

# Trial



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# **Title: Trial**

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## About the Book:

### The Trial

The story comes about in the mid-19th century in Philadelphia, USA. A wretched old man whose fate is begging, after long wanderings in streets and alleys, finally stays for four months on a street sidewalk, just in the opposed of a house and closely in front of a window, only for this cause that he fell in love with a married woman in there. The old beggar is actually in love with this woman who is the wife of one of the wealthiest and most powerful businessmen in Philadelphia. The one whom everyone talks about his glory.

The old beggar, who used to beg in front of this woman's house, gradually found out that this woman was lewd, who was a master in her work. With the exclusion of her handmaid and servants, nobody was aware of the dirty character of this woman. Nevertheless, not only did the feelings of the old beggar about her changed, but also his enthusiasm for that woman was increasing every day and every moment, until one day he lost his patience and

decided to go to his beloved and kill her. Thus, he secretly penetrates into the woman's house. However, at the last moment, he changed his mind, but the wheel of fortune made him scandalized and he got caught by the people in the street. The old beggar faced with a misfortune, because the Pennsylvania Public Prosecutor and the old priest of the Old Church of the city were passing from the same street right at that moment and they became notice the subject and engaged themselves. A street court was held for the old beggar. A trial that its judgment was a state prosecutor and its jury were people who he have already seen their goodness and evilness. There are three people in the structure of this tribunal, a prosecutor, a priest, and a doctor, who based on their personal goals and interests, are launching a trial in which people are unaware of the evil goals and behind the scenes. In this trial, people are easily deceived and these three aspects of the street court get the most out of it. From the beginning to the end of the trial and the issuance of the sentence, there are a lot of unexpected issues of great concern.

## Sample pages from the book,

At this first visit, it was not the kind of her look but was a sort of painful habit as if he had been used to it in his whole life. It was as if there was something in her eyes that had both burned him and made him calm. The old beggar who was almost seventy, was sitting in this side of street with a bowl on the ground in front of him and he was constantly looking at a woman on the other side of the street who was roughly forty years old and every split second he saw her, he became very animated and his heart was beating up because of this love and passion. It was trouble-free to tell apart his look from the gazes into the legs of women who were walking constantly on their way.

Mrs. Clifford turned her look full of pity and hatred from the old man to the sky as if her eyes deserved a better view. A look at the unattainable boundaries on the far-off horizons behind the old man. The look that, he was trying to attract that to himself only once and look at her as he liked.

Shirley, the handmaid of Mr. Clifford's house, a sneaky girl, who seemed to always have something to hide, came to the Madam who was standing by the window and stared at the old ma and whispered something to Madam and then they both disappeared.

The old beggar was gloomy and let down because of Madam leaving. But as constantly he makes his mind up to sit there and hang around for hours. A cold, bitter and juggling waiting. Maybe he could see her breathtaking beloved again. But the woman never understood his gaze, and this fact was constantly annoying him.

The old beggar, knowing that his outer shell was inapt, first looked at his bright gray coat and white shirt and brown trousers, all of which were moldy, worn out, frazzled and relatively dirty and were patched in many points. Then he pulled a broken mirror out of his coat pocket and looked at his gaunt, brunet, full of wrinkles face with that pale green eyes, yellow decayed teeth, long white hair, and long white thin beard. He again put his hand in his pocket and pulled a comb, but, unexpectedly he varied his thought and took back the comb and mirror to where they were. He knew in certain that his fate is so obvious in his appearance that there was no way out of it. The traces of a deep pain, sorrow, an incurable pain, a disappointing and infinite roam, an angry, but

silent screaming, a glorious, but wandering, without addresser yell, was wavering in his eyes, in his whole tired and pale face.

Undoubtedly, if it was not for that woman, he had left that small place in front of Mr. Clifford's house –Mrs. Clifford's husband- and precisely in front of the window that Mrs. Clifford from time to time fobbing watch the outside from there and went away much earlier. From the very day that he made out the woman, he didn't change his feelings from the day he understood what she was doing, and even his enthusiasm for her was constantly increasing.

Not only was the longing to get to this woman, but also the awareness of such a wish in the dream was unfeasible. Even a reflected beam of her face was heavily devastating. His intense want and unconditional love for that woman on the one hand, and her attachment to the other, had, on the other hand, cast a vague controversy over the depths of his heart and whatever he moved on, he couldn't find a persuasive and even a false justification for healing what was hurting his soul.

The mild morning sunshine of early March faced the old man and the buildings overlooking Mr. Clifford's house. The likeness of the sunshine from the old man's face gave him a great spirituality. A cool

breeze was blowing that undoubtedly was borrowed its life from the upcoming spring.

The Sebastian Street of Philadelphia was slowly but surely recovering its dry and sadistic face, and as a consequence, its predominant silence gradually was replaced with turbulent sounds. Again, the hum of people, horses, carriages, chariots, and carts was resuming. Gradually, more pedestrians came to walk on both sides of the street. And the street pavilion should have been an arena for chariots and carriages with their fresh horses.

Most occupants of Sebastian street were coming out of their houses, but more than them, there were people who came from the crossroads on either side of the street and it was constantly added to their number, making the street more crowded; people from the streets around and the other places of the city and even outside the city who were walking or riding a horse and carriage and a chariot and were entering from one end of the street and were exiting from the other end; workers, employees, merchants, handmaids and servants, students, teachers, schoolchildren, etc. It was clear from the faces of many workers and employees that they were going to work reluctantly and because of desperation and the schoolchildren who still wanted to sleep in their warm cozy beds.



The carriages and chariots cross the threshold the Sebastian Street from both crossroads that were still relatively quiet and calm. Some were slower, but some of them increased their speed to a canter, probably because of the pressure of their passengers, and the horse-drawn carts were going to reach their destination as soon as possible. There was still a hum for achieving everything. Under the control of this hum, nothing else was the same as before for the old man, even the walls and pavement of the street.

There was a not-much-prolonged street in downtown Philadelphia, most of which consists of three, four-story residential apartments, and ended on both sides of the road to the crossroad and because of this position, it was a little crowded, but not as much as the business streets around it. Most of Sebastian's residents were from workers and employees and a number of businessmen and tradesmen.

Dr. Stern, the landlord of the four-story building where the old man was begging in front of it; a man of about fifty years old, with average height, fat and ruddy, shaven face and green eyes, and thin brown hair with a joyful and calm look, came out of the building with a special turmoil as if he was in a dash. He had a brown new suit and a bowler hat. As he looked at the old man from his glasses, he was noticeably discontented to see him; he frowned and

crossed him without giving money to him. Except for the first day that he gave a coin to the old man, he never helped him anymore after fixing the position of the old man in front of his apartment.

Some of the people who were crossing the old man, at least put a coin in his bowl and then passed, but most of the people were passing indifferently.

Matthew, David, and Jason, three young employees who all were the tenants of one of Dr. Stern's building units, came out of the house deliberately and were joking and laughing together with light-minded movements. Matthew, who was a tall and hefty man, came to the old beggar quickly and threw two coins in his bowl, then he stopped and said to the old man gleefully, "How's our dear Charles today?" In reply, a brilliant smile appeared on the old man's face. David, a young, blonde, skinny and well-dressed man with gentle blue eyes, also arrived and threw a coin in his bowl. The obese, little and badly dressed Jason, who apparently didn't intend to help, but when he saw Matthew and David who were looking at him tauntingly, put his hand in his pocket reluctantly and threw a coin into the old man's bowl and all of them moved on with the same former behavior.

Ms. Bogart, the hairdresser of that district, who was about twenty-five years old, medium-sized, with a skinny face and black eyes and braided hair that she

was wearing them in a bun with the same permanent makeup and the same arrogant gestures, was approaching to the old man with short steps. She was wearing violet tight dresses, and her skirt covered her knees, and, as accustomed, she was carrying her cat in her arms and with one hand, she was pushing it into his chest and was cuddling its head and neck with her other hand, and sometimes, she was kissing its head, face and neck, and hands with great affection. But when she got to the old man, she crossed him uncaringly with head up and continued her coquetry until she arrived at her good looks salon that was near to the old man's position next to James's supermarket.

On the sidewalk, pedestrians were going their own way, and most were ignoring the old man. Two well-dressed middle-aged men with gentle, quiet and dignified appearances were chatting. A young woman who was constantly looking at her baby in her arms in each uneasy step crossed the old man in a hurry. Her baby seemed to be unwell. A young woman aged fourteen or fifteen, along with two old ladies, had shopping with baskets in hands. The young woman, ignoring the conversations of the two old women, was looking at them with a frown. It would have been clear from her face that she was dissatisfied with the slow walking of the old ladies.

On the other side of the street, a middle-aged man was limping because of the weight of his relatively weighty luggage. Two schoolchildren were running at a high speed as if they were late and they were on their way to school; occasionally they were pushed up people and sometimes they were being pushed up. An old man who was in a coat, with one hand on his waist, moving his stick up and down at each step arrogantly, as if he was the most imperative self in the world.

Carriages and carts, which occasionally accelerated, sometimes slowed down and from time to time overtaken each other, and pedestrians, who occasionally passed through them simply and sometimes they had to pass through them with patience and cross the street.

A magnificent carriage with three black horses stopped at Mr. Clifford's house as usual at 7,30, which was a little earlier than the due time. As usual, the charioteer who was a 40-year-old, lean, medium-height, black-eyed and short black-haired man, was awaiting Mr. Clifford, and was watching Clifford's luxurious house as always; a three-story house with dark brown bricks and its doors and windows were all over white. Sometimes, he was looking at the other buildings in order to compare them; Mr. Hoffman's

four-story building with pale brown bricks, or Dr. Stern's four-story building with red bricks...

Harold, Shirley's husband, a statuesque young man with black hair and impressive hazel eyes, appeared at one of Clifford's windows and when he saw the carriage, he suddenly left the window. Harold and Shirley were the full-time servants of Mr. Clifford and they were sleeping there at nights. Harold was responsible for the outside works and Shirley was working inside the house.

Out of the blue, Mr. Clifford, a man about fifty years old who was looking more short and fat because of wearing an overcoat, walked out of the house in a hasten along with Harold, and Madam and Shirley walked out after them. Mr. Clifford, as always, said with a assured flutter to the charioteer, "Let's go! It's too late!"

And, disregarding his wife and Shirley, he lifted his hat and quickly went into the carriage. But Harold didn't enter, and behind Mr. Clifford, knocked the carriage door and told the charioteer to go. The charioteer moved the tether quickly and said loudly, "Move on you idiot animals!"

The horses began to move, but suddenly Mr. Clifford shouted angrily, "Stop!"

The charioteer stopped the carriage, which were only a few steps away. Mr. Clifford took his head out of the carriage and addressed Harold, "Don't you want to come?"

Harold turned red and said with dismay, "Hmm... Hasn't Madam told you?... Today...it's... "

Mrs. Clifford interrupted Harold's words and said with compassion, "I forgot to say. There are things to be done, we need Harold."

Mr. Clifford touched his gray thin hair and then his mustache and said after a short hesitation, "Alright. No problem." And then addressed Harold, "Come immediately after doing the Madam's works. We have a lot of work today."

Harold who was shocked shook his head in confirmation of Mr. Clifford's order and then smiled with satisfaction.

Mr. Clifford shook his hand to the charioteer that was waiting for his order to move on. The charioteer shook the tether as if has lost a lot of time and said loudly, "Move on you idiot animals! ... Move on idiots!"

As the carriage ran more and farther and the horses were running faster and faster on the pavement, the old man was in flame because of watching that

woman. No, it was not only the beautiful face and black hair of the woman that made him crazy. It was not only her tall stature and slim charming physique that made him fall in love with her.

A Brilliant face with that mesmerizing harmony of black big eyes, long eyelashes, arched eyebrows, small nose, tight mouth and big lips and that black braid of hairs, which regardless of the objective representation, also their illusionary association in mind was like a poison that was continuously penetrating into his body and made him stay in a fever and endless nightmare and suffering.

Madam took a quick look at the old man and entered the house with Harold and Shirley. All of a sudden, the old man turned pale, unconsciously stared at a spot on the floor with desperate and deep sorrow. The look that he was in love with and tolerated the tough times for that, left him alone again and went away indifferently. Once more he was alone with his sorrows, again, a sorrow beyond a familiar, but strangely, the painful and feverish look that shrank his chest and a lump in his throat.

Shortly thereafter, Shirley that had changed her clothes and her blonde hair, middle-sized physique was obtrusive as usual, moved out of the house with a large basket in hand to purchase necessities for the home. And, while staring at people with her green

eyes in a way that was not so graciously, she made her way on the pavement. When she got away a bit, Harley appeared at the window and took his head out of the window and stared at her footsteps impatiently. When Shirley came to the crossroads and turned left and disappeared, he became very happy and sighed out of contentment and right away came back inside and closed the window and drew back the curtain quickly. The old man sneered suddenly. A bitter, sulky, arid and sad sneer. He looked reluctantly at the whole building of Mr. Clifford with his sad eyes and then smiled, dropped his head and stayed in this position for a while.

Peter, the young, tall, hefty and square-shouldered butcher, with short brown hair, a shaven face, and big blue eyes, stopped in front of his shop on a chariot. His shop was next to Mr. Creek's building, a four-story building that was located at the right side of Mr. Clifford's house. He got off and opened the door of his shop and then took the carcasses into the shop with the help of charioteer and hanged them from the iron bars between the two walls. Every day, he brought and sold some carcasses of cattle, sheep, pigs and the like.

The old man looked away from Peter and came again to his normal routine; he dropped his head and glanced at people, horses, mules, dogs, and cats who



were parading. Legs in dissimilar sizes, forms, and speeds which were moving and stopping constantly for a reason.

Amongst the massive legs, he was choosing the people who were most imperative to him and were identified by their type of walking and, he was following them with his mysterious eyes. Like Madam, Shirley and Peter. Being hatred of the often aimless wanderings, he was passing the day in this way and when he was in this spot, apart from the times he was looking at Mr. Clifford's house, he always was dropping his head and was indifferent to his about and he was looked for ever and a day in the alike pose; sitting cross-legged on an old carpet, leaning against the wall, his hands were put on each other in front of him with a relatively big copper bowl while he has dropped his head because of disgrace. His eyes were wandering among people legs and carriages and chariots' wheels and children's playing and dogs and cats running created fade, mysterious and confusing thoughts into his mind and he could at least forget about his current situation.

When he got a little cool, his eyes were attached on Shirley's steps that came through the house with a bin full of bits and pieces which were presumed to be weighty. In a while later, Harold stepped out of the house in a hurry and rented a chariot and left.

On the other side of the street, Peter was attacking the carcasses with knife and whittles and was busy with preparing the customers' orders.

But in the meanwhile, he repeatedly looked at the old man, who was still dropping his head. This situation of the old man revealed a special flaunt of dignity and a pure form of majesty in his behavior, which only the young butcher was allowed to see that and the others who considered all his existence and behavior as a shame, misery or adversity didn't able to see that. Peter has frequently seen him like this, but this could not prevent him from looking at him again.

The bark of a dog a few meters away took the old man out of the world he was drowned in. Two tramps were apparently trying to mess with James's dog and laugh by snatching a piece of meat from James's dog tray, but they returned the meat back to the tray by interfering the middle-aged James and left the place. When they got a little away, the black dog that was lying down calmly took its head up and looked at them while panting until they arrived at the crossroad and turned right and disappeared. The old man looked at the dog that now was eating the meat calmly. He knew well that the money that was spending per day for that dog was enough for him to buy a house and provide food for himself and save himself from this misery.

His surroundings were filled with rush, which apparently didn't have a bit of peace in it; the whiz of wheels of chariots and carts, occasional cries of the salesmen, muttering of passengers and swearwords of tramps. It was the heat of the sun that released him from the cold shadow of those who were passing him indifferently.

An about the forty-year-old, well-dressed and stylish woman who had taken his three or four-year-old son's hand, was saying kind words to her son while walking and due to the slow and short steps of her son, she was aligning her steps with him.

Three men were chatting in front of James supermarket. Two stylish young ladies who were walking with certain dignity and were talking to each other arrived at Mrs. Bogart's beauty salon and abruptly they smiled and entered with exhilaration. A gaunt humpbacked old man was walking hardly even with the cane.

A youthful woman with a basket of vegetables in hand approached to the old man and immediately smiled at him kindly, bent down modestly and threw a coin into his bowl and turned back while smiling and moved on. Behind the young lady, there were four men of different ages who were chatting while walking. They looked at the old man with contempt and then passed. As they were getting away from him,

two young men among them started swearing at the old beggar, one of them who was a middle-aged man, opened his mouth to swear and following that, the fat old man among them also started swearing at the old beggar. But soon they forgot about the old beggar and resumed their chatting.

The disappointed and sad old man stared at the street. Horses with different steps and wheels that were moving carriages, chariots, and carts ahead. The charioteer who was almost fifty was sitting quietly, moving his empty chariot ahead at low pace. The tether was akin to a light yarn in his hands. Occasionally, he was looking around probably for finding a person along for the ride. A carriage approached him with a high speed. The charioteer, a swarthy man with the black beard who apparently was in a hurry, tried to overtake the chariot, but when he saw that a carriage was coming from the opposite, he shook the tether furiously and diminished the pace of his carriage and waited for it to pass. As the opposite carriage passed him, he without delay turned the carriage to the left and overtook and passed the carriage in front of him and more speedily than before, he made the horses go at the pace of a gallop and he reduced the pace before arriving the relatively crowded crossroad and lastly stopped them at the crossroad and after crossing some pedestrians and carts, he turned the right and disappeared. The

situation was poles apart in the other crossroad; it was more crowded, with more noises and hums. A place where lots of stores, street peddlers, bars, restaurants, offices, and companies were extended from the crossroad that was the main center of congestion to the other adjacent streets' ends; except for Sebastian Street, in which there were only a few shops including two greengrocers, a supermarket, three boutiques, and a beauty salon. A crowded and busy crossroad that made it increasingly difficult for pedestrians, carriages, chariots, and carts to come and go.

A fat middle-aged woman stood in front of him and wanted to give him a coin. The old beggar who rarely stretched his hand for taking money just because of the helper's persevere rebuffed to stretch out his hand, but when he confronted with that woman's insist, he stretched out his hand and took the coin and threw it into his bowl. The woman got upset. She smirked and said, "I was close to believing that you are more uncalled for than me!" and left the old beggar while muttering.

The old man was watching the pedestrians that passing him and not only didn't help him but also they blamed him and considered him as an opprobrious person. He saw that some of them even didn't stop at this point and was swearing and reproaching him. Although the old man was accustomed to seeing and

hearing such looks and speeches and was not alien to such degradations, he never could forget the effects of them on his soul and every time he experienced such a thing, it put a new deep wound on his soul. Sometimes, he no longer saw anything and didn't hear anything; In fact, he wished he could not see anything. He didn't want a lot from them. He just wanted to be there and stay with them. Although he liked very much that one of them sit next to him because of friendship, trust, and respect, in order to talk with him a lot, but no one cared about him and it was these insults, curses, contemptuous looks, empty cities, and coins that were in relation with him and he was always suffering from not belonging to them.

He was a lonely stranger among the masses of aliens who didn't value him, and he felt lost more in this endless congestion that he couldn't find any correlation and affinity with their complex relationships.

Sometimes, he had a lump in his throat so that his only wish was to scream. A very loud scream that cleaved his throat and he would bleed and he again would scream so that he might die. But he had such a lump in his throat that he had to hold his breath until he might be strangled and not only he couldn't scream, but also he couldn't whisper.

There were some tramps and bullies who were attacking him at the right time every time after sunset when he wanted to leave his own place. They beat him and took all the money he earned during the day. He would never forget the man who was beating him brutally in front of the ignorant eyes of everyone. But despite his groanings and despite a large number of witnesses, nobody helped him. Just because he had taken back his own bowl from the playful boy of that unmerciful guy. He was screaming and crying but no one helped him. The witnesses not only were watching him indifferently but also they believed that this event was as the result of his bad luck and doom.

The passing of time not only made him intimate with that street inhabitant but also increased his hatred. Though the street inhabitants didn't reject him, he always was thinking that every moment there was a possibility that everything change. Although very low, there were women who brought him food occasionally and the men who gave him a considerable amount of money, but he could see his paltriness more than their generosity and also their hypocrisy more than their honesty. Foods that usually were the remnants of fancy parties that, if he could not get them, their dogs would either eat them or they will be thrown into the garbage bins. And coins that were only a drop from the sea and losing them would not

make them poor and finally, what would remain unchanged was his humiliation and abjection.

He was very dissatisfied with what others thought about him. But in spite of all the misery and humiliation that he suffered from, he still could hear an unclear and weak but promising and productive call and could see a vividly blurry, but pleasurable and fascinating image and this was something that made him strong beyond the perception of others who saw all his shame and humiliation.

People were on the go and vivacious. Some people gave him coins, but most of them were passing him indifferently. He brought his head up a little and stared at Mr. Clifford's house; the house that he was watching all day long with an odd curiosity. Following seconds, minutes, hours, and days, waiting, obsession and looks that were a mixture of pain and sorrow, and endless torture and still waiting, watching and being silence and regretful and depressed and suffering and waiting again!

Above all, there was a huge ambiguity, an unanswered and torturous question, a hard knot, and a fierce, horrible question that he was suffering from every second; a painful question that ignited, burned and incinerated all his existence, "How could he reach that woman?"



Suddenly, he saw Peter that sat in a chair at ease and looked directly at him strangely. It would clear from Peter's look that he had been deeply looking at him for a long time. There was a different kind of thought in Peter's serious and gruff eyes that somehow him from the others for the old man.

At this second, Shirley, who her style had been returned to the normal state and was wearing the clothes of handmaidens, left the house and went to Peter's shop. Their chatting was away from a customer-vendor relationship. Peter, who apparently didn't have much attention in continuing the conversation, went to the carcasses and asked Shirley to choose one of them. Shirley pointed to a lamp carcass and Peter cut its pestle with knife and whittles, put it into a bag and gave it to Shirley and they both came out of the shop. Then Peter closed the door of his shop and went to Mr. Clifford's house with Shirley. While walking, Peter gazed at the old man with anxiety that was watching him mysteriously, until they arrived and entered Mr. Clifford's house.

## About the Author:



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Seyyed Ghaffar Varesiyan is an Iranian novelist and poet graduated from Architectural Engineering. In the field of penning novels, the book "The Trial," which is the first volume of the "Punishment" triple, is his first book on fiction literature. Varesiyan has a fluent and popularized style and tries to expose social anomalies of the world by narrating in the form of novels and to let his audience be informed in this way. His other works are being edited and ready for publication. Currently, Ghaffar Varesiyan lives with his family in Yasuj.