

# Of Life and Unlife

## Bringing Light into the Night

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### Kapitel 6: Of War and Pease

Of course, even people like me had to suffer in the two Great Wars. For the first, I was caught in the middle of it during a stay in Germany. Speaking the language at the time saved me, of course, but my French accent gave me away, and I was distrusted. I lost almost everything thanks to some of my opponents in our society, and was left with almost nothing.

Of course, after the Americans moved in, life wasn't the easiest thing either. Everyone was shooting at anything that walked that wasn't on their side. It was quite a disturbance the first time, and it was at that time when I truly understood how far this "technology" has affected warfare.

What fascinated me most was the level of cruelty that mortals can have for each other. Some would say that with my age, I am not as human as I had once been. But, witnessing these atrocities was enough to cause my still heart to flutter. Yes, I had taken many lives on both sides during the first war, and took many lives of those of our own kind. They had taken so much from me, and were just allowing this war to be an excuse to flush out opposition instead of reaching for a peace treaty.

There were two factions of us at that time...and the war was just a large excuse to kill each other openly. There are normally laws against creating new vampires, or even killing them, but everything was left in the dust as the two groups fought fiercely against and within each other. No vampire was safe; we had problems on all sides. We had the invading armies from other countries and our own armies constantly on patrol, always watching for anything strange. We had the local population, always watching for anyone suspicious no matter who they were and what they could be. We had our own groups, who were only searching for their own power and would not mind setting false evidence to lead to the death of a political opponent. We had the other groups, wanting to take and overthrow our rule that we rightfully had. The war literally became a playground for these groups, and God must have been watching and laughing at anyone who was in between.

Thankfully, the war did end, and I returned to my beloved France before the second war.

I finally thought I would be safe, being in my own home once again. And I also thought that maybe, just maybe, the war could be avoided.

And once again, I was wrong. I really should have gotten used to the concept of moving.

German troops moved into France, and the war started anew. This time, I decided that

defending my home was useless. The mortals now had these "flame throwers," and it was quite a disturbing thing to see one in use against another one of our kind. This was only one of the new weapons.

"Shells," bombs, grenades, and new guns. Tanks, planes, and great battleships that would make the ships I saw in life appear useless. And, of course, the birth of the Atomic Bomb.

Of course, even those of our kind cannot stand up to these things. We are powerful beings indeed, and we may have the ability to live forever, but all of the strength of the blood will not allow you to fight with a tank. Nor will it allow you to survive the bomb that the Americans used on the Japanese.

I...I could not do anything. Yes, we are powerful, but not many of us can stand up to an entire army. Some of those "Special Forces" groups are addicted to blood, using its power to assist them. Some are even groups of our kind, sent out to exterminate us at a moments notice. Most of us had to uphold our masks in this masquerade, dancing this endless waltz and singing the same funeral dirge. Many of us decided not to interfere until we had to.

Yes, not all of us are heartless. We still claimed the lives of those who attacked our cities, but only in small numbers. For each city, there were maybe a few dozen of us. While one of us could match five men, not all of us could fight. Some of us were mad, obsessed with our passions or hiding as our curse consumed us. We could not work together, and we had to sit and watch as everything we had built fell to pieces...

And then it was over. Europe was in ruins. Those of our kind who decided to hold in our ancient castles realized that it was useless. The land was ruined from constant battle, blood, and the pillaging of opposing forces and the poor citizens alike. Those of us who decided to sleep long before either war were in shock to see new things of this level, and decided to sleep again. Some decided after the war that it was the perfect time to sleep again. Humankind had proven more monstrous than any of our kind, and it was a depressing sight to many of us.

Myself? I decided that it was time to rebuild.

I stayed in France for these forty-odd years, rebuilding my fortune, writing all of the history of the war itself and selling a painting as needed. It was quite easy to invest my money as needed into loans to the others of our kind, to the mortals, and even to the government. I could not rebuild France with my own two hands, so I helped in the only way I could.

It is because of this that you have a place to stay. If those of my kind deemed it unworthy, we would have left the mortals to rebuild on their own and allow the Americans to take over. But, of course, we did not want our younger children to be saving us from every problem, and we were quick to shoo them back to their own homes.