

ADVENTURES  
IN THE LAND

404

ISSUE №75  
APRIL 2026



# SURVIVE UNDERGROUND

RESCUE AT THE RISK OF LIFE

@RYBAR



## CERTIFICATE № 75

*December 2025. Donetsk region, city of Pokrovsk. A Russian assault on a residential neighborhood turns into a genuine massacre. Only two are left alive — Kama and Voron. They desperately return fire against the enemy position. The sky fills with enemy FPV drones, the ground explodes beneath their feet. Kama, critically wounded, falls under the onslaught of fire and disappears into a shell crater under chunks of broken asphalt. Voron, blinded by bright flashes, loses consciousness from a concussion.*

*Night. Suddenly the silence that has settled under the cold black sky of Pokrovsk is broken by a faint sound — barely audible moans. They are heard by Nikolai, an elderly local resident, and his brother Yasha. Realizing that a person is buried under the rubble and there is no time to lose — every minute could cost him his life — Nikolai decides to act.*

*Yet the enemy's positions are very close by. Any careless movement or stray sound could give Nikolai away. Is it worth the risk? What should he do next? Is what is happening a coincidence, or a test of humanity? Despite the many difficult questions, time is running out, and Nikolai must make the choice of his life.*

OUTSKIRTS OF POKROVSK, ROADWAY,  
DECEMBER 2025



Looks like out of six,  
two of us are left.



**\*RAT-A-TAT\***



**\*RAT-A-TAT\***



We can't cross  
the road here!



**Crawl over here.**

**\*RUSTLE\***

**Voron, come in... Report the situation.**

**This is Voron. Two of us. We're in the open. Taking fire.**

**\*SHHHH\***

**\*SHHHH\***

**Fall back to cover, copy. Act as situation demands.**

NEAR THE ROAD,  
EARLY MORNING



**Voron,**  
look at the sky.

**The drops  
are coming... We're  
done for!**



**\*WHIRR\***

**\*WHIRR\***



ENEMY DRONES CIRCLED OVER THE ROAD, WORKING OVER THE EXPOSED POSITION. THE DROPS CAME ONE AFTER ANOTHER; KAMA AND VORON WERE FORCED TO PRESS THEMSELVES INTO THE GROUND AND FIND WHATEVER COVER THEY COULD.

UNDER CONSTANT AERIAL SURVEILLANCE, ANY MOVEMENT BECAME A RISK. THE EARTH AROUND THEM EXPLODED AND CRUMBLLED, TURNING THE ILLUSORY SHELTER INTO A REAL TRAP. THE PRESSURE ON THE FIGHTERS KEPT GROWING... AND SOON IT WOULD BECOME FAR HEAVIER THAN ANYONE COULD HAVE IMAGINED.

THAT SAME EVENING

**\*BOOM\***

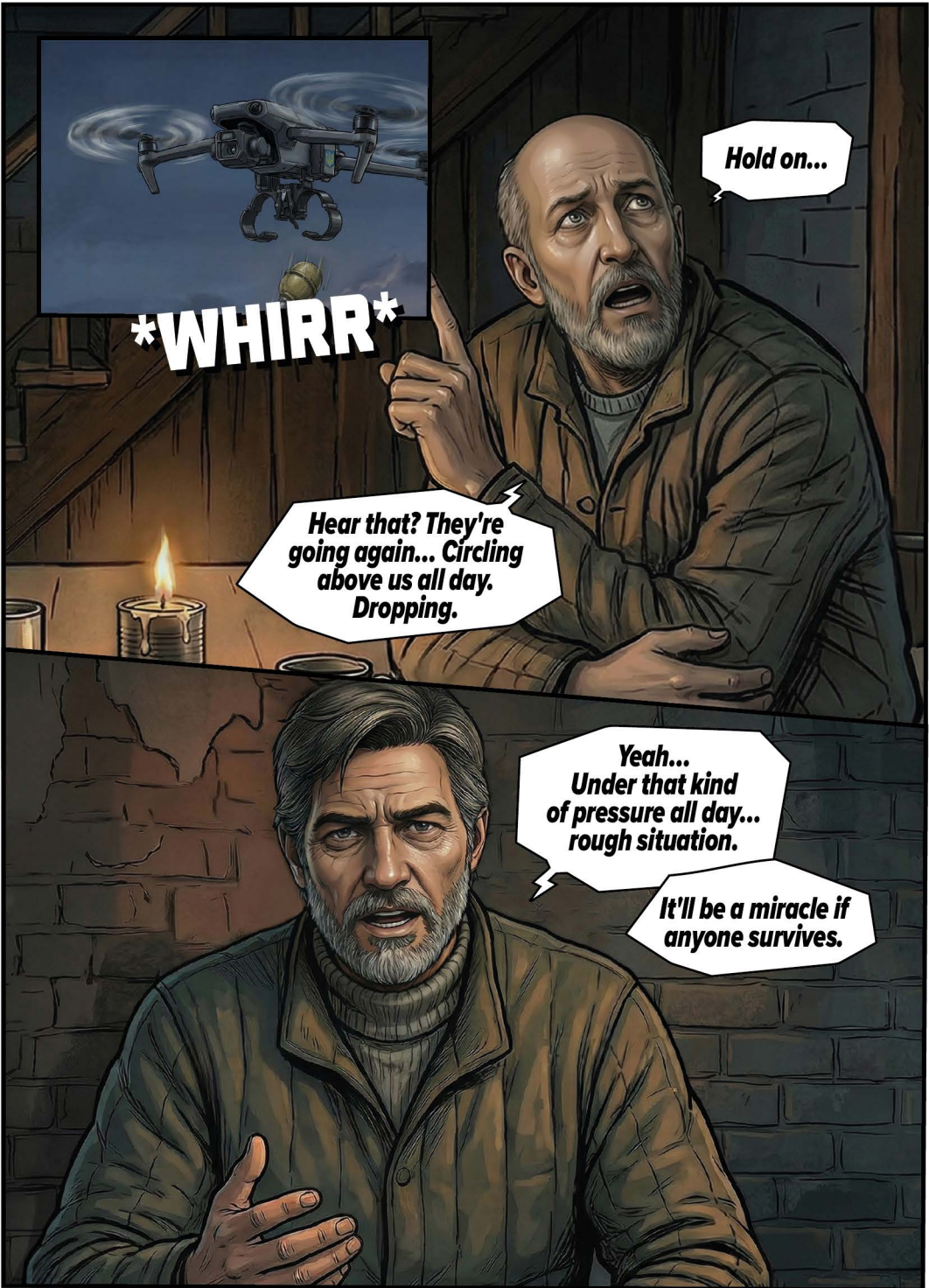
**\*BOOM\***

The Ukrainian guys are one house away from us. Dug in tight.

There was shooting this morning... Did you hear it?

Yeah, I heard. The Russians were storming them.

Not much to show for it so far.



**\*WHIRR\***

**Hold on...**

**Hear that? They're going again... Circling above us all day. Dropping.**

**Yeah... Under that kind of pressure all day... rough situation.**

**It'll be a miracle if anyone survives.**



**Seems like it's all gone quiet.**

**I hear something. Sounds like moaning.**

**Oh, come on. You're always imagining things.**

**No, really. Come listen.**

**I'll go have a look.**

**Someone might need help.**

**\*KNOCK\***

**He's completely lost his mind.**

NIKOLAI MIRACULOUSLY MADE HIS WAY ALONG A PATH THROUGH THE MINEFIELD AND BEGAN SEARCHING THE ROADSIDE, LISTENING CAREFULLY. IN THE SPOT WHERE THE RECENT FIGHTING HAD TAKEN PLACE, IT WAS HARD TO TELL AT FIRST WHETHER ANYONE WAS ACTUALLY NEARBY.

BUT THE FAINT MOANS CAME AGAIN. THE SOUND WAS BARELY AUDIBLE, YET STEADY — AND THAT MEANT ONE THING: SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY LAY A WOUNDED MAN WHO NEEDED HELP.



**\*RUSTLE\***

**\*AHHH\***



**Help.  
I'm here...**



**Well, he's definitely  
alive. Just have  
to find him.**



*Where are you?  
I can't see you.*



*I'm buried.  
Help me.*

**\*AHHH\***



*Barely found you.  
Dirt practically glued  
to your face.*

**\*AHHH\***



*It's very bad.  
Help me dig out...*

*Buried deep.  
I'll try to help you  
now.*



*Pull... me...  
out of here.*

**\*RUSTLE\***

*You can't just be pulled  
out, son. I need to go get  
tools.*



**Back to the house! Quick!**

**Not now! Wait!**

**\*RUSTLE\***

**There's a live Russian across the road — he's buried deep under the earth. We need to dig him out.**



**He can't get out on his own. We can't wait!**



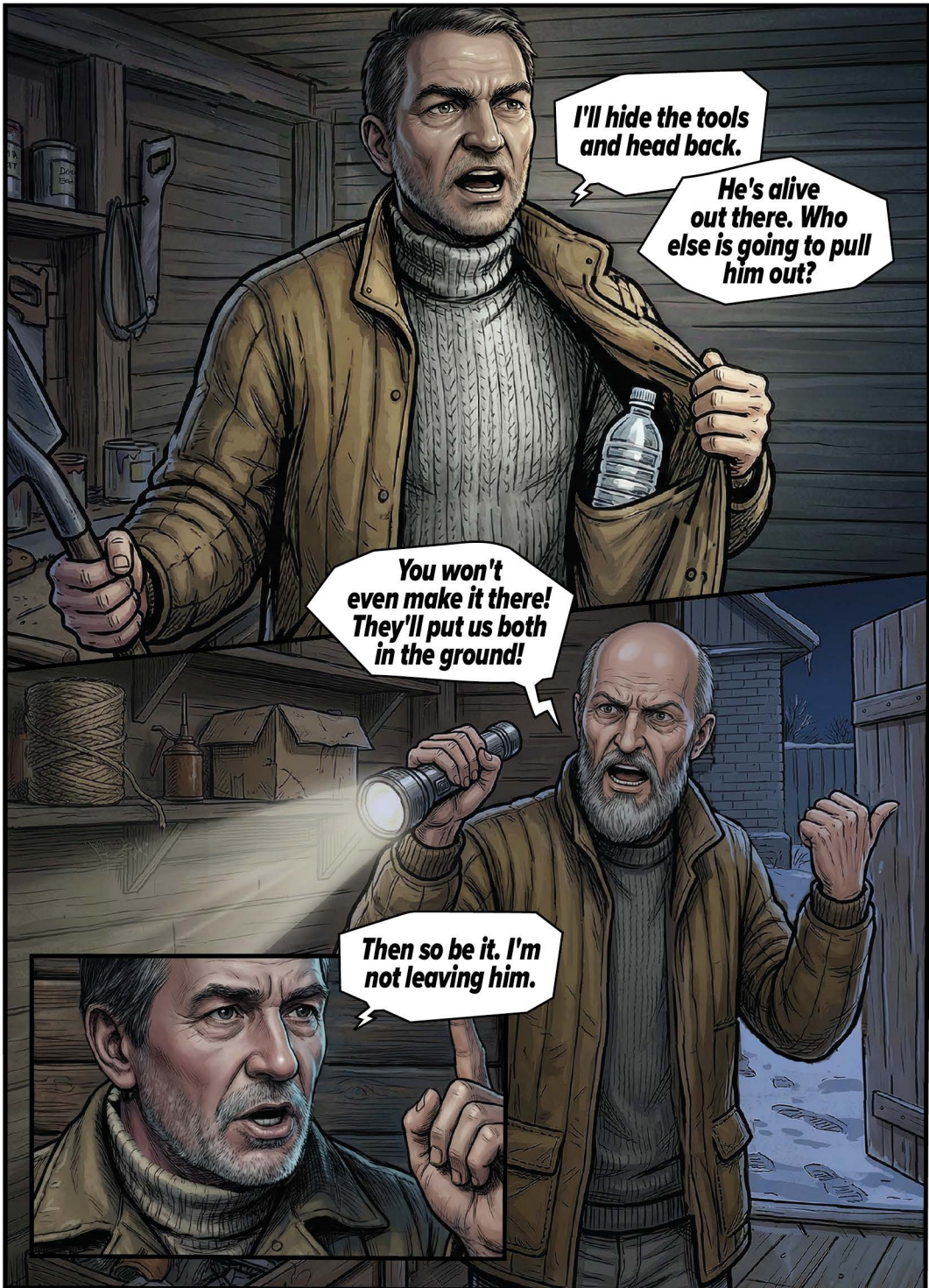
**But the Ukrainian guys are alive just across the road. They'll bury us!**

**And their drones... circling all day.**

**I didn't see any drones just now. It's quiet there.**

**Yasha, you'd better go get the cellar ready — lay out a bed down there.**

**\*RUSTLE\***



**I'll hide the tools  
and head back.**

**He's alive  
out there. Who  
else is going to pull  
him out?**

**You won't  
even make it there!  
They'll put us both  
in the ground!**

**Then so be it. I'm  
not leaving him.**



**\*CREAK\***



**Hey, where are you off to at this hour of the night?**

**Just looking for a few branches. Nothing left to burn.**



**Right, lumberjack — bring some for us too.**



Looks like I'll be digging you out till morning.



Where — where is Voron? He has the radio.

**\*AHHH\***

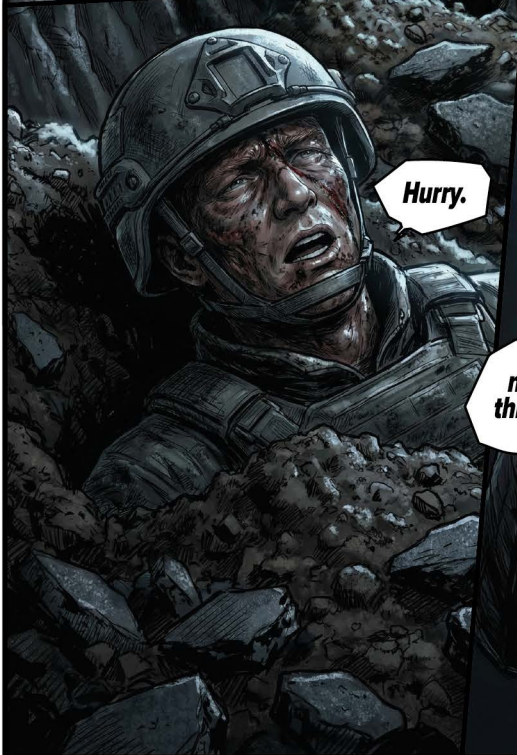


I don't know. And I don't know how I'm going to carry you to the house either.

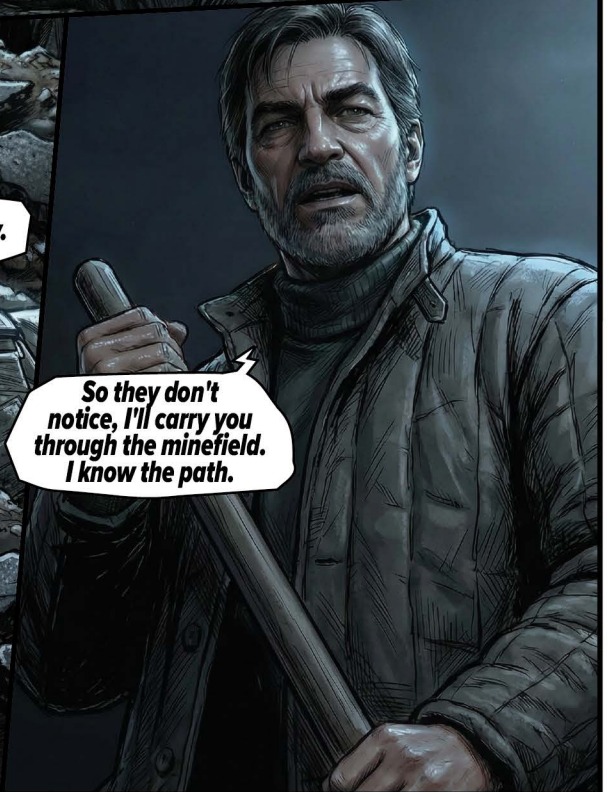
**\*RUSTLE\***



***I'll pull you out now and then go back for a blanket.***



***Hurry.***



***So they don't notice, I'll carry you through the minefield. I know the path.***

SEVERAL HOURS LATER

NIKOLAI HAD PREPARED EVERYTHING HE NEEDED AND RETURNED TO THE SPOT WHERE THE WOUNDED MAN REMAINED BURIED UNDER RUBBLE.

IN THE MEANTIME, HE HAD FOUND MAKESHIFT MEANS TO PULL HIM OUT AND CARRY HIM ACROSS THE OPEN GROUND. HE HAD TO MOVE FAST — WITH THE COMING OF MORNING, THE SITUATION COULD CHANGE DRASTICALLY.



**The little sled  
is ready... We'll get  
out of here now.**

**I'll drag you  
on myself. The main  
thing — don't pass  
out.**



**Where  
is Voron? Where  
is Voron?**

**Didn't see  
him.**

**Talk to me. Don't  
go quiet.**



**I... can't...**

**You can.  
Breathe and talk.**



**Just lie still.  
There are mines  
all around.**

**Do you hear me?  
Answer.**

**\*RUSTLE\***



**It's hard...  
Voron...**

**\*AHHH\***

NIKOLAI AND YASHA'S CELLAR,  
SOME TIME LATER

**\*RUSTLE\***

We'll clean all  
the dirt off now.

My body hurts,  
but I can't feel  
my legs.

He needs  
a hospital.

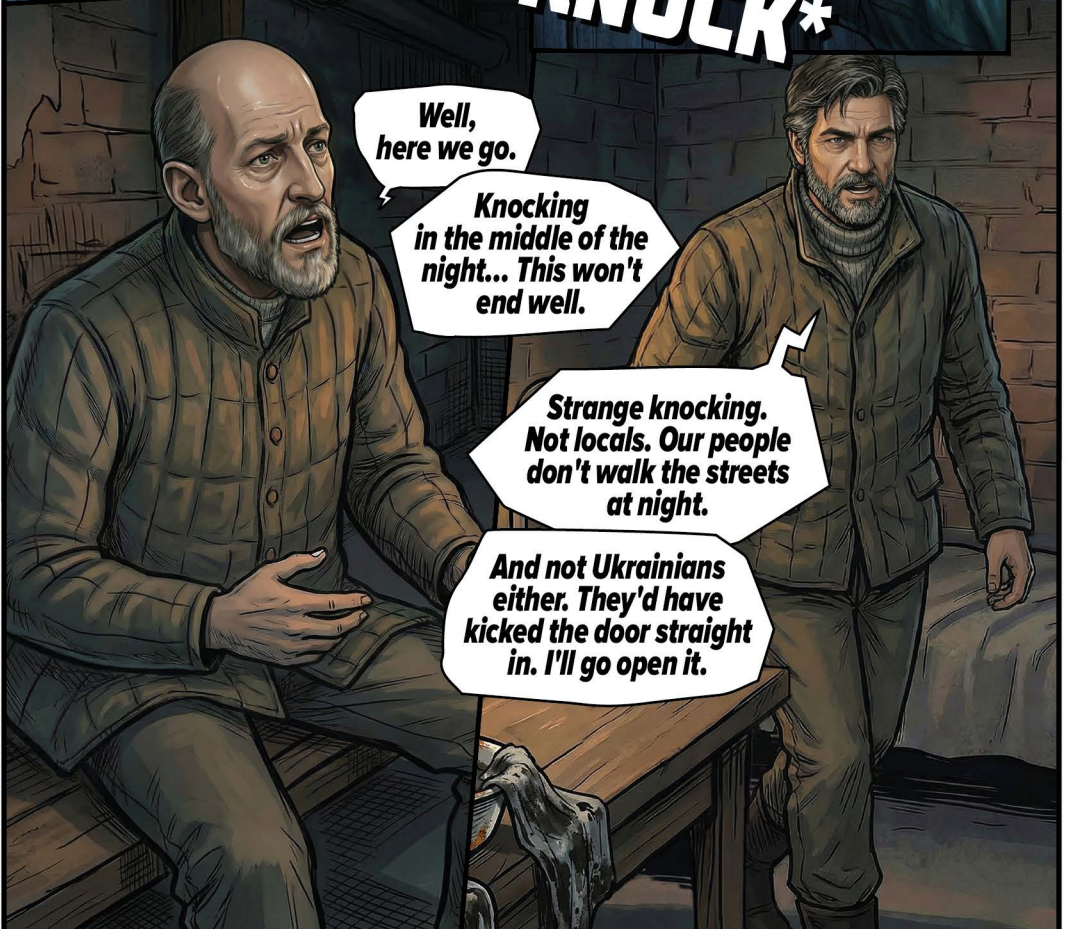
Yasha, where  
exactly do you see  
a hospital  
around  
here?

**\*SPLASH\***

SOME TIME LATER



**\*KNOCK\***



Well,  
here we go.

Knocking  
in the middle of the  
night... This won't  
end well.

Strange knocking.  
Not locals. Our people  
don't walk the streets  
at night.

And not Ukrainians  
either. They'd have  
kicked the door straight  
in. I'll go open it.



**Who are you?  
You must be Voron.**

**Help me.  
I can't hear.**



**Voron, you're alive –  
I knew it. Where's  
your radio?**



**What, Kama?  
I don't understand  
anything.**





**Voron, where is your radio?**

**Here — but I can't hear anything. Nothing at all.**

**Two of your soldiers are alive. I've provided assistance. We're awaiting evacuation.**

**\*SHHHH\***

**Do not leave the cellar. Copy?**

**Evacuation will be here by morning.**

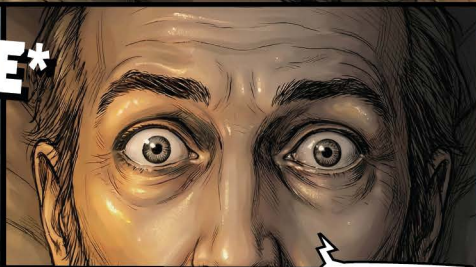
**\*SHHHH\***

THAT SAME NIGHT

FIERCE FIGHTING HAD BEEN GOING ON FOR SEVERAL DAYS STRAIGHT. THE LINE OF CONTACT REMAINED UNSTABLE. BY MORNING THE SITUATION BEGAN TO SHIFT. RUSSIAN UNITS MOVED INTO ACTIVE OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS.



**\*WHISTLE\***



Lord have mercy! What is that.

**\*KA-BOOM\***

**\*BOOM\***

Wow, almost five in the morning. Looks like Russia has moved up.

Those are our boys. Finally.





**Where are the wounded?  
We're evacuating everyone.  
Get up, those who can.**

**We're advancing.  
Fighting in the city.  
The enemy has been  
pushed off their  
position.**

**Move fast!  
Wounded — into  
the vehicle!**

**Come on, easy  
does it... Don't  
jerk!**

**Well, Yasha... Now we're  
in safe hands. It'll get  
easier from here.**



**Hold on...  
come on...**

**Easy as you  
get up. I'll give  
you a push.**

**You are a true human  
being. A real one. I'll tell  
everyone what you did.**



**I helped as best  
I could! Leaving him  
there was not  
an option.**

**You can't walk past  
something like  
that...**

**If he's alive – then  
you pull him out.**



THIS INCIDENT TOOK PLACE IN THE DONBAS: A LOCAL RESIDENT, RISKING HIS OWN LIFE, SAVED CRITICALLY WOUNDED RUSSIAN FIGHTERS FROM DEATH AND SHELTERED THEM IN HIS HOME. AT A TIME WHEN NEWS FROM THE FRONT IS FILLED WITH ANGER AND BRUTALITY, STORIES LIKE THIS REMIND US OF WHAT MATTERS MOST — THE VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE. WAR IS NOT ONLY THE BATTLEFIELD, WEAPONS, AND EXPLOSIONS. IT IS ALSO PEOPLE — ORDINARY, FEARLESS PEOPLE WHO HAVE NOT BEEN CONSUMED BY HATRED, WHO DID NOT SURRENDER TO FEAR OR THE URGE FOR REVENGE; PEOPLE READY TO HELP, READY TO RISK THEIR LIVES TO SAVE OTHERS.



**As they say: "Everything for the front, everything for victory!"**

**That's right!  
And the victory will be ours!**

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

# THE ROAD BACK

NOT LEAVING YOUR OWN BEHIND  
AND MAKING IT HOME



COMING IN APRIL!

READ ON THE CHANNEL  @RYBAR

We clarify  
the complicated  
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NOT FOR SALE

