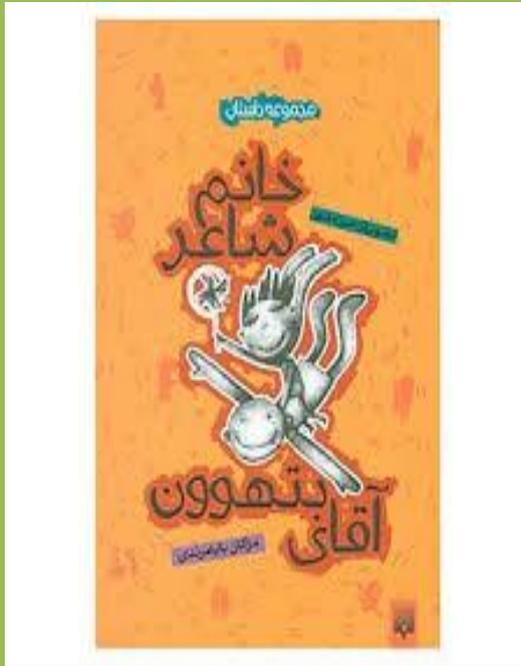


# *Lady Poetess and Mr. Beethoven*



**By: Mozghan  
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## ***Lady Poetess and Mr. Beethoven***

### **When are you going to comb my hair?**

Last night they injected a tranquilizer to Negin. I did not let them inject one to me. I was scared that something might happen when I am asleep. You know I dreamed. Exactly on the second day, not the second night ... I said to God (I absolutely told him): "You know that I cannot tolerate it. Tell me what is going to happen..."

I don't go to my room to sleep. I'm scared. I'm not afraid of loneliness. No ... You know I'm really used to being alone. The freezer is in my room. Negin did not want it in her room. I'm afraid of its indicator light. Its light and numbers were similar to the numbers and lights of the devices that were connected to you in the ICU room. When the lights are turned off, the lights of its lamp are more visible and its number constantly goes up and down.

I'm awake. I'm sitting in the dining room. The house is very weird to me. It was ten days ago that you were here...

I was the kid who came, a three-year-old kid, and then Nader and Negine came sequentially.

It was ten days ago. It was cold. My eyes burned. It was ten days that I sat behind the door of the ICU room. I kept peering through the opening of a slightly-opened (ajar) door at the damn numbers on the devices that were connected to you. I did not understand anything. The hospital staff asked: "Are you this lady's only kid?" I said: "No, there are two others." They were shaking and going. Finding your medicines was so difficult. I wish you could get up and come home! I came over your head. I gave you a hug. You moved. They threw me out.

Who believes that you had a heart attack on my own hands?

Negin is in her room. Four of her friends have surrounded her. She cries. Everyone talks to her. I go alongside her. I give her my sympathy. No one knows that I too need some consolation from somebody.

I couldn't believe that suddenly you were going to leave, near the Norooz. I came home at the midnight every night and returned to you early in the morning. I was doing perfect housecleaning. I wanted everything to be clean when you return home. Everything is in the middle of the room. That night when you had a headache and you said, Ya Hossein, I was soaking the

wheat to get green. Now they are getting green. They are above the fridge.

Negin combs her long hair. She cries and says, "I have nobody anymore to braid my hair." I braid her hair. It's getting similar to how you braided her hair. Why did not you ever braid my hair?

I was in third grade. I had just learned the multiplication table. I knew its rhythm better than itself. All my classmates when they removed their scarves had their hairs hanging on two sides of their heads, except me. Ms. teacher said: "Tie your hair like them, for the next session. We are going to take a photo." I thought that the moms should just tie younger sisters' hair. In order to convince you to tie my hair, I had to cry a lot, so my hair would hang on both sides of my face. You never realized that I overheard you when you impatiently said to the neighbor's wife: "I am not really in the mood. she is spoiled and gets on my nerve with her nagging." After you tied my hair you tapped on my back, gesturing me to get up! The children laughed at me. One of them asked me, "Have you tied your hair without combing it?" Another said: "Haraz highway has been opened on her head." I did not ask you to comb my hair. But why did not you comb my hair yourself? So, why did you have the patience to manipulate Negin's hair?

In these past ten days, I have watered the green wheat every day. There are two days left to Norooz. I wanted them to be well-groomed before you came back. We leave home. We get on the bus. All relatives are there, too. Negin's friends have surrounded her. We reach under the Hafez Bridge. Alvand is the name of the mountain. Now here is the name of the hospital. Of course, it resembles a mountain here in which we have to descend to the basement. When I was here in the hospital, I used to come with my school uniform. I used to sneak so, the guard wouldn't see me. Now that you're not in, the guard lets me go wherever I want. We are going to take you with us. I know we have to go down to the basement.

The car stops. We have not got off yet. They all get around Negin. They say she should not see you in that status, wrapped in a plastic sheet in the mortuary. She insists. We step into the hospital. One of our relatives, the one who squeezes her eyes when she wants to see carefully, says: "Negin should be injected a tranquilizer."

Nader tells me, "You, too."

I say: "No, I want to be wide awake when I see you."

The same relative, who shrinks her eyes, says: "Why should she have an injection?"

We go downstairs of Alvand. Someone in my heart asks me: "Which summit did you ascend to that you are now descending from?" There is a man in the basement who opens a long drawer. He pulls you out. You are sleeping in the drawer. Your white hair is spreading on your face. How many times did I ask you to let me dye your hair? Come on, go and cut off your hair. Do you remember? In order to convince you to go for a haircut, I said you look like a lion. I said: "You are the first lioness who has a mane." You got angry and said: "You are rude. In spite of all my efforts, you are still impolite."

It was the last time we were sitting at the dining table. I said, "Mommy, your hair is sticking out like a horn. You become the last unicorn." You didn't get up to comb your hair. You touched your hair and said, "Leave it, it's fine."

We get in the car again. One of my friends has come. In fact, she is my only friend. Why does Negin have so many friends but I have only one? I complained to God and fell asleep. You died in my nightmare. Your clothes were white. You walked and laughed. You were happy. You were not sick. You did not have any device. You were wearing white clothes. I woke up. I said: "God, I said that I want the truth and not a nightmare ... Oh God, I beg you to reproduce the truth to me in truth and tell me the result..."

We arrive in the Behesht-e-Zahra. I laugh at the word Behesht (Paradise). The relatives are there. We are close to where you should be washed. We are waiting. The relatives are all around Negin. My friend and I are alone. She speaks. I do not know what she says. I cannot hear her.

One of the relatives says: "There is so much difference between this one and that one. This one burns out of the liver and that one..." and hands over the Negin's head. Negin's scarf has fallen down on her shoulders. She raises her head. She Looks at her. I rapidly remember Negin disliked someone who hands over her scarf. I know the voice of the speaker. She is the one whom you said would look at everyone from above.

I can no longer wait, I walk to the side where it is steaming out.

I said to God: "Only the multiplication of the truth in truth." I closed my eyes. I saw you walk in your white dress. You are keeping turning back to look at me. You laugh. You keep going... I woke up. I was angry. I told God.

This is a corridor, a cool, busy corridor which is very crowded. You pass through it. So do we. The walls of this corridor are made of glass. All are gathered around the walls. They comment. One says: "It is just

twenty kilograms." Another says: "How black and skinny." The other says: "This new one has been injured by the knife." I'm just coming to see you. Negin is also coming. I want to wash you by myself.

They bring you. I look through the glass. Negin and her friends come with our relatives. My friend is out. She does not have the nerve to come in.

They throw you on the bed. It hurts. I sit for a moment. I feel a pain in my heart. They wash your hair. I'm worried that your eyes might burn. Your back is completely bruised. The one who shrinks her eyes says, "It's due to the heart attack." She had never seen you when you were alive. Now, look at her, how she shrinks her eyes to look at you. Even she, who knows everything about the family, does not know that you had a heart attack on my hands. The same hands that you bought small dishwashing gloves for them so that my gloves do not slip out of my hands to cause the dishes to break.

They take you out. I'm coming out too. You're on the stretcher. They are lifting you. They put you on the ground. All pray. I do not know how to pray. My friend does not know how to, either. All of Negin's friends know and teach her how to pray. They will keep you up again. I join the men and walk under your coffin.

One says: "Look! How she cries!" Negin whimpers. I calmly cry. Inside of my heart is like when your mother pierced my ears. Tearing my flesh texture (tissue) sounds in my heart. Especially when the needle came out. Now, something in my heart is ripped, too. I do not know what it is. Why, at that time, were Negin's ears pierced by the doctor but mine by your mother? Why were there gold earrings in Negin's ears but mine were made of threads? You explained: "It's to avoid filling the holes in your ears."

We reached the top of the grave. Your absence is like an ink stain that is continuously spreading. It fills all my soul. It even spreads to all the places I look at. I sit next to your grave. You are sleeping. As if you are cold so they covered you in this way. They open your face a little. Suddenly everyone is getting colorless. Just you remain. I feel you are mine. Your mother constantly pierces my ear. I'm totally torn up. They throw soil on you.

Negin faints. Nader hugs her. Take her to the car. I get in the car, too. Her head is on my feet. The one who shrinks her eyes holds her pulse. She says: "It's the effect of the injection. She's sleeping." Your mother's needle is still in use. I lean.

I said to God: "Just the truth!" I closed my eyes. You, in the white clothes, got away from Negin, Nader and me. You just laughed at me. I woke up. I'm sure my

dreams are true. But I told Negin: "I have to do exhaustive housecleaning so that it would be clean when she comes back home." It's okay, sometimes a person fools himself.

I ask: "When will we arrive?" Nader says: "In an hour." I'm glad that I will see you in an hour. This time you are mine! I will not share you with anyone. Though you will not. A mommy for myself. Now, when are you going to comb my hair?



**Mozghan Babamarandi** has started writing for children since ۱۹۹۵ 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, ۲۰۱۵
۸. **The Story of Situation and Wishes of an Ass**,  
Peidayesh Publication, ۲۰۱۵
۹. **The aunt oldwoman liked storytelling**, Elmi-  
Farhangi Publication, ۲۰۱۵
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 ۱۶<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, 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 ۵<sup>th</sup> 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 ۵<sup>th</sup> 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 ۴<sup>th</sup> 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 torytelling competition The Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults in the country, ۲۰۰۵
- 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