



Do you know a person whose story can never leave your mind and your soul? Well, I do.

**It is a story of Nay, a friend of mine who liked the sound of the rain.** Nay was born in 2003. As a kid they felt different. As a teenager they identified as a trans person.

One day Nay was going home from school, and it was raining heavily. They could feel the rain touching their face, shoulders and skin. They can hear the sound of which always brought them peace and safety, but not that day. They were trembling hard because of the memories from school. Their classmates were stalking them, calling them a "weirdo", "ghzik" which is an offensive word in Armenian. That day the principal also threatened Nay: "If you continue this way, I will kick you out of the school. You are alive now because I don't let the other kids to beat you until death. Be normal".

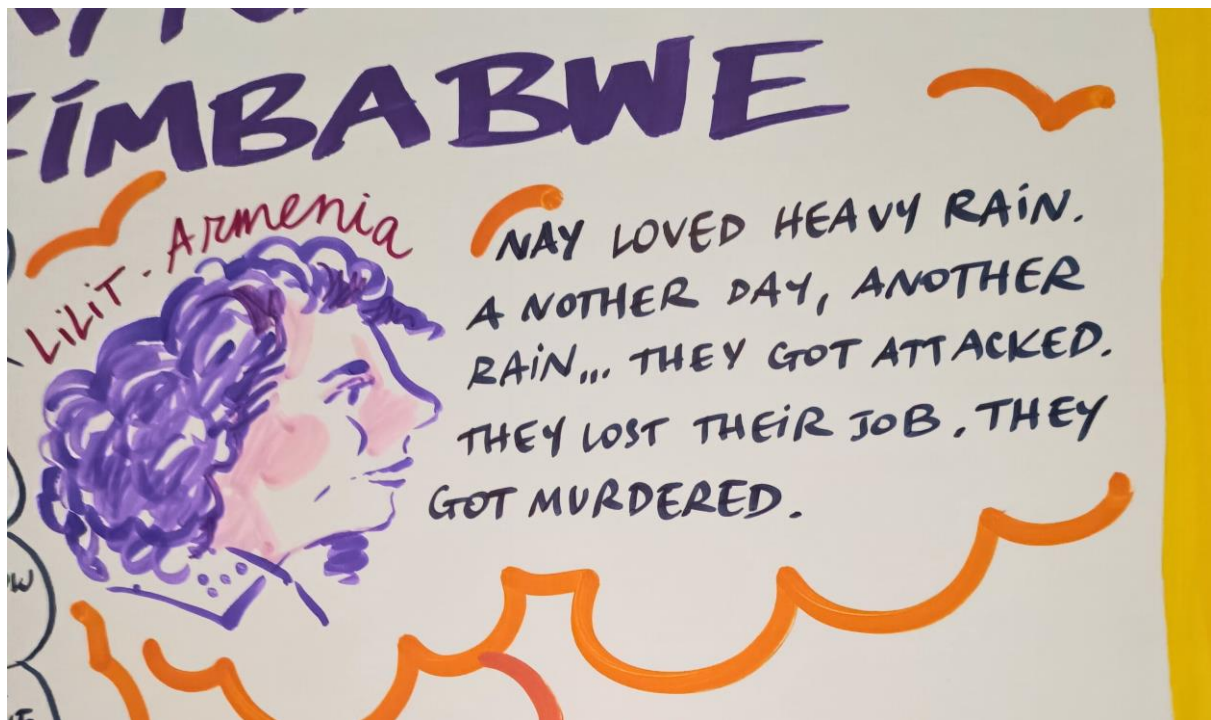
But Nay was normal, they felt like normal and as a normal teenager, they were just going home. Home which wasn't any different from school, maybe more terrifying. Every day, the family members were punishing and degrading Nay, kicking and punching them because of their appearance. "We don't want such a child. You better die". There were more stories to remember, but no time left, because Nay felt a horrible pain in their back and fell down. It was a gang from the school who were chasing Nay that day... Nay broke their nose, arm, and dignity was broken too.

Another day, another rain. Nay was kicked out from the apartment, because the neighbors were complaining that there was a trans person living next to them. Another day, another rain, Nay lost their job, because the customers were complaining about their appearance.

Another day, another place, another rain. I was sitting in my office. Writing a spotlight report for Armenia's VNR which you can read later. A notification came on my phone. It was an article, it said: "There was a murder of a trans person in one of the apartments in Yerevan." I was listening to the sound of the rain and remembering my friend... Yes, it was Nay. A guy got acquainted with a trans person, pretending that he wanted to date, he came to Nay's apartment, robbed them, killed them and burned their apartment down.

Another day, another heavy rain. The person who loved the rain wasn't there anymore. We were at the court. The court ignored the fact that the murderer's action could affect the lives and safety of thousands of LGBT+ people living in my country.

I want to live in a society where every LGBT+ person can live and die with dignity, where every LGBT+ teenager has an opportunity to live without violence and abuse, where seeking justice is not a luxury for LGBT+ people.



I envision a future where no Nay is ever left behind in extreme poverty and without access to justice.

*Lilit Avetisyan*