

I (Vol.1 from Papiye Mashe Series Book)



By:

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***Title: I (Vol.1 from Papiye Mashe
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About the Book:

My father was a militia and a parachute man, who was shot dead in some ground operations. His martyrdom took place three months before my birth. He was shot by a Ghashgha'ee girl, who shot him in the neck. After landing by his parachute from a Hercules C-130 aircraft, he was shot while drinking water from the river before gathering his parachute. His fellow-commandos rushed to help him survive by inserting a breathing pipe in his throat before rushing him to a hospital. Although he was thus revived he died six days later in the hospital, as an unknown stranger who had penetrated into the hospital had cut off the breathing pipe to finish him off. His companions found the death incredible. An adventurous naughty girl, with large eyes, with a boyish behavior, I was very brave, prepared for adventures. One of such adventurous tricks is that once I asked a female stranger to kidnap me just for fun. When I was only five years old I chose, from among my family's friends, a boyfriend as my childhood beloved. Then we got engaged without my parents knowing it. When I was a teenager, I filled the absence of my father by creating a fictitious strong handsome boy wearing my father's military uniforms, in my mind. My youth was gone by in social limitations and challenges.

The present book is written in an autobiography style. It is

the real story of a brave Iranian woman who has experienced two lives, pre-revolution, and post-revolution (in Iran). The writer is the main character in this book. The writer narrates her own story while addressing the flower vases on her table and the goldfish with which she has lived for seven years. While narrating her story she strives to address the predicaments of women in current time while focusing on them. But the meat of the book lies in flashbacks of the writer's sweet and bitter memories (the adventures that she partly remembers). The book was actually written to provide the contemporary history of Iran and its different phases but in the form of a story. She skillfully does this by narrating her life story which is full of incidents. Furthermore, the emphasis of her book is addressing social normal conditions and anomalies of the life of Iranian women. By including archive pictures of the main characters in the book and other individuals/characters, the author has contributed to the nature of the narrated adventures to appear real.

Sample Pages of the Book

I was fallen behind. I made a fantasy uncle and after the end of the summer holidays, I told my friends that I had fallen in Karim's love and he had loved me so much too.

This was the opening of my story with Karim. At whatever time someone talked about her love, I was telling somewhat about my reminiscences with him. I made all those memories based on some films and recollections I had heard. I attributed all loving adjectives of tallness, kindness, handsomeness, to Karim. Sometimes I was asked if I would not miss him as I had told that imaginary Karim was not living in Zanjan. I replied that of course, I would. I would miss him really much while I was asking God to send me a very nice, handsome and rich Karim to put off my mis-reputation. Those days, I really missed to have a very loving Karim and I was gloomy so much of not having a one to place him in my heart. Until someday a young and deserved man appeared on my way to school. He had broken one of his legs and was wearing a cast. Having crutches and putting his martial coat over his shoulders depicted him as a brave warrior for me. Was he my Karim? He was good-looking. But he was a little old for me. I did not know. Possibly, he was a courier from Dad. For some

days, I saw him constantly on my way to school. It was as though he had been paying attention to me too. On Saturday, on my way to school, I asked God to have the probability to meet up him yet again as while not seeing him just for one day, Friday which was a holiday, I missed him a lot. On my way to school, I saw him standing in his usual spot but now he wore tidily and put his military hat on as if he had been going to supervise marching. He greeted me sturdily. I got frightened. I had not practiced such alarm even before the official sent from The Queen¹. I did not know why but I felt I had to come back with his welcome. I turned a deaf ear in its place. Like fluently running water, I passed him gently. Just going away as far as some steps, a very immature boy brought me a piece of paper. I knew it had been from him, himself. I did not feel like to take it. The boy threw it down and ran away. His name was Hamid and not Karim!! He had written his phone number too. Since the day after that, I untouched my short way to school to a long way although I asked God time after time to have the probability to make out him. I bear in mind well that I was just two weeks passing since the first time I had seen him and while the way I was passing by him seemed to me as a red carpet stretching to school, I changed my way because of a superficial

¹ The writer means the Last Queen of Iran before the Islamic Revolution .

decision to prove the point that I was a good girl. I did that as I in truth desired to help my family to be able to talk about me with proud as before. I was the custom of those days. From the bottom of my heart, I wished him to come after me and to find me.

After a long time of not seeing him for changing my way to school, I once again went to school in my old way as if Satan could deceive me or I let him do so. I wished him standing there on Mostashiri Street in his martial uniform. I was regarding as that there was no fault for our age disparities. I wished Dad could have twisted his ear and brought him there standing while I was passing him without even a single word. He was there neither that day nor any other coming days. I never saw him all over again. I knew his house was in aslope Mostashiri Street. He was passing his military service in Tehran. He had gone without any return.

Some months were passing of the establishment of the Revolution¹. In the first days of the educational year after the Revolution, our workshop teacher, Mrs. Zeyqhami, called me and began to ask questions about my Dad like the year and place he got martyred. Taking honor to him, I showed her some pictures of Dad which I was always carrying them with myself. She did not say anything but some days later she called me again and asked: “Where exactly was your

¹ The writer means Iran's Islamic Revolution in 1977

Dad serving? In SAVAK¹? What his position on ۱۰th of KhorDad of ۱۳۴۶? How was your relation with The Court? These questions reminded me of that faultless military affiliated family that the Revolution supporters were attacking to set a fire in their home. Keeping in mind that occasion and teacher's questions broke my heart. Did she not know how much I liked the Revolution? By all likely means, my teacher was attempting to make me confess that we were affiliated to SAVAK. A great unearthing for me now that I am reviewing the past is Forghan group, Mojaheds and Khalkhali were not the only people hungry for the execution squads' operations and loved massacre. There were many Revolution-supporters that did not see the Revolution just in the sickle and golden wheat. For them, shooting and guns were the only meaning for reforms and revolution that those days were called cleansing. They were thoughtless and had no pang of conscience as if for bonding to the religious principles; there was no way but killing. A wrong belief to Islam saying the religion is just blood-shedding and sword or The Revolution will be alive as far as water with the blood of martyrs.

The last degree of their satisfaction was in showing their wrath. I just answered the teacher by saying: "Mom, my Dad was killed in action in Farvardin so he was not alive in KhorDad." She said: "Are you

¹ Iran's intelligence service before the Revolution

sure?" I said: "No. He was killed in Shiraz." At that time I had not heard the names of other cities like Kazeroun, Firouzabad or Tangaroud.

I could not hide the teacher's questioning from Mom. Immediately as I told her, we moved to Tehran. As maybe we were not going to have a lion-hearted supporter woman to stand before our home to prevent Revolution-supports setting our home in fire by saying them that they had to kill her first to burn our home to ashes.

I remember well that in one of the first days of the Revolution, Mom entered home panicky as provoked people were rushing to one of our family friend's-living near Ark Gate neighborhood- home to set it in the fire. We knew that family well. They were not affiliated to SAVAK. They were affiliated to the army and they had 2 young children. It was unbelievable. A lion-hearted woman dared to stand before their home door and shouted the people that to burn their home, first they had to kill her. In this way, she did not let them burn their home. Mom was so worried about us above all after I told her my teacher's questioning. She visited that family later quite a few times. They posed the army to transfer to Tehran too.

Another hideous act of so-called Revolutionary people was exhumation of an old man under the excuse of his son being a police officer in the ex-

regime. Some thugs and ruffians who could penetrate to the wave of the Revolution and who did not hesitate to show their violent beast-like natures exhumed the body of the officer's father and hanged it from his home gate. They were naturally ignorant of their acts consequences and how much they were disgracing a family. I, as a stranger, could not forget that after ۴۰ years and I am sure whoever that officer was, he had not done such a hideous act at the time of his service. In the eyes of many religious people, this act was so mean and hideous.

This is a fact that life is not forever in man's control and it be in charge man. In ۱۹۶۶, my family moved from Tehran to Zanjan and now we were escaping from there to Tehran. During these years, my family spent two years in Ardabil as in the ۱۹۶۷s, my Mom was sad for our family was being kept under the Court's surveillance and people were sent to check us from there. After marrying my Dad, my Mom accepted to move to Zanjan with him. They stayed there for two years and then moved to Ardabil. Later, they come again Zanjan and now we had to move to the scratching point while this time it had nothing to do with The Court and the reports sent to it about my family.

I had heard Mom loved Dad to that point she agreed to marry him despite her Dad's desire. She was really naughty. She acted as all her family members made

grandpa accept her marriage. In ۱۹۵۸, Dad married Mom. They moved to Tehran all alone. Mom just had one aunt in Tehran, aunt Jeyran.

Regardless of her Dad's words repeating that Dad had had nothing and had not been apposite for her, Mom married him. She married based on love. She gave birth to Ali, Hussein and then she became pregnant with me. A handsome, American-like commander was the father of our family.

It was when not a long time was passed from the White Revolution^۱ and the country underwent many changes. Local tribes were standing against accepting that. One had to put an end to local interior wars and autonomies. Khosrow khan Ghashghayi who was powerful did not acknowledge giving up and amongst many communities that were took life in his war aligned with the rule was my moon-like Dad. With his war, Khosrow khan brought down the moon of our family for its sky and made our home dark.

My surroundings were full of fish and tiles. But whenever the moon looks at the tiled pool, I sigh deeply. I appreciate my pool. But when the moon shakes, I also shake. The hands of the times pulled down the month of the house, that is, my Dad passed

^۱ A reforming revolution By the Shah, Last King of Iran

away in Shiraz tumult forever, with no saying goodbye to my Mom.

My Mom did not really like always being cared for by some people. Now and then he sent someone to get notified about us.

When my Mom went to my Dad's grave, someone were still there. They had suggested several times that Mom transfer our guardianship the Pahlavi court. But my Mom preferred to raise her children.

When my Mom married Papa, they decided to move to Tehran. I did not tell you what happened that my Mom, who loved Dad, married Papa? Well, of course, others, as usual, after that incident for Dad, offered Mom to decide for the children. Mom told me and my brothers many years ago that she had never wanted to marry. But after Dad's death, Papa joins the army. Army hired him instead of Dad, but not at the same institute as Dad's organization.

Papa was Dad's brother. When Papa returned to the military uniform after the training, Ali, my older brother, hugged Papa's legs and said: "Where were you?" Little Ali hardly was 6 years old. Papa hugged Ali and after a while, Mom accepted Papa to sit in Dad's place. That's what I heard. Well, I'm used not to hear some things or hearing them half. Some things seem to have nothing to do with me, or I'm not old

enough for them, and they were hidden from me at first.

A Qashqai girl, we'll get one day. One day we encounter. Even if I have one day left, I will come to you. You would be so lucky if you were dead before I come to you.

When we were kids, they never get us to my Dad's grave. It was painful and hard for me. I asked for the address several times. We had been back to Tehran.

Uncle Sirous came one day and said we were going to the grave. I and my uncle did not say many things to each other. But our eyes better realized any unsaid word and any unsaid topic. I found out this grave is Dad's grave. On the way, Uncle played a song. I said we are going to the grave! I did not know the relevance. But I did not want to listen to music. My heart was beating fast, very fast! I knew well how to hide my feelings. Notwithstanding my Mom attendance, I sat in front of the car by uncle's insistence. Uncle bought some flowers and rosewater in front of the door of Imamzadeh Abdollah. He had brought a flask. When we got close, my legs were loose. I finally got my Dad. I and my Dad were together somewhere in this world, a rest after years of restlessness.

Dear fish, do not look at me like this. In my prison, somebody played music, like Shadi (happiness) by Majid Entezami, slowly and languorously. This happiness greeted me with sorrow. We just got there that suddenly we heard my Mom's cry calling Dad, "Get up and see your daughter who you've never seen. Get up and see your daughter!"

I really wanted to tell her, "Say nothing! He on no account left me alone. He is forever and a day been with me." The mind's eyes of some kids are more realistic than reality. Papa , Uncle and Dad have been always with me. If someone has a wall to rely on, I have long walls on each side. Louder than any sound, I called my Dad. But just uncle heard me. That day we stayed in the graveyard for a long time. When the uncle looked into my eyes, he knew it was not time to go. He knew this cool was not simply achieved. A few drops of tears came down from my eyes stealthy, salty, from a corner of my desolation. I was flaming, burning.

But I could see, a marble gravestone. No, six gravestones. On all of them, a parachute was carved with a royal crown. Beside Dad's grave, there was a shadow of a vine. I knew this vine had been rooted in Dad's chest, Dad's brain and Dad's hands got life from and grown by him. I picked a leaf from the tree, a large leaf. I brought it with myself and placed it in

the middle of a notebook. Sometimes I put my hand on this leaf and I felt Dad with my skin.

When we returned, Papa did not take eyes off us. I looked the other way and I said hello very ordinarily. I gave her a little kiss on his cheek. After that, nothing changed between me and Papa.

Of course, I remember that when we went to Dad's grave, was at the same time that I heard the grave of Dad and his companions are in the plan of vary. But the local people were not of the same mind to demolish the graves of these national heroes.

This one was not a rumor. They were getting satisfaction from the survivors to turn the graveyard into a park. My oh my! Do they want my Dad's grave in a park? Is it possible? I was angry with the fact that they wanted to ruin the eternal house of my Dad. Their issue was not a park. The graveyard was full of Air Force and Army soldiers. It was totally a military graveyard, full of militarians' pictures with their glorious uniforms, especially in the last yard where Dad was there. Of course, almost all the pictures had been removed.

This graveyard has several labyrinthine yards. Someone like me could not sit quietly and let them ruin this graveyard, plant flowers and set up benched. My Dad was a flower himself. The shadow of the vine

was the calmest place in the world. One day under the excuse of the school, I went to the graveyard in a taxi. I spoke to the Imamzadeh's office. They said the municipality had decided to turn the graveyard into a park. I went to the municipality of the district and a few more places. No one even listened. Who would receive a kid or a teenager like me?

I went to the central municipality, in the city park. I could not visit the mayor. Eventually, I went to the Armed Forces Pension Office to tell them to do something, to tell them that those who lied down there had fought for their country. These are national heroes and only belong to their country. I went to see the director of the office hardly. I talked and talked and talked. He told me to bring my father's file. He also gave me a note to the archives. My Dad's file number had been written down at the end of our birth certificates. I went and they gave me the file within two minutes. O, God! The Pension Office was broken down on my head! On my Dad's file, his name had been written down largely. Before his name, the word "Shahid" (martyr) appeared to the entire width of the file. One of the archives staff had crossed out the word "Shahid" (martyr) with a marker on my Dad's case, and written the word "deceased" beside it. I wish his hand was broken. The pen of this archives office has made me depressed for a lifetime. I talked very

much with the head of the office. He said that nobody can do anything.

Maybe the minister and mayor can stop such a thing, that is, the destruction of the graveyard. But now this is not possible. Did they think I stay behind the close door? I? Mir Muhammad Hussein's daughter? No way!

Well, where would I find Mr. Minister? I got the address. If I were my Dad's daughter, I would definitely stop it. At that time, our minister of defense was the mistier of war. I went to Siyetir and Bagh Shah Street. That's what I did for a couple of days. I finally found the main address.

I went there several times to visit the minister. I insisted and but no one listened to me. I said that if the minister understands that you did not let him hear what I want to listen, he will treat you badly. They laughed a lot. They said, "You watch movies too much, kiddo. It's not easy to visit the minister." I said, "I sit here until the minister passes and I will talk to him." They said, "Whatever you want!! But he does not come out very soon." They said a lot of people were in the meeting. I cannot remember how many, but it was an important meeting. In those days, the arrival of a woman was not yet abnormal, although women were transferred from military units to administrative departments.

Some tea was taken for the meeting. I found the key to the puzzle. The one who took tea was a middle-aged militarian. His rank was not low. I went to the pantry and gave him my note and said, "Please give it to the minister for the sake of God." He asked, "What do you want?" He was a senior and experienced man. He said, "You're getting me in trouble." I said, "No, I swear to God. Please give it to him, I bet he'll be happy to take the note." I had learned to send a note to the commander from a kid in the movie. He accepted, but said, "Do not let them understand that I took your note. Go sit down, but whatever happens will be on you." I said, "Do you give it?" He just looked. "Give it to him for God's sake". He said, "Go sit down and don't make any noise. When I come to take tea, do not look at me." I said ok. I could not believe he took it. I thought maybe he sent me out and wanted to tear the note and put it in the trash can. God, did he try to get rid of me respectfully? My heart was beating fast. It didn't take long that two men came out of the room, a gentleman with a beard and military uniform, along with a great general. I did not understand how many stars he had. They came out, like Oveissi and Ezhari. For a Moment I thought this gentleman with this uniform would surely be the minister. But they pointed out that Mr. Minister wanted to talk to me. I was guided to a small room. They closed the door. It was really a small room, with a high ceiling.

The minister asked, "Did you write this?" I said yes. He said, "Do you know what you did?" I said, "Yes? I had no other way. They didn't agree to me to visit you. The general, who blew my mind, read the note, "In the Holy Name of Your Majesty, Aryamehr King, the Head of Armies, the Father of the Crown Princes of Iran."

They gave me enough time to hear my words. The minister said, "Be sore sure as long as I would be alive, nobody could turn your father's grave into a park. Next week, go the Army Pension Office and review your father's file completely.

I had understood that I was interested in military discipline so much. Very politely, he pulled my chair in order that I could get up easily. They stood up to my respect and I saluted them. It was the second time that I did that. We always saluted during the scout course. But it was neither a scout camp, not Shahdokh High School. During the scout course, I often had a salutary practice for myself. It was not unexpectedly. I knocked my legs with all my strength and put my hand on my time in the awareness way. The minister said, "Free soldier." Without any revolutionary-Islamic extremist thoughts, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Every father is proud of having such a daughter like you." The war had just begun, and Mr. Chamran had just been the minister. There was no revolutionary or Iranian who did not know

Chamran. I just did not know he became the minister. For a while, I was just reading the book and pulled out of the community hustle and bustle. I was sick of policy.

It is said that "If God wills", indeed sometimes everything gets sorted spontaneously. Now, I wonder if a teenager can visit a minister in the non-war situation! Let alone in the war distressing period! I do not know, maybe the emergency opened the way for me, or perhaps Chamran's guerrilla and partisan command, or maybe my own efforts, or the conditions of the country, and certainly the will of God! I reached my goal, I felt proud, like a successful partisan. I had conquered one of the great peaks of my life.

Dad, I've been proud of you all my life. Now you can be proud of me. A week later I went to the Pension Office. I said I want to review my father's file. It turned out that the head of the office had been already informed and was waiting for my visit. He gave me a note again. I went to the archives. The archives officer told me to read there. He gave me a chair, I sat next to him. My Dad's file was in the same old form but in the new blue marble folder.

The name of my Dad and the word "Shahid" (martyr) had been written on the folder largely and well-mannered with a wide marker. I got goosebumps.

Now I still get goosebumps. And I no longer had any concern about the destruction of my father's gravestone for martyrdom at Pahlavi's time. I knew that I could count on this promise.

It was not a small thing. A film could be made from the story of me and my Dad. Years later, when the video and VHS tape came, I realized that a movie had been made based on the conflicts of that time. The name of the movie was "Goodbye Tehran". Its first actor was Behrouz Vossoughi.

Behrouz Vossoughi was not my favorite actor. But he became my favorite for the movie "God of Tehran", with that great outfit that I liked, in the movie "Goodbye Tehran", based on the true story of Fars tumult and Khosrow Khan.

Yes, dear fish, I was satisfied with myself. I did not have to tell my Mom, uncle, papa or Ali and Hussein what I did. Well, it was obvious that the limits would increase. They always told me, "If we weren't around you, we would be in trouble with all these messing around", heaven save me if they knew that I wrote to Chamran that sentence! If my Mom knew what kind of crime I gave to Chamran on paper, she would kill me! They should have believed that I hadn't been inactive; they should have believed that I grew up so that I could go without a bodyguard into the heart of society and find my way and my life, and perhaps

Karim. The policy was much dirtier than I can be able to cope with it.

It was not trouble-free for me to come to Tehran and change my residence. But I was getting used to it gradually. I got along with this very small house that we had bought in a hurry. Ali and Hussein were next to me. Ali had learned to be very friendly with her sister. Not only did he give up grinning and criticizing, but sometimes he defended me. I remember how much Muhammad Karimi talks affected him. Mohammed was a pupil at my Uncle's photography shop and was kind of a member of our family. Everyone loved him. Uncle had nicknamed Muhammad and always called him with that nickname. I did not know its meaning. I once asked him, "Muhammad, what does the nickname mean?" He said, "Go and look in the mirror, you will understand." I liked his answer. It was like my own repartees, biting and effective, but right! I do not know why I cannot write the meaning of that nickname. Maybe it's because Muhammad was a very good guy. By his age, he was wise and very polite. In short, he was a respectable guy. That's all I can say about him. Yes, Muhammad words had affected Ali, and Ali tried to accept the girls alongside the guys.

We had sold our house at Zanzan in a hurry. Houses were expensive in Tehran in the normal situation, let alone acceleration of inflation rate! It was a long time since the Revolution. Prices increased tremendously. Since the Revolution so far, I cannot remember that the economy of the country is in a good position. If authorities can be proud, they can only claim to have made less inflation than the others. Every day a small delay caused us to decline. We sold the Zanzan house very cheap. We owned a four-story house. But we did not sell our father's house in Tehran. We fitted very hardly there. There was no indication of my mother's school on the other side of the yard. The school sign was moved from this side to the other side and then was placed behind the door.

There were two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs. But the good news was that we were all gathered together. Ali and Hussein had come to Tehran a few years earlier, before the Revolution. I could visit Uncle Sirius, whom I loved, frequently. Uncle was always a solid support for my feelings, for my dreams, for my ambitions.

The drum of war had been beaten. Warplanes had been flown. Everyone spoke about the war. Once my Mom and I were talking to our neighbors in front of the door of the door, out of the blue the hazard siren was sounded. The anti-aircraft sound was heard from each side. Suddenly my voice was released into the

street, "Lie down on the ground, lie down on the ground."

Well, I watched a lot of war movies. I was a big fan of "The Valiant" series. I knew I had to lie on the ground when bombarding. I took my head between my hands, tilting my heel as far as possible to the ground. Some neighbors lied down; some have brought themselves to someone. Later we realized that it was a maneuver to get people prepared.

How embarrassed I was by my voice! It was just a maneuver and I was this much thrilled! I thought to myself, others are now saying that the girl had been horrified. But the war had brought people close to each other. Each day the number of martyrs was added. People did whatever they could. They help anything they could, food, clothes, and anonymous letters. I wrote a lot of letters for the front. These letters, which were not in the name of anyone, were for elevating the warriors at the front line. It was a brutal and resultless war that robbed a part of the youth of my four brothers on the front.

The cold was gradually showing its brutality to the front. Warm clothes were requested by the mosque of our neighborhood. We were also a large family. We used to go shopping for clothes and bought dozens of clothes. Now and then I even advantage from boys clothes. I wasn't so picky about clothes. I didn't care

about wearing boys clothes. Sometimes I was looking forward to Hussein grow up sooner and I would wear his wrangler jeans. Once, it jumped out of my mouth and I said, "I love easy pants and jackets so much." They bought it for me right away. I did not imagine I was a human and I have a choice for myself. It was beneath my dignity to choose girls clothes. Maybe it was because there were just boys all around me. If it came to say that I liked a model, it would hope for them. Mom gathered all the clothes and called me. She wanted help. She wanted to take something from the iron closet. She brought some packages. "Arj" faithful iron closet was a member of our family uncomplaining member for years. We used "Arj" iron closet on the staircase for items that were not handy.

There were a few old parcels in the closet, they were white. But one of them was colored. It was musty, but it was very old. It smelled like "The Scent of Joseph's Coat", smelled like waiting. Mom said these are Dad's clothes. They were the suit, shirt, hat, gloves, and a military uniform of Dad. Oh my god! It was like the day I went to his grave, like the day I picked a leaf from the vine beside my gravestone!

Mom said, "What do you want to do? Would you like to grant of these clothes too?" I said, "I'll do that. You go, I'll bring them." I smelled the shirt that I had regret for years. Would it be probable to cope with the solitude of all these years of waiting? A pair of

parachuting white gloves, the clothes of this side hat, oh my god! My good Dad! My brave Dad! Could I grant all of them? I packed all and put the hat and gloves aside. I got my hand in my Dad's glove. Oh, my heart! Oh, Dad! I took my face in my hands, I said, "Do not worry Dad. I'm grown up now." It was as if Dad's hands were touching my face. I've been waiting for join for years as much Jacob as without any shirt of Joseph.

Oh, Dad! I learn by heart the words of Mr. Keivan. Mr. Keivan said very much about my Dad's courage, "Your Dad was a good skier and he was doing free falls. You know, now the face of Parviz Khan is in front of me, as if standing next to me, his painful and waiting eyes comfort me."

Dear fish, today I listened to "The Scent of Joseph's Coat" again. Yeah, I listened to "The Scent of Joseph's Coat" by Majid Entezami. I listened to "Vesal" (join) song. I listened to "Shadi" (happiness). At that time, the movie "The Scent of Joseph's Coat" and "From Karkheh to Rhein" were not made yet.

Now it's time of farewell. I couldn't find it in my heart, but it is the time of sacrifice. I couldn't find it in my heart, but it's time for farewell. When I think of the warriors, I open the package and put Dad's shirt back on my wet face. I wear my Dad's coat. I breathe deeply, breathing life and waiting. A lump in my

throat was choking me. I open and close the package a few times, I take off his coat. But before it, I hug myself. I hugged my knees tightly. It's as if my Dad's hands are ringing around me. I put Dad's glove and hat in the package, the most valuable memorable! Goodbye, Dad! My throat has swelled. I neither stop crying nor can I swallow my mouth water. It's not swelling from sadness. It is disaster storm! Did I own this treasure? Was it fair that I did not know of it all these years?

What did you do with me, Entezami? Where and when did you understand the suffering of waiting? When did you reach join? You really knew that we have to make a farewell. Parviz Khan painted a good pattern. On the wall of which house has not the waiting picture placed?

I just said, "Dad, take care of them. Take care of them! Maybe someone who wears your gloves has a daughter. Maybe a little girl is waiting for him." I waited so much that the redness of my eyes disappeared. The weather was cold. I hurriedly washed my face so that no one could realize. Mom knew my private secret. She called me late. I was quite, I was silent. Nobody could make me talk. It was as if I had said goodbye to my Dad. After many years, I was very generous to forgive Dad's shirt and coat and gloves. I was the daughter of a soldier. I should have understood the state of emergency. I should have

given my most valuable property. Dad's clothes were my most valuable property. I should remit, but how hard was this examination. I just detached the logo with the parachute and granted the rest. I delivered the packages myself up to the front of the door. My Dad's clothes were my guests for less than half a day.

By the way, dear fish, I told you about Mr. Keivan. He was one of Dad's friends. Do not ask how he showed in my life?

After returning from the Army Pension Office, I went to the National Library, with a letter from the school principal to research. The good point was that the building of the National Library was close to the military buildings. I went to the National Library and got Keyhan and Ettela'at newspapers. I gained nearly nothing. A sector of the history of newspapers was missing. There were some the pictures and some of were missing. Some of the issues of the newspaper were missing completely. I did not know why? I returned to the Army Pension Office. I was friend with the head of the office. He treated me like his colleague. I said I want to find my Dad companions. He told me to go back in a few more days. From the records, I found Mr. Keivan. He was retired. They gave me the address of the retirement center, the end of Fatemi Street to the west, at Jamalzadeh intersection.

I went to Mr. Keivan. I introduced myself. He gazed into my eyes and was looking for a sign. He put pressure on his brain. I said that I am the daughter of Mir Muhammad Hussein, his companion in fighting with Khosrow Khan Qashqai in Firouzabad, Shiraz. He got up and hugged me. He asked, "Which of his children are you?" He didn't know. He couldn't remember. None of the children who had seen at that time were girls. I said, "I'm the youngest child who was not born yet at that time." He said to bring some tea. He called and informed someones. I remember the name of one of them was Mr. Ataei.

He looked at me constantly. He asked about Mom and the rest of the family, and Papa. I said to everyone. I asked him to tell me anything he knew about Dad. We talked so much.

He said my father was very brave, braver than all of them. He swore, "I'm not saying that just because you're his daughter! Ask them." He said that fear doesn't any meaning for my Dad and he was a brave commander. He repeated the word "brave" repeatedly. The same goes for his companions. And he also said about that damn day.

He said, "We jumped down, landed with a parachute near the river. Kazerun had a river full of water." Before packing his parachute, Dad immersed his hands into the river water and filled them with water.

Suddenly a Qashqai girl shot him. The bullet hit my Dad's throat. Dad fell to the ground. His condition deteriorated before resuscitation and being transferred to Namazii Hospital in Shiraz. They were afraid that he would die. You Qashqai girl, O Qashqai girl, what did you do? Damn! I will kill you!

But my Dad survived. In the hospital, he recovered. When he got a little better, he talked hardly and said, "Tell my brother not to let my life disintegrated, tell him to be the owner of my life." I already said the rest.

Khosrow had ordered for immediate delivery of injured passengers to Tehran. Mr. Keivan said that Dad's throat was dressed so that the air hose could not be removed from the dressing layer itself. He said that the hospital was very crowded, and everyone no doubt said that the air hose had been pulled out. It was on the plane when they realized that Dad hadn't had air for a long time. In the end, they did not realize what who did that. Hospital staff? Many of the personnel were local. Or Qashqais who were at the hospital?

Khosrow instructed Mr. Keivan to inform the family and declared Dad's will. Mr. Keivan said, "I could not speak of your father's will at that time. When I heard your Mom's cries, I thought I couldn't do that. But after the fortieth day ceremony, Khosrow ordered me to declare it."

Mr. Keivan said it was a very bad day. It should be told a 19-year-old woman who has two children and a third one on the way that your husband had willed to marry his brother. Of course, Papa was informed before.

I heard that one time my Mom hadn't tolerated the desolation burden and hung herself. She was saved, but for a long time the rope trace has remained on her throat and she always wrapped a scarf around her neck so nobody would see it. Mr. Keivan talked with pride about the burial ceremony, a ceremony at the dignity of a soldier. The high-ranking military officials attended Dad's funeral. The representative of your Majesty was also there, and with all ceremonial occasions, they buried that oppressed lion. The funeral ceremony was held in a magnificent manner, on unformed and unlevelled graves.

The Dad was conveyed to his grave at the on the last yard of the graveyard on the shoulders of his companions under the green, white and red flag. Mourning march was played and Dad's face became uncovered. My Mom's aunt's daughter-in-law had seen Dad. She said, "Like someone who came out of the bathroom, it seemed as if he had been wrapped in a towel. Only when her face became uncovered, I saw that his throat had been wrapped, and the bandage around his throat had been yellow on one side." This was the part where the shot hit. Oh, Dad! Dad! I wish
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I had been there and kissed your wound and I wrapped it myself.

Everyone had seen Dad, said about his morality, virtue, and goodness, as Uncle and Papa now are the first man for many people. These are part of the memories that I have gathered by the query, but they did not satisfy me. They did not fill the emptiness of my spirit.

About the Author



Fatemeh Mir-Abdullahi is one of the female entrepreneurs, a veteran in "Production Management" who is trying to publish the books in an autobiography style about her mysterious life. In her books, she intends to address the Iranian women's social predicaments while narrating the story of her own life and her past. She will present it to the national and international readers. Mir-Abdullahi has a fluent popular style of writing. That is why the reader can establish a contact with her easily. She strives to bring out the Iranian women's capabilities in facing and combating challenges and difficulties and free of feminist prejudice and impressions while pretending to be being oppressed. As a successful woman in diverse areas of life and society, she has personally experienced adventures, the reading of which can inspire the women both domestic and foreign alike/all over the world. Now she lives in Tehran with her family. Besides social and economic activities for which she was awarded a certificate of honor by the authorities, recently she has started writing to create her new work.