

# Hannah, our hero



Author: Ali Asghar Seidabadi    Illustrator: Ghazaleh Seidabadi  
Translators: Farshid Sadatsharifi and Sara Louise Anderson

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**Author:** Ali Asghar Seidabadi

**Illustrator:** Ghazaleh Seidabadi.




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**Medical Advisor:** Dr. Hossein Kermanpour (MD)

**Graphic design and the artistic manager:** Elaheh Javanmard

This book is the result of cooperation between the author, the illustrator, and the translators during their quarantines at home



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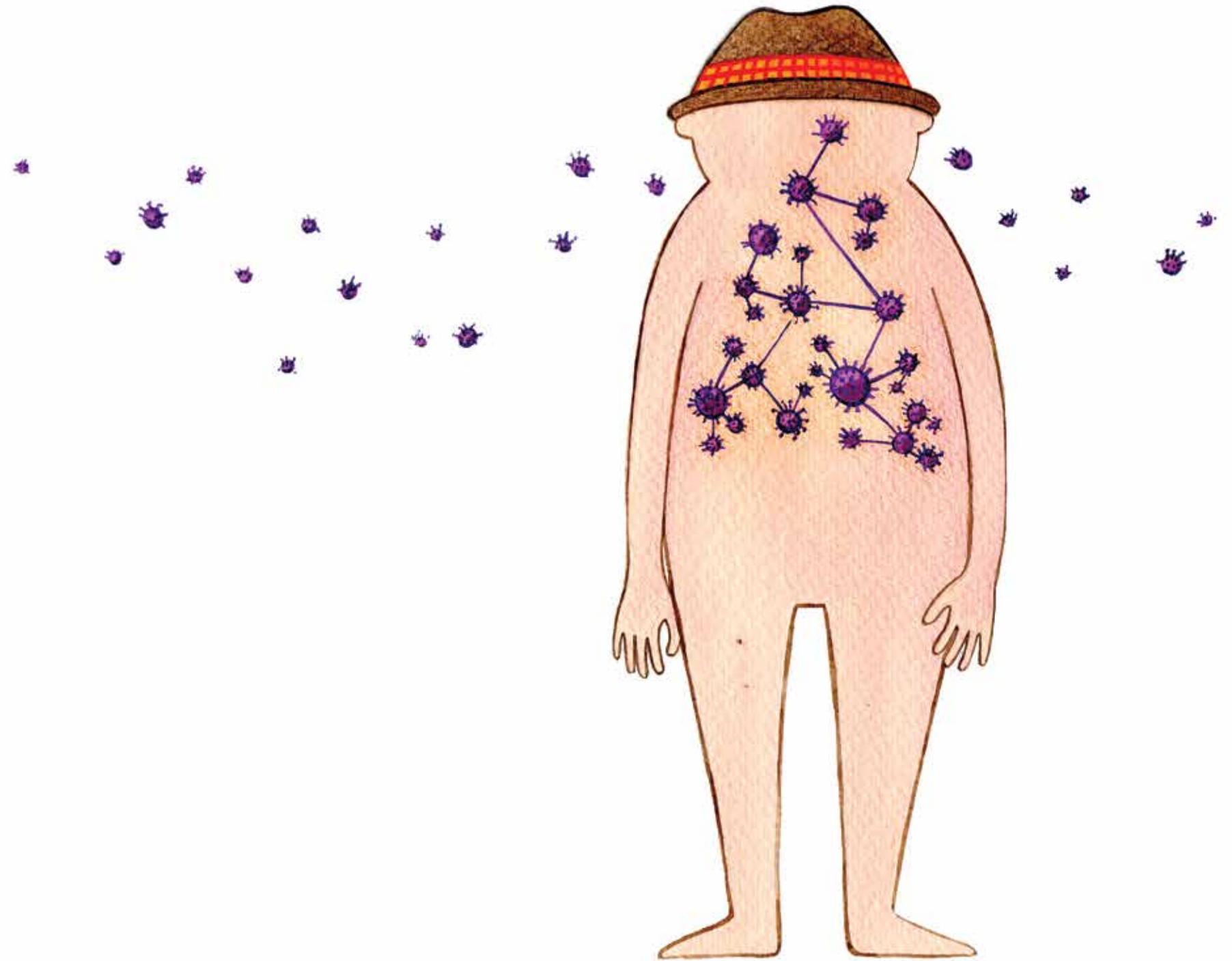
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The kids loved Uncle Bahman. They used to have video calls with him during their gatherings.



He had just returned from a trip and had invited all the children to his home. Uncle had prepared everything for his little guests and was looking forward to their arrival. But he didn't know what was going on in his body. A group of dangerous viruses had infiltrated his body and spread to his cells.





Uncle put the cookies in a container - and put his hand to his forehead. He was not feeling well. He thought maybe he was tired from his long trip, but he was sure that when his guests arrived, he would have a good time and he would be fine. Suddenly, the bell rang.

His first guest to arrive was Hannah. Uncle loved Hannah so much. Hannah had a pink mask on her face and gloves on her hands. Uncle looked at her and laughed happily. He went to hug her, but Hannah jumped away from her uncle's side, stood up and said, "My uncle, a dangerous virus has been found in a faraway country. We have to be very careful!"

"What does that have to do with us?" Uncle laughed.

Then he paused and said, "But you're right! It's not bad to be careful."





The guests arrived one by one and were delighted to see Uncle, but Uncle did not hug or kiss anyone. He pointed it out to Hannah, saying teasingly, "This time, kissing and cuddling are prohibited as she says!"

The Dangerous Guerilla Group of Viruses did not stay still in Uncle's body! Tired of waiting in his body, they started to attack his lungs. The viruses could not wait to leave his body and find new bodies to enter – the bodies of children!





Uncle knew lots of funny games. He loved playing with the kids. In fact, he used to play with the kids so much that everyone else would be tired, but not Uncle Bahman! After playing games, it was time to eat the snacks - but this time Uncle started to feel worse. He wanted to hide it, but he coughed several times.

With each cough, an army of viruses flew into the air, and bunches fell on the tables, the souvenirs, the snacks, and the hands of the children, waiting for the opportunity to launch an attack.

After Uncle stopped coughing, he invited the children to come eat, and they rushed to the delicious food!

Sara was facing her uncle; her face was full of those dangerous little viruses. As soon as she breathed in, many nasty viruses poured into her body.

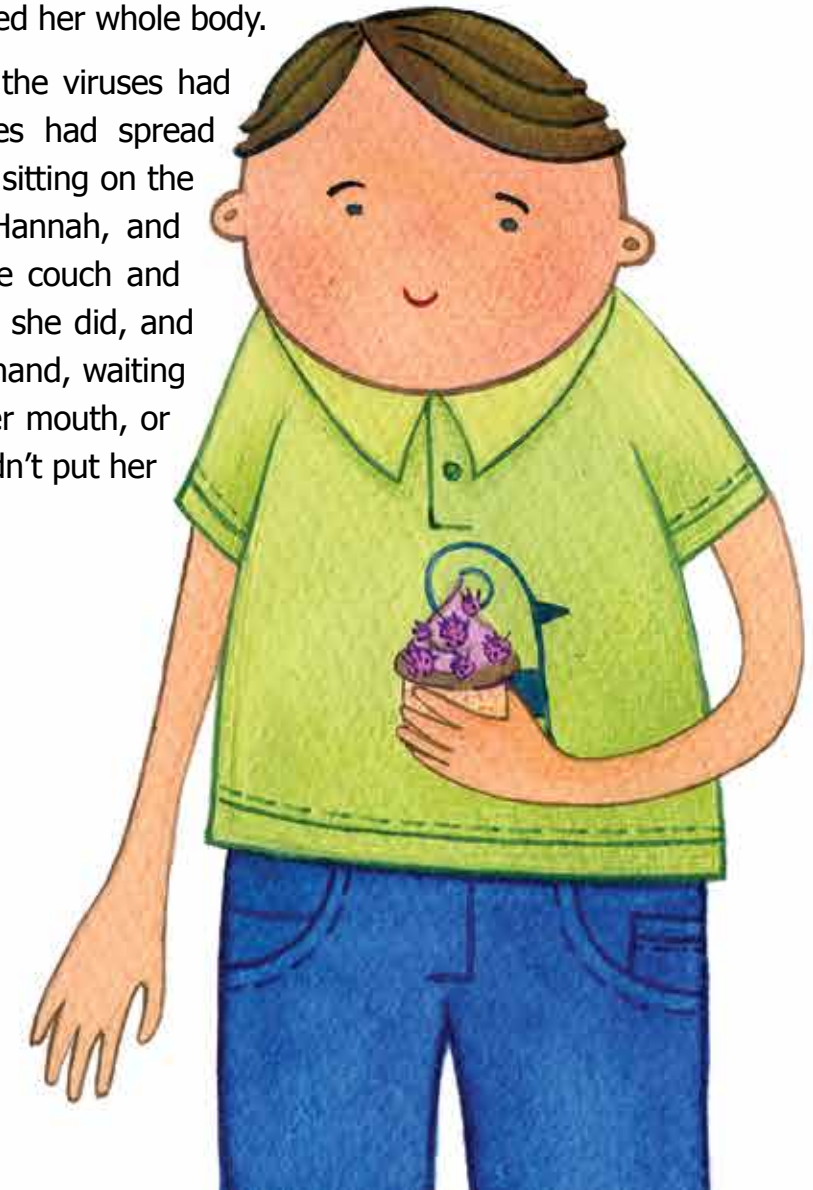
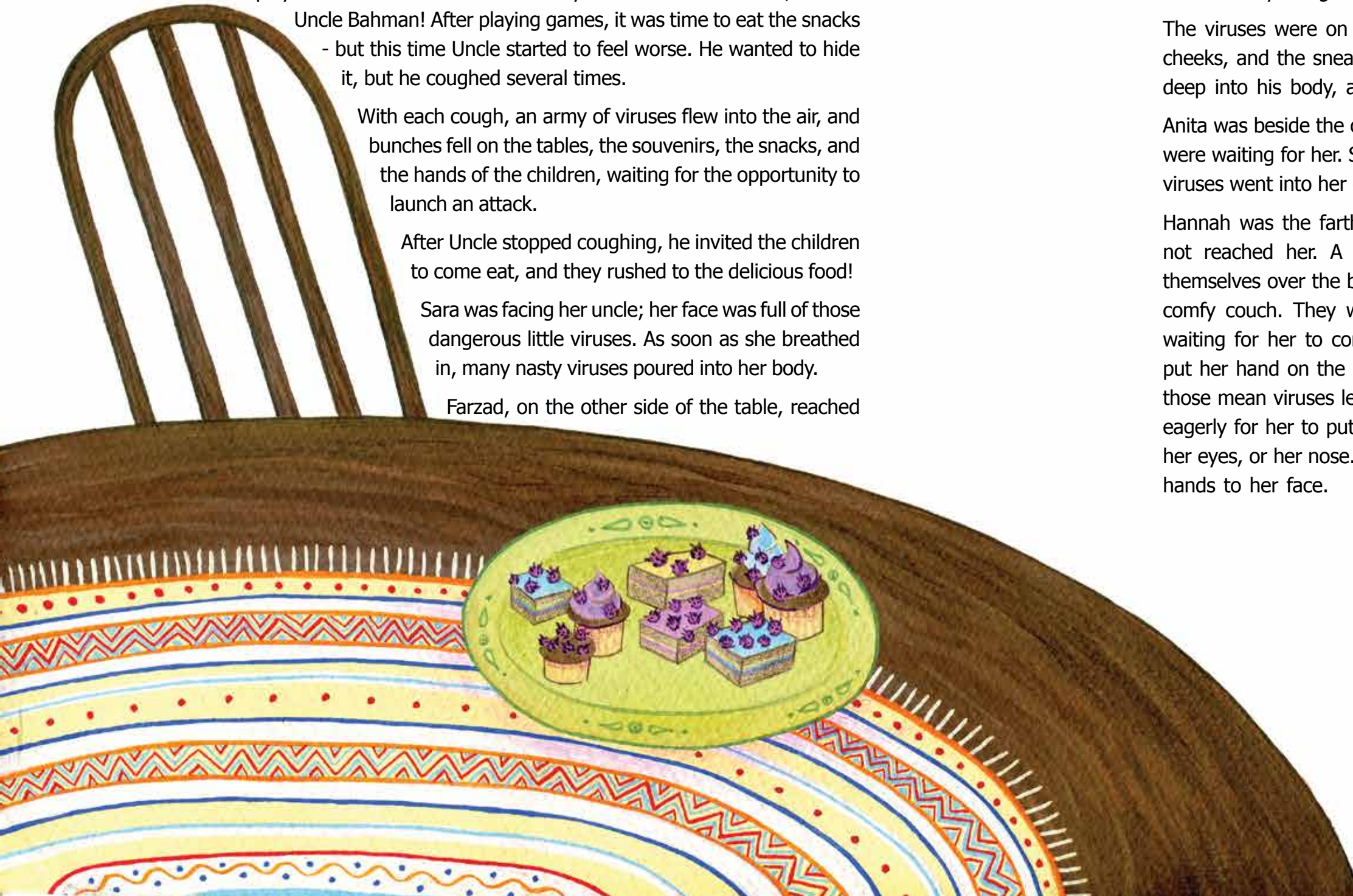
Farzad, on the other side of the table, reached

out and grabbed a delicious cake covered with the virus. The viruses eagerly rushed into his body along with the sweet cake.

The viruses were on Houman's hands. He reached up to wipe his fingers on his cheeks, and the sneaky viruses sprang into his mouth. From there, they travelled deep into his body, attacking everything.

Anita was beside the other children, and she grabbed a tissue, where the viruses were waiting for her. She wiped her eyes, and those tricky viruses went into her eyes and attacked her whole body.

Hannah was the farthest away, and the viruses had not reached her. A group of viruses had spread themselves over the bunch of people sitting on the comfy couch. They were watching Hannah, and waiting for her to come closer to the couch and put her hand on the armrest. Finally, she did, and those mean viruses leaped onto her hand, waiting eagerly for her to put her hand to her mouth, or her eyes, or her nose. But Hannah didn't put her hands to her face.







Soon, Uncle started getting worse and worse. The kids started to worry about him. They called their mothers and their fathers first, and then they called the doctor. The doctor came in with a strange mask and clothes that the kids had never seen before.

The doctor examined her uncle and said: "He is suspected of having COVID-19."

Uncle went to the hospital. The doctor talked to the parents, and the kids went back to their homes to be quarantined by the doctor's orders. If they became ill, they should go to the hospital.

Hannah went home. The viruses were still waiting on her hands, and they were really bored.

She carefully took her gloves off by pulling on the bottom, and put them in a plastic bag and closed it. She also took off her clothes in the hallway of the house, and carefully put them in another bag and then went inside.

Most of the viruses were imprisoned in the plastic bags and were thrown in the garbage - but when Hannah removed her gloves, a small group of them clung to her hands, waiting for her to make a mistake so they could jump into her body.

Her mother led Hannah to the bathroom. Hannah went to wash her hands with soap and water for at least twenty seconds so that her hands were squeaky clean and the small group of viruses were washed away down the drain!

Uncle was in the hospital for two weeks. Some of the kids got sick and went to the hospital, and some were treated at home. All except Hannah, who did not allow the viruses into her body by being very careful and not touching her face, or her eyes, or her mouth.



One day when Hannah was getting bored of staying home, the phone rang. Her mother picked up the phone, and cried out joyfully, calling Hannah. Hannah grabbed the phone and heard her uncle's tired voice.

Uncle had recovered and returned home! They talked a lot. Uncle said his time in the hospital was hard. Hannah told him about staying home for days. As Uncle was saying goodbye, he said: "Hannah, you are our hero! I wish all the kids and I were more careful that night."

Now all of them are doing well. They cannot leave their homes, but they talk to each other and Uncle every day. They send photos and videos to each other. Sometimes they get bored and wish they could have a party with Uncle again – but they remember being in the hospital and being very sick, and so they know they should stay home and be safe.





"Hannah, Our Hero!" is a tale for our children in the days of the COVID-19 pandemic. It is a simple tale which teaches us how to protect ourselves and others.

This book is a New Year's (Nowruz) gift from Iran to audiences all around the world. You are welcome to publish this story in any language, and in any format.

This book is the result of cooperation between the author, the illustrator, and the translators during their quarantines at home.

Publishing this book was possible with the help of others. Dr. Hossein Kermanpour, the head of emergency services of Sina Hospital, who was diagnosed with COVID-19, and then rehabilitated, gave us good advice. Mrs. Elaheh Javanmard did the graphic design, and was the artistic manager of this book.