

My hope in you

"My name is Hermine, Hermine Davidyan. I live in Iraq with my family who fled to Iraq in 1917 after the Armenian genocide. There was always a part of me, a part that was looking for my other part. It wasn't easy growing up here, but it wasn't that bad either. It was just not my home. I am now 20 years old, the youngest child in my family, with my two older brothers, Raffik and Gregor. I love art, doing art classes at an university has always been my dream. Besides, I got a scholarship to go to Armenia to study there, so I'm very excited."

Hermine, is a 20-year-old Armenian woman who goes to her mother country Armenia to study art. Her parents immigrated to Iraq in 1917 because of the Armenian genocide, and have lived there so far. Going there to study, she meets Tigran, a 26-year-old Armenian who has always lived freely. He falls in love with Hermine as soon as he sees her, and that's where their love story begins. A love story filled with tragedies, pain, love, and miracles. Hermine gets to know his past, and Tigran will face some danger in his life. Will their miracle be enough to save their love?

A poisoned love by their past

By

Rita Khatchadorian

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This book is dedicated to:

I've always loved listening to people's stories. Loved reading books that taught us a lesson to learn from others' experiences. I wrote this story while listening to other people's pain from their past. The decisions they had made in their past when they were younger, later became be a punishment. We all have a story to tell, which is why we are writing today. A written story that's going to be a lesson to tell and pass on. This story is a love story that has hope, pain, and regrets. I dedicate this story in honor of all the love stories that happened, but that remained silent because of the pain they had to endure.

About the author:

Rita Khatchadorian, (born June 22, 1998) in Alexandroupoli (Greece) is a Belgian author and blogger of Armenian origin. Her father decided to use the invented surname Baberyan for personal reasons, but Khatchadorian has been her family's surname for centuries. She was raised as a Christian and grew up in the Armenian Apostolic Church. She speaks seven languages fluently. Most of her life, she went to private schools and got one of the best grades in school. She began to do art at the age of eight and continued up to this day. She found art in everything she loved. Writing songs, poems, and stories has been one of her hobbies since she was little. When she was little, she went to French schools and always wrote a Shakespeare story on a piece of paper and made her classmates the actors of the story. Shakespeare was one of her favorite writers of all time. She is currently studying at Middlesex University United Business Institute and will graduate this year. She graduated in criminology when she was 20. She has four more siblings at home and is the oldest of all children. "My hope in you" and "Touch of Heaven" are her first books that she published.

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CHAPTER ONE

-2020 Yerevan-

“Grandma! Where are you? Where'd mom go?” The little girl runs into the garden, where Hermine cuts her roses out of her garden, and later places them in a vase. Her favorite roses are the white ones. Hermine replies to her grandchild, "Why are you crying? Your mother will be here soon, for now, let's have a grandmother and grandchild moment" as she kissed her grandchild. Her grandchild, Ellen, asks her grandmother, “Grandma, why do you love white roses so much?” — She smiles and looks at her, she replies: “Because every flower has a story to tell.” When she ate her cookies, Ellen answered her grandmother, “What was your story then?” Hermine takes her grandchild on her lap and looks at her: “Do you want to hear it?” Hermine raises her eyes and smiles: "Let me start from the beginning then.”

- 1987 Mosul, Iraq -

Hermine goes out on the street as she just went to buy her favorite white roses from the store where she would always go to. The white roses have always been her favorite, watching them would make her happy. As she approaches her house, she hears a woman screaming at the door where her mother was standing. "It's not fair, why should your daughter get a scholarship and not my daughter? This is our land! Our people should first have it before others!" Hermine walks further towards her house when she dropped her roses and runs to her mother. Hermine addresses the lady and says: "Aunt Sayfu, if you have a problem, you should go and talk to those who give scholarships to people, not to my mother!" Sayfu looks at Hermine and says: "Look at this brat and how she talks." Hermine's mother steps between them and tells Sayfu to leave her daughter alone and stop coming here as she drags Hermine in. Once inside, her brothers come downstairs because of the noise they heard. Her father comes in from the garden and sees his wife's eyes all teary. Her mother, Tzaghik, sits down and looks proudly at her daughter.

She says, “Hermine, you should never let anyone put your head down! We believe in you, my dear, me and your father.” Her brothers came inside as well, and approaches Hermine and kissed their sister’s head.

Gregor says, “You will be a wonderful student. We will work here and send you money so that you can make us proud, my beautiful sister.” Their father, Movsep, looks at them as he walks toward them. Everyone looks at each other. Hermine says, “My lovely father, my dear mother, I will make you all so proud, I promise.” Her father takes her hand and answers, “You already made us proud when you were born my precious daughter.”

Hermine goes up to her room. She sees two empty luggages that her mother had prepared. Her mother enters the room and sits on her bed. Hermine walks towards her mother and puts her head on her mother's lap while her mother goes through her hair with her fingers. Hermine asks her mother: “Mom, how did you do this all alone?” Her mother stays calm and takes a breath for a second. She then replies: “Living without your parents is hard, but knowing they are not here anymore, that you stand all alone in life, was even harder. I thank God every day for giving me your father at the age of 16. He gave me so much, and one of the best things he gave me were three beautiful children.” Hermine gets up and kisses her mother's cheek and continues to collect her clothes to take it with her to Armenia tomorrow.