нормальне життя для всіх мешканців. Ось і ліцей мій відбудовують. Уявляю, як ми усі зустрінемося у вересні, в нашому рідному класі!

Мама каже, що я подорослішала, не так радію іграшкам. Просто я думаю зовсім про інше.

Мрія зараз у всіх нас одна. На Новий рік та свій день народження я загадала одне бажання і повторюю його щодня, коли лягаю спати: перемоги, миру, злагоди моїй дорогій Україні, моєму рідному Ірпеню, моїй найкращій родині, усім і кожному!

Mum says I have grown up. I don't enjoy toys as much as I did before; I'm just thinking about something else entirely.

We all have the same dream now. For the New Year and my birthday, I made one wish, and I repeat it every day when I go to bed: "victory, peace, harmony to my dear Ukraine, my native Irpin, my best family, to everyone!"



Irpin – My Home

Snow-white wings cut through the blue sky. They are sharp, thin, but also strong. This bird is a white dove – familiar to us, and at the same time an amazing creature. It symbolises innocence, freedom, light and, of course, the desire for peace.

One winter evening, a bird sat on the roof of the main building of the city. It was watching the sunset. When it became bored, it wanted to fly somewhere to see other flocks, other birds, people. However, that seemed impossible. The thought that its life was ‘eternal’ dissipated like smoke.

Very early the next morning, the bird was disturbed by some strange sounds. A flock of ravens visited the place where the dove usually rests. The uninvited guests pecked with their sharp beaks and sought to capture the beautiful roof, where there had been no strangers for half a century. All the doves were forced to leave their home and seek shelter elsewhere.

Our exile flew into an old barn, where an elderly woman was huddled with her pets – kittens. The roof was damp and dirty, apparently clumsy cats had climbed there and chased the newcomers.

The dove felt sadness for its native home, an indescribable pain. Everything that was lost now seemed so sweet, so pre-

cious: the sunset and the corner where it used to perch, eating grain.

Unfortunately, in February 2022, I, along with my relatives and friends, found myself in the difficult life situation of the central figure in this sad tale. I made up the story to clear my head of terrible memories and unhappy thoughts. After the invasion of the occupiers, the plight of most adults and children from Irpin and many other Ukrainian cities was reminiscent of that of the bird in the fairy tale.

Thankfully, the story for many of the ‘birds’ of our country has continued more happily. Thanks to our soldiers, defenders of our native land, we have been able to return to our native Irpin, to our homes, to see friends and family, and again breathe deeply. Even so, the pattern of our lives before 24th February 2022 now seems like a fairy tale that cannot be relived.

Friends, let us remember, as never before, that we must appreciate every moment of our life! With all those who remember and act, we will prevail. Let us endure, as Irpin, our home, and dozens of Ukrainian villages and towns have endured.



Irpin

Irpin is the city where I was born, grew up and have lived until today. This city is an important part of me, and of my life. Leaving is like tearing something very valuable from my heart.

Irpin is my favourite place for spending free time with friends and family. I remember my childhood, when I was still in kindergarten, how good it was to walk with my parents in spring to Pokrovsky Park. I loved swings and wandering along the paths – and eating sweet treats.

Now I walk the streets alone or with friends, thinking about how much the city has changed. Although I do not remember my kindergarten years in detail, some moments remain.

I remember how I used to walk with my parents in Pravyka Park, or in the city centre. Now I see how everything has changed: the main square, every street, and even around my house. Although it remains a difficult time, little by little, everything is being rebuilt and repaired.

I remember that I was very fond of my Irpin School No. 3, and I still love it no less. Back then, in junior high school, I always looked forward to the physical education lesson, when we would go out to play on the sports field. That was the greatest

fun. And I loved the school library too – for its mysterious atmosphere, the smell of literature: I am a passionate reader. I also adore the embankment of our Irpin river. There are many benches where you can sit and enjoy the surrounding beauty, and many different sports grounds. You can play basketball there, which I like to do. Or, to be alone with your thoughts, you can just walk on the long paths. The scenery plays with special colours in the evenings and early mornings. This is the place to walk on a spring morning: you hear the birds singing, flying carefree.

The Irpin embankment is an ideal place to spend your day, enjoying the incredible beauty of nature and taking a break from the hustle of the city. You should visit this place at least once in your life to understand how ‘cool’ it is – somewhere to take a break from everything and just relax.

Irpin is my native home, a place to which I always return. It is a city to fall in love with at first sight, and be filled with positive emotions. I am very grateful that I was born and live here. It will always be my home and memories of it will endure in my soul forever. May it always remain as cosy and wonderful as I remember it from my childhood.

Ukraine is my HOME 🇺🇦

Letter to Irpin

Hello, my Irpin.

It's me, Solomiya, I'm already five years old.

We spent very little time together, only four years, but I loved you with all my heart.

You gave me and my family many happy days.

I was born in Irpin, walked in the most beautiful parks, looked at the most beautiful pine trees, loved to run between the fountains and listen to the birds singing in the forest.

It's been a year since I have seen you. You've changed. You are now a Hero. And I am too, because I live far, far away from you. It's safe here for me and my little brothers, but I miss You.

Sometimes, I dream of you, and I am so happy in those dreams. We are together again.

The warm sun is shining and again the birds are singing very loudly – and there are no explosions.

I will definitely come to you. Unfortunately, my house is gone and my favourite toys and all my clothes have burned, but you are still my home.

Every corner, every park, every fountain, every little bird and every Ukrainian.

I love you, my Irpin, my Hero City.

Yours, Solomiya, also a hero.

Irpin is invincible

Once upon a time, my city was full of joy and sunshine, streetlights illuminated the dark, and children's carefree laughter rang out. On New Year's Eve, fireworks were set off, and in the summer no one was afraid to stay up late at night listening to live music in the park. Harmony reigned in my native Irpin. No one interfered with our happiness, and it seemed that nothing could destroy it. It was like that until 24th February [2022].

Suddenly, the sun hid behind the clouds, the laughter died, and the streets were deserted. Where did the people go? Where did my sunny, joyful Irpin go? Darkness reigned, destroying our homes, destroying goodness, destroying our dreams and hopes for the future. Instead of fireworks, we heard explosions, and hail was no longer associated with bad weather.

Our peaceful, tranquil life is gone. Is it gone forever? No, look! Here is a small ray of light – enough to put hope in people's hearts: hope that the dark times will not last forever.

And indeed, very soon the darkness began to dissipate – and then we saw the grief that it had brought. Countless lives broken, many of them lost forever. The darkness spared no one. My little Irpin... wounded, but invincible. She courageously sur-

vived the worst thing in the world and now has the honorary award 'Hero City of Ukraine'. We paid very dearly for the sun to again shine on our city. Now no one will ask: 'Where is Irpin?', because it is one of those glorious cities that bravely protected Kyiv, our capital, from the darkness.

At first, the light peeked cautiously, uncertainly from behind the clouds, as if checking to see if the darkness had really retreated. The city was still restless, but, little by little, people began to return to their homes. Even when the danger had not yet passed, there was only one thought in their minds: 'Home! Hurry home!'

My city started to come alive. More and more cars appeared on the roads, and more people on the streets. Children's laughter and the barking of dogs playing with their owners resounded in the parks. Our normal life gradually returned, but the destroyed buildings did not disappear; neither did traces of bullets on trees and fences, and holes in the asphalt made by grenades. Air raid alarms have been added to our daily life, every time making the heart beat at a frantic pace, and instilling a panic that painfully squeezes the chest.

After the victory, my city will live as before: harmony and peace will reign. There will be no air raids, no explosions, no destruction. Irpin will again shine as it did before the coming

of the darkness. And there will be no more tears and no more pain; only happiness and laughter. More than one New Year tree will be lit, more than one concert will be played, and the happy residents of Irpin will celebrate the victory. We have already won once, and we will win again. We are invincible, and light always defeats darkness!



Ania Stotska, 8 years old (picture)

Irpin is my home

Dear friend, today I invite you to visit the city that I consider my home. I call it my home because I was born and live here and, most importantly, I feel proud of it. Yes, Irpin is my undeniable pride.

I am not ashamed to invite my best friend here, because my city will hospitably welcome him with the spirit of ancient history, picturesque natural landscapes, and the aesthetics of modern buildings. I will be extremely pleased when you take a walk with me along the Irpin river and hear a story about how the House of Writers once worked here, and how prominent Ukrainian poets Maksym Rylskyi and Andrii Malyshko caught pike and crucian carp in the river, and humourist Ostap Vyshnia hunted hares in the nearest forest. And you and I will rest and enjoy active leisure time in the comfort of today's Irpin parks. We will have lunch in one of the friendly local cafes and walk through the central square of the city, paying tribute to the sculpture of a very young Taras Shevchenko, admiring the riot of flowers on the well-kept flowerbeds, and watching the play of cheerful fountains. In the evening, we will certainly admire the unique sunset over Irpin and dream of a new day to come.

And that day will surely come, because my city, sick and tired of the Rashist invasion, has endured and blossoms again!

Dear friend, I and my hero city of Irpin are really waiting for you!



Ivanka Kirkizh, 5 years old (picture)

A city of prospects

There are many different towns and villages, but the most beautiful, dear and homely is Irpin. I was born here, took my first steps, met my first friends, who came with me to the first grade of our school No. 12. I am happy that I spent my childhood in this comfortable town with beautiful and green parks, a fountain in the city centre, and my favourite embankment. There are so many memories depicted in the photos on social media! We lived happily and made plans for the future. But on 24th February 2022 our lives changed forever. I was woken by my mother. She was crying and saying that a full-scale war had started. I was very scared; I started shaking. We did not want to believe that it was a war. And then we heard constant sounds of explosions and spent nine days in the cellar. We hoped that it would soon end, but it didn't. So we decided to leave Irpin.

That was very hard on my heart. My hometown, how can I live without you?

Irpin is a Hero City. I heard those words from my father on 30th March. On that day, our Irpin was liberated from the Russian soldiers. We call people heroes for a reason. In order to be remembered, you need to have courage and strength, you need

to perform a feat that will be useful to the people and will be remembered for all time.

There are many questions: why did this happen? Why did the Russian invaders destroy our native Irpin? I believe that there will be no war in the future.

We returned home to our beloved city, destroyed but unconquered. And life is reviving once again. You can see many people on the streets, the roads are crowded with cars – everything is as it was before the war. I like to walk in the parks of my city. You can spread a blanket on its lawns and lie in the shade of the trees for a long time. Or sit on the river bank and feed the swans from your hands. In summer, the city is awash with flowers. They are everywhere: in flowerbeds, in flowerpots on lampposts, and on the windowsills of houses.

Irpin is a city of prospects. New squares, parks, bridges, and memorials are being built. The city is constantly changing, not standing still.

I cannot imagine how you could not love Irpin. It is the best hometown in the world. Come and see for yourself.



Irpin is my home

My name is Yehor, I am 11 years old. I have lived in the city of Irpin all my life. I know my way around the area well, I know short cuts and I walk without fear of anything – because Irpin is my home.

One day, I awoke to find my mother packing.

“Why are you collecting things?”

“The war has begun!” mother replied.

At first, I could not believe it, but a loud explosion near our house soon convinced me. My family realized that it was not safe to stay in the apartment, so we went down to the cellar. On 24th February at seven o'clock in the evening, my friends and I left for a village near Myronivka. Lest a missile should hit it, I was very worried about my home, my friends, my grandparents and other relatives.

And, most unfortunately, on 16th March our five-story building was engulfed in flames. The fifth floor, the roof and communications were completely burned. Many more apartments were damaged by debris.

But one morning I awoke to the news that IRPIN HAS BEEN LIBERATED FROM THE RUSSIAN ARMY. On 3rd April, the President of Ukraine awarded Irpin the title “Hero City of Ukraine”.

Now I am living temporarily in the apartment of some acquaintances while our house is rebuilt.

I really miss my apartment, my bed, my room and my yard. When everything was peaceful, the neighbourhood boys and I would play on the swings, also hide and seek and football, and have picnics. We are not doing those things now, because we remain separated by war. However, humanitarian aid should soon arrive from Europe, and that will help Ukraine rebuild parks, houses, stadiums, museums, and more.

In my opinion, in one year, Irpin may become a second New York...

I love my city!



Irpin is my home



War is bad.

I am returning to Irpin, where I have not been for more than a year. It is sad. The familiar streets are full of shattered houses. Some buildings have fresh concrete or brick patches. Everything looks different.

Why is it so sad? There are few children on the streets. There were so many of them in Irpin before the war. Cheerful laughter, playful shouts, just small groups of children – that is what I remember well from that life: before the war.

And here is my home! My father opens the door and I, a little nervous, go inside. It seemed strange and unusual. I had forgotten how things were; how tall and spreading the tree outside the house was; what kind of tiles and stones paved the yard. But I had not forgotten the feeling of happiness, peace, and security that enveloped me here like a warm blanket.

Irpin is my home. When we were travelling abroad, fleeing from explosions and the word 'war', which I did not understand, I probably saw more tears in my family's eyes that I had ever seen before in my entire life. Leaving for the unknown was difficult and scary. Forsaking the neat streets and well-kept parks of my hometown was so sad. It had always been a joy to walk

there with my parents, grandparents and friends.

Finally, we arrived in Croatia. How warmly and cordially we were welcomed. What a wonderful natural environment that country has: the sun; the sea; almond trees, which with their delicate pink flowers were reminiscent of the spring apricots in Irpin. Everything was bright and beautiful! But it was someone else's beauty: I missed the tall, slender pine trees that bend in the wind in Irpin. I often remembered the forest behind our house. There was no such forest in Croatia.

They helped us find good housing. I went to school every day from Monday to Friday. Everything was fine. But my grandmother would cry into her pillow almost every night – quietly so as not to wake me up. But I could hear, and it made my heart hurt. I could not help her: I too wanted to go home. I tried not to cry, and to enjoy life, so that my family would not worry. I guess I had to get used to Croatia, but the longer we lived there, the more I wanted to go home.

And here I am – at home, in my home town. Now my heart feels strange: tender, sad, and a little bit painful. Irpin today is similar to the city I remember, but different too. Even so, I still

want to jump and shout with joy that I'm finally home! Everything here is my own – the most native, the most beautiful, and there is nowhere else like it in the world!



Melania Bila, 6 years old (picture)

БІЛА МЕЛАНІЯ
6 РОКІВ, ІРПІНЬ



Ukraine



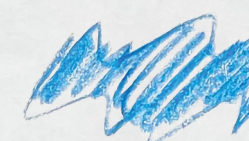
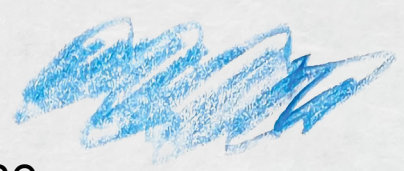
Fairy tales | Казки

Ірпінь – мій дім

Одного разу в чарівній країні, де квітучі поля, великі водоспади, найгарніші світанки та заходи сонця, де наймилозвучніша мова та вільні чудові люди, змінилося все.

Тут мешкають дружні друзі і вони щасливі. Біля зелених гір проходить невелика вулиця, на якій живуть люди на ім'я Львів та Івано-Франківськ. Івано-Франківськ не любить, коли його називають повним ім'ям, тому він просто Іван. Біля них, на паралельній вулиці, у білій хатинці з червоним орнаментом, живуть дідусь з бабусею — Луцьк та Рівне. А на сході цієї незвичайної країни проживає молодь. Їхня компанія складається з хлопчика Дніпро, молодого, але досвідченого Херсона та нерозлучних друзів Донецька і Луганська. В центрі країни — статний Київ, мужній Харків, молода пара Одеса та Миколаїв. Також біля них живуть Черкаси, Суми, дівчина Полтава, файний хлопець Тернопіль, жінка середніх років Вінниця, хлопець Кропивницький. Хмельницький завжди в роботі, тож рідко спілкується з іншими. А дівчинка Чернівці любить проводити час з дітьми з інших країн.

Сьогодні я хочу розповісти про Ірпінь.
Ірпінь – мужній хлопець, який живе поряд із Києвом, по



Irpin is my home

There was once a magical land with blooming fields, great waterfalls, the most beautiful sunrises and sunsets, the sweetest language, and free, wonderful people. And they were happy. That was before everything changed.

Many good friends live there still. In a small street near the green mountains live people called Lviv and Ivano-Frankivsk. Ivano-Frankivsk does not like to be called by his full name, so he is simply Ivan. Near them, on a parallel street, in a white hut with red ornaments, live grandfather Lutsk and grandmother Rivne. And in the eastern part of this unusual country live some young people. Their company consists of a boy called Dnipro; a young but experienced Kherson; and a pair of inseparable friends, Donetsk and Luhansk. In the centre of the country are stately Kyiv; courageous Kharkiv; a young couple, Odesa and Mykolaiv; Cherkasy; Sumy; Poltava, a girl; Ternopil, a nice guy; Vinnytsia, a middle-aged woman; and a guy called Kropyvnytskyi also lives near them. Khmelnytsky is always at work, so rarely communicates with others, and the girl Chernivtsi likes to spend time with children from other countries.

Today I want to talk about Irpin, a brave guy who lives near Kyiv, in the neighbourhood of Bucha. As our story begins, his

сусідству з Бучею. Вони мають охайну хатинку, стіни якої пофарбовані в яскраві кольори. Поруч розкинувся садок вишневий, ростуть маки і цвітуть каштани. З даху хатинки вночі можна спостерігати за зорями. Коли починається дощ, Київ приходить в гості до Ірпеня та Бучі пити каву з його фірмовим Київським тортом.

У їх житті не було жодних перешкод, смутку чи горя. Але люди з сусідньої країни заздрили їхнім вишневим садкам, охайним лісам та щастю.

Одного дня люди з росії захотіли забрати це все собі. Вони прийшли до Бучі та Ірпеня і сказали:

— Віддайте нам ці пейзажі, теплі ночі, неймовірні квіти та свою культуру.

— Доброго ранку, хлопці! Навіщо це вам? У вас також є і ліси, і гори, і квіти, і мова. Чому ми повинні вам щось віддавати?

— Ти не розумієш! У вас і зорі яскравіші, і землі родючіші, і квіти пахучіші. Ми теж це хочемо! — промовив один із воїнів.

Буча почала кричати:

— Допоможіть, будь ласка! Мені боляче! Прошу вас! Боляче! — її голос розривався від страху. Росія палила її, рвала волосся, обпалювала тіло вогнем.

Ірпінь одразу хотів кинути на допомогу, але російські солдати схопили його та зв'язали. Тоді орки планували йти

house is neat; its walls painted in bright colours. Nearby is a cherry orchard; poppies grow and chestnuts bloom. At night, you can watch the stars from the roof of the Irpin hut. When it rains, Kyiv visits Irpin and Bucha with his renowned Kyiv cake, and they drink coffee together.

There were no obstacles, sadness or grief in their lives. But people from a neighbouring country, called Russia, envied their cherry orchards, neat forests and happiness.

Those people from Russia wanted to take all the beautiful places and the happiness for themselves. One day, they came to Bucha and Irpin and said:

“Give us these landscapes, warm nights, incredible flowers and your culture.”

“Good morning, guys! Why do you need those things that are ours? You also have forests, mountains, flowers, and language. Why should we give you anything?”

“You don’t understand! You have brighter stars, more fertile lands, and more fragrant flowers. We want them too,” said one of the soldiers.

Bucha started shouting:

“Help please! It hurts! I ask you! It hurts!” Her voice cracked with fear. Russia burned her, tore her hair, burned her body with fire.

до Києва в «гості», аж раптом Ірпінь почув сильний вибух. Це трапилося близько четвертої ранку. Було чутно страшні крики. Стало лячно. Офіцер подивився на Ірпеня і байдужо розсміявся.

— Ні! Тобі не здолати мене! — вигукнув Ірпінь.

— Це тобі, дитино, не здолати мене! — офіцер знову засміявся.

Буча продовжувала голосити та кликати на допомогу. Вибухи щоразу ставали сильнішими.

— Я не хочу помирати, врятуйте мене...

Ці слова розривали серце. Ірпінь почали лупцювати. Раптом це почув могутній Київ і надіслав підмогу.

У той час чарівний хлопець Ірпінь вирвався та визволив Бучу. Вони сиділи обіймаючись і плакали. Дівчина промовила лише кілька слів:

— Ірпінь, коли я з тобою, я вдома...



Irpın immediately wanted to rush to help, but Russian soldiers, Orcs, grabbed him and tied him up.

The Orcs were planning a 'visit' to Kyiv. One day, around four in the morning, Irpin suddenly heard a loud explosion. Terrible screams were heard; it became scary. The officer looked at Irpin and laughed menacingly.

"No! You can't beat me," Irpin shouted.

The officer laughed again: "It's you, child, who can't beat me."

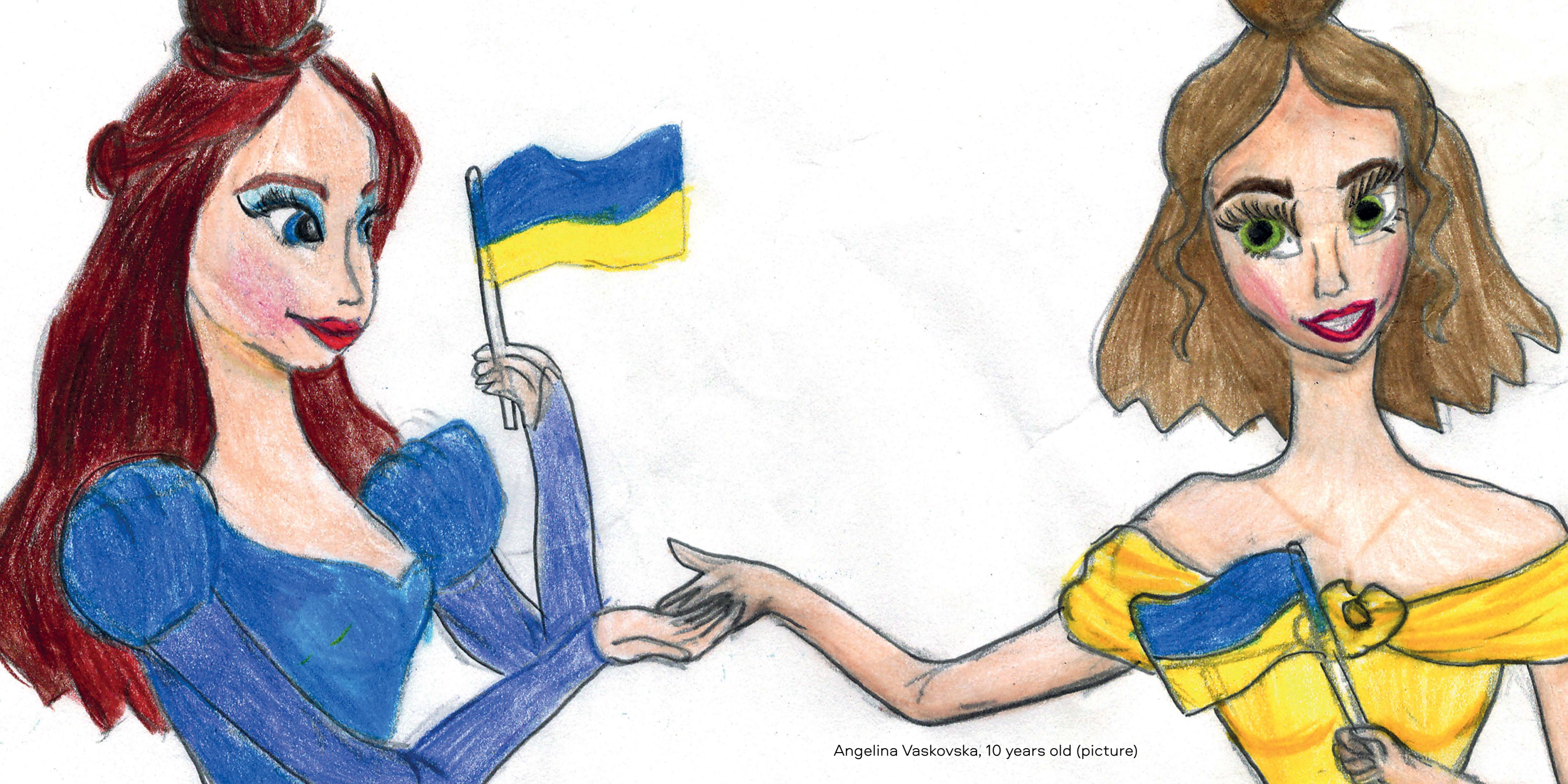
Bucha continued to wail and call for help. Succeeding explosions became louder each time.

"I don't want to die, save me..."

These words were heart-breaking. Irpin too began to be heavily assaulted. Then mighty Kyiv heard and sent help.

The charming boy Irpin escaped and freed Bucha. They sat hugging and crying. The girl, Bucha, spoke only a few words:

"Irpin, when I'm with you, I'm at home."



Angelina Vaskovska, 10 years old (picture)

Irpin is my native home

There is a handsome young man called Irpin; his native mother is Ukraine. He has many brothers and sisters. They all love each other, but Irpin has a special relationship of trust with Kyiv. Whenever difficult situations arise, Kyiv and Irpin always help and support each other as much as they can.

Unfortunately, the aggressor country Russia was jealous of the brothers and sisters, and wanted to divide, conquer and subjugate them. It made plans and prepared to attack and destroy them.

On 24th February 2022, in the midst of cold, frosty winter, at five in the morning, rocket strikes turned the Ukrainian sky red.

Courageous brothers and sisters came to the defence of their native mother. Side by side they defended their land, their people, independence and sovereignty. In their eyes was rage, anger, hatred of the invaders. There was a fierce struggle. Everyone defended himself, his family and neighbours as best he could.

Unfortunately, there were losses and defeats, but nothing, no enemy, could break the power of brothers and sisters. Irpin took the whole blow, defending his brother Kyiv. Hatred of enemies gave strength to the people of Irpin, they did not leave

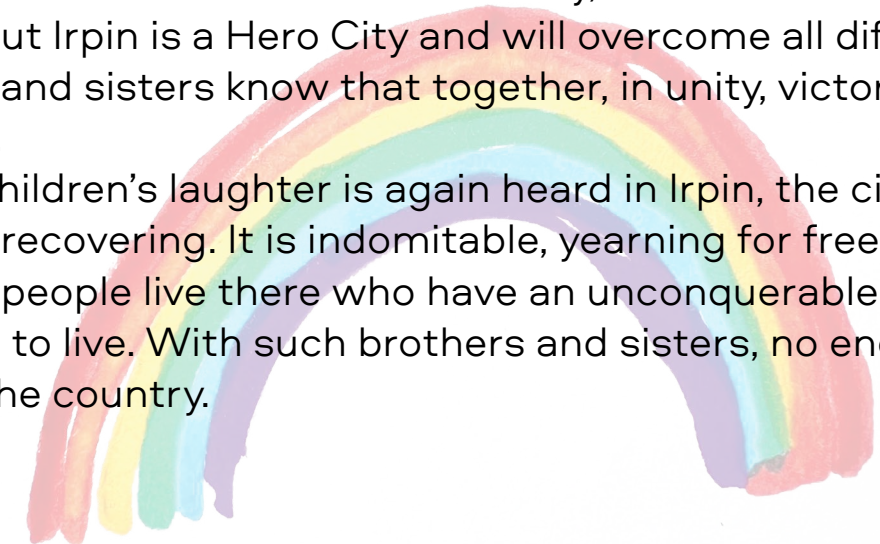
the city until the last, because they knew that their brother Kyiv was behind them. They dug trenches, blew up Russian tanks, destroyed artillery and shot infantry. A fierce battle was fought for every house, block, and street. They faced death with the fixed thought that Kyiv could not be given to the enemy.

Hearing that Irpin was in trouble, Kyiv delivered medicines and weapons to his brother and begged: "Please don't die, Irpin! You are strong, you can, hold on, I know!"

Irpın answered: "Thank you, brother. I am still alive and will live. I will resist evil to the last." Gathering all his strength, Irpin delivered a final blow to the enemy. The Russians were frightened and fled, having failed to destroy Irpin, Kyiv, Bucha, Hostomel, or Borodianka.

Irpın suffered terribly, but is proud that he withstood the enemy. It remains difficult for him today, because he needs to rebuild. But Irpin is a Hero City and will overcome all difficulties. Brothers and sisters know that together, in unity, victory can be achieved.

Now children's laughter is again heard in Irpin, the city is alive and recovering. It is indomitable, yearning for freedom. Amazing people live there who have an unconquerable spirit and a will to live. With such brothers and sisters, no enemy can destroy the country.





Це малюнок для татка, де він крокує і все
довкола стає таким, як було колись, цвітуть
будинки, розквітають дерева по вулиці...

Те, що трапилося, ми не могли собі уявити навіть в найстрашнішому сні. Все, як і
для більшості, почалося вранці.

Про виїзд з міста взагалі не думали, не уявляли масштаби, не вірили, що це
надовго. В авто бак був напівпорожнім.

З перших днів ми ховалися у підвалах, спали на підлозі під постійні обстріли, які не
вщухали ні вдень, ні вночі. Наважилися виїхати 5 березня.

Тато вивіз нас в безпечне місце, а сам повернувся до своєї військової частини і став
до захисту України, як і в 2014 році.

WE COULD NOT HAVE IMAGINED WHAT HAPPENED EVEN IN OUR WILDEST DREAMS.

AS FOR MOST PEOPLE, IT ALL STARTED IN THE MORNING...

WE HAD NO THOUGHT OF LEAVING THE CITY. WE DIDN'T IMAGINE THE SCALE, AND DIDN'T BELIEVE
THAT IT WOULD LAST FOR LONG THE PETROL TANK IN OUR CAR WAS HALF EMPTY.

FROM THE FIRST DAYS, WE HID IN CELLARS, SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR AS CONSTANT SHELLING WENT ON.
IT DID NOT SUBSIDE BY DAY OR BY NIGHT. ON 5TH MARCH WE DARED TO LEAVE.

DAD TOOK US TO A SAFE PLACE. THEN HE RETURNED TO HIS MILITARY UNIT AND, AS IN 2014, BEGAN TO
DEFEND UKRAINE.

THIS IS A DRAWING FOR MY DAD, WHERE HE WALKS AND EVERYTHING AROUND HIM BECOMES AS IT ONCE
WAS – WHOLE, UNDAMAGED HOUSES, BLOSSOMING TREES AND BUSHES ...

I MISS HIM, BUT I AM VERY PROUD OF HIM. IF ALL THE FATHERS HAD NOT GONE TO DEFEND IT, THEN
OUR NATIVE CITY WOULD NO LONGER EXIST

Я сплуну за татка, але дуже пишаюсь.
Якби всі татки взяли і не пішли захи-
щати, то нашого рідного міста вже б не було.

Казка про Нескорений Ірпінь

В одному прекрасному князівстві жила собі дівчинка Еля. Князівство було дуже гарним: квітучі парки, нові школи, охайні дитячі майданчики. Правив цим князівством князь Маркушин.

Якось вирішив цар з сусідньої країни напасти і загарбати прекрасне князівство, а також королівство Київ. Планував цар це все зробити за три дні. Зібрав він своїх змій гримучих, прилетіли страшні дракони і почали кидати вогняні стріли.

Дівчинка Еля, як і інші діти цього міста, була змушена тікати світ за очі. Еля дуже боялася, але їй пощастило втекти.

Хоробрий князь Маркушин зібрав військо з лицарів, які стали на захист князівства зі зброєю в руках. З усіх боків почав наступати ворог, прийшли лицарі армійські, хотіли стати в оборону за річкою Ірпінь. Запропонували Маркушину об'єднатися в одне військо і разом захищати Київ. Але він промовив:

— Не віддам я свого князівства в руки ворогу проклятому. Мої воїни готові захищати Ірпінь.

Так і було прийнято рішення стояти незламно. Ірпінь дуже постраждав від вибухів, але наші славні воїни, територіальна

The Tale of Unconquered Irpin

There was once a beautiful principality with blooming parks, new schools and neat playgrounds. The ruler of the principality was Prince Markushin, and in the principality lived a little girl, Elya

For some reason, a tsar from a neighbouring country decided to attack and conquer the beautiful principality; also the kingdom of Kyiv. The tsar planned to do all this in three days. He gathered his rattlesnakes, and terrible dragons flew in and started throwing fiery arrows.

The girl Elya, like other children of her city, was forced to run away. Elya was very afraid, and she was lucky to escape. The brave Prince Markushin gathered an army of knights who defended the principality with weapons in hand. The enemy began to advance from all sides. The army knights came and wanted to form a line of defence behind the Irpin River. They said Markushin could unite with them to form one army and defend Kyiv together. But he said: "I will not give my principality into the hands of the cursed enemy. My soldiers are ready to defend Irpin."

So it was decided to stand firm. Irpin suffered a lot from the explosions, but our glorious warriors, territorial defence and

Емілія Абакумова, 6 років (малюнок)

оборона і армія відбили напад злих ворогів. Ще лютують злі змії і дракони сусідські на інших землях нашого королівства. Але зовсім скоро перемога буде за нами. І повернеться дівчинка Еля в рідну домівку і побачить улюблену вчительку та всіх друзів, за якими дуже сумує.



Emilia Abakumova, 6 years old (picture)

army repelled the evil enemies. Our neighbour's vile snakes and dragons are still raging in other parts of our kingdom, but very soon the victory will be ours. Then Elya will return to her native home and see her beloved teacher and all her friends, whom she misses very much.



Periwinkles

Long ago, in a mysterious place, there was a small river. It flowed through the forest and changed its colour from green to blue, from brown to gold, depending on the mood of the forest creatures living near-by.

Translucent creatures, called periwinkles, loved to live in the forest near the Irpin river, and took care of it so that it was clean and crystal clear. They decided to name their city Irpin too; the same as the river.

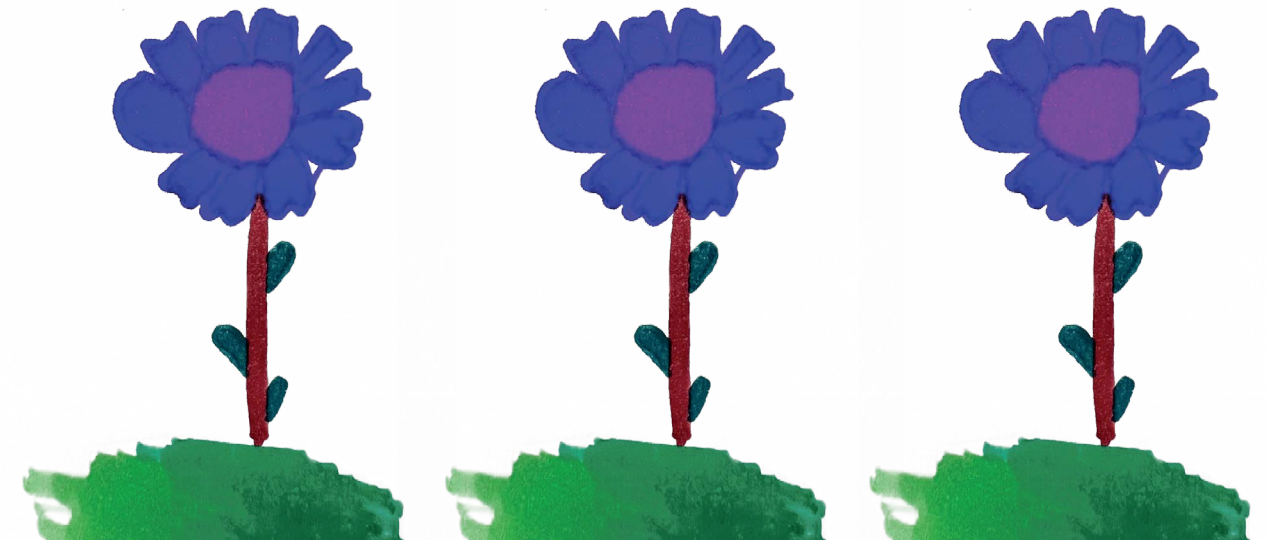
In the evenings, they would run through the flowers with lights and sing. They long ago stopped counting the number of springs they had done that. Sometimes, they made themselves known to creatures that needed help. In winter, they wore white fur and rolled on branches covered with frozen raindrops, making them crunch pleasantly.

On one beautiful winter day, a snake appeared. He was angry and envious of what the periwinkles were doing, because he could not rejoice in his own happiness. He began to destroy their works, flood the land, and devastate their homes.

The forest creatures fought the snake long and hard, but his power was too great. So they decided to sacrifice themselves to preserve their land. The price was high, but by combining

their magic they defeated the snake.

Much time has passed since then; so much time that no-one now remembers the periwinkles. But their souls still help with troubles and misfortune. They do not ask for anything in return: only that the freedom of their land should be preserved.



A Tale about the City of Irpin

Do you all know the history of the founding of the city of Irpin? I will tell you mine.

In a distant kingdom... Yes, stop. All this happened in Ukraine. Irpin began to be created in 1899, thanks to the Kyiv-Kovel railway. Work began, people worked tirelessly, but there was one trouble: everything that was planted died. People did not know what to do, to whom to turn for help.

One day, a man saw from the window of his house an unusual light coming from the street. He decided to see what was there. When he got closer, he saw a strange stone that glowed very brightly. He was afraid, but still took the stone in his hands. The flowers that he and his wife had planted when they settled in the house had all withered, but when the light from the stone fell on a particular flower, it began to bloom.

The man told many people about this strange event. Some believed him, some did not. So he decided to gather everyone in the centre of the city and demonstrate the effect of the stone.

When all his fellow citizens were present, the man fixed the stone on a large withered tree. It immediately burst into vigorous life. The glow from the stone spread all over the city, and

soon there was blossom everywhere.

The stone was left in that same place. Later, a monument to an outstanding poet, a Kobzar, appeared.

The stone of inspiration remained inside the monument. Thanks to that, Irpin is still flourishing – and will bloom forever.



УКРАЇНА —
це наш дім!

Ukraine is our home!



Lisa Golenia, 10 years old

Slyko, the Fantastic Fox

Chapter 1

Arrival of the Fox



Once upon a time, a fox settled near Irpin's Pravyka Park. He cunningly stole food. People tried to shoot him, but he always managed to avoid that fate. Because of that, he was named Slyko. That comes from the English word 'sly', which also means cunning.

Slyko was not alone. He was accompanied by a vixen, a lady fox, and they had children – 'cubs'.

One day, he wrote on the asphalt with a piece of chalk: 'Ropon – my family is swarming, but I am not angry with my family!' His letters were beautiful, but their meaning was a puzzle. What he meant was: 'Irpin is my native place, and I will not leave!'

But the fox family caused a lot of damage, and the city authorities offered a reward of \$10,000 to anyone who could catch Slyko. That excited the city like found meat among a swarm of hungry cats, but Slyko lived up to his name and settled his family on an island in the middle of the lake. Even people who could not swim jumped into the water without stopping to take

off their shoes, but none caught up with Slyko, and all climbed ashore drenched and barely alive. Watching, Slyko rolled around with laughter.

Chapter 2

Attempt with a boat

Slyko also foresaw the next attempt to capture him. He was watching when all the people of Irpin gathered for a meeting. The mayor declared:

"Nobody caught the Fox! He must be caught immediately! I suggest going there by boat!"

Slyko ran and used a stone to punch a hole in the boat – below the water line. The boat was only ten metres from the shore when a butcher, sitting at one end, felt that his feet were wet. Then everyone realized that the boat was sinking, and panic broke out. Some wanted to row towards the shore, others to the fox. Yes, some wanted to stay dry, but others thought only of the reward. The boat continued slowly towards the island, but the front gradually rose up, whilst the stern sank into the water. Two of those rowing made for the shore, whilst five continued towards the island. An argument broke out; lots were cast, and the shore was chosen. But it was too late, the boat sank in the

middle of the lake. Those who could, swam to the shore. Others had to be rescued. The lake was small, but consistently cold. That is why, ordinarily, no one swam there.

Now the mayor decided to cross the water on an inflatable dinghy. Slyko was again very cunning: he cut a hole in the boat and closed it with a cork. Then he attached a long string to the cork – and waited. When the new craft set out towards the island, the people rowed very fast – the cork popped out, and the air began to escape. And the hole was large, so the dinghy quickly sank.

Again, some of the ‘mariners’ made for the shore, and some for the fox. So they would again have been stuck in the middle, except that this time the escaping air propelled the boat towards the island.

When the people finally understood what had happened and why, they were filled with rage, and rushed as one towards the Fox. But then the boat gave way completely and they had to take it back for repair.

Chapter 3

Even more futile attempts

Then the mayor decided to cross the water in a hot air balloon. The balloon was brought to the lake in the evening, and it was decided to make the flight to the island in the morning.

Slyko took full advantage of his overnight opportunity. He let out most of the gas that would heat the balloon, but left ten per cent. Then he adjusted the gauge to indicate that the cylinder was 100 per cent full, not ten per cent full. The basket was woven, so it was certain that it would sink very quickly.

The next day, seven people came and lit the burners. Very soon, the balloon began its flight, climbing to a great height. Then, as Slyko had intended, the gas ran out, the air in the balloon quickly cooled, and a rapid descent to the water began. The basket sank – and the fox family remained safe on their island.

Next, the mayor and his company decided to fly by helicopter, and, once again, the fox found a way to confound their plan. He made cracks in the helicopter’s blades. The aircraft took off and began its flight. The two blades soon detached themselves and fell to the water below, leaving the helicopter to spin in their place, as it too fell to sink in the lake.

Then the mayor decided to build a bridge. Construction began, but there were delays and Slyko had time to sabotage the supports such that, when the deck was being installed, they gave way and, like the boats and aircraft that went before it, all was lost in the water.

The mayor's next idea was a submarine. As with the inflatable dinghy, Slyko made a hole and plugged it with a cork. But his scheme in that case was not needed. After all the previous disasters, no-one was willing to enter the submarine.

Clearly, the fox was steadily winning the contest. Each failure angered Irpin's government even more. They asked Kyiv for help, also Bucha and Vorzel; and even Hostomel. But each of the cities had its own problems, so Irpin had to act alone.

Chapter 4

Unsuccessful glider

Another idea was to make a glider and fly to the foxes' island. The glider was made, but the flight was postponed because of too much wind. So the glider was left on the shore overnight.

Of course, you can guess who visited in the night to weaken the fixing of one of the wings, so that it would fall off and both

it and the glider would fall into the lake.

The next day, Slyko watched as three men lifted the glider up a tree. Two more sat in the glider and set out towards the island.

When the glider reached the middle of the lake, the left wing fell off and the glider with its one wing tilted very sharply to the right. This caused the glider to fly around the perimeter of the island and turn towards the opposite shore. But then a powerful air flow raised the glider to a crazy height, where it flew into turbulence. The pilots had placed two stones on the glider to give it stability. One of the stones now fell and almost hit Slyko on the head, but just in time he managed to get out of its way. The glider was equipped with an emergency parachute, but Slyko had tampered with that too, and it also broke off and fell to the water. There was now nothing the pilots could do to save themselves but pray that they wouldn't have a hard landing.

In the event, the glider flew to the middle of the lake, quickly descended and hit the water. It caused a sudden wave that almost washed Slyko into the water.



Chapter 5

The mayor concedes defeat

Finally, no-one could think of any new way to catch Slyko. The Mayor told a meeting: "We tried all possible ways to catch the fox., but he always cleverly foiled us. We can do no more! A lot of people were injured trying to catch the fox, and many are still undergoing treatment. We will just have to wait until the fox gets old. Then we will catch him and make a jacket of his coat."

This speech offended Slyko, but he endured. Little did the townspeople know that soon there would be many foxes, and they would talk about many fox coats, and even about fox trousers. Also that soon that island would be called Fox Island!



Mykola Mahdenko, 8 years old (picture)

Table of Contents



Опис проекту	4
About the project	5
Історія Кирила Цюпко	6
Kyryl Tsiupko's story	6
Poems Вірші	
Артем Поводюк "Поверни мене, мамо, в дитинство"	10
Artem Povodyuk "Take me back, mother, to my childhood" ..	11
Олексій Курячий "Чудо-місто Ірпін"	12
Olexei Kuryachyy "The miracle city of Irpin"	12
Vasyl Testov (picture)	13
Sofia Abazina "The wealth of Irpin"	14
Anastasia Dekhtiar (picture)	14
Zlata Dubeniuk "Irpin"	15
Matvei Ivanov "To my hometown"	16
Katya Stratovych (picture)	16
Oleksandr Dmytrenko "Irpin is my home!"	17
Sofia Mitritsan "A boy from Irpin" (counting)	19
Богдан Припула "Ірпін – мій дім"	20

Катя Стратович (малюнок)	20
Katya Stratovych (picture)	20
Bohdan Prytula "Irpin is my home"	21
Maksym Honhalo "I come from a real Hero City"	22
Історія Валерії Кормильцевої	24
Valeriia Kormyltseva's story	24
Vlada Gotovtseva "Irpin, city of freedom and liberty"	26
Diana Smahitel "Home"	27
Maria Bondarenko "Let's pray for Irpin"	28
Mariana Vivchar (picture)	29
Марія Клименко "Ірпін – місто-герой"	30
Maria Klimenko "Irpin is a hero city"	31
Поліна Ткаченко "Мій рідний Ірпін"	32
Polina Tkachenko "My Native Irpin"	33
Matvii Hryshchenko "Irpin is my home!"	34
Matvii Hryshchenko (picture)	36
Valeria Oseledets "What is the Russia saving us from?" ...	36
Історія Івана Вержиковського	38
Ivan Verzhikovskiy's story	38
Anhelina Petrakovska "The most terrible spring"	40
Olesia Vystavkina "War for OUR way" an essay in verse ...	42

Iryna Mykulska “Irpin”	44
Lisa Golenia (picture)	44
Iryna Mykulska “Irpin”	46
Valeriia Kormyltseva (picture)	48

Essay | Есе

Мирослава Фалько “Я знаю більш, ніж пам’ятаю...”	52
Myroslava Falko “I know more than I remember...”	53
Ліза Голєня, 10 років (малюнок)	57
Lisa Golenia, 10 years old (picture)	57
Історія Наталії Клименко	58
Natalia Klymenko’s story	58
Daria Kovalevska “Irpin is my home”	60
Sofia Sorokina (picture)	61
Тетяна Каблова “Ірпінь до війни”	62
Tatiana Kablova “Irpin before the war”	63
Історія Дмитра Остапенко	76
Dmytro Ostapenko’s story	76
Vadym Havryliuk “Irpin is my home”	78
Valeriia Kormyltseva (picture)	79

Ганна Дрозд “Місто моєї мрії”	80
Hanna Drozd “The city of my dreams”	81
Danylo Noha (picture)	82
Vlada Hotovtseva “Irpin is my home”	84
Ельдар Кононенко “Мій дім — Ірпінь”	86
Yehor Kormyltsev (picture)	86
Eldar Kononenko “My home is Irpin”	87
Anastasia Radko “The Victory of Spring”	90
Кіра Дрюченко “Постане з темряви нескорений Ірпінь” ..	92
Kira Dryuchenko “The unconquered Irpin will emerge from the darkness”	93
Damir Vilchinsky (picture)	96
Мілана Возненко “Мій Ірпінь”	98
Milana Voznenko “My Irpin”	99
Sasha Bondarenko (picture)	100
Sofia Markulova “Irpin – My Home”	102
Katya Stratovych (picture)	103
Anna Okhrimenko “Irpin”	104
Anastasia Fedorenko (picture)	105
Solomiia Sakali “Letter to Irpin” (essay & drawing)	106
Sofia Tkachenko “Irpin is invincible”	108

Ania Stotska (picture)	110
Alina Serheieva “Irpın is my home”	112
Ivanka Kirkizh (picture)	114
Anastasiia Kushpil “A city of prospects”	116
Polina Voloshko (picture)	117
Yehor Sydorchuk “Irpın is my home”	118
Victoria Farfolomeieva (picture)	119
Amelia Kupchynetska “Irpın is my home”	120
Melania Bila (picture)	122

Fairy tales | Казки

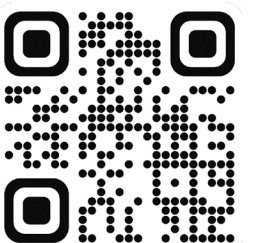
Валерія Гуляєва “Ірпінь – мій дім”	126
Valeria Huliaieva “Irpın is my home”	127
Angelina Vaskovska (picture)	132
Yaroslava Rudenko “Irpın is my home”	134
Історія Аліси Кот	136
Alisa Kot’s story	136
Еліана Феєр “Казка про Нескорений Ірпінь”	138
Eliana Feier “The Tale of Unconquered Irpin”	139
Емілія Абакумова (малюнок)	140

Emilia Abakumova (picture)	140
Maria Uhryniuk “Periwinkles”	142
Daria Mezenets “A Tale about the City of Irpin”	144
Lisa Golenia (picture)	146
Bohdan Dilmeiev “Slyko, the Fantastic Fox”	148
Agneska Fostenko (picture)	153
Mykola Mahdenko (picture)	154
Table of Contents	156

СЛАВА
УКРАЇНІ

Glory to Ukraine!
Glory to Heroes!

ГЕРОІМ
СЛАВА



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У книзі зібрано літературні твори,
життєві історії та малюнки дітей Ірпеня.
Такі щирі і прекрасні, сповнені віри і ніжної любові до
рідного міста! У них все про мальовничий, затишний,
мужній та сильний Ірпінь.

The book contains literary works,
life stories and drawings by Irpin children.
They are so sincere and beautiful, full of faith and tender
love for their native city! They are all about picturesque,
hospitable, courageous and strong Irpin.