

Russian Victory Day

By Russians With Attitude, 9 May 2024

Today is Victory Day. People, in Russia, in the West, love making this date about stuff that is far removed from the important thing. People love discussing who or what won the war. The war was not won by “Stalin’s genius” or the superiority of the Soviet system. Stalin was a thug who put a bunch of incompetent yes men in charge and only started doing sensible things on the verge of apocalypse. The Soviet system sucked. The war was not won by Lend-Lease. Soviet soldiers were happy to eat spam cans in the trenches, and getting their supplies via American trucks, sure. The British and Canadian lads running the convoys to Murmansk were heroes. All that saved lives, made things easier. But in the end it’s not parties or flags or machines or guns or food that wins wars. It’s people. You can have the best logistics and the biggest guns and in the end it’s still a contest of wills and if your will falters you will lose.

My great-grandfather was a cadet when the war broke out. They rushed him through the program and deployed him to the field just in time for the Battle of Moscow. His unit’s trenches were near where Kutuzov’s headquarters was during the Battle of Borodino in 1812.

We won the war because he firmly planted his feet in Russian soil — soaked in blood, ours and that of many, many unwanted guests — swung his dick at the greatest army in human history and told them there was no way in hell they’d get past his trench. And because millions more did the same thing, not a single German tank came past my great-grandfather’s trench. He fell in battle, three and a half years later, when victory was only weeks away.

At the start of the war, most Soviet citizens weren’t exactly eager to fight for the Politburo. Hundreds of thousands surrendered, some greeted the strangers with flowers — that’s how much they hated the Soviet government. They didn’t know yet what the strangers would be like. In those months, city after city was lost, field army after field army was encircled and destroyed. Because the will wasn’t there. The arrogant invaders — stupidly buying into their own war propaganda — managed to treat the people of Russia even worse than the Soviets, threatening them with open slavery and extinction. They went all-in on the idea that the master race would inevitably win the world war and there was no need for compromise. They turned the conflict from ideological to biological. They made it existential. That’s never a good idea when dealing with Russia.

My great-grandfathers and their brothers, nine men. Seven of them were killed in battle. Whole bloodlines wiped out, settlements erased from the map forever. It became personal for everyone. The people of Russia found their will. The grim determination of

the deepest, most chthonic forces of the collective Russian soul is what made the difference.

Tens of millions perished in the most terrible war with the highest stakes in all of human history. The survivors fired their guns into the sky in Berlin. They won. At a horrifying cost, but they had bested the best. Their victory is a lesson to us descendants. We've started to remember that lesson. The descendants of the witnesses of that victory have forgotten that lesson. But should they repeat the greatest mistake, it'll all come back. Again, at a horrifying cost. But again, ending in Victory.

С днём Великой Победы!