

# Diary of a Wimpy Vampire

WEDNESDAY 31ST AUGUST

School starts again tomorrow. It will be the first time I've seen my true love Chloe in two weeks, as she's been on holiday with her parents in Greece. She invited me to go with them, but I was worried the sun would hurt my skin. Plus, I didn't want all those mosquitoes sucking my blood. Which is rather hypocritical, I know.



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THURSDAY 1ST SEPTEMBER

Today I was reunited with Chloe, though I was disappointed to see she had a tan. It's not a look that does much for me, even if it's a genuine tan caused by sunshine rather than wood varnish or whatever our Home Economics teacher Mrs Molloy uses. Still, a few days moping around with me should soon return Chloe's lovely long neck to its usual pale colour.

Other than Chloe's tan, the only surprise today was a new pupil called Jason. He has

a massive spud-like head and his eyebrows meet in the middle, so I expect

he'll be the new

school bully. I'll probably have to

protect all these humans from him

with my vampire strength. Not that

I'll get a word of

thanks, but such is

my responsibility as a

superior being. It is my

gift and my curse.



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## FRIDAY 2ND SEPTEMBER

Today the headmaster gave us a serious talk about how we're starting Year Eleven now, and we'll soon take the exams that will determine what we do for the rest of our lives.

Mine won't. Whether I get 100% or cover my paper with offensive cartoons of the invigilator, my fate will be the same. I'll have to move to another school in another town and start again in Year Ten next September so nobody notices that I never get any older. And sometime before then I'll have to decide whether to transform Chloe into a vampire or leave her behind for ever. It's quite stressful, really. I don't want to think about it right now.

Chloe has clearly been thinking about it, because she mentioned transformation several times this summer. I changed the subject whenever she did, of course. She's only known that vampires are real for a few months, so she can't possibly know if she's ready to turn yet. Plus, I'll have to get Mum and Dad's permission, and that's going to cause a bigger headache than sniffing a large portion of garlic bread with an extra topping of garlic.

## SATURDAY 3RD SEPTEMBER

I went out to Stockfield Moor with Chloe today. I feel like we have a close bond since that day last month when she let me drink her blood.

That's right, I just thought I'd throw it in casually there. I'm

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finally a proper, grown-up vampire now that I've drunk some actual human blood using my own fangs. I don't think it would be gentlemanly of me to describe it in detail, even in a secret diary, but let's just say that the experience was everything I'd hoped it would be.

I expect we'll do it again soon, but we'll have to wait for Chloe's parents to go away again so they don't barge in halfway through and I have to pretend she fell over and pierced her neck on two drawing pins and I was removing them with my teeth.

We had an enjoyable walk on Stockfield Moor and when no one was around I showed Chloe my vampire strength by uprooting a tree, but she said it was bad for the environment so I had to put it back in the ground again.

She said that we should care for the planet if we're both going to be around to see it. I could see she was trying to steer the conversation around to transformation again, but I didn't take the bait. I'd rather just enjoy our time together and forget about long-term commitments.

On the way home, I picked up a Coke can and put it in a recycling bin to offset the damage I'd done by uprooting the tree.

SUNDAY 4TH SEPTEMBER

I went downstairs to get a flask of blood this morning,\* and I heard my sister having a massive tantrum because

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Mum and Dad won't let her go to Pizza Hut for her friend's birthday party. She wanted to go along and drink blood from her Hannah Montana flask, but they wouldn't let her.

You know what I think? Let her learn the hard way. Let her go ahead and spoil the party by guzzling blood in a horrifying fashion while all her friends are tucking into their stuffed crusts. Then we'll see how many more parties she gets invited to.



\* Yes, I still rely on Mum and Dad to drain blood from humans and leave it in the fridge for me. So what? While it's true that I could attack humans myself now I've got my vampire strength and speed, Mum and Dad are more experienced at getting away with it, so I'm happy to let them carry on. Plus, I'm a pacifist, so it wouldn't be fair to make me carry out violent acts on strangers.