



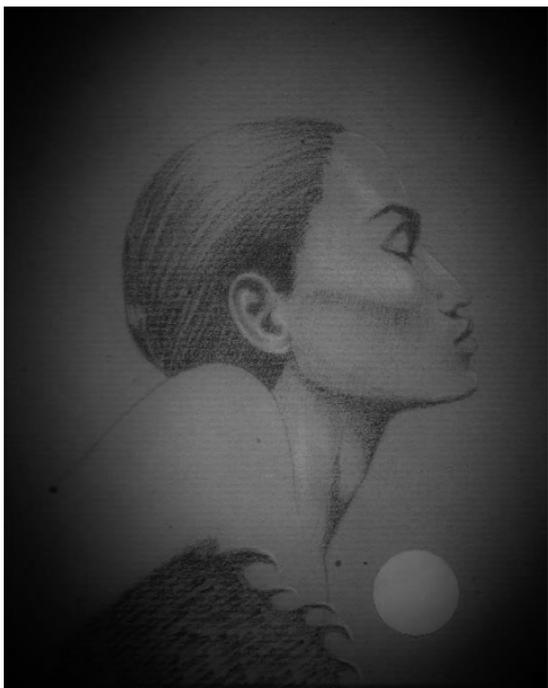
Luna Lehtikoinen

Vampire Suspicion

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"Without risk, there is no faith - the greater the risk, the greater the faith"

Soren Kierkegaard



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Under the city of London, hidden from the light of the day, there is another world – the underground world. As the century was running low, one night in October, a figure dressed in dark was standing before an underground door. Under his arm, he squeezed the latest issue of the Daily Telegraph. Behind a sturdy wooden door, there were voices of heated debate. The young man moved the hood out of his head and opened the magazine as if to be sure of something else. In his thoughts, he once again paused to stare at a front-page headline that read: 'The story of Count Dracula is just a myth – immortality in all respects proved impossible'. While he was about to knock on the door, it opened.

-Hey, so you've read the news, too? Noted the tall young man at the door, looking at both the person who came and the magazine tightly. You could

read in his eyes like on the front page of a magazine what the room was talking about. The others now also turned to the door and muttered their low greetings.

-Yes, I am, I almost dropped my eyes out when I noticed the headline on the front page!

-Damn it. Nosverathu, what do you think? Someone asked the newer from the farthest corner of the room.

-Frankly, I have not really been able to form an opinion from my confusion, Nosverathu replied.

-But you read the whole news, didn't you? Of course, it is only a reporter's report, so the actual research has been explained in the references. We cannot rely on just a middle-hander conveying an impression.

Talked to someone in the middle of the crowd trying to keep their voices calm.

-But the quotes in the article – albeit short clips – are probably genuine and the report follows general ethics when it comes to newspaper news. You can't deny that it gives a pretty plausible impression, even for me it impressed me so that I felt uncomfortable for a moment, laughed tall one with a pretentious sound.

-Yes, but it can only be an ordered scam, and who knows about the reliability of the quotes in the end. Ad fontes comrades, be the original source now available!

-Ad fontes indeed, can even the original source be trusted?

-But how could anyone really suspect that a magazine enjoying reliability was guilty of misrepresented information or even a modified truth.

However, all the facts seem scientifically justified, proclaimed serious-looking figure in a quiet voice.

-Ye-es, if any of us happen to be seriously in the “science faith”, this information is quite unambiguous to him.

The conversation in the underground basement room was overly heated among the entire horde of 30 vampires gathered in each room. It seemed that no one had missed out, but that the incident had mobilised all members of the community that evening, that night of the weekly meeting. Nosverathu had arrived most recently. It also seemed that what was really at stake was how to deal with the news, the news that called into question their very existence. Worse still, it suddenly succeeded in jeopardizing the most important, their faith – the one on which everything was built. Of course, it should have been self-evident that such news appeared on the front page of the country's main news bulletin, vampires would have been mainly shrivellating and mischievous with a smile. It was this paradox that made the character who had been silent so far very pensical. He sat alone in his chair a little off the beaten track and watched the situation. The community that was gathered in this basement room consisted of exactly thirty or three still fairly fresh vampires currently staying in London. They had chosen one leader from among their number, a person with absolute authority over others. This leader vampire always said the last word, naturally he was also the oldest. It was 1898 and the leader- vampire Laesthath, in his own words, had seen historical times change over the past five centuries. He had seen revolutions and wars, famine, plague disease, and other human struggles. He was born a vampire in a German state one moonlighting night when the first snow floated out of the night sky. From the land of Saxony, he travelled all over Europe, ending up staying in France and Paris. He witnessed with his own eyes the French revolutions, the

emergence of the Enlightenment and Napoleon's rise to power. Naturally, as Laesthath had such a life experience, his views were greatly respected by other vampires in London, which he rarely spoke out loud. He himself received the blood of another vampire in his veins on that moonful winter evening and thus became immortal, but at the cost of living in the shadows of the night. He hadn't seen the sunrise in almost 500 years. He, Laesthath now stepped out of his secluded observation post and everyone's eyes were drawn to him as if nailed. It was quiet like in a grave.

-Brothers and sisters, I understand your turmoil, but at the same time I also see enormous weakness. Trembling with fear, because that article, with its own so-called truth, now makes you doubt even yourself, your faith and your convictions.

Laesthath's voice carried over the entire room and had power, even though it was not fierce but rather calmly emphatic.

-Do you realize now that you are afraid because you fear the worst – a lie. That's what you're shaking that you've been living a lie all these years, that you've been allowing yourself to be deceived. That article has now upset you and doubted what you've been through, what you've seen and felt.

The leader vampire paused to monitor the impact of his speech on the audience. He saw a bunch of handsomely dressed young vampires. In a word, it was an impressive sight and it was at that moment that Laesthath more clearly than ever realised how impressive it actually was! Laesthath was about to continue when someone else had time to break the silence in the room.

-We all respect you as a leader vampire. After all, you are our oldest and our role model. Everything you've told us, we've really held. But now, if you'll excuse these words of doubt: Is there anyone who's been by your

side to see all these steps and can prove them. In fact, is there anyone among us who's been with you for more than 10 years, Laesthath?

-I do not think we should doubt what we have been based on for so long... There was another voice, though a little cautious and muffled.

-Even the idea seems creepy... that we really would have... From me, it makes the blood clot. Can we talk about something else?

Suggested by a vampire- lady.

-Damn it, I think we need to be able to talk about this very hard thing sensibly and analytically. There was a slightly accelerated sound range in the middle of the crowd.

-Good, I think it's right that we dare to face our fears!

There was an answer.

-Well, we can test it with you right now! Do you really dare to face your fears; We'll tie you in front of that door and wait for the sun to rise, and I think it'll come!

Played tall young man.

There was loud noises that weren't really picked up by who thought. It seemed, however, that the sceptics were gaining the upper hand, as the representatives of the defending speeches quietly retreated towards the back wall of the room, clearly less numerous. Some of them looked at one of those who had spoken of overcoming fear as threatening, and as a few were already taking a step towards it, the leader's clear gesture prevented such an experiment this time.

-Brothers and sisters, do not make the mistake of rising up against each other!

-Yes, let us not go up against each other....

That night, in that basement room, suspicion was tearing apart before such a unified crowd. On the one hand, a large part wanted to face the truth, how unpleasant it may have been, and on the other hand, a small part still seemed to doubt the reliability of the entire newspaper article and wanted to believe more in themselves. The fact was, as one vampire above reported, that none of the crowd witnessed Laesthath's earlier life stages, and none of them had lived as a vampire for more than ten years. But what, from the outset, had led this extraordinary crowd to this underground apartment, the apartment where blood was now weighed between faith and unbelief?

You see, one fateful night, Laesthath had experienced agony loneliness, such a strong longing to share something with someone like him that something would soon have to be done about it. No, he couldn't share anything with the living, in other words mortals, so he had to find a soul like him. The question of being a vampire alive or being dead is interesting, to say the least. You see, a vampire is dead to life and therefore dead to mortality. You can't really call a vampire either alive or dead. A vampire is, but not in the sense that man is. To fully understand this, you'd have to fully understand what being first is. So Laesthath had to create the creature that he would be in a way – be as well as he is. That night, he made the crucial decision to find a suitable victim. Of course, he had already spun this idea in his head many times in his solitary life, but it had always ended in the impossibility that he was simply unable to do to the other one what had been done to him himself. Now he couldn't resist any further temptation. He could kill, he could create – why not implement his creative side? For some time, he had been following his victim, who he had found to be a pleasant young man about his age. Laesthath himself

Vampire Suspicion

-Different vampire story

The novel is a story of great principles and living by them. When a vampire starts doubting his own vampire being, it's all going to be messed up soon. While you're still packing with the longing for love, serial murders and acceptance of one's own differences, the plot is ready to condense into the final act, where gothic style emerged plays a big part. The turn-of-the-century Victorian London is being shown to a vampire community whose sense of community is beginning to tear up due to dissent, the story also reflects on the theme of loneliness and faith.



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