

CD Transcript

Object #001: Jewellery Case

So, my sister got me this necklace for my birthday two years ago. She was living in Switzerland at the time, I was in London – you know, classic long-distance sisterhood.

Anyway, I open the box and there it is: this tiny silver necklace... with boobs engraved on it. Yep. Boobs. Not a heart, not our initials – just a lovely little pair of tits.

Object #002: Ibuprofen

So, here's the thing – for people who don't know me well, it might come as a surprise that I'm kind of a hypochondriac. I try not to google symptoms anymore, because, as Miranda from Sex and the City once said: every search ends in cancer. And she's right. It always escalates from "mild headache" to "brain tumour" in two clicks.

Object #003: Train Ticket

This was from the day I flew from Ukraine to England.

As the airspace is closed, it usually takes two days to get home – one train, one plane, then two more trains.

Thirty-three hours, if everything runs on time.

War sucks.

Object #004: Card

In England, I met two of my best friends. I had just moved into student accommodation in London and felt kinda lonely.

One day, I mentioned two books – Susan Sontag and Luis Buñuel. A week later, they sent them to me, along with this card.

Object #005: Matches

These matches came from a friend's trip to Prague.

He said, "You're a designer, so I figured you'd appreciate the look."

Honestly, I think he just picked the coolest-looking box he could find.

Object #006: Envelope

Вероні! Моїй великій любові! Ти

сонечко, булочка найсолодша! Памятай про це. Люблю безмежно. Від Ліни.

It says: to veronika, to my greatest love! You are sunshine, the sweetest little bun! Never forget that. Endless love. From Lina."

Object #007: Dental floss

I started carrying dental floss in my bag like it was a lifestyle choice.

Not because I'm super into oral hygiene – but because I once had a bit of spinach stuck in my teeth during a date and didn't realise until I got home.

Trauma builds habits.

Object #008: Pink Glove

Got them when I was very drunk.

Lost one the same night.

Still missing. No regrets.

Object #009: Tram Ticket

It cost 5 hryvnias and mild emotional damage.

Worth it.

Kept the ticket as proof I survived the ride.

Object #010: Lipstick

This lipstick has seen more drama than my last three relationships combined.

It has survived sweat, tears, and one very aggressive sandwich.

Object #011: Analog Film

I got into film photography at 17 after moving to Kyiv and meeting a bunch of artsy folks.

Pretty much the best way to go broke and feel like a true artist at the same time.

Object #012: Pulp CD

Now I can say, "She studied Graphic Communication Design at Saint Martins college." Only it was a design, not a sculpture.

Pretty sure the CD deserves half the credit.

Object #013: My ex's sketch

I drew this sketch of my ex.
Mostly to remind myself I'm better at drawing than dating.

Object #014: Christmas Wrap paper

One of the best Christmas gifts I got was a puppy when I was 12.
Dad planned it. Mom found out after the puppy was already under the tree.
She's still negotiating custody.

Object #015: Ukrainian flag pin

I wore this pin while working at a pub in the UK.
People asked me where I'm from so many times I lost count.
Most guessed by my accent, but some were sure I was Polish.
Guess the pin wasn't very helpful.

Object #016: Card

This is a card from Nathan, my drumming teacher in Winchester.
He's a good guy – though my neighbours might disagree.

Object #017: Pocket mirror

My pocket mirror – for quick checks and occasional confidence boosts.
Also handy for making sure there's no spinach stuck in my teeth.

Object #018: Vaseline

For lips and whatever else I can't be bothered to fix properly.

Object #019: Drum Beats Page

These beats are suitable for most songs.
I can play Fontaines D.C., Chaka Khan's I'm Every Woman, or the Beatles – but if you ask me for anything else, I'll probably pretend I forgot my sticks.

Object #020: Necklace

This necklace is from a Ukrainian brand.
It has a chestnut on it, which is the symbol of Kyiv.
Whenever I wear it, it makes me smile.
It feels like a little piece of home with me.

Object #021: Peppermint Chewing Gum

Fun fact: chewing gum while chopping onions is the secret to zero tears.
I'm not saying it's science, but it's definitely worth a try next time you're crying over dinner prep.

Object #022: Perfume Tester

Found this perfume tester somewhere – probably meant for men, but I grabbed it anyway.
Because if it smells nice, who cares who it's for?

Object #023: Compact Cassette

My dad made this cassette for my birthday, with his favorite bands, right before he went to the frontline.
I still listen to it almost every week.

Object #024: Tissue from PRET

I was waiting for my train at Waterloo, holding a bouquet, when I popped into PRET for a coffee.
A gentleman said, "Hope this day stays nice for you a bit longer," and bought me a coffee.
I gave him one of the roses back.
This tissue is a small reminder of that kindness.

Object #025: Vitamin D

I recommend this to anyone living in the UK. The sun here is so shy, it probably needs a therapist.

Object #026: Earplugs

Perfect for surviving noisy neighbors, loud parties, and my own overthinking.

Object #027: Grand Budapest DVD

Found this Grand Budapest DVD in a charity shop. Because when you can't afford the hotel, you bring Wes Anderson home.

Object #028: Madonna's Vinyl Record

This Madonna Papa Don't Preach vinyl was also a charity shop find.
A little vintage pop royalty for a bargain price.

Object #029: Sister's Leo Graphics

My sister made these Leo graphics. Because apparently, I'm supposed to be bold and fierce or something. I keep them around – mostly for the cool design.

Object #030: Socks from my ex

Not the romance I was hoping for, but my feet never complained. And somehow, I still have both socks.

Object #031: Shirt Label

My shirt turned pink in the wash. Lesson learned: never put red knickers with your favorite shirt.

Object #032: Nipple covers

I bought these during my confident phase – but honestly, I still haven't gotten around to wearing them. Guess my confidence is taking its sweet time.

Object #033: Movie List

My friend – who's a doctor now – made this movie list in alphabetical order about 30 years ago. I'm still stuck on the letter D.

Object #034: Bills

Bills are honestly the worst part of the month. They show up, drain my bank account, and don't even say sorry.

Object #035: Ukrainian sweet packaging

This is literally my favorite sweet ever – it's called Coconut Heaven. If you try one, you'll probably want to book a trip to Ukraine just to get more.

Object #036: Old Fashioned

My dad raised me with a lot of strong masculinity, so it's probably no surprise that whiskey with a splash of angostura, shooting, and wearing baggy clothes are some of my favorite things to do.

Object #037: Black T-Shirt with Image

This is a picture of my parents when they were the same age I am now.

Me and my sister printed it on t-shirts for their anniversary.

They'd already been married and had a kid –

and here I am, still Googling how to make rice sometimes.

Object #038: UAL Beer Opener

UAL gave us this beer opener when we started.

And I only found it a month before graduation.

Seriously, where the heck were you when I needed you most?