

3) I thoroughly enjoyed reading Persepolis as it allowed readers to understand the revolution from the perspective of a child. As the book progresses, readers witness Marji become increasingly aware of the harsh reality of the revolution. Something that stood out to me especially is the role of God in this book. At the start, He was in most of the panels, however, as the book progresses, He appears less often, eventually to the point where he stops showing up. The usage of using the format of a graphic novel benefits in terms of allowing readers to catch certain gestures or meanings within a situation and it also provides us with visuals of scenarios that we may not be familiar with, therefore unable to form an accurate picture by ourselves. However, the drawback of using the format is that readers are more likely to skip over the small details in a panel, possibly missing an important fact to connect the picture with the text. Moreover, drawing out some religious aspects of Islam is controversial, like the drawing of God in the book.

4) Marji grew up surrounded by American and Islamic influences. The American influence comes mainly from her parents since they hold a westernized idea of society, thus making it hard for them to live with the Islamic Republic. On the other hand, the Islamic influences come from society, where we see officials enforcing Islamic traditions and values onto students. It is reasonable to infer that the American influence has a greater effect on her since most of the book takes place with her parents often sharing their views with her. As she matures, Marji adopts many of her parents' views and is against the doings of the Iranian government. She questions the governments' ways and is appalled by the stories she hears of prisoners. Furthermore, as the story progresses, Marji takes on a more secular view of society and the religious aspect holds a smaller role.

5) Hi, I'm the friend of Marji in the book who left for the United States in the chapter titled The Sheep. Our families and neighbors all opposed the Shah. Our next-door neighbors were especially open about it, usually in the front at demonstrations and doing whatever they could to show that they were resisting. My family definitely opposed it, but not to that extent. My father and mother often discussed the new horrors as each day passed, and though they had ushered me into my room to sleep, I couldn't help but overhear as they talked about multiple arrests and the massacres. The night of the burning of the theatre with hundreds of people in it, my mother burst into the house frantic. She had been walking back home from picking something up at a friend's house when she heard a boom and screams. Frightened and not knowing what it was, she was about to go check it out when the screams simply got louder, making her turn and run home as fast as she could. Later, we learned the cause of those screams, and my mother thanked God over and over for looking after her.

The next day, I decided to go out to run errands for my mother as she was still shaken about the night before. On the way, I was stopped by two soldiers. The first one sized me up and down, then asked, "Where are you going?" I replied I had to run some errands, and proceeded to

take a step forward to continue on my way. The second one stopped me with a hand on my shoulder, then asked, "I don't believe we said you were dismissed." I stood without a reply, keeping my eyes down, trying not to reveal my fear. We stood there for a little while, until the first one chuckled, patted me on the shoulder, and said, "He knows his place. Silence can save lives, and rather boring. Carry on, chap." And with that, I kept walking, trying to act normal as I rounded a corner. I felt their eyes following me, and I knew that if I cherished my life, I couldn't do anything stupid. I carried out the errands, and quickly made my way back home, taking a different route to avoid running into those soldiers again. I walked in and sagged on the door. My parents saw this and immediately got up, asking if I was ill. I wondered if I should tell them the truth. Thinking it be best, I replayed the events, and their faces turned more and more serious. They met each others' eyes, silently agreeing about something I wasn't aware of.

My father looked at me, then sighed, "I suggest you start saying your goodbyes to your friends. Your mother and I think it best if we moved to the United States now before things over here get worse." I stood there stunned, a thousand thoughts running through my head. I never thought I'd be leaving my hometown, my childhood friends. Not to mention, I had hoped to get to know Marji better, as I had become interested in her. But then, I understood why my parents made this decision, and I knew I couldn't change their minds, so I nodded and went up to my room. The following day, I met up with another friend and Marji, telling them that I'd be leaving for the United States. The information I had at this point was limited, but I shared as much as I could. I saw Marji grow sad, and I wished she and her family could go with me. But, I wasn't about to bring that up. So, I said my goodbyes, and my family left for our new lives across the globe the next month.

6) The frustration and anger Satrapi holds towards Iran and Iraq even to this day. Her reaction towards President Bush's rhetoric was not one of gratefulness, but one of disgust. Furthermore, the things she's had to suffer from ultimately led to her picking up smoking, and we see her stubbornness and rebelliousness when she says, "The more forbidden something was, the more she craved it," and so she smokes to her heart's content. Then, at JFK airport, after she fainted from being treated unfairly and harshly, she gets into her limo and starts smoking. This makes us readers come to the conclusion that she needs some sort of outlet to escape from reality. After all, we know her as a person whose pure imagination was tainted by harsh realities.

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