32 вбиті дитини, 67 поранених, мені не потрібно заходити в пошуковик, я напам'ять знаю ці цифри. Десятий день війни. Це офіційна інформація, котру оприлюднили, але російський агресор бомбардує, обстрілює, бомбить мегаполіси, містечка, дороги і села всіма областями моєї країни, і я боляче усвідомлюю, що ця цифра збільшується.
Цю книгу про різних дітей з різних українських родин я писала в 2017 році, коли Крим був анексований, а частина Донецької і Луганської областей України були тимчасово окуповані Російською Федерацією.

Цей вступ я пишу з коридора, де ми ховаємося з мамою, яка дитиною пережила 2 світову війну, і собакою, бо над київським небом: чергова ракетна загроза.

Я уявляю, що з класу Майї хтось зараз молиться в бомбосховищі, хтось лише хоче, щоб тато був +, живим, а мама повернулася з поліцейського дозору, хтось вже втратив близьку людину. Хтось понад пять діб добирався до перетину рятівного закордоння, хтось сильно плаче в незнайомому містечку, а хтось перечитує вдесяте Гаррі Потера і вірить в магію, що захищає дітей.

Війна завжди проти дітей. І цим текстом я хочу кричати про те, що діти моєї країни потребують міжнародного захисту, діти моєї країни мають право на теперішнє і майбутнє не в облозі, не в окупації, не в бомбосховищі, не в ванній, не під обстрілами, а в захищених мирних оселях люблячих родин. Світ має це зрозуміти.

32 children killed, 67 wounded. I do not need to consult a search engine, I know these numbers by heart. It's currently the tenth day of the war, and this is official information that has been made public, but the Russian aggressor is bombing cities, towns, roads and villages in all regions of my country, and I am painfully aware that this figure is increasing.

I wrote this book about different children from different Ukrainian families in 2017, when Crimea was annexed and part of the Donetsk and Luhansk regions of Ukraine were temporarily occupied by the Russian Federation. I am writing this introduction from the corridor where we are hiding with my mother, who survived World War II as a child, and my dog, because there is another missile threat over the Kyiv sky.

I imagine that someone from Maya's class is now praying in a bomb shelter, someone else just wants Dad to be alive, and Mum to come back from police patrol. Another person has already lost a loved one. Some spent more than five days travelling to another country, some are crying as they sit in an unfamiliar town, and some are rereading *Harry Potter* and believing in magic that protects children.

War is always catastrophic for children. I want to shout that the children of my country need international protection. They have the right to a present and a future in which they are not under siege or occupation, not in a bomb shelter, not under fire, but in safe and peaceful homes, surrounded by loving families. The world needs to understand this.

Larysa Denysenko

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LARYSA DENYSENKO • MASHA FOYA

MAYA and HER FRIENDS

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My name is Maya. It's important! Please, don't call me May, because May is a month and I'm human. Sometimes people call me May-may or even Mimi. But I'm only OK with that if you're my friend, or one of my parents or if I really like you! What's your name?

I love cat ear buns, the colour green and macaroni and cheese. And rabbits and pugs. And also witch dolls and summer. And watermelons! Lots of them. What about you? What do you like?

I'm in year five. There are seventeen of us in the class. Mostly we get along brilliantly, but sometimes we fight. And quarrel. And joke around. Or sulk and pout. Or get offended by someone. All together, or one at a time.

Sometimes we are overcome by the "tranda"! Miss Yulia, our teacher, invented this word herself. It's what happens when we get naughty and sleepy and don't want to do anything. Has this ever happened to you? The only way to defeat the "tranda" is to smile, and tell jokes and interesting stories. I like to tell spooky or silly stories.