

Це переклад з невеликою правкою в тексті

The Peed-Upon Armored Personnel Carrier

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Translator's note: The pejorative reference to Russians as "Goats" has a long history. Some believe it was because of the long beards that Russians traditionally wore in the very old days, as opposed to the dashing moustaches that Ukrainians tended to sport.

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It was around 5 a.m. that war broke out in a village at a crossroads where nothing ever happens. At first the dogs barked, then explosions were heard. They were firing somewhere from the direction of the headlands.

Villagers ran from their houses, scratched their heads, and asked where they could find a bomb shelter. Someone said there was one at the school, but no one knew who had the keys to it. So everyone went back to their houses and decided to just sit on their butts.

A few hours later, a column of Russian tanks roared down the main street which was once named for Lenin. Naturally, there were heavy KAMAZ trucks, armored personnel carriers, oil tankers, and other such crap. The column ripped up the town's asphalt roads well into the evening. And over the next days too.

Some villagers jumped in their cars and headed north. They left no trace, while those who remained in the village (that is, almost everyone) decided to just sit on their butts, and not stick their heads out. Especially since checkpoints had already been set up. The village was surrounded and occupied.

Fighting broke out around midnight, but the villagers just huddled around their houses. Because who would know where to run, and, here, there were neighbors all around. It's more fun in crowds. Then everybody broke up, and in the morning they went to work. Those who had work, anyway.

Russian flags were already flying in the town center, the mayor was missing, and half the shops were closed. The villagers rushed to stock up on bread and flour, and hid their expensive cars in gardens and barns, just in case. Meanwhile, that night, two brave souls pulled down a Russian flag.

The first thing to disappear in the village was bread, followed by medicines in pharmacies, and then Ukrainian national television. After that, the Russians (in this village they were always informally called Goats or Butchers) stripped the mobile communication wires off the TV tower and set up tension wires around it. The villagers felt as though they were stranded on an island, cut off from the world.

They walked around their village with their mobile phones, turning them here and there, looking for those cherished lines of communication. The dashes did not appear on their screens. The mayor never showed up.

There was milk, however, which farmers began distributing for free. Because there was no way to leave the village to sell it, the cows were still producing milk, and you can't just throw milk away. Then the Armenians began baking bread, the Turks brought in vegetables, and other farmers brought in meat. The shops were completely empty, but the villagers always knew where to get what. As such, despite all the predictions, no humanitarian crisis had yet occurred.

Next the townspeople buried Ukrainian soldiers. Three were found on the edge of the headlands, and several more in a molten tank, where only bones were left, so no one ever found out how many died there.

For the longest time the Goats from Muscovy would not allow burials, but finally the priests from the Moscow Patriarchate persuaded them to allow one. It was the only one to take place in the village.

People carried coffins and flags down the main street, the one that used to be named after Lenin, the one along which the Russian Goats had entered the village. They buried the bodies nearby. The armored soldiers were dumped in a common grave marked by a sign, "Unknown Defenders of Ukraine."