

## **My Life as a Sucker**

I woke up in the empty bathtub. The room was dark, but I had no trouble seeing. My whole body ached with pain, caused by the thirst. I had not had anything to drink for weeks. I tried to stand up, and the room started to spin; I nearly fell. I managed to gain some balance, and I stepped out of the tub. I looked into the mirror. The image showed a man in his twenties, with dark, brown, hair. The face in the mirror was extremely pale, even paler than the white walls around it. The pain was unbearable; I really had to drink soon. I went out of the toilet and walked through the dark apartment into the kitchen. I opened the refrigerator. I don't know why I opened it, what was I expecting to find (a can of fresh blood, maybe)? I now had to options; to put myself out of misery by killing myself, or drink someone's blood (and thus taking someone's life) so that the pain would go away for another week. I could not stand the pain I was in at the moment, so starving to death was not an option. I could also drive a pole through my heart or step into the sunlight and burn to death. It's always possible to drink the blood of animals, but it merely keeps you satisfied while you're drinking it. I decided that I wasn't ready to kill myself just yet, and that left me with only one option; to drink the blood of a human-being.

I wandered out of the gray apartment building and entered the snow-covered parking lot. The moonlight gave the snow a radiant, white, glow. It truly was a beautiful scene. The wind was blowing and the snow was falling. Even though I was barefoot and wearing nothing more than a t-shirt and a pair of shorts; I wasn't cold at all. I walked slowly through the suburban apartment blocks, as if I was walking without a purpose; as if walking just for the sake of walking. But this calm, stroll during this beautiful December night was far from purposeless; after all, I was out to quench my thirst.

I followed the road and entered a forest. The trees were covered with snow and the moonlight was shining on the path I was walking along. Suddenly my nose caught the odor of beer, wine, and cheap scotch. I started to walk more quickly, nearly running. The strength of the odor increased as I approached its source. I found a man in his fifties, passed out on a graffiti-covered bench. He was holding an empty bottle of wine in his hand, and the snow around the bench was colored orange from vomit. The smell of the filthy drunk was horrible. I approached the man, and I bent over him, my mouth only an inch from his neck.

“Does he have a good life?” I asked myself. “Would he be better off dead?” “Would he be missed?” “No!” I convinced myself. I felt ancient instincts taking over me, controlling me, and with inhuman strength, I bit his neck. The man’s body twitched and a slight moan left his mouth. I started to drink his blood. The man was already weakened by the loss of blood, he couldn’t fight back. His body relaxed, and he entered a deep, infinite, sleep. The man was dead. I continued to suck his blood, the taste of it so delicious, and I could feel my body regaining energy. The whole process felt so natural. Biting his neck, drinking the blood, and finally killing the man; it gave me a feeling of pleasure and contentment. I felt a wonderful rush, I felt good about myself somehow; I felt invincible. Now, I was going out hunting.

**Name: Alexander Aslaksen**

**Class : 9E**

**Subject: English**

**Teacher: Mr. Erik Ryberg**

**School: IESB**

**Assignment: A Gothic story, skills in descriptive writing**