

Examination and Content Analysis of the Book "Didam ke Janam Miravad" (I saw my life dying) for the Age Group of Children and Adolescents

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Abstract :

This article aims to introduce the book "Didam ke Janam Miravad" (I saw my life dying) by Hamid Davoudabadi, which is a biography of martyr Mostafa Kazemzadeh written by his comrade and friend. The study focuses on aspects such as content quality, construction and layout quality, writing quality, presentation quality, and image quality, specifically catering to the age group of children and adolescents. As today shapes the future of children and adolescents, it is deserving to provide proper and dignified answers to their questions, and exceptional biographies can effectively contribute to this matter. In this regard, the biography of martyr Mostafa Kazemzadeh, authored by his comrade, is examined, and it is deemed suitable for this domain .

Keywords :Children's and Young Adult Literature, Realistic Narrative, Content Quality Assessment, Hamid Davoudabadi

.1Introduction

Since the beginning of creation, humans have consistently faced the question of happiness, liberation, and flourishing in various forms. Pursuing the realization of these goals, individuals

have subjected themselves to numerous trials and errors. Guided by the teachings of divine prophets, they have come to understand that "true liberation is achievable only by the individual who brings it to fruition within oneself; no one else can accomplish it on their behalf" (Shokouhi, 1363: 73) .

In verse 94 of Surah Al-An'am, Allah states: "Today, you have come to Us individually, just as We created you the first time" (Quran 6:94). Although this verse was revealed concerning the Arab polytheists, its application is universal. On that day, all material connections, imaginative idols, and artificial dependencies that individuals have created in this world will detach. The person will remain, along with their deeds and their God, while the rest will depart, lost in a manner described by the Quran – so insignificant and obscure that they won't be visible (Collected from the book: Tafsir-e-Nemouneh, Ayatollah Makarem Shirazi, Dar al-Kotob al-Islamiyah, 39th edition, Vol. 5, p. 438) .

Education and upbringing are like two wings of a bird, both necessary for flight. It's essential to note that external helpers in education are guides and motivators, but the individual must take steps toward happiness through their own effort. Education encourages individuals to achieve complete flourishing and the realization of their multifaceted potentials by motivating them and providing the necessary tools (Shokouhi, 1363: 77) .

All humans initially interact with their surroundings through their senses, touch the environment, select appropriate behaviors corresponding to their senses and surroundings, and clothe those behaviors in action. As they grow and their intellectual capacity develops, they strive to understand all or part of these interactions. After perception, some will reject, while others will accept. "The ethical values of individuals are initially formed through imitation and acquisition, and then at a later age, with complete understanding, some of these values

become internalized as their own ethical values" (Ghazal Ayagh, 1382: 14) .

As Michel Ande emphasizes, "Philosophers and great scientists merely present the same questions of childhood but in a new form: Where do I come from? Where am I now? Where am I going? What is the meaning of life?" (Ande, 1369: 39). In the realm where children ask so many questions, can we afford to remain silent and defer their questions to the future? Does the future have meaning without today? (Ghazal Ayagh, 1382: 250). It is clear that the curious minds of children and adolescents cannot be left unattended, turning in any direction they desire. If we cannot be good responders or create a space for reaching answers, our children and adolescents will turn to free sources that may rarely yield desirable effects or acquire misleading answers, which is common. In his article, Matthew Lipman suggests that authors "write thought-provoking stories for children and create a space for discussion because creating discussion means creating a suitable space for thinking" (Lipman, 1376: 39) .

.2Research Methodology

This research has been conducted based on library studies and content analysis of the book "Didam ke Janam Mire" (I saw my life dying), with an emphasis on the elements of children's and young adult literature .

.3Discussion and Analysis

.3-1The Influence of Biographies on Achievement, Introducing a Pivotal Example

Upon surpassing self-awareness, children manifest a proclivity to understand others (Qazal Iagh, 1382: 256). In their adolescent years, they actively seek role models for emulation (same reference, p. 257). It is advised that children and adolescents engage with impactful biographies. An essential point is underscored: "Children and adolescents should never read biographies with the misconception that they can become figures like Avicenna, Madame

Curie, Pasteur, or Amir Kabir. The significance of these biographies lies in illustrating the determination of eminent individuals to confront life's adversities, their endeavors to realize their aspirations, and the reinforcement of the notion that every individual with a goal must invest their utmost effort, persevere through challenges, and mere lofty aspirations are insufficient" (ibid, p. 258) .

Consequently, the principal objective of this study is to scrutinize the book "I saw my life dying" by Hamid Davoodabadi, tailored for the age demographic of children and adolescents. The narrative unfolds the recollections of martyr Mustafa Kazemzadeh, born on 9 Shahrivar 1344 in Shahpur neighborhood. The saga between Hamid and Mustafa, two youthful siblings embarking on a journey to the front together, culminates in the separation of Mustafa from Hamid, now his true brother. The author, serving as both narrator and companion to the martyr, vividly portrays their experiences—from the initial encounter, unity tent participation to counter groups of hypocrites and dissenters against the Islamic Republic, securing familial consent, engagement on the war front, deployment to the Sowmar region, to Mustafa's ultimate martyrdom. The depiction of this camaraderie is so poignant that upon the moment of their parting, Hamid reflects, "I saw my life dying ".

.3-2Evaluation of the Book "I saw my life dying" in terms of Content Quality

.3-2-1Relevance of Content to the Lives of Children and Adolescents

The authors of this article, driven by their childhood passion for reading, have explored various genres such as novels, short stories, and more. Drawing from their experiences, they argue that books resonating more with their own lives or eliciting emotions hold a greater allure compared to similar works lacking such themes. "Without a doubt, the value of the content in specific works for children

and adolescents depends on the extent to which the content connects with their lives. The more children can see their real faces, desires, and aspirations reflected in it, the more attached they become and the greater the impact" (Qazal Agha, 1382: 63-64) .

Here, we refer to a segment from the book "I Witnessed My Soul Departing": "A few days ago in the mosque, beautifully adhesive-backed photos of the Imam were being distributed. As I grabbed them, I realized that Mustafa's older brother, Mr. Kazem, brought them from the Ministry of Culture. According to what the kids said, Mustafa would bring batches of these photos and distribute them among the children. Although I loved those photos, I didn't want to hit Mustafa, fearing he might fall one day. Once, as we were coming back from the pool, the kids teased him in front of Mustafa's house to bring those photos. He firmly said :

By my life, I don't have even one left. Let my brother bring them for you tomorrow or the day after; I'll get them for you .

When we said goodbye to him to leave, he took my hand and said, 'Mr. Hamid, stay here for a minute; I have something for you '.

I said farewell to the others and went inside the alley with him. He entered the house and came out with a large bundle of those photos. Surprised, I asked, 'You swore for the kids that you don't have even one; what are these '?

He smiled beautifully and said :

Yes, I don't have even one for them, but all of these are for you, Mr. Hamid. I had put these aside just for you. No matter how many you want again, I'll tell my brother to bring them for you '.

Although I happily took the photos, I remarked, 'Whatever it is, you shouldn't have lied '.

He said, 'On my eyes; although I didn't lie. I didn't have even one photo for them, but for you, as much as you want, I'm at your service '.

I patted his face, thanked him very much, said goodbye, and headed home. Since then, I noticed Mustafa's unusual behavior. When we were in the group of kids, he often gazed at me so much that I asked in amazement: 'Did you see something strange in me that you hit me?' And he, completely oblivious to my question, suddenly paused and, with a hush-hush, realized his attention was elsewhere" (I Witnessed My Soul Departing, pp. 25-27). This emphasizes the positive potential in the mentioned book .

.3-2-2The Measure of Content's Engagement with Curiosity

Furthermore, "another criterion contributing to the endurance of a work's essence and content is the extent to which it engages with the curiosity of children [and adolescents]" (Qazal Iagh, 1382: 64). This is a crucial aspect; just by reading this part of the book, namely, "(I saw my life dying, p. 25-27)," and particularly the concluding part, i.e., "Subsequently, I observed Mustafa's peculiar behavior. When we were in the company of other kids, he frequently fixed his gaze on me to the extent that I, in amazement, questioned: Did you notice something odd in me that made you stumble? And, completely unaware of my inquiry, he suddenly halted and, with a faltering expression, realized his focus was elsewhere" (ibid, p. 26-27), it becomes evident that "I saw my life dying" has been highly effective in this aspect .

.3-2-3Content Alignment with Adult Literature

In addition, another positive aspect of the presented biography is its suitability for all age groups capable of reading or having it read to them. This suitability arises from the fact that this biography relates to childhood and adolescence, and the author, by delving into that period, brings forth an experience shared by adults, children, and adolescents alike. "Children are not small adults; they differ from adults in their experiences, not in their nature. Their

difference lies in their varied experiences, not in diverse kinds. We sometimes forget that children's literature can and should provide the same joy and understanding as adult literature. They, too, seek pleasure in reading a story, albeit with less intensity than adults, as their experiences are more limited" (Lakens, 1999: 9) .

Examination of the Biography Content Regarding War, Death, Martyrdom, and the Concept of the Defensive War versus Most Wars

Addressing the Topic of War

In a section of the "Sumer Bombing" chapter, we read: "The commander, who hadn't introduced himself yet, took a red handheld loudspeaker and began his speech. My gaze, Mustafa's, and three or four others around us, who formed the column's head and the troops' front, was fixed on him. Until he said: 'Bismillah al-Rahman...' Suddenly, the sound of three intense explosions suspended us all in mid-air. Until then, I had never seen such a terrifying explosion. I was terrified. What had happened! I felt a strange burning sensation on my face. My ears were in severe pain, constantly ringing. At first, I thought perhaps due to carelessness, an orange had exploded in someone's hand, or an RPG bullet had gone off. However, the depth of the tragedy exceeded these words. I tried to put my hand on my ear to alleviate the sharp and irritating whistling when I realized something wet was on the palm of my hand. As the dust and smoke cleared a bit, I horrifically saw a child's brain splattered on my hand. I was just beginning to understand the situation..." (I saw my life dying, p. 189-190). As it can be observed, this section of the book delves into war, death, and martyrdom, addressing these topics in a way that allows children and adolescents to read and reasonably respond to their questions. Furthermore, children and adolescents do not encounter images inappropriate for their age while reading the text .

.3-2-4The Distinction Between Defensive Wars and Most Wars, the Concept of Martyrdom, and its Differentiation from Death

In this children's and adolescent book, our young audience gains a genuine understanding of the concept of a defensive war and distinguishes it from most wars. A crucial part of the book "I saw my life dying" sheds light on the necessity of reading; it defines the rationale behind a defensive war and reveals the identity of Mustafa, embedding the concept of martyrdom in our hearts: "I pushed the tray aside, sat in front of him, and said, 'Mustafa, I have a question, tell me the truth.' Surprisingly, he said, 'Has everything I've told you been a lie?' 'No, you haven't lied, but this one is different.' 'Well, ask.' 'What is it? I promise to tell you the truth.' 'From your perspective, what am I?' 'What is this question, Hamid?' 'Okay, another question. What do you think I am? Why did you become friends with me and keep inviting me for kebabs and...' He didn't let me continue. He said, 'From my perspective, you are a very, very brave friend that God has given me to bring me to the front and take me up there. Come on, let me see, from your perspective, what am I that you look at me this way?' 'Well, Mustafa, from my perspective... either you are a very talkative and deceptive person...' His color jumped. As always, in such situations, his face quickly turned red. I didn't let him say anything. I continued, 'Or you are a very beautiful and lovely soul that God sent from the sky to the earth in your body to show me a lot of good things. To show me how to be human and what it means to be a Muslim.' He took a relieved breath and said, 'Ah, I feel better... you scared me, Hamid. Just let me tell you this, I'm not the first one.' 'Then what are you?' 'Whatever you interpret.' 'Look, Mustafa, many of the things you do are not in people. For example, that time when I got shot in the leg during Operation Ramadan, and we went to the 17th Shahrivar Clinic to change my bandage, when the

nurse inserted the scissors into my leg wound, and I felt pain, you were crying in the corner. Why? Or for example, if I was happy about something, you would be even happier than me. Why? Because for you to be laughing when you see me, it's like the whole world has given it to me. The joy and laughter take away all of my being.' 'Well, why?' 'Because I can't enjoy these things. I don't even have control over my own hand. When you are in pain, my whole existence burns. God, when I see your lips smiling, it's like they've given the whole world to me. The happiness and laughter take away my entire being.' 'Why? What relationship is there between me and you except for the relationship we both have with others?' 'Look, Hamid, these things don't make me feel good. I don't even have control over my own hand.' I opened my palm and put it on his forehead, slowly pulling it across his face to below his chin. I chuckled bitterly, indicating that I had been convinced to say goodbye to him. I said, 'I did this to always have your face under my hand '".

I stood up, tilting my neck due to its shortness. I sat in front of him, reminiscing about the previous days, and said :

"Mustafa, now that you're leaving, put your hands in front of me so I can confess all my sins to you ".

He clasped his hands together and grabbed them in front of my face. I spoke whatever came to my mind. When it was my turn to hold his hands, I felt they were completely empty and light. Surprised, I said :
"Mustafa, you've become so light "...

He nonchalantly replied, "This is who I am. If I were different, it would be worse ".

I didn't know what to say or do. I dialed the last number and said :

"Look, Mr. Mustafa, isn't it true that Imam Ali says, 'I do not worship a God I cannot see '?"

"Yes, that's true ".

"Well, if I hadn't seen you, I wouldn't worship God ".
He paused, but I continued :

"Seriously, Mustafa, I read about your beautiful eyes in the Quran. How can I find someone who, every time I look into their eyes, teaches me wisdom and recognition? Who can, with their actions and behavior, constantly remind me 'Does He not know that Allah sees?' I'd be content with just one verse for my entire religion ".

Unlike usual, where he anticipated my thoughts quickly, I took the lead and said :

"By the way, Mustafa, if I become a martyr, what will you do "?

He hesitated. Didn't want to answer. Attempted to change the subject. Finally, he said :

"I... something... if you become a martyr, I'll go crazy ".

I chuckled and asked, "Does that mean you'll sit in your street every day and do that "?

While pretending to be insane, he continued, "No, by God, Hamid. If something happens to you, I'll go crazy forever. Just imagine, if I become a martyr, what would you do "?

I was caught off guard. I searched my mind for an answer. What could I say that would be what Mustafa expected? A response that would be heartfelt. Suddenly, something came to mind. I quickly said :

"If you become a martyr, I'll burn for you forever ".

"How would you burn "?

"I don't know. Maybe I'll take my own life ".

He scowled and said, "That's nonsense, talk sensibly ".

"I really don't know, but... but if I have a son, I'll name him Mustafa so that every time I call his name, I remember you and burn for you. I'll burn, that's it ".
Even if something unfortunate happens to you, and I don't, should I not burn for you? I started pleading, crying, and lamenting. Like the children of a deceased father, I cried in front of him. I kissed his hands and feet. I wiped his face with my hands. But he... he just smiled and laughed; a laughter full of

tears, a downpour of tears in a completely sunny and warm atmosphere .

My pleas and his denials faced each other. I couldn't believe Mustafa would stand before me like this !

Even though he cared so much for me, considered our friendship a divine blessing, and elevated our companionship to his friends, now he wanted to let me go so easily. He was letting go of me and passing by. How easily he wanted to cast me out of his heart and... I couldn't control the intense pain as it felt like poison running through my veins. With the same childish crying, I begged and pleaded, hoping that this way I could keep him longer :

"Mustafa dear, for my sake, for me, who has to remain alone, come and forget about it this time ".

"No, Hamid... it's impossible. My hands are tied ".

"Why are your hands tied? Isn't martyrdom willingly accepted? Isn't it that God never oppresses His servants? Well, now He wants to forcibly take you away? If you don't want to, nothing will happen ".

"Yes, you're right, but, Hamid, I have a question ".

"I'm at your service. Go ahead ".

"Why did we become friends in the first place "?

"Well, it's obvious. Because we had an interest in each other. Because our morals matched. Because "...

"No, it didn't work out. Tell the truth ".

"I don't know, my brain is dried up. You tell me ".

"Well, it's obvious. We became friends to help each other climb up. Did our friendship have any other goal than holding hands and going up as far as we believed is God's satisfaction "?

"Well, yes, that's it ".

"Good job. Now I've reached up there. With your help "...

"So what about me "?

"I really wish you'd come too, but, alas, my hands are tied. Didn't we promise to go up together in the minefield? Well, it didn't work out. How cruel. Were

these my Mustafas? Wanted to let me go so easily and leave "?

"But Mustafa, these impoliteness "...

"Why impoliteness? You can come if "...

"No Mustafa, please, stay. Right here. I want you here ".

Selfishness at its peak. I didn't want and didn't say take me with you. I just said: Don't go... stay for me . Very difficult moments passed, not for him but for me. He was sure of himself and what was going to happen. But what about me? It felt like the pressure in the air had increased, something heavy was on my heart. His hands were continuously wiping away my joy, and he kept saying one after another :

"Goodbye... I'm leaving ".

My tears were streaming down, dripping. Mustafa's soft and kind hands wiped them away. He said, 'Don't be too upset now.' I began to cry, the sounds of weeping filling the air. I touched my hand to his, our tears mingling. He pressed his face against mine. I kissed his forehead and his eyes. I kept repeating, 'Mustafa... No... No... Alone, no...' I felt my life slipping away." (I saw my life dying, pages 247 to 254)

.3-2-5Book Review: "I saw my life dying "

From the perspective of the quality of construction and performance, it is certain that the goal of a desirable work for any age group should not be to cultivate a passive and easily pleased mind; rather, it should be an assisting guide for fostering creativity and instilling familiarity with breaking stereotypes in the individual. An important point is "structural avoidance of clichés" (Qazal Ayagh, 2003: 65), as they tend to lead to easy satisfaction. "Original and fresh construction and performance can be considered as a significant factor in overcoming familiarity" (ibid, p. 65). In the book "I Saw Myself Die," we witness a novel construction and performance that does not lead to easy satisfaction, and of course, it is also creative; "with Mustafa's

strong insistence, which was evident that he was not emotional and under the influence of his emotions, I finally agreed to go to the front together" (I Saw Myself Die, p. 119). As we can see, here, contrary to the common notion that decisions of this age group are often emotional and sentimental, especially in such circumstances (war, etc.), the decisions are logical, rational, and reasoned, and throughout it, this rationality is prevalent from the beginning of the biography to the end. However, and undoubtedly, this biography continues in the true sense of the word after closing the book and, unlike reading the text that ended, it continues throughout life .

.3-2-6Book Review: "I Saw My life dying "

From the perspective of writing quality, "If we accept that a writer writes with the guidance of the inner child, whether willingly or unwillingly, the language also follows the thought and falls within the realm of the abilities of children (and) the esteemed reader reads like a child and to some extent like an adolescent to understand and enjoy" (Qazal Ayagh, 2003: 66). By examining the text of the book "I Saw Myself Die," we understand the eloquent and fluent language, engaging and unpretentious style of writing in harmony with the narrative. An excerpt from a friendship that became the cause of humanity: "Finally, I returned home. In Tehran, the one who expected the most from me was Mustafa. He was raising the door. He was spinning around me like a butterfly and saying: - Mr. Hamid... This time we must go to the front together. Just like always, I teased him with my tasteless jokes. Teasing Mustafa was so enjoyable! When his frowns disappeared, I would say, 'Okay, I was just kidding.' He would jump and take a passionate kiss from my cheeks. The first thing I did was to take my will that I had sent to him. When we were sitting on the upper floor of our house and he asked about the conditions and affairs of the front, until I said, 'I had a conflict with the base commander, and he expelled me.' He laughed and

said, 'Here, this was my prayer.' But when I said, 'Oh, you beast; so this time you hit the wall.' 'Why?' 'Because this time my disagreement was serious, and both with the commander and the evaluator of the base, I had a conflict. They wrote a confidential letter for me and told the selection committee of Shohada Beheshti Base that this wretch, because he is very rude, insensitive, and immoral, does not deserve the right to martyrdom in the way of God, and for the next six months, he has no right to come to the front. Perhaps in these six months, in this beautiful and maternal Tehran, I wandered and became a human, then I will find the qualification for martyrdom in the fronts of truth against falsehood. Helpless, he asked, 'What do you mean you can't go to the front for six months?' 'With your permission, yes.' 'Oh dear.' 'God forgive me. Why are you upsetting yourself?' 'Because now I can use the excuse of summer vacations to come to the front. If schools reopen, it's over.' I patted his back hard, but it seemed as if not. He was shocked. I said, 'So, you yourself haven't burned for me, but you burned for yourself because you don't have a ladder to go up.' As if he had just realized my words, he jumped and said, 'No. No, really. What is a ladder? With your small, babyish figure, I should burn myself for your height and strength.' His lips were smiling, but his eyes were deeply saddened. Laughing, I said, 'Don't worry, dad... I say don't worry. Ali Masha'i taught me a cool way that I can go to the front tomorrow.' 'What?' 'I mean tomorrow, but in a few days, in the glory of your excellency.' 'Ali said that the base settles the account with a wounded and hospitalized sheet. Then I can easily redeploy and go to the area again.' My whole face turned blue. I screamed from gasping for air. 'Are you going to the front tomorrow?' 'No, dad. I said tomorrow, but in a while, in the presence of your excellency.' 'Ali said that the base settles the account with a wounded and hospitalized sheet. Then I can easily redeploy and go

But I, who had just enjoyed teasing him, said, "No, really, I will become a martyr. Let's see, if I become a martyr, what will you do?"

"For God's sake, Hamid, don't joke like this with me".

Innocence and purity flowed from his eyes, and honesty poured from his lips" (I Saw Myself Die, pages 115-118). Reading this text, we understand the delicacy and precision of the author's perspective in the writing style; it is a work created that is both simple, beautiful, and literary .

.3-2-7Reviewing the book "I saw my life dying" from the aspect of image quality

"The text merely outlines the skeleton of the story, and it is the image that must go beyond and express the story" (Haveland, 1973: 170). Here, we examine a section of the book, titled "Mustafa Talks to Me in a Photo!": "Perhaps it was the year 1384 when Abbasi, one of the Martyr Foundation's children, contacted and said: - There's an Iranian-origin lady living in the United States who has come to the Martyrs' Museum and is researching war photography. I saw that you're someone who can help her. Can I bring her to you? As usual, I accepted, and the next day, Abbasi, along with a 21-year-old girl with a surprisingly intriguing appearance, emphasizing her foreignness more than her Iranian identity, came to my workplace. Her speech was like most of those who are learning Persian for the first time. Interesting and perhaps amusing! Although she did not have complete mastery of the words, she was fully familiar with Persian concepts, especially the culture of the Sacred Defense. Apparently, Pahlavi, a multi-faceted war photographer, had gone to talk to her about "war photography," but his words indicated he was looking for something else".

Considering that she worked in a research institute apparently focused on examining and publishing special images of graves and cemeteries, even

having a sample from Iraq, I didn't find her strange.

When she introduced herself, I was amazed :

My father is Iranian, a Shia Muslim. My mother is French, and I was born in Switzerland. I live in America and study political science at universities there. Currently, I commute between Beirut and Baghdad for work. I'm fluent in English and French, reasonably familiar with Arabic and Persian, and know some German. I also write articles for some American publications, including "The New York Times".

What was more interesting was when she said :

Since I came to Iran, I go to Behesht-e Zahra two or three times a week .

Behesht-e Zahra? How come? What's special about that place ?

I don't know. But when I go there, I have a strange feeling. I don't know what kind of feeling, but it's very comforting for me. I like this feeling. I don't feel strange there at all .

Well, that makes sense. Since you're Iranian, you probably feel they are your own brothers .

Oh yes, exactly. Yes. When I look at their pictures on their graves, I have a good feeling. I feel a sense of friendship with them. Yes, they remain like my brothers, as you say .

And that's how we transitioned into the topic of war photography .

When I said, "One of the subjects that reflects the difference between our war and all the wars in the world is this photo".

How so? Are you trying to make big claims too ?

No, I'm not making claims. One question: In your experience with photography in different societies, including Iraq and Lebanon, have you seen a warrior on the front line, writing a narrative, story, or mystical verse behind his own photo and giving it as a gift to his friend? Have you seen anywhere in the world a 16-year-old, before voluntarily going to the front, taking a camera himself, capturing a combat photo, and saying, "When I become a martyr, I want this on my coffin?"

And when I said, "Some photos speak to people".

She raised her eyebrows and said, "This is one of those claims".

Well, okay, now let me tell you. Let me see, do you have a boyfriend?

When I said this, her expression changed. She said with discomfort:

My private matters have nothing to do with you. Please don't get involved in these things.

No, I don't want to get into your personal matters; I want to see if you know what love and friendship mean?

Well, obviously. Everyone knows.

No. I don't want to know if you know. Have you experienced it?

How would I?

And then, I described my own friendship with Mustafa.

The more I told her about Mustafa, who was standing behind the camera, the more tears flowed from her eyes. When I talked about the moments of Mustafa's martyrdom, she couldn't control herself. She asked if I had a photo of him. When she saw the framed photo of Mustafa on the wall nearby, she looked at Mustafa's focused eyes with a surprised expression and, with teary eyes, said:

H... He's talking to me. Every time I go to the other side, it's like he's looking at me from there ...

I chuckled and said, "You used to say these things were claims and superstitions".

She got annoyed and said:

Go... What kind of talk is this? He's talking to me. Every step I take, it's like he's looking at me from the other side.

I said, "I have pictures of Mustafa, let me show you on a CD later".

She hastily refused and said, "No, I can't wait." Then she took out her professional camera and took a picture of Mustafa's photos on the computer screen. When she gathered her belongings and was about to leave, I asked her:

How do you feel about the martyrs now?

She took a deep breath and proudly said:

I feel like all of them are my dear brothers. I take pride in being a Muslim. Wherever I go in the world, I proudly say that my father is an Iranian Shia Muslim, so I am an Iranian Shia too.

She took the address of Mustafa's grave and left.

I haven't seen her again until today, and I have no news of her anymore" (Davood Abadi, "Didam ke Janam Miravad," pp. 269-273). It is worth mentioning that the images of the martyr Mustafa Kazemzadeh and related documents and records are available at the end of the book "Didam ke Janam Miravad".

3-2-Evaluation of the book "Didam ke Janam Miravad" in terms of presentation quality

"The book size, page layout, font size, paper type, printing, and even the book cover are factors that

must be considered in discussing presentation quality" (Qazal Iagh, 2003: 68).

"Undoubtedly, the choice of the book size is not arbitrary, and one of the important and effective factors in its selection is the subject and content of the book" (Ibid, p. 69).

"The book should easily fit into the children's category, and they should be able to easily flip through it and be familiar with it" (Ibid, p. 69). Fortunately, "Didam ke Janam Miravad" by Hamid Davood Abadi is a very light and compact book that easily fits into hands, and the book cover design is also beautifully done.

4.Conclusion

The biography of martyr Mustafa Kazemzadeh, written by Hamid Davood Abadi in the form of the book "Didam ke Janam Miravad," stands out as a successful and impactful account from the era of the Iran-Iraq War. This book is not only suitable for adults but also for children and adolescents. Through the conducted analyses, it proves to be age-appropriate for children and adolescents, establishing a high level of connection with their lives, as it narrates the life of someone of their age. Moreover, it provides answers to many of their questions, such as the characteristics of a good friend, the concept of martyrdom and its difference from death, the distinction between the Iran-Iraq War and many other wars, and more. "Who are we? Why are we here? And where are we headed?"

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