

cooking and in her feeble voice asks her mother to go get some for her. Her mother goes and returns empty-handed. "They didn't give you any?" the girl asks. "When I die, mother, you eat my flesh alone. Don't share it with anyone."<sup>10</sup>

Ester, in *The Knock at the Door*, remembers seeing women "tearing pieces of flesh from the bodies left by the road," and her little step-brother Arsen pleading in terror, "Please, please, promise me you will not let anyone eat my body except you."<sup>11</sup> And then, after Arsen's disappearance along the crowded deportation route, she remembers thinking the horrible thought, "Is Arsen dead? Is someone eating his flesh?"<sup>12</sup> It is hard to believe that these creatures ever possessed human attributes and led a normal life before. The Turkish methods of extermination had dehumanized them by turning them into animals who would do anything to survive. They were the products of Turkish atrocities squeezing the last traces of humanity out of their victims and letting them die like animals. Now imagine if the mother in this incident had somehow survived by perhaps eating the flesh of her own daughter as others were doing. Could she live with this kind of memory without going insane? Could she ever be able to hide that secret, integrate into normal society and live a normal life?

And those who were raped or sexually abused, how would they cope with that secret in their life? It is common knowledge that Armenian women and even young girls were raped during the Genocide. One does not need hard evidence

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<sup>10</sup> Discussed in *ibid.*, p. 156.

<sup>11</sup> Ahnert, *The Knock at the Door* (2007), pp. 91-2.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 94.