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Play **METROSEXUALS**
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Summer, unbearable heat. Six soldiers walk down a road surrounded by greenery. It's a kind of concrete-paved irrigation ditch overgrown with Wormwood. They breathe heavily and are silent. One, however, a bearded man, complains: The war goes on. And right now,

while they're here on the front line, the damned metrosexuals are sitting sprawled out in the capital's cafes, drinking their - goddammit! - coffee.

Perhaps, it would be worth explaining to this soldier that these "metrosexuals," as he calls them, just might have been on the front line yesterday; that this cafe is part of our crippled economy; and every cup of coffee purchased in it supports the nation. Finally, it is not Ukrainians who are to blame for this war, but Putin's Russia.

But I won't say any of that. Because for a couple of hours now, two of the soldiers have been pushing a wheelbarrow ahead of them, while two others are dragging the bodies of their dead brothers on a piece of tarpaulin.

Go on, say it, say what you want, bearded man: complain, reproach, ridicule, fulminate - anything that makes you feel even a tiny bit better. For you are not a Terminator, you're a living man, a father, a son. A former programmer or actor, locksmith or director, manager, driver, designer. You want to eat and drink, and poop and pee. You sweat, you don't sleep, you're constantly covered in dust and mud. Every minute is tense, for you must survive. And your dead comrades, apparently, are already giving off a stench, and you realize you might be next.

You have no idea, bearded man, how much I want you to survive. All the more so, if only we were to be victorious. When everyone around you starts shouting, "Victory! We won!" you will know that you have won. As will those bodies that, back then, you carried off the battlefield.