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The Waves of the Caspian Sea by manouchehr Moshtagh Khorasani

When I arrived in Bandar Anzali and found the hotel, I checked in, and immediately rushed to the beach, the beach of the Caspian Sea. It has been a long time since I last touched its sand.

It was getting dark and a bit cold outside, and I could see the sun disappearing behind the sea. A marvelous exchange of colors between the powerful sun, the mighty sea, and the soft sand of the beach provided a beautiful array of magnificent colors. A light breeze was touching my skin.

I knelt down and poked my hand into the sand, which was still warm and made me wonder why. Every bit of the sand, the very touch of it, its warmth, and its moisture reminded me of my childhood, when my father was holding my hand, helping me to walk on the beach. I remembered how safe I had felt at that time. He was the strong man who took care of everything.

I closed my eyes and remembered how happy we were traveling to the north, counting the hours, until we reached the green province of Gilan. Those marvelous trees, that humid air...

I remembered that we used to leave Tehran early in the morning so that we could reach the Caspian Sea in the same day. I opened my eyes and realized that I was still keeping the sand in my right hand, as I did not want to lose it. The sand represented a piece of our beloved country in my hand.

Finally, after all those years living abroad, I was back here and could touch the sand of the Caspian Sea, which I had adored and loved so much. I was mesmerized and astonished to find that I was pressing the sand so hard that for one moment I thought I could have turned it into stone. I was sitting close to the water, observing how the waves were hitting the sand and



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making my feet wet.

Then I reached into the water, using my left hand and making a cup of it. I brought the water close to my nose and smelt it. It had the same smell as it used to have, the smell of our country Iran. Then, I tasted the water. The salty taste of it on my lips and tongue brought me back to my childhood. I remembered how afraid I was of the wavy waters of the Caspian Sea, in spite of the fact that I loved it so much.

I remembered how my father was holding my hand, laughing and saying, "Jump my dear, jump before the wave hits you." And I jumped following his advice, and it worked like a miracle. The mighty wave engulfed my body, and through jumping, I could miraculously ride it to the top. At times, I did not jump at the right time, and the wave hit my tiny body at full force. Although I was scared and gulped a bit of salty water, the strong hand of my father was holding my hand, and I was sure that nothing could happen to me.

To me he was the strongest man on Earth. I opened my eyes, watching the salty water dripping through my fingers. I realized that a bit of water still remained in the palm of my left hand. I let the water drop on the sand, watching every drop of it hitting the sand, deforming it into little tiny circles. Then, I let the sand drop on the beach. I stood up, extending my body, and inhaled the fresh air of the Caspian Sea. I turned back and looked towards the green hills in the distance.

Those wonderful green trees, the moisture, and those hills reminded me again of the breathtaking beauty of the region, and they reminded me that those hills were inhabited by the proud warriors of Gilan, the proud Daylamites, who successfully defended the freedom of the region against foreign invaders. I could feel the presence of the Daylamite soliders around me. It was like a transformation of the mind and the body. I could feel their power, their presence, and even their mighty appearance. I stepped back as I was afraid that I was hallucinating. I knelt down again, took some water from the sea and washed my face.

I stood up, looked around, and felt relieved, as I knew that the proud people of Gilan and Mazandaran were still carrying the warrior spirit of their ancestors. I walked back towards the hotel where I was staying in Bandar Anzali. I was feeling very good as I knew that the following day, I was honored again to touch, measure, and analyze the swords in the Military Museum of Bandar Anazali, which were once wielded by the proud warriors of this region.

Manouchehr Moshtagh Khorasani is a guest contributor for PersianMirror from Germany. He is the author of the new book "[Arms and Armor from Iran - The Bronze Age to the End of the Qajar Period](#)" (available May 2006), please visit

www.legat-verlag.de/_e/programm_e.html and www.legat-verlag.de/_e/Swords1.html

Manouchehr is also the moderator of the American organization of Swordforum International, where he answers questions on Middle Eastern Swords. He is considered the specialist on Middle Eastern Arms and Armor and responsible for the forum Edged Weapon from the Middle East, Asia and Africa. For more visit: forums.swordforum.com/index.php?s=

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