

Waiting for Dawn

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It's about this girl who is a vampire and she's sick of killing people and all... yeah... it's her thoughts on page...

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Chapter 1 - Waiting for Dawn

2

1 - Waiting for Dawn

I closed the door to my room and fell onto bed, letting myself float away from the world, as I often did nowadays.

I closed my eyes and wondered how it would be if things were different. I imagined what life would be like if that day hadn't happened, if I'd never met Chris.

I don't know what it was that brought me to it, my father's cancer, my sister's car wreck, my best friend's murderer, but whatever it was that brought me to it, I accepted when he asked me to join him in the elite forces of the Children of the Night. Now that I think of it, maybe it was the fact that I was quickly falling in love with him and, inevitably, his race, but whatever it was I found myself a member of the CN.

I remember my first taste of blood, sweet, how metallic as it oozed down my throat. The nectar of life, pouring into my body. I remember that love of it, need for it. I found I couldn't stop, worse, I didn't want to. Then the body of the poor mortal fell to the ground, dead. I had just killed someone's son or father or brother or nephew or uncle or cousin. I thought this would have freed me from the chains of death, but it just turned me into what I wanted least, killing. I was disgusted with myself.

Chris saw plainly on my face that I was mad for letting him die. He pulled me into his arms and chuckled.

"You'll learn to control it," he told me. "They won't die after long. Our goal is not to kill. Just to survive." Then he kissed me passionately. I have come to believe that only his love, passion, and kisses have kept me holding on for so long.

It was last night I found the dagger. I had killed again. To me it was a sign. Gang members don't usually carry silver-bladed daggers, but this one did. The dagger fell from his pocket as the last of his life left him, and unseen I slipped the dagger into my own pocket. I hid it under my pillow, but now I hold it in my hand, ready to plunge it into my chest. The killing has gone on for too long and I cannot continue like this.

I only wonder now... Do vampires bleed? I suppose I will find out soon enough...

It is 5:35 am right now. Soon the sun will rise and then will be the time for me to go. For now I'll listen to the old grandfather clock ticking in the hallway. Soon enough the bell will toll, dawn will come, and death will return for me once more. And this time I hope it takes my soul and all...