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Vampyrer, vampyrer, vampyrer... bara ordet vampyr gör en rädd. Följande historia är inte någon trevlig historia... Den gjorde mig (författaren) rädd...

En riktigt otäck vampyr-story

Please do not ask me about my age because I am old, very old (do not even remember how many centuries that have passing by since a little tiny kiss from a French aristocratic lady took me to this world where we, what you humans call vampires, lives) but still I can sense things far beyond your fantasy and move my body in ways that would make your most athletic idols green of envy...:

It was in yesterday (just beyond Midnight) when I sat on a roof waiting for a lady to leave her lover's apartment (Yes, I knew that she was unhappily married as I had drained her husband earlier that evening) when I saw her. It was one of the most delicious meals I ever could dream about. A taste of her would surely make me happier than a bee in a nest filled with honey. She, my coming meal, seemed to be singing a song with a happy tune while she was walking on the pavement just below me. I prepared myself by transforming myself to the flying monster I can be when I need to fly through the dark night just seconds before I walked over the edge of this roof. As usually my supposed meal never noted me before I called for her attention (pretending to be a gentleman in need of assistance).

I landed just on the right spot. Took the liberty to look on the beautiful supper one last time. She was wearing a long light skirt (a bit dirty and not modern for her age perhaps) followed by a dark, probably, blouse with light stripes on. I decided to begin the charade I had practised for so long...

Your eyes where so mystic and beautiful. I was more or less at once swept away into your magical and starring look. All my senses told me that you were dangerous and I had to run but my soul and body was no longer attached. We were a Royal couple on our wedding night in a time far, far away. You embraced my body, said some phrases in an ancient language I did not understand. With soft and careful moves you then removed my scarf from my shoulders, opening your mouth ready to dig in under my now exposed skin... The touch of your teeth made me to shiver and to feel human again... Yes, you had attacked one of your own kinds and I got afraid that the food in the city would not be enough to feed us both.

I woke up here on the cemetery with a strange pain in my mouth. It seems that my two beautiful and strong feeding teeth have been removed of a for me unknown reason. Chocked, confused and extremely mad I began to look for them without any success. As more the time for sunset is approaching I felt a kind of resignation growing inside myself and suddenly my anger vanished. I have not seen the sunset on several centuries and I wonder if it is so beautiful as I remember it was. Yes, we vampires does not survive the sun but a toothless vampire is not a real vampire on the other hand so perhaps I will survive this coming scenario. The one who lives will see.

What a babe that had become the new sub in the School for Dental Care Gus thought. He had enrolled a course as a student upon a request from his dentist. Dressed in old fashioned clothes, dark glasses and, if that not was enough, she, the sub, was wearing a necklace of a replica looking like a vampire tooth when she

entered the classroom door.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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