

CORNELIU LEU
DRACULA'S EXECUTIONER
or
THE COMPLAINTS' NOVEL

**WITH WRITTEN AND
UNWRITTEN
SENT OR UNSENT LETTERS
OF
VLAD DRACULA RULING
PRINCE AND VOIVODE
OF WALLACHIA
LATER ALSO STYLED VLAD
THE IMPALER
FROM THE YEARS 6972,
6982, 6984
AS THEY ARE WRITTEN
ACCORDING TO OUR
DATING 1464, 1474, 1476**



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**DRACULA'S EXECUTIONER
OR
THE COMPLAINTS' NOVEL**

**is THE FRIGHTENING STORY of
Lord Vlad DRACULA
AND THE CRAFTINESS OR THE HOLD
With which his GREAT HANDICRAFT
of MAGNETISM AND SPEECH
closed the distance
THAT
in OUR LANGUAGE today
would REQUIRE MUCH MORE THAN JUST
"COMMUNICATION"
BECAUSE it proved to BE
A VERY PERFECT WEAPON
UNSETTLING AND in FACT killing
INNOCENT SOULS TOGETHER WITH UNCLEAN SOULS**

**A NOVEL BY
CORNELIU LEU**

PROLOGUE

Oh, God, how weak we are ! You wanted to create us just like you, in spirit and in body, only that we didn't come up just like that. We're haunted by many weaknesses, and we still have to fight them to get closer to your strength.

We are mean by birth and eager to fight each other, but we only need a tougher edge of a sword or a stronger bomb for a fiber to break inside us and make us perish just like the weakest of the bugs... why did you not make us, dear God, with iron just as well, or with more bones where needed, so that we don't melt at the first sting and our blood doesn't leak, as if it were more proper to water the soil rather than to run through our veins ?

If you cannot give us a better and stronger being, why didn't you try to make others different, just as the creator makes chosen, cared for, and tried on things, so that they cannot die—like those ones he boasts about with his ability ? Oh, God, you have only worked upon the souls, making them special and giving the greatest of your power to some, upon their beliefs and that of the ones they have been raised by. But in body, you have been just as good and merciful with us all; didn't take from some to give to others and you didn't protect some from their spirit, so that they lose as many penchants to evil, that sinful man has !

If you had to make us resembling animals, then why didn't you make us horses, God ? According to the nobility of his calm being, you should have given us his beauty, his eagerness, his greatness, his moderation, his peaceful grazing and the contemplating gentleness in his eyes, and his force to hit only to defend itself, without any other part of the body made for attack, just as you have left us the fingers to strangle with, to tear the throats apart, and lately, to hold killing weapons.

You made us continuously from these animals with claws and teeth, and with perfidious eyes made for lurching, and insatiable cravings, much greater than our body can hold. Sinful me has subjected your wish to make us warrior

beings. And we cut, we killed all over around us, we shed blood and had our revenge, put on fire and shot bombs, we made enemies and used all the weapons man has learned to use till death, just because he does not have your power to give life... but how good it would have been, oh, God, if you had made us similar to horses ! According to the good temper, they feed, leaving what is left in the crib and not ruining more grass than they need. Like the great strength of their necks, the big poise of their chests, after their quick flight on tender ankles that make them ripple as the bird, and like the fire they throw on their nostrils only when manhood makes them feel a wedding coming close !

Look at them from your heights, oh God, as the truest beings you have succeeded because it is true they should be no less than what is nice ! Watch their arrogant harmony in their walk on the green cattle of your world, their rippled walk and their lined flight and the feeling of a child you gave happily and with no bad-will regarding the other. And you will see how beautiful this world could have been.

Could have been ! But, I don't long for that much. No, no longer, as I used to during the revolt of my cruel youth. I remain your slave, submitted to your will to fight with and without reason, and I am only rummaged by the injustice of our creation, as beings with a bad and warrior-like soul, meant to fight but unarmed with all the protection to fight it, to protect our lives, which still come from your spirit.

And this plight, the largest of them all, my soul carries inside this tortured body, hidden to the light by Matthew's guardians. I bow my forehead in the dust, saying with the humility you have sealed in our souls along with other evils inside us:

“Thank You, God and Teacher, listen to the complaint of your slave ! Listen to them, oh, God, for I have lost all connections in this hole where Matthew holds me and no one hears me ! Except for your mercy, my complaints are no longer heard by anyone, God !... No one !”

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“Oh, I can hear them ! I can hear, and I can answer them ! I hear the lamentation of my prince; I hear his thundering voice he used to order me with, but I cannot answer him and I cannot show I heard him. I know his complaints and listen to them all the time, but I cannot show him that I gather in this bag that I always carry on me or my horse's neck, anywhere, all the writings of our souls in a bunch that gives them more strength. My brother was up to the prince's order, he passed it to me, and I was concentrated up to the other fighters who made up the scary and invincible bunch of the black knights. They were invincible as long as I kept them under my power, as the

prince had ordered. We were, as such, making up the machinery of a net in his power, and we not only became invincible but also frightening to the enemy—more frightening than the canon invented in those times, as we were a weapon unknown to others, a weapon with which, although having a small army, our prince crashed the greatest armies of the world gathered by the sultan.

It was the greatest and happiest time of our lives—and of course, the most glorious one, undefeated by any other foreign power. I now weep and search for my prince, and I cannot let him know as to where I am because it was enough for him to break from us in a sole moment of weakness, only one. My brother, lacking the invincible power the prince was sending him and being hurt just that moment, fell down. It was not good. He felt his strength coming back, but he could only stand up and kill a few enemies around him. But the weapon had struck him, his blood was shedding, and in the end, he fell. He fell down because he only had been lacking the support the prince was sending him from far away—for a moment only. He fell down because for a moment, our prince had been blinded by fury. Furies cover power, and the prince had been struck by furies, seeing Matthew's betrayal. A moment of darkness had been enough for that unseen lace between us to break. My brother, as he was ensured by the strength the prince was sending him, struck dead hundreds around him and entered the fight with trust to kill all the enemies and save him. But he had not felt that the lace had been broken and fell down under the others' swords, many of whom he also killed, but he himself died.

I felt it. I dodged; I saved myself but remained alone—alone in my searches and longing for my prince. I made all the witchcrafts he had taught me, and from other places, I tried all those unseen powers but could not succeed in anything except to hear his complaints every now and then. And not even all of them because just as he sounds clearer to me, everything is quiet again, and I search again and try hard, very hard. Sometimes I fell, in all my wanderings, that occasionally I see him close and other places I get farther away from, but I never get to find out where he is !

I always punish myself, looking for him, and I punish myself again, gathering all the papers that write about him inside the bag I always carry with me, so that I present them as clarifying documents to some high judges to save him. But I still cannot find him, and I neither know which high justice chair I should address, so I carry the bag with me as another crook I have to bear. I hear every now and then, from far away places I don't know, such complaints that carry the voice of my prince, without a doubt. And I try to learn them because I cannot write. I learn them by heart, by mind, and if at any time I see some monks, I will learn how to write them too, or I can tell someone to write them down.

Because what others wrote hasn't been true, and I believe that is where the hatred of the complaints my prince has comes from—the prison he lies in. Complaints ! Yes, the complaints... because what else does a man in prison do than complain for what he has done and has not been recognized to him or

complain about what he would have liked to do and did not do ? !

My mind thinks and gathers it all there, in the room of the brain it has made for them, just as my eyes learned to read some of the letters, just as Turks, Slaves, and Westerners write them—only my own fingers do not have the skills to lay them down on paper. These eyes of mine are looking for the papers that tell stories about my prince, all the papers and documents and all these complaints that are no longer written in ink but in his blood, in my blood.

And my hands tremble with love for him; they get them, caress them as clarifying documents, as they are, and throw them in my bag, with which I will go to him for judgment. Only I don't know which judgment because I cannot ask him to lead me to some judges he would know as honest.

For I have seen injustice, and I have been very troubled. I was so troubled that I was scared I would forget everything, when I saw what lies Matthew's people have printed in Saxon and in Latin, making him wrong in front of the entire Western world. And it is then that I make up the true stories about Dracula in my mind, my dear tyrant, so that people know he was cruelly honest. But, I cannot tell him all these things. I also cannot let him know what I try to show some lightened minds through these documents, nor ask for his advice as for what is best to be done, and this tortures me to death !

Because the prince has built us as a machine of his own, with the entries and exits and its commands, so that I make one thing, my brother another, the others connected to us, yet other things; the handling belonged to the mind that made us only, to set us to our own places to serve him and comply with the orders he gives us.

I do, I know this machinery all too well because I have vibrated inside it and assured its functioning ever since it was in its glory and frightened the Turks. Vlad, our prince, went all alone right in the heart of Mohamed the 2nd to frighten him because he knew how he could dominate him and knew the machineries of his soul, which could open to communicate. He sent us to the others; we made the lace of his black knights who got huge powers with him handling us and hit enemies with their own swords, but with Vlad's hits. For my brother got tenfold powers by absorbing the ones sent by our prince, giving them back to us and rushing over as a small yet strong band, in the middle of the enemy I frightened. Even more, the ones thus empowered, some other souls from the other's side, felt attracted too; souls that could feel the attraction of our prince let themselves get swept away and handled by him, through us.

And it was then that the chaos began because we made the enemies attack each other, darkening their minds and making them hate each other. It was a great war machinery, with the killing weapons handled by arms that you did not expect to exactly because the magnet of our prince, sent again and again in a tension for all renewed, gathered them all—making our people kill, and our enemies to kill each other, transforming the night in the blinding of

the unseen battles and frightening the foreigners camps with the fear of the black night who made the Turks not listen to their commanders and blind by killing themselves.

Great machinery belonging to a great prince... but it was the machinery that broke right there, under Piatra Craiului, the moment where for a sole instant the connection of our savior that made him invincible, broke, and my brother, who was some sort of center of this machinery, crashed under the swords of Matthew's people, whom the prince had thought were coming to his aid but who actually kidnapped and infuriated him.

It was all it took: a moment of fury that left our prince with no judgment, because the entire machinery crashed along with the one who communicated with us, that is, through the brother I was talking about. And ever since, I, the sinner raised to a higher rank, as the second butcher of the prince, remained on the first place following my brother. I no longer have a master; that is, I can neither find him, from where he might be closed in, nor can I let him know I am alive and looking for him.

I am looking and still looking and carrying along not only the burden of the clarifying documents I have gathered, but also, since I read the miserable print that only sees his darkened parts, darkening them even more, I also carry along the true stories that I keep writing and writing in my mind to kill the liar's ones.

And as I listen to the complaints of my prince and master and cannot answer them, I suffer just as much and build up the stories that I believe to be true, in my mind—stories I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. I have been his loyal servant and have always been next to him, and I understand all his deeds, as much as my stupid mind could understand.”

It is the frightening story of
LORD VLAD DRACULA
and the craftiness or the hold
with which his great handicraft of magnetism
and speech closed the distance
that, in our language today,
would require much more than just
"COMMUNICATION".
Because it proved to be a very perfect weapon
unsettling and, in fact, killing
innocent souls together with unclean souls

