an indelible mark in his young mind; he kept hearing their gloomy whispers as he played with his toy soldiers on the floor of the living room. At the age of sixteen, when a person's identity begins to reveal and impose itself, he was ready to leave behind "the tracks of the tribe" and "the ring of women spilling their sorrow," and start a new chapter.[15] Now, it was hatred he felt toward "the cult of past martyrs, a masochistic burden borne by defeated people." The separation lasted for a quarter of a century during which he tried to live "with the adventures of all human beings." He discarded the ethnic identity that was tied to tragic memories of the past and tried to assume an identity that fit with his new world vision, free of the pain of "being the heir of a genocide... stuck in the throat as an aching shard."[16] After the death of his parents, as in the case of many second-generation survivors in the Diaspora, he returned to his roots, "to bow to this past history I had rejected and neglected for so long." It was no use running away; he began to come to the realization that "It is just, finally, to accept the primal wound and to acknowledge its grief...."[17] Mourning begins as the final chapter in dealing with a great loss and freeing oneself from the shackles of an unresolved state of mind.

> The old black-clad women of my childhood reminisced: those dead victims with no graves were theirs, their very own, for ever and ever.
>
> I do remember.

[15] Chaliand, *Memory of My Memory* (2006), p. 9.

[16] Ibid., p. 18.

[17] Ibid., p. 65.