

Writer's Block Sucks

My tale is not that different from those that have happened to others. Why do I proceed to speak when people have already heard such things, one must wonder. Each person is unique in their own special way. My uniqueness is my own, but my journey has been told by others I'm sure.

The day was like any other day. Children were playing in the yard, dogs barking or going on walks with their owners, and people were going to work. Since it was the day time, I was taking my usual needed sleep. This is curious to most, they wonder why I sleep during the day. Let's just say that I work the graveyard shift. Heh, if it were only that easy.

By my nature I am a creature of the night. No, not a video game addict who plays until the wee hours of the morning. No no. My curse is much more worse than that.

You see, I'm a vampire.

I suppose there's more to the explanation than that. I am a vampire with writers block. Of course I wasn't always a vampire. A long time ago I actually had a life. No really I'm serious. Soul and all. Not to mention the fact that I was a writer.

Normally I would be sleeping during the day, but as of late I've had a little problem with that. I suppose it all started when I got a bad case of writers block.

Before I was turned, I never had a case of writers block in my life. Hard to believe I know, but it's the truth. Of course it probably wouldn't hurt to mention that I had only been writing for less than a year before I was turned, and the fact that I've only been a vampire for under five years.

Don't get me wrong. At first the sucking of blood was really a turn on. But after the first several hundred, it got rather mundane and boring. I miss the taste of food, real food. That was actually prepared and cooked. Not alive and squirming trying to get away from you to the point where you have to snap their neck.

There's no fun when all you ever do is kill and not feed from them. It annoys me when they whine about how they're too young to die.

I mean give me a break. If only they would accept the fact that they are food, everything would be grand. Guess I can't get everything I want, but who ever does.

Let's table all of that for the moment and return to the subject at hand, if there really is such a thing. That of my writers block. At first I thought that feeding would break my block. I fed off the usual vermon that would walk the streets at night with nothing better to do.

After that, I attempted my fate with more intelligent people. I drank the blood of foreign dignitaries, heads of state, even a daughter of the President. But to no avail, none of it helped. Yes they were bright impressionable people, but unfortunately they were not enough.

How long must I allow this writers block to surround me? I only wonder how long it will consume me.

They say that the dead tell no tales. If I were dead, I would have to agree. However, considering the fact that I am undead, it is just a rumor. In my opinion the undead have so many experiences to write about and stories to tell. True I haven't been a vampire very long, but there are some vampires that have been around for centuries. I have wondered what it would be like to live for a hundred years or even into the next century. Guess I'll have to wait.

Oh look, the neighbor is mowing his lawn... and talking on a cellphone. What will they think up next? Stupid mortals.

Whatever happened to the good old days when people would actually talk to other people face to face? Those were simpler times. I suppose I shouldn't knock the cellphone. I've been known to sneak up on people while they were distracted by some conversation or another.

I remember one time I was in a library, a fellow author was just talking away on the bloody phone, she never saw me coming. Her blood was truely entertaining. Never in my life had I ever gotten so many ideas. My hands couldn't keep up with my mind...

Say, that's it! I just need to feed off other writers. That's how I'll get over my block. And what luck, it's getting dark outside.

It's my lucky day after all. Soon my writers block will be gone. I'm going to go pay the local poetry corner a visit. I just hope they'll have some actual talent. Don't want to waste my time, I only live forever after all.

The End