

The Diary of a Vegan Vampire - Rose, Year 4, QLD

1st June 2025

I stood in the darkness of our Mulberry tree, watching silhouettes dance across the coarse trunk. Sorry, I'm getting ahead of myself, my name is Valentina R Dracula, but you can call me Valentina. And yes, you guessed it, I'm a vampire.

I was waiting for my brother, Drool, and father, Dracula, to stop admiring their glossy hair in the mirror and get down here.

You are probably wondering why I'm waiting. Well, that is because of Uncle Giuseppe - more like what he did. He set off the fire alarm in a human's house while trying to make some coffee. Apparently, he's a big fan of new flavours. But anyway, he ruined it for all vampires. It created a huge drama and now special anti-human sensors are programmed around households and we have to change our diets forever. Good one, Giuseppe!

Just to make something clear, vampires don't suck blood because we're mean or nasty. It's because we are iron deficient. And while we're on the topic, vampires CAN see themselves in mirrors, and that's why we always look so good. Anyway, Dad said that tonight, we're checking out a local farm owned by the Walkers, to source a new cuisine.

Finally, Drool and Dad were on their way. I saw two silhouettes gracefully glide down from the top turret of our huge mansion. As they got closer, I could hear them arguing.

"We are going in the Vamborghini," said Dracula.

"No, we need to walk. I have to prove to my Fitbit and everyone else, that I'm not lazy," argued Drool.

Then they turned to me in sync: "What do you think, Valentina?"

I was with Dad: "Sorry Drool. We're going in the Vamborghini."

The last word practically made Dad jump with excitement – he's been begging us to take it for a trial run. It is basically just a Lamborghini, but it's raised, has spiky, black tyres and Dad just thinks it's really cool and spacious. Me? I think it speaks of his mid life crisis!

So back to the story, we hopped in the Vamborghini and drove. After what felt like a million years, we arrived at the farm. Hello health heaven! I could see crunchy carrots, plump brussels sprouts and earthy beetroots. Finally – food.

Then BANG! It sounded like a gunshot. I nearly jumped out of my fangs.

I swerved around. Dad had his human on and was wielding a giant esky.

“Dropping things as usual,” I thought to myself. I gave him my signature bombastic side eye.

He said, “Sorry if I startled you love,” as his eyes dashed behind me. He had spotted a huge apple orchard. “BINGO!”

We all rushed over to have a look. The orchard was so plump that I couldn't see the end of it. We took hours to pick the right apples and place them carefully in the icy esky. We threw away those with bruises, scratches and marks. Those too squishy, too green, too hard, too yellow – they were gone. We were very picky – a little too picky, I think.

I was the only one that realised it had been five hours and the sun was starting to rise. If we didn't get home to the darkness soon – it was all over. I had to alert the others, and fast. So, I yelled at the top of my voice.

“THE SUN IS RISING!”

It definitely got their attention. We hurtled as fast as we could back to the Vamborghini. Once we got there, we realised the problem.

“The fuel tank is empty. No! We are doomed,” said Dracula dramatically.

“Don't worry,” said Drool. “I have some biodiesel I made from the oil in the tuna cans you were stress eating out of.”

With that, he unscrewed the fuel cap from the side of the car and poured the biodiesel in. Before we knew what was happening, Drool accidentally stepped on the accelerator and ran the Vamborghini straight into the ancient, oak tree. The momentum sent Drool flying out the window and into the sky at a tremendous speed.

That was the fateful day that the Man in the Moon came to be. But, I think we both know the real story!