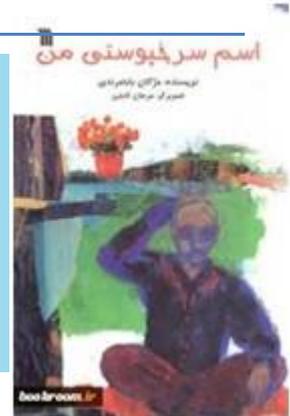


My Indian Name



Literary & Translation Agency

Publisher: Soroosh Pubs.
Illustrator: Marjan Tabesh
**Year of publishing: 2012, First
edition/Paperback**
Subject: Short Stories
No. pages: 72
Age group: 14+
Size: 12× 21
ISBN: 978 9641202417

- **Sample English text is available**

Mozhgan Babamarandi



Mozhgan Babamarandi has started writing for children since 1995 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 28 books of novel and collection of stories for children and young Adults .Among her books are:

1. **The news presenter was silent**, Rowzaneh Publication, 2018
2. **I was my grandma's mom**, Peidayesh Publication, 2018
3. **Daddy's Laugh Paint**, Monadi Tarbiat Publication, 2017
4. **In the name of god, Raise exam sheets**, Monadi Tarbiat Publication, 2017
5. **The yard was full of bird and song**, Monadi Tarbiat Publication, 2017
6. **Ghelghelak's cocoon was beside grandma**, Amir Kabir Publication, 2016
7. **Whish under the all snow was viola**, Soroosh Publication, 2015
8. **The Story of Situation and Wishes of an Ass**, Peidayesh Publication, 2015
9. **The aunt oldwoman liked storytelling**, Elmi-Farhangi Publication, 2015
10. **The Seven Steps**, Soroosh Publication, 2012

Babamarabdi was awarded many literary prize including:

- Winner of Institute for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults 16th Festival for novel “I will become a Spiderman like Rostam”, 2013
- Winner of Salam Bacheha Festival for book “Hi Grandp”, 2009
- Appreciation of the book ” Gold Fountain Pen” at Roshd Educational Festival, 2003
- First Prize in story for “Hi Grandpa” at Press Festival, 2001

About the book:

The book includes six stories with the names "My Indian Name", "She's Tired of waiting Under the Snow/Rain", "Tom and Jerry and World War Two", "Lots of Crows and a Beautiful Song", "She is leaning against Esfand's Window" and "One, Two, Three, Spring is around the Corner". One story is about death. The four stories of the series are sad, and in two of them, you can see youth and life. "She's Tired of Waiting under the Snow/Rain": in this story there is a sick grandfather who is suffering from Alzheimer's disease. Overhearing a conversation between his son and his grandson (Hamed and Massoud) he comes to know that the space inside a double-deck bus has been used as a book exhibition to display books. (a double-deck bus converted into a place for displaying books). He gets upset and ask why the king of the buses has been used for that purpose. The grandson convinces/makes his father to accompany/take the grandpa to the book fair. When they return, the grandson is alone with his grandfather. The grandfather recalls his memories, while addressing his grandson, he talks about when he used to be the driver of one of those buses. He remembers the color of double-deck buses was navy blue. The memories cause grandpa to cry. The grandson is fed up with him . Covering a cart's interior with a blanket helps his grandfather get inside the cart. He then pushes the card (with his grandpa) around the yard. It starts snowing. The grandfather (in his imagination) is driving his bus. He tells people what to do and argues with them. Later on, grandfather sends his wife and son (Massoud) on a pilgrimage to "*Shah Abdul Azim*". He is supposed to pick them up (from the bus terminal) when they return from their pilgrimage. Grandpa's memories are fluctuating and going off and on/back and forth (he cannot remember everything). Grandpa says: "Alas! I regret that I never (even for once) accompanied them to have lunch, ordering the well-know delicious kebab of *Shah Abdul Azim*. Now the parents arrive and scornfully

criticize their son (for taking grandpa to the yard). Whereas, the grandpa says: “Luckily, my last dream/wish has been materialized”. After a while Hamed looks out of the window watching his grandpa accompanied by Javaher, his grandma, walking in the snow, leaving the house and walking way.

Leaning against Essfand’s Window. There is this family whose members have shaved their heads to sympathize with their child who is suffering from cancer (due to chemotherapy he loses his hair). The father even shaves the head of his daughter's doll.

It should be noted that this book was published a few years ago, and stories have been written two or three years earlier. These days, special attention is being paid to such diseases. While the author did this in the library (where she used to work/ the Center for intellectual development of teenagers and children). In that library the writer practically asked every child to shave their heads, so nobody would mock the sick child. Occasionally, a writer might have to have a second job to make the ends meet. Mozghan Baba-Mrandi actually has had the golden opportunity to work among children and teenagers. Her job has greatly contributed to her main profession as a writer.

Expert of the Book:

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 30 or 40 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.

"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?

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