

I was lucky in July 2021, everything has changed on February 24, 2022, everything could have ended on February 27, 2022...

My name is Stas. I am from Kharkiv (Ukraine), it is already known as a hero city and soon it will be known for starting my country's victory over the Russian terrorist authorities.

Let's go back a little. In July 2021, I'm 32 and in a creative crisis. I am not an artist or a musician, but for 16 years I have been in sales and I consider it a true art. For the last 7 years I have worked as a real estate manager. But I've never managed to grab onto the luxury real estate segment, but I outgrew the rest.

Finally, that day has come I was invited to the position of the head of the sales department of an elite residential complex, which had ambitions to become the best in the city, and possibly in the country. I was happy with a well-paid job that I enjoyed. I immediately made a marriage proposal to my beloved, with whom we have lived for 4 years. I was able to afford to buy her and her son a tour to Egypt. All my life was ahead, I spread the wings...

On February 24, 2022, my family and I woke up from explosions, the first calls from parents and friends with the words "The war has begun. Russia attacked us." No one could believe it, but everyone was sure that it would not last long and soon everything would be resolved diplomatically.

February 27, 2022

For four days we've been sitting at home and watching the terrible news, we understood that now our guys and girls, professional soldiers and volunteers, are trying to stop the avalanche, we understood that we probably won't survive.

The whole city is in roadblocks., my wife and I decided that we need to collect warm clothes at home and ask the neighbors to take it to the guys to the roadblocks.. It was very cold outside at that time.

I remember well that we stopped at 3 roadblocks, I saw our soldiers, they were well-equipped and refused to most warm clothes, but I remember exactly that each of them was very happy with the gloves we brought. Apparently these were the only things they lacked.

In half an hour, we handed out everything we had and headed home. I have to say that between one of our roadblocks, from which I had just left, and the next one, there were several kilometers, there was a forest on both sides of the road. The speed was about 50 km/ h, when my wife Katya asked me, "Stas, are these shots? Are they shooting at us??" And I just lost my breath, that's exactly the feeling I had when the bullet entered my body. And it just stung for a bit. I looked at the car door and saw a hole in it. Understood. They

shoot at us, at me and my wife. But she wasn't damaged, I pressed the gas pedal and began to rush forward. There was only one thought in my head "to get to the next checkpoint and driving my wife", because our soldiers are there. Another automatic gun burst and two hits to the wheel, the last kilometer I drove almost on slashed tires.

And everything that happened next is magic, the help of God. At the checkpoint, one military man got me out of the car and in a matter of seconds provided first aid, sealed me with something special. At this time, another of our soldiers helped my wife to hide the car in the yard and called an ambulance. The ambulance arrived within 4 minutes. Doctors, like the military, were looking for an exit hole, but there was none, something slowed down the bullet. It was my phone, which was in the inner pocket of my jacket, the fragments severely damaged my internal organs. So it's not clear if the phone saved my life or made it worse.

In the hospital, I was lucky to get to the surgeon, Gozha Mikhail Ivanovich, I will always be grateful to him and his team for saving my life. I was in a critical condition, I was saved by two shots of Norepinephrine, the only ones at that time in the hospital.

A week later, complications began, and I had to undergo a second operation, after which I became an invalid of the 2nd group.

I spent a month and a half in the hospital, dozens of painful dressings, 3 weeks without movement, and all this under terrible artillery shelling, air battles, automatic shots. I will never forget how the 9-story building shook when the plane was shot down over it, how my wife clung to me, how the nurses screamed, how I got acquainted with the word "humility".

April 1, 2022, it was still too early for me to be discharged, I still had quite deep wounds. When Katya (my wife) came to me in a state of shock and with tears in her eyes. She was called by a childhood friend, her son, the same age as ours, was killed by a fragment from a shell that fell in the courtyard of a residential area of our city. The boy's name was Sasha. God bless his soul.

It was decided to urgently leave the city, take my son and mother-in-law to safer regions of Ukraine. The doctor allowed me to be discharged, he taught Katya how to bandage my wounds. We moved to central Ukraine. Thanks to my wife's friend, Alexei, a lieutenant colonel in the National Guard of Ukraine, who offered to move into his apartment. I will never forget it.

I also want to thank Olga Vladimirovna Zmievskaya, the founder of the Rotary Club Kharkov Multinational, who offered me to organize treatment in Europe. I will never forget it.

Also, I say thank you to Stanislav Pazi, director of the Vysoky sanatorium, deputy director of the Roscha sanatorium (there are about 700 refugees in sanatoriums now, the military are undergoing rehabilitation), for being in touch with charitable organizations day and night and for setting up on my treatment in Denmark. I will never forget it.

After a month of living in the center of Ukraine, we decided to send our son, Max, to Germany. As in Ukraine it was still very dangerous. After a month of living in the center of Ukraine, we decided to send our son, Max, to Germany. Since Ukraine is still very dangerous. We were very lucky, he was settled in the city of Bad Nauheim, in a hostel, with wonderful people, Marion and Peter, the owners of the hotel. I had the opportunity to meet them on my way to Denmark, where my treatment should have been. I would like to say a huge thank to them for having my son, helping him settle down in Germany and continuing to help. Thank you for hosting me and my wife for a few days. Thank you for knowing what is happening in my country and not remaining indifferent. Thank you! I will never forget it.

In early September this year, I received an invitation for surgery and rehabilitation at Nordzeland's Hospital Hillerød, Denmark. After 2 weeks on the road, spending the night in Lviv, Krakow, Dresden, Giessen, BAD Nauheim, Neumünster, my wife and I ended up in Denmark. Now I am undergoing examinations and preparing for the operation. I hope the doctors will be able to correct the situation, and I will cease to be disabled.

Special thanks to the non-political social organization Purple Vest Mission, its director Elli Glaybman and Iryna Leshchuk, the coordinator of this organization, for giving me the opportunity to have the surgery and rehabilitation in Denmark. I will never forget it.

I wrote this article because I want as many people as possible in the world to know about the horrors of this war, the war not between Russia and Ukraine, but the war of the bloody dictator Putin against the civilized world. Its propagandists these days, through the central channels of their country, are talking about the need to carry out nuclear strikes on decision-making centers located in Berlin, Paris ... Even being in Denmark, I do not feel safe knowing what weapons Russia has, and understanding that they can do anything.

If you, who have read this article, have a desire to help my country stop terrorists from Russia, you can contact me or Ukrainian volunteer organizations, and I promise that all help will be sent to the right place.

Now the Armed Forces of Ukraine are in need of used cars, mostly minibuses or crossovers. Also, the sanatoriums Roshcha and Vysokiy, where the refugees are staying, need equipment and financial support. But anyone can help. The main thing is that you have a desire to help others in the fight against invaders and occupiers.

I wish you all peace!

Pavlenko Stanislav Yurievich.