

# A day in Kyiv during water outages — The Atlantic

## BEAT: dawn-taps

The tap coughs twice before the brown trickle starts. I count—one Mississippi, two—timing how long until it sputters dry again. In the kitchen's half-light, I position the bucket beneath the faucet, watching rust-colored water pool at the bottom. The pipes in our building groan like something wounded. Through the wall, I hear Mrs. Kovalenko's tap doing the same dance: cough, trickle, silence. We're all awake at 4:47 AM, racing daylight and the water schedule that nobody quite knows anymore. My phone buzzes—another Telegram alert about which districts have pressure today. Southwestern. Not us. I check the five-liter bottles lined against the wall, calculating: two for drinking, one for cooking, half for the toilet tank. The generator kicks on three floors down, its diesel hum vibrating through the building's bones. Someone's charging phones and power banks while they can. The tap gives one last wheeze and stops. I lift the bucket—maybe eight liters—and carry it to the bathroom where three others wait. Outside, the first siren of the day winds up, then drops to nothing.

## BEAT: grid-water-nexus

Kyiv's water system runs on electricity. Every liter climbing from the Dnipro River to a tenth-floor tap needs power—for intake pumps pulling river water, treatment plants cleaning it, booster stations pushing it through 2,800 kilometers of pipe. When missiles strike substations, the cascade begins. Pumps stop. Pressure drops. Air enters the lines. Upper floors lose service first, then middle floors. Ground-level taps might trickle brown water for hours before running dry. The city maintains backup generators at critical stations, diesel reserves measured in days not weeks. Engineers rotate power between districts, two hours here, four hours there, trying to maintain minimum pressure to prevent contamination from groundwater seeping through cracked pipes. Each outage requires a careful restart—too fast and water hammer can rupture aging mains, too slow and biofilm grows in stagnant pipes. Residents learn the rhythm: when Telegram channels report strikes on energy infrastructure, they fill bathtubs, pots, bottles. When generators hum, they know which neighborhoods have priority—hospitals first, then schools, then residential blocks by a logic nobody fully explains.

## BEAT: stairwell-commons

The Telegram notification cuts through generator hum: "Water at 14:00, thirty minutes max." Oksana's building chat erupts. Seventh floor needs four buckets. Third floor offers to fill for the elderly couple on ninth. Someone posts the valve pressure readings from this morning. In the stairwell, the bucket brigade forms without discussion. Residents emerge from apartments carrying every container—paint buckets, cooking pots, cut-open plastic bottles. The elevator stands stilled, its shaft now storage for emergency supplies. A handwritten sign by the ground floor tap: "15 liters per apartment. Children and elderly first." The brown trickle starts exactly at 14:00. Neighbors who haven't spoken in months coordinate the filling, passing buckets up concrete stairs. Someone's grandmother directs traffic from her landing, tracking who's gotten their share on the back of an

envelope. The water stops at 14:28. Everyone knows to save the last liter for boiling. Upstairs, wet wipes hang drying on balcony lines for reuse. The commons aren't discussed—they simply exist in the counting, sharing, waiting.

## **BEAT: utility-worker-voice**

Vadym's hands are cracked from valve work, the metal wheels leaving rust-red lines across his palms. "Sector seven needs pressure," he says into his radio, standing knee-deep in the maintenance tunnel beneath Heroiv Pratsi. "But if we open that main, we lose sectors four through six." The generator beside him coughs diesel fumes. Twenty liters of fuel left, maybe thirty if they run it lean. Above, he knows, residents are filling buckets, posting handwritten signs about which floors have flow. "The Dnipro pumping station took a hit Tuesday," he explains to the young technician beside him, showing her the reroute map, its lines crossed and recrossed in pencil. "So we're running everything through Station Three, but that means—" The lights flicker. The generator stutters, recovers. "That means choosing. This building gets two hours. That one gets four. The hospital gets constant, no matter what." His radio crackles with another voice: burst pipe on Peremohy, water pooling in the basement. He marks it on his chart. Triage. Everything is triage now.

## **BEAT: pipes-and-memory**

The pipes remember everything. Cast iron arteries from 1962, when Khrushchev promised running water would make Soviet citizens modern. Now they wheeze brown trickle through apartments where grandmothers learned during 2014 to fill every vessel when the taps still run clear. The Dnipro flows eternal, but pumping stations need electricity. After Kakhovka, after the first winter of targeted infrastructure, the building's valves speak a language everyone understands: two coughs of air, then nothing. Marina's mother survived the '90s collapse. She taught her: bathtub first, then pots, then bottles. The neighbors on the fifth floor share a Telegram channel now—WATER RETURNED 14:30, FILL EVERYTHING. Someone posts a photo of Soviet-era blueprints showing where the building's emergency valves hide. Someone else shares their grandfather's trick with wet wipes and boiled snow. The bucket brigade forms without planning, muscle memory from 2022's blackouts, when the elevators stilled for weeks. History teaches through the body. Through the weight of water carried up stairs.

## **BEAT: dry-noon-economy**

The café on Yaroslaviv Val runs its espresso machine twice daily now—11:00 and 15:00, when the district pump station operates. Between those hours, a handwritten sign: 'Coffee from thermos only.' The barista keeps wet wipes under the counter, trades them for exact change. No one mentions the price doubling. Next door, the co-working space has yellow tape across both bathroom doors. 'Use McDonald's on Khreshchatyk,' someone has written in Sharpie, then crossed out, replaced with: 'Closed too.' A programmer fills his laptop-cooling pad with bottled water, the plastic crinkling as he types. The generator hums through another power cut. Outside, a woman sells five-liter bottles from a baby stroller, 80 hryvnia each, yesterday's price crossed out—it was 60. She keeps the bottles covered with a wet towel, checking her phone for Telegram alerts about which district gets pressure

next. The queue forms without discussion, everyone knowing their place from yesterday.

## **BEAT: city-hall-resilience**

The municipal distribution point operates from what used to be a parking garage beneath City Hall. Concrete pillars bear handwritten signs in Ukrainian and English: 'WATER 14:00-16:00.' A generator hums against the far wall, powering the modular pump system that EU aid delivered three weeks ago. Oksana checks the pressure gauge—forty-two bars, enough to fill the storage bladders for another hour. The brown trickle from the Dnipro treatment plant stopped yesterday. What flows now comes from emergency reserves, rationed through a system of valves and timers that nobody fully trusts. 'Seventy-two hours,' the preparedness posters claim in bold type. 'Every household ready.' But the buckets lined up in the stairwell tell a different story. Mrs. Kovalenko from the third floor hasn't collected her ration in two days. The Telegram alert system shows her as 'active,' but neighbors report her taps coughing only air. The trade-offs multiply with each decision. Open the valves wider, serve more families, risk running dry before the next delivery. Keep them restricted, maintain reserves, watch the bucket brigade grow longer each morning.

## **BEAT: sirens-and-valves**

The siren cuts mid-cycle—three seconds of wail, then nothing. In the silence, Oksana counts: one Mississippi, two Mississippi. At five, water hammers through the pipes below. Someone's opened the main valve early.

She grabs her yellow bucket, the one with the crack sealed with bathroom caulk, and takes the stairs two at a time. Fourth floor, third, second—each landing has its own bucket brigade forming. Mrs. Kovalenko holds her granddaughter's hand while balancing a soup pot against her hip.

"Twenty minutes," Petro calls up from the basement. His headlamp sweeps across the valve wheel. "Maybe thirty if the pressure holds."

The Dnipro pumping station took a hit Tuesday. Or Wednesday. The days blur when you measure time between sirens, between the brown trickle that comes and goes.

Oksana fills her bucket halfway—leave room for the neighbors who haven't made it down yet. The water runs rust-colored, then clear, then rust again. Someone's phone buzzes with a Telegram alert: "Northern district without power."

The generator kicks on two floors up, its diesel rhythm mixing with the water's rush.

## **BEAT: domestic-calculus**

Marina counted wet wipes like currency—seven for Babusya's morning wash, three for Taras before school. The bucket by the door held yesterday's dishwater, waiting for the toilet tank. Through the

wall, she heard Oksana's generator cough to life, then die. Fourth attempt this morning. Taras stood in the doorway, school uniform half-buttoned. "Mama, Sasha's family left for Poland." "We stay." She wrung the sponge over the basin, catching every drop. "Help Babusya with her stockings." The telegram alert buzzed: water at 14:00-15:00, districts 3-7. She marked it on the calendar next to yesterday's crossed-out window. Downstairs, buckets already lined the stairwell like soldiers. Mrs. Kovalenko would guard them—she always did. "Can we wash my football kit today?" "Next week." The brown trickle from this morning would serve for floors. She'd boil it first, add iodine. The kit could wait. Everything could wait except the necessary calculations: water for drinking, water for medicine, water for the barest dignity.

## **BEAT: commons-and-trust**

The water returns Tuesday morning—a brown trickle, then coughing air, then something clear enough to boil. Marina texts the building's Telegram group: "Third floor has pressure." Within minutes, everyone knows which taps work, who needs buckets carried, whose grandmother can't manage the stairs.

This is how the city works now: not through heroics but through ten thousand small competencies. The woman who knows which pharmacy still has iodine tablets. The teenager who rewired the building's generator to run on half the diesel. The janitor who became an expert on water pressure, teaching residents to open valves in sequence so the pipes don't blow.

"The infrastructure isn't the pipes," Oksana tells her daughter, watching neighbors form a bucket brigade in the stairwell. "It's this." She gestures at the handwritten schedule taped to the wall—who fetches water when, who checks on whom.

The Dnipro still flows. The treatment plant still functions, mostly. But between the river and the tap, the real system reveals itself: trust moving hand to hand, bucket to bucket, up six flights of stairs.

## **BEAT: brown-trickle**

The tap coughed twice before releasing its offering—a thin stream the color of weak tea. Oksana held her breath, watching it sputter into the plastic basin. After thirty-seven hours, this counted as victory.

"It's running," she called down the hallway. Doors opened along the corridor. Mrs. Petrenko emerged first, bucket in hand, her apartment key on a string around her neck.

The water darkened, then lightened, pulsing through gradients of brown. Oksana counted—her mother had taught her this during the first weeks. Twenty seconds dark, forty seconds lighter, the rhythm of pipes remembering how to carry.

She added three drops of iodine to her first bottle. The chemical bloom spread like smoke. Through the kitchen window, other buildings showed the same ritual: shadows bent over sinks, the careful

choreography of collection.

Her phone buzzed. The building's Telegram channel: "3rd floor has pressure. Check your valves."

By the time she'd filled four bottles, the stream had steadied to pale amber. Good enough for boiling. Good enough for gratitude. Tomorrow the filters would do their work. Tonight, she had water that moved.

## **BEAT: dnipro-night-coda**

The Dnipro moves black beneath the bridge, carrying the city's reflection in broken pieces. Along the embankment, a woman fills plastic bottles from a public tap while her daughter holds the flashlight steady. The water runs brown for three seconds before clearing—everyone counts now, everyone knows the rhythm.

Above them, apartment blocks stand like graph paper against the sky, some windows lit by candles, others by the blue glow of phones checking Telegram. A generator coughs to life in a courtyard, its hum joining the chorus that rises from a dozen other blocks. Someone's marked the working taps with spray paint: "■■■■■ ■■■■"—water here.

The river doesn't care about curfews or air raid schedules. It moves the same as it did before, as it will tomorrow, carrying whatever the city gives it—plastic bottles, reflected light, the sound of neighbors calling bucket numbers up stairwells. The woman caps the last bottle. Her daughter switches off the flashlight. They walk home through streets that have learned to navigate themselves in darkness.