

Incredible nature of Makeyevka



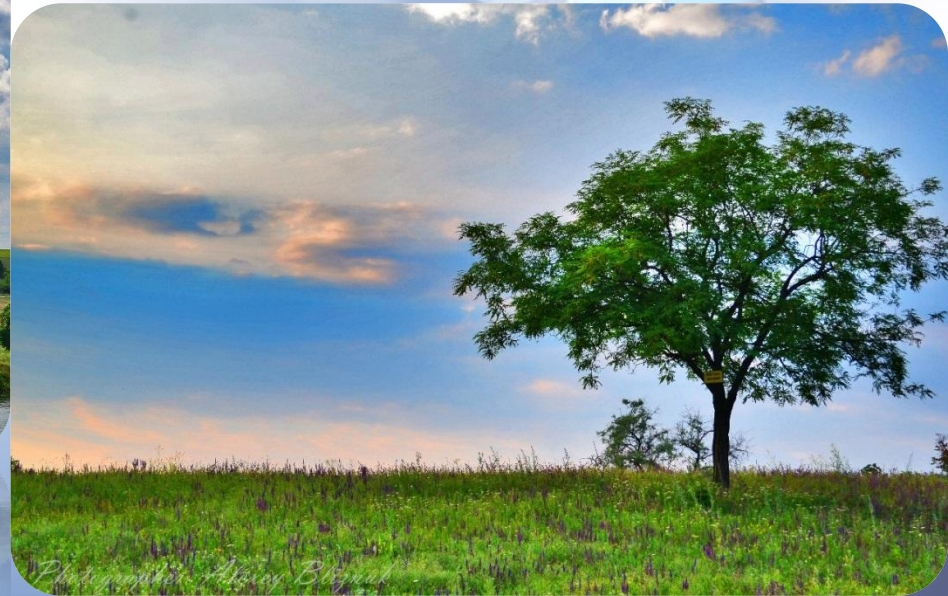


There is nothing better and dearer in the world than Native Land. It gives us wings for flight, lights every our step. It is impossible to choose Native Land. It can be only loved or treated indifferently . Unfortunately some people don't have the sense of patriotism and feeling of pride. Is it possible to develop this sense?

Everyone manifests
love for his native land
in different ways. For
example, poets make
poems about their
beloved city,
composers write
music, artists paint
pictures, glorifying the
city in this way
leaving the memory of
it for many years.



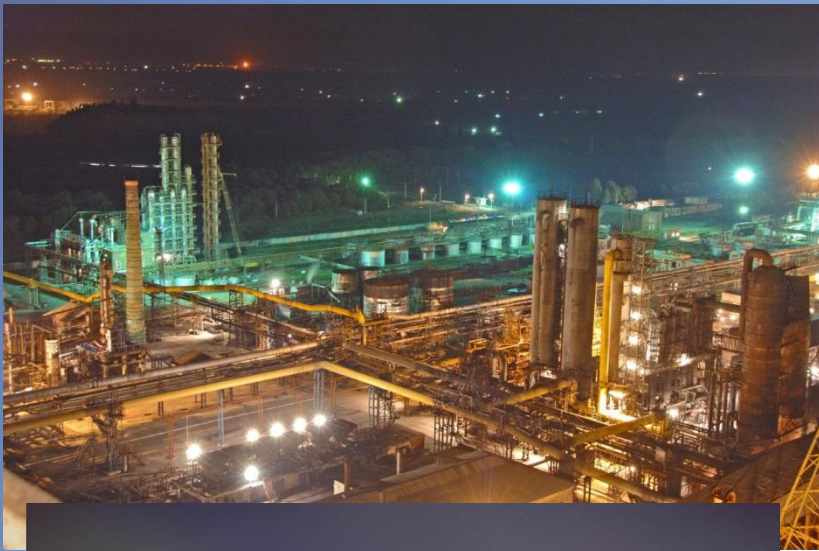
Everyone has the land where he has spent his childhood in his heart because the best memories are connected with that. No matter how old a person is, he always remembers some moments of his childhood, and together with them and the places where they happened in his favourite city. Moreover, this city is not necessarily to be the capital, the city-millionaire. It can be a quiet, deserted town, and at the same time the dearest one, as it involves a lot of pleasant experiences.





It is impossible not to draw attention to one of the main landmarks of my city – The Centre of Youth Creativity because it means a lot for most inhabitants of my town.

Probably there is no such a person in the city who would not once drop in here. Here, children are engaged in various activities: dancing, drawing, learning foreign languages, modeling, singing, and many others. Various concerts and performances are regularly held here.



Makeyevka is one of the big industrial complexes of Donbass. Another special place in my city is Makeyevka Metallurgical Plant, one of the oldest in the region. It has been historically established that coal mining and metallurgy are the basic branches of industry in Makeyevka.

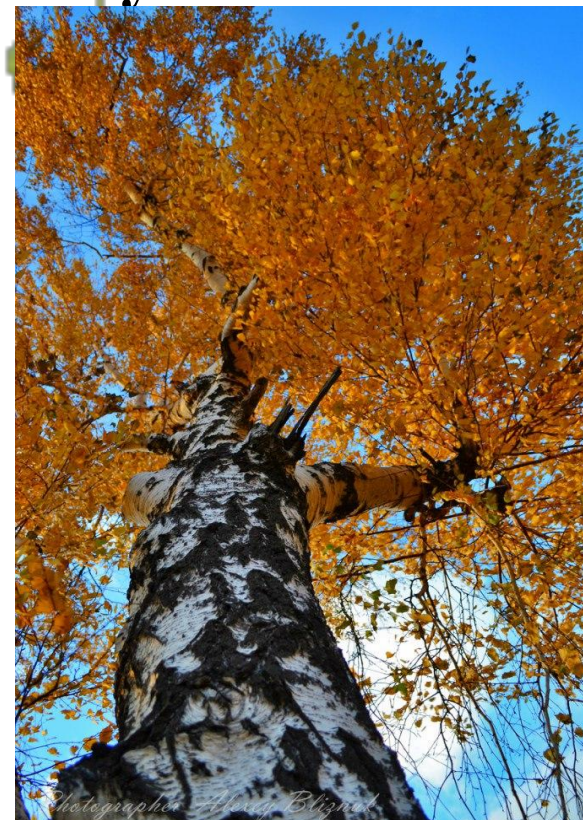
Утро. Люди спешат на
работу
В суматохе житейских
проблем.
Каждый день рвемся мы на
свободу
Отрешившись от мира
систем
Из которых в одну паутину
Нами правит привычная
связь,
Каждый день превращая в
рутину
Затянулась и крепко
сплелась.
И в метро запах свежей
газеты
Мы вдыхаем и жадно
глядим,
На бумаге все ищем ответы
На вопросы - чего мы



Most people do not notice the beauty of the city because of the daily routine. They think that Makeyevka is grey, that there is nothing attractive in this industrial town. However, this is not the case.



Regardless of the season, the nature of the city fascinates with its beauty.



Autumn is the most romantic and touching season of a year. Nature seems to slow down preparing to cold winter. When we walk in the park, we find ourselves like in a golden kingdom. Leaves in the trees are painted in numerous shades of yellow, brown, orange and crimson. Even the lightest wind takes them





In winter, everything is pure white, the trees are in feather hats, snow glitters.

It is magic time where you can find yourself in charming fairytale due to the snow on the trees and buildings.



Many people like spring more than other seasons. It is very pleasant to watch how nature awakens from the winter sleep. How powerful and gentle those first sprouts are. The triumph of life takes place in blooming and blossoming. Returning birds and animals are busy with offspring are joining this symphony. Yes, springs is totally filled with





In the summer all the colors of the rainbow can be seen in the streets, and the laughter of kids is constantly heard. Summer is a beautiful season with long sunny days and short warm nights. The weather is mostly fine and the clear blue sky is above our heads. The trees are green and fresh grass grows everywhere. A great variety of brightly coloured odorous summer flowers all around feasts our eyes.



I love Makeyevka! This town is my homeland. Here I was born and have been studying, I have got a lot of friends. With Makeyevka I connect a lot of memories, because I've known it for almost eighteen years. There is just a feeling that I can not put it into words, but can only draw an analogy with the love of parents. After all, we do not like them for something, but simply for what they are.



Photographer Alexey Bliznuk



**Скажу тебе земляк,
Как другу:
Пройдя Макеевку по кругу
Увидишь раз и навсегда –
Бывают больше города.
Но чтоб милее – никогда!
А потому – будь стар,
Будь молод,
Любя наследственный свой город,
Ты будешь счастлив
Вместе с ним!
На том стояли и стоим**

Евгений Кузьмичев



*With Makeyevka in the
heart*

