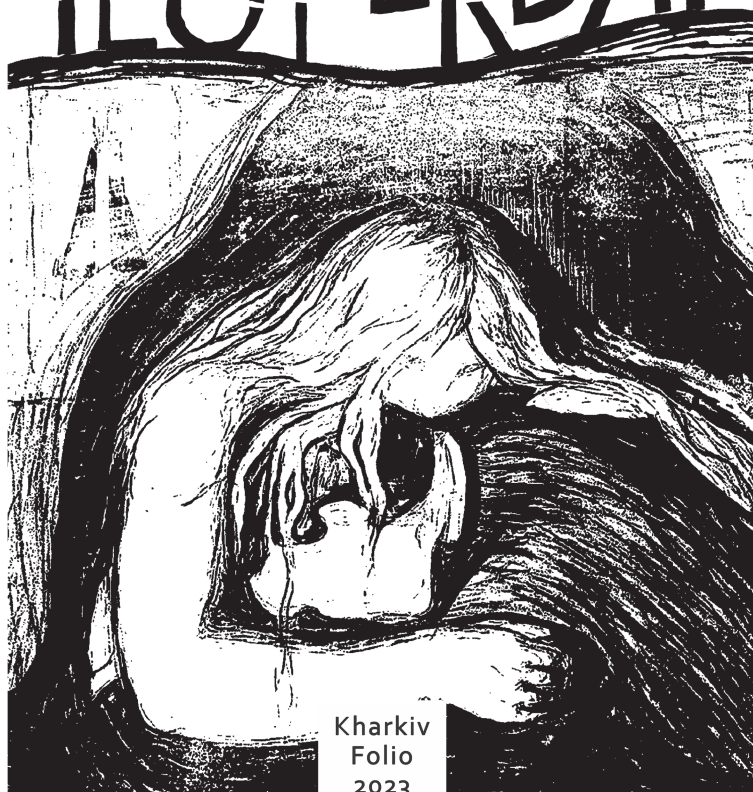


Oleksandr Krasovytskyy

# YESTERDAY



Kharkiv  
Folio  
2023

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## PROLOGUE

**4:30 a.m. of September 1**

The planes entered flying from the sea. Gdansk was the first to experience the horrors of the bombardment. The second wave of aircraft was sent towards Lodz and Warsaw.

In Warsaw, bombs fell in completely non-military spots—on the square near the Royal Castle; after that, hits were registered precisely at a dairy shop in Bielany neighborhood and at a bookstore in the downtown Krakow. Only then did the sirens wail loudly. The inhabitants of the city, who did not believe in the war until the last moment, hid in fear in the basements and hoped to survive the terrible time in their suburban country houses, having taken with them only the most necessary things. It was not clear to which borders to flee from a country that suddenly became very small.

The allies kept silent. The news roundups resembled quotes from science fiction books.

The aggressor's tanks crossed the border in convoys, having easily smashed the resistance of the Border Guards, and moved along the beautiful Polish roads in three wedges—to Gdansk, Warsaw and Krakow only by lunchtime, apparently due to the lack of reaction from the allies. The allies continued to remain silent even after the entry of tanks.

It seemed that a naval blockade was next in line; aggressor ships were noticed near the 30-kilometer zone.

At 16.00 CET, a statement from the Polish government appeared. Thousands of volunteers did not storm the recruiting stations; in fact, they were not really expected there yet.

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## PART 1

### CHAPTER 1

2014

Kharkiv—Sevastopol—Kharkiv

“Fedorovych, wake up, here are Russians,” the faithful Rybak shakes my shoulder from the back seat.

“Yes, Vasilievych, it was a heavy dream; some devil in camouflage was chasing me. What kind of Russians? Are we not in Zaporizhzhia?”

“We passed Melitopol. They are here. Andrey Petrovych has just called; they are meeting us here. He is with them.”

After yesterday's unsuccessful attempt to hold a congress in Kharkiv, in order to retain at least the left-bank Ukraine (which was prevented by Avakov's militants), I decided not to wait for anything else to happen—and to go to the Donetsk airport. In Kharkiv, the night of February 21-22 was unsettling. Moreover, although the residence of the Oblast Administration was well guarded, and the plane was safe on the territory of the aircraft plant, I did not like the situation in the city. A call from Moscow confirmed this. Therefore, the participants of the congress, if I got there, could become the living hostages of Bandera people. I decided not to risk their lives, therefore I got into the car and we rushed to Donetsk. My presidency appears to be ending.

Putin wouldn't pick up the phone. All attempts by Andriy Petrovych to get through to Sergei Ivanov were also useless. I decided to fly away from Donetsk. There are all our own, they must be in time. Meanwhile, these prostitutes from our faction in the Rada have already betrayed me.

I feel sorry for Nikolai Yanovych, of course, he was a faithful person. Stop, why was? Maybe he will still break out of Kharkiv? It's no good, of course, what we did to him... He had a presentiment and he told me that we were supposed to ask Russia

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for help, but Sasha and his team had already taken everything into their own hands, so Yanych had to be fired in January. Eh. A wise man, he foresaw everything.

It didn't work out in Donetsk either. Pshonka tried to escape, so the Border Guards staged such a performance for him. F\*\*\*k, but I did personally appoint them all even in Donetsk and I gave medals and prizes to each of them. And no one stopped them from making their earning.

I spent the night in the car. I finally spoke with Putin, he was persuading me to return to Kyiv; he promised to destroy all the "villains" there. I didn't agree. I can see better everything over here. He agreed to receive me. He said, "We will still fight for our Fatherland, for the Mother of Russian cities." Zakharchenko reported such things that I did not understand where he had been all these years. Where did all these Bandera people come from? Where do these crowds of loafers come from on the Maidan, do they have no work? And where was the SBU all about? Maybe all these Bandera people are under the Russians, and not under the Americans? This Tyagnibok has always been so quiet and obedient. Klitschko too. Sergey Ivanov called and promised to receive us in Sevastopol,

so we called a group with two KamAZ trucks with household property, which were parked in Kharkiv, they are coming after us. How much stuff did you have to give up? It was well that we managed to fly to China in time and to put money in safes on accounts in Macau; they have everything thought through there—identification by voice, by photo, by retina and by passwords; Sasha did a good job, he organized everything; but I wanted to personally see everything; so in December, I not only met Comrade Xi, but also took a little walk around Macau with my sons.

For a long time I did not have trips with them, the three of us. Of course, on the way back to Sochi, I got a reprimand from Putin for this trip, but he did not seem to know about the money, but, of course, he knew all the details about Chinese investments in the port on Donuzlav in Crimea. Well, how can I also refuse China, but I just refused Europe, and they promised money there immediately after signing; with three billion this hole that turned out now cannot be plugged; and fifteen, which the Russians give, neither. It was Arbuzov and Sasha who explained to me that I had to ask for fifty, otherwise the Bandera people would play for lack of money. Well, what kind of “Bandera” Klitschko

is, how could he even?... Bubka should be told that this is his side. Although it's too late. If only we could make it through Chongar to Dzhankoy without stopping, Mogilev would meet us there and lead us to Sevastopol. Eh, we've just bought a new yacht. It is bad for her to spend the winter in Yalta; so they left her in Nice for the winter, what will happen to her now?

“Vladimir Vasilievych, yes, I woke up, I'm just getting out of the car now, but not before I finish eating a sandwich... what kind of Russians are there? Oh yes, I already see it. Andrey Petrovych, who is with you? Oh, Vladislav Yurievych, how are you here? Yes, I recognized you, glad to see you in good health. Do you want a sandwich? With Moscow sausage”.

“Viktor Fedorovych, hello, thank you, I'm full. Please forgive me—we are visiting your land without warning, there are thirty of us here, including well-armed bodyguards; we will ensure your trip to Sevastopol. Vladimir Vladimirovych, out of completely brotherly feelings for you, asked me to take care of your safety. There is a briefing going on in the Kremlin right now; we will decide how to help you. If you do not mind, I will get into your car and Vladimir Vasilyevych into the car of our embassy.”



“Yes, of course, but it is a little messy in there; we ate sandwiches.”

“Viktor Fedorovych, while we are driving, let me give you a few words from Vladimir Vladimirovych that he did not want to say on the phone; well, here is a package of documents, let's look at them a little.”

“Maybe we'll sleep a little until morning, it is 3 a.m. now, I'm not used to...”

“Viktor Fedorovych, they are not sleeping in Moscow now, Vladimir Vladimirovych is working to save Ukraine from the NATO hordes... How come you want to sleep? Where is your light switch? Look, this is a decree on granting me Ukrainian citizenship, yes, there is an application here; and Andrey Petrovych's confirmation is already here. You won't mind, right? And this is your decree on his dismissal, yes, from the Head of Administration position. Here is his confirmation, too, that he is informed. Didn't he tell you that he wanted to resign? He's over there in one of our cars; give him a call, yes of course.”

“Andrey, do you want to resign before we leave? What for? Okay, if you ask, I'll sign it. But are you coming with me? OK, then.”

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