

My Sudden Transformation into a Vampire:
A Short Story Regarding My First Week and
the Subsequent Moral Reckoning That Followed

It was an incredibly normal Monday morning; my alarm went off at 6:30am, my cat was curled beside me on my bed, my work clothes were set out for the day, and through the blinds peeped glittering sunli—GAH!!!! THE SUN!!

Where golden rays met my (peculiarly pale?) arms, my skin erupted in blisters. Reflectively, I stumbled out of bed and retreated into the safety of my window-less bathroom. Staring down at my arms, I saw the blisters retreat now that I was out of the way of the blinding sunlight. I've always been pale, but even so... this morning, my arms seemed drained of color. I turned around to check the mirror for any hint of ailment, and low and behold; I bore no reflection.

That, my dear reader, is when the panic began to sink in. Over the next few hours, I became aware of my peculiar symptoms; sharpened teeth, no heartbeat, even my fingernails seemed to have lengthened and sharpened overnight. By the time 8am rolled around, it had become increasingly undeniable: somehow, I had become a vampire. Clearly, I retained the capability of critical, human, thought... but could I even truly call myself human? This, I do not know the answer to yet.

With the hindrance of not being able to bear sunlight, it was clear I would not be going to work or class that day; after calling in sick to work and notifying my instructors I would be absent (and thoroughly covering up my windows with spare blankets), I began to scour the Internet for any information I could find on vampires. It was about 9am that I realized I was practically starving... the thought of fresh, irony blood on my tongue was enough to make my stomach growl. It was only moments later I realized with horror that I would never be able to drink coffee again. \$200 for my espresso machine, gone to waste!! The horror was nearly too much to bear. That horror was nothing, however, compared to the realization that I would now have to find a way to regularly get fresh, human blood for sustenance.

Multiple hours later, of which were filled with a variety of traumatic realizations and at least one quarter-life crisis, I realized I would need to come up with a solid plan if I wanted to live: and I did want to live. Selfish as it was, being immortal opened up many doors; I thought of the knowledge I could learn with multiple centuries of life, the people I would meet! After all, a mere 80 years of life was nothing compared to a thousand. I could witness the end of life on Earth and the beginning of extraterrestrial exploration... what sane individual would turn that opportunity down?

I created the following plan. Since I could no longer bear sunlight, I would move to Trondheim, Norway. Here, there are periods of time in the winter where the sun never rises; conversely, during the summers, there are times where it never sets. I figure I can attempt hibernation during the summers, and if that fails, I'll migrate south during those periods. I'd have to drop out of school and quit my

job, so I'd need to find a remote job in order to afford housing. There's no way I'm letting the past two years of university go to waste though: after I get adjusted to life as a vampire, I will enroll in a virtual degree program and have my credits transfer over. Oh, and I'll need to invest in a pleasant coffin, naturally.

Then, of course, is the whole drinking blood debacle. From my research, information on how frequently vampires need to feed varies, so I will have to do some experimenting to see how long it takes for me to get hungry and figure out a plan on how frequently to feed then. The trickiest part of all this, though, would be figuring out who to drink from.

I've often heard the take from people that, should they find themselves turned into a vampire, they would simply suck blood from murderers, rapists, or generally terrible people; in practicality, though, it's not too easy to find said terrible people milling about in the dead of night. Thankfully, www.nsopw.gov provides the appearance and address of all sex offenders within a given radius of a location of your choice, and I was able to form a list of people I could suck blood from without feeling too bad about it.

Plan fully thought through, I began my life as a vampire. Sneaking into people's houses in the dead of night would have been an awfully heart-racing experience if I had a functioning heart. Nonetheless, my newly formed vampire powers—which appeared to include the ability to hypnotize people and transform into a bat—were great help in escaping sticky situations as such. Security cameras, thankfully, had no affect, and I was able to get away scotch-free.

My first week as a vampire went by in a whirl of adrenaline, confusion, and experimenting to figure out what worked and what didn't. It wasn't really until the end of the week that the moral implications began to weigh on me. I had killed a person by draining them completely of their blood; surely in any reasonable moral system this would make me in the wrong. I found little comfort in the fact that Ayn Rand and her belief of Ethical Egoism would justify my actions. Sure, through an egoist perspective, I was acting in my own self-interest by killing someone. It kept me alive, after all!! Perhaps that ethical system alone would be enough to help me sleep at night?

Additionally, one could make the argument that, in a Utilitarian perspective, by solely drinking the blood of sex offenders, I was in fact undertaking an action that benefits the happiness of everyone. I get to live, and the neighbors of said sex offender no longer have to worry about them. Of course, the people that I murdered by draining them of their blood would not be happy, and their loved ones are very likely not happy, but surely society as a whole is better off for it... right?

But then, from a Kantian perspective, what I did was undeniably morally wrong. Damnable, even. Taking a human life, whether or not said human was "good" themselves, is nearly never excusable. Would it be that I solely drank the blood from murderers, Kant would see this justifiable (as the killing of murderers

is permissible in his ethical system). But in this instance, I did not. Therefore, in Kant's belief system, I most certainly did not act in an ethical manner this week.

Such are the horrible reflections that dawned on me as I laid down in my coffin to sleep that Sunday morning. Was I damned for good? Will I ever be redeemable? Is this the cursed path I am doomed to walk for eternity?

Thus concludes the moral dilemma I faced as I drifted to sleep as the sun rose. As my life progresses throughout the inevitable centuries I'll live as a vampire, I will surely have many more. Who knows, perhaps some human will discover my secret one day and put me out of my misery. But until that happens, I will simply have to bear these burdens.