

winter of Tabriz, with a dirt floor, no windows and no furniture. I couldn't sit or lie down. Rats would attack my feet and my ears. I walked back and forth, day and night, smoking all the time.

For the first time in my life I had the bitter feeling of humiliation and disgrace. I felt stripped of my willpower. And these feelings raised a tempest in my inner world.

It was during one of those days or nights, I couldn't tell the difference, when I heard the wailing voice of a child screaming, "Papa jan!" I was convinced it was my daughter Rubina calling her lost, disappeared father.

More than thirty years have passed and I still haven't forgotten that heartrending cry.