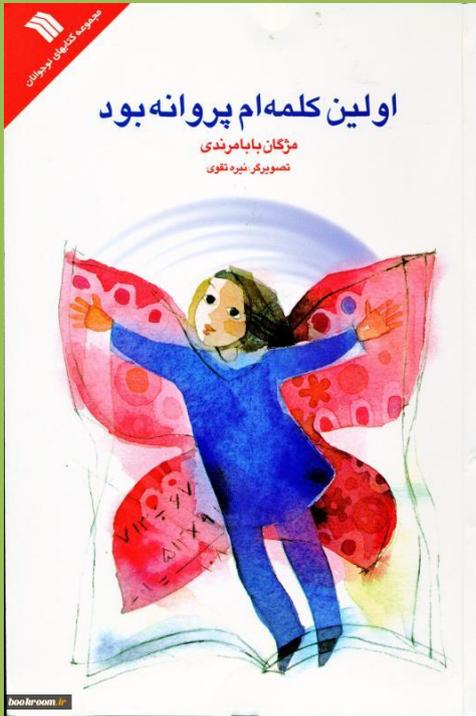


The Butterfly Was My First Word



**By: Mozghan
Babamarandi**



📖 **Sample English text is available.**



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

Title: The Butterfly Was My First Word

Author: Mozhgan Babamarandi

Illustrated by: Nayreh Taqvi

Publisher: Soroosh Pubs.

Year of publishing: 2013, Second editions/Paperback

Subject: Novel

No. pages: 64

Age group: 14+

Size:12× 21

ISBN: 978 96431203209

My first word was Parvaneh.

Monday, Jan. 4

I received my report card this morning. When I saw my grades, I was walking on air. I had made ۲۰ on each course but mathematics which was fourteen.

All Shirin's scores were twenty, except the composition and drawing. She had made sixteen for composition and twelve for drawing.

When the bell rang, I raced towards home. I unlocked the door with the key. Mom was cleaning up the greens. In a hugging way, I threw my hands around her neck and held my report card before her eyes. She said: "I cannot see in this way".

I held the report card a little away. She saw it and admired: "Well done! But why is your mathematical score always low?"

I said: "I'm out of this course."

Mom did not say anything. I sat down by the window. I was waiting for Parvaneh. It was snowy. The

sparrows on the wall of the courtyard were cold. They were fat. Parvaneh was saying: "They don't become obese, due to the coldness of the weather, they fluff up their feathers to resist the cold."

Mom was setting the table. I heard the sound of a turning key in the lock of the courtyard door. I ran to the hallway. I held the report card before Parvaneh's eyes: "Hello."

Parvaneh closed the umbrella. She said: "Hello" and looked at the report card. She tweaked my cheek and admired: "Bravo! My little sister". Her hand was wet and cold.

I said: "All my scores except for the math are better than Shirin's."

She said: "What if the mathematics was upper than seventeen?"

I replied: "I want to be a writer. The authors don't need math."

Mom shouted inside the room: "It's no longer a little."

Parvaneh took off her coat and hung it on the wardrobe placed in the corner of the corridor. She entered the room and said: "Always, always, always, it will be my little sister". And she kissed me: "Well, what do you want for a prize?"

I replied: "Cinema".

She said: "So wait till Thursday when it's my day off".

I thought I had to wait three days. Actually, Thursdays are good. I could sleep late at night, don't have to worry about the next day's lesson and don't have to wake up early morning on Fridays.

Mom said: "Go there if the weather is good."

Parvaneh put the pottage bowl in the middle of the table and said: "How good! It snows. It's cold, and we are having our hot pottage inside the room."

I sat beside her and looked outside. She was right.

We cleaned up the table. Parvaneh said: "Parisa, take the crumbs and spread them alongside the small garden in the courtyard."

I went to the courtyard. It was too cold. I spread the crumbs and returned. I said: "Today, there are so many sparrows."

Parvaneh said: "Maybe they will have a party." And she opened her book. I also took my book and notebook out of my bag. Mom said: "You know Parvaneh, they will come on Thursday."

Parvaneh closed her book and said: "Will Come?!"

I asked: "Who?"

Mom said: "No one".

Parvaneh said: "We have guests, but I also do not know them, either."

Tuesday, Jan. ◦

Daddy talked with Parvaneh last night. He said: "Make a decision. We won't force you, but for how long you want to refuse everyone. He's a very good boy".

Parvaneh was embarrassed and her cheeks were red. Her head was down and she was looking at the carpet flowers. Today, she went herself to the courtyard and spread bread crumbs for the sparrows. When she returned, she said: "I want them to pray for me."

I said: "Pray for what?"

She replied: "Nothing, I said that".

The sound of the sparrows was raised. I approached the window quietly. There were so many sparrows in the courtyard. They were all hungry. I have the sciences exam tomorrow.

Wednesday, January ٦

I made ٧٠ in the sciences lesson. Parvaneh arrived. As always, she didn't take my test sheet to examine as usual. She didn't eat lunch, either.

Mom said: "Come on! My daughter. Eat!".

Parvaneh said: "I cannot".

Mom said: "There is much time from now till tomorrow. If you don't eat you will feel weak?"

I said: "Will we go to the cinema tomorrow, for sure?"

Mom said: "No, we have guests."

Parvaneh said: "We will go and come back soon."

Mom said: "Why are you in a hurry? Go there next week."

I got angry with my mom.

Thursday, January ٧

I came back from the school. It was snowy. I went to the kitchen. There were lots of fruits and sweets.

I asked: "Aren't we going to the cinema?"

Mom replied: "I don't understand. What will happen if you go another day? Your father will get angry if he finds out".

I said: "Does It mean that I have to wait until next Thursday?"

Mom asked: "Is the sky going to come to the Earth?"

Parvaneh said: "My dear mom, I need time to think. Parisa, get ready! We are leaving." We went out together. It was not snowing anymore. But it was bitterly cold. Parvaneh was not like as always. She was not speaking to me. She was walking quickly while holding my hand. Obviously, it was clear from her face that she was not in the mood at all. She was not listening to my words.

We sat down in the movie theater hall. I knew that Parvaneh was not paying attention to the movie at all. I wanted to know what she was thinking about.

I came back home. As usual, I wanted to explain the movie to my mom. Mom said: "Don't you come near me. I'm not in the mood now. I do not have enough time, either. You also returned home too late. Quick! Go and take the dust-sheet off the furniture."

Parvaneh was placing the fruits quickly in a large crystal bowl; it was the same container just came out of the cupboard for special guests.

I entered the dining room. As I was taking the dust-sheet off the furniture that mom stepped in to turn the fireplace on.

I asked: "What's up, tonight?"

Parvaneh laughed. Her laughter was heard from the kitchen. She was nervous. She said: "They are fed up with me, they want me to leave..."

Mom said: "What are these words? Instead of saying that, put the sweets in the dish." She went into the kitchen and returned with a dust wiper. I knew that she wanted to check the dust status.

I went to Parvaneh. Mom shouted: "Dress up!". And she entered the kitchen and said: "Parvaneh! Don't you dare to come in front of the guests in these clothes?"

Parvaneh replied: "But what's wrong with them?".

Mom said: "I think you want to drag our name through the mud and stretch out their tongue on yourself."

I was surprised. Whose tongue was supposed to be stretched out? I wanted to ask, but I didn't dare. Mom came towards me, held my arm and dragged me after her. We climbed the stairs, entered the room which Parvaneh and I shared. She opened the closet, pulled out my pink dress, which had two lines of frills, and ordered: "Put it on".

I said: "Is it supposed to go to a party?"

Being in a rush she ordered angrily: "That's it, put it on".

I put on the dress. I looked at myself in the mirror. My shoulders were full of frills. How much I liked this dress! The waist of the dress was hanging from both sides. Parvaneh came into the room. I stood there with my back towards her, without uttering a word. She bent and knotted the big bow behind my dress.

I came out of the room to go downstairs. I stood behind the living room window and opened the window. Snowflakes were sitting on my hands. They were full of flowers and stars. As soon as I wanted to watch them carefully, they were going off (they melted before I could examine them).

Parvaneh always said: "They are like dreams, Aren't they?"

Mom said: "Close the window in such a cold weather."

I closed the window. How could I not notice mom's entering? (I wondered when mommy came into the room that I had not noticed her). I left the room to the hallway. Parvaneh was coming down the stairs. She had untied her hair. She had gathered that part of her hair which was around her ears and had tied them with a nice barrette (hairpin) behind her head. Her dress was very light blue. A thin belt was laid on her

waist. How pretty she had become! Her black eyes were shining.

Daddy opened the door and came in. Parvaneh and I said: "Hi."

Daddy said: "Hello to both of my dear daughters". And he looked at Parvaneh.

He exclaimed: "How beautiful you are. I wish you happiness. You look exactly like your mother when she was your age."

Mom came out of the dining room and said: "I know. But the time passes too fast."

I noticed a sadness in daddy's voice.

They rang. Mom slaps her face and said: "Come on! Dear Parvaneh, go to the kitchen and make tea. Don't you come out before I tell you? The new white veil is beside the kitchen, over the baskets. Mrs. Shirin sewed it this morning according to my instructions. Her hands bring good luck. Parisa, go and stay with Parvaneh. "

I said: "Why should we hide?"

While pressing the door opener button daddy asked: "Do not you know?"

We went to the kitchen. Mom had placed the porcelain cups on a golden tray. The kitchen door was left ajar. I could peek everyone. But I did not know anyone. A young man had a big bouquet of flowers in his hand. A lady in mom's age was carrying a big box of sweets. After a little while, mom came to the kitchen. She ordered: "Dear Parvaneh, bring tea."

Parvaneh was pouring tea. She was pale and her hands were shaking. She poured tea in the saucers instead of into the cups. The tray was filled with tea. She noticed the look on my face and remarked: "I behave like a kid, Don't I?" She emptied the saucers and the cups. She cleaned the tray. She refilled the cups. She put on the veil and went into the room. I heard the sound of "Here you are. Here you are."

Mom called me: "Dear Parisa, why don't you come here?"

I went in and said: "You had told me not to come". Mom bit her lips. After I saw the guests, I sat beside my mom. Parvaneh was still offering the tea. She got close to the young man. She offered him tea, too. He was looking at Parvaneh. He wanted to take a cup of tea. His hands were shaking, too. I imagined that the tea was going to pour on his pants like in movies. But it didn't. Instead, he put the cup and saucer firmly on the table. The tea swung, some of it poured on the

saucer and some on the table, spots of tea spreading more and more.

Parvaneh lifted up the corner of her veil and left the room carrying an empty tray. Mom followed her out. Daddy asked the man: "Well, what's up?"

The young man was just looking at dad. He wiped his face's sweat with his handkerchief and then he was sweating much more. Mom came out of the kitchen carrying napkins. I went to Parvaneh. Her face was red. I sat down next to her at the table. Suddenly, someone said: "My beautiful daughter-in-law, how are you?" That was one of the guests. That woman who had carried the box of sweets. Both Parvaneh and I jumped up in astonishment.

The lady guest said: "Come and sit down beside us for a little while."

Parvaneh replied: "All right. You go, and I will join you."

So, my guess was right. Parvaneh did want to get married. I thought it meant that Parvaneh was going to leave this place and would live in a different house. Then we would never be able to see her. But why should she go? I remember Shirin's sister who was married last year and her husband took her to Isfahan to live forever. In those days, Shirin was very upset and she was crying at the school. Why do we all have

to leave the parent's home? Why are the parents trying to get us out when we get older?

I wanted to go and tell them: “Don’t think that we are fed up with my sister. My parents are wrong that they want to give Parvaneh to you.”

Daddy called Parvaneh. They went into the living room; where we used to sit with Parvaneh, watch TV, eat, sit down at the window, I used to study, she used to sew, we used to look at sparrows on a cherry tree together, and every spring we used to watch blossoms and the process of them being converted into cherries.

They spent half an hour together alone. I was angry. Mom and dad didn’t think about what I would do without Parvaneh. Since our childhood, our room was one. That room was above with a large terrace. She used to sleep beside me every night. She used to tell me a bed-time story. She used to read and teach me poems. She had taught me how to read and write before I went to school. She used to help me in all my lessons except mathematics. She said my mathematics was weak and it is.

The guests left. Mom and Parvaneh collected the stuff. I covered the furniture with related dust-sheets and wished I would never take them off again for this type of guests.

It was nighttime. We were all sitting around. Daddy asked Parvaneh: "What is your idea, dear Parvaneh?"

Daddy asked again: "Do you know how many times his parents and his sister have come to my workplace asking me to come."

Parvaneh didn't say anything.

Daddy continued: "They expect to have our answer till the day after tomorrow."

Parvaneh said: "I agree with whatever you say".

Mom said: "Congratulations, my daughter. You don't know how much I'm interested in him." She got up and brought their sweetie box. She offered to everyone. I didn't take. I said: "I don't like any of them."

Dad looked at me and said: "You don't like sweets!"

I turn my head so that daddy would not be able to see my face. I said: "I don't want to take any."

Daddy said: "Don't you like, or don't you want to take?"

I said: "Why don't you like Parvaneh anymore? Why do you want her to leave this house?"

Mom said: "We want her to be felicitous."

I said: "Isn't she happy in our home! Why should a person marry?"

Dad was angry and said: "You're not a kid anymore!"

Mom looked at him. I knew she would calm down dad. She said: "One day, you will also get married".

I said: "I will never, ever let you be alone. I will never go away."

Parvaneh looked at me. She pulled herself next to me and took my head on her chest. I burst into tears. I ran upstairs, to our own room. I sat down at my table by the window. The sky was full of stars. I said to myself: "I should look at the stars like it is now without Parvaneh when she gets married."

I'm tired of writing. I want to go to my bed and lay down.

Thursday, January ^

I cried so much last night that it was near to be sleepless. I was asleep and woke up at the sound of the door being opened. Parvaneh entered the room. She sat down beside my bed and said calmly: "Dear Parisa, Parisa."

I didn't answer. She stroked me. She Kissed my face and then went to her bed and laid down.

This evening, Parvaneh said: "I got depressed. It was Friday again." I was depressed too but I didn't say anything. Parvaneh said: "Would you like to go out?" we did. She tried everything to make me laugh, I didn't laugh, I could not even laugh at all. I was just thinking that from now on I would be without Parvaneh. We bought some boiled beets and returned home. They all ate the boiled beets. I could not eat it, as if something was in my throat. Parvaneh said: "Parisa, why don't you eat?"

I asked: "Which province are you going to go to?"

Parvaneh said: "What do you mean? I will remain in Tehran."

I'm upstairs now. I know they will come tomorrow. I know the name of that young man is Peyman.



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
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 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 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