

SATURDAY 1ST JANUARY

I shall turn 100 this year, so I thought it was about time I kept a diary. Perhaps you're reading this in the future when some idiot has rammed a stake through my heart or chopped my head off. Perhaps you're a professor who's studying my poetry. Either way, welcome to my first ever diary!

Just because I said that I would turn 100 this year, don't imagine me as an ancient old man. To your eyes, I would look fifteen years old, as this is the age I was turned into a vampire by the people I call my parents. They transformed me along with the girl I call my sister, as they felt like starting a family. And did they ask me about my feelings on the subject? Of course they didn't.

You might think that being undead is a non-stop thrill ride. Well, think again. Today was boring as hell and I've got another day to go until school starts again. I can't believe I'm looking forward to going back to that place. That should tell you how exciting things are round here!



Diary of a Wimpy Vampire

SUNDAY 2ND JANUARY

It's quite hard to get the hang of writing diary entries. Humans probably start by saying what time they wake up, but I never sleep. I suppose I should start with what happened from midnight onwards. Or maybe make 4 am the cut-off point. It won't make much difference anyway, as all I ever do at night is play computer games.

If you're wondering why I don't run around all night sucking the blood of humans, it's because Mum and Dad have to do all that stuff for me. When you transform into a vampire, your strength and speed are supposed to increase to superhuman levels. But guess what happened to me? Oh, that's right. Absolutely nothing. If anything, I got even weaker and slower than ever.

The annoying thing is, I still need blood to survive. But as it's too difficult for me to hunt, I have to rely on Mum and Dad to get it for me. Every few days, they travel to a different town to get a fresh supply, because if they did it right here in Stockfield, everyone would realize we were vampires and put us in a zoo or something.

I hate being dependent on Mum and Dad, but I don't feel guilty about making them get the blood. After all, I didn't ask to be transformed. They got me into this mess, and fetching my meals every day is the very least they can do.

Diary of a Wimpy Vampire



MONDAY 3RD JANUARY

A new girl has joined our school. She is called Chloe and her family has just moved to town. She has pale skin, black eyes and dark hair in a ponytail, showing off her long neck. She sat on her own in History, so I think she's scared of meeting new people. It will be interesting to see if she ends up making friends with the popular gang, the tough gang or the goths.

I'm sort of part of the goths but I don't hang around with them outside school or anything. I'm a bit of a mysterious loner, really.

Anyway, other than the new girl joining, it was a rather uneventful first day back. We had Maths with Mr Wilson and he said that we weren't concentrating enough because

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we were still too full of Christmas pudding. He made the same joke last year and I didn't laugh then either. Nobody likes to ask him for help because he leans right over your shoulder and his breath smells of rancid coffee. People say the smell of garlic is lethal to vampires. Well take it from me, it's got nothing on Maths teacher coffee breath.

Had some type A+ blood for dinner. It was quite bitter. You're supposed to say 'Bless the sacred life force' before you drink it, but I'm too much of a rebel to bother with tradition.



TUESDAY 4TH JANUARY

I sat next to Chloe today in Art and I could smell that she had type O- blood, which is rare but especially tasty (my dad calls it the champagne of blood). I told her about the goths, the tough gang and the popular gang, and she said she wouldn't want to be in the popular gang anyway. She is a girl after my own heart.

I told her about the rumour that Mr Byrne was a millionaire before he lost all his money and had to become an English teacher, and about how Darren from our class came in on No Uniform Day wearing his PE kit because he's