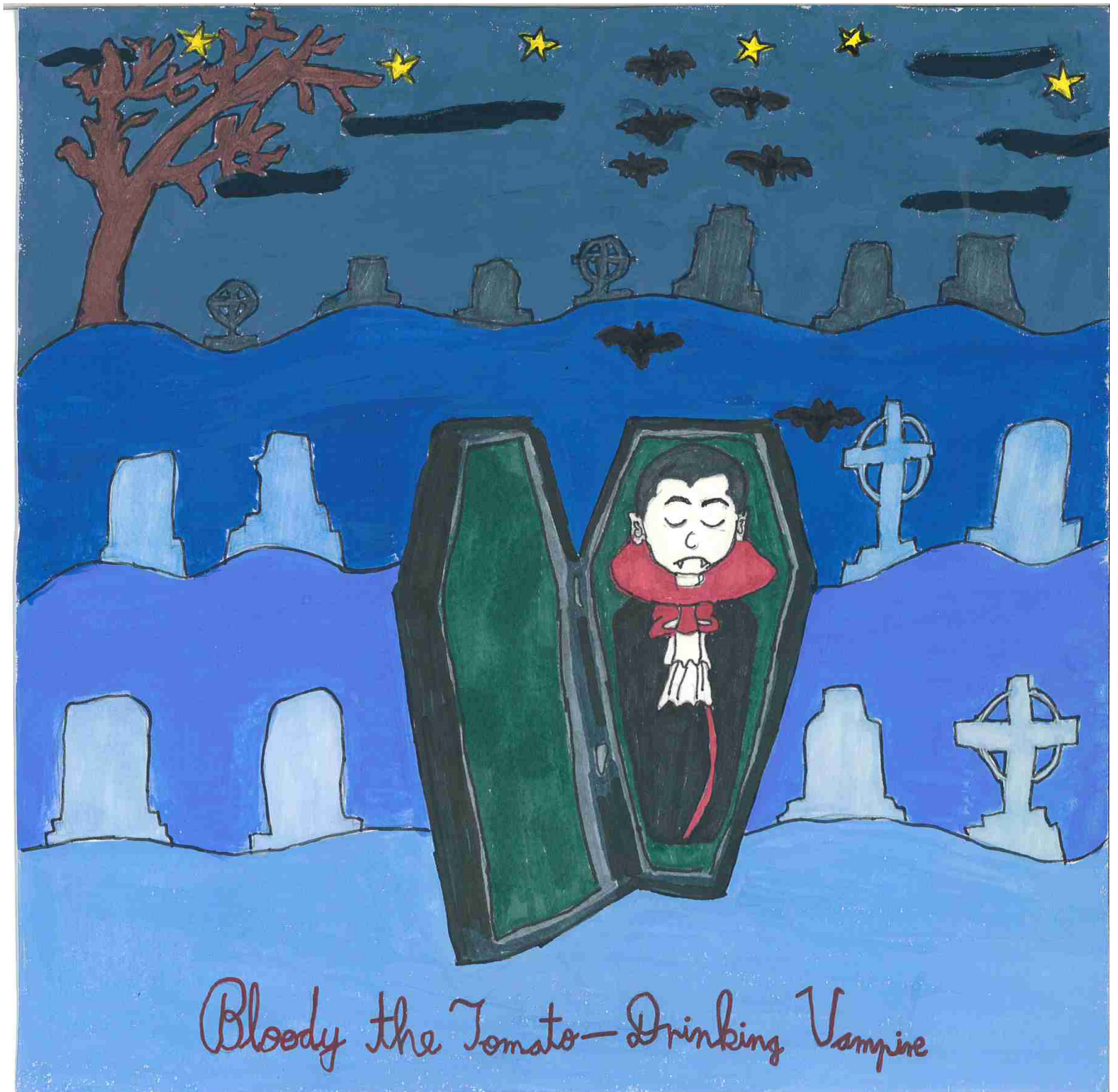


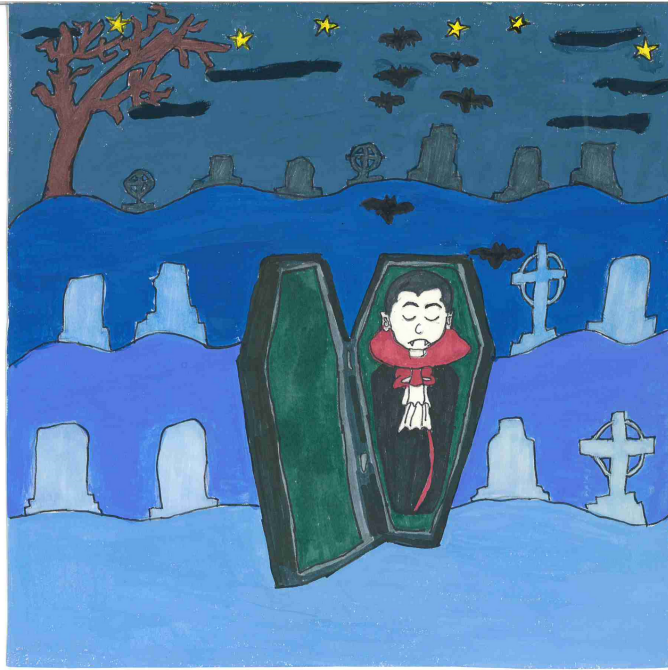
Bloody the Tomato-Drinking Vampire

By Ethan Tang



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Bloody lied in his coffin, looking at thousands of stars shining in the moonless sky. Overhead, hundreds of bats flew over the tombstones in the graveyard. Bloody smiled at the sight, revealing his growing fangs. He wrapped himself in the black cape he always wore. If you didn't already guess, Bloody was a vampire child.



Bloody was a special vampire because he did not suck blood. Instead, he drank tomato juice. Although he looked bizarre, he was a kind soul and always tried to give a helping hand. However, no matter what he did, the villagers shook like a leaf when they saw him.

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The villagers tolerated him living nearby because he never hurt anyone. However, he did not have any friends and felt so lonely. As he rested, he could smell fresh blood. "What on earth is that scent?" Bloody asked himself. Thinking he was imagining things, he went back to sleep.



The following day, Bloody went to the supermarket to buy tomato juice. He bumped into Lucy, a kind-hearted girl who always smiled at him. However, he noticed the villagers staring at him with more hatred than usual. Suddenly, the village blacksmith Moras shouted at Bloody, "That horrible vampire must have stolen the blood bags last night!"

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"We were supposed to donate those!" Moras cried, "Get him!" Blood defended himself, "I'm innocent!" However, nobody listened to him. Bloody had no choice. He ran away as fast as lightning into a dark forest and momentarily got away from the villagers. To his surprise, Lucy was trailing behind him.



"I know who the burglar is! I was volunteering at the cottage hospital and noticed someone leaving the storage room," Lucy exclaimed, "I knew the villagers would blame you, so I went to the supermarket to find you." Bloody was touched that she cared about him and never sneered at him the way the others did.

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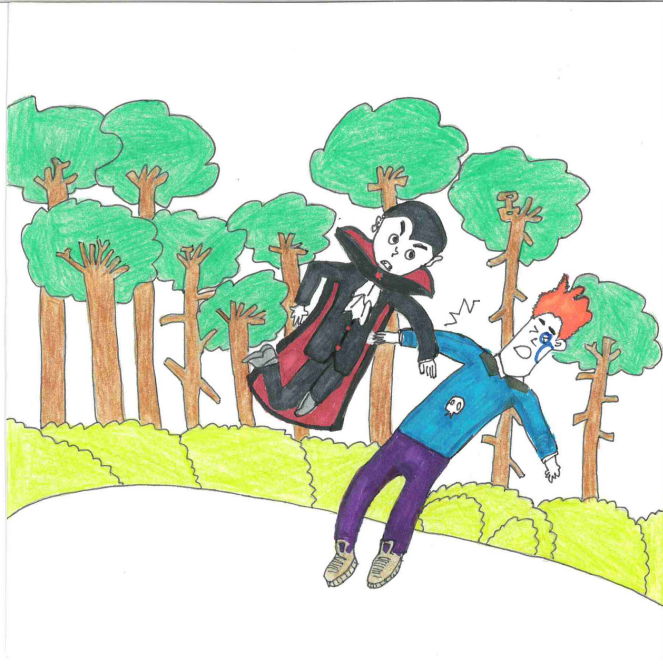
Meanwhile, they heard the sound of quick footsteps. Bloody immediately hid himself in a bush. The chieftain asked Lucy, "Have you seen Bloody?" Lucy replied, "You have the wrong guy. I witnessed the thief! He had orange hair and monocles." Instantly, all eyes turned to the blacksmith Moras.



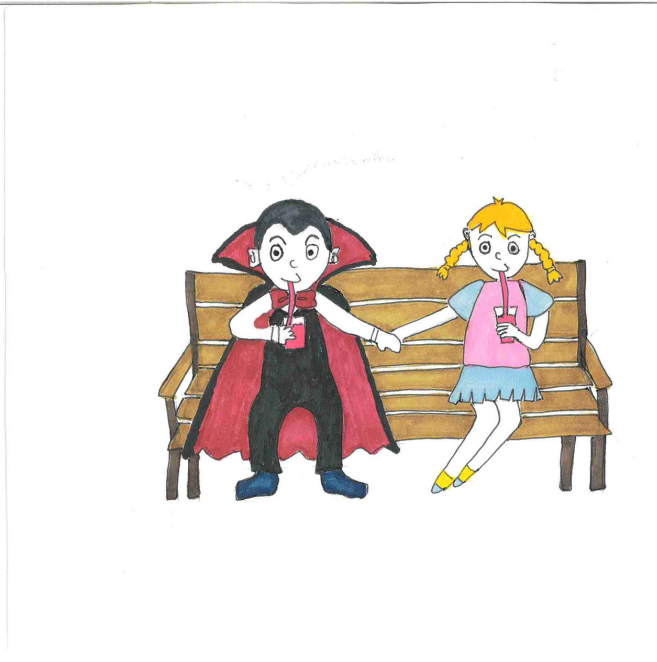
He stood there, ginger-haired and eyes wide behind his monocles. Moras was about to grab Lucy by her hair and the village people let out a blood-curdling scream. The villagers ran and Lucy thought she was about to get hurt. Bloody drifted towards them. "Leave her alone!" Bloody yelled.

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Within seconds, Bloody used all his strength to throw a big punch at Moras' head. Bloody knocked him to the ground with one blow. Moras then laid on the ground, unconscious. Bloody handed Moras to the lawspeaker. The villagers felt guilty for judging Bloody just because he was a vampire.



The villagers apologised to Bloody and rewarded him with a lifetime supply of tomato juice. "I knew everyone was wrong about you," Lucy said, "No matter what you look like, it is the inside that matters." They sat hand in hand, drinking tomato juice.