

ADVENTURES
IN THE LAND
404

ISSUE No71
MARCH 2026



CALL SIGN "YAN"

LOYALTY THAT COST A LIFE

@RYBAR



CERTIFICATE №71

In the autumn and early winter of 2025, Russian forces entrenched themselves along several key axes in Kharkiv Oblast, bringing more than a dozen settlements under their control, including the strategically important Kupiansk. This made it possible to cut the main AFU logistics routes on the eastern bank of the Oskil River. By the end of the year, Russian forces held more than 542 square kilometers of the region's territory.

An assault unit under the command of a lieutenant with the call sign "Starshoy" is setting up a temporary deployment point in one of the deserted villages in this area. For the men in his group — Historik, Krot, Molodoy and others — it is just another point on the map, the routine of war: trenches, observation, raids, and short breaks in cold village houses.

They were prepared for shelling, ambushes, and attacks. They were ready for anything but one thing. In a shed, among junk and debris, one of the last residents of this village was waiting for them. Silent, hungry, and very lonely. He was not a soldier. He was not an enemy. He was a dog named Yan. And his fate forever changed the life of everyone who dared to give him a piece of bread and their heart.

**KHARKIV REGION,
LATE AUGUST 2025**



**Copy. In position.
Over.**

**Unload, this is our
home for the near
future.**

**I wish there was some
shade... In this armor you
roast like in an oven.**

**The main thing is that
it stays hot only because
of the weather, not the way
it sometimes gets for us.**

Stay sharp!

MOST OF THE VILLAGE'S RESIDENTS HAD ABANDONED IT. PEOPLE HAD LIVED HERE FOR DECADES, EVEN GENERATIONS — HOUSES, FARMSTEDS, THE OLD WAY OF LIFE. BUT HARSH REALITY WAS TAKING ITS TOLL.

THE STARSHOY'S ASSAULT UNIT HAD ARRIVED TO CONSOLIDATE ITS POSITION IN THE NEW TERRITORY AND CONTINUE THE FRONT'S ADVANCE. THE YARD LOOKED COMPLETELY EMPTY, BUT IT WASN'T JUST THE HOUSE THAT HAD BEEN ABANDONED.

Looks like there is actually someone here.



Easy... easy, buddy... I'm friendly.

GR-R-R



Don't be afraid, take it.

We're friendly, no one is going to hurt you.

RUSTLE





**Stop growling.
Eat properly, you're all
skin and bones.**

GR-R-R



**He's scared,
shaking all
over.**



**Don't touch him!
He probably hasn't seen
people for a long time, let
alone kind ones.**

**We're leaving.
I'll come see him myself
in the evening.**



**In a couple
of days he might
start to trust us.**

A FEW DAYS LATER, THE DOG BEGAN TO VENTURE OUTSIDE OCCASIONALLY, BUT HE STILL DIDN'T TRUST PEOPLE. MONTHS OF LONELINESS AND ABANDONMENT HAD MADE HIM CAUTIOUS AND ANGRY. THE SOLDIERS WOULD COME TO THE BARN EVERY DAY, PUT OUT A BOWL OF FOOD, AND QUIETLY LEAVE, NOT ATTEMPTING TO APPROACH. AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS QUIET, DAILY CARE, TRUST SLOWLY, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY, BEGAN TO EMERGE.

THE NEXT DAY

Guys, how are you holding up?

Oh, we're fine, son...

There's a dog living in our shed, black, big one. Do you know whose he is?

Well, now he's... Everyone left and abandoned him. He stayed here alone. Turned mean to everyone...

He keeps watch, but it's not clear for whom.

He's a good dog, not like his owners. They called him Yan, I think...

I tried to approach him several times, maybe take him for myself.

He never accepted me.

We'll look after him.





RUSTLE

We don't hurt those who are weaker.



RUSTLE



Eat, regain your strength. We're your pack now, Yan. Your family.



KHARKIV REGION. OCTOBER 2025

THE COLD AUTUMN NIGHTS GREW LONGER AND HARSHER. YAN BECAME FRIENDS WITH THE SOLDIERS AND NEVER RETURNED TO THE BARN AGAIN — HE TOOK UP A PLACE BY THE STOVE AND SNUGGLED UP TO ONE OF THEM AT NIGHT.

IN A HOUSE THAT SMELLED OF SMOKE, GUN GREASE, AND WET UNIFORMS, THE BLACK DOG SUDDENLY BECAME A LIVING ISLAND OF WARMTH AND COMFORT.





A FEW DAYS LATER

Look, he wants sausage!

Eyes shining, the little trickster...

And that's after he emptied a whole bowl half an hour ago!



RUSTLE

What an actor!



**No, Yan.
Place.**

**That's not your
sausage, you little
trickster. Don't
push it...**



**And then they say
animals don't understand
anything!**

KHARKIV REGION,
NOVEMBER 2025



VRRRR

Been waiting
long?

VRRRR

WOOF

Me too, brother...
Me too.



Hi, Yan!

WOOF



Counted everyone?
No one missing?

You're our
headcounter now,
huh?

WOOF

A FEW DAYS LATER



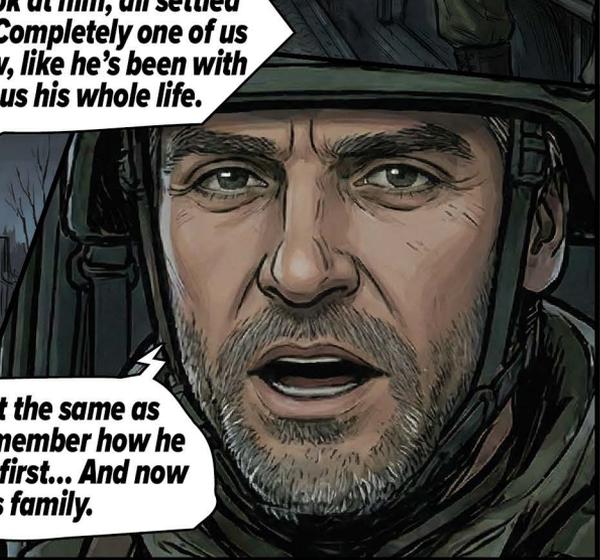
**Easy, Yan,
we'll be home
soon.**



**Look at him, all settled
in. Completely one of us
now, like he's been with
us his whole life.**



**Yeah. Not the same as
before. Remember how he
growled at first... And now
he's family.**



We need to get him out of here... To the rear, properly. War is no place for a dog.

Right. I've got a house in a stanitsa near Krasnodar. My wife won't mind. And the kids will be happy, they'll smother him with cuddles.

Good idea... But how do we send him out?

Through volunteers. They evacuate cats and dogs. I'll arrange it!

Historik, what do you say?

Yan will be better off in a private house... That's the life he's used to. In a city apartment it will be hard for him.

It's settled! I've got leave at the end of December, I'll take Yan to Krasnodar!

KHARKIV REGION. DECEMBER 2025

THE SNIPER THREAT IN THE AREA HAD BECOME PARTICULARLY ACUTE. THE SENIOR OFFICER ONCE AGAIN REMINDED EVERYONE ABOUT CAMOUFLAGE AND CAUTION, STERNLY WARNING EVEN YAN NOT TO LEAVE THE HOUSE UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

THE SOLDIERS PREPARED TO LEAVE, AND THE DOG DOZED PEACEFULLY BY THE WARM STOVE. AT THAT MOMENT, EVERYTHING INSIDE THE HOUSE SEEMED ORDINARY AND SAFE. NO ONE SUSPECTED THAT THIS CALM WAS ALREADY THEIR LAST.





**Ready?
Nobody forgot
anything?**

**Double-check
and we move.**



**We're heading out,
need to get there before
dark.**



**Place, Yan! Guard
the house! Wait!**



RRRRR*



WOOF

THAT SAME NIGHT



VRRRR

Yan! Where are you? Come out, greet the guests!



No, no, no!



Search everything! Find Yan!



CLICK



God...

Bastards...

Anyone but you, brother... Why...

Gunshot wound. It's a sniper.

While we were gone. Picked him off in the yard... and he crawled... here...

THE NEXT MORNING

Farewell,
brother...

You were
the best of all
of us.

CLICK

RUSTLE

ОДИН СНАЙПЕРСКИЙ ВЫСТРЕЛ — И ВСЁ, ЧТО ОНИ СТРОИЛИ НЕДЕЛЯМИ, ИСЧЕЗЛО В ОДНО МГНОВЕНИЕ. ЯН НЕ БЫЛ СОЛДАТОМ И НЕ ПРЕДСТАВЛЯЛ НИКАКОЙ ВОЕННОЙ УГРОЗЫ. ПРОСТО ЧЁРНЫЙ ПЁС, КОТОРЫЙ НАКОНЕЦ-ТО ПОВЕРИЛ ЛЮДЯМ И НАШЁЛ СВОЮ СЕМЬЮ.

ТЕПЕРЬ У БОЙЦОВ, ПОМИМО ОБЫЧНЫХ ЗАДАЧ, ПОЯВИЛАСЬ ЕЩЁ ОДНА, ОЧЕНЬ ЛИЧНАЯ ЦЕЛЬ. ОНИ БОЛЬШЕ НЕ МОГЛИ СМОТРЕТЬ НА СНАЙПЕРА ПРОСТО КАК НА ОЧЕРЕДНУЮ УГРОЗУ. СМЕРТЬ ЯНА СДЕЛАЛА ЭТУ ВОЙНУ ДЛЯ НИХ ГОРАЗДО БЛИЖЕ И БОЛЬШЕЕ.

RATATATA

For Yan!

Fire!

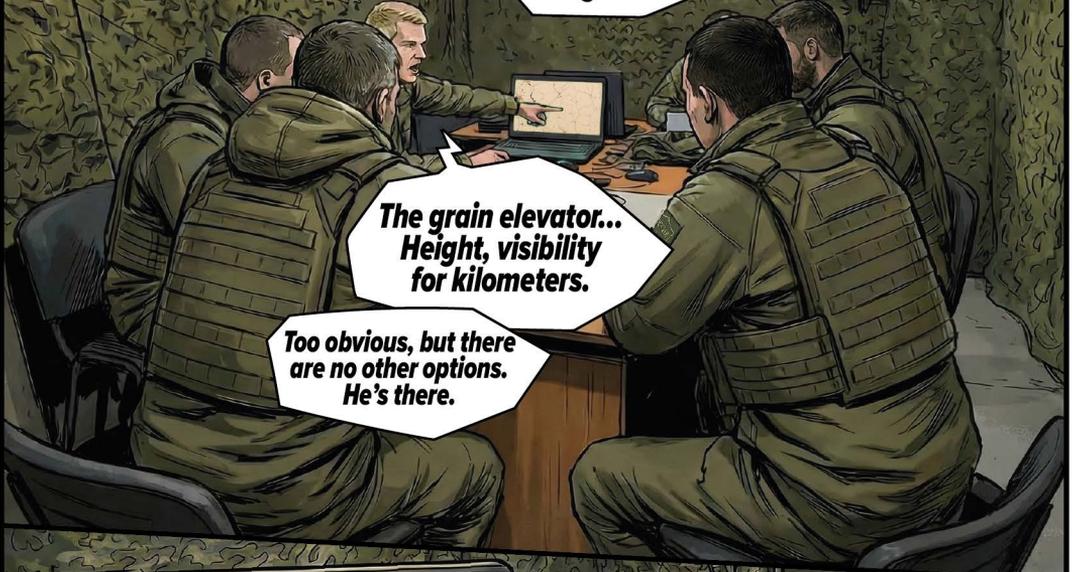
RATATATA

A FEW DAYS LATER



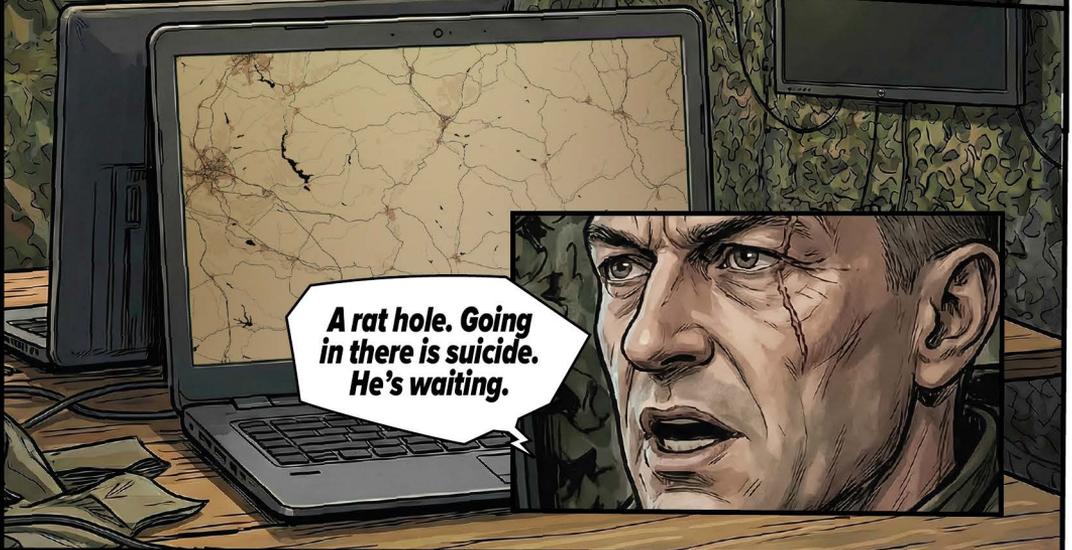
The only place from which you can see all the points the sniper was working from.

Both on us and on our neighbors.



The grain elevator... Height, visibility for kilometers.

Too obvious, but there are no other options. He's there.



A rat hole. Going in there is suicide. He's waiting.



Then the hole will be his grave. We need to blanket the whole building. Every floor.

I'll "warm up" the grid square with the drone. But to be sure... we need a lot of steel.

Base, this is Starshoy. Reporting. A stable sniper position has been identified at the elevator, grid 245...

SHHH

We're taking casualties. Requesting authorization for area fire suppression. We have a UAV in the air for battle damage assessment.



Starshoy, copy. Data forwarded. Stand by. Decision in one minute.

SHHH



SHHH

**Starshoy, authorization granted.
Target included in the fire plan.
MLRS will be firing in thirty
seconds.**

245
967
197
657

**Base, this is Orlan.
Target in sight. Grid clear.
Awaiting artillery fire.**



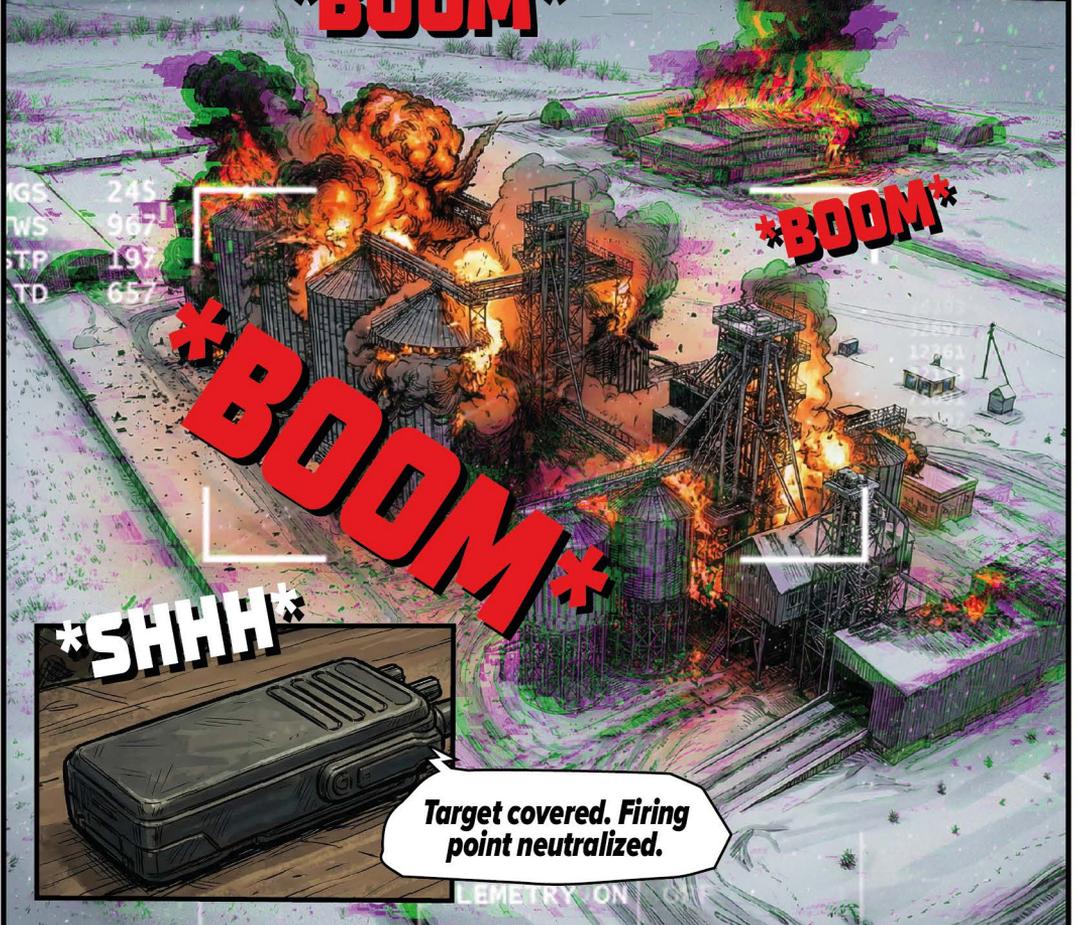
SHHH

For Yan!



VZHHH

BOOM



BOOM

BOOM

WGS 245
WS 967
STP 197
TD 657



SHHH

Target covered. Firing point neutralized.

LEMETRY ON

THE NEXT DAY



**Here, take this.
You won't have to go
hungry anymore...**

**Thank you for
everything. Sorry we
failed to protect you.**





Thanks to this house, time to move on to another.

Time to move on.

VRRRR

ALL YAN THE DOG, LIKE MANY IN THIS WAR, NEEDED WAS A LITTLE SAFETY AND WARMTH. FINDING THEM WITH THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS, HE BECAME FOR THEM A LIVING PIECE OF PEACEFUL LIFE AMID THE HORROR.

BUT THIS STORY HAS A SAD ENDING. A UKRAINIAN SNIPER KILLED THE DOG. HIS SHOT SERVED NO MILITARY PURPOSE — IT WAS PURE, SENSELESS CRUELTY. IN RESPONSE, THE SOLDIERS FOUND AND DESTROYED THE SNIPER. BY DOING THIS, THEY SHOWED THAT EVEN HERE, IN HELL, THERE ARE THINGS OF ABSOLUTE VALUE. THE LIFE OF THEIR FRIEND-DOG WAS SO VALUABLE THAT VENGEANCE FOR IT WAS BOTH REQUIRED AND CARRIED OUT.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

COMBAT CHEBURASHKA

THE STORY OF A TOY



COMING IN MARCH!

READ ON THE CHANNEL [@RYBAR](#)



Соборим о сложном
просто *Рыбарь*



 @RYBAR

ПРОДУКТ
НЕ ПРЕДНАЗНАЧЕН
ДЛЯ ПРОДАЖИ

