

Diet and Exercise

Twice a year in the fashion capitals of New York, Paris, London and Milan humans perform an important ritual called Fashion Week. At this event, extremely chic mortals sit and watch a breed called models glide past them wearing next seasons stylish offerings. These models are considered the most valuable species in the human race because they exhibit one extremely important characteristic.

They are thin.

Being thin is the alpha and omega of human existence, because it means everything you wear looks fabulous on you. Humans prize thinness over any other trait they may possess.

Einstein was a genius, but he is not accorded the ultimate respect, because he was not thin.

Oprah is the queen of television, but will never be worshipped as royalty because she was only intermittently thin.

Neil Armstrong was the first man to walk on the moon, but will never truly take his place in history, because you could not see his ribs.

Napoleon was too chubby to be worthy of awe, but Gandhi is, because he was thin. Why did Barack Obama win the Nobel Peace Prize? Because he brought peace to warring nations? No. *Because he is slim.*

Models therefore are more important than Einstein, Neil Armstrong and Oprah.

As the ancient Egyptians worshipped cats, so today modern humans bow down to models with names like Kate Moss, Arizona Muse and Gisele.

How lucky are we then to have eternal thinness thrust upon us in one bloody bite! How much do humans envy the fact we don't eat, never need food, never have liposuction, and always fit into a sample size? So you ask, why a chapter on diet and exercise, given we have already achieved the desirable level of thinness, and our vampire powers make us stronger and faster than those pathetic mortals could dream of?

Darlings, lean in.

It is true you do not need to join a gym or buy a diet book. We are perfection. And forever! And yet if you are to integrate into the world of the fashionable you need to know how to speak the language of diet and exercise, given it occupies ninety per cent of a chic mortal's time.

So if you do find yourself in conversation with a human you wish to bite at Fashion Week in New York, a high society gala in Paris or royal wedding in London, remember to sprinkle the following lines into the evening to guarantee success.

"You look so thin! May I have this dance?"

"Do I look fat in this dress?"

"My Spanx are killing me!"

Humans will feel intensely close to you after these exchanges. They call it "bonding" and in all likelihood will agree to go home with you. This is your opportunity to both feed on a fresh body and pass on the gift of eternal thinness as you bring them over to our family of the undead. Trust me, make mortals thin, and they will love you forever.

I also recommend you join a gym, as the feeding opportunities are fantastic, particularly in the evening when those desperate housewives and unemployed slackers have already left. At night gyms are full of young, nubile, working humans whose veins pump with adrenaline and ambition. Delicious. You may also see mortal men whose giant biceps ripple with fresh veins. While it's rude to ask them if they're using steroids, a quick glance will usually reveal the answer. Avoid these humans. While they have an ample supply of blood, it tastes like tin foil.

Though we undead never need to exercise, you cannot simply loiter in the gym. Unfortunately, you must work out and dress appropriately in order to justify your existence there. So no velvet waistcoats or ruffled shirts at a spinning class, ever.

If you are a man, don blue or red spandex bicycle shorts that leave nothing to the imagination, plus a tank top. If you are a woman, leggings paired with a flimsy sports bra that also put everything on show should do the trick.

In order to fool humans you are serious about fitness, take an aerobics class or lift weights, and be careful to groan often and loudly to suggest you are exerting yourself. Simultaneously, admire yourself in the mirror without pause. For breathers who are a little too inquisitive about your strength, boast you are training for a marathon.

When your session is completed, make a big show of how exhausted you are, head for the locker room, then walk around naked for five minutes before taking a shower. Stay away from the fat and unfit in such establishments. Though they are to be commended for trying to get in shape, their conditions at present make them unsuitable for feeding. Thanks to a diet of fast food and television, their arteries are clogged and their blood does not move smoothly as you begin to suck.

Your priority are the fit and sexy, who have low resting heart rates and blood that is a wonderful consistency and flows like a stream. Meeting them should not be a problem. These humans respond wonderfully to flirting, seduction and good manners, such as wiping down the treadmill before the next person climbs on.

Finally, a word of caution.

You may have heard humans extolling the virtues of yoga, the ancient Indian practice of poses designed to bring them into harmony with the universe. These classes are a serious waste of time for you. Humans who do yoga are so relaxed they never resist when you bite into them, which eliminates all the joy of what we do. Only a human who feels absolute fear and terror in our presence is worthy of our attention, no matter how toned they are or juicy their blood.