

Excerpt of Accident Among Vampires (Or What Would Dracula Do?)

Diary of Norma Mae Rollins

Diary,

I'm not sure if it's possible to describe my transformation well enough to make sense, but I'll try. My ears were filled with cracking and snapping as Bill's arms crushed my bones. Unable to breathe, I felt a strange autonomy. I didn't know where I was.

I tasted something salty on my lips. Wet grass stuck to my legs. My open hands grasped for something solid but touched slimy, bloody wetness. Beyond, I saw an abyss. Unlike the pit in the barn, this one held the final soothing ancient Death. Something encircled me and slithered through my pores into my bloodstream.

Wanting to find my way home, I edged past. The mist thickened and coated my skin like a sheen of sweat. Salt turned to blood on my lips. The vapor darkened and grew colder. I might have felt the others' pain and fear.

A muscular man with pale skin, black hair, and green eyes appeared. He wasn't tall for a man, a hand or so taller than me, yet he radiated authority. He seemed more real than the other presences. Closer.

He chuckled and said in a thick accent, "Americans." Then something in a foreign language. He disappeared.

Dragging my palms through wetness, I felt my way back to my corpse.

Journal of William T. Caruso continued...

When the vampire, Norma Mae Rollins, opened her eyes, I almost laughed. Her first emotion was disappointment. *His name is Bill? What kind of name is that for a vampire?*

She was also disheartened that we were in a barn and I didn't wear a tuxedo. Looking at my flannel shirt, canvas pants, and mud-stained boots, she thought I could have been one of her friend's dads.

I pulled a handkerchief from my pocket, licked it, and wiped the encrusted blood from her face. For the first time since Jason's only death, I felt joy. Perhaps a daughter will love me more than two ungrateful sons.