

death. She heard the agonizing screams of men being slaughtered outside the church where the women and children were crammed. She would never forget their last frightful cries.

Grandmother Seher's stories made an initial shocking effect and took time to sink into Fethiye's mind. She pondered over each story, and through them she began to know her grandmother as she had not known her before. She began to interpret her words of admonishment. When she said, "Children, don't be afraid of the dead, they cannot harm you. Evil comes from the living," was she thinking of what she had gone through? (Çetin, p. 63). That was Grandmother Seher's favorite and oft-repeated advice. Now, Fethiye knew what she meant by it.

Heranoush continued her harrowing life story for days, whenever she was alone with her favorite granddaughter. And "the long and deathly journey began" (p. 52). People were dying left and right, children were exhausted, mothers could no longer carry them. Heranoush saw with her own eyes how her paternal grandmother threw her two granddaughters, Heranoush's cousins, into the river and then jumped in herself. The raging waves washed the three loved ones away. Fethiye asserts that this horrifying incident was the one memory her grandmother could not deal with. After she began telling her story, she repeated this same episode several times on various occasions as she shared her secret life with Fethiye, and each time a long silence followed (p. 61). She obviously needed to speak the words to exorcize the deep-seated evil and free her soul. Heranoush was telling a story that had been silenced and buried alive in her mind for almost