

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

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*EMBROIDERIES*

*Marjane Satrapi*

**ALSO BY MARJANE SATRAPI**

*Persepolis: The Story of a Childhood*

*Persepolis 2: The Story of a Return*

# Embroideries

**MARJANE SATRAPI**

Biologie  
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My grandmother called my grandfather Satrapi, never by his first name. She said one must respect one's husband.

After lunch, the men left as usual to take a nap, and the rest of us, the women, started to clean up.

Marji, my child, take care of the samovar.

Yes, Grandma.



The samovar was my responsibility . I took care of it morning , noon and night . It must be said that the morning samovar didn't play exactly the same role as at other times of the day .

The morning samovar



My grandma was an opium addict . The doctor had told her to take it to lessen her pain (in any case , that's what she said) . And so , on waking up and finding herself in a state of withdrawal , she was often in a very very bad mood , but it never lasted for long . She had only to dissolve a small bit of burnt opium\* in her tea to regain her sense of humor and her natural kindness . It was just a matter of waiting .

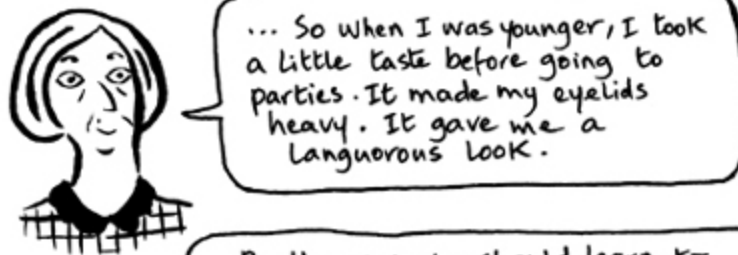
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\* What is left at the bottom of an opium pipe after it's been smoked .





"Opium has many virtues," my grandmother would say.  
"It's not just good for reducing pain."



Thanks to her half-closed eyes, my grandma  
got married three times. My grandfather was  
her last husband.



§ The noon and night samovar §

The tea that we prepared at these times had a completely different function.

Everyone gathered around this drink in order to devote themselves to their favorite activity: DISCUSSION.

This discussion had its own purpose:



You must allow around three quarters of an hour for the tea to cook and reach its proper strength in a Samovar. (It really is about cooking and not steeping.)



When I finally arrived in the living room with my tray, the others had just finished the dishes.

Ah, finally!  
Bravo, Marji!  
May God Keep you!

What timing!  
Bravo, my  
granddaughter! Bravo!  
Happiness! Oh! Ah!



