
IT WILL BE A SILENT NIGHT

VOICES OF CHILDREN

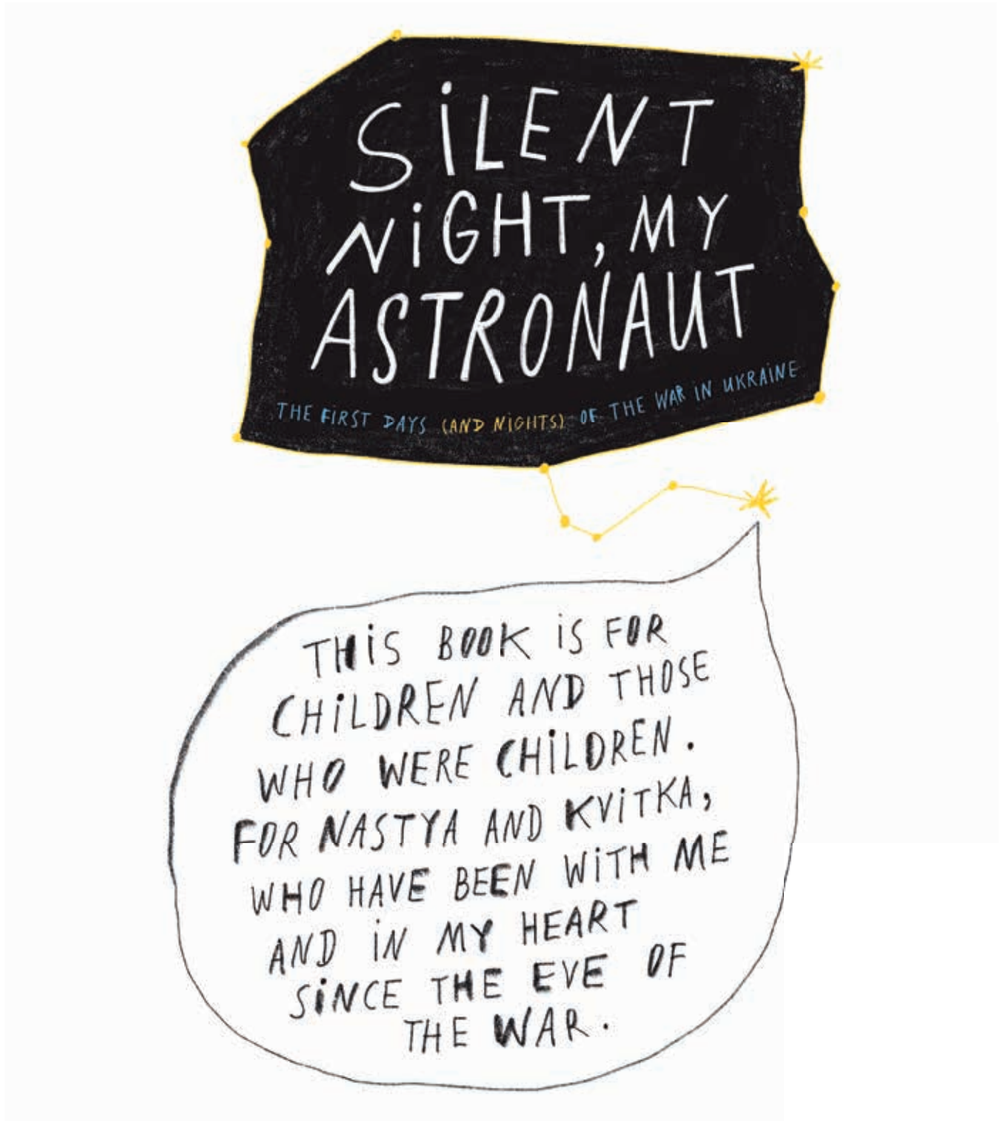
No child should be left alone with the experience of war. This is the mission of the Voices of Children Charitable Foundation. The foundation provides free psychological and psychosocial assistance to children and families affected by the war in Ukraine.

Andersen Press will donate 10% of the proceeds from the sale of this edition to the Voices of Children Charitable Foundation.
Find out more at www.voices.org.ua/en/
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THE FIRST DAY OF THE WAR, FEBRUARY 24

It's morning. Outside is bright and sunny, but we are in the dark. Mum is in the dark. Dad is in the dark. I am in the dark. Dark and scary. I overheard the adults say that the war had begun. I'm scared, but I won't be afraid. Dad gives me my astronaut doll to hold close. And I wonder, is there a super powerful astronaut in the sky? Watching and hearing me from up above?

I believe there is. My astronaut. Keeping me safe.

Church bells are ringing, sirens are screaming, bombs are exploding.

HELLO, MY ASTRONAUT, CAN YOU HEAR ME THROUGH ALL THIS NOISE?



THE SECOND DAY OF THE WAR,
FEBRUARY 25

“Everything is calm so far,” says Mum.

She has a deep wrinkle on her forehead. We sent Dad off to protect us – and all Ukraine’s people. I know he is strong. I drew an astronaut for my dad and put it in his pocket before he left. I wrote:



I hope my note makes my dad feel strong and brave.

“At night, we will go to sleep dressed,” says Mum.

“The night will be hard,” says the president, “but the morning will come.”

I trust him, our president. And I believe in the morning.

If you’ve ever seen dawn, my astronaut, you can’t help but believe that morning is all-powerful. Like you.
Do you hear me from up there? I only have one request: let the night be over soon.



My friend and I text each other:

WE WERE IN A BOMB SHELTER;
EVERYONE IS LIKE A PICKLE IN A JAR ☹

My cousin and I exchange messages:

THERE WAS AN AIR ALARM ALL DAY ☹

My aunt and I chat:

EVERYTHING IS CALM,
WE ARE STAYING CALM OVER HERE ☺

Then in the messenger, my classmates write:



I'M HERE

WE ARE

WE ARE TOO...

In this moment, my astronaut, my heart overflows with emotion like a cosmic burst.

My astronaut, throw the largest meteorite out of space onto all the evil on earth so it will disappear like in a fairy tale – puff – and blow away with the wind, forever!