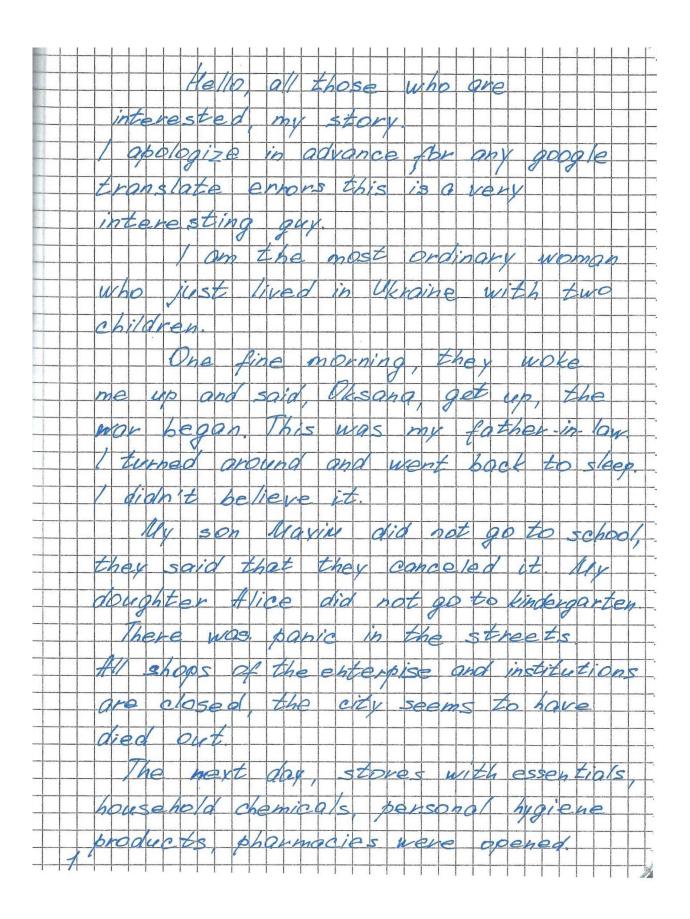# Why Did I Have to Leave My House?
By Oksana Lypska
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Hello, all those who are interested, my story.

I apologize in advance for any google translate errors this is a very interesting guy.

I am the most ordinary woman who just lived in Ukraine with two children.

One fine morning, they woke me up and said, Oksana, get up, the war began. This was my father-in-law. I turned around and went back to sleep. I didn't believe it.

My son Maxim did not go to school, they said that they canceled it. My daughter Alice did not go to kindergarten.

There was panic in the streets. All shops of the enterpise and institutions are closed, the city seems to have died out.

The next day, stores with essentials, household chemicals, personal hygiene products, pharmacies were opened.

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People in a panic stocked up with everything they could. Soon the shelves were empty.

My son wears Paragon lenses, so I first of all ran to look for special eye drops and lenses in pharmacies. My panic knew no bounds. I walked around the city, only one trolleybus from all urban transport. I got into it and drove to the city center. We drove past men with machine guns who were walking down the street. There were roadblocks everywhere in the city, what I was terrified of is very weakly said. I still found a pharmacy that had the drugs I needed. At that time, I was the happiest person in the world, my son's eyes were saved. When I had to go back, the trolleybus had already been canceled, because there was an alarm throughout the city. Back, I walked. Maxim called me all the way and cried and asked me to return faster. He was very worried.

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In the evening, the alarm began and everyone had to run to the shelters closest to the school. I also took the children and went there, but when we came to school, I saw something that took them back and went home. I knew it wasn't a bomb shelter. It's just a school basement with only one exit. And if, when the bomb hits, it blocks, then it will be just one big mass grave.

Many ran to hide in the basement of war house, but again, this is only a basement, in which there is also only one way out.

We sat at home between load-bearing walls. We heard the terrible roar of the plane, we heard the explosions of bombs. The walls are shaking, the floor is crying.

When the shell fell next to us, about a kilometer from the house, the windows were shattered by the blast wave. They helped us to glaze the windows, those who could not do this tightened

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the windows with a film.
So we lived for several days
I went to work from 10:00 am to 2:00 pm,
then quickly ran home. All the windows
were sealed with tape and hung with
blankets so that it was not visible
that there was someone in the house.
In order to feed the children, I went
to the kitchen, put the flashlight on
the floor and in the twilight so that
no one would see me from the street,
I cooked food, carried food into the
corridor, between the load-bearing
walls and there, sitting on the floor
fed them. For a modern person, this
seems such a wildness, but in fact we
had attempts to eat in the kitchen
And while eating, she grabbed and
pulled them into the corridor, to the
sound of explosions. After that I didn't
risk it. So they lived for several more
days, which seemed like an eternity. And
then my son got tired of hiding. He
told me, my mother, we live on the

first floor of a 10-storey building. If he starts falling from above, then what difference does it make in what room we will be?

Accordig to the news, they announced that on Romenskaya Street, 3 houses were smashed with bombs. Under the rubble of one of the houses, 2 adult corpses and 3 children were found. Everyone is dead. For the city of Sumy, an evacuation was announced, a green corridor was opened for three days.

The next day, they said that the rescuers got even to 1 room, in which they found a woman, she was alive, but unconscious, and next to her was the corpse of an infant.

The doctors saved her and assembled her like a constructor. I thought about how she would come out of the coma and how her first words would be where are my children? She wants to live after this? I understand that I urgently need to take the children

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out, but I don't have a car. I don't know where to take it.

The first day of the evacuation passes for my family to no avail.

Second day of evacuation.

I work in a store that sells household chemicals, household appliances, personal care products and dishes. Arriving at work, we found a lot of broken things, all because of the blast wave. Went to the utensils section. I pack it in boxes so that nothing else breaks. And from hopelessness, tears flow like a river. I watch how people take apart large termoses and sets of plastic picnic dishes. You understand that people are going to evacuate.

A man comes up and takes the last thermos. He speaks on the phone, I understand that he is explaining to someone. From which point in the city do they leave. I approach him and ask, Where do you need to drive up for evacuation? He just looks at me for

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a minute and is silent. Then he says how many of you. I explain that I am with two children. He says I'll take you to my car. Only I have two places, so you will take the smaller daughter in your arms. Says, we are going to Transcarpathia. Write down my phone number. I write down the phone number and ask how to sign. He says father Michael. I recognize him. He lives in the house opposite. Our children often played together in the yard, but I did not know that he was a priest. I don't think it's scary to go with them. I run home, happy that there is at least some way out of the situation. I begin to pack up and persuade my mother-in-law to come with me. She refuses to go and says that she will not leave the old men. They won't make it on the road. And dissuades me from going. It's cold outside, 17 degrees, a car is a technique that can freeze, get stuck, break down, and drive for three days. At a loss, I don't know what to do, I call a

friend who was at that time in the territorial defense. I say, there is an opportunity to go to western Ukraine, he said, go, so that my eyes not see you in Sumy. Get out of here quickly. Take the kids out.

Third day of evacuation.

We arrived at the appointed place. It was a minibus. The passengers were already in their seats. They were women and children. The three of us took 2nd place. Empty were the places that were intended for the priest himself and his family. As it turned out later, the wife and children were in a neighboring village, which was occupied by the Russians. The priest did not go with us, but told the driver to take us to our destination and then act according to the circumstances.

A column of buses and cars prepared for evacuation set off. They had to drive along a clearly marced route, the so-called evacuation corridor, the green corridor.

Well, when we reached the small town of Belopolye, the driver for some reason changed course and turned in the opposite direction. We were all scared, we didn't understand what was going on. Why are we not following the route? Why are we driving some country roads off-road? When we drove up to the center of Ukraine, the driver was not driving so fast. We drove into the city Poltava. There we were met at the school by volunteers (At that time there was still peace, but not for long.) We were fed and put to bed. In the morning we woke up and asked the driver were the rest of the buses and cars were. To which he answered us The less you know the better you sleep. We drove on.

In the evening we arrived in the city of Nemirov, there were volunteers we were met at the local hospital. They also gave us food and drink and put us to bed. At night, we stopped for the night not because we needed to eat

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and sleep. And also due to the fact that curfews were introduced in cities at night. The next night we arrived at the village of Velika Kopanya.

A day later we saw some of the people who also traveled from Sumy. As it turned out, the driver was saved by his strange actions. Because some people from that column did not get anywhere, the cars were shot. And the priest himself went to negotiate with the invaders and managed to free all the children and women from the village. Gave everyone a chance to leave. Father Mikhail with his family soon joined us.

We lived at the school. Soon the school was full of refugees. The same as we are from different parts of Ukraine. Even though there was no comfort, 16 people and one dog lived in one school class. But we were calm for the children, they didn't shoot there. And we were sure that just a little bit more and our government and the government of Russia

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would be able to agree that the war would stop and we would all return home. We lived at the school for a month. Everyone was sure that the enemy would not reach that part of Ukraine where we were, because there are borders with European countries nearby. We knew that Putin would be afraid to accidentally get into the countries of Europe.

We started hearing explosions again. A friend from Poland offered me to go to her place. But my relatives from America called me. I was only able to travel through Mexico. It was scary, but I made up my mind. Kids, potty for Alice, hand luggage and fresh passports. There was no money, no luggage. Julio bought us tickets online, we flew for almost a week.

I regretted 20 times that I agreed to go, but there was nowhere to retreat. Finally, we got to Mexico, we were met by volunteers and sent to the hotel. The next day, it was my turn to cross the border. I handed over the number

and told my son that I would now order a taxi. Hearing our conversation, men approached me, it turned out that they were volunteers from Sacramento who picked us up and took us to the camp. We crossed the border, for 2 months I lived with my children in California with my niece. Well Julia was waiting for us here, and we came to Tennessee.

I was told that people want to hear the story of how I got here. As short as possible without too many details in order to save your nerves I wrote, why did I have to leave my house.

From the very beginning, God, like a lousy kitten, pulled out of all this horror by the scruff of the neck, never letting me stumble.

And then he does not leave me. I did Julia's nails. She started posting on the internet and people started to get interested. Then they told me that it was impossible to do

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this here, and I asked to remove ads from the internet. She said, like it or not, but two women are already signed up. We became friends with them. Talked about Ukrainian cuisine. We decided that I would help Carol prepare meals. After 2 days, Carol invited us to live with her. We realized that we really need each other.