

# A Horse Has Fallen into Your Cup

By: Mozhgan Babamarandi



Literary & Translation Agency

**Author: Mojgan Babamarandi**

**Publisher: Soroush Publications**

**Subject: Short story**

**Year of publication: 2020 / 1<sup>st</sup>. ed.**

**Number of pages: 50**

**Size: 21 × 14**

**Age group: 14+**

**ISBN: 964121683X**

- **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

## About the book:

The stories in this book are about the problems and concerns of teenagers. Adolescents who are fighting against their own loneliness, economic and social difficulties of the family, including the loneliness of their parents. Adolescents who have grown up to see their parents' character flaws but cannot do anything.

*A Horse Has Fallen into Your Cup*, *I Am Not a Snail*, *Out of Service*, and *Grandmother's Glass of Life Broke* are the titles of the four stories in this collection. Four good and plausible short stories deal with the lives and concerns of four teenage girls in four different situations.

**First story:** Very well done free of verbosity. From the very beginning, the author swiftly takes the reader along and deals with the preoccupations of a girl who lives with her working mother. The situation, character development, and dialogues are acceptable and the author has played well with the names of the people.

**Second story:** The author talks about the life of a girl who is drowning in her life and her only escape is her language class, which does not have a good teacher. The loneliness of the narrator and the nightmare of the language class teacher are well portrayed. The parallel storyline between the English book snail and the girl's situation has made the story fascinating.

**Third story:** It is the story of a girl who is fighting her multiple personalities. One personality is a nerd and wants to go to an exam session, and the other personality is lazy and wants to sleep.

**Fourth story:** It is a sad story about the life of a girl who has a sick brother and her mother leaves them and her addicted father constantly sends her out to get narcotic drugs.

# Expert of the Book

---

## **Born in October**

I open the door. No one is in the company. People are right when they say none of us knows what might happen even the next minute. I never thought I would be in charge of the CEO's office today. I sit on mom's chair. It is a revolving chair. I take a few turns. I move from one side of the room to the other several times riding the chair. As I sit on the chair, I open the door to Mr. Salar's office and go around that office too. Its conference table is very large. I try all the buttons. My voice echoes in the room several times.

I go back to mom's desk. I open the window. It is autumn morning and cool. It is cloudy. But it is so beautiful that I do not want to close the window. The crappy air in Tehran becomes tolerable when we come to these heights. I look at the phone. I want to pick up the phone and call mom. My hand constantly moves towards the phone and I constantly pull my hand away with my other hand. My hand moves to and fro towards the phone like a yo-yo. But a yo-yo that is heavy and cannot be moved. I look at my cell phone. I have very little call credit. Just to say hello and then three beeps and a high-class lady's voice that says in English, "Please replenish . . ." It means 'go

pay and get more call credit for your cell phone!' If Eli were here, she would say, "Golbarg, basically you are a discredited person." I want tea. I go to the office pantry and make tea.

I think since Mr. Salar will not come, what's wrong with calling my mom on the company phone? The sky will not fall, will it?

Mom said, "Never call the company, comprehend?! You only call my cell phone."

I said, "Why are you so afraid? Maybe because you just got hired there!"

She said, "Fear my ass. It's the rules. Everywhere has its own rules and regulations. What's more, did I ever sabotage things in the previous company?"

I said, "It's not a crossroad with the policeman standing there to keep the cars from passing the red light. When the douchebag is distracted, double-cross him and call."

Mom said, "You do what I tell you . . .!"

Then she put her head in the cabinet, seemingly to take something out of the cabinet. She said as she was still inside the cabinet, "On the first day, he made it quite clear that we have no right to . . .," and she pulled her head out of the cabinet but she was empty-handed, "You don't want me to get the ax, do you? Period. We ought not to use the office phone for personal calls. Whether we call or they call. Everyone is equal there. Ranging from me - who is in charge of his office to the pygmy technician. Well, if other employees are breaking the law, it's up to them."

I thought Mr. Salar was a digital weighing scale that weighed right and wrong. I remember my zodiac sign, The Scales. Perhaps he was born in October too. He holds a scale in his hand and

weighs everything. Or maybe, like most people born in October, his intellect and feelings are equal. But I think he only has intellect. There is no touchy-feely thing.

I am so anxious. Mom has been dizzy since last night. I wish I could do something. I send a blank SMS to Eli. Eli calls back quickly.

- “Where are you? The class will start anytime.”

- “My mom was sick.”

The door opens. A man about four and a half, at most five, feet comes in. He looks at me.

I say, “Hold on . . .” I say this to Eli.

“Hello,” I look at him.

He replies.

I say, “I’m Golbarg, Ms. Matin’s daughter,” and stick the mouthpiece to my mouth. I hear, “Are you *alone* with a *man* in your mom’s company?”

I say: “It’s not a man like that . . .,” I say in a hushed voice, “It’s Mr. Pygmy, the serviceman . . . last night an ambulance came and we took mom to the emergency department. She was very ill this morning. I’m worried . . . anyways; little by little the rest of the staff will arrive . . .”

Mr. Pygmy turns and looks at me: “Is Ms. Matin sick?”

I nod.

“Is she any better now?” He asks worriedly.

“Yes,” I reply, then I address Eli but look at him, “She had weird vertigo in the morning. She couldn’t stand up at all. She wanted to come to the company. She was afraid of Mr. Salar. But when I realized that he was traveling, I insisted that she let me come instead. I insisted a lot until she accepted. Interestingly, my mom’s voice and mine are quite similar over the phone. But if Mr. Salar calls, he’ll know that I’m Golbarg and not Ms. Matin.”

Mr. Pygmy goes to the office pantry.

I say, “I made tea, my mom was sick. Why are *you* late? I wish Mr. Salar was here and could see that you have ditched it!”

Eli says, “Sweet tea, honey-sweet . . .”

Mr. Pygmy asks, “What does it mean to ditch?”.

I say, “It means screwing up things . . .”

He says, “Do you want some tea?”

I say under my breath: “Please . . .”

I say to Eli: “Tell the lady that I go on with my life drawing . . .”

I want to draw Mr. Pygmy . . . since no one comes to the office pantry . . .

Elie hangs up. Mr. Pygmy made coffee for himself. The good smell of coffee is everywhere. Little by little, other employees arrive. Fortunately, Mr. Salar's office pantry is separate; otherwise, I must explain to everyone where my mother is.

Mr. Pygmy pours coffee for himself.

I say, "How good it smells. I am only allowed to drink it on exam nights. Sometimes when we go to a coffee shop, I drink iced cafe or sunshine."

"How is your mom?" asks Mr. Pygmy, "Do you want me to make some for you?"

I nod and say, "But don't tell my mom . . . she doesn't like me drink too much coffee. I'm worried for her. My cell phone has no call credit. In Eli's words, I am a discredited person. I really want to call her. But my mom threatened me not to call from here! Every place has its rules. I think Mr. Salar of yours was not born in October. Because those born in October have an equal amount of intellect and emotions. This Mr. Salar - or Salad - has only intellect. After all, which mother doesn't want to call home?"

Mr. Pygmy glances at me, "He's the boss, you know."

I say, "If I had a company . . ."

"What would you do?" He asks.

I reply, "I would raise the salaries of all my staff. Next, I would let them use the office phone sometimes. Mom says even now everyone is secretly using the phone here. I believe it's only mom who asks Mr. Salar's permission to drink water. Since she's too honey-sweet."

I say, "My mom says Mr. Salar started from scratch. That's why he appreciates everything he has. I just wish he was a little more generous and looked at the figures on his staff's paycheck. I wish he did not listen to people. He could see for himself and then judge."

"What are you reading?" He asks. "Don't lag behind your study!"

I say, "Graphics. It was graphic design today. Will you sit at a forty-five-degree light so that I draw you?"

"Tell me where to sit," he asks.

The phone rings. I pick up the phone. Mr. Pygmy is standing next to me with two cups of coffee.

I say the way mom taught me, "Galvanized Public Joint Stock, how can I help you . . ."

I hear: "Hello, Ms. Matin. Tell Mr. Salar it's Azadi."

I say: "Hello . . ." I am glad he could not tell me from my mother, "Yes, you're in Azadi Street? Where in Azadi Street?"

I hear: "Ms. Matin, I'm Azadi. Are you okay? It's not fun to mock people's surnames. Are you kidding me?"

I say, "Well, why are you angry? What do you mean I'm kidding you? You just said that you're Azadi. Then I asked, 'Where in Azadi? South, east, west, or the north side? Maybe between the two?'"

Mr. Pygmy snatches the handset from my hand.

I hear, "Yes, at your service. Please come."

He hangs up. He returns to the office pantry. He sits on the only chair there.

"The light is not good here," I say, "Come out. Sit on mom's desk."

He sits. But the light is not good here either. I open the door to Mr. Salar's room.

"Now that he isn't here," I say, "Mom doesn't know either, with her endless dos and don'ts . . ."

Mr. Pygmy comes in. I pull the curtains back, "The bastard has taken the best room for himself."

"I completely agree with you," says Mr. Pygmy, "Okay, where should I sit?"

I say, "Which one do you agree with me on? His being a bastard or that his office is the best room in the company."

I point at a chair beside the conference table. I sit at Lord Salar's desk. I cross my legs and drink my coffee. He drinks his coffee too.

"I doubt he is a bastard," he says, "But no doubt this room is the best room in the company."

Mom said, "This Pygmy is very edgy. I wish someone was out there and gave him a little advice not to beat his wife so much." Suddenly an idea appears and parades before my eyes.

I say, "Do you want me to read your coffee cup?"

I hear, "Can you?"

I say, "Mamma Mia! Just like LaLiga . . .!"

I say, "How cloudy the sky is too."

Mr. Pygmy nods. He turns his cup upside down. I quickly draw a few sketches of him.

"Aren't you bored?" I ask.

I pick up his cup. My cell phone is ringing. It's mom. I say immediately, "How are you?"

I hear: "I'm better. I'm lying down. I do not know why I became like this. Are you alone?"

I reply, "Nope!"

I hear: "How quiet it is there. It's as if Salar is there."

"Everyone is here," I say, "But all are in their rooms."

Pygmy goes to the office pantry.

I say, "Pygmy and I draw and have tea. I'm going to read his coffee cup . . .," and I put my hand over my mouth and say in a hushed voice, "I'm going to tell him not to bother Ms. Kokab so much."

"Coffee cup reading?" replies Mom, "Pygmy? He is late today. He has gone to pick up Salar's daughter's order from the bazaar. Well, maybe he knows Salar is not there and has come to the company to go there later."

I say, "I made some sketches of his face and poses. How tiny is he? I'll bring them for you to see."

"Are you sure he's Pygmy? I'll calling Pygmy right now," She says.

Pygmy walks to the doorframe and asks, “What about the coffee cup reading?”

I ask, “Do you want tea?”

He replies, “Who called you? I’ll pour it myself,” and returns to the office pantry. Mom’s SMS arrives. Nevertheless, my cell phone runs out of juice and shuts down. On the wall is a picture frame with the word “CERTIFICATE” in bold letters. There is a small photograph next to it. It’s Pygmy’s photo. The words *Jahangir Salar* are written in English. My hands are shaking. I think I’m stupefied.

He brings tea. He sits facing me. I hold the cup. However, I no longer dare to lean back on the CEO’s chair. I stare at the bottom of the cup. Words fail me. What did I tell him about Mom? I can’t remember. I try to remember what my aunt says when she did a reading as a joke.

“Do you see a lot of bad things?” He asks, “Why are you staring at the bottom of the cup-like that?”

Through the window, it is evident that the narrow rays of the sunlight have penetrated the clouds.

“You have a journey ahead of you,” I say, “But you have a problem too.”

His eyes become round like saucers.

- “You have a daughter whom you love very much. You want to buy a gift for someone. It’s big. It’s expensive. But this girl, with long hair, is lonely. She likes to go to the cinema with you. To go

to the coffee shop. I like it too. But he's not my dad, anyways. However, *you* are that girl's dad. There's an "A" that is one of the letters of the girl's name . . ."

I think hard to remember what my aunt saw in our cups and how she described it.

- "A horse has fallen into your cup and a tree."

"What does it mean?" He asks.

I feel like my wheels are turning. I say, "It means you're damn lucky. Your business is booming. Something like tree branches is there, namely, your family, maybe if you were the head of a company they could be your employees, but your branches are drying up. You have to water them. Particularly a branch that is very close to you. For F'rinstance, give her more money. Next, there is a knot in your cup. You who are so nice, why do you want to show everyone that you are frowny, piss off, and serious? If people like you, they listen to you . . ."

Then, I was surprised too. I see scales. I say, "You were born in October. Your intellect and emotions are equal. You're just. But . . . maybe your birthday's at the corner. You shouldn't expect everyone to think like you. Cleanliness is good but people are not labor robots, see? What the hell are all these rules you've come up with? What would you like to receive as a birthday present? For me, I want to get a cell phone from mom. But she says I have to be smart. My intellect and feelings must be equal . . ."

The phone rings.

"I'll answer," he says, "You go and study your lessons."

I go out. The door opens.

“Hello, where’s Ms. Matin?” Says a gentleman, “I’m Azadi. I talked to Mr. Salar about an hour ago. Where’s he?” and goes to his room.

A tall man comes in with a large gift box in his hands.

“Hi, are you Golbarg?” He asks. “I’m Pygmy . . .”

A quarter of an hour later mom comes in. She is pale.

“The call taxi is waiting down there,” says she, “Hurry up. I talked to your school . . .” and her eyes fall on the sketches. She sits on a chair. Her body is swinging back and forth in such a way that only mourners shake themselves.

I hear, “Oh my, Pygmy, look what my daughter has done . . . I’ll be fired today.”

I gather my belongings. My overturned coffee cup is visible through the half-closed door.

“Just go as soon as possible,” says Mom.

I get in the taxicab. The clouds have also wrapped up their whatnot. The car starts. I look at my wristwatch. We have graphic design again. Nevertheless, drawing different facial expressions, such as frowning, smiling, sadness, surprise . . .

**Contact Person: Majid Jafari Aghdam**

**[polliteraryagency@gmail.com](mailto:polliteraryagency@gmail.com)**

**Pol Literary & Translation Agency, Unit.8, No.80, Inghlab Sqr., Tehran-Iran**

**[www.pol-ir.ir](http://www.pol-ir.ir)**

**Tel: +98 21 66480369, Fax: +98 21 66478559**

