

Vampire Diary™

The Embrace



ROBERT WEINBERG
MARK REIN • HAGEN

THE EMBRACE

*He would be set...
I can't
like the
I can't
like the
I can't*

In the shadows of Los Angeles, an ancient vampire courts Auston Jacobson, a nightclub bartender. Slowly but surely, Auston succumbs to the dark call. Can he resist the Embrace, the gateway to an eternity of damnation? And will his master's dark command threaten the most beautiful, most perfect love he has ever felt?

Robert Weinberg (World Fantasy medalist and expert on horror and the macabre) has teamed with Mark Rein-Hagen (creator of the World of Darkness and its population of powerful, ancient and deadly vampires) to document one man's descent into darkness. Vampire Diary: The Embrace contains authentic, intimate, frighteningly real evidence that vampires do exist — and procreate themselves among unwilling mortals.



My Diary



Second star to the right, straight on 'till Morning



DEAR BEN,

BY THE TIME YOU RECEIVE THIS LETTER, I'LL BE GONE. DON'T SHED ANY TEARS FOR ME. IT'S BETTER THIS WAY. AFTER YOU READ MY DIARY, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON... AND WHY I CAN'T SAY, WITH TOTAL SINCERITY, THAT I'LL FINALLY BE AT PEACE.

I AM SENDING THIS IN THE HOPE THAT YOU WILL COME TO UNDERSTAND WHAT I HAVE BECOME. IN THE LAST FEW YEARS WE HAVE NOT BEEN AS CLOSE AS WE WERE AS KIDS, AND I REGRET THAT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE. I WISH THINGS HAD TURNED OUT DIFFERENTLY. I WISH I COULD GO BACK.

REMEMBER THESE WORDS ARE A WARNING. LIKE DAD ALWAYS SAID, THERE ARE MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH THAN ARE DREAMT OF IN ANY PHILOSOPHY. BEWARE, BROTHER, BEWARE - ALL THIS IS TRUE. THEY'LL KILL YOU IF THEY FIND OUT YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM.

STAY SAFE, STAY ALIVE. TELL MOM AND DAD I LOVE THEM REMEMBER THEM FONDLY.

WITH LOVE,

P.S. THIS AIN'T NO JOKE.

~~It was the best of times~~

~~It was the worst~~

The Nellie
swung to her anchor without a
flutter of the sails.
AND WAS AT REST.

CHRIST

How did Conrad
do it.

~~Dear Diary,
I feel like a
total idiot~~

so much
crap

IT WAS A
DARK

STOP



WHAT TO SAY
doodle doodle doodle

Hmm... Ho Hum

WHAT TO
SAY TO

I Say
weird
word



WHAT
THE HELL
AM I TO
DO, TO SAY

June 28th 6:00 PM I haven't kept a diary for years, not since I was a kid. I feel silly writing to myself this way. Like I'm a bag lady at the bus stop talking to herself

For me diaries have always been something out of Brady Bunch reruns. Something girls with crushes on Johnny Depp write... But Danya thought this might help with these INSANE nightmares I keep having.

This thing is her idea
So, what the hell, I got nothing better to do might as well give it a try...

If nothing else
I can just fill these
pages with doodles

...maybe not

I need the
practice
well, that's it
for now —



HEY!!!

You said you
wouldn't read this.

Put it down

girl!

DANLYA!

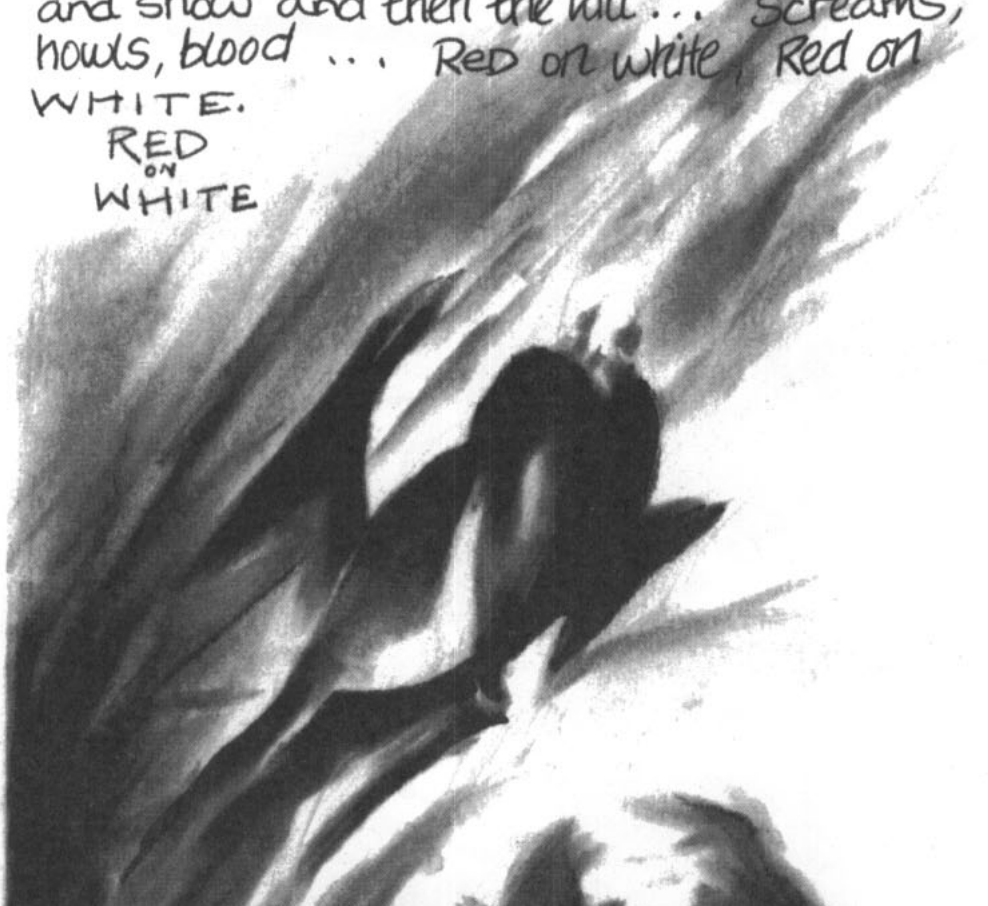


JULY 1ST, 3:00AM - Been a bad boy. Haven't been much dedicated to write lately - been too busy. Boss-man has been keeping me at the wheel hard. Little shit doesn't like me much. Guess Mary feels threatened. But this is a good gig and I want to keep it. Go straight for a while
... YEAH, RIGHT.

I had the same nightmare again, the one with the wolves. I don't remember much - just mist and snow and then the kill... Screams, howls, blood... Red on white, Red on

WHITE.

RED
ON
WHITE



July 3rd, 9:00 PM - Danya hung out at the bar tonight, talking while I worked. One thing for sure, she's highly unique... and opinionated. I've never met someone with so many opinions about so many different things.

MUSIC, MOVIES, serial killers,
psychology, religion, Satanism

politics, lubricants,

sex, ORAL HYGIENE, PAIN,
DRUGS - DISNEYLAND, LAUGHING,

WHERE THE HELL DOES SHE COME
UP WITH THIS
SHIT?



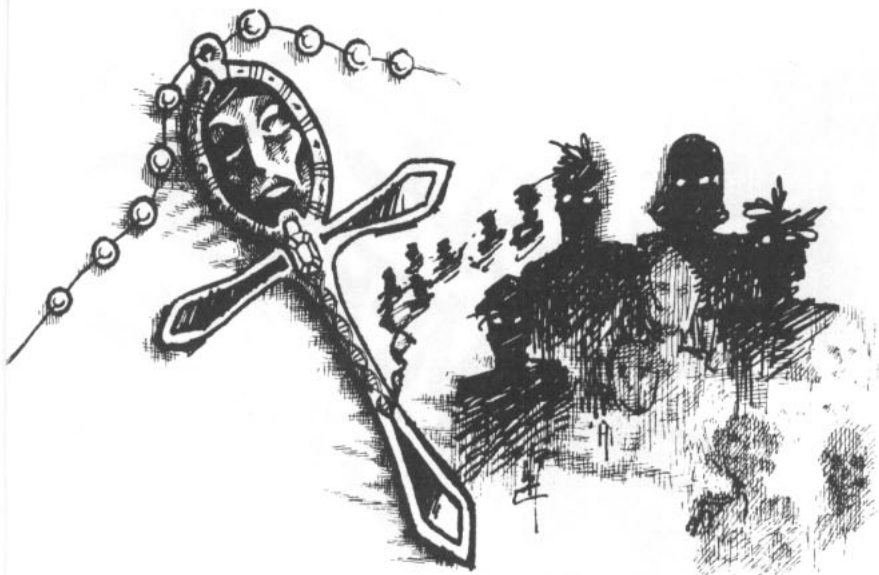
She like to think she's punk, but she's really more of a goth. Black is her look, blooddolls are her crowd.

She tries hard to blend in with the rest of the wretches at Neverland. Black velvet dress, lace bustier, worn leather jacket, ripped fishnet stalkings. But for her its just a game.



A wild, glamorous, exciting
silly game.

I Love her for that.



For all her posing, she's brighter
than I am. She watches things,
knows things, sees things. She
knew right away what an idiot
Mary is ... how he steals from
the till.

I wonder if she's figured me out yet...

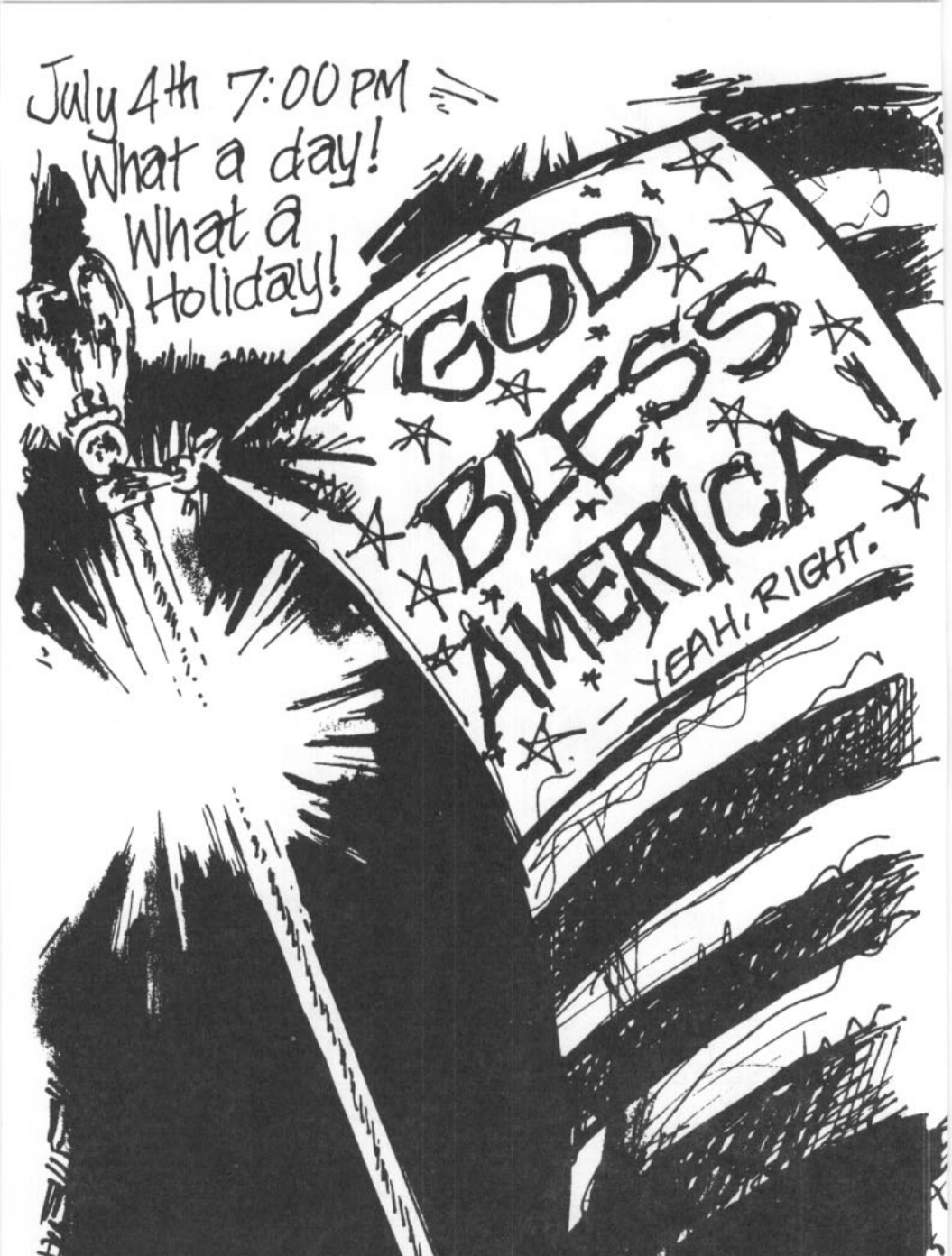
July 4th 7:00 PM


What a day!

What a
holiday!



GOD
BLESS
AMERICA!

— YEAH, RIGHT.





WHY DO WE CELEBRATE WITH FIREWORKS?
PROBABLY TO SCARE AWAY THE MONSTERS.
THE BRITS, THE INDIANS, THE JAPS, THE RUSSIANS, THE MUSLEMS. THEY'RE AFRAID OF LOUD NOISES.
WE MUST THINK THEY'RE DEMONS. THEY'RE WHAT KEEP US UNITED
WE'VE ALWAYS HAD OUR ENEMY TO KEEP OUR "MOTLEY CREW TOGETHER
WE NEED AN ENEMY TO REALIZE HOW BIG THE UNIVERSE IS,
FEAR MAKES SENSE OUT OF THINGS, MONSTERS GIVE US MEANING
WE'VE JUST BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND OF IT —
AND HOW LITTLE WE SHIT OUT OF US.
AND IT SCARES THE FUCKING AWE.
SO WE KILL THINGS TO FEEL BETTER.
I DON'T BELIEVE IN MONSTERS.
NOT IN OTHER PEOPLES MONSTERS AT LEAST—
I HAVE MY OWN TO WORRY ABOUT.



The wolves came again tonight. They turned on me, clawed at me, and ATE ME WHOLE... I couldn't go back to sleep. I'm so tired now, exhausted. But I

gotta go to work soon.



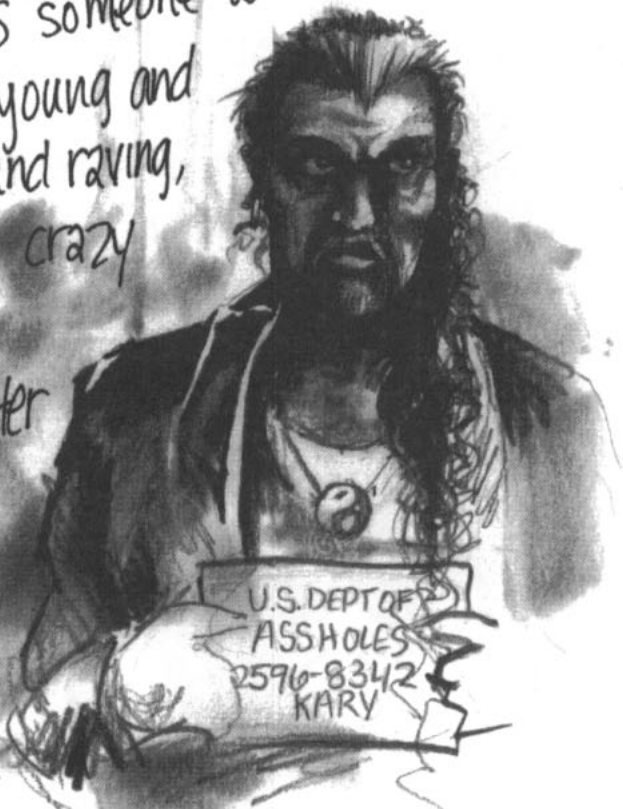
July 5th 3:00 A.M.

What a long night it's been -
So many damn drunks.
I talk to a lot of people every night.
There's always someone who wants to gab.
Rich and Poor, young and
old, senile and raving,
ANYONE who's crazy
comes here

It's the epicenter
of the
L.A. scene
GO DUDE!

Yeah, sure.

Neverland has
Potential, but right now it's
definitely flat. Kary don't
give a shit about this place
He's gonna run it into



I know most of the regulars by now, but Danya's the only one who ever listens to what I'm saying. They just want to talk, and talk. They're as shallow as Micheal, fucking, Bolton.

She just walked in with her friends a few weeks ago, just after I started. (The three of them were dressed like the unholy sisters in Dracula.)



Instead of ordering red wine like her friends she asked for a white zin. She told me, winking, that she preferred albino blood... Asked her

She's such a freak!
I Love it.

Its been a long time
since I've been
this happy.

And the way she kisses
me on the side of
the mouth.

So delicate
So,
So Sexy.



July 7th - 2:30 a.m.

What a bizarre night. This scrawny poser punk found a cockroach crawling around in his nachos, and threw a hissy fit. Having coexisted peacefully with bugs for years, I scooped it up in a glass and tossed it out into the alley.



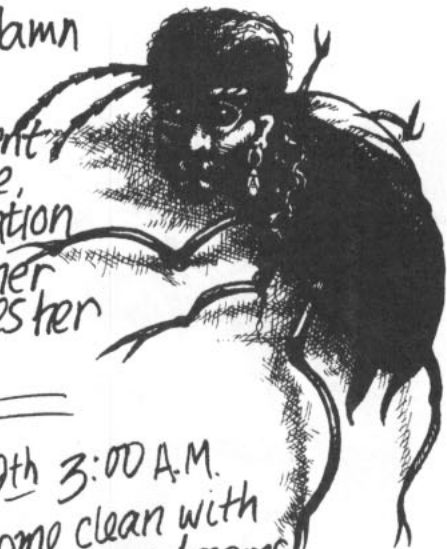
When Kary asked me why I didn't just kill it, I said that any friend of Franz Kafka was a friend of mine. Danya was the only one who laughed.

Usually no one gets my jokes.

Tonight I loaned her my copy of Conrad's Heart of Darkness. She returned the favor by reading me some morbid prose by some guy, Peter Stroub or something.

We both love Bogart and Bacall, Bert and Ernie, Beavis and Butthead (I'm so ASHAMED) If only she appreciated NINE
rails. We'd

She says I look like goddamn
Keanu Reeves, which I
DON'T take as a compliment.
(I'm not just a pretty face,
I can talk too). In retaliation
I've taken to calling her
"Winona" - which makes her
shut up in a hurry.



July 9th 3:00 A.M.

I've come clean with
Danya about my dreams!

I'd told her they'd stopped, but that was a lie.
That was her cue...

She said that dreams
reflected the thoughts of the subconsciousness.
They were messages from the inner mind - so complex
they could only be expressed during deep
sleep. I don't know why she's into
that Psychobabble Bullshit they
yap about in Cosmo. It may be shit
but she has a point, of sorts.


She didn't like that I wasn't writing
down my dreams much - the way I said
I would. We thought of a new way to do it...

I'm gonna keep the diary under the bed, and
after a nightmare wake me up, I'll write it down.
That way I'll actually remember it. Maybe I can
stop her haunting me. At least that's



JULY 15th 6:00 PM





This is
the first entry I've
written in a while,
and I feel
pretty much
like a JERK
writing it.

An exhausted,
overworked,
disgusted JERK.



July 15th - cont. Claudius has been out of town the last few days with the old man gone, Kary likes to keep the club understaffed.

Not hiring as many people as he should, and not hiring a band at all, but doctoring the books so it looks like he did. The extra money ends up in **his** wallet.

Our chicken shit manager is a first class dickwad. He doesn't seem to realize that somehow Mr. Claudius is going to find out about his skimming. I mean shit, this guy is organized crime or something. You don't fuck around with that. I'm surprised Kary's lasted this long.

I Hate that son of a Bitch -

for now I'm keeping my mouth shut and my eyes open - if he does get canned, I have a chance at his job I may be a wild

Wow, pretty far out.

dream, but if the menendez brothers can get off

fertilize the

Meantime, I'm being worked like a mule.
Neverland is getting to be trendy. — Some Beverly
brat packers are showing up. I fall into my bed
exhausted and sleep like a log. Nothing disturbs
me. No dreams. For the first time in weeks I'm
getting a good night's sleep.

I could just throw
this thing away now,
but for sure Danny'd
ask me about it.
Besides, I've
gotten used to
scribbling when things
are slow. It's nice to
get back into
drawing.



I remember
when Ben would
have me draw while
telling him Grandpa's stories
of the Sheepshooter
in a long

July 16th, 1:43 A.M.

Yoo-hoo.

goodnight.



July 17th 4:50 A.M.

DAMN IT ALL. HERE I AM AGAIN
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, COVERED IN SWEAT...

I'm running through a black, black forest.
There's no moon, but I don't need it.

I move with careless grace, dodging trunks
left and right. I am a wolf, my thoughts
are not human. I AM THE HUNTER.

The BEAST IS FREE Within me.

My quarry is just ahead.

I STALK HER, PLAY WITH HER.

HER PATH LEADS ME THROUGH A COLD BROOK
AT THE CENTER OF THE WOODS. Trying to hide
her trail - To no avail.

She leads me down a stream. Trying to hide
her trail - TO NO AVAIL.

She trips

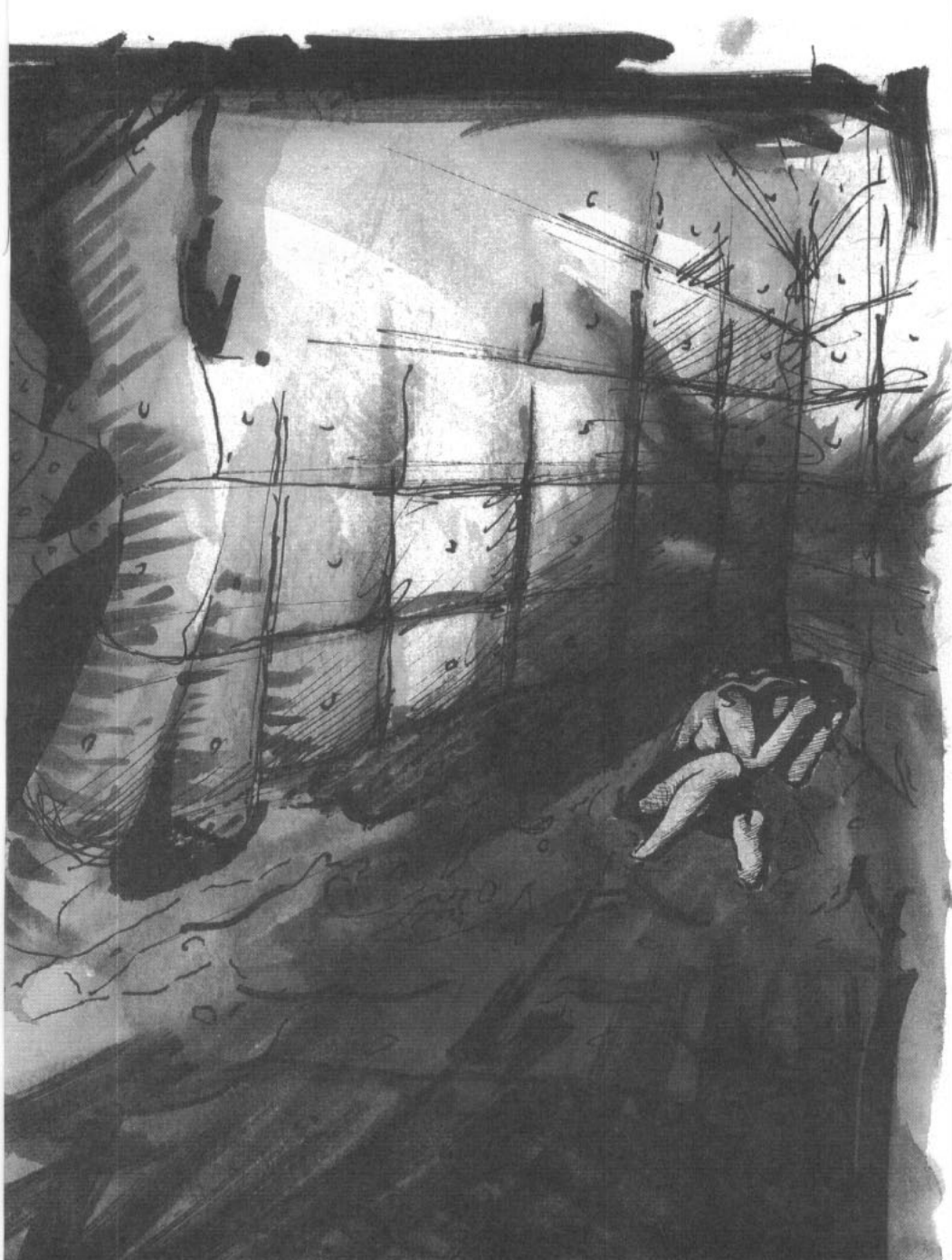
and falls.

Deep within me the beast growled
in blood lust. I pounce,

AND I DEVOUR.

Her screams are but an echo in a padded room.
it's all over now







July 21st 4:32 A.M. It's been a
while since I drew professionally but that's
what they looked like. From the dream. I
woke up screaming, Danya took care of me.
She's asleep now. **WHAT THE HELL**
IS HAPPENING TO ME!?

I don't remember much, just the eyes.
Whatever scared the shit out of me is gone

But looking at those eyes
gives me the wee willies.

5:47 A.M.

I'm calmer now. A couple of beers and
a hot shower helped. I don't plan on going
back to sleep though. I could wake up
Danya to talk to her about it, but she
has a job interview at one of the studios.
Besides, there's no reason for both
of us to suffer...

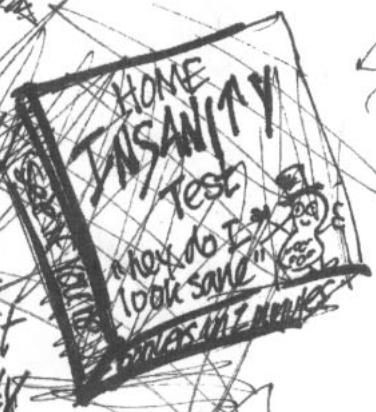
Sitting here in the
dark alone, looking at those
eyes. The red neon of the strip joint
across the street reflecting
off everything. I
put my sanity in
question. What I'm
thinking can't be RATIONAL -
HAVE I LOST IT? I wish
they sold a kit in drug
stores to tell if you're
insane. Just like those
pregnancy kits. "OH



But if the big dollar shrinks
can't agree - How THE
HELL CAN I TELL?
What does Crazy mean
ANYHOW?

DAMNIT, DAMNIT, DAMNIT
DAMNIT DAMNIT DAMNIT DAMNIT

If these dreams do reflect
something in me, then I really
am fucked up. They should
lock me up. It's like a clockwork
Natural Born Killers Double feature going
on behind my eyelids.



WHACKO JACKO

DID John Wayne
Gacy
have these dreams
DID DALMER?

Maybe Dad
was right after
all. Maybe I
am a bad seed.

But I won't
regret
what's done is done
Life moves on.



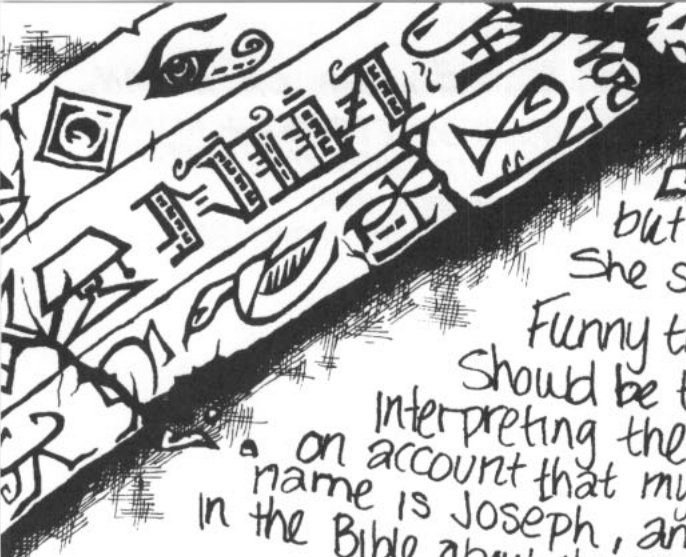
JULY 28th WAY TOO EARLY
THERE'S THIS FOREST, ONLY I'M NOT A WOLF, I'M, A MAN.
I'M NAKED, BUT I'M CHASING SOMETHING. I ATTACK
THIS LITTLE GIRL, SHE TURNS TOWARDS ME, SCREAMS,
I LOSE MYSELF IN HER, I DEVOUR HER —
THERE WAS MORE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER
forgot already



July 30th, 3 AM
Daniya stopped
in at the club
after work today.
(She got the job,
a P.A. to some
B-movie producer).

I told her about
the dream. Had to
tell someone.

I showed her my
sketch, and she said
some stuff. It was



fearing the shadow. I didn't buy it, but it was interesting. She sure can talk.

Funny thing is, I should be the one interpreting the dreams on account that my real first name is Joseph, and that story in the Bible about the Pharaoh's dreams.

August 2nd, 8:00 P.M.

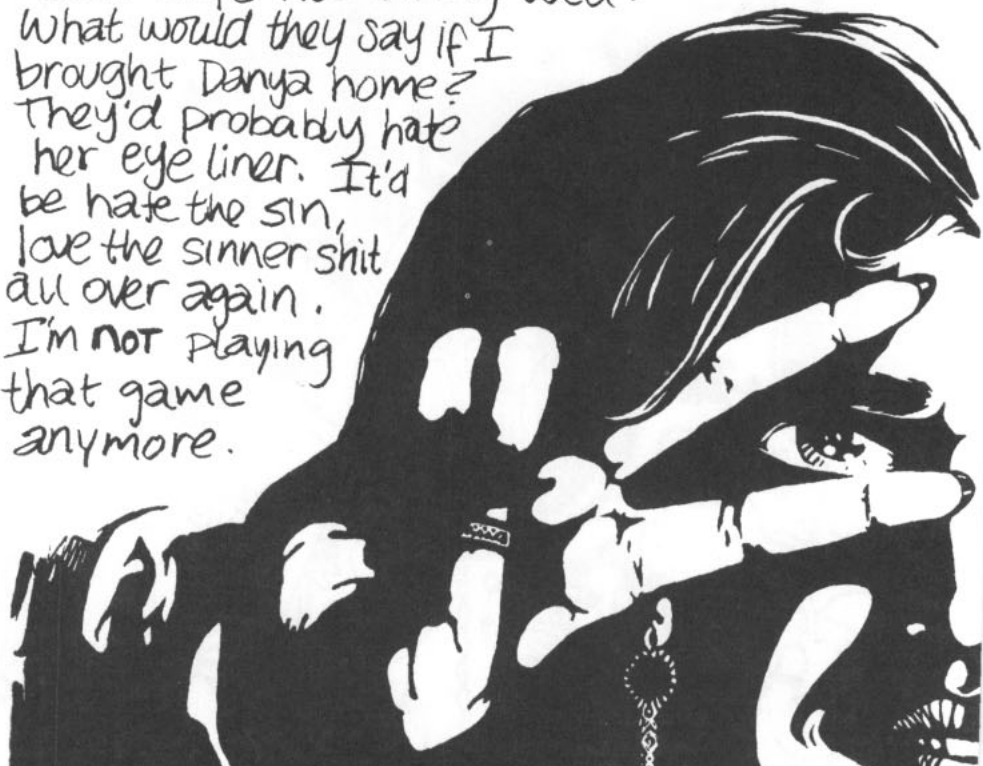
Everytime I see Danya I realize how badly I'm falling for her. I want to make love with her - its so weird we haven't yet. She knows how to thrill me, she takes a fiendish pleasure in making suffer. Tonight she ran her fingernail up under my arm. I nearly jumped her right there. I felt like dragging the bar and doing



Yo—that's disgusting. I shouldn't think of her that way... but I can't help it.

Danya frightens me in a way. Before it was always just sex, and never lasted more than a few months. Women are easy to find, and sex is too much fun to do the monogomy thing. Its not that way with Danya. Everythings different. She's special. Maybe I'll even call home, tell Mom. Maybe I could call Ben. Hope He's doing well.

What would they say if I brought Danya home? They'd probably hate her eye liner. It'd be hate the sin, love the sinner shit all over again. I'm not playing that game anymore.





August 8th, 3:00 A.M.

No dreams, and that's a good thing
Just got up for some water.

4:45 A.M. - Spoke too soon - It was the
wolves again. And I ate the carcass -

The most horrible thing ^{OF THE GIRL} it wasn't so
horrible - NOT AT ALL.

A SLUMBER POWER TRIP

The sort of thing that gives
teenage boys wet dreams.



August 10th, 3:20 A.M. - When I was just a kid, back in Minnesota, before things with Dad got so bad I had to leave, I used to write a lot of songs. Poems really. I suppose most "rebels without a clue" do it. Express your teen angst in a poem! Expurge your soul!

I am filled with anguish,
Please baby, don't let me languish - I wish I kept them. Maybe Mom has 'em in one of her trunks. It's been a long since words came to me like they did then. Maybe it's this diary thing.

Thing is, I want to write something about Danya. Something not crass. Something real and true and pure. These words are personal, private I can take a chance.

She is ~~being~~ on fire

Liquid heat

A beast of black mystery
beating beneath me

~~her~~ Crimson succulent lips
burning with dark passion

naked beneath black velvet

A cat in heat

Nothing I say ~~is~~ nothing I do

Can pierce her proud dignity

This ~~is~~ Valkarie green

she calls herself Danya

~~and she hides~~
But she cannot hide the truth

I know her real name

Her true identity

WHAT TOTAL SHIT!

how totally embarrassing

I'm not showing this to Danya. How did

Anais Nin get the courage to read hers to

Henry Miller? She was

more of a writer than I

am I guess. WHY

DO I HUMILIATE MYSELF

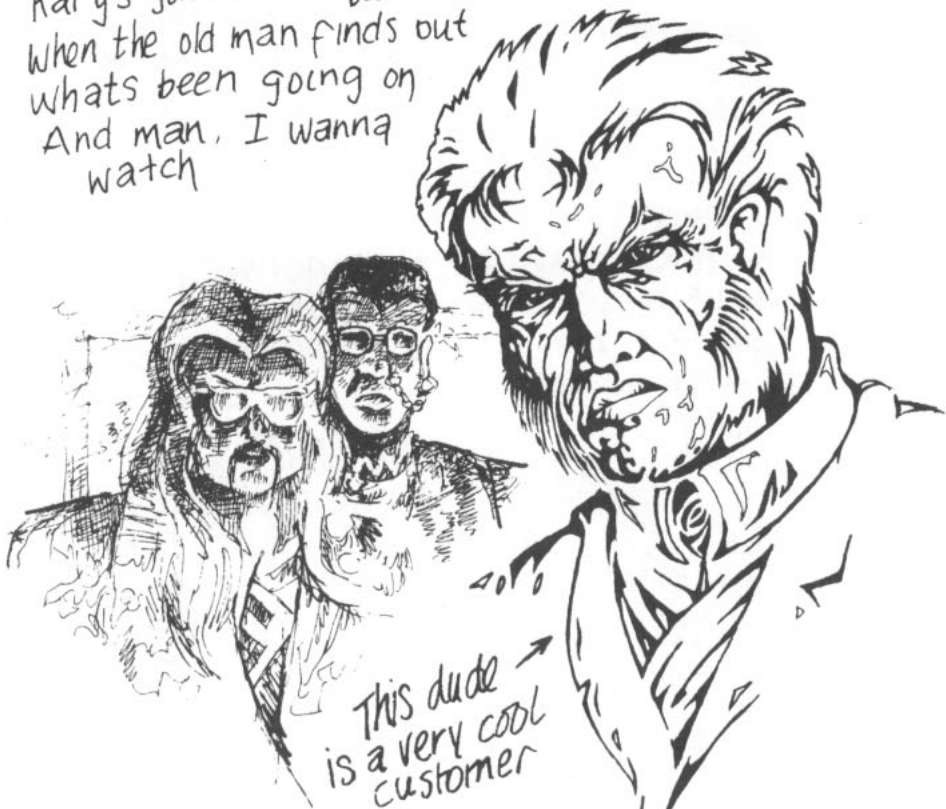
August 13th, 6:00 P.M. - WHAT TOTAL FUCKING BULLSHIT!
 I've got to pick out a playlist for tonight. Kary didn't
 hire a replacement for Myk, who's recovering from last
 night (what a trip that was), so he pulled me off
 off of bar duty. That should slow counter service
 to a crawl - any extra breaks in the music will push
 my bar crew to the edge - There's going to be some
 unhappy campers at Neverland tonight. I haven't
 DJed in years - ANOTHER NOTCH AGAINST KARY -
 THAT PUNKS GOING DOWN. I almost feel sorry for
 the stupid shit, but this just makes me look better.
 I just wish he didn't screw the bar crew. Oh well.

PLAYLIST

Bauhaus - ~~Beulah~~ - "Double Dare"
 Dead Can Dance - that Mr. Love groove song
 Skinny Puppy - "Assimilate" "Smothered Hope"
 Smiths - "How Soon is Now"
 Nine Inch Nails - "Down in It" - yawn
 Puff - (just to watch 'em squirm)
 Swans - "Love will tear us apart" (back to back)
 Joy Division - "Love will tear us apart"
 R.E.M. - "YA think I'm sexy"
 The Cure - That song from the Crow
 Sisters of Mercy - Lucretia


August 14th, 3:00 A.M. Claudius is back.

Kary's gonna be in DEEP shit
when the old man finds out
whats been going on
And man, I wanna
watch



This dude
is a very cool
customer

I've never seen him angry, or even raise
his voice. He doesn't ever lose control, least
not that I've ever seen- and I've seen him
provoked. Only his eyebrows give him away.
I think it's his self control that makes him
so intimidating. NO ONE fucks with him.
he reminds me of that godfather guy,
who goes to a christening while his men gun
down the rival of his in the city. He even

Some of the guys behind the bar say he's the most powerful mob figure in L.A., with mucho contacts in New York. But he doesn't look Italian, he's more of a Scandinavian type. Those eyebrows are out of control.

When it comes to the old man I'm not sure what's truth and what's invendo. Nor do I really want to know. After Bangkok, I'm not as curious as I used to be.

Once dicked - twice warned.

He has a couple of bodyguards around him at all times. Some Drake guy, a real Hell's Angel type, and a six foot black woman in shades who looks like Grace Jones on steroids. NOT my idea of a fun date.

I doubt the big cheese even knows I exist. He's not around enough to think about a bartender

But that'll change
I'll MAKE IT HAPPEN.

August 15th 8p.m. I'm sitting in Neverland, waiting for it to open, the lights on for once. I can't clear my head. My thoughts dart between



There's two types of people who hang here. It's funny I never thought about it before. While they look sort of similar, they're miles apart in attitude.

Danya and her West Hollywood friends are goths. Blood dolls, out for fun in a world with no truth or love or passion beyond Maxwell House commercials. They tend to cop an attitude, a lot of them overdo the drug thing, and they aren't going anywhere, but I sympathize with them. They remind me of myself, back before I realized that eating was more important than philosophy.

They're midnight rebels - They work their daytime jobs, wearing suits or whatever, and keep their opinions to themselves. At night they come out, usually at clubs like Neverland. They dress up in black leather and lace, drink, smoke cigarettes and pretend to be dead - but their Nihilism is only skin deep. It's an act.

Claudius's crowd is the opposite. I think they actually like this shit.

No matter what age, sex, or race, it's obvious they don't get a whole lot of sun. They dress like it's Halloween, decked out in duds ranging from glam rock freak show to dandy in a tux. Though they spend hours here, they don't drink much. I figure they must snort or shoot up in Claudius's office or in the bathrooms.

Then there's the little things. They've got a brittle hardness to their eyes, and a casual cruelty to their talk. They unnerve me.

I don't know what they do for Claudius, but obviously they're all part of the same gang.

While the goths like to think of themselves as Libertines, they're Souls of propriety compared to this crowd - it's like what Joseph Conrad said:

"The belief in a supernatural source of evil is not necessary. Men alone are quite capable."





August 16th 7:00AM

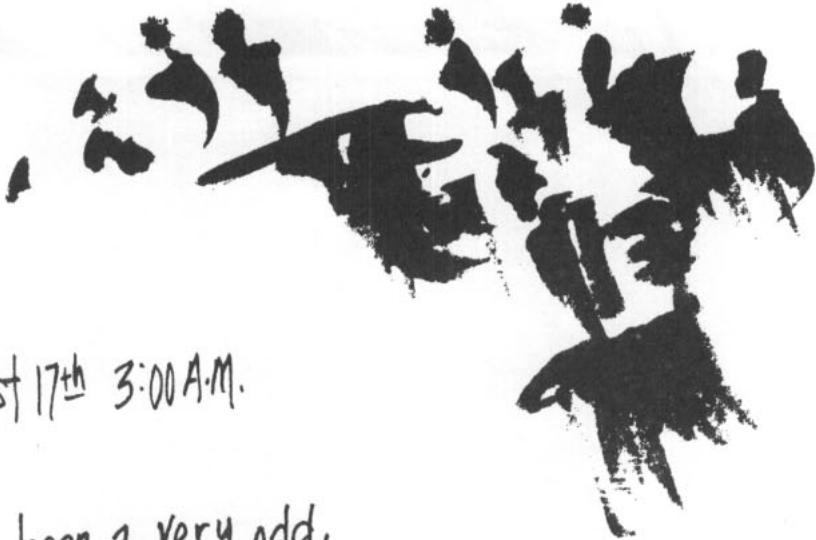
Another nightmare. Gotta
get some words down—So tired
OH SHIT my lips are bleeding. Must
have bit myself in my sleep. My lower
face is covered in blood. And I can't
get the taste out of my mouth.
I want to SCREAM
I WANT TO SCREAM
SCREAM.



7:20 A.M. I'm clean now
The blood is all gone. But I can't
forget the taste of it. The damage
felt a lot worse than it really was.

Weird thing is, I don't remember
making that last sketch of the eyes
The page was empty when I went to
sleep - Things get creepy.

In my whole life I've never sleepwalked, much less
sleepsketched. Maybe this diary isn't such a good
idea after all. But I'm afraid to stop wish
I could wake Danya up, but she's gotta go



August 17th 3:00 A.M.

Its been a very odd,
exhilerating evening.

I'm the full time DJ now, people liked my mix.
Even \$\$\$.

I didn't know I had that rant in me either.

Watching Danya dance inspired me,

I guess.

I don't look at the other ones anymore,

Just her.



AUGUST 20TH 3:00AM. I've always been a loner. Never believed in much, certainly not in God - at least not the way Dad did. Since I was a kid, I considered life a pointless game, with no rules, no referee, and no prizes.

I'll never forget the day I was sitting in church and suddenly realized how much I didn't fit in. I thought to myself, what are all these people doing here, why are they sitting on these hard benches, why are they listening to my father talk? I realized then that I didn't belong. That I wasn't one of them.

When it finally ended, I shook Dad's hand at the door and ran all the way home - and didn't look back once

I've Never looked back since.

I ran home every Sunday for the next 10 years - I had to be free.

I wish there was a God, I really do... I just can't buy it. But it's like what Ambrose Bierce said, I see things as they are, not as they ought to be.

So does that make me an agnostic or an atheist?

Having accepted that the world is utterly devoid of meaning,

My only goal is to make the best of it.

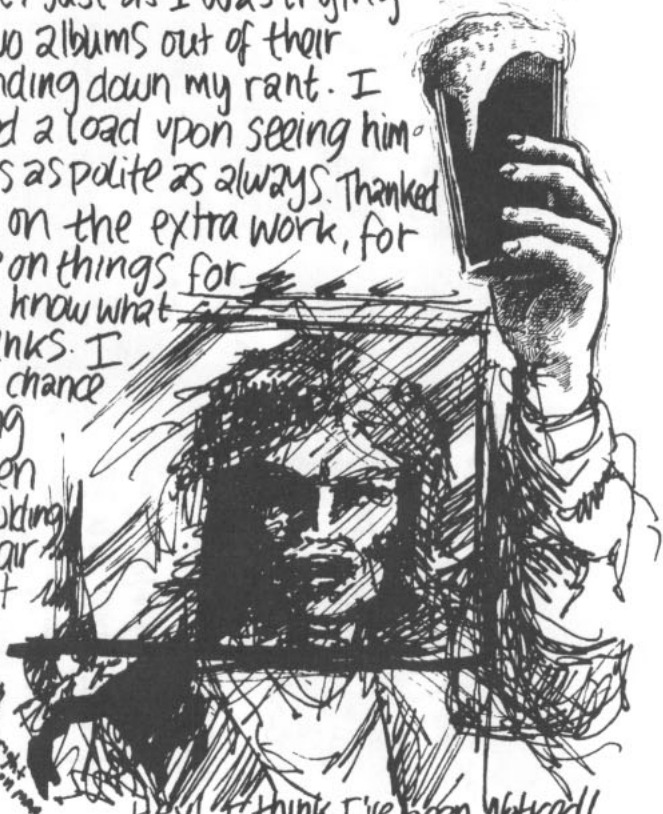
(with as little effort as I can)

Sometimes I



I just want to survive, and to see the funny side of things. The club scene is my home now, ever since I got back to the States. The noise and the tension make it the only place where I feel alive. I like to feel things in my bones, and here the music's loud enough to do that. Most of my life I've been in clubs - selling things or behind the counter it's where I belong I guess. I'm fulfilled here. It's not like I'm going to spend my life here. I've got ambitions. I've got plans. I haven't told Danya this yet, but I will want to own my own club. I want to book the acts, hire the help, and run the show. I want to be the guy who decides what bands are cool and what bands suck. I want talent to win for once. maybe I'll finally get my own band together.

August 23rd. 3:00 AM. Claudius stopped by the both tonight. Just as I was trying to juggle two albums out of their sleeves and winding down my rant. I nearly dropped a load upon seeing him up top. He was as polite as always. Thanked me for taking on the extra work, for keeping an eye on things for him. I didn't know what to say, but, thanks. I totally blew my chance to say something about Kary. Then he left, me still holding records and dead air comming up. But I handled it.



Call Mom
get Bens
address

How I think I've been weird!

August 25th 5:00 AM. I am flying through the darkness. Getting high above the
gliding on the cool winds seems so natural, so neat, it never occurs
its a dream. My wings hardly move, shifting only slightly to catch
smallest changes in air pressure. I feel as if I'm swimming, and I hold my
My thoughts are not my own I am no longer Austin, but some
bird. Strange desires fill my mind. I am searching, hunting for some
Eating what it is, I am not sure. My wings are not entirely human
I am something better. More powerful than mortal flesh.
Dark powers control me, motivate me. I am one with my heart.
Beneath me, as if on command, the clouds part, and I can see
land hundreds of feet below. Bright moonlight illuminates the
like a searchlight my gaze sweeps the ground, searching for the
I sense is nearby. Finally, I see him. Almost directly below
a solitary figure on horseback rides wildly across the coast
as if pursued by wolves.
Just instinctively I fold my wings and spiral downwards.

my quarry, my feast. The air whistles shrilly around me as I
dash. It feels perfectly natural, something I have done hundreds
of times before. As I draw ever closer, a hunger begins to burn
in my belly. It feels perfectly natural, something I have felt
hundreds of times before. I hunt partially for the pleasure
of the chase, but also for the blood that gives me life. The blood,
the ecstasy. This too I accept without question.

Just a hundred feet above the man, he looks skyward. Screaming
in terror he pushes his horse into a gallop and whips a pistol out
of his belt - powder flashes, but I easily dodge the bullet. The
instant I am on him

my hands, attached to my huge wings, rip him from his
saddle. Thrashing out in terror he struggles to no avail.
Strength is ten times his. Holding him, feeling the life
pulsing in his form, overwhelms my senses. I clamp my teeth
is only then I realize the riders face is My DM.

Holy Hell! — What a dream. I scribbled those notes right after bolting upright in bed. Fully awake. Totally lucid. As with most of my nightmares, I was totally drenched in sweat. But this time my joints ached as well, as if I had writhed around in bed for hours.

After I started writing, I didn't stop. It was like I was in a trance the details are getting fuzzy now, I'm glad I got it all down. I don't think I'll ever forget the look of terror in that face. **IN MY FACE.**

I'm going to ~~read~~
it to Danya tomorrow
maybe she can
make sense out of it



If sure as
hell doesn't
make sense

TO DO:

- Restock
Absolut
and 8 cases
Rolling Rock
- Present for Danya -
flowers?
- Clean Bathroom
- Stop by Golden
Records
- TELL OFF KARY
during up bar.

August 26th 3:AM - I'd like to introduce the new General Manager of Neverland - Avston Jacobson! (applause, applause)
Thank You, Thank You. Yes, I am now boss of this pile of junk.

The old man said he knew that Kary was skimming, but wanted a decent replacement before dumping him. Muttered something about going into business with KIN. I figured it wasn't my place to lecture him on nepotism. I let him do the talking.

Then he made the offer to me. I was shocked. Though I don't know why. It was pretty obvious. At first I couldn't say anything.

I was caught completely by surprise.

Claudius told me to sleep on it, I said I would get back to him.

I can't wait to tell Danya the news. Her friends and her should be coming in soon. I think a free round of drinks are in order. We're going to have one hell

What a fucktastic day this is. I'm going to rock this city.



This is one dream I hope never ends.



AUGUST 28th 6:45 AM. Writing this on some beach in Malibu.
Sun is rising. So peaceful here, so calm, it feels as if I am in another world. One I wish I never had to leave. Danya's asleep beside me - more beautiful now than ever. Such a strange combination of passion and innocence. For the first time in my life I know that I am in love.
And it feels great.



Whoever or whatever is up
... for me -

When I picked her up at first, yesterday noon, I barely recognized her. Without a painted face or leather, and wearing a big floppy hat and a yellow sundress that came down to her knees - she looked like a flower child. It was still her, but a different side of her - I loved it.

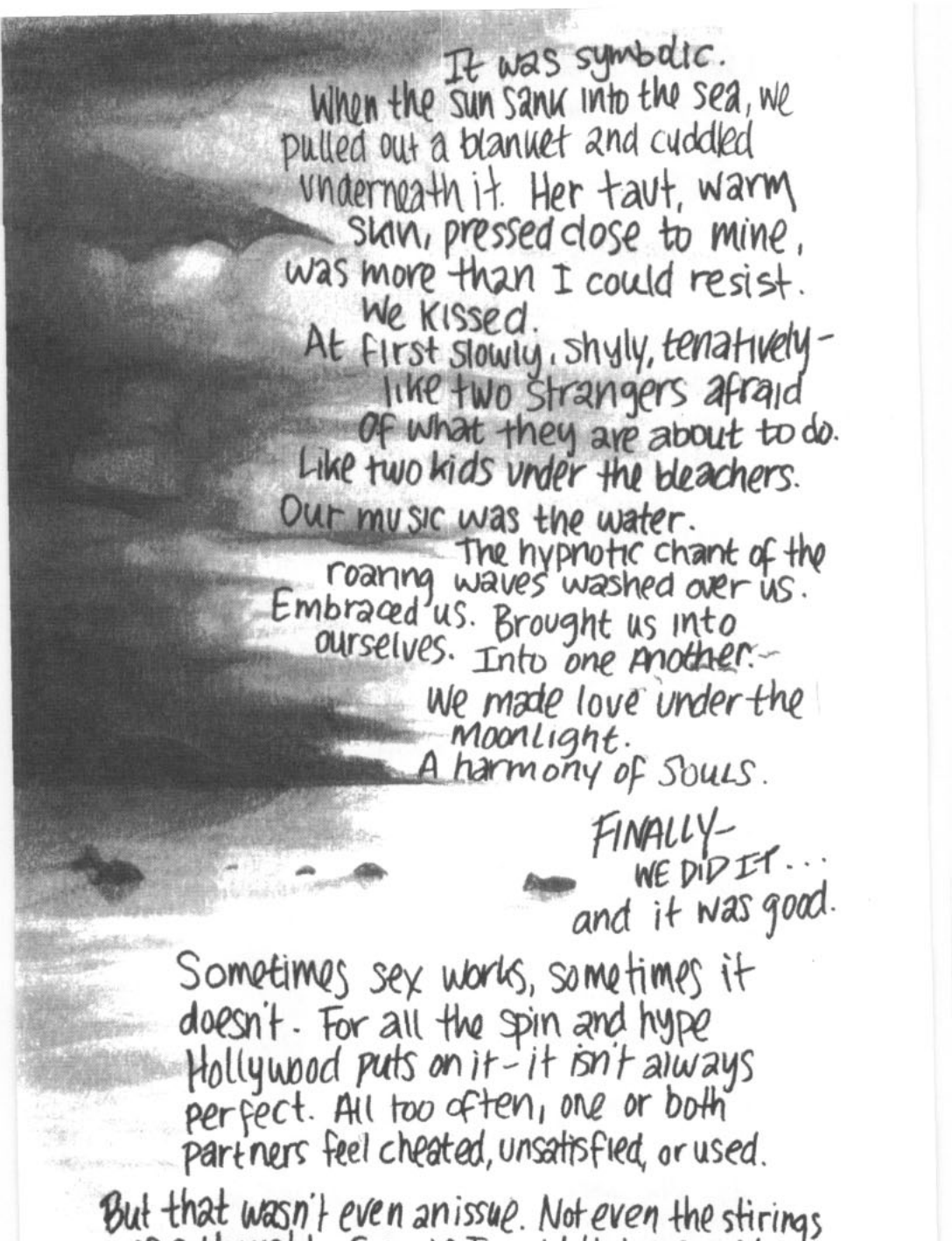
Once we got to the beach I wanted to read her the last entry in the diary, but she wouldn't have any of it. It was to be a day of celebration, not psychobabble. And it was - We got into her car, a black miata, and rode off to the beach with the top down - leaving everything, including my dreams behind us.

Some moments are so perfect you want to etch them into your mind, so you can relive them over and over again. Yesterday was one of those times. It was perfect. The sun, the waves, the seagulls, the little girl in the water with her grandfather. I don't want to forget anything I want to write it all down.

We sat in the sand and talked for hours, about books, music, childhood memories, and lust.

About our families, about past lovers, about our dreams for the future, about us. We were silly too. I carried her out, kicking and screaming into the water. She looks so





It was symbolic.

When the sun sank into the sea, we pulled out a blanket and cuddled underneath it. Her taut, warm skin, pressed close to mine, was more than I could resist.

We kissed.

At first slowly, shyly, tentatively - like two strangers afraid of what they are about to do. Like two kids under the bleachers.

Our music was the water.

The hypnotic chant of the roaring waves washed over us. Embraced us. Brought us into ourselves. Into one another.

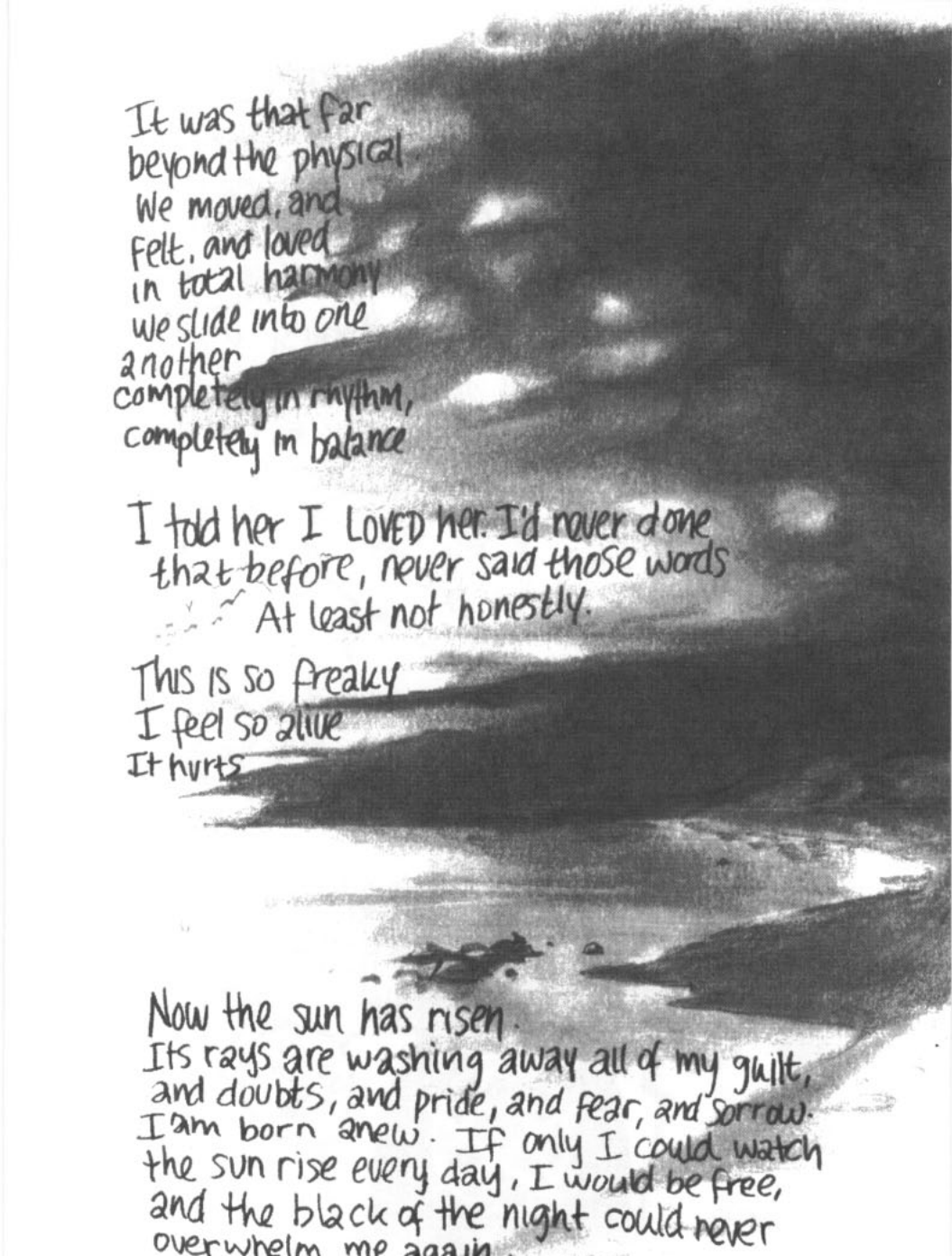
We made love under the moonlight.

A harmony of souls.

FINALLY -
WE DID IT...
and it was good.

Sometimes sex works, sometimes it doesn't. For all the spin and hype Hollywood puts on it - it isn't always perfect. All too often, one or both partners feel cheated, unsatisfied, or used.

But that wasn't even an issue. Not even the stirrings



It was that far
beyond the physical
We moved, and
felt, and loved
in total harmony
we slide into one
another
completely in rhythm,
completely in balance

I told her I LOVED her. I'd never done
that before, never said those words
At least not honestly.

This is so freaky
I feel so alive
It hurts

Now the sun has risen.
Its rays are washing away all of my guilt,
and doubts, and pride, and fear, and sorrow.
I am born anew. If only I could watch
the sun rise every day, I would be free,
and the black of the night could never
overwhelm me again.

August 29th, 4p.m. THE DEAL IS DONE! I AM SO STOKED!

The contract is signed - its so hard to write when my hand trembles like this. This is nuts but I love it. I'm in charge of this place now. Hell, I've never been boss of anything before.

There are still a couple of details to be worked out, but not only do I double my salary but I have complete control. I decide what bands play. I decide how expensive drinks are. I decide who gets in.

better to rule in Neverland.

This is very cool.

Dana has to work this weekend, some horror shoot up in Reno, but she dropped me off before she left.



The whole crew was in a state of panic. Kary hadn't shown up (of course) and no one had told them what was going on. When I said I was the boss, everyone thought it was a joke. It took a while to get myself understood.

Then I got the congratulations. Heaps and piles of it, bootlicking extraordinaire. I think they really like me though. I hope they still will after I start changing things around here. It won't make everyone happy.

As I watched the crowd surge in, I felt good about myself. It's been a while since I was proud of anything I've done. It was almost sexual in intensity. I wish Danya was here.

So here I am, a preacher's son, a farm boy, a runaway, a drifter, a slacker, and a loner - running my own show. It's a fairy tale, though I sure ain't a sleeping beauty. Hmmm...

If only Dad could see this. He swore I'd end up in the "fiery pits" and (according to Ben) cursed me the day I walked out.

He won't even let my name be mentioned. I'd love to see his face when he finds out his son is running a night club.

And he will find out.

Later I didn't see him approach, and suddenly he was just there. I didn't expect the old man to show up tonight, usually Claudius hangs out in his office upstairs. The first moment I realized anything was when he draped his arm over my back and patted me in a fatherly way. God, his fingers were cold.

He'd been watching things, he said, and liked what he saw. Said he'd gotten good reports. He even cracked a smile, if you could call it that. His eyebrows gave him away, he was playing me, watching my reactions. I said things were good at the club and would get better, but I didn't want to get involved in his other businesses. That I didn't want to know anything.

He didn't like that much. But the smile stayed. He just said he was sure I would perform all my duties well. I'm glad we could get things straight. This is my destiny. I'm going to kick some ass in this burg.

August 30th 10:00 p.m. Kary didn't show up again tonight, but no one seems to care. No one knows where he is. Claudius wants me to fire him personally. I have no idea why.

I'm in my new office, kicking back, spinning around in my chair. I can't wait for Danya to get back.

I need to share this with someone. This triumph is my own.



a victory, it has a hollow ring to it. I never understood that before, too much of a loner. I don't want to be alone any more.

But I'm alone now, and I'm a little melancholy I guess. Myk's back, he's playing the Smiths - "I wear black on the outside, because black is how I feel on the inside."

I've been thinking about Ben too. Haven't seen him in years I feel bad about it. I tried writing to him a couple of times, but Dad always sent back the letters...unopened. When he went to college I lost contact. I was out of the country, he was busy, we both had new lives. A few of his letters made it to me, past a long list of forwarding addresses. I wish I could call him. Last time I heard he was majoring in Broadcast Journalism.

Broadcast Journalism.

I wonder if he'd get into a club like Neverland? maybe he could do a story on it. wouldn't that be a bizarre turn of events.



-Gerald
I'm here
a club

August 31st 6:00 A.M. - Another bad dream. This time its me.

I'm running down the street. It's night. Everything is deserted. Empty.

The stores are all open, but they're totally vacant. Lights are on, but no one's home.

The World is so barren, its a blur. Nothing is real, Nobody is there to make it real.

For hours I look for someone, anyone,

For days, weeks, months.

I get paniced. I get lonely. I get scared.

I scream - over and over
And still I am alone.

Then things get really weird.

I go back home, and go into the bath room - I look in the mirror. I start to talk to myself - tell myself stories. Pretty soon I'm not alone anymore - there's more than one of me. And I'm more than enough company for myself. ... Then one of the voices tells a story about being all alone in a deserted world. About walking through empty streets. Then I realize it's not me in

the mirror anymore. It's Claudius. I'm looking at him - He's looking at me. He winks - It's REALLY him, We're in the same dream together. And
ITS NOT MY IMAGINATION

Then the mirror cracks





9:00 A.M.



Just got off the phone with

Danya. She spent an hour trying to convince me that the mirror thing

was a warning. Dream projection she called it. When one person has such strong dreams that they are telepathically broadcast to sensitive minds nearby. Right. Like Claudius and I are on the same "psychic wavelength"

Though it's goofy as hell, it's hard to argue with the facts. Fact is though, no matter how real it seemed - it could be just a dream. Danya thinks I should quit and move in with her. She doesn't like Claudius, thinks he's dangerous. That she has bad premonitions. That was a new one for me. I had no idea she felt this way. I didn't want to hear any of it. I love this job. It's my big chance. Besides I can't leave just after I started. Claudius and I have a deal, a verbal contract.

Danya wasn't thrilled to hear what I had to say, but she dealt with it. She'll be back soon, we'll talk then. I need Danya, I love her, but Neverland is important too. I hope I never have to choose between my loves. Hopefully she won't worry about this the way she does sometimes - it was just a dream after all. It doesn't take a lot of sense to realize that nightmare. It

September 1st, 10: P.M.

~~DANYA CALLED BACK. SHE WANTED TO TALK MORE,
I WAS BUSY. IT WAS OUR FIRST FIGHT. WHAT A BITCH!
WHERE DOES SHE GET OFF TELLING ME WHAT TO DO WITH MY
LIFE? NO ONE BUT MY PAPA CAN SAY THAT.
NOT HER, NOT MY FATHER, NOT ANYONE.
THE HELL WITH HER.~~

10:43 P.M.

Calmer now. A bit. I'm pretty ashamed of myself I tried to call her back, but she's out. I should have just ripped out the page, but I can't do it. Be like ripping out a page of my life.

If I can't be honest with myself, then who else can I trust?

God, I need to apologize - she hates me now. Probably never wants to see me again.
I feel like



NO
OH GOD OH GOD
WHY THIS
WHY GODDAMN IT
WHY THE KILL
WHY

September 2nd, 3:00 AM

It's not,

I'm so, so sorry

Why can't I be dead.

I WANT THIS TO BE OVER. OVER. WILL I NEVER WAKE UP.
SITTING ALONE IN MY LOFT I PRAY THAT THIS JUST
ANOTHER BAD DREAM AND THAT I WILL WAKE UP
SOON. AROUND BREATH AND EVERYTHING WILL BE
ALL RIGHT. COME MORNING, SOFT SWEET DANYA
WILL BE THERE SHE'LL HOLD ME AND THEN
OVER TIME I'LL FORGET ANYTHING EVER
HAPPENED AND IT WILL BE AS IF IT NEVER
WAS. NEVER. NEVER WAS.

I WONDER IF THE GOD OF MY FATHER, THE
GOD I HAVE ALWAYS DENIED, LISTENS TO THE
PRAYERS OF CREATURES LIKE ME.

I PRAY TO YOU NOW. MR. GOD
SAVE ME.

PLEASE SAVE ME.

5:23a.m. I can't sleep. I can't think straight. But maybe I can write. Maybe I can make sense out of this - a glitch, a fault, a loop, a gaping hole in events that proves I'm insane. That would be better than this.

It started last night - I was feeling shitty after the fight with Danya. Hardly noticed it was midnight. Claudius summoned me to his office, with a note. A fucking note. He was waiting for me. With a fat Cheshire smile. Sat behind his huge mahogany desk, in a carved oak chair. Like a throne. I hadn't thought anything of it before.

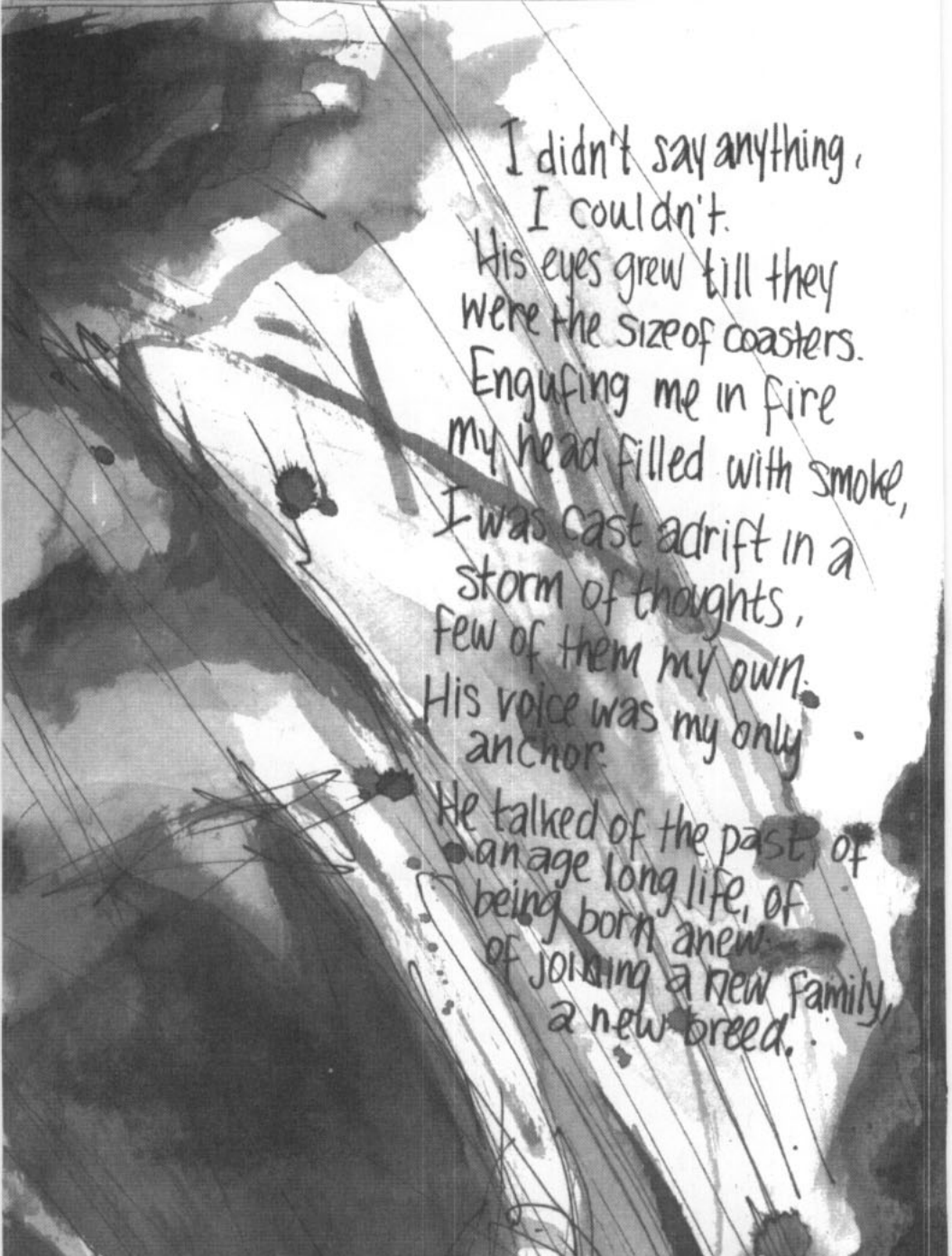
Told me to sit. Told his bodyguards to bugger off. They locked the door behind them. Made me nervous. I didn't say anything. I trusted him. **FOOL**. I just didn't like being alone with him.

Everything Danya said came back to me in a flash. For a while he said nothing, just stared at me. Just staring with eyes like flames.

Then he started to talk, slowly at first, then faster, about how long he had waited for me, for how hellishly long he had searched, and looked, and waited. How he had to be just right, right breeding, right family, right innocence, right mind, right passion, right strength, right ambition, right stuff.

And how perfect a Son I would make. How perfect a child.





I didn't say anything,

I couldn't.

His eyes grew till they
were the size of coasters.

Engulfing me in fire
my head filled with smoke,

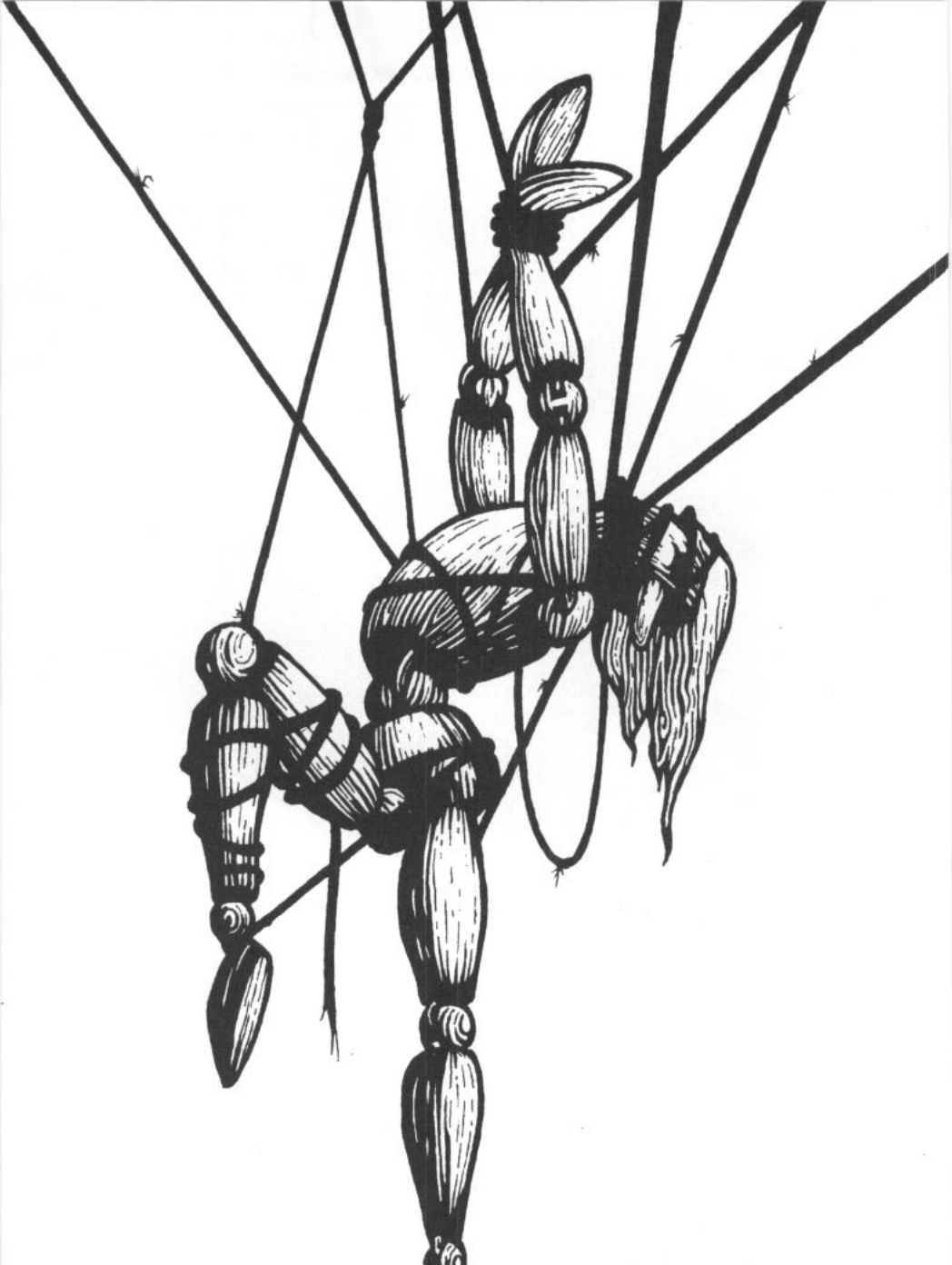
I was cast adrift in a
storm of thoughts,
few of them my own.

His voice was my only
anchor.

He talked of the past, of
an age long life, of
being born anew
of joining a new family,
a new breed.



He talked of
giving me the greatest
gift in existence. He
talked nonsense I only
dimly understood.



Finally he rose from his chair.

I was frozen in mine. He bid me to rise,
and like a puppet I did.

Dancing to his pipers tune.
His icy hands gripped me
by the shoulders and then
with

Oh GOD

then he sunk his **TEETH**
Into MY NECK.

the pain was horrible. Excruciating. Then it WASN'T
PAIN ANYMORE. IT WAS SEX.

FORBIDDEN SEX - WITH A MAN.

A BLOOD RIGHT OF PASSION.

MY MUSCLES TURNED TO JELLY. MY WHOLE BODY QUIVERED
IN ECSTASY. IF HE HADN'T HELD ME SO TIGHTLY,

I WOULD HAVE FALLEN TO THE FLOOR. I WAS A VIRGIN
VANQUISHED, MY BLOOD, PROOF OF MY PURITY.

I WAS BURNING WITH DESIRE, I WANTED TO BE
PLUNDERED, TO BE RAPED, I WANTED IT.

I LIKED IT AND THATS THE TRUTH OF IT.

I COULD FEEL MYSELF DYING. I KNEW IT. BUT I
DID GIVE A FUCK. I WAS LIKE SEX WITHOUT A CONDOM,

ONLY THE 1ST MATTERS. NOTHING EXISTED EXCEPT

FOR THE POWER AND THE PASSION. I WAS CONSUMED
BY THE ECSTASY AS HE CONSUMED ME.

AFTER AN ETERNITY OF BLACK PLEASURE, DARKNESS
FINALLY OVERWHELMED ME. MY MIND PLUNGED

FORWARD INTO AN ABYSS FROM WHICH THERE
WAS NO RETURN. I TOSTERED ON THE EDGE

Anticipating the Plunge.

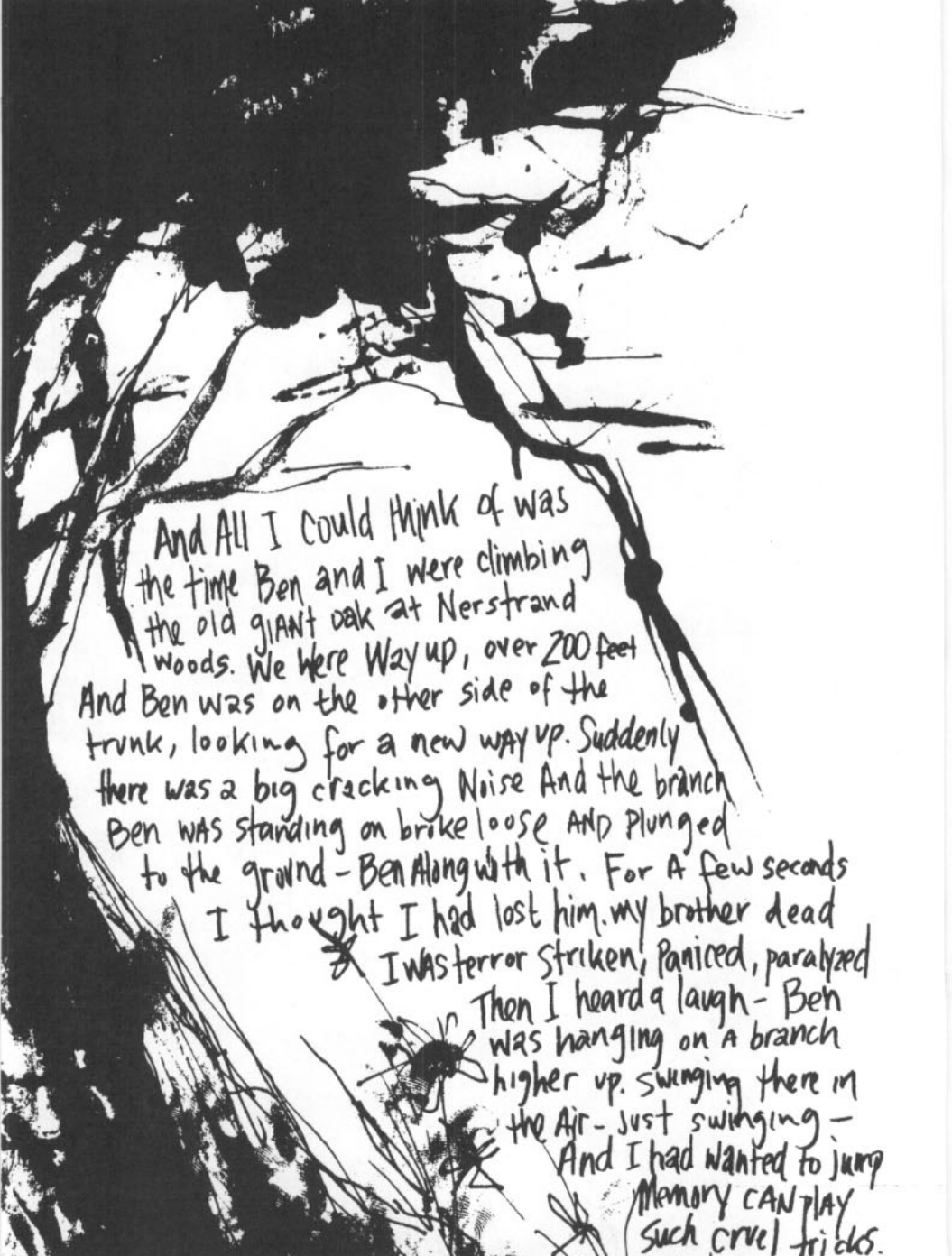
Death becomed me
Not with a skeletal CLAW,
but with a WARM tender HAND.

The world retreated from me, ALL PAIN, ALL PLEASURE
GONE.


A DROP OF Molten Fire seared my throat.
It WAS AS if a burning POKER had been thrust
into my mouth and stirred Around. I WAS
CHEWING RAZOR BLADES while SWALLOWING BATTERY Acid.
I tried to scream, but my mouth WAS full.

The SKIN of my FACE CRACKLED AND
Sizzled like bacon. My eyeballs exploded
in a gushing torrent of Blood. I tried
to scream but no SOUND came forth. A
Voice told me to Drink Deeply, and I DID
I DID GLADLY -

STINGING AND SALTY LIKE INSIDE DAN YA



And All I could think of was
the time Ben and I were climbing
the old giant oak at Nerstrand
woods. We were way up, over 200 feet
And Ben was on the other side of the
trunk, looking for a new way up. Suddenly
there was a big cracking noise and the branch
Ben was standing on broke loose and plunged
to the ground - Ben along with it. For a few seconds
I thought I had lost him. my brother dead
I was terror stricken, panicked, paralyzed
Then I heard a laugh - Ben
was hanging on a branch
higher up. swinging there in
the air - just swinging -
And I had wanted to jump
Memory can play
such cruel tricks.



So I drank.

And with EACH sip became stronger.

The pain went away. I OPENED MY EYES.

I was in the chair. Claudius stood over me,
a red gash in his wrist. Blood was All over my face,
and hands. The smell was EVERYWHERE.

I gagged, and tried to Pull AWAY from him.

But couldn't. My Will WAS not my own - BASTARD

I WAS His slave. He began to speak, his
words Penetrating my mind like the Gloom of
A Song, words I CANNOT Forget, words I
CANNOT Cast out.

HE NAMED the act. THE EMBRACE. A sire creates
progeny, through the Bond of Blood. From
death into Birth.

First CAME CAINE, son of Adam, slayer of ABEL.

Cursed by God. Cursed with eternal life, eternal
damnation, AND AN ETERNAL Thirst. CAINE, the
Progenitor. HE WANDERED Alone for AN Eon, but
but at last he GREW Lonely. He CREATED progeny,
3 childer - They in TURN CREATED 3 more

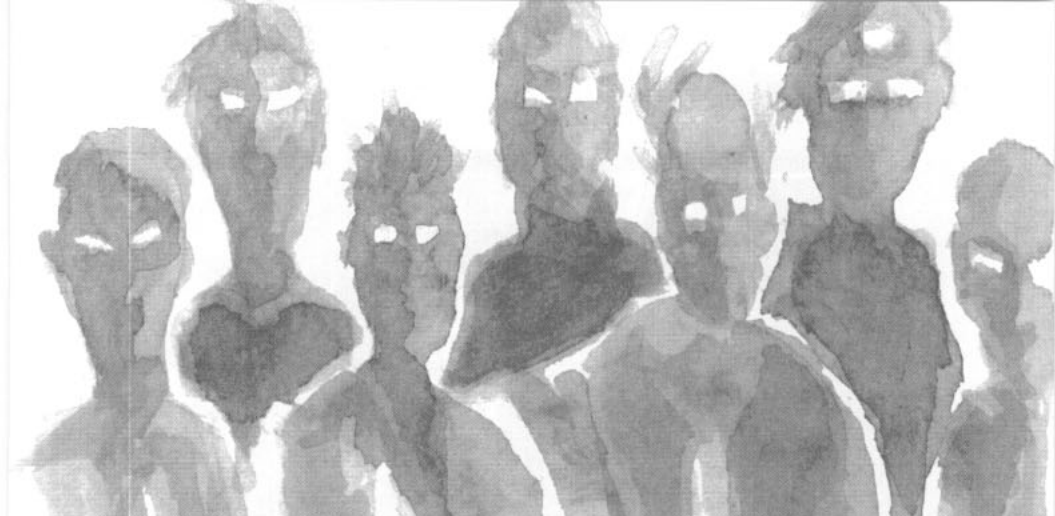


1313 God the trinity, 13 At the table.

How much of what I have been taught, what my father believes without question, is actually a reflection of this accursed history? A world not of light, but of darkness. Which reality is a reflection of the other. Where lies the truth? Where was God in all this?

But if this is true. If Cain really was the first then there is a God. Then he does exist.

... a cursedly Damned.

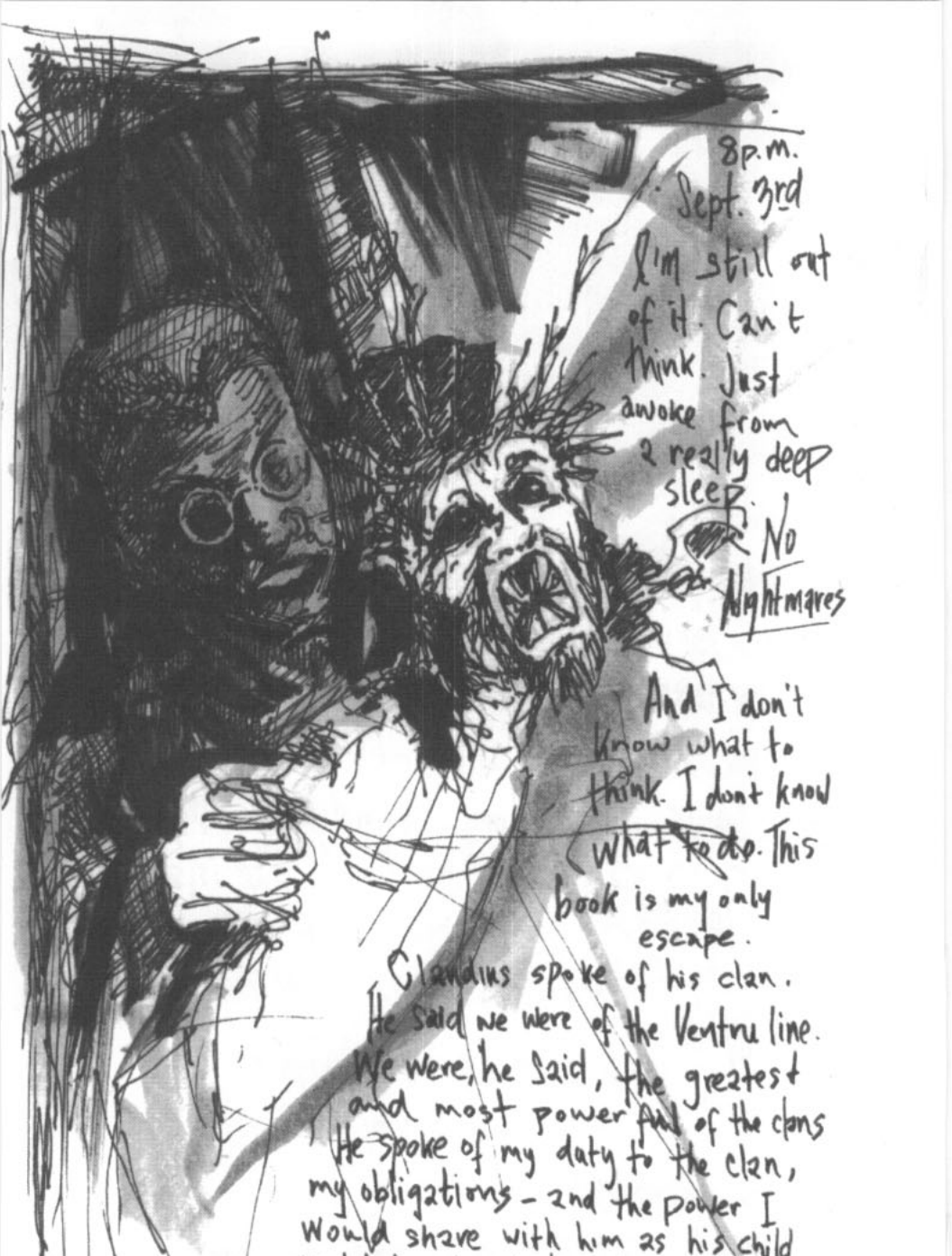


The 13 of the 3rd sited the entire race. 13 clans,
each the rival of the others. 13 clans manipulating
history, human destiny, to their own ends.
All of humanity the pawns of the Masters. Predators
and sheep. SHARING the same world.

Seven Laws. Traditions. Binding us together.
Binding us as one. The first, the Masquerade.
Do not let them know we exist. The second
honor thy father, for he has given you eternal life.
The third - why does it matter

I am lost.

It's almost dawn, I must sleep.
This exhaustion hangs on me



8p.m.

Sept. 3rd

I'm still out
of it. Can't
think. Just
awoke from
a really deep
sleep.

No
Nightmares

And I don't
know what to
think. I don't know

what to do. This
book is my only
escape.

Claudius spoke of his clan.
He said we were of the Ventrue line.
We were, he said, the greatest
and most powerful of the clans.
He spoke of my duty to the clan,
my obligations - and the power I
would share with him as his child



I listened because I had no choice. His will compelled mine to pay attention. But all the time I was aware of a new hunger gnawing at my insides. Gnawing at my soul. An unnatural thirst. Ravenous and unstill. The desire was repulsive, yet it aroused me.
I wanted to feed.

Claudius saw this. And he said to me, "You must sate your hunger, it shall be your first test" then he rapped three times on the door with his cane.

The Nubian bodyguard walked in, holding some guy by the back of his neck. It was Kary. The little stiff looked a little beat up, and very dazed. In a high pitched voice he demanded to know why he had been brought here, and why was I here and not at work.

He was going to be terminated, Claudius said. His voice was flat and colder than a whores heart. He had abused his authority, through a combination of greed and incompetence. Avarice, Claudius declared, he could forgive. It came with ambition but ineptitude was inexcusable.

Kary begged. He pleaded. He swore he'd do a better job. He promised he'd pay back every penny. Claudius only looked at him in contempt. I just kept my mouth shut. Suddenly I realized what was about to happen. What was expected of me. But I didn't care - I just wasn't thinking. I could only feel my hunger. Pity had no place in my heart.

Later...

Kary was on his knees by now. His hands clasped as if in prayer. Words tumbled out of him. Neverland was his life. Claudius was his master. He was a schmuck, yes, but he could change. I found him pathetic, every word only increased my hunger. A red mist began to cloud my vision. The terrible hunger rose up and enveloped me like a cloak. A beast rose up within me, and consumed my soul. The invisible bonds of will and volition dissolved like smoke. Reason vanished. And I leaped forward. He never realized what was coming. Not until I wrenched him to the ground. Screaming in pain, he flopped around like a fish caught on a line. I can't bear it...

I panted in frustration, my only thought was to tear at his neck with my teeth. Consumed with lust, I attacked him like a wild animal.

My fingers ripped at his skin. I tore away chunks of his face and dug deep furrows in his chest. Blood exploded from his wounds, adding to my madness. He went limp.

And then, I drank...

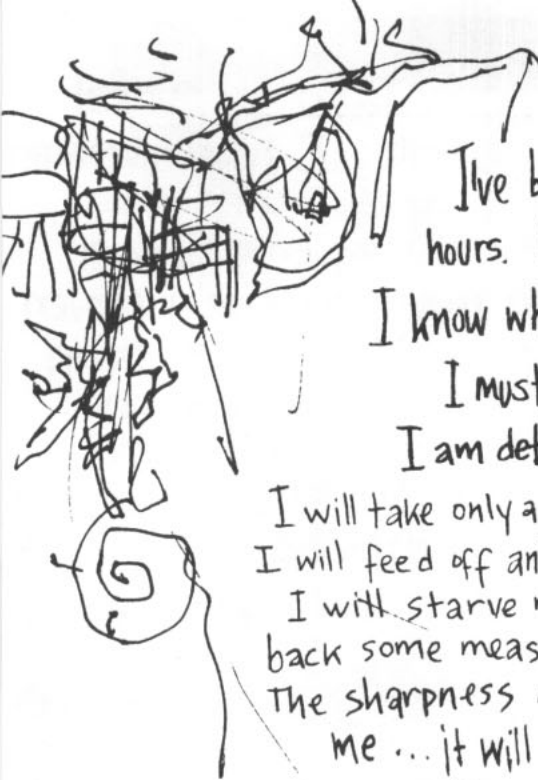


Blood filled my mouth. I sucked greedily at his throat. Like a child nursing at a mothers breast. Instinct consumed me. I didn't think, I felt my mind was filled with images of the forest, of wolves running through the mist. Slowly, steadily, the crimson elixer flowed from his body into mine. It was the essence of lust, the fluid of a brutal sex. Better than the finest wine. Better than the best food. Yet this blood was not like Claudius's. This was wine, Claudius had been brandy. Perhaps this is why he required bodyguards. How old he really was, I could not imagine. When at last it was done, Claudius laughed. A harsh, mean sound, filled with no mirth. I had learned my first lesson he said. We paid a price for our immortality. The beast could not be controlled, only contained. The beast was our master, just as we were masters of the herd. Only then did I realize what I had become. Standing there, a dead man in my arms, drained of all life - by me. I understood finally how my world had changed.

I was no longer Auston Jacobson. What happened was irreversable. I had murdered a man. I was a killer. And I was no longer human. Everything my father had ever said about me had been proven true. The drug high ended faster than it came... and I crashed back to reality. I threw the body off of me, and stared at the blood on my hands. My thirst had not been completely quenched. It was still there. I knew then everything I needed to know. I wanted more blood. I craved the pleasure, though the need motivated me not. Claudius dismissed me. A wave of his hand, and I was told to take care of my unfinished business, and come back when I was done. I didn't know what he meant. But I left. I staggered through the streets for hours. All night I wandered, until finally I found my way home. And here I am now. Alone. Struggling with what has happened to me. Fighting my hunger. my lust.

Pray God this is a dream.

But I'm a sinner. And there's no



September 4th, 4:00AM

I've been sitting here for hours. Fighting off the Hunger.

I know what I must do.

I must not kill again.

I am determined.

I will take only a little blood at a time.
I will feed off animals if I must.

I will starve myself, until I gain back some measure of my reason.

The sharpness of my pain will guide me ... it will let me think

FUCK IT!

I am a monster. I have killed
this is all too real. It is the
undeniable truth.
Knowing the truth leaves me with
only one question.

September 6th 2:00 A.M. Temptation sings a siren song
that I fight to ignore chirping in my ear - endlessly
... as for humans and nothing on

like hearing. I can't concentrate enough to read.

I CAN'T do anything but sit here in silence.

My thoughts always return me to the blood. It doesn't disgust me I crave it - the high - I'm a junkie

And they SAY it CAN'T happen after just one hit.

Satan is tempting me. Just as he did Christ in the wilderness. I must suffer mightily. Suffer for

what I did. Suffer till I see STRAIGHT. See STRAIGHT

I wish I could CAN BEN. Thank god DANYA isn't in town this would kill her every once in a while I'm

WAKED IN PAIN MY WHOLE BODY
CONVULSES AND I GO FETAL

I think
I'm going
through
some

sort of
CHANGE.

I don't
WANT
TO THINK
ABOUT
IT



SEPTEMBER 7TH, 2:00 AM.

I DON'T NEED FOOD ANYMORE. ACTUALLY,
I CAN'T TOLERATE IT. NOT EVEN HAMBURGER.
EVEN WATER. OR SLEEP OTHER THAN THE
COMA THAT ENGULFS ME WHENEVER THE
SUN RISES.

BUT I CAN STILL FEEL PAIN
EACH NIGHT IT GETS WORSE
BUT IT'S GOOD, GOOD FOR ME.
I'M BEING PURIFIED BY IT.

THE PHONE RINGS SOMETIMES,
BUT I IGNORE IT. IT'S DAD,
CALLING TO TELL ME I'M
GOING TO HELL.

I'VE DECIDED I WANT
TO BE CREMATED.

I CAN'T TALK TO ANYONE,
I CAN'T TALK AT ALL.
I WANT TO BECOME MUTE.
I WANT TO HOLD ALL THE PAIN
INSIDE ME.

I SLEEP IN THE BATHTUB.
TO AVOID THE LIGHT. THE SUN
BURNS, EVEN A TINY GLIMPSE
OF IT. I WAS BLINDED FOR
HOURS LAST NIGHT. I HATE
THE LIGHT, I HATE IT.

I'VE BEEN READING
THE PART ABOUT DANYA
AND ME ON THE BEACH
OVER AND OVER
AGAIN. HER.

IT'S GETTING DIFFICULT TO WRITE.
I'M LOSING IT. THE WORDS GIVE
ME A BRIEF HOLD ON SANITY - MY
ONE LAST LIFELINE TO MY LIFE,
TO MY PAST.

BUT SOMETIMES I FORGET
WHY I NEED THESE WORDS

My will is stronger than this hunger

I shall overcome I AM MY OWN

I AM MY MASTER

OWN
MASTER





SEPTEMBER
SOMETIME?

I'VE SMASHED THE
GODDAMN CLOCK.

TICKING WAS
DRIVING ME MAD
AND I DON'T WANT
TO GO CRAZY...

WATCHING THE HANDS
CREEP BY. SECOND BY
SECOND. MINUTE BY
MINUTE. HOUR BY HOUR
WAS UNBEARABLE. NOW I'M
FREE OF IT. I FEEL GOOD
VERY VERY GOOD

I LOVE YOU

DANYA
WAKE ME UP
PLEASE

I am my

THE PAIN IS GETTING WORSE.
DESERVE IT.

YEP DESERVE IT.

I DESERVE NOTHING, NOT EVEN
MY OWN PITY. I WON'T EVEN GIVE
MYSELF THAT

POOR FUCKING KARY

I MUST NOT DRINK
AGAIN NEVER

NEVER
NEVER

SEPTEMBER
Nth DAY OF HELL

I AM

DOWN

MY

MASTER

PLEASE GOD NO
NO NO N

she's dead .

By these hands

even the tears are red.

Last day of Hell .

Why oh why ,
oh why did she
have to come

I heard the knock. Thought I was hallucinating again. I was huddled over in the corner, my arms wrapped about me, when she walked in. Had a key.

I had forgotten that, I had forgotten
a lot of things.

She walked in softly, I didn't think it was real.

Then I smelled her, it woke me up.

Only a bare shell of me remained, all else was the beast. It had swallowed me.

Even with my eyes shut I knew it was her. Only she could smell that good, only she would have blood that fresh. The red mist rose up over me.

WHY i have blood on my hands, worse than 2nd roman
GOVERNOR, worse than any serial killer
i murdered my lover, and then i drank her blood
i played in it.

In the darkness, it took her a while to see me. Her cry of horror broke through the walls I had carefully built, brick by brick around my soul.

Over and over she gobbled my name Avston Avston
Avston AVSTON avSTON.

she thought me dead.

Through the red I recognized her voice. I awakened more, and rose up. Then I realized the danger she was in.

Summoning what little strength I had left, I snarled at her.

I told her to go, to leave me alone. I ordered her out of

my loft, out of my life. I

said I didn't want to see her again, ever, that I



arms outstretched. She was so beautiful. Her form was framed in the light from the stairway. She was wearing the sundress from the beach. She carried a small envelope in one hand.

The beast howled, it bellowed, it roared in unholy rage. Danya was beautiful. She was tender and innocent. The love she felt for me was precious. But it didn't matter. The blood was the thing.

She didn't know what Claudius had done to me she said. Drugs, brainwashing, whatever - she could deal with it. She loved me, and knew I loved her. Unafraid, she inched closer. And closer. And closer.

I clenched my hands together so tightly I bled. I trembled with desire and fear. I knew I had to tell her the truth. She had to be warned, I had to set her free.

I had to get her away from here, away from Claudius. Away from me. Her scent was driving me mad

Pushing me over the brink. I opened my mouth to speak. To blurt out the horrid truth, when she reached out and gently touched my cheek. I recoiled in shock. The warmth of her fingers, of her affection, burned my skin.

I could smell the blood beneath her skin. She shuddered, but did not pull back. For minutes we stood there motionless. Then she kissed me. The beast bellowed in triumph.

What happened next I cannot —

The anguish is with me still. Not all agonies are that of the flesh. I have inflicted this pain on myself.

I feasted on the lifeblood of this woman who had come to save me. Holding her tightly in my arms, in cruel

I reveled in her death, it gave me pleasure.

She died in my arms. At least we had that **HAA**.

But it need not have been the end. We could be reunited. In death if not in life. A few drops of my blood on her tongue would bring her back. Back to me.

But it could not be. That thought I banished from my mind. Danya was a creature of life, not death. She would not think it a kindness. She would not think of me as a savior. I had to let her rest in peace.

It would be only for me that I would reincarnate her. And she would hate me for it.

I could not condemn her to my fate.

Better a pure, simple, and short life than an eternity of torment.

She died in my arms.

when it was done, I went to the bathroom and attempted to vomit up my meal. But to no avail. Her essence warmed my whole body. I covered the whole bathroom with paw prints of lust.

I sat for hours, sobbing to myself. Her body in the next room. But it didn't bring her back.

Then I remembered the envelope she brought with her. I searched the loft until I found it. Inside were two bus tickets to Minnesota. She was going to take me home.

I have no home anymore. No one will take in a creature such as me. They hunt things like me, or scare us away with fireworks.

The beast is still inside me. I have killed twice. I can kill again. I must stop this insanity.

The guilt of this will never leave me. And I cannot live with it. There is only one way out.

LATER

MY THOUGHTS ARE LUCID, I UNDERSTAND NOW WHAT I MUST DO. MY PATH IS CLEAR.

I'M GOING TO FINISH WITH THE DIARY, AND SEND IT OFF TO BEN. I COULDN'T LEAVE WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE, WITHOUT AN EXPLANATION. WITHOUT A WARNING. I HOPE DAD GIVES THE PACKAGE TO BEN. I WON'T PUT MY NAME ON IT.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT SUICIDE WAS THE COWARDS WAY OUT. BUT WHAT TO MAKE OF IT WHEN YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD. WHAT TO MAKE OF IT WHEN YOU'RE A KILLER. I SHALL BE MY OWN EXECUTIONER.

ALL I KNOW IS THAT I CAN'T CONTINUE LIKE THIS. IN A FEW HOURS I'LL BE WITH DANYA AGAIN. MY LITTLE STAR.

I'LL GO TO THE BEACH TO BE WITH HER.

I SHALL WATCH THE SUN RISE.

SHE WILL WARM ME,

AND THEN SHE WILL BURN ME UP.

I LOOK FORWARD TO IT.

GOD GRANT THAT I REST IN PEACE

FAREWELL



Ben is here in L.A.
at the club.
Claudius musn't get
his hands on him
I can't go now.

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