

Foreword

It was the day my latest book came out, fresh off the press in Yerevan. I felt a great relief. I had accomplished my goal of publishing it in 2015 and dedicating it to the centennial of the Armenian Genocide.¹

We stored the books and sat down to enjoy an evening with family. My younger son, Oshin, a theoretician in science and a pragmatist in matters of life, stepped in to harness my excitement.

“Mom,” he said, “you have dedicated all these years to telling others’ stories. You have devoted your life to showing the world the catastrophic experience of the Armenian people through the Genocide. Don’t you think you have to stop here and tell your own story?”

At first I was stunned, not understanding what he meant. I am not a novelist to concoct a dramatic fiction out of my life story.

“*Mepapa*,” he continued, meaning grandpa—this is how my sons called my father—“*Mepapa* was a victim of the Stalinist terror. After he was released from the labor

1 *The Armenian Genocide in Literature: The Second Generation Responds* (Yerevan: Armenian Genocide Museum-Institute, 2015) was the fourth volume in my continuing study of Armenian Genocide literature.