

"C'est La Vie De Nosferatu"

or "Life's a Bitch, Then You Die, And Then You Come Back."

by Dan Shaurette

"Friday night bar-hopping? How cliché!" I thought to myself as I walked down the dimly lit sidewalk towards my favorite joint. This was no ordinary bar--not only did everyone know you, but they knew you in the biblical sense. Yeah, it was pretty sleazy at times, but old Jake, who tended bar was an old mate of mine, so I tolerate the other regulars -- and the irregulars.

Pushing past the neon glow on the outside of the establishment, I entered the dark, cigarette-smoke filled bar. Jake was not one for stylish decor, but the black curtains on the windows were a nice touch. Without even looking my way, Jake somehow sensed I'd walked in and shouted "Beckett! 'Bout time you showed up. What can I do you for?" And then he turned around, smiling a wide evil grin.

"Set me up with the usual, Jake." I said as I sat down at a barstool.

In a matter of seconds, old Jake had that drink mixed and on the bar. "One bloody Mary, no celery." As soon as I picked up the tall glass and began to sip, he started up with his nagging. It never fails.

"Jessie-girl, why don't ya ever eat the celery?"

"Because, Jake, my boy, it just goes right through me."

"Jess, it's roughage. It's supposed to go right on through ya. Besides, that's not the point. You really oughta start eating solid foods again."

I couldn't believe he actually said it! "Dammit Jake, you know what solids do to me. I'm still surprised that I can drink this, even."

"Calm down, Jessie-girl, I'm--"

"And don't call me 'Jessie-girl'!"

"I'm sorry, love. I didn't know you were still upset over the accident. I'll eat the bloody celery." Then he had the nerve to produce a stalk right there and chomp right into it.

"I'm sorry I got angry with you." I meant it, too. I never could stay mad at him for long.

"It's OK, Jess. Has anyone ever told you look great when you get angry?"

OK, so I blushed. "No, but then again, people usually don't get a chance to say much after I get angry at them." I smiled my best evil grin at him. Somehow, his always was more sinister, and he proved it as he showed me his again to rub it in.

Just then, some guy in a three-piece walked up to the bar and sat down. He was apparently too wasted to care if I noticed that he was eyeing me over. Jake looked him over and asked, "What'll ya have, buddy?"

Distracted from his sight-seeing, he turned to Jake and replied, "I'll have what she's having." Then he barely managed to muffle a burp.

Jake, my unnecessary knight-in-shining-armor, said, "I don't think you really want what she's having. Besides, I think you've had enough already."

The man frowned, then he turned back to me. His eyes gravitated to my cleavage. This was pathetic, I just had to do something. Somehow, Jake knew what I was about to do because he gave

me a look that's usually reserved for fathers of sixteen year old daughters. I lifted the man's chin up gently, looked him in the eyes and asked him, "What's your name?"

"Jonathan," he said as he got lost in my eyes.

"Well, Jon, you really have had too much to drink, I think. Would you like me to drive you home?"

"I don't live far."

"That's good, and I'll take that as a 'yes'. Get your things." Then I lightly patted his cheek and he quickly gathered up his stuff.

"Are you sure you know what you're doing, Jess?" Jake asked warily.

"Don't panic! I'm just going to drive him home. Honestly. I wouldn't take advantage of someone this drunk."

"All right, I guess I should have known better. Then, you just watch out for him, Love."

I smiled at him then turned to look at Jonathan, who had a slight look of confusion on his face. He said, "Man, either I'm really plastered or you're a vampire."

I couldn't help but laugh, then I said, "Actually, Jon, you're right on both observations." Jake looked shocked and then worried for me. I knew he was wondering why Jon would say such a thing, so I pointed behind him to the mirror along the wall with the bottles. Jake turned around and saw that I wasn't casting a reflection and that must have been what Jon was talking about.

"Don't panic," I whispered to Jake over the bar, "he won't remember a thing in the morning. The booze'll make sure of that." He winked as if to say that he hoped so.

Jonathan was ready to go so I walked him out to his car. He told me his address as he fished in his pockets for his keys. He wasn't kidding, he did live close. Maybe I'll check up on him when he's sober. He was kinda cute.

I drove him to his house and made sure that he got inside safely. I even gave him a peck on the cheek to wish him a good night. I started walking down the dark street towards home.

About halfway between Jon's house and my own I passed the local shopping mall where a blood drive van was set up trying to get donors. I resisted the urge to raid the van for supplies, but my Thirst had been aroused now and couldn't be ignored.

I almost walked by the guy who was supposed to be roping in donors before he noticed me and asked, "Excuse me, ma'am. Would you be interested in donating blood tonight?"

I just couldn't resist. I turned to face him, with the moonlight above on my face, my eyes closed, and said. "Not tonight... what about you?" Then I flashed my eyes open, red-hot and glaring at him. When I saw his shocked reaction, I laughed and bared my fangs and plunged them into his neck. I drank until my Thirst was sated and he had passed out.

What's the moral of this short story? Even vampires know that drinking and driving is stupid. But it also goes to show, and the pun is obviously intended, that being a vampire really sucks.