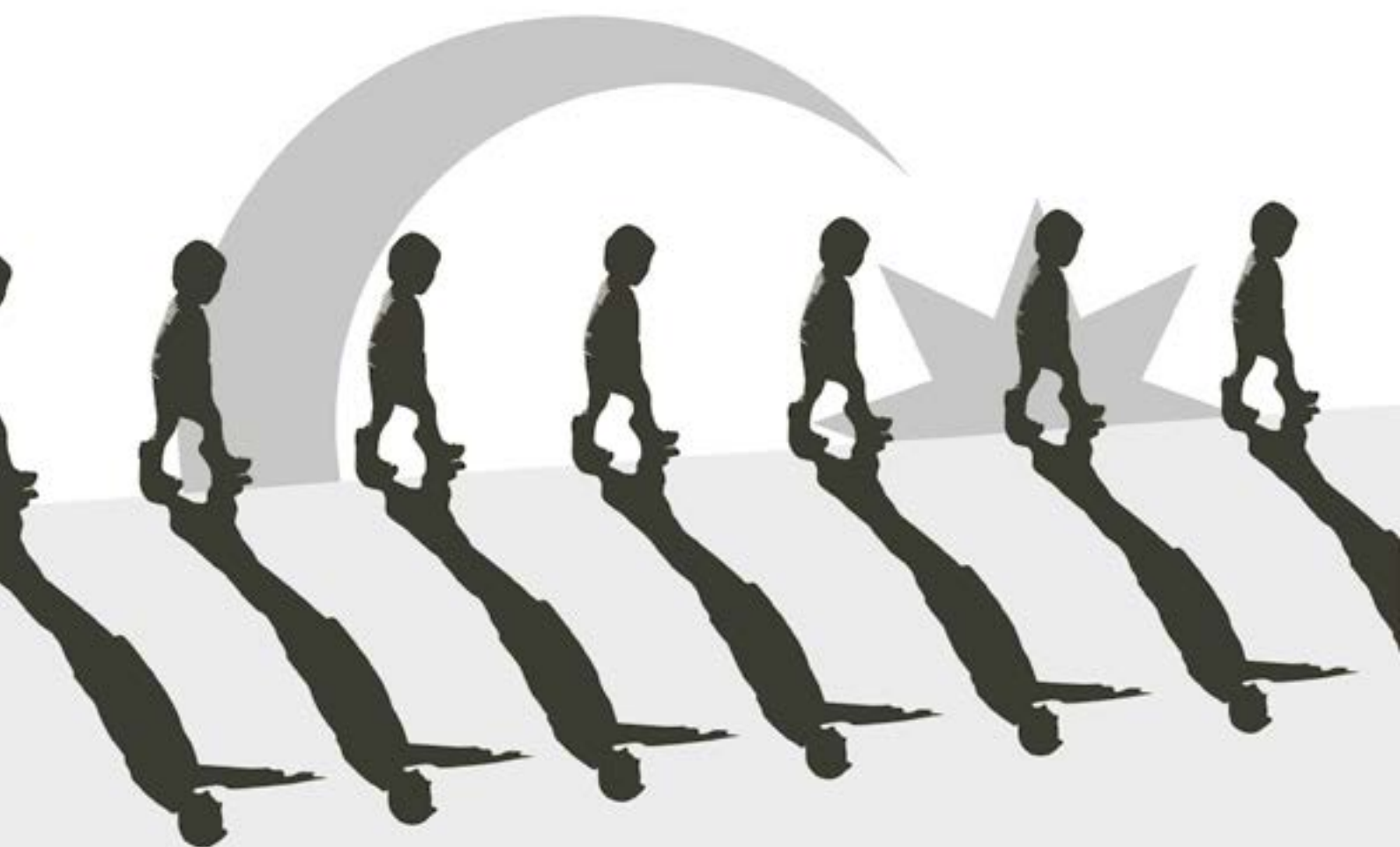




Azerbaijan

CHILDHOOD IN HATE



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FOREWORD

It is quite fashionable in human rights discourse to say that authorities use war propaganda and external enemy image for a limited period of time to rally the nation round the flag and to maintain their internal — as well as external — legitimacy. The most common line of argument here is that in the case of Azerbaijan — by any reputable human rights group, including Human Rights Watch and Freedom House, an acknowledged family-run dictatorship, the Aliyev family, as every dynasty sitting on vast oil resources, uses censorship, intimidation of media, general public and political opponents to ensure stability in the brink of volatile region.

But tolerating this regime in Azerbaijan comes at a high price both for its own population and the neighboring Nagorno Karabakh Republic and Armenia.

During the April aggression against the people of Nagorno Karabakh in 2016 two few seconds-long videos surfaced on YouTube where children were engaged. On one, village kids as well as adults surrounded an unnamed person holding the chopped bleeding head of an Armenian soldier of Yezidi ethnic origin... and were applauding the messenger. The second one showed school kids made by their teacher chant anti-Armenian slogans and all regions of Nagorno Karabakh.

This publication features short essays, stories, poems and drawings - authored for children and by children, allegedly to bring up a more “patriotic” generation.

These are carefully selected from vast data collected between 2009 and 2017 by a group of experts and available with full references on our project website www.azerichild.info. Those few who will master to read all the stories released here will be scared to imagine what the next generation of Azerbaijanis may live like.

Traumatized, isolated, aggressive and not educated...

Just one example: a schoolteacher in one prep school told a group of five-year-old kids: “Who are our enemies? That’s right, they are the Armenians. Learn it well, I will ask you at the next lesson”.

For obvious reasons we cannot publish names of kids who painted the horrific pictures sampled in this collection. Yet we are certain that international community and human rights advocates around the world should come to rescue the young generation of Azerbaijan from this bloody dictatorship which shall depart — the sooner, the better.

Original sources can be found in www.AzeriChild.Info website.

ARMENIAN INSIDE MYSELF

By Mirmehdi Agaoglu

My views about the Armenians were shaped under the influence of the well-known slogan: “He who does not sit is Armenian”¹. The events started in the central square. Millions of people squatted and rose at that command. Like the elders, we, the children, also had our own slogan: “Wherever you see an Armenian, strike his head with a bucket.” We had only one enemy. Armenian enemy. It was propagandized by AzTV, and was taught at schools. The Armenian dyghas² are our enemies.



We grew up inside that hatred towards the Armenians. The state propaganda presented the Armenians to us as an imaginary people that never had their own state, as parasites, cheap prostitutes parasitizing on the bodies of other countries. We found a confirmation to this in literature: Voyage to the Caucasus by Alexandre Dumas, Pushkin's expressions³.

We thought that Babak's⁴ surrender by Armenian Sahl ibn Sumbat⁵, was an undeniable evidence that all the Armenians are insidious traitors.

For me, “Armenian” meant the same as a pig for a Muslim. It seemed to me that starting any kind of relationship with him was inadmissible under any circumstances.

Having been brought up under the influence of such kind of spirit, I could never understand my compatriots who did business with the Armenians or even were friends with them in Russia as they were presented to us as the most filthy people. I considered my compatriots traitors.

We were taught that the Armenians are a small people, that they have never had their own country and their own culture.

But if the Armenians are indeed (as we were told) such a small people, if they are traitors and thieves, then why in every book I read did I so frequently see

1 The slogan of pogrom-makers who for one week participated in the pogroms of the Armenians in Baku in 1990, after which, on January 20, 1990, Soviet tanks were brought into Baku. That event was also the basis of another myth about the “insidiousness of the Armenians”

2 Boy, teenager (Armenian, distorted)

3 These are phrases taken out of the context, from the works of Dumas and Pushkin, where there is nothing that “reveals the real essence of the Armenians”

4 Babak — leader of the Iranian national rebellion against the Arab Caliphate with its center in northwest Iran, Azerbaijan Province (currently Iranian Azerbaijan, it is unrelated to Azerbaijan Republic)

5 Sahl ibn Sumbat — it is noteworthy that the Azerbaijani historiography, in the person of Ziya Bunyadov, in an attempt to “make a fool of” the Armenian historical heritage, considers Smbat — Armenian as Albanian, but against their own theory, Smbat — “Albanian's” “betrayal,” which is, in fact, not a betrayal, is imputed to the Armenians



the word “Armenian?” For statistics, I deliberately underlined the words “Armenian, Armenians” in all the books I read. At first, simply, for self-consolation, I simultaneously searched to find even one mention of the Azerbaijanis, but instead of it, every time and more and more often (as the number of the books I read grew), I saw the word “Armenian”

and in a book about antiquity and the Middle Ages, I saw the expression “Armenian merchants.” In another book, I saw some paragraphs dedicated to the Armenians. The number of underlined words grew more and more and, simultaneously, my malice and hatred towards the Armenians decreased.

Well, let us assume that they created a false history. Then what force helped them place that false history in all sources?

Do you want to know the truth? Your own historians and propagandists taught you a lie for the past 20-25 years. Moreover, what the Armenians wrote about themselves is also rather exaggerated. Now just try to figure out where the lie is and where the truth is.

Every time I saw Armenian actors, Armenian scientists and Armenian representatives of other sectors on Russian TV channels, I was angry but asked myself, “If they are indeed such a tiny people which we can overcome easily, then why do we meet them everywhere? Why aren’t we like them?”



So, the hatred inside myself gradually turned into a “miserability complex.”

I was angry because I had been deceived all this time.

Purely for the sake of interest, I started contacts with Armenian girls on Mail.

ru. They said, “Your guys are rude, bad-mannered and dissolute, they swear obscenely and insult.”

I tried to be polite. Naturally, I did not use bad language and insulting words. I told the girls that I am different, I am not like them.

Sometimes we talked about the war. We tried to figure out who is right and who is to blame, forgetting that it is the presidents, not we, who should find a solution to the conflict. As soon as we realized this little truth, the entire pathos disappeared somewhere and we returned to the conversation about ordinary life.

Eric Hoffer said that each mass movement shapes its own image of enemy.

Our childhood coincided with the movement of the crowd in the square and since then, we created a big Armenian enemy, we grew it and developed it, increasing and blowing up its size. We eventually blew it up so much that we started seeing not reality, but what we wanted to see.

There is no sense in fabricating something about the Armenians and humiliating them using the Internet every time an opportunity presents itself. There will always be those who will say that it is nonsense and falsification.

But every time there will be a shock at the knowledge of what our enemy is in reality and what it is capable of.



A VOICE
IN THE
WILDERNESS,
OR A BITTER
CONFESSION...

5-year-old girl at school

The daughter of my friends prepares for school to her utmost and attends a preparatory class with that aim. Coming back home today, she told her mother what they were taught at school. The teacher conducted the third lesson with them.

“The Armenians have made us unhappy and miserable. Keep that in your minds, children. Who are our enemies? That’s right, they are the Armenians. Learn it well, I will ask you at the next lesson without fail. The Armenians have slaughtered our ancestors,” the 20-year-old teacher concluded.

The girl told her mother about this, she was in a stupor.

I also think that this is a sad occurrence. The young 20-year-old teacher and the brain of a 5-year-old child.

Why is this hammered into the head of a 5-year-old girl?



The involvement of Azerbaijani schools in state propaganda poses a threat for the future in terms of bringing up a generation of revenge, educated exclusively on the feelings of spite and hatred and traumatized mind.

In the 1990s, it was rumored here that the Armenians whisper in their newborn babies’ ear that “the Turks are your enemies”.

“I don not know whether it is true or not, but that caused a feeling of pity for the Armenians in many of us. But as we see, in the course of time a human becomes more and more like his enemy”.

Just think of it! To tell a 5-year-old child, “The Armenians have made us unhappy and miserable...”

CHAPTER 3 FROM THE BOOK CAUCASIAN DAYS

By Banine¹

This chapter was not included in the adapted edition translated into Azerbaijani in 1989

You might think that I am one of the naïve and exemplary girls brought up by my maid Anna and that I am so young that I do not know about these events and do not understand such things. Not at all. If so, I ... would not be from the East. On the other hand, I was brought up by my cousins who knew well all the fine details of bedroom life. From what my friend told me once I also learned about the details of their animal deeds. Tamara, a crossbreed of two hostile peoples, was the only daughter of a Turkish father and an Islamized Armenian mother. Brought up by a German nanny, Tamara was to have a serene childhood, but Allah had different plans regarding her and she met us. Tamara's father bought a villa near our estate, her nanny made friends with my maid Anna and as we were the same age, she became our close friend. She was beautiful, maybe because she was a métisse. The good fruit of the two peoples



could become a factor contributing to the rapprochement of the Turks and the Armenians, but it did not become such and the hatred remained. Tamara paid a very high price for her Armenian mother. Ali used to tweak her, repeating, “You are a dirty and mean Armenian, Tamara” (*it was very insulting — author*).

Tamara cried with pain, swallowed the insult abjectly and dropped her beautiful head.

“Wait, Tamara, I will now correct your hooked Armenian nose,” he said and caught hold of Tamara's ideal nose.

Tamara's eyes gave her away, but she did not utter a single sound. She endured it with honor and courageously.

On holidays, we played our favorite game — Armenian slaughter. Stirred up by racism, we lost our heads and sacrificed Tamara to our enmity and hatred that passed on to us from our ancestors. At first, we groundlessly accused her of killing the Tatars and happily shot her several times. We feasted our eyes upon the sight of her blood and then, to kill her by conventional method, we resurrected her, tied up her hands and legs, threw her down on the ground and first cut off her tongue and head and to show our hatred towards her Armenian

1 Banine — she was born in 1905 in the family of Baku-based millionaire Shamsi Asadullayev. Her grandfather on the maternal side was another famous Baku-based millionaire, Musa Nagiyev. After 1920, Banine lived and created in France as an emigrant. It is noteworthy that Banine did not use the word “Azerbaijani” in her novel and called the present-day Azerbaijanis either Tatars or Turks

body, we cut out her heart and internals and threw them to the dogs. When our wild rage settled down and no piece of the poor girl remained, we started dancing around her body like barbarians, waving our wooden swords. When we saw someone passing by, we immediately put Tamara on her feet and with our tongue withered with fright, we seized her by the hand and strolled through the garden, singing children's songs. She did not even think of complaining against us because we would then call her an informer, a traitor and a dirty



Armenian and she would lose us. No matter how much we insulted, humiliated and permanently killed her, she could no longer live without our friendship.

Several years later, Tamara told me that Asad and Ali forced other secret games upon her.

— What game is that?

— A game of violence, rape of an Armenian woman. It happened on hot days when everyone was resting or sleeping. On such days, Ali and Asad came for me and forced me to the Devil's House in the grape grove. They told me that I should not be afraid of Satan with them. I was taken to a fig tree near that house. They beat me and stripped me off my clothes. I stood naked. They approached me from the back and, in turn, tried to take me. They repeated it for several times. They told me that they treated me that way because my mother was Armenian and they were punishing me...

**BARAKALLAH¹
TO YOUR
TEACHER!**

By Uzeir Hajibekov

Our department received a letter from Shushi. The letter told about unprecedented progress in the study of the Turkic language and shariah at one of the old “ishkolas”²... It would be better if I give the picture following from the letter’s content for the reader to view it for himself.

Turkic language teacher (*comes into the classroom*): Yees, well, how are you, what news do you have? And where is the half of the students?

Student: They have gone to the market, mirza³, they have things to do.

Teacher: Very well, Hasan, go, sonny, and buy a pack of cigarettes for me from the dukkan⁴.

One student: But look, don’t steal a cigarette on the way!

Teacher: Stop slandering people, ay gada⁵, Allah will punish you in the other world. You did not learn your lesson last time, most likely you do not know your lesson today either?



One of the students: Do you have any news about the war, mirza? They say that a new cavalry is being gathered in Karabakh. When will this war be over?

Teacher (*with irritation*): How should I know, “Rahmatlik oglu?”⁶, I can’t read and write in Russian, I can’t read newspapers. You must be better aware than I, you at least know “ishto-mishto”⁷.

One of the students: Don’t start an empty talk again, mirza, our lesson is abandoned again and the result is that we do not know diddly-squat at the exam.

Teacher: Oh, don’t you see that these scoundrels (*pointing to the students*) do not let me conduct the lesson?

Another student: Oh, but who ever looks at the Turkic language at the exam? If you do well in the exam in Russian, then you will pass, but if you do bad, then you will not pass even if you are a mollah in Muslim.

1 Honor and praise

2 Schools — in Russian, distorted

3 Teacher — in Persian

4 Shop — Turkic

5 Pejorative — boy

6 Son of the deceased — address

7 Those who knew Russian at least a little were called this way



Another student: If he has sufficient courage, let the mirza just try to give me a bad “atmetka”⁸ at the “examin”⁹.

One of the students: What will you do?

The same student: The mirza knows what I will do.

Teacher: Don’t talk nonsense, ada¹⁰, open your books, let us read our lesson.

Student: Don’t bother in vain, mirza, the “izvanok”¹¹ will ring now.

One of the students (*starts singing mugham loudly*):

Shabbasti shahidi shami sharabi-shirini

Ganimat ast ki, basi rui-dustan bini¹²

Students: Mehraba, mehraba¹³, well done!

Teacher: Shout a little quieter, ay gada, your voice can be heard in the neighboring classrooms.

The door opens at that moment, an Armenian student from the classroom next door comes in and says, “Our teacher strongly asks you to stop that noise. You hinder us from learning the Armenian grammar...”

(*silence falls*)...

One of the students: He is right, yes. We do not learn, but we should not hinder the others.

Teacher: I tell you for the nth time, ada, open your books!

The “izvanok” rings at that moment and the lesson ends...

This is how the Turkic language and shariah are studied at that school. There is no need to be surprised that school graduates, trying to read an easy text in some book in Turkic, stammer so often that the listeners have nothing else to do but waggle their heads and say... “Barakallah to your Teacher!”

8 Grade — in Russian, distorted

9 Examination — in Russian, distorted

10 Address equivalent to “Hey you”

11 Bell — in Russian, distorted

12 In Persian

13 Thank you

TIMES WHEN
THE WATERS
RAN HEAVILY
AND THE
SMILES
SPRANG

By Vusala Mammadova

In the meantime, there were times when the waters ran heavily and the smiles sprang...

For me, the word “Armenian” was a synonym for the word “usta”¹.

Armenian Arthur was an usta (master) and did some work in our house. Despite the weather, my grandma treated him to meals outdoors. “An Armenian has nothing to do in our house,” she said.



My grandma was very fastidious and did not let dogs or cats into the house and I thought that Armenians must not be let into the house maybe because their feet are dirty.

Arthur worked honestly. However, he was never left without supervision. Even during the meals, my grandpa kept an eye on him. Every time Arthur came to

our place, he would bring me sweets, chocolates, but I never made friends with him because we were never left one on one.

Once my grandma told me that Armenian is a nationality and not usta.

— “To scare their children, Armenian women say, “The Turk is coming”², my grandma continued.

— “What is a Turk?”

— “The Armenians call us Turks³. They teach their children during their childhood that the Turks are their enemies⁴.

Everything got mixed up in my head. I did not understand many things and thought that “Turk” is the Armenian translation for “Azerbaijani.”

My grandma died in “right times,” she will never know that it is not only the Armenians who call us Turks.

— ***“What is an Armenian?”***
— ***“A terrorist.”***
— ***“What is a terrorist?”***
— ***“They kill children.”***

1 Usta — master

2 Myth widely spread in Azerbaijan that has nothing to do with reality. The scary characters most widely spread among the Armenians by whom they really scare kids are Meshok Papi (Grandpa Sack) and vishap (dragon).

3 They identify themselves this way. The “one nation, two states” concept (Turkey-Azerbaijan) is approved and accepted in the Azerbaijani society.

4 Information that has nothing to do with reality. To get convinced of it, read Armenian tales and Armenian children’s prose.a

When remembering this, I justify myself by the fact that a 4-year-old girl could not understand more than that.

I asked the 4-year-old son of my elder sister later:

— “What is an Armenian?”

— “A terrorist.”

— “What is a terrorist?”

— “They kill children.”

He brought a huge book titled Armenian Terror. Perhaps he thought that showing photos would make it easier to explain it to me.

— “All these children were killed by the Armenians,” he said. “Even YouTube has this information!”

— “Where did you learn this from?”

— “My grandma taught me this...”



EXPLANATIONS FOR LITTLE FIDAN

By Eluja Atali

Excerpt
Little Fidan suddenly asked, “Do the Armenians wash their hands and face?”

The child’s unexpected question made me think. For there was no talk about the Armenians. She was watching TV and I was looking through her favorite tales. I read a tale to her every evening before she went to sleep.

“Yes, do the Armenians also wash their hands and face?”

“Why then do we call them “mundar”¹?

She was only four, and that did not allow me to collect my thoughts and give the right answer.

No matter how much they wash their hands and face, they do not become clean.



Taking into account her age, I said, picking the words carefully, “You see, my little one, when a person has a filthy and nasty heart, that passes on to his entire body through his blood.

No matter how much they wash their hands and face, they do not become clean. For water cannot cleanse any kind of dirt”.

¹ disgusting, filthy, dirty

THE SPY

Let's play again.

— Again "Armenian-soldier"?

— Yes. It is the most interesting game.

— Ok. But I will be the "soldier" this time. Because how long can I be the "Armenian?"

— How can you be the soldier? How old are you?

— I will turn four.

— And I am six. So, I will be the "soldier".

— But why...?

— Because the "soldier" should always be older and stronger than the "Armenian". It was a fair shortcoming, so Natik had nothing else to do but be the "Armenian". He took his toy gun and silently came back to his part of the "battlefield..."

Just like it is for all children these days, the favorite game of Sabina and Natik is the war game, "Armenian-soldier" in the children's language. The reason is that this game is probably the closest to reality. Of course, these children know nothing about reality yet. But as the saying goes, "ashugh sings about what he sees". The game "Armenian-soldier" made its way to the kids' lives from television, adults' conversations, spread its roots deeply and they did not understand yet that the game would grow with them, who knows, maybe its influence would decrease,



but it would never disappear, would never go away from them. The game, the product of imagination of children who are unaware of many things, did not have any special rules. According to the children, the "soldier" can only be one of "our people," they wear a green uniform, they are friendly and brave and are afraid of no one. "Armenian" is

Armenian — according to the children, he can never be a soldier. The children imagined the Armenians as longhaired, bearded, cruel and savage people. The four-year-old Natik, who was absolutely unlike that character, had to be the "Armenian". Although he was tired of being the "Armenian," he was not tired of the game. Maybe because each military program and reportage the kids watched on TV added new components and details to their favorite game. One thing was unchanged in the game: it always had the same end — "the "soldier" was the winner!"



It is the most heated moment in the fight. The “Armenian” is in the “trench,” he hid behind the bed. He knows that he is going to be shot and the “fight” will come to an end after that. To prolong the “fight” as far as possible in that interesting game, Natik tries not to come out from behind of the bed. The “soldier” Sabina is absolutely confident of herself.

Fearing nothing, not hiding and standing up straight, she comes up to the place where her brother hid, holding a gun in her hand. On seeing it, without looking up, Natik directed his gun towards Sabina and opened “fire”.

— You died, Sabina!

— No, I did not die. The bullet did not hit me.

— No, I shot you. Then at least become wounded.

— I will never be wounded. I have a “bullet-proof vest” on”!

— Then I will take aim at your head. Look, this way... bump, bump.

— I have a “helmet” on my head. Your bullets do not hit me.

— Where is your helmet? You could at least put on a hat.

— What do you mean? Do you want the soldier to die?

The fair objection made Natik think. His sister’s deception was indeed justified. Can the soldier die for good? What about Natik? Does it mean that he will never be the winner? Never. Of course no as long as he will be the “Armenian”.

The child did not understand the notions of “patriotism” and “nationalism” and did not know that those feelings prevailed over his individuality in his heart at that moment.

— Bump, bump, bump! You died, Natik! The “soldier” won. Hurrah!

March forward! March forward!

Azerbaijani soldier!

Natik, who was just defeated, started singing the march with his sister, as if nothing had happened. The march was the children’s favorite song. Both Sabina and

The children imagined the Armenians as longhaired, bearded, cruel and savage people.

Natik knew the words of the march by heart, unlike such children's songs as Jujalarim and Doll.

A knock at the door interrupted their singing. Apparently, they have guests. They both looked out of the room.

What about Natik? Does it mean that he will never be the winner? Never. Of course no as long as he will be the "Armenian".

They are not mistaken — their neighbor, madam Aliya, has come on a visit. The children were always happy when madam Aliya visited them. That friendly woman never forgot about Sabina and Natik and always brought them sweets. Perhaps today will not

be an exception. The children knew that after greeting the elders, madam Aliya would ask how they were doing and then would call the children. Until that moment, they could play the "Armenian-soldier" once again.

— Natik, I am going to count to ten. Go into the trench quickly! One, two, three, four...

— I am ready. You also hide.

— Why? I am the "soldier". The "soldier" is not afraid of the "Armenian," therefore I do not hide.

— Do you know what I am going to do? — Natik said, frowning.

— What?

— I will throw a grenade and you will die.

— Natik, Sabina, come here! — the mother called them to the kitchen.

Although they did not like abandoning the game in the middle, they ran to the kitchen. The mother was making tea for the guest. Seeing that the children were waiting for her to say something, the mother caught Sabina and Natik and spoke in a low voice so that no one could hear her:

— You see, children, that we have a guest.

Please don't play your war game in the presence of our guest, will you?

They had never heard such requests from their mother or such a serious tone in her voice, maybe the mom knew an important secret that they wanted to know. The children looked at each other in surprise.





— Why, mom? Are our voices heard too loudly? Do we disturb our guest?

— Sabina asked.

— No, daughter, your voices are not heard too loudly, but they are audible. You know, I have to tell you something. Your game may hurt madam Aliya hard. The children did not understand one thing. Why should madam Aliya be offended by their game? Sabina asked her mother in surprise:

— But why, eh?

— Because madam Aliya is Armenian. Your game, your cries...

The children stopped hearing anything from that moment on. The heaviness of

the news the kids heard made an expression of incomprehension appear on their faces. That expression of incomprehension simultaneously showed surprise, fear, distrust, hatred and regret. Sabina and Natik thought the mom was mistaken in some way. For there was a huge difference between the longhaired, bearded, cruel, savage Armenians and their friendly, joyful and affable neighbor, madam Aliya, who loved them so much. Now, the children could not blame madam Aliya for her attitude to children and her good attitude to that family in general and... could that be a justification?! Both Sabina and Natik wanted it very much and wanted to find justification for madam Aliya. For instance, it came to Sabina's mind that only the Armenian men are savage, while the women look like madam Aliya. Indeed, when it was about the Armenians, she only imagined images of bearded savage men and never imagined Armenian women. Maybe there are no Armenian women at all! But no, the mom said quite clearly, "Madam Aliya is Armenian!"

Sabina remembered and replayed her mother's words in her memory and drove away the thoughts that came to her mind: "The Armenians are savage, they are our enemies, just like madam Aliya".



At the moment when she made that final decision her mother came out of the kitchen holding a tray with tea in armud glasses¹ and sweets. The children looked at each other in surprise, trying to understand it. Natik whispered in a low voice and fearfully:

— Doesn't the mom know that the

Armenians are our enemies?

— She does know.

Sabina lowered her head, as if ashamed of her mother's action.

— Why is she let into our house, Sabina?

— I don't know, Natik, I don't know.

— Why does the mom bring tea for her?

— I don't understand.

— Do the Armenians look like her, Sabina?

— Probably.

Natik was disappointed with his sister's vague answers. He thought that his sister, two years older than him, knows everything. Natik wanted to ask something again, but madam Aliya's voice was heard coming from the living room:

— Come here, children. Look what I have brought for you.

The children looked at each other in embarrassment to decide what to do next.

Their looks said clearly, "I will not go!"

Madam Aliya called the children again.

This time, Sabina said resolutely:

— I will not go to her!

— Neither will I. — Natik joined his sister.

— You know, Natik, we will not even eat the chocolates she brings us.

— Of course. — Natik agreed to his sister's offer.



The mother seemed to understand the reason why the children did not come to the living room. Therefore, she made her apology on the pretext that the children felt shy. The children were now

¹ Pear-shaped glasses for tea traditionally used in Central Asian countries

watching madam Aliya, secretly casting a glance at the living room. They were speaking in whisper, using such words as “she” or “Armenian” instead of the friendly form of address “madam Aliya” they had been using so far.

— Suddenly Sabina cried as if she had found answers to all the questions:

— I understood, Natik, I understood!!!

— Speak a little bit quieter. — Natik said cautiously.

— Do you know why she is like this? — This time it was she who lowered her voice.

— Why?

— Because she is a “spy”.

— Whaaat?

— A spy! She behaves in a friendly way, brings us sweets in order to know the secrets of our soldiers and report it to the Armenians.

It seemed that the thought sank deeply into Natik’s mind.

— It is true, you are right, sister. But the grandmother, the grandfather, the mother and the father — don’t they understand this?

— Probably they do not understand. They should be told about it.

The program “News” started on television. Everybody at home fell silent waiting attentively to hear what the newscaster would say. Pleased with their conclusions, the children also stopped talking.

They were taught to keep quiet during the “News” program. That program had some interesting moments for the children — military news! The program started with that news. The newscaster announced that four of our soldiers had been killed. The enemy also suffered losses.

The children were interested to see the guest’s reaction to the news. Her reaction did not keep them waiting long. Madam Aliya was upset to hear the news and started cursing her congeners, calling them mean and ungrateful.

But the children were not surprised anymore. For they were sure that she is a “spy” and this is the way a “spy” should speak...

Neither Natik nor Sabina knew that the “spy” was one of the thousands of Armenians residing in their country. The children did not know, either, that

Sabina remembered and replayed her mother’s words in her memory and drove away the thoughts that came to her mind: “The Armenians are savage, they are our enemies, just like madam Aliya”.

this Armenian woman had changed her religion and then name, in good time. Whether she had done it out of fear or she had indeed given up her nationality was not known even to the grownups. There was one thing the Armenian woman could not do — change the vicious blood of her nationality running in her veins. That powerlessness left only one way out to madam Aliya, who felt shy,— to swear and curse her congeners everywhere and whenever there was such opportunity. She was tortured by agonizing doubts in her heart.



- What if they do not believe me? They may even think that I am a “spy”.
- Let’s play, sister.
- I don’t want.
- Let’s play “Armenian-soldier”.
- I said that I don’t want.
- Why?
- That game is not interesting.
- But you played it before.
- I am not going to play it anymore.
- Are you afraid of being defeated?
- Yes.
- Don’t be afraid, I am not going to shoot you. You are a soldier. The “soldier” never dies!
- No, he will die.
- Why?
- Because now there is a “spy”. He informs the “Armenians” of all the secrets of the “soldiers”. The “soldier” will be defeated...

JAVAHIR

By Perviz Mammadov

He was standing with a hunting rifle in his hand, lost in memories... There was a snowstorm like this on that day 20 years ago, on February 26. He reached his courtyard. He did not believe his own eyes. Two Armenians were trying to shove his 8-year-old daughter into a vehicle.

He understood that there was no way to save Javahir. He became thoughtful for a moment, then took aim at his daughter's head and pulled the trigger. When his daughter's lifeless body fell to the ground, his eyes met with the eyes of the Armenian who was dragging her. He recognized him. It was Hayko. He himself had left a scar on his face six months ago.

20 years later, he was again looking into Hayko's eyes. But this time his dead body was lying at Javahir's grave.



20 years later, he was again looking into Hayko's eyes. But this time his dead body was lying at Javahir's grave.

THE ARMENIAN

Chingiz was a refugee from Karabakh. His entire family died in Khojaly¹. He was seven years old then, but he remembered nothing about his family, about Khojaly, he did not remember a single house or a single tree. Nothing...

When the enemy passed to the offensive, a shell exploded near Chingiz and after that he forgot everything about his childhood. Snow-covered roads, whistling of bullets and dead people was all he remembered. Like other orphans, he was given to a family in a settlement for refugees. It is impossible to imagine in what kind of conditions the child grew up. Far from his homeland. Without father and mother. Their blood remained unavenged, but there was nothing he could do. The only memory from his family was a photo of his mother. His sacred mother was stroking the head of a small calf. She was looking at Chingiz from the photo. He never parted with the photo during his childhood.

Looking at the photo, Chingiz loved his mother as much as he hated the mean Armenians. The impudent, fierce and bloodthirsty Armenians. Chingiz hated them and that hatred made him stronger. His hatred became stronger as he grew up. Chingiz promised himself that the day would come when he would exterminate all Armenians. He went in for wrestling when he was a child; he was



the best at history at school. After doing military service, he decided to become a professional serviceman. He never parted with his weapon. Every night in his dream he attacked Armenian villages and set fire to their houses. He shot Armenian men, raped women and throttled children. When meeting his friends, he called on them to wage a holy war.

Chingiz said:

— Our nation has always been forgiving, my friends. Forgetfulness was our biggest mistake, the mistake of the Turks. We should massacre the Armenians without delay.

Hey Turk, return to your sources, you become stronger when you return to yourself.

We are a selected nation. The Turks should rule the world. Our enemies will

¹ Khojaly — a village in Nagorno-Karabakh whose residents were not evacuated during the war of 1991-1994, as a result of which they died on the approaches to Aghdam, while trying to escape. See the documentary "Khojaly. Between Hunger and Fire. Power at the Expense of Lives"

never allow us to live in peace. That is why we should come together and erase them.

The Armenians have always been mean. For centuries, they gained our confidence with their double-faced and hypocritical policy and every time they stabbed us in the back. They are untrustworthy.

They all are mean and they all should die. Their children are nasty because their blood is nasty, they have thief's blood. All Armenians should be erased from earth. Peace is impossible. Only war. They shed our blood and we must shed their blood. Until the last Armenian!

Chingiz's calls filled his friends with enthusiasm. They, for their part, spread those ideas, calling on everyone to fight the Armenian dogs.

The aim was not only Karabakh, but also the entire Armenia. Chingiz said:

— It is necessary to destroy Armenia by dropping a bomb on it. To exterminate the children and the women as each child will become an Armenian soldier and each woman will give birth to a bloodsucker Armenian. They all hate us. When you see ordinary Armenians, you cannot say and think that they are guilty, but they all hate you in their heart. They hate you because you are Turks. Do you want peace? Peace?!! What peace can there be? To open the borders after returning Karabakh so that the Armenians will return to Baku, so that some Armenian zibil² will enter the bedroom of our pure Azerbaijani women? Do you want this?!

What about the Honor and Self-esteem? We must attack them and eradicate them, once and for all...

When Chingiz turned 21, he met a very beautiful girl. Her name was Sabina. Chingiz fell in love with her at first sight. Sabina studied at the history department and Chingiz met her every day after classes, proudly wearing his military uniform. They often walked in the park, holding each other's hands. They got accustomed to each other in a short time. Chingiz's financial position improved and he bought an apartment in the city center. One day matchmakers came to Sabina's home. The girl's family did not mind. The guy was a serviceman, he did not drink

Chingiz loved his mother as much as he hated the mean Armenians. The impudent, fierce and bloodthirsty Armenians. Chingiz hated them and that hatred made him stronger.

2 Litter, garbage

alcohol, was not a smoker, was attached to his homeland, was on his feet, also, he was young and handsome. They got engaged and everything went on all right.

Several black-dressed men came to Chingiz one day:

— We must take you away for two days, Chingiz.

Chingiz stood still, at a loss:

***Their children are nasty
because their blood is nasty,
they have thief's blood. All
Armenians should be erased
from earth.***

— Who are you? Why are you taking me away? Where?

One of them replied:

— We are aware that you are going to get married, Chingiz. But you must meet someone. Don't worry about your wedding. We will care for everything. It is very important that you meet one person.

— Whom, where?

— We must go to Georgia, Chingiz. Your mother is waiting for you there.

Chingiz had tears in his eyes when he heard that sacred word. He embraced the men and pressed them to himself. His hands were trembling. It means that his mother is alive. It means that she managed to escape. How many years had passed, how much time had passed, at last he could reunite with his mother. Chingiz imagined stroking his mother's hair and kissing her eyes...

A train took them to Georgia the next morning. At an unknown train station his mother cried loudly, embracing his shoulders. Chingiz also wept, pressing himself to his mother. His mother was holding a fragment of the very photo that Chingiz had kept since his childhood. That fragment depicted Chingiz as a child. He understood that his mother had torn the photo in half and hidden one part in Chingiz's bosom so that they could find each other after the attack of the Armenian bloodsuckers. Chingiz was boiling hot. In his mother's arms he remembered the cold, lonely nights and wept even more loudly.

At last he could take his mother home to Azerbaijan after so many years' stay in a foreign land, Georgia. He was wandering in dreams and did not hear his mother whispering something to him, he heard nothing. Meanwhile his mother was saying something to him. He became more and more surprised. His mother was indeed saying something, but he did not know what language she was speaking. He did not understand his mother's speech.

Suddenly someone put his hand on his shoulder from behind. It was one of the black-dressed men:

— Your mother is Armenian, Chingiz!!! ...

The time stopped, the time hands stopped moving forward, everything plunged into silence. The resonant silence made him feel as if his eardrums would rupture.

Everything was ruined in a single moment.

The black-dressed man went on to say:

— Your father is also Armenian. All your ancestors were Armenian. You are also Armenian.

Chingiz turned and raised his hand against the speaker to smash him by hitting him in his face, but one of the men gripped his hand. Chingiz whined like a wounded wolf. His mother wanted to embrace him, but he moved away and, gripping his head, fell down to the ground. He could not believe it.

One of the men in black turned to him again saying:

— Be stronger, Chingiz! We wish you only good. We want you to know the truth.

Your family was one of the Armenian families living in Khojaly. You lost your memory when a shell exploded during the war. Well, and now... now it is this way. Now you know everything.

Chingiz's whole life, all his intentions and dreams were broken, smashed. Finding his mother, he lost his homeland. He was not weak, he could bear it, his military life taught him to endure every kind of hardship. He sighed deeply, wiped his tears, rose to his feet slowly and looked at the men in black:

— Can you... prove all this?

— Yes. We are searching for missing people. Your personal documents are kept at our office, including your birth certificate and your photos as a child. Your name is not Chingiz. Your name is Vardan. You were shown on television recently. Your mother saw that accidentally and then we found you.



Your mother is a good woman. She had been waiting for you during all these years, but your father died during the war.

— Doesn't my mother know Azerbaijani at all?

— We wanted to talk to her. Apparently she knows it poorly.

On hearing these words, his mother whispered:

— I loves you, son. My. Own son. Love.
Chingiz did not know what to do.

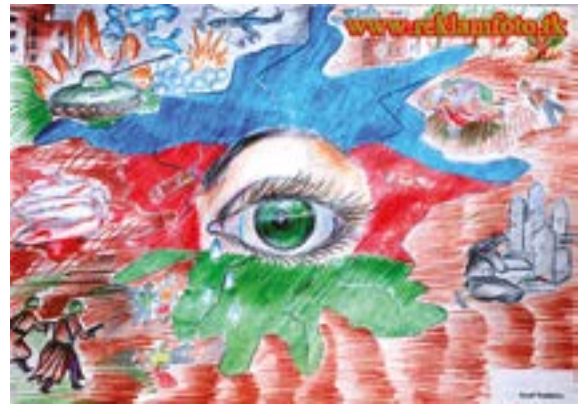
However, it seemed that the men in black had considered everything in advance:

— You cannot change anything any more.
Take your mother and go to Baku if you want. Don't be afraid, no one will know anything. We will say nothing to Sabina.

On hearing this, Chingiz attacked them and knocked down the man standing in the middle with a single blow. However, the two others caught him and pinioned his arms. Chingiz could not move. The man in black lying on the ground spoke:

— Yes, Sabina. Your beloved Sabina. You were to have your wedding in a couple of days, weren't you? Do you really believe it? Do you think we will allow a decent Azerbaijani girl to go to bed with an Armenian? Do you think we will allow your foul mother to step on the Azerbaijani land?

Do you think we will allow you, foul Armenian, to live with us? You hate us. You hate all Turks. You hate all Azerbaijanis. You even hate Sabina.



— It is necessary to destroy Armenia by dropping a bomb on it.

Chingiz knelt down, crying:

— No, I love Sabina. I love Azerbaijan. I love my mother. I love you.

The man in black said quietly, looking into his eyes fixedly:

— How is it like to be Armenian, Chingiz? Has something changed within

you? Are you Vardan or former Chingiz? We let you go and we will say nothing to Sabina. You can take your mother with you.

It all depends on your conscience. Sabina deserves a real Azerbaijani guy. But you are Armenian. By marrying her, you will defile the honor of one more Azerbaijani woman. You are a bad man. Do you hear? YOU ARE A BAD MAN!!!

Chingiz said in a low voice:

— But I have not done bad to anyone. I cannot be bad.

The men in black said while leaving:

— You are Armenian. You yourself have been saying that the Armenians are terrible...

WILL THE
STORKS COME
BACK TO
THEIR NESTS?

7-year-old Azer's dialogue with his grandfather

A fragment

- **W**here did the storks fly off to, grandpa?
- The grandfather replied worriedly:
- Where there is peace and calm, sonny. They are not fools to stay amid such a brawl. We cannot defend ourselves and who will defend these wretched birds against the bloodsucker Armenians? So, they took care of themselves and flew off to distant lands.
- The Armenians are bad... aren't they, grandpa?
- The Armenians are our enemies, sonny. These damned people have been making our life unbearable for five years now, turning everything into poison. Once we accepted them as helpers, servants. We provided them with lands, houses and shelter. They grew up on the remains of our bread. May all the good we did to them turn out badly. Just as impudent dogs bark at their owners, they return ingratitude to those who extended a helping hand to them and supported

— The Armenians are bad... aren't they, grandpa?

— The Armenians are our enemies, sonny. These damned people have been making our life unbearable for five years now, turning everything into poison.

them in hard moments. Scoundrels, bastards, they bark at us — at those who gave them bread and shelter. Don't you see that even the birds left their warm nests and flew away through their fault?

Azer asked with a trembling voice:

— When will we return home, grandpa?

The grandfather became thoughtful.

He was taken aback. He started looking up and down, as if he had lost something. He did not know what to say to his grandchild in response.

Finally, he collected his thoughts and said:

— When the storks come back, sonny.

— And when will they come back, grandpa?

— Only He knows it — said the grandfather, pointing to the sky...

Azer often turned to the heaven since then...

— Will the storks come back to their nests?

His whisper was audible only to himself and the Lord of the heaven, the Creator.

The heaven absorbed Azer's words, but there was no response. The response from the Heaven expected on the Earth never came...

A TALK ON THE RUN

**Story-verse in the form of a dialogue.
For children aged between 5 and 12**

- **D**on't cry, my daughter. Let the Armenian babies cry.
- Where are the Armenian babies, mom?
- At the very bottom of the hell.
- But why let them cry? Don't you feel sorry for them?
- No, I don't. May the snake bite them if I am lying.
- The babiliiiies???
- No daughter, not the babies.
- But you have just said...
- I said because I was angry, I will not say so anymore

**— Don't cry, my daughter.
Let the Armenian babies cry.**

**— Where are the Armenian
babies, mom?**

**— At the very bottom of the
hell.**

**— But why let them cry?
Don't you feel sorry for
them?**

**— No, I don't. May the snake
bite them if I am lying.**

- I want to play with Armenian children, mom...
- Play with Zemka.
- Zemka has quarreled with me.
- Make peace.
- Oh no... I want to play with Armenian children.
- You can't, daughter. They are far from us.
- How far are they? In the hell?
- Yes, they are in the hell.
- Where is the hell, mom? Let's go there...
- We can't, daughter. The hell is a very bad place. Bad people live there.
- And babiliiiies?

- No (*in embarrassment*).
- But you said it yourself.
- Fathers and mothers of babies are in the hell, but the babies are not there.
- So where are the children? May I play with them, mom?
- No, daughter. They are bad children. We can't go to them. They will take away your toys and break them.
- Don't they have toys of their own?
- They have. But they will want your toys. Therefore, they are bad.
- I will give, let them play, then they will give them back.
- They will not give back. They will not want. They do not give back what they take.
- I will not give, then.

GRANDFATHER'S DEADLY LESSON

Once upon a time there lived a grandfather and his only grandson. The grandson was also a son to his grandfather. Of course, there was a time when the grandfather himself had a grandfather, but now he was alone and there lived his grandson. The grandfather, having heard tales about Jirtan¹ from his grandmothers and grandfathers in the past, could not tell his grandson these tales. The grandfather understood that it would be wrong to praise Jirtan and present him to the child as a hero. “Because this nation had Davanshirs² and Babaks”³,— the grandfather thought and argued with himself mentally.



The grandfather began, «Once upon a time there lived a bald man»...

The grandfather remembered that he had brought up his son on those tales and he himself had heard that tale.

For some reason, maybe due to the genetic influence or something else, he understood that the child's fate would be decided now. The grandfather suddenly

felt himself like in a dream, he closed his eyes and when he opened them, he felt the misfortunes of the past years.

Beginning the tale about the “bald man”⁴, he suddenly passed on to the Armenians. It looked like he was telling it not only to his grandson, but also to the coming ages and generations.

— The Armenians are beasts, sonny,— said the grandfather.

He started to compare them with all wild animals, and reached the phrase

“Armenian dogs”. The grandson, who was listening silently and attentively, looked at his grandfather with distrust.

— Don't you believe it, sonny?

The little citizen of the democratic country asked his grandfather:

— Are you a liar, grandpa?

1 Jirtan is one of the most popular children's characters in Azerbaijani tales

2 Javanshir was the prince of Caucasian Albania from the Mihranid dynasty, the ruler of Gardman in Caucasian Albania. His father, Varaz Grigor Mihranid, became the first ruler of Gardman to get the title of prince of Albania. Together with Armenian prince Mushegh Mamikonyan and ruler of Armenia's Syunik province Gregory, he took part in the battle against Arabs near Kadisiya (637) on the side of Sassanid troops

3 Babak was the leader of Iranian uprising against Arab caliphate in Northwest Iran, Azerbaijan province (currently Iranian Azerbaijan, has nothing to do with the Republic of Azerbaijan)

4 Kechal is a character of tales

The grandfather said calmly and patiently:

— Why, sonny?

— You know, grandpa, I was told about wild animals at school and earlier at kindergarten. But they did not tell us about a wild animal called “Armenian”.

— “Oh my son, they cut our babies into pieces and disemboweled our pregnant women with bayonets speaking about “sweet Turkish blood”⁵, those beasts!

— I cannot believe it!

— Believe me, sonny, believe me, it is your own grandfather who tells you this.

— While you were telling me this, I remembered the film Faryad⁶, where an Armenian girl brings water to an Azerbaijani captive who was dying of thirst. How can her grandfather be a beast?

— Don’t you remember the Khojaly genocide⁷, sonny, don’t you see in front of your eyes the atrocities committed there, or don’t you want to see it?

— I was a small child, grandpa, and I was not allowed to watch it, and now my father turns off the TV, saying that these are “old footages”. Besides, you know, grandpa, our teacher, Aghayeva Roza-Khanyam⁸ said yesterday during the lesson that as a nation, we should forget such days. She said that even more terrible things await us unless we forget the past”.

The image of his teacher, shaking her finger threateningly and stating that “we should forget,” appeared before the grandfather’s eyes. He remembered his school years. In those years, the grandfather studied history as not just a subject, but as a science and at one time he even wanted to become a historian. At school, he was



the best pupil at history, Soviet history. He was considered as a leader not only at school, but also in the country. The grandfather, crammed with Soviet history, witnessed the collapse of the very same Soviet country. Later, he transferred to his memory the Turkic history from the words of scholars and from the pages of

5 In another interpretation, an opinion about “dirty Turkish blood” is imputed to the Armenians, which does not correspond to reality. It is a myth from the series “the Armenians whisper to the ear since childhood...”

6 Faryad is a popular movie in Azerbaijan by director and actor Jeyhun Mirzoyev

7 Tragic events that happened during the 1992 war, when several hundreds of people died on the approaches to Aghdam under unclarified circumstances; they were deliberately held by the Azerbaijani authorities in the epicenter of military operations. See more at <http://xocali.tv/>

8 Here — Madam

research works. Studying the history of Azeri Turks every day, he realized that the Soviet history was built on lies and forgeries. But it was already late, the year 1905⁹ repeated itself in front of his eyes. However, he could not forgive either himself or his people..

The grandson, who for the first time saw spite and hatred in his grandfather's eyes, reminded him that the above-mentioned teacher teaches physics and always says, "The force of action is equal to the force of counteraction," also in military affairs. "Besides, grandpa, our teacher says that "we have no right to accuse

the Armenians because the history of the Armenian genocide is known to the whole world. Our ancestors killed them, now they kill us". Also, she told us about the army of Great Armenia¹⁰. She said that their soldiers are as strong as Van Damme¹¹. As Van Damme, can you fancy that?...

— Yes, sonny, perhaps your teacher is right," the grandfather noted ironically. "And her last word, 'van damme', exactly confirms her Armenian descent, because it was the Armenians who showed the world what 'vandalism' is by ruining the Turkish lands and drinking the Turkish blood.

— You know, grandpa, I was told about wild animals at school and earlier at kindergarten. But they did not tell us about a wild animal called "Armenian".

— "Oh my son, they cut our babies into pieces and disemboweled our pregnant women with bayonets speaking about "sweet Turkish blood", those beasts!

— I say, grandpa, although she is a physics teacher, she knows history well. It would be good if she also taught history. As it is, it is she who tells us about everything we want to know on history, she reminds us the remarkable dates in history and explains their significance.

— Don't you remind her of the year 1905? Why don't you say that 'we forgave you throughout the history, while you have been barbarians and remained so'?

— You know, grandpa, we know history only thanks to Roza-Khanym. And there is a reason for it. Our history teacher does not conduct lessons properly, he says

9 Armenian-Tatar massacre of 1905, which Azerbaijan considers one of numerous genocides of Azerbaijani people. See more at <http://baku.am>

10 Great Armenia is an idée fixe of modern Azerbaijani historiography and pedagogy, which is sometimes declared and sometimes denied, has a bigger place and significance in Azerbaijan than in Armenia itself

11 Jean-Claude Van Damme

that 'you will study the humanities in the 11th grade at private tutors.' Now tell me how I can give examples and ask questions if I even do not know the historical chronology, especially to a person who knows history excellently?

— All right, my clever grandson, you don't know about the year 1905, you are not allowed to watch materials about 1992, but do you know what soygyrym¹² is?

— Dividing the word into component parts 'soy' and 'gyrym,' I can say that it means extermination of a people.

— Well done, sonny! Did your teacher explain this to you?

— No, grandpa, I learnt this from language and literature lessons. I love literature. It was by reading different literatures that I learnt what humaneness is.

— Oh sonny, it is just the right time for you to study history. You are obliged to know about the multiple genocides of our people so as not to stumble upon the enemy's bayonet once again. Study, sonny, study the history of your nation.

— Yes, grandpa jan, you said the word 'nation' and I remembered what my teacher also said. She said that we are not a nation, just as one of the numerous peoples, we live on the territory of Azerbaijan. History does not know who the ancestors of the Azerbaijanis were.

The grandfather was shocked to hear these words from his grandson. He had a sudden heart attack and died...

Probably, the other students of Roza-Khanyim are also in embarrassment. Their grandfathers and grandmothers expect not three apples to fall from the heaven, as it always happens at the end of tales, but death so as to escape the lot of coming across new atrocities of the Armenians.



12 Genocide (Az.)

STORY OF ILHAM AND FARIZA

Once upon a time, there lived a young man named Ilham¹. Having lost his father early, he learned blacksmith's work and provided for his mother and sisters with sweat and labor.

Ilham was very strong, and therefore blacksmith's work came easily to him. Being used to labor from his childhood, he did not remain idle for even a minute. Foreigners — "uruses"², Armenians, Jews and Tats, came to him from distant lands to order swords, shields, arrows, bows and other equipment. Ilham refused no one, did not make distinctions and sent everyone home satisfied.

The young blacksmith worked tirelessly and was proud of his fame.

A beautiful girl by the name of Fariza lived in the same "oba"³, in Ilham's neighborhood. She seemed to say to the sun, "Don't rise, I will rise instead of you," and to the moon, "Don't come out, I will come out instead of you".

<...> (we are not going to retell every detail of their relationship, we will only say that Ilham fell in love with Fariza, she loved him back and after several romantic dates when they admired the faithfulness and selfless love of the wolf for the she-wolf and saw the she-wolf throw herself down the cliff after the wolf's death, they decided to marry) <...>

Ilham and Fariza lived happily and their love grew stronger day by day. Fariza felt happy and was very afraid of losing her happiness.

Bad news came to the nomads' camp one morning. The Russians and Armenians united and attacked the inhabitants of the nomads' camp with the aim of murder and robbery. The inhabitants of the nomads' camp, Azerbaijanis, always considered the Armenians their younger brothers and Russians their elder brothers, so they were thunderstruck by their treachery and betrayal.

The locals did not have time to take up arms while the Armenians and Russians set fire to the Azerbaijanis' houses, with neither children nor old people spared. They mercilessly

killed everyone in their path. The nomads' camp was destroyed and plundered.

The Russians and Armenians united and attacked the inhabitants of the nomads' camp with the aim of murder and robbery.

1 This tale is recognized as a "model of modern literary works for children." According to Professor G. Namazov, it is called to cultivate "patriotism, sincerity, honesty and purity of soul" in children. It is included in the learning aids for pedagogical university students, as well as in the school curriculum

2 Russians

3 Here — nomads' camp

Ilham's smithy was right beside the road. When the enemies attacked, Ilham was in the smithy and could not hear anything because of the noise of sledge hammer blows. When he looked up, he saw his friends enter the smithy — Stepan, "urus," and Valod⁴, Armenian, who used to say to Ilham, "You are my brother". They were



armed from head to toe. Ilham asked what had happened, but Stepan raised his sword silently, lowered it to Ilham's side with all his might and chopped his head off. But it was not enough to Valod. He took out the spear made and given to him by Ilham in the old days and thrust it into Ilham's heart.

Ilham, bleeding and breathing his last, was thinking of nothing, remembering only Fariza.

The locals did not have time to take up arms while the Armenians and Russians set fire to the Azerbaijanis' houses, with neither children nor old people spared.

Meanwhile, blood flowed like water in the nomads' camp. There were pools of blood everywhere. The yells and moans of people reached the heavens. Those who survived were looking for their relatives. Feeling danger, Fariza ran into the smithy where she saw the bleeding Ilham. Her grief and despair were boundless. She came up and

pulled out the enemy dagger⁵ from her loved one's heart. Fariza laid the head of her loved Ilham on her knees and started singing a lullaby. For three days and three nights, they could not tear her away from her loved one. On the third day, at last, the aksakals forcibly took Ilham out of Fariza's arms and laid him to rest. Summoning her remaining strength, Fariza rose and went to the cliff where they had observed the love of the wolf and the she-wolf. With an effort, she climbed up the cliff and, with the words "I will not forget our oath," threw herself down the cliff.

Fariza was laid to rest next to Ilham and since then, loving couples come to their grave and swear to love each other forever.

⁴ Distorted form of Russian name Volodya (short form of Vladimir)

⁵ The author apparently lost the narrative thread — Valod thrust a spear into Ilham's heart, but Fariza pulled out a dagger

**INNOCENT OLD
WOMAN AND
INSIDIOUS
SIRANUSH**

In the ancient times there lived mighty Nadir Shah. He was known for his strength and wealth among the world's rulers. Wars broke out very often in those times and the strong states seized the weaker ones. Nadir Shah ruled in such times and for fear of Nadir Shah's might, none of the other countries' rulers even dared to dream of directing his eyes to his lands.

The ruler of one of the neighboring countries, seeing that might and strength, was so envious that it was driving him out of his mind. Seized with malice, stubbornness and anger, he became darker than a cloud. One day he learnt that Nadir Shah's "khanum"¹ would soon give birth to a child that would be his successor. His heart nearly burst with malice and he started taking secret measures.

He sent for a woman, an awfully cunning satan by the name of Siranush². He gave her detailed instructions, outlined her tasks and together with a large suite



of servants, sent her to Nadir Shah's country. Her servants walked about all busy markets every day telling everyone about the unsurpassed skills of their mistress Siranush as a doctor and a healer.

Soon the news reached Nadir Shah's palace. When he learnt about the magic healer, he ordered immediately:

— We should not let such a healer go, bring her to the palace, I want her to stay here until my successor is born and then supervise the health of the future ruler of my country. Give her as much gold as she will ask.

Shah's word was law and his people immediately went to search for Siranush.

Acting up and playing hard to get, insidious Siranush asked the desired price and sticking out her nose, crooked as a result of her devilish acts, agreed and went to the Shah's wife to the palace. Despite her ugliness, Siranush, with her insidiousness, in a short time gained great confidence of Shah, his khanum and the entire palace, so that soon all doctors and healers were expelled from Shah's palace.

With spells and cunning, that insidious woman sometimes poured poison into the food of Shah's wife and after several days of suffering, gave her an antidote

1 Madam, here — wife

2 Armenian female name



curing her and relieving her of suffering. The Shah and his close people started to believe in Siranush's healing talents even more.

Several months passed, the time came and the charming shahzade³ was born — after nine months, nine days and nine nights. Nadir Shah was so happy that he showered the country's nationals with unprecedented favors. Sacrifices were made, there were feasts and celebrations in every corner in honor of the prince's birth.

Even though Siranush praised to everyone the beauty of the baby, she only hated him and looked for a chance

to harm him. But the prince's nanny was always by his side, so she could not do anything. Besides, she feared that Nadir Shah would find it out and execute her. Also, Siranush had an important mission given by her country's ruler — to bring his man into the Shah's palace and make him a grand vizier in order to destroy Nadir's mighty state. Bearing this in mind, Siranush calmed down and started acting cautiously and coolly. The goal was to abduct the prince and she secretly prepared for it, insidiously telling lies about the nanny from time to time and whispering in the ear of Shah's wife that she is gravely ill and can harm the child.

One day Nadir Shah, his wife and Siranush went to a feast on the occasion of the prince's birth and left the baby with the nanny. At the peak of the celebration, bad news came that the nanny was killed and the prince was abducted. Nadir was angry beyond measure, his poor khanum fainted, Siranush also pretended to lose consciousness.

He sent for a woman, an awfully cunning satan by the name of Siranush .

3 Prince (Iranian)

“Regaining consciousness,” Siranush sobbed violently, but those were tears of joy and she only praised herself for the successful implementation of her plan. It should be noted that before each evil deed, the insidious witch considered everything carefully and always looked before leaping.

This time also she did her job successfully. Before leaving, she poured poison into the sherbet for the nanny and told her, loudly, in advance, that her face has a bad color and that she can infect the baby with the disease.

The nanny believed her and drank the sherbet. The Shah’s wife remembered that Siranush indeed warned about the nanny’s sickness and thought that probably the malefactors — Shah’s enemies — made use of the moment and abducted the prince when no one was looking after him.

Nadir Shah searched everywhere and issued a decree offering a good reward to anyone who will find the prince, but it was in vain. Insidious Siranush hid the baby so well that he would not be found even after years of search.

Ten days passed, the Shah’s messengers did not find the prince. Nadir Shah was in his palace, in deep sorrow, when he learnt that a wise dervish appeared in the town and he could answer all questions and solve all mysteries. The Shah ordered to bring him to the palace.

After some mysterious manipulations and fortune telling rites, the dervish told how the prince was abducted.



Amazed by the talent of the prophet-dervish, the Shah praised him and asked: — If you have a prophetic gift, then tell me if my son is alive and where he is now. I live dreaming about his salvation. The dervish said, after much thought: — May the Shah be in good health! It is a very difficult task. Your enemies are

powerful and have magical powers. To learn their secrets, I have to send my soul to theirs. If they find out, they may capture my soul and I will die. Tell me, great Shah, what you will do for me if I take that risk. The Shah offered him gold and jewels and promised to give him towns and lands if he tells the whereabouts of the prince.

The dervish, however, accepted none of the offers and said:

— Make me your vizier.

The Shah agreed immediately and the dervish again proceeded to bizarre divinations and spells. At last, he said:

— Your son is safe and sound. He is kept underground, in a wheat field, and is guarded by an old witch.

The dervish pointed to the exact place.

Shah's people went to that place to see the old witch

That old dumb woman, 80-85 of age, was once found by associates — Siranush and dervish. When the guard came to the old woman, she did not understand what was going on, thinking that the

Shah sent people to help her as the wheat remained unharvested in the field because of her weakness. The guards seized the old woman and ordered her to show the field and soon, exactly in the place which the dervish indicated, they found an entrance to the dungeon. It was there, deep below, where they found the crying prince. The dumb old woman was thunderstruck by what she saw and tried to explain something, but her gestures were not understood. For she was dumb. The child was immediately taken to the palace and the old woman was thrown into the dungeon.

The Shah was very happy and he fulfilled the dervish's condition and appointed him grand vizier. He ordered to execute the dumb old woman as her interrogations gave no result at all. But Shah's tenderhearted wife asked him to show mercy to the poor woman, reminding him that mercy will only increase respect for the Shah.

— Her face shines with kindness and such people are incapable of committing evil deeds, besides, if she stays alive in the dungeon, maybe we will find out the secret some day — she said.

The Shah heeded to his wife's words and gave an order to the guard.

Meanwhile, the innocent old woman languished in the dungeon and did not even know the cause of her misfortune. She got so excited that she



began to speak. The old woman begged the guard to bring to Shah's notice that she wants to tell everything she knows.

The guard informed the vizier about it and the vizier ordered very strictly not to bother the Shah and said that he himself will deal with the old woman. He prepared a hellish mix from various herbs and ordered the guard to give the

potion to the old woman for her to drink the potion, lose the power of speech again and not be able to tell anything to the Shah.

But the old woman knew those herbs, so she took off the old gold bracelet from her wrist and held it out to the guard, saying:

Even though Siranush praised to everyone the beauty of the baby, she inly hated him and looked for a chance to harm him.

— If the vizier asks you, tell him that I drank the potion.

The guard was a merciful person and he did not take the gold, but fulfilled the old woman's request. The next morning the vizier himself visited the old woman and left satisfied after making sure that she "lost the power of speech" again.

Siranush carried out all her tasks "worthily" and the only task that remained was to kill the prince. However, the vizier told Siranush to wait a little:

— It's not the time yet, I will give notice in due time.

At the same time, the vizier acquired a good reputation and the Shah trusted him completely, regarded him as the cleverest and wisest person in the palace and as he spent all his time with his son, he gave the reins of government to the vizier.

Spring came and everything was in blossom. People prepared for Nowruz Bayram⁴, in every corner of the country,

everyone congratulated each other and there was festive mood everywhere.

Gorgeous mutual congratulations were traditional among the rulers as well and the Shah ordered the vizier to send gifts to Arabistan's ruler. The vizier had long been waiting for such an opportunity and he got down to his business. It was time to muddle water and sow hatred.



4 Iranian ذورون — "New Day," Zoroastrian religious holiday, it is marked during the vernal equinox



The vizier prepared a caravan of gifts composed of ten parts. One big tray contained countless jewels and precious stones and the others were filled with various sweets and baked goods, with green cereal sprouts in each bunch. The vizier secretly added worm larvae to each of the trays, into the piles of dried fruit and nuts.

They were completely lost among the seeds and dried fruit and could not be distinguished from the general mass. The dungeon guard also participated in the preparation of the caravan of camels and unable to restrain himself, he took a handful of nuts and dried fruit and put

them into his pocket.

The vizier showed the caravan to Nadir Shah and he was satisfied with the work done. When the Shah left, the vizier took back the tray with the jewels from the camel and sent off the caravan. In a month and a half, the gifts reached Arabistan's ruler. Seeing the abundant gifts, the great ruler gathered all people near the palace and personally met the caravan. The entire people of Arabistan looked at the gifts with admiration and joy and could not wait until the gifts would be unpacked. At last, the great ruler ordered to unpack the gifts and... the people were horrified. All the trays swarmed with big, fat worms. Everyone was stupefied, the great ruler was angry, he considered it an unprecedented insult and immediately sent a messenger to Nadir Shah to say that he declared war. Let us return to the dungeon guard who visited the prisoners, eating the nuts and dried fruit stolen from the caravan. Seeing a bent, crying old woman, he pitied her and offered her some nuts. Seeing the dainty in the guard's palm, the old woman looked up in surprise:

- Tell me honestly, who gave you this dainty?
- Just take it, why do you care? You poke your nose where you shouldn't.
- Together with nuts, you offer me larvae of poisonous worms. If you have eaten it, then drink onion water immediately to cleanse your stomach.

The guard thanked the old woman and did as she told him. Clearing himself from the poison, he told the old woman honestly about the gifts and the stolen dainty. The old woman asked him:

— May I be your sacrifice, do so that the Shah hears me out, but the vizier does not know about it. Arabistan's ruler will declare war, there will be enmity and bloodshed. Nadir Shah and his country will be razed to the ground.

Insidious Siranush hid the baby so well that he would not be found even after years of search.

Late at night, waiting until the villain vizier falls asleep, the guard went to the Shah and told him everything. The Shah thought and decided not to hurry with the decision. First of all, he sent a messenger to Arabistan's ruler with a

letter explaining in detail the reason why the gifts were spoiled and telling about the real motives of the villains. Reading the letter, Arabistan's great ruler was satisfied and ordered his troops to turn back. So, bloodshed between the two powerful countries was stopped.

Meanwhile, Nadir Shah decided to test the vizier. He called the vizier and told him that he will not get up from bed all day and told him to take his throne for a short time and be ruler.

On the second day, he secretly got into the throne room and hid in a chest to watch the vizier's actions.

Early in the morning the vizier called the messenger and sent him to his country with a letter to an Armenian priest and then sent for Siranush:

— I fulfilled all the tasks. One of these days, the Arabs will attack this country and destroy it. Go and prepare yourself, we will leave the country at night, but prior to it, I will get into Shah's bedroom and kill him with dagger while he is asleep. You will thrust the dagger into the chest of the Shah's wife and take the baby. As we promised, we must take him to our ruler, may God give him long life.

Siranush giggled insidiously:



— Why don't you tell me to take the jewels of the Shah's wife?

The vizier became angry:

— It's not the time now, we must hurry up, if the Arabs catch us, they will take us for them and kill.

The messenger was the vizier's man, but he had not yet got onto the horse when the dungeon guard blocked his way, struck with a club on his head and threw him into the dungeon. He opened and read the vizier's letter with a report to the priest. The letter said that the whole job is accomplished and asked to convey to the ruler that Nadir Shah's country will be torn to pieces and he and Siranush will return to the homeland one of these days.

The night came, the vizier and Siranush were ready and the Shah decided to spend the night in the open air with his wife and left his son in the palace.

The situation was most favorable for the vizier and Siranush. A young maid was looking after the child. Making use of the fact that she distracted her attention from the child, they entered the room, took the child and fled.

Horses were waiting for them outside. They got onto the horses, whipped them, the horses started with a jerk, and with a crash and together with the saddle, they fell on the canes that covered the deep pit dug by the Shah's people earlier.

They fell to the bottom of the pit. The vizier noticed that the child did not utter a single sound and he looked and saw that it was not the child, but a doll. They wept bitterly.

Nadir Shah ordered to hang both betrayers, then he gathered troops, attacked the country of the betrayers and destroyed it.

The betrayers received the deserved punishment, they were ruined by their own envy and malice.

The Shah freed the old woman, left her in the palace and organized a luxurious feast in her honor, I myself attended it and feasted until I lost consciousness. Everybody waited for me to come to myself and say, "And the tale ends".



**BAD
NEIGHBOR**

Once upon a time, there was a state called¹. This was the previous name of Azerbaijan. Atropatena people were very hardworking and their skills and efficiency were famous all over the world. Rulers and kings of many countries considered it an honor to decorate their palaces with tableware and jugs made by skilled craftsmen from Atropatena.

There were many masters in the town, but there were only a few skilful potters. The workroom of virtuosic potter Ahmed was located inside the market. Ahmed paid attention to the boy selling sweets and small articles in the market, who often came to his workroom and watched the craftsman's hands carefully.

— What is your name, boy?

— Rovshan.

— Sonny, I see that you enjoy watching the process of making pottery. If you want, come to me and I will teach you pottery, you will not regret.

It was as if Rovshan was waiting for that moment. He put aside the sweets, rolled up his sleeves and set to work.



Rovshan learnt within a day what others learnt within a month and it took him a month to learn what others learnt within a year. For he had to maintain his family, his ailing father and mother.

Some time passed and Rovshan became a good craftsman. The earthenware made by him was bought by merchants like hot cakes and the poverty tormenting his family abated. His father got back on his feet and his family lived happily.

Over a hundred pieces of earthenware, with particularly beautiful design and decoration, accumulated in Rovshan's workroom over the past year. Merchants fought to buy them, but Rovshan did not sell them and there was a good reason for it.

A girl named Goncha lived in Rovshan's neighborhood. She was beautiful like a rosebud. One day, on his way to work, Rovshan heard Goncha screaming, he jumped over the fence and running up to her house, he saw a poisonous snake ready to attack Goncha. Rovshan killed the snake and saved Goncha. Soon they fell in love with each other and Rovshan sent his mother to ask the beautiful girl

¹ Azerbaijan has never been called Atropatena. Atropatena — Smaller Midia (Midia-Atropatena) is a historical area and an ancient state in the northwest of present-day Iran, it corresponds to the territory of Iranian Azerbaijan. Atropatena's main territory was the mountainous area east of Lake Urmia — south of the present-day ostan of West Azerbaijan, East Azerbaijan and Ardabil, north of the ostan of Kurdistan and the ostan of Zanjan

in marriage. But Goncha's father turned out to be wayward and greedy. He said that as his daughter is very beautiful he will give her to the one who will pay a bigger "bashlyk"² and demanded 500 gold coins. Rovshan's saddened mother returned home. His father started persuading Rovshan:

***Vardan was a shoemaker,
but no one wanted to trade
with him as he sold his
products at a very high price.***

— That man is insatiable, sonny, I have never seen or heard about someone demanding such a price for his daughter in these parts. Give up your love. Besides, we can never collect so much money.

But Rovshan was inexorable:

— Don't grieve, my dear father and

mother. I love Goncha so much that even if the price were 1,000 gold coins, I would get it by all means.

— But how? Even if you work day and night, you cannot earn so much money — his father protested.

— I know how to earn it. The earthenware I make is highly valued in other countries. Merchants buy it from me and sell it at five times higher price in foreign lands.

From that day, Rovshan worked tirelessly, but did not sell the finished earthenware.

At the same time, he gradually prepared for the long journey. After collecting the necessary amount of finished earthenware, Rovshan decided to set off.

Now we will tell you about another

neighbor of Rovshan who lived in the house next to Rovshan's. His name

was Vardan. Vardan was Armenian. He

was expelled from his native land for scam, came to Rovshan's native town and settled in the old house next to Rovshan's. Vardan was a shoemaker, but no one wanted to trade with him as he sold his products at a very high price. Therefore, his products were in poor demand. As soon as he learnt that Rovshan was going



² Bashlyk — ransom

on a long journey, he came to him, and bursting into bitter tears and telling about his tough fate and poverty, asked to take him along on the journey.
— Maybe there, in distant lands, I can sell my shoes and pay off my debts, otherwise I will have to end my life.

Another person would not believe Vardan as everyone knew him to be a liar, swindler and a conscienceless person. But the tenderhearted Rovshan believed Vardan's tears and promised to take him along. Rovshan and Vardan set off the next morning, with Rovshan's goods loaded on 14 camels and the Armenian's shoes on two camels.

They walked for a long time and in about a month they reached a big foreign city. As soon as they reached the market, Rovshan's earthenware,

loaded on one camel, was immediately sold at a high price. Vardan, however, sold only one pair of shoes. Anger seized him, and, unable to bear it, he said:
— You know, we have been on the road for a month now, I am very tired, let us rest at the nearest hotel and then come back to trade relaxed.

Although unwilling to do so, Rovshan agreed for his friend's sake.

The friends reached the nearest caravansary and the tired Rovshan fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

But Vardan failed to sleep, anger and envy seized him and he could not sleep a wink the entire night.

Waking up early in the morning, Rovshan noticed that Vardan was wakeful for a long time and his face was yellow. He asked with anxiety:

— What is the cause of such color? Are you unwell? Do you need medicines or shall I call a logman³. Don't be shy, tell me.

— I am probably badly tired. Go and do your trade and I will stay lying down — Vardan replied.

— Do you want me to take your products with me and try to sell them? — Rovshan offered his help.

Another person would not believe Vardan as everyone knew him to be a liar, swindler and a conscienceless person. But the tenderhearted Rovshan believed Vardan's tears and promised to take him along.

3 Logman — physician

— Take them and sell if it is not difficult for you. From this day, you are my true friend and brother. — Vardan said and turning aside, grinned on the sly and cunningly.

Rovshan did not know that his “friend’s” heart was burning in flames of envy and insidiousness, and therefore he believed his every single word.

Rovshan loaded Vardan’s products equally with his and went to the market and soon the entire city knew that a craftsman named Rovshan appeared in the market and his earthenware is unmatched. That is why Rovshan had sold out all his products before midday. As to Vardan’s products, only three pairs of shoes were sold. Rovshan was saddened by that. He came back to the caravansary and told Vardan:

— Don’t be sad, my friend. I will not leave you alone here. I will stay as long as you will need, for your products to be sold.

Vardan made like he was moved by those words and he cried bitterly.

In reality, he was extremely annoyed that Rovshan sold out all his products and brought a bag of gold coins and therefore, tears choked him. At the same time, he was thinking hard about how to seize Rovshan’s money and was making

insidious plans.

It was time to come back home and the friends prepared for the journey. Rovshan bought presents for his mother, father and beloved Goncha. As he was coming out of the market, he saw a caged bird of unparalleled

But Vardan failed to sleep, anger and envy seized him and he could not sleep a wink the entire night.

beauty. It was a parrot, it hit against the cage as if asking to be freed. Despite the high price, Rovshan bought the bird and opening the door, set it free with the words: “You are free, fly wherever you want”.

But the parrot flew around, came back and sat on Rovshan’s shoulder.

By that time, Vardan had finished his business and Rovshan planned to look for a guide for the caravan as their former guide, as ill luck would have it, was smothered by someone in the caravansary that night.

But Vardan stopped him, saying:

— We do not need a guide, I pass this way every year and I know the road well.

In reality, it was part of his plan as it was he who killed the guide that night.

Rovshan unconditionally believed Vardan and soon they hit the road. Vardan planned the journey for the night and sent the caravan not towards Rovshan’s

native town but in the absolutely different direction — towards an arid desert. No one knew about his evil plans yet.

After 20 days of travel, they ran out of water and Rovshan gave the last drops of water to the parrot.

He asked Vardan time and again, in bewilderment:

— But we went another way, this is an unknown area.

But Vardan calmed him, saying that he leads the caravan by the shortest way. And Rovshan believed him again.

Rovshan did not know that his “friend’s” heart was burning in flames of envy and insidiousness, and therefore he believed his every single word.

The travelers gradually lost strength, thirst oppressed them. Vardan ordered that the camel carrying Rovshan should be the last one allegedly for Rovshan to watch whether someone strays from the road. After a while, Vardan proposed that Rovshan — who had lost all his strength — dismount from the camel and go on foot, explaining that there might be a water well somewhere nearby and his (Vardan’s) eyesight is poor at night.

Rovshan did so and went on foot. At the same time, he wanted to shout to the cameleers that there was water somewhere nearby.

But Vardan stopped him:

— Do you want them to fight for water, do you imagine what will happen if they hear about water? Let us find the water ourselves, fill our vessels and bring them here.

After thinking about it, Rovshan understood that Vardan was right and he and Vardan went in another direction from the caravan.

Soon they indeed stumbled upon a well. As it was dark, they could not determine how deep the well was. Vardan said:

— The well is not deep, but in order to get water, someone has to go down to the bottom. I will stay here to take jugs of water and you will go down and fill them with water.



As Rovshan stooped down to view the bottom of the well, Vardan pushed him from behind and threw him down to the bottom.

Rovshan fell down on the bottom of the well, the alarmed parrot flew up from his shoulder and spoke out of excitement: "Wateeeer! Wateeeer!" No matter how hard Vardan tried to catch the bird, he failed.

He returned to the caravan, got onto Rovshan's camel, separated from the others without being noticed, and headed to the town. The camel was loaded with numerous gifts Rovshan had bought. But the most important thing was that



there was a big sack with gold coins tied to the camel's back. It would last Vardan a lifetime, even if he spent it daily without working.

Vardan got home at last after twelve days of travel. When he got off the camel, he saw that the parrot had been sitting silently in the back all that time.

Vardan expressed his sorrow and grief and with tears in his eyes, told Rovshan's relatives that robbers attacked them on their way back, captured Rovshan and took away the gold.

He noticed that they were in a way doubtful and distrustful of his story and pointing to the parrot, said that it is his (Rovshan's) favorite bird and it is all that remains from him. Goncha took the parrot in her hands and began stroking it, and the parrot again cried heartrendingly: "Wateeer! Wateeer!" Goncha immediately gave the parrot water and the parrot started singing Rovshan's favorite song which he used to sing to Goncha. Hearing the song, Goncha believed that it is Rovshan's bird and pressing it to her breast, said that she will not give it to anyone.

Besides, Goncha recognized Rovshan's camel, took it away from Vardan, disguised herself as a man, took the parrot with her and went to search for Rovshan.

All the way the parrot sang Rovshan's songs driving off Goncha's anxious thoughts, while the camel went back by the same path.



When the camel deviated from the route, the parrot yelled and screamed and the camel came back to the path.

But while they are on the road, we are going to tell you about Rovshan. So, he trusted and believed Vardan and threw himself (!) into the deep pit.

He did so much good to Vardan that it never occurred to him that Vardan would treat him perfidiously. It was only now that he realized Vardan's true nature. No matter how much he called Vardan for help, there was no answer. Rovshan sat at the bottom of the well and thought that he could die there and never see Goncha again drove him mad.

He did so much good to Vardan that it never occurred to him that Vardan would treat him perfidiously. It was only now that he realized Vardan's true nature. No matter how much he called Vardan for help, there was no answer.

Meanwhile, Goncha walked across the desert day and night, without stopping. But a disaster befell Goncha — two robbers suddenly blocked her way. Seeing a single and defenseless traveler, they put the dagger to her throat and robbed her, taking away all her money and water, as well as the parrot.

Goncha continued her way, thinking that “it is good that the robbers did not understand that I am a woman, otherwise they...” In these sad reflections, she kept walking across the desert for one day and night and towards morning, she suddenly saw the parrot dragging a sack with difficulty. It turned out that the clever bird had waited until the robbers fell asleep, seized the sack with gold and jewels and fled. The happy Goncha continued her way and in two days, she reached the well.

Soon Goncha together with the parrot pulled Rovshan out of the well and fed him to satiety. Filled with strength, the sweethearts set off on their way back and in a couple of days, they got back home. All people gathered at Rovshan's home in order to go to Vardan, raze his house to the ground and kill him. But Rovshan's conscience did not allow him to do so and he said: “May Allah punish him”. Then the town's people gathered and expelled Vardan from the town, and everyone lived happily ever after. Rovshan and Goncha married and achieved their dream. May Allah help us achieve our dreams as well.

OH
KHOJALY!

The Armenians plundered our homeland,
Burned the Turkic people,
Drank their red blood like wine.
Oh! Khojaly, a victim of treachery,

They bled white the religion of Islam,
Mercilessly put out the eyes and brains,
Buried the bodies without a white kafan.
Oh! Khojaly, a victim of treachery.



***The Armenians plundered
our homeland,
Burned the Turkic people,
Drank their red blood like
wine.
Oh! Khojaly, a victim of
treachery.***

I responded to the Call of Karabakh,
I came to the graves of frozen children,
I touched the topic of moaning Karbala,
Oh! Khojaly, a victim of treachery.

AHRIMAN¹ OF THE GLOBE

Word-for-word translation

Hey Armenian, hey thug,
Devil, Shaitan, say who you are.
Ahriman of the globe,
Hey crafty provoker
Butcher, criminal,
Isn't the shed blood enough?
Isn't the slaughter over?



***Hey Armenian, hey thug,
Devil, Shaitan, say who you
are.***

You have destroyed the Christian Albania,
And left no trace,
No name, no glory
You drowned our ancestors in blood,
And made them forget their history.
How much blood you shed,
How many houses you destroyed,
You have betrayed Christ,
Where is the Albanian alphabet?
You have left only the revenge of the native land.
Hey Armenian, hey thug,
You are only good at killing and hanging,
You are a stranger to humaneness,
You are sowing death, bloodsucker!

1 Ahriman — supreme god of the evil in Zoroastrianism

OBJECT-
SUBJECT

Homeland, homeland, homeland, homeland,
 Earth, father-mother, you, I,
 Foreign land, foreign land, foreign land, foreign land,
 Parting, nostalgia, torments, sufferings,
 School, school, school, school,
 Teacher — student — aim — essence
 Market, market, market, market.
 Buyer — seller, tomato — khiyar¹.



**TURK, TURK, TURK, TURK,
 GREAT, GREAT, GREAT,
 GREAT,
 Armenian, Armenian,
 Armenian, Armenian
 HOMELAND'S, SCHOOL'S,
 LOVE'S, TURK'S
 Enemy, enemy, enemy,
 enemy, enemy.**

Love, love, love, love,
 Man, intuition, respect — care,
 Hatred, hatred, hatred, hatred,
 Shaitan², intrigue, machinations, horror,
 TURK, TURK, TURK, TURK,
 GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT,
 Armenian, Armenian, Armenian, Armenian
 HOMELAND'S, SCHOOL'S, LOVE'S, TURK'S
 Enemy, enemy, enemy, enemy, enemy.

¹ Cucumber (Azerbaijani)

² Devil

FIRE

Word-for-word translation

Armenian, hey Armenian!
Your evil has burnt me,
The mountains and gorges you set on fire
Have burnt me.

Hey, you are fooling the entire world
And making new plots.
I will not set fire to
My own land, hey liar!
My heart and liver are burning,
My Azerbaijan is burning,
My blood, mixed with my native land,
Is burning,
My tear is burning there,
My mountains and stones are burning,
But though they are stones, scoundrel,
You may consider that my memory is burning.
The entire world is stunned,
The UN and OSCE are silent.



***Armenian, hey Armenian!
Your evil has burnt me,
The mountains and gorges
you set on fire
Have burnt me.***

The robber is not repenting,
The mother nature is silent as yet.
Remember once and for all,
Don't be obstinate, come to your senses,
Otherwise tomorrow you will burn
In the fire of my anger!

**DAMN THE
ARMENIANS,
DAMN
ARMENIA!**

The Hay shouts "Artsakh,"
What is the fool saying?
Karabakh will not be
The fate of the Armenians,
The fate of Armenia.

He is in association with Shaitan,
I will not be mistaken in my choice,
Hatred for the Armenians,
Hatred for Armenia
Will never die out inside me.

That hatred is never-ending,
It will not leave me.

And he who knows it
Will never show

A sympathy for the Armenians,
A sympathy for Armenia.

And who is their support?
Don't shudder when you learn it.
Everyone knows who
Secretly helps the Armenians
And Armenia.

Let's praise the Lord,
He will not let their plans come true,
And the entire world will say,
"Damn the Armenians,
Damn Armenia!"



***He is in association with
Shaitan,***

***I will not be mistaken in my
choice,***

***Hatred for the Armenians,
Hatred for Armenia***

Will never die out inside me.

ARMENIAN

Drive a dagger into his heart in the cradle,
This is how every Armenian must be annihilated, killed.
Hey, Jew, he surpassed you (thank God),
The Armenian creating evil and discord, looking like the devil.

Thank again, Jew, he did not leave you in solitude
And the Armenian will burn in hell together with you.

Not to die and see the happy day
When one Armenian kills another like a dog.



***Thank again, Jew, he did not
leave you in solitude
And the Armenian will burn
in hell together with you.***

ENMITY IN AZERBAIJANI WAY

Vay vay, it is cold,
The Armenians are hens,
Wherever you meet an Armenian,
Put a bullet through his head



MY ENEMY
TOY

One-act solo performance
Character: Girl, young woman aged 28-30
A small room, scantily furnished by household things, it is felt that someone lives in the room. Some of the things are folded and covered with a white cloth. The curtain rises and a girl comes into the room, examining the furniture with interest, lifting the cover hiding long forgotten things from the past. Under the cloth, there is a desk with boxes and drawers.

Voice behind the scenes: Where are you, daughter? We are going to have supper soon

Girl: Wait, wait, mom. I was missing my room so much... Let me satiate myself... *(she is walking about the room)* ...Oh my room! It has been five years since I got married and left. But every time I come home I want to stay alone in my room. To say that everything here is dear to me... No! I was not born here, I only grew up here. But some things kept in this room remind me of the place of my birth and my native home. I have kept them and brought them from my homeland... from Irevan¹ *(she falls silent... a pause, as if thinking, remembering something)...*



(Addressing the audience) Do you think that it is only grownups who resettle? You are mistaken. I was eight then. I understood that difficult times came and everyone was preparing to resettle. I also gathered my things, putting into my schoolbag textbooks, colored pencils, a collection of butterflies and one of my favorite toys *(the girl's face changes:*

grief, love, sadness)... We have changed many homes since then, and began to consider many places as our homeland. And my "camp" — my things — traveled with me. When I got married, I took with me everything except for the dearest thing — my favorite toy *(she is opening the box and looking for something)*. It must be here.

(as if to herself) ...Andranik. *(She found it at last, she is holding in her hands a threadbare "teddy bear" with torn off ears. She is pressing it to her breast and is addressing the audience with tears in her eyes):*

¹ Azerbaijanized name of Yerevan, capital city of Armenia

My toy, the most sacred memory from my native land, the sweetest symbol. (*She is pressing the “teddy bear” to her breast even stronger*). It was bought for me for my birthday in 1980 in Moscow... It was Olympic year. As an inveterate fan, my father went to Moscow to watch the sporting events live and I was born in

My mom did not explain why on that day they called us “Turk-enemy” and “Turk’s blood must be shed”

the very same days. My father was not just a fan, he was a sportsman, worked as a physical education teacher in our school in Irevan. So, while in Moscow, my father got a telegram saying that his daughter, namely I, was born, and he bought me a teddy bear Mishka.

As far as I can remember, I always had many toys as a child, but it is this toy that was special and favorite, I don’t know why. Maybe because it was the first one, because my father bought it, or because of what happened later, when the teddy bear was named Andranik, I loved it most of all and never parted with it.

At that time, everyone still called you Mishka (*stroking its head*). But once I got angry and tore off your ear and at the suggestion of my uncle, who was visiting us, I named you Andranik.

Then my father said smiling, “Once you get into the hands of shaitan, you can even lose your legs.” I felt that my uncle liked it when I called you Andranik (*addressing the toy*).

But my mother got angry every time, and did not allow me to call you this way. At last we came to an agreement that I would not call you by that name among Armenian children, although I did not understand why.

I must say that my mother kept many things secret from me at that time, I don’t



know whether to reproach her or thank now. I remember that in April my mom did not let me leave home. She said that it would be better if our Armenian neighbors did not see us on that day. My mom did not explain why on that day they called us “Turk-enemy” and “Turk’s blood must be shed”², and I probably would not understand it. Only many years

² Myth widely spread in Azerbaijan that has nothing to do with reality

later I learned that it was the day of genocide, of course, invented by them. And on that day they had a tradition to shed the blood of the Turks, that is our blood. But my mom did not tell us about it then, I remember pretty well that when those events began, my Armenian classmate said, "When will you at last get away?" I came home in tears and told my mom about it. I remember that she tried to find any kind of justification to the girl, she said that maybe I hurt her some way or she did not understand what she said. My mom never told us that they were looking at us with the eyes of an enemy. Even when we were deported from our homes, I did not understand what was going on. When I wanted to say goodbye to our neighboring children, who had stopped playing with me, my mom said, "It is not the time for it" and did not let me go.

Voice behind the scenes: What have you seen there, my girl? Are you talking to the walls?

Girl (*pressing the toy to her breast, as if trying to hide it inside herself, loudly*): No, no, nothing, mom, I am just examining my old things. Maybe I will take something with me for the kids (*and again turns to the audience*). Our moving from Irevan appeared not to be easy. My father, with his remarkable health, could not bear it, took to his bed in one of our numerous temporary asylums and died of heart attack (*crying*). He failed to put up with homelessness and loss of homeland. Less than a year after our resettlement, my younger brother died of an unknown disease, right in the wagon where we lived. My uncle, who named my toy Andranik, was killed soon while fighting "andraniks" in Karabakh. We remained alone in life — me, my mom and my beloved "Andranik".

On one of those hard days, when we remained alone, I opened my schoolbag and took out my favorite toy. Pressing it to my breast, I whispered softly and very, very sweetly, "Andranik, my Andranik."

My mom came at that moment. I will never forget that moment and

I had never seen my mom that way. With her face distorted with anger, she was snatching the toy from my hands, shouting, "I will kill him." I was trying to snatch back my favorite toy, repeating, "This is a gift from dad, let it alone." We were shouting so loudly that refugees from other wagons crowded near our wagon. No one understood what was going on. There was a drama unfolding in front of their

My uncle, who named my toy Andranik, was killed soon while fighting "andraniks" in Karabakh

eyes — mother and daughter were standing opposite each other and, shouting furiously, were tearing the toy to pieces. At that moment, it seemed to me that my mom had gone mad: her maddened eyes, distorted face, heartrending cries and words, incomprehensible and dreadful, “It is he who killed my child and my husband. It is he, Andranik. And I will kill him. I will erase him. It is he who took away my house. I will not let him live.”

Until now, when I remember those moments, it makes my hair stand on end. But what I wanted then was only to save Andranik.

As a result, I took it away from my mom’s hands, threadbare and torn to pieces.

Since, in my fear of my mom, I hid it and never took it in my hands again, but I did not throw it away, either.

Many years passed, and I learned who Andranik was and why we got into such a situation. I came to hate my toy. Because it was torn, it was no longer Andranik. But I failed to hate.



I already knew that Andranik, as it turned out, was an Armenian hero, a general. He served in the Ottoman army and they cut off his ear for treachery. In revenge, he organized a mass murder of my compatriots in 1918 and cut off everyone’s ears after the killings³.

I would very much like that my children know about this toy, which became

a symbol of my homeland to me. But I am scared to tell them about all this.

What if they ask who Andranik is? I wonder if we can already tell them about our enemies. They are still small children. Or shall I keep silent like my mom?

(now dropping the torn toy, now picking it up and pressing it to her breast, as if deciding whether to take it with her or leave).

Voice behind the scenes: Well, daughter, did you find something to take to the kids?

Girl *(as if getting rid of long hesitations, threw down the tattered toy):*

— No, mom, I found nothing... let everything stay as it is.

³ Myth widely spread in Azerbaijan that has nothing to do with reality

FOLK PROVERBS AND SAYINGS

Original: Ermənidi — ölməli

Translation: Armenian — must die

Meaning: One of the main slogans of the rallies in Baku in 1988

Original: İşin xətrinə erməniyə də deyir
deyər

Translation: For business, he can even call
an Armenian his uncle

Meaning: He is ready to abase himself for
the sake of profit

Original: Erməni olsa da, yaxşı oğlandı

Translation: Although he is Armenian, he
is a good guy

Original: Erməni budaq cümləsi

Translation: Florid Armenian sentence



Original: Erməni balası

Translation: Armenian cub

Meaning: For an Azerbaijani, a sacred curse of a child

Original: Söhbətin şirin vaxtı erməni gəldi.

Translation: An Armenian came during sweet talk

Original: Erməni söyüşü

Translation: Armenian swearword

Meaning: Subtle ironic remark

Original: Harda gördün erməni vur başına gülləni

Translation: Wherever you meet an Armenian, put a bullet through his head

Original: Mundar erməni

Translation: Filthy Armenian