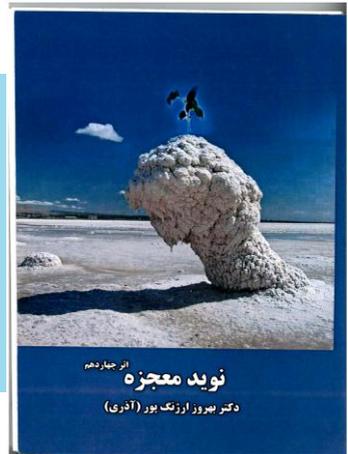


Promise of Miracle



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Author: Behrooz Arzhangpoor

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Behrooz Arzhangpoor



Dr. Behrooz Arzhangpoor (1966-Naghadeh) 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 is 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 is married and is the father of two children and now lives in Iran. Meanwhile, while treating medically in Tehran hospitals, he writes and researches constantly in Literature and Poetry as well. At present, Dr. Arzhangpoor has engaged in composing a long Epic named as title "Love- letters of Sacred Defence". In this valuable book, the writer narrates the Iranian people's resistance and courageous fight against rapists in contemporary times. The first Volume of the series has been published recently.

Some of his published books:

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

About the book:

Navid", the main character, is a single boy who lived in a rented apartment in downtown. He is a student at Azad University and not has a good financial position to meet the rent and tuition fees, so he works on a taxi .Zohre, his fiancée, to marry with him as soon as possible. Among such throes, his intimate friend calls him and informs that his little daughter suffering from a serious illness and he needs money for her treatment. Navid wants to provide money to help her daughter to have surgery, but does not succeed. He frustrated from all of the failures and difficulty in life and decided to commit suicide.

When Navid decides to throw him from the top of a tall building an unknown voice from the unseen site talk with him and tries to warn him that the creation of human existence is a miracle of creation and this has not been made easy. For someone like Navid to become existence, complex process of fighting happened. In this way the voice tries to encourage Navid to stay in fight with problems and failures.

This book tries to tell you that people often less able to balance their individual and social behaviors in life. They usually pay more attention to the small stuff on the contrary, some critical points are forgotten. Such attitude causes serious abruption in their lives, such as Suicide. The author tries to addressing this social issue and draw the reader's attention to a vital subject in people's lives "miracle of life and breathe" provides a mechanism to overcome these social ills. The writer's benefits experiences in penning valuable books in addressing social problems and behavior , including 13-volume collection of short stories "thirteen" has caused him to become success to draw the readers attentions. The audience for this book could be included all human beings through the world because it addressing all people in the world.

Expert of the Book:

- **Night of second day**

That night blood flew from the brain of “Promise” to his half-starved belly and he enjoyed reclining on the sofa indolently. He was not in a mood to go to bed, although his heavy eyelids were falling on each other without his wish. “Promise” was trying to escape this world of trouble for a while when suddenly he heard an irritating loud buzz.

“My God, what is wrong? Why is everything shaking? Earthquake ? What is this rumbling noise? Thanks God the sound is dying. Damn to my prying cell phone, it often disturbs me. The cell phone breaks my peace even in the washroom where we find peace and can concentrate!” Again I feel insecure because of the buzzing phone.

I have forgotten the silence I used to enjoy at home;

May I avoid my nagging conscience which is bothersome!

“Promise” cast an angry glance at his cell phone and saw the phone number of his landlord or better to say his constant tormentor. That irksome phone number had become his eternal companion.

“What else does he want?”“Promise” asked himself. “Well. Obviously, the man wants his rent and he has a right to claim his rent. I haven’t paid the poor man for the last three months. He certainly needs the rent. But do I have any other source of income except the rented taxi that I drive? Due to my ill luck in collecting enough passengers I do not make enough. After deducting 40 percent of the money I owe to the car owner I save only 40 percent of my income which belongs to my

landlord. It needs genius to manage my life with my miserable income. How can a backward fool like me, who has been unlucky ever since he was born, manage his accounts?

“Oh help me God. I’m at the end of my tether. It is the end of June and tomorrow is the first of July. In August I must start a new college term. I have spent two college vacation terms without saving any money. I had planned to settle my debts during this vacation. Not only have I failed to settle my debts but I have added to my problems. If I fail to settle my account and wait for my next term I am sure they will kick me out of college. Everything has gone wrong for me. What can I solve my problems?”

‘Promise’ didn’t answer the phone and the house remained silent for a few minutes. Instantly he shut his eyelids and tried to profit from the golden opportunity to escape from the troublesome world for a few minutes, but before he could shut his eyes the cellphone began vibrating like a bulldozer and the house was shaken by its screeching wail.

“My God who else is calling? Thanks Heaven. If I have been unlucky in other fields I am lucky to be preoccupied with the cell phone.”

“Dear me, it is the landlord’s number again. I am compelled to answer him. I have no choice but to face my doom. I don’t like to be in touch with anyone but I must respond the pressures of life by pushing the green button on the cell phone and listen!”

“Hello Mr. Maleki. Are you well?”

“There is no reason for me to be well. You know that I have been trying to call you for the last few days, but you did not care to answer my calls. When you were renting the apartment you claimed you were an educated man, but now that you are expected to pay your rent you have completely changed your character and behave like a charlatan!”

I don't know where my tongue was hidden in my mouth and I had reached the end of my tether. I was sweating from every pore from shame. I thought my lips were paralyzed and I had lost the power of articulation. The poor man had a right to claim his rent. I made an effort to gather myself and stuttered, "Mr. Maleki... you are justified ...to demand the rent. I promise to pay the 3-month rent I owe you tomorrow night at the latest."

"Stop fooling me man! A thousand times you have promised to pay me immediately and haven't paid. Tomorrow morning I will come to you with an order from the court to vacate the apartment. I don't want the 3 months" rent. Vacate the apartment as soon as possible. It is better for me to see it empty than full. At least I will not suffer from a rogue like you."

He added many other insults to my wounds but I responded with humiliation and repeated that I would visit him next day and settle my debt. After many threats and rants he agreed to see me the following day and the cell phone went out.

The footprints of my thoughts which I did not know from where had begun and where was heading was more and more confused¹. The landlord's uproar had thorn the thread of my thoughts into pieces and everything in my brain was befuddled. I had lost the power of speculation:

Where are my footprints? My heart bleeds from care;

I have left a thousand footprints behind but don't know where!

¹ When you are walking at the seaside you leave the print of your footprints on the sand. Everywhere footprints show the thoughts of the man who walks over the sand. When a man dies his works become obliterated like footprints which are washed away by the ocean on the sand.

The cells in my brain were so disorderly and confused that I didn't have the strength to shut my cellphone. It slipped and fell down. I looked like a man whose spinal cord had been cut. It was as if a mild coup had happened in my nervous system and my brain could not issue order to my body organs. My hands and legs had become anarchic and didn't obey my brain and my brain was powerless to function, I could not even inhale and exhale. I thought I had indulged myself to wander between life and death!

- **Same night, second day**

“Ding dang, ding, dang!” It is the car alarm of my junk car screaming with a deafening noise late at night. I am stunned. Maybe the car is screaming to attract passengers. Maybe my landlord has put on the alarm system in my car to add more insult to those he heaped on me yesterday. But I doubt if my car is going to torture me with its shrill scream. I prefer to forget about the car alarm system and let it go off automatically.

Again silence prevails in my brain. Oh what a sweet silence. Again I hear a screeching sound. I have no patience to attend to my affairs, take aside others. The troublesome cellphone has decided never to let me alone, as if it intends to destroy the peace of my apartment.

Again I am in peace. But it doesn't take long for the magic phone to vibrate and start screaming. Again I pay no attention to it, but I haven't seen anything so much persistent. I stretch my hand which isn't under my control anymore to pick up the phone. My hands seem to have no energy to hold the phone, but I struggle, pick it up and look at the caller's number. I am alarmed. What an ill luck! It is Zohreh, my fiancé. What answer I have for her and how can I explain my miseries?

I hastily pick up the cell phone and touch the green button. I had just started to tell her about my ill luck when she discovered my distress. I tried my best to alleviate

her fears but she wasn't satisfied with my dubious answers and I was compelled to explain everything.

"Listen to me "Promise"!"She grumbled, "I also don't know how to persuade my parents to wait. Every day my dad grumbles and asks me: when are going to marry me?" I am tired of myself and the people's questions. I wish I had rejected you at the very beginning. We were supposed to move to our own house in a few months, but two years has passed since then and nothing has happened."

"Zohreh, darling, you are quite right, but I really I don't know what to do! I have been unable to meet my ends. I am laboring from early morning until night but I earn nothing whatsoever. My brain has ceased to function and I am angry with my incompetence. With my meager income I cannot cover my own expenses. I don't know why I made the mistake of asking your hand for marriage. I am in a very difficult condition darling."

Zohreh began sobbing when he heard my discouraging confessions. I apologized again and again for my desponding harangue and assured her that I had no intention of embarrassing her. I said I wanted to begin our married life as soon as possible. Finally, after much apology and begging I calmed her and promised to put everything in order.

*In this chaotic world you don't know what must be done;
Yet before wedding you talk about separation.*

It seems to me that I will end up with a deadlock if I loiter in the house longer. I feel I am under heavy pressure and decide to get out of the house and take a walk.

Ah what a lovely and refreshing park. Here I have got rid of my cooped apartment at least.

Suddenly I hear a man's voice.

"Good day brother. How are you?"

"Good day, I am OK."

“Can you give me a cigarette please? Let’s smoke together!”

“Go away man. You are mistaken. I am not an addict.”

“Why are you getting upset friend? I did not ask you to share illegal drugs. I said let’s smoke an ordinary cigarette, allowed by the government.”

“Leave me alone sir” I thought it is better for me to return to my prison-like cooped apartment. It is safer than park with its thugs and bugs!

“Where are you going brother? Give me some money at least if you don’t have cigarettes. For God’s sake give me some money. I haven’t eaten since yesterday. I will pray God to cure your legs.”

“I don’t know why I have so must fond of Zohreh. Maybe it’s because I lost my mother when I was born.”

In the traffic jam “Promise” was haunted with such thoughts. He had shut his eyes to avoid seeing the world and for a moment wondered about the philosophy behind the first cry of a baby when stepping into the world. He had shut his eyes to avoid seeing the world when the phone began ringing again.

“Who else is calling?” It seems as if my cellphone has decided to torture me until morning. I can’t read the number of the caller in this dim light. Dear me, it is Mohsen. Mohsen has been my intimate friend and has helped me all my life. Whenever I go to his eating place to bite a sandwich he won’t allow me to leave until I have eaten several sandwiches - free of charge.

“Hello Mohsen. Are you OK? Good evening friend. How come you have remembered me?”

“Hello “Promise”! The fact is that Nazila needs emergency surgical operation. She is supposed to undergo the operation tomorrow morning. Her doctor is working only in private hospitals and Nazila can’t benefit from her insurance booklet for

which I have been paying insurance fees for ages. I am compelled to pay cash for the surgical operation.”

“Are you short of money Mohsen?”

“Thanks God I have money. The problem is that one of my relatives has recently bought a house. He was short of money and I had to loan him all my money. But don’t worry. I can find money until tomorrow morning.”

It seemed as if a cold pitcher of water had been poured over my body. I fainted from shame and the cell phone slipped down from my hand and fell down. I had no strength to pick up the phone. But I pulled myself together and babbled in the phone.

“What is wrong with you “Promise”? Why are you stuttering?”

“Nothing... important, Moh-sen. I was very... upset when I ... heard Nazila must be operated because I love her very much.”

“We must put our trust in God, “Promise”. Whatever ailment he sends he has a cure for it.”

“Instead of allowing me to sympathize with you it is you who feel sorry for me. Oh God how ashamed I am. Right now I have no money, but I will try to find some money for you until next morning.”

“I did not call you to ask for money. I know how poor you are. I just wanted to share my grief with you. Don’t worry for me. Tomorrow I will get some money. I am ready to scarify all my wealth for Nazila. She is our only daughter and hope she will get well. I assure you I will arrange everything until tomorrow morning. I only want you to pray for her to have a successful operation.”

“What sort of surgical operation?”

“I don’t know really what her problem is. The doctor says there is a hole between her chest and belly which makes her breathing difficult.”

“May God save the child? I hope the surgery will be successful.”

“Thank you. Can I help you?”

“Not thanks Mohsen, I will call you and come and see you in the hospital. See you tomorrow morning.”

“Don’t bother to come to the hospital. Only pray for Nazila. Goodbye.”

Troubles have combined together to upset me. I better pray to God who is my only hope and source of inspiration.

I am reading my pocket Quran. I feel better after I have read the sacred book. Thanks God I feel calmer. Now I must make plans for tomorrow. I must write down the name of the people who can loan money me to help Mohsen. Ironically, enough the hands on my clock do not cooperate with me. Now that I can’t wait till daybreak the clock hands are moving very slowly compared to other days. The smaller pointer which was very fast runner earlier seems to have stopped in a corner of the clock. What’s matter? Oh God!

“Promise” was sitting on a couch watching the pointers of the clock. Dosing though, he did not move his eyes from the clock even for a minute. I guess he was hypnotized by the clock. But when he opened his eyes again he noticed that the sun is comes up:

*Surrender to Almighty God to lessen your strife;
Maybe the Maker will solve the riddles of your life.*

• Morning of third day

“Ah! When did the daylight break? What’s the time? It is 6.30. What a bad night? I had nightmares all the night, hellish nightmares. I hope I will have a good day.”

“Promise” ran to the washroom. He washed his face, put on his clothes, took his handy and looked at his list.

“So what did I see last night was in red, hurry up? God help me... The streets were not crowded yet. Half an hour after daybreak one can’t breathe in the crowded streets of Tehran.

I must hunt passengers as soon as possible otherwise I will be trapped in the traffic jam half an hour from now. I may recognize familiar faces now but half an hour later I won’t recognize myself even!

Who is the first person in my big list? Ah it is my uncle. After God my uncle has been my main supporter. He has always backed me. I hope I can make up for his kindness.

I ring the bell, but they don’t open the door. Wah, it is 7 O’clock in the morning. I have come too early. I must not ring again.

“Who is ringing the door so early in the morning?” a voice barks at the interphone.

“It is me, “Promise”. Uncle, I am sorry I bother you so early in the morning.”

“Come in “Promise”. What is the wrong with you?”

“Don’t worry uncle. I am OK.”

“Why are you breathing so fast?”

“Uncle, I had to run up five stories to reach your apartment.”

“Come in and be silent for a few minutes so that you can recover your breath. Now tell me what has happened to you.”

“Aunt, I am sorry, sorry uncle too. I guess I have awakened you from sleep.”

“Stop explaining. You have nearly killed us with worry. What is wrong with you?”

“Don’t worry uncle. You know Mohsen, my friend. Nazila, his daughter, must have surgical operation today. He needs money for a few days.”

““Promise”, you know well that we bought this apartment two months ago. We still owe the previous owner a lot of money.”

“Uncle, I know you are sincere, you are candid. You have always helped me. I must go and find money elsewhere for Mohsen as soon as possible.”

“Have your breakfast before going away son.”

“No. thanks. I am in a hurry to find money for Mohsen.”

My next resort is my maternal uncle. I know he is very rich but I doubt if he will help me. But I have no other choice but to ask him. Maybe he will be kind this time and will help me.

“Good morning uncle.”

“Good morning “Promise”! How come you came to see me?”

“I am alright uncle. I hope your business is running well.”

“It isn’t bad.”

When I explained my words and spoke to my uncle about money he began advising me instead of helping me.

He said, “I have told you a hundred times and say again that your condition would have been far better if you had stayed with your father and had put up with your stepmother.”

I felt he was going to give me a big lecture. If I’d stayed to hear him to the end I would lose a whole day.

I said, “sorry interrupting you. I promise to visit you later on and talk to you in my leisure. Goodbye now.”

“Goodbye son, but I tell you again it is better for you...”

“Promise” visited all the people he had written in his list – about twenty persons - but none of them gave him any hope of assistance.

I wasted a whole day begging my friends and acquaintances - about twenty people. But all my efforts were in vain. I only humiliated myself. Meanwhile I was so busy asking for money that I didn’t notice the sun setting in the horizon. “Ah what has happened to Nazila?

“What a strange feeling of affinity I have about this building. It is as if I have known the building a long time ago. It looks like an old friend to me.”

“Promise” calls the building involuntarily, “O building! Do we know each other?”

Suddenly he heard a muffled sound.

““Promise”, “Promise”! Are you there?” the unknown sound says.”

“Who is it who is calling?”

“Promise” looked carefully ahead. There was no one in front of him but he could hear a strange voice in front of him. He turned back and thought the sound was coming from behind him. He looked everywhere but couldn't see anyone!

“It is me, please enter!” the strange sound said.

“Promise” wondered it was his mother's voice.

“Maybe it is my mother, but I have no mother. Then whose voice is it I hear? Why can't I see anyone? The voice seems to come from inside the building. How familiar is the building? It looks as if I have lived in it many years ago. The walls smell strangely. How warm are the staircases. I can't believe what is happening. Why I am so hot. Let me climb up and see what else is in store for me. Maybe I am dreaming.” He touched his face and pinched his cheek.

““Promise”, “Promise”! Wake up!”But I am not asleep .I'm awake. What is written on that wall? "I am in the 44th floor.”

"Does it mean I have climbed 44 stories of this building with a lame leg?! The door to the rooftop is open. Why?!"

“Promise” slowly stepped up to the rooftop.

Contact Person: Majid Jafari Aghdam

polliteraryagency@gmail.com

**Pol Literary & Translation Agency, Unit.3, No.108, Inghlab Ave,
12Farvardin Str., Nazari Str., Tehran-Iran**

www.pol-ir.ir

Tel:+98 21 66480369, Fax: +98 21 66478559

