Sultan was raised as a Muslim in Adıyaman, but even for her Turkish neighbor and playmate she was a *gâvur*. Sultan remembers playing ants with the Muslim girl next door. The girl said, "Let's kill the red ones and leave the black ones, because the red ants are *gâvur*s and the black ones are Turks." This was the first time Sultan had heard the word *gâvur*, so she asked what it meant, and the girl replied, "Aren't you *gâvur*?" She was offended, assuming that *gâvur* was a bad word, and ran crying to her mother, who then had to confess to her seven-year-old daughter that, yes, they were *gâvur*s, of Armenian origin, but they had to pretend to be Muslims for fear of persecution (Yalçın, p. 360). From then on, Sultan tried to reconcile with that unknown element in her identity, an element that was gradually crystallizing with the nightmarish stories her grandfather told her about his ordeal in 1915. He had been ten at the time (pp. 356–7).

Historical memory had been transmitted to become a part of Sultan's identity: "We did not see that horrible catastrophe," she told Yalçın during her interview in Germany, "but that great suffering remained as a memory.... The memory saddens me a lot. Although we did not see those days of terror, we did not live the death marches, they left their indelible marks on us" (p. 367). In the beginning, after Sultan found out about her Armenian roots, she wished she could get rid of the memories and her otherness and become one with her Turkish classmates, who always looked at her with suspicion. She thought that only then would she find comfort and peace. "Not five but even fifteen times a day we say our *namaz* [prayers], we are labeled *dartsats*, we are called *gâvur*," she complained (p. 365). Every morning at school,