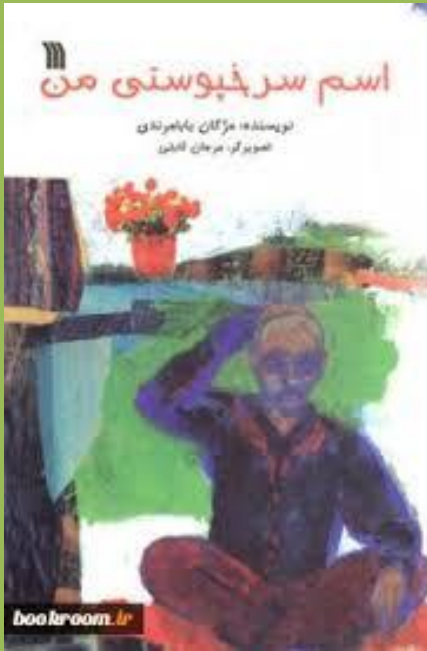


My Indian Name



**By: Mozghan
Babamarandi**



◉ **Sample English text is available.**



**Pol Literary &
Translation
Agency,
www.pol-ir.ir
[polliteraryagency
@gmail.com](mailto:polliteraryagency@gmail.com)**

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Author: Mozhgan Babamarandi

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My Indian Name

One, Two Three, spring is at the Corner

I feel depressed these days, thinking about a person whom I don't know, I keep thinking somebody is coming, a person whom I don't know, will be knocking on the door.

I open the door for her. She laughs and steps in. She talks about weird springtime things; things as weird as these days as if something is going to happen. Every moment a new incident will occur . My heart races and I keep worrying that maybe she will leave and maybe I will forget something that I plan to utter. That I might sound like a boring windbag (talkative person) to him. But no... whatever she says, every sentence appears new. I laugh; not a meaningless laughter. It is a sincere laughter. I would like to share with him every nice thing that I see, even my memoirs.

I have already called my (school-mate) friends. All of them have told me that they have bought new clothes which are fashionable. All of them mentioned that

their clothes are an orange dress, blue jeans, and orange belts.

I think orange (color) suits the spring but I wish to welcome the spring season with an orange and pink heart not according to the fashion. I have never expressed these desires of mine as I am sure (my friends) the reaction would be: “that is ridiculous”.

I sit at my desk and turn on the computer. I say hi. You say hi. You write: “A hello is enough to get acquainted”. I write: “Particularly when spring is approaching so fast”. You write:

Hi.

A hello is enough to get acquainted.

Particularly when spring is approaching so fast.

I have a lot to say.

So do I.

I wish I could tell everybody that spring is on its way.

Just remember to count to three so that we can chorally shout: “spring is on its way. Only one step away from our hearts”.

When we wake up these days the weather is different. It feels good. Doesn't it?

Have you done your housecleaning yet?

I just finished it. I cleaned the last dust. We even have put away the winter clothes....pause... Even the window panes are clean and shining. Think about that. You live on the fourth floor and your window panes are shining, the view of sunshine spreading over the mountains, facing you. They keep changing from shade to bright sunshine pause.... (no response from you)... It is just like a human heart which is full of darkness and light??? When I look at the mountains from the fourth floor I notice that the glass panes in my room are crystal clear.

I went and bought two red goldfish from the nearby florist (flower shop) located around the corner of our alley.

Ya. The florist shop was overcrowded.

Lots of flowers were sold.

Me too. I bought two red goldfish.

I close my eyes. I enter the florist's shop. The salesman doesn't look at me. She is too busy. Some ३० or ३० pairs of eyes are staring at him . I am surrounded by lots of vases of colorful flowers. I check each and every one of them. It's my turn now.

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"Hey, girl! Hey, miss, what do you need?"

From his looks, I realize that he has been calling me a few times without me noticing it. I say:

"Fish, red goldfish".

He answers:

"Do we have any other kind of fish here?"

"Give her a white fish from the sea. An expensive one. She wants it for her Haftseen tablecloth. She is a high-class girl.

Says a young boy standing next to me. I stare at him angrily, while thinking to myself, "Why should I start a quarrel before the lovely spring?"

Which kind do you want?

I silently laugh at myself for saying that. The florist steps out of the shop. There are two large containers of fish lying next to one another. One contains small ones and one big one.

Which kind do you want?

These.

I point to the small fish container. There are lots of fish in it. It looks like they have decided to bring their

heads out of the water and go back down simultaneously.

How many?

I hesitate. I am thinking. One for myself one for you who are supposed to come to visit me. But I don't know you yet.

Hey miss. How many? Come on! I am very busy. Don't you see all the customers?

Two.

He dips his net into the water to catch the fish.

But sir, I haven't told you which ones I want, yet?

Does it make any difference?

Of course, it does.

I show him a small vigorous fish which is swimming very fast separated from others. It has a funny black spot on its head. The florist (he) brings the net close to it. It runs away.

Among all these fish you must choose this one!

He catches my fish. But another one also jumps into the net. It's a pink one of a very beautiful color. It sticks to the first one. The florist unsuccessfully tries

to bring it out of the net. I think to myself, “Perhaps it is a friend of my fish. It will miss its friend”.

Sir. Both of them.

The florist puts them in a small nylon/plastic bag. I take them. I pay. On my way, not letting anyone know, I keep looking at them while cherishing them. But how can I express these things? One needs to sit next to someone and face-to-face express such things. You write:

One fish is an orange one with a beautiful color. The other has a black spot on its fin.

You might find it incredible if I say that is true about my fish.

The streets were overcrowded. People rushed to buy nuts, candies, cakes, pastry and other sweets.

The air is so weird. It's cool, it's cold, and it's hot: it's cold and cool because it's still winter and it's hot because it's waiting for spring.

Just say one, two, three, and spring will be here.

Spring stands one step away. Right behind our doors and our hearts

Our city is full of violets. Gardeners flutter and plant flowers in the vases of streets and courtyards. The

trees sprout vigorously. There seems to be a competition among them.

I laugh, but you do not see. I think you may be laughing right now. You say:

Even the municipality workers are washing the blackened dust and smoke off the curbs

Everyone is surprised and soaked. They laugh.

Say! Might you laugh at me? Are you, like others, going to call me crazy, while sending me a Smiley Face?

No.

But my heart races. I wonder what you are going to write.

Have you seen the trees? I'm talking about the tiny blue flowers. Wildly grown. The first flowers that God sends and I think God sends them to the restless hearts that eagerly look forward to coming of spring. They see the flowers and calm down. They have a star in their hearts, a black or white star. I think their name is "Forget me not".

God says: "One, two, three", and these, as you call them, "Forget me not" flowers appear out of the blue.

I know you've laughed at your own words, but I took your words seriously and did not laugh at them.

Why! Have you seen them too?

I think so. But I was embarrassed to talk about them, until now.

Yesterday a camel-driver with a caravan of his three camels passed by our door. You could hear the sound of its bells. I enjoyed listening to them.

Me too. I have seen a three-camel caravan. I like the sound of their bells very much, too.

I wish you could hear the sound of my mother's sewing machine. She is making a spring dress for me.

You might not believe this. Coincidentally my mother is also making a dress full of tiny blue Forget Me Not flowers.

My mother is following the model from a lady who is our next-door neighbor. I am going to wear it on the break of the New Year's Day.

I am going to do the same. By the way, did you grow green Sabzeh? I planted my own lentils for/in my room.

I planted seeds on the walls of a jar. My mother wants me to do the same for the neighbor's daughter who

doesn't know how. Although I have already seen her ironically I know neither her name nor her age.

I think to myself: I don't know about it either. But I like to know very much. We also have a girl in our neighborhood whose name is unknown to me.

Anyway, spring is around the corner .

I must go. My mom is calling me. I want to try on my new dress

I also want to wear my dress. It must be ready.

But see: what's your name? How old are you?

I'll come back and will let you know.

I turn off the computer. I leave the desk.

I'm wearing my dress. I look in the mirror. The old woman who was waiting for Uncle Norouz must wear a dress of this kind to welcome the Spring

They call home. I'm opening a girl next door. I am dressed like a pimple. My dress is pink with azure flowers, but her dress is azure with pink flowers. She is carrying a green jar. With a peculiar look in her eyes, she looks at me. She is surprised and laughs. I remember that my collar was not finished. I reach for my collar to hide it. But I know I'm not going to make it.

She calls out loud:

Just say one, two, three, and spring will be here!

Her eyes stare at mine. I cannot believe it. I laugh.
There are no Smiley Faces now.

- One, two, three. Spring is already here.



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 ۲۸ 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

٦. **Ghelghelak's cocoon was beside grandma**, Amir Kabir Publication, ٢٠١٦
٧. **Whish under the all snow was viola**, Soroosh Publication, ٢٠١٥
٨. **The Story of Situation and Wishes of an Ass**, Peidayesh Publication, ٢٠١٥
٩. **The aunt oldwoman liked storytelling**, Elmi-Farhangi Publication, ٢٠١٥
١٠. **The Seven Steps**, Soroosh Publication, ٢٠١٢
١١. **My mother is lost**, Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults Publication, ٢٠١٢
١٢. **I will become a Spiderman like Rostam**, Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults Publication, ٢٠١٢
١٣. **Even the Sun Cried**, Amir Kabir Publication, ٢٠١٢
١٤. **My Indian Name**, Soroosh Publication, ٢٠١٢
١٥. **Lady Poetess and Mr. Beethoven**, Peidayesh Publication, ٢٠١١
١٦. **Let's go paint the sky**, Madrese Publication, ٢٠١١
١٧. **Every Year Before the First Bell**, Beh Nashr Publication, ٢٠١١
١٨. **What is the taste of secret?**, Elmi-Farhangi Publication, ٢٠١٠
١٩. **A Shying Guest**, Elmi-Farhangi Publication, ٢٠١٠

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 toytelling 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, ۲۰۰۶
- Designer scene in the play “Sabr e Zard” in Chahar Soo Hall at the City Theatre, ۲۰۰۶