A letter from Dr. Singleton to Frederick Gibbard.

My Dear Esteemed Colleague Frederick,

It has been far too long since we last spoke. I hope we will be able to work on a project in the near future again.

I have come upon quite an amusing find. Gifted doesn’t begin to describe Tony. To say the boy is gifted would be a slap to his face. Or my face for that matter. My dear Mr. Gibbard, I hope you might be able to grasp what it is I am trying to convey to you.

The man in question was born on the fifth day of June One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-Seven. Do not re-read that. You have indeed read it correctly. According to normal standards of telling time, Tony is One hundred twenty-five years old. You wouldn’t be able to tell by looking at him though. Tony looks to be the age of Twenty one years old.

That is the age he was when he was turned. I know of no other way of saying it. The subject was bitten by a vampire. Yes a vampire. At that moment the subject ceased to be human. His soul was replaced with that of an evil monster. The devil inside took all of Tony’s thoughts, all of his memories. At that moment, my dear colleague, he no longer cared about anything. A new hunger evolved from within. He now craves blood from a living organism.

He is a vampire. Perhaps gifted is not the most accurate description for Tony. He is a killer now. A killer by nature. I will send more correspondence as time goes by.

Dr. Singleton