

## Version 1

It was one of those December mornings. I had asked Bijan to light a fire before leaving for work. Cozy—a word too common for Yassi's usage—would be the right term for how we felt. All the necessary components were there: windows, drinks, a fire, food, warm clothes and the smell of smoke. Yassi was on the couch between Manna and Azin. Azin laughed and Mahshid bestowed upon us a hint of a smile. Nassrin had moved her chair near the fireplace.

# Original

"It was one of those cold, gray early-December mornings when the overcast sky and the chill in the air seem to promise snow. I had asked Bijan to light a fire before leaving for work, and it sparked now with a soothing warmth. Cozy—a word too common for Yassi's usage—would be the right term for how we felt. All the necessary components were there: misty windows, steaming mugs of coffee, a crackling fire, languorous cream puffs, thick wool sweaters and the mingling smells of smoke, coffee and oranges. Yassi was sprawled on the couch, in her usual place, between Manna and Azin, making me wonder again how such a tiny body could take up so much space. Azin's flirtatious laughter rang in the air, and even Mahshid bestowed upon us a hint of a smile. Nassrin had moved her chair near the fireplace, her restless hands tossing orange peels into the fire." (257)

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Nafisi, A. (2004). *Reading Lolita in Tehran: A memoir in books*. Random House Trade Paperbacks.