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TAHEREH EIBOD

Biography



Ever since I was a child, I have lived in two parallel worlds; a world that others created for me and another world that stories and imagination created for me. Although the worlds of my childhood and adulthood were and are different, times and again these worlds have come together to intersect and touch each other.

The exact time of my birth was unknown. In the birth certificate, my date of birth is registered on Monday 23 September 1963. This could not be real, as it was so common in those days for parents to ask the registrar's office to put an important date as the birthday, in this case, the first day of school. My mother only remembered that I was born in January and I was looking for a clue to find the exact date. On an occasion, my mother remembered that I was born three days after the death of "Mohammad Javan Javidan".

Mohammad Javan Javidan was a member of the family of the midwife, the health professional who cared for my mother and me. We had no address of her family. In September 2017, I went to the office of Dar al-Rahma, Shiraz cemetery. I went to the registration book of the dead in 1963. The secretariat clerk asked in surprise, "What do you want the registration book for that year?!" "I want to find my date of birth," I said.

He looked at me as if a mad person was standing in front of him. Then, out of the dusty books inside a rusty shelf, he pulled out a large book and handed it to me. It smelled of dirt. Its leaves had turned yellow from old age. I sat

on a bench. There were five thousand names in it. I carefully flipped through the spring, summer, and autumn sections so that the old yellow papers would not crumble like autumn leaves. I arrived in January. I looked carefully at the rows of the table and suddenly discovered my date of birth:

Name of the deceased: Mohammad Javan Javidan—Date of death: Friday 10 January 1964.

Fragments of a grand narrative

I, Tahereh Eibod, was born on Monday 13 January 1964 in Shiraz (one of the largest and most important cities in Iran) to a family with nine children, five sons, and four daughters. I was the sixth child and the youngest daughter in the family.

We were the largest family in our neighborhood, and our house was the smallest house with two rooms and a storage room. Baba was a calm man who was a truck driver. He did not have any vehicle. Neither had he any work or life insurance. He was unemployed most of the time. Because of this, my older brother (Akbar) had to leave school and go to work, and this made him dissatisfied and angry with the situation. My mother was a housewife, and the troubled family of eleven did not leave her heart and mind to go and find an independent job.

I sucked my thumb until I was twelve and I was beaten because of this habit of unknown origin. I never thought about becoming a writer until I was twelve, but I loved listening to stories and telling stories. Our food was hard to pay for, and our clothes were the clothes that others donated. *In such a situation, having a book was impossible; so impossible that I did not even dream of having it.*

There was a plain behind our house, and then, the river that flowed through the center of the city. When Baba was unemployed, he would sometimes pick up his Quran, take my hand, and carry it behind the house. We sat on a rock and he told me the stories behind the revelation of the verses.

I had a very nice aunt. We called her Aunt Shah-Baji. Every time my aunt came to our house, she used to sit by the pool and start narrating by saying, “Auntie, the story goes so that”. Aunt Shah-Baji described everyday life with so much detail and sweetness as if she was telling a fictional story. She always ended her story with the phrase “Auntie, this is how it was”. The phrase “Auntie, the story goes so that” had the connotations of “once upon a time” for me, and it made me interested to listen.

We did not have a TV and the radio was a magic box for me. With the storytelling program, the radio performed magic on me and took me from the real world to the world of fiction and fantasy.

My mind was constantly weaving stories. I would weave fiction for my little brothers. One of these stories was the pictorial stories of the wall. One side of our yard was the plaster wall, acting as a border with our neighbor. Because of rain, the wall was covered with stains of different shapes. During the summer nights, we slept in the yard, I would show my siblings spots that looked like humans, children, monsters, horses, dogs, trees, and other things, and I would tell stories by combining them.

When I went to the second grade of elementary school, I wanted to be a scout. But the scouts had to provide uniforms including vests, skirts, hats, and headgear. I could not provide these so I became a member of the Legion of Human Servants. I liked the title, it made me feel great and proud. On Thursdays, members of the legion were taken to the House of Culture and Arts, we had a week of singing classes, a week of pantomime and theater, and a week of children’s films being shown to us. I saw such classic masterpieces as *The Bread and Alley* by Abbas Kiarostami, *Uncle Mustache* by Bahram Beyzai, *The Chorus* by Abbas Kiarostami, and some others. Watching these films excited me and led me to more storytelling. That same year, when my teacher awarded me a 200-page notebook, I dedicated it as my fiction and poetry notebook.

That year, Baba contracted a liver disease that made him sick on the bed. The cost of his treatment was added to the household expenses. Nasser, my



second brother, went to night school to work during the day. My mother also had to work in other people's houses occasionally.

Most nights there was nothing to eat at home, and sometimes only a slice of bread with a sour apple was served at dinner. Only once in every few months, when my mother would give the waste plastic and slippers that she had collected to "Uncle Egg" who gave us eggs in exchange, we could eat fried eggs.

Uncle Egg was an old wandering man who visited our neighborhood every two to three weeks. We gave him this name. He was used to it himself. Every time he came, he would shout: "Uncle chicken!" "Uncle Egg!" to mark his arrival.

He always had a wicker basket on his head and a sack on his back. He would take waste plastic and waste materials in exchange for eggs and sesame halva, and I always wanted my mother to take sesame halva instead of eggs, a desire never satisfied.

One day, the municipality turned two alleys above our alley into a garbage repository center. Garbage trucks brought garbage from city streets and piled it there. Neighbors complained about the smell of garbage. However, the repository turned to be a treasure island for us. In the afternoon, when the alley was deserted, Azam, my older sister, and I would go to the pile. We picked up a wooden stick and investigated the pile of city waste. In the real

world, I was looking for torn slippers and broken plastic toys and accessories to give to Uncle Egg to get sesame halva but in my imaginary world, I found myself in a dirty, smelly, and strange land with hidden and precious treasures. There were no metal dishes in the garbage. People took their old dishes to the blacksmiths' market and replaced them with new ones. But some cans and cream tubes were made of zinc. Whenever we found one of them, we would rub some of the cream residues on our hands and face, take a deep breath and feel the beauty, and kept the can until the cream ran out.

The garbage dump was full of various hidden treasures. Small painting crayons that could still be used, eraser pieces, notebooks that still had white papers, even secret and forbidden things like lipstick tubes that we sneaked home with, and when someone was not at home, we would take out the lipstick with the bottom of a pencil and could rub our lips and cheeks and if someone came, we ran to the pool and ruthlessly washed our faces so that there would be no trace of it and we would not be beaten.

In addition to the rubbish, sometimes our childhood dreams were fulfilled. One day I found a doll with long hair. She could open and close her eyes, and her head was broken. She had already lost one hand. I screamed, "I found a doll!" "I found a doll!" And I showed it to my sister. When I got home, I rolled a piece of cloth and put it as her lost hand. There was no resemblance. I said to myself, I wish she had never lost her hand. But then I concluded that if the doll was safe and healthy, they would never throw it away, and would never reach such a beautiful doll.

The first time my sister found Youth magazine in the trash, we passionately sat in a corner and flipped through the magazine. My sister hid it under her shirt and we brought it home. Reading non-textbooks and magazines was forbidden in our house. From then on, we would put the magazines we found under the beds out of my brother's sight, and when he was not home, we would read, as difficult as it was.

One day I found the best treasure in the world: *Olduz and the Crows*.¹ The cover was torn and several pages had been lost. The waste leachates had soiled the pages, but one thing that mattered to me was that I now had a storybook

1. A famous and classic children's book by Samad Behrangi.

for myself.

I put *Olduz and the Crows* next to my school books, and even though the book was incomplete and the story was bitter, I could read it. When I started reading *Olduz and the Crows*, a parallel world was created in my mind. In this world, I became Olduz talking to crows.

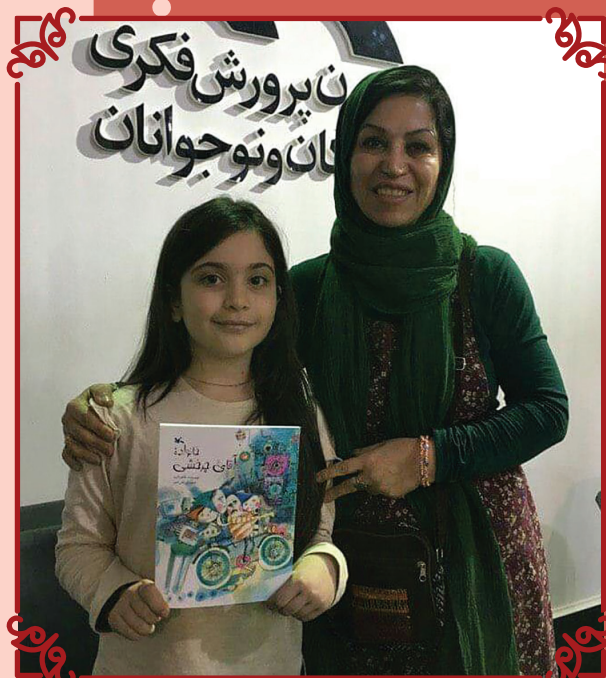
“This Girl is Crazy” Sub-Narratives

When there was enough rain, on the roof of our house grew green grasses. I loved gardens but our yard was very small, I thought if I water the roof every day, the grass would grow on it and I could plant flowers and vegetables next to the grass and in the evenings with my little brothers and sisters we would sit next to the grass and flowers and watch the alleys and next-door houses and the plain.

When my mother was not home, I would secretly water a bowl, climb ladders, and spray the straw. One day while I was watering, my mother arrived and shouted at me: “Aren’t you a crazy girl?! Do you not have reason?!”

I ran on the roof. My mother took me, as she beat me, and said: “Do you want the grass to turn green, or want the roof to crack and fall on our heads in the snow and rain?!”

I did not know that grass causes cracks in the roof. I came down. I sat in the corner of the yard and stared at the roof and sucked my finger. My mother used to roll a stone roller on the grass and I could hear the





grass being crushed and I was crying silently. I cried because they were dying, because I had been beaten, because I had a garden, and because my mother had been walking on the roof with Nasser since Baba became ill because the roof was leaking and they had to cover it with plastic.

Tahereh in Wonderland

During spring, summer, and autumn in the plain field behind the house, such herbs as herb-Sophia, chamomile, common purslane, anemone, dandelion, and others grew. A small piece of that plain would turn to be my big garden. One day I came out of the house to make my garden. Our yard waterway led to the back of the house. Whenever we washed clothes or dishes, water would run out of the house to flow in the land. I no longer had to water the grass and flowers with the pitcher.

The ground was full of small and large stones. Under the rocks and the piles of garbage, it was full of lizards, earthworms, forest tent caterpillar moths, dung beetles, ants, millipedes, etc. On the bushes were ladybugs, bees, butterflies, and dragonflies. Sometimes small snakes and scorpions were found under the rocks. Frightened, I picked up any stones I could lift and cleaned a piece of land of stones. As I was picking up the garbage, two

women from the neighborhood came and asked, “What are you doing?!” “I’m making a garden,” I said. They laughed and said, “This girl is crazy!” I laughed at them too.

I used to visit my garden every day and narrated stories to lizards and moths, millipedes, beetles, butterflies, and others. I started telling them stories. I counted the butterflies that came to my garden and recorded their number in my 200-page notebook. It never occurred to me that these butterflies could be the ones that visit my garden every day.

One day while I was sitting on the radio, when the announcer was narrating a brief version of Lewis Carroll’s *Alice in Wonderland*, I jumped out of the corner and traveled to Wonderland with Alice. I was blown away by the thrilling events and characters of the story, and thought my garden was like Alice in Wonderland, near the river, full of lizards, ladybugs, butterflies, dung beetles, and more. It lacked rabbits or pigs, but there were so many cats and mice to visit the land.

From that day on, I left Olduz, who made me sad and I became Tahereh in Wonderland.

Doll Funeral

One day when I came back from school, my doll was lying on the floor, her head was broken. I cried. My uncle’s wife was in our house together with my cousins. My doll had fallen out of my cousin, Leila. I shouted at her; she was upset herself. I cried until evening. I could not throw my doll away. I found a shoebox. I put the doll in the box with pieces of her head and said to Leila, “I want to bury her.”

Leila was surprised. We came out of the house. Some of my friends were in the alley. Leila told them the story. Crying, I went to my garden, and the children followed me. Some of them were crying. We dug a hole next to the bush that had more flowers and put the doll in it and poured dirt on it. The children brought a smooth stone and placed it on my doll’s grave, and we

all prayed for her.

Neighbors who heard the story were more convinced that “the girl is crazy.”

My eighth year of life was full of bitter events. My eldest sister who used to wash the clothes in the morning left the house in tears at night with so much sorrow in her throat. She was married to someone she did not like at all.

Sometime later, Baba’s health deteriorated. He was hospitalized but because we could not pay for the hospital, he was sent home. Baba’s breath was barely rising. He could not walk or stand and even lay down for a moment, he slept while sitting. I all wondered why there was no medicine to cure him. One day I picked up a bowl and went to my garden, picked up some wild grasses, and returned home. I thought the grass could make him better. I beat them to get their juice and give it to Baba when my mother came and asked, “What are you doing?!”

“I want to make medicine for Baba,” I said in fear.

My mother threw away the flowers and said, “Aren’t you crazy, girl?!” I was immersed in sorrow. I went to the room, putting my head on my notebook, I wrote the story of a girl who mixes flower sap and gives it to her father who can’t walk. The father finds butterfly wings and flies away. I immediately decided to become a doctor to discover the cure for Baba’s disease. But my father could not bear it until I grew up. At midnight on the nights of my eleven years, he became tired of heavy breathing and died at the age of 56, and my mother became a widow when she was 39.

After Baba’s death, I was sucking on a finger at school when the classmates saw me and scolded me: “Look at the big bear that sucks her finger!”

I was embarrassed and cried. I stared at my thumb all day, which was wider than normal. I squeezed it from the sides to make it look like the rest of the fingers. At night, while sleeping, I put red pepper on my finger so that I could not suck it, but I did not sleep. I was confused, I washed my hands and sucked my finger again. The next night I told my brother, who was two years younger than me, to tie my hand to the window handle with a rope so I could not suck it. He did it; it was difficult, but at last, I fell asleep without sucking my finger. I spent another three nights like this and finally quit the habit of finger-sucking.

When Dad died, my brother went to work less and spent more time at home. He had no friends except one. When he was at home, he did not speak at all, we only heard his voice when he shouted at one of us or ordered us to take something or do something for him. Everything he had had to be done quickly and accurately. We had to wax and lighten his shoes, bring his comb and clothes. We took the fluff and hair on his clothes. Even when the water pitcher was next to him, he would call one of us to pour water for him. Dry and strict rules prevailed in the house. We girls were no longer allowed to leave the house. I could no longer easily go to my garden; I could no longer go to the waste repository to find useful things. Even if someone knocked on the door, we girls were not allowed to open the door. My brother, who was at home, did not dare to laugh. If any of the boys laugh, Baba would shout. But for the girls, laughing was a big crime and we would be beaten. We were not even allowed to talk and look in the mirror to comb our hair. If our eyes accidentally fell on the mirror, he would punch and kick us. My brother was practicing box, when he got angry, we became direct punch bags for him and we would not have the right to cry out loud under his heavy fists.

My real childhood world was full of naked fear and pure anger. My only refuge was the parallel world of my imagination, in which I, someone else, was in a different space, free of overwhelming adversities. My body was locked up at home and my mind was free in a world created by my imagination. Although my mother did



not tolerate some of my brother's behaviors but accepted some of his strictures with the girls. He would not let us go out of the house, comb our hair in front of the mirror, and if I laughed out loud, he would start fighting...

The only one who supported us was Nasser. He could not bear to see us cry. When Akbar beat us, Nasser pulled us out from under his fists and kicks, and sometimes it was Nasser who got into a fight with Akbar, and when Akbar left the house, it was Nasser who joked with us and so much that he played with us until we finally started laughing.

At that time, I thought we were living in the worst possible conditions and nothing could be worse but it showed to be possible.

Azam went to high school and I was in the first grade of guidance school that Akbar opposed our going to school. My two older sisters studied up to the sixth grade. Azam and I were afraid. I simply lost the hope of going to university and becoming a doctor and changing my life setting and other aspirations.

My mother, who was bothered by my older sister's painful life and thought that if she had graduated, she would have gotten a better marriage, opposed him. Akbar shouted at my mother and left no room for discussion. When he left the house, we cried and begged my mother to do something. My mother's efforts were in vain. The school year was approaching and we were not registered. Our days passed with hatred and tears. We looked for another way. My uncle had died many years before I was born; his wife visited us regularly. She was such a brave woman with a sharp tongue. My brother was somehow afraid of her. Of all the people in the world, Akbar seemed to love only aunt Shah-Baji. We told the story to our aunts. One afternoon they both came to our house together. My aunt, with her soft and kind language, and uncle's wife, with her shouting and anger, did something that my

brother agreed to let us go to school, provided that my mother takes Azam to school and brings her back, and I had to accompany my younger brother on my way to school. Until Azam graduated, my brother opposed our registration every year, and every year my aunts step in to change his mind. When I finished the first year of high school, my sister graduated, and since then, my brother has not objected to my going to school.



When I was in guidance school, our school had a shelf full of books. Our school principal was responsible for lending the book to students. On the first day of school, I got *The Family Under the Bridge* (a novel by Natalie Savage Carlson). At home, I put it next to the textbooks and read it in two days. When I returned it, the school principal asked me to summarize it tell my ideas about it. Although I was embarrassed, I talked about it and then took another novel, *Silas Marner* (by George Eliot). I borrowed two books a week, and each time the school principal asked me to comment on the books. This made me read books more carefully. I once

caught Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days*. I read two chapters; I did not communicate with them. I also read a few pages from the middle and the last chapter. The next day, when our moderator asked me to summarize it, I just quoted the passages I had read. "Have you only read the first, middle, and last chapters?" Said the principal.

I was afraid that she had discovered my trick. But she said, "No problem, my daughter! If you do not like a book, do not read it!"

She was the first great person to give me such a right to choose while I suspected that she was going to punish me.

One month into the school year, on an unforgettable day, they brought a bunch of magazines to class and gave each of us one. It was a Courier Magazine that was distributed by education departments at schools. I could not believe that this magazine is our own and we do not need to return it. Because the magazine was given to me by the school, I no longer had to read it secretly. Happily, they brought us a new issue every month.

In the middle of the year, Mrs. Dadvar, our English teacher held a poetry and story contest. I submitted one of my poems. When my name was announced as the first winner and I won two volumes of storybooks, my heart was about to jump out of my chest like a sparrow. For the first time, I had two volumes of books that were my own. This gave me the courage to give my notebook to Mrs. Dadvar. It was the first time anyone had access to my writings. The next session when we had English, Mrs. Dadvar articulated a sentence so shocking to me: "You can become a writer!"

This had never occurred to me. I just wrote and read. Writing calmed me down and reading gave me the joy of living in another world where I had another personality.

I became more courageous, I talked to Ms. Dadvar about our life situation. She said he would visit our house the next week. With all my fear, I told my mother that our teacher wants to visit us. The day she arrived, they went to a room with my mother and talked. My other siblings and I were in the yard. I was anxious. I was afraid that my mother would sue me after she left; she did not react and I never understood what the teacher told my mother.

Mrs. Dadvar's phrase "You can become a writer," encouraged me; I wrote an article and sent it to the Courier Magazine. A few issues later, when my name was published in the magazine, I was not the only one who got excited. The classmates cheered in the classroom, and at that moment I found the confidence that I could be both a doctor and a writer.

I was in the first year of high school when my brother went to Bushehr to work. This was the best event of our lives. Now we could breathe at home, we could freely talk and laugh.

My brother's income was much higher than his previous job. The first time he went on leave, he gave everybody a gift, we both enjoyed it, we could not understand why he was giving us a gift when he hates us. It was the first time in years that we were receiving allowances. We were caught between two opposing feelings. We did not know whether we were happy that he was on vacation every month and that he was giving us gifts and money, or that we should be upset that the house was once again in a state of terror and silence.

In the third year of high school, our physics teacher, Mr. Kamali, held a free discussion class. It was held one hour a week, after formal school time. I told my mother that we had a great class with our physics teacher and that I should stay in school.

Mr. Kamali introduced two non-fiction books each week to borrow and read from the school office and then we should review and analyze them for



the next session. Books circulated among the members during the week. Every time I read a book, I found my mind filled with questions. Instead of answering the questions, Mr. Kamali introduced other books so that I could find the answers in them and share them with the rest of the class. This method made me feel the pleasure of searching and finding and I became interested in research. The following year, at the suggestion of Mr. Kamali, the school principal agreed to turn a classroom into a library. The school could not hire a librarian and pay salaries. It was the school clerk who lent the books. For this reason, only the library's entertainment hours it was open. Azam had been locked up at home since graduating. My mother would not let her out of the house at all. Only occasionally it was her friend, who was our neighbor, who visited her at home. My sister was depressed and always crying. I was worried. She was worried about me and my future too. I went to Mr. Kamali and suggested my sister start as a librarian. Mr. Kamali talked to the manager, who said that they could pay very little.

Getting my sister out of the house was more important to us than anything else, and of course, these salaries, although small, caused my mother not to oppose it, and my sister became our school librarian.

At the end of the fourth year of high school, one day Mr. Kamali told me that the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults¹ had

1. Center for the Intellectual Development of Child and Adolescent better known as Kanoon is an Iranian institution with a wide range of cultural and artistic activities in the field of mental and cultural development for children and young adults. The organization was at the center of the vanguard of cultural production in the late 1960s and early 1970s and is the platform through which many of Iran's most regarded artists and filmmakers, such as Abbas Kiarostami and Morteza Mo-

advertised for a teacher position and guided me to register.

A window of hope opened before us. My brother and mother would never allow me to go to university and become a doctor. Being employed at the Center was an opportunity to escape being locked up at home.

My sister and I registered to take part in the Center's recruitment exam. The test date coincided with the final exam date. The exam started at 8 am and the recruitment exam was set to 8:30 a.m. The test locations were too far apart. I had no hope of passing the recruitment exam. In particular, on the meeting entry card, they had written: "The entrance gates will close at 8:30 in". However, I did not want to miss the opportunity. When I took the exam sheet, I answered the questions quickly. I answered to get a passing grade, not the best grade. At 8:20 I handed over the ticket and ran to the end of the street, I had to take three taxi courses. I was very anxious. When I arrived at the test hall, I could not believe what I saw, everyone was out. The electric power was out and because the hall was so dark, they had to wait outside. The power was on in a few minutes. I participated in the exam and was hired as the cultural instructor of Marvdasht Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults.

My brother thought I was a school teacher. He ordered my mother to company me every day to the bus station and wait for me at the station in the evenings. My mother only did this when my brother was in Shiraz.

After I was hired, I had to take short training courses in Tehran. My brother was not in Shiraz, and because I was with the other coaches, my mother had no objection to my leaving. During this, I passed courses on making theater puppets, origami, psychology, librarianship, painting, and live theater. After starting work in Marvdasht,

mayez, launched their careers.

I wrote a play and performed it with children. I taught the children how to make a sponge puppet. I wrote a puppet show and with the help of the students, we made and performed a puppet show. The puppeteers of the show were the children themselves. Marvdasht is an industrial city, but it was a culturally deprived city and had no space for entertainment. This made all the people of the city attend our performances.

The front yard of Marvdasht Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults had no trees. In March of the same year, I took three pine saplings from Shiraz Municipality and took them by bus to Marvdasht and planted them in its yard. Those small trees are fully grown trees today.

That year, Nasser Irani held a storytelling workshop in Tehran. The Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults asked educators to send samples of their stories. The works that were accepted could participate in the workshop. Over the years, I have had the opportunity I was looking forward to. My story was accepted. My mother convinced my brother and I traveled to Tehran for two months and my first book, “Saleh” came from this workshop and it was published in 1985 by the Center.

After passing this course, I was transferred to Shiraz as a literary expert. That same year, I met Buick Maleki, a poet and literary expert at the Tehran Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults. We got married and relocated to Tehran. In the very first months, cultural and personal differences and contradictions overshadowed our relationship and our common life felt like a thatched roof.

In 1985, I changed my job from the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults to the Howzeh Honari¹.

1. Howzeh Honari (in English, Artistic Field) is an organization that was established after the Islamic Revolution of Iran in 1979 and is a place for various literary, cultural, and artistic activities.

In 1986, my first daughter (Noora) was born. The following year, with the launch of Soroush Nojavan magazine, I became the editor of story writing and translation sections. The magazine was published for teenagers in the 1980s to early 2000s. In 1989, my second daughter (Parastoo) was born. During these years, in addition to executive work, I was also writing adult novels and collections of stories for teenagers. My novel for adults, *Turn of the Sphere* was about war and in the style of magical realism. I did a lot of research to write this novel, but I could not find permission for publication for seven years. In 1998, I gave it to Soroush Publications, and the work was examined by Professor Reza Seyed Hosseini. *Turn of the Sphere* was published



with the strong approval and defense of Reza Seyed Hosseini and the following year won the Resistance Book of the Year Award.

After ten years, the gap between me and my husband deepened. At that time, I was the editor of the cultural and environmental service of Aftabgardan newspaper.¹ To pay for the apartment that was to be given to me by the newspaper, I had to work harder and had accepted to edit the special issues of the newspaper, and at the same time, I was writing stories and novels. I had a lot of work pressure; the house was unbearable. I rented a small apartment and left my father-in-law's house with the

1. The first newspaper for children and adolescents, published from 1993 to 1997.

children. The children were small and I was worried about their attitude. I reconciled with my wife but our relations did not improve.

All these years I have been obsessed by the concern to study medicine in a university but with the difficult conditions I had, I could not pass the difficult medical entrance exams. I entered the university in 2004 for an English language teaching degree, and also continued to write stories, animation screenplays, and pursued my professional and journalistic activities. In 2016, I received my bachelor's degree in the same field. That same year (when the divorce happened after thirty years of shared life), I passed the Cognitive Science entrance exam and was accepted, but after passing one semester, I was forced to drop out of university due to various problems, including the family separation, the sale of a house to cover Noora's education in Germany, relocation, psychological pressures, and so on.

Nora earned her bachelor's degree in cinema, made several short films and published three children's books, and traveled to Germany to study cognitive sciences. Parastoo, who was fascinated by painting since she was a child and received a bronze medal in children's painting from Sweden at the age of twelve, has a bachelor's degree in painting and is engaged in painting and illustrating children's books.

Out of my four works for grownups, two titles won awards but for three reasons, I was more drawn to working for children:

As a child and teenager, fiction gave me more than just the pleasure of reading. I found myself in the world of fiction; A self who was active and took real steps in

difficult situations; very much like the protagonist of the stories. The story instills in me the belief that I can change the destiny that others want to shape for me. This belief came from the soft and delicate effect of the story. One of the functions of stories for children and adolescents is to create a parallel subjective world that can draw the reader into the role of the character of the story and give her a deeper perspective and a broader understanding of life and then bring her back to the real world. It was this amazing influence that made children's literature a necessity for me.

My post-marriage life was full of conflict and loneliness. Writing stories for children became the same hole through which very much like Alice I could enter the sweet and noisy world of children, replacing the bitter moments of my adulthood with the excitement and adventure of children.

Many of my books won awards but the most exciting reward for me was meeting the kids and listening to their reviews. Children talk without hesitation and sometimes ask questions that surprise the writer and make him or her think. I traveled a lot to different cities of Iran from Sistan and Baluchestan to Ilam and Kurdistan to Tabriz, Urmia, Kashan, Mashhad, Bushehr, Isfahan,



Qazvin, Shiraz and have visited many villages around these cities and even attended schools in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. During my trip to Kashan, a fifth-grader student asked me: “For writers to create a character, do they identify with him or her?”

It was a profound question. At the same time, it became clear to me why some of the writers’ works were not attractive to children and said that they were repeating themselves in their work, and I came to the point that the successful work was a work in which the character penetrated the writer, not that the author would enter the character.

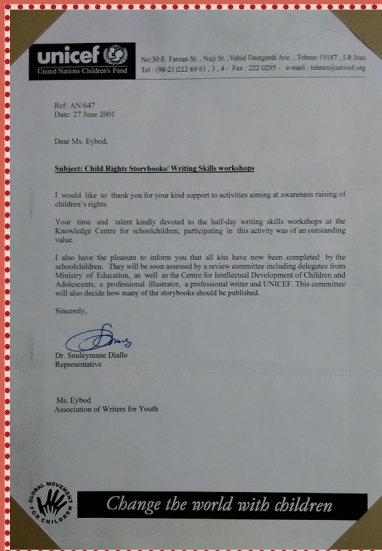
Writing is not my job, it’s part of me. Although I did not become a doctor, it would have affected my stories if I could. Storytelling has allowed me, however, to reach out to some of the things I did not have in the parallel world of my imagination in the space provided in fiction. It enabled me to find adventure and to have fun. I write both for myself and for children who need to both enjoy reading and gain self-confidence, to provide a possibility for changing circumstances.



Resume

Activities

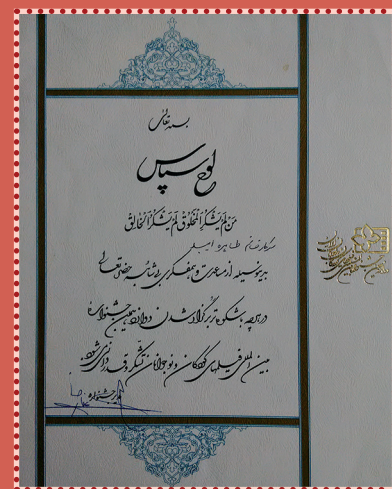
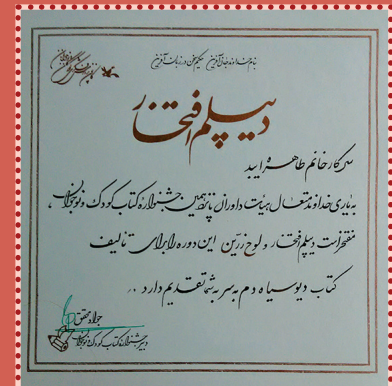
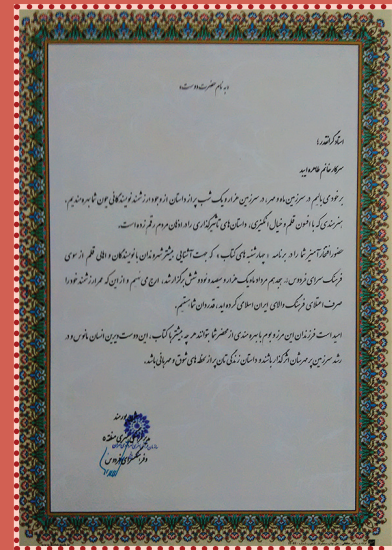
- Instructor and literary expert of the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 1982-1964.
- Head of the Women's Literature Unit of the Howzeh Honari, 1985–1988
- Editor of the magazine in Soroush for the Adolescents Magazine, 1990 to 2000.
- Editor for the story section of Soroush for the Adolescents Magazine, 1988–1993.
- Editor of the Cultural Service and Head of the Writing Service of Aftabgardan Newspaper, 1993–1997.
- Member of the Consensus Council of the 12th International Film Festival for Children and Young Adults, 1996.
- Editor of *Shab Tab* Magazine, 1997.
- Two terms of membership in the board of directors of the Association of Children and Adolescent Writers, 2000–2001, and 2016–2017.
- Member of the Expert Council of the Foundation for the Preservation of the Memories and Values of the Sacred Defense, 2004–2006.
- Member of the Expert Council of the Children's Book of the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2005–2007.
- Editor of *Banoo* Magazine, 2007.
- Member of the Policy Council of Scientific and Cultural Publications, 2007.
- Head of the screenwriting group, the animated screenplay of *Bozaboza Village*, Saba Cultural and Artistic Institute, 2008.
- Editor of Children and Young Adults Story Section, A Quarter Century of Holy Defense Book Festival, 2009.



- Member of the Expert, Council of Animation of Saba Cultural and Artistic Institute, 2009.
- Expert in charge of the story council of *Roshd-e-Novamooz* Magazine, 2010–2018 and 2020.
- Secretary of the Children and Young Adults Story Section, 15th Holy Defense Book Festival, 2011.
- Fiction Council Member of *Soroush for Kids Magazine*, 2015–2016.
- Head of the Children's Department, Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2014.
- Member of the Expert Council of Animation of Saba Cultural and Artistic Institute, 2017.
- Secretary of Children and Young Adults Story Section of the 17th Sustainability Literature Festival, 2017.
- Manager of Shahid Shahi Miyaneh Short Story Festival, 2017.
- Member of Expert Council, Madreseh Publishing, 2017.
- Ambassador of Writers in Neishabour Book Caravan, 2017.
- Manager of Children and Young Adults Story Department, 17th Holy Defense Festival, 2017.
- Manager and judge of Khatam Children and Adolescent Story Festival, 2018.
- Inspector of the Association Writers for Children and Adolescents, 2018.
- Editor of Fiction Section, *Roshd Novamooz Magazine*, 2019.

Judging and teaching

- Instructor of story-writing course for educators and members of the literary association of the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults of West Azerbaijan Province, Urumia, 2019.
- Instructor of children's novel workshop, Adab City Institute, 2019, 2020.
- Judge of Book Selection, Soroush Nojavan Magazine, 1989.
- Instructor of journalism workshop, House of Young Journalists, 1996.
- The referee for selecting the Book of the Year, Ministry of Culture, 1998 and 2004.
- Instructor of a storytelling workshop for children, UNICEF, 2001.
- The judge at Student Literature Festival and Lecturer of Student Story Writing Workshops, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006.
- Instructor of "European Literature Festival in Iran" workshops by the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2004.
- Judge of the story of Porsesh Mehr Festival, 2007.
- Judge of Yousef Festival Book Selection, 2007.
- Judge for the selection of the Book of the Year in Memorial of Martyr Habib Ghanipour, 2008.
- Judge of the children's literature section, Sureh Javan Festival, 2013.
- Judge of Razavi Festival, 2014–2016.
- Judge of Revolution Stories Festival, 2016.
- Attending the Tabriz Book Caravan and running Creativity Training Workshop, 2016.



- Judge of Khatam Festival, 2018–2019.
- Four storytelling workshops, Kashan Children’s Literature Festival, 2018.
- Judge of the Magic Finger Festival, 2018.
- Judge of Gomanehzan Stories Festival (Nofeh), 2018.
- Attending the workshop Ethics of news and report writing on children, UNICEF, 2018.
- Running characterization workshop, Mehrvareh Fiction, Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, Tabriz, July 2017.
- Humor workshop, and literary meetings in Shiraz Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2019.
- Workshop and book review meeting in Chabahar and the villages of Sistan and Baluchestan, October 2019.
- Workshop on humor and critical reading session in Isfahan, 2019.
- Instructor of characterization course the instructors of the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults of West Azerbaijan, 2019.
- Running humor workshop for teenagers in Bandar Abbas Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, January 2017.



Bibliography

Works for Toddlers and Kids

- *Crazy Snowman*, Tehran: Monadi Tarbiat, 2004.
- *One Pair, Two Pairs, A Collection of Short Stories*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2005.
- *One Pair, Two Pairs, A Collection of Short Stories in Two Volumes*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2010.
- *Game of the Moon and the Star*, Tehran: Madreseh Publications, 2005.
- *Black Ghost*, Tehran: Monadi Tarbiat, 2005.
- *Paper Cat*, Tehran: Shahr Publishing, 2007.
- *Message for the Cotton Cloud*, Tehran: Scientific-Cultural Publications, 2007.
- *Baby Bear Trial*, Tehran: Monadi Tarbiat, 2008.
- *The Fish Coughed*, Tehran: Shahr Publishing, 2009.
- *Once Upon a Time*, Tehran: Scientific and Cultural Publications, 2009.
- *Cowardly Turtle*, Tehran: Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2010.
- *Red Camel*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2011.
- *The Tail-Headed Black Monster*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2011.
- *The Rooster Didn't Look at His Tail*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2011.
- *Come and Sleep Nini*, Tehran: Scientific and Cultural Publications, 2011.
- *Wedding! Wedding!*, Tehran: Daneshnegar, 2014.
- *Old Aunt and Older Aunt*, Tehran: Peidayesh, 2014.
- *No Smell, No No Smell*, Tehran: Scientific and Cultural Publications, 2015.
- *The Big Wolf and the Fat Fish*, Tehran: Scientific and Cultural Publications, 2015.
- *The Jar That Was Alone*, Tehran: Soroush, 2015.
- *Baby Bear*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2015.
- *Checkered and Aunt Raisin* (5 volumes), Tehran: Center for Intellectual

- Development of Children and Young Adults, 2015.
- *Ghagha Gholi Ghoul, Ghaghoul*, Tehran: Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2015.
 - *Samanu of the Fat Pot*, Tehran: Raja, 2016.
 - *Pepe the Reverse* (children's humor and fantasy), Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2016.
 - *Ten Bites of a Story, the Wrong Zebra*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2016.
 - *Momoli Momo*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2016.
 - *The Pink ATM*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2016.
 - *The Ruthless Softie*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2016.
 - *Red Wolf*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2016.
 - *The Webless Spider*, Tehran: Amir Kabir, 2016.
 - *The Witch with a Vat Head*, Tehran: Raja, 2016.
 - *The Sulky Tree*, Tehran: Sajesh Rooz, 2016.
 - *Three Strange Travelers*, Tehran: Islamic Culture Publishing Office, 2017.
 - *The Turtle has no Shell*, Tehran: Mehrab Ghalam, 2018.
 - *The Strange and Exotics Under the Sea*, Tehran: Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2018.
 - *Land of the Dead and the Living*, Tehran: Shahr Ghalam, 2020.
 - *Giant Compote*, Tehran: Friday Story, 2020.
 - *One Beez, the Other No Beez*, Tehran: Sureh Mehr (Mehrak), 2020.
 - *More Beez Beezer*, Tehran: Sureh Mehr (Mehrak), 2020.
 - *Lord Mosquito the Beezer*, Tehran: Sureh Mehr (Mehrak), 2020.

Teen novels and stories

- *Saleh*, Tehran: Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 1985.
- *Broken Glass*, Tehran: Soroush, 1989.
- *War Rooster*, Tehran: Noghteh, 1995.
- *Garden in a Pot*, Tehran: Zalal, 1996.

- *Last Letter*, Tehran: Sarir, 1999.
- *Forty Windows*, Tehran: Peidayesh, 1999.
- *Little Robin Hood*, Tehran: Zaman Publishing, 1999.
- *In the Air of Rose*, Tehran: Herald of Education, 2000.
- *Alam Shangheh (Hullabaloo)*, Tehran: Manadi Tarbiat, 2000.
- *Little Prisoners*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2000.
- *Little Warriors*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2000.
- *I am Afraid of Strangers*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2001.
- *The Sword and Wounded Horse*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2001.
- *Alley to Alley*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2001.
- *Thirst and Fire*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2001.
- *The Request of the Ducks*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2001.
- *Uncle Nowruz Retires*, Tehran: Farhang Gostar, 2001.
- *Man and the Field*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2002.
- *The Same Where Hassanak Is*, Tehran: Behnashr, 2004.
- *Mr. Charkheshi's Family Adventures*, Tehran: Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2004.
- *Poghorgati House (Adolescent Comedy)*, Tehran: Center for the Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2011.
- *Liasand Maris Fairies*, Tehran: Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2011.
- *Do not Let It Escape*, Tehran: Nashr Shahr, 2013.



- *The Trial of a Miserable Cat* (two volumes), Tehran: Nashr Shahr, 2013.
- *The Situation is Getting Worse* (teenage humor), Tehran: Hamshahri Publications, 2014.

Translated works

- *Liya-Sim-Maris'in Deniz Masalları* (Turkish), Istanbul: Demavend, 2019.

Awards and achievements

- *Broken Branch*, the best work of fiction, Literature Festival of the Ministry of Culture, 1988.
- *Garden in a Pot*, selected work, Book Festival of the Year, Soroush for Adolescents Magazine, 1996.
- *Garden in a Pot*, selected work, Children's Book Council, 1996.
- *Burnt Palm*, selected work of the Press Festival of the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 1996
- *Turn of the Spheres*, selected work, Ministry of Culture, Sustainability Literature Festival, 2000.
- *Forty Windows*, the selected work of the book of the year of the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2000
- *Forty Windows*, selected work of the year, Salam Bacheha Magazine, 2000.
- *In the Air of the Red Rose*, selected work, Salam Bacheha Magazine, 2001.



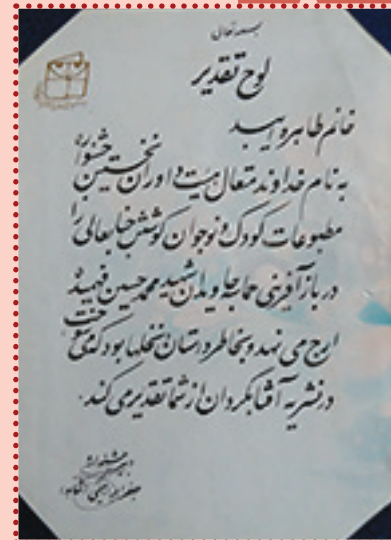
- Selected work and top author in the field of writing on girls' issues in the festival of "Twenty years, twenty writers", 2001.
- *Little Prisoners*, the Selected book of the year, Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2002.
- *Thirst and Fire*, selected work for books of the year, Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2002.
- *The Sword and Wounded Horse*, Selected book of the year, Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2002
- *Alley to Alley*, selected work of the book of the year, Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2002.
- *I Am Afraid of Strangers*, selected work of the book of the year, Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2002.
- *Little Warriors*, Selected book of the year, Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2002.
- *Mr. Charkheshi's Family*, introduced by the list of the best books, Munich Library, Germany, 2004.
- *Forty Windows*, an admirable work, Quranic Stories Festival, 2005.
- *Forty Windows*, selected work, The First Razavi Festival, 2005.
- *Forty Windows*, selected work, Montazeran Festival, 2005.
- *Mr. Charkheshi's Family*, selected work, Parvin Etesami Festival, 2006.
- *Children of Ashura*; Top Author in Commemoration of Ashura Literature, Tehran Municipality Cultural and Artistic Organization, 2007.
- *Children of Ashura*, Admired Work, Quranic Festival of the Hajj and Endowments Organization, 2010.
- *Liasand Maris Fairies*, Special Work, Adolescent Novel Section of Shahid Shahi Festival, 2012.
- *The Tail-Headed Black Monster*, selected work, Book of the Year, Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults, 2012.
- *The Tail-Headed Black Monster*, nominated for the best work, Shiraz University Fiction Book Festival, 2016.

- *Sea Clown*, selected work, Press Festival, 2016.
- *Three Strange Travelers*, the first rank of Khatam Festival of Children's Stories, 2017.
- Top Author, Celebrated in Bushehr Province, 1996 for all activities and works.
- *Liasand Maris Fairies*, Selected Novel of Adolescents in Kermanshah Province, 2017.
- *The Big Wolf and the Fat Fish*, Admired, National Best Book Festival, 2017.
- *The Jar That Was Alone*, admired work, Kashan Children's Literature Festival, 2018.
- Commemoration of Tahereh Eibod by Shiraz City Council, 2019.
- Meetings and lectures
- Participation in the meeting of poets, writers, and illustrators of children and adolescent books, *Children and Young Adults Book of the Month*, 1999.
- Participation in the meeting to review the problems of the writers' union in the Writers' Hall of the International Book Fair, 2002.
- Lecture at the Writers' Stage of the Beijing Book Fair on the Impact of Fantasy Stories on Children's Imagination, 2017.
- Lecture at the Istanbul Center for Iranian Studies in the Iranian Children's Literature Panel, 2009.
- Interview with BBC Book Radio about *The Strange and Exotics Under the Sea*, 2019.
- Lecture on trade union rights and authors' expectations of the President of the Islamic Republic of Iran, 2016.

Movies and animation adaptations of works

- The Tail-Headed Black Monster Animation, Director: Ali Raisi, 2018
- Contract with the cinema department of the Center for Intellectual Development of Children and Young Adults to make a film based on the birds of *Liasand Maris Fairies*, Screenplay: Ebrahim Forouzeh, 2019.
- Published Papers and Articles

- A Superficial Definition of Myth, *Children and Young Adults Book of the Month*, November 1998, No. 13.
- Remembering the Friend: The Throat That Was the Window of World Literature (Memorial of the late Mohammad Ghazi), *Research Journal of Children and Adolescent Literature*, Spring 1998. Nos. 11 and 12.
- One design, two perspectives, *Children and Young Adults Book of the Month*, September 2000, No. 35.
- Publication of superficial books, an audit of literary works, *Iran newspaper*, January 19, 2002.
- I am looking for the hidden reader in my stories, *Research Journal of Children and Adolescent Literature*, Spring 2013, No. 57.
- No-thingness and play songs (characteristics of no-thingness and their effect on the child), *Research Journal of Children and Adolescent Literature*, Summer 2015, No. 66
- Expectations of children's writers from the President, *Review of Children's Books*. Summer 2016, No. 10.
- Beijing, Interaction and Marketing (Note on the Beijing Book Fair), *Shargh Newspaper*, September 2017.
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- Forty windows and even more (review of Forty



- Windows), Hadi Khorshahian, *Children and Young Adults Book of the Month*, July 2001, No. 45.
- Ritual of ritual stories (critique and review of *The Begging Ducks*), Ruhollah Mahdipour Omrani, *Children and Young Adults Book of the Month*, September 2002, No. 59.
 - Reading the novel “Turn of the Spheres”, Aliullah Salimi; Mehr Magazine, July 2003, No. 5.
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 - The story for the sake of the story (review of *Liasand Maris Fairies*), Hassan Parsaee, *Children and Young Adults Book of the Month*, August 2012, No. 178.
 - Take the audience seriously (methods of creating humor in *Mr. Charkheshi’s Family* and *the House of Poghorgati*), Ensieh Mousavian, *Research Journal of Children and Adolescent Literature*, Fall 2014, No. 63.
 - Author of *Colorful Themes*, Afsaneh Mousavi Garmaroodi, *Research Journal of Children and Adolescent Literature*, Fall 2014, No. 63.
 - Decentralization techniques in image and text-image

interaction in picture books (The Tail-Headed Black Monster), Samaneh Ghasemi; *Journal of Children's Literature Studies*. Spring and Summer 2015, No. 11.

- Cradles and Fairies (A Comparative Review of Liasdand Maris Fairies and Two Similar Narratives), Reza Ataei, *Research Journal of Children and Adolescent Literature*, Fall 2014, No. 63
- The Impact of Genre on the Discourse Function of Female Characters in Adolescent Novel, Amir Ali Nojournian and Fatemeh Ghan'e, *Journal of Children's Literature Studies*, Spring and Summer, 2017, No. 15

Theses about works

- A Deep Structure Study of the Mythical Adolescent Novel of *Liasand Maris Fairies* by Tahereh Eibod, Soghra Ghamati Moghaddam Foumani, Supervisor: Fatemeh Kasi, Payame Noor University, Guilan, 2016
- The Impact of the Iran-Iraq War on the Iranian Children and Adolescents Novel in the Works of Five Writers (Ahmad Akbarpour, Samira Aslanpour, Tahereh Eibod, Mohammad Reza Bayrami, and Ahmad Dehghan), Shabnam Abdullah Portrazinia, Supervisor: Mohammad Reza Haji Aghababaei, Allameh Tabatabaei University, 2017.

Overview of Work

Tahereh Eibod is a writer who writes for different age groups. During nearly three decades of activity, she has created more than sixty works for children, adolescents, and teenagers. Eibod has even published works for grown-ups. This diversity of works can also be seen in the content of her works. Eibod has created works with different themes such as war, religion, family, and other themes. Fictional works for teenagers, short stories for children, and works with a prominent humorous tone, all are seen in her repertoire. Tahereh Eibod has her style and uses various techniques for writing books for children and adolescents that are full of eloquent prose. In her books, she engages the audience with the story in a way that suits their age and personality. Eibod's works have a strong plot, strong structure, surprising endings, and magical power that can attract children and adolescents, making the books be published several times. The themes of her works include those persistent issues and concerns of human beings such as death and social issues such as discrimination and gender stereotypes, as well as the needs and desires of contemporary children and adolescents.

Some of Eibod's works include a rewriting of the works inspired by ancient Iranian literature. She uses myths, legends, ancient Persian literature, and oral literature to write her stories, and uses the imaginary creatures of Persian myths such as demons and magical elements of ancient Persian literature to construct her characters and stories. Eibod has created a new world through a re-creation of ancient works and has managed to consider the problems of today's human beings, the needs of today's children and adolescents in the context of myth and legend in his works. She has used the imaginary world to combat existing stereotypes.



It is a world that does not have the limitations of the real world for contemporary children, girls, and every human being. The world that Eibod creates in the fantasy works is new and fresh, like *Liasand Maris Fairies* with imaginary images that are never forgotten by the audience. Mythical symbols are prominent in this book and some of her other works. The use of fantasy is evident in most of Eibod's works; she also combined fantasy with religious beliefs in writing religious works and thus has created a new kind of religious work.

Humor in some of Eibod's works, such as in *Mr. Charkheshi's Family*, is an attempt to connect with and attract the audience and is a way of addressing social issues, including discrimination against women in a traditional society. Eibod's artistic use of humor in her works has attracted a large audience and managed to introduce social issues through a new perspective.

Eibod's innovations in the narration of the story can be seen in many of her works, including in *The Big Wolf*, and *The Fat Fish*, and *The Strange and Exotics Under the Sea*. The use of multiple narrators and even the assignment of the end of the story to the audience that we see in *The Strange and Exotics Under the Sea* is one of the important

features of her recent works. Eibod changes the common and permanent structures of children's stories and is a key figure in the development of new perspectives, new forms, and artistic expressions in contemporary Iranian children's literature.

Introduction, review, and analysis of important works

Liasand Maris Fairies

The story of this novel took place in Siraf Port, one of the southern ports of ancient Iran located at the northern shores of the Persian Gulf and tells the story of the lives of southern families of Iran. The main protagonists of the story are Liana and Idris, a teenage brother and sister who live in this region. Idris and his sister Liana are commissioned by the fairies to find seven azure pearls on land and return them to the sea so that peace could reign over the sea again.

On the other hand, Menemanders the monster of the sea is looking for them and wants to capture the pearls. Eventually, the two succeed in defeating

Menemanders and the sea calms down.

This novel is cleverly written in terms of addressing climatic and indigenous situations. In terms of clear expression and storytelling techniques, it is also a distinctive work. The story simultaneously presents emotional, mental, and visual data as related to situations and characters. The author emphasizes the native language and dialect and implicitly uses it in a variety of events and situations.

One of the most important archetypal images that play a prominent role in mythology and adapted literature is water. Water plays a prominent role in this novel. *Liasand*

Maris Fairies have symbols that can interpret archetypes (the use of archetypes can also be seen in the author's other works). The cup is another archetype masterfully employed within the novel. In Iranian mythology, the cup has various meanings that are older than even its usage in Christianity. In the present story, Idris also has a device similar to the mythical Cup of Jamshid.

In *Liasand Maris Fairies*, Idris and his friends rush to the sea when they realize that those with azure pearls can defeat the sea demon. The men and women of this story bravely tried to save the sea and the lives of their acquaintances. When Idris sees his father and friends trapped in the sea, she immediately and courageously throws herself into the sea to save the lives of others. Despite many obstacles, Liana heroically decides to go to sea and save her brother. In *Liasand Maris Fairies*, men are captivated by traditional and patriarchal models and ideals that are the source of the agony of women. Coercion and a sense of superiority are among the other characteristics of men in this story as opposed to the action of the female protagonist who is bold and active and shows new identity characteristics for the Iranian girl and puts her in a position beyond daily household works and such characteristics as courage, rationality and power are attributed to women.

The commitment to the new female identity of modern Iranian women is evident in all the images and events of this novel.

The Big Wolf and the *Fat Fish*

The big wolf wants to eat the fish every time he crosses the river and. Finally, one day he decides to dive into the water and catch the fish. The fish encourages him to step into the water to catch her and brags about the action. The two creatures that are living in two different spaces create an imaginary war. In the final pages of the book, the narrator

shifts from the big wolf to the lazy fish, and each presents their account of the end of the conflict. One claims to have eaten the fish and the other claims she is still alive and the wolf has not been able to catch her. Voices are still heard separately and in response to each other, encouraging the audience to think.

The Big Wolf and the Fat Fish is a unique narrative work that opens exceptional spaces for critical thinking for children. In this short fantasy work, the image of which the two characters of *The Big Wolf and the Fat Fish* are the main characters, there is a border between the living space of the big wolf and that of the fat fish. They live in two different worlds, the fat fish survives in the water and the big wolf lives on land. Here, there is a claim that needs to be verified: the wolf claims at the end of the book that he was able to catch and eat the fat fish, and in the pictures, we see evidence for his claim, but then fat fish appears to claim that this is a lie and that she is alive or how she could talk to us. As we get closer to the end of the book, the characters leave the conversation with each other and start talking to the audience, breaking their boundaries and entering the border of another life, the big wolf enters the water, the fish talks to the audience. The audience inevitably accepts one of the two different presented narratives, and his or her mind thus engages with the story and collaborates with the author in constructing the end of the story.

The Tail-Headed Black Monster

The old aunt was sitting by the sea when she suddenly fell into the water. A hungry octopus, seeing the aunt and filled with the desire to eat her, goes to the old aunt and asks her where she is going. To save herself, the aunt says that she goes to her son, the tail-headed black monster. The octopus threatens to eat her if she lies. The old aunt is saved from whales and sharks by the same trick. When the

old aunt is bewildered as to what to do and how to return, suddenly the sea waves crash and all the animals of the sea-run away, and the old aunt is confronted with a tail-headed black monster. The old aunt starts to tremble with fear, but then a warm relationship is established between the two.

This book works on an emotional and deep visual theme. The main characters are the old aunt and the demon. When the old woman falls into the water and when the animals want to eat or hurt her, she thinks of saying that she is the mother of a demon whose tail is on his head and the animals leave her to go. When the demon appears, the old woman loves him so much that the demon thinks that the old woman is his real mother. She takes care of him and helps him get out of the water. The old aunt's struggle with the animals is formed when she is not eaten, and the demon, who eventually finds a mother with unwavering love. The old aunt finally arrives safely. The book is based on simple and fluent language, narrative and vivid dialogues. Images are artistic and present a unique emotional-cognitive function.

This work is inspired by and adapted from ancient Persian legends, The Old Woman and the Red Pumpkin, which is an old Persian legend is the story of an old woman who encounters a wolf on the way to her daughter's house, and despite her low physical strength, she can escape danger with vigilance. In this story, using the ancient myth and inspiring the Iranian characteristics of that world, we see a smart old woman who uses her intelligence and strategy in the face of a daemon, another legendary character. Communicating between old woman and demon and creating the intimacy of mother and child is a defamiliarization technique. Just when the reader and the audience wait for violence, very much like it is shown in myths about daemons, there is defamiliarization here and the daemon accepts the old woman as his real mother. The concepts of friendship, peace, intelligence, and social communication are simply and effectively presented in this book.

The Strange and Exotics Under the Sea

The first-person narrator travels deep into the Persian Gulf and each time encounters one of the sea creatures and introduces the sea creatures to the child through



imaginary dialogues. The author tries to acquaint the children with the Persian Gulf marine animals with the help of humor and direct addressing, thus establishing a mutual dialogic space for children. After every story, a page is dedicated to scientific explanations of that animal. During the voyage, the audience gets a new perspective on the environment and marine life of the Persian Gulf. *The*

Strange and Exotics Under the Sea tries to convey environmental concepts to children. In this book, the author, while transferring her experiences, tries to condemn the violation of the privacy of sea creatures. In her story, Eibod presents the problems of sea creatures from another point of view. They are not dangerous at all; they are doing their normal life. It is we the humans who have invaded their living environment.

In the surface layer, Eibod tries to present a short humorous story using similarities and differences and verbal humor, but in a deeper layer, she is concerned with providing information about the Persian Gulf ecosystem as an integral part of Iran. She wants to introduce and present the values of this important part of the earth to all the children.

In this work, the author has created a new narrative by using a special structure, a narrative in which the characters are the audience themselves. The dialogues of the story are the dialogues that take place between the author and the reader. The main protagonist of the story is the narrator herself, but because she has used the method of dialogue between the narrator and the reader, the dominance of the dialogue has given the reader a chance to be present. This technique bridges the gap between the author and the reader. The book moves on the border between reality and fantasy.

This combination of realism and fantasy has led the reader to both enjoy reading a fictional story and to gain a new understanding of scientific

concepts about sea creatures, which has been one of the positive points of the work according to the audience's feedback.

The Land of the Dead and the Living

The story begins with the image of land where the people die because of very little thing that happens to them. In this land, there is a scientist named Movazeb, to whom people go to ask for a solution so that no one dies. He reads a lot of books carefully and takes care of himself so that his hands and feet do not touch anything and mosquitoes do not bite him. He carefully researches his own body and the body of other living and dead people and finally makes a potion to give to everyone. People live a long life after eating that special potion. Death disappears and when they go to the Movazeb to think about another way, they find him as a very old man, his eyes do not see anywhere, and his ears do not hear a sound.

This short and visual story with the theme of crisis and confusion of human societies about immortality, with a third-person narrator, has a strong plot and a philosophical perspective with symbolic connotations. Immortality and the scientist are the symbol of science that has raised the average life expectancy and level of life in contemporary societies of human beings.

With his potion, Movazeb eliminates death. Death no longer exists. The climax of the story is when this permanence shows to be useless and erosive. No one dies anymore, but he or she becomes a creature from whom nothing can be done. Aging, blindness, deafness, and inefficiency are the result of the immortal process that afflicts human beings. The narrator, with a deep view of the issue of balance, considers death as a necessity of life and leads the narration with an eloquent and simple language in such a way that the audience finds a belief in the balance of life as opposed to the futility of life. With a psychological approach, the story tells the audience how both establish and balance order in life.

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