

The ILE

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Victory Day

Diana Polivanova, Group 198

What does Victory Day mean to me? Victory Day is an opportunity to honour the veterans who were at the forefront of fighting against Nazi Germany. They fought for life, against death. Nowadays we celebrate the glorious past of our country and remember the fallen on that day. For me it is the day with tears in my eyes, the day when I realize that no one is forgotten and nothing is forgotten.

In terrible war time everyone contributed to the Victory. People were not separated by nationality, affluence or age differences; everyone, the young and the old, officers and privates fought side by side till the last bullet. Victory Day is the day of remembrance and mourning, the day of gratitude for the peaceful sky above our heads.

May 9th is a joyous annual holiday filled with national pride, celebrations and commemorations held all around Russia. Replicas of the red banner that was raised above the Reichstag in Berlin in 1945 fly on high streets and squares of towns and cities, villages and megalopolises.

Billboards dedicated to the date are seen everywhere. Victory Day is one of the most ceremonious festivals in Russia with military parades and civil marches. The most spectacular one is on Moscow's Red Square.

Victory Day is a sacred holiday for Russians. There is not a single family in the country that did not lose a relative in that war.

Every year my family takes part in the march of the Immortal Regiment, carrying portraits of our relatives who took part in World War II. When I walk side by side with thousands of people, I feel the atmosphere of joy and unity as the people tell one another stories of their grandparents, stories of that terrible wartime.

Unfortunately, this year, due to the COVID-19 pandemic, it was not possible to carry the portraits of our relatives in the Immortal Regiment. However that didn't prevent us from honouring the veterans – I took part in the all-Russian action "Immortal Regiment" online, which was organized in the social network Vkontakte.

This year I also took part in the open student creative military-patriotic competition "Great-Grandchildren of the Victory – 2020". In this contest I won the 3rd prize in the nomination "Poetry Recitation" and I also got a special prize from the Student Social Support Centre. In autumn I will have an opportunity to go to Petrazavodsk, the capital of the Republic of Karelia and one of the Cities of Military Glory, as part of the project "Beyond the Polar Circle"!

I know about the Great Patriotic War from books and movies, but I am sure that Victory Day is a huge holiday for the young. There are very few participants of the WWII left among us, but they remain forever in our hearts, in our memory. On that day we demonstrate our gratitude and our great respect to the courage of our soldiers and all the people, whose heroism saved our country from Nazi invaders! I suppose Victory Day is even more important to the young as a strong assertion of Russian national and cultural identity. It is a message that we love the country that our ancestors saved 75 years ago.

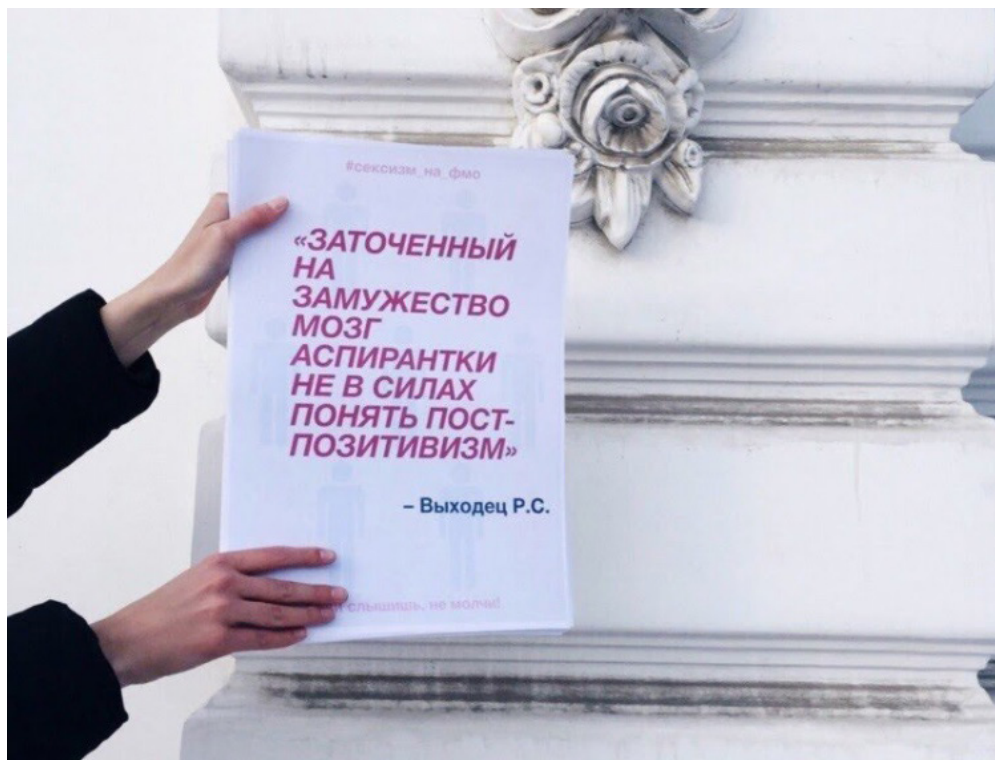
Who Runs the Education System? Girls!

Evgenia Skvortsova, Group 192

Nowadays, despite the topic of feminism being frequently and passionately discussed, a certain stigma has been formed around it. How many times have we heard that “women have already gained all the necessary rights and privileges” or that “gender equality was achieved when women were given voting rights”? What else can these “insatiable creatures” possibly demand? Obviously, the list is endless, as equality can be achieved only when all life aspects are taken into consideration, especially those people usually overlook.

So, which aspects are regarded as main and which are considered subsidiary? Economic, political, educational and civil rights are those areas of life that are mainly noticed by others, but what really matters is the process taking place inside different institutions, the attitude towards women and how they are actually treated. In this article we are going to touch on gender discrimination in the academic sphere and how it affects both women and men.

We all know the way women have been portrayed in our patriarchal society throughout the centuries, up until



these days: emotional, irrational, fragile, voluptuous, the epitome of beauty and love. Many can argue that the image is changing. The truth is – yes, it is changing, though the alteration is not embraced

by the masses. Women are expected to become feminine, girly and soft again. Besides, people blame women for these changes, because they seem to be yet another way to gain attention, an example of how our emotional side is dominant over the logical one. Women are being accused of their “lack of rationality” and “oversensitivity” every day, especially if they are involved in the area that is not considered appropriate for a woman. For instance, since politics calls for being strategic, smart, powerful, charismatic and witty, women are not welcomed there. Men working in the field view them as untrustworthy because of the qualities mentioned above and other ridiculous stereotypes. What is worse, they broadcast this idea into the masses and form a new sexist stereotype, a prejudice that says, “Women do not belong in politics”. The same thing happens in science, IT, engineering, etc. Female students come to study computer science and realize that they are taken seriously neither by their professors nor their classmates. Why is that? They have studied hard, immersed themselves completely into the subject in order to be successful and get a rewarding job, but suddenly none of their words are heard or noticed, because, apparently, they are not intelligent enough. All they have is their beauty, trivial interests and immense hollowness underneath a “fancy surface”. According to a survey of more



Мысли вслух...

OPINION

than 2000 women working in the tech industry, more than half (51%) have been told they are “too pretty” to work in the sector. The survey also ranked infuriating sexist phrases women had overheard in the workplace by how common they were. In the top spot there were “smile more” (83%), “can you make us tea/coffee?” (69%) and “not bad for a girl!” (66%).

Of course, we are tired of being an object, not a subject, of being mocked because of the efforts we make to regain justice. And this is where the topic of feminism resonates with the topic of victory: we are fighting every second to establish equality and conditions where we will be able to feel safe and confident. We are fighting to win.

A great example of courage is an action against sexism taken by a girl studying International Relations in the Saint Petersburg State University. On March 8th, 2019, she hanged various hand-made posters on the walls of the university halls which contained misogynistic and discriminating comments some of her professors had made about the female part of the course, including “Let’s see if there is something about you except for the beauty”, “As the saying goes, a chicken is not a bird, a woman is not a person”, “The girls of this faculty can only expect to marry well”. The goal was to show the professors the way their words sounded from another point of view. Unfortunately, she was criticized and derided by the authorities and the male section of the university who called her attempt silly.

From my perspective, students majoring in foreign philology face discrimination as well. However, in this case men are the victims of the laws of patriarchy,



because the area does not seem to be “masculine” enough. We should not forget that a specific male image was also formed during socialization and different social transformations. A man is definitely someone strong, determined, clever, powerful, emotionless, logical. Basically, he is everything that a woman is not, someone superior. These stereotypes brought about the emergence of the term “toxic masculinity”. It refers to the socially-constructed attitudes that describe the masculine gender roles as violent, unemotional and sexually aggressive. It forbids men to be who they really are. They are brought up to fit in with the standards of a “real man”, and if they appear to deviate from these behavioral qualities, they get bullied. Why is the number of men in the classrooms of the Institute of Foreign Philology so low? One of the key reasons can be that in the minds of the majority

this professional area does not correlate with the qualities that should inhere in a man. It is ironic, though, because men still will be treated more seriously in the field thanks to their originally privileged status of males.

To conclude, I can state that, although our victory is not on the cards yet, people around the world will continue fighting or at least supporting the movement. My personal victory lies in educating others on the topic of gender discrimination and indicating how it influences our daily life, which was partially achieved with the help of this article. In addition, keep in mind that your experience might be different and completely harmless, but we cannot deny the fact of women having been oppressed for ages and the oppression cannot just be gone in an instant. It is just more subtle and intricate now, but it does not mean that it is not there.

OVERCOME YOUR WEAKER SELF

Стань лучшей версией себя

My Way to the Victory

Ekaterina Shemyakina, Group 192

Everybody has to face some obstacles in his or her life to get experience and become a better worker, friend, relative, partner or just a better human. Of course, it is not easy... We must fight against anger, sadness, faults, depression and frustration. I am not an exception. I had to fight against (and, well, I still am) my fear of public speeches and diffidence. I will tell you a story of overcoming myself or, I even could say, “gaining a victory” in a battle with myself.

I was about twelve when I found out what debating – an intellectual dispute game – was. I was invited to a debate tournament, which was held in Crimean High School for Gifted Children. By that moment I had become able to put my thoughts into English words properly, so I gladly agreed to participate. Little did I know how hard it would be for me to understand everything that was going to happen to me in the next week. Well, neither I nor my teacher knew or could imagine, at least, what debates were and what debating rules were like. Would it surprise you if I said that we were baffled after arriving at the place where everything was to occur? And, of course, we lost every round.

However, this motivated me to join a brand new debating club we established in our language studio. I was so enthusiastic! I was surrounded by people who were “the elite”, as our coaches used to say, people who brimmed with ideas and loved English as much as I did. Eventually, two of my groupmates and I created a team we ironically named “The Fearless”.

In October we had a tournament in Grammar School No. 9. I had been getting ready for it for two months, and I was as well prepared as I had never been before. I’d say we performed pretty well, though it was still difficult for me to speak in public. I read my speech out from a sheet of paper, but at least I did it beautifully – I used gestures and intonation my teacher had taught me. So yes, we made it to the final round! The boys of my team were thrilled; it was going to be a success, definitely!

Well, it wasn’t. Not with me on the team. To say I was nervous is an understatement. I’d choose another word or even a few: unnerved, bewildered, or even pathetically scared. As I was to open the debate, I went on stage in order to deliver a speech of the proposition team. Proposition... Proposi-



tion! Of course, it was the proposition side. But not for me... I started my speech totally contradicting my side! Guess who won? Needless to say, it was the opposition team.

You’d say it was a valuable experience or “a good lesson on how not to act”, but for a self-conscious girl like me it was the end of the world. I cried. A lot. The point is that I didn’t want to continue debating. And here comes the most important part of the story.

I got support. I got an enormous amount of support from my parents and my teacher. She convinced me to continue attending the lessons, even though I didn’t have any hope for success.

Some time passed. I tried my best, to be honest. The next tournament, which was quite small compared to the previous one, was approaching, so my teammates started begging my coach to push me out of the team because they didn’t want to lose again. I could understand them, but it didn’t mean that it was okay. It still hurt me. Hence, I wanted to prove that I was able to do something incredible, the way they could. I prepared a ten page speech of my own on the given motion from both sides – the proposition and the opposition, which had actually been so difficult that could equal to Herculean labours. I had spent two hours practising in front of the mirror not to confuse anything.

The day finally came. I was standing in front of the jury, shivering, I started speaking. My voice was trembling, but I was speaking, not reading! I was so proud! However, I failed to impress my teammates and their pleas to our coach were the same – to get rid of me.

This made me upset. It would make anyone upset. But on the other hand, it stimulated me even more. My teacher said,

“Don’t worry. Everybody has got their own path. You’ve got a little longer one than the boys have, but it is still okay. The most important thing is that it is the way to the victory” (what a wise woman she is).

So, the next time I had to open my mouth as the first speaker of the proposition team, I was quite confident. I didn’t stop. The following year we took all three first prizes, I became the second top speaker of the junior league and then we visited Shelkovo School Debate Academy, Moscow, where I took the third place (and even appeared on a TV programme because of this)!

The main reason I shared this story is to remind you that any victory we gain in our lives requires a lot of effort, attempts and support. Never give up, even though it may be extremely hard. If you feel that it can bring you any kind of joy, don’t let offensive words of other people stop you. Just believe in yourself, and everything will work out!



Стань лучшей версией себя

OVERCOME YOUR WEAKER SELF

Aut Vincere, Aut Mori

Lidia Chumanova, Group 192

People face disease quite often. Sometimes we ourselves get sick, sometimes our beloved do. Usually people just have a runny nose or a cough or a headache. Some of us pay too much attention to those ailments, some say, "it doesn't matter, happens to everybody" or think that there is nothing that won't heal. However, not everything is so simple; we seem to forget what a great victory it really is to recover from a serious disease.

When I got a task to write about victory, I asked my friend what I should write about and she told me about her friend who had cancer and her battle against it. That was not a battle in a war with guns and other weapons. It was a struggle of a human being against the microorganisms within her, and in such a struggle you might as well be at a losing side. So, this story was about a girl who is still alive because she has won her own battle. She studied with my friend at the Oryol State University, the girl was going to have a great future, a successful career, but in her second year of studying she had to stop attending classes. She was diagnosed with blood cancer.

On hearing this I suddenly felt down, my impressionability always fails me in such situations. Nevertheless, I pulled myself together and held back my tears. That girl did the same; she fought for her life, stayed in many hospitals, went through chemotherapy, lost her hair. The treatment was long

and tedious, but she never gave up her faith in the victory. She went through a lot and finally the result became noticeable. That girl became one of the lucky people who defeated cancer and then she wrote the following on her Instagram:

"An uncertain feeling, I guess I should be happy, right? My cancer went into remission, all signs and symptoms of it have disappeared, I hope for many years. Of course there are no guarantees that it will remain in complete remission forever, but no one has cancelled hope. Of course, there is no such thing as being cured in oncology. My cancer will live inside me forever, but I hope in the same state of the "sleeping beauty." Honestly, I thought I would be jumping like a frog, with joy. And I did, for about 15 minutes, but now my heart is beating fast in my chest. I'm uneasy, for some reason I'm offended. Perhaps you would say, "that's selfish, why aren't you happy?"... it's just that my expectations turned out to be fundamentally wrong and I have found out about the real future only today. There are 12 chemotherapy courses ahead and then lifetime droppers once a month that will lull my cancer further. I managed to be happy for some minutes, caught up in momentary nostalgia, and then the realization came that it will never end... The treatment has always scared me more than the disease itself and more than the fear of death. So strange... Unfortunately my type of cancer prevents me from becoming a mother and having a child, even 5 or 10 years later, since this will mean a 90% probability that



the disease will come back and make me die quicker than a candle burns out. This may be the most severe blow for me. I hope to get used to this thought faster. I will give my love to a baby from an orphanage, I'm quite determined to do it. But still, the long-awaited remission plunged me into apathy. Anyway, it is my second birthday, I guess?? I became strong thanks to all this. Thank you for the support, and I will surely cope with it."

The treatment was long and tedious, but she never gave up her faith in the victory. She went through a lot and finally the result became noticeable. That girl became one of the lucky people who defeated cancer.

As I finished reading her post, I started crying. At that moment I realized that if I do want to talk about victories, only about victories like this one. Unfortunately, not everyone manages to win this fight, not everyone celebrates the victory. Right after telling this story, my friend also remembered her grandfather who had died of lung cancer. Thus, I opened my eyes to the real world and realized: sometimes you win, sometimes you don't. And victory is often bitter-sweet. Victory never comes easy, for this you have to walk a road, and not everyone can handle it. However, we must continue to move on, because, as they say, "aut vincere, aut mori".

Sometimes you win, sometimes you don't. And victory is often bitter-sweet.



OVERCOME YOUR WEAKER SELF

Стань лучшей версией себя

Sweet Face

Meryem Suleymanova, Group 192

Many people would agree that we love to add sugar to almost everything we eat and drink. In addition, people eat lots of sweets, sugary vegetables and fruit and drink fizzy drinks that contain tons of sugar. An average American consumes almost 580 calories with sugar each day, which is almost 17 teaspoons of pure sugar. While the sweet stuff may taste delicious, it can also cause a lot of problems for your body, including your skin.

Personally, I have never thought that sugar can affect my skin. When the first pimples started to appear on my face, I didn't attach importance to it. "Puberty", that was the first idea that came to my mind. A year and a half later my pimples were still there, and I started worrying about my skin condition. I gathered all my strength and courage and consulted a dermatologist.

The first month after the visit was awful. I wished I had never gone to the doctor. I had never been on a diet in my whole life, and the diet the dermatologist prescribed was nothing short of starvation. It was excruciatingly hard for me to restrict myself in what I ate, but the circumstances forced me to cut down on sweet, fatty, pickled and fried food. I could eat those things only in tiny amounts. Nevertheless, I strongly believed that nothing was better than very little and I was determined that sweets and I had different paths in life. As a result, I lost 10 kilos in less than two months, which was rather more astonishing to my parents and relatives than to me.



It is obvious that while on the diet I developed some eating habits. For example, now I can't consume sugary drinks like Cola, Pepsi, Sprite or even some kinds of juice. I can't drink coffee or sweet tea either. I feel THAT amount of sugar in a drink, in a way, and I just can't. Moreover, I can't even find it in my heart to buy a cake and eat it. I used to find it natural to buy cakes, chocolate, biscuits, cookies and jam for myself, but now everything is different.

I won't claim that it was easy to start controlling my nutrition. It was awfully hard to ignore all the tempting stalls with bakery, its smell and chocolate topping. However,

I coped. After six months of a strict diet I decided that it was enough. I started to add some sweets to my daily ration. Those six months were a real test of strength. Finally, I got willpower, a rather clean face and a strong character. I'm not addicted to sweets anymore. I broke free. The main thing that I have learnt is that a person can do everything. If you set a goal, you will achieve it. We have to keep fighting throughout our life. Fight fears, superstitions, someone's opinion and even ourselves. All you need is a bit of self-confidence and support. I consider that I won a real Victory over SWEETS!

Madness of Being a Student

Anastasia Lukina, Group 166

My friends say it's sheer lunacy. My mom says it's courage. I'm saying – this is what is called being alive.

You may think I'm talking about a dangerous, nerve-racking and exhausting sport. No, this isn't about any kind of sport, it's about my life.

I wake up at 7 am and come home at 10 pm almost every day. It is not because I party all the time. I'm 20 years old and I'm a student of the Institute of Foreign Philology. This is what I would call a high-risk sport.

There are so many activities in the world I would like to try, but for now I have chosen

public work with a pinch of cultural work. What inspires, frightens and relaxes me are smiles on people's faces. Why frightens? Because it's challenging. It's challenging to keep everything together, it's challenging to make people do what you want and what you need, it's challenging to stay calm and firm in the process.

My friends and I organize festivals and celebrations. This is so thrilling and nerve-racking. Firstly, you need to be co-operative because it doesn't seem possible to manage anything on your own. Then you have to be accurate with your requirements and wishes. When your dean gives you a task and everything collapses just before the D-Day – this is scary.

But somehow we manage these situations and make everything twice better than it was. And the dean smiles, shakes our hands and says that we've made a fabulous celebration. That is the real kick, that is the moment we are triumphant, that is the moment I feel relieved.

It is unbelievable how much strength social work demands. Nearly every time when everything goes not according to the plan I feel like I'm going to have a heart attack. I think I have to stop letting everything through my heart, or I may die of heart failure one day.

However, it is amazing how calm, how good, how powerful you can feel after everything is over.... until a new task from the dean.

Ibrahim Faitonji: a Brave Hero

Aisha Mamedlaeva, Group 183

I would like to tell you about my grandfather, one of the defenders of the heroic city of Sevastopol. His name was Ibrahim Khalil-oglu Faitonji. He was born in 1915 in the village of Eski-Yurt, Bakhchisaray district. His father was a cabman ('faitonji' in Crimean Tatar). This word gave rise to the family name of Faitonji. My grandpa's mother was a housewife. There were four children in the family.

Grandfather was a factory apprenticeship school graduate; he was trained to be a welder. He got a job in Kerch and worked in Ak-Yar (Sevastopol). Before he joined the Soviet army in 1936, he had got his driving licence. At the end of 1938 he was demobilized, but a year later was called up again as the Finnish War broke out. However, my grandfather and other reservists did not take part in the hostilities as the war had been over before they arrived at the front. At the end of 1940 he was demobilized again.

In May 1944, having joined the Soviet troops, grandpa was among those who defeated the enemy and liberated Sebastopol.

When the Great Patriotic War started in 1941, grandpa was in Crimea. He went into the services for the third time and served as a commander of a convoy department



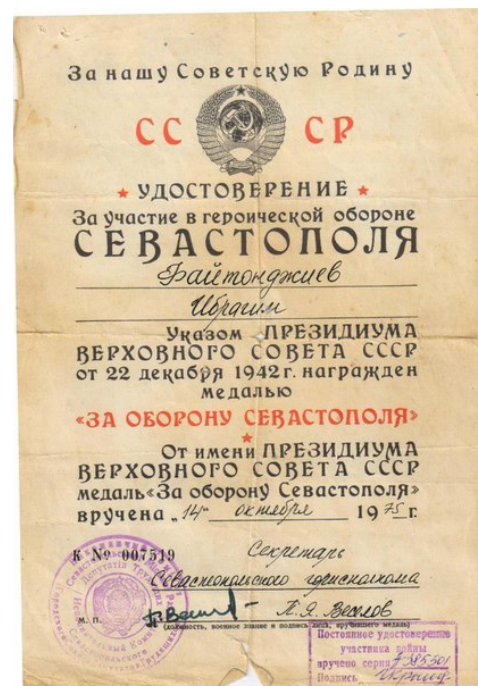
in Sevastopol. From January to July 1942 he served in the 35th coastal battery of the first separate artillery division of coastal defense. His mission was to transport injured soldiers, equipment and food with minimal losses under endless bombing and gunfire. Later, he had to retreat to the mainland with other military forces. In May 1944, having joined the Soviet troops advancing towards Sevastopol, grandpa was among those who defeated the enemy and liberated the city. Then, for good service, he was permitted to leave the army for 3 days by Commander Alexei Leshchenko (who was the last commander of 35th battery) to visit his family.

Suddenly, there came a fateful day for all the Crimean Tatar people. On the early morning of May 18th, 1944, the deportation of Crimean Tatars began. Soldiers with guns in their hands broke into the houses of unaware residents and read out decrees of deportation from the peninsula. Nobody could imagine what a mean and vile crime was going to be committed against Crimean Tatar women, children, old people... entire nation.

When the armed people broke into my grandfather's house and read out the decree, he did not believe it and started fighting in order to protect his family. His wife, holding a seven-month-old baby (who later died in inhuman conditions of deportation), lost consciousness. He screamed, "What does it mean? I've just come from the front line and you're evicting my family and my entire nation?!" But the order was to deport the Crimean Tatars from Crimea and deprive them of their homeland. Everyone was forced into trucks and taken to the railway station. They were taken away in cattle cars to a place where people could hardly survive. Only many years later grandfather understood that his commander had let the soldiers go home so that they could be with their families during the deportation.

When they arrived in Uzbekistan, they were just left at a station near the border. Then, they moved to Bekabad where they lived for about 47 years.

My grandpa loved wearing his striped t-shirt that resembled a sailor's vest, so the locals started calling him "Baltika" (after the Baltic Sea), and eventually all the people in Bekabad knew who "Baltika" was. There, he got a job in a taxi park and worked as a bus driver for more than forty years.



Grandfather was a very kind and decent man. Despite all the difficulties in his life, he handled them with dignity. He returned to his homeland and raised six children. He was always a patriot and rejoiced at his victory. Grandfather had witnessed the spontaneous explosion of the tower of the 35th battery where the entire staff was killed. At that moment, he was carrying shells. Three gunners had died in his arms.

Today our family are proud that their great ancestor was a defender of the heroic city of Sevastopol. His name was immortalized on a plaque of honour in the Sapun Hill Memorial Complex. Grandpa was also awarded the Order of the Red Star. He passed away in 2002.

As you know, such a story happened not only to my grandfather, but to many of those who were deported and those who were relocated forcibly to Crimea. My nation has been through a lot. But after so many years, they returned to their native land and can live here without fear. I hope that these days there are people like my grandfather who can manage with difficulties with flying colours and yet remain loving and kind-hearted.

Today our family are proud that their great ancestor was a defender of the heroic city of Sevastopol.

TREASURE THE MEMORY

Память сквозь века

Crimea's Part in The Great Victory

Ann Simonenko, Group 192

Last year residents of Crimea celebrated the 75th anniversary of Liberation of the peninsula from fascists. They are celebrating the 75th anniversary of the Victory in the Great Patriotic War with the rest of the Russian Federation this year.

Crimea fought hard against the Nazis for a long time absorbing military forces of the enemy. It didn't really have anything to do with producing tons of ammunition, tanks and ships, but there was an objective reason – the peninsula was occupied by Germans for almost three years. Besides, this small patch of land (in comparison with the whole territory of the USSR) boasts two Hero Cities – Sevastopol and Kerch. In 2015, Feodosiya was also promoted to this rank to commemorate bloody battles and courage of the locals. What is more, Crimea is the place where the Yalta Conference that defined the post-war world order was held in 1945.

Hitler's Big Plans for Crimea

Talking about Crimea's contribution to the Great Victory, historians mention its strategic significance. It is widely known that Adolf Hitler had big plans for Crimea. The peninsula was considered an originally German land as Gothic tribes had lived here in the earlier ages. It was also very important to the Germans in the strategic, political and ideological aspects as it provided



Heads of the government of the United Kingdom (Prime Minister Winston Churchill), the United States (President Franklin D. Roosevelt) and the Soviet Union (Premier Joseph Stalin) at the Yalta Conference (1945).

access to the Caucasus, Turkey, Ukraine and oilfields of Romania. The peninsula was destined to be renamed Gothenland (a country of Goths) and become a part of the Third Reich, whereas its population was supposed to go extinct except a small number that were meant to become servants and farmhands. "Crimea should be cleared

of its current residents and populated with Germans," said Adolf Hitler in June 1941. However, both Soviet soldiers and civilians were ready to fight for the peninsula.

The Population Was Halved

The veterans who were engaged in fighting on the Crimean front recollect that almost every little patch of the peninsula was soaked in blood of Soviet soldiers and locals. Historians vary in their evaluation of the casualties inflicted on the Crimean population in the Great Patriotic War.

At the outbreak of the war 93 thousand people from Crimea were mobilized to the Red Army. Later, 166 thousand more residents were conscripted to 155 departments of militia, 30 battalions, 628 self-defense groups and 70 platoons of fire precaution. Then, many of those people swelled the ranks of the Soviet Army or went on with clandestine front at the time of the peninsula's occupation. Life of those who stayed here after the Germans came was not easy. At the time of the occupation, the Nazis shot about 72 thousand people here, 18 thousand of Crimean residents were tortured in prisons and death camps, about 86 thousand people were sent to Germany for forced hard labor.

Many of the survivors, the military as well as civilians, sent to Germany for labor, couldn't come back to their motherland. Since the summer of 1944, the Crimean



The Nazi in front of the Vorontsov Palace in Alupka, Crimea.

Память сквозь века

TREASURE THE MEMORY

Tatars, the Armenians, the Greeks and the Bulgarians were deported from Crimea. Even though families from different parts of Russia and Ukraine were relocated here, the population of the peninsula had reportedly been halved by the end of the war.

They Gave All They Had

Crimea was under Fascist occupation in the period between November 1st, 1941 and May 12th, 1944. That's why the peninsula's industry was in decline.

Against all odds, Crimean steadfast workers managed to supply the Army with 7 armored trains, 300 thousand hand grenades, 50 thousand anti-tank mines and 150 thousand anti-personnel mines. There were repairs of military vessels and runabouts in Sevastopol, the city which would later go down in history for its bloody defense. Sanatoriums on the southern coast of Crimea housed about 50 hospitals.

After the Liberation of Crimea, active reconstruction of the destroyed national economy began. In 1944 Crimean residents were already able to produce some goods for the army. They gave all they had, from tinned vegetables and smoked fish to soap, shoe polish and ink. At the same time there were more than 280 thousand poods (al-



Residents in ruined Sevastopol (1944).

most 4 and a half thousand tons) of bread supplied to the Red Army. In October 1944 Simferopol Kuibyshev factory started producing parts for military hardware.

To sum up, Crimea clearly was of great strategic importance at the times of the Great Patriotic War and the post-war order, not only

in terms of warfare, but also as home front. The courage of the people fighting here was endless and the fortitude was all-conquering. It is hard to embrace the whole value of sacrifice the residents made to bring the Victory, but there is one thing for sure – no one is forgotten and nothing is forgotten.

My grandfather, Anatoly Grigoryevich Filonov



Izabella Likhovidova, Group 192

Born on April 19, 1920, my grandfather was a hero of the Great Patriotic War. In 1938 he graduated from Odessa Aero Club, and later Osipenko Pilot School. Being one of the best graduates of the school, he was offered to stay there as a teacher. However, my grandfather declined the offer as the war broke out and he went to the front.

He was a true patriot of his homeland. During the war, my grandmother lived in Ukraine and her village was occupied by the SS. Grandfather knew about it. He did not receive news from his family for a long time, and in his last letter he wrote, "I'm coming, maybe for the last time, for you! For Motherland! For Stalin!"

My grandfather, Anatoly Filonov, died on 6th May, 1944 in the Battle for Sevastopol. Our family cherishes his memory and takes pride in him!

*In his last letter he wrote:
"I'm coming, maybe for
the last time, for you! For
Motherland! For Stalin!"*

TREASURE THE MEMORY

Память сквозь века

Our Heroes

Feride Abdulyatifova, Group 191

My great-grandmother's name was Nazife. She was born in Crimea in 1929. She was only 12 when World War II broke out. Her father joined the army and went to the front. My great-grandmother didn't have an opportunity to finish school.

In 1944 Crimean Tatars were deported. My great-grandmother had six siblings. Her mother and six brothers and sisters couldn't stand the harsh conditions and died from cold, hunger and thirst. Being a fifteen-year-old girl, she personally buried her mother, brothers and sisters. All that greatly damaged her health and for a long time she was in hospital. But she didn't break down. God was merciful to her and kept her alive.

After all these events she was never able to get an education. She was miles away from her motherland, completely alone. In order to survive financially, she sold something in the



market. And once, after the war was over, her father quite by chance saw her. That's how he found her and they started living together.

She got married when she was twenty-four. Her husband and she had only one child. They lived in Uzbekistan, but my great-grandmother always wanted to

return to her motherland. Only in the 90s they came back to Crimea.

Since then, my great-grandmother lived a long and happy life. She had a child, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and she instilled in all of them a great love for their family, culture and motherland.

Riana Ametova, Group 191

My great-grandmother, Rogie Temirkhaeva, was born on 2nd March 1932 in Sevastopol. There were five children in her family, her being the fourth. Until 1941, she studied at school No. 14 in Sevastopol. When the war broke out in 1941, her father and older brother became partisans in the Crimean forests. In the summer of 1942 my grandmother's family were captured and taken to a concentration camp in Austria.

In 1944 there was an exchange of war prisoners and her family were moved to a Stalin camp. There was a terrible tragedy, her younger brother died in her arms.

On 18th May 1944 deportation began and all Crimean Tatars were forced to move to Uzbekistan. My grandmother went to Yangiyul, where she was sheltered by a hospitable Uzbek family. Living in Uzbekistan, she finished school, graduated from medical college and started her career as a nurse in a local hospital. She got married in 1953 and had two children. In 1969 her family moved to Novorossiysk where she worked as a lab technician at a cement plant.

In 1990 she returned to Crimea, to the town of Bakhchisaray. At the age of 95 my grandmother was awarded a medal of a participant of the war.

My grandmother spent her last years surrounded by her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She had had a hard life, but we did everything possible to make her happy.

Anastasia Agievich, Group 191

My grandmother, Nina Pavlovna Agievich, was born in a remote Ural village in 1922. There were 7 children in her family. My grandmother's grandpa was a craftsman, he knew how to make a lot of wooden things. My grandmother used to farm, knit socks for children and tell them Ural fairy tales. The children grew up obedient. They weeded the garden, carried water from the river, sawed wood. But soon the family had to face a terrible grief. First, her grandparents died, and then her father. Her mother couldn't support seven children and nineteen-year-old Nina was sent to another city to stay with her aunt, miles away from her family.

In 1938 the city council arranged for my grandmother to go to a sewing factory where they made uniforms for the army.

In 1939, when the Finnish War broke out, she was transferred to a military factory, as most men were serving at the front. There she learned how to drive. In early 1943 she joined the army as a volunteer and was sent to Moscow, to serve in air defence forces. There was no rest at all, but they were young, so they were not discouraged and looked forward to the victory. During the Victory Parade in 1945 my grandmother and her brothers raised blimps to the air. The war was over and she barely got anybody left. My granny, despite the wartime, found the time for romance. When she was offered to stay in Moscow and work at the factory, she accepted. There she met my grandfather, Nikolai. They lived together for 46 years. I'm proud of my granny. She had many achievements, one of which is the Order of the Red Star!



A Pumpkin

Anne Petukhova, Group 163

I had never heard about visual poetry before I entered university and started a course in stylistics with Elena Nikolaevna Mazina. By nature, I really love to try new creative things, so I immediately wanted to try and write a visual poem by myself. Halloween was just around the corner and autumnal witchy vibes were haunting me wherever I went. So it was quite easy to pick the theme for the future poem. I decided it should look like a pumpkin and be Halloween-themed. Firstly, it was important to create the text: I love it when poems have rhythm and strong rhymes, so I did my best to make it sound pleasant. After writing the text about a pumpkin that didn't get desirable attention, got angry and turned into a little witch on the Halloween Eve, the fun part began. As I had already drawn a picture and written the verses, next I was to arrange the verses into a picture. It really came to life with the right colours of the text: ginger for the pumpkin and green for the stem. I hope the readers enjoyed the poem and maybe even were inspired to write their own.

The
ginger
pumpkin
sat on the
ground. She wondered,
“When will a man pick me up? I'm juicy,
I'm tender, I'm pretty, I'm sweet. I'm everything
people from a pumpkin would need.” She sat on the ground, the
morning was cool. She saw a human kid going by to his school. She
saw a ginger cat crawling by on a fence. However, no creature would pay
her a glance. Red in the face, she exclaimed with a glare: why did no one
see that she was so rare?! Some fairy dust landed on her ribbed curves: she
got the attention she thought she deserved. Slowly the pumpkin turned
into a witch: a young ginger girl with plump cheeks of a peach.
She began casting spells, the cat ran away. Beware red
pumpkins on Halloween Day.

Zak'd Been a Lonely Man of Sadness

Julia Ashakina, Group 161

Poetry reveals the entire spectrum of human feelings. I would even say that it is a special language of our souls. Poetry used to be my passion, so when I heard about the visual poetry contest I knew that this was my chance to remind myself of it. The opportunity to plunge into poetry again was like a breath of fresh air, after writing numerous essays.

Writing visual poetry is not an easy task and I wasn't immediately inspired because the shape of the poem had to reflect its content. This is not the kind of poetry I was used to and, frankly speaking, it was quite difficult for me to choose what to write about. After much thought, I decided not to write only about feelings because I wanted to tell a story in which readers could analyze the characters, their feelings, actions, and behavior. Also the plot of my story was to be easy to understand. Simply put, I wanted to represent a real life story in verse. As a result, my poem deals with such themes as love, betrayal, and support of a devoted friend. I can't say exactly why it occurred to me to use the shape of a parrot for my poem, but it turned out a pretty good idea.

In the future, I would like to see more such contests for students where we can express ourselves and be creative.

Zack'd been a
Lonely man of sadness
Until he bought a parrot Agnes.
And she became an inspiration,
her beauty caused his admiration,
and she became the man's salvation. He spent a
lot of days with Agnes, and they were sharing
sorrows, gladness. But suddenly the good man
changed, the mind of Zack became deranged.
In a web of love he was ensnared, and
By that love he got impaired. He didn't
think about his parrot who always
was alone. He fell in love and never cared
the pet was on her own. Zack turned the parrot
his blind eye, he seemed a love-struck teenage guy.
With all his dreams of married life Zack wished
to make Elizabeth his wife. While they were
building their future, the parrot needed soul suture.
Not physically was she hurt, Zack broke the heart
of the poor bird. Agnes was lonely in her cage
since Zack became with Liz engaged. She did
not eat, she did not drink. Zack lost with
Agnes their link. But in a while the couple split up as Liz became
with Zack fed up,
Again Zack
was the man
of sadness,
and he did
turn to
caring
Agnes.

EVERY MAN'S WORK

Таланты нашего института

Memorial Candlelight

Elzara Abibullaeva, Group 163

To my beloved Grandfather

If

Only I could
turn back
the time

And see your beaming smile,
The way you sleep and yawn and sniff,
The way you talk, the way you blink.
But God has taken all from me,
Not sure if it's supposed to be.
And memories, which live inside,
Enchain the soul and cherish mind.
If only we could meet in another life,
Not sure if it's supposed to be,
And I could look again into your eye
Suddenly, invisibly.

The Victory of Time

Izabella Likhovidova, Group 192

Dedication to the V. I. Vernadsky Crimean Federal University centenary

You know that times are transitory,
They change places and drapery.
But here, just like a century ago,
Students remain in their places.

Then, in a hundred years
Time comes, slowly opening the door,
In worn out clothes from its bygone travels.

May Time's motion be sometimes not clear.

But what is clear is the impulse:
Changing the decor, Time still calls for
the unity of the young.
Like those who came before them...
And yet, quite different.

Does the Language Learning Process End in the Classroom?

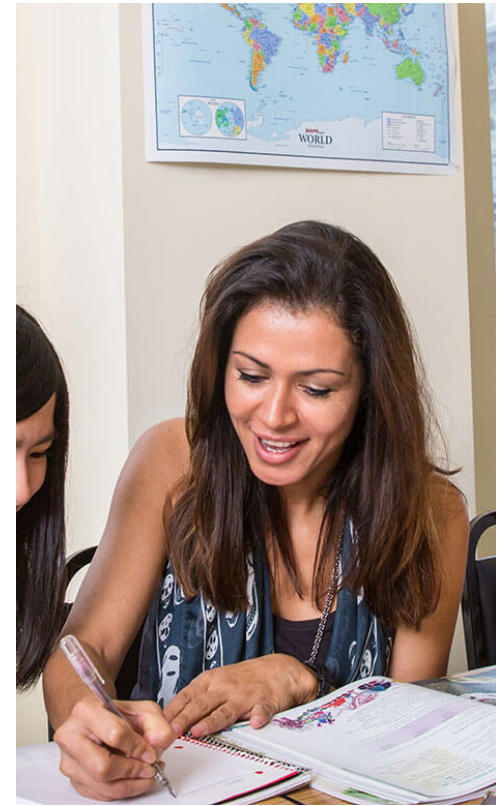
Nikita Khorunzhiy, Group 161

Nowadays English seems to be ubiquitous. This lingua franca can be noticed everywhere, from films to pop music and TV, and from business to science and other fields. Consequently, it comes as no surprise that more and more people set about learning English as their second language. A great variety of decent language centres with experienced and meticulous tutors or native speakers offer their assistance. On the other hand, does the language learning process end in the classroom and are native speakers the best tutors?

The main purpose of the language is, undoubtedly, communication, consequently, one of the best ways to enhance your skills is speaking practice. If you're lucky enough, you'll be friends with a few native speakers who can help you out; if not, you can always try to find them on social media or specialised language-exchange websites such as Interpals or Italki. Being created specifically for the language development purpose they are a top-notch option for those eager to improve their communicative skills.

Even though speaking is an essential language skill, one is not to forget the importance of knowledge of grammar and vocabulary. These fundamental skills can be similarly practiced outside the classroom. One of the most fruitful, pleasant and entertaining ways to brush up both listening and vocabulary is watching series in English. Even though it might not exactly improve your debating skills or formal register, it helps you to get the hang of the language better, get used to colloquial, conversational forms of English and implicitly get a feeling for the language.

Thanks to the power of the Internet we are able to communicate with people all around the world and thus improve our language skills. However, as far as my personal experience is concerned, I cannot truly deem communication with native speakers the most effective language learning method. One cannot build a skyscraper without a solid foundation and, likewise, one cannot become proficient in a language without understanding of the language structure and its components, which can be acquired only through classes with someone speaking your own language. In conclusion I'd like to say that practice makes perfect, even if you deem your English quite good, don't be complacent, as the sky is the limit.



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