

## Mark's lament

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### Chapter Six

*Pay my respects to grace and virtue  
Send my condolences to good  
Give my regards to soul and romance,  
They always did the best they could  
And so long to devotion  
You taught me everything I know  
Wave goodbye  
Wish me well..  
You've got to let me go*

*Are we human?  
Or are we dancer?  
My sign is vital  
My hands are cold  
And I'm on my knees  
Looking for the answer  
Are we human?  
Or are we dancer?*

- Human, by The Killers

*"Mark... I have something I should tell you." Christian sat nervously next to Mark.*

Mark remembered the conversation so vividly.

*"I... I'm afraid you might get hurt." Christian was nervous to have this conversation.*

A single tear fell from his eye.

*"I'm also afraid that you're dating me for the wrong reasons, Mark. I think you need to re-evaluate your priorities."*

Mark started to cry, holding himself in a ball on the sofa.

*"I think we should see other people."*

It had been a month since he rescued Christian. He loved every moment with him, but his friend Lisa had made a good point. He hated it when she was right, but in this case, she was. He had a hard time coming to terms with it.

*"Why were you dating him, Mark? Why were you so happy to tell us that he's a vampire? Is it because you have feelings for him, or because you want to show off?"*

*"Face it Mark, if you only want to show off, you're putting him in greater danger than he needs to be. If everyone knows, it's easier for him to be attacked."*

Mark got off the sofa, and walked up the stairs to his bedroom. He took off his clothes, looking at himself in the full length mirror. Tears going down his face, he couldn't hide from himself this way. He ran a hand down from his chest to his pubic area. Slowly examining his body as he watched his reflection in the mirror. He wasn't really paying attention to himself, his mind on the events that happened.

He and Christian had broken up. Mark had been dumped, two weeks ago. They hadn't found the demon that had attacked Christian, and left him for dead. The attack was last week, and from the evidence they found, Tommy (now without his former demon), had passed on what he could to the master demon. The real demon he supposed was inside himself. As he looked over his near-perfect body, he took in a deep sigh. He remembered a time not that long ago when Christian had been holding him from behind, as the two of them stood in front of this mirror.

*"I love you, Mark. You mean the world to me. If it meant I had to go out into the sunlight, I would do that to protect you."*

*"I would die for you too, Christian."*

*"Yes, you would Mark. But would you live for me? If anything happened to me, what would you do? I know you don't want to become a vampire yourself. Don't beat yourself up over it, but sweetheart, if I had died at that time, would you live for me?"*

Mark couldn't answer Christian's question. He wondered if he really was a liability to Christian. He now knew for sure that he was in love with Christian, but he also knew that wasn't enough. His own ego almost hurt Christian. His friends knew he was a vampire. The demon went to

his school. The brief attack at Christian's house ended in a stalemate. They weren't ready to attack the demon yet.

*“When you realize what it is that is important to you, Mark I will be waiting. I will still watch over you quietly as I did before. You will still have my heart. But I need to keep you safe, and right now, this is the only way I know how.”*

Mark looked at his reflection in the eyes. The reality was, he really didn't want to be a vampire, and even if he did want to be, it wouldn't keep Christian or himself any more safe. Before now, he never really realized the sacrifices that Christian made being a vampire, and those sacrifices haunted him to his very soul. He'd become a vampire over his own rotting corpse.

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Mark just played with his scrambled eggs a little, looking sullen. It was Saturday morning, and his friends Lisa, Stan and Drew took him to Cora's for breakfast. But Mark couldn't pretend to be happy right now.

“So then he leaned over, and planted this deep kiss. Scott actually kissed me! I tell you Lisa, it's like he's an entirely new person!” Drew exclaimed.

Lisa smiled in response, “That's great, Drew. So are you two an item now?”

Stan leaned over and whispered in Mark's ear. “Don't let it get you down. If you truly love him, win him back. I don't mean do anything dangerous, but do something to show you both trust, and love him. I'd say send him some chocolates, but I doubt he'd enjoy them.”

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Mark sat on Lisa's bed, looking through a tattered shoe box. Everyone else was watching *The Chronicles of Narnia: Prince Caspian* on DVD. Mark was looking at is mementos he had from Christian. He took out a rather hefty, yet small paperback book. Christian had asked him to keep the book save, and never asked for it back. Mark had forgotten about the book until he just now found it. He turned the cover, and started to read. He opened it to chapter 25, titled *The Vampire Wizard*.

In the olden years, the vampires and wizards were at war with each other. Sometimes, vampires would turn a wizard into a vampire, which was a double-edged sword, as the vampires never knew for whom those turned would ally themselves. If they fought with the vampires, they were nearly invincible. But if they fought with the wizards, it could backfire on the vampires too easily.

So a truce was called, and accords signed. Vampires wouldn't bite a wizard, and the wizards would on occasion train the vampires in some of the magical arts to be able to defend themselves against other more evil types of creatures in existence. The Vampire Council even decreed that to bite a wizard meant death for that vampire. It

has been this way for over 2000 years.

In 1855, a vampire prophet named Nyarai Ontario authored the *Vampire's Bible*. In the book it laid out various forms of the vampire society and governance, along with future predictions. Most seemed to be common sense to all those who read it. But one prediction even caught the attention of both the Vampire Council, and the wizards.

Of that prediction, Nyarai Ontario wrote:

*One day in the twenty-first century, the world's eyes will fall on a boy. He shan't have reached the age of majority. He shall be the first wizard to be bitten by a vampire since the accords were signed. Not only will this occur, but the vampire will be allowed to live. However, if caution is not taken, the council could be broken, and civil war amongst the vampire nation could be very devastating, and may attract the attention of the human world.*

Mark took in the words, pausing after reading Nyarai's vivid prediction. He would love to read more about it, but for that he'd have to read the *Vampire's Bible*. He was fresh out of copies. He couldn't go down to the local bookstore and just buy a copy, nor could he just ask Christian if he had a copy. He wanted to know more. He wondered if he had a sudden interest in the occult and metaphysical worlds.

Mark let out an audible sigh.

"Is something wrong?" Stan looked over at Mark from his position on the floor. Lisa and Drew were still focused on the movie.

"I have to show Christian that he can trust me. From this book, I think I might have an interest in vampire mysticism, but I don't know where I can get a copy of their bible so that I can study it." Mark lamented.

"Mark, we have two essays due very soon, and you think you will have time to read a bible?!?" Stan was a little surprised at Mark's new hobby.

Mark yawned a little, getting off the sofa, and going to get a glass of water in the kitchen. After a few moments, he returned. Finally, after a sip of water, he replied "I can wait until the holidays to read it."

Stan smiled. "Much better."

"Besides" Mark added, "I always get high marks. Studying all that hard won't pay off. So a little light reading could be fun."

Stan grimaced. "I'd hardly call that light reading."

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Christian turned on a light on the side table. It lit up a small amount of space. He heard breathing, but couldn't detect its source. Christian looked around carefully, using his night vision to pick up the intruder.

Before Christian could find the source, a large being was on him, pummeling him, and attacking him. It wasn't long before conventional, mortal weapons were drawn, and were used. Christian tried to fight back, using his normal martial arts, and he was making some headway. Both of them on their feet, he was forcing the stranger to move into a more defensive posture.

Christian even started to gain the upper hand as he started a series of movements towards the stranger, but within a few minutes, he discovered he was quickly losing. The stranger finally pulled out a gun, shooting Christian squarely in the head. The stranger quickly made his escape, wanting to remain unnoticed.

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"I feel the need to travel, Romeo" replied the raspy voice.

The tall Italian looking 28-or-so year old looked up at his grandmother. You wouldn't think she was a grandmother, however. "Why is it you wish to travel? Can't you just well leave the council alone?"

"Fah!" she exclaimed. "I have no wish to bother the council. They can spend \$55 million on a new underground complex if they wish. My travel has bigger issues, more... complexity."

The man raised an eyebrow at the woman. "Where is it you wish to go?"

"I think they call it... Ottawa, Ontario. In that new nation, Canada."

"Canada's over 140 years old."

The woman looked over at the *Wikipedia* page, and huffed to herself. "Well, I suppose it is. It's not like I've ever been to Canada before. Give me a break!"

"How do you expect to get there? You don't have a passport."

She looked over at her grandson, and glared for a few moments. "Just find me a nice cruise ship going to Canada. I can get my way past customs quite fine, Romeo!"

The woman quickly packed a suitcase, and settled it by the door while her grandson Romero went online to try to get the tickets purchased. She took out the fresh paper in the new suitcase tags, and applied her name, and only her name.

The suitcase sat by the front door, ready to go. A slight wind came through the window, flipping over the tag. The name read Nyarai Ontario.