And so began my long and torturous journey to exile. At the time, I didn't know where I was headed, an unknown, uncertain destiny.… Later I learned that I had been exiled to Narilsk, to the frozen Tundra, the Taymyr Peninsula, the permafrost zone, inside the Arctic Circle. My journey would take me from Yerevan to Tiflis [Tbilisi], Baku, Rostov, Moscow, east over the Ural mountains, across Siberia to Krasnoyarsk, and from there up the Yenisei River to Narilsk, my final destination.

Farewell my beloved homeland, Armenia, suffering under the yoke of foreign usurpers. Farewell my Yerevan, deprived of the freedom you so helplessly aspire to. I am going to my death. I will pass, but you will endure. You are forever.…

Early the next morning we arrived in Tiflis. All the passengers got off but I was kept locked in my prison wagon. It was very cold. I was shivering from cold and distress. I needed to relieve myself, but where and how? I was a prisoner under lock and key, with no rights whatsoever. My sixteen months of solitary confinement had not taught me the impudence, the vulgarity, the audaciousness and all the other inhumane qualities a prisoner needs to survive.

The next stop was Baku. Here too, as in Tiflis, a loudspeaker was broadcasting the imminent end of the war and Russia's victory, praising Generalissimo Stalin for having saved the Soviet Union and the entire world from the claws of Fascism.

It took us a few days to get to Rostov. There I was taken under armed guard by my Georgian escort on a