
A5

STONES IN THE MOUTH

FARKAS' STORY

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Farkas Bartók was born in Hungary in the late seventeenth century from a noble family. Is an only child and has no living relatives. His grandfather was a general in the war against Turkey and got a title of Count by the rendered services. His mother inherited the title.

His father was a merchant of some success. Was engaged in importing several quality goods from the Middle and Far East for Western markets: carpets, rugs, antiques, etc.. With this trade he had got a lot of money.

His father and mother met at a high society party and were married after a long courtship.

Farkas received a private elite education based on a few teachers and tutors who went to the stately mansion of the family castle. Farkas did not have many friends, except the

children of the gardener. This loneliness forged to him an imaginative and introverted character.

His mother is a frail and sickly woman. She is very nice and professes a great love to him, but she dealing with him few times because of her poor health. She transmits to him a romantic and passionate life and death sense. Dies at age 34 when Farkas had just turned 12

She has a big posh funeral to which go the mansion workers, an old friend of his grandfather and the general partners, friends and fellow of his father. By the part of his mother went just the doctor who treated her and his wife, his mother had not had friends or relatives.

The strong gothic aesthetic that surrounded the burial remained etched in the minds of Farkas.

His father was a strong, burly and mandatory man. He was an educated man and was interested in the occult and esoteric science: his aim was to get more power. Thanks to his business contacts with oriental antiquarians, many of them alchemists and magicians, he had acquired a large library, occult knowledge and experience.

His interest in these matters became so important that he joined into an elite occult logia where certain rituals were practiced and it flowed in torrents influence peddling.

However he had no talent to the dark arts and never got any spell works. Therefore, realizing that his son had some artistic talent and great sensitivity undoubtedly inherited from his mother, he decided to introduce him in the hermetic knowledge, hoping that, as usually have many parents, to vent

their frustrations on the successes of the children as if the success of a child outside their own success, flesh of his flesh, an extension of himself.

These studies were deep, mysterious and gorgeous, it fit perfectly with the Farkas' character, quickly he was immersed voraciously in their learning. After a time his father confirmed that Farkas had a great talent for these arts, soon began to take its first successes.

Over time he managed to conjure up and take relationships with important entities of the underworld. His father moved away from him, his activities had become very complex and dark and his power grew, his father did not understand anything, his intellect was not enough, he was afraid. But Farkas continued regardless, it was unstoppable. He reached a mastery level so high that only three people were worthy enough to seem to him in throughout Europe, great sorcerers.

In a Walpurgisnacht he experimented with the spell of immortality, the most complex. He conjured ancient entities flooded of primal power. That night in the village protected by its castle, were heard sparks and strangers wonders. Thereafter started to run rumors by surrounding towns and it was created a superstition about the Strigoi, son of love and witchcraft. Farkas had become a vampire by self-merit.

There were very many towns and villages, dark in the night, submitted by superstition, religion, faith. It was a hotbed, had leftover food.

Time passed and reached the Soviet revolution. All their money and property inherited from their parents were confiscated and was forced to wander the oldest cemeteries. Communists not

only brought economic ruin and pushed him to prowl, but imposed a prosaic thought that ended with religion and mysticism. The agnostic ideas of thinkers such as Marx, Engels, Freud, Nietzsche and death of God, etc.. They began to flood Europe. All their power and vitality waned, he needed the old faith, the superstition. He decided to emigrate.

He emigrated to Germany first. The arrival of the Nazis and their Nordic mysticism gave some respite to him, but the Americans quickly began to invade everything. Science, the lights, the villages began to be abandoned, and no one was left with ancestral beliefs.

He continued his desperate westward migration: Italy, France, modernity, 60's, could not find his place. The few vampires who were in the world and those who he had contacted over the centuries, were disappearing from lack of food and faith.

He realized that the Muslim world still retained a medieval culture with strong religious beliefs and, although the weather, scenery and aesthetics of these countries did not fit with his being, could be a good breeding ground and also could return to origins, Arabs's dark knowledge that his father had transmitted to him many years ago and that gave rise to everything.

In France discovered a faint current of mysticism, it was the Camino de Santiago, by the which the last Christian believers throughout Europe pilgrimage to a sacred site located in Spain. He thought it was his chance, could cross from Spain to North Africa and the Arab world, and also, traveling by the road he got meetings with true believers and cheerful hostels in dark nights, where he could take the tooth to a pilgrim.

So passed several days in which he feeded decently and that was how he came to Burgos. Suddenly he found a city that seemed frozen in time. With a medieval look like few of his age, gothic, dark. A province with a lot of villages still inhabited and very religious people. Also the climate and the landscape resembled their homeland, it seemed perfect. He decided to stay there and settled in the cemetery.

But modernity and disbelief also reached Burgos, not as hard and fast as elsewhere, but was already making themselves felt. He was very weak, it could not take much more, all vampires who he knew were gone: he believed to be the last of its kind.