

Count BradCula: The Legend of the Vampire Crackhead

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Chapter 1

I messed up bad this time. Roughly three weeks ago, I went out for a couple pints with some of my fraternity brothers but things did not go as planned. From what my friends told me, I drank 24 pints and got cut off by the bartender after I tried to have sexual intercourse with a barstool. I was last seen going home with a woman of a larger build and a rather pale complexion. They said her name was something like Drusilla and she was either from Rome or Romania but they weren't sure. I don't remember any of this. I woke up that morning sweating. I got up to get a glass of water and looked down at my body: I was pale as a ghost and skinny as a stick. At first I thought it was the hangover, but then I realized a huge bite mark on my neck. I ran to the mirror and saw nothing in the reflection. I began having the strongest urge to drink blood. I felt I had to figure out a way to drink human blood immediately or I would die. I realized that Drusilla had turned me into a vampire and I had to find my first victim fast.

Chapter II

I'm writing this diary to try and show people that I am a victim as well and not some just evil person. My name is Brad. A little introduction is that I am a member of the fraternity Ligma Chi at the University of Alabama and I live at my fraternity house. I major in finance but I don't think that matters anymore at this point. I haven't been to class in three weeks because my condition doesn't allow me to go outside during the day or my skin starts to burn.

At first I didn't think I could kill anyone. A bit of an ethical dilemma because I thought it was wrong. Now. I realize it is either them or me and I care about myself more. I have sucked the blood of four people now. My first victim was a crackhead. Originally, I tried to invite girls I met on Tinder and suck their blood but I kept getting ghosted and it never worked out. It's probably because they thought I was too attractive and didn't want to get ghosted by me first. After being ghosted by every girl I matched with on Tinder, my lust for

sucking some blood was at an all time high. I slammed a handle of vodka, grabbed a frying pan, and hit the streets. It was about 3AM and I walked about an hour until I saw an older homeless man smoking some crack. It was my chance. I hit him in the head with the frying pan and began sucking his blood from his neck. The blood was so delicious I did not realize that by drinking this crackhead's blood, I was ingesting blood with crack in its stream. I started feeling the effects of the crack immediately. I started feeling euphoric and extremely energized. I felt so great that I knew I had to get some of the crack the man had. I drank all his blood, stole all his crack, and galloped back home (the crack made me feel like I was a horse). And that's how it all started.

Chapter III

After my first victim, I felt great for the next couple days, partly because I had my serving of blood and partly because I was smoking crack. I was smoking roughly ten bowls a day at that point. My

bloodthirst didn't seem to concern me until roughly five days after my first kill. I suddenly felt the need to drink blood once more. This time I decided it would be my roommate, Bryce. The week before he claimed he was more "sigma" than me and that really got on my nerves. I slipped a mass quantity of sleeping pills into his Natural Light that night. Once he was asleep, I dove my teeth into his neck and drank every last drop of blood. I waited a bit, thinking I would soon feel the wonderful sensation I had after drinking the blood of the crackhead. That wonderful sensation however, never came. I felt empty. My thirst for blood was gone, but I still felt like a part of me was missing. After reflecting for a while, I finally came to the conclusion: I would only be satisfied by the blood of crackheads.

It's now been a week or so since I ended Bryce's life. I hid his body in the library of my fraternity. No one has been there in years. I have ended the life of two more crackheads since then. It has been an insanely transformative experience. I love blood and crack. Me being a vampire means I think about blood all the time. The rush I get is

exhilarating. I no longer consider myself human. I am now always in a constant flux between euphoria and feening. Philosophically speaking, I believe that there is a sense of egoism in my actions. It is in my best self interest to keep killing the crackheads because it keeps me alive and fuels my crack addiction. I believe I am superior to them. There is a slight bit of utilitarianism in my actions as well. I rid the streets of the homeless and the crackheads. This promotes happiness in the community as the streets are now cleaner and filled with less drug users. I don't even care anymore if it's ethical or not because I cannot think. I cannot control my bloodshed. If I don't drink blood I will die. If I don't smoke crack I will die. I am animalistic to the extent where I cannot control my urges and think rationally. Even with all this, my punishment continues to elude me. I now feel I will forever be a vampire and this confession has meant nothing.

The End