



**THE
BLOOD
WE
INHERIT**

The Blood We Inherit

Título original: La sangre que heredamos

© Daniela Anselmo, 2026

Derechos mundiales exclusivos de edición en todas las lenguas

© Grupo ILHSA S. A. para su sello Editorial El Ateneo, 2026

Patagones 2463 - (C1282ACA) Buenos Aires - Argentina

Tel: (54 11) 4943 8200 - Fax: (54 11) 4308 4199

editorial@elateneo.com - www.editorialelateneo.com.ar

Dirección editorial: Marcela Luza

Gerencia editorial: Marina von der Pahlen

Edición: Mónica Ploese

Traducción: Ana Bello

Producción: Pablo Gauna

Coordinación de diseño: Marianela Acuña

Arte de tapa: Carolina Marando

Armado de interior: Margarita Guglielmini

ISBN 978-950-02-1731-6

1ª edición: marzo de 2026

Impreso en Arcángel Maggio – División Libros,
Lafayette 1695, Ciudad Autónoma de Buenos Aires,
en marzo de 2026.

Tirada: 2.000 ejemplares.

Queda hecho el depósito que establece la ley 11.723.

Libro de edición argentina.

Anselmo, Daniela

The blood we inherit / Daniela Anselmo. - 1a ed - Ciudad Autónoma de Buenos Aires :
El Ateneo, 2026.

288 p. ; 22 x 16 cm.

Traducción de: Ana Bello. I

SBN 978-950-02-1731-9

1. Novelas. 2. Novelas de Terror. 3. Novelas de Misterio. I. Bello, Ana , trad. II. Título.
CDD A860

Esta es una obra de ficción. Cualquier similitud con personas reales, vivas o muertas, o hechos reales, es pura coincidencia. De ningún modo se proponen sugerencias y/o consejos. Grupo Ilhsa S.A., sus socios, empleados y/o directivos no se responsabilizan por los resultados de otros usos del presente libro.

El editor se reserva todos los derechos sobre esta obra. En consecuencia, no puede reproducirse total o parcialmente por ningún método de reproducción existente o por existir incluyendo el gráfico, electrónico y/o mecánico (como ser el fotocopiado, el registro electromagnético y/o el almacenamiento de datos, entre otros), sin el expreso consentimiento de su editor, Grupo Ilhsa S.A. (Ley n° 11.723).



THE
BLOOD
WE
INHERIT

DANIELA ANSELMO

Rosaura
Morum

Socorro
Morum

Cristóbal
Morum

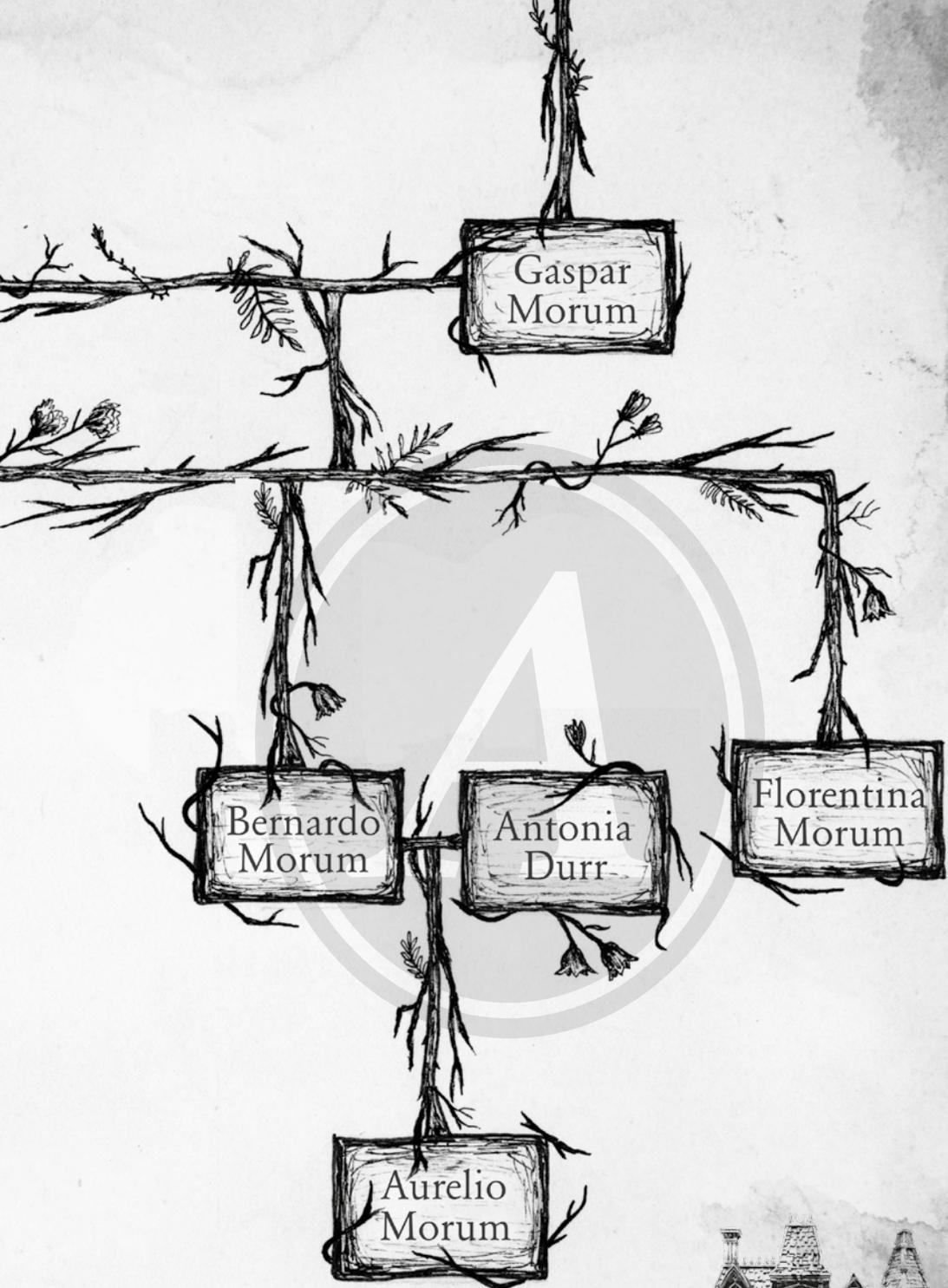
Estefanía
Turan

Eugenio
Russet

Leonor
Morum

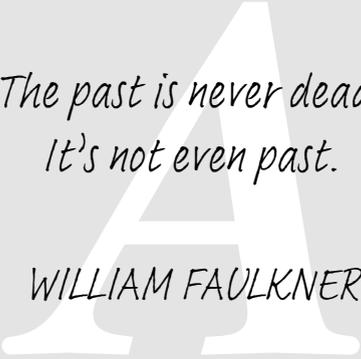
Mercedes
Russet

Inés
Russet





*To my pack,
waiting for me at home
(even though most of them
don't know how to read).*



*The past is never dead.
It's not even past.*

WILLIAM FAULKNER





PLAYLIST



A Room Between the Rooms

KAMMARHEIT

Abandoned House

CREEPY RAZY

Halloween Stories

DARK ACADEMIA QUINTET

Clair de Lune, First Movement

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Darkness

MIKKO TARMIA

Revelation

LUSTMORD

Immemorial

APOCRYPHOS, KAMMARHEIT, ATRIUM CARCERI

Ones Atop the Unknown

APOCRYPHOS, KAMMARHEIT, ATRIUM CARCERI

What the Earth Bore

APOCRYPHOS, KAMMARHEIT, ATRIUM CARCERI

Y Gair

LUSTMORD

Clair de Lune

CLAUDE DEBUSSY, INTERPRETED BY PHILADELPHIA
ORCHESTRA, DIRECTED BY LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

Romanian Folk Dances: Sz 56

BÉLA BARTÓK

Gnossienne no. 1

ERIK SATIE, ALENA CHERNY

The French Library

FRANZ GORDON

The Secret History

KERRY MUZZEY, ANDREW SKEET, THE CHAMBER
ORCHESTRA OF LONDON

Forgotten

REPULSIVE

Suspense

CREEPY RAZY

It's Only a Game

ANTON SANKO

Whatever Walked There, Walked Alone

THE NEWTON BROTHERS

The Vow

ALEXANDRE DESPLAT

Surveillance Video

TIM DAVIES

Carillon Dark Hall Song

CREEPY RAZY

It is ok to be sad and dark

KEPA LEHTINEN

The Rats in the Walls

GRAHAM PLOWMAN

The Fourth Volume

TIM DAVIES





Prologue to Eternity

Let's start with a riddle. If I'm going to tell this story, I'd like you to know who I am.

I take different forms. I go by different names. Sometimes I am feared, sometimes I am longed for. I am almost always respected, and—believe me—never forgotten. Ever. I can be quiet or loud, sweet or brutal. But that's only the need to keep myself entertained, yes?

I'm your extra drink before venturing among steel carriages. I'm the rebellious, ambitious cell that seeks to conquer new flesh. I'm that dark thought that invades you on sleepless nights. I'm the prologue to eternity.

Please—don't curse me, don't shout at me. I know my beauty is difficult to discern. Stay calm, don't fuss. You've always known you can count on me. Though, sometimes, you like to whine.

I hope that when we meet again, it will be late at night, and you will still have the strength to raise a glass. I hope you will be gentle

and gracious. I hope you will not grumble, will not cling. Nothing will be lost—everything that once existed will exist forever.

Perhaps I'm rambling. You must forgive this old chatterbox.

Do you have your answer yet? Think twice—not everything is as it seems. Good. Now, follow me. Come on. Walk with me, take my hand. I'll be the one telling you this story. In the end, it is always I who must tell them.





1

Witness to the Macabre

Something emerged from the dark. Its bones seemed to dislocate one by one to squeeze through that small crack in the wall. The rat didn't stop to look around; it simply darted down the hall, led by its sense of smell. Its stomach grumbled. The instinct to find food was stronger than its fear. The Morum family house was dark, damp, and spacious—a perfect place for creatures like this to prowl the halls and scurry into corners.

A whisper in the restless sky announced an imminent white storm.

The rat stopped dead at the foot of the stairs. It made no sound at all, though it trembled. That's what good prey does when a predator is near: they pretend they don't exist. Petrified, it let a pair of bare, wrinkled feet approach as they came down the last step.

"Hush now, baby... Do not cry..."

Rosaura Morum didn't know what time it was, nor could she say exactly where she was. And yet this place, this midnight path, felt familiar. She hummed a lullaby with lyrics she could scarcely remember. Perhaps she had never known them. Her mind had been somewhat adrift lately. That was never a good thing for a Morum. They needed clear minds, unclouded thoughts; else it became too easy for them to sink, and sink, and never resurface.

And there are beings that feed on confused minds.

The elderly Rosaura felt the chill of the floor seeping into the soles of her feet. She had always liked that; it reminded her of happy moments, though she couldn't say what moment. Something in her thoughts turned her gaze downward. And then she saw it. Deep furrows of revulsion folded her withered skin into the yielding flesh of her face.

Rats don't dwell upon death. They don't imagine reunions with their loved ones nor dream of states of peace and tranquility that will soothe every wound of their insignificant souls. Rats only fear death; they try to avoid it at all costs. And the deep terror in this thirteen-month-old rat—with its white fur marked by a brown patch just above the nose, and a tail a few centimeters longer than that of the average rat—was no different from the terror Rosaura would herself have felt under similar circumstances.

But Rosaura felt only disgust.

All she could see in that small creature was what she knew about it: dirt and disease, chaos and betrayal. And, for some strange reason, hatred. She couldn't imagine such a repulsive being sharing with her something as primitive as fear.

A violent gust struck the house, making it shudder. Rosaura's eyes shifted to the three-pronged rake her niece Florentina used for household chores. It stood propped against the corner of the narrow hallway. If she stretched as far as her old body would allow, she might reach it. The old lady stood still and so did the rat. She raised her arm with infinite slowness, held it at a right angle from her body, leaning her full torso to the side. She barely grazed the wooden handle with her middle finger and, pressing her fingertip against the wood, managed to tilt it just enough to catch it in her hand—without taking her eyes off the rat.

Slowly, she drew the rake toward her and raised it above the creature. The blow had to be swift, precise. Adrenaline surged through her. The little body trembled, whiskers twitching in anticipation of danger. The rat jerked its head; instinct told it to flee. But before it could take more than three steps, the rake had already pierced through skin, flesh, and bone.

Rosaura looked down at the rat, her feelings tangled. Her flesh crawled and an unpleasant shiver ran down her spine. But a deep satisfaction eclipsed all else. It had been years since her knees could bear her weight in a crouch, so she lifted the rake instead, and still humming that lullaby beneath her breath, turned it over to look at the rat more closely.

Nausea and a tingling sensation ran through her entire body. The scene repulsed her, but she couldn't look away. She couldn't help being anything other than a witness to the macabre as she watched the life

of the tiny vermin dissolve into the air, as it left its body to merge with the molecules of the universe.

Something snapped her out of her thoughts.

A sound. Tick, tick, tick. Right behind her. Rosaura turned her head, her neck stiff. She could barely hear the melody of the lullaby she was humming—but this time, it was sung in a guttural, broken voice.

It wasn't the first time she had experienced this. Or was it? Her mind had been somewhat adrift lately, she thought again. She couldn't distinguish between reality and fantasy. But of one thing she was certain.

"This is not real. It's not real. I just need to wait for it to be over. This is not real," she mumbled to herself as if it were a prayer.

An amorphous figure stared from the dark corner, at the foot of the stairs, right on the other side. She didn't know how long it had been there. Panic wound itself through Rosaura, slithering beneath her skin, and constricting her lungs until she could barely breathe. She tried to ignore the figure, but she knew that wasn't how it worked. She had to let it happen, let it run its natural course. It wouldn't harm her. It wouldn't harm her.

The woman breathed deeply. Oxygen filled her lungs. This time she wasn't going to trust herself. She wasn't going to fall into that trap. A thought crossed her clouded mind for a moment, a memory of what happened years before, what she pretended not to see, and then kept from her family, even when the worst happened. Even when the events of that December night happened. But no... no. She was confused. That was it. She had to be.

She stood just a few steps from the stairs. Three steps. All she needed was the courage to take three steps, to ignore all the tricks her

senses would play on her. All she had to do was to get away from her own mind.

One step.

Silence. The murmur of the sky seemed to pause for a moment. All the songs that had been sung before fell silent. Not a single sound accompanied Rosaura.

Two steps.

The roar of the wind echoed through the house, making the old woman drop the rake she was still holding. The impaled rat fell, spurt-
ing blood as it hit the floor. The first snowflakes began to fall from the sky.

Three st...

The figure was in front of her. A sickening odor filled her nostrils. Rosaura closed her eyes. It wasn't real. Wet hands. It wasn't real. Nails. It wasn't real. Torn flesh. It wasn't real. Teeth. A gash. Blood. It wasn't real. It wasn't real. It wasn't real.

A stifled scream escaped her dry lips.

The aged woman fell to the floor with a loud crash that made her head spin. Her body was a mass of wounds through which her blood escaped. The crimson thread spread further and further, weaving through the wood grain, until, in a small crevice, Rosaura Morum's blood mingled with the blood of the nameless rat.