MY DARLING VAMPIRE: ode to a Termagant Ogre

Of all of the vampires I have known, Vanessa was by far the most alluring.

She bit into matters softly, with utmost discretion – yet when initiative was called for, she moved faster than an eye blink.

Vanessa had a capacity to see through everything, getting down to each issue decisively, yet delicately.

She knew precisely what people desired & could fulfill their dreams – if they paid the price.

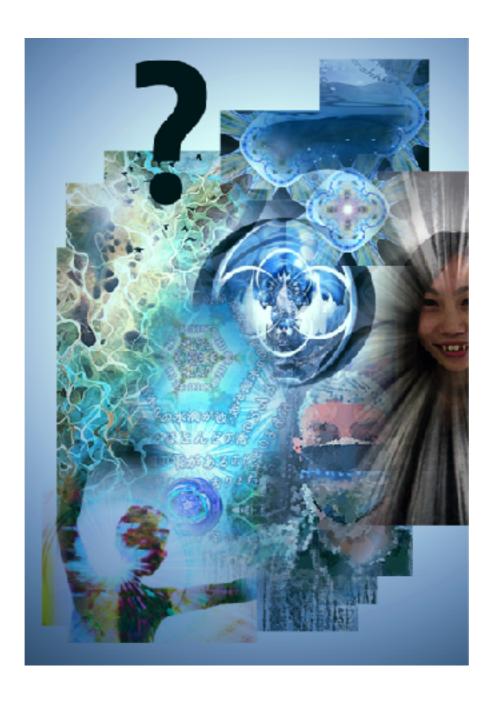
She easily fanned the flames of passion in mere mortals, looking at them with a curious mixture of compassion and scorn.

"Poor humans!" she used to say,
"They can never quite control themselves –
or recognize what is controlling them."

Too bad this fine being came to an early demise at the hands of a necromancer: a zealot with a flare of showmanship whose love of profit was surpassed only by his lust.

Alas, the graveyards shall see her exquisite form no more and the libraries of Transylvania will seem a bit more vacant.

However, each time I touch my neck or feel a curious thirst for immortality I shall remember her fangs.



Chris: So is it fair to compare humans to vampires?

Cantara: I do not know whether it is fair or not, but in some ways it seems

like a valid metaphor.

Tim: (matter-of-factly) Donald Trump was a psychic vampire, and he

was seldom fair.

Miok: (sniffing) Indeed the world is filled with "psychic vampires" who

crave for attention and find no peace.

Tim: (raising an eyebrow) Well, it takes more than a silver bullet

for most people to find lasting serenity.

- T Newfields



