



Echoes of Tehran Night

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The narrow Tehran street twisted under a strange, vibrant glow, not from cheer, but from the flickering orange of a burning trash bin. Boldly outlined figures, with exaggerated expressions of surprise and fear, scattered like colorful confetti caught in a sudden gust. Swirls of bright blue tear gas mingled with cartoonish smoke, forming whimsical, unsettling clouds as tiny, sparkling bullet casings bounced playfully on the wet, slick ground. Persian shop signs, with their flowing, calligraphic shapes, blinked weakly in the background.



In the foreground, the vibrant chaos continued as one simplified figure, with oversized, tear-filled eyes, lay collapsed on the pavement, their limbs comically splayed. Beside them, another character, their face a mask of exaggerated grief and rage, knelt dramatically, hands thrown up in a silent, bold scream next to a brightly colored, draped form, implying a somber presence beneath. The ground, a slick tapestry of dark puddles, reflected the distorted light of the burning trash bin.



From the hazy distance, a line of exaggeratedly proportioned riot police, their dark uniforms rendered with clean, thick outlines, advanced with cartoonish determination, weapons held high. Their helmeted faces were simplified, yet conveyed an undeniable, looming presence against the backdrop of an oppressive, deep blue sky where a pale, stylized moon peeked through thick, swirling black clouds. The air shimmered with implied tension, and the distant, playful wail of sirens added a strange melody to the scene.