

I crack open a can of cola and step onto the balcony. The sun blazes down on the houses in the valley and on the people coming out of them. The light punctures tree branches, seeks out shadow and drives it back. There is something unapologetic about a summer morning.

I am like the sunlight. I blaze, I am defiant. My body is lithe and strong and tanned. I am marked by the sun and the vampires don't like *that*. But then... those undead fucks don't like much of anything.

I drink the can quickly. I guzzle it. We all have our vices. At first I needed the caffeine to keep me awake, but now it's just a habit. The tiny people mulling about in the valley below remind me that ignorance is bliss. But some of them know. Some of them have watched the faces of their loved ones transformed by an illness that we still don't understand. A sickness that turns people into monsters.

And it's still spreading.

I blame TV. I blame movies. I'd blame books if anybody bothered reading them. They glamorised the whole thing. They made everyone wanna be a fucking vampire.

A lot of people get caught up in it. The illusion. They believe it. They think that being a vampire is like some sort of classy soft-focus porno when it's actually the opposite. They don't realise until it's too late that vampirism is a *sickness*. A disease.

It's like when an apple turns rotten at the core. The body keeps on living, but the rot is *inside* of them. It eats away at what it is to be human. It strips them of their dignity, of their self-respect, of any pretence they might have once had of being a "good person".

I'm not convinced that anyone is a good person. Not really. But vampires are worse. Vampires are *hungry*. Vampires are *desperate*. And vampires will do whatever they can—not only to survive, but to *propagate*. That's why it keeps spreading. That's how things started getting out of control.

I don't know who brought the illness here. I don't know who patient-X was. The only thing I can do is keep killing them. But for every one I kill there seems to be a dozen more. The numbers aren't decreasing. I'm swimming in a losing battle. I'm fighting in a flood of blood.

I finish the cola and crumple the can. A wasp swings by, defying gravity, silent stinger poised. I should get some rest, but I'm wired-up. Last night was bad. Really bad. Really... *messy*.

But there's nothing I can do about that now. I'm going to keep hunting them down and killing them. I've lost count of how many I've put down. Which makes me something like a serial killer, I guess.

I told you there's no such thing as a good person.