

Vampire
Dawn

Life
Sucks

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The Story So Far

Hungary, August ...

Juliette, Omar, Finn, Ruby and Alistair find a dead body in the forest ...

... Twenty-four hours later, they tie the murderer, Ava, to a tree, as one by one they fall sick ...

... When they wake, they are vampires, and that murderer looks rather appealing ...

... Mysterious nobleman Ignace, 400 years old and more sophisticated than is good for him, prevents them snacking on her ...

... But that dead body isn't as dead as it looked ...

... They go to Ignace's castle for a crash-course in being a modern vampire.

And so their adventures begin.

This is Finn's story ...

One

The sound of crunching bones set Finn's teeth on edge. He could have coped with the rest – at least until the lunatic slurped the marrow from the cracked bones. But that splintering sound – it just wasn't good.

'Cut it out, dude!' Finn called from the window. The figure below carried on crunching and slurping.

‘What are you eating, anyway?’ he asked. ‘Is it human?’

‘No. Eez cow. Much trouble if I eat human persons.’

‘Do you have a name?’ Finn asked. ‘Do you remember it?’

‘My name eez Lorenzo.’ He made a sucking noise. Finn didn’t like to imagine what he was sucking.

‘That’s disgusting, man! Do you have to?’

Lorenzo carried on with his meal.

‘How long are you going to be following me around? I don’t need a minder – especially not a mad, cow-sucking minder.’

‘You do,’ Lorenzo said through a mouthful of flesh. ‘Mister Ignace, he say I have to look after

you. You are Finn Casey, yes? I have right vampire?
He say I am a good one for you because you and
me, we are both mad. Eez funny, no? He thinks
you as mad as me!

‘No, it’s not funny, it’s a right insult! I’m not as
mad as you – you’re a screwball cow-sucker and
I’m just angry. Will you be following me home?
My mam’s not going to be too pleased if I turn up
with a mad vampire in tow.’

‘But you are mad vampire also. She not so
pleased with that, eh? Lady have two mad vampires
when she expected none. Eez big shock for her, no?’

Finn slammed the window. He had one more
night in the hostel. The others had gone. After the
disastrous camping trip, Ignace had taken them to
his castle for a crash course in being a vampire. He

had sent Ava away after a day as she wasn't a vampire, but the others he had kept for a week. He let them go just before they were due to go home. Juliette had taken a first-class flight to Heathrow as soon as they got back to Budapest – she didn't even wait for the flight she was booked on. Omar, Ruby and Alistair had flown to Luton a few hours ago – they'd have landed by now. His own flight was tomorrow.

And so Finn was now alone in a ropey hostel in Budapest, except for this wild lunatic Lorenzo. Ignace had taken charge of Juliette himself – no surprise there; you could see him drooling over her perfect, rich-girl beauty. The 400-year-old nobleman and the super-model – what fun the papers would have with that if it came out. And Finn had ended up with this freak Lorenzo as his mentor. Or minder.

Finn would have liked to go with Ruby. She was

his kind of girl. Sparky, hard, not scared to stand up for herself. But she had that dorky brother, Alistair; that was a hassle. He was always hanging around, always being an idiot, counting things, obsessing about stupid stuff. But Ruby, with her spiky hair and strong body – not scrawny like that spoilt brat of a model – Ruby was cool.

A bone hit the window.

‘Hey, I have to look after you. What are you doing, new boy?’

Finn dragged his T-shirt off and lay on the narrow bed in his jeans. He reached over to turn off the light.

‘I’m going to sleep. Shut up.’

‘Mister Ignace, he say you have to eat the ProVamp capsules, so you don’t want the blood. You done

that? Or you want to come hunt cows with me?’

‘Why would I hunt cows? Especially with you?’

‘Nice juicy cow, full of good blood. They do not run fast. Eez easy to catch. A cow lasts some days. Eez more tasty than capsules.’

‘Are you seriously suggesting I run around Hungary with a wild, mad vampire sucking cows? How on earth did this happen to my life?’

‘You were bited, Mister Ignace say, by vampired mosquito.’

‘Yes, I know *how* it happened. What I mean is – oh, never mind. I don’t want any cows. Feel free to eat them all yourself. I’m going to sleep.’