

Do you care about our planet's destiny? If so, you've come to the right place

# Nuclear Power: Chernobyl Experience

## CHERNOBYL



See this? Used to be a normal town. What happened? Worst nuclear accident in history. It's a dead zone now



Radiation immediate expansion



They didn't know that they would never see home again



Yuri Korneev, last survivor from the failed reactor

"My friends were dying around me. Some of the men were buried in lead-lined coffins against the radiation"

My country was covered in red rain before I was born,  
Scudding shadows of death, but nobody knew at first.  
People were killed before they died with a deceitful thorn  
That pierced their hearts: lies, lies, before hunger and thirst.

My country saw the silent menace coming down  
Like an apocalypse of blood and horror, still unshed tears,  
The nightmare lurking ahead, unknown, like a ghost town,  
The forests silent, darkness around in the coming years.

An upright nation proud of her fate, fallen to her knees,  
Humiliated by the sheer force of recklessness,  
Emaciated to the raw bone by a black disease,  
Now back on the brink by a born-again awareness.

When all hell broke loose, smiles withered and hopes froze  
As people saw steel black eagles hovering around,  
Smoke whirlpools like evil wings of a devil so close,  
The harbingers of doom, souls in a meltdown.

Heroes rose to their feet, striving to encircle the fire.  
A fierce battle was fought in the name of brotherhood,  
And the fallen were many, thrown into the funeral pyre,  
Unnamed, forgotten, but lionhearts for the common good.

Children robbed of their innocence, mothers afraid,  
The earth turned into a barren desert, a wasteland,  
Wilted sprouts, poisoned fruit, like ruin after a raid,  
Life throbs buried forever under heaps of sand.

Trucks roaring in the distance, heading for empty rooms,  
Long queues of desperation, people waiting to be uprooted.  
Memories of homes and fields behind, like forsaken tombs,  
Treasures of a childhood and the elders' laughter, all looted.

Like war refugees they fled from their ancestors' paradise,  
Or were expelled, as in the story from the Bible.  
They were not guilty, but they paid the price  
Of someone else's fault, that of being inept and idle.

The prophets of catastrophe warned about the Judgment Day,  
But nobody was listening, dangling in the laps of the gods.  
Nobody had learned that after blind blissfulness comes decay,  
Loss, a world crumbling into pieces against all odds.

Nonetheless, this power is a double-edged sword:  
A weapon of destruction, a source of energy, but we could  
Strike from the music of nature a better chord:  
Half quarter of world's electricity shouldn't delude.

Some might argue there's a decrease by three percent,  
With unexpected risks being greatly reduced.  
Others claim that such hazards humans cannot prevent,  
But infallible are we not, and unreliable energy mustn't be used.

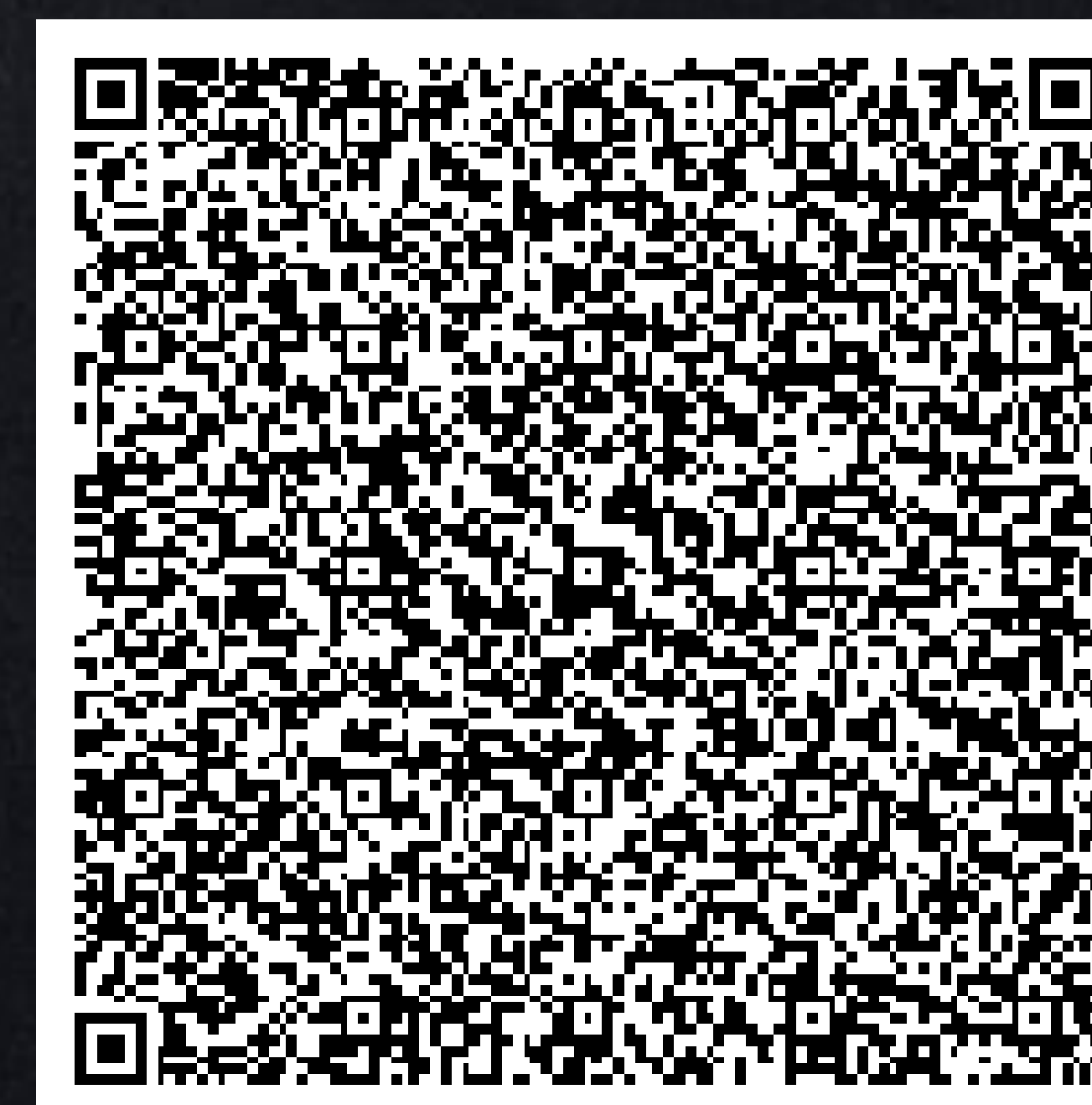
So new generations have grown out of the fantasy sin.  
They know the power of the muscle and the tool,  
And that the blade can hurt the leaves, tear up the skin,  
Crack the soil under our feet... But they're nobody's fool.

A fresh stem of reverie springs firmly into the air,  
And it gets stronger as everybody comes together.  
New sap from the old trees claims to be the heir  
Of this wounded planet, a clenched fist grabbing a feather.

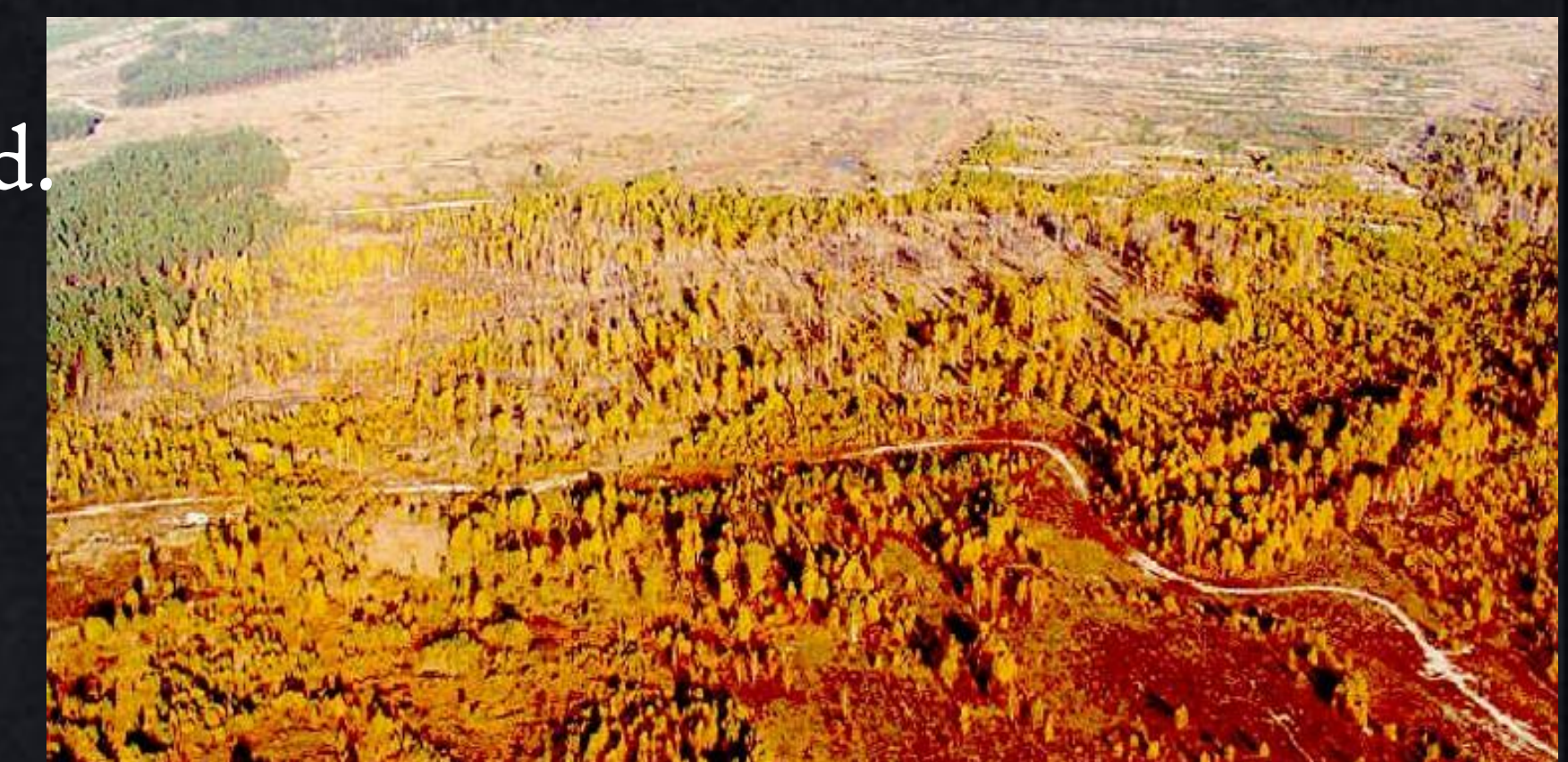
Improving nuclear power is not a sustainable solution.  
We must find another way to promote human advance.  
Instead of procrastinating, let's make a revolution  
With individual citizens playing their part: their best chance.

Not naivety but reluctance is what makes us weak;  
One cannot be victorious without taking action.  
If I succeed to convey this message, not everything is bleak.  
We must arouse in people's minds a chain reaction!

If the world is in danger, let's not fall into confusion  
But look at Nature as our friend and mother.  
Let's put an end to fallout and pollution:  
The key is within reach, no need to look farther...



Many died and many more will, shortly. Will it be me, you or our families and friends next?



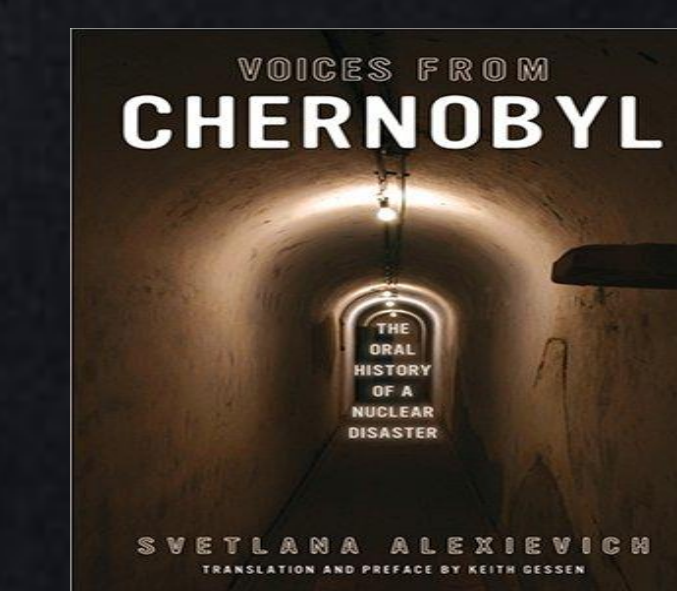
For how long our planet must pay for our mistakes?



How many more will have to experience this before we understand? Remember, you could be next!



How can these children drink such water? Would you wonder if you had never known how clean water looks?



Not knowing is allowed, ignoring is insane. Alexievich's book contains witnesses' horrific accounts. Now, do you dare to read those? You must find courage, we all must. Let's learn from them, it is still not too late...