

My name is Julia, I am 37 years old. I live in Lviv.

From the first days of war, my husband wanted to volunteer. He was very patriotic.

I was much against it. He is younger than me and sometimes a little immature. I felt that he did not understand the consequences of his decision.

We fought over this. I cried and I screamed, but I could not change his mind. So I had to accept it.

Finally, I let him know he was doing the right thing and that I would be waiting for him at home. I support him.

After some time at the frontline my husband's unit liberated an occupied city. We thought that he would get a few weeks of leave or a few days to recover somewhere peaceful. But that didn't happen.

So I had this revelation: I had to go see him. I asked him to buy me a train ticket for Zaporizhia. I wanted to see him and make sure he was okay. To remind him that I still exist. And another thing is: My husband and I want to make a baby. So I had to go.

It was a 20 hour trip. The only passengers were soldiers and wives. When the train arrived it was almost like they made this tunnel: On both sides of the tracks they had placed other wagons to protect the passenger train from shelling and shooting.

My husband and I had a long walk in the beautiful city. It was a warm, gentle day. The buildings were scarred and destroyed, with big holes from shelling. We heard some blasts, but my husband told me not to worry. We are close to a training base, and that's where the sounds are coming from, he said.

Most buildings were without windows, covered up with boards or just missing. All the people we saw there were soldiers. Apart from a few children riding bicycles. And some elderly people.

This was the first time we saw each other in two months. We never went on honeymoon, so we decided this was our own little honeymoon.

My husband had rented an apartment, and they had just recently replaced the windows. There was a bucket of broken glass in the balcony, and the apartment was facing a kindergarten that was totally smashed by bombings. The apartment was nice though. But when we arranged the sofa we found used condoms from previous visitors.

In the night there was a lot of shelling. In Lviv you hear the siren first and then the explosion. Here, it was the other way around.

One night there was a very loud explosion, almost like an earthquake. This missile hit nearby. I wondered how our apartment building could still stand after that. My husband just turned on the other side and kept sleeping. I was afraid to go to sleep again.

My husband is trying to give me all I want. He bought me a dog to keep me company, he is doing renovation on our flat, and he is fixing all problems I encounter.

He says, he is trying to give everything, while he still can. I have a strong feeling that my husband thinks he won't survive.