

## 41 DAYS

Fragment of a play

March 19th

I keep on telling you stories. But I really want you to know and to understand that the shelling of Kharkiv goes on. The shelling of Mariupol and of other cities goes on. They're killing us! Every single minute.

My *buddy* has a he-cat and a she-cat. The she-cat is young and nosey, she's curious about everything. When shellfire begins, she's already on the windowsill, observing what's flying in which direction. My *bud* calls her kitty-air-defense-gritty. The he-cat is, on the contrary, old. He was already old when he entered the house. He's had a challenging life, and we hoped he'd get to spend the rest of it in peace and safety. But, as they say, like fuck he does. Shellfire makes the cat nervous. My *buddy* told me the old guy used to lead him to the wardrobe as if signaling that this was a good hiding place. Basically, the cat's scared of being in the crib.

So my *bud* made up his mind to move the cat to the basement, disregarding the dust and dirt. Disregarding it was a foreign, unfamiliar space, filled with strangers and intimidating smells. To help the cat adapt, my *buddy* dragged the bathroom footcloth down to the basement – it used to be the cat's favorite sleeping place before the war. And this little scrap of home, this tiny island of peace amidst the war - it is very important. Not just for the old cat. For each and every one of us. Even if there's nothing left of either home or peace.