

The News Presenter was Silent



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📖 *Sample English text is available.*



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In the beginning, butterflies are wet

I look over my photos. They are so different from me. From infancy up to now. It's as if I'm not. In one of my photos, I look so funny. When losing both my infancy teeth simultaneously. But I've changed a lot since last year. One year means 360 days ago. Only 360 days. I do not want to grow up. From where I'm sitting, I look at Ghelghelak and Khabaloo. None of them will be noisy. They are gone in their own cocoon. I think they are sound asleep.

Mom calls out in the room: "Come on. You have to get ready in five minutes."

My body aches. Mom says, "Everybody has to go through this period. You shouldn't act like a spoiled child."

I say: "Do I have to go? I do not want to go to the party. Why are you trying to impose something on me? Han? I do not like to go to my aunt's house."

Daddy says, "Mona, what do you do? Let her stay. She's right, well; she's no longer a kid."

Mom calmly says: "You are just spoiling her, now what's up? Well, we all had this period, let her grow up, working out, house works and ... There is not any more time for doing such these manners."

Daddy says: "Well, should we put pressure on her just because we have had such a period? We must let her settle with herself."

Mom says, "To hell with it. Shahryar! Come on my son."

I lay on my bed. I say: "It would better for Shahryar to be your darling, not me. Nobody hears me as I've whispered it. How low is the slow scratching voice of Ghelghelak and Khabaloo? I feel less lonely when they make the scratching noise."

Mom says: "Let Shahryar grows up ..."

Daddy says: "Maybe you want to say our son does not change at all."

Shahryar turns on the TV. Mom yells: "Turn it off. Is it the time to turn the TV on, now, baby?"

A broadcaster on the TV says: "Fifty-year-old women should consider that they have started another phase in their lives ..."

The Pat and Matt song is being heard. Mom yells, "Why did you change the channel? I'm listening!" Shahryar cries out: "you told me to turn it off, then you say you are watching it ..." and the sound on the TV is dead.

I see my mom's shadow. She rushes violently toward Shahryar and grabs the remote control from his hand. Daddy comes and grabs the remote from Mom: "You can watch the rerun nighttime when everyone is asleep. It's Friday morning. You shouldn't be watching a medical program, honey!"

Mom says, "Office works and household chores make me exhausted. I will start snoring not long before I reach my pillow ..."

Mommy knows when dad says the word "honey", it means that is it. Dad is the only one who can stand before her.

What stage am I in? My body is still aching. Shocking pain. I was in the sitting room. I was eating fruits and was looking at the blue sky through the window. Shahryar was playing. I have reminded him frequently, "Shahryar, you don't play ball indoors."

Mom said: "My daughter is right. Get ready and go to the park on the street corner to play a little together so I can do things and go to the aunt's house."

I said: "Mom, do you really think I'm still a kid? Going to the park and playing with Shahryar in front of all the people, exactly now that ..."

Mom said, "No you are an adult!"

It seems that mom does not see me at all these days. I have grown up now. I went back to my room. Shahryar threw his ball watt me. I was hurt. I shouted. But I was too embarrassed to touch where it hurt.

I heard from the room: "I know you are gradually growing up, but believe me, it's not a big deal. You just make it big. Who said you should not play anymore?"

I think to myself: "I wish they would be gone, soon." I feel I am wet. I really hate these days. I wait till the noise subsides.

I heard the door being closed and the sound of the key turning inside the lock. And finish. I do not believe it I'm free now. Most importantly, I'm alone. These days I like loneliness. I do not want to go anywhere these days. I think frequently I am wet. I'm

stealthily touching myself, maybe it is getting wet a place and get stuck.

From where I'm sleeping, I slightly raise my head. I see my cocoons. Their cocoons are not like silkworms. It looks like a window lace, but more subtle wrap around it. Until a few days ago they were just cocoon. But now, the place of their wings is also clear. As if sleeping. I wait for them to grow up, crack the shell and throw it away. I remember how good they were when they were worms and how much they ate and gamboled. As I lie down, I picture myself to be in such a thin cocoon. So when should I come out?

The sound of boys in the neighborhood playing football is heard. How much Hamid, my cousin, and I used to play football together. Hamid is getting so funny. His face is full of acne, sporadic mustache. His voice is getting too rough and mixed. Neither Hamid nor I am the persons we used to be. We have both changed. He was very humorous and I was a football player. When, in my opinion, it is likely that I seem as ridiculous to him as he does to me. When he finds us in their home, he goes into his room and does not come out.

I get up. I need to Google the cocoon's life to see when the cocoons will convert into butterflies. But I'm hungry.

I step toward the fridge. We have weekly reports. Saturday a little bit of Ghormeh Sabzi¹, Sunday, some Loobiya-Polo, Monday, did not happen. So we did not have a report. Mom had not cooked any food. Daddy had bought ready-made food from a catering service. We had chicken on Tuesday. Wednesday we ate eggs sunny-side up. Thursday we were at grandmother's home, and today, Friday we will eat the weekly reports as dinner instead of lunch. I'm just picking some of Saturday's events to eat. I'm pouring five tablespoons of rice and shedding a lot of Ghormeh Sabzi stew so that its fats do not come in my spoon. Let it be hot on the gas. I'm turning on the computer for my sweetie female butterflies. Well, maybe one of them is male? Maybe two of them are male licensees. I laugh. A butterfly resembling Hamid, which is just a beard and mustache. It's so ridiculous having the male butterfly. Actually having the female butterfly is also ridiculous. It is written on the Internet that they only have five stages of worm's history. It is strange. These small creatures have just ๐ steps

¹ . **Ghormeh Sabzi** (Persian: قورمه سبزی) (also spelled as Qormeh Sabzi) is an Iranian herb stew. It is a very popular dish in Iran.

before they are converted. I ask myself how many steps we spend. According to my findings on the Internet, I think the Ghelghelak and Khabaloo should have come out of the cocoons yesterday. Or perhaps will come out either today or tomorrow. But it will not be later than tomorrow. But what about tomorrow, Saturday, if they come out of their cocoons when I'm in the school? Mom won't allow me to skip my classes. Indeed, if I say that I want to be absent for coming out of Ghelghelak and Khabaloo from their cocoons, she'll tell the entire family so that everyone will laugh at me. Especially tomorrow that we have an important lesson. It has been written that their place must be warm. I leave them behind the window. Sunshine is good. The delicious smell of Saturday's event has taken over everywhere. I'll go back to the Ghormeh Sabzi stew. I eat a spoon of it. I check on Ghelghelak and Khabaloo. No news yet. I eat the second spoon and try to munch it sixty times so I won't gain weight. But I do not know why I'm still in the twenties, I no longer feel anything under my teeth, and the weekly event in my stomach is getting digested. I'm checking on them. No news yet. I promise myself that I will visit them by ending the fifth spoon. But by the time I put the fourth spoon in my mouth, I go to the window. It seems that the cocoon has a thin crack. I think it's related to Khabaloo.

I take the box and go up to the roof. I put them on the ground (floor of the roof). I sit and look at them. The Ghelghelak's cocoon has also been cracked. The heat, as written on the Internet, helps them to come out of their cocoons.

A little time passes. I go back down to pick up my book and I carry it up with myself. I also want to read the lesson. It takes a lot. I'm afraid mommy will come. Then neither Mom allows, nor the nosy Shahryar. I think a little, I put Khabaloo's cocoon in my palm. I use my expiration with my mouth. I've used it so much that my mouth gets dry. The palm of my hand is sweating. Khabaloo comes out. Its wings are still closed. I'm waiting that it can open its wings. But its wings are too wet. A little ugly-color water is left on my palm. It does not take a moment anymore but it dies. I do not believe it; it was on my palm that it felt living in a new phase. I felt its life entering a new phase on the palm of my hand. It's walking, although not a step further, but now it is dead. I'm afraid. I put it on the roof. Come back down. As I close the door, I can hear the voice of Mom and Shahryar and the voice of parking daddy's car. I run toward the toilet. I vomit. I puke whatever event I've eaten. I make my hand soap. But I think it is not being erased. I have a bad stomachache. I also have a backache. Mom is

standing behind the toilet door and she keeps saying:
"Are you Ok? Get out. Let's go to the doctor."

I wish they had not come home so early. I want to scream. I go into my room. I lock the door. Mom says: "She is nothing like human beings. Unfortunately, my sister has the same problem with that boy, Hamid, who we used to consider a good person. He is like this one far from being human. Did you see? He didn't leave his room at all..."

Daddy says: "Go away! She is not a kid."

I think, was Khabaloo male or female? Was Hamid or I? If I did not hurry all this ... it would grow up and fly...

I open my eyes, it is dark. I turn on the light. I hate myself. Mom cries out: "Come out. It is dinner time ..."

Daddy comes behind the door. His shadow is clear. "Shamim, come on Daddy's darling, we did not eat lunch with each other, at least let's have Friday's dinner together."

I go out. I say, "I will be back soon," I skip stairs alternatively to reach the roof fast. I turn on the lamp. Ghelghelak isn't there. A few dirty spots, same ones I had on my palm, were dry on the bottom of the box. I say to myself, "I wish I could

observe it when entering into its new stage, only if I could understand what color it was. Now, which butterfly in what color should I look for?"

I heard Shahryar's footsteps climbing the stairs. I know there is no chance. I come back down. I accompany him. I sit at the table. Mom says, "You had not had your lunch, and it is not fair that you did not clean after you, this house needs a full-time worker."

The smell of all kinds of events comes. I'm not interested. I have a pain in my stomach and my back. I leave the table. I think the butterflies are wet like me. I say: "I need to be ready for tomorrow. We have asked question lessons on all study times."

I return to my room. I think my hand is still dirty and stinks. Mom switches on the TV. I know that she wants to see a rerun of the fifty-year stage program. A moth stops itself on the window of my room. I wish I could see Khabaloo. It was ready to fly. I wish I had let it fly.



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, 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