



IN LOVE:
THE LEGEND OF BAGÖR.

A BOOK BY:
B.J STARINK.

Love

Welcome to another legend, one about
real love. Finding love In death and
In Love die.

In Love.

A book by B.J Starink

Love

... Disclaimer ...

Title: In Love.

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While I throw all the rules overboard in the Tendency trilogy, this book is something completely different. This is a book like so many and this one is like so many with rules. But I try to bring it in a good way, although it is going to be difficult for me after writing Unknown and Homicidal Tendencies. I hope you enjoy it. The idea for this book came on a whim and the execution of this book has turned out to be quite different from the original idea. You can compare this book as a children's book for adults. An adult fairytale full of death and destruction, fear and anger, love, hate and of course blood and not unimportantly a little pus! Without continuing too much, I once again let my old legend narrator do the talking. So Bennie go ahead boy and bring it a little more interesting this time...

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Thank you B.J I try to do my best. Welcome welcome everyone! I have heard another legend, but this legend is different from what you are used to from me. This legend is about love. A story about real love, finding love in death and in love die.. You might think well now is that possible? I'm going to explain that to you in great detail, this story is about a doll named Danush and his brother sarte. So, I'd like to borrow your hearing and open your eyes as I begin the legend:

It was 1922 when Sartre as many is seeking for an easy income. He grew up in a poor musical gypsy family. But he wasn't, not at all he couldn't maintain a rhythm and he couldn't sing. He has always been very private. Too bad in Josah's eyes. It could not be otherwise Josah was the darling of father and mother.

Josah was the musical one, Josah was everything he was not. Josah was the ideal son as far as they were concerned.

It wasn't until Josah started exploring the world that he felt the urge to go out too. Josah left without saying much, but left his doll for his brother Satre.

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Which Satre has always happily kept with him. The doll was named Danush.

Named after his grandmother the known and notorious gypsy queen: Danush Sariëlla.

She is said to have made many men's hearts beat faster, but she was also a real gypsy, and has always remained loyal to grandpa Danól Kortierpas. The whole family was gypsy through and through, only poor Sarte was not. But he didn't mind, he knew that sooner or later he would escape the high expectations of the family. But also, that he would make them proud in the process and make them forget their beloved Josah. He would give anything he has for one day, just one day to be allowed to stand in the shadow of Josah. On an evening full of music, laughter and fun, he sees something falling from the sky under the full moon. At that moment he thinks of his greatest desire :

I also want to be good at something. No, I want to be the best, it doesn't matter what or where, as long as I'm good at something. I want just for once that my family is proud of me!

Then he grabs Danush and walks away depressed from the gypsy camp full of lit caravans. With Danush clinging frenetically in his frightened hands, he continues on his way.

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THAT'S WHERE THIS STORY
BEGINS!

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Hate

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CHAPTER 1.

LOOKING FOR HAPPINESS!

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Hate

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Satre who, with good intentions, goes in search of money and happiness, traversing the dark forest and talking to Danush about better times ahead. Soon he comes to his first surprise when the path in the forest gets too dark and the moon appears to be dying. He knows the forest like the back of his hand, but he has never seen him in the camp or in the forest. He is standing there, a dark apparition on the bench by the water, waiting for someone. He doesn't have a good feeling about him, but he has to pass it because only this road leads to the city where he has to be. It must be a wealthy man; he has an expensive black coat and his horse and carriage radiate pure class. But Sarte has also been warned about rich people by his family, especially the rich people. Slowly but surely, he walks on in fear. His knees start to buckle but he will pass him, holding Danush more and more convulsively, he whispers:

Don't worry we'll get there! Don't worry we'll get there!

The man with a horse and carriage sitting on a tree comes closer with every step Sarte takes, then the man turns and Sarte soon sees the gray eyes of the man light up like lanterns.

Frightened and frozen with fear, he sees the man beckoning to him with long blunt fingers and sharp nails.

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Young Sarte prefers to turn around and return to his safe caravan to spend the night and try again tomorrow. But the man will not allow that, he is sure! He will have to pass him.

Slowly he passes the man, who suddenly turns around and pushes his long nail into his neck.

As the man turns, Sarte sees the purple lining of his coat and a paper in his inside pocket. A drop of blood flows when the man smiles and disappears.

Even his horse and carriage are nowhere to be seen in the dark forest. Sarte who puts Danush down on the tree next to him and sits down for a moment from vertigo, hears Danush talking to him.

No worries Sarte we will get there; we will get there! I trust you!

Sarte don't believes his ears and falls with a smile on his face asleep on the tree which overlooks the tranquil waters. He dreams of the time to come, the prosperous Sarte who, as a puppeteer, traverses the landscape from stage to stage to show Danush to the people. And how the people enjoy it, how the people cheer and clap for Danush!

How Danush can put a smile on even the saddest child and make the angriest man enjoy. And of

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course, money problems are no longer the daily order at that time.

Danush is going to make him rich Danush is going to make his family proud. Danush is the key to their success. In his dream he sees the man again and he is startled from fear.

Danush come we can do it!

He says when he picks up Danush and continues his way to city and his happiness. He has to adjust Danush first but has no needle and thread in his pocket. That is something he will need and work for. But Danush is the key he's sure about that.

The moon seems to laugh when she lets her light shine slowly again and seems to wish Sarte a prosperous journey full of happiness. He walks without a grain of fear through the forest where he is not alone, he is with Danush. To conquer the world with him.

That same Danush that Josah left for him. That same doll that was so old and dirty according to mother. But this doll has a soul as he has so many times tried to explain but was considered crazy. He seems to be laughing and the voice is back in his head. Danush 's voice as so often he hears it again ...

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Take it easy, please take it easy. You still want to get there right? We're getting nowhere, not this way ...

He knows he's right as always, he's right again.

Sarte must remain calm even though he burned himself to the old wounds of the hatred. And the suffering of never being good enough. Especially having lost the eternal battle with his brother even after Josah was gone they only had eyes for him.

Take it easy, brother, you still want to get there, right? Or do you want to give up now?

Even though it is difficult, I will make it that solemnly swear. Our motto is still: Find love in death and In Love die for each other ...

He takes Danush's hand and points to the path ahead and continues along the path full of holes and pits that the horseshoes of the noble horses have formed for him. He has a long way to go but they are going to make it.

If he is one thing, he is stubborn, with that he would win the grand prize. More stubborn than a mule, that's what Grandma always calls him, and he is. Lost in thought, he walks with purpose in the woods when he hears a chuckle from far away. He walks towards it, but the chuckle can be heard throughout the forest.

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He soon hears a little girl 's voice forming from the chuckle that says:

Sarte here you must pass. Believe me you have to go along here!

Then the voice disappears and the light slowly disappears from the forest. Sarte's first reaction is to walk back. But his stubbornness stops him and he keeps walking. He sees a man sitting on a tree, but this time he is not afraid and easily walks past the man. When he passes him, he turns around again and asks:

Sir don't we know each other? You come over so familiar!

The man looks at him with piercing gray eyes and smiles and is gone. How he came, he goes away again, into nothing. Sarte looks around desperately when he sees the lights of the city forming before him. Like thunder in a clear sky he has reached the city.

Look Sarte look , there's the city. You made it, brother!

Yes, Danush if I did not listened to that little girl, I wasn't there yet, **thank you!** Well we still have a lot to do boy. But you come on a stage!

Sarte hears Danush sighing with happiness and relief that they are there.

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It is still dark and they have to sleep somewhere but they have no money in their pocket, so knocking at a hotel is pointless.

Now it begins Danush, only now it begins ...

Sarte quickly goes looking for a roof over their heads and soon finds a horse stable where he will spend the night.

Love

CHAPTER 2.

MONEY PROBLEMS!

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Morning is slowly coming, but Sarte has been unable to sleep. It's busy in the town it's noisy in the town there have been people arguing on every corner all night long. Sarte wonders why he feels called to do this and his courage begins to fail. Without money you will not get very far here, he noticed that last night. Half of the fights were about not having enough money on you. He faces a difficult time, but he can work like the best. The danger lies in the question: Do they want me?

Oh, sure brother, of course they want you! You just have to do your best!

It only has to be work of a few days at most weeks. Then I taught myself the tricks and made you so that you can go on stage.

Well patience is a virtue, little brother.

The sun rises and the horses also wake up in the warm stable when Sarte starts the day feeling good. He walks around town to gauge the shops and potential jobs where they might need him. There are still a few drunken townspeople who spend a night searching for each other. When he sees a horse and Carriage standing right on top of a hill. They look expensive and imposing, it seems as if they are both black as night.

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It makes him feel unsafe when the horse only seems to have eyes for him. And every step of his seems to follow with its head.

Sarte gets a unsafe feeling and unsafe turns into simply scared. Nailed to the ground he's looking at the horse while the horse turns his head and gallops away.

It seems as if the horse and carriage goes up in smoke when the horse neighs and has taken the first step.

There are goosebumps over his whole back and arms like death laughs to him he freezes, he gets that cold. He has the feeling of being watched and checks again whether the horse is really gone. When he sees nothing, a warm sigh of relief comes up from his toes through his throat. And he continues with the search for a good shop. Still holding the horse and carriage in his mind, he sees a shop opening. It is a button shop, how lucky they might need me there, he thinks when he walks in full of good intentions. The woman who opened the store looking distant but also welcoming. The man behind the till follows him and estimates him until he says:

I see you have no money in your pocket, sir. Your people never have. I kindly request you to leave my shop or else I will have the police come.

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Sarte walks out of the shop angrily and asks Danush: What do you mean my people? What did that man mean by that?

By that they mean the gypsies, brother. This is going to be more difficult than we originally thought .

Why my people Danush ?

People don't like the ways of the gypsies here.

They think we are witches because we have a remedy for everything.

Because we are there for each other, we are traitors in the eyes of the townfolk. We should never have left!

How do you know Danush?

Josah said that to me, but don't worry, not everyone is like them. Only the rich are like that, sorry little brother you had to find out for yourself.

Slowly all shops are opening. Sarte walks into the next store, and the next and the next. But the result remains the same. He comes out each store with the words: You people don't have money. He remains calm every time, and that has not escaped a farmer. He seems to respect it. He walks over to him and taps him on the shoulder. Sarte looks around angrily:

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Yes, what my people have no money I know that now! *All I want is work. So that I have money so that I can on stage with Danush ...*

Then follow me boy, you can work however much you want. I have plenty to do for you, just it doesn't pay as well as a store.

But you are not at home there either. I can provide shelter and a living, while at a shop it costs money to sleep and eat.

Sarte spits into his hand and sticks it out. The farmer does the same: Good choice, boy.

Together they walk to the farm without saying a sentence to each other. The farmer suddenly stops walking and asks: Can you feel that too, boy? Death is near it seems.

Sarte shakes his head no and walks on. The farmer gradually slows down until he stops and keeps looking straight ahead.

Boy I don't know what you did but death is chasing you. Then look, don't you see that black horse with cart over there?

I have already seen it but not anymore.

The farmer walks on again and looks at Sarte with wide eyes. They come to a crossroads and the scared farmer pulls Sarte into the bushes.

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With his finger in front of his lips, he makes a silence movement. Sarte keeping his head down into the bushes is quiet, while the horse and carriage without rider passes by smiling. The farmer doesn't let him get up so easily and says: Not yet boy! The horse and carriage comes along again and again without a rider.

The farmer makes a movement with his hand so that Sarte knows to stay seated. Then the horse stops in the middle of the intersection. And neighs after that he goes up in smoke and is gone. Still Sarte can't go away from the farmer:

Only when it's really safe boy! Only then can you leave!

The farmer lingers in the bushes for a while, then crouches on his haunches through the grass, holding on to Sarte's hand.

They arrive at a beautiful green spot surrounded by water, the farmer moving slowly forward and Sarte almost falls from fatigue.

He hasn't been able to sleep all night in that noisy city that turns out to be all about money. The farmer sits down by a water wheel, reaches out again and says:

I'm Franck pleasant, I'm the same as you. That's why I gave you the chance.

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Are you also a gypsy then ?

Yeah boy I'm a gypsy too. And I know how they want to and can treat us. Believe me I have no ill intentions for you, not like them.

Sarte holds out his hand: Sarte, nice to meet you.

Soon the conversation turns to Sarte 's doll. But Sarte doesn't want to say anything about Danush. Franck seems like a good man. An honest but just man. A man after his heart, but some things you have to keep to yourself sometimes. Especially after what just happened. There are things beyond this nature. Franck starts to sing. And Sarte listens with pleasure to the song that slowly lulls him to sleep. He has a sweet dream about how he will conquer the city with his Danush. And how Franck helps him with setting up the stage and preparing the material. How Franck tries to communicate with Danush but what doesn't work and makes the audience laugh.

Come and see people, come and see.

A **doll** with a will of its own and a farmer with a **big mouth**. That doesn't go together on stage and usually **they look silly** dear people in **the crowd**. But people not at this time.

This time it will be **enjoyable**.

Love

About where that clapper **is hanging** and how hard **the clock has** struck. It is a **prayer without an answer**. You might think on this stage their **bound or stuck**. But on the contrary if even **Danush the doll answers your questions...**

Come and see, come and see.

The people have all bought a ticket and the theater is full.

When the show is over everyone claps for Sarte and Franck but especially for Danush. The doll who answered all the questions. The doll that can walk on its own. The doll that can buy anything. Sarte wakes up with a laugh. And he shouts: **BRAVO, BRAVO DANUSH**. Franck also starts to clap and laughs:

So, you plan on performing with your doll.

Sarte nods with his head: Yes, and I have a job for you too.

First work boy, now come then we walk on, you needed your sleep I heard that.

A moment later they are on the farm, which is very beautiful. The grass looks like a billiard cloth and the barn has just been painted gray. Sarte wonders what to do. And look around the beautiful farm in a surprising way. Franck points to the pond:

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That is really all you have to do. But do you watch out for my fish?

Sarte does not yet understand what to do now. The water is crystal clear and there is plenty of swimming in the beautiful large pond.

He looks at Franck and becomes crazy about the questions he asks himself. Franck walks up to him:

Here and there are some algae if you want to remove it and rake away some leaves, I am satisfied.

Sarte nods yes and immediately gets to work. The work takes about 36 minutes before it is finished. Then Franck walks up to him and pats him on the back: Let's go eat!

Once inside it is even cleaner. And Sarte soon sees that Franck does not live here alone. A woman comes and two children come, it's a twin. The woman is called Melinda and the twins Esmeralda and Dahlia. Esmeralda has beautiful green eyes and Dahlia has beautiful blue eyes. That way you can take them apart. There is a stew on the table and Sarte takes it to the satisfaction of Melinda.

Franck doesn't often bring people, but welcome to our house.

She says contentedly with a smile on her face.

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The children are talking through each other and not a word of it can be understood. But Esmeralda 's voice is familiar to Sarte when she asks:

Where are you from sir? And do you have pets out there?

Sarte doesn't feel so welcome at once. That's the voice of the little girl in the woods that led him to town.

That little girl who led him to that creepy guy in that black coat. Now everything is coming into place. But why, why? The child glances at him and says:

We are known to your
grandmother Danush Sariëlla and we had to watch
out for you. But now you can do it yourself
again! But be careful?

The child begins to laugh as only children can. And Sarte runs out the door. Franck follows him with the words: What is it boy?

That child, that child of yours ...

Boy we don't have kids!

Sarte runs away and keeps on running at those words. He's going crazy, he must. He's going crazy. There is no other explanation. He runs into a forest. But doesn't look where he got in and doesn't keep up with the road. Until he himself collapses in

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the big forest. Danush tenaciously begging Danush help me please help me! I can't do this alone. You saw them too, but you saw them too.. You saw them too.... Danush say what say what boy please.. He sees a tag on his Danush neck.

And quickly comes to the conclusion that he has been robbed. He has to go back, but where did he come from? He has to go back for his Danush, that's what it was all about. Danush has not spoken since the moment he fell asleep to the singing. He hears a distant whistle and a barking dog. He has to go there, to end up with Danush again later. He knows now but it is getting dark again and the dog barking fades into the distance.

He must follow the sound, he must. He is doing his best he is doing his best but Danush still seems so far away. He is still so far away. He will never make it.

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CHAPTER 3.

LOST A FRIEND!

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His thoughts are destroying him inside but he must find Danush again. It's worth it, then we'll go back together. The more he thinks about the stolen Danush, the more he is pulled in that direction by an inexplicable force. He knows exactly where to walk to get to Danush. It is a kind of attraction that Danush exerts on him and calls Sarte to him. It soon ends and Sarte is on his own again. Soon his heart fades again. He has to try the way, if only for a moment. It is getting evening and cold in the forest. There is no sound whatsoever, no birds' owls or even the wind crackling in the trees. Completely silent you can hear a pine needle fall. All that makes noise are Sarte 's footsteps echoing through the silent forest. He has to go to Danush anyway, he has to put his fear aside to reach him. The footsteps on the withered leaves thunder through to the back of the deserted forest. Every step echoes and every step scares him more than the last. He longs to go home; he is not going to make it. Then he hears a horse galloping and a wagon rattling through the forest. He gets freezing cold and boiling hot at the same time. Everything the horse and carriage touch withers and falls over. The trees, the beasts that stayed behind, also fly and run around wildly until there is nothing left. A battlefield is what surrounds him a battlefield with the fallen soldiers. All black and emaciated soldiers.

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When he thinks he can pick one animal up from a rotten piece of bone sticking out of the body, it powders in his hand. Then he hears that laugh again and the horse and carriage is gone.

When he looks back, the horse cleared a way. And he can easily follow the beaten path to the other side of the forest. There is no longer a tree on this path, everything has withered and fallen rotten. He walks out of the woods easily but scared. With eyes in his back what if he is ridden in his back? He sees the farm again but this time he looks a lot dirtier than before. The planks of the shed are loose and the pond is black with earth. When he incurs the field, another man approached him condescending looking at him and he looks at him with his chin. Then the man spits on the ground right in front of his feet and says:

We shouldn't have your kind here. Get out of my yard, bum!

Sarte tries to contain his anger but the accumulations become too much, and he is fed up with those self-righteous people. He picks up a pitchfork standing by the shed and uses it to push the man back. The man looks at him and says:

Do it boy makes you nothing different from the rest of your bastard people.

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Sarte tries to stay calm until the man tries to take the pitchfork, then he stabs. Sarte looks perfectly calm at the pitchfork while it firmly sits in the chest of the man and how the blood flows freely. The man can only point while Sarte wipes the blood on his clothes and walks away. Then he comes across another farm and this one also looks like it. But it is not it. Where did he run, where did he come from? Where should he go now? He wonders, looking at his hands that are still red.

He manically wipes it on his clothes but his hands only get darker and darker red.

While he can only think of one thing: I have to go to Danush and I will not stop until I reach him. He angrily walks into the surrounding farms but without success, the people are all the same here. Everyone says the same, everyone does the same. Everyone looks at him condescendingly and answers arrogantly. Then he drips off and with his head down he thinks I'll never find him again, I don't even know where I am, everything here looks alike. He sees the horse and cart approaching again and someone gets off the horse. He soon remembers who it is when he sees those familiar gray eyes again and the rich man who shows him the way by holding out his long finger.

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The man makes the gesture two with his fingers. Sarte doesn't like it, he nods his head and says thank you.

Then the man gets on the horse and laughs away. As Sarte continues on his way by following the path the man has shown before him, he quickly passes the water wheel where he fell asleep and he can do the rest himself. A feeling of joy, fear and anger at the same time overwhelms him. When he sees Esmeralda playing with his Danush. Franck had no children, did he? He had no children, did he?

He angrily walks onto the farm and tries to rip Danush out of Esmeralda's hands. But when he tries, Esmeralda turns to smoke and disappears giggling with Danush. He thinks about what his grandmother always says:

Beware of the unholy creatures of the night because they really exist, they fly like bat through the black night looking for blood to feed them. They die without blood. And if they haven't fed, their hunger gets so bad that they kill everyone in their path. This is not a fable the Strigoi really exist. Raised from their graves as an unholy demon each clad in a black cloak, they are resurrected when they have been killed. Flying through the night to find you when you sleep. Drinking your blood, the Strigoi feed to repeat the next day.

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Not to mention the speed and power they get when they take on human form. No man however strong can beat them. Only with the right weapons would you have a slim chance of winning the Strigoi.

They are war demons, purely out for the destruction of the earth and humanity. Their eyes light up even the darkest place.

They can see in the darkest of circumstances, and their sense of smell, sight, hearing and strength is far superior to ours. The only thing to be able to arm yourself against the Strigoi is:

- 1. Garlic, they think it stinks because their smell is so much greater than ours.*
- 2. A holy cross, even the most unholy beast, succumbs to the power of Devola.*
- 3. A piece of cut pine wood, to pierce their black dead heart.*

Even the greatest Strigoi could not arm itself against it.

But beware, they are so fast and smart that you can see them coming from miles away and evade your attack with ease. They can turn to smoke and can smell your fear and hear your heart speed up. With every thump, thump, thump, thump thump, thump thump, thump thump, thump thump.

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They hear everything, and don't hide in the dark because they love the darkness the blacker the better. No mortal man can compete with them. They can revive inanimate things that they use in their fight against the mortals.

They can affect your thoughts and once they are engaged, they become masters of your mind. Nobody we have known survived a fight with the Strigoi.

Only the Strigoi return from battle and the Strigoi live forever. But there are more unholy beasts that live forever. A mistake from Deola or maybe a curse from Satan.

They are between us and in any case, we should be able to arm ourselves against the great evil of the outside world.

Sarte's spine gets shivers and his hair stands on end when he sees the black horse and carriage standing there by the barn of the farm. The eyes light up again and the apparition raises three fingers. Then Sarte suffers from his left arm that radiates to his shoulder blades and he falls to the floor, with pain in his chest. He tries to call for help but that is no longer possible. Not a single word comes out. Then Franck arrives with Danush in his hands and just looks at him as Sarte takes his last breath and the apparition in the cloak approaches.

Love

The last thing Sarte heard was Danush begging him to stay away. But Sarte was cocky and stubborn so stubborn in fact that it turned out to be his death. Franck took the stage with Danush and made the excited audience laugh, the saddest children enjoy themselves again, and Franck became rich through Sarte's plans. But something happened in the case of betrayal that gave Franck Sarte. There was a spark of a closer connection with Danush in mind at the time. When Sarte breath his last breath, part of his soul ended up in Danush. And Sarte calmly awaiting his chance to be reborn in the doll he loved so much. To give Franck a real ending he will have been begging so long for. But that will not be easy.

Love

CHAPTER 4.

THE STAGE.

Love

When Franck goes on stage there is immediately clapping and when he grabs Danush and makes them dance with the strings they go wild. He even stole the chat.

People come and see, come and see!

A **doll** with a will of its own and a farmer with a mouth that is way too big. That doesn't go together on stage and usually they look like a fool, but not this time people. This time it will be enjoyable. About where that clapper is hanging and how hard the clock has struck. It is a prayer without an answer. If even **Danush the doll** answered your questions ...

Come and see, come and see!

The only emphasis he uses is on the word doll. He doesn't appreciate Danush at all, it's just the money that interests him. What a pervert, what a rat. And to think that I still had a job for him. Danush is more than just a **doll**. Danush has a soul my soul. And we will show that too. Then something falls on the stage, it is a lamp that falls just next to Franck. He is startled and looks around with eyes that can light up even in the dark place.

Grandma was right, the Strigoi do exist!

But how am I supposed to arm myself against them, against him? What if he notices me?

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No at the moment I have to play . Then the lights on the stage go out and the eyes of the audience hide their true face:

Strigoi!

The whole theater is shrouded in a gray glow from the eyes of the undead . There is a scream from outside in the city and very soon they start to see what is going on. Only Franck is left with Danush in the much too dead theater. Soon one scream becomes two and two becomes three. The Strigoi come back in and they all have blood on their mouths and on their clothes. It even smells like iron inside, to the point that they almost attack each other. They are hungry that is clear. Sarte sees everything through Danush's eyes. But Danush doesn't want to look, he feels that. Danush really has a soul and he's merged with mine. Together we are the same, together we are one:

Finding love in death and in love die for each other...

But Danush says something completely different he can hear it loud and clear:

*We lived in love for each other. In love you died
for me.
In love we melted together.*

Love

*In Love I kill for you.
And in love I bring you back my Sarte ...*

Danush has changed have the Strigoi changed him too? Is his soul as black as theirs? Is his soul still intact after I merged with him?

Now you are no longer the laughing stock. Now we are strong, now we can take on the whole world. Look through my eyes and see what I see, hear what I hear and feel what I feel then we are one together!

Sarte doesn't know what to make of it. Then he hears Danush say:

I hear everything you say and think, I feel everything you feel and see everything you see. No secrets brother that time is over!

Sarte, ignorant of what to do, feels a sigh of sheer fear as Franck pulls the strings of the newly modified Danush until Danush can go without strings. He walks around on the platform there without a master. He can walk himself; he can do it himself! Gladly, Sarte realizes that the Strigoi could also influence the lifeless things of Grandma's story. The audience cheering with their hearts out as Danush walks through nails and glass. Sarte feels everything happening under the doll's feet.

Love

And see how happy the Strigoi is that Danush is doing that. Then Franck goes a step further by saying:

This **doll** is named after an **old woman** . **An old gypsy** from the **Sariëlla camp**, we all know her. And a **little respect** is **allowed**, I think!

Then Sarte hears something heavy and wet rolling his way. Franck asks : **Let we watch the doll guys?** To which all Strigoi cheer: **YES, YES, YES LET HIM LOOK!**

Then Franck turns Danush's head and Sarte sees the head of his oh so revered brother. Being able to do everything right and not do anything wrong. The head of the real gypsy from the nest. Sarte's stomach turns in Danush, and Danush is just angry. Furious and filled with hatred, he tries to get away but it doesn't work while Franck lets him watch and watch. They don't hear what Franck says anymore. All they both agree on is there must be revenge, their revenge will be sweet.

Patience is a virtue, brother , patience is a virtue.

Sarte filled with grief still gazes in horror at his brother's severed head as Franck throws Danush off him with his head turned towards Josah's decapitated head.

Love

Then Danush sheds a tear on stage which has gone unnoticed by the Strigoi. Franck walks back and comes back with a hammer and nails and needle and thread. Then he says:

Okay guys the show continues, get ready because this is something not for the faint of heart !

The Strigoi cheers as Franck grabs a nail and hits it in Danush's head. How he drives another nail in it and wraps thread on the two protruding dots and then sews a motif in his back. Sarte feels everything but Danush feels nothing but pure hatred. No more feeling about everything has been taken from him, his friend his brother his future and his love.

Then Franck pulls the nails from the head and the Strigoi see blood coming out. They cheer and cheer one even louder than the other. As an encore, Franck walks through all the tables to fill their glass with Danush's blood. Then he spins around and saying on stage:

That was it guys cheers!

He turns, steps over Josah's severed head and moves to his seat behind the stage. Where he throws Danush in a box and locks the lid with the words: *You gave them a good show kiddo!* Hours go by when they hear nothing, only the thumping of people walking in the hall in the theater. It thunders through like a woodpecker into a tree.

Love

Then the door opens and someone comes drunk in which the lid of the lock picks. Danush is picked up and Franck says: Look in the mirror guys, these are you now!

Sarte looks in the mirror in horror. The porcelain head Danush depends on three pieces to a piece of cloth. The piece of cloth hangs like a soft cloth. And there is a symbol sewn on his back that looks suspiciously like a fence. Franck smiles and throws Danush out the window, saying:

I can't use you anymore now, can I guys?

He aims in the bin under the window, but he cannot make the throw, he curses and slams the door.

Our patience is rewarded come brother fast! He hasn't broken the bond yet!

Danush gets up and walks away into the dark city of condemnation and the undead. It seems that the Strigoi are waiting behind every shop and corner. All the townspeople have turned into the undead, Their eyes light up even the darkest forest. If they pass Danush lays down on the ground they walk on with their noses in the air. They can smell the blood coming from his head.

Love

Soon they start to scream and several of them line up, smelling the air. Danush quickly runs around the corner, Sarte has no choice but to run with him.

Our time will come little brother! Have a little patience. First we have to escape them.

Danush sees everything before it happens and dodges all Strigoi with ease. Then there are only two drunks left, guarding the border from the town to the forest.

We are almost there little brother; we are almost there!

The Strigoi at the gate also smell the almost stained blood all over Danush's body and begin to scream too. They run towards him while Danush runs out of the gate. When Sarte looks back in disbelief, they are screaming at a building and the troops quickly arrive on the spot. They overturn a container and point reproachfully at Franck, who had also become curious.

Sarte hears a cry for help and a l quickly see it from a distance how Franck torn limb from limb apart by the evil Strigoi.

While Danush runs through the woods to reach safe camp.

Grandma knows what to do little brother!

Love

Grandma was called a fool by everyone when she told the story of the Strigoi. But who are the fools now?

The forest has also become the territory of the Strigoi, the luminous eyes are everywhere. But Danush doesn't let himself be fooled again and jumps into the water.

Little brother you can swim, and I need you for this. Lead us to safety.

Sarte does his best but Danush floats in the calmly flowing water. Without the weight of its china head, they will get nowhere and will drown or worse. He hits the water with his hands and arms to be able to go somewhere else than this but nothing happens. They don't go anywhere they depend on the current.

You have to believe in it little brother just as you have believed in me all this time, you have to believe in this too.

But we will not go anywhere, no matter what I do... We just keep floating here.

Believe in it, believe in yourself Sarte you can do this, only you!

I am not a failure!

Love

Screams Sarte out loud and strikes again with his hands and arms around him. He can move the porcelain fingers and swims away.

But the cry is heard by the Strigoi they hear them scream and the footsteps of many in the forest running and searching for blood, their blood. They all circle the waterfront and scream around Danush and Sarte.

Don't move brother! Be still now, no movement or thoughts, just be still now!

Sarte listens and quietly puts their hand in the water. The eyes all look simultaneously into the water where they lie. There is no mercy in their eyes and they radiate hunger. Sarte is quietly produced by the calm current far away from the screaming Strigoi .

Finally, room to breathe, finally some rest from hungry death.

Yes, little brother , right now this is our life. Right now we have to flee. We will not be able to arm themselves against their weapons. So, we have to come up with something else ...

I'm glad Franck didn't break the bond before he died. That way we can at least stay together.

Love

I'll never let you go brother, never again! We belong together, look what we have all seen together and now this. Come repeat my words:

We lived in love for each other. In Love you've died for me.

In Love we melted together.

In love I kill for you. And only in love can we escape this hell together!

Sarte repeats the words, but with a frightened accent. Which Danush doesn't like right now.

The same Danush who has taken care of him all his life. **That same Danush** who Josah gave away, as a cast out. **That same Danush** who saw **Josah** 's head roll and Sarte who doesn't care about it.

As if he doesn't mind, as if he doesn't mind what happened. His brother has been murdered and his head falls in front of him on a stage where he was only too happy to stand. But he felt nothing, nothing at all. Something happened to Sarte but what? Hasn't his whole soul entered the process? Will that be it ? Plus, he has almost no fear towards the Strigoi. Oh well, that will just be in his head. Danush recovers and says:

Sarte we are almost there you can swim again, brother. We've lost them.

Love

While they have temporarily escaped the Strigoi, Sarte and Danush are still on the run. Their journey suffers them to their old gypsy camp. To their family and a potential cure for this curse.

They cannot go on with their lives like this. Sarte doesn't want to end up like Josah and Danush has nothing but pure hatred for what he feels. He's been through a living hell on stage but grants Sarte a normal life. Even when Grandma thinks he should die. He does everything for Sarte.

Love

CHAPTER 5.

FORTUNATELY CHEATED.

Love

Sarte, who had hoped for a lot and thought he had found happiness, has fallen into a trap. Away from his family and friends, alienated from life, and cheated out of nowhere. In this whirlwind existence he cannot trust anything or anyone, only Danush ! They are written off as a hermit to his house. They only have each other, and yet is he happy. He laughs about it

Fortunately, I have been cheated in a life full of betrayal and disappointment.

While they come ashore Danush smiles with him , but it is not very heartfelt also feels Sarte. Danush's smile is full of anger what happened to him? The cheerful Danush is no more. Hate will overtake his love, that will not be long, Sarte is convinced. He has the same feeling with Danush that he always had with Josah. Only Josah managed to hide it, but Danush is still eaten by the rage. What will that mean for the rest of the trip? Will he still be himself or turns it into something they have always hated? The questions run through Sarte's mind, and Danush listens quietly but thoughtfully.

Come on brother this way, I recognize this, we are almost there!

Sarte walks along quietly in the soaking wet heavy doll's clothes. But he's already broken from swimming, and has yet to go through the woods.

Love

Danush is tireless but he is used to persevere. Sarte's head doesn't stop brooding and pondering what if.

What if Danush turns into something they both don't want? What if grandma isn't there what will happen to him?

Grandma is there, brother, grandma is always there!

But they got Josah too, what if they got to the rest of our family? What then Danush?

We shouldn't think about that, grandma is have faith in it, have faith in grandma!

Sarte knows deep down that he is right, but the what if still dominates. While they see the eyes approaching again from a distance. Suddenly Danush turns and jumps into a nearby bush. The eyes keep getting closer, but he doesn't care.

There is only one brother, shall we try?

Sarte does not know and continues to worry. He hears a twig snap behind him when the eyes look into the bush. He hears Danush say in his head:

Now be silent no thoughts and behold!

The Strigoi looks away and walks on. Then Danush moves in the leaves and the Strigoi hears it.

Love

He runs with incredible speed into the bushes and there he starts screaming. Bumps form on his head that start to fester, and yellow pus flows out. Then he falls and jumps on his chest stabbing Danush with a branch in his neck. The Strigoi thrashes about wildly and its fingers begin to catch fire .

Soon the rest of his limbs and body will follow too. Then Danush jumps off him and Sarte sees how the Strigoi is just a burning piece of meat in the quiet forest. The scream of that thing must have been heard even in their camp.

So that is one less brother.

Sarte looks around frightened and wild and sees that Danush has broken off a pine branch. Soon he hears the horse running again, and sees the wagon appear in the forest. The horse passes them and the man gets out, it is the man with the bright gray eyes. Sarte notices that these eyes are brighter than the Strigoi. The man puts the burnt corpse in the cart and gets on the horse, looks back at Sarte and Danush one more time and puts his blunt index finger to his lips.

Then the horse neighs and they go up in smoke. There is a euphoric corniness in the Danush he keeps smiling:

No mortal can compete with the Strigoi, Grandma said.

Love

*The Strigoi are too strong and smart said
Grandma. Well they are so smart they could be
killed by a doll...*

But Sarte can't laugh this has gone too easy, they have been chasing them all the time with several why was he alone? This has been too simple:

*No, we have to continue, believe me we have to
continue. I don't trust any of this ...*

Let them come then we'll kill them all brother ALL.

*No Danush we have to get out of here, this is too
simple. Believe me!*

Sarte looks scared around and Danush hear the screaming undead they almost catch up:

That is why you are the smartest brother!

Sarte takes charge and runs through the woods as fast as he can, he has to go home. He has to make it for him for Danush and for his family. He must share the news of Josah, but above all he must try to save Danush's soul. Only grandma can help. He runs as fast as he can and knows exactly where to go, he sees the path that leads to their camp, but the screaming undead are also getting closer. Sarte starts to run out of breath and starts shouting when he sees the lights:

**HELP, HELP, GRANDMA, PIOTR, HELP
SOMEONE!**

Love

But it is too late the Strigoi have caught up with them and pick them up in pairs. One has them by their arms and the other by their legs. They start to pull quietly smiling. One starts to scream again and gets bumps while the other now starts to get bumps too. At the same time, the bumps start to ignite, they throw them off, they start to fossilize and crumble into dozens of small stones. First their hands and arms and then the rest which slowly crumbles from them. The stones turn to grit and it blows away by the wind.

The rest of the Strigoi run back into the forest while an unknown man picks up Danush and quietly takes them to the camp where Grandma is already waiting for them.

What have you called up boy? Can I no longer trust your children at all?

I'm sorry grandma, I wanted to make you proud that's all!

Grandma Danush takes the silent man's doll and looks at him disapprovingly:

This is my grandson and respect him a bit, he has survived the Armata. Now it's up to us!

The man nods and begins speaking unintelligibly under his breath.

Love

All Sarte can get out is: that fool believed that doll is her grandson, it cannot get crazier.

Grandmother knows what she's doing, she has given us our lives, and she gets prepped. If gypsies are good for something, it is solving their own problems. So that's what we're going to do, solve our own problems. Only Danush doesn't feel the same, Danush is reluctant as if he's waiting for something. Something unnatural and something out of this world. He has no hate at the moment but something worse something much worse he has resignation. At least it seems that way. But Danush is up to something, he knows that. Danush is up to something big, but he doesn't know what. And he certainly doesn't want to find out. They are placed in their own caravan and mother and father are woken up by grandmother:

One of your boys has returned, we are still waiting for Josah. But it will also come back, I am sure.

Danush laughs : *If you really think that, you can't help us!*

Grandma angrily looks at them, holds their mother's hand and says: *I am sure of that!* While she keeps looking at Danush and walks away. Sarte gets very cold , then he hears the horse neigh again and he knows that the man has loaded two more corpses into the wagon.

Love

He falls asleep with peace of mind. His family is watching, his family who will do everything for him will deliver them from this curse. Sarte hears Mother come in and ask:

Saból where is he then, where is Sarte?

All father does is point at Danush, mother shakes her head no.

Yineah there is Sarte believe me, there is Sarte.

But that cannot be Sabolo!

The ways of the van Devla are mysterious Yinah..

Then father turns and sleeps on. Sarte sees how his mother looks at the broken doll in disgust. And how she lies awake all night thinking. What would she think about over and over again? Goes through his mind. Danush is also awake watching everything that is happening.

He doesn't trust any of it. The warmth of the morning sun comes through the windows of the wooden caravan while Mother's eyes just get bigger and bigger.

There is a knock on the door and Grandma comes in with someone else. Danush's hatred is filled again the moment Josah walks into the caravan. Mother jumps out of bed and grabs him, but father is the same as Danush and Sarte.

Love

Father doesn't understand anything about it, this feels wrong, Sarte hears him think it. He doesn't feel the same as before with Josah, soon Josah picks up Danush and blames Sarte for not paying close attention to Danush.

Where is he? He really can't do anything! He can't even take care a dumb doll!

Mother points to the doll : *Danush is Sarte, Sarte is Danush.* But father helps Sarte:

It is not for nothing that we were so easy with you Josa! It must have been hell for him to never be good enough for us, to always be your little brother. The little brother who can't do anything, the little failure... But everyone here knows he's more man than you will ever be.

Josah picks up Danush: *Oh, is that so?*

Then his eyes change and he turns on mom and dad in a split second. He tears open mother's belly in front of father's eyes: *You are not going to give birth to another failure like him Yineah!* Before he can reach Father, Danush jumps on the neck and takes the fir branch out of his clothes and sticks. Josah throws him hard against the wall.

Sarte feels the blow all too well and in astonishment he watches as Josah has convulsions and rolls back and forth on the floor cursing.

Love

Small pieces of stone form and fall from his skin to the ground and turn to ashes, quickly follows his whole body, which is cut off his head like a rock and falls to the ground. The head rolls towards Sarte and Danush in the caravan and looks at them with piercing luminous eyes that fade out.

Danush keeps looking until no more light remains in the eyes. They hear a lot of screaming at the camp and father runs outside with mother in his hands, intestines and intestines hanging from her body . But all he can do is scream for help:

HELP US, HELP US HELP YINAH!

The screams are heard and while he is surrounded by Strigoi, he is still holding his wife. Danush runs out, but Sarte runs the other way:

It's too late Danush ...

Danush sees that he is right when they suck Saból dry until there is not a drop of blood left. Danush's hatred and rage make his eyes glow red in his broken doll's head. And the doll starts to grow, a hand comes up from the sleeves of the clothes and a leg from the legs of his pants. A head begins to form and Danush is soon reborn. But Sarte stays behind in the doll. Who saw a lot coming but not this one.

Love

Danush really had a soul, unfortunately he is now consumed by something that the greatest evil is turning its back on and will leave it alone. When Danush looks at Sarte with blood-red eyes full of hatred and anger, he gets scared. He is more afraid of Danush than all Strigoi, Danush has the look of the devil. The eyes will spread fear even on the greatest murderer.

Danush has turned into something Sarte feared. He doesn't dare to say anything in fear of doing something wrong.

He picks up Sarte and aggressively walks back into the forest, that only means one thing he's going back into town. He's going to visit them!

While the horse neighs again in the background, his family is taken away by that gray-eye. By death with his horse and carriage.

Love

Sarte which is much known is surprised by the fact that Danush has signed a contract with the only person you shouldn't do it. His hatred will prevail and then Sarte will have no one at all. Then he is really on his own, a doll cannot fight. And a doll certainly cannot win. Maybe against one or two but not against the Armata, their entire family is dead, massacred by the Strigoi and they had no chance. No special conditions, not a single piece of hope is left in this dark existence where even the devil will not walk yet. And where many people and animals will come to an end. The Strigoi are rebuilding the world.

Love

CHAPTER 6 .

DEATH!

Love

Danush filled with anger and hatred continues on his way to town when that little girl is back , in the same place as before :

Danush, Danush, you have to go here. This way , please deliver me...

He walks over to the child with Sarte in his hands and begins to strangle her. The child gargles and struggles but he does not let go. He keeps strangling down until he feels her neck snap in his hands, and then he keeps going with a dead look in his eyes. Danush quietly walks away but the leaves rustle behind him, he turns and sees the child rise again. He lays Sarte down on the ground and hits her on the head with a stone, the skull dents but that does not stop him from continuing. Pieces of brain fly over his clothes but he continues furiously. The girl starts to get lumps and yellow pus comes out, but Danush continues to beat until a yellow body is formed that burns in the ground and on his hand. But he still hits the stone in a firm grip.

She's had enough Danush, it was just a kid! Stop, STOP NOW!

Danush screams one word with his finger out to the girl:

STRIGOI!

Love

He stops hitting and walks on as if nothing had happened. He's a man who has lost everything because of the Strigoi, and a man who has nothing to lose shouldn't be angered. That's a battle you're not going to win, especially from Danush. He has lost everything, but is still standing, alone. Sarte can't be there for him, not right now. Their road looks pitch black with no bright spot ahead. Sarte stuck in a doll and Danush freed from a devil's curse to find herself in another. No way back just forward in this forest full of murder and blood. Even the leaves of the trees look different at the moment, everything feels different, no, this is not going to be the same. *It will never be the same again.* Sighs Sarte soft Danush immediately looks back and points his finger at a bunch behind them. The unknown man from the camp comes forward with Grandma. Grandma is covered in blood and pieces of flesh and the man is also completely red and yellow from the Strigoi. He is holding a large imposing crossbow that Sarte would spend an entire afternoon stretching, but the man looks like he can do it easily. The blood on his hands proves it, the blood from straining the tendon. Grandmother looking angry and betrayed, looks at Danush and Sarte nods her head and walks quietly towards them. The man trying to keep Grandma Danush at bay with the words:

Love

Don't Sariella look at his eyes he is the same as them!

Grandma does not listen to it and quietly walks over to Danush while the man keeps Danush under shot. Danush threatening to walk towards the man becomes more confident with every step he takes.

While the man starts to shake his finger to pull the trigger only too happy. Danush represents the man who sees Grandma from a distance shaking her head no. And places the crossbow on his heart:

Go ahead!

The man gets hot and starts to sweat while Danush laughs at the man spitefully and slaps him in the face. The man gets tears in his eyes and puts down the crossbow with the words: **I'm sorry boy!** Danush smiles at the man and walks back to Grandma, the man who soon after experiences a feeling of pure fear sees Danush calmly walk away after what just happened and give Grandma a hug.

Grandma Danush tells him she still knows a place where they can talk quietly. The sun is already starting to set and makes way for the moon while they are quietly sitting around a campfire. Sarte is the only one to start talking. Only Grandma understands what he says, even Danush doesn't understand. Grandma says:

Love

Yes my boy that's the story of Gabor ... Would anyone hear it?

Danush raises his hand while the man says: **Ah, man that's just old wives talk, Gabor doesn't exist!** Danush looks at him angrily, the man immediately comes to his senses: **All right, then tell me.** Grandma starts the story with:

I know you saw him Sarte otherwise you weren't here in a doll, he saved you.

And if we all think, we can set you free too. I will tell you the legend of Gabor as it circulated through our country for centuries from father to son and mother to daughter.

I knew it was true, just like the Strigoi. But I was hoping never to tell you this because this is a story about true love. But as so often, the truth cannot be hidden.

This story starts in 1812.

Gabor was a lonely farmer's son who was very much on his own. His father was lusty until his last breath. And he didn't know his mother. He occasionally heard drunken stories about her that couldn't hear the daylight.

His father who had to pay for their death one night full of fun and women, by a jealous friend. He had said goodbye to Gabor before he left. And Gabor who, with tears in his eyes, embraced his lifeless father and later made the same mistake as him.

Love

Gabor has worn out many, many women, not for himself or lust for the women. But for revenge simple revenge for the jealous friend's wrath.

All women wanted to be his bride; all women wanted to bear his children. But Gabor always cut it off when the women couldn't live without him. He had to and will make all women jealous.

But like everyone else, Gabor fell in love. He fell in love with a farmer's daughter named Darwina. Not because she was so willing, but precisely because he couldn't get her. He tried everything to court her, but she didn't want him.

He has tried to pick flowers and berries. He tried to make her ground on which she walked so great that it seemed like a gift from god himself. But she still didn't want him. It destroyed Gabor inside. Until one night when the moon was full, he went to her house to express his love. But she was distant and angry when she saw him. She quickly ran on all fours into the forest and Gabor chased her. To lose her forever to hunters looking for an easy meal. She was shot by a silent murderer. Her heart was pierced by the arrow. His Darwina belonged to the strix. The night runners who, like the Strigoii, have been immortalized by the devil himself.

There was hair all over her body when the arrow pierced her heart, but Gabor didn't care what she looked like his Darwina was perfect.

Love

Gabor, who has not only held his lifeless father in his arms but now also his greatest love, was consumed with hatred and his behavior began to distort. Until he sold his soul to get Darwina back but the devil happily accepted his soul without fulfilling his wish. And now lets him function as an intermediary between the living and the dead to soften the devil's work. Since 1822 he has been guiding the dead to hell, by placing them in his carriage and driving to hell in his supposedly expensive and devilish appearance.

Actually, however, his love for his greatest unworthy wife came to his end. You could see it in his eyes , the eyes that still speak of pure unadulterated unattainable love ... And in love he has come to an end.

He is not a bad man and he never will ever be, only he, like many people, made a big mistake by trusting an impostor ...

Darwina belonged to the wolf species of the Strigoi, but they don't live here anymore. The Strigoi hunted them down and killed them. Because the Pricolici can only defend themselves at full moon and chase after a complete transformation. That is also their biggest weakness, because for the rest they only have one left and that is silver. The Pricolici were perhaps dels biggest mistake, or Satan's best damnation. Their bloodlust is unprecedented and on a full moon they were unbeatably strong , even for the Strigoi. The Strigoi saved us well from that.

Love

But sometimes we all long for the Pricolici which changed man wolf and the night once a month to keep us people safe.

Gabor, who does Satan's dirty work because of his love for Darwina, sometimes still weeps to the full moon in the hope that his Darwina will answer. He has not had an answer for exactly a hundred years now, but he does not give up hope in love. And he never will.

One day she will return to free Gabor from his curse, he is convinced of that.

Danush's eyes keep widening and Grandma happily says:

Watch out men, keep your distance!

Danush's eyes turn black and his nose becomes pointed, his arms turn into hairy legs and his ears grow big. The man recoils and immediately takes his crossbow. Grandma shouts: **NO!**

But the man shoots and hits Danush who immediately runs away after feeling the arrow. They hear him cry from afar and they hear that he is getting an answer.

The Pricolici are still alive Devla said thanks!

They hear animals running around them and soon see the first one leaping forward. It's a huge black wolf with wounds all over its body.

Love

And a piece of his head has been eaten away from his eyes. Then the rest also follows and they see ten gigantic wolves. They growl and push Grandma and the unknown man together.

Sarte gets up and runs to his grandmother to protect her. The biggest wolf sees Sarte trying to protect his grandmother. And calls back the rest, who watch from a distance what Sarte is doing.

They seem scared of him.

No, don't worry, they respect him! He is the same as them, I saw it in him before. He was different from Josah, more rebellious and stubborn.

Sarte is standing in front of his grandmother and beats wildly with his hands back and forth.

The big wolf looks at it, walks forward and bites the doll, he tears the doll in two, then they hear a howl. And they see Sarte slowly growing back into his old form. The big wolf bows his head and the rest run away.

Sarte hears the horse neigh again and knows that another dead person has been transported to continue living in hell.

Gabor is getting busier grandma; can he handle it?

Don't worry boy he's been doing this for a long time!

Love

The man looks around anxiously and cannot comprehend what just happened? Wasn't it an old wife's tale? The Pricolici warned him, he got away well this time. But something in the story is wrong because it is not a full moon. The man doesn't trust any of it, but is happy that they are there.

Love

*A brother who came back to die. A family lost and Danush which turned into a Pricolici, has not digested yet. No, what happened to Sarte? That may have turned out to be the greatest gift or curse. They have nothing left except grandma, and of course that unknown man. Where did he come from? And will Gabor ever find his peace, will he ever find his Darwina again? Will he ever stop suffering? Where did grandma suddenly come from? These are all questions that will all be answered at a later time. Will the Strigoi give up, lose or overcome? At the moment nobody knows that at all... The Strigoi is everything that man is not, and are the Pricolici really on their side? Or
the sheep in
wolf clothing?
Afraid of being killed yet again?*

Love

CHAPTER 7.

THE SIN.

Love

The screaming lasts a long time this time, it's a chilling scream, a cold scream but a scream for help nonetheless. The unknown man quickly runs to grandma and asks for help, but grandma says no. Then the man walks away angry and does not look back. Sarte dumbfounded at how he got back into human form, looks at grandma questioningly. Grandma can only give a riddle:

When hope is needed and the moon is running at full speed, you will see that life is more about you. When hunger is accompanied by grief, and death loves you, then you know your time has come to be great. After all, death only stops when many people have proven themselves.

Sarte who listens attentively but cannot get anything out of it gets tired very tired and falls from sleep in the soft grass. With grandma as an observant eye who keeps watch over him. While the Pricolici cry in the background and wish him a good night's sleep, he has a nightmare and trembles with fear. He is cold and sweltering at the same time when Gabor appears in his dream and throws him into the carriage to drive him to his final destination.

He does not know how he died, but Gabor does an excellent job and releases him at the gates of hell. He gives Sarte a choice:

Love

Many people died and many demons I have here brought in the hope that they would suffer, but now it is different thou have died out of love, would thé like to return In Love to continue your work?

Sarte nods frightened and says: *yes* .

Apply warmth to the coldest heart and thou will be free.

Gabor smiles and Sarte wakes up slowly but Grandma is gone. He smells the blood all too well and when it follows, he sees Grandma bleeding hanging in a tree with her limbs scattered across the grass and her guts out of her stomach with a note stuck in her chest with a knife .

We lived in love for each other. In love you died for me... In love we melted together. In love I kill for you. In love we will see each other again when death smiles to us..

DANUSH!

Sarte shouts to the sky above him. His thoughts run on why grandma what kind of game is played here? Am I the only one left? That nightmare, was it real, did I die to be thrown back? Why did Danush do this? He takes Grandma down from the tree and starts digging a hole with his hands. Tears fall every time his hands touch the earth.

Love

He collapses at the thought that he is all alone. He was betrayed by his best friend, they were always together, they knew everything about each other. But what did he know about him, what did he know? They should never have left. It sounded all beautiful and prosperous but they are forgotten. The big deep turned out to be too deep for swimming, and now they both drown. Only they both drown somewhere else! The life that first smiled at them has turned its back on them now, they are now on their own. Sarte who is still digging gets angrier and angrier with every inch the hole deepens. The tears fall into the hole and leave a wet spot in the black earth. He puts grandma in it and starts scattering the earth over her. He hears leaves rustling around him and thinks:

Bring it on Danush , traitor!

The rustling goes faster and faster until he hears footsteps behind him and sees the eyes reappear, they have come to the blood. They start to scream hellishly. They look like they've been put through the ironer. They are gaunt thin with blunt hands and their fingernails are long and sharp. Part of their hair has fallen out, there are bald spots all over their heads.

Love

And their skin could fall off at any moment, their scream doesn't sound like the other Strigoi. There are several species, these are of a different kind!

They are not that quick but they are angry. These Strigoi are filled with hatred, he sees it in their eyes, they want him dead in the most gruesome way. They are slowly approaching but fear is over for Sarte! They don't get to grandma! He is pushed back to the pit where Grandma is lying and stands on the soft sand with his hands forward. He's not leaving grandma, he's already failed once, this time it will be different! The Strigoi start to scream again, it is a hellish beep what they produce, Sarte who gets tears in his eyes stops. One quickly emerges and in a split second, Sarte growls deeply at the Strigoi, which immediately jumps back and looks questioningly at the rest. Soon they turn and slowly walk away. Sarte does not understand what just happened, but he is happy with it. *Grandma is now safe!*

He sighs softly, looking at his grandmother's body lying so peacefully in the shallow grave. Tears fall at the sight of her, that dear woman.

She did everything for everyone and look at her now! And that because of me. Her death, Danush turned into something he has always hated, Josah's death and Mom and Dad. Everything is my fault ...

Love

His eyes start to burn and change to the green color that Franck's little girl had:

*Why me, why did you choose me? WHY
ESMERALDA!*

He sits down next to the hole where Grandma is lying. Her intestines appear from the soil creeping out, then he hears the cry of Pricolici again from a distance reflecting in the sky. He feels the urge to shout back but he has to wait for his chance they will die they all will die! The Strigoï and the Pricolici. He laughs and closes his eyes when another scream is heard from afar and he now hears the horse neigh twice. That's two less... He fills the hole with sand, puts his hand on the earth, bows his head and promises Grandma:

*I will take them back, in your honor they will let life, I promise you! I make Bagorià safe from monsters and the undead. For you **pappa and mamma and Josah but also for Danush!***

He sees a shadow in the woods looking at him and observing his movements. The shade doesn't have glowing gray eyes but it doesn't feel safe with it either. The shadow looks at everything and slowly backs away. Sarte can hear his heartbeat accelerate while the shadow walk backwards and runs away. He has to follow, Sarte's footsteps rattle through the woods with every step he takes. It is a dull punch every step of the way.

Love

Then the shadow's footsteps speed up, but Sarte keeps walking at the same pace. The shadow quickly turns into a scared person. He hears his blood pumping harder and harder in his body.

Then the man stops walking and puffs out, Sarte approaches and the man starts running again. Now his footsteps are also getting heavier as he looks back with every three steps. Knowing that Sarte is after him, the man begs exhausted against a tree:

No no please don't, no don't please don't ...

Sarte sees that it is the unknown man, but why is he running away ? Something is wrong here! Sarte walks quietly to the man but the man runs away again, his heartbeat accelerates exhausted again, the man falls over. Sarte approaches a little faster and the man puts a dagger to his own throat:

Get even closer and I'll do it!

Sarte stops walking and looks indignantly at the man who apparently no longer wants to live. He walks back with the knife to his own throat. He stumbles and falls over, but before he hits the ground, Sarte has already grasp him tightly to his clothes.

Love

Sarte lifting the man up with emerald green eyes does not know his own strength and lifts the man up into the air with one hand. The man screams frightened:

NO, IT WASN'T ME! IT WASN'T ME!

But when the man opened his mouth, Sarte was already smelling Grandma's blood.

The man begs and pleads but his heartbeat speeds up with every lie the man tells. Sarte has made a promise and you keep promises especially to your family. He lifts the man up above his head and throws him against a tree, the man's fingers move wildly while he's lying on the ground and he points to a bush but Sarte has no eye and pulls the stomach of the man open, then he pulls out the guts of the man and pulls his limbs off his body one by one before hanging him consciously in a tree and sticking the note into his chest with his own knife.

He hears a lot of rustling behind him and a hellish scream follows then about eight Strigoi run, tearing him apart and eating him one by one and limb by limb.

Love

Sarte can only agree with the Strigoi, they have been without a meal for too long and can now enjoy their happiness, Sarte walks away without looking back and on a high piece in the forest he howls at the sky where he sees granny's approving eyes looking down on him. He soon receives an answer from the Pricolici and finally feels safe...

Love

Sarte gave in to his bloodlust and killed his grandmother's murderer without saying a word to him, and then led him to the Strigoi. The perpetrator always returns to the place where it happened, which was also seen by Sarte. But why this man was so scared by the Strigoi came from the bushes which must have a different meaning. And how long will it take Sarte also gets hungry as all beings this damned forest? Together we will find out everything..

Love

CHAPTER 8.

THE TOWN!

Love

Soon, Sarte smells the welcoming scent of horse shit and booze, there is the city. A place where danger will lurk with every step he has to take. But he doesn't feel fear and walks on confidently. He smells the horse shit every time he reaches town and hears the horse neighing again behind him. But when he looks back, he sees the horse looking at him with a fixed look. The horse looks rotten hangs from the skin loose and his flesh is black where the maggots are implanted. And his eyes are half-eaten out. He blows in his face and Sarte sees Gabor get out of the carriage. He walks over to him at a dead man's pace and puts his hand on Sarte's shoulder. Sarte looks at him expectantly into his gray eyes. Gabor tilts his head and gives Sarte a smile then he points back into the forest and hears Sarte de Pricolici running. There are many, they run around him and through the middle Sarte is stared at by the big black wolf. Sarte keeps looking but is purely looking for Danush, who also has to be among the pack. Sarte searches and searches for those blood-red eyes, but he cannot find them. At that moment he gets scared, but nothing will happen to him, he has lost everything. He is afraid of his friend, his brother, his companion! Nothing would have happened to him, would it? Everyone but him is dead, has been murdered. The big wolf then walks over to him and starts growling. Sarte feels his heart beating in his throat. His heart rate accelerates by the second.

Love

Every thump makes him more afraid of Danush. And steps back when the wolf comes running forward. The wolf looks back and the Pricolici slowly turn back into humans. Sarte looks at the spectacle unbelievably. What just happened here? Only the big wolf remains in its menacing form while the rest are all Sartes age or slightly older. The oldest may be only 25 while the others all seem 18 but no Danush. Where is he? Where can he be now? is he now too... The big wolf growls and changes now too. His fur slowly returns to his back and his pointed nose changes into a face, his legs remain the same length and arms and hands form. There he stands the Alpha of the pack in its fullest glory. He walks over to Sarte and hands him a note.

We lived in love for each other. In love you died for me... In love we melted together. In love I kill for you Sarte Sariëlla.

You have no normal fear of us and your eyes are those of the Strigalici you are a half-blood, born in hate but fighting for love. You have created something in your love and only in your love for him can he be stopped.

Then he growls and walks away in human form. Gabor forms behind Sarte again and nods his head.

Love

Then a scream sounds the right stands the horse on its hind legs that seem almost to bursting, Gabor is gone and Sarte hear the horse from distance neighing. He has to get back to work ... Sarte thinks about what that Alpha said. What is a Strigalici and something he disagrees with but will have to do with. Especially at this point! Danush has gone too far in his hatred. But even a devil can still be saved. Sarte saw something, something that no one saw or closed their eyes to. Gabor asked for help. He is tied to that horse, that horse is in charge!

How do I get him off that horse? If I know that I can save Danush too!

The Pricolici seem to be calling him from a distance. A distant but reachable distance, they might take him further to Danush. The city does not seem to be achieved in this way, and so far away. First find Danush and then go to town together to give them back what they have given them. To make them beg and crawl , but he needs Danush for that. But where does it start? Where does he start to look in the darkening forest full of danger where the prey is predator and predator prey. In the forest of an endless circle full of blood and death. Who would scare even the meanest creature.. But Sarte's over it. He no longer feels the fear slowly but surely makes way for anger and hatred. The same thing that happened to Danush is happening to him now.

Love

His green eyes are also gradually losing their shine and his head is full! Full of anger, full of envy towards those who do lead normal lives! But especially full of his past of never being good enough. And always fifth place behind Josah. The same Josah who wanted to kill father and mother. The same Josah who did everything right and never had to look back. Never had to answer for his actions or put on the sackcloth. He hates him, he hates him to the bone and beyond. With grandma's eyes looking down from the sky he screams:

I HATE YOU; I HATE YOU. YOU COULD DO EVERYTHING BETTER AND ALWAYS DO EVERYTHING WELL.

I HATE YOU, AND WILL HATE YOU FOREVER. YOU ARE NOT A FAMILY OF MINE BLOODSUCKING ATTENTION DEMANDING PRICK....

He's not feeling well and a howl comes from his toes that they can still hear three cities away. When he's done, he hears the Pricolici answer, they are close by. He runs towards them on all fours and immediately stands in front of the Alpha. The Alpha blinks and turns into human. Then he pricks Sarte's neck with a long nail and stands at a distance. The other wolves come threateningly close and growl as Sarte changes.

Love

His head becomes pointed and his feet become claws, his back breaks and splits open hair grows out and he gets a white fur. It doesn't hurt him at all, but that wouldn't have interested him anyway. He did this on a mission: go to town together, find Danush together, survive together. Alone is so alone anyway. And he was alone, but not anymore, now he belongs to a pack. Only not all Pricolici agree, but when they look into those green eyes they know that their Alfa has made the right choice. When the transformation is complete there's a hellish cry fueled by hatred and filled with pain .

The right hand of the Alfa de Omega is born!

while the rest of the wolves bend their head in respect to the ground, Sarte and the Alpha go out seeking for Danush.

First, they go to a Strigoi nest together, and Sarte learns how to kill them. There are many, many but the Alfa makes them scream and beg.

It is made of pure strength and with willpower he pierces. He's stubborn just like Sarte because seven Strigoi can't get him to the ground. His speed is unmatched, he beats and beats, the Strigoi try everything but he stands his ground and bites them literally a head shorter.

Love

The Strigoi blood is flowing, but the bumps are also growing again at the heads of the Strigoi.

Then comes the second wave of Strigoi that came to the screams of the first, and they are for Sartes account. Sarte hits one and immediately sees the rib cage and diaphragm of that screaming thing split into four pieces. Then one more Sarte, finishing off with its hind leg on its head after bringing him to the ground. He sees his head crack open and feels the skull crack under his leg. He enjoys this and prefers to finish all Strigoi at once. Unfortunately, it will soon end. Because there is Gabor even the Alfa bows his head out of respect . He also knows that Gabor is important.

When one Strigoi tries to attack Gabor, he gets kicked by the horse, and the flames of purgatory form before their eyes around the fallen Strigoi. Sarte walks to Gabor, the Alfa tries to stop him but does not dare because the same can happen to him as the Strigoi just earlier. Gabor looks penetrating at Sarte and nods then the horse neighs fifteen times, once for all cases of fallen Strigoi after that Gabor disappears...

And the Alfa knows it was a good choice to change Sarte. He has proven to be a worthy Omega. Patient but with a good approach and cold-blooded where necessary, but above all still human. Hatred has not yet won over his love, as it has with Danush.

Love

The Alfa smiles and walks back to its pack in human form, saying:

You passed this test, you are worthy of our gift ...

Sarte nods his head and walks silently to wait for what lies ahead!

Love

Sarte is already had quite a life to a pack and a family. From losing everything to gaining everything. From a pathetic boy without a doll to a full-fledged man with the killer instinct. It won't be long now before they reach town and find Danush, but is that what Sarte wants? Does he want to find him? After looking into those blood red angry eyes full of hatred? He knows one thing, that he is safe because he is protected by dozens and together with the Alfa, they are supreme!

Love

CHAPTER 9.

THE FIRE OF HATE .

Love

When they quietly reach the pack, the pack jumps for joy. There is a feeling of happiness in the group when Sarte talks about their victory. The pack knows what's to come, their place is taken. With that realization, they ask Sarte to kill a deer and take it with him. But he says:

Sorry guys I'll stick with Strigoi, a deer has never done anything to me. And if the hunger gets too bad... We will see what I'll do then.

Two out of the pack growl and the rest walk away while the two are left with the Alfa and Sarte. The two behave aggressively towards Sarte and his new friend. But the Alfa cannot be betrayed and is too quick for the two. He bites the first before he can attack on the neck and throws it to the ground. And when the second tries to launch an attack in the back of the Alfa, Sarte is still there. It slaps wildly with its claws and hits the aggressive Pricolici on the head. His skull slides apart into three slices and falls to the ground. This went just as easy as the Strigoi goes through him, is he that strong? The Alfa can only say one thing:

We have been betrayed.. The vampires are smarter than we anticipated...

The Strigoi start to vibrate and shake and then just get up again. One with a hole in his neck that squirts yellow pus and the other with just his jaw attached to a piece of scruff. They calmly walk towards them, the Alfa beating wildly and for fear Sarte does not know what to do.

Love

This is not normal practice; the dead must stay dead. Very soon they hear a howl coming closer from afar, carried by the wind. A cry becomes a whine and a whine a beep. Behind the bushes they hear many footsteps coming closer, they are the Strigoi from the nest of earlier. That Sarte so easily defeated had maybe too easy.

No, no he took you! You are gone! You belong in hell!

Soon the Alfa is pushed to the ground and Sarte does his best to get those undead off him. He tries to do everything he can, he bites and claws them but it seems as if the Strigoi keep getting stronger. Then the Alfa howls and the Strigoi disappeared like snow before the sun and left like smoke from an ashtray. Only Sarte is still standing in disbelief as he watches the Alfa bleed to death. He can't do anything even if he wants so badly, he can't do anything. The Alfa seems to be at peace with it when he closes his eyes.

Just as he closes his eyes, the horse gives a little gasp. The whole forest can feel it. How sad the horse is with this loss, but also how sad Gabor is. Soon the horse rides to his lost friend and Gabor puts him in the carriage. Gabor looks sad, apparently this was a great loss. The horse bows its head, snorts and is gone. He didn't even neigh, he couldn't.

Love

The Alfa is dead and will not return, although it must be very tempting for him, especially considering that the Strigoi have also returned.

There must be a new Alfa, but then who? Then he hears something behind him:

I can do that, brother!

He sees the blood-red eyes come closer. That can only mean one thing. Danush is back. But now they still have no chance against the force majeure of extremely strong Strigoi. Sarte doesn't hear a heartbeat with Danush, not like that man. Not like the Alfa or its pack. His heart seems to have stopped beating. He comes up against him and tastes:

Make me alpha brother, please make me alpha...

But Sarte also knows that is the wrong choice and says no. Soon Danush changes into a gigantic Strigoi of over two meters and hangs his head over Sarte. Then he whispers in his ear:

Look into the tips of my eyes little brother and then say no again.

He looks at Sarte and he is sucked in by a vortex of emotions. He hears Danush asking:

Love

I can give you the most beautiful life, the most beautiful women and a prosperous rest of your life with a lot of wealth.

All I ask of you is to make me Alpha. And then everything you've ever dreamed of or wanted about is yours...

Sarte is not sure what is happening to him again at the hands of that manipulative walking death full of hatred and anger. He has to play, this is a fight he is not going to win, not without bloodshed.

Okay, Danush if you really want it that bad. But be aware of this curse, this curse is not as beautiful as you think .

I don't care, make me Alpha, please little brother...

Sarte walks to the bushes and says:

This is where it has to happen with this pool of blood. This curse is too strong for me, this is too hard.

Danush steps on the pool of blood. ***Bend your head forward and I'll do it little brother.*** Danush bows his head and feels a twinge of pain. He laughs about it, but the laughter quickly fades, he steps back and falls over: *What have you done, brother?* Then another shot of pain and another, before bumps form on Danush's body, these bumps run thin red stuff.

Love

Before he gets up and runs away, Sarte sees the forest lit by a flame in the distance and thinks lost in thought:

Sorry Strigah, I couldn't make this wish come true. You weren't Danush, you weren't my little brother! I HATE YOU, AND I'LL DAMN YOU ALL!

The horse neighs again and he hears the carriage driving away to another victim. His clothes alone are covered with the blood and yellow stuff of the farmer, mama, pappa, grandma, the Alfa and the Strigoi.

Unbelievable what is happening here! Nothing ever happens in Bagoria but now a war is going on. A war between humans and animals, but also humans and death.

Sarte looks around indignantly and throws the light red dripping pine branch into the bushes. The city is where he needs to go and the city is where he will go. He has nothing left and only wishes to die like a man. Watching a force majeure with no hope of winning but he goes down swinging. And he'll knock some down in his swing. He will try to avenge his grandmother and his family and if that doesn't work, he will at least go into the legends during a campfire in the summer. Everyone will know his name and his incredible story. Everyone including you, a boy who just sought happiness and ended up in hell on Earth. No mercy in his path and he is now getting harder.

Love

He's getting harder and harder until he gets to a point where, like Danush, he breaks and gives in to the hatred.

Then there is no stopping him he is still young, but he has already done more and seen more than anyone at that age. And he gets older even if it is only a day. He will age for Mom for Dad for Grandma and for Danush.

You will be proud, just for once, Josah disappointed you and betrayed the family. While he was your darling, Josah did everything right what I did wrong. Josah turned out to be dead. And Danush will be mine, but I'm proud of him, and he's proud of me!

In good spirits Sarte continues on his way to the city, he will subdue them or die, but not without trying. He still knows the way from last time. He's been here four times now so the city is close by. But hunger is also starting to come.

Not an animal I will not kill an animal they never did me anything wrong!

The more he thinks about how good a piece of meat would taste now, the louder his stomach rattle and roar. He hears another scream and the neighing horse afterwards. The horse 's whinny pierces a bone, his hearing gets better and better and his eyes are on fire.

Love

His nails continue to spread and his back splits open again. Something is happening to him but what? He knows not only that it hurts this time. He growls at the sky and a feeling of pure anger floods him.

That is how Danush must have felt in the struggle to remain human. His soul appears black and his heart looks like stone as he howls at the setting moon like an Alpha.

Love

Sarte has gone from normal teen to doll and from doll to teen to changing from teen to Omega and Omega to Alpha his whole life has led to this. Like Grandma always said, he was more stubborn than a donkey. And he could win the main prize with that. That was his best feature simply because he remained so human. But his human side is slowly ebbing into a numb beast without mercy. All his life he has been told that he was not good enough and that he was a failure. But his wish has come true he has found something he is good at, no the best:

KILLING!

Love

CHAPTER 10.

RECURRENT PAIN.

Love

Quick footsteps run towards him while he is still in the transformation. He looks back quickly but sees nothing until a shadow forms a shadow of a man in front of him. Which reminds him suspiciously of Saból, his father. He has the same look in his eyes when he looks at Sarte but his skin is completely loose from his head. And his larynx is completely open as if a Pricolici has taken him. He walks closer and tries to put a hand on Sarte on his shoulder. But Sarte pushes his hand away in shame what he has become now: A killer full of hate and anger with a hunger that the biggest banquet nor feast can satisfy. The man tries again to put a hand on Sarte's shoulder, but Sarte grunts at the man distantly. Then the man tries again and Sarte grabs the man's hanging larynx and squeezes shut in a flash of anger. The man chokes a few words:

But the words don't affect Sarte, even when the man's heartbeat stops and he dies with a guilty look in his eyes, it doesn't hurt Sarte. His father is dead, his mother is dead, his brothers are dead and they must die! If he violates the flesh of the man and leaves not a piece of tissue or muscle even the blood is drunk and the marrow is sucked out of the bones! After that, there is only a pile of bones in the forest.

Sarte has violated his father that realization is only now coming.

Love

The memories are vague but he still remembers the transformation and his walking nightmare of a father. But he doesn't know how he got all that blood on his claws. Lots of blood with every drop of a different scent. There flows maybe thirty fragrances together on both hands. He sees out of confusion that he is also very different from what he used to be . He's in the middle of the city and the bodies are stacked around him . His only question is:

How did I get here?

While he maneuvers around the piled up corpses and returns to safety. His questions pile up like those thirty people were on the pile. Out of a moment of weakness or impotence, he howls to the sky, hoping for an answer, but all he gets to hear is a scream and the horse whinnying. And then it is quiet, he tries it again but nothing but silence, dead silence is all the forest can give him.

He bows his head and walks on guilty. He took the people back and maybe the Strigoi too. He no longer has a goal because the city has been reached. His revenge is redeemed and his family avenged. Everything is accomplished except to get Danush back. He only needs to recover Danush! Then he can die a happy man. Where is he?

Love

He thinks when he hears something falling behind him. Something with a heartbeat.

He looks around angrily but sees nothing at first, but when he looks at the ground next to him, he sees a doll. He grabs the doll clamp it tightly and keep it next to his ear to the heartbeat is louder and louder faster and faster. It is a doll made of straw with a cloth as a head and sewn-on buttons for the eyes. The heartbeat speeds up even more and even more when Sarte finds a note sewn into the back of the doll. A well-known note but a note with a nasty aftertaste.

In Love I killed for you. In Love I died for you. In Love I went my own way, in order Hatred found be. And to live on In Love.

Sarte can only think one thing:

Danush!

But the heartbeat of the doll stops and Sarte again alone in the oversized screaming woods late that nothing in life except death. And the destruction it leaves this forest is a woman a beautiful woman who leaves nothing of you except pain and a worthless pile of guilt. Everything that has happened now is his fault. The only feeling that remains is sadness and a lot of pain while the sun burns heavily in his face. A tree will suffer if he takes his anger out on it.

Love

But his anger does not go away not like this, his knuckles are open to the bone but his anger does not leave his body and mind. Every thought makes him crazier than the last. In everything he is the bitten dog. In all thoughts is his fault of what happened. If he didn't just leave, everyone would still be alive. Then not a drop of blood would have fallen and he would have had everyone around him. He strikes but almost changes his knuckles into bonedust but he keeps hitting. He must feel pain and he succeeds, right? He has disappointed everyone but especially his family and Danush, the rest of humanity does not interest him, no one has ever looked after him or his family why would he help the townsfolk after the betrayal that once again involved that money. Always that retarded dough who is in charge of everything. That money that makes people rich but that turns people against each other. The power that that hopeless note gives which isn't good enough to wipe grandma's dead ass! But without that note, humanity is nowhere. The tree begins to crack and the bark falls to pieces off. Even he's seduced by that retarded payslip. His family does not become proud if you had a lot to spend, you are happy with nothing.... If only he had thought of that earlier, they would have lived now. He hits the tree one more time and a hole forms in the tree. A dent as deep as his hand he doesn't feel anything and his wounds are already starting to heal.

Love

But when he looks at his hands, the subcutaneous scars start to pop open again. And it hurts, pain when grandma's eyes in the sun looks patronizing down on him. He has not closed his eyes to what she has done for him. Not yet, but this disease that he is now dealing with that can take so many lives in one minute does not allow that. This disease does not allow that. He hears a heartbeat speeding and he's looking straight scanning the origin of the sound. But he doesn't get much further when the heartbeat is gone immediately and thinks that he is going crazy when he feels his own heartbeat again. He has not felt that for a long time, what a nice feeling that is!

Then he sees that the doll is holding his ankles and soon realizes that Danush is in big trouble, when he sees the doll's blood-red eyes where there were knots before. But these eyes also have something rough, they contain a raging sea full of sorrow.

But Sarte doesn't know what to believe. Not right now, not now! He no longer knows what has become reality and fiction, fantasy and reality. His entire family massacred, and he alone standing.

Even Danush is gone, although those blood-sucking devastating Strigoi want him to believe Danush is still with him. He sees him everywhere even now when that doll is still there, beckoning to him. Sarte angrily screams:

NO YOU ARE DANUSH DON'T GO AWAY, GO AWAY FROM ME! LEAVE ME ALONE INSTRUMENT OF SATAN. But the doll does not bend. And stands there beckoning at a distance, but Sarte does not come. The doll starts to change. First of all, the cloth head changes into a porcelain familiar. Sarte walks forward gently to hold Danush in his arms, but Danush laughs heavily. Then Sarte knows that something is wrong, his first feeling was precise this is not Danush. Then the doll jumps on his neck and wraps something around his body. And Sarte falls down confused, he sees and feels the whole forest turning and spinning. As he tries to pull the wrapped threads from his body, he burns his claws and the thread is deep in his hands. The transformation doesn't work and he feels like he always was, a scared little boy who loses his family and loses his doll. The doll is standing there smiling from a distance until it transforms itself again. This time it will be long, very tall. He stands there, an imposing apparition of nearly two and a half meters, and he looks down on him. When he bows over Sarte, Sarte only sees the eyes, the eyes of death "*Gabor*". Gabor points to his mouth with his ring finger, the only finger intact, the rest are all either broken or chopped off.

The first thing Sarte sees is the ring Gabor wears and only after that the stitches in his lips.

Love

His lips are sewn together and he drags Sarte by the threads. Sarte asks: *Gabor why?* But Gabor mumbles back something unintelligible! Sarte says: *Get those stitches out friend or you won't be able to talk!* Then Gabor throws him a few feet away and points panically to his lips with his ring finger. As if to tell Sarte to be quiet. Then he raises his broken thumb, and Sarte nods yes. The thumb is all the way to the left and it hurts Gabor a lot when he's pointing it up.. Then he picks up Sarte again and takes him in his broken hands to a house in the middle of the forest. The wooden door opens with a squeak. The only thing that keeps the house and the door upright are a few rickety planks. Not much later Sarte hears a horse coming walking, and Gabor frees him from the iron threads, then the door opens again and he sees a familiar walk in, the Gabor he knows. He walks to the fireplace and puts his hands on the mantelpiece, at which point a fire comes out like Sarte has never seen before. The fire welcomes him, a warm welcome but a sour feeling befalls him.

"What has he done wrong again?"

Love

Sarte no longer knows what to believe when he saw the real Gabor walk in. Just that strange things are going on. The fire that gave him such a warm welcome burns to his soul. The confidence to find Danush has completely faded away, and those iron wires what's with that? He killed Strigoi as if it were nothing but was brought to his knees by tools that his father used to make dolls with. Nothing is too crazy for Sarte at the moment. Should he just close his eyes or is he too stubborn again? Too cocky to give up, he's got his revenge but he didn't enjoy it.

Love

CHAPTER 11.

WHEN IT KILLS!

Love

He knows there is something wrong with this picture but cannot wrap his finger around it. Gabor has something dark and scary over him, something he did not have before, except that there are now two in front of him. The fire dances wildly in the fireplace and soon shows their true form. Sarte may not be mom's brightest, but not crazy either. **Strigoi!** He must plan his steps thoughtfully. The iron wires are still burning on his skin while he is free, he sees something lying on the mantelpiece and tries to get it, first he has to distract the Gabor lookalike, but how? This is not going to be easy. Out of panic, Sarte points out and the vampire quickly and hungry bite the bate. The bloodsucker runs outside, now the other one only rests. That should be simple enough, this one doesn't look too bright. His eyes slowly close with tiredness and his stumps seem to itch, his fingers grow back. Outside, the strigoi screams in pain and the fake inside wakes up again. He is startled and scared outside to be met by the pricolici who have stayed behind and pull him apart screaming. Sarte quickly joins the group and dines with the wolves, while they make do with the dead undead vampire . Night falls in the way too quiet forest, where the extinguished moon is the only apparent bright spot. Only the flowing calm water outside and the smacking pricolici gives some noise.

Love

It is so quiet that the most frightened beast appears dead and where all the heartbeats of the forest inhabitants have stopped..

Sarte must have been surprised by the werewolves, but he could smell and hear them all through those damned threads, he didn't know what to do or how to behave, only to be quiet. Pricolici or werewolves have a stench that they can only smell of each other. A combination of blood and horse shit in an aromatic jacket of burnt leaves. They know exactly when one is around because they can smell each other coming from afar. That may be their major weapon in beating the strigoi. They are invisible just not to each other. Their silent footsteps can certainly cause something, but all the strigoi must come together, only then will it work Sarte suggests. The werewolves sniff the air and soon after that are afraid of something fast approaching. It's the horse but without Gabor! Gabor has found his rest! Sounds in Sarte's head but soon he hears a hellish and dark scream, as if someone is being tortured.

The werewolves run scared to each other and the horse slowly loses its power and influence as a soul wagoner. The horse misses Gabor, that is clear, but Sarte does not let it sit and throws the limbs of the killed strigoi into the cart.

Love

Once he throws the final pieces of body tissue in the wagon it quickly turns into something that the werewolves are afraid of. Out of instinct Sarte gets on the horse and out of instinct the horse neighs and then runs off with Sarte on its back.

He tries it out to jump but his skin seems fused with the horse and burns like it is on fire. They are one and the same, Sarte and Gabor they both have something in common: The horse and Danush! The reason to continue in this bottomless pit full of pain and death. Sarte knows two things and that is that he is devastated by the pain and that Gabor's suffering must have finally come to an end. He has nothing left to prove; all things have been achieved. Unfortunately, in a very sour way but he did everything to get Danush back without success. Danush has chosen his path like everyone else, Sarte has moved into it but he will fulfill this role. He will be the reaper for forest, humans and all the dead who come his way.

The horse rears up and neighs then Sartes eyes changes in a light gray color and he is ready for some business.. He raises a fist in the air and the whole forest hears a dark and dark laugh.

The laugh of death!

Quickly but surely his entire appearance turns into a pale and thin rider melted on his trusty steed.

Love

There is a scream immediately his fist rises and the car quickly forms behind them. It rises from the flames and is formed by shadows. Then the horse shoots away and arrives in a split second by a vampire nest. Once the strigoi sees the horse they jump backwards. Sarte tears himself away from the horse purely automatically, his flesh remains on the horse and his skin hangs loose by his legs. He feels everything that just happened, but he can't talk, he can't scream, he can't cry, he just laughs! It is a deadly but just laugh that awakens fear in the hearts of the dead strigoi. He takes the body from a woman and he hears a heartbeat coming from the woman which is slowly extinguished. She was pregnant! Sarte cannot turn against those bloodsuckers but keeps it in the back of his mind for another time. He puts the woman in the wagon, which is lit shortly afterwards.

Sarte hears the angels' trumpets welcoming her and her child, then a tear runs down and points to the bloodsucker who was guilty of this. Soon the ground creaks open and small creatures emerge. The guilty bloodsucker tries to get away but there are too many of them and he is dragged into the ground by dozens of small creatures. Then blue / red flames come from the ground up, what plug the ground again as soon as the ground opened.

Love

Sarte gets on his horse and his legs burn again but he keeps looking at the strigoi intently. Then the horse neighs and they are gone like a bullet from a gun. Things are moving so fast that even Sarte begins to see stars in the dark forest. The night sky is a beautiful and innocent thing, but the creatures that walk in this forest will never stop killing. Not now, not ever! The horse stops and throws Sarte off his back, it hurts when he stands up, the horse looks at him in disapproval and judgment. The horse quietly walks backwards and thus puts the cart in a beautiful and serene spot. Not much later, Sarte sees cuts appearing in the broken skin of the horse. Greenish thick stuff runs out, its flesh discolored in a gray mass, it then turns black and it starts to rot. But the horse keeps looking at Sarte with the words:

Don't do that again!

Then the horse walks quietly to Sarte and kneels to let him get on. He strokes the horse's mane and gets on slowly. Then the horse rears up again and Sarte throws his fist in the air. To ride yet again to the call of a scream as the chariot forms behind him with the help of fire and shadows. This time he ends up in the middle of the city and there is an old man lying on the ground with a wound in his stomach that is bleeding profusely.

Love

The man's white shirt is completely red and he lies on a completely red ground.

The man responsible has a candlestick in his hand and is swinging it wildly. The lawman knows how to charge him in time. They seem invisible to the townsfolk when Sarte throws the man into the cart and gets back on the horse. For everyone hidden except one individual of a distance watching how well Sarte fulfilled his role. And who manages to follow the horse after the neigh. Not much can be said about it because the boy himself is just as invisible to Sarte and the all-seeing horse. The horse seems to sense him but he does not see him. Sarte feels a familiar feeling and his heart is ignited by a warm feeling.

But he has other concerns than worrying about others now. Although this feeling is well known and also familiar. The ride seems to go on indefinitely, when the horse stops and backs up again to put the cart down in another serene place. The wagon lights up and the old man disappears. Then they hear a growl and Sarte sees his brother smiling at him. He raises his thumb and blinks his blood-red eyes. Sarte nods his head and gets back on the horse to ride to the next screaming call.

Love

But he keeps Danush in mind ...

Love

Sarte knows that Danush will always support him no matter what he decides to do Danush has his back. Sarte thought about him a lot, but now the desire to do good has disappeared. And there remains only one desire now, about conveying souls and punishing the guilty. He thought a lot about the moment he saw Danush again, and he intended to hug him in his arms. But he has failed in that too, as he often does. Just like in everything, he has failed in this too. A simple task with a simple elaboration but a nice outcome. Well grandma said it already Sarte is different from others and with his stubbornness he could win the main prize. Only Sarte doesn't see it that way. He's doing something good now, something he never thought he could do.

Love

CHAPTER 12.

DANUSH.

Love

Danush sees how his little brother has now taken over the work of the reaper. He's been watching him from the first moment and he never knew. Does he know what he is doing? Is the question that haunts Danush's mind. He knows not only that Sarte now has something on his sleeve, but also that he accomplished something. Something you do not immediately see coming, but which has proved inevitable in this existence. And even though the trip is difficult Sarte makes it, he is stronger than Josah and stronger than his whole family because he still stands.

He's even stronger than me! Well done little brother!

Danush bows his head in respect and continues into the forest to lead more bloodsuckers to their end. Then there is another scream and he laughs from ear to ear, thinking that his little brother will accompany them to their final resting place. While he hears the accelerating hooves of the horse behind him, his mouth starts to move. He's becoming more and more satisfied and he embarks on a journey alone, alone without his brother but with a good feeling. A solitary wolf existence beckons him but always in solidarity with him. To his little brother: Sarte, the boy who has always supported him, and who would follow him to the abyss. Maybe even further than that!

Love

With that thought he continues his way into the dark night. Where danger lurks everywhere, but where it can resist! He is up to anything. He is the only one he can trust. And the only one who can save the land of Bagör from the army of the undead. With a lot of trial and error, he will make it, he alone! He hears laughter coming closer in the distance and a wolf howl after that it is quiet again. Just like before, he is all alone and deserted. And just like before, hatred wins over all feelings, he feels watched but there is no one for miles around. Although he hears a heartbeat accelerate and the heartbeat comes very close and then fades away again. He thrashes around and shouts:

LEAVE ME ALONE!

But the same thing happens again, an invisible enemy challenges him, puts him to the test and leaves nothing to chance. He is stroked on his neck but when he turns around there is nothing to be seen. A hair falls down his chest and out of fear he sits down frightened with his hands over his head. He knows no fear, but this time he has to face an enemy who does not show himself. A master of mind and body and a mistress of impotence. There is still a long, exhausting time ahead of him.

Love

While he slowly but surely sees things move out of fear or paranoid feelings. They are fast large black people with shiny objects in front of their faces. The people are taller than normal and walk on air. He not only hears the footsteps but their heartbeat coming and going, getting stronger to fade. One gets closer and he quickly sees that knives are shiny objects that the people have stuck in a cross on their heads. He creeps back frightened and sits against a tree pointing with his finger:

DON'T GET CLOSER!

But then he is pulled up the tree with a kind of iron wire or strangulation wire while the people below him look imposingly upwards as he is lifted up. He's been trapped by his own fear! As he's pulled up the tree. He tries to transform mid tree but the wire seem to stop it. While his air quickly leaves his body, he can only think of the city of Bagör and what this means for the rest of the world. Then the twigs rustle and he feels himself falling down but on the way down he closes his eyes to finally dream again.

A warm sleep welcomes him until he wakes up in an open area on top of a pyre. The people are singing in circles around him and all put something on the stake.

Love

Then a really big one walks forward and babbles a bit unintelligible before he takes a torch and wants to give Danush a cremation. He asks intelligibly:

Does anyone still object?

They hear a horse whinny and the fast gallop meets them. The horse is just in front of the big man, Sarte quickly lifts Danush off the stake to put him on the back of his horse and ride away... But as soon as the horse arrives and throws Sarte and Danush off his horse by rearing and walking backwards, the shadows back up that injure the horse. The horse keeps looking at the two men but doesn't make a sound. Until nothing remains of the horse and he is pulled down by dozens of hands. Sarte also begins to change back into his old self. And Danush looks guilty at what just happened. The forest is their lawyer and reapers are the only one who can guide good and evil to their final resting place. They know one thing and that is that they have a problem. Without a reaper the forest is lost, without a reaper everyone is lost ...

Because without a reaper the dead wander on the earth without being allowed to receive a resting place with all the consequences that entails. The reaper has always been very important, with an eye to the past. And especially in this time is going to be very important.

Love

But without the ancient Gabor and his successor, it becomes impossible to maintain order between the living and the dead. It is becoming impossible to take the right steps because the danger is now really lurking everywhere. Those long shadow people were a harbinger of things to come. A wicked world, a dead world, and with a death ride ahead, Sarte and Danush leave the forest together. They traverse the city and it soon becomes clear that there is a dirty atmosphere. An atmosphere as few as it smells thin and the veil seems completely open. There is screaming in the distance, but they don't care. They hear bones cracking behind them but don't look back knowing they have failed. Both equally and they let everything come their way like never before, finished fighting they walk on sadly. To sadly arrive at their destination wherever that may be , however far away that is , the further the better! The longer the roads, the shorter the suffering will be. On their way to their final resting place, anywhere , just somewhere....

The city is big and the city is dirty, the city is filthy and the city smells. It stinks of burnt rubber from the large paper mills behind the stables where the horses drop their shit in the hope that it will be cleaned up. But the owners are far too busy to fill up in the many pubs and feed on each other.

Love

The blood also has a prominent smell in the city where the dried droplets in the sand further clotting to a big and hard whole. This city is known among the townspeople as Bagör and among the gypsies and peasants as Bagoria. A place where you could buy and sell everything, but where they turned out to have no mercy towards the gypsy people. Because those gypsies had no money and they were just a bum people in their eyes. Everything is familiar when resignation happens to them and they no longer care about the; what if. Danush's feelings of revenge are stilled and Sarte doesn't remember it all, except that he found Danush again or well Danush him. Only this price is very high to find each other very double sided and very common for those who are offered this price. They took their souls and left them there alone. All alone with each other but not daring to say a word to each other in the fear of saying something wrong or condescending.

They look at each other, that's all, and that's enough for now. At this point, all words can go wrong with all its consequences. Danush cries in one time from the pain and collapses. Sarte puts his hand on his stomach and asks:

Little brother what's wrong?

Love

Danush throws his hand off his stomach and starts to growl and howl, then the transformation begins and Danush turns into a big gray wolf. A wolf full of pain and anger, but straightforward. His heartbeat stops and the moon shows her face again. Danush then jumps into a pub and soon Sarte follows, but he does not enter the pub, some kind of force stops him. Power from the outside, a well-known and loving power taps him on his shoulder. The chills go to his spine when he looks back:

Grandma what are you doing here?

The veil is open boy the veil between life and death. You have to do something, no matter what, but this can sometimes mean the end of an era. There are forces young forces that we cannot comprehend. Forces that we should not underestimate and forces that can give and take.. Look for them in yourself, you have them in you! You know that yourself too....

Thank you, grandma, thank you for the warning ...

Then she is gone, disappeared as in a ghost in the first daylight. There is shouting from the pub and a cry. Then it is quiet and Danush comes out of his snout covered in blood and the thick, viscous drops drip down from his claws. Sarte asks with a single word:

Why?

Love

As he looks into the murderous eyes of Danush the terrible. This isn't his brother anymore. Sarte walks into the bar and sees limbs and dripping pus on the bar, then walks out again and shakes his head.

Danush Satan has got you! You are nothing more than the doll of yesteryear. You are now something worse than a lifeless doll.. You are the reaper of the innocent. That's your curse not mine ...

He puts his hand on Danush's shoulder and says reassuringly:

Also, we will overcome together, brother we also come out of this!

Love

Sarte stays behind his brother whatever he will do. That is real love as he described it earlier : Finding love in death and In Love die... In love with each other, they still stand even when standing was difficult, they kept fighting for each other! Now I can hear you think yea, yea Bennie whatever you want! Will it be a love story in a few second? And my answer is no people although you can label it that way. Be honest has there ever been described greater love than doing everything for each other and always being there for each other?

Love

CHAPTER 13.

REAL LOVE.

Love

Not everything is certain in life and that is a certain certainty .

Grandma told them that a long time ago in a life that was bitter but normal. In a life that was still life instead of this dishonorable hell. A life without death and a death without life is what they are in now. Sarte know Danush could not fight it anymore; this blood lust is a lot but even here they come together. Because many people know:

A life is only determined when the indefinite is decided.

Grandma's words haunt Sarte's thoughts, and one saying more beautiful than the other. As a little boy he benefited a lot from his grandmother and he still does. Even after her death, she still manages to fascinate him. Even after her death she still manages to intrigue him. Only grandma can do that! Sarte thinks softly to himself, looking at the broken Danush. His bloody claws and guilty look in his eyes. It was close to Sarte being able to save him. But not on this tour; the road to hell where their souls will burn forever. Not on this tour! He puts his hand on the shoulder of his oh so sad brother. But he throws his hand away and gives him an aggressive red-eyed look. Sarte's heartbeat quickened, he doesn't know how that happend, but he knows he has to watch out now. Danush can literally drink his blood.

Love

Then the heartbeat stops again and the hatred Danush leaves his eyes. But the strong grip that Danush has in his claw lingers for a while. Many things go unanswered, but what Sarte does know is that his love for his brother makes his dead heart beat faster. There is a sound that seems to float towards them. A sound of an army marching to the beat. A sound that leaves an impression on everyone who hears it. Sarte pulls Danush with him and watches from a distance as marching force majeure sets every house and shop on fire. How the undead in flames rise and panic enveloping in flames outward run. Then to be awaited and stabbed with one of the knives that are attached to their faces in a cross like a mask. They have never seen this force majeure before, but these creatures have it. These creatures are just humans, beautiful women clad in black like shadows. With a real killer instinct and no mercy for whatever they come across. Movable like a candle in the wind and righteous like the first raindrop. Dazzled with their beauty, Sarte walks over to them and kneels before them. Danush soon follows as he tries to keep them at a distance from his brother. But they are not interested in them. A woman rubs Sarte's head and says to the rest:

These are pure at heart. Let this ones live!

Love

Another woman removes a brand from the saddle of a horse and holds it in the sea of flames that was once called Bagör. When the brand is glowing red, she first walks up to Danush and says:

Hold up your hand and you have a chance...

As soon as Danush does it, the iron burns him to the point that even his blood turns black. Danush has no choice but to scream and growl. Then she removes the branding from his palm and Danush sees a word: **Omgulvest**. The woman nods and again holds the brand in the sea of flames, which, thanks to Danush's blackened blood, now appears to be turning sky blue. Then she walks over to Sarte and without saying anything he holds up his palm. The flesh is searing and his eyes blink violently but he doesn't make a sound. Then the women laugh in unison and disappear at a speed of light.

He looks around again as the city of possibilities burns down before his eyes and the word **Omgulvest** which is burned in his hand. Out of love he went through this and in love he will do it again! He doesn't know why, those women had something. Something he has never felt before. A feeling of love and submission suppresses his feelings. His anger fades and his hatred diminishes until a feeling of pure fear arises, nothing less than pure fear.

Love

Fear of failure but also fear of continuing. To continue in this black existence. As the beauty of the moon sets and the sun slowly reveals its face, Sarte and Danush still just feel like they've had help. They do not know exactly how it works. Just that they've had help. **Omgulvest** is what is burned on their hands and **Omgulvest** is their rescue. Although they don't know how! And they don't know where to go to find out what **Omgulvest** actually is, they know that it means something and that they are just people. Beautiful women with beautiful eyes and a killer instinct. They have to go there, they have to go to **Omgulvest** wherever it may be. They must ! to break free from their curse. To live a normal life, to be normal again. To be human like those women. Sarte grabs Danush and starts to walk, scared but satisfied! His head is still and his thoughts are distorted. He has to get Danush to safety but the women stay in the back of his head. How gracefully they moved, as if they weren't. Sarte looks back again and sees that the flames are slowly extinguishing and the corpses are still smoldering. In a beautiful and serene environment. The lust for murder is gone and the atmosphere seems as usual. Sarte stops walking and sits down on a boulder along the road where the horses' hooves are still pressed. He looks around and enjoys the cool effect that the morning dew seems to have on them.

Love

It's not cold though their clothes are torn and gray with all the sand. They have peace, they are no longer hunted. It is an excuse but with a calm effect. Sarte enjoys it and Danush chugs out with his thoughts on the women he asks:

How beautiful were they, am I right brother? Do you have the same feelings as me?

Sarte just smiles, but he can't help but laugh and nods his head. Danush also starts to laugh but cannot comprehend what just happened.

He doesn't know for sure anymore, but what he does know is that he finally got some rest from them. And thank the women from the bottom of his heart, but he does it in his mind. Sarte cannot know how he feels. Sarte cannot know that he is finally feeling love. For Sarte he is the tough man, the problem solver and the devil in a way. But now he isn't, now he feels great. His anger no longer consumes him whole. His hatred is flowing away. He's seen the guise of a true killer. And that killer knew what she was doing. She didn't just do anything like he and Sarte did. This one was a bloody mission with woman on a mission. One purge, one cleanup, three murders all in sync. Danush does not dare to admit it, but he is not the same anymore. And he never will be again. At least he hopes! The things he did from that little girl in the woods to the things in Sarte's absence.

Love

Many screams came from his hands and claws. Many scream from its legs and jaws. Only Sarte does not know that, he must not know that either. Then there is another scream, a hellish one, a painful one and a young one. Danush closes his eyes and bows his head: *As if you were thinking of the devil.* Goes through his mind when he hears the screaming young girl who had her whole life ahead of her. Sarte cannot help but think:

How long will it be before they know no one is coming to pick her up? How long before they find out there is no longer a reaper? What's going to happen to her next? Is her soul still being saved? Or is she forever doomed to an errant existence?

Danush looks at the dubious Sarte and only knows one thing and that is that he is having a hard time. Difficult with everything but especially with that scream that may have killed him.. Danush makes himself angry again and starts to transform again. The same never happens in a transformation. Everything comes from his eyes, mouth and ears, including yellow pus and green bile. Then his hands turn into claws and his feet into legs. His head is pointed again and hair grows all over the place as he screams in pain. That's something new, it usually doesn't hurt. Sarte knows this from experience. It doesn't take long for Sarte to change too. In much the same way alone, no yellow pus or green bile can be seen on Sarte.

Love

He has blood coming from his ears and eyes and it hurts him too. But not as much as with his brother. When the transformation is complete, there are two giant wolves, one jet black and one pure white.

The Alfa and the Omega of this forest, there is a cry and they feel a force pulling them towards them. They cross the entire forest again to end up in the back of a gypsy camp, their gypsy camp. The women are there too and soon welcome them to **Omgulvest**. They cry again then the transformation weakens. They have an army of beautiful women behind them. Then the queen to their far run and extends her hand:

You guys would be hungry or not guys? My girls have put you to the test and I am not disappointed come sit and eat!

Love

They've been through a lot together Sarte and Danush but are now accepted by a family. A family they thought they had lost. It may not be the same as having a family of your own, but this is getting darn close. It is always nice to be accepted, especially by people with the same interests:

Clean up and destroy the Strigoi !

Making the world a better place and more livable for normal people. They will never be able to compete with all vampires not with this little club. But they can try. If they join forces, they will get further than they ever imagined.

Love

CHAPTER 14.

OMGULVEST.

Love

They enjoy the feast of roast boar together. Until the queen walks up to them again and asks, *Have you got a minute?*

With their mouths full, they both nod yes and follow her to her caravan. Once inside she starts talking:

I knew your grandmother Danush Sariëlla well. That's why I moved into her old camp. We may not be the strongest like you are, but we are the smartest. We make use of what the environment gives us and we used to be hanged for that. Humanity doesn't know us better than witches. Humanity will never change. Always have their judgment ready on anyone. We must be able to protect ourselves from all dangers, including you. Those iron wires that you have also met is drenched in a flower, of which I will not give the name. If you betray us once, you will find out the real effect of that flower. But like I said I knew your grandma Danush Sariëlla so I give you the benefit of the doubt! Because that woman also knew how to deal with her environment, but she managed to win over the hypocritical mankind. She knew that if she would help man, man would help her. And she was right about that. Look this is what I'm talking about.

She takes off her hood and her head is covered with burns and cuts. Sarte bows his head and Danush looks away. What they see now, they had not sought after her. But what they see make their skin crawl.

Love

This is what man did to me. I am not as beautiful as I used to be. They hunted me down and wanted to burn me at the stake. Because I said no. I didn't want to help them. Man cannot be helped. But that does not alter the fact that there are also good ones.

She puts her hood back on and smiles again as if nothing is wrong. As if people never did anything wrong to her. She bows her head and beckons to the closet. Sarte walks up first, and the queen pats the shoulder:

You are braver than you think Sarte!

Danush also comes running to the closet. But she stops him: *Wait a minute, boy!* Sarte opens the cupboard and finds a dusty book but when he takes it he feels strange in his head and puts the book back again. Then he sees a piece of fabric and takes that piece of fabric out. He says: ***This one!*** The woman gives him a strange look but she gets it! Then it's Danush's turn, he watches a long time but the book has his interest. He grabs it and his eyes turn as red as before.

A good feeling, but not for now, he can use that another time. The woman nods approvingly when he takes an hourglass and says, ***I want this one!*** The woman walks outside without saying a word while Sarte and Danush look at each other in incomprehension...

Love

Come on! You passed this test and I'm glad you Danush took the hourglass. Please come out...

When they walk out, all the women stand hand in hand in a circle with the hourglass in the middle. And talk to the elements and the sun. Sarte also joins and Danush has to stand in the middle with his hand on the hourglass. Then the sand in the hourglass rises and makes a swirling movement. After that the tin lid pops open and a face of the sand floats in the air. A face becomes a head and a head becomes a body. Color begins to appear in the sand. And Sarte soon sees a familiar face. Gabor with the same look and color in his eyes as the first time. He jumps him around his neck but the sand is not ready and the horse is now also starting to form. A beautiful mustang without wounds and pain. Gabor nods his head and gets on the horse. He gives the boys a hand and then a scream sounds which he immediately drives towards.

The reaper has returned , death has risen, now it is getting better, time has proved that ...

The women say hand in hand in unison. They look at each other lovingly and smile from ear to ear. Their eyes speak of love just like the lights that appear in them. They know they made the right choice. Danush closes the hourglass by closing the tin lid.

Love

The women gather around him and pat his shoulder. As if they say well done! But they don't say a word. The queen now also walks over to Danush and beckons her finger. Danush pulls Sarte along and together they walk into their grandmother's old caravan. Not much later they understand why. There's a note, she left a note. Sarte picks it up trembling while the queen says, *Read on, boy. She has left this for you!* Sarte breaks the red seal made from candle wax. And don't believe his eyes. The letter is really addressed to them.

Dear boys like you do know eternal life has not been given to me. I want you to know, I'm with mom and dad. That doesn't mean you should give up now. On the contrary! You have the power to stop this. Together with Gnisa you can bring the undead to their fall. And Sarte I always believe in you and Danush!

Sarte puts the note on the beautiful desk in the corner of the caravan. Danush feels in disbelief behind his head, she knew everything is going through his head. The queen quietly walks over to the boys and holds out her hand saying:

Gnisa pleasant guys. We can stop this together. With our cunning and your strength we can stop this. The fox and the wolf working together against an overpowering force that holds us all in its grip.

Love

My women are already used to a lot, you have undoubtedly seen and noticed that. We have got everything ready for this fight and we know where to go to stop it. Are you guys in? We can make you even stronger than you already are by joining forces ...

Sarte nods yes and Danush yells wholeheartedly: **WE STOP THIS HELL TOGETHER, OR DIE TOGETHER. BUT IT WILL STOP.** Satre also agrees. They hear the women laughing outside and they hear horses leaving for battle. They start to feel nauseous and sick. Like someone standing behind them panting on their necks, but not just like that. Feeling full of fear and uncleanness makes them even sicker than before. They haven't been that sick yet. Then they begin to transform again both at the same time.

And both unlike before Danush gets blood-red eyes that speak of fire and Sarte's eyes turn green like the eyes of the gypsy queen Esmeralda. Together their feet grow bigger and their claws longer, together their back snaps open until the spine crawls out. Together their jaws become pointed and their teeth sharpened, together they get a feeling of pure hatred. They must stop this as it was once described in Devla 's book, they will avenge them. Avenge with bloodshed and death as the next friend. The transformation is complete and a cry is heard that is immediately responded to.

Love

They run out of the caravan and into the woods. They soon see that they are walking in a large group full of pricolici. But they'll take the frontline as true leaders of the pack. As Alpha and Omega at the forefront of an unknown group's battle. But all pricolici as true warriors looking for blood, looking for justice and looking for a better time. A time when they can be forgotten by humans and bring the Strigoi to their end. The women follow them on horses that seem to go even faster. Horses black as coal and fiery as the fire of earlier on which the boar was frying. Without mercy and with an army, they encounter a handful of Strigoi. The pack immediately takes the flank as Sarte and Danush rip the Strigoi to shreds down the middle.

They go on without a trace of regret nor grief, without looking back and without mercy. No Strigoi will survive this, no Strigoi is strong enough .

The best Strigoi is a dead Strigoi!

They hear behind them while the horse with the queen catches up with them. They see how twenty horses easily overtake them and disappear into the forest. But they don't stop running. They have to keep going. After a while none of the women stop riding, and their gone.

Love

The rest of the group begin to hear a lot of screaming and they see them that there are people with loose skin. They are throughout the forest, looks like they have waited on them. They quickly understand how it is. But they keep running, as if this isn't a threat. They have followed them in the sky and turn into a bird in no time and fly away. Then the pack arrives at a burnt town, it stinks and there are still charred corpses smoldering. They don't look back and keep running. But nobody stops everyone running on. The journey requires a lot of effort and stamina, but they don't give up. They would rather fall through their hooves than give up. The Strigoi must all be dead! And sooner than later they are.

The birds are now also following them, it is now dawning that they have made an unknown friend and that they are no longer alone. Everyone wants to destroy those walking nightmares. Not much later, the entire company will be colored black if you look from a distance. And they finally know they will win this. They all arrive at another gypsy camp burned down and the journey ends there. Everyone stops running and turns into human form. Gnisa comes out and says:

Welcome everyone! Here we are going to prepare for the war. There are many of them, but we will overcome. They are strong and fast but we are strong and smart!

Love

An army strong with anything that can fight. They do not yet know who these new friends are or whether they can be trusted. But they will have to at this point. There's everything in the army, hate, love, persistence, strength and cunning. The Fox and Wolf team up to stop the Strigoi 's devastating power. To come to terms with themselves and with each other. But first they have to get to know each other. They will have to know what everyone's weaknesses are before they can start this war .

The Strigoi is not kidding!

With that in mind, they will fight, but prepare first. Because good preparation is half the battle.

Love

CHAPTER 15.

WAR PREPARATION .

Love

They are a mess; we are a unity! And we go to war with them together. Much has been said and a lot has been promised, but we make the difference. We witches werewolves and shape-shifters. We are stronger than them! We are smarter than them! We are going to beat them! And we are bringing this hell of death and destruction to an end. WE WILL WIN IN THIS BATTLE! WE ARE OMGULVEST TOGETHER!

Everyone cheers and celebration in the burned and charred gypsy camp from what is now called **Omgulvest**. A strong name, a name full of winners but ultimately also losers. Some friends will die. And maybe more than a few. There will be a few friends who will be lost or gone, but **Omgulvest** will exist forever as a beacon of justice and prosperity. A bright light at the end of a dark dark night.

Omgulvest an end to oppression, Omgulvest a revolution! Girdled for and by the insurgents!

People are cheering, music is being made and everyone is partying and cheers to a better time. Although they all know that it will not be easy. And that the battle can turn fatal. But those are concerns for a different time. A time when this is over and forgotten.

Love

The party continues throughout the evening until the moon shines again in its full glory. There have been a lot of full moons lately, four have already shined in full this month.

Normally this is only possible once or twice a month. But now she is loose. She seems like she wants to say: I'm here for you! As like she wants to say; that she loves us. As if she supports us and as if she supports us in the fight. Sarte gets to know many people and beings while Danush sits aloofly alone by the fire, and with his thoughts already about a conquered battle, he hears something approaching. The noise is minimal and hard to hear in the festivities and he is the only one to hear it. It doesn't take long before Sarte hears it too and together with Danush they try to bring the partying mob to safety. They don't know why but the noise scares them. The sound of many, many footsteps. The sound of the Armata de Strigoi. The sound of death and destruction, but also the sound of pure anger. Gnisa drums the women together while Sarte and Danush have their hands full with the drunken shape-shifters, who won't listen and react rebelliously. Then Gnisa changes the two. Sarte changes differently from Danush he grows bigger and fiercer. The rest of the pricolici soon follows and as a unit, they are together. To guard the border of the camp.

Love

THEY ARE NOT COMING IN, NOT NOW, NOT NEVER! WE WILL KILL IN THE NAME OF OMGULVEST AND OVERCOME IN THE NAME OF OMGULVEST! JOIN US GREAT OMGULVA, JOIN US!

The camp begins to catch fire out of nowhere as the flames begin to form a pentagram, melting a hole in the ground. From it forms a ribbon and from that, the dead walk in the camp. The veil has been opened, now they are unbeatable! The first vampire enters and the dead immediately take charge of him by possessing his body and turning him against the others. The second vampire enters furious but this one is for Sarte who almost immediately lifts him up and tears him in half in mid-air. The third, fourth and fifth are for the women who cut their tendons with a knife from their hoods and then behead them. The sixth and seventh are Danush which swings his arms wildly and beats them at every blow struck ripping until nothing but two struggling left screaming babies. The shape-shifters turn into a snake and strangle the rest of the Strigoi until life slowly but surely leaves them.

The Armata turns around and flee but the dead follow the army and take three more Strigoi lives before returning to **Omgulvest** camp, where Gnisa responds happily to their return. One battle won does not make war won.

Love

And they did not see this coming now. Now the Armata de Strigoi is aware of their men. But the vampire army also has weaknesses. Ten of them died while the army Gnisa no fatal expire this time:

They came in a surprise, and we must be prepared for that. We must be prepared for anything. They will use whatever they can until they win. We will not let that happen Omgulvest will not fall!

OMGULVEST WILL NEVER FALL, NEVER!

All beings cheer but Gnisa knows she still has work to do. Without Danush and Sarte they would have been defeated. Without their perfect hearing, they would have been lost. This is where Gabor also comes on the scene to lead the dead to their final resting place. He throws them all into the wagon at once and they all have the same destination: *Hell*, where they will suffer forever. Gabor nods his head and raises his fist on which the horse neighs and drives away.

The yellow pus burns on the ground in the camp. And the pieces of tissue are still scattered here and there, in the awakened camp. While the flames slowly get back in the ground to expire. Gnisa walks to the men who saw this coming and thank them by giving them a pat to on their shoulder.

Love

They nod their heads, then Gnisa walks into her caravan with her head down. The crowd continues to party happily and make music when Sarte feels the urge to knock on Gnisa's door. He knocks three times but no answer, again and again no answer. He looks at Danush and Danush points him in.

Then he opens the door and walks in, he is shocked when he sees Gnisa with her eyes rolled in the back of her head looking at him. There is nothing but white in her eyes that radiate pure death and in a deep voice she says:

Get out of here before I make you pay for it and snap your gargle. Get out of here NOW!

Sarte scared walks back in the caravan and looks again at Gnisa who quickly runs forward with a blade from her hood and pushing him out with the angry words:

NOW TJOLK!

Sarte falls to the floor and the door slams shut. Danush looks angry but Sarte gets it. You are not allowed to steal from gypsies and they have a thief in the camp. Sarte shaking no with his head covered Danush back shrinks. Sarte who has not yet forgotten Grandma's words:

Love

Not everything is certain in life and that is a certain certainty. A worthy man is an unworthy worker. Even the biggest decision may be decided in time.

The fight is over for now, but more to come. There are plenty more to turn out to be a worthy private warrior, and that's a certainty. That is the only certainty he has at the moment.

But as grandmother said, not everything is certain in life, so this isn't either. Then the door opens and Gnisa has everyone lined up. They all have to empty their pockets. The women do it right away, Sarte and Danush and the wolf pack follow. There are a few shape-shifters who refuse to throw the contents of their pockets on the floor. Then four women calmly walk up to them and grab their arms. Gnisa comes up with a sharpened machete and asks: *Are you doing it now?*

Still they don't fear her and challenge Gnisa to use the machete. If she cuts an arm there is another growing in a second. Gnisa laughs and beheads one shape-shifter with the machete. That goes with a lot of screaming and not as easy as it seemed to be. The blood spatters on her face but she remains calm until she chops the head off. Then she points with the machete at the others and asks:

And what about you then?

Love

The shape-shifters listen and empty their pockets. A ring and necklace fall to the floor. Gnisa gives them no choice to leave and orders one of the women to punish the thieves. The woman nods and takes them into the forest where she hangs them on a tree with a stomach wound so that the Strigoi can eat them whole.

Then she comes back and says:

Well done GNIS stealing is one thing to allow. But liars is something we do not want here! Let this be a lesson to all of you never lie to a gypsy!

Sarte is shocked by what has just happened before his eyes and sees that the women are totally out of it when they just go back to what they were doing: partying and making music!

Gnisa walks past the pack and smiles at them but this smile gives even them the chills. As if someone is walking over their grave and is looking back. The rum and wine flow freely as the first shape-shifters secretly leave the camp. There is a neigh and Gabor has done his job again. But which final destination suits these victims? They didn't do anything wrong, they just wanted to earn something. And they lied about it. Then Gabor comes into camp to pick up this shape-shifters and put it in his cart before the horse neighs again and drives off.

Love

Every battle has its victims and every war has its losses, but this way is a very hard and cold way to want and win a war...

Love

To have won a battle and to have a bitter aftertaste is what happened to Sarte. Danush is very quiet as if he wanted this to happen. The Shape-shifters were a strong force but the camp is slowly emptying out. Gnisa must have done this for a reason. But Sarte has now really lost the feeling of security. Of course, they are battle hardened. But keeping your eyes open is also a struggle. To realize that it may not be how you think or even predict. But things can always turn out differently, call it a certainty of life. What about those white eyes! And who was Omgulva?

Love

CHAPTER 16.

THE LIAR!

Love

The morning falls and the dew rises which forms a dense fog. In the icy landscape of Camp **Omgulvest**. **Omgulvest** has been beaten, but not brought to her knees yet. She is anything but defeated in this difficult and darkly dark existence. Having partied all night, the women go to sleep. Sarte and Danush cannot sleep, not at the moment. When will there be another attack from the Strigoi? When will the queen do something? Something they don't support? When will their bloodlust be fed again? When are they diametrically opposed to the powerful and honest family they have now acquired? When does it go wrong? The questions haunt and haunt them in their deepest thoughts. Their greatest fear will be to lose again, everything they have worked so hard for. They knew Grandma Sariella, they knew their old camp, they know everything and apparently watched them long before this started. Grandma has also had a hand in the pie. What's going on here and why don't they hear a scream anymore? It is silent, a calm before the storm. They have to stay awake although sleep crawls where it cannot, they have to stay awake. Even if only for a while they have to stay awake.

Brother go to sleep, you need it more than I do, I will keep watch, sleep well!

Is what he hears Danush say before his eyes close and he disappears into a deep sleep.

Love

There are buildings on fire, shops and stables, farms and towns. The Strigoi is everywhere and has taken over the world. The Strigoi with their brightly luminous eyes that radiate death and destruction. And even the darkest night can inspire fear. The vampires follow him and he trips over a root of a tree that has crept too far up. The tree begins to live and the roots pinch it. He is totally crushed when his last words are: *Liar, liar you are not...* Then the story ends and he comes at the gates of hell to face with Gabor beside him that lays an icy hand on his neck and throws him into the gates. He hears the devil laughing and sees Purgatory devour the souls of the fallen people pricolici and shape-shifters. To then heal the souls again and start over. An eternal torture of emotion and pain that come together in a scream. All souls scream and scream. All souls are burned to heal again and start over. Burning a soul takes a long time, but rebuilding only takes a second. And in a moment your sins pass by your eyes like a bolt of lightning. You experience them in an infinite loop and time is your greatest enemy because it may only take a millisecond for an outsider, but an eternity for you. Every time, but always a different sin. And everyone commits many sins, be it stealing, cheating, violence or lying, everything has its consequences. And you will experience it there quickly and well. Then Sarte wakes up screaming:

LIAR, LIAR YOU ARE NOT MY BROTHER...

He thrashes around and makes dark noises full of hatred and anger. Then he walks to Danush with the same blood-red eyes as what he has and slaps him around his ears. Danush, who goes to the ground full of surprise and also fear, looks with one eye at his little brother who now looks a lot like a big murderer. A man with nothing left to lose the greatest fear of all. A man who couldn't do anything right and who hates himself most of everyone. Sarte talks to Danush but he does not hear it, he is temporarily deaf. All he hears is a beep a high beep that scares him even more than he already was.

Then the women come to the commotion all without hoods with knives. When Sarte looks at them and sees the burns on their faces. He calms down only for them. And calmly, he can only say sorry. Sorry to Danush but this time especially to the women. He didn't want them to see or hear this, they shouldn't see him like that. Not not ever. Then the pricolici come on stage towards the commotion but not interfere with when Sarte calmed down and runs away afraid for himself. A lizard shape-shifter has seen it all and is crawling further up the tree. He looks at everything, as if he wants to understand what just happened. Gnisa stops Sarte when he walks by and asks:

Are you okay boy?

Love

WOMAN just leave me alone!

Is the answer she gets, as Sarte walks on with his hands over his eyes and sits on a boulder in the back of the camp. Still under the spell of his nightmare, he wanders off. The heartbeats of the entire forest are audible, the horses in the surrounding cities are audible. He can even hear the shape-shifters change appearance. A cracking and wet gritty sound is what they make.

The best lookout you can get and the best thieves. They can turn into anything they want in no time. Although they are no real threat, better scouts do not exist and it is a pity that they miss them in **Omgulvest**. Danush approaches Sarte and sits down next to him. He puts a hand on his brother's shoulder and just laughs. Soon Sarte also starts to laugh and gives his brother a hug. Then they walk back and Sarte says to Gnisa:

*Look this is how we do it! We solve our problems
in no time just like that!*

Gnisa nods and bows her head before joining the rest of the women. And make music again. The women play guitar and beat a tree stump with their fists while Gnisa sings. A song formed from pain and sorrow in a death rhythm. A slow rhythm but one with a lot of feeling.

Love

Then she calls Sarte over to her. He immediately ducks away but two women grab him and throw him into the circle.

He has to sing to the rhythm of the women. Come up with a text on the spot. His heart sinks in his broken shoes but he sighs and tries. The woman playing guitar opens and the other woman follows, hitting the tree trunk.

Danush stamps his foot on the ground and the werewolves begin to howl in the background. He begins to feel the rhythm and thinks before starting to sing.

They kill for the blood in our veins, no mercy to the abandoned fathers. They kill for the blood in our body, we will never be able to handle them in numbers.

Life in this dark forest and surrounding cities has changed. It is eaten and on devoured through death. It's painful and quiet, hard and cold. Whatever you do, everything will go wrong.

They kill children and make animals bleed. They kill everyone because they have to be able to feed. They blame us and are innocence murdered themselves. Real men and warriors in our army have left us. Real men and warriors in our army have been abandoned.

Life in this dark forest and surrounding cities has changed.

Love

It has been eaten and swallowed up by death. It's painful and quiet, hard and cold. Whatever you do, everything will go wrong.

Armata de Strigoi a more expensive word for our last breath. Armata de Strigoi in many guises, we win this war without mercy.

Then Sarte walks away and the women play quietly. Danush looks at his little brother, who has been able to keep a rhythm for the first time in his life. He improvised and conveyed the message in a way neither of them saw coming. This is the true gypsy Sarte has always wanted to be and what he wished for under the full moon. Danush is proud, but Sarte misses his own family more than ever before. How had they responded to this? Performing under pressure and being forced to sing with rhythm. Something he never dared to dream; he is more gypsy than he originally thought. What had Grandma said about this? The well-known and infamous Danush Sariëlla, the dream woman of many a man. His grandmother the witch of the Sariëlla camp, the misunderstood woman who has always believed in his ability. Only, but not the only one, Danush too! The answer has always been right under his nose and has been blowing his face all along. But nothing is certain anymore in this wind.

Love

This thin wind full of dead and undead, full of screams and rides to the final resting place, full of end but also with a new beginning.

A start that people do not want to see, only a beginning as grandma would have liked. The real man of the Sariëlla family, the real gypsy, which he didn't think he was.

He's been lying to himself all this time , he's been a liar to himself all this time. He was what his parents took from him by pushing Josah all those feathers up his ass, and letting him go through life with his own family as an outcast. Make him feel like an outsider or intruder into Josah's life. He has always hated Josah but he ought to hate himself: he let it happen, he let his family walk all over him, he let Josah get away with all the fame while he himself is just as good or maybe even better. He is done with it:

From now on I live differently and I am no longer afraid of disapproving looks. From now on I take matters into my own hands. The liar is dead and buried from now on!

Love

Sarte now understands that he should have filled out his life differently. Not to be afraid of his family's rejections, but simply to show them that he was different from what they thought. We all know the feeling of not being or being able to be good enough. Or the fear of failure. We all know the struggle that Sarte had to fight to think that way about himself now. Always walking in the shadow of someone else. Never in your own footsteps.

But we digress from the legend don't you think people? I will soon continue with the story about pain hate love sadness envy and liars ...

Love

CHAPTER 17.

REBORN FIGHTER.

Love

He clasps his hands together and asks for help from Grandma. But soon comes to the realization that he is alone at the moment. But he does understand. Grandma can't always be there for him. Sometimes he also has to stand alone in this life. At the moment of resignation, people come into the camp and they have flowers for Gnisa with them. A beautiful picked bouquet, and a nice message that goes with it.

*Gnisa forgive us our thief and lies and take us back in **Omgulvest**. Our comrade has paid for good reasons. And we ask you for your forgiveness our queen.*

Then they hand over the flowers and get on their knees. Gnisa smiles and accepts the flowers saying:

*Thank you, I knew you would be back. Because without you this war is lost! I am glad you have turned around. And you realize that we need each other to this war to win! You are very welcome in **Omgulvest**!*

The Shape-shifters stand up and all walk past Gnisa with respect and gratitude. Only now Sarte understands the discipline she radiates is unique. Her compassion is sublime. She is a real gypsy queen. One where forgiveness is above resentment and envy. A real leader, a real warrior, a real queen. No leader of thieves and liars no leader of insects or creeps but a leader of soldiers and warriors for a better time.

Love

Sarte is aware of all the pain that has been done to her by the people. She was labeled a witch and was hunted. But she can still forgive, I have been too quick with my judgment, he thinks to himself. And walks to the shape-shifters who are already partying and making a fire. Night falls in a few minutes and then they have to be alert again. Alert and vigilant for a new battle. The Strigoi will not give up and will ever hunt **Omgulvest**. But that are sorrow for a different time so party on. Two women come into the camp with a dead boar and immediately fry it on the fire. There is a scream and Sarte says cheerfully: *Gabor has work to do again, guys!* But judging by the frightened look of Gnisa and the women, there's more to it. They run into their caravans and arm themselves to the bone then they come out:

GET READY MEN WE MAY FIGHT YET AGAIN!

The Strigoi enters the camp dozens at a time, a surprise attack but Gnisa was prepared and immediately calls Omgulva again. The veil opens again and the dead fight again. But the returned drunken shape-shifters are slaughtered piece by piece, each more gruesome than the other. The pricolici try to stop but to no avail they tear two vampires in half before they scream and run.

Love

In a split second they are a quarter of their army they were before, while the shape-shifters on the ground with spastic attacks Gabor has a lot of work to do to bring them to their final resting place. The Strigoi were on a mission and they won this round. But the war will still be theirs, although it is now a lot harder to beat them. A real force majeure has hit them in a place that nobody saw coming. The women and the werewolves are unharmed but the shape-shifters who have just gone through the dust for Gnisa have just bitten the dust now. Not all, but many, many have. Sarte is angry at the appearance of the limbs and all the blood that is on the ground. But he will never forget the sound in particular. A sound so terrifying it would make the devil shiver. With Gnisa tears run down her cheeks she did not see this coming; she was not prepared for this. But as she thought they were too strong; they should have made better preparation... But due to all the stress of the moment, the preparation unfortunately failed to materialize. This is no one's fault but if anyone should be blamed it is her. She thinks while she slowly gets her old fire shot back in her body. She pulls herself together and calls everyone together, everyone is angry and insults each other. She has to penetrate now, otherwise everything is lost.

MEN!

Love

Men calm down! We didn't see this coming, none of us saw this coming but we'll get there. We will have to, otherwise this war is already lost. We have to keep quiet now... They should not see our fear or anger. I knew what it would come down to and now we have to do it, women introduce yourself to the man you feel your own best with. No unity without unity, no war won without friendships! We'll get there, I promise! This is my fault but this is not happening anymore. Keep calm, we'll get there, we'll come up with something together.

The men remain cursing and grabbing some drinks before Sarte walks forward and undergoes a spontaneous transformation. He growls as loud as he can hoping to get through to the rest, two werewolves begin to transform and run towards Sarte. But Sarte will not be put aside, not now. And throws them away angrily. He jumps on top of them and keeps them calm by putting his giant white front paw on their heads and grunting. Everyone recoils including Gnisa and the women when he begins to grow into a giant wolf. His joints harden and his fur thickens, his poison green eyes brighten even more, and his teeth and nails lengthen.

Love

He has a dark look in his eye as if he's up to something and pushes harder with his front legs on the heads of the two werewolves who are transforming back into human form. Someone shouts:

That were two Alfa's! He's been the boss over two Alfa's. He is a Strigalici! We cannot stand against him, and we cannot fight him, no one can fight him!

Says the man, pointing with a trembling finger at Sarte. Sarte grunts again and howls at that moment the moon comes out. There is another glimmer of hope in the army.

Gnisa happily walks forward and says:

Look at him no one believed in him. Not even his own family. He's always been put aside and told he wasn't good enough. But he has the fate of everyone in his clutches. The fate of us and the fate of your families. He is the Alfa and we listen to him. Without him we are all lost.

Sarte growls and runs off the pricolici all follow him including Danush that currently most proud is his brother. He runs through the middle of the forest and soon comes to a place set up by the Strigoi. He immediately goes on the attack and pulls the head off the first one, which sprays with a lot of pus and blood from his neck.

Love

The rest are engaged in an unnatural battle, but with Sarte it goes naturally. He pulls them all apart with the greatest of ease. The yellow pus and the pieces of stone are everywhere. But all vampires shall fall.

When he hits or scratches one, he hits or scratches right through them, leaving a sea of Strigoi guts on the ground. And he is not ready yet. The latter he takes as a prisoner. While Gabor arrives relieved to the place full of fallen soldiers, full of fallen vampires. There is a lot to talk about, but a lot has been said, a lot has been done and they have seen too much. Everyone seen so much, especially Gnisa, who is trying so hard. He returns to **Omgulvest** and throws his captured Strigoi into the hands of the women. Who burn their hands on the yellow pus that runs from his wounds. Gnisa smiles again and the women know what to do with him. They tie him up with the wire they used to capture the brothers. Then they summon Omgulva and flames rise from the ground again in the form of a pentagram. But now the veil does not open. Something else is happening; there's a dark red fire coming up from the ground and while this bloodsucker is scared, Omgulva is not, the fire swallows him up and Gnisa only says:

Love

All secrets become clear in this way . The fire makes all our dreams come true for its secrets are revealed to Omgulva. Thank you Sarte!

Sarte comes back in human form and smiles at Gnisa as if to say you're welcome. Omgulva shows the women this is noticeable because their eyes turn backwards in their heads and only the white can be seen.

A scary scene but a beautiful spectacle, real communication between life and death. The pricolici laugh and are all in a row waiting to see what Gnisa is going to say. But Gnisa keeps quiet for a while, she is in the world of the dead for a while, before she can come back. She has not yet been given up by them and that is because of Sarte's commitment. By just rolling up the Strigoi assault camp. And bring all vampires to their end, all but one. One very important one, the most important. The big hope for a better life. Everyone knows, but in Sarte's mind it is not possible to comprehend yet. He doesn't understand what just happened. And, how can he? He has always been told he was a failure but is now Alfa of Alfas and Strigoi assassin first class. They fell like bricks and were no match for his strength while the other werewolves had a hell of a job to do. He is given up by his family but never by Danush he is a real brother and a real man. The only one this can stop this!

Love

He has something from the Strigoi but almost everything from the Pricolici. He is the ultimate murderer and the only one who can stop this. He is the Strigalici... He is their only hope. Only I know if they will make it. But it will not be easy to give away at first. This legend is many, but also difficult. Hard to tell, but this legend is also difficult for Sarte. It has always been a warrior, but he didn't think that way himself. He never thought of it like that. But he was, and he still is. He is a founder of perseverance and has never given up. And that will not happen now!

Love

CHAPTER 18.

THANK YOU SARIËLLA!

Love

Gnisa and the women regain their normal gaze while Omgulva and the flames disappear back into the ground and. The flames have cremated the Strigoi alive and its ashes are scattered throughout the camp and forest. Gnisa is the first to walk forward and tells the remaining group that this bloodsucker did not know anything. The whole group is disappointed but happy to have Sarte in their Armata. Their Armata is much more versatile and much more varied than that of the Strigoi plus they have Sarte. Who can kill any vampire, their Armata is unbeatable. And the Strigoi will find out soon enough with or without Omgulva! The two Alfas get up and walk to Sarte, they shake his hand and their little voice trembles when they address the whole group with the words:

We stand behind each other no matter what happens, we fight with and for each other! We fight for everything and everyone because we are replaceable! We are the Armata de Omgulvest and we let them taste hell!

The whole group rejoices and togetherness has returned in the group that was about to collapse. It can go that fast, with friendship and trust. The women now also feel the urge to introduce themselves to the men, which makes them feel good or safe. One runs to Danush and one runs to Sarte while the rest all run to another.

Love

Every woman feels safe with someone else, which is a beautiful thing in itself. But on the other hand, also a pity. Anyway, Danush gets a hand and the woman introduces herself as: Sarel while Sarte gets a hand from: Dinas. They laugh a bit together and real genuine friendship develops in the group. A unit is born, a real army full of warriors and spontaneous laughter. That was a long time ago, but this army is becoming a very large family. That manifests itself as a large group of friends that does everything for each other, including giving their own lives for each other. This is what Gnisa wanted to create and she is the only manless woman why the queen is without a man is perhaps because no king is needed in this army. Although many want to present themselves as king, Gnisa stays with herself. A real woman but a broken woman from the rapid losses of the shape-shifters. The devil has had a claw in it, there is no other way, the devil who plays with them, the devil who can make anything and anyone lose. Except their friendship, which will forever remain in ups and downs and dark times but also enlightened times will their friendship only proudly erect. And even though the war will be one that will have many losers, her women will also lose out. She is aware of this; it will also be a war that will make the world a better place. Together with Sarte who has worked his way up the ranks of the army as a child prodigy but more importantly the Strigalici.

Love

Has fought a tough battle and is basically at the mercy of himself to surrender to himself. He is now a king of this army, and with Dinas as strong queen Danush and Sarel as prince and princess they are unbeatable and Gnisa really doesn't matter anymore. She can pack her bags, now that her work is done. She has trained the women and brought the army together, she has created friendship and togetherness, she has known losses in order to grow stronger from them. She has done everything right together with grandmother Danush Sariëlla, made the untouchable presentable.

And polished the unpolished, made the unspeakable negotiable, and turned losing into winning. Her gaze gazes into the sky at the moon and she thinks:

Thank you Sariëlla I would not have been able to do this without you!

The corners of her mouth disappear into her cheekbones and her eyes glow at the thought that they now have a great chance. She actually prefers to pack her things and keep aloof. But whoever starts something has to finish it too, and also, she has to finish the fight no matter how difficult it is. She is reluctant and begins to wonder if it still makes sense. The Strigoï see through everything, they have been able to keep an eye on the Strigoï all this time.

Love

The Strigoi have removed the biggest element of surprise from their group, except for a few. The vampires are born to die just like everyone else, but with them it takes an eternity where with normal people seventy or at most ninety is the max, with them it takes ages and centuries without dying. But why they kill and eat so much these days is the question. Why now why these days why not centuries ago? Why have they waited ages? Gnisa knows something is wrong or stinks in this story, and what's the easiest way to kill a Strigoi? Fire has always proved to be a good starting point.

But the same goes for the knives that are forged to end every life.

Human pricolici or strigoi the iron wires with pulverized blue lotus is also a nice weapon to have.

The blue lotus weakens all the undead while the iron wires do their cutting work to cut the life out of the undead. It is a silent but slow death that the iron wires give. Too slow to be able to compete with an entire Armata de Strigoi. But maybe if she occupies the flanks properly and attacks with fire, the iron wires will also get their use back. She has doubts about staying or leaving, she knows they need her. If only for the tactic we have to come up with something nearing the end.

Love

Omgulvest has been stormed and **Omgulvest** has been defeated. They have to continue on foot, but what can they expect in the woods and beyond? She is convinced of that, but leaving here risks everything. The doubt is getting worse and worse, but she has to make the decision. Is she staying or going away, are we staying or are we leaving? **Omgulvest** has been violated, but am I risking everything? Are the thoughts that haunt her mind. Not much later she hears another scream coming from the forest, the same scream as before, they have to again. She immediately sees Sarte transform and anticipate the situation. Danush follows and the rest of the werewolves soon follow too. The women stay behind with Gnisa. But they are confident, they have Sarte on their team. There handle many screams away but Gnisa stands tall. A lot has happened and everything has made them stronger, then they see the strigoi being chased away, everyone sticks to the camp except Sarte who runs after it like a headless chicken. Gnisa fears the worst but then the screams resound and she knows he has them. She knows they have won this round have won this fight. She sees Gabor's horse and carriage shooting from end to end and Sarte walking in bloodied . She breathes **relief when there is** doubt in **Omgulvest**, it is immediately removed. A thought that makes her happy. Because the decision has been made, they have to get out of here.

Love

Finding the rush and danger, a difficult road to go but one that is necessary to be able to win. She calls all the women together and together they invoke Omgulva:

Guardian of Omgulvest, guardian of our safety rise from the ashes and tell us what to do and where to go. Guardian Omgulva , guardian of our puny lives rise from the ashes and tell us where to go and where to stand .

The flames quickly rise again and form in the form of a pentacle. Gnisa steps in the middle and a barrier of fire forms around her. Before she's swallowed up by Omgulva!

She finds herself in a forest full of corpses and death and Omgulva talks to her:

This awaits you if you choose this route! This road is full of danger and blood -strewn this road is treacherous. More treacherous than you think look with me and judge for yourself!

She sees the strigoi tearing apart every member of their group and pulling the strings of Gabor like the puppet Danush once was. Gabor who has nothing to say takes all the werewolves one by one and takes them to their final resting place. Not much later Sarte met by the chief 's Strigoi a big scary devil.

Love

This vampire master of his thoughts puts him in front of the group and Sarte lets the women out murder and in a moment. While the shape-shifters who have been left behind in the group die screaming. And Gnisa , the only one left behind, is turned into something she hates the most: **A blood-sucking STRIGOI .**

The doubt is now completely gone she says:

We take this road, here we are a running target and at least there we can arm ourselves a little more, they are bigger in numbers. But we have the power to stop this knowing what I know now!

Know for yourself, you have your own future held nothing is certain, except that there will be a battle going on and both sides can and lose. Are you sure you are taking this road? Then I will map out the way for you!

No, we choose our own path, not everyone's or yours. We choose the unchosen way!

That's okay I'm with you. Good luck in your struggle.

Then Gnisa comes back from the fire and shouts to the group:

I SEEN THE FUTURE; THE FUTURE IS OURS!

Love

Gnisa lied to the group but there must be hope without hope everyone has lost. And without fire there is no fighting. If they knew what they were waiting for had they were not willing to fight. They have to leave the Omgulvest and go into battle. They have to leave Omgulva and choose their own way. Grandma said it with the stubbornness that Sarte has to win the main prize. But Gnisa can do some of it too. She literally leads everyone to death but for good reasons, right? Let's hope so, this group doesn't deserve to lose and die even though they have desperately searched for it...

Love

CHAPTER 19.

BY LEAVING.

Love

The whole group cheers and feasts at the words of Gnisa. Words that are perceived as relief with an edge of longing. But especially with hope. Hope for a war won and a better time for people and pricolici. A time where the pricolici not be forgotten and live together with mankind. The words also have something else a little bit of disgust and sadness. But no matter how great the grief, there will always be a better time. And with a better time ahead, Gnisa raises her finger and points to the forest. Everyone knows how things are going. They have nothing to say, everyone runs out of **Omgulvest** forward with blind faith into the next surprise. The moon shines like never before and a blood-red edge envelops her. The doubt is gone, but uncertainty reigns in the group. Sarte could tell from her heartbeat that she was lying and more about him. What hell awaits them something he does not dare to ask. They understand her lie all too well. They understand that Gnisa had to lie, otherwise this would all have been in vain. But Sarte does wonder what will happen next, while Danush looks at him as if he wants to say no, little brother, not now. Danush understands all too well what he is up to. This is a death march; this is a walk to turn around in your grave. There is giggling from a bush but Gnisa lets them walk on. The giggles multiply and manifest in a loud burst of laughter.

Love

Gnisa still lets them walk until children jump out, they have burlap sacks on and their hair is long and haggard. Everyone knows the legend of the children of the woods but everyone thought it was just a story. The children who send you into certain death. The children walk behind the women and touch them with a smile while the pricolici are stopped as if they are not allowed to go any further. They only let Gnisa Sarte and Danush through. Gnisa can only say:

Listen to them, they know what to expect. Not you!

But there is no listening and everyone keeps walking. Gnisa sighs and thinks to herself: Well okay, then find out for yourself. Gnisa's courage sinks in her shoes. They are the messengers of death, they are the only people who have remained normal. The children of the woods are unique in every way, they warn everyone. Maybe they know I lied. Maybe they don't believe me. Then I have completely failed. It won't, will it? Her heartbeat quickened. Sarte immediately walks next to her and says:

We support you no matter what. Everyone knows the legend, so we also know that the children only warn the blind. We are not blind, but we do trust you.

Love

He pats her on the back and walks back to where Danush and the other werewolves give him a nod. Respect in its purest form, something he never thought he would get. They follow her to their death and beyond. Sarte has had a taste of hell in his nightmare and that's where they go, each one. The undead will never go to Devla's realm. That's their cross to bear, that's their burden on their shoulders. There is a scream, one full of fear and panic. A moment later Gabor's horse and buggy comes at a high speed and calls out to Gnisa:

THERE WE MUST GO!

The children of the forest begin to cry and scream. But the group does not care. This comes to an end, the strigoi must die! The pricolici begin to change into a large wolf but Sarte is the largest and takes the lead. He runs next to Gabor's chariot and even overtakes the horse, whereupon Gabor puts his fist in the air as if to say, Let's ride. Sarte nods his big white head and hastens his steps. Then another scream sounds and Gabor deviates to the flank. Where the group of werewolves follow him. Gnisa does not trust this and calls her horse that seems to rise from the ground. She and the women take the other flank, while the shape-shifters keep an eye on the sky and should be the backbone of the group now. There are strigoi everywhere with people in their grip.

Love

Sarte arrive in a large group and they see him attack. The vampires prove too fast for him but he kills four at a time when they try to attack him. The pricolici be met in the middle of their way, but it is more difficult than Sarte to make one or two kneel. They must withdraw, the strigoi are in large numbers. Something they already expected. Gnisa and the women do a good job of acting cautiously and quickly when they reach the place. Born fighters with their knives and iron wire enveloped in the blue lotus flower . The werewolves are followed on their way to Sarte, but Sarte soon arrives on the scene and easily tears the strigoi in half like a knife through butter. The shape-shifters see yellow pus and blood all over the forest, which has now turned a darker color than ever before. Sarte's coat is all yellow and red when he walks over to the women. The women have succeeded in their task. That means that Sarte has to speak a heartfelt word with the werewolves. They got into the fight too quickly, but for him it is easy to talk. He's stronger than them, but not smarter. The Shape-shifters see the bloodsuckers retreat and follow them. Three shape- shifters descend to share the news and rise again in the form of a falcon to follow the strigoi. The women get back on their horses and the werewolves Danush and Sarte follow them. Hoping to stop this war.

Love

While the people unfortunately died in the fight, Gabor again has a lot of work to do to lead everyone to the right place. But you can see in everything that he is done with it and wants so badly to be reunited with his Darwina, his love of his life. You can read the impotence on his dead face and his lost face speaks volumes. It can be seen in his gaze and trembling dull fingers. He's done, he doesn't want this job anymore! The group is still working on the shape changers to follow. It is dark very dark, the blood moon has now extinguished its light and the falcons become less and less visible in the black sky. Quick is the realization that they are now very close to the nest and perhaps even the chief 's Strigoï . They have no losses, their entire small army is still alive thanks to Sarte, something Gnisa is grateful for. Thanks to Sarte, they still have a chance to win, albeit a decreasing chance. Knowing they are close, Gnisa stops the group and brings down the shape-shifters. She says gently:

This will be our base of attack. We have to rest and the Strigoï have also managed to surprise us in this way. We are close, but we still have a way to go. We must rest!

The Pricolici do not want to stop and there is again a division in the group. But Sarte immediately manages to calm the group and says:

Love

Stop this! We all know this is the best choice and they did it with us too. They can learn, but so can we! Stop brawling with each other, but use it for them. When the time comes!

The werewolves do not take it from him and just go on. There are harsh words sounding in the woods like: *She lied* and *We all going to die!*

Until Sarte growls and cries, a sense of respect reigns in the group. And the moon starts to shine again from behind the clouds. Sarte says angrily:

We're going out again tomorrow, now we're going to sleep! Anyone who has problems with that can leave!

Then peace has returned and a hellish snore can be heard in the big forest. Sarte is the only one still awake and doesn't blame the Pricolici for the anger. But she's up to something, he is convinced. The forest is silent and dark, you can hear a leaf fall from the tree besides the snoring. Something Sarte disagrees with, it's too quiet! It's too treacherous! He keeps watch over everyone. But Danush known him longer than only today and lets him sleep by waiting for a substitution. Danush does not trust it either and was not planning to sleep anyway. He is full of emotion and adrenaline, his hatred has given way for love, Sarel caused it and he must protect her.

Love

The strigoi will never conquer, he will take care of that together with their Armata de Strix. He laughs at the army of the night creatures to himself. We are actually all night creatures but the strigoi are a bit stronger and more powerful in the night, so he understands Gnisa well.

He understands her very well, and he hopes this hell will be over soon. Something rustles behind him, but when he looks back, he sees two luminous dots. The first thing he does is shout:

STRIGOI !

The entire group immediately gets up for a fight, but it is Sarte who realizes that this is not a vampire. But a soldier and more with him. Dozens of dots follow, each in a different color, with the reapers behind them. This is a war. A war where only one winner will come out.

The Armata de Strix!

Love

They have had to take a lot of hurdles, but together they are stronger than ever. The reapers on their side, the ferrymen among the dead. And the fear mongers of every dead thing. Be it human animal Pricolici shape shifter or Strigoi, reapers are the ultimate weapon.

Yes, I can hear you think, man o man Bennie, what a rotten legend dude. There is no action and sensation and no one dies. There is almost no tension left. But people we have almost come to the end of this legend, and what do you think they themselves are going to win without action and thrills?

You'll find out soon enough.

Love

CHAPTER 20.

THE BEGINNING.

Love

Sarte is not the only one happy with their arrival, Gnisa is also pleasantly surprised. Danush punches himself in shame, but the group understands him. Those eyes are also something special, they look so much like the eyes of the strigoi that he could not have had any other thought when looking at the reapers. Gabor puts his finger to his lips and waves his hand through the air, then it turns black in front of their eyes and everything starts to spin before they fall into a deep sleep. They all dream of a war won and a free life for humans and animals. Except Sarte who dreams about what Gnisa got to see first. When they open their eyes, the moon is gone and the sun is shining again. Tired but satisfied, the group starts a new day. A day that may well end this hell. A day that can usher in a new era and a new beginning for many. They have currently no use of words, there must be action. Sarte knows that better than anyone after the nightmares he had. He doesn't know why he was chosen, but he will have to stop this, along with the rest. He has the foreknowledge and the men for it and thanks Gabor for this very nightmare. Gabor only smiles with a dark smile that already terrifies Sarte. But this fear is healthy. This fear makes you realize that you are no longer alone. The group stands up and continued their way to the strigoi under the full hot sun. They will not get more men at this moment. Even though they are no longer surprised.

Love

Much has happened but everything has led to this, the journey to the undead bloodsuckers. This is going to be their attack base from here they operate, from here they bring the strigoi to their downfall. Gnisa sends the Shape-shifters back into the sky:

We are close, are you exploring from above? We must be close now!

The shape-shifters turn into falcons, they immediately fly into the air to explore. There are no better scouts in Gnisa's eyes. While they are flying away, she makes some preparations as everyone points out a spot of attack. The women attack from the flank, the werewolves go right through the heart, Sarte has to wait and the reapers are their greatest weapon that will keep them to last. The ferrymen have the power to stop this on their own at least when used properly. They cannot be killed easily and they have the stopping power of an elephant at a trot. They have an incredibly strong Armata but everything has to go right at once, everything has to come together into a whole. A journey to hell and back, that's what they are heading for. A journey full of danger and death, but also joy and hopefully victory. But nothing is certain yet, not even the victory. The wait is a long time for the birds to return with the good news that they have found the nest. The wait takes a too long time before they can enter the battlefield.

Love

The moment of impatience shoots in, the reapers' horses become visible and wagons form from the ground. Gnisa and the women also recall their horses before shouting:

**FOLLOW AND PROTECT EACH OTHER, WE
WILL WIN AND NO ONE ELSE.**

The ferrymen shoot away like an arrow from a crossbow. There is a cry and Sarte takes the lead on the pricolici with Danush in second place. Gabor's horse seems to be confused in its course. All reapers suffer from this, they shoot from one side to the other. It quickly becomes clear why when Sarte hears dozens of screams. The screams come from all over the forest and the reapers' horses don't know what is happening to them. They seem unable to choose who to go to first. The screams are closing in and there is the first bloodsucker. He is standing there defiantly in front of a tree with a shape-shifter in his hands. Sarte tries to take him down and bite his throat but bites the air. The strigoi has disappeared to reappear behind him and attack him in his back. Sarte initially goes down but immediately gets up again, then he attacks again and again. The strigoi disappears into thin air. Sarte immediately strikes back but the Strigoi is not there this time, he pulls the shape-shifter apart like a rag doll in front of Sarte. Then it turns to smoke and dissipates into the forest. Sarte looks around angrily but the vampire is gone.

Love

He hears Danush scream and behind him, three of them have him in a firm grip. Sarte tries to free him by hitting them with its large claws, but they turn to smoke again and evaporate. It does not take a long time before all of the pricolici are placed in a circle together with the women in the middle. The strigoi surround them and try to push towards the center. But the pricolici two have become faster and melt them into the ground by hitting their head off. They have to step back because the blood burns their paws. The next attack from the vampires comes from above. And again, the werewolves this strike with a final showdown throwing the strigoi against a tree and break their backbone by the blast.

How long they will keep this up is still uncertain, but they have to. Then it is quiet for a moment and Gnisa shouts:

DON'T LEAVE YOUR POST AND STAND UP !

They listen and stop; something sounds in the distance and they see dozens of shadows running quickly around them. Then the ferrymen join in and harvest the shadows by swinging their large scythe, creating a vortex in the air that sucks the strigoi in. For a while nothing happens but they don't leave their post. Frightened and desperate they look around paranoid. What just happened here?

Love

Peace has returned for a moment while Sarte walks to the undead bloodsuckers that are still creeping and screaming in front of the tree. Sarte scratches and open his chest on one he pulls out all of his organs in a single movement. The other tries to get away but Sarte puts his front paw on his back and cuts it open, the vampires slowly dies in four pieces on the ground. Then Gnisa comes out of the circle of werewolves and says:

We have to move on, this was just a taste of things to come. It is even more difficult!

The circle gently diverges as the women get back on their horses and ride off. They have also won this battle. The score is 3-1 but the shape-shifters are all dead so they can't really call it a battle won. Most of them are still alive but the most important links have been murdered. The links that could see everything. They are more dependent than ever on each other at the moment. They need the ears of the werewolves and the cunning of the women to keep going. They need the speed and stamina of the reapers and must crawl into the eye of the storm to stop it. But that will be difficult. Mainly because they don't know where to go to get there. The all-seeing eyes are gone, and they have the ear of a mouse to find the eye. The reapers start to vibrate all over their bodies, they seem to be afraid of themselves when they look at each other.

Love

It seems as if they can see their reflection the greatest fear of a ferryman being confronted with themselves and the deadly expression on their face. No one can stop this they have to get themselves out of this, another unforeseen hurdle in a battle that is getting far too difficult. They hear laughter coming from afar, a sinister laugh and soon they see vampires coming their way.

They provided for the reapers, it was already said by grandma that they were masters of your thoughts and they could control you. Sarte does not want to think about that, he jumps in front of Gabor when an strigoi wants to attack and bites his throat loose. The vampire turns to dust and blows away in the wind. Gabor hands quit shaking and he swings with it in the air, then the reapers come back and the strigoi return laughing, to try again later. They hear a scream, a female scream. Sarel is lying on the ground with a bite wound on her neck. They were so busy with the reapers that they were blind to the rest. Danush runs up to her and holds her in his hairy claws. He howls to the sky in grief as she takes her last breath in his strong claws. His eyes turn blood red again and another cry comes, one full of hatred and anger. The sun disappears behind the clouds and begins to discolor. The copper darkens until a blood-red color envelops the sun. The werewolves all become furious, being eaten by deep-seated hatred.

Love

And everyone and everything seem to hate each other. They regain their bloodlust and turn against the women, Sarte tries to stop them but the bloodlust is too much and the women have to flee on their horses. Only Gnisa stands and sacrifices herself, saying:

Sarte you know what to do!

The werewolves take it all when Gnisa hits the ground and once they taste blood they want more. Sarte growls and seems to be getting bigger than he was before. He towers over the werewolves and knocks them all to the ground with one blow. Danush looks at the former queen lying in pieces on the ground at the hands of him. There is an unbelievably great feeling of guilt in him when he sees her lying so helpless, then another woman screams and Gabor immediately shoots at the scream with his horse. The others follow quickly, Sarte is still trying to calm the werewolves but Danush runs along with the reapers, this must be the place for the battlefield.

This must be the eye of the storm.

Love

I see you thinking I didn't see it coming and to be honest I didn't really when I heard it for the first time. The legend of the last battle of our city Bagör there are many people that are thinking: Well, the Pricolici are not real and never existed. But I'll get to that later in the legend. I would like to borrow your audience again and open your eyes well, because we are now rapidly approaching the end. It no longer looks like a win for the Armata de Strix, does it? The Strigoii have turned out to be too strong and too smart. The perfect warriors and the perfect killers! You will soon find out the answer ...

Love

CHAPTER 21.

THE BEGINNING OF A WAR.

Love

Soon, Sarte and the enraged werewolves also follow. It doesn't take long for them to arrive at something where a lot of blood has been sown and pus has been harvested. A woman lies bleeding on the floor in a red yellow puddle of blood and pus with five dead strigoi around her. She is not bothered by her injuries but it is the pus that hurts her. Gabor can remove these injuries and runs his hand over her side. The cuts close and the wound is cauterized, then the woman says softly: *Thank you!* And struggles to get up before she climbs on her horse to continue the fight. The reapers no longer take the dead vampires with them in their car and drive on. Their eyes turn from the loving bright colors to dark black caps and they all scream at once:

RÁZBUNA!

After the cry for revenge, it is quiet. One word but the message got across loud and clear to the men. The horses are getting faster and the reapers seem to get angrier every time, while the red border around the sun now seems to turn a purple color. There is another scream but the ferrymen do not deviate from their route and drive on. They don't even look back like they say: *We fight or we die but we go together .*

The whole forest starts to scream and the eyes of the strigoi can be seen throughout the forest.

Love

The enraged werewolves are darting in all directions for the bloodthirsty demons. But the vampires turn back to smoke and repel all attacks with the greatest of ease. A human wolf is hit by an attack and falls to the ground, immediately five vampires dive on him and hit and scratch him open before getting the final blow and breaking his neck. The pricolici changes back to human form when he gives up life, his lifeless body is also not picked up by the reapers who just drive on as if nothing is wrong. The eye of the storm is close, they all feel it. They feel furious, and there is a fearful paranoid atmosphere in the air. One of those you could encounter in your worst nightmare. The sky and the sun darkens. It turns jet black in the landscape that leads to an open plain. An open space with their conditions. Their eyes look at them from a distance and scan every step their or their horses take. Soon the rest of the women, who have worked their way in from the flanks, also join. All undead can see in the dark, but this becomes a problem for women. They have entered a walking nightmare. A nightmare with multiple options. Sarte remembers his own nightmare again but the outcome is different and it becomes clear to him why Gnisa sacrificed herself. With the smallest change you change the future. For her it was not about the honor of the women but about winning this war and that was only possible in this way.

Love

She was the only one left, she and Sarte. But Sartre who had to murder her in his nightmare because she had changed into a strigoi . All he can think is: *Thank you Gnis, now I understand you!* They come in the middle of the clearing and he shouts as king of the group:

ATTACK BUT BE WATCHFULL OF EACH OTHER! WE NEVER WIN THIS WAR WITHOUT EACH OTHER, DON'T LET THEM TAKE OVER!

He howls at the black sky as they see the strigoi eyes approach and a war has started. A war that can only have one winner: The Army of the Night Creatures. **The Armata de Strix** . A lot of blood and pus is wasted in the fight and the strigoi just keep coming and coming. If the pricolici kill three, five will return. The women are also on the right track, killing more strigoi than the werewolves with their knives. The werewolves are having a hard time, while Sarte, Danush and the reapers are having an easy time. The lifeless bodies pile up and the blood pus and limbs fly through the air. There is a lot of screaming, but here they have done it for the liberation of humans and animals. A bloodsucker runs into Sarte's back and attacks. Sarte can just hide to be lured into the arms of three vampires. Gabor sees that and waves his big scythe around again.

Love

Where light comes out of the ground a warm light, and there forms a hole in the ground as great as the field itself in which dozens of arms hatch which pull down the bloodsuckers, and closes the ground automatically again. A moment later they see hundreds of eyes walking towards them at a dead pace, the death march! They walk with weapons such as planks and pitchforks in hand. Sarte Danush and the women immediately run to bring them to their end. In their attack, they throw the pitchforks and planks into the hands of the reapers who immediately start throwing them. The strigoi fall by the wayside, but it just doesn't stop until the army is thinned out. There are too many. And they are going to lose the battle in an exhaustive way. The long-awaited war, which the vampires must not win. There comes a large figure on the battlefield a giant vampire the supreme Strigoi. He towers above everything and everyone. He is as tall as a tree and he is strong as an ox. He hits Danush and the pricolici with a single blow from his way and walks to the reapers. They try their best but they can't hurt or kill him. He is pure evil, Satan himself. The women manage to escape him and scream:

**WE MUST RETREAT DO NOT BE A HERO
NOW!**

Love

The women's horses come out of the ground and they ride off. Sarte and the remaining pricolici follow and reapers as well. They hear the supreme Strigoï laugh when they drive away. It's the same smile the devil must have. A smile they will not forget for a long time. They cross the quiet forest and come to a sheltered tree. The women immediately start digging in the ground and throw some into the dug hole. The blue lotus flower is their only salvation. More holes follow and a bed of leaves is placed on it. They hang the iron wires in the tree branches to do the same as when Danush first met. The werewolf's fury has cooled, but they don't really understand why they had to withdraw. The women give them a simple answer:

You are fast and strong; we are smart and cunning.

Danush laughs but the loss of Sarel hasn't quite gotten a place yet. He can't think of anything else, that beautiful woman who breathed her last breath in his arms and bows his head to the ground in respect for her. Everyone reflects on the great losses they have experienced. Many have not returned from the battlefield; many have left their lives. Many have died, but is it in view of a better time or was this just unnecessary bloodshed? This is starting to be a war they are not going to win or a miracle must happen.

Love

A miracle that you don't see coming, but an important one. A turning point in this battle.

They fight against the current. Maybe they have to fight with the current or is that too simple? Either way, this war must be won and not given up. The footsteps of the hundreds of strigoi already beginning to approach them, they hear them very well. They thump from their stomachs to their toes. The death march of hundreds strigoi and the Armata Strix of maybe ninety strong. It does not stop automatically, they know, but how to stop it is also a great question. There is a scream and heavy footsteps follow, the supreme Strigoi is also member of the party. The women say: *Stand in the middle behind are the tree and do not fight!* Everyone is listening except for the reapers who are waiting for the other strigoi. The bloodsuckers are approaching, but the reapers were prepared for this and are swinging their scythe in the air again. All trees beginning to live and their roots hold the strigoi fixed after which they squeeze the life out the screaming vampire's. The supreme Strigoi also has to believe it and he also screams while the reapers laugh, the roots break his bones. A pair of bloodsuckers escape the roots but fall into the holes dug by the women. They make no sound while their breath is cut off by the blue lotus. All they hear is a choking noise and then silence.

Love

The Pricolici run to the big menace and hit the supreme Strigoi where they can. Sarte and Danush also join that fight and together they bring him to his knees.

And open him up with every scratch or bite. There is so much power in him that he can still break the roots and use all his remaining strength to transform into a raven and fly away into the black sky. Not much later, the vampires turn and flee. They know they are not there yet but Sarte is already shouting:

WE ARE VICTORIOUS!

The exhausted group lets out another yelp and howl before falling from sleep. Evil has turned for now. But it has turned out to be an exhausting battle, so exhausting that they want nothing more than to sleep. Even if only for a moment. Gabor waves his hand again and everything becomes dark again and starts to turn again before they can finally rest. Tomorrow there's another day. Tomorrow everything will start again, tomorrow the war will start again. They hear a horse walking but it doesn't affect them while they fall into a deep sleep.

Love

Having won this battle, they more than deserved the sleep. They now know that the supreme Strigoi also has weaknesses. And can make use of that knowledge. Al it would be difficult it will never be as difficult as today.

Right?

They will see it and so will we. People you may think: But that is not possible at all. There are no undead vampires, werewolves, reapers, shape-shifters and you name it. They don't exist at all. But how can you be so sure? Have you never looked in the mirror and seen other eyes look back? That's what I mean folks, sometimes there's more than you'd like to believe. Enjoy the rest of this legend.

Love

CHAPTER 22.

IN THE HEAT OF THE
BATTLE.

Love

When the group wakes up, they see that many new ascetics have entered their Armata. Lots of new soldiers and fighters. They don't know where they come from, but they are happy to be there. They are reinforced with a few hundred men. This war we can win goes through Sarte's mind. A man walks to Dinas and says:

Here I think you can use this.

He puts an amulet in her hands and closes her hands. When she looks at what it is, you can see that she is happy with the gift. Sarte walks up to her and asks:

What is that? Can that thing help us?

Her answer is: We are saved, the world is saved. This is the amulet of death. This is Omgulva in its purest form. Thank you, I don't know your name or where you are coming from but thank you!

The man introduces himself as Tibras from the Frimalo camp. A gypsy camp that is avoided by the normal gypsies. They would engage in black magic and dark practices. They would kill for fun and scare everyone, but now they want to work together. They are said to be good fighters and hunters. But that is of no use to them now. Tibras suggests that Sarte and pricolici bite all 250 men. Not all of the Frimalo camp, but ordinary people, ordinary survivors.

Love

Sarte initially says no, but Dinas insistence weakens his beliefs and it is the only option to be able to beat the strigoi. But he does ask where they came from all at once. Tibras gives an easy answer and points to Gabor. Who squeezes his dead black eyes. So Sarte agrees and bites Tibras. Tibras immediately says to the rest of the newbies:

It doesn't hurt guys but it does burn.

The rest of the pricolici follows quickly while Tibras goes to the ground and gets convulsions. Red foam runs out from the corner of his mouth and the rest soon follow. Sarte hears the people's heartbeats fade, until there is no more sound. They are all silent and waiting to see what happens. But after five minutes they are still lifeless on the ground. And in the despair of the women they say despondently:

They did not survive. We have to move on, we cannot stay here! Not among the dead, it will be inhumane!

Again, the reapers do nothing and continue their way to a possible new battlefield. It is still dark in the forest, but the sun is shining again, the birds are singing again and there is not a cloud in the sky or dirt on the ground.

Love

The atmosphere is gone, everything is back to the old, as it should be. Only those strigoi are there they feel it, they feel that they are still there. Those damned vampires are still here!

They feel that this is too good to be true and that they are being trapped in the suddenly too serene and calm forest. The feeling is that there is still something to be expected, but it seems that nothing is going to happen. At least not today, they defeated the supreme Strigoi once and he might give up too. Maybe he just gives up. Perhaps all strife has led nowhere just to death. Sarte is sure that something is wrong with this picture when they leave the forest in search of a city. It is the same city as Bagör, only a bit rougher and tougher. Heartbeats are beating and people are happy. As if nothing has happened all along, as if nothing happened! Sarte scratches his ear and asks Danush: *Do you hear this too?* Danush nods yes and sits on a boulder in the city with his hands over his ears. The heartbeats are beating too loud to be real. It looks like the ticking of a clock, but then multiply it by a 100 times. The werewolves do not understand what is happening to them and the reapers are also looking around confused. The people don't see them, the reapers, the werewolves nor Sarte and Danush, they just see the women they hang around them like flies on shit.

Love

As if Sarte and Danush did not exist have such a feeling at the spectacle that people just walk right past them. And without looking or paying attention to bump into them to just keep walking. It's weird and it's strange, but at least they've never seen this before.

They hear a scream coming from a house and run to it but no, nothing wrong there... They do not become happier or more confident of this picture. And it doesn't stop when the dogs start to growl and deform into something bigger. They also transform immediately but the dogs get bigger and bigger, even bigger than Sarte the Strigalici. There are about five dogs and they both get the eyes of the supreme Strigoi. The women are busy pushing the people away and are not paying attention to what happens further on. Only when Sarte growls do all people look at him at once and attack him. The only thing that goes through his head is:

This isn't right, this isn't right I need to get out of here.

Then the city turns into another field and he sees the women and werewolves fighting the strigoi. The reapers also return and stand behind the confused Sarte as the fight continues.

Love

The women seem to be defeated, as soon as the first woman falls, Sarte jumps to the rescue and knocks the bloodsuckers off her, after which she pierces their necks with one of her knives and continues the fight. All she has to do is look at him and he knows she is grateful to him. The reapers are too busy but Danush seems still sitting in his trip, when the supreme Strigoi is in front of him and he does not move. Sarte jumps to his rescue and pushes the giant vampire against a tree.

He begs to Danush: *Come out, come out already brother please snap out of it...* Danush looks with his head in the clouds somewhere in space. Sarte shakes him, then his eyes start to tremble and his head to move. *Come out brother, please snap out of it. We need you!* As soon as Danush comes out, he is lifted by the Strigoi and torn in half. The giant bringer of death just smiles and is gone in the form of a cloud of smoke. Sarte sags in his hind legs while Danush turns into a doll again. The same doll as before with the same porcelain head and calm eyes, he has finally found his restrest...

Sarte who is furious and eaten by hatred howls at the sun gets a quick answer back. And hearing an army coming more than a hundred strong, they run towards him. Tibras and his men are alive again. They all enter the battlefield.

Love

It goes hard when seven werewolves manage to knock the supreme Strigoi to the ground. But the supreme Strigoi still proves to be too strong, and manages to rip open almost all of their sides and takes their organs with him in the process of beating with the big sharp nails. Still, the pricolici keep trying, shouldn't they be able to get him to his knees? He must have had enough at one point, right? The reapers leave the normal strigoi crawling on the battlefield alone and now go after the largest as well. The seven of them go wild with their scythe on him.

Wounds form in the chest and abdomen of the giant death bringer who has not yet dropped to his knees and is still fighting on. The reapers keep going but it looks like its skin is too hard to pierce. Desperately Sarte is also joining the fight working the supreme Strigoi toward the ground. They all go wild on him, biting pieces of flesh out of his body. Scratch him all the way open and hit him, but something is wrong again, he doesn't seem to want to die. Whatever they do, whatever they try.

Sarte shouts:

**HE IS MASTER OF OUR THOUGHTS! SHUT
OFF ON HIM AND GET OUT! HE SHOWS US
THIS! THIS IS NOT REAL!**

Love

The Strigoi smiles and walks away, while hundreds of dead bloodsuckers lie on the battlefield and unfortunately the doll is still there. The porcelain head is broken again, this time the head has been trampled. It makes Sarte angry when he looks at it, but there is little he can do about this at the moment. The women try to run away unseen. Tibras men keep them safe from potential vampires following them. Sarte kills the vampires as easily as before, just by hitting or kicking them once they get those pus bumps with the festering bile popping open. The battlefield is quickly cleared of vampires with the help of Tibras men and the reapers.

Then they see a wall made of fire forming around the entire battlefield and ghosts entering the battlefield through the fire wall. The women jump through it with the help of their horse. And immediately they fight on again, tiredness strikes again, but now they cannot give up. Even their horses fight against strigoi the noble animals do their best but need to quickly run away from the battlefield full of death and destruction, blood, limbs, organs and pus. The spirits make a kind of fight by order of the Omgulva to possess the strigoi and turn against each other. There is now a breather, a well-deserved breather.

Love

Except for Sarte who is still at the forefront of battle and still lashing out at the undead vampires they fall like cones and getting up is no longer possible. Especially when the spirits let the strigoi eat each other. The battlefield is thinning but a second wave appears to be approaching and rushing through the firewall and burning up in the center of the battlefield. The wall weakens and goes back into the ground, but there are hundreds more waiting for the wall to disappear completely into the ground. The sun is slowly setting and the moon is rising as the fight continues, the battlefield is filling up again. It happens a lot, too much, there too many Strigoi. Many have already died but the Armata de Strigoi will never end at least it seems that way.

Tibras men are starting to lose the fight and the women are completely broken, only Sarte and the reapers still have energy while the ghosts continue to fight. They have aroused a force majeure that they would have preferred to stay the night. There has been no such thing as this happening in 7000 years why is it happening now? Why right now, why today?

Many questions haunt Sarte but he still keeps fighting and fighting. There is no doubt in his bones and not a shred of regret.

Love

The women are on the losing side, he sees it happening, fatigue has struck and when the first woman leaves life, the spirits also leave. She fought well thank you for that. Thank you for everything you have done for us. The reapers beat wildly with their scythe across the battlefield and hit strigoi on strigoi but it is a fight without an end. They have changed all people it seems. They really did work to win this war. But they will not, **they will never win this**. Not if it is up to Sarte.

Love

CHAPTER 23.

THE END.

Love

Still in the heat of the battle, bites and scratches open the strigoi. The remaining werewolves are all killed by force majeure they defect, the same as the women all women are defected by the strigoi. The same odds are now walking towards him. This is the first moment the Strigalici must flee and run for his own life. He runs all over the battlefield and finds protection behind the reapers. Hundreds and hundreds of vampires attack the reapers, but every time they touch the reapers they fall down and have convulsions. Then the ground opens up just like before and hands come up again and pull most of the bloodsuckers down. There is a light from above that shines on the vampires like a ray of sunshine , which burns them when they are inside. The reapers throw everything out of the closet, but the bloodsuckers just keep coming. Three reapers are losing and receive the final blow from the Supreme Strigoi what turns them to dust before the wind blows them away from the battlefield. Sarte has only five men left in his army, including him facing an almighty Armata de Strigoi . There are more to come, this fight we are not going to win guys is going through Sarte's mind when he gives up the fight. And sinking by his paws, Gabor pulls him up and together with the other reapers shouts:

RÁZBUNA , RE-CĂLĂTORIE , RÁZBUNA !

Love

At that moment all reapers return to the land of the living and they are many, more than before.

They all stand in a straight line next to each other and all swing their large scythe in the air with a twisting motion. A great vortex forms in the sky and the vortex becomes a tornado that sweeps through the battlefield, taking all the strigoi in its way. The vampires all fall down and there is nothing more to it, there is no more screaming at all, nothing total silence, until the supreme Strigoi rears his head again and Sarte almost immediately shoots in the attack. He will drop it. Sarte grows again but the Strigoi is faster than the Strigalici and floors him, he puts his hands on his head and Sarte sees the bloodshed start all over again. Sarte is confused with hundreds and hundreds of vampires still fighting he walks in the hands of the supreme Strigoi, who smiles at him and tries to get into his mind. Sarte has to fight against his own thoughts, an impossible task. But he shouldn't hurt the women. Not like in his nightmare! He hits the supreme Strigoi but it doesn't hurt him, he just laughs at him. He bites and scratches his chest, but the huge Strigoi still does nothing. The pus drains out and a thin pinkish-red color comes from his injuries. Sarte fights for the lives of the women, but the Strigoi wins. It is then that Sarte sees Esmeralda the real gypsy queen appear.

Love

Her eyes greener than his and her long black hair fluttering in the wind. A beautiful woman that any man could fall in love with. She walks up to him majestically with confidence with belief in a better time and kisses him on the cheek. At that moment , the moment someone believed in him, his eyes turn red and he jumps out of his bloodthirsty thoughts.

He is diametrically opposed to the Strigoi who now seems to be getting scared. He walks slowly forward while the Strigoi walks backward in panic, half stumbling over the bodies of the fight. The Strigoi turns around and feels two icy hands on his temples, then he feels a twinge of pain and the last he sees is Gabor who has just crushed his head.

The head splits into four pieces on the ground while pus generously spurts from his headless neck, the remaining Strigoi topple over and flounder like fish on dry land .

They also have pus running out of their eyes and blood coming out of their throat through their mouths. Until they lie still after a single scream for help. The tyranny has ended, finally after a long and exhausting battle. But he would never have dared to dream of what he will see now. The ground splits open and the air bursts open, flames come from the ground and light from the sky.

Love

He sees all the lights and shadows coming from the sky and ground that fly into the dead Strigoi . Sarte shouts:

Get ready we're not there yet guys...

But then Sarte hears hundreds, maybe a thousand heartbeats. The people have returned, literally rose from the dead a miracle has been shot. While the supreme Strigoi petrifies and crumbles to form a hunebed. This is a hunebed of great significance. This hunebed represents the liberation of man. While the air and ground close again, people get up. They pay no attention at all to the pus and blood on the floor and quietly walk away.

As if they just woke up after a night of sagging. Sarte cheers, then he feels something, a thump in his chest and one becomes two and two becomes three, his heart starts to beat again.

He jumps into the air for joy, embracing Gabor who finally gets to see his beloved Darwina again after 100 years. His only love, his real love. He has searched for her for too long, longed for her for too long. A tear falls and Gabor's heart also starts to beat after standing still for far too long. His dead face begins to melt into a boy, a normal farmer's son. Darwina touches him and together they walk away from the battlefield, towards an normal life.

Love

When the sky opens for the last time, Sarte sees his family look down on him approvingly. Especially grandma who has always believed in him. The words of Grandma racing through his mind: *With his stubbornness he wins the grand prize. Yes, grandma you were right!* He doesn't get his family back with this, but his family camp upstairs. So, he can sympathize that he will not see them again. Esmeralda walks on the battlefield and looks back one more time, then she turns into Gnisa. Gnisa is a real queen but they already knew that all along.

However, the people do not know what they see when they arrive in Bagör by horse and carriage hours later and immediately begin to rebuild the destroyed city. There are countless legends circulating and revolving on this day, that the Pricolici shape-shifters reapers and gypsy have saved the townsfolk. But there are few who actually believe in it. All they know is that a child brought a doll from the battlefield that day and the child named the doll.

Danush , the name of strength, determination and pure love.

Love

*I said somewhere in the legend that they would win the war... Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this legend about everything, about hate betrayal and hope but most of all about love. Love like you have never seen before, the love of an undead to humanity. He himself had not yet forgotten his humanity and we are very grateful to Sarte for that. Because people you might think what a bum but to be honest this was a legend looking back to our past 1000 years because people the battle that has reigned in our city of Bagör has indeed happened. I was even there myself, as the doll who has seen and done all kinds of things, but above all, with the love that I had in my heart, was able to end this war... After this rests me only one more thing left to say and that is: I hope you have a safe day because we have arrived at **THE END** .*

Appreciation!

I want to thank you, you the reader of course how could it be otherwise. I am glad that I was able to get you back for another legend, although this one is slightly different and a bit rougher than the others, you are still my loyal readers .

Second, I want to thank my mom again. We've had really tough times together, and we've known them even tougher. But not many writers get the support I do receive. When Gabor was finally allowed to hold his Darwina again in his arms, she cried. And those reactions are what you do it for as a writer. There isn't no greater gratitude, and her gratitude is what I am grateful for!

Thirdly, a man who has not raised me and has done a lot of wrong in his life, but who I see as a father figure. My second dad thank you pops!

And finally, a girl who managed to kick me out of my depression and means more to me in a day has 27 years of wrong friends. Thank you Vika!

Love

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Love