War. A cold, steely, ruthless word. It brings ruin, famine, death. But it has remained the same: life, family, home.

There is nothing. Mariupol is occupied. The house was destroyed. And with it my dreams.
Information on the number of internally displaced persons from Mariupol

- The city's population was 431,859, of which today:
  - about 100,000 people remain in the city;
  - 174070 citizens became internally displaced persons;
  - others voluntarily left Ukraine or were forcibly deported to the Russian Federation.

On the example of the Mariupol City Lyceum, out of 44 teachers - 16 are already in the controlled territory of Ukraine, 9 - are temporarily abroad. Out of 435 students, more than 300 went to the controlled territory of Ukraine and abroad.
You can't be happy by taking the lives of others. You can't get rich by destroying people's homes. Mariupol bravely fought against the Russian invasion, held on as long as it could. But how to resist so much hatred of Ukrainians? How to withstand the battle with non-humans, whose cynicism is beyond comprehension? My grandmother's stories about the war were heard in my house once. And I couldn't think that it would ever affect my family. I have always considered my home a fortress that protects me. This is a place of strength. She always felt calm and cozy there. I remember how my husband and I rejoiced in our son's success, how a large family gathered for the holidays, laughter was heard, and a joyful mood reigned. I remember how cheerful and happy my parents were. How many photos were taken! And I couldn't take any of them out! Because, leaving the house, she did not know that she would not return anywhere. Every night, as she went to bed, she saw the glow of the bombs. And every time she prayed that he would not hit the house, that the fire would not start. There was not enough water. We were happy when the snow fell, because you can melt it and drink water. And where to get so much to put out the fire? At night, my city went to bed, hoping to see the sun in the morning. But with each passing day, the number of surviving houses became smaller. And my house was destroyed. At night, as criminals do, an air bomb was dropped while civilians were asleep. Who could be saved... Who was lucky... My father died.

My family stayed outside.

Getting out of Mariupol, I saw the ruthless eyes of the Russian military. There is no excuse for those who destroy all living things, who destroy cities by turning people into beggars.

God, You are giving us a test that we can endure. I hope that I will go on the road to my home, and not to the fact that good people have lived, that we will gather again at the festive table, that I will feel the warmth and comfort of my home again. God, give me strength, strengthen my faith, work a miracle!

And let my words be heard!
I, Babenko Mykola Fedorovych, a physics teacher at the Mariupol City Lyceum, an honored teacher of Ukraine, a holder of the Order of Merit of III, II and I degrees and my dearest people: my mother, father and sister decided to stay together since the Russian-Ukrainian war.

From February 24, 2022, we lived in my sister's apartment, and then, after intense shelling, we moved to the basement of my sister’s house, where more than 100 residents also lived. In March, this house [the city of Mariupol, 121 Metallurg Avenue] burned down almost completely, along with the apartment property. The house where my apartment was [Mariupol, 221 Metallurgists Avenue] was completely looted, shelled several times, and had a broken roof. It is impossible to get a place to live - the city is completely under occupation!

My sister and I are currently renting temporary housing in Dnipro, supporting each other. Our parents are forced to return to their partially looted house in a suburban village, which is also located in the territory not controlled by Ukraine. They have chronic diseases, it is impossible to even transfer medicines, communication with them is complicated, because Ukrainian mobile operators do not work in uncontrolled territories.

My sister and I had a family tradition of visiting our parents weekly at their home in Mariupol. It is very difficult to accept all this psychologically, when it is not possible to visit parents after all this, when my sister’s house burned down completely, where we all hid during air strikes and artillery shelling... When communication with the younger sister, who also lives with her husband in the territory occupied by the aggressor with the impossibility to leave... When there is no apartment, which was given to me by the authorities of Mariupol for services to the state... What's next... I want to continue working, teaching and educating students, I want to see relatives scattered in the occupied territories I want to sit down together at the big family table, I want to live.
Before the war, I lived in Mariupol at 17b Zelinskoho Street, apt. 20. I had a favorite job. She taught and raised children at the Mariupol City Lyceum.

Back in August 2014, my daughter and I were fleeing Russian tanks from the village of Shirokino, near Mariupol. My family and I spent our summer vacation there on the shores of the Sea of Azov.

Years have passed. I never thought there would be a war. The lyceum had a hot time: the Olympics, a conference with the Academy of Sciences.

The daughters are preparing for the Deryugina Rhythmic Gymnastics Cup. She is my candidate for master of sports.

On February 24, 2022, the sisters woke up from the call: "War!"

From the windows of our house you can see Berdyansk highway. My daughter and I have been watching the shelling since the first days of the war, where the Grads are flying, how houses are burning, people are dying… It was horrible.
From this day it began: constant shelling of our area from tanks, from "Gradov", and the worst - when bombed from planes. The ground shook. And we read a prayer…

When it was quiet, we went to the next door to warm up, there were still windows. So it was on March 11. The shelling began. A shell hit the apartment we were in. My daughter was injured and wounded. After that we decided to move closer to the center. It was quieter there.

At first, light, heat and water disappeared. Later - gas. At the end of February, we were still moving around Mariupol, not shooting so much, gathering at least some information. And on March 6, a shell flew into our yard. We had glass flying in the windows, and the doors were blown away by the shock wave. Then we decided to move to the parking lot, which was in our house. It was very cold, dark, but there were neighbors and it was not so scary.

And on March 14 they heard that 160 cars were able to leave Mariupol. We also decided on March 15 at our own risk to leave our hometown. We went into obscurity. In early April, we learned that our house had burned down. Now we are moving from city to city. There is no housing. We don't know where to live. The daughter recovered. But this war took away our favorite city, home, work, relatives and friends. My daughter has a lyceum, a sports school, a favorite coach, and most importantly - dreams.

And what's next? Unknown.
Ukraine will stand up and win.
Cities and homes are being rebuilt.
It only takes time and support.
Everything will be Ukraine !!!