

My neighbors, a clan of bloodthirsty Vampires.

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This is about a girl named, Max. She and her little brother live in Colorado. A beautiful state with wonderful sights. But, when they wonder near a huge abyss, their lives change forever.

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Chapter 1 - The begining.

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1 - The beginning.

“ NO! “ I slid down the hill, chasing my little brother. “JEREMY! STOP! “ I let myself freely slide. I forced my flying arms to my side and my legs tight together; for more speed. It was bitter out here. So cold that just taking a glance outside would make you shiver. Now, our snow here is different today. You know the kind of snow that’s pure white, fluffy, dry, and compatible? Well, this kind here in Colorado is like that...sometimes. But, this day, with my luck, it’s wet, has a gray undertone, slippery, and is not what you’d call snow. Ice-Slosh is more like it. My body, like lightning, slithered down to meet my brother at the bottom of the hill. Then-I saw something black, kinda in a round form, hard, solid, and I was heading right towards it, uncontrollably. My heart really did seem to skip a beat-or two. In shock, I froze and my breath caught. It was small. That’s not too bad, I thought. But, as I got closer, it gradually got bigger, and bigger. I fumbled around for a technique to get me out of harms way. My brain didn’t seem to log in what was happening when the oddly shaped rock clipped my arm. Whew. At least it was my arm and not my guts. Still, when my brain started to work again, it hurt. I could feel warm ooze flowing freely on my arm. I could feel my pulse there. Uh-Oh. I grunted. I could now see my three-year-old brother staring at me. I must have looked like an idiot: Wrestling my limbs around, screaming and squawking like a chicken, and tumbling down the hill. I could imagine people there screaming, “Quick! Run for your lives! A big boulder is tumbling down to squish us!” Like that helped. Finally, with a muffled boom, I fell down to the bottom next to Jeremy. Jeremy looked at me with wide eyes and said, “Hiya, Max!” I groaned in frustration and pain. “Are you okay?” Jeremy asked, obviously concerned that are snowboarding trip might be canceled. “No, I’m not!” I used a mangled tree to help me up and support myself. “Ugh! Oh!” I heard something snap. My ankle? I couldn’t tell where it was. My whole body hurt. I limped over to the base of the tree and leaned on it. I looked up at the outcast sky and sighed. So sad. It actually looked like the sky was crying. It’s heavy slate-gray clouds hung low over the poignant land. I could have sworn I heard something behind me. I whirled around, but saw nothing. Jeremy tapped on me, gently. I turned around to face him. “Yeah?” Jeremy looked stunned. “Y-You aren’t m-mad?” I sighed and tried to warm my sub-zero fingers. “No,” I started, “Why would I be?” Truth? Sorta. A white lie. I wasn’t mad. I was too cold and too much in pain to be mad. Really, I was upset. I couldn’t let him just go and explore around a massive dark hole in the ground. What was in there? Is it dangerous? Of course! It was pitch-black. It looked like it went on forever. It was about four feet wide and five feet tall. The hole, that is. What did it lead to? I couldn’t blame Jeremy for being curious about it. I was. Everyone was. But, the last to venture there-at night, was never seen again. Spooky, eh? Not that I beloved that something there was in there, stalking everyone there that entered, or anything. Anyway, Jeremy look surprised, but, smiled sweetly. I couldn’t stay mad or upset with him. My arm was throbbing. I clutched it, groaning. That helped a little. I felt a warm fluid seep through my jacket a little. Ow. It hurt, really bad. Frankly, my whole body was infused with pain. I whimpered in agony. Jeremy rushed to my side. “I’m sorry, Max,” he said, eyes filled with tears. I patted his shoulder gently. “S’ok, bub,” I almost whispered. I forced myself up. I looked up at the sky again and realized in foreboding that the sky was darkening. Oh no. In a swift move, I grabbed Jeremy and we ran. Well, maybe “ran” wasn’t the right word. The words, “Lumber and Lurch” is more like it. When it comes to walking, running, or whatever, I’m not graceful. Now that I think of it, I don’t think anything I do that’s graceful. As I was saying, we’re lumbering and lurching up the steep and slippery slope. It’s fun when you slide down it, though (that is, when you’re not on the brig of pain and sore ribs and limbs while you’re plummeting down it. But, other than that, it’s all good). I dug my boots into the hard, wet slosh to try to quicken my pace. It didn’t work. All that did

was make us fall when Jeremy slipped. "Humph," Jeremy mumbled. "You 'k?" "Yeah." We finally worked ourselves up the slope. I felts like collapsing but wouldn't. I couldn't. Well, I could. But, gumption kept me going. "My knees hurt," Jeremy complained as our little house was in sight. I grunted in response. I felt like saying, "Well, guess what? My whole body is surging with pain from saving your butt from going into that abyss.' We practically crawled up out steps and rolled ourselves into our house. I shed my winter jacket, extra pants, socks, coots, earmuffs, hat, gloves, mittens, and slumped on the couch after helping Jeremy with his. That's when I noticed something different. I looked around. Something was wrong with this picture. Out house was cold, silent, and just uninviting. Something was wrong. Really wrong. I turned on our lights and had a peek around, just to see if everything was in place, (I am an OCD. Or, I act like one) everything was the same, right, warm, and safe. Boy, was I wrong.