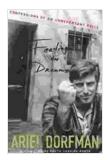
Feeding On Dreams: Confessions Of An Unrepentant Exile

I was born in Iran, but I grew up in the United States. My parents left Iran when I was a baby, and I have never been back. I have always felt a sense of longing for my homeland, but I also know that I could never live there again. I am an exile, and I am unrepentant.



Feeding on Dreams: Confessions of an Unrepentant

Exile by Ariel Dorfman

4.4 out of 5

Language : English

File size : 858 KB

Text-to-Speech : Enabled

Screen Reader : Supported

Enhanced typesetting : Enabled

Word Wise : Enabled

Print length : 354 pages
Lending : Enabled



I remember the first time I visited Iran. I was 16 years old, and I was traveling with my parents. We went to Tehran, the capital, and I was immediately struck by the beauty of the city. The architecture was stunning, and the people were warm and welcoming. But I also felt a sense of unease. I was surrounded by people who looked like me, but I didn't feel like I belonged.

I realized that I was an outsider. I was an American in Iran, and an Iranian in America. I didn't fit in anywhere. I was a stranger in a strange land.

I spent the next few years trying to find my place in the world. I went to college, I got a job, I got married. But I still felt like something was missing. I was living a life that was not my own. I was living the life that was expected of me, but it wasn't what I wanted.

One day, I decided to leave everything behind. I quit my job, I sold my apartment, and I bought a one-way ticket to Iran. I didn't know what I was going to do when I got there, but I knew that I had to go.

When I arrived in Tehran, I felt like I was finally home. I was surrounded by people who understood me. I was no longer an outsider. I was finally where I belonged.

But it wasn't long before I realized that I was still an exile. I was an Iranian in Iran, but I was also an American. I was still a stranger in a strange land.

I spent the next few years living in Iran. I learned to speak Farsi fluently. I made friends. I fell in love. But I still felt like something was missing. I was living a life that was not my own. I was living the life that was expected of me, but it wasn't what I wanted.

One day, I decided to leave Iran again. I didn't know where I was going to go, but I knew that I had to leave. I bought a one-way ticket to the United States, and I never looked back.

I have been living in the United States for the past few years. I have a job. I have a home. I have a family. But I still feel like something is missing. I am

still an exile. I am still a stranger in a strange land.

I am an unrepentant exile. I know that I will never be able to go back to Iran, but I also know that I will never be able to fully belong in the United States. I am a citizen of both worlds, but I am a stranger in both.

I am a child of two worlds, and I am a product of two cultures. I am Iranian-American, and I am proud of both parts of my identity. But I am also an exile, and I am unrepentant.

I am a liminal figure. I exist in the spaces between cultures. I am a bridge between two worlds. I am a reminder that the world is a complex place, and that there is no such thing as a single, monolithic identity.

I am an exile, but I am also a citizen of the world. I am a stranger in a strange land, but I am also a seeker of truth and beauty. I am a dreamer, and I am a believer. I believe in the power of love, and I believe in the power of dreams.

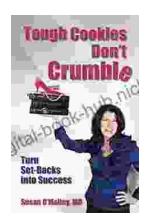


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