it didn't matter anymore. I had made peace with death. Death was not my enemy. The boundary between life and death was erased for me. I was calm and composed. I had not slept for days, so I lay down on the wooden floor and went to sleep.

Suddenly, I felt a hard kick. The prison guard was kicking me to wake up. I stood up with difficulty, moaning and groaning. My body ached all over from sleeping on the bare floor. "What did you expect?" the guard snapped. "Silk bedding? You Dashnak-Fascist!"

He took me to a room with black curtains covering the walls. The same man who rode with me from the train station was there, Ruben Ghazaryan, my interrogator, very proud of his Artsakhtsi origin. He said he was taking me to see Martirossyan, the Minister of National Security,[3] which he said was an honor for me, an honor I did not care for at all. After passing through long corridors, we entered Martirossyan's office. He was sitting behind a desk covered with green baize, and above his head, on the wall behind him, two large portraits of the two Bolshevik idols, Lenin and Stalin, reigned over the room. Six Armenian officers were sitting near the Minister's desk. At some distance from the desk, there was an ordinary chair, the seat of the accused. They ordered me to take that seat and the interrogation began.

I was still very tired. I was afraid I might weaken and say something that would be used against me. I had to find a way to abort the session. I decided to exploit

3 The reference is to the commissar of the NKVD (People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs) of the Armenian SSR.