

# *I was my Grandma's Mom*



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□ *Sample English text is available.*



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## *I was my Grandma's Mom*

When I woke up suddenly, I noticed I had peed. I told to myself: "Ah! Mom will have a quarrel with me."

The grandma was awake and said: "Your mom will get mad." She sat on her place while massaging her ankle. I noticed a part of her wound was peeled off. Grandma's face got deformed out of pain. I would like without my mom's being noticed to peel off her wounds off. If she would have let me peel off that big wound, I would have bought a big cone ice cream of such types she liked.

Her hair was disheveled. I said: "First of all, you have to comb your hair like a good girl." But she refused to accept.

I went to her bed and said: "Move aside." I wanted to see who won the completion of peeing. She had peed much more than I on her mattress and as dad was saying she had drawn a bigger geographic map on her mattress than I. I cried: "Well, god girl, you stood the first." But I stopped immediately as mom had sharp ears.

It had a great feeling as I had been the first person having a pissy grandma. I didn't think in my school anyone else had such a grandma and I also didn't think anyone else was still peeing in her bed like I so I

followed the steps of my grandma but I knew mom disliked this.

I pointed to Nora and told the grandma quietly: "Get up as mom may come in soon. You know mom checks Nora's mattress first and then yours and mine. Be quiet as Nora may wake up."

I went to mom's room door. I kept listening there a little. I knew it was being nosy but they were not saying anything inside so it was not a case of nosiness. I just wanted to find out how much time the grandma and I had. There was no voice coming out of mom's room.

I changed the grandma's clothes soon and put her pissy clothes at the back of the closet.

Since then, I could not play hide and seek in the closet because of grandma's piss odor.

Mom got into the room. She had a look at Nora and said: "What a stink! Which of you pissed again? See! Can you make me to spend all my off day washing and doing laundry?" Then, she looked at me and grandma.

The grandma looked down. I remembered not to comb my hair and grandma's yet. I felt like when the principal asked me to attend her office especially when someone complained something about me to her

for doing nothing. Or not just for nothing for example for hitting and blowing out a person during the break time or pulling someone's maqna' (female formal Islamic head covering in Iran) causing it to be torn. However, I believed for none of those deeds, I was deserved to attend the principal's office.

Mom moved to the grandma. And said: "Amazing! Your clothes are dry."

I just remembered I had not changed my clothes.

Mom said: "Oh! Why grandma's clothes are changed?"

I said: "I had pissed."

Mom said: "As you are a bad girl. Look, you are going to be as tall as me but still piss in your bed. I have to take you to a doctor."

Nora woke up and began to cry.

I said to myself: "Good job, nice girl. How timely you cried!"

I thought it was fantastic if they took me to a piss doctor with the grandma and I considered how good it was that mom forgot the changing of grandma's clothes.

Mom was standing above Nora. She took her up and said: "Oh, my child's feet are going to be burnt." She took Nora to the restroom and then the sound of the water tab could be heard while Nora was still crying.

Mom did not put napkins on her and said: "Let her feet expose to air." Nora began to laugh.

I wished mom had known that grandma had pissed and without nagging took her to the bathroom to wash her feet before they got burnt.

I took grandma's clothes out of the closet. The closet was full of piss odor. Some of my clothes were wet too. I pressed all my clothes and grandma's in the washing machine. I pressed a button on which there was a line and said to myself: "Mom did not tell it's forbidden to touch the washing machine." I remembered not to pour any detergent in it. I poured it into the washing machine but kept asking God to prevent mom from hearing the sound of washing machine working.

Mom told us to take a bath. Then, she opened the closet door. It was empty. She looked back at me.

I said: "I put them all in the washing machine."

She said: "Oh God, I am going to be at the end of my rope out of you and hit you. How many times do I have to tell you are not supposed to touch the washing

machine? Who can believe a girl in the second year of elementary school works with a washing machine.” She looked at me as if she had been looking dagger at me.

I said: “No, you did not tell anything about the washing machine.” I did not add that I had known how to unlock its child lock.

The grandma said: “No, don’t hit her. It’s my fault...”

I took mom’s hand toward the bathroom while singing something loudly not to let mom hear grandma’s words.

While washing my head with shampoo, mom said: “What stink your closet was smelling!” I just looked at her through the shampoo foams over my eyes. My eyes were burning but did not utter a word of the fear of mom’s side even I did not dare to tell her that she was washing me wrong and to ask her why she was washing my head while I had pissed.”

I got the fragrance and the smell of piss was gone. I had no clothes. Mom gave me her blouse and skirt. I put them on and became very funny.

The grandma began to laugh and I laughed out of hers too. Nora took her bed bars and stood up. She looked at us and laughed. Mom laughed too.

I kept the waist of the skirt not to let it fall off. Mom fixed it on me with a safety pin. I went to mom and dad's room and looked at myself in their mirror there. I became the child-size form of mom. The grandma came in and stood next to me. Her picture was in the mirror next to my picture. Her hair was still disheveled. I combed it for her. I rubbed some gel on it and formed it. She became very beautiful. The grandma combed my hair and braided it for me in pigtail style. Mom came in and yelled loudly and said: "Gooood! I got excused for this much washing I had to do because of you for God's sake. You rubbed gel everywhere. Who let you touch my stuff?"

Grandma looked down but mom did not notice that.

I said: "You had told touching cosmetics by young girls is forbidden but you had not told touching gel is forbidden too."

As dad was saying, Mr. Kazem, the sanitary worker of our street, could hear mom's yelling from that distance. I wished he could have noticed how beautiful the grandma had become.

Mom went shopping and Nora was sleeping.

I took the grandma to the bathroom and began washing her head with shampoo. I made a cone ice cream on her head and showed it to her in the mirror. She said: "where is its strawberry?" She began to

laugh then. I washed her body with a lot of shampoo and by rubbing a washcloth over her body.

I was paying attention not to peel off her ankle wound. Grandma's body was covered with foam. I said: "I am the only person having a cloudy grandma."

She took a lot of foam and rubbed it on me. I became cloudy too. Then the bathroom was full of foam cloud. The grandma said: "Mom! Let us always come to the bathroom with each other."

I replied: "I'm not your mom. I'm Nushin, your grandchild."

The grandma said: "Mom, will you buy me an orange cola after the bath?"

I got frightened a little. I would not like to become my grandma's mom. I would like to be just Nushin, her granddaughter. But when I looked at her, I noticed her look is like a child. I felt something maybe that meant I felt pity for her. I was not frightened anymore. I said: "If you are a good girl, sure."

However, I still desired to be just Nushin, just that.

When mom took the grandma to the bathroom, I heard repeatedly from my room that mom was saying:

“Don’t shake this much. My hands got painful.” Then I was hearing grandma was crying.

I thought grandma and I understood each other very well.

I finished washing grandma. I put my clothes on her so I had nothing to wear. I took the grandma out of the bathroom but I kept waiting there.

Mom arrived home.

She said: “What are you doing in the bathroom? Why grandma’s hair is wet?”

When mom addressed me with the plural adverbial form of ‘you’, it meant things were wrong. This was as dad always mentioned too. I replied: “I took grandma to the bathroom and washed her.”

Mom got angry and said: “Why do you interfere in the elder’s jobs? No. I think it is necessary no to apply some physical punishment.”

The grandma looked down. It meant she was very upset but mom did not notice it. She did not have time to look at grandma.

Mom brought a small bath towel and tightened it over grandma’s head to let her hair become dry. Grandma did not look at her again but mom did not understand that again.

Mom gave me her blouse and pants to wear. I got funny for the second time.

The grandma laughed. I laughed too. Nora was looking at us through her bed bars and she began to laugh too but mom did not.

I helped mom hang the clothes.

At night, mom was talking with dad quietly and I just could hear: "Nushin, piss, doctor."

Mom was reporting dad the news of my piss and grandma's.

It was night and everyone was asleep. I opened my eyes. The grandma was sitting on her bed and was repeating my name, 'Nushin'.

I went to her bed. She lay down. I lay next to her. She smelled of Nora, of milk and little of piss. She said: "I'm hungry."

I went to the kitchen, opened the fridge door. We had some strawberries. I remembered we had some ice cream too. Eating neither of them was forbidden. I put a lot of them for myself on a plate and a lot for grandma too. We ate them with each other. I thought how good it was that we had the same taste in ice cream and another foodstuff.

The grandma said: "In the old days, there was no strawberry. I love strawberries to unbelievable great degree." She picked up one strawberry, kept her by her nose and smelled it. She said: "Well, nice! Nice!"

Later, I took the dishes to the kitchen like mom, washed them and put them back in their place. I went back to the grandma. She was waiting for me. I said: "Do you me to sing a lullaby for you?"

She lay down and I sang her a lullaby quietly. She fell asleep. I considered that I really became my grandma's mom. Then I thought I was the first grandchild who was singing a lullaby for her grandma and was the first one who became the mom of her grandma.

Dad said: "Get ready. We want to visit a doctor."

I asked: "A doctor of piss? So, take the grandma with ourselves too."

Dad replied: "I already took her but you! Listen carefully to what I'm saying..."

I said: "Is it about things forbidden?"

Dad said: "Asking a lot of question is forbidden. Moving upstairs and downstairs with escalator ..."

I interrupted him by saying: "is forbidden."

He added: "Touching doctor's pieces of stuff are..."

I said: "forbidden."

He said: "God willing you'll remember these." And he looked at me in a way I did not like it at all.

I said: "If we take grandma with us, I promise to be quiet."

Mom said: "What does it mean that you determine terms for us?!!!"

Dad said: "Let us take her out. It'll help change the mode of the old woman."

Grandma whispered: "You, yourself, are old."

I looked at her and said: "He is not old."

Grandma said: "May I die for my nice granddaughter!"

I said to myself: "Well done grandma! I'm your grandma."

Then I repeated to myself: "Your welcome grandma. Try to get well."

I combed grandma's hair and braided a ponytail style for her like my own hair. I put her scarf on her not to let dad see her hair. Grandma, Nora and I were sitting on the car back seat. I was between them. Mom told

to be like that. A cool wind was blowing on grandma's face and mine. Grandma's scarf was about to fall off her head. I put it right. Grandma was singing a poem. Dad said quietly: "Oh! This song is so old. How do you remember that? It's strange that you still remember that."

I looked at mom. She fell asleep out of tiredness and her scarf moved to one part of her head. Dad stopped at a red traffic light. He made mom's scarf right and said: "Poor lady! She got so exhausted. I wish we had more money and our state was in another form. I wish everything were in another way."

The grandma said: "Ismail was always singing this to me. By the way, why did we not bring him with us?"

I knew Ismail was my grandpa's name whom I had never seen.

Dad said: "He will come soon. No worries."

The grandma said: "So tell him to buy us Japanese sunflower seeds."

I said: "We need a hammer too. I can't break them with my teeth."

The grandma said: "It's easy, mom!"

I said: "I don't know how. They are very hard."

Dad laughed. Then I kept repeating: “Hammer, hammer, hammer...” to made dad laugh.

Dad said: “Enough ok? Just for two minutes, no, just for one minute stay quiet. See if you can.”

Mom woke up and said: “what’s wrong? You are making noise in the car too.” Then, she leaned her head on the window and fell asleep immediately.

The grandma put her hand on mine and said: “Are you Anis, Ismail’s sister?”

Dad said: “Yes, she is Anis.”

I kissed the grandma and said: “I’m both Anis and Nushin.”

The grandma looked at me and said: “No, you are my mom, aren’t you?”

I kissed her cheek strongly and said: “You are right. I’m just your mom.”

Mom woke up suddenly, turned back and looked at us. Dad looked at us in the front mirror too.

Mom asked: “Did I hear that in reality or I was dreaming?”

Dad replied: “In reality, but try not to steer it to its reality.”

Mom leaned her head back and again fell asleep immediately.

We got out of the car. There were a lot of shops in that mall and in each shop; there were a lot of foodstuff and toys. We went upstairs with an escalator. It was as though the shops had been moving downwards.



**Mozghan Babamarandi** has started writing for children since 1990 focusing mostly on teenagers. She is a well-known figure in Iranian children & teenagers' literature and her books are published by famous Iranian publishers. Her stories reflect her own childhood. Her books contain ethical and social themes. She is fond of short-story format and this is the prominent format of her books which are published in Iran.. At the time being, she lives in Tehran. She is the author of more than 28 books of novel and collection of stories for children and young Adults .Among her books are:

### **Children & Young Adults Stories:**

۱. **The news presenter was silent**, Rowzaneh Publication, ۲۰۱۸
۲. **I was my grandma's mom**, Peidayesh Publication, ۲۰۱۸
۳. **Daddy's Laugh Paint**, Monadi Tarbiat Publication, ۲۰۱۷
۴. **In the name of god, Raise exam sheets**, Monadi Tarbiat Publication, ۲۰۱۷
۵. **The yard was full of bird and song**, Monadi Tarbiat Publication, ۲۰۱۷

۷. **Ghelghelak's cocoon was beside grandma**, Amir Kabir Publication, ۲۰۱۶
۸. **Whish under the all snow was viola**, Soroosh Publication, ۲۰۱۰
۹. **The Story of Situation and Wishes of an Ass**, Peidayesh Publication, ۲۰۱۰
۱۰. **The aunt oldwoman liked storytelling**, Elmi-Farhangi Publication, ۲۰۱۰
۱۱. **The Seven Steps**, Soroosh Publication, ۲۰۱۲
۱۲. **My mother is lost**, Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults Publication, ۲۰۱۲
۱۳. **I will become a Spiderman like Rostam**, Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults Publication, ۲۰۱۲
۱۴. **Even the Sun Cried**, Amir Kabir Publication, ۲۰۱۲
۱۵. **My Indian Name**, Soroosh Publication, ۲۰۱۲
۱۶. **Lady Poetess and Mr. Beethoven**, Peidayesh Publication, ۲۰۱۱
۱۷. **Let's go paint the sky**, Madrese Publication, ۲۰۱۱
۱۸. **Every Year Before the First Bell**, Beh Nashr Publication, ۲۰۱۱
۱۹. **What is the taste of secret?**, Elmi-Farhangi Publication, ۲۰۱۰
۲۰. **A Shying Guest**, Elmi-Farhangi Publication, ۲۰۱۰

۱۰. **Only the father can awakening me from sleep,**  
Institute for the Intellectual Development of  
Children and Young Adults Publication, ۲۰۱۰
۱۱. **Sun Passed Me and Moonlight,** Amir Kabir  
Publication (Shokoofe), ۲۰۰۹
۱۲. **Hi Grandpa,** Madrese Publication, ۲۰۰۸
۱۳. **Even Men Sometimes Crying,** Madrese  
Publication, ۲۰۰۸
۱۴. **The Butterfly Was My First Word,** Soroosh  
Publication, ۲۰۰۸
۱۵. **All Stars for You,** Madine Publication, ۲۰۰۱
۱۶. **Gold Fountain Pen,** Madrese Publication, ۲۰۰۱
۱۷. **A Gift for Narges,** Farhang Eslami Publication,  
۱۹۹۷

- And ۸ story books in print.
- She has more than ۱۰۰ **published stories** at prestigious magazines for children and young adults in Iran like Doost, Salam Bacheha, Roshd, Soroosh, Docharke, Baran, etc from ۱۹۹۰ to present.

Babamarabdi was awarded many literary prize  
including:

- Winner of Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults ۱۷<sup>th</sup> Festival for novel “I will become a Spiderman like Rostam”, ۲۰۱۳
- Winner of Salam Bacheha Festival for book “Hi Grandp”, ۲۰۰۹

- Appreciation of the book "Gold Fountain Pen" at Roshd Educational Festival, ۱۴۰۳
- First Prize in story for "Hi Grandpa" at Press Festival, ۱۴۰۱

### **Other Career Successes:**

- Top Trainer Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in Tehran Province, ۱۴۰۹
- First Prize in Drama for the Play "I Miss the Sun" at the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults ۵<sup>th</sup> Puppet Show Festival in Tehran Province, ۱۴۰۳
- Third Prize in Music Selection for the Play "I Miss the Sun" at the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults ۵<sup>th</sup> Puppet Show Festival in Tehran Province, ۱۴۰۳
- First Prize in Directing for the Play "The Man Had No Lips" at the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults ۶<sup>th</sup> Puppet Show Festival in Tehran Province, ۱۴۰۴
- Top Trainer Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in the country, ۱۴۰۱
- Top Trainer Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in Tehran Province, ۱۴۰۹

- First Prize in Stage Design for the Play “Aunt Cockroach” at the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults First Puppet Show Festival in the country, ۱۹۹۹
- Storytelling Festival Winner of Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in Tehran Province, ۱۹۹۸
- The use of the my novel **Only the father can awakening me from sleep** as one of the references in the book **Fatherhood in contemporary discourse** by Anna Pilinska, Cambridge

### **Other artistic activities:**

- Jury member in Drama Festival The Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in Tehran province, ۲۰۱۶
- Jury member in Razavi Festival stories and memories The Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, ۲۰۱۴
- Jury member in Drama Festival trainers of The Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in the country, ۲۰۱۰
- Jury member in Drama Festival trainers of The Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in the country, ۲۰۰۷

- Jury member in storytelling competition The Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in the country, ۱۴۰۰
- Jury member in Theatre Festival Ministry of Education in Karaj, ۱۴۰۱
- Designer scene in the play “Sabr e Zard” in Chahar Soo Hall at the City Theatre, ۱۴۰۱