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Ana's Moment

The military crimes described in the book are fictitious. However, there were other, graver crimes committed in the region, but so far no one has been held responsible for them.

1

I was lost. When asked where I lived, I said I didn't remember. I had no idea how I ended up in the park where a little girl was playing with a ball and an old woman was selling sunflower seeds. Before I rose to my feet and asked the old woman about the girl, I had a strange feeling of having seen it all earlier. I didn't know where or when but I had no doubt that what I saw was a repetition of something that had already happened. The woman said she didn't know the little girl. I got angry. I was sure she was lying. Then I said something that brought a worried expression to her face. My body, which seemed to be independent of me, forced a wave of my hand and a yell. The little girl stopped playing and stared at me. Her ball rolled onto the road.

In exactly six minutes and thirty-four second ('exactly' because I was keeping time) a police officer said:

"Hello."

My instinct prompted me to smile. The officer said:

"What's going on?"

"What's going on?" I repeated in amazement and, suddenly, a growing sense of alarm set in. I thought that this uniformed man with a distrustful gaze was about to ask who I was, where I lived and how I got there. All I knew was that I had no answer to any of those questions.

"What's your name?" the officer asked.

"I don't know."

Then he asked if I remembered anything and I told him I had cooked dinner and ironed my husband's shirt before leaving home.

"So you're married?"

His question scared me.

"I don't think so."

Approximately fifteen minutes later ('approximately' because I wasn't keeping time) I was sitting on a bench at the police station, waiting for someone. Eventually, he came – a police officer, young but with grey hair. As soon as he looked at me, he was utterly surprised.

"You are Ana Nakashidze, the writer, aren't you?"

"Who?"

"The writer, Ana Nakashidze."

"I don't think so."

"You are, definitely."

"You must be mistaken. I haven't written anything in my life."

"If you don't remember anything, how can you be so sure?"

"I don't know. But I know I'm right."

For some time he stared at me. Then he left the room for a couple of minutes. When he returned, he sat at the table and looked at the computer screen. Then he turned the monitor so I could see it and made me watch a video. A young woman was in a conference room, talking about Solzhenitsyn.

"True, you haven't made any appearances lately," the officer said. The woman in the video who was talking about the dissident writer tilted her head and laughed.

"I don't understand it," I shrugged my shoulders. "Why do you make me watch this? Who's the woman?"

The man was astonished.

"Don't you recognize her?"

His question disconcerted me more.

"I don't."

He leant towards me, stared directly into my eyes and uttered with marked deliberation:

"It's you."

I sprang up and headed for the bathroom. The officer followed me.

"What are you doing?"

"I need a mirror!"

I clearly detected hysterical notes in my voice.

"Please, calm down."

He grabbed me by the shoulders and squeezed them hard.

"I need a mirror!"

I screamed at the top of my voice. Everyone in the room stopped whatever they were doing and eyed me with suspicion. It seemed all movement had frozen in the universe.

"Time," the word escaped me.

"Pardon?"

"Do you feel that in this second, or rather in a split second, something happened in the universe? That something has changed?"

For some time the officer looked at me without saying anything. Then he looked at another officer standing nearby, indicating something with his eyes.

“You know, everything is expressed in forms,” I suddenly said. “You aren’t a police officer without your uniform.”

“You are mistaken.”

“I’m not. Try wearing plain clothes and giving orders to people in the street, even the simplest ones. You’ll find they don’t obey. That’s why your clothes determine who you are.”

“Does that mean you aren’t a writer without that dress?”

“I’ve never been a writer anyway.”

“I’ll ask again – why are you so sure?”

“The man you exchanged glances with is coming back. He’s got some important information for you.”

The officer looked back. The approaching officer whispered in his ear.

“Fine,” my officer said and turned back to me.

“Selden,” my mouth said. That moment it was functioning independent of me.

“What did you say?” he asked.

I repeated.

“Who or what is Selden?”

“I don’t know.”

“Then why did you say it?”

“I haven’t. Or rather, I know I said it, but it feels as if it was someone else.”

He put his hands on my shoulders.

“Do you realize the situation you’re in?”

I shrugged my shoulders and looked at the door. It opened and a young handsome man walked in. He headed directly to me. He looked genuinely concerned.

“Hello,” he quickly greeted the officer and immediately turned to me. “Ana, what’s happened?”

I stared at him in amazement. He took my face in his hands and kissed me on the forehead.

I recognized his smell, but not him. I freed myself and stepped back. His expression became even more concerned. Utterly lost, he glanced at the police officer who indicated with his eyes that he wanted to talk to him privately.

I guessed that much.

When the handsome man came back I already knew he was my husband, that my name was Ana Nakashidze, a writer, who had suffered some kind of accident in the park while watching a little girl playing with her ball, and that I remembered nothing from my life.

2

According to the husband, nothing unusual has happened recently. Ana hasn’t had any complaints or stressful moments. He says his wife has always tended to be a bit depressed, which mainly resulted in prolonged periods of silence. But until now her

indisposition has never showed so markedly. There were no records of Ana's illness in any psychiatric clinics, which proves that she has never taken any psychotropic medication. Her parents claim there has been no history of mental illness in the family.

Although her friends characterize Ana as a calm and level-headed person, they also say that to a certain extent, she is rather stubborn, fighting to defend her principles if she thinks the cause is worthwhile. Many might recall Ana's conflict with the magazine *Modern Literature*, which was obliged to apologize to her for its article published in its 14th issue in which she was accused of saying the Abkhaz War was inspired by the Abkhaz population.

For the last three years the writer has been studying the events of modern history, working on screenplays for the New Studio, focusing on documentary films. A new series was scheduled for October, but due to Ana's illness all projects are on hold.

As for Ana Nakashidze's childhood, everyone describes her as a gifted and hard-working but extremely mischievous child. Her school teacher says Ana always stood out for her intelligence and desire to learn as much as possible. Her favourite subjects were Maths and physics, the latter, most probably, thanks to her father who was a highly esteemed specialist in the sphere.

Regarding the park incident proper: Based on what the woman selling sunflower seeds said, Ana had been sitting on a bench for about an hour, occasionally glancing at the little girl playing with her ball. Then she sprang up, approached the woman and asked if the girl was her daughter. The woman replied she didn't know the child, which angered Ana very much. She began screaming at the woman – I'll quote: 'Don't lie to me! You've stolen my baby. Admit you stole my girl and raised her as your own!' The woman tried to explain, saying she was seventy-four while the girl was not more than six, so she couldn't be her mother. This irritated Ana more and the woman was obliged to phone the police.

As it turned out later, the little girl lived in one of the nearby houses and was out playing in the park. According to the girl's mother, she is not acquainted with Ana Nakashidze, has no connection to her, having just seen her on TV. The woman sounded frightened, demanding that measures should be taken to ensure Ana never goes near her daughter. However, judging from Ana's present condition, I strongly doubt we need to revert to such drastic measures.

At present Ana Nakashidze is in the Neurology and Neuropsychology Centre for further tests. The results will be sent to us directly by 4 p.m. tomorrow.

According to Ana's husband, there have been no changes in her condition in the last three days. She still doesn't recognize anyone, including herself. Yesterday they removed all mirrors at home because Ana got upset every time she saw herself, in fact was laughing and crying in a hysterical way. The husband says he has never seen Ana cry in all their married years. On the other hand, in response to intense emotions, for instance anger, she often laughed, which indicates disorders with expressing emotions.

As regards today's findings, Ana's computer failed to yield anything relevant. In the period preceding her park incident, she was:

1. Working on a screenplay describing the Georgia-Chechnya relations of the 1990s (the text contained no secret information);
2. Reading the following books: *Methodological Influences* by Stéphane Courtois, *Cultures and Organizations* by Geert Hofstede, *The Guermentes Way* by Marcel Proust and Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles*;
3. Writing a story, or rather has written only one sentence: "*The man will die on 25 November 1990 in the Moscow airport,*" (which can indicate that at the time Ana Nakashidze was writing it, she already had problems with time because she referred to the past action happening in the future).

The last entry in her notebook was: "*He loved Kant and Descartes and Marcel Proust, probably the most difficult person of the 20th century.*"

Who did Ana mean?

Marcel Proust and Proust's *The Guemantes Way*?

Also:

According to the evidence given by Ana's friend Giorgi Apkhazishvili, three days ago, at 1.07 p.m. (approximately two hours before the park incident) she talked to him on the mobile phone. Giorgi recalls the details of their conversation very well because he thought she sounded strange. More precisely, after greeting each other Ana told him that Václav Havel went missing. Giorgi asked her to explain what exactly she meant. In reply, Ana said that Havel had made the most correct statements and then she hung up. Her reply confused Giorgi more than ever but at the time he thought his friend was just joking ...

That is all for the moment. The information amassed until now does not permit to draw any conclusions – for this reason I will refrain from assumptions. We have to wait for the test results.

P.S. We have questioned so many people that soon the media will get wind of it and Ana Nakashidze's case will go viral. Be prepared.

P.P.S. I am ready to bet four of the most precious coins from my collection: there is a serious story hiding behind the incident.

3

I have read all books written by this woman. I've always believed that apart from being a wonderful author, she has an extremely strong personality who can bring about changes. And if a person has an ability to change anything in the world where everything is

subordinated to predetermined regulations, it automatically places the person above the mundane.

When she was brought in, she got into the corner of the room. While I was reading her psychiatric diagnosis, her scared eyes never left me.

The tests confirmed she is suffering from retrograde amnesia which means she has forgotten her past. The strange part is that as a rule this type of amnesia occurs in people over forty and is connected to Down syndrome, Alzheimer, dyslexia and other diseases. In our case, the patient is only thirty-two and has none of the mentioned diseases. Consequently, the cause of her amnesia must be a depressed state or psychiatric disorder.

Because I couldn't ask her about her private life, we touched upon general topics and I asked her to draw an imaginary animal, which unveiled that her subconscious is full of fears and anxieties.

It is obvious that the patient has had serious traumatic experiences and, possibly, the loss of memory is nothing else but a defence mechanism, an ineffective way of freeing herself from the trauma.

Yet another proof of the previously said is that Ana can confidently talk about Melville's *Moby Dick*, Feuerbach's philosophy, the essence of communism and Lyndon Johnson's political views but cannot remember who her father is, whether she has a brother or not. Ana remembers the general, but not the private. She knows human history well, but does not know her own. She has maintained the ability to evaluate events and is aware that there is something wrong with her but cannot determine the exact problem. That is why it is our primary task to extract her traumatic experiences from her subconscious so as to determine what brought Ana to present state. I firmly believe that after analyzing those causes, Ana will be able to return to her normal self and her social life.

At the moment Ana Nakashidze is most afraid of that 'other' who seems to be living inside her body, acts independent of her and sometimes even says things that she would hardly utter. It is our duty to discover who that 'other' is – Ana's former self that she does not remember or her present one that is attempting to replace her true self.

Some time is needed in order to come to a conclusion, but I am confident that Ana is not suffering from a split personality as opposed to what her family believes. In case of a split personality patients do not realize there is another person inside them. As a rule, those two personalities are unaware of each other, which is not Ana's case. To demonstrate my point, I would like to provide an extract from one of our discussions:

"I know, but I don't know why I'm so sure, that someone else shouted at the woman selling sunflower seeds in the park. It was someone 'else' who shouted that I was the girl's real mother. At the time I felt as if someone was using my body and my mouth to shout. I was watching from a distance."

"What do you mean? Were you standing away from yourself?"

"No. It seemed as if someone left my body."

"How?"

“I don’t know how else to describe it.”

“Do you have children, Ana?”

“No.”

“Do you remember it?”

“No, but there’s only my husband at home, or rather the man who says he is my husband.”

“Could your parents have taken your children away to keep them away from an unpleasant situation?”

“I’m not sure. Possibly.”

A pause. Ana is lost in thought.

“I still think I don’t have children.”

“Why do you think so?”

“Not sure. I have a feeling I’m scared of giving birth – of giving new life from my body. I think this isn’t a new feeling. I must have had it earlier. Don’t you think so?”

“It’s a possibility.”

“But do I have any children?”

“No, you don’t.”

Despite a somewhat confused conversation I can say I am quite content with our first session. As scared as Ana was in the beginning, she was calmer towards the end. It means she has confidence in me, which is excellent because if there is no trust between a patient and a therapist no results can be achieved.

P.S. I was told Ana Nakashidze is scheduled to be consulted by Vazha Popkhadze, which I do not recommend. Popkhadze’s approach towards his patients is direct; he often reverts to rough methods. At present, Ana is too frightened and his methods would not apply in her case. I fear the contrary: the patient could become terrified. I would like my recommendation to be taken into consideration and if it is necessary for Ana to see another psychotherapist, please send her to Nino Gagloeva. And finally, I demand a meeting with Ana Nakashidze’s husband and as soon as possible at that.

4

I keep asking myself what exactly has happened but I have no answer. Suddenly it became clear how fast one’s life can change dramatically. A second is enough. Happiness turned out to be pretty ephemeral. An illusion. A dream. One minute you believe everything is fine – you sleep with the woman you love, have a good job, go to the cinema and enjoy cozy meals in a tidy kitchen. But in another moment, in a terrifying moment when, for instance, while sitting on a park bench Ana forgets everything, a curtain comes down on the imaginary life. Quite unexpectedly you wake up in a completely different reality. The reality

in which the past is questionable, doubts are raised, certain episodes are recalled while you try to guess if all you remember actually happened in reality.

Ana spends all her days sitting by the window. She doesn't talk to me. Neither does she look at me. When I ask her something, she gives me a confused look. The thought that I'm a complete stranger to her worries me most of all. Ana doesn't recognize the man she has spent the best, happiest days of her life with, the man who has touched every single cell of her body, caressed and kissed her, the one who has given her violets and lilacs.

Usually I sit on a low chair in the doorway and watch her. I try not to miss a single thing – the moment she rises, moves her chair or opens the window. As if I'm guarding every breath she takes. And all the while, I've got a laptop balancing on my knees as I madly swallow everything written about memory loss, split personality and various types of schizophrenia.

A week ago I met Ana's psychotherapist. She cancelled two meetings she had previously planned. We talked for about four hours. The questions she asked made me want to die then and there.

"Has she ever tried to inflict pain or hurt herself?"

"Has she ever tried to commit suicide?"

"Have you ever noticed that at some point she was a completely different person?"

"Has she been a victim of violence?"

"Are you sure Ana was happy with you?"

No, no, no. I said no to all the questions. She's never attempted a suicide but how can I, at this moment of split life that looks like a psychological drama, claim that Ana was happy with me? I know nothing at all. I'm not even sure I ever knew the real Ana. Because the woman I've lived with could have never suffered from such a thing ...

At times I genuinely believe I'm dreaming. I can't face the ordeal I'm in. Then I go into our bedroom (or rather Ana's room because after that terrible day she is afraid of lying next to me, so I sleep on a couch in the living room) and Ana's ashen face brings me back to reality.

"How old am I?" she asked me yesterday. She was very pale, looked really ill. I tried to smile, hiding my concern.

"Thirty-two, Ana."

"And how long have you and I ... have we been together?"

"Seven years, two months and four days, including a year, four months and seven days of courtship before ..."

My voice failed me. I immediately guessed my answer had hurt her. My too. Ana leant on the windowsill with her elbows and was silent for some time. She didn't look at me.

"I'm sorry," she suddenly said, later.

I went over and put my hands on her shoulders. I wanted to hug her, to kiss her eyes, to say I loved her, but she flinched at my touch, so I stepped away from her. For some time she sat with her head hung low. The silence between us could easily overlap any sound, noise or scream.

“You know,” Ana said next, “a story keeps turning in my mind. I’ve been thinking about it since morning. I don’t know if it’s a fairy tale or something else. Probably a parable. I can’t get rid of it and I’d like you to help me. It’d be great if I knew why it haunts me.”

“I’m listening, Ana.”

“Once there were two men. One had a family, a well-paid job and was highly respected, so he lived happily. The other one had no one, was poor, didn’t follow the accepted social rules and devoted himself to protecting the weak from the powerful. He wasn’t particularly liked because he used to be rather outspoken when it came to telling the truth. By coincidence, they both died on the same day. When they stood in front of God, He asked the first man if when he returned home laden with food every evening he ever noticed a hungry beggar at the corner of his street. The man said he didn’t. He then asked the other man if he ever noticed a content, well-fed person. The man replied he didn’t. God wanted to know why considering that the man himself was forever hungry. The latter replied he had no time for content people especially when many others were in much dire need of food than him. God told the first man, ‘Did you hear that? You have spent all your life caring for your family and yourself while this man has devoted himself to caring for the well-being of others. That’s why you are going to Hell. You won’t suffer but will be obliged to watch other people’s suffering.’ Then He turned to the other man and said, ‘You are going to Heaven because you need to be rewarded for your virtue.’”

Ana stopped but I guessed her story wasn’t finished yet. I was right. She turned to face me and for the first time in many days, looked directly into my eyes:

“But the other man said he didn’t want to go to Heaven and asked God to send the first one there. God was surprised and wanted to know why. The man said he didn’t trust in God. His explanation astonished God: ‘How can you say that when you’re standing right in front of me?’ The man replied: ‘Only someone who has experienced happiness can feel happy, but someone who has been miserable all his life will only suffer from it.’ God found his answer even more astonishing. ‘What’s more,’ the man continued, ‘you have made humans free and given them the right to choose, so I opt for suffering rather than living in comfort.’ God argued that because he had suffered so much he deserved his share of happiness, but the man was adamant: ‘It was my choice not Yours, so I don’t need any reward for it. If You reward me now, it would mean I have been working for some kind of benefit, while in fact I did what I did only because I observed many miserable people who lost faith in You.’ ‘But they need to be patient,’ God got angry. ‘Job suffered immensely because he put his faith in me. I want you to know that the world today is full of Jobs who don’t believe you refuse to do anything to change their lives though you see their suffering. In this respect you are like this well-fed man. I don’t interfere with the choices people make. Everyone is responsible for their own lives.’ ‘Then why do you send this man to Hell for his choice. He has done no evil, hasn’t violated anyone’s freedom, has he?’ the man asked and looked at God. God was lost in thought.”

Ana ended her narrative. I sensed it was the end of her story.

“I don’t know,” I said.

“You don’t recognize it, do you?”

“I don’t. You must have read it.”

“But why am I thinking about it all day?”

I shrugged my shoulders.

“Did I believe in God?” Ana asked unexpectedly.

“It’s a hard question. I can’t say either way.”

“Why?”

“Because you always treated the issue philosophically.”

She was pensive for some time. Then she turned towards the window and looked out.

“Now I believe I did.”

5

The MRI revealed no changes which might indicate that Ana Nakashidze is lying. And if she is, why? What are her reasons? Why would a woman, well-known and respected, wish to play such a farce?

The psychiatrist explains the fact in the following way:

As a rule, retrograde amnesia develops at a later stage of life and is usually linked to other diseases (such as Alzheimer, dyslexia, Huntington’s disease, etc.). In these cases, an MRI shows disorders with the limbic system in the brain. Amnesia can be a consequence of brain damage, which, in its turn, results in changes. It is rare that retrograde amnesia is caused by psychic disorders. However, in such cases the MRI fails to register any changes. The problems with the patient’s memory become secondary while the psychiatric treatment takes priority.

The psychiatrist is confident that Ana Nakashidze’s case falls under the last category. He believes that it is paramount to determine the specific type of disorder so as to immediately start the necessary treatment. Initially, it was suspected that Ana suffers from split personality, but based on her narrative, it was later ruled out. For this reason, at present the specialist considers various forms of schizophrenia.

In addition, the psychotherapist is sure that Ana Nakashidze had an extremely traumatic experience in the past. In such cases, a mechanism of self-preservation sets in in most patients impelling them to forget, but in reality nothing is erased from their memory. A person thinks that the problem is solved, but the trauma settles in his or her subconscious and sooner or later it will surface.

Also, the psychotherapist thinks that Ana’s condition deteriorates day by day. For this reason it is advisable that she stays away from active social life and communicates only with her. With the help of therapy, she can ‘open’ Ana, convince her to discuss her trauma, which will eventually help the patient to cure.

I could question her competence, but I have asked around and everyone says she is an able and knowledgeable professional. At our meeting she told me she intended to work with

Ana applying behavioral methods as well as those of psychoanalysis. Frankly speaking, I didn't understand much from her talk.

In short, at the moment our involvement is not necessary. Ana is under constant observation. She is never on her own (mainly, her husband stays with her). Consequently, she can neither harm herself nor anyone else. We can consider the case closed as far as we are concerned.

However, I have done some research and discovered that Ana meant Merab Mamardashvili (the eminent philosopher died on 25 November 1990 in the Moscow airport; he loved Kant, Descartes and Marcel Proust). Apparently, Ana had begun writing about him and jotted down the phrase in her book to insert it later in her story. I do not see anything unusual in it.

As for her conversation with Giorgi Apkhazishvili, Ana's mind might have already been muddled (the phone talk took place two hours before the park incident), so their strange dialogue can be explained by her state.

What else can I say? It's good nobody wanted to bet against me, which means I still have got all my coins.

6

Sitting with her feet in an armchair, Ana was talking about the indefinite nature of time (for some reason she loves discussing time as such). Then, after a short pause, she suddenly said:

"I had a child who was killed."

It was too unexpected. At that moment Ana didn't look like a woman I had known before – scared and confused. Quite the opposite. She was a strong, determined woman with a terrifying, destructive glow in her eyes.

"How's that?" I asked calmly. You can't let the patient know that you do not believe them, especially when they share their sacred thoughts with you. You must try to help them realize the truth, to guess that their belief is their own imagination.

"Together with other children. They were all killed."

"Why?"

"Because they hated them."

"Can you be more specific, Ana?"

"About what?"

"How it all happened."

"Are you asking me how the children were killed?" There was something in her voice, but I was unable to determine it.

"Yes. I'd like to hear about it."

Ana looked somewhere up, above my head, at her own image of herself she had in her mind:

“They put them in a line and executed them all. Quite sadistic, wasn’t it? The children who were quiet. They didn’t shout, didn’t look at anyone ... The children who knew they would be killed and that God wouldn’t come to their rescue.”

“Who killed them?”

“I don’t know. People in military uniforms. I think there was a war.”

“You think so?”

“Yes, but I don’t remember.”

“How can you not remember?”

A pause. Ana seemed agitated. Her tight lips and angry look showed it.

“You don’t believe me, do you?”

“I do.”

“You don’t. I thought I could tell you about it. Only you, because I felt no one else would believe me.”

I leant towards her and smiled:

“Ana, I’m here to help you. I believe everything you’re telling me. But we need to remember things exactly as they happened for you to get better.”

Anger disappeared and fear set in. She pressed her body against the back of the armchair and buried her face in her hands.

“No, no!” she screamed hysterically, as if trying to get rid of something or someone.

“Ana, I’m here! Don’t be afraid.”

I got up and held her hands. They were too tense as she resisted, not allowing me to see her face. Then she suddenly dropped her hands and rose to her feet. Her expression worried me in earnest. For several seconds she stared at me with stony eyes, then came closer and said:

“We, the women were standing nearby, watching our children tortured. The children who were born from our wombs.”

A long pause.

“And we could do nothing.”

Ana sat down. I sat upright in my armchair and decided to act directly:

“What was the name of your child, Ana?”

It worked. She looked at me in confusion and immediately averted her gaze. I pitied her but I couldn’t back down at that point.

“Please answer me, Ana.”

“I don’t remember.”

“Your child’s name?”

“Yes.”

A pause.

“How old was the child?”

“Eight.”

“Eight? Are you sure?”

She nodded.

“When did it happen?”

“I don’t remember exactly.”

“At least tell me when approximately.”

“About twenty years ago.”

“Ana, how old are you?”

“Thirty-two. My husband told me so.”

I didn’t say anything. I wanted her to realize how illogical it all was. But she was stubbornly silent.

“And what does it mean?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Twenty years ago you were only twelve, so how could you have an eight-year old child?”

I expected her to react, get angry, realize her mistake or argue with me, but she replied in an alarmingly unruffled manner:

“That’s in your interpretation of time, which coincides with how the majority understand it. But let’s first of all ask ourselves how time is defined.”

“Ana ...”

“The war eradicates all borders. It changes the reality.”

I was obliged to discontinue the session. It was senseless to go on. Ana had turned the conversation in a completely different direction. Being aware of her stubborn nature, I knew that however hard I tried to get back to the main topic, she would give me vague answers. At the same time I finally concluded that:

Ana clearly demonstrated that she was disorientated in time and space.

Her intellect (yes, definitely her intellect) renders it practically impossible to reassure her, make her change her mind because she can discuss anything from a purely philosophical viewpoint.

Ana cannot accept reality – not because she refuses to face it but mainly because she has constructed her own theories she genuinely believes.

Horrifying scenes keep turning in Ana’s mind. I’m not sure how she got them, possibly saw a film, read about them and then her imagination put flesh to the images. But the fact is that she believes that it all happened to her, Ana Nakashidze, while in reality it might be someone else’s story (a real or imaginary person, seen or read about in a film or a book).

The imaginary story is clearly an attempt to replace another true incident in Ana’s life, which has left an indelible impression on her psyche.

However:

Why does Ana keep talking about a child? The park incident, slaughtered children, her interest towards giving birth. Could she actually have lost a child? Or did she have an unwanted pregnancy and had an abortion, which left her with a permanent sense of guilt?

I will have to talk to her husband again.