

SANIBEL SHELL SHOCKED

The Vampire Needs a Blood Test

By Art Stevens

The vampire was fidgeting nervously as he sat facing the doctor. The doctor was studying a series of tests he had required the vampire to take. Included among the tests was a comprehensive blood work up.

Yes, it's most unusual for a vampire to take a blood test but this vampire had complained of lack of energy and lightheadedness for about forty years before he decided to seek medical assistance.

He had been referred to this doctor by Lestat, a long time pal and blood drinking buddy. This doctor specialized in working with vampires and had an advanced degree in vamprology, the study of vampire organs and blood. The vampire broke the silence.

"Give it to me straight, doc. I've been around for two hundred and fifty years and I'd like to be around a bit longer. Why am I so tired and lightheaded all the time? What do the blood tests show?"

The doctor looked him straight in the eye. "Whose blood have you been drinking recently? By recently I mean the last forty years?"

The vampire said: "Well, doc, I've been doing a lot of traveling. I've been to many countries and find my blood where I can get it."

"Have you had any blood transfusions?", the doctor asked.

"I haven't had any transfusions but I did need to break into a blood bank in Kenya because I was almost out of ammo. I needed a jolt of human blood in a hurry and broke into a freezer to get at a bunch of test tubes filled with blood. I think I might have gotten a bad supply."

The doctor snapped his fingers. "That explains it. The blood tests you just took indicate that you sampled the blood of pregnant women. It appears that you're pregnant."

The vampire was stunned. “Pregnant? How could I be pregnant? I’m a male as well as a vampire. I don’t have the physical means or apparatus to deliver a baby. It’s impossible.”

The doctor scratched his head. “I’ve never seen anything quite like this in all the years of treating sick vampires. Vampires are often susceptible to various viruses and afflictions attributed to the blood they drink. I’ve treated vampires for hypertension, night blindness, epileptic seizures, the plague, gout, anemia, dysentery, acne and cavities in their fangs. But I’ve never come across a situation where a male vampire tested for pregnancy. This is a medical first.”

The vampire was freaking out. “What can we do about this? If I’m pregnant and don’t have the physical means to give birth then the embryo will remain in my system forever. That’s not a good way to bring a baby vampire into the world.”

The doctor said: “there’s only one medically proven way to reverse this process. You will need male blood with lots of testosterone which will act as an antidote to your present delicate condition. You will need to go to a singles bar but instead of picking up a beautiful woman you’ll need to leave with a big hulk of a man. How you maneuver that is up to you.”

The vampire thought about this dilemma a bit. His usual prey were petite men and women. He could overpower them and have his way with them. Their blood was just as good as anyone else’s. But to overpower a strapping 250-pound six footer was going to be more difficult.

But his very survival was at stake. He had no choice. It was either harbor a human fetus inside of him for the next century or live a normal vampire life.

He had another idea though. “Is it possible for me to have a blood transfusion and choose the blood of a volunteer donor who has a high testosterone level like a football player, a boxer or a professional wrestler?” he asked.

The doctor began doing research on his computer. He checked the names and medical details of recent blood donors to the

hospital's blood bank. He found a name and pounded his fist on his desk.

“I've got just the right donor for you. Here's someone who contributes his blood regularly in exchange for shock therapy. It's a barter arrangement and no money changes hands. But he's got the testosterone level you need to alter the progress of your pregnancy.”

The vampire finally relaxed. “That's great. Would I know his name?”

The doctor beamed. “Yes, I think you would. His name is Mike Tyson.”