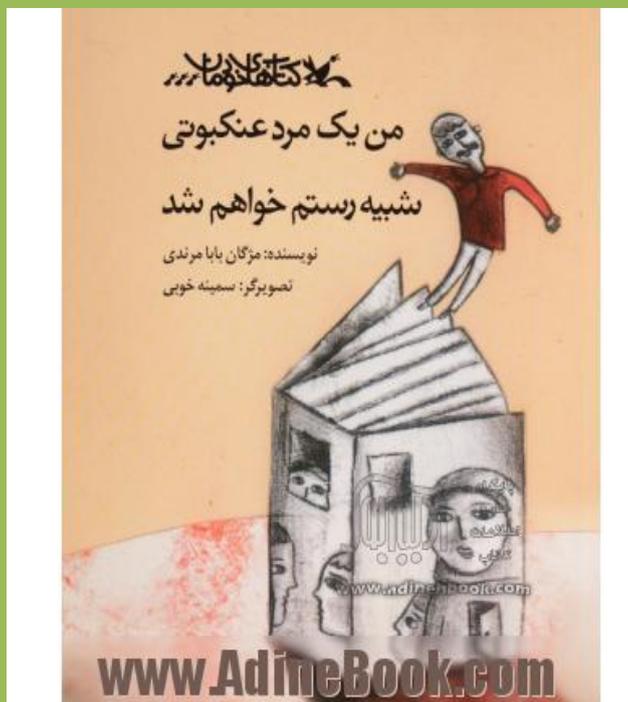


I'll be a Spiderman like Rustam



**By: Mozghan
Babamarandi**



◉ **Sample English text is available.**



**Pol Literary &
Translation
Agency,
www.pol-ir.ir
polliteraryagency
@gmail.com**

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Author: Mozhgan Babamarandi

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I'll be a Spiderman like Rustam

Kiyan

Eating ice cream early in the morning is very pleasing. Dad had put a small sandwich of cheese with cucumber in my bag. I am sitting in a library while eating my ice cream. It is the first time that I come to a library. All other children there are looking at me.

A lady educator says: “You made two mistakes.”

I answer: “Is it a dictation that you count my mistakes?”

She says: “The first one is that you eat ice cream early in the morning and the next is having it before other children. They desire for that too.”

I reply while licking my ice cream: “Well, none of my business. If they wish, they can pay and buy one.”

The lady educator looks dagger at me like dad. I turn my face away and begin to whisper a song not hear her if she says anything. I prepare myself to say that I did not attend here on my own volition and my dad forced me to do so and he enrolled me even without asking my idea. I will say I attend there that are paid

money not to be wasted. If she says a word, I will answer that I desire to take my money back and to leave there. Another educator calls the first one. Her name is lady Faribamehr.

Farzan

Malihe accompanies me by the library door. I want to ask her why she pays attention to me to that degree while she has nothing to do with me. I want to tell her I am already grown up and to ask her not to put herself under the show of a sympathetic person. I don't want others to see us with each other. I know my idea will not important and if I say anything, my dad will punish me.

She says: "How busy is today! You'll have a headache, let's go back home."

I reply: "Come on!" I rush inside and will hit a lady educator strongly. She is the person on the registration day there who told me: "where is your scarf?" I replied to her: "Am I not a boy?!" She continued: "So if you are a boy, why did you come to enroll in an even day which is for girls, then?" I was about to leave there while sulking. She smiled and said: "Are you sulking like girls too?"

As she sees me, she says: "Hello Farzan Barkhordari, a well-tempered boy!"

I smile and say: “But everybody says I’m bad-tempered.”

She says: “Be sure, they are all wrong as nobody sees the other face of your coin.”

I ask: “What does it mean?”

She says: “Now, go and sit next to the other children. We’ll talk later. Is your sister doing well?”

I get soon she means Malihe. I say: “She is doing not bad. She asked me to tell you her greetings.”

She goes to the back of the counter to help another educator enroll new children. I sit next to a boy who is licking the last remaining of his ice cream.

I ask: “Eating ice cream early in the morning does not make you sick?”

He says: “No, will you come with me to buy another one? If you have no money, I’ll buy one for you.”

I say: “No, I have some money.”

He says: “Ok, you buy me one.” Both of us begin to laugh.

The lady educator that children call her lady Faribamehr gets to our table.

Kiyan

Here is a double story building. Its first story has two saloons, one for children and the other for adolescents. Children's saloon has windows close to the ceiling. But the waiting saloon does not have so many windows. There is a kitchen, amphitheater, cinema and a painting class on the above story. In the basement of the building, there is a pottery and painting class for very young children and there is a restroom too.

In the children saloon, all children sit around a big table. Lady Faribamehr tells them a story. In her story, there is a bad boy whose mother tells that she loves him as much as the world while he does not know how big the world is. The boy of the story asks the worm in his garden and the fish in the pool about the size of the world. I read the story. I know the story character is a girl, not a boy so I tell lady Faribamehr: "Are you putting us on?"

She asks: "What does it mean?"

I say: "You are kidding us. You changed the girl character to a boy. The name of this girl is Sara. Now you made a mistake."

All children begin to look at us and I think now lady Faribamehr is going to have a row with me. I ruined her reputation well.

She says: “Well done! So you read this book and you are one step ahead of other children. Your father told that you are a studious boy but I did not believe it. Children give Kian a big hand.”

The children clap for me. I get up and bow for them several times.

Farzan tells me: “She put you down. You wanted to find a fault with her but she put you down.”

I tell loudly: “This story is nonsense. How is it possible one be so stupid not to understand how big the world is when her mom tells to love her as much as the world?”

He says: “Consider moms love their children as much as the world.”

I tell: "Really? Are you sure you are serious? I told you this story is nonsense. You talked about moms and is there a mom not to love her child?"

Lady Faribamehr says: “Look, when we are children and we go shopping with them, we hold their hands not to be lost. When they stand before any shop, we think the world is just long feet or think the world is just the kindergarten and later just the school but later we grow taller and come to the understanding that...”

Farzan says: "we got it. It's not bad we, ourselves, think a little."

I tell him: "Can the stupid thing too?"

Lady Faribamehr says: "Identify you as the earthworm, the fish, and the cat of the story." She looks at me and says: "You! Talk more politely. What does it mean that you call your friend stupid?"

I say: "He is not my friend."

Farzan says: "Are we not?"

I say: "I don't know but I just know nobody gets a friend with another person so soon."

Lady Faribamehr says: "There is a door in your heart that you have to let it be open to being able to be other's friend. As you did so, you will decide how much you have to open it for others."

Farzan asks: "Can we close it to someone forever?"

Children begin to make the nose. Lady Faribamehr says: "Yes, but I won't do that as I am afraid I can't open it later and it will be left closed..."

One of the children asks: "what do you mean by these words?"

Lady Faribamehr says: "Soon the class of young children will be divided from the older ones. You have to come to the afternoon class. In the morning, just young children are supposed to come. You two, pay attention that when we say just attend the afternoon class." Then she looks at the other children and says: "Well, who is ready for a game?"

Everybody raises his hand.

Golnaz

I arrive at the library and I desire to enroll. Most boys are in the library yard. I see lady Faribamehr. I know her. She is my sister educator too. I tell her: "Hello, I'm Golnaz and I brought my documents..." I raise the documents before her face. She does not get them. I say: "I became the top student at the school. They took everything hard and serious. They gave me a low point for science. What is the game you are playing? If it's a competition, it has to be fair. Fair means that everybody has to have the right of judging and not just the educator. First, you have to see how many people are playing then make them busy by choosing their group members. As it's clear you have a running competition. Remember, your competitors must be of the same height. I must attend an English class. My mom emphasizes that I have to be accepted in one of the universities in Tehran..."

I did not finish my words yet that she says: "Put your documents back in your bag. Today is the boys' day. You have to come here tomorrow for enrollment, on even days."

I return to leave there. One of the boys there says: "She talks like a machine gun... she even does not breathe. Malihe is much better than her. Now by seeing her, I treasure Malihe a lot."

The other boy says: "Does she teach things to lady Faribamehr too?"

I look dagger at them and say: "Stretch your legs according to your coverlet."

Lady Faribamehr looks dagger at me. I open my bag and put my documents in it and repeatedly change their place in there. I take a deep breath. I know she is still looking at me. Those two impolite boys begin to laugh. I say goodbye very quietly and leave them.

One of those boys says: "Good job lady educator! You taught her politeness very well."

I hear lady Faribamehr in an angry tone saying: "Be quiet! Let's start."

I understand by their sounds that they begin to play.

Kiyan

Lady Faribamehr says: “You have to run from the saloon door to the yard gate. You have to touch the gate and run back.”

The good point is that there is a narrow garden that divides the yard into two parts.

We compete for one by one. Then the winners have to compete with each other... Just Farzan and I are left in the game. Whoever wins, he will stand the first.

I am sure I can beat him. I observe him during his previous competition rounds. It's just a few inches left that I touch the gate but my foot gets to stick to the edge of a broken tile and I fall on the ground. I cannot get up because of a pain. Lady Faribamehr runs toward me. I see Farzan wins. Children cheer and clap for him. I desire to cry but I control myself. We go toward the kids. Farzan stood the first and I feel pity for myself but I try to ignore it. We go inside and lady Faribamehr makes me sit in an armchair on another side of the counter where just educators are permitted to. All the children look at me with a deep desire. Everybody would like to come to this side of the counter.

Farzan asks: “How is it like on the other side?” and laughs.

Another person says: "Lucky you."

Lady educator backs to me with alcohol and some cotton. She says: "I want to put some alcohol on your wound. It burns a lot. Can you stand with it?"

I say: "One hundred percent."

She laughs. She says: "one hundred percent of what?"

I say: "I mean put on it. I think I can bear it." I, myself, don't know what I mean. I learned it from my dad. It jumped out of my mouth.

Lady educator sits next to my foot and she says: "Why did you fall to the ground?"

Farzan says: "It was his toe's fault."

Lady Faribamehr looked at him from the corner of her eye. She says: "It has nothing to do with that. When you play you must pay."

I tell myself: "You bastard." I tell loudly: "My foot got to stick to a tile edge at the gate." I feel the alcohol smell. I see lady Faribamehr's hand approaching my feet. I repeat with myself: "I have not to cry." Suddenly I feel coldness on my foot but then it burns. I wish I were home and could cry but I just bite my lips. Lady Faribamehr looks up. My picture reflects in her eyes. She says: "Does it burn a lot?"

I move my head and say: "Not at all." But it burns to that extent that if I open my mouth, I burst into tears.

She rubs her hand over my head and says: "Your world is very big." She gets up to borrow books from the children. Children stand in a line. I did not desire to get up but I get up and after choosing my book, I stand at the end of the children's line. I try not to lame while walking.

Lady educator signals at me and says: "Come here, young man."

Farzan says: "What are you waiting for the young man? Move ahead then." He laughs.

She enters the number of books in a computer without letting me standing in the line. I am to leave there. She calls me and hands my bag over. I remember just at that moment that I left it on the back of a table. It was open. My stuff falls out and my cheese and cucumber sandwich falls on the ground. She looks at me and says: "Well done. Thank you to listen to my words and not to eat your sandwich before other children. Your world is really big. Truthfulness and not being frightened of pain need a big world."

I am not patient at all to think about the meaning of these sentences but I know my world is not big and I just pretended about what I deed.

Fahime

I came to the library. It is just the beginning hour, ^ A.M. There are just two or three people here. The educator who registered my name says: "Come afternoons of even days. It is very busy in the morning. Most people coming in the morning are children in elementary school. Afternoons are for the children above the secondary school grades."

I say: "You mean I have to leave now?"

She says: "No, stay if you wish but the afternoons are for your age specifically and you can enjoy more."

I tell myself: "None of your business when I enjoy more." I head to the adolescents' saloon.

She asks: "What kind of books do you want?"

I say: "the Room of Love"

She looks at me and says: "We don't have such books... but you can read this one." She gives me a book and right as she looks away; I put that away and pick another one. I think she acts like my grandma and tries to control me. I peer at her. She is even worse than my grandma and tries to control everybody without any shame. I know she has a remote control in her hand but I try to make her understand that I am not controllable. She also thinks

that she knows a lot. The number of young children here is increasing rapidly. She shouts: "Everybody! At the table."

All the children sit around the table. The number of chairs is not as much as children's so they ran short of chairs. Some of them began to fight for a chair and some of them sit two by two on a chair. Mr. Bakhshi, the library servant, brings small pieces of fixed carpet. Some of the children sit on them and some sit on folding chairs they brought for themselves from home. The lady educator sits at the table too. Her back is to me. I feel relaxed.

She asks: "Kids! What are keys good for?"

I tell to myself: "She thinks she is dealing with a lot of Mongol."

Everybody answers her: "We open the door with them."

I tell to myself: "Honestly, they are all Mongol."

She asks: "Where usually we have doors?"

There is confusion. They answer together: "Room, yard, hall, the kitchen..."

I say: "Restroom." Everybody laughs. She returns and looks at me. She says: "If you wish, come here."

I say: "No" and I am waiting for her to insist on me. But she just turns back and says: "Kids, even our hearts have doors. Their names are valves. If we love one, we open them to him but if we dislike one, we close our hearts valves to him. Maybe we lock them. Sometimes we send someone out through them. For example, our toys, we send them out when we grow up since we do not like them as we were children. Or God forbid if we dislike someone..."

I say: "So, the eye that opens day by day and we close it at nights is a kind of door?"

She turns back and says: "Yes, even every new decision we make is a new door, a door that we open or close it. Can you tell what another sort of doors do we have?" Children do not know and I cannot think of too. She says: "Every hello or goodbye can be a door for being opened or closed and even every sulk or reconciliation." The children express their ideas and talk with each other. They make so many noises that I cannot hear lady educator. I see her signaling the children to sit down and be quiet. Then she says loudly: "Be quiet! Don't you understand what I say?" I enter children's saloon. Right as she sees me entering, moves aside on her chair, makes room for me and says: "Sit." I hesitate as I am embarrassed but she repeats: "Sit, then." I sit. Two of us are sitting in the same chair. At school, we are not allowed to do so. I feel lady educators' perfume fragrance. Perhaps

if my mom put on that perfume, I would buy her that perfume.

Lady educator continues: "Well, now tell one memory of your sulk and reconciliation." Everybody raises her hand to ask for permission to tell. She says: "Fahime, you tell."

I tell to myself: "How soon she learned my name." I open my mouth to talk about the closing of the door between my mom and dad. But instead, I tell: "I have no memory about that. Even so, they are all about my childhood which has no value to be retold. Now, I don't sulk anymore." I tell to myself: "I wish in a session you told all these words to the adults." She looks at me surprisedly and says: "Well done! I think you can write well. You look at things from a different angle." I cannot get what she says. Children talk about their memories and the session comes to its end. Lady educator gets up at the back of the table and moves to the librarians' counter. I tell: "You were right. At these hours, the library is very busy. Goodbye. I go to the gate but return. I feel I need to talk. I tell her: "Are you here in the afternoon?"

She says: "No, I am in the morning shift until tomorrow but since the day after tomorrow, I will be in fixed afternoon shift but there are other educators available."

I tell: "I'll come in the afternoon of the day after tomorrow."

She says: "No, it's not a very good idea. You have to get familiar with others too."

I tell: "Ok and I leave there." I desire to go home on foot not to be home even as much as a quarter.



Mozghan Babamarandi has started writing for children since ۱۹۹۰ 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 ۷۸ 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
۶. **Ghelghelak's cocoon was beside grandma**, Amir Kabir Publication, ۲۰۱۶

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

- ۲۱. **Sun Passed Me and Moonlight**, Amir Kabir Publication (Shokoofe), ۲۰۰۹
- ۲۲. **Hi Grandpa**, Madrese Publication, ۲۰۰۸
- ۲۳. **Even Men Sometimes Crying**, Madrese Publication, ۲۰۰۸
- ۲۴. **The Butterfly Was My First Word**, Soroosh Publication, ۲۰۰۸
- ۲۵. **All Stars for You**, Madine Publication, ۲۰۰۱
- ۲۶. **Gold Fountain Pen**, Madrese Publication, ۲۰۰۱
- ۲۷. **A Gift for Narges**, Farhang Eslami Publication, ۱۹۹۶

- 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, Docharkhe, 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 ۱۶th 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, ۲۰۰۳

- First Prize in story for “Hi Grandpa” at Press Festival, ۲۰۰۱

Other Career Successes:

- Top Trainer Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in Tehran Province, ۲۰۰۹
- First Prize in Drama for the Play “I Miss the Sun” at the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults ۵th Puppet Show Festival in Tehran Province, ۲۰۰۳
- Third Prize in Music Selection for the Play “I Miss the Sun” at the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults ۵th Puppet Show Festival in Tehran Province, ۲۰۰۳
- First Prize in Directing for the Play “The Man Had No Lips” at the Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults ۴th Puppet Show Festival in Tehran Province, ۲۰۰۲
- Top Trainer Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in the country, ۲۰۰۱
- Top Trainer Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in Tehran Province, ۱۹۹۹
- 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, ۲۰۰۶
- Jury member in totytelling competition The Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in the country, ۲۰۰۰

- Jury member in Theatre Festival Ministry of Education in Karaj, ۲۰۰۱
- Designer scene in the play “Sabr e Zard” in Chahar Soo Hall at the City Theatre, ۲۰۰۱