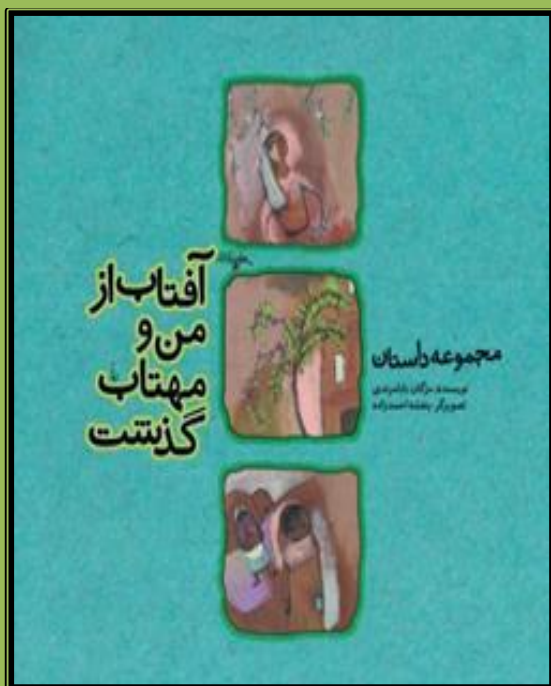


The Sunshine Passed Over Me and Mahtab



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📖 *Sample English text is available.*



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The Sun Passed over Me and Mahtab¹

They moved to this house one day when summer was ending. Their new house had a yard. She was happy as she could play in the yard when she would be alone since then.

That day she got up early in the morning. As usual, her mom said: "If someone rang the doorbell, don't answer the door. He is a stranger certainly. Because all family members know that you are alone in the mornings and they won't come here at that time of the day." Then, she locked the gate and went to work.

She went to the yard, put her small blanket under a cherry tree and placed her things on it. She put her doll next to yellow and white jasmine flowers. She went to the pool and greeted with the goldfish there. Hungry baby swallows and sparrows sitting in the bricks of yard wall were making a lot of noise. She knew they were waiting for their mothers to be back and to bring food for them. A yellowish cat, sitting on the edge of the roof, was looking at them insidiously.

¹ A Persian girl's name which means moonlight

She sat on her small blanket waiting to hear Elahe, the girl living in the neighboring house on the other side of the wall. She heard their house door got opened and the sound of Elahe's sleepers.

She found out Elahe came to their yard to play like her. She thought with herself: "Probably, like me, Elahe is playing next to the jasmine ivy or in the shadow of a cherry tree, the very ivy rooted in Elah's yard and the very cherry tree stretched its branches over her yard wall to Elahe's yard."

She laid her doll down on her stretched legs to let it sleep. She could not hear Elahe anymore. She desired a lot to see her to find out how she is like. She would like to become a friend of hers but she did not know how.

In her dreams, she was playing with her every day and was imitating whatever she was hearing from the other side of the wall. For example, when Elahe's mom was asking her to water the vases, she began to water their own vases. Whenever she was hearing someone was sweeping in Elahe's yard, she began to sweep their own yard too. When she was hearing Elaha was playing the role of her doll's mother, she did the same.

Whenever she was going shopping with her mom, she was seeing neighbors' children playing with each

other in the street. She always desired to play with them but her mom did not let. She felt embarrassed too. She understood that Elahe was never among those children in the street because she could recognize her by her voice.

She saw a butterfly sitting on a jasmine flower. She kept looking at it. Then, she saw a sparrow hiding among the branches of the cherry tree. Perhaps it was looking for the ripest cherry to eat. She thought with herself: "Soon, the cherries will be ripe and we will pick them."

She began to sing a lullaby that suddenly she heard someone calling: "Girl, you..."

She recognized the voice. It was Elahe's. She heard Elahe said: "Are you not in the yard, girl? I heard myself that you were singing a lullaby for your doll. Why don't you answer?"

She got up. Her doll fell from her legs on the blanket. She stood behind the wall and said: "Are you talking with me?"

- "Yes, what's your name?"

- "Banafeshe." (violet)

- "My name is Elahe."

- "I know."

ξ

-“So, you know me.” And she continued:

-“Do you come to our house to play with each other?”

-“Our yard gate is locked and my mom went to work. Where is our house by the way?”

-“Our house is on an avenue which is full of cars and crowded. My mom says: “Your house is behind ours. I tried to come here and I believe I saw your street. Your house is in a blind street and it faces a square, a pretty square full of trees and colorful flowers. But as there were some other blind streets there and I did not know which one is yours and which house belongs to yours, I got lost. I had the chance our neighbor who was passing there saw me and took me back home.”

Banafshe remembered the day she heard Elahe’s mother was saying her: “Why did you go so far away? If you had gotten lost, what would you have done?”

Elahe asked: “How is your house like?”

Banafshe said: "We have two rooms. There are a narrow corridor and some stairs. We have a small blue pool in our yard and there are two goldfish in there. We have a small garden too with a cherry tree and your jasmine ivy."

Elahe said: “Your house is exactly similar to ours. We have branches of your cherry tree too.”

Days were passing. Now, Banafshe and Elahe knew each other well and learned the nursery rhymes they had learned. Even their mothers got friends with each other from behind the wall and were greeting each other every evening.

One evening, Banafshe said: “Tomorrow, I will go to the school on our street with my mom to enroll.”

Elahe said: “How good, as my mom wants to enroll me there too.”

Some days later, they knew how the bags, notebooks, pencils, and sharpeners they had bought are. Even they knew the color of their stuff.

It was the last day of the summer.

-“Banafshe! Tomorrow we will attend the school. Remember?”

-“Yes, But I am both happy and scared.”

-“Me too. How nice it is that we both have each other there.”

-“But how can we recognize each other? By the way, how are you like?”

-“Everybody says I’m similar to my mom a lot.”

-“How is your mom like? I didn’t see your mom. Let’s take a look at our faces in the mirror and then come to explain our faces for each other.”

Then both of them went inside and returned soon.

Elahe said: “My eyes are brown.”

Banafshe said: “Mine too. Tomorrow morning, we look for a person who has brown eyes.”

Early morning, Banhafshe’s mom took her to school and said: “This is the way. At noon, return home from this very way.”

Banafshe said: “I return home with Elahe. I wish you could stay here longer. I am ashamed to be alone.” She looked down.

Her mom put her hand under Banafshe’s chin, moved her head up and looked into her eyes and said: "Dear Banafshe, you know I have to attend the work so I must go. There is nobody here so why are you embarrassed?"

Banafshe did not say anything. Her mom continued: “There is no need to be embarrassed as today just the students of the first grade come here and tomorrow others will. You will find your friend today and then you’re not alone.”

Then they said goodbye, mom kissed her and left there immediately.

Banafshe entered the school. The schoolyard was very big. She thought to herself: "How good it is that here the yard is big, unlike our house yard." She did not know what to do. She was ashamed. Another student entered the school. Banafshe could not look at her eyes. She went to the yard gate and leaned against a wall to be able to see whoever entering the school. Her heart was throbbing.

Awhile was passed. The most eyes she had seen were brown. Were all of them Elahe?!! She kept looking at them. Most of them were ashamed like her. Some of the children stood by the school gate in the street and were crying and holding their moms firmly. Three children entered the yard while holding their hands. There were two other girls standing by the yard gate in the street. There was another girl alone and was walking slowly there.

She passed other children and stood on one of the yard corners. She kept looking at other but the eyes of most of them were brown. The school bell rang and the schoolmistress entered the yard and placed the children in a line and called many names. Banafshe listened very carefully to the names called. There was a lot of Elahe name called. There were many

Banafshe too. She asked herself: “So, where is our back neighbor, Elahe?”

They entered the classroom. Banafshe looked into the eyes of the girl sitting next to her and noticed her eyes were brown. She asked: "Is your name Elahe?"

She said: “No, My name is Akram.”

Banafshe would like to ask: “So, why your eyes are brown?” But, she kept silence.

That girl laughed. She became very nice and Banafshe liked her. Banafshe looked to the children at her back. The eyes of one of them were brown. She asked: “Is your name Elahe?”

That girl said: “No, I’m Elham and my friend’s name is Somaye.”

Banafshe looked at Somaye. Somaye’s eyes were blue. She became sure she was not Elahe. She said to herself: “How well, I found some friends but where is Elahe?” She was thinking of these things that suddenly one of those children got up, stood before the class and said: “Kids! Whose name is Banafshe?”

Banafshe looked at her. Her eyes were brown like hers. Banafshe stood up and said: “I! So, you must be Elahe!”

Children looked at each other surprisedly. Elahe took her bag and sat next to Banafshe. They were so happy with meeting each other. Banafshe told Elahe the names of all her new friends and Elahe became their friends too. Now, both of them were happy as they met each other at long last and became friend with other children of their class.

When will Jasmines Blossom?

It was the night. She went to the window and said: "Mom, How many stars are in the sky!"

Her mom stood next to her and opened the window. It was cool. She said: "Two hours later, the spring will come in."

Grandma said: "The spring comes in just with my son."

Mom looked at dad's picture on the wall. She looked at him and said: "He will come, in one of these coming days, he'll come."

Grandma laughed bitterly and said: "So when? When I die, staring at the door like my husband! Especially in this house of unfamiliarity. If my son were here, I would not have to sell that beautiful house and to move here."

Mom looked at Narges and said: "He has to come."

Grandma said: “Six springs passed. Sometimes they say he had become missing in action and sometimes they say he got the prisoner. If he were supposed to come, he must have come yet.”

Mom said: “He’ll come. This year, he’ll come for sure.”

Narges assisted mom to set the Haft Sin cloth table¹. She put dad’s small Quran, sumac, some coins, a clock, the dish of Sabze and the jar of goldfish and a small plate of cookies her mom made them and some colorful eggs on Haft Sin.

They all sat around Haft Sin. The pictures of dad and granddad were on the wall but they, themselves, were absent by Haft Sin. Mom was praying that New Year arrived. Mom kissed Narges and Narges kissed grandma.

Narges closed her eyes to see her dad and granddad. Granddad was sitting next to dad while laughing. Dad was in the clothes of volunteer soldiers and was talking with Narges. Narges had always seen dad in those clothes. Even in his photos, he had those clothes on. She opened her eyes. She saw the dried vase of

¹ This is a symbolic tablecloth on which Iranians at the celebration of their New Year (Norouz) set seven items which are garlic, sumac, vinegar, coin, apple, *Sabze* – [wheat](#) or [lentil sprouts](#) grown in a dish-- oleaster all starting with ‘s’ in Farsi.

dad's. Narges said: "Mom when will jasmines blossom?"

Mom replied: "I believe about these days, spring."

Grandma said: "They'll blossom even when your dad comes. He talks with his flowers."

Narges looked at her mom. Mom's eyes were overwhelmed with tears. She turned her face away not to let Narges see her tears.

Narges went to her room and lay down and asked herself: "Will dad come?" She wished they had been in their old house where she met dad for the last time. He went and did not return yet. Narges saw herself as when she had been young in that very old house. Dad was holding her small hand and he was walking slowly to her side to help her not to fall down. Mom held a tray on which there were a Quran and a small bowl of water. Grandma was crying. Granddad was in the street while leaning on his stick.

During all these years, mom was always talking about dad's kindnesses and grandma was telling stories of a brave father who had gone to fight against the foes. Every night, Narges was dreaming about the dad who was fighting but up to now, she did not dream about him becoming a war prisoner. Granddad was listening to them so well. Every morning, granddad was wearing his glasses and after taking his stick, he

walked around the house and after sitting somewhere like on the wooden bed in the yard, he talked about dad: "It was here that your dad fell on the ground for the last time. He was so young." Then he was raising his hand up to his knee height and while sighing added: "He was up to here."

Narges was imagining dad as he had been a young child and had been toddling in the yard. Then, granddad was looking the garden of the yard and was saying: "I know you and your mother take care so well of the plants here but if my son were here, he could help them better. He understood the words of flowers and plants and he was their friend and they talked with them."

Narges was talking with the plants of the garden too but they were fresh and shining.

It was a while that granddad was gone and left Narges alone with all memories he had told about her dad. Narges knew each inch of their old house with a memory of his dad. Until his last day, granddad was looking at the house door, waiting for his son as though dad had been waiting behind the door and had been going to open it, entering as saying: "Hello, I am home."

Grandfather passed away. Grandma cried a lot as she was saying: “Poor granddad! He did not see his son and I know I won’t too.”

After looking at Narges, mom was saying: “You will. I’m sure you will.”

After granddad's passing away, they moved into this house, a small house with a small yard and a smaller garden having just one alone tree and some flower bushes.

Narges was playing with Leyla every day. They were friends and Leyla’s father was also a war prisoner. Every day in their games, they imagined their fathers had been returned and they got so happy.

Narges saw her mom hid her crying from everyone and rushing to the door right as the doorbell rang. Grandma was retelling granddad's memories of dad's childhood stories in that old house.

Narges cleared her tears. She felt pity for her mom and grandma. She missed her dad a lot. She closed her eyes and saw dad approaching from a long distance. She got close to Narges and laughed. His hands were full of jasmine flowers. Narges stepped closer to him and stretched her hands forward and dad poured the flowers in her hands. In dad’s hands, there was a dove flapping its wings. Dad put that in Narges’ hands too. Narges raised the dove, looked at it and kissed it.

Narges woke up by a sound. She listened carefully. It was raindrops hitting the window glass. She got up and went to dad's clothes hanging from a coat hanger standing on a room corner. She rubbed her hand over them. She remembered that morning was the first morning of the spring. She went to the balcony and stretched her hand. The rain tickled her hand. Something was moving at one of the balcony sides.

She looked at it. It was a small dove falling on the ground. She picked it up and took it in. Mom looked at her surprisedly.

Narges said: "It fell on a balcony corner." She fondled the dove. It shrank itself. Mom said: "It seems it got wounded."

Narges opened the dove's wings and confirmed mom's guess. Mom washed its wound and bandaged it. She put her in a cage. When Narges saw the cage, she was reminded dad's canaries that mom had released them.

Someone rang the doorbell. Narges opened the door. It was Leyla, their wall to the wall neighbor. They greeted and ran into a room. Leyla said sadly: "Last night, we missed my dad by the Haft Sin."

Narges shook her head and said: "We missed my dad and granddad too. I dreamed about my dad last night."

Leyla saw the dove and cage. She said: “How beautiful it is!”

-“It came to me on her volition. It is wounded.”

-“When will you release it?”

-“When my dad comes, he’ll release it.”

-“What if he won’t?”

-“My mom says he will, for sure.”

Blossoms flourished and the only tree of the yard was covered with them.

The spring passed.

Everyday grandma was repeating: “See my spring did not come.”

Mom was looking at Narges and kept saying: “He will. He will come for sure.”

It was a while that the dove regained its health and mom was saying Narges: “Narges! Release the dove. The blue sky is waiting for it.” And Narges replied: “Just dad has to release it.”

The summer also passed.

Grandma said: “So, it has to stay in the cage forever.”

Mom said: “No, Maybe one day arrives that he comes and releases it.”

Narges said: “Dad will come for sure and will release it.”

The autumn made all green leaves of the yard only tree yellow. It was a celebration in one of the neighbors’ home. Leyla’s father was supposed to come and they decorated the street with Christmas lines. All neighbors put their vases on the street. Narges’ father jasmine vase was behind all vases and before their own house gate.

Grandma was crying out of happiness and said: “Maybe he had met my son before getting captive. He must smell my son.”

Mom said: “God willing, he brings good news.”

Narges told herself: "Good for Leyla."

It was evening. An autumn rain washed the street entirely. All neighbors were gathered in the street, waiting for Leyla’s father. Narges, her mom, and her grandma were standing at the end of the street, before their own house gate. A car stopped at the beginning of the street. Some people were inside it. Another car arrived there.

Men in the street moved forward to welcome them. The street got busy so Narges and her mom could not see what was happening at the beginning of the street. Men carried Leyla's father on their shoulders. The smoke of wild rue filled the street.¹ Someone raised Leyla. Her father took her. Narges looked at Leyla, who was laughing in her father's embrace. Someone released a lot of pigeons. A swarm of pigeons was flying in the sky. This reminded Narges of her dove and she thought with herself: "The only dad can release my dove."

Leyla's father was saying something. Narges could not get it. Neighborhood men put him down from their shoulders. Behind them, there was another man on the shoulders of other men.

Narges mom cried: "Narges! Dad."

Grandma fainted. Neighborhood women gathered around grandma and splashed rosewater to her face. Men put dad down from their shoulders before the home gate. Dad kissed grandma and knee down next to Narges. He embraced and kissed her and said: "If you were in that old house, you would get the news of my arrival sooner. I took the address of this house from neighbors there."

¹ In Iran to bless something and protect it against the evil eye, wild rue is burnt esp. in a small fire pot

Leyla's father was standing next to them. Dad picked the only jasmine flower of the vase and handed it to Narges. Mom gave Narges the cage and Narges handed it out to dad. He opened the cage and took the dove out. It opened its wings, flew around the yard and in the sky of the autumn soared...



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.

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
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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