

My Darkest Moments I

Welcome to the Family

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Keep in mind this is a self-published book. The team and I have done everything we can, to take out all the spelling mistakes and other mistakes, but it is possible that one or two slipped through. Feel free to help us make this book perfect and send us your findings to info@taragh.nl I really appreciate it.

Now enjoy this book and I hope you enjoy reading the book just as much as I enjoyed writing it 😊

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1. How It All Started

My life is just peachy. It is not great at the moment. I have a job in a newsagent's in Dublin and in my spare time I write books. Other than that I do nothing. Nothing exciting that is. I dream of being a great writer one day, but so far, that dream is so far away I can't even motivate myself to write sometimes, but other days I am more optimistic. Then I think that it doesn't hold me back. I know I will make it one day, maybe the time just isn't right.

It all started when I wrote articles for an online paper. People were very enthusiastic about what I wrote, and they are still very excited about what I write because I haven't stopped writing, but publishers don't seem to share the same opinion as my readers. Looking for inspiration is not very difficult, but writing a book is very different from writing stories for a newspaper. I just have to keep trying to write this one masterpiece.

I keep to myself a lot. My mother comes over to my house sometimes to see if I'm still alive. She is sweet. I should visit her more often. I have to tell her that I appreciate what she does for me. It must be difficult for her to have a daughter who is so unsuccessful in

life. If it weren't for her, I would survive on bread and peanut butter because I don't like to cook for myself. I bring home some take away once or twice a week, but that is not enough. I haven't seen any of my friends for weeks now and don't know if I even have friends anymore. What if I walk out the door and discover that the world as we know it has disappeared. That something like a radioactive virus has killed mankind, and I am the only one alive. Now, that would be something to write about. However, I can think of at least two movies with the same storyline. I drag my feet back to the desk where a blank word file anxiously looks at me. I sigh and put my head on the keyboard. Writing something will obviously never work.

After a few minutes, my head starts to hurt. I feel the keys making dents in my forehead. I get up, rubbing my head, and I decide that things should be different. Maybe I had to go out more and experience the world. Find sources for my next book, I don't even have a clue what this next book is going to be. Maybe I can write a book about my love life which is non-existent. Make it a comedy, because that is what my love life is all about these days. I have a boyfriend, I think. He visits me once or twice a week. We started dating two

months ago. It is not much of a relationship. He comes over, we watch a movie, cuddle on the couch and then he goes back to his house. There is no romance whatsoever. At first it was all romantic. He took me to this Indian restaurant once, in the first week when we started dating, and he gave me a rose to say how much he loved me. It seems like ages ago. I believe he loves me, and he thinks I'm okay with him coming over and cuddle twice a week. Unfortunately for him I need more. I'm to blame too because I'm not doing anything about it either, so I shouldn't complain, but it all just seems so hopeless. And what happens when we break up? I am too busy to start dating again. And besides, I am not ready to date again. On second thought. No, that's not true. I'm ready to date again, but clearly not ready to start a relationship. And I like how things are right now. I can come home whenever I want if I want to come back at all. No one to complain to me about not doing the dishes, or complain about my clothes being scattered all over the bedroom floor. I can clean my house whenever I want. Pick up someone from a bar now and again if I want to, because I don't think I'm the only girl Jimmy is seeing at the moment. The other day in the Newsagent's where I work, I saw two girls looking at

me from the soda isle as if I had stolen her boyfriend. She can have him. He is not very useful to me at the moment. So she can have him all to herself. The clock startled me, eleven o'clock already and just a few words on paper. At least I spelled my name correctly. I Poured myself another cup of coffee. Right! Back to work. Just one hour until this day is over. Tomorrow is going to be different. As soon as I have the first chapter of my new book, I can relax and think about doing something for myself again. Tomorrow will be a new day. It is time for a change. A significant change. I need to get out more. Maybe I should call up a few friends and see if they want to go out with me. Tomorrow I will break up with Jimmy. No more playing the victim here. If I want to make something of my life, I should not stay here behind my computer wasting away my life staring at blank word documents.

I wonder, what would a famous writer do when he or she needs a new idea for a book. Go out with a notebook and write down everything you see and make it into a story. Or go away on holiday and take time in the country to focus only on writing. Maybe I should go out and take my notebook with me. Wasn't

there a party tonight somewhere? I remember I have the flyer here somewhere. Ah, here it is. A tribute concert in one of my favourite nightclubs.

I should go to that party. Have some fun and drink a few beers with people I haven't seen in a while. It could give me an idea for the first chapter. It had better; otherwise I have wasted a few hours while I should be behind my computer typing and drinking coffee. I grab my phone from the table and flip through the names. Some of the names I don't recognise and I remind myself of the lonely life I have led these past few weeks. I feel sad inside. What has this writing thing brought me so far? I have no friends left. I have no book and I have no idea. I only have sadness and loneliness. I see a number that I recognise in my phone and I ring the number.

“Hello.”

“Jamee?”

“Lisa? I haven't spoken to you in a few weeks. I thought you moved to a country somewhere in South America.” I smiled. I had been ignoring any phone calls and emails which were not work related.

“I know and I'm sorry. I should have called you sooner. I was really busy and I want to make it up to you.”

“Alright! Where are you now? What would you like to do?”

“I am going to this concert in a club just off Dame Street. Do you want to come?”

“I would love to. Do you mind if Patrick comes too?”

“Who is he again? I don’t seem to recall who Patrick is.” Jamee laughs. “He is my brother! You should know that because he went to the same school. You even fancied him when you were in your senior year.” I put one hand in front of my mouth. “I totally forgot. I’m sorry.”

“No problem. Shall we meet in half an hour?”

“Alright. No problem. I’ll meet you guys there.”

I quickly showered and put on some nice clothes. I don’t want to make the first night I am going out in weeks too special, so I put on my favourite jeans and a worn shirt. All set! Turn off the computer and I’m ready to go. Oh, don’t forget to bring a notebook just in case I get a brilliant idea.

It is cold outside. Summer officially ended a few days ago, and the leaves start to get brown already. Summer went by in no time. I can't believe it is autumn already. The time of rain and heavy winds will be a prelude to the winter. I should take some time off soon. Go to some place warm and finish the rest of my book. It's been a while since I have taken some time off to relax and enjoy the finer things in life; some booze, don't have to worry about tomorrow, visit some religious places. I hear Spain is lovely this time of year.

This must be my lucky day. The doors of the club fly open and it's not long before my lungs are filled with thick industrial smoke. The music is loud, and the rhythm of the music is confusing my heartbeat for a second.

I seriously hate it when this place is filled with people, especially when almost everyone is younger than me. I used to know a lot of people in this place even all the people who worked behind the bar. Now my friends have all gone to other more sophisticated places to suit their new lifestyle. They don't come to this place anymore. Most of them have moved on to greener pastures, with other interests. It is kind of sad the way

friends grow apart when people grow up. I can't blame them in a way. I have asked myself millions of times what am I still doing here?

I have a strong feeling about tonight, the atmosphere is intimate and friendly and the band is actually playing music which is not unpleasant at all. I haven't seen Jamee and Patrick yet, so I decide to look for a barstool where I can wait for them. There's an empty barstool at the bar that looks appealing. It gives me an excellent view of the band, and it gives me a chance to stare at people. The girl in the corner is staring at me, maybe she will come over here and talk to me. She appears to be my age, which is good, but the last thing I need is to have a conversation with some random girl. She looks gorgeous. Long red hair with blonde streaks in it. And her dress is utterly beautiful; Emerald green velvet with silk on the sleeves. Must have cost her a fortune. I would never wear something like that, I would be too afraid to spill something on it. But it is one of those dresses that you always wanted to have, even if it is just hanging in your closet and you look at it occasionally. It doesn't matter because you have it and you can show it off to your friends. You might

wear it one time to a fancy dress party, but then it disappears in your closet again.

The beautiful woman comes closer. She is standing in front of me now. I am nervously fidgeting with my hands thinking of something brilliant to say.

We lock eyes for a second and I feel a chill going through my body. She puts her purse on the bar and smiles. “Hi. Having fun tonight?” Not the most intelligent thing to say, but at least I managed to say something polite. With a straight face, she looks at the person sitting next to me and as if she threatened him without saying anything he gets off the stool and walks away without looking at us again.

She sighs dramatically and straightens her dress while she says to me “It’s not the worst night of my life. Are you having fun all by yourself here?” I looked at her. Why would someone like her talk to me? It almost felt as if she was leading me on. “And you?”

“I am actually waiting for two people. I thought I would wait here for them.” I am a bit nervous. It feels awkward talking to her. Maybe it’s because typically women don’t flirt with me. Or is she just really interested in talking to me? I am confused, but I am curious. I want to see where this is going.

I try to take some initiative. “So are you from around here? Your accent doesn’t sound like you are from Dublin.” She smiles. It is a warm smile. I relax a little bit.

“I moved here a few years ago. I was born in Galway.”

I suddenly feel excited. I always wanted to go to Galway, but I never got around to it. “What’s Galway like? I want to go there, but I never found the time to go. Where in Galway are you from?”

She seems calm and eager to answer all my questions. “I’m from a little town close to Galway, but I haven’t been there in a while. I have a house in Dublin now. You should visit me whenever I go back to Galway, I think you will like it there. So, what brings you to this place?”

I look down at my feet and shuffle a beer coaster under the bar with my right foot “I live in this town. I used to come here in this club, every weekend, but things change. People change. The people who come here are getting younger, and the music is more

youthful, louder even. I was at home all alone, and I needed to go out to find an idea for a new book.”

She smiles at me with a smile that fills me with warmth and happiness when she asks “You’re a writer. What do you write about?”

“All sorts of stuff. I write articles for an online paper, but now I want to publish a book.” I look around to see if I can see Jamee and Patrick. They said they would be here in half an hour, which was over an hour ago. I feel a bit disappointed and dreamily look at my beer. The woman looks at me.

She jumps off the barstool. “How rude of me. I haven’t even asked your name.” I look up from my beer and straight into her eyes.

I shake my head and make a nervous waving gesture “I’m sorry. I was just looking for my friends. They should be here by now. I put my hand out “My name is Lisa.”

“ Hi Lisa, My name is Brigid.”

She reaches out her hand for me to shake it. I shake her hand and I notice it is cold and I can see her veins through her skin. Her hand looks like a cracked porcelain doll.

She continues “I used to write and study literature, I even completed my masters here. It was mostly Shakespearian.”

I sip my drink and feel comfortable now. “Interesting. What kind of work do you do if I may ask.”

“I am an artist. I take up all kinds of interesting projects. After I had completed my masters in literature I started to take painting classes, and it turns out that I have talent.”

“So now you focus on painting instead of literature. Do you also sell your work?”

“Sometimes. I found a small gallery that buys some of my paintings.” Brigid grabs her long hair and swiftly puts it into a ponytail.

I can't help but feel a little excited by her movements, which is strange because I generally don't feel so many

different emotions when I talk to people. It is as if she is playing with my feelings. “But don’t you need a job to pay for your lifestyle? I mean this city is not very cheap to live in.”

She laughs. “I have other assignments where I can earn some extra cash now and again. I get by just fine. I don’t need a lot to survive on.”

Her drink is empty and she puts it on the bar. Her arm touches my arm and I feel a tingling sensation, like part of my energy is escaping my body.

She continues “I have an idea. Why don’t we leave this place and go somewhere where we can talk. Maybe I can give you an idea for your book.”

“That sounds like a great idea. What do you have in mind?” My drink is empty. I put my glass on the bar and jump off the barstool.

“Don’t know yet. We’ll see. Somewhere where we can talk without having to scream to hear each other.”

“Sounds reasonable. Let’s go.”

We leave the bar. It isn't easy getting through the mass of people and through the thick clouds of smoke hanging over the dance floor.

2. The beginning

It is lovely getting outside. The cold air feels enjoyable on my face to dry up the sweat on my forehead, feeling the wind blowing fresh air into my lungs. My phone buzzes. I take it out of my pocket and look at it. It's a message from Jamee, saying that they changed their mind and that they went to a different bar.

We stroll down the streets of Dublin. The air is cold. The wind is blowing through our hair and it makes me forget about my worries for a while. We laugh and talk about all sorts of things. She knows a lot about Shakespeare and about this city. It feels as if she has been here for quite some time, as if she's from a different time, even though she looks my age. We talk about her paintings, my writer's block and her favourite places in the world. She is beautiful with her pale skin and her cold blue eyes. She seems self-assured, and confident, at the same time. She is a fascinating woman. She enchants me with her appearance, and I notice that I feel very confident and strong when I'm with her. It is like I am a different person. I listen to the sensational stories she tells me and I find myself in a different world, more glamorous, more dramatic, more passionate.

The full moon shimmers in the water of the river Liffey and we stop on the boardwalk just before we cross the Millennium Bridge. She looks at me.

“You know you are charming. It is such a shame how you let your hair and your appearance slouch like that.” She let my hair slip through her fingers and I can’t help feeling a bit offensive and look at my red hair which was combed, but not styled.

“What’s wrong with the way I look?” I look into Brigid’s eyes. Brigid laughed out loud and grabbed a mirror from her purse.

“Look at you. You seem so ordinary. You blend in everywhere you go. When will you realise that you are very special and that you could have anything or anyone you want.”

It never occurred to me that I can change the way people look and act towards me. I look up at Brigid “Why would I want to be different?” She holds my head in both her hands and kisses my cheek.

“Because you are special and you have no idea how special you are.”

We walk through Iveagh Park and decide to go to a cafe close to my house. I have never been in that cafe before. I walked past it thousands of times but never bothered to look inside.

We were right. It is quiet inside, and the music is at an average level so we can talk without having to raise our voices. The cafe is terribly cosy. Comfortable dark wooden chairs and tables. There is a small room in the back where the pool table is. The cafe is lit with bright white light bulbs hanging from the ceiling. Everywhere are gigantic candles in the corners which give a friendly glow to the barn and there is a small fire burning in the fireplace. The bar is decorated with beer mirrors and posters from Guinness commercials. It has a cosy atmosphere. It looks like a place where my friends would go out these days, I wouldn't be surprised if I'll see some people I know. The music was better than in the club, that was for sure.

We sit down at a small table next to the fireplace. She looks like a maiden in a wrong decade. She certainly looks like one, with the short dress that she is wearing. The ribbon in her hair is made from the same fabric as her incredible dress.

“I would like a bloody Mary, please. Tell the bartender it’s for me, he knows exactly how I like it.”

“All right. I will be right back.” Lisa starts walking towards the bar.

“I’m not going anywhere. Don’t keep me waiting for long now.”

Wow, this woman is incredibly sexy, especially in this light.

A strange feeling came over me when I headed for the bar. It felt like shivers or fever, but my arms don’t have any signs of it. Someone is looking right through me. It makes me feel uncomfortable for a while. This night is strange altogether; I met this astonishing and mysterious woman, who wants to give me a story for my book.

I got the drinks; a Bloody Mary and a mineral water and walk back to my date. She is still sitting at the table, staring into the fire like she and the flames are talking to each other. I sit down and put the drinks on the table. It looks like she doesn’t notice me.

“One Bloody Mary for the lady.” Suddenly she is staring right into my eyes with a cold look. I can see the fury in her eyes for a second. It brings shivers down my spine. I close my eyes for a second and when I open them her eyes are normal again.

“So, you said you had an idea for my book.”

“Yes, we’ll talk about that later if you don’t mind. First I have to tell you something about myself; otherwise you run away screaming. She plays with her drink, looks up at me, smiles and takes a large sip from her glass.

“Can I ask you a blunt question?”

“Sure.”

“Do you believe in vampires?” I didn’t see that coming. That was indeed a blunt question.

“Uhm, I don’t know. I have never seen one. Why?”

“Do you believe there is more in this world than we can see? Do you believe in strange powers such as witchcraft and ghosts?”

“That’s more than one question. Do you want me to answer them in chronological order or just random?”

She sits there very comfortable and calm on her chair, extraordinarily comfortable it seemed. But she had a dead serious look on her face. She leans over. I can see straight into her blouse, and it made me blush a little.

“Just answer the question.”

“Yes, I have a few friends who claim to be witches, but I’m not sure if their power is real. I never tested them. I tend to be a bit sceptical about that.”

“What would a vampire look like do you think? Ugly like the actor from the film *Nosferatu* or beautiful like Brad Pitt in “Interview with a vampire”? Would you be frightened by the idea that vampires exist?”

“I don’t know.”

I was wondering where this was going. I have never thought about these things thoroughly.

“It took me a while to deal with the idea of one of my friends being witches, but I have accepted that. I don’t think the idea of vampires existing would scare me. I

think it would fascinate me, actually. It would give me a terrific idea for my new book.”

“You won’t be scared by the idea of un- dead people walking around feeding on human blood. Killing people indiscriminately like God does?”

“No, actually that doesn’t scare me at all. There are murderers out there who do the same thing, and if you’re scared of them the best thing you can do is never leave your house.”

“That’s true, but how would you react if I told you that this drink is indeed a Bloody Mary. Made with the blood of an innocent person and that I am, in fact, a vampire. A killer, an animal only living at night. Roaming this planet for centuries, always hiding from the light of the sun.”

I check if anyone was listening in on our conversation. This is getting weirder and weirder. Maybe she was one of those Goth people who honestly thought they could become vampires when they drink blood. I saw some of them on television the other day. But for now I will play along. This is strangely fascinating to me.