



A. GIRL CALLED. SPRING.

By
JYOTSNALAL
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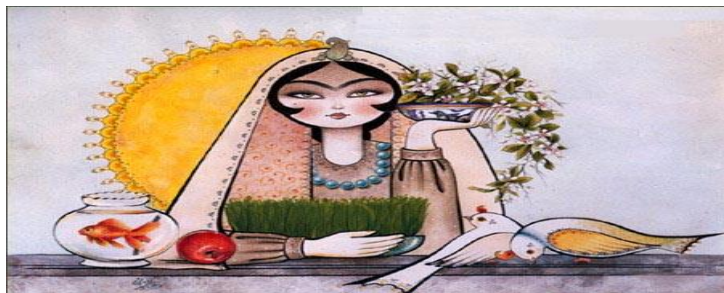
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DR.JYOTSNA LAL

ASSOCIATE PROF IN CHEMISTRY

CHRIST CHURCH P.G. COLLEGE

KANPUR. UP .INDIA 208001



Chapter 1

The arrival of Spring

Vali. Asr. Avenue is a bit like a magnificent French boulevard, with thousands of sycamore trees lining it and drainage ditches that gush water straight from the mountains. It's about 12 miles long and runs north to south, so it connects two very different worlds: poor, working-class south Tehran and rich, gentrified north Tehran. It's a microcosm of the city.

Vali Asr is for all Iranians, from all walks of life, and everybody in Tehran will intersect with this road at some point. It's where people gather to protest



or march, to celebrate or to shop. Ask any Tehrani what their favorite road is, and nine times out of ten they will tell you Vali Asr Street. This street is the hub of activities. Saffron, a highly prized spice native to Iran, historically used in ancient Persia to medicate, dye, weave, and beautify. Today it gives Iranian cuisine its distinctive yellow pigment. 'Saffron' flavors the discussion of all things Iranian.

It was certainly "in the name of God" that Ayatollah Khomeini, whose massive mausoleum you pass on the way from the airport, spearheaded the revolution that turned Iran from a police state headed by a Monarch Shah to a police state headed by an Islamist cleric. Started in 1989, the mausoleum still isn't finished. Perhaps it's a metaphor. This task, this attempt to bury a country, and its history, and its exquisite art and architecture and poetry and life, in a black veil of bullying fundamentalism, will never finish. You can't hide the spirit of Iran, and of the ancient civilisation of Persia, any more than you can hide the beauty of so many Iranian women.

And beauty, it's clear, even among the dreary tower blocks in the suburbs of Tehran, is important. It's clear in the flowers on a roundabout, in a sudden, brilliantly coloured mural on the side of a concrete apartment block, and, weirdly, in the large number of bandages on faces. Thousands of Iranians



have nose piercing. Some of the people sporting bandages hadn't even had them. A nose job was a status symbol, and a bandage was better than nothing. This is a complicated culture in which all is not as it seems. Perhaps the most visible mark of Iran's Islamic leanings is the conservative dress expected of its citizens. Although normal, Western style clothing is acceptable in private homes, when in public women are required to cover everything but their face, hands and feet. The most common uniform consists of a head scarf (roo -sari), to conceal the head and neck, a formless, knee-length coat known as a roo-poosh and a long dress or pair of pants. In and around holy sites, women are expected to dress even more modestly in a chādor, a full-length swathe of black cloth designed to cloak everything but female face from view. Men have a slightly easier time of things. Short-sleeved shirts and t-shirts are acceptable for daily wear. Shorts and three-quarter length pants are only acceptable in the house. Female Muslim comic and Guardian and New Statesman journalist, Shazia Mirza, While she does not poke fun at her religion, Mirza does tell jokes about her culture and current events. For example when questioned she has



Iran Tehran National Garden-(Baq-e-Melli)-

responded, 'I always have men come up to me afterwards and ask me questions and say: "Is it true that [Muslim] women have to walk steps behind their husband, is that true?" I say "Yes, they look better from behind".'

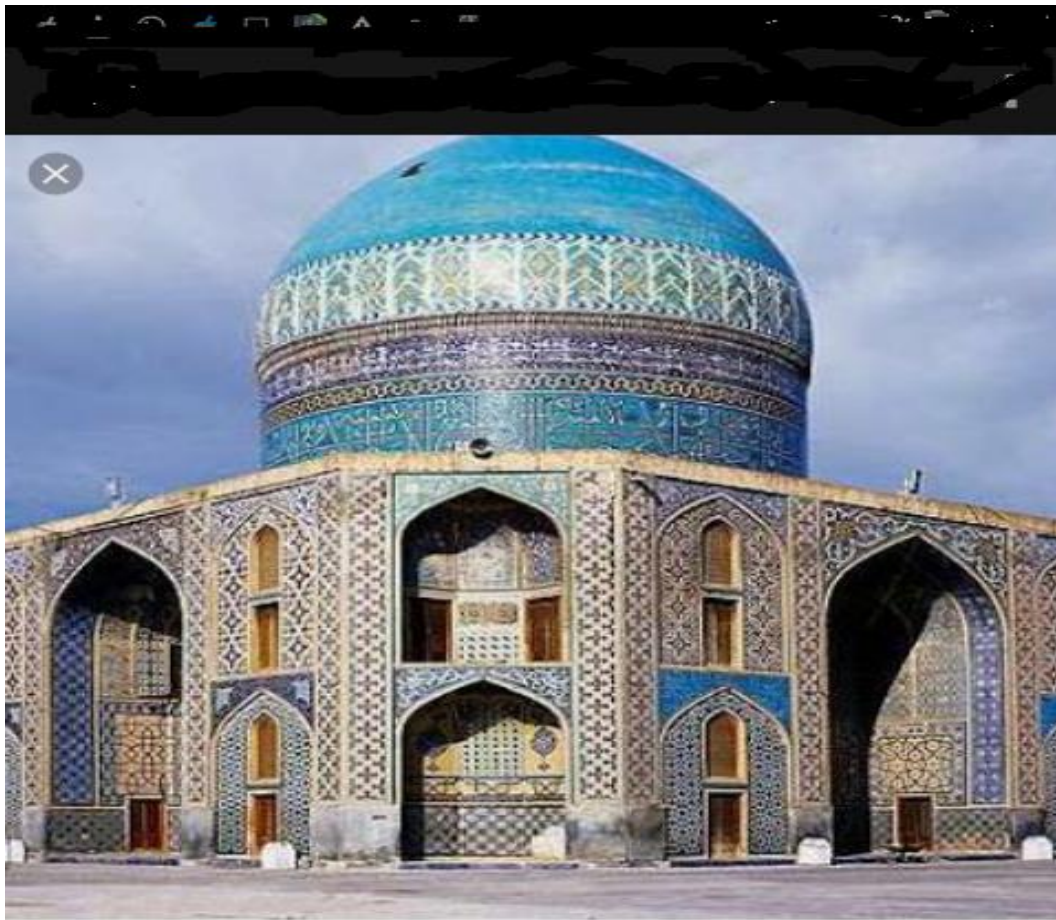
For the sake of brevity, let's just say oil (again). It was world's love of the sticky stuff that had Europeans installing a regime that led to the mass terror that led to the near-nightmare of now. Perhaps it's just as well that Iranians are adept at something they call ta'arof, a form of ritual politeness that allows the appearance of good manners without revealing the true feelings behind them.

"Whatever is with you will be exhausted," said one of the street signs designed to whip up Islamic fervour. Certainly, there's enough to see in Iran to tire you out. But what you do see, in architecture, and art, and gardens, and in the impeccable manners of a people who keep smiling against considerable odds, is almost enough to make you agree with the second part of the slogan:

"Whatever is with Allah will last."

Now I'm going to tell a story of an Iranian girl who found freedom because she was searching for it, fighting for it. Celebrating life and demanding life.

When we were children we listened to fairytales and believed in them. When



Khajeh-Rabi-Tomb-Mashad-Iran-

we grew up still wished for fairytale romances and happy endings.

The media and advertising world are full of fairy dancing . women with freedom of choice .

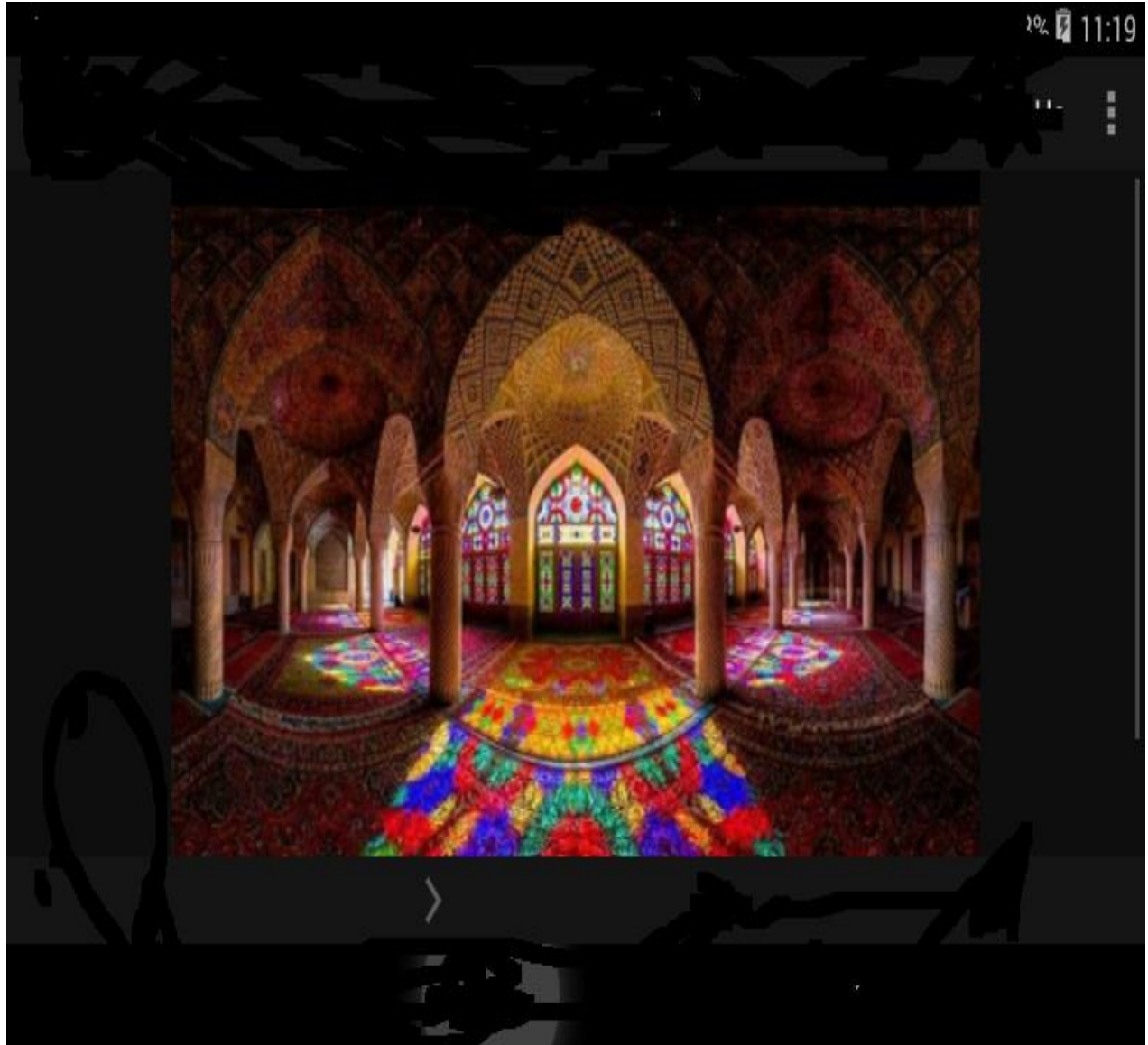
Almost all of the population in Iran is Muslim. —Islam honors and cherishes the women who give birth! Some religions view childbirth and labor pain as the necessary punishment for women, but Islam believes that childbirth is a sign of the Lord's —creation and majesty!

Pregnancy is a natural condition ordained by Allah. ... The philosophy behind the —natural pregnancy and childbirth! movement is that trusting your body's instincts will allow you to proceed with minimal fear and pain, and will create the best situation for you and your unborn child. In Tehran, a baby shower is called a —sismoony! party. Farideh, the future grandmother

celebrated three months before the baby's birth. Family and friends brought baby shower gifts such as a cot, toys and baby clothes. she made sure there was a sufficient supply of pastry, cookies, fresh and dried fruits and special

nuts on hand, plus tea .Some names were suggested if it was a boy like EhsAn (Goodness of God) or Amjad(farsi Most excellent, glorious) Ofcourse if it's a girl child then BahAr Spring (season),BahArak Small Spring (season) or

BahAreh Someone who brings the spring (or a sprint flower)

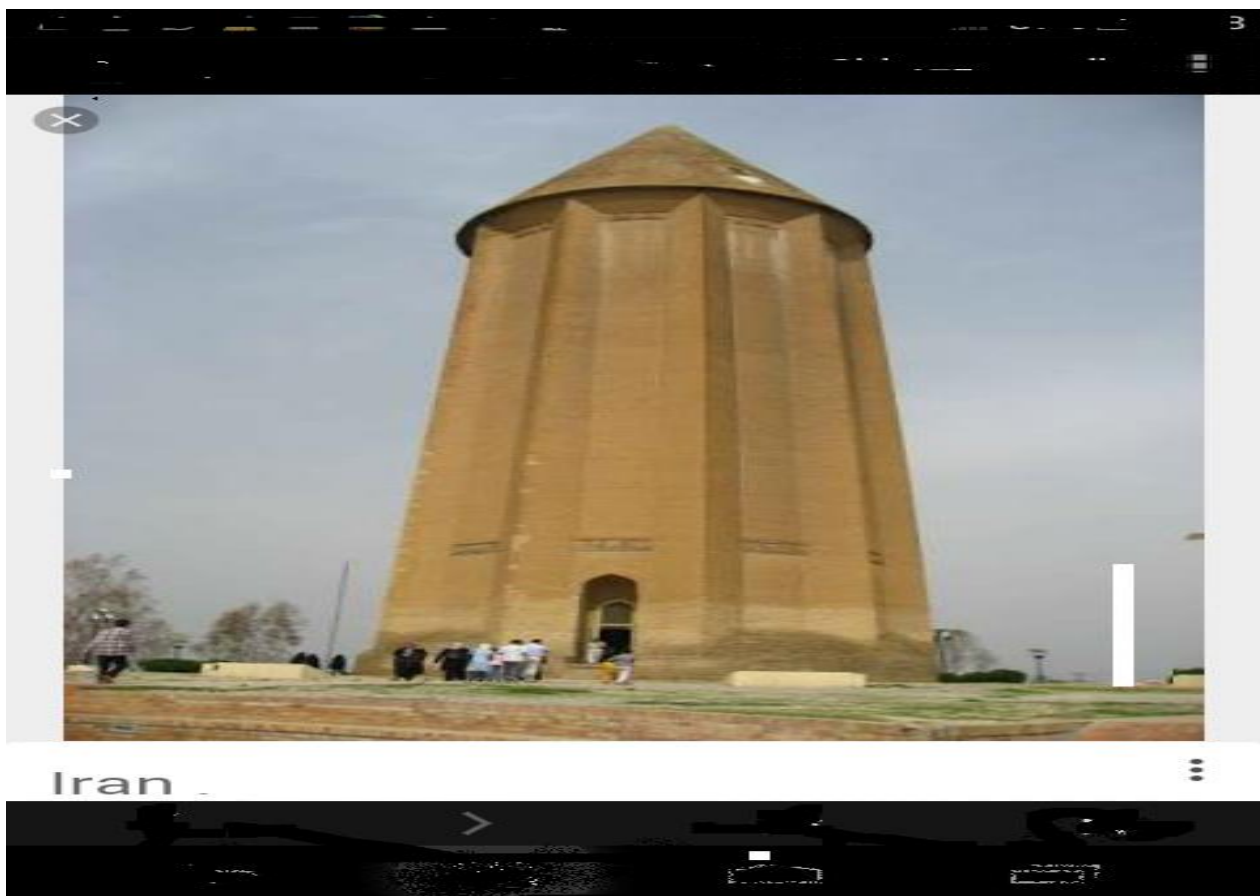




The Tomb of Cyrus the Great in
Pasargadae, Iran

Caesareans were traditionally frowned upon in Iran as a sign of ill-health and weakness, but they have become more popular since the 1979 Islamic revolution. It has become a fixture of modern medical practice: women giving birth in the comforting presence of the father-to-be. Now a custom long seen as a sign of western social progress is being adopted in the conservative setting of Iran as doctors seek to wean the country's women off their preference for caesarean births.

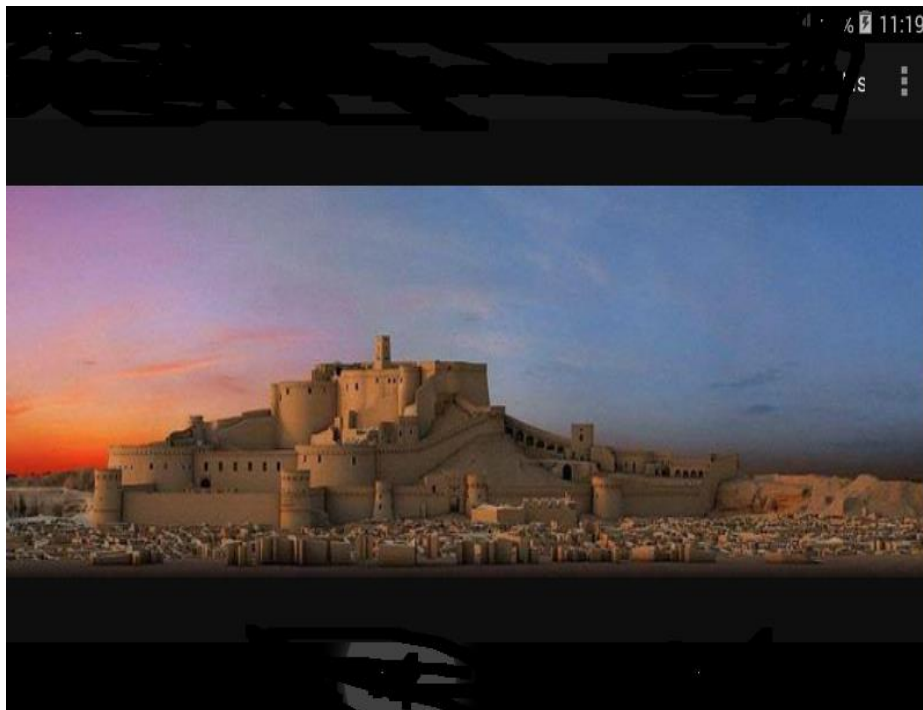
Sarem hospital in Tehran became the first in Iran to allow a father inside a delivery room for the birth of his child. The hospital is offering couples the chance to stay together during childbirth after being told that it is permissible under Iran's Islamic laws.



What has become common practice in the west was still unknown in Iran, where pregnancy and birth are still seen as women's business. But Dr. Abutaleb Sarem, a western-trained specialist obstetrician and medical director at Sarem hospital, was urging patients to bring in husbands for health and psychological reasons. He believes the presence of fathers is necessary to soothe women's nerves and make them more willing to give birth naturally.

Dr. Sarem came up with the proposal after Iran's health ministry asked doctors to reduce the number of caesarean births. About 70% of babies in Iran are born by caesarean section, largely due to women's fears about the pain of childbirth and the worry that natural births make them less attractive to their husbands.

Dr. Sarem said the fears about pain could be eased by fathers attending the births. "Our hospital advertised that we had all the latest facilities to make natural childbirth painless but patients were still insisting on caesareans, despite the high risks of infection and serious side-effects," he told the Guardian. "I remembered that when I worked in Austria and Germany, women were forgetting about the pain when their husbands were present at the births.



The atmosphere in delivery rooms seemed so peaceful and I wondered if it was because the fathers were there. So I offered it to the husband Karim whose name in farsi means 'Generous ' of one of my patients Najmeh Fakhraie

"He agreed after we asked if it was religiously permissible and were told that

it was. We gave the mother a low epidural. The environment was very

spiritual and friendly, with husband and wife laughing and joking. The

mother was able to help the medical team a little and delivered the baby, a

girl, without great discomfort. The husband was emotional and in tears."

his mother was also present . This baby born on June 14, 1985 was called

Bahar

.***



Imam Reza Shrine, Iran

Same day, Trans World Airlines Flight 847, a flight from Cairo to San Diego with en route stops in Athens, Rome, Boston, and Los Angeles. After an uneventful flight from Cairo to Athens, a new crew boarded Flight 847. The new crew in Athens were Captain John Testrake, First Officer Philip



Maresca, Flight Engineer Christian Zimmermann, Flight Service Manager Uli Derickson, Flight Attendant Judith Cox, Flight Attendant Hazel Hesp, Flight Attendant Elizabeth Howes, and Flight Attendant Helen

Sheahan.[3] On the morning of Friday, June 14, 1985 Flight 847 was hijacked by members of Hezbollah and Islamic Jihad shortly after take off from Athens. Most important, the hijackers were identified by an accomplice as

members of Islamic Jihad (or Holy War), the shadowy Shi'ite Muslim organization that is regarded as a sort of umbrella for various fundamentalist terror groups operating in Lebanon and other Middle East countries.

Sympathetic to Iran's revolutionary ruler, the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, and quite possibly subsidized by the Iranian leadership, Islamic Jihad and its confederates are blamed for many of the suicide bombing missions that have afflicted American and other Western military bases and diplomatic missions

in the Middle East in the past two years. At 10:10am, Flight 847 departed

Athens for Rome. It was commandeered shortly after takeoff by two Arabic-speaking Lebanese men who had smuggled a pistol and two grenades through the Athens airport security. One was later identified as Mohammed Ali

Hamadi, who was later captured and sentenced to life imprisonment in

Germany. [The Shiite Hezbollah terrorists who immediately demand to know the

identity of those with Jewish-sounding names.] Two of the Lebanese

terrorists, armed with grenades and a 9-mm. pistol, then forced the plane to

land in Beirut, Lebanon. On a political level, the hijackers of Flight 847 called for the release not only

of the Lebanese Shi'ites still held by Israel, but of a few others imprisoned in

Cyprus and Kuwait. They also demanded the immediate withdrawal of Israeli

forces from southern Lebanon (a pullout has been under way since January

and, except for patrols and forays back into the border area, is now virtually

complete) and international condemnation of the U.S. and Israel. In a broader sense, the Shi'ites of Lebanon, newly radicalized by the violence that has plagued their country, particularly since the Israeli invasion of June 1982, are seeking a fairer shake after generations of neglect and discrimination by Lebanon's wealthier and more powerful Maronite Christians and Sunni Muslims. The hijackers were seeking the release of 700 Shi'ite Muslims from Israeli custody. Beyond all that, the Shi'ite fanatical fringe, inspired by the



example of the Iranian revolution, wants to destroy the last vestiges of

Western "decadence" in the Islamic world, particularly the presence of the U.S., that "Great Satan." Whether the hijackers of Flight 847 fitted into that category, or were exemplars of a more classical political terrorism, bent on achieving specific ends in the region, was not yet known.

Millions around the world watched their television sets or listened to their radios as the horrific drama unfolded. "He has pulled a hand-grenade pin and is ready to blow up the aircraft if he has to. We must, I repeat, we must land at Beirut. We must land at Beirut. No alternative." After much delay, the curious, grudging reply of the Beirut control tower: "Very well. Land. Land quietly. Land quietly." Then another desperate plea: "They are beating the passengers. They are threatening to kill the passengers. We want fuel now. Immediately. Five minutes at most, or he is going to kill the passengers." After that, another, more excited, more hostile voice, in broken English: "The

plane is booby-trapped. If anyone approaches, we will blow it up. Either refueling the plane or blowing it up. No alternative."

The plane was diverted from its original destination of Rome, in airspace over Greece, to the Middle East and made its first stop, for several hours, at the Beirut International Airport in Lebanon, where 19 passengers were allowed to leave in exchange for fuel. Shortly before landing, air traffic control initially refused to let them land in Beirut. Captain Testrake argued with air traffic control until they relented. "He has pulled a hand-grenade pin and is ready to blow up the aircraft if he has to. We must, I repeat, we must land at Beirut. We must land at Beirut. No alternative.

During this time, Lebanon was in the midst of a civil war, and Beirut was divided into sectors controlled by different Shia militia Amal and Hezbollah. Beirut International Airport, surrounded by a Shia neighborhood, had no perimeter security, which had been over-run by Islamic militias, and nearby residents could simply drive onto the runway. The hijackers had systematically and regularly beaten all the military passengers, but during this stop they selected U.S. Navy diver, Robert Stethem, beat him, shot him in the right temple, and dumped his body out of the plane onto the ramp and shot him again, seeking permission from other Shia Muslims operating the control tower to obtain more fuel. Seven American passengers, alleged to have Jewish-sounding surnames, were taken off the jet and held hostage in a Shia prison in Beirut.

After airport authorities complied, the stricken plane took off from Beirut, where it had landed after having been hijacked out of Athens. Hours later, it landed in Algiers, then took off again and returned late that night to Beirut, the tension rising, the crew bone-weary. And minutes after landing, the senseless slaying of a hostage, and a harsh voice over the plane's radio: "You see? You now believe it. There will be another in five minutes," and the

nightmare rolled on.

On 15 June The proud parents Karim and Najmeh Fakhraie brought home Baby BahAr with much rejoicing ,she was the first girl among many brothers. The Family knew nothing about the hijacking byThe Shiite Hezbollah terrorists. Typically, the relatives and friends visit the new baby, The visits naturally have to be relatively short, . Every relatives announces in advance to the family and which days of the week or holidays are their reception days.

In the beginning, the hijackers were outnumbered by their captives 153 to 2, and U.S. authorities tended to believe that the terrorists would soon be overwhelmed by exhaustion if nothing else. By Sunday morning, however, with the plane on the ground in Algiers, the ranks of the hijackers had swelled to between twelve and 15, and all but 32 male American passengers and crewmen had been released (another passenger was later freed in order to receive medical treatment). The gunmen set a 10 a.m. deadline (5 a.m. E.D.T.) for their demands to be met, but then inexplicably left Algiers more than an hour ahead of time. Once again, their destination was Beirut. On landing there, they demanded the release of 50 fellow Shi'ite Muslims currently detained in Israel; such a gesture was justified, the hijackers said, by their freeing of three American men the night before in Algiers. The terrorists had been seeking the release of 700 Shi'ites from Israeli custody, and this appeared to be the first step in realizing that goal. If Israel and presumably the U.S.) balked, declared the hijackers, "our blood will be a witness." Nearly a dozen well-armed men joined the hijackers before the plane returned to Algiers the following day, Saturday, 15 June, where an additional 65 passengers and all five female cabin crew members (flight attendants and purser) were

released. That afternoon, the aircraft continued on across the Mediterranean to Algiers, Algeria, where 20 passengers were released during a five-hour stop before heading back to Beirut that night. The passengers and crew endured a three-day intercontinental ordeal. Some passengers were threatened and some beaten. Passengers with Jewish-sounding names were moved apart from the others. United States Navy diver Robert Stethem was killed, and his body was thrown onto the tarmac. Dozens of passengers were held hostage over the next two weeks until released by their captors after some of their demands were met.

The hijackers wished to fly to Tehran, but mysteriously returned to Beirut for a third time on Sunday afternoon, 16 June, and remained there for unknown reasons. (The pilot working as Flight Engineer deemed this portion of events could be dangerous to any who may be involved in future situations. The other pilots agreed with him to withhold details of his actions from the media.)

The initial demands of the hijackers included: the release of the "Kuwait 17," those involved in the 1983 bombing of the U.S. embassy in Kuwait, the release of all 766 mainly Lebanese Shias transferred to Israel's Atleat Prison in conjunction with immediate withdrawal of Israeli forces from southern Lebanon, international condemnation of Israel and the United States.

The Greek government released the accomplice, Ali Atwa, and in exchange the hijackers released eight Greek citizens, including Greek pop singer Demis Roussos, to be flown by a Greek government business jet from Algiers back to Athens.

By Monday afternoon, June 17, the 40 remaining hostages had been taken from the plane and held hostage throughout Beirut by the Hezbollah. Nabih Berri was the chief of the Amal militia and the Minister of Justice in the fractured Lebanon cabinet. One of the hostages was released when he developed heart trouble. The other 39 remained captive until intervention by US President Ronald Reagan with Lebanese officials on 30 June, when they and the pilots held captive on the airplane were collected in a local schoolyard

and met with international journalists, then driven to Syria by the International Red Cross to the Sheraton Hotel and a press conference in Damascus. The hostages then boarded a U.S. Air Force C-141B Starlifter cargo plane and flew to Rhein-Main AB, West Germany, where they were met by US Vice President George H. W. Bush, debriefed and given medical examinations, then flown in a TWA Lockheed non-stop to Andrews Air Force Base and welcomed home by President and Mrs. Reagan (accompanied by Reagan's Chief of Staff Donald Regan). Over the next several weeks, Israel released over 700 Shia prisoners, while maintaining that the prisoners' release was not related to the hijacking.

TWA employee Uli Derickson was largely successful in protecting the few Jewish passengers aboard by refusing to identify them. Most of the passengers were released in the early hours of what turned out to be a 17-day ordeal, but five men were singled out and separated from the rest of the hostages. Of these five, only Richard Herzberg, an American, was Jewish.

During the next two weeks, Herzberg maintained to his attackers that he was a Lutheran of German and Greek ancestry. Along with the others, he was taken to a roach-infested holding cell somewhere in Beirut, where other Lebanese prisoners were being held. Fortunately, the TWA hostages were treated fairly well.

On June 30, after careful negotiations, the hostages were released unharmed.

Since the terrorists were effectively outside the law's reach in Lebanon, it appeared as though the terrorists would go free from punishment.



Baby BahAr was almost one month old when this drama can to an end.She

was the star of the family. Princess in her kingdom.

Nowruz is the traditional Iranian festival of spring which starts at the exactmoment of the vernal equinox, commencing the start of the spring. It is considered as the start of the New Year among Iranians. The name comes

from Avestan meaning "new day/daylight". Noruz is celebrated March 20/21each year, at the time the sun enters



The Girl with a Pink Umbrella

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Aries and Spring begins.

Noruz has been celebrated for at least 3,000 years and is deeply rooted in the rituals and traditions of the Zoroastrian religion. During the Noruz holidays people are expected to pay house visits to one another (in the form of short house visits and the other side will also pay a visit during the holidays before the 13th day of the spring. At the end of the celebrations on this day, the sabzeh grown for the Haft Seen spread which has symbolically collected all the sickness and bad luck is thrown away into running water to exorcise the demons and evil eyes from the house hold. It is also customary for young single women to tie the leaves of the sabzeh, prior to discarding it, symbolizing their wish to be married before the next year's Seezdah Bedar. When tying the leaves, they whisper. Typically, on the first day of Noruz, family members gather around the table, with the Haft Seen on the table or set next to it, and await the exact moment of the arrival of the spring. At that time gifts are exchanged. Later in the day, on the very first day, the first house visits are paid to the most senior family members.

Typically, the youngsters visit the elders first, and the elders return their visit later. The visits naturally have to be relatively short, otherwise one will not be able to visit everybody on their list. Every family announces in advance to their relatives and friends which days of the holidays are their reception days. A visit generally lasts around 30 minutes, where you often run into other visiting relatives and friends who happen to be paying a visit to the same house at that time. Because of the house visits, you make sure you have a sufficient supply of pastry, cookies, fresh and dried fruits and special nuts on hand, as you typically serve your visitors with these items plus tea or syrup. Many Iranians will throw large Noruz parties in a central location as a way of dealing with the long distances between groups of friends and family.

Some Noruz celebrants believe that whatever a person does on Noruz will affect the rest of the year. So, if a person is warm and kind to their relatives, friends and neighbors on Noruz, then the new year will be a good one. On the other hand, if there are fights and disagreements, the year will be a bad one. Also, many people do a significant amount of "Spring Cleaning" prior to Noruz to rid the house of last year's dirt and germs in preparation for a good new year.



One tradition that may not be very widespread is to place something sweet, such as honey or candy, in a safe place outside overnight. On the first morning of the new year, the first person up brings the sweet stuff into the house as another means of attaining a good new year.

NOROOZ



Haj Firooz &
Amco Norooz



Chaharcharbeh
Soan



Haft Seen



Sizdah Bedar



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The traditional herald of the Noruz season is called Haji Pirooz, or Hadji Firuz. He symbolizes the rebirth of the Sumerian god of sacrifice, Domuzi, who was killed at the end of each year and reborn at the beginning of the New Year. Wearing black make up and a red costume, Haji Pirooz sings and dances through the streets with tambourines and trumpets spreading good cheer and the news of the coming New Year.

The thirteenth day of the New Year festival is called Sizdah Bedar (meaning "thirteen outdoors"). It often falls on or very close to April Fool's Day, as it is celebrated in some countries. People go out in the nature in groups and spend all day outdoors in the nature in form of family picnics. It is a day of festivity in the nature, where children play and music and dancing is abundant. On this day, people throw their sabzeh away in the nature as a symbolic act of making the nature greener, and to dispose of the bad luck that the sprouts are said to have been collecting from the household.

The thirteenth day celebrations, Sizdah Bedar, stem from the belief of the ancient Persians that the twelve constellations in the Zodiac controlled the months of the year, and each ruled the earth for a thousand years. At the end of which, the sky and the earth collapsed in chaos. Hence, Noe-Rooz lasts twelve days and the thirteenth day represents the time of chaos when families put order aside and avoid the bad luck associated with the number thirteen by going outdoors and having picnics and parties.

Lahzeye Didar

The time we meet

A song-ful of sea scent, a star-ful of rain odor

a breath of homely air, a sound of the backstreet mosque calling to prayer

All my memories are at the corner of a water bowl

It comes alive again, it's as sweet as the sleep

When I'm in the blue look at me through the window
with your eyes behind the glass pray for me from your heart deep
put your hand on my heart let it invigorate
encourage the clouds to rain with your breath

It's like the sweetness of dream, like petals in among the pages of a book
each minute in my breath is the scent of rosewatered-tress
The smell of thatch on the walls, my childhood's old garden and street
all come alive again whenever we meet.

It was the end of Noruz season almost two years after the TWA Flight 847 attack, Hammadi was arrested in Frankfurt, West Germany, in 1987 while attempting to smuggle liquid explosives. The United States immediately requested his extradition but Hizbullah immediately abducted two West Germans in Beirut, and threatened to kill them if Hamadei were extradited. Then it was decided to try Hamadei in West Germany. In addition to the charges in West Germany of illegal importation of explosives, he was charged with the 1985 hijacking and hostage taking; tried and convicted of Stethem's 1985 murder, he was sentenced to life in prison.

The first opportunity for parole to be granted on a life sentence in Germany is ordinarily after 15 years. However Hammadi's life sentence included a provision that due to an exceptional grave degree of guilt the first parole review was to be later. The Landgericht (regional court) Kleve decided on 30 November 2005, to grant Hammadi's application for parole, after his having served 19 years of his term. The US government has sought his extradition from Lebanon. On 12 September 2006, a "Bush administration official"

indicated that Hammadi had rejoined Hezbollah upon his release from German prison. Now this Noruz season baby Bahar was also two years old.





Chapter two

The 13 Birthday

Bahar 's dad Karim Fakhraie was a translator and worked with many foreign merchants. He once took his wife Najmeh and seven year old Bahar to Germany

One of Bahar childhood fondest memories was the return flight. It all started with the initial approach into Tehran. Shortly after midnight, Lufthansa flight 600 was flying over a Tehran glowing with lights. she remembers looking out at the city and unsuccessfully trying to find her house. They flew over Azadi Square, when the final landing into Mehrabad Airport was only seconds away. As soon as the wheels hit the tarmac, the plane broke out into applause, and everyone got up to take their belongings out of the overheads, only to have the rightfully annoyed German flight attendants insist that they remain seated until the plane came to a full stop and the seatbelt sign turned off.

What the flight attendants didn't understand, that all very anxious because the beast awaited : gomrok, customs.

People began to claw their way out of the plane trying to be the first to get on the bus to the terminal. Once they arrived at the terminal and the doors of the bus opened, it turned into Wal-Mart on Black Friday.

A strategic plan- Karim took the carry-ons, his wife Najmeh and seven year old Bahar tagged along while the other person his client ran for dear life and saved a spot in the seemingly never-ending customs line that moved at an absolute snail's pace . Then there was the task of finding your suitcase while someone else got a bārbar, porter. The suitcases were then completely searched while the eyes of the giant portraits of Imam Khomeini and Khamenei gazed over airport .



When that was all over at least an hour or more later, look behind the glass wall at hundreds of excited Iranians holding gerayol, sword lilies, and eagerly awaiting and searching for their guests. And then they would finally spotted them- aunt, uncle, grandmother and cousins. They stepped out of Mehrabad into khāke pāke Tehran, There was something comforting about the smell of the the dry, warm air mixed with a hint of gasoline and dust They made their way to the parking lot, piled the suitcases on top of uncle' Farzad Taghaboni's orange Paykan, and went to the house. All immediately go to the roof where Khaleh Parvin had the mattresses all laid out and ready to sleep in. Under the cool Tehran sky, Bahar fell asleep to the sound of her

mom, aunts and cousins all whispering and catching up. In the morning, they woke to hot tea, the best fresh barbari in the city, and moraba albaloo.

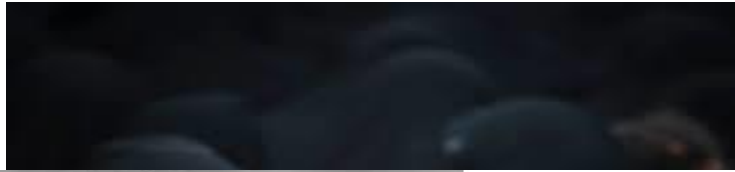
Tea is the most common, ubiquitous drink in Iran. Whether in someone's home, in a stall in the bazaar, or in the kitchen of the House of the Artists (aka khaneh ye Honarmandan), there's always a kettle or samovar gently boiling and bubbling and dreamily humming; and there's always a pot of tea either being made or a cup of tea being sipped. That's just the way it goes. A typical sweet served with tea is nabat, aka rock candy. These days, nabat is served on a stick (much like a lollipop) that one dunks in the tea (a modern iteration of an old-fashioned idea) and stirs until it dissolves. A charming way to sweeten one's tea.

On her 13 birthday Bahar was out shopping with her mother and Khaleh Parvin, looking for Islamic clothes, most of the people selling Islamic clothing like abayas, are foreigners from countries like Egypt and Pakistan. Well, the truth is that you can find really beautiful abayas, but they are all black. Bahar asked the man in the shop why they don't have any other colours besides black and he said, —because black is the Islamic colour for women.

Bahar she had been pondering over this for a long time. she had no problem with women wearing only black so don't get her wrong here, it's just that she remembered in Germany Muslim women didn't only wear black clothes, or perhaps that was just in Iran. However, she remembered when grandma had gone for Hajj, women could be seen wearing different colour clothes, and some of them looked really nice in different colours, especially white clothing. It made the women look so pure and serene. Khaleh Parvin said that black is the chosen colour for women because it's dark and thus covers a woman's body as you can't see through it. Bahar asked in that case why not dark

green, or navy blue, or maroon or even brown. Surely all these dark colours would serve the same purpose.

Khaleh Parvin said, 'Black makes a woman look radiant. It's elegant, and especially with the fashionable Islamic clothing these days, many women end



up looking really stunning and perhaps even attracting more attention.

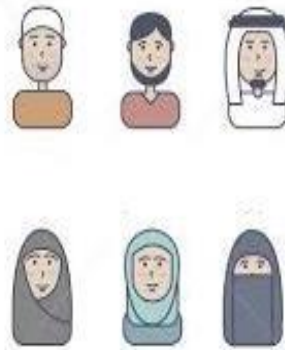
models always wear black, Bahar wanted to choose different colours in the



clothes but from that day Bahar wore a black cloak and matching black

hijab and everyone remarked that she looked like snow white in the black.

Bahar really wanted to hear men's opinions on this, because it was something that interests her she really didn't understand why women have to wear only black. she wanted to understand why some people are so adamant about the restriction of other colours.



An all black wardrobe somehow just doesn't sit well with her..

Bahar was still princess in her home , she loudly declared,"

I wonder what types of colours women wore in the time of the Beloved Prophet Muhammad (Peace be upon Him). Perhaps this is something that I need to do more research on. If anyone knows anything about the issue, I'd really like to hear it!"

All men in the family raised their eyebrows which meant no the subject was taboo



The subject was changed, uncle Saimak began relating a funny story.

A man is taking a walk in Laleh Park in Tehran during Ramadan. Suddenly he sees a little girl being attacked by a feral dog. He runs over and starts fighting with the dog. Eventually, he succeeds in killing the dog and saving the girl's life.

An Iranian policeman was watching the scene unfold and walks over and says, 'You are a hero, tomorrow you can read all about it in the newspapers, 'Brave Tehrani saves the life of little girl'.

The man says, 'But I am not a native of Tehran!'



Oh, then it will say in newspapers in the morning, "Brave Iranian saves life of little girl", the policeman answers.

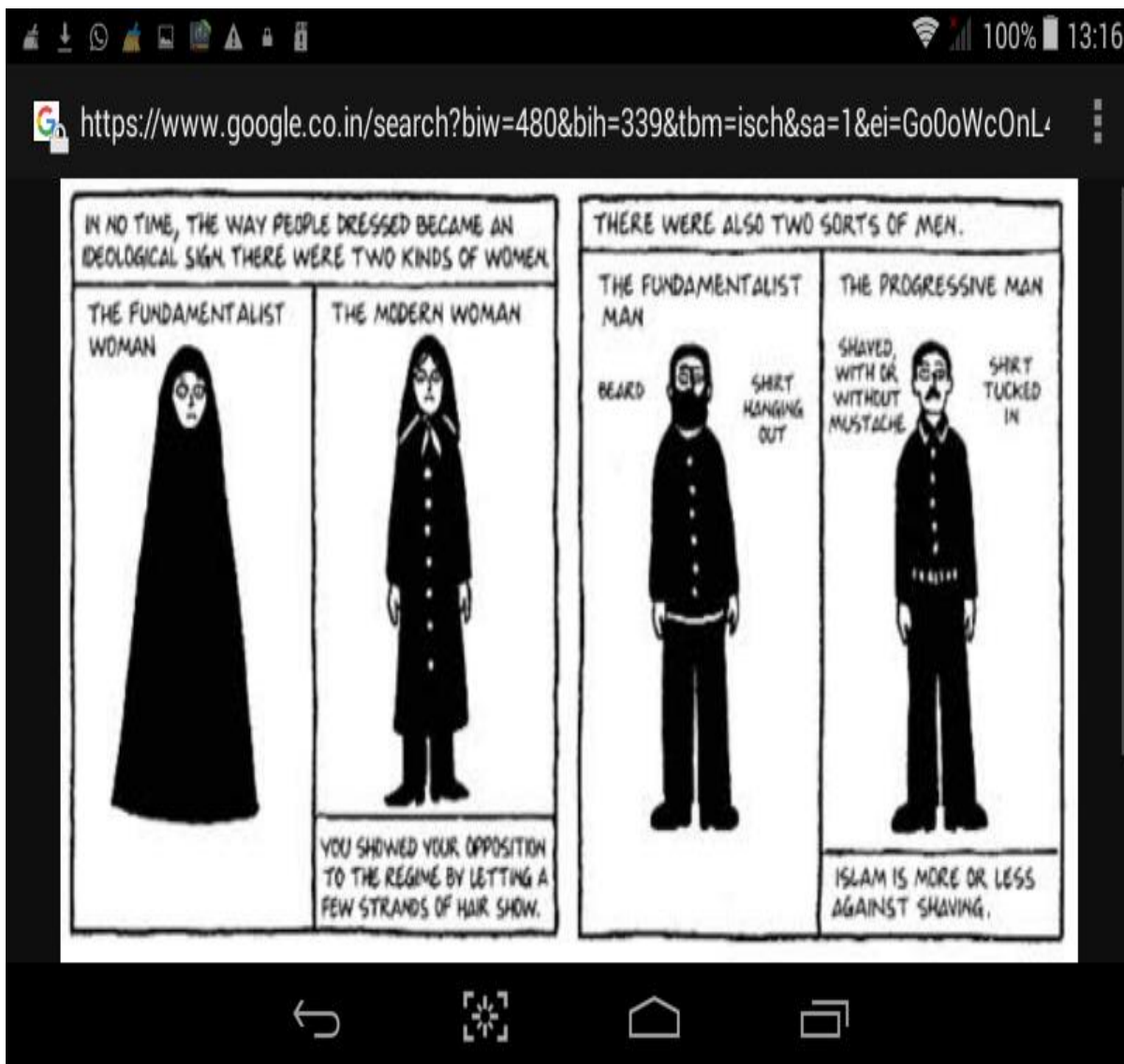
'But I am not an Iranian!' says the man.

'Oh, where are you from then?'

'The man says: - 'I am a Syrian!'

The next day the newspaper headline says, 'Islamic extremist kills innocent Irani dog.'

Room was filled with laughter , an argument had been thwarted.





Chapter 3. The Umbrella and The Motor cycle.

Chapter 3 The Umbrella and. The. Motor cycle.

Today Bahar is a 19 year old female student dreaming to be an ordinary engineering student of Iran.

Definitely the Iranian capital is not the most beautiful one in the world, on the opposite it could seem one of the ugliest traffic and pollution are the main ingredients of this twelve million inhabitants city. In her cousin brother Davoud says Santiago, Buenos Aires, Los Angeles, Chicago, Dakar ,never had problems breathing, but in Tehran your throat gets inflamed.

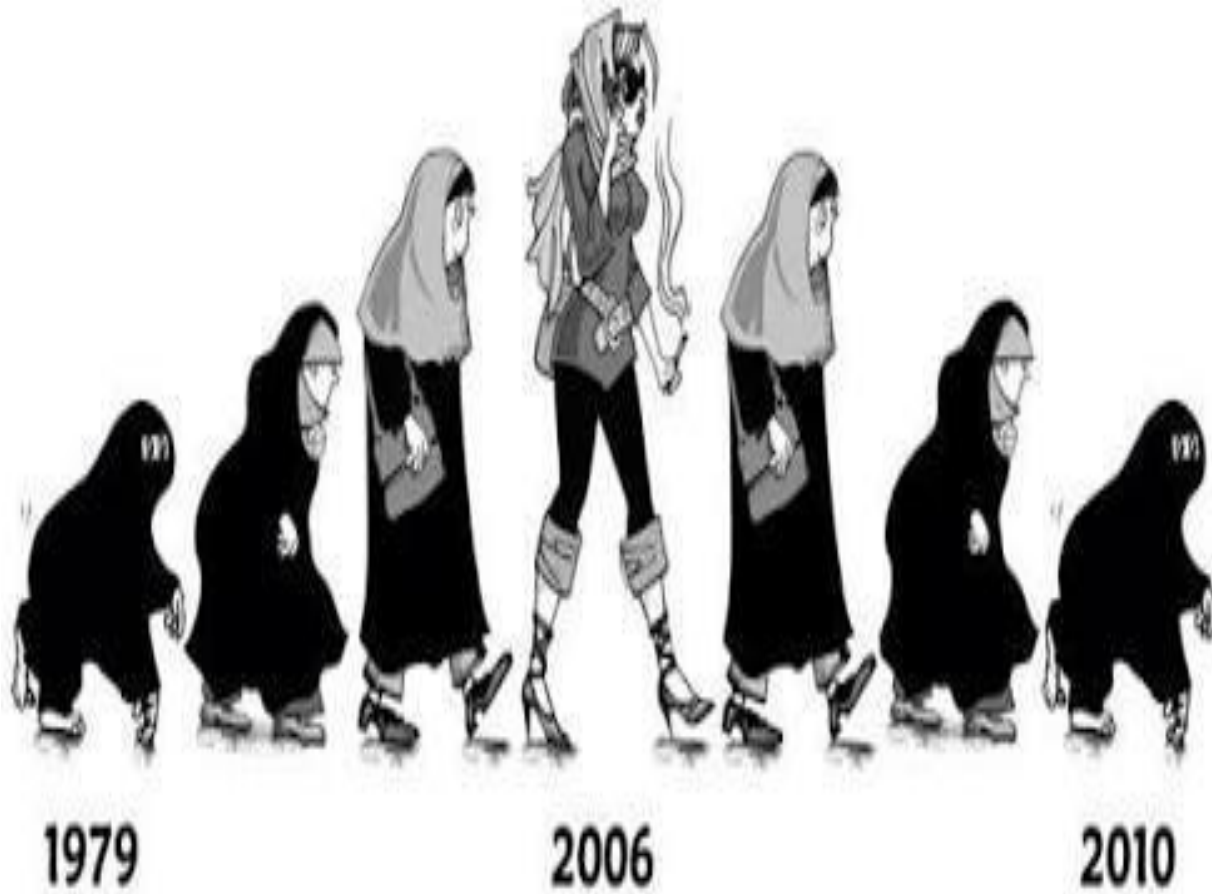
In the city it's quite tough orienting, since there's no centre but just long large streets run along by "dangerous unfenced dirty deep spooky" channels.

Crossing the streets, if you'll be able to jump the channel probably you'll be knocked down by some crazy driver.

Perhaps the most visible mark of Iran's Islamic leanings is the conservative dress expected of its citizens. Although normal, Western style clothing is acceptable in private homes, when in public women are required to cover everything but their face, hands and feet. The most common uniform consists of a head scarf (roo-sari), to conceal the head and neck, a formless, knee-length coat known as a roo-poosh and a long dress or pair of pants. In and around holy sites, women will be expected to dress even more modestly in a Chador. or Hijab chā morf Girls don't have the right to choose the major they like to study. The government decides for them based on the score one get from the overall exam for the university admission entrance.

Since there are more applicants than actual spots in the colleges, the

IRAN Evolution



government will determine what who will study and therefore the government will decide what the person will become. Everybody studies hard to get into the university and then get accepted to the major of their interest.

For the young people of Iran the university is basically the only place where you have a chance to change your future. But the sad reality is that there is everything at school except a good education. Students call it hotel ins tead of college. Most of the students only study right before the exam so they can just pass the class. There are only find a handful of students in the college who are really serious about their study. Since there is no recreation in Iran, the college classrooms are an escape from the reality of the suppressive life. The college is the only place where students can hang out without worrying about getting arrested.

In Iran there is no such a thing as a co educational school, therefore teenagers don't know how to interact with the opposite sex until they go to college. As you know socializing with the opposite sex is forbidden in the public places. There is always a chance that you could get arrested.

The freshman year in college for the first time they experience to sit in a classroom with the opposite sex. Being a teenager is hard enough, the confusions of who you want to be and finding your identity, then there is the added element of dealing with the opposite sex. How to act, how to laugh, how to be with the opposite sex. Imagine studying in an environment where you deal with this completely new feeling on daily basis. For guys, having a connection with a female is mostly about sexual relationship. For the young women too, since the friendship between opposite sex has not developed for 18

years, the sexual desires are the only connection that is developed. So it becomes hard to focus on your goals without being distracted. Imagine a girl who is raised in a suppressed society where there is no freedom of expression, media, or religion as a result the youth really don't get to experience a normal social evolution.

In country Iran, the young still don't understand the difference between friendship and relationship. One will think just because girl is communicating with a male that guy will become her boyfriend. Unlike other places in the world the young people of Iran can not dream of a future because those wishes most likely will never be fulfilled. A young person in Iran needs money to be able to do many things but there is no work. If you want to get a job anywhere first they require experience. There are no minimum wage jobs. Even the least complicated jobs require experience. Could some body explain to me how that is possible. How could a young person who barely graduated from High School have experience. The young people of Iran can't and don't set any real goals, because they know it is almost not a reality to be able to reach that goal.

In a country where everything is based on who knows whom, what happens to a person who does not have anyone. In Iran, since young people have nothing to dream about it, or can't even get a basic job, drugs become their refuge; at least a temporary refuge. Drugs make them numb so they can't escape their



shattered realities of life. The number of brain drain is outstanding. If anyone wants to really become something whether being an artist or a doctor they have to leave Iran.

Friday 18 September Iran state television is reporting that at least 10 people have died in flash floods in the provinces of Tehran in the north and Hormozgan in the south. Six of the victims died in floods near the city of Pakdasht, south-east of Tehran, on . They were caught in flash floods when a river broke its banks.

On one such day, the afternoon lecture was cancelled as the professor had to attend a seminar. Bahar had merely walked two hundred meters when it started to pour heavily. She did have her umbrella with her but preferred to wait under the roof of an empty bus stop, hoping for the rain to slow down. After about ten minutes, a bike unbalanced on the road near the bus stop bumping over a small pothole. The boy riding lost his balance and fell off from the bike. She ran towards him and helped him in getting up. She inquired if he was all right, to which he replied, "Thank you for your help. I'm absolutely fine."

She looked at him and felt something; something different from how she normally felt on seeing attractive guys. The feeling was anomalous but slightly joyful. Even a faint smile brought a spark in his eyes and she knew there was something special about this guy. All of this happened in a span of seconds. She noticed blood on his right arm and started looking for a band-aid in her purse. He requested her not to take so much trouble and that he was ready to drive, but she had already handed him two pieces of band-aid in that time. He told her he had to reach the railway station to receive his sick roommate and that he was getting late. He thanked her for the help and reached for his bike lying on the ground.

He tried to start the bike's engine many times, but all in vain. She could see

the sadness and anxiety on his face and was thinking of a solution to his problem. He asked him to park the bike on the footpath and leave for the railway station. She offered him her umbrella and promised to make sure his bike stays safe there until he comes back.

Traffic tow truck turns up she will try to stop them.

Ashkan Sohrabi, was reluctant at first, but then decided to trust her and parked his bike. Though he refused to take her umbrella and requested her not to wait there to keep an eye on his bike, she insisted him to take her umbrella and rush to the station. After a polite argument and exchange of smiles, he left.

Bahar sat there, smiling and wondering, and checking out his bike once in a while. After about an hour, he returned and thanked her for her gratefulness.

The rains had fortunately stopped and after eleven attempts, his bike finally started. Due to the flash floods the traffic tow truck did not turn up

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There was only one problem: A small rod of her umbrella got damaged somehow at the railway station. Ashkan Sohrabi, promised to get it repaired and return it to her as soon as possible. She half-heartedly resisted and he full-

heartedly insisted. "Tomorrow, for sure," he said. "Okay," she replied. She gave him her yahoo messenger id, she didn't give much thought to her

doubts. She knew she could trust, he promised for the 15th time that he will return her umbrella the very next day. The good-byes came with a smile on both the young faces. The smiles didn't leave their faces even when in a deep sleep.

Ashkan Sohrabi sleep broke at 5 A.M. in the morning and he couldn't sleep after that. He kept looking at his watch and the moment it struck nine, he

rushed to a nearby repair shop, and find it closed. The neighboring shopkeeper told him to come back after 1 P.M. Those four hours were the longest ones of his life. She too was waiting for his message since the moment she got up and checked her cell phone every five minutes.



They didn't know what was happening, or why were they feeling that way. but this was something quite different ,Deep down, they knew this wasn't going to end with today's 'goodbye' and they could sense some sort of connection between each other.

Finally, at 3 P.M. he gathered courage to message her and let her know that her umbrella had been repaired. Bahar , on the other side wasn't exactly blushing, but the grin wasn't the same as always. They were both shy and didn't want to mess this up by meeting at a 'couple's place'. So, they decided

to meet at a same bus stop at 5 P.M. The two hours of the wait were mercilessly too long. He returned her umbrella and she asked him about his wounds, and they parted. Later at home they were chatting on Yahoo messenger about their college life, school life, all the innocent stuffs was 8.30 P.M. already. This time, their goodbyes were added with 'see you soon'. It was an incredible yet unexplainable feeling for both, which became the ice-breaker of the conversation that evening.

They both discovered an amazing friend in each-other and they bonded strongly in a small time. Soon, funny nicknames were given and 'Good night, May you have a terrible nightmare' became an everyday affair. Sometimes she would tease him with a girl's name, which she didn't like very much, anyway. When she'd call her favorite hollywood actor 'superhot', he'd feel a sting of jealousy. This went on for a month. From school pranks to college assignments, nothing stayed unknown between the two. They knew each other's favorite rock bands, tried hard to remember the lyrics of English songs the other one liked

They knew something was going on. There was something special and it didn't seem to stop anytime soon. She loved his smile. He loved her eyes. May be this wasn't just a crush, this was more than that. She was thinking of the difference between the two immensely confusing happenings of life. Her previous crushes were special too, but this feeling was precious, and pure. He was the reason behind her 24*7 smile and she could be herself without any hesitation, when with him. She knew she wanted to stay with him for the rest of her life. She had to tell him that she loves him. Her white cheeks went tomato red with the thought. No messages her that night, the net was down. She did most of the talking with mother, who doesn't get a hint of her feelings

The next morning when she woke up, she saw a pretty lengthy text message sent by Ashkan Sohrabi . It read,

"I don't know what this all is, but I know you are more than just special to me. I love to see you smile and my heart skips a beat every time our hands touch. I knew we have some connection since the very first time I saw you, and I knew this won't end that day itself. I want to make you laugh and take care of you for the rest of my life. I think I'm in love with you. I have no clue whether you feel the same about me or not, and if you don't, please promise me we'd still be friends. I don't want to lose a great friend like you. I want to be with you all the time. But if you too like me, don't tell me now. Tell me when we meet today. Have a great day."

Ba har's hands were shivering and she wasn't sure if it was a dream or reality. She reread that message four times. She couldn't believe what was happening; as if a thunderbolt had struck her and left through the floor. It took her ten minutes to realize and understand what had happened. Then she smiled. Like never before.

She re-read the message many a times all the day. She couldn't wait to meet him. The evening was going to be very long.

They met at the same bus stop and in the same clothes, when they met for the first time as friends. They were both blushing and making an eye-contact seemed tougher than arguing with a professor. He mustered some courage and went close to her. "How are you?" he asked. She smiled and nodded her head, pushing a strand of her hair behind her left ear. There were two minutes of pin drop silence.

They were too shy to look into each other's eyes and talk. They could hardly find a topic to talk about. In those moments of hmm's and yeah's, it began to drizzle, and in a couple of minutes, it started raining heavily. She opened her black umbrella and the new couple got under it together. For the first time in their lives, they didn't want the rain to stop.

"I'm glad I broke your umbrella that day." he said, looking into her eyes. She blushed with a big smile. Bahar knew she was Ashkan Sohrabi's girl with the umbrella.

Tooe azizam Baroone---It is raining

I will go...

to come back alone again.

I have reached this coldness again...

... in this world...

... I am used to loneliness.

spring of my life is here.

... here has become my whole world.

to whom I could tell my where about?

oh my God , do you hear me?

do not let me stay here.

rain, rain, it is raining....it is raining upon hills,

upon meadows...spring rain.

...rain, rain, it is raining....it is again raining from skies, spring rain.

the first time i saw you, I knew at once that I want you.

do not go, do not go...do not leave me.

you have dwelled in my heart i can not be without you even for a moment.

I do not bother anyone... no I do not.

I love you so much, beyond all limits.

from here, we will go together toward our destiny.

we will go. ... be mine, be mine.

... in this world you be mine....do not go, do not go...

... do not ever go , do not leave me.

...you do , you do...

... tell me that you do love me, you are my darling.

I am all alone here, I wish you were here with me.

yes, yes... I wish you were with me.

you know that I want you so much, I do not forget you.

I wont forget you.... from here, we will go together toward our destiny.

In this world you be mine.be mine, be mine.

Majnoone Leili next to my heart I smell love

I'm so tired that sometimes

I forget I'm falling in love

I'm in love

I became the sky, you became my voice.

I became the boss, you became homeless

I became a song, you became my pencil.

I became in love, you got sad

My leyla, my everything, you're sitting quite in my dreams

These times I spend with you, I'm getting lost in

I'm in love with you, I will get lost for you

you don't know how I would go after you

tired, drunk and in love,

every single one of my dreams are getting further from

maybe someday you'll realize this in your heart

Next to each star (referring to the girl as a star),

there is a guy (himself) trying so hard
cause of my easiness, I forgot I was falling in love
I'm in love, I became the moon, you became the sky.
I became leaves, you became a flower
I became snow, you became water.
I became music, you went to sleep
Rain, rain, it is raining....it is raining upon hills,
upon meadows...spring rain.
...rain, rain, it is raining....it is again raining from skies, spring rain.



Chapter 4

Shirin and Khosrow.



Bahar wanted to read the Iranian love story Shirin and Khosrow.

The Iranian government's censors refused a publishing house permission to reprint the centuries-old classic poem that had been a much-loved component of Persian literature for 831 years.

Ashkan Sohrabi emailed a summary of the poem .

Prince Khosrow is the Prince of Persia son of exiled king Hormizd IV.

Khosrow is playful and disobedient

Khosrow's feast in a farmer's house; for which Khosrow is severely chastised by his father. Khosrow asks forgiveness and repents his offence.

Hormizd IV, who is now pleased with his son, forgives him. That very night,

Khosrow sees his grandfather Anushirvan in a dream and Anushirvan gives



him glad tidings of a wife named Shirin, a steed named Shabdiz, a musician named Barbad, and a great kingdom, that is Persia.

Shapur, Khosrow's close friend and a painter, tells Khosrow of the Armenian queen Mahin Banu and her niece Shirin. Hearing Shapur's descriptions of Shirin's flawless features, the young prince falls in love with Shirin, the Armenian princess. Shapur travels to Armenia to look for Shirin. Shapur finds Shirin and shows the image of Khosrow to Shirin. Shirin falls in love



with Khosrow and escapes from Armenia to Khosrow's capital Mada'in; but meanwhile, Khosrow also flees from his father's anger and sets out for Armenia in search of Shirin.

On the way, he finds Shirin unclothed bathing and washing her flowing hair; Shirin also sees him; but since Khosrow was traveling in peasant clothes, they do not recognize one another. Khosrow arrives in Azerbaijan and is welcomed by Shamira the queen of Armenia - yet he finds out that Shirin is in Mada'in. Again, Shapur is sent to bring Shirin. When Shirin reached Armenia again, Khosrow – because of his father's death- has to return to Mada'in.

The two lovers keep going to opposite places till finally Khosrow is overthrown by a general named Bahrām Chobin and flees to Armenia.

In Armenia, Khosrow finally meets Shirin and is welcomed by her.

Shirin, however, does not agree to marry Khosrow; unless Khosrow first claims his country back from Bahram Choobin. Thus, Khosrow leaves Shirin in Armenia and goes to Constantinople. The Caesar agrees to assist him against Bahram Choobin conditioned that he married his daughter Maryam.

Khosrow is also forced to promise not to marry as long as Maryam is alive.

Khosrow succeeds in defeating his enemy and reclaims his throne. Maryam, due to her jealousy, keeps Khosrow away from Shirin.

شاید هنوز دیر نشده باشد
که روز عشق
(Valentine) را از ۲۵ بهمن
به ۲۹ بهمن
(سپندارمذگان ایرانیان باستان)
منتقل کنیم



جشن باستانی * سپندارمذگان * فرخنده باد

Meanwhile, a sculptor named Farhad, falls in love with Shirin and becomes Khosrow's love-rival. Khosrow cannot abide Farhad, so he sends him on an exile to Behistun mountain with the impossible task of carving stairs out of the cliff rocks. Farhad begins his task hoping that Khosrow will allow him marry Shirin. Yet, Khosrow sends a messenger to Farhad and gives him false news of Shirin's death. Hearing this false news, Farhad throws himself from the mountaintop and dies. Khosrow writes a letter to Shirin, expressing his regret for Farhad's death. Soon after this incident, Maryam also dies. According to Ferdowsi's version, it was Shirin who secretly poisoned Maryam. Shirin replies Khosrow's letter with another satirical letter of condolences.

Khosrow, before proposing marriage to Shirin, tries to have intimacy with another woman named Shekar in Isfahan; which further delays the lovers' union. Finally, Khosrow goes to Shirin's castle to see her. Shirin, seeing that Khosrow is drunk, does not let him in the castle. She particularly reproaches Khosrow for his intimacy with Shekar. Khosrow, sad and rejected, returns to his palace.

Shirin eventually consents to marry Khosrow after several romantic and heroic episodes.

Yet, Shiroyeh, Khosrow's son from his wife Maryam, is also in love with Shirin. Shiroy finally murders his father Khosrow and sends a messenger to Shirin conveying that after one week, she would have to marry him. Shirin, in order to avoid marrying Shiroy, kills herself. Khosrow and Shirin were buried together in one grave.

The Iranian Ministry of Culture and Islamic Guidance offered no immediate official explanation for refusing to permit the firm to publish their eighth

edition of the classic, the Islamic government's concerns reportedly centered on the "indecent" act of the heroine, Shirin, in embracing her husband.

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But the clock is ticking. Many of those born long after the 1979 Islamic Revolution see limited prospects at home and envision a better future abroad. Bahar's cousin brother Farid Tagabhoni went to study in USA married Rebecca from an immigrant indian family.Rebecca's father was a chemistry lecturer in Sam Higginbottom institute of agriculture and technology.He went on a sabbatical to Nebrassca state university,He stayed on to teach in waseca technological istitute after obtaining a Ph.D.Rebecca's mother Martha Richard has sister Rita Richard who is now teaching chemistry in SHIATS. This institute has a foreign student program amd medium of instruction is english

Under strict Sharia Law women are barred for life from watching men playing sport in case the excitement breaks their hymens and causes an orgasm.

Sharia Law barred Women from listening to football on the radio because it tends to interfere with their menstrual cycles .

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Chapter 5

BAHAR'S BLOG



Bahar wrote on her Blog

Sometimes you wonder what the purpose of doing things . Take blogging for instance, I started doing this because I wanted to be able to share my —voicel and experiences as a Muslim woman. I was tired of people speaking on behalf of me and thought that maybe, just maybe I could manage to positively influence someone and make them understand the truth about things. But sometimes, I wonder if my writing even makes a difference or if I‘m just wasting my time. I guess these thoughts are normal, human beings are prone to self-doubt at times, aren‘t we?

In my country no body cares about me or my friends, people have lost their values. In Iran we have a high rate of suicide. I can say within the past 8 years about 200 students have killed themselves. Why? I guess young people can‘t

dream about their goals for the future.

In my country, me and my friends check all the online stores and are aware of all the latest fashion, yet we can't even wear bright colors such as yellow or red.

If you show a piece of hair or if you wear tight outfits or short pants and have some make up you could get arrested. Can you imagine we get arrested for what we like to wear and the government authorities treat us like criminals?

They detain you, take your pictures and start a case which then goes to the court. In Iran if someone discusses politics, criticizes the government, or simply demands her or his rights they will end up in jail. No body can defend their rights. Even a lawyer can't necessarily help suspect because as far as the government is concerned there are no such laws to defend these rights.

The only place I 'Bahar ' can communicate my thoughts freely with my friends and connect to the outside world is through the internet. But not so free, the government can get into yahoo messenger chat and arrest anyone for some made up excuse. I hope to experience freedom in my country, but meanwhile for those of you reading my blog please understand that we the young Iranians love life, love people and we have the same dreams as any other young person in this world.

lets all together...hold hands..
hold our hand together so tight.

AFTER CAREFULLY RECONSIDERING THE PENALTY OF STONING FOR HER OFFENCE OF ADULTERY, THE IRANIAN COURT IS PREPARED TO SHOW SAKEENAH MOHAMMAD ASHTIAN MERCY AND COMPASSION.



WE'LL BEAT HER WITH STICKS, ELECTROCUTE AND HANG HER INSTEAD.



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lets all together...hold hands..
hold our hand together so tight.

yes, yes ... we all say that ...

our root is from Persia...

cause no matter which part of world we are living...

Iran is always our country.

now tonight...

is the night of music and party.

tonight is night of our victory.

Wednesday, December 3, 2008

I can't wear the stylish clothes in Iran or I get arrested

Many teenagers around the world constantly check out the latest fashion and normally shop at Gap, Guess, or H&M stores, but for the young people of Iran it is different. No one is not allowed to wear the fashion they like, the colors of choice, or the kind of outfits they want.

There is a something called, —Gashte Ershadl the government security officers who stop, arrest, and punish people for not wearing the right outfits according to the government. Normally in other countries, people get arrested for stealing or committing a crime but in Iran people could get arrested for not wearing the right clothes.

This may seem out of the ordinary for many young people around the world but it is a reality for the young people of Iran. According to rules in Iran, every woman from the age of 9 needs to cover her hair and her body. This means that every woman must have a scarf and a long coat to cover her body and her hair. Bahar wished covering the hair and body would be enough but it is not. The kind of pants, the color of scarf, or the style of the shoes girl wear could also be a reason for a young person to get arrested in Iran.



Here are some of the rules, Don't wear close fitting clothes

Don't wear any bright colors like yellow and red. Normally black, brown and

navy are OK. Don't wear baggy pants

One can't wear a jacket, unless it is worn over the long loose fitting coat. Even

when it snows, a woman can't wear a hat unless it is worn over her scarf You can't wear boots unless they are hidden under your loose fitting pants

I remember before Mahmoud Ahmadinejad became the president, he said he wouldn't care about what people would wear. As soon as he became the president he didn't fulfill his promise and young people kept getting arrested for the kind of clothes they were wearing. The religious authorities decide for what people can wear.

My cousin Saira was recently arrested by the authorities, because her coat was not long enough and her pants were baggy style. She was thrown in a van along with so many other women who each had a supposedly violation of dressing inappropriately according to the Islamic rules. These individuals are given forms to fill out and the government authorities take their pictures as if they have committed a crime. Then the families were notified and some times fined.

If a young person gets arrested for the second time for violating the dress code, she or he could get expelled from school. one could no longer work for the government; even face up to a month in jail or pay up \$1000.00 in fines. Bahar and her friends want to look like any other teenager around the world, and wished they could wear the colors or the style of clothing they like. It seems unfair and cruel that basic rights are taken away from teenagers.

Bahar wrote on her Blog Sunday, July 12, 2009

Remembering my fellow teenagers

Please help us. I want the international community and everyone to listen to us. We innocent young Iranians yearn for basic rights to live. We have lost too

many young people lately and continue to lose them as I am writing this.

While most of the teenagers are choosing their favorite colleges or major, the parents of the teenagers in Iran don't even know where their kids are being detained or if they are alive. in this post I like to remember two fellow Iranian teenagers who recently lost their lives. Faizal ,19 years- old just died in Evin prison after he was arrested in the recent demonstrations in Iran.

Ashkan Sohrabi, was only 20 years-old and he was shot three times during the protests on the streets of Tehran.I don't want to witness more of these tragic events. We in Iran want to be part of the international community.

Please help us.

Khodahafez Goodbye

It is almost late for staying

i'm leaving you

separation is the share of my hands

that's why i do not take your hands

in this rain of loneliness

i'm leaving, Goodbye

this Story has became my destiny

how upset i am, Goodbye

It is almost late, i'm leaving

how hard these moments are

becoming apart from you is a nightmare

it looks like an untimely death

i'm slowly getting lost

in the seashore of your eyes

there is no place for me in this world

i'll get lost in the peak of the story

It is almost late, i'm leaving
there is no place for me in this world
there is nothing other than
solitude's tear in my eyes
i should believe that without you
my destiny looks like death
my silence is full of cry
It is almost late, i'm leaving
Thursday, June 25, 2009

I saw on the net a photograph of a young lady , one of the thousands of
Iranians in the U.S. and around the world who hold candle vigils to show
solidarity and support with the Iranian people. I want to say thank you to
everyone who are supporting us wherever they are in this world.

In many ways, I'm like any other 19-year-old girl. I pore over fashion
websites and spend hours blogging. Yet unlike Western teens, I write about
bloodshed, fear and oppression.

Like Neda Agha Soltani - the 27-year-old shot dead at an anti-government
protest in Tehran last weekend - I'm living under President Ahmadinejad's
hardline regime. And as the violence continues to mount, . 'The situation here
is very bad. It's around 12 days that all the sms lines are closed and the
internet connection is very low. They cut cellphone lines every evening so people cannot be in touch between
being at home and protesting. They have blocked Facebook and YouTube and
other sites where we got news. We could arrange meetings and protest
locations on those sites. The city is full of police and security guards which
threaten to attack and kill people.



There's no difference if you are protester or a normal person. They shoot towards you to make people scared. When you go out it's not clear if you'll come back alive.

They have killed many people, around 150 or more, but they don't let the news spread. They have also beaten and injured lots of people with knife and baton and use tear gas. They have also captured many of the young people and sent them to jail and no one is aware of their situation. They even don't answer if he or she is alive or dead.

Every night you can hear people go on the roofs and say "God is great" and "Down to dictator" and many other slogans against this dictator regime. But no one hear our voices. We can hear shooting every night and they kill innocent people to scare the people and say 'if u say anything against us u deserves death'. Basijis [the regime's unofficial enforcers] and military and the rejim's supporters are supporting with guns but we don't have anything.

We should fight with them with anything.

Neda is just one of these people who had died on Saturday. She was an innocent girl coming back home with her music teacher. She came out from the car to see the protesters and maybe support them. But she got shot by one of those Basijis. Her fiancé said she was not Mousavi's supporter but she was supporter for freedom and always talked about freedom and said it's not important to lose her life in the freedom way and everyone should try for his obvious right even being killed in this way.

We are all women like Neda now. We could all be shot for no reason.

She is in all our hearts. But we keep our fight and every night the voices become louder. We just want our right and I think we need an outside help because they are more powerful but we don't calm down. The government started the game in a wrong way with people.

Many of us are not Mousavi's supporters but we don't want this regime because we couldn't talk about change before and all of us need change. We are tired of this dictator regime.'

Iranian high school students sit for their university entrance examination in Tehran Iran's economy has been struggling in recent years, and many graduates feel they have few career options.

President Hassan Rouhani appeals to Iranian college students when he talks about creating more opportunities for the young.

Let me stay in love with you

Persian Love song

(Lyrics :Bezar Asheghet Bemoonam;

Now that it is all in the dream

Don't let me miss you

Being awake is like death to me

I know that very well

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

My heart tells me you are [here]

But my eyes tell me you are not

It's so difficult for me to believe (=accept)

That you're not (here) with me anymore

Tell me that you haven't still

closed your eyes on my love

My eyes tell me that you're gone

But my heart tells me you are [still here]

Now that it is all imaginary

Let me take your hands

Let me, in my impossible dream (=assumption),

Be with you until I die

34

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Now that it is all in the dream

Don't let me miss you

Being awake is like death to me

I know that very well

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Is it possible that you not be here? (2)

You're like the breath to me (3)

How I wish you would

reach my hands with your warm hands

Without you my heart is without shelter (shelterless)

I die when you are not here

Is it possible for me to accept

that you're not here with me anymore? (4)

Now that it is all imaginary

Let me take your hands

Let me, in my impossible dream,

Be with you until I die

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Now that it is all in the dream

Don't let me miss you

Being awake is like death to me

I know that very well

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Now that it is all imaginary

Let me take your hands

Let me, in my impossible dream,

Be with you until I die

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Now that it is all in the dream

Don't let me miss you

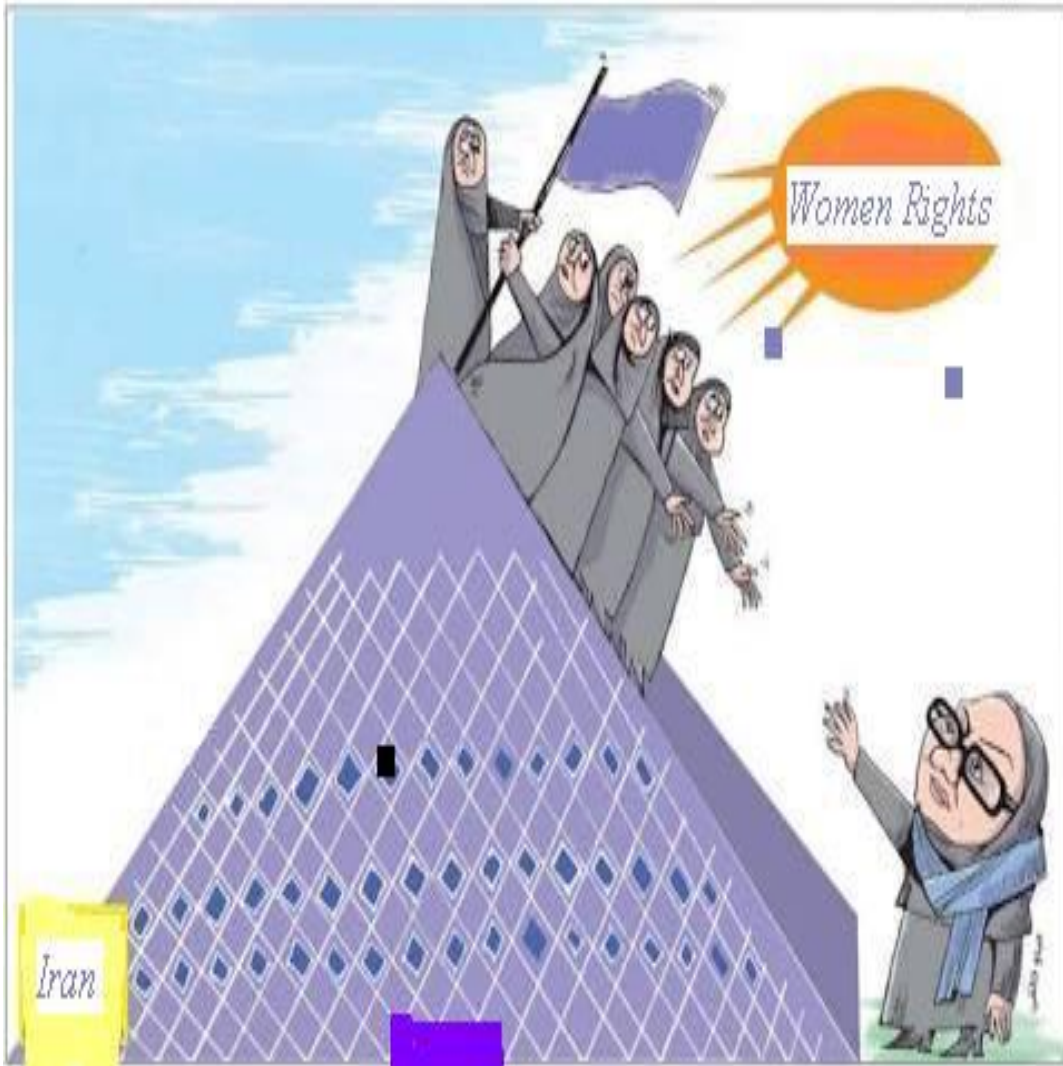
Being awake is like death to me

I know that very well

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you

Let me stay in love with you



Chapter 6

THE EMAIL

Amestris Shahbanu was the daughter of King Lygdamis of Halicarnassus and a Cretan mother whose name is not known. Upon the death of her husband (whose identity is also unknown), the Her name is derived from the Greek goddess Artemis, who presided over the wild and was the patron deity of hunters. Artemisia assumed the throne of Caria as regent for her young son Pisindelis. While it is probable that he ruled Caria after her, known as a defender of the idea of democracy mentioned in the Histories of Herodotus 485 B.C. - Artemisia I became the ruler of Halicarnassus (A Greek City-State and a colony of Persian Empire). She ruled under the overlordship of the Persian Emperor Xerxes I (Khashayar Shah). She was the legendary Grand Admiral and leader of the Persian Navy, In 480 B.C. When the Persian King Xerxes went to war against Greece , Artemisia led her powerful ships and helped Xerxes defeat the Greeks in the beginning phases of naval battle of Salamis. The Greeks offered a reward of 10,000 drachmas for capturing Artemisia's head, but no one succeeded in winning the prize. Understand that back then Persia was the sole superpower of the globe and Greece consisted of tens of separated and scattered city-states, each played their own tunes! Some of these city-states were pro Persia, some were anti Persia, some were neutral and some were even parts of Persia as protectorates!She was sexy, strong, built, a typical athletic woman with beauty and culture. She made an oath to get Xerxes, the Great King of Persia. She was nuts about him. There was something about Xerxes that drove her crazy! Xerxes was a great military mind himself. Xerxes was also a great flirt, a playboy, Ladies' man, and a very

arrogant aristocrat.. Capturing his heart was a great task to do for Artemisia. To win Xerxes' heart she had to impress him militaristically! Xerxes had seen it all, he had women throwing themselves at him from all parts of his empire from Chinese border in the East and Aristocrats from Ariana and Bakhtar Satrapies, all the way to Greek colonies of Persian Empire in the West and Europe to the Southern borders of Africa in south! She eventually impressed Xerxes by her brave Navy campaigns and bravery in battlefield. She gave naval support to Xerxes and Mardoniuses forces. She fought in the battle like a man. she showed military genius and ingenuity. She impressed the hell out of Xerxes. By doing this, she for sure captured his heart and definitely accomplished getting a high position in Persian government. Xerxes had never seen a woman quite like her! Artemisia became Xerxes' lover, actually his greatest love until that day. A great powerful, independent and intelligent woman who won many battles during the Achaemnid Dynasty Era. The spirit of Cyrus in the sky; She is a living legend and a role model for Persian Women. The name —Artemisia means: The great speaker of truth.



632 A.D. - Apranik was a Persian Sassanid High Ranking Commander of Army and the daughter of Piran (the great General of King Yazdgird III) and she fought gracefully, as a resistance commander, fighting against Arabo - Oppressors. Apranik was more like a TomBoy! Since childhood, she loved military. She was her Father's Right hand, and the amazing Nationalistic Feelings that she developed during her teenage years led her to become a military person. Like her father Apranik decided to become a professional soldier and she climbed the steps of progress, one by one and after her complete education, she managed to rise from a petty officer, to a full commander of the Persian Army. Apranik was a tireless inspiration for her troops in defense of their nation against outside aggressors. The Arab Bandits attacked Persia's south borders at the worst time possible, the continuous centuries of war with the Roman Empire had weakened the Persian Empire economically, militaristically, & spiritually and cost many lives and the last Sassanid king Yazdegard was not paying any attention to the rise of Islam and the invading barbaric arabs in the south at that time. Apranik fully took the command of a major battalion of the Persian Army directly after the full-scale invasion and occupation by Arab armies and she led her devoted warriors against the Arab oppressors even after the loss of the Persian Empire and Sassanid Dynasty. As she got wiser, she found out that —Organized Warfare with the Arabs or —The Desert Rats as she referred to them, who invade and hide, and then reinforce and invade again, does not work; therefore, she started a campaign of a treacherous battle against the occupiers. For years to come, Apranik, first fought an official war and later on when all hopes were destroyed, Apranik, started her Hit and Run Rebellious Campaign until death. Apranik's Dedicated Commando Warfare were legendary and

relentless. Her white horse has always been a famous symbol of freedom and still is til this day. The name —Apranikl means: Daughter of elder.

632 A.D. - ... Apranik and her Ranks, never surrendered, they have fought an on going bloody battle to the bitter ends. Apranik became a symbol for the —Persian Resistance & Freedoml. Her braveries were so known, that she became the talk of the —Persian Resistancel and Persians created an expression for her! Every time a female soldier would have shown bravery among the resistance, other soldiers would smile and call her: —Apranikl.

Apranik's famous words and policy were: —No retreat, no surrenderl.

Apranik acted as a battery charger for resistances spirit and chose to fight with her soldiers, until the bitter end, she chose to be cut to pieces by the Arab Sword, than to become a whore in the Arab Bed... and eventually Apranik became a legend. The Legend of Apranik, is still living in every female freedom fighter of Iran's heart. May her great spirit rest in peace. Apranik Daughter of renowned general Piran or as they used to call her —Apranik of Piran'sl will always be in the —Persian Resistance Hall of Famel. This is what the Persian women were made of!





Chapter 7

The Shrine

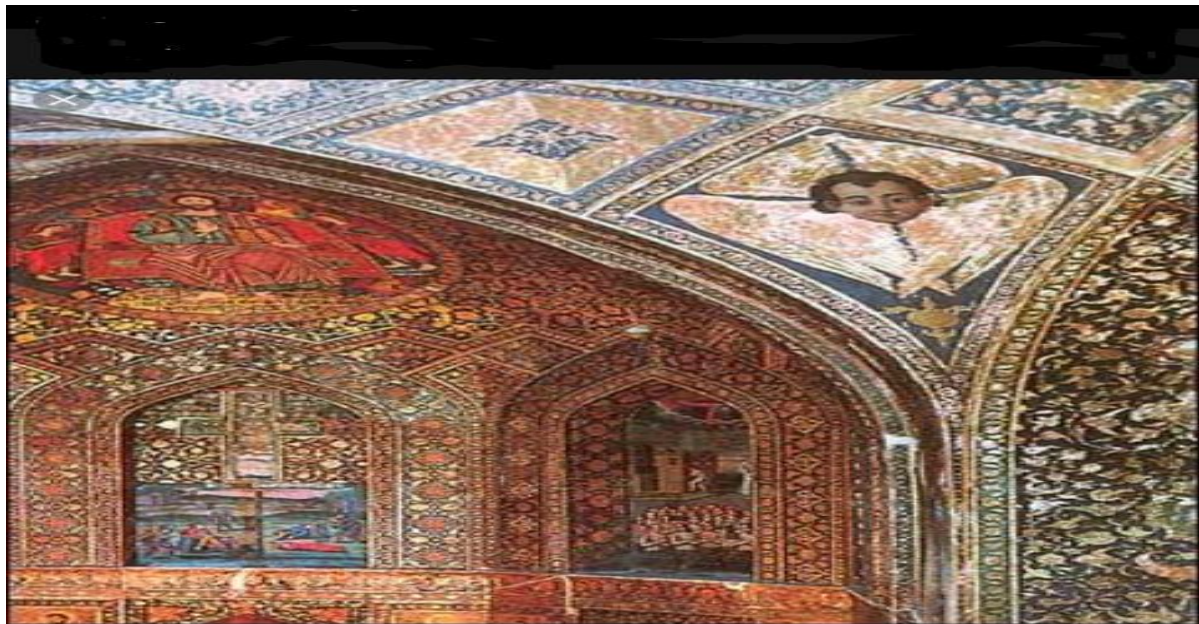
Shemiranat County, Tehran Province, located just north of the borders of Tehran County along Chamran Expressway and Sadr Expressway and it is the northernmost district of the city of Tehran.

Shemiran lies in the slopes of Alborz Mountain and enjoys a suitable mild climate. It has fine and well-kept parks and is home to the richest class of Iranian society. Most of the foreign embassies and the Tehran International Fair are situated in Shemiran.

Shemiran used to be the summer residence of the Qajar and Pahlavi Shahs who built the Sa'dabad Palace Complex and the Niavaran Palace Complex. Nearby is the Imam Zadeh Saleh is, and the former home of Imam Khomeini .Located to the south of Tehran in the Behesht-e Zahra (the Paradise of Zahra) cemetery. Imam Khomeini's grave is famously cited as "the holy shrine" in Iran. The holy shrine is situated in the southern part of Tehran near the martyrs' graves in the Behesht-e-Zahra cemetery. This construction is considered as a great and unique building.It took Bahar eighty minutes on the metro to travel from the southern end of the line at Behesht-e-Zahra, where Khomeini's mausoleum stands, to the northernmost point at Tajrish. Travellers passing through get a glimpse of some of the city's poorest neighborhoods during the last seven stops, peaking into the staunchly religious former village of Shahr-e Rey and the cluttered, smoggy streets near Shush Square.

The walkway leading from the metro stop at Behesht-e Zahra Cemetery to the entrance of the mausoleum housing Ayatollah Khomeini's remains is reserved for government officials and foreign dignitaries on Dah-e Fajr. On 1 February, the anniversary of Khomeini's return from exile to victorious revolutionary crowds in Iran is annually observed by government officials and foreign dignitaries. This year, the procession somberly filed along a narrow, manmade river before delving down into a labyrinth of cool, dark hallways underground area with grey walls.

A few young Basij members and police officers politely checking everyone's clothes before giving around 50 disciples permission to enter the foyer leading to the shrine, where two older men and a woman wearing a chador are clasping tightly to the iron grid surrounding Khomeini's sarcophagus, praying silently.



One of the walls features a huge image of Khomeini, his son Mostafa Khomeini, and Iran's current Supreme Leader, Ayatollah Khamenei. In front of it, a group of 15 clerics from Iraq pose for selfies.

—We've come many times before, — , one of the clerics was loudly saying .
—I've loved the Imam since childhood. In 1982, my father took us out of Iraq into Iran. He was close to the Islamic political movement that coalesced around Mohammad Baqir al-Hakim, and Khomeini and Iran took us in as refugees. I'll never forget him. He is the leader of all of us. It's been nine years since I returned to Iraq, and now I teach from many of the Imam's books at the seminary.¶

Bahar was surprised at how few visitors had come to pay their respects.

She was thinking,¶In my opinion, the Iranian people do not sufficiently appreciate their leader and his revolution. Maybe it is a matter of political differences and the Imam just gets the blame. I follow the political happenings in Iran, and as far as I know, the reformists and even [Green Movement leader] Mir Hossein Mousavi have always defended the Imam. The people shouldn't leave his resting place empty like this. History and Islam both owe a great debt to him.¶

On the left side of the mausoleum, a few men have stretched out on the floor and are fast asleep, one of them is Akbar, who overnights at the mausoleum when the nearby South Terminal bus station becomes too crowded.

The upper-class neighborhood near Tajrish houses another symbol of the revolution - the former home of Mohammad Reza Shah at Sa'dabad Palace.

Open to the public for an entrance fee of 2000 tomans (\$.60), the lavish estate and surrounding museums are intended to depict the royal family's squandering and lavishness before the revolution. But the message seems out of place in a part of town where real estate sells at 40,000,000 per square meter (\$1,400).

A tall and heavily built woman in a brown chador pushed past Bahar, her bag slipped from her shoulder and fell down. The woman hastily bent down and pick her bag at the same time slipped an envelope.

Bahar was in a daze what she had thought to be a summer joke was truly happening.

With trembling hands, she opened the envelope

Some people joke too much and it becomes a habit for them. This is the opposite of the serious nature which is the characteristic of the believers. Joking is a break, a rest from ongoing seriousness and striving; it is a little relaxation for the soul.

„Umar ibn „Abd al-„Azeez (may Allaah have mercy on him) said: “Fear joking, for it is folly and generates grudges.”

Come pray at the grave of the supreme leader

The Prophet (peace and blessings of Allaah be upon him) said: “Do not laugh too much, for laughing too much deadens the heart.” (Saheeh al-Jaami“, 7312)

Come pray at the grave of the supreme leader

Imaam al-Nawawi (may Allaah have mercy on him) said: “The kind of joking which is forbidden is that which is excessive and persistent, for it leads to too much laughter and hardening of the heart, it distracts from remembrance of Allaah, and it often leads to hurt feelings, generates hatred and causes people to lose respect and dignity. But whoever is safe from such dangers, then that which the Messenger of Allaah (peace and blessings of Allaah be upon him) used to do is permissible for him.”

Come pray at the grave of the supreme leader

Sa'd ibn Abi Waqqaas said: "Set a limit to your jokes, for going to extremes makes you lose respect and incites the foolish against you."

Umar ibn al-Khattaab (may Allaah be pleased with him) said: "Whoever laughs too much or jokes too much loses respect, and whoever persists in doing something will be known for it."

Bahar moved to the iron grid surrounding Khomeini's sarcophagus, next to the woman in brown chador praying silently.

The woman mumbled loudly, 'Meeting you here means .. want you to know we are patriots fighting for the our homeland Iran.

We are want to recruit you into Ametris Pranik Liberation Front holding the supreme leader witness that we are doing nothing wrong.

Email was meant to test your confidence and ability to stay calm in adverse and risky situations"

Bahar bowed her head in acceptance

I'm heartsore

My kind God , my heart is sore....

with you, my poem is like the color of spring

with you, my heart will never lack anything

when you're not there, everything is dark

wish you forgive my sins again

My kind God , my heart is sore....

I'm sad of the sky and the ground

see my tears ,my heart is sore

you don't attention on my sins , my heart is sore

you just forgive , my heart is sore

you're the sweetest in my moments

you're the best for loving and loving

wish I was your heart confidant you're great , the first and the last one



Chapter 8

The Ninjas

Monday, 20 February 2012 ,Nadia Idriss Mayen

Al Arabiya with Agencies

A news report that allegedly said Iranian women training as —ninja assassins! was at the center of a row that saw the news agency Reuters suspended in Iran, and a court case prosecuting the head of the agency's bureau in the country. Reuters carried a story—with photos—of Iranian women training in ninjutsu, initially with a headline claiming they were training as assassins.

We know now that the women in the report were practitioners of ninjutsu, a martial art that is becoming increasingly popular among Iranian women.

The first school to teach this martial art in Iran was opened by Akbar Faraji in Karaj in 1989 ,an unknown figure in the athletics and sports worlds

Despite its Japanese origins ninjutsu was also seen as a Western import, but today it has found a place in Iran, ninjutsu claim that it teaches many of the skills of the Japanese ninja, including unarmed self-defense and the use of weapons, focuses on the development of self-control, patience and self-respect.

Like many martial arts, its popularity is growing among Iranian women.

ninjutsu practiced in 22 provinces in Iran, including Tehran, East Azerbaijan, West Azerbaijan, Mazandaran, Markazi, Khuzestan, Qom, Khorasan, Golestan, Loristan, Bushehr, Qazvin, Zanjan, Fars, Sistan and Baluchistan, Hamadan, Hormozgan and Gilan.

Fatima Muammar, a ninjutsu instructor, says: —This activity is becoming more popular with women every day, because it helps with balancing the body and the mind. she continued: —In ninjutsu, respect and humility are the most important lessons.

But the most important lesson they learn is composure. Of the approximately 24,000 people taking part in official ninjutsu classes in Iran, at least 3,000 are

women. It is these minorities who have attracted the most attention in the international media. Martial arts in general are popular in Iran, and Iranian athletes, including women, regularly compete at an international level. Turns out, ninjutsu is not a new thing in Iran, as women have been training in this form of martial art over two decades. Faraji himself has been coaching ninjutsu more than 12 years, the ninja-master A lot of women that train in ninjutsu in Iran. The reason is simple: ninjutsu requires a full-body keikogi, a traditional uniform that must be worn during training. Since the training gear covers the whole body, ninjutsu classes attract women of all ages, including those who follow the strict Sharia rules.

—What is important to me, as an Iranian and as a teacher, is that I have to do this job so we train women to have strength and ability. We have to do everything (in our power) to protect our homeland,¶ said Faraji.

—What we're seeing in the world of fitness and sports is the opportunity to receive training which increases our self-defense abilities and strengthens our bodies, so we are ready to defend our lives and assets,¶ said 28 year-old ninjutsu Raheleh Davoudzadeh.

—Our aim is for Iranian women to be strengthened and if a problem arises, we will definitely declare our readiness to defend our Islamic homeland,¶ said another fighter, who has been training for over 13 years.

Since the 1979 Iranian Revolution, and Tehran's strained ties with arch-enemy Israel, the Islamic republic has been preparing deadly warriors to protect its borders.

Many of these women also train alongside their husbands in their homes with great discipline.

In 2012, This reportedly prompted some of the women to threaten to sue

Reuters for defamation, and to the suspension of Reuters' operations in Iran.

Reuters withdrew the headline, and eventually issued a correction. Iran's

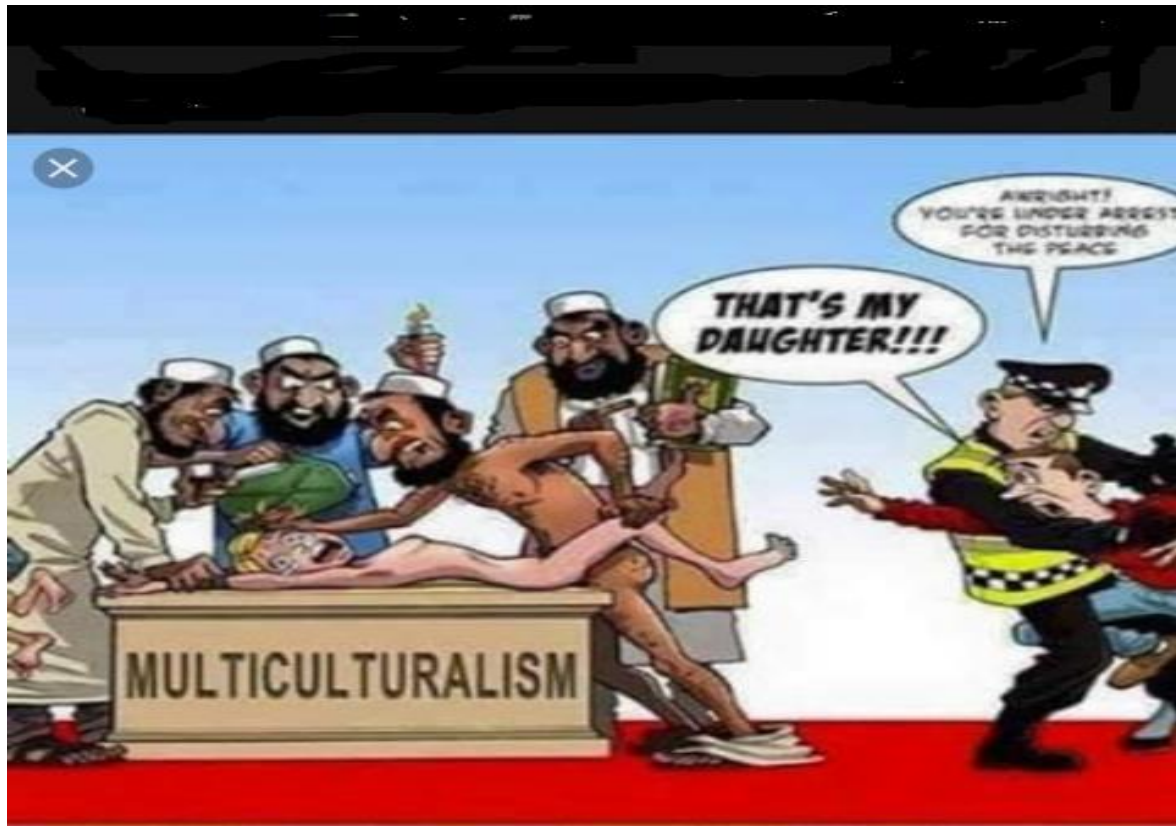
estimated 3,500 female ninja-warriors-in-training. It turns out that when you're denied basic human rights, restricted in your ability to dress how you want and mix with the people you choose, and when your legal testimony is officially recognised as being worth exactly half that of a man's, you develop – if these images are anything to go by – a lot of rage.

Bahar joined Apranik Polytechnic and Ametris Computer centre in the suburbs of Tehran to study.

A Female ninja fighter dressed in black, her face covered by mask-- with only their dusky eyes visible — dashing into a studio in the basement.

Some aged between five to 26, were trained using traditional Japanese martial arts techniques, such as the ax kick, forward punch, and using swords to fight each other.

These ninja women cannot only kick and fight but can also walk up a straight wall. These students learn to use dangerous weapons such as bows, swords, nunchucks and shuriken.



human rights watch - blogger



An Iranian police chief w...

An Iranian police chief who works in Kurdish area forcing a girl during the wedding day to have sex with

Chapter 9

The caged Birds

Outside Tehran University, is Iran's largest educational institution, you can find earnest young students like Fazle Mahmoudian, 21, a math major who says he knows job prospects are grim, though he's not looking to leave. "Unfortunately, there aren't many jobs for young graduates right now," he said. "But our supreme leader [Ayatollah Ali Khamenei] says if you rely on your own potential, everything will work out well."

But it seems many more share the view of Said, another 27-year-old post-graduate student who says many of his friends are looking to go abroad and will probably leave as well. He noted that the new government's effort to rein in inflation and stabilize the Iranian currency may have the unintended consequence of increasing the number of departures.

A few years ago, Iranians exchanged their money into U.S. dollars at a reasonable rate. But the value of the Iranian rial has plummeted, and it's now increasingly expensive for Iranians to raise enough money to go abroad.

Emigration from Iran is not a new issue. Migration Information Source, a U.S. nonprofit, said back in 2006 that Iran was experiencing what it called one of "the highest rates of brain drain in the world."

Amir graduated to work in the family business, but his real passion is leftist politics. If youth is the time to experiment with diverse, even radical ideas, he said Iran right now is no place for the young. People are still reeling from the violent suppression of street protests following the 2009 presidential election. Rouhani's election victory last summer hasn't made much difference, he said.



Payvand News Of Iran

Iran's Unemployment St...

"1/3 of Iranian women lose their jobs after their pregnancy leave"
(cartoon by Alireza Pakdel, Etemaad daily)





"I think it's not really a change. We can't have any collective groups, we don't have a party," he said. "They pushed people in Iran to vote between bad and worse. So people did that."

In his address this week marking the 35th anniversary of the 1979 Islamic

Revolution, Rouhani singled out Iran's universities as a place where restrictions are easing. But the continuing desire to leave suggests that it will take far more than a better economy to persuade young Iranians that they're seeing genuine change and not just cosmetic improvement.

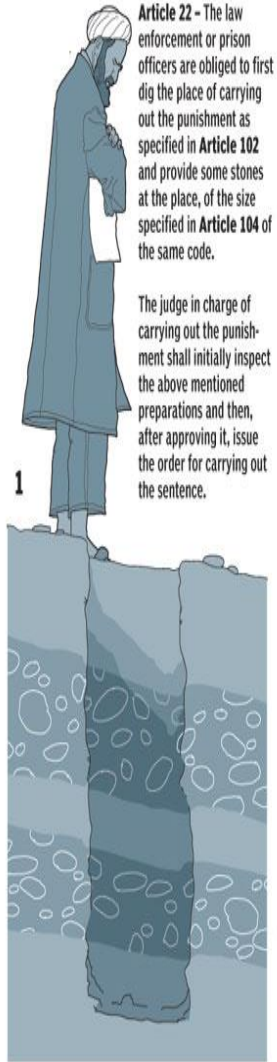
Iran has the world's highest rate of execution by stoning. No one knows how many people have been stoned but at least 11 people are in prison under sentence of stoning, Iranian human rights lawyer, Shadi Sadr, has represented five people sentenced to stoning, said Iran carried out stonings in secret in prisons, in the desert or very early in the morning in cemeteries. "Pressure from outside Iran always helps. The Islamic Republic pretends that they don't

care about their reputation, but they do care a lot," added Sadr, who lives in exile in Britain.

Sakineh Mohammadi Ashtiani, a woman sentenced to death by stoning for alleged adultery, caused international outcry. The authorities have suspended her sentence but she remains in prison. In 2010 Officials drew a new draft for stoning penal code and reinserted it. Women are buried up to their shoulders, but men only up to their waists. They are spared if they manage to free themselves before dying.



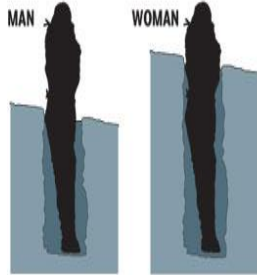
THE DAY OF THE STONING



Article 22 - The law enforcement or prison officers are obliged to first dig the place of carrying out the punishment as specified in **Article 102** and provide some stones at the place, of the size specified in **Article 104** of the same code.

The judge in charge of carrying out the punishment shall initially inspect the above mentioned preparations and then, after approving it, issue the order for carrying out the sentence.

Article 102 reads: "An adulterer man shall be buried in a ditch up to near his waist and an adulterer woman up to near her chest and then stoned to death."



Article 16 - Officers carrying out the sentence are obliged to carefully examine and inspect the implementation instruments, apparatus and equipment and make sure that they are robust and ready for use to carry out the sentence. The aforementioned items shall not be such that they may inflict torture, torment or mutilation of the condemned in excess to what is required by the sentence. Moreover, the entire implementation process shall be performed by the expert individuals with ultimate calmness and without exercising violence.



Article 23 - If the stoning sentence is based on the condemned's confession, then at the time of execution, the sentencing judge will throw the first stone and then the other people.



December 10, 2015s the world marks International Human Rights Day on Thursday, Iran is continuing its execution spree with the announcement that a woman has been sentenced to death by stoning.

The gruesome penalty, in which the wrongdoer is buried up to their shoulders and pelted with rocks, was first reported on the Persian-language Iranian website LAHIG. The woman, who was identified only by the initials —A.Kh,l was convicted of being complicit in her husband's murder.

An Iranian criminal court in Rasht, the capital city of the northern province of Gilan, handed down the brutal sentence.

Sat Oct 25, 2014 Reuters) - Iranian security forces arrested world-renowned human rights lawyer Nasrin Sotoudeh and several others on their way back from a protest on Saturday, her husband said. "While returning from the sit-in outside the Bar Association in Tehran, Nasrin was detained along with several friends and colleagues," her husband, Reza Khandan, said on his Facebook page.

"They photographed and ran identity checks on all the detainees and then released everyone but Nasrin, who is still detained wantonly and without a court order."Sotoudeh, who has represented Iranian opposition activists, was sentenced to six years in jail in 2010 and banned from practice after being convicted of spreading propaganda and conspiring to harm state security. Her case came to international attention in 2012 when she embarked on a 50-day hunger strike against a travel ban on her daughter.

The United States and human rights campaigners like Amnesty International criticized the Islamic Republic over the case and Sotoudeh was freed in September 2013 ahead of a visit to the United Nations by President Hassan

Rouhani, soon after he swept to election victory in part on promises of liberal

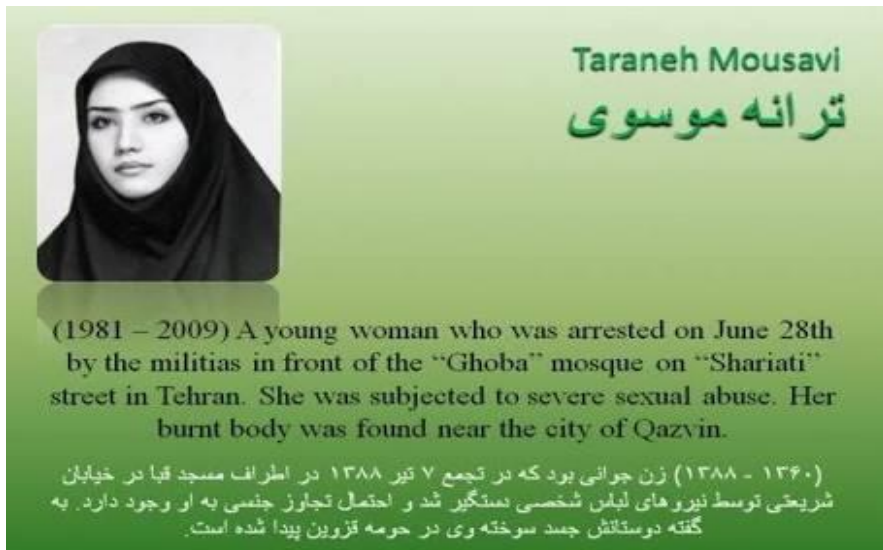
reforms.

Speaking to Reuters by telephone on Wednesday, Sotoudeh said she was protesting outside the Iranian Bar Association to demand a reversal of a three-year ban on her practicing law.

Iran's Bar Association, under pressure from conservative hardliners who dominate the judiciary, this month banned her from practice, enforcing that part of her 2010 sentence.

"From the first day in prison, my interrogator vowed to use all his powers to stop me from practicing law," she had said on the second day of her protest.

"Four years on, he seems to have succeeded with the help of others."



She said on Wednesday she would stop protesting once the right of disidents

to work and the bar's independence were restored. She had been accompanied

in her protest by 15 other people, including human and women's rights

activists.

Monday, 3 November 2014 Iran 'descending into woolly-minded liberalism'

as woman gets one year jail for attending volleyball game. This one looks suspicious, maybe listening to a football game on the radio under that burkha
Tehran, Iran - The Islamic State Supreme Caliph has issued a fatwa against the Government of Iran for succumbing to lily-livered liberalism about jail time

His Supreme Altitude Shaikh Kamel Shatt el-Arab has mouthed off in the case of Iranian-British postgrad student Ghoncheh Ghavami, jailed for 12 months for outraging public morals.

Her crime?"Getting caught red-handed trying to attend a men's volleyball

game," a spokesperson for His Altitude said, "a crime normally punishable by a thousand lashes, amputation and optional beheading."

May 14, 2015 Despite the Iranian government's stated intention to move towards the selective blocking of Internet content (—smart filtering!), a top government official proclaimed that the social networking giant Facebook would continue to be completely blocked in Iran.



media

48

human rights watch - blogger
violence against Iranian ...
 violence against Iranian women of
 Iranian men in European countries
 an Iranian woman living in Germany

Abdolsamad Khorramabadi, a high-level advisor to Iran's Prosecutor

General and Secretariat of the State's Working Group to Determine Criminal

Content, —Facebook will definitely not be included in this type of [smart]

filtering, and will remain completely blocked.

The continuation of the Facebook ban reflects the profound fear with which

Iranian officials view social networks, which have proved enormously

popular in Iran, particularly among the younger generation.

Delam Beshkaneh Harfi Nist

let my heart break no problem

let my heart break there is no problem there is nothing to say

I want the truth from you

tell me that you're going now that my dreams are cold

I don't know where he was that you gave your heart to his hands

you yourself turned to sun without me and I am seeking rain
think about me also once that my heart is so so shattered
you will finally go with him so that my hands will left empty
let my heart break there is no problem but I wish it was competent for you
I will get out of your heart so that his love will fit in your heart
let my heart break there is no problem if you are his sweetheart and attendant
but it would be possible for you to stay and love me a little bit
I don't know where he was that you gave your heart to his hands
you yourself turned to sun without me and I am seeking rain
all of his thoughts are your eyes sometimes taking your hands
don't leave her alone one day that he would also be like me and die
let my heart break there is no problem but I wish it was competent for you
I will get out of your heart so that his love will fit in your heart

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Chapter 10

Spring Blossoms

In year 2016 Bahar took admission in SamHigginbottom Institute of Agriculture and Technology for Masters in physics in Allahabad meaning city of Allah, situated in the state of uttar pradesh.

The SHIATS is built on the banks of the river Yamuna which flows down from the city of Agra and Delhi meets the river Ganga in a grand merger at Sangam in Allahabad. Rita Richard who teaches chemistry in SHIATS.was instrumental in her student visa.This institute has a foreign student program

and medium of instruction is English

Allahabad , Lucknow and Agra are in a radius of 500 km .The ancestors of Ruhollah Khomeini migrated from their original home in Nishapur, North-Eastern Iran, to the kingdom of Awadh in India whose rulers were Twelve Shia Muslims of Persian origin.

During their rule they extensively invited, and received, a steady stream of Persian scholars, poets, jurists, architects, and painters. The Khomeini family eventually settled in the small town of Kintoor, just outside of Lucknow, the capital of present Uttar Pradesh ,India. Ayatollah Khomeini's paternal grandfather, Seyyed Ahmad Musavi Hindi, was born in Kintoor and was a contemporary and relative of the famous scholar Ayatollah Syed Mir Hamid Hussain Musavi .He left Lucknow in 1830 on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Imam Ali in Najaf, Mesopotamia (now Iraq) and never returned. According to Moin, this migration was to escape from the spread of British power in India. In 1834 Seyyed Ahmad Musavi Hindi visited Persia, and in 1839 he settled down at Khomein. Although he stayed and settled in Iran, he continued to be known as Hindi, indicating his stay in India, and Ruhollah Khomeini even used Hindi as a pen name in some of his ghazals.

India is klaidescop of color , older muslim women were wearing the burkha or hijab but the young muslims girls wore both western and indian outfits , sari , lahenga , churidar pajama and .shalwar kameez which is a traditional outfit originating in India. .

The shalwar kameez can be worn by both men and women, but styles differ by gender. The shalwar (pantaloons/drawers) and the kameez (body shirt) kameez being cut straight and flat with side slits, the whole ensemble along with a long scarve like over-wear, called the dupatta, is known as Salwar Kameez in beautiful color combination. There are many styles of shalwar: the

Peshawari shalwar, Balochi shalwar, Sindhi chorenno and the Punjabi shalwar. The very popular shalwar kameez known as the Anarkali suit is named after the court dancer from Lahore. The Anarkali suit is a timeless style,. The Anarkali suit is made up of a long, frock-style top and features a slim fitted bottom, enhanced in mirror and zardosi embroidery . This style of suit links Indian women to Firaq partug (frock and shalwar) of northwestern Pakistan and Afghanistan.

Girls usually wore a salwar kameez or jeans with tops to college .

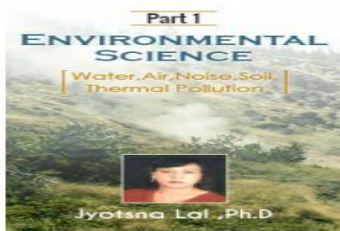


Muslims are definitely conservative in dressing seen wearing only Indian outfits but in vibrant colours of the rainbow. Bahar was spellbound by the lovely green , royal blue ,red and maroon,white and off White , purple colored creative shalwar kameez collections were on sale in the stores. Bahar had hatched a plan to assassinate the judges who had ordered the stoning of women. The leaders of Apranik & Ametris got wind of this wild plan and had shipped Bahar on a five year scholarship to study. Rita Richards took Bahar on a tour to Delhi to see the Jama Masjid the famous red mosque Kutubh Minar and later Agra to see the Red Fort and the Taj Mahal .Bahar stood in the garden of the Taj Mahal the ivory-white marble mausoleum or tomb of the Indian Emperor Shah Jahan's Persian wife , Mumtaz Mahal on the south bank of the Yamuna river in the Indian city of Agra. The jewel of Muslim art in India and one of the universally

Conservative Muslims girls removed their hijab or burkha on co-educational college campus .

Muslims constitute about 30% of the Indian population , so there is no dress

code for women. Any woman can wear any kind of garment . Though



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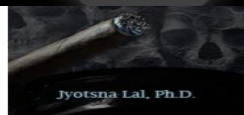
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In India , Bahar was learning a lesson of patience, cogential co-existance and modernism.

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ASSOCIATE PROF IN CHEMISTRY

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