

Sarkis' story is told between these two testimonies as another torturous life and miraculous survival with permanent physical and psychological scars. A native of the village of Keramet (ironically, *keramet* means kindness in Turkish) on the shores of Lake Iznik in the Province of Bursa, Sarkis describes his horrifying experience during the deportations and massacres. It all started on October 29, 1915, when a messenger on horseback arrived from Constantinople and posted an alarming notice: Armenians had two days to prepare for a journey by train away from the southern Marmara, and that was "for [their] own safety" (41). The panicked and frightened Armenians knew the meaning of this trek to an unspecified destination. Rumors of the same thing happening to Armenians all over the Empire had been going around for some time. Now it was their turn. Sarkis was ten years old.

The caravan of 1500 men, women, and children, the entire Armenian population of Keramet, began to move on foot or in ox-driven carts toward the train station at Mekece, some thirty miles away. Cattle cars took them to a point where they were ordered to disembark and start walking. Ghastly scenes of unimaginable atrocities follow as Sarkis describes in detail their passage to Meskene (Maskanah), Raqqa, Deir el-Zor, and Ras el-Ayn. Finally, a very few reached Mosul. The caravan had been gradually depleted. Sarkis' father and siblings had succumbed to the hardship of the road and he was left alone with his mother. These two miserable creatures, homeless in the streets of Mosul, begged for food during the day and at night they slept in their spot on the street next to a building. One day, Sarkis came back from one of his "scavenging