

# Trial

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# Seyyed Ghaffar Varesiyan

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*(1990 – Yasuj)*

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.



## About the book:

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.

# Expert of 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!"

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