



THE WINE

AFTER THE BORDER TOWNS, TEHRAN BECAME THE BOMBERS' MAIN TARGET. TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER PEOPLE IN OUR BUILDING, WE TURNED THE BASEMENT INTO A SHELTER. EVERY TIME THE SIREN RANG OUT, EVERYONE WOULD RUN DOWNSTAIRS...



PUT YOUR CIGARETTE OUT. THEY SAY THAT THE GLOW OF A CIGARETTE IS THE EASIEST THING TO SEE FROM THE SKY.

BUT WE'RE IN THE BASEMENT HERE!



AND ONCE IT WAS OVER...



AFTER THE BOMBS AND THE INSTINCTIVE FEAR OF DEATH, YOU'D THINK OF THE VICTIMS AND ANOTHER KIND OF ANXIETY SEIZED YOU.



IN SPITE OF ALL THE DANGERS, THE PARTIES WENT ON. "WITHOUT THEM IT WOULDN'T BE PSYCHOLOGICALLY BEARABLE," SOME SAID. "WITHOUT PARTIES, WE MIGHT AS WELL JUST BURY OURSELVES NOW," ADDED THE OTHERS. MY UNCLE INVITED US TO HIS HOUSE TO CELEBRATE THE BIRTH OF MY COUSIN. EVERYONE WAS THERE. EVEN GRANDMA WAS DANCING.



DAMN!
POWER OUTAGE!!

BE CAREFUL
WHERE YOU
STEP!!!



AWWWW! NO MORE MUSIC!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT!
I'LL GO GET THE ZARB.

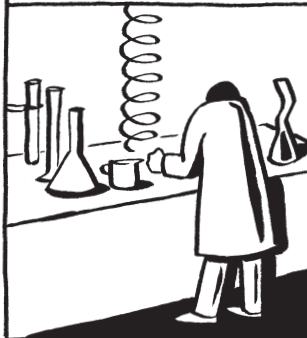


A ZARB IS A KIND OF DRUM. MY FATHER
PLAYED IT VERY WELL. LIKE A PRO.

WE HAD EVERYTHING. WELL,
EVERYTHING THAT WAS FORBIDDEN.
EVEN ALCOHOL, GALLONS OF IT.



MY UNCLE WAS THE VINTNER.
HE HAD BUILT A GENUINE WINE-
MAKING LAB IN HIS BASEMENT.



MRS. NASRINE, WHO WAS ALSO
HIS CLEANING LADY, CRUSHED
THE GRAPES.



GOD
FORGIVE ME!
GOD
FORGIVE ME!

SUDDENLY, SIRENS STARTED TO WAIL...



...AND MY AUNT DID TOO.



I FOUND MYSELF WITH THE NEWBORN BABY WE HAD BEEN CELEBRATING IN MY ARMS.



HER MOTHER HAD ALREADY ABANDONED HER.



SINCE THAT DAY, I'VE HAD DOUBTS ABOUT THE SO-CALLED "MATERNAL INSTINCT."



