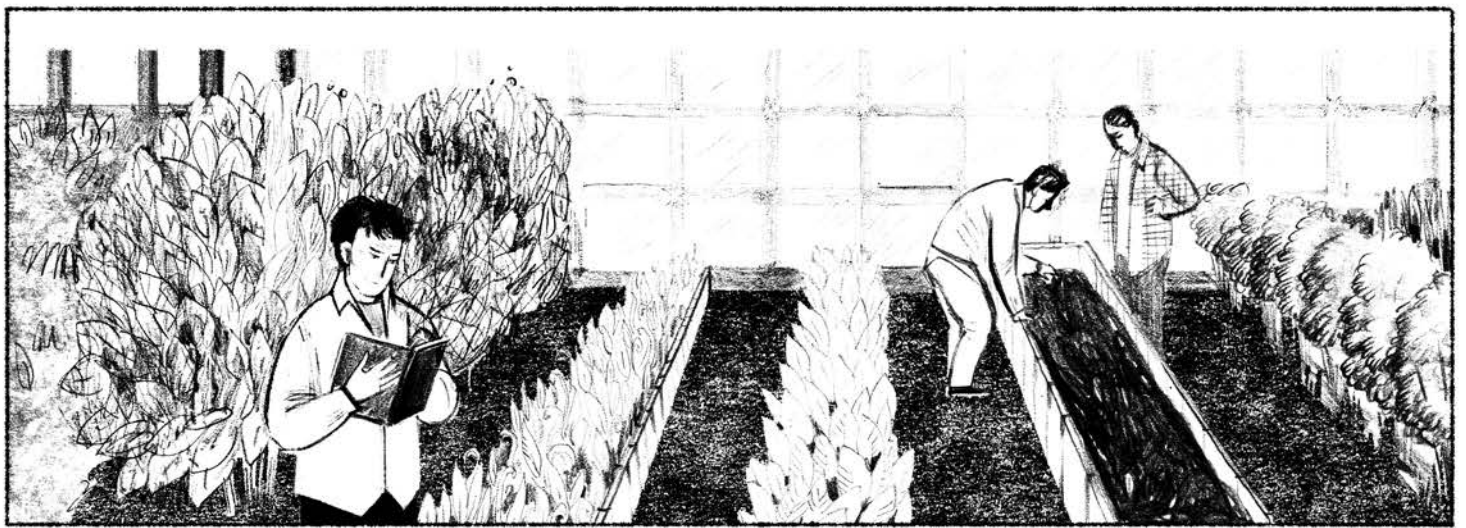
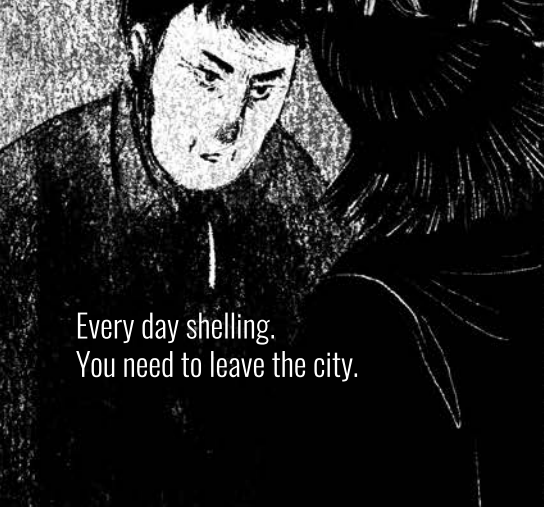
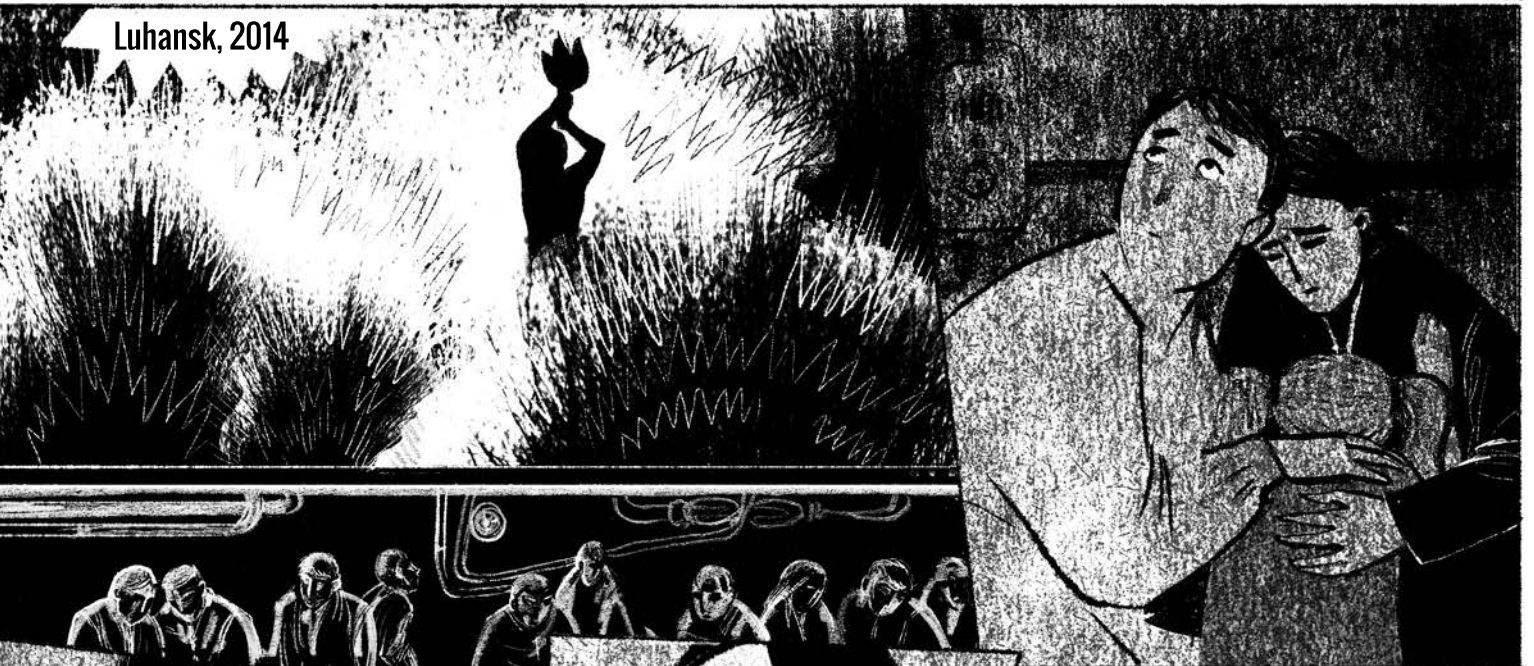


The Price of Choice





Luhansk, 2014



Every day shelling.
You need to leave the city.



Without you???
Just me and the child?

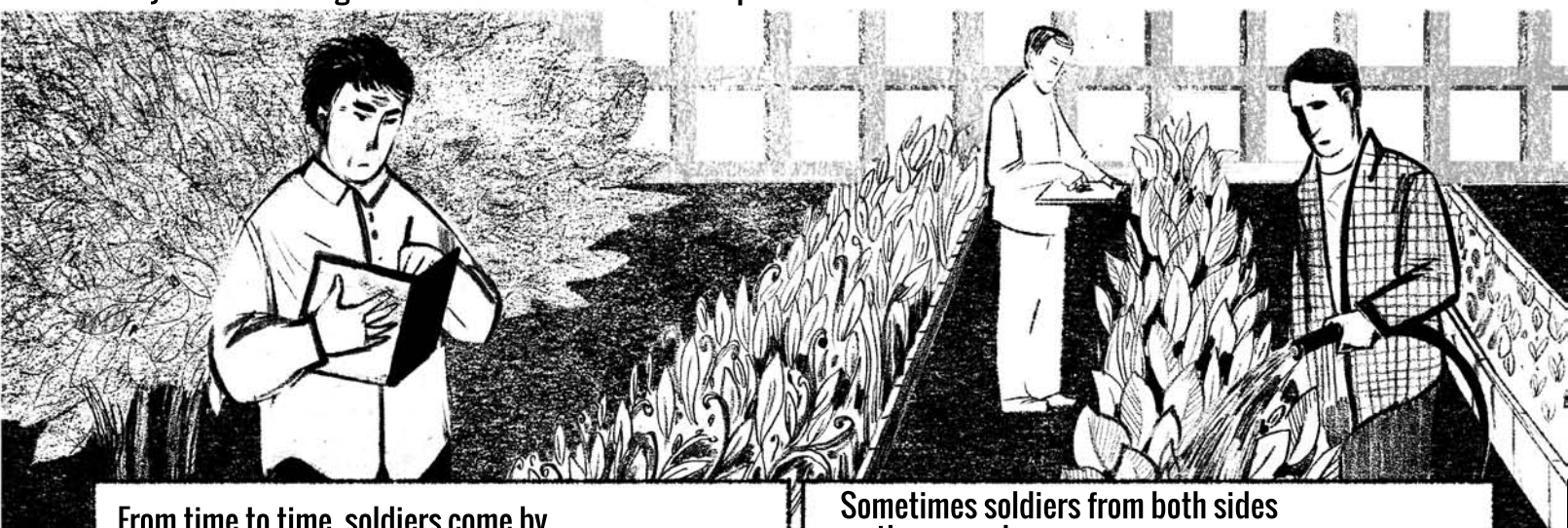


I cannot simply leave the botanical
garden collection. It's been 12 years of my life.

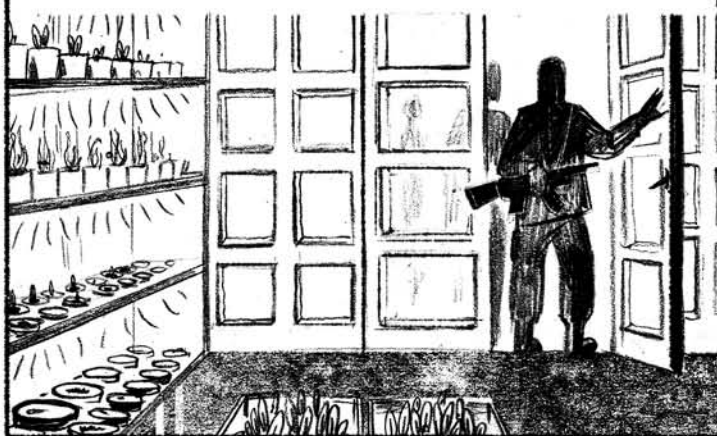
I'll join you as soon as the situation has calmed down.



Nikolay and his colleagues continue to take care of the plants.



From time to time, soldiers come by.



Sometimes soldiers from both sides on the same day.

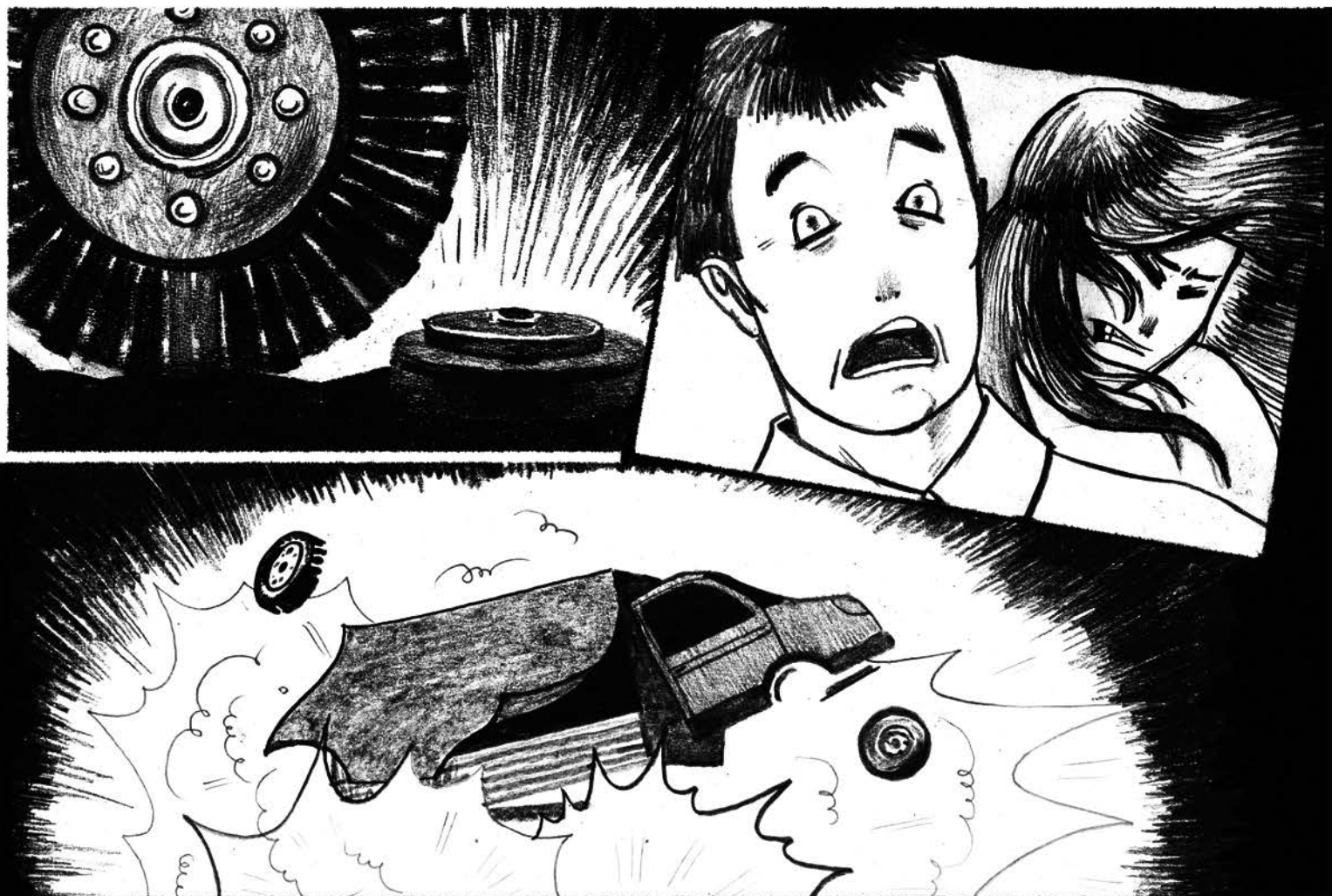


Any separatists?

Any weapons?
Any Ukrainian nationalists?

To organize food and petrol for the generators, the workers need to drive to Luhansk or Stanytsia Luhanska. Each time risking their lives...

On one of these trips...





What happened?

Where's Vera?



Vera???



What was that???

Oh my god, my legs?!



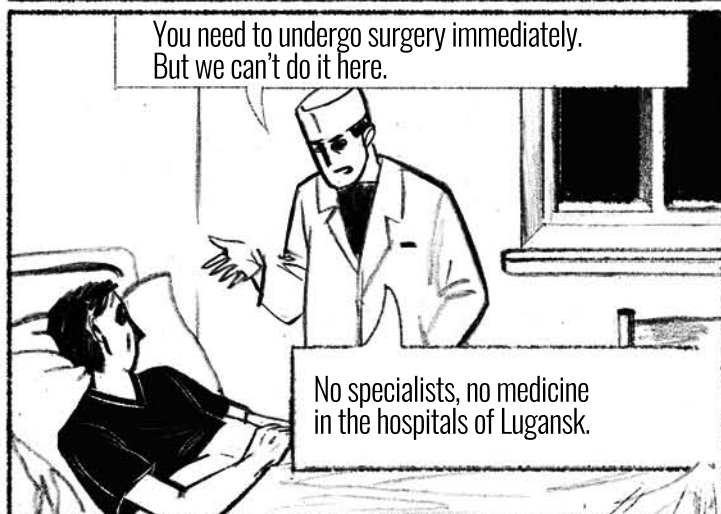
I need to crawl as long as I can.





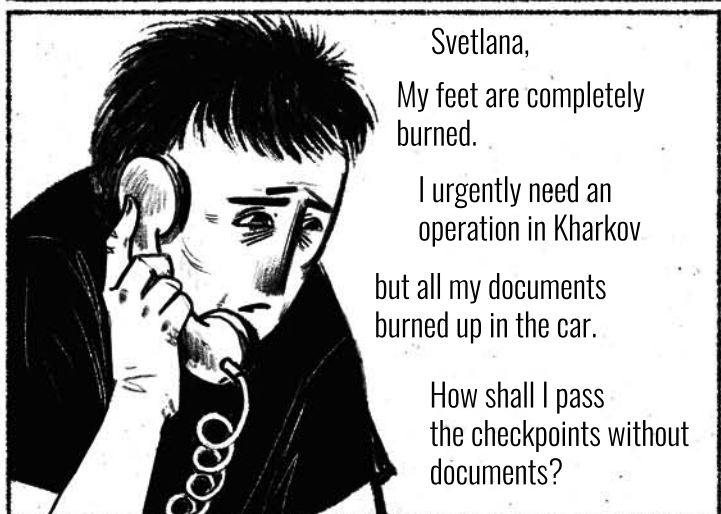
Why do I not walk?

My legs?



You need to undergo surgery immediately.
But we can't do it here.

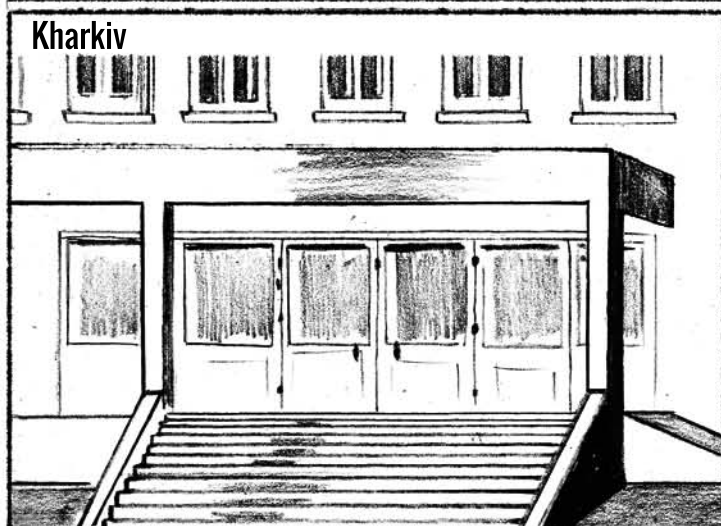
No specialists, no medicine
in the hospitals of Lugansk.



Svetlana,
My feet are completely
burned.

I urgently need an
operation in Kharkov
but all my documents
burned up in the car.

How shall I pass
the checkpoints without
documents?



Kharkiv





The snow came early this year.



Everything will be ok. You're alive, that's the most important.



I owe it all to you.



You got me through all these checkpoints without papers. Not even thinking that you are risking your own life.

And you protected our child from this horrible war.



It's okay, please don't cry. You were so tough after the accident and such major surgery.



I need to get my plants out of there.



