

Skeletons of armored vehicles: horrible tandem charge Javelin missiles struck and blew them up.

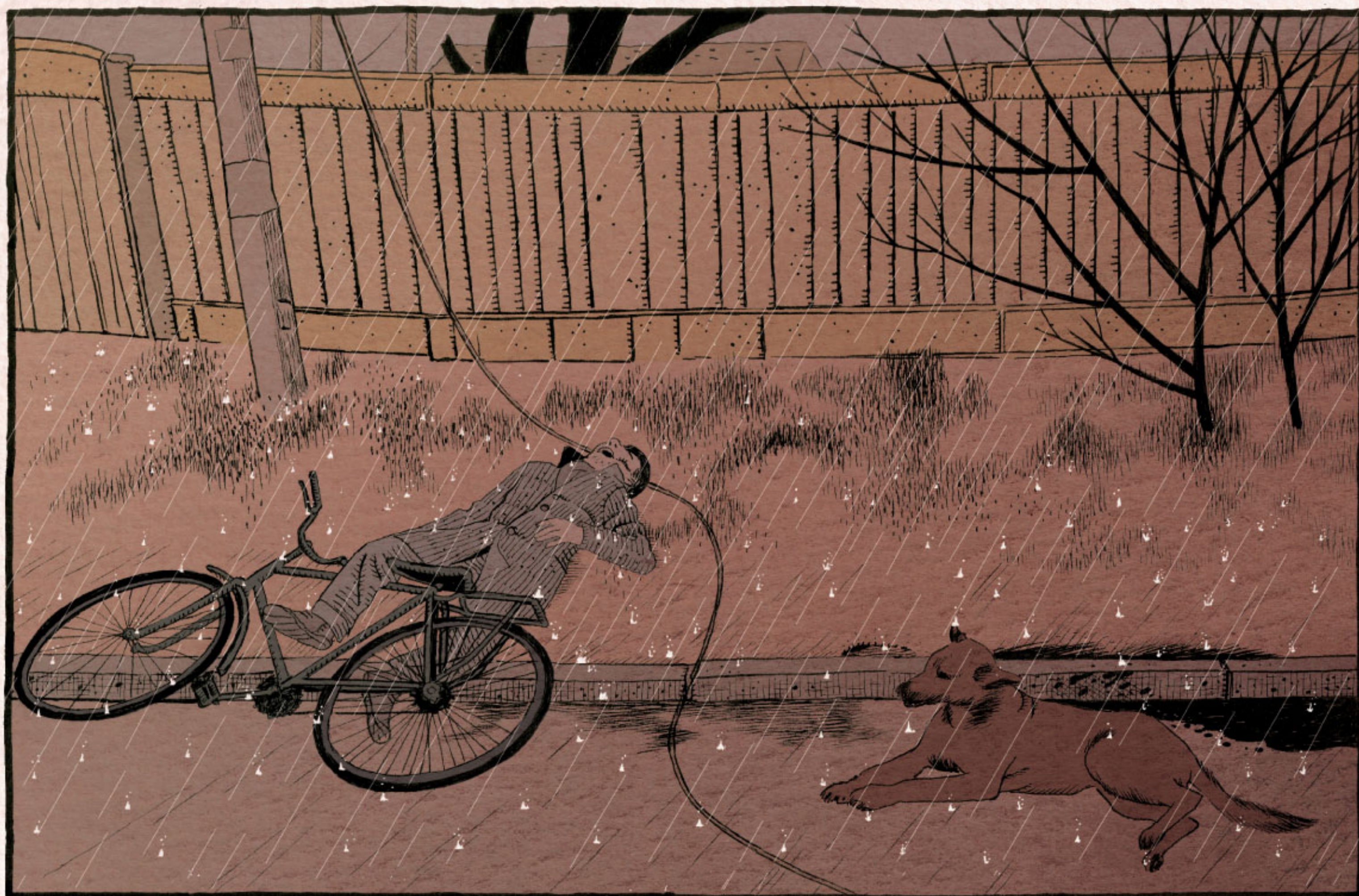


Then you see them: slumped over on the ground, next to some wooden pallets. Or face down, hands tied behind their backs. Bodies have gone cold that once breathed, laughed, talked.





Now they're marionettes with cut strings dotting the roads. You look at them in the cold spring morning light. It's ten below in Bucha. You take in the obscenity of those deaths.

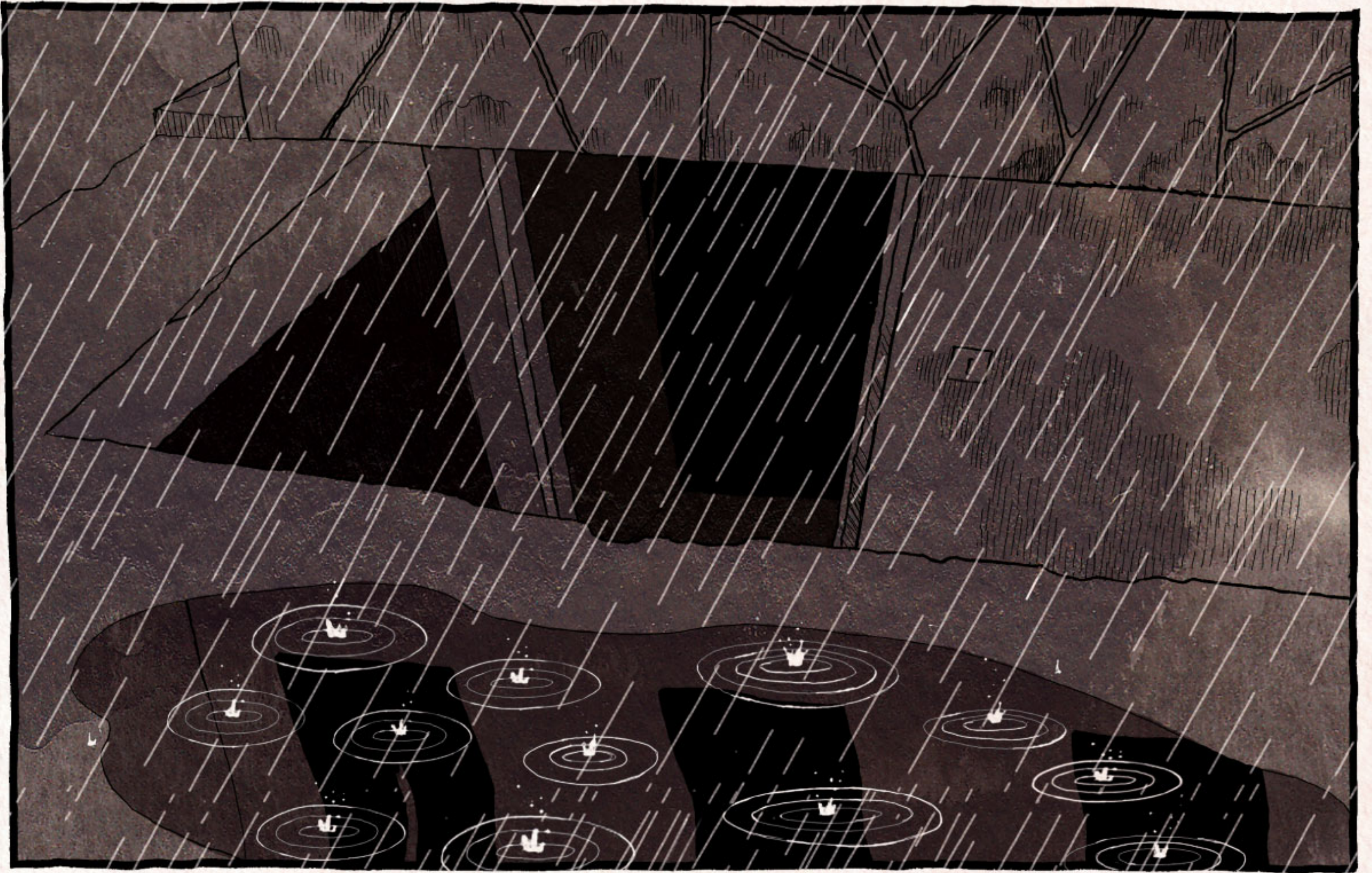


Further ahead, a man, two women, and one child. What used to be a family. Now only charred bodies.

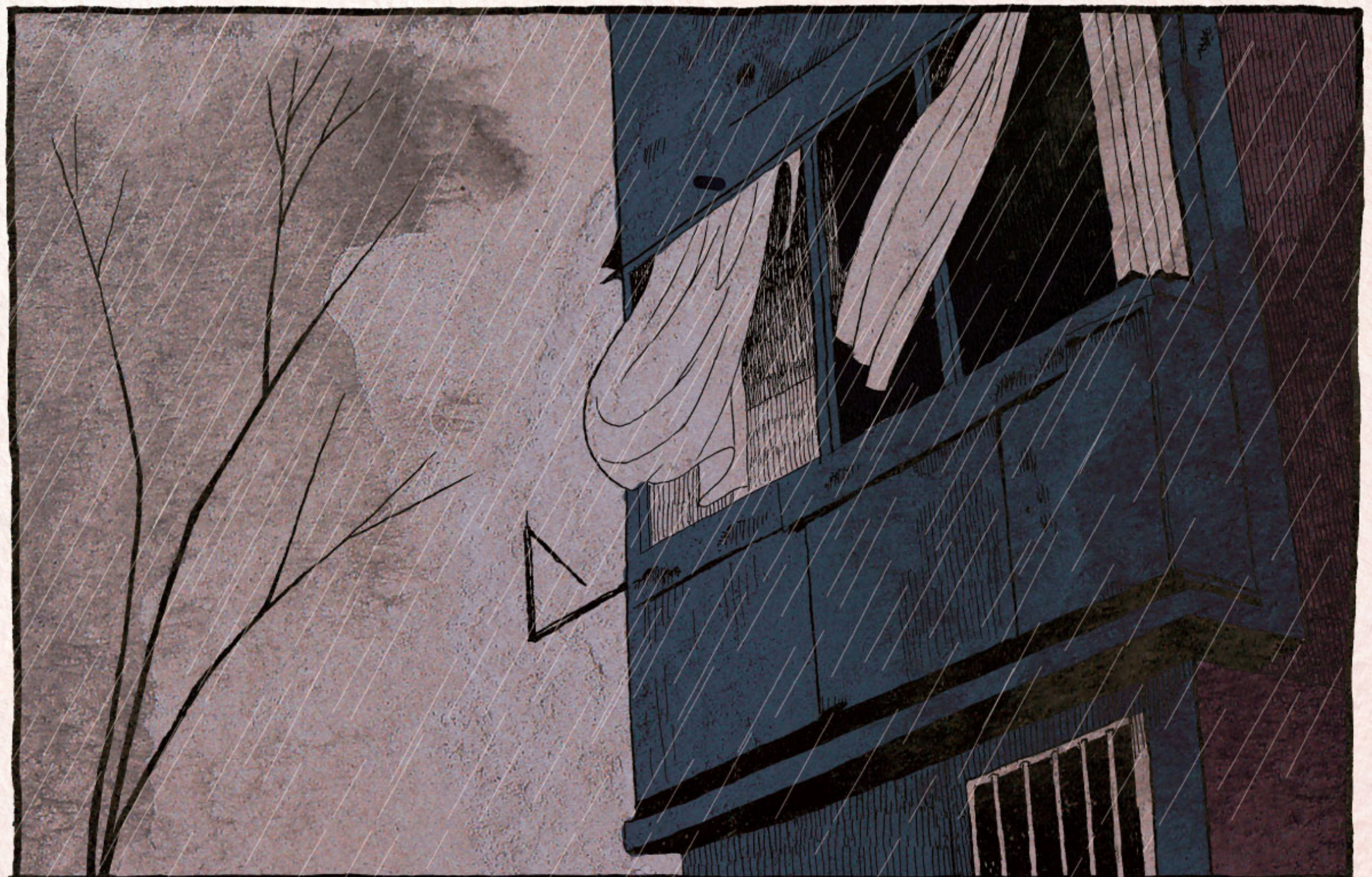




The torture chamber, in the cellar, with five men on their knees, bound and taken out with a blow to the neck.



A cavalcade of atrocity and torment. Amputated limbs, severed tongues, the carnage of war with nothing human about it except its victims.

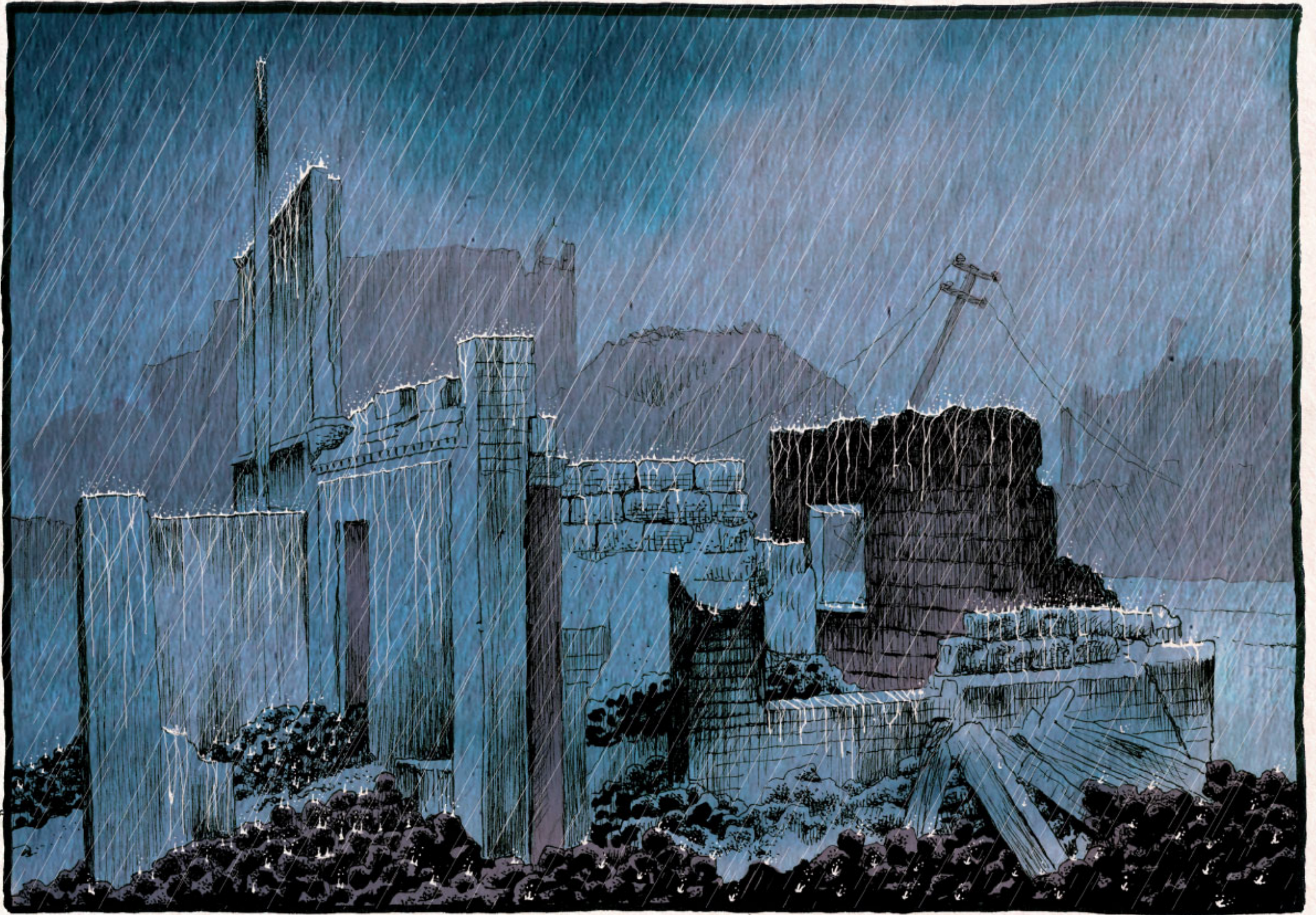




Bucha. Why?







"We came to liberate you," a sergeant from the battalion said. And she, Dyana, asked: "From what?"



Silence. There was no logical response.