

A Vampire's Search

By Genevieve Mather

There was once a vampire with a very unsettling habit. Every day, he would look for something with which to spend the rest of his life. Since vampires live for a very long time, this was hard for the little vampire. The vampire, named Wentworth, came across a flower one day. He picked it and said, "Flower, for the rest of eternity, you will grace me with your beauty." But as clocks continued ticking, time had caused the flower to live out its whispery life and it died.



Wentworth became very sad that such a beautiful thing was now gone, and so he went to do what any little vampire would do. He went to make himself feel better. And

what better way to do so than to have a drink! So he came across the closest village he could find. Not another moment passed before he snatched away a man and drank every last bit of his blood. "Ah, how refreshed I feel now!" And Wentworth continued on with his quest.

Then, a bird landed on his shoulder and whistled a pleasant tune. Wentworth was amazed at how beautiful the bird's melody sounded. So he tossed the bird in a cage and said, "Bird, for the rest of eternity, you will grace me with your music." But as clocks continued ticking, time had caused the bird to live out its delicate life and it died.

Wentworth became devastated now, he felt so bad that everything he loved had to go away. He went to make himself feel better, except not by drinking his fill in blood. This time, he turned into a bat and fluttered off high into the sky. He flew and he flew until he could no longer fly.



He became very tired and tried to rest on a cloud. But much to his dismay, a cloud is only made out of wetness. When he tried to sit on it, he fell straight through the cloud.

He fell and he fell, too tired to fly until he crashed into the ground. Poor Wentworth was unconscious with broken bones and pain.

One of the villagers was passing by at that day, and stopped when they noticed the hurt bat. They spat and said, "One less filthy thing..." and continued on their way. Three more of the villagers passed later, all of which again spat and refused to help it.

A young boy was carrying a basket full of bread and walking along the cobblestone path when he came across the injured bat. The boy's head filled with curiosity when he saw the bat because he knew that bats lived in caves. He then believed he could nurse it back to health. The young boy, Horus, scooped up the bat and placed it gently in his breadbasket.

Horus tromped back to his home with glee. He was so excited that this thing he found could be his and his alone because he found it, and no one else. Into his tiny wooden house he went and he sat the breadbasket down on the table.

"This won't do, I'll need to give you a proper bed!"

And with that, he pulled the single blanket off of his bed and rolled it up like a nest on top of the table. Gently, he picked the unknowing bat out of the basket and placed it into the blanket.

Horus thought about what else sick things needed. He then remembered that some of the kids in the village talked about eating soup and drinking juice when they were sick.



“Okay! Just rest up while I cook us up something nice!”

So, all on his own, he started a fire in the fireplace and began to cook. The tiny wooden house soon wafted with the yummy smell of hot soup.

The bat stirred. He wriggled in the warmth of his blankets when his pink nose caught the scent of the delicious soup.

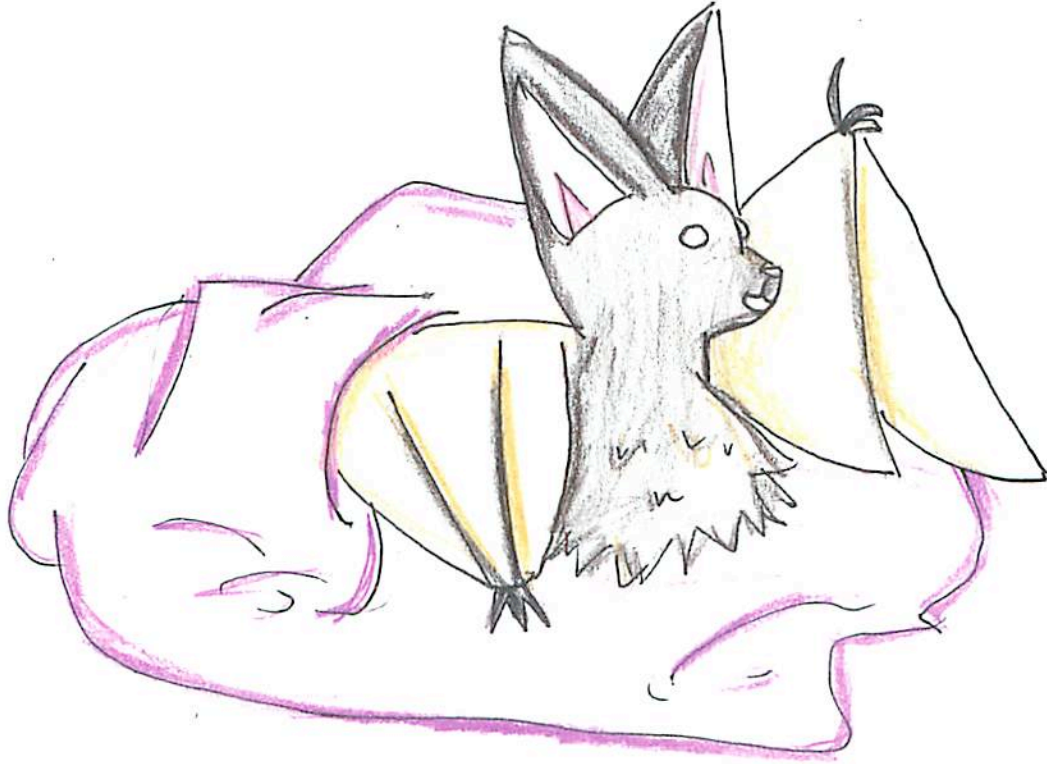
“Eww! What smells like human food?”

Horus jumped high into the air, startled that the bat could talk. He accidentally knocked over the soup which spilled into the fire. While the fire sputtered, the boy said, “Ar-are you magic? I learned that magic animals can grant wishes.... Do you grant wishes?”

The bat replied, “You are an animal and you can talk, does that make you a magic-wish granting thing?”

"But I'm a human!"

"But humans are animals, they are food after all."



The boy became confused. "But you are an animal too, does that make us friends?"

"Where are the other members of your pack? I thought humans traveled in groups."

"Well, I don't really have a family. I live here all by myself and I cook for myself and go to school by myself."

"Oh, I do those things too. Live by myself and eat by myself, I mean. Vampires like us don't have to go to school."

The boy became nervous, "V-v-vampire?"

"Yes, Vampire. You know, the kind that feeds on your kind? And your kind does things like turn helpless little animals and plants into food. It's really rude, in my opinion."

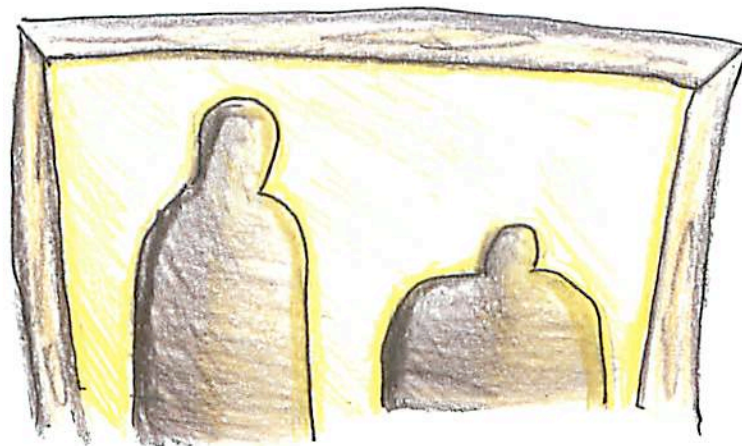
Horus replied, "But how come you don't think humans are helpless?"

But before the bat could speak, a loud knocking noise came from the door. "Oh no," said Horus. Suddenly, the door broke down, leaving nothing but splinters on the ground. Standing in the doorway were two boys.

"Hey Horse!" said the fatter of the two, Jabbar.

"Heard the news, Horse?" said the taller of the two, Nimrod.

Horus didn't say anything. Wentworth watched in amusement.



"It looks like the man who used to collect payment from you disappeared! So now we are here to take his place. Now what have you got that we can make money off of?"

Horus crossed his arms, "I don't need to pay you anything!"

"You need to pay us because you are too ugly, horse. Plus, who cares about you?"

Then both Nimrod and the Jabbar began to laugh. Horus went silent again. The two boys then looked around the tiny wooden house for something precious to collect. However, others have been here so many times before that his tiny wooden house was almost empty! After all, no one in the village liked poor Horus. They considered him an orphan without a future, so they treated him badly.

"Hey, this basket looks pretty nice. Let's take this."

"No! That's the only thing I have left!" This was indeed a very precious thing to Horus, because it was the last thing that was his. But Nimrod grabbed the breadbasket and threw it to Jabbar, who ran off with it to sell it for money. The bat felt a familiar feeling when he saw the look on Horus's sad face.

Nimrod then looked down at the little bat and grimaced.

"Yuck, why do you have a disgusting animal on your table? You really are filthy, huh? I'm going to put this in the garbage where it belongs." said Nimrod.

Horus looked down at his feet sadly, "Please don't hurt him." But Nimrod pretended not to hear Horus and bent down to pick up the bat.

The bat then exploded into his true form! He was a full-fledged vampire again, fully healed and all.

"Wow!" said Horus. "You are all better again!"

"Wh-what's going on?" said Nimrod.

"Don't you know? Vampires heal fast too." Wentworth puffed up with his vampire pride, happy to prove how much better he was than a human. "And they run fast and are really strong too. Look what I can do."

And with that, he loomed over the terrified tall boy who no longer felt that tall and pushed him down. This scared Nimrod greatly, so he stumbled up and ran as fast as his human feet could take him.

Wentworth scoffed, "Oh well. I suppose animals act as animals do."

"A Vampire... Does that mean you live forever?" asked Horus. "Wow, a friend that won't die... Can I become a Vampire too?"

Wentworth wiped his mouth and replied, "No, the sadness only begins once you become a Vampire. You'll live a very long time, longer than anything else, and you will become very lonely."

"But you'll be with me, right? We won't die and make each other sad, like how my parents died and made me sad."

Wentworth never considered this. If he turned the boy who he came to care about very much into a Vampire, he would be able to live forever with him. "But you won't be sad?"

"If I do get sad, then I'll get sad with you. And then if I get happy, I'll be happy with you. Because we are each other's, right? I could want nothing more!"



Wentworth was very moved at what the boy had said. A big, toothy grin spread across the Vampire's face as he bit into Horus. He pulled away and joyously watched Horus, who grew fangs! Horus threw his arms around Wentworth and tightly hugged him. Wentworth hugged him back and said, "Now let's do something I've always wanted to do with another. Let's dance."

They grabbed one another and they tango'd their little monster hearts out. The two vampires danced right out of the village, leaving the village people and Nimrod and Jabbar to one day die of old age and become forgotten. They danced like two, crazy idiots with no music. They danced from village to village, having a small delicious vampire snack everywhere they went.

Horus smiled and said to Wentworth, "This is so fun! Let's have more fun like this forever!"

Wentworth replied, "Horus, for the rest of eternity, you will grace me with your friendship." And as clocks continued ticking, time had caused the bond between the two Vampires to grow only stronger. Neither one of them ever died and they made one another happy, because they were each other's.

