**Biographies**

**My grandfather**

My grandfather Vitaliy was born in Ukraine, in the city of Zaporozhye. His wife was a Jewess exiled to Siberia. He worked at a metallurgical plant. Throughout his life, he often moved and currently lives in a village in Tver. He had 2 sons and a brother. In 2022, he suffered from covid with severe complications and, unfortunately, lost one leg because of it. Now he is good as it can possible. His story is still going on.

**Me**

My name is Daniil. I was born in 2000 in St. Petersburg. I would like to write something short in this biography, but I think I can't do it. Before entering the institute, I did everything as usual. At school I`m studying was not good and not bad. Most of the time I played video games, also I played the guitar a little, I was especially inspired by Egor Letov. I writed lirics and music, trying to finish musical album of my songs.

Strange things started to happen when I started studying at the institute. I was 18 and joined the Libertarian Party of Russia, because I was really like libertarian ideology. In fact, when I was child, I have always hated politics, but ironically, all my story were connected with it. How it says "If you don't turn on to politics, politics will turn on you". In 2018, it was still relatively safe to engage in such activities. Basically, I was engaged in educational activities, talked about information security. Everything was going well, as far as it could be, but only until 2021.

2021 has been extremely eventful. In January, there was a wave of protests in Russia over Navalny's imprisonment. Usually I always skipped such events, because I was afraid of the consequences. But this time it was different. This time I had a girl who could not miss such a turning point in Russian history. The fear that something would happen to her overcame my own fear. The first few times we managed to stay unscathed. But on the second of February, due to stupid coincidences, we were caught and pushed into a paddy wagon. Together with other poor fellows, we were taken to the police station. There we spent the night in separate cells without laces and all things, since they were confiscated. In the morning, random two people were sent to court by the police. As you can imagine, I was one of the "lucky ones". At the trial, due to the manners of the judge and after the rejection of all my petitions, she given a whole 5 minutes to find a lawyer. As a result, I got an interesting and useless experience of self-defense in a Russian court. Of course, me and a stranger from the police department were sentenced to several days of administrative arrest. As "especially dangerous criminals", we were handcuffed and taken back to those ill-fated police department. And then the policemen, pretty mocking my appearance after a day without sleep, took me to the place of the arrest. There I was put in a cell with an assistant to a deputy, he was also detained for protests, but in January.

On this, my downfall did not end, but rather just began. After all the events, the girl and I began to receive strange calls at the door, my party comrades began to be preventively detained. Until the summer we lived in fear, as if paralyzed. In this interval, in order to save at least ourselves (since during this interval there were also many fights between my girlfriend and the government, but this is no longer my story, so this is not relevant), we made a difficult decision to leave the country.

We began to prepare for departure. The situation was greatly complicated by covid restrictions on flights. But according to a special plan, we were able to reach another country and request political asylum there. It was a difficult period; we really missed our homeland. In the end, after many months in a foreign country, we decided that it would be better to be at home, even though it would be harder than living in a completely different country. We returned to Russia at the end of November, realizing that this could incur significant costs. The moment of returning was one of the most joyful in my life, although I assumed that it would not be easy. I hoped, upon my return, to try not to do such adventures stuff again and to live a normal ordinary life. The year 2022 has begun.

However, February 24 came. Politics came back into my life without giving me much time to catch my breath. It seems like a new story is about to begin. I hope this time it will end well, although there is not much hope and strength anymore.

**My granddaughter**

I hope that she will live in the beautiful Russia of the present. That everything we did set her and everyone free. I hope, she is doing what she loves, preparing for her education and her dream job. I hope she knows what is «paddy wagons» and «special detention center» are only from history books, and her biggest problem is not fight for freedom and searches, but grades "four" at school.