

*This hunger, she yearns...*

"And this one, oh, she's a fun case," explained the doctor. A small group of five people trailed behind him as they walked through the halls of pure white. The blinding lights above seemed to amplify the whiteness, if that at all seemed possible. The few broken spots were the ridges and handles of the doors that appeared throughout the halls. Each person, including the doctor, held a wooden board which clamped down papers of each patient that laid behind each door.

"Now, look here," the doctor pointed at a particular door numbered 307. Each of his followers took out their pencils to prepare for notes. "She is quite the girl," he continued, smile stretched upon his face, not forced, but pulled back with glee. He turned toward the door and knocked on the small clear window that sat just above the number 307. "You see?" The others quickly huddled by the window, eager to see what mysterious girl was behind it.

There she laid on her bed, almost dead looking. Her blond hair was tangled and dry and her skin was pale. She wore the standard patients' dress which was heavily wrinkled. Her face was covered as she her head was sunken into the flattened pillow. Her breathing was shallow, almost mute. The doctor squeezed through and knocked again. No response, no movement, no reaction.

"A bit tired today, are we?" he asked her then chuckled. The girl seemed to lift her head slightly, her mouth gaped open, lips cracking.

"Speak again, darling, I could not hear you."

"Hun-" she managed to say loud enough but her throat tightened and shut and the word could not come out. The doctor laughed.

"Hungry, yes, I know, soon," the doctor replied. He turned to the others who stepped back, grin still etched on his face. "For this case, we were interested in seeing a reaction from lack of food. It's been quite a few days with this one, the others went quite insane fairly quickly but she seems just dandy." The scratches of graphite against paper filled the quiet hall.

"Ple-" she attempted again, barely audible over the note taking, however the doctor heard it.

"Soon," was all he said. "Now, if you'd like to see another interesting one," he continued on then began to walk away.

A straggler stayed but for a moment and saw her face. Her gaze lazily met his and he saw how feeble she appeared. Her eyes were so dark, her mouth hung open, unable to close. Her body shook as she made an effort to keep her head slightly raised. His heart thumped loudly in his chest as he saw her suffering. He took a step back, unable to keep watching.

She then collapsed back into the pillow, a small gasp attempted but failed to escape her mouth. She was weak and dry and her stomach clawed at her insides. She felt the pain but she could do nothing about it, so she laid still, hardly breathing.

He turned to the group who had just disappeared beyond the corner and debated whether or not to

go with them. He looked back at the girl and watched her for a few more moments before deciding his answer. He reached towards the locks that kept them apart and released them. The sound vibrated off the walls and in all directions, he would be noticed, he would have to work fast. He opened the door and went inside. The girl shifted her head and saw him standing there by the door. Her breathing quickened and her heart began to race.

"Hung-" she almost cried out to him.

"I know," he replied sympathetically. He rushed towards her to help her sit up. Her body began to shake more violently than before. "I'm going to get you food, you're going to be okay," he said as he tried to get her to stand.

"I'm hungry," she spoke more forcefully and with strength. The boy looked at her face as her eyes seemed red. She grasped at his head and neck, blood pulsing through her veins. Before he could scream, her canines sank into his neck and she sucked in hard. Blood splashed about in her mouth and down her throat and oh, it was exhilarating. The boy could not speak or move, he was trapped. Her teeth seemed to sink deeper and any pain he may have felt was gone and his body felt numb. She drank and she drank until he was empty. She let his body drop to the ground with a thump and she wiped away the trail of red that ran down her mouth and chin to her white dress, now stained.

"Thank you," she smiled, "for the food."

*This hunger, she is quenched...*