November 23rd, A.D. 1799

New Orleans, Louisiana

As the Wake of the Birth of our Lord approaches world turns happier and whiter at every step. It is not my intention, nonethless, to tell a Christmas story. For with God, I have no more much in common. The godless scion of Kain I have became, as folk says vampire, dwells through the night in scavenge for Vitae caught in fluid. But only to plea myself, I will admit that I have been much more civilized monster than God`s kin imagines. Yes, I can only survive by drinking blood of the living, of course, but all this is done by me truly intermittently. I Jebediah Ambrogue, with all my will and humanity left, swear to the mankind, not to kill anyone with no necessity, even in an afflux of scorching hunger.

December 21th, A.D. 1799

New Orleans, Louisiana

This special very day dejects me. It affects me in unimaginably different way than it does with mortals. I… I am disheartened. I fell so, so lonely between the shadows. Just like a falcon, that after very long journey, came back to his nest and realized that there is plenty of prey to hunt, but not even one predator except him himself. It is not the way any mortal could feel. We, hunters, are a loners, I do admit, but… that`s not the way it should feel.

December 22nd, A.D. 1799

New Orleans, Louisiana

I`ve met only one me-alike night dweller in my… life? I don`t think if I can say so, but that`s not the point. Her name was Lizbeth. She was a true dame to kill for. She was astonishing indeed, but that was not the thing that was mostly… compelling about her personae. Her mind and personality, this was the marble altar of her temple! She was razor - sharp minded, with a personality so crushing that no mortal will could stand against her. When we first met she was pretty desulator but even then she was a jewel in the crowd, sun shining on the night`s sky. Her pale skin and bloody red lips, her ruby - like hair, her eyes like a resting tempest and her movement, swift and sudden like a swinging blade of guillotine in the times of French Revolution. I suppose, she even saw it herself… And the way she looked, that could freeze one`s thought and seeth one`s blood. Yes, there was something primordial in her gaze… I dare - say she was a half - child, half - ancient.

We have met in 1797, in the opera, on the St. Peter Street. This was one of the earlier performances in this tabernacle, there was “Peer Gynt” playing, while we started our conversation. After the end of the spectacle, and maudlin punchline, summing up Gynt`s travel, we left the building together and walking in the Vieux Carre, we met each other. Paradoxically, she was more alive than majority of living people known to me. And… she was lovely…

After she reshaped me in the creature I am now, she left the city.

And disappeared like she never was.

December 23rd, A.D. 1799

New Orleans, Louisiana

She had never truly told me what she did to me. I just accepted my new form, and existed, getting knowledge of my new possibilities with time and experience.

December 28th, A.D. 1799

New Orleans, Louisiana

She could not have done it willingly. That was not her. Someone, something must have had forced her to leave…

December 29th, A.D. 1799

New Orleans, Louisiana

When we were frequently meeting each other, she told me once, that her motherland lied in Hungary, in the Old World. In fact, I have never been to Europe. I was always fascinated, reading the books about cities like Paris, Rome, London, Prague… All this places, so full of stories peeking around the corner, just waiting to be listened. New Year is coming and so is winter. The night gets longer. I find it a great opportunity to travel.

February 27th, A.D. 1800

London, England

And so I walk the grounds that were walked thousands years ago, and so I see the castles, build of ageless stones. Travel took some time, but it was worth effort. Superstitious sailors, travelling on my ship, were victims of my hunger for some time. I tried to feed as rare as I only could: such actions taken in such environment might be deadly to one that sleeps all day, locked up in the package hidden deep inside the ship. For most of travel, I slept. When you`re dead, sleeping comes naturally, very deep sleeping. Death is not much different from dream. For Morpheus was Thanatos` brother.

And so, walking restless streets of London, I find myself happy, experiencing what I have never before experienced. This new surrounding is so diverse from the New Orleans, the city I was born, raised and in which I died.

March 18th, A.D. 1800

Paris, France

Although both cities, London and Paris, are not target of my travel, it is a great adventure to find if all the tales told of those cities are true or just… misleading. Paris is not so distinct from New Orleans. It is astonishingly bizarre for example how people speak differently in here than in my city. Their french is much more… fluent in some way? It flows from their lips like liquid gold and washes the shores of words. Paris is beautiful place indeed, but I shall not settle here.

May 2nd, A.D. 1800

Milan, Italy

I could not imagine more foreign place from Milan. It feels so far for me, even when I`m in its center. At the same time, I admit and worship artistic craft of all the architects and creators of this city. All the narrow streets, grapevines, shouting merchants… this is charming. The night is beautiful in here, and the fields around the town are so magically surrealistic…

July 1st, A.D. 1800

Vienna, Austria

If cities could be damned, this one definitely would be. It lives by night even more freely than New Orleans. All the operas, theaters, balls and parties… Hypnotizing rhythm of this very place could hold any night - liver in its tight grip for all the nights left to this world. And all this arresting ladies… it should be forbidden for a mortals to be so alluring.

October 17, A.D. 1800

Budapest, Hungary

I stayed in Vienna maybe for a little bit too long, but I really found myself comfort in there. But even the longest night ends with dawn. And here, in Budapest, here begins new dusk. I was asking people all around about anything that could even drive me at the Lizbeth`s track. And so, after long time of scavenging, I found. A plot of a castle, far to the south, but still in Hungary. Old merchant, that told me the story, once passed by this place, and villagers of the nearby village, were telling him stories of the Devil hiding in the ruins of the old manor. Even if it`s not about Lizbeth, this “Devil” could have known her once. Good one to start with.

October 21st, A.D. 1800

Cachtic, Hungary

And so, here I am. Who I will meet on my path? Be it Lizbeth, or be it just a legend? Here I shall face what`s to come.

October 21st, A.D. 1800

Cachtic, Hungary

I see the ruins that I was told about. Once majestic, as I suppose, now this building is nothing more than just piles of stones… But still, it caused some kind of unearthly thrill. Looking at it, I felt like rabbit standing in front of the fox`s den. This experience was so new, so unknown… I, the Predator at God`s will found myself… in danger?

October 22nd, A.D. 1800

Cachtic, Hungary

There… There were they… The monsters. My kin. But their mien was so unhumanlike! But let me explain… As I entered what was left of the castle, I`ve had that very thrill, running down my spine. The whole place was filled with the smell of something old… old and hungry. While exploring the ruins, in search of any living person, I`ve suddenly heard someone screaming terribly. When I followed the noise through the collapsed corridors and derelict halls, I, at last, reached the dreadful scene. Man with monstrous fangs and talons, was feasting on, still alive, young woman. He was tearing her flesh apart, shattering her bones and clawing her skin. In this gruesome spectacle of ravenous grotesque, he was so absorbed, he didn`t even noticed me. Fortunately. When her hellish yells stopped, I still stood there, stunned, watching as he drinks her blood and consumes her heart. Painted with red blood, with devilishly glowing eyes he was nothing more or less than the brood of Devil himself. I still stood there, when he walked to me on all fours, in the same way, he was devouring the woman. He sniffed me, in the way animals do, walked around me for few times and went away.

Was he satiated or I am the same monster as he his, I don`t want to know. But now I know other thing: it doesn`t matter how hard I will bound the hunger inside me, someday, maybe distant one, maybe closer than one could think, it will leap to my mind and take it for itself. And I will be monster.

All of us will be monsters.