I didn't know my great-grandfather. All I have of him is his name and birthdate. All I know is that at the age of twenty like most people at that time he went off the war. Sometimes I think about how his life might have unfolded if he had stayed. Whether he would have more sons and daughters, whether he had been able to babysit his grandchildren and meet his great-grandchildren? Or maybe he would become a great person, or engaged in politics, or business, some fields of science, for no matter how you look at it, his youth was ended, his life was cut short at the very start. What if nothing of that had happened: no guns, no tanks, no starvation, no cold, no war, no deaths? Surprisingly it's difficult even to imagine it. The world without wars like a fire that doesn't burn, is something impossible, too sweet to one who wants to believe but can't believe. After all, our entire lives, perhaps since the dawn of humanity, seem to be nothing but an endless, continuous massacre. Wars end, then start again and the victory has to be torn out not with teeth but with bones, sacrificing something greater than just the body. And I don't know how to feel about this, whether to be proud of what our great-grandfathers and greatgrandmothers did or to mourn of their stolen youth, the happy days they could have but couldn't live? I'm sure that wars are poison and their antidote is a peaceful sky over heads, a life to be lived, not endured. I can do this. I can live, smile, laugh, cry, sleep, knowing that all is well for the moment and that I don't need to be afraid All this is thanks to their sacrifice, the courage and strength of those people whose faces I saw from my early childhood in the images of the immortal regiments. They are my flesh and blood, children of a cyclically returning history, who did everything possible to ensure that none of what happened then would ever happen again and the gratitude I can offer them always have been, is and will be in how quiet it becomes in my chest with just one combination of numbers – 1941-1945. Grandfather Konstantin Mikhailovich, thank you, and you, Grandmother Marfa Ivanovna, thank you. Thank you all for the deed you performed. I hope that in the end you and all those who gave us this life will not be disappointed. You will never say "It's a pity" looking into the present, having seen how the world has changed eighty years later - eighty years after humanity's main victory over inhumanity.

I dish't know my great-gransfather. All I have of him is name and birthdate. All I know is that at the age of twenty like most people at that time have went off the war. Sometimes I think about how his Life might have unfolded if he had stayed. Whether he would have more song and doughters, whether he had been able to bapyste his grandchildren and meet his great-grandchildren? Or maybe he would become a great person, or engaged in positions, or business, some fields of science, for is matter how you look at ex, his youth was ended, his life was cut short at the kery store. What It nothing of that had imprened was cut short at the kery store. What It nothing of that had imprened no guns, no Early, no statuation, no cord, no war, no deaths? Surprisings et's difficult even to emogine it. The world without wars like a fire that doesn't puth, is smething impossion, too sweet to one who wones to that doesn't puth, is smething impossioned likes. Downbar wones to believe but can't believe. After all our entire Lives, perhaps since the down of humanity, seem to be nothing but on endless, continuous massacr Wars end, then start again and the victory hous to be torn out not with teeth but with bones, sacrificing something greater than sust the body. And I don't know how to feel about this, whether to be proud of what our great-grandfathers and great-grandmarkers did or to mouth of their storen youth, the hoppy days they could have but esubh Live? I'm sure that wars are poison and their antistate is a peaceful sky over heads, a life to be Lived, not enduced. I can do this, I can 4's Smite, Laugh, cry, steep, knowing that on is west for the moment smire, Langer, reg. recovering war on is well for the moment and that I don't need to be oftaid. All this is thanks to their socrifica and that I don't need to be of those people whose foces I saw from my early the confose and strength of the immost regiments. They are my flesh and children of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, thinker of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, thinker of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, thinker of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, thinker of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, thinker of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, thinker of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, the sum of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, the sum of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, the sum of a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, the sum of the sum of the cyclical cyclically a cyclically returning history, who did exergething broad, the sum of the cyclical cyclically returning history, who did exergething the cyclical cyclic again and the gratitude i can offer them arrays have been, is and will be in how quiet it persones in my chest with sust one complianofon of numbers - 1941-1345, Exonstocher Konstonen Mikhailskich, thank you and you Exandmother Marta Manorna, thank you Thank you are for the seed you performed. I hope that in the end you and are those who gave us this life win not be alsoppointed. You will never say "H's a pitus" booking buts the present, having seen how the world has changed enghty ears later-enghty years after humanity's main Wictory over inhumanity.