I still reminisce on the day I became a vampire, it feels like it was only a few weeks past, but the weeks number in the thousands and the years in the hundreds.   
  
  
1756..  
  
  
the leather whip cracked my flesh open as I hung tied in between two wooden poles in the front yard of the plantation surrounded by a crowd of eager eyes that watched my agony and torment.  As my nerves rattled with pain at each crack of the whip, the pain was followed by the sudden cool of red blood on my skin that dried quickly from the heat of the sun, its rays beating on my dark skin with an intensity that the whip couldn't match.   "That’s right niggger! "  
  
  
I’m a give you something to remember today you fucking coon!" the fat pale faced man named jebediah behind me yelled.  His speech slurred from the whiskey he had drunk prior to this, and his mouth dripping with black liquid from the thick wad of tobacco in between his gums.  ”you black ape mouthed dirt stained bastard what makes you think you can put your black paws on me!?"He roared and cracked the whip again. The reason for my torment today was an incident that took place.

Earlier that morning in the plantation fields, I and the rest of broken blacks that unwillingly tithed there day away slaving in the fields were continuously picking the cotton as usual.   As I labored away bent over cotton bushes with a giant sack of it slung over my shoulder I heard a scream and looked up.  Jebebdiah had been in the middle of beating a pregnant woman during our labor that couldn't work the same pace as the other slaves because of the weight in her stomach. while all the other niggers continued  picking cotton  trying  to ignore the woman’s screams and the other slave drivers watched there corners I couldn't bear the sight of this crime anymore.  I let the sack of cotton that I had had slung over my shoulder for the last 6 hours drop to the ground and dashed towards Jebediah.   
  
  
 As he raised the whip to bring it down one more time to the woman’s body who cowered in the dirt body covered with dust in terror I grabbed his arm that was raised in the air before he could bring it down.  He turned around and looked at me in shock and anger.  ”Get your hands off of me you nigger!" he said and then tried to push me away I grabbed him by both arms and let him feel the full level of my strength that along with natural strength of my people was honed from the hours of labor I constantly endured.  As the look in his eyes shifted from anger to fear I lifted him in the air and then slammed him on the ground with full force. Before I was given more time to inflict more revenge on the woman’s behalf. Rifles and machetes were drawn and pointed at me,  The slave drivers holding them ordering me to stop....fours hours laters I was being beat as a public show for all to see .  
  
  
 I whipped my head back in agony brought it back down slowly gazing in the eyes of my spectators a mix of broken negroes and rich whites, staring at me with pure enjoyment. The white people there   
  
  
present I hated with a passion that ached in my heart and burned in my spirit as they jeered and pointed at me in amusement, pale faces creased with amusement at my agony., but the negroes I hated no less. As they watched me, people if not from my own tribe at least of my same color watching me suffer hanging from ropes, skin bleeding and burning yet none took action to help. regardless of the fact they outnumbered these pale faced creatures by one hundred even. But in   
  
  
between pauses that the whips stroke found home in my flesh I had flashes of memory to my old life a place far under the beating sun. Young boys dueled each other with spears and dagger in anticipation of the day they would hunt and provide the food for the families. In the middle of the memory I was brought back to reality as I felt the crack whip on my back again, the pain made me burn with anger as I remembered the first day I saw them, the big canoes, docked at one of my favorite beaches to play at as a child, but it had now had become of place nostalgia and horror. I remembered the stir of worry and confusion that the message from the intertribal herald caused about the strange foreigners, he remembered the warning from the elders about how the chalk skinned people from across the big river had enslaved and captured and took them over the big river for a life of endless labor. That same day I had planned to go to that beach and make a necklace, a beautiful girl in my village of 19   
   
with a beautiful almond shaped eyes and a body that was the talk of the village from miles away. In the midst of the pain he closed his eyes in memory of her smile, in the music of her laugher and warmth of her touch, So many other village boys desired her from there and from others, but in me it was obvious she found what she wanted. For a second I felt the pride in my chest hidden under the veal of my captivity rise at thought of her admiration for me, she loved the sound of my deep melodic voice that had made me a famous orator at storytelling and a speaker.  
  
  
She loved the way my body felt at her touch, muscles smooth and sinewy but toned and strong from days and nights running through the jungles and fields head in the clouds as was my past time. That day I had planned to get her pearls and shells from the ocean make a beautiful necklace to propose to her with and despite what any man said I was not going to let some foreigner fire sticks stop me from marriage. “nigger slash! nigger slash! nigger! nigger your cuts is gettin bigger !” The whipman yelled in glee after each hit. Wow, he is really enjoying this I must have hit him. Pretty hard I thought to myself in my weariness. "Alright there jebadiah stop! i think that he learned his lesson! he might be rebellious nigger but he's still one of the best workers we got. " I heard the plantation master say.  
  
  
 "Are you sure?!" jebadiah roared back, I want to make sure that nigger knows. What’s waiting for him if he gets cocky again! "As they talked I looked in the direction where heard the plantation masters voice coming from. There he stood to my left staring at me with that fucking superior grin on his face, knowing that if he wanted two words could decide my fate.  I looked at area surrounded by other slave drivers with whips on their hips, but in the midst of them was a figure who caught my eye particularly. Dressed in a black suit like the rich Europeans wore who visited the plantation every  
  
  
 once in a while next to the master stood a figure who I wasn't familiar with and stood out to me as different for some reason.  The whole yard was full of new faces. But this one, this one was different, he was a white man like all of them but different. He wore a thick wide brimmed hat with drapes that hung over his head and neck, and gloves that covered his hands. When I look back on it now I don't know how I never noticed this odd masked man amidst my captors and fellow slaves. The figures   
  
  
head wasn't tilted towards me or even facing my direction,... but I could feel his eyes boring into me from behind the curtain-like folds that hung from his hat, I felt a chill creep up my spine that the hot sun bearing on my back couldn't suppress, I didn't know what it was, but I sensed that this man , if it could be that was not of the human world.

"Hey nigger, look at me!! "the whip man in front of me yelled

And before I could turn my head I felt the whip come across my chest. I bowed my head from the hurt and lifted it again looking at the whip man with murder, He was a short fat white man with a bald spot in his hidden by a wide brimmed hat like the one worn by the strange man I saw there. "Alright nigger you ready to behave? “he yelled, in silence I met his gaze with mine, fury burrowing inside me. I wasn't going to give this fat short fuck the pleasure he wanted, if he had to kill me then I would except it kindly rather than endure this torment. "Apologize. boy! ! Look at me in the eye and say, I'm sorry good kind sir I won’t disobey again and apologize to Jesus for outstepping your boundaries as a nigger!"   
  
  
Then at the moment I heard the voice, *Your agony can be ceased.*

I snapped my head up and looked back and forth startled. "now look ! you done went and beat the sense out the poor nigger!" I heard one of the white spectators say Now that I think about it I was surrounded by about a hundred humans at the time so I could have settled with the idea of the voice coming from one of them, it could have been anybody talking but it felt like the voice was coming from right next to me.. or right inside of me

*I can save you if you want*

I stopped my gaze on the stranger I noticed earlier and felt a deep rooted feeling telling me that the voice was coming from him.

*Yes the voice is me, and I am giving you the offer to live and act out your revenge on the people who did this to you, but it will come at a price.*

“what price?” I muttered aloud weakly. " see now he's talking to himself and shit! I tell you I think you done broke the poor nigger! "Another spectator jeered  
  
  
from my right. *That doesn't matter now, what matters is there is man in front of you with a whip in one hand and a pistol in the other that is on the verge  of killing you, do you accept or not*? I closed my eyes for two seconds. My father had always warned me about accepting gifts or offers from people with hidden agendas. but all I knew was at that moment I wanted nothing else more than to live, and if that include being able to exact vengeance on my captors in this hellhole of a country , I would be honored. and inhaled deeply. “You heard me the first time nigger! Apologize!! Oh maybe you can’t understand, how about I say it and baboon language.” he then went to curl his short pudgy arms to his sides in arches, walking around in circles making ape noises, the crowd broke into   
  
  
laughter at the man’s retarded imitation. While he walked in circles I gathered all the saliva I had left in my mouth, as soon he got near enough to where I knew I wouldn't miss I spit a long disgusting spittle that landed right on top of his forehead . The laughing crowd lost all humor at that moment, dead silence the man stopped, he touched his forehead with his hand and then brought the palm in front of his face slowly, then looked back me. I looked at him and grinned widely, looking into his eyes I told him “fuck you." then lifted my head towards the direction peculiar stranger standing in the backyard “I accept” I said softly. The silence that followed felt eternal. The fat slave driver wiped his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt, spit a gulp of tobacco juice at my feet and dropped the whip & wrong answer nigger &and pulled out a black and small revolver from behind his belt and aimed it my chest and cocked the trigger. I woke up alone in the darkness, coughing up blood and blinking my eyes. I couldn't see where I was, but my body was compacted in a space of what felt like damp soil. I tried to make a sudden movement but then pain and weariness shot through my body. If I would have been able to see I knew my vision wouldn't have mattered at that point, I was hurt, hurt bad but I could not tell from what. I blinked my eyes inadvertently and began to become frightened by my circumstances, am I going to die in here I thought to myself alone and covered in the worms and manure of cattle herders? Then I heard it, the sound of soft shoveling coming from above me I realized with hope that someone was digging me out  
  
  
I was being saved! *Oh by the Gods please let it be someone with bandages* I thought to myself. As my rescuer continued digging a little sliver of light began to shine through the top and I was finally able to see a little bit, the object that was digging me out came through the soft soil above me, although I was expecting to see a shovel poke through what came was to my surprise two pale hands, and one with a beautiful bright red ring, the hands were clawing through the dirt at an amazing speed. I wonder who this I thought, then I tried to remember the last turn of events before waking up here, I remembered beating the slave driver I remembered being whipped for my transgressionsagainst him, then I remember the stranger, the stranger in the odd clothing that watched me intently, I remember hearing his voice in my head telling me that he could save my life if he wanted, I remember him saying that saving my life came at a price. As I laid in the earth that night, halfway between life and  
  
  
 death nothing else mattered to me except survival, regardless of the cost. Now when I look back on it there are some days I regret my choice, to take this path of feeding on the blood of others, taking away their sense of purpose in life and freedom, but wasn't not my freedom snatched from me all those years ago as well? The biggest accusation against vampires that defines us as monsters to the world is that we murder and take human life on a regular basis and daily basis for the thirstiest of us. But when I reminisce on my life, and my enslavement, how I was stolen from my family and robbed of the life that waited for me as an adult, was I not murdered in some way?, by snatching a grown   
  
  
man from his wife, or a daughter from her family, are you not snatching them from their life? Is that not murder in another sense of the word? My muscles groaned and strained like they had been working out in the fields of the plantation all day. I tried to lift my hands to the soft soil above me and claw at the dirt also, I succeeded in only knocking a few crumbles off the top but as my hand was raised to the top where I saw a light shining through that got bigger one of the hands shot through the dirt and felt my touch and immediately grabbed my hand. Then pulled me out with strength that was so powerful that I knew for a fact it came from something unnatural, as my body came through the earth like a gopher in a hole, fresh air met me as I passed through the earth suddenly I hanging in the air minute looking in the cold smile of a blurry unfamiliar face but an all too familiar presence. “Welcome my friend.” He let go of my hand and I dropped to the ground like a sack of potatoes, too weak to even stand up. I lifted my head slightly and blinked, I was lying in a field surrounded by trees that but I was on one lonely mound in the middle of the large forest, and standing above was a white man who I figured could be nobody else but the stranger from the plantation. My vision was failing so much from the lack of blood, I couldn't even make out his facial features, his face was like a blur to me... except the eyes, and the coldness of his black eyes was clear as day to me. “what what happened?” I coughed, leaned forward and made an effort to stand up, but I felt my body weaken and again and I fell back feebly, I had lost so much blood that I ached all over “ why do I hurt so much?” I moaned

“you died” the stranger replied simply.

My heart skipped a beat on whatever rhythm it had left “what..   
  
  
what did you say?”

“You died the slave driver took out his pistol and shot you dead blank in the chest.”

*But that can't be* I placed my hand on the middle of my chest and felt warm liquid covering a medium sized hole right under my hand I raised the palm to my face in disbelief and saw red blood covering my fingertips. *That's why I feel so weak* I thought to myself, *I am bleeding to death*.

“Luckily” he continued “because of me the shot was not fatal.”

I noticed when he said the word fatal that he spoke English with an accent quite different than the other white men I had met prior to then. I used my powers to divert the bullet, only causing trauma and not an immediate death, but slave drivers didn't know well enough to check if your heart was beating   
  
  
and was simply ordered to bury you in a ditch somewhere on the edge of the plantation lines. &the stranger waked around me slowly twirling something bright in his hand as he moved. &I followed them here, incapacitated them, them dug you up.’ I gave a moment of silence to take all of this in”,.. What do you want from me?”

” You are bleeding to death my friend the bullet that hit you was almost fatal, thanks to my abilities you are living, I don't want anything from you I am giving you a offer. , the most powerful gift a man could be given outside of freedom from living”

The man stopped pacing and looked at me

“Immortality, everlasting life, I am a vampire a creature of the night, doubtless the country that you come from speaks of the likes of us,, skin changers, nightwalkers, those who feed of blood of man for sustenance”

When he finished talking instant memories flooded back to the stories my grandmother used to tell me fireside about creatures of the dark that hunted in the night and drinking the blood of the living,. But my grandmother's stories described these creatures and murders, as dark and menacing as the night, but as cunning and charming as a mother to her son.

“The choice I am giving you is to walk for ages uncounted rather than die in 30 minutes or less.” the man walked up to my face lowered himself to bended knee , his cold gaze meeting my eyes with dark intensity & this a gift that so many fear, so many dream of, but yet so may cannot comprehend, or cannot fully embrace with power, so many lack the strength needed of our kind , when I saw you on that cross I saw so much rage, so much hate, I knew you were meant to be one of us-

“Enough with the speech I'm ready “I coughed out.

” really?” he said in a surprised tone, a hint of amusement in his voice

“You need no time to ponder I presume?”

“You.. you told me while it was hanging in front of that crowd, beaten, humiliated in agonizing pain that you would give me power to gain my vengeance, is that correct?”

Even with my blurry vision I saw the strangers eyes twinkled with a red glow “that would be true,.”

“then make me one,” I spat out, I turned over to my right with my elbow I the dirt and placed my other down and pushed up with the last of my strength I rose to my knees and met the foreign stranger red eyes with my own brown chest swaying I screamed “ whatever the cost is needed make me a Vampire!”