

# Shiganhoos

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# Bahareh Nourbakhsh



## *1976 - Tehran*

Bahareh Nourbakhsh is an active Iranian novelist educated in French Literature. She has been very noticed in books and writing stories since childhood, but her professional work in the field of writing began in 1996 with the publication of her first work, “Nastaran”. His special style is in writing stories is realism, romance and fantasy. Nourbakhsh has written many books so far. For over 20 years, she has been focusing on writing a long fantasy collection, and the book “Shiganhoos” is the first volume. Among the other efficacious books of Bahareh Nourbakhsh are the following:

- Nastaran
- The Scent of the Carpet, the Breeze of Love
- I Always Think of You

He is currently living with her family in Tehran, and engaged in creating other works besides dealing with home affairs and keeping her three children.

# About the book:

In the initial years of creation, Lucifer, the first discard, who was angry that he does not have power over the human, decided to create a creature capable of fighting human beings and chaining them, an infinitely powerful super-devil. Lucifer poses an excessive competition to take the top seven devils as wives of his beautiful girl. In this struggle, the devils grab the power of a mental god, shed the blood of a crystal winged horse, murder a princess with super-human powers, create the first vampire of the universe, capture a family of giants, destroy a huge city of witches, and steal the most beautiful human body, in order to landslide the competition. By Lucifer's girl marriage to these seven devils, Shiganhoos is born and Lucifer brings him to Earth to grow up among humans. But the fate, with a very small and trivial event, partners a foundling boy in the destiny of this most dreadful devil of history. Shiganhoos, this eternal and immortal devil, learns all the magic black and white powers in the universe, and comes to a point where no force in the universe can stand against it. Shiganhoos's universal monarchy begins with a massive and bloody war between his little army and the infinite army of humans led by the friend of all his life, the same foundling boy, Ribataniyas, the war that ends very soon. The world overflowing with fear, fright, blood, and death, surrenders to the endless power of Shiganhoos and the bloody reign of the ruler begins. And this is just the commencement of the whole lot.

Shiganhoos is the first volume of a long fantasy collection that has been organized in 15 chapters, a fascinating and readable novel that narrates the birth of an absolute black power in a fantasy and eloquent language in the horror genre. Unlike all fantasy stories in which a hazard always threatens the earth and people and the heroes are trying to avert the catastrophe, in this story an evil and black force has taken over the earth and has wreathed the earth for many years. If a hero is born, it

should try not to prevent but to end this hell. Shiganhoos is a narrative of a gloomy history that had passed the earth and its people infinitely past times, so past that the compiled history of the peoples of the earth does not have anything about it. In this story, the myths of the whole world and the legend of all nations of the world have been used, because the story passes through a world that has no borders, no country, and no autonomous nation. This story is the narrative of the dreadful ruler, the bloodthirsty Shiganhoos. The next book of this connection is two single-volume books and a three-volume, each of which, with long intervals after this book, narrates a story that is affiliated with this book and but not the immediate sequence of this book. Shiganhoos is the narrative of the beginning of the battle between good and evil, and light and darkness, the same battle that is still under way. The final battle!

# Expert of the Book:

## **Chapter One** **Darkness Palace**

A large and tall palace, of the absolute darkness, of a thick, dreadful, stinking dust, without windows, alone, cold and horrible has risen in the silent blackness of an endless of space; the dark palace of the Lucifer.

The sound of fast steps was heard in the black corridors. From the heart of the black walls of the palace, red flames of a fire were obvious; the flames that were stuck in the darkness and did not percolate out, but their sparkling light waved everywhere.

The widespread palace was filled with frightful statues of devils; winged devils with long twisty horns, with their long tail tied with various twists tied up on their hairy feet and thick waists. At the back of a stone table, on the thirteen long stone chairs, living specimens of the same frightful monsters were sitting, listening to the sonorous sound of the most powerful devil of all times, the great Lucifer.

Lucifer stood at the top of that dreadful assembly. His big red eyes shone like fire, his flaming looked on each of those frightening faces stayed fixed. He hungered to upsurge the impact of his words with his volcanic look. He pressed the fingers of his hairy thick hands on the stone table and spoke no variation in his tone and voice, “I do not apprehend! Understanding you is difficult. It seems you still did not understand what I need. What I want is not a little, I’m a dreadful monarchy, a devastating domination, a destructive power, a reign full of blood and pain and suffering.”

His look lied from the brown face of a coarse devil to the ugly face of another devil and nailed on its flaming eyes and continued, “I want something spectacular, I like these worthless humans with all their existence, in every single moment of their

useless lives, in all their stinking breaths, and with all particles of their skin and flesh, experience endless and terrible pain and suffering and fear.”

He turned his head and his look stood on the face of another devil, whose numerous sharp teeth were protruded out of his mouth.

The devil trembled and calmly said, “Your Excellency, what you want is not possible by any of us!”

An incredible volume of orange flames erupted from the coarse and hairy body of the Lucifer. His yell shook the hall literally. The table and chairs shook and the devils hung on the edges of the table with two hands.

- Is not it possible? Then make me conceivable. Make a ruler, one who can suck their blood, eat their flesh, and make their hearts full of an endless fear. Make me a real monster for me!

One of the devils murmured, “Your Excellency, no devil can do what you want all at a once, what you want needs a countless army of devils.”

Lucifer flares up again, “I do not want an army. Why don’t you understand? I need a pure power, a pure super-devil, a very special creature, a superior force, even superior to myself. I want him to be something beyond me, bigger, more powerful, without any limitations, visible, touchable. You know what I’m saying?”

The devils shook.

One of the frightened devils asked, “Do you want to conquer a man?”

- No, you fool! No human being has the capacity of this volume of evil. I want you to make me a devil with human qualities, a devil that does not need any form and body, an independent, free, and unrestricted creature.

One of the devils got up and said, “Your Excellency, I imagine that if we can create a child with a human body by the vilest and the filthiest devils, it will have enough capacity to accommodate this volume of blackness.”

The Lucifer tilted his head slightly. His big eyes were tightened. A soft smile sat on his thick and black lips. He raised his hands and clapped gently. He breathed in

comfort and said, “Send a message all male devils around the universe to attend a competition that specifies the most deserving.”

- Why just males?

- Because I know who will be the mother of this great masterpiece, my beautiful daughter, Nabatid! Now you are dismissed. Go as soon as possible. I’ll wait three days later.

Devils stood up. All of them attached their heads on their chests and respected him. Then one by one, they were turned into a mass of black smoke and disappeared.

The Lucifer set off. Some black dust rose from his frightening hairy body and disappeared. That horrible object came in the form of a man's body that no longer had that hair on his body. His body was still large, but very harmonious. His face was now neither ugly nor beautiful. His eyes had a dormant serenity, with a smile that, unlike his whole entity, made a freezing sense.

He entered an empty corridor and knocked on the first room door.

A slim tall girl opened the door. The young girl had long golden hair like the color of ripe wheat! Her straight hair revived the softness of silk. The soft move of that long hair, descending on her slim shoulders and covering all her elegant upper body, exuded a kind of alluring heat. She had a bright long face with charming eyes, the eyes with a unique color, a blue circle with a dark blue circle around it, a wonderful color that reached from bright to dark. Her slim lips were red like blood. Her peachy cheeks had unique prominence. His face had such an indescribable and legendary beauty. When she twitched speaking, her pleasant voice was seductive, “My dear father, is there any I can do for you?”

The Lucifer entered the room, closed the door. He sat on a chair. She pointed to the girl to sit down. “My beautiful daughter, today I finally found a solution with the help of the Council,” he said quietly.

- What is the solution, my dear father?

- I want to set up the greatest blood and fear reign on the earth for humans, and you should give birth to the most dreadful ruler of history. I want to to give birth to a

child to take revenge on all human beings forever. Those worthless earthly creatures must suffer; they necessity endure eternal punishment. They need appreciate what they have done with me, the best angel who once was the first servant of God in the loveliest spot in the Gardens of Paradise. They must touch my whole pain all at once. I want your child to grow up among men, with an earthly body and spirit drawn from the best devils. I will teach him how to burn all those faints creatures in the fire of my eternal wrath.

- All your commands will be executed. Tell me who I should marry.

- I want to choose an assemblage of the tops, a group of the darkest. I want my masterpiece to have no defect in any way. He must have the unabridged darkness of devils all at once in order to stand up against the human. He should be the best. I have commanded all the devils scattered in the depths of the earth and high in the skies to come together for the great competition. We have three days until the start of the competition. I have to think about what I want them to do. I have to remember things that I've always loved, things that are not too laidback.

The girl picked up her fiery skirt, bowed slightly, and said, "I am listening to your command, your Excellency. You'll never see disobedience from me."

- I'm willing to have such a loyal daughter.

Lucifer held his beautiful daughter's hand, made a few soft paternal beats on the back of his daughter's hand by his big hand.

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Lucifer was postponing. He was wearing a long black robe, and it has been a while that he was walking in the mid of the hall restlessly. His face was not monstrous and ugly, but it was easy to advert that he was annoyed. With the rush influx of a security guard, he stood motionless and said, "Are they prepared?"

The young devil kneed on the floor and said, "They are waiting for you to come, your Excellency."

- Notify my daughter I'm waiting for her.

It did not take long that the good-looking daughter of the Lucifer wearing a golden sparkling dress entered the hall. He stepped slowly, kneeling down and said, "I am listening to your command, the only prevailing ruler of the universe."

The Lucifer went ahead and took Nabatid's hand and said, "Get up, Nabatid, the mother of the strongest ruler of eras. We have to go, everyone is waiting for us."

They left the gloom palace hand in hand. Both went down softly in the middle of the darkness of the declined sky. Somewhere down there, on a very wide smoky surface, the devils were standing and waiting in long lines regularly. No sound was heard, as if all were dead.

The Lucifer came down softly. From the collision of his foot sole with that cloudy surface, a red fire flamed and was put out hurriedly.

All devils prostrated silently. The Lucifer watched his worshipers with a satisfaction smile. Nabatid also prostrated before his feet.

The loud voice of the Lucifer was heard plainly even by the furthest devils, "Get up!"

Everyone stood up. The Lucifer knocked his two hands softly. Behind her daughter, a thick streak of the layer surface under their feet rose, just like steam and formed a large sofa. Lucifer smiled at her daughter and said, "Sit down, my daughter."

The girl picked up her skirt and sat on the sofa. All at once, the whole colorless sofa was flamed.

Lucifer sat down next to her daughter and said at full volume, "You ought to submit your account to enter the competition. The evaluation criterion is my own account. All those whose level of misleading is less than half my work will be denied to enter the competition."

A vague tumult started among that million gathering.

Lucifer raised his hand and said, "Girls, get started."

From the back of Lucifer and his daughter, a huge flame flared up. Out of that flame, a large number of beautiful young girls came out unbelievably fast, stood to face the crowd, and went. In the twinkling of an eye, in front of all the devils, a

group of beautiful women were lined up and started to work with such a speed that it was not detectible. The devils started bustling.

The line was moving forward fast. Every devil who reached the front of the line and in front of the girls, swallowed his hand in his throat, took out a small jade green orb, and took it toward the girl in front of him.

The girl took the orb and flipped it with a fingertip. The small orb broke open and appeared in the form of a book; books of different thicknesses. On the cover of the book, a number was carved. The girls seeing that number, again flipped the book, made it again into the form of the same small orb, and returned it to its owner. The devils put the orbs yet again in their throats and walked away.

In a few minutes, checking the accounts of that millionth population was completed. The Lucifer smiled and said, "Well done, girls! Now, the competitor, please queue against us."

The girls swiftly went to the crowd and pointed their fingertips to the chosen devil's throat, causing a green light to glow out of their throats. Within two or three seconds all the competitors were identified and the girls, as if they were winding around the crowd, came out of those long queues, and disappeared.

Lucifer knocked his hands together and the devils that had a green throat, deprived of moving, were pulled out of the crowd and stood in line against the Lucifer and his daughter.

There were only a few competitors, fewer than 100 people.

Lucifer flushed, the flames of his body unexpectedly rose up ten times high. He sounded like a thunder, "I did not know that my subordinates are so inept, aren't you ashamed? Only these few ones! So what the hell are you doing? This is why people do not obey me much any longer. Useless! Undeserving! Get away now!"

The devils flew away from the shallow of the dusty layer.

The black sky above was full of devils standing suspended and staring at the competition field.

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