

had reassured him that I had no intention of trying to escape, so he could rest. After a little while, the ticket collector opened the door, peeked in, backed out and closed the door. I recognized him. I had seen him in the store of one of our ungers, Nerses Passian. The thought that that Armenian ticket collector would tell Nerses about me put my mind at ease. Our people would know that the Soviets had abducted me and were taking me to the Soviet Union.²

At daybreak we reached Julfa on the Iranian-Soviet border. I saw the Arax River and suddenly remembered a dream I had seen two years ago. I was strolling with my wife and children when a blue lake spread out before me. My wife and children disappeared. I began calling them and frantically searching for them but I couldn't see or hear them. I was distraught. I wouldn't see my wife and children anymore. I had woken up and breathed a sigh of relief. Thank God! It was just a dream. And now the River Arax separated me from my wife and children. My dream was coming true. I won't see them again. I was woefully distressed imagining my children growing up as orphans and suffering as I had suffered in my childhood.

We had to wait ten hours at Julfa for the train to arrive from Baku to take us to Yerevan. Meanwhile, they locked me in a shack together with my guard. To start a conversation, or to what purpose I do not know, the guard said to me, "I really miss the meetings

2 Obviously, the Armenian railroad employee understood very well what was going on but did not share it with anyone. Once again, in that dreadful atmosphere, fear overcame morality.