Создано: 5 November, 2025, 09:09

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The beginning of May. The red carnations. The tears of those distant terrible years. And veterans righteous faces, The features that aren't more.

Once again, these dates are suitable. For some reason I feel guilty -Fewer remember Victory More forget about the war.

Thunder fireworks and parades. For those who are alive, will get rewards. Speech will say aloud, with a sense of duty, And then all will be forgotten for a long time.

I understand that once Come completely different date. No more veterans. They shall not live.

Neither ordinary nor the officers, Neither injured nor the whole, Neither noble generals None of us for it is not the answer.

And to myself, I'm talking: So much has been wars in this world, So many years have passed since then.

And, as usual, I remember my grandfather, Returned without legs ... How easily he climbed the ladder, How to dance the prosthesis he could ...

The parades shows to us on TV Burn in archival film city. Those who remained, distribute awards. And it seems that it was always so.

The war is not ready to disappear. Those years - millions of personal dramas. So, let's again

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Sincere words come from your heart. Best wishes!