Vampires: A PSA

by

Stewart Felkel

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Stewart Felkel

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Vampires: A PSA

Hollywood and the media portray vampires as sexy and misunderstood. Our ancestors knew them for what they really are, brutal predators with not an ounce of humanity. What would the world be like today if vampires were reborn into it now? Vampires: A PSA is a 1,000 word short story. It is perfect for a coffee break read.

Vampires: A PSA

They say that nothing stays buried forever. Damn them for being right. When hurricane Katrina touched down in New Orleans it destroyed the ninth ward, rendered thousands homeless, almost crippled the state economically, and uncovered the last survivors of the scourge of humanity. They were buried in a graveyard just outside the city limits for over two hundred years until their prison was swept away in a matter of minutes. Of course no one knew or even suspected their existence. Even if someone had no one was in a position to do anything about it. They slipped amongst the evacuees of a nursing home unnoticed, two wizened old men and one equally wizened old lady, and fled north. No one seemed to notice the people who went missing along the way.

They must have been astonished at the world that they were reborn into. Not only were people no longer afraid of them, but many were actively infatuated with the idea of them. Television, movies, and books had painted a pretty picture of them as romantic figures to be desired not to be feared. They certainly used that to their advantage. They moved slowly at first, in the shadows, harnessing their strength, and adding to their ranks. It was decades before they made any overt moves.

I first learned about them when the rest of the world did, when they "came out" on that nationally syndicated talk show. It was ridiculous. I was dumbfounded at how accepted they were. For every one of us that was afraid and felt that we should do something there were 10 more who were enthralled by them. The host of the show was practically on her knees in her pretty designer skirt begging to be turned. At that time I was working as a low level government functionary for the Dept of Defense. I was the one that eventually got stuck doing that useless Public Service Announcement. You know the one, “Vampires are not your friends.” As if that helped us any.

After that it snowballed quickly. Girls, and more than a few boys, flocked to them begging to be fed on or turned. They had grown up reading those romance novels and watching those movies about the sexy, misunderstood, lonely vampire and were completely infatuated with them. The vampires happily obliged.

I know that the military viewed them as a threat drew up plans to eradicate them early on. However, public sentiment was strong and it was an election year, so the politicians said nay and those proud Generals were forced to abort their plans. If we had allowed them to strike then the world would be a different place.

Other politicians tried to stop the flood of young women flowing to the Vamps, but the courts ruled that it was their bodies and that they could do whatever they pleased. Hell, in California one of them even got elected to the state senate. From then on things began to snowball for them. They bided their time until things here in the states reached the saturation point. All the while they insinuated themselves into every facet of society and then they struck. By that point they were everywhere. In the military, the police, wall street. We didn't stand a chance.

We learned very soon that most of the myths were just that, myths. Garlic had no effect; sunlight didn't burn them, although it does disorient them, and countless other tall tales. Staking and beheading are the only sure ways to finish one off. One thing was very true however, blood makes them strong. Remember those three wizened refugees? Well, by the time they went on television they weren't so wizened anymore. They were young, virile, and attractive. That helped tremendously with their appeal.

Under the banner of their god Ba’al, the ancient god of flies and corruption, they began rounding up what was left of humanity in North America. Blood banks were set up and people were slaughtered by the thousands men and women, but not children. Oh no, they keep the children fat and healthy to preserve their stock. They also kept a few “Does” but hardly any “Bucks”. Bucks are slaughtered for food immediately. My wife and daughter were captured during the great sweeps. I won’t lie, I cry myself to sleep most nights thinking about my poor Anna growing up in a pen like a farm animal. The thought of my beautiful Samantha being doped out of her mind and constantly being artificially inseminated haunts every moment.

The UN threatened retaliation, but we all knew that was bluster. The Vamps promised them that they were content in North America and the UN wanted to believe their lies. I know for a fact, however, that they have already started to move south into Mexico and north into Canada. A few of us are still free and still trying to fight back, but we get fewer every day. They caught and drained Frank and Sue just last Wednesday. So, we move around a lot and try to help where we can, fight the good fight, keep peoples hopes alive, but damn we're so tired. So so tired. We’ve drifted out west where the sun is a little brighter and offers a little bit of protection. By the way, what did you say your name was again?

About the Author

Stewart Felkel lives in Sterlington, La with his beautiful wife and their three fur babies. He has been a band director, music minister and optician. His hobbies include an eclectic mix of things including boxing, archery, bowery, medieval combat and writing. For freebies, news of upcoming works and the occasional book review check out his website [www.stewartfelkel.weebly.com](http://www.stewartfelkel.weebly.com).