



Ukrainian Drama TRANSLATIONS

ukrdrama.ui.org.ua

Author OKSANA SAVCHENKO

Play I Want to Go Home
Original name / Я хочу додому
translated

Translator JOHN FREEDMAN, NATALIA BRATUS

Language of English
translation

Copyright of ovsavenoc@gmail.com
original
text belongs to

Copyright of jffreed16@gmail.com
translation
belongs to <https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100001152842057>

ukrainian
institute



ukrdramahub
портал сучасної української драматургії

The project is implemented with the support of the International Relief Fund of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Germany and the Goethe Institute within the project "Theatrical windows. Work in progress" implemented by the NGO "Teatr na Zhukah" (Kharkiv).

I Want to Go Home

Oksana Savchenko

Translated from the Russian and Ukrainian by John Freedman and Natalia Bratus

A play commissioned by a grant from Philip Arnoult's Center for International Theater Development (U.S.)

It's very difficult for me to catch the rhythm. Very difficult to catch the rhythm. Hatred is the only thing that hardens me. When I look at a photo of the bombed maternity ward in Mariupol, hatred

blossoms in my heart. For the fascist Rashists. My colleague can't find her parents. They lived in Mariupol. I tell my colleague she should leave Kyiv and go abroad, but I get a clear answer - "I will go nowhere without my parents. I will go nowhere without my parents. Either we will get out together. Or we die together."

Hatred is born in my heart when I read comments under the posts of fashionable Rashist bloggers, like, "What have we done?" Hatred and anger are purely physiological sensations. War and physiology go hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, like Siamese twins. This cannot be explained, just as childbirth cannot be explained. Hatred makes it difficult to breathe. It's hard to breathe. Hatred makes you want to kill. You want to kill the one who kills you. When I fled my hometown, I took a knife. I took a knife to protect my child. My child is not afraid of air raid sirens. She is no longer afraid of air raid sirens. When we first fled to a bomb shelter, my daughter was frightened and said odd, scary things, like: "I had plans for life, I don't want to die. I had plans." My child is twelve years old. We all had plans for life. Now the ground has been pulled out from under my feet. I have no plans, I stand strong only because I love those who remain at home.

Since the war began, my eyesight has been shot. I never wore glasses. At school, I teased all the four-eyes. Now I've received my comeuppance. I can't see letters without glasses. Although vision does return when your child is in danger. When your child is in mortal danger. You can read even the tiniest letters in a screenshot if the text concerns your child's safety. And you grow strong standing on the step of a train, pulling your child from a crowd. From a crowd of mad people shouting, "Please! Please!" at the conductress. You pull your child out of the crowd by her arm. Your child's wearing a funny hat with a pompom on top. Very touching. And you are very strong at this moment, pulling your child, who is on the step of the train, by her arm.

As a teenager, I dreamed of my school lifting off into the sky. This was school №153, named after Pushkin in Kyiv. Now bombs are falling there. You must be careful what you wish for. You never know when your wish will come true. My school named after Pushkin, which no one ever thought of renaming until the Russian whores began bombing Ukraine. Until the Russian Orcs began bombing Kyiv. I hope my school will be renamed. I will be the first to create a petition. I will make sure that no school in Ukraine ever again bears the name of a Russian poet or writer.

The OHMATDET Children's Hospital stands across the street from my school. The OHMATDET Children's Hospital where sick children are brought from all over Ukraine. Sick children whose kidneys do not function, who need dialysis. Sick children with cancer. Children sick with poisoning and fractures are brought here too. There is no one there but children and doctors. I know because in peacetime I did a report on OHMATDET. There are no strategic facilities there. Nothing more but my school №153, named after Pushkin. As a result of the first shelling, one child who was being treated at OHMATDET died. I know that for a fact. I don't know how many are dead now.

Since the war began, my eyesight has been shot. I can't see letters without glasses. My eyesight came back only once – when I was able to read an important message in a screenshot. It was a life

and death message. Your vision sharpens when it comes to life and death. Hatred is a physiological property. I write in Russian and I hate it. I write in Russian - because I want this text to be read by Russians. I realized that hatred is a purely physiological feeling when I was at a cold train station and I watched a crowd of people get off the