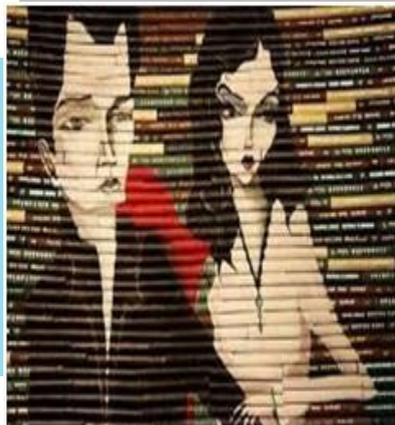


The Myth of the Myer



Author: Behrooz Arzhangpoor

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About the Author:

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He is an Iranian active physician, author, poet and research in the field of literature, linguistics, poetry and social issues. He penned articles and books, in fiction in particular, more than twenty years and has given lectures in prominent literary and scientific meetings and conferences in Iran and abroad. Arzhangpoor is one of the few Iranian authors who has penned on syllabic poetic style and known as the founder of a new poetic style of syllabic-stop-stress. His book named "Syllabic-stop-stress Meter" was the first book that is written in Iran and the world. Arzhangpoor married and is the father of two children and now lives in Iran. Meanwhile, treating medically in Tehran hospitals, he writes and research constantly in Literature and Poem as well. At present, Dr. Arzhangpoor has engaged in composing a long Epopee named as title "Love- letters of Sacred Defence". In this valuable book, the writer narrates Iranian peoples' resistance and courageous against rapists in contemporary time. The first Volume of the series has been published recently.

Some of his published books:

- 1- "Syllabic-stop-stress Meter" Keykavoos Publications, Tehran, 2015.
- 2- "Love- letters of Sacred Defense", Raz Institute, Tehran, 2014.
- 3- "Promise of Miracles", Keykavoos Publications, Tehran, 2014.
- 4- "Thirteen (13-volume set)", Raz Institute, Tehran, 2015.
- 5- "Persian Break time", Raz Institute, Tehran, 2015.
- 6- "White Marriage", Keykavoos Publications, Tehran, 2014.

About the Book:

An old crossed in love, broken-hearted man was living all alone in a forest and to survive he was making canvasses and picture frames from the woods of the forest trees and was giving them to his friend's shop in a city for selling. He was also into drawing but he usually drew the picture of his beloved. One night a white wooly creature gave him a magic canvass and told him: 'Instead of drawing of the Beloved's face, draw something that can save people of the city.' When the old man wanted to draw on that canvass, unbelievably he noticed that the canvass itself creates beautiful pictures. The old man, who gave his own made canvass and drawings to his friend's shop with a cheap price, once decided to hawk them in the city himself especially the beautiful pictures the canvass made them. Until one day, a young girl came to him and asked him to draw a pleasant and nice picture for her, a picture of a bride and groom on a horse. As the old man was looking for what the young girl ordered in his drawn pictures, he noticed that the girls order had been drawn on the magic canvass. He took the canvass out and showed it to the girl. Once she saw the picture, she fainted. The old man scared a lot and told himself if she had died, it would have been his fault. Her fear also enhanced as the girl was the city mayor beloved and he would find him guilty. He got furious of the canvass. During the night, he was always anxious and he was dreaming that they would come after him and punish him for the crime of killing the mayor's bride. The same night the girl came to the old man cottage and asked him to draw her a picture on that the mayor while was black clad and was riding a black horse and had a white dressed girl on his back and moving toward an arid and barren desert. By entering the mayor's bride to the old man's life, many incidents happened in his life. With the aid of the young girl, the old man opened a big painting gallery and earned a great wealth and

The book of 'The Mayor's legend' is an imaginary story and the writer by using romantic and emotional genre is after narrating a social and political problem in

most of today societies, especially third world societies. To campaign against social corruption that mayor and his men and also the well-to-do class of the society are its causes and initiators, he creates characters in a world of imagination and brings them to the battle field against corruption and social abnormalities founders. The writer with an eloquent and popular style creates a readable story in this book that besides being attractive for those interested in novels in Iran and other countries includes clear messages for informing people and challenging social and political problems.

Expert of the Book:

The tea was always set up in old man's hut. The kettle and teapot on the kerosene Aladdin lamp were old friends of the old man. He looked down on the kettle and teapot but, suddenly, he remembered something. He tapped his forehead with his hand, came down the stool, went to the wooden door, and took his rickety old pipe out of his mackintosh pocket. He put his hand into his trousers' pocket and took a small tobacco pack out of it, poured it into the big hole of the pipe, and began igniting it. The tobacco didn't lit. He didn't know if it was wet. The old man held the pipe over the Aladdin lamp to dry the tobacco a little. He remembered that horrible night. He turned to the hut window rapidly. It was raining harder now. A lightening stroke the sky and there was a horrible sound. The old man turned on the hammock chair. With some effort, he lit the tobacco and drew the wooden tube of the pipe near his lips. His yellow and white mustache precluded tube head to touch his lips and the old man stuck the tube with a bunch of mustache hair into his mouth and then began sucking on it. The old man got calm. He blows out the thick smoke of the tobacco into the clay- straw room with anger. The black smoke of old man's pipe danced nicely in the light of the lantern. In the light of the lantern hanging in the middle of the room, a sumptuous festival was going on. He threw himself on a hammock chair, going back and forth like the pendulum of a clock and stared at the small window as always. The sky didn't let alone the jungle and old man's hut. It constantly threatened him and sent out its black clouds for punishing him. The clouds disheveled jungle hair with the lash of lightening and rain flood and the jungle was fleeing to the other direction. The old man was not willing to drink tea, but stood up and picked up the narrow- waist saucer and cup from kitchen cabinet and went toward the kettle and teapot. He turned away and looked at the slot. He had made it stable and got calm upon looking at it. Once again, looked at the sky and jungle from the window. The roaring of the sky called for an opponent in the thick jungle of mountain hill. The old didn't take it on himself. He turned back, as

though he has forsaken the mattress of the ship for years. With utmost indifference, he searched the periphery of Aladdin lamp for the handle. However, the roaring of the sky was different in that night. It seemed the wind wanted to break the door of the old man's hut. The windows trembled in weeping. The rain constantly whipped window breast, but the old man was always trying to be indifferent. Suddenly, a strange feeling simmered in his heart. Along with this feeling, he heard a sound from inside the jungle. The old man raised his left hand and waved it in front of his face. He used to be indifferent to things around him when he wanted to do so. But the same sound grew louder now. Help, help,... help, help! He went toward the window and wiped out the steam painted on the window with his hand and looked at the jungle. There weren't unusual and all things were as before. The jungle was still fleeing from the sky and the sky roared with rage and roars and whipped the jungle. He did know what to do?! He heard the help cry once again and moved toward the mackintosh and put it on and returned to the wooden table and stool. The old man climbed up the stool, took the lantern down, and while the pipe was in his mouth, set out for the jungle. He wanted to stamp out the simmering of his heart. He knew no one was in the jungle in the midnight! He wondered if he was hallucinated but the sound grows louder and louder and clearer the more moved into the heart of the jungle. What a flooding rain! The ground was muddy and it was hard to walk. The old man tried to put his feet on roots pf jungle trees so that he does not get trapped in the mud between trees and does not sink into the swamp because in this time of the year the risk of getting stuck in the swamp was more than anytime else. Though the old man knew the periphery of the hut like the back of his hand, but the sound came from a more remote place! Now after more than an hour walk in the jungle, all things seemed to be strange and unfamiliar. The only usher of the old man was the sound calling him to itself. A very familiar sound seeking help from him. It was very weird. The old man walked toward the sound and wondered:

“Whose sound can be so loud? A riddle had distressed the heart of the old man and had determined him not to return to his hut until he discovers it. He accelerated his pace and went into the heart of the jungle...

Chapter Two: The Beautiful White Wooly

Old man's feet could no longer accompany him; he was exhausted and helpless. The more he went on, the sound was louder and clearer, but there were no traces of a creature. He wondered:

Am I hallucinating? Maybe it is my loneliness that has crushed my mind and has made me an insane! But no! he heard the sound once again and didn't know what is going on! The only thing he wanted was to find the owner of the sound as soon as possible...

Some meters aged he reached some trees burning from fire because of the lightening. Red claws of the fire were tormenting the tree ruthlessly and were calling the trees to an unequal fight, though he was also stuck in this fight himself and was wrestling with the whips of the rain. The sound was in the periphery! Between burning trees.

Oh, it seems that the sound comes from beneath one of the broken trees! The old didn't care about who is seeking help and was searching between the burning trees for the owner of the sound.

Help! ... Help! Finally the old man found out beneath which tree the sound is coming and managed to take out the one who was dying under the broken tree. The small creature fainted once taken out.

The old could not make out what the hell this creature is doing at the midnight! He hugged it and hurried toward the hut. He prayed the little creature be still alive. It was dammed wet. He laid the little wooly on the bed and covered it with his blanket. He brought another blanket from his commode and threw it upon it so that it becomes warm. The beautiful white wooly was lying in old man's bed like a globular white wooly ball. It's beautiful white hair was so long and thick that had

covered its face completely. Only some parts of its hands and feet could be seen. A creature the size of a big rat or maybe a kitten.

The old man had frequently found such strange creatures in the jungle, but had hurt none of them and would release them after primary duration so that they can return to the jungle. He didn't have any idea where are these creatures coming from, but all of them would return to him now and again.

The most upsetting thing for the old man was that when they returned to him they would weep intensely and produced weird sounds, as though they wanted to tell him something. But the old man only helped them so that they do not die. He didn't liked to know what they are telling, and didn't liked to speak to others, even himself! Even he would be irritated by the sound they made, but didn't say anything so that they return to the jungle themselves. Now, another creature, the only difference was that it could talk. He was wrestling with himself. Should he talk to it? Should he ask who is it? Should he ask it where are coming other creatures like it? Or he should be quiet again?

He thought for a while. As always, he raised his left hand and waved it in front of his face. He didn't care.

After a while looking at the beautiful white wooly creature, the old man raised the flame of Aladdin lamp and got prepared to cook a delicious soup until it wakes up and eats that.

As though returning from the battlefield, he threw the warm armor on the nail near the door and hanged the lantern from the ceiling of the hut. He surged for the hammock chair, reclined like a conqueror general, and cranked the clock once again. When chair tick tock started, a bulk of various questions swarmed to the mind of the old man about this little beautiful white wooly.

He lit his pipe and still struggled with his thoughts. He took a puff on the pipe strongly. He hadn't blown out the smoke of the first puff when the white wooly started to jolt.

The old man tried to invite the little creature to sleep by stopping the tick tock of the chair, but it seemed that it does not want to sleep again. He jolted once again, raised like a rolling ball, and sat. The old man was laughing at the way it was sitting, but stopped the laughing as best as he could. He didn't want to terrify that little beautiful white wooly with his coarse laugh.

The little beautiful white wooly reached his small hands to his head and took the wool cloth over its head. Its face was not obvious in lantern light. It brushed aside its beautiful, white, long hair with the other hand. Its big eyes glittered in the gleam of the lantern.

The thing that was important to the old man was that it remains alive. The soup was not ready yet and the tea had been prepared. The old man stood up slowly and set out for the kitchen, took a narrow- waist saucer and cup from the cabinet, and moved toward the kettle and teapot. He put the teacup on the wooden table in the center of the room and put the semi- empty sugar bowl beside it. Without looking at the little creature, he returned to the pendulum chair, as though nothing had happened, and took a puff on the pipe. Even he looked back at the window.

The white wooly didn't know how to start the conversation. It seemed to it that it knew the old man since long before, for the behavior of the old man was familiar to it.

As lying on the bed, slowly it began to speak:

Thank you for saving my life! The old man didn't answer. The silence dominated the hut for some minutes. The little white broke its silence once again:

Can I talk to you? The old man said nothing and took another strong puff on the pipe! The white wooly looked at for a while at the old man and for a while at the hut periphery. The only thing that attracted its attention was a big tableau hanged over the old man head. The tableau showed a very beautiful white dress with a long hair extending to her knees. A bunch of red rose flower was in her hands, all withered

and falling beneath the feet of the girl. It was not known if she was laughing or crying; her face was indifferent despite perfect beauty. The old man asked:

To whom belongs that picture? Did you paint it? The old man was as indifferent as the picture, neither laughed nor cried; as though he has been thinking for years.

The white wooly started speaking once again:

- Do you still love that girl? Do you recognize her if you see her once again?

The old man moved the hammock chair and the tick tock music of the chair dominated the hut. The white wooly looked sadly at the narrow- waist cup and said: Nothing I will eat. Please forgive me for disturbing your peace. I am returning to the jungle but I should give something to you. You are a painter and create canvas, right?

Once again the old man didn't answer, but he wondered how the little white wooly knows he is a painter and creates canvas?!

He whispered to himself maybe it has seen my canvas and thus knows that ... but canvases where not in the room! Does that mean that it has realized that I am a painter and create canvas by mere looking at a tableau?

The sound of the white wooly broke old man's train of thought and said:

I should give you a magical canvas, a souvenir. This canvas has the power to paint anything you like; the only thing you do is to tell it:

“O the canvas of loneliness, remembering the Lady of Beauty paint what you know”. But apart from painting, it can reveal important secrets. It always paints the truth and you are the only person who can save this town... this town has many unrevealed secrets in its heart. I want you to reveal the secrets of this town with the help of this canvas and then release many people... be very careful about the canvas! ... It should not break! ... Have it always by yourself! ... It keeps you safe! Be careful about yourself ... goodbye”.

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