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quietly. Dangerous? There is only one danger: that this horrible stigma will remain on my cheek! Take it off, take it off whatever the price, or we're both going to go crazy! God knows your words are true, cried Aylmer sadly. And now, my dear, go back to your living room. Soon we'll do the test. He accompanied her and said goodbye to her with solemn tenderness indicating much more than his words all that was at stake. After the farewell, Georgiana immersed himself in his thoughts. He considered Aylmer's character to be more justice than ever before. Her heart rejoiced, though trembling, in the honour of her husband's love: so pure and so high that she would accept nothing but perfection, and that she would not be content miserably with a nature more earthly than he had dreamed. He understood that this feeling was much more precious than the other, more mediocre, which would have been lenient with imperfection in exchange for its security, and would have been guilty of betrayal of sacred love if he had degraded his idea of perfection to the level of reality. And then she prayed with all her mind that for a single moment she could satisfy the highest and deepest conception of the husband. I knew that I could only do it for a moment, for Aylmer's spirit was always moving, always ascending, and every moment required something that was beyond reach of the previous moment. The sound of her husband's footsteps urged her. He wore a glass sphere containing a liquor as colorless as water, but so bright that it could be the drink of immortality. Aylmer was pale, but more than out of fear or doubt he seemed consequence of the tension of the mind mind a very hectic state of mind. The making of the drink was perfect, he says in response to Georgiana's eyes. Unless all my science has deceived me, it cannot fail. Without you, my dear Aylmer, I would like to remove this mark of mortality by abandoning mortality itself, she observed. Life is a sad possession for those who have attained the degree of moral progress in which I find myself. If I were weaker and more blind, I could be happy. If I were stronger, I could do it with hope. But being what I have discovered to be, it seems to me that of all mortals, I am the most fit to die. You are fit for heaven without proving death! The husband answered, but why are we talking about dying? Alcohol can't fail. Here is its effect on this plant. On the window sill was a diseased geranium with yellow spots that had spread in its leaves. Aylmer dumped a small amount of liquid on the land in which he grew up. Soon after, when the roots of the plant had absorbed moisture, the disgusting spots began to disappear in the middle of a living greenery. No evidence was needed, Georgiana said calmly. Give me the drink. I happily bet everything on your word. Drink then, you have raised creature! Aylmer exclaimed with admiration. There is no blemish spot in your mind. And also your sensitive structure will soon be perfect. She drank the liquid and returned the glass. It's nice, he says with a placid smile. It seems to me that it is like water from a celestial spring; because it contains I do not know what a delicious and discreet fragrance. I was questioned by the contagious thirst that for several days I have been drying out. But now, my dear, let me sleep. My earthly senses close on my mind like the leaves around the heart of a rose at dusk. He uttered these last words with gentle degana, as if he needed more energy than he could gather to pronounce the syllables slowly and weakly. They were barely out of his lips when he got lost in sleep. Aylmer sat next to him, observing his appearance with the right emotions for a man who played all of existence in the process he would now see. However, combined with this mood was the characteristic of the philosophical research of the man of science. Even the slightest symptom didn't escape him. An increase in the blush cheek, a slight irregularity of breathing, a chill of the eyelid, a barely perceptible tremor of the structure: these were the details that the moments passed were written in his volume of infolium. Intense thoughts had imprinted his on all the previous pages of the but each year's thoughts were focused on the last page. As he did, he often continued to contemplate the fatal hand, always with a shudder. And on one occasion, by a strange and inexplicable impulse, he brushed her with his lips. However, his mind receded in this very act; and Georgiana, halfway through her deep sleep, moved agitated and murmured a protest. Aylmer has resumed surveillance. There is no shortage of results: purple hand which, at first looked powerfully into the marmorea paleness of Georgiana's cheek, began to profile with greater weakness. She remained as pale as ever; but the birthmark has lost some of its previous clarity with each breath. Horrible had been his presence; but even more horrible was his disappearance. To find out how this mysterious symbol disappeared, you will have to watch the rainbow do it in the sky. Oh, my God! He's almost gone! Aylmer says he's ecstatic: I can barely see her now. Success! Success! Now it has the weakest pink color that can exist. He lighter pulling the blood off his cheeks would hide it. But how pale she is! He opened the window curtain allowing daylight to enter the room and fall on his cheek. At that very moment he heard a brutal and hoarse laugh, which he had long recognized as the expression of the pleasure of his servant Aminadab. Ah, piece of earth! Ah, earthy dough! Aylmer cried, laughing with a kind of frenzy. You served me well! Matter and spirit, earth and sky, have both done their part in this area! Laughing, object of the senses! You've earned the right to laugh. These exclamations awakened Georgiana from her dream. She slowly opened her eyes and looked into the mirror that her husband had arranged for her. A slight smile shone on his lips when he recognized that now it was barely noticeable that the purple hand that once shone so disastrously as to ward off all his happiness. But immediately, his eyes looked for Aylmer's face with a agitation and anxiety that he could only perceive. My poor Aylmer! she murmured. Poor thing? No, the richest, happiest and most privileged! He exclaimed, he cried, my girlfriend like no other, we succeeded! You're perfect! My poor Aylmer, she repeated, with more than human tenderness. You pointed it up and you did it without lying. Do not repent that with such a high and pure feeling that you have rejected the best that the earth could offer. Aylmer, my dear Aylmer, I die! Oh, that was true! The fatal hand had struggled with the mystery of life and was the link for which an angelic spirit remained attached to a mortal body. When the last tone of the birthmark , the only evidence of human imperfection - gone from her cheek, the breath of the now perfect woman moved into the atmosphere, and her soul, stopping for a moment near her husband, set herself on her flight to heaven. Then the hoarse laughter was heard again! It is always fortunate that the earth's harsh loss in its immutable triumph over the immortal essence which, in this dark sphere of half-development, demands completion in a higher state. If Aylmer had acquired a deeper wisdom, he would not have had to part with the happiness that would have woven his life of mortal texture with the celestial. But the circumstances of the moment was too powerful for him; he did not look beyond the dark scope of time, and living once and for all in eternity, he did not find in the present the perfect future. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) Gothic stories. | Stories by Nathaniel Hawthorne. More Gothic Literature: The analysis and summary of Nathaniel Hawthorne's story: The Birth Mark were performed by The Gothic Mirror. For reproduction write to elespejogotico@gmail.com elespejogotico@gmail.com

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