

3. The non-fiction graphic novel, Persepolis by Marjane Satrapi, describes her life as a child growing up in Iran in the 1970's and 80's. For an American reader the book seems very foreign compared to the modern American way of life. But even with that, the book is still able to connect with readers by pulling on their emotions and empathy, and connecting to a shared feeling of teenage rebellion. Though it does this, the author's main goal was not to make you feel sorry for her, but instead to honor those who gave their lives fighting for freedom, and to enlighten the reader about what life was like so they can do a better job in the future of stopping such atrocities. Even though it was a little dark at times, like life often is, I think that overall it was successful at being a very informative book. Persepolis does a very good job at using blank space and line work to encourage an emotional response from the reader even with a more simplistic art style.

Persepolis' use of blank space and line art are just some examples of why graphic novels can be beneficial when writing. Pictures can sometimes evoke emotions better than words could ever do. Graphic novels can be more engaging by allowing readers to see exactly what the character sees but with their own eyes. There is no room for things to be misinterpreted. For people who are not avid readers, or have trouble reading due to some sort of disability, they can offer the same messages while being a little bit easier to read than your average novel. Often because they are a bit easier to read, graphic novels can reach out to a broader audience.

Although it can reach a broader audience, some people will refuse to read graphic novels because

they view them as “childish”. Though there are some graphic novels that cater to a younger audience, many graphic novels are not suitable for children, such as in the case of Persepolis. These are often the same people who discredit the use of graphic novels being used in academic study. Graphic novels, comic books and other graphic media are a large part of modern pop culture. The box office is typically dominated by whatever new superhero movie was released. People go to conventions like Comic-Con to meet others who enjoy the same media, and online forums are filled with people discussing graphic novels, comics and other graphic texts. This just shows how overall modern media is changing. In my opinion academic study should also change with time, as society as a whole changes. Also, graphic novels and other graphic texts cover almost every topic and genre, and they also cover a wide variety of themes and messages. They can easily be used in almost any course to expand further on a topic. Even though they aren't seen as traditional media, I believe as time goes on this may change, especially since graphic novels and other graphic media are a somewhat new phenomenon only emerging in about the 1970's.

4. Marji's life is influenced by both American and Islamic influence. Even though she is influenced by both, Islamic influence has more of an effect on her. Even though she paints her nails, listens to American bands, and basically risks her life to get tapes and posters of American music, Marji's Islamic influence has more of an effect on her. This is because Islamic culture has more of an effect on her day to day life. It determines what she can wear, what she can do, and what she learns. Islamic culture forces her to wear a veil, learn religion in school, and behave in a certain manner. American culture allows her to express herself with music, pins, and posters,

but it's the overriding force of Islamic culture that doesn't allow her to express herself that way publicly. Both American and Islamic influences together help make Marji the person she becomes.

5. My stomach dropped as I laid down in the grass. It was a nice day, the sky a crystal blue over head. A few puffy clouds floated by lazily. It was an almost perfect day, but yet something felt off. I fished the painted gold key out my pocket. Fiddling with it, I held it up above my head, the sunlight glinting off of it. I sighed. This piece of painted plastic. This piece of garbage. This is what I was told would get me into heaven. I wanted to laugh. It seemed almost comical. My life for a key. I'm not a life, just a number. Just another number to the death toll. I knew it. My family knew it. Everyone did. I was almost too old to leave. And even if I did what then? I had no place to go, nowhere to hide. It doesn't matter anyway. It's too late, I've already accepted my fate. I worry about my family. They would be devastated. I know my mother is already terrified, and I have yet to leave. She and my younger sister would cry. I'll miss getting to watch her grow up. My father would be distraught I'm sure but he was never one to show his feelings. Even if I didn't die, would living be any better? Living with a disability of some sort. Living only meant agony. Even more suffering.

On the long, seemingly endless bus ride to battle I let my mind wander back to that fateful day lying in the grass, to my friends who had left, escaped. Part of me envies them. The fact that they get to live a long life of freedom, with little fear of war and death. But i'm not mad at them. It's not their fault. I think back to my family. We have no real "heroes" in our bloodline. Nobody who died for justice, for any real purpose. But this is my chance to change all that. To

become something more. Even if I don't believe in some unattainable paradise at least I can be someone for my sister to look up to. Looking around the bus most of the other kids don't seem scared or frightened, if anything they seemed excited. Excited to fulfil a promise of an unattainable paradise. It is all pointless. This war. Our deaths. All of it. But yet I seem to be the only one who knows that. I reach into my pocket and pull out the key, thinking back to that one day, the day in the grass, the moments I will relive for eternity.

6. The additional biographical information highlights the person Satrapi is but from an outside point of view. The book Persepolis was written from a first person perspective by Satrapi herself looking back on her childhood. This article offers an outsider's view of her experiences. It helps show how rebellious she truly is. For example, in the article when she left the airport it further proves just how rebellious she really was. Even though she was rebellious in the novel, like when she spoke out to teachers and went to protests, it is from her own point of view. Every teen thinks they are rebellious at some point or another. The article being told from an outside perspective validates just how rebellious Satrapi really was. It also helps summarize the important plot points and show the readers just how young she was. It reiterates the fact that Satrapi was a child and viewed the world in similar, easier to understand terms while still retaining the gravity of most situations.







