

Hunger

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The snowstorm outside my cabin has been growing in intensity for the last several hours. Now it was shaking the windows with each gust of wind, and you couldn't see more than 2 feet ahead through the static-y snow. The gravel driveway was completely hidden under several feet of fluffy snow. It was perfect.

Yet still, I was hungry. I had been hungry for longer than I could remember. *When had it started?* I don't know. Maybe it was that first taste back in freshman year when I bit my bully's hand and felt skin tear underneath my teeth. The way she screamed and that hot spray of blood upon my lips is as fresh in my memory as the day it happened. It was one of my favorite memories, even if it had led to those several horrible months in that godforsaken wilderness therapy camp. That was where I met my first victim.

He was such a shy creature. He couldn't even tell me his name the first time we were paired up on a hike together. The sight of him made my hunger sing so sweetly. I think I could have resisted, though, if it were not for that slightly empty look within his ivy green eyes. You could tell he had lost just enough to make him scared to trust or hope for anything. I got him to trust me in the end. It took me two weeks, and all I had to do was talk to him about bugs(his biggest interest and offer him some of the marshmallows I had stolen the first week of camp. "I'm A-Alex. Umm, why are you being nice to me?" was the first he properly said to me. I told him the truth, or at least a version of it: "You fascinate me, and I need someone to talk to in this hellhole." He liked that answer, declared us friends. He even gave me a nickname. I was a "guardian devil," claiming my teeth made me look like a devil when I smiled. It took him another week to confess that I made him feel safe since "you are scary, but I know you wouldn't hurt me." I just laughed and ruffled his hair. Those moments of vulnerability from him made the hunger worse.

It took me 6 years to prove him wrong.

This time, it had only taken 4 months. I found her at a thrift store. She had sea green eyes with the same emptiness I was always looking for. She jumped so much when I tapped on her shoulder to steal her attention away from the cassette tapes she was scavenging through. Yet that shocked, blushing smile when I asked for her social status sealed her fate. She asked my name.

“Carmilla,” I said, making sure to smile widely as I said it. She took the bait like so many others before her.

“Like the vampire!” she exclaimed before gasping at the sight of my teeth, “and you have the teeth to match!”

It was a trick I had learned from my third victim, who had such a fascination with what I like to call my fangs. I mean, I had always had sharp teeth; every dentist I’ve ever had has said so. They would always suggest rounding them down. I found the suggestion offensive. I mean, I’ve always been hungry, I am sharp inside, so why should my teeth be anything else? My fangs were mine, just like my victims. She just didn’t find out till today.

She was so trusting, writers always are. I think it was the stress. All the same, after a few months of flirting, of tender words and offered treats, she agreed to this trip. To my cabin out in the Rocky Mountains.

Now, if you are reading this, please remember, she chose to come out here with me. I told her of my hunger, and she still trusted me. She was kind. Now the cabin is empty, and I am still hungry. Now that I’ve told you of my hunger, maybe you will trust me?