

She awoke with that familiar cramping in her gut and knew that she was famished. It was an all-consuming feeling that overpowered her other senses for a long moment. Once she was able to force that basic need to the back of her mind she was able to assess her surroundings better. She noticed that she was cold or rather was laying prone on something cold and hard. It was also pitch black but her eyes quickly adjusted and she found that she could see perfectly. In fact, as her brain pushed through the initial grogginess of sub consciousness, she was astonished by the clarity of her surroundings. Everything had a blue tint that crystalized edges and curves to make things so contrasted it was like experiencing ultra-reality. Items in the room literally jumped out at her mind, like the aged bronze candelabra set on a simple granite shelf. She pondered the cracks and imperfections in the base and shaft from across the room as her hearing suddenly flooded in. Deathly quiet, the room, but as her hearing tuned; she could hear everything moving in the space, ants marching, the scurry of a cockroach, the scratching of a rat that was tunneling under the floor.

She sat up as she took in her surroundings and was able to tell that she was in a small cement room that was devoid of furnishings, save the shelf, candelabra, and a stone altar, where she was perched. Hunger; there it was again, that driving force for the need to feed. Confusion clouded her mind; she had never been this hungry before that she could remember. Even more confounding was the fact that she could not remember anything of her past but her name; Serina Vallens. The pain in her stomach forced her mind back to clarity and the situation at hand, she had to get up and eat.

Through the darkness she was able to see the sharp hand cut lines that outlined the place where an exit portal would be and as she stood to make her way towards it, it hit her again, how was she able to see this in complete void of light? How was she able to feel the small imperfections in the floor through the soles of her feet and hear the explosion of minute particles in those cracks as she placed her full weight on the dirty surface? She moved effortlessly across the room to the stone slab that blocked her exit. As she raised her hands to place them on the door, she saw for the first time her own flesh. Her hands and forearms were pale white and without blemish but strange in the blue hue of her vision. She looked down at her own form and saw that she was bare, devoid of anything save her own skin, which at the moment reminded her of a fine marble statue that she could almost remember seeing once somewhere long ago.

Hunger shocked her out of her wandering state of mind and reflexively she pushed on the concrete slab. It gave way immediately and fell through the cut out in the wall to land solidly on the ground beyond. Light flooded in around her as she saw that it had opened up to the outside world. It was night time with a small crescent moon and a few stars that shown through high clouds, but to her it was like stepping out into the full day. Instantly; smells gushed into her nose; earth, decay, pine trees, grass, and flowers. Then new odors overpowered; car exhaust, smoke, oil, gasoline, rubber, steel, glass and tar. She could hear and see the city that was in close proximity to the graveyard she was standing in as a new fragrance took her over completely. She could trace it on the gentle breeze and when she took the first scent of it into her nose, her entire body electrified in response. Hairs on her neck stood at attention while every sense that she had experienced before suddenly went into hyper drive.

Hunger was no longer something she could battle, it simply took over and she moved quickly and silently in the direction of the scent that now dominated her other faculties, human blood.