

Crossing Parallel

By Ani Yeghiazaryan
Characters by Taron Marukyan

PD
Comic



This comic was made as a part of Peace Dialogue NGO's Let's See... Let's Choose... Let's Change... project.

The Project's German Partner - OWEN - Mobile Akademie für Geschlechterdemokratie und Friedensförderung e.V.



Let's See... Let's Choose... Let's Change... project is supported by the zivik (Civil Conflict Resolution) programme of the Institute for Foreign Cultural Relations (ifa) with means from the German Federal Foreign Office.

Aram and Ali were living in the same yard in the same block of flats in Baku. They were of the same age and they started and ended every day going to school, playing and singing together. Every time they played together, they sang a song. They had invented it themselves and it was a means of expressing their understanding and love towards each other. They had never asked what nationality they belonged to. They never argued and always protected each other.

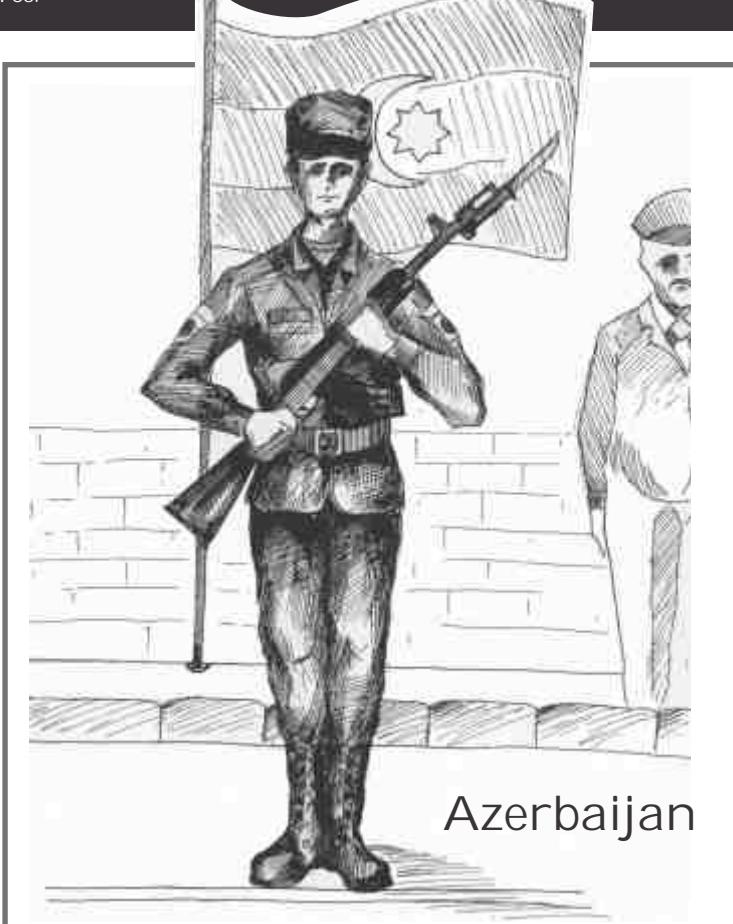


One day, Aram's family was packing their belongings. Their neighbours were helping them to pack and were saying that they would send the things to them as soon as they got to Armenia and settled. Three years passed and they sent all their belongings step by step, even their books and brochures.

Armenia



Azerbaijan

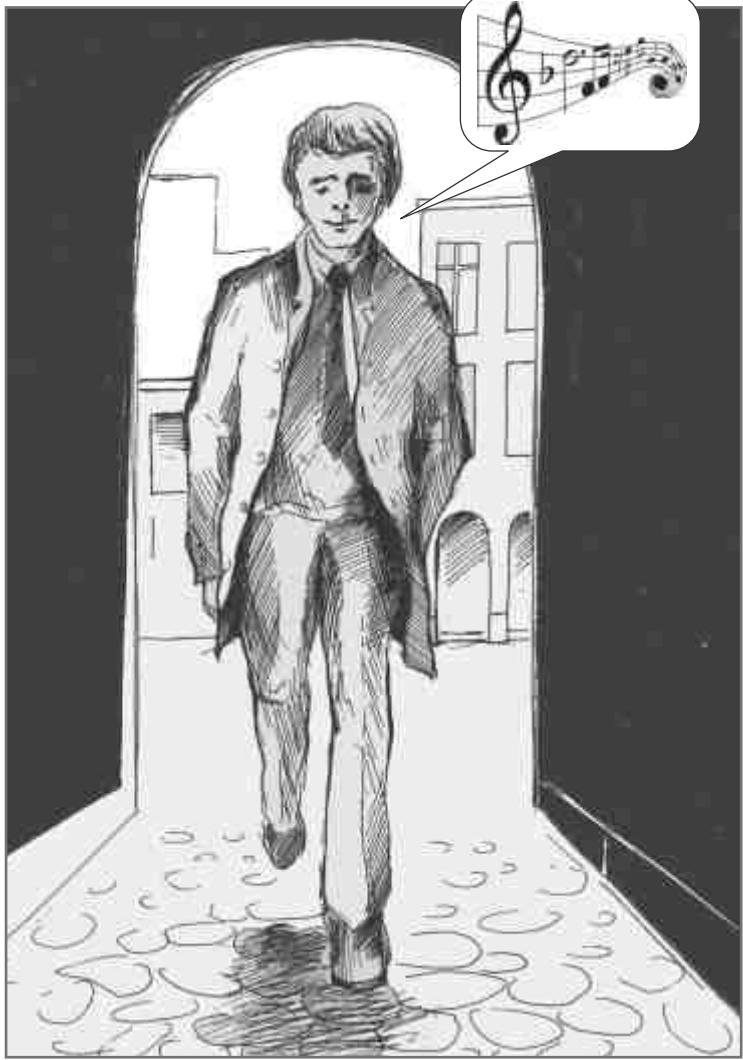


When Ali and Aram became 18 years old, they were called up to serve their nations in the army. They had forgotten each other and could not imagine that they would meet.

One day, they were each guarding the borders of their countries. Suddenly a song was heard. Either to ease the night or to help overcome the fear, Ali had remembered the song of his childhood. Hearing the sounds of the familiar song, Aram started asking questions in Russian and the two spoke so freely that the night passed in a flash.



On one of the following days, they understood that they had been acquaintances and even good friends. They were very happy. They started telling each other what had happened to them and what they had been busy with in the intervening years. After that, whenever one of them stood on the border, they sang their song, which was a kind of signal between them. The whole night passed in a peaceful, warm and friendly atmosphere. They even threw cigarettes and food to each other. They promised that, after being discharged from the army, they would find each other by any means and meet face-to-face.



Their acquaintance had left such a deep trace in their lives that after they returned to their countries one and a half years later, they talked and told stories about each other all the time. I don't know whether they kept their promise and met or not. But they never thought that they were enemies. The genuine song of their childhood connected and protected them...