



# THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS

Pete  
Johnson

Growing up is hard enough – now try growing fangs.

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The Vampire Blog  
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## About the Book

*On my thirteenth birthday, my life changed for ever. That's when I learned the shocking truth: I'm a half-vampire.*

Think that sounds cool? Think again! My secret blog is the only thing that's kept me from going completely crazy.

To complicate things even more, there have been some vicious attacks in the woods. Tallulah (definitely not my girlfriend) thinks a super-vampire is behind them – and she's desperate to prove it, with a mysterious chain that's supposed to glow red-hot when a vampire is close by.

I have a horrible feeling that the chain's going to turn red-hot any day now ...

*An exciting new book from multi-award-winning author Pete Johnson.*

# THE VAMPIRE HUNTERS



Pete Johnson

CORGI YEARLING BOOKS

This book is dedicated to all the many  
readers who wanted me to write a  
sequel – and had strong views about  
what should happen next. I hope I've  
got it right!

## A note from the Author:

This story is fiction – but although vampires are creatures of our imagination, there are other dangers to be aware of. Both Tallulah and Marcus know that Tallulah is taking a big risk in going to meet someone whom she only met through the internet. This can be very dangerous and is something you should never do in real life.

For information on how to use the internet safely, check out:

[www.thinkuknow.co.uk](http://www.thinkuknow.co.uk)

or

<http://kids.direct.gov.uk>

Hi.

I'm Marcus, and if you're reading this now, then I'm in massive trouble.

This is a top-secret blog, which if it got into the wrong hands could cause terrible damage. And by the wrong hands, I mean every single human being. Yes, even you.

No human can ever be trusted with my sensational news.

Yet up to the night of my thirteenth birthday I was as normal as you - or so I thought. Then my parents told me they were half-vampires and I was about to start changing into one too. I thought they'd gone insane until I found a white fang dangling just inside my mouth.

Since then I've had a blood craving at school, got poisoned by a pizza (it had garlic in it) and been attacked by a vampire. Oh yeah, they exist too. Only it's animal blood they like, not human. There's just one exception - the blood of half-vampires before they change over.

That's why a vampire called Karl tracked me, and even conned his way into my house, claiming to be a long-lost relative. Karl tried to get me to drink this drugged potion he'd prepared. Then he attacked me, and if it hadn't been for ... Tallulah.

Yeah, it was a girl who saved my life. Just two weeks ago: a girl who's mad about vampires too. But afterwards my parents had to hypnotize poor Tallulah into forgetting everything she'd seen. I hated that moment. But like I said, no human must ever discover our true nature. That's the first and most important rule of being a half-vampire.

Well, can you imagine the carry-on if humans ever discovered there were half-vampires living down their road? We could tell them we're completely peaceful but



they wouldn't believe us. And we'd be forced to live in a zoo - or maybe somewhere even worse.

But very unfortunately the hypnotism didn't completely work. Tallulah still remembers little fragments of what happened - but only in dreams. These dreams fascinate her, though. And she believes they mean something.

Then last week two people were attacked in nearby Brent Woods. There have been all sorts of stories of wild, savage creatures jumping out of the air at their victims. And the local paper is full of theories. Some kind of wolf? A vicious fox? A wild animal which has escaped from the circus ...?

But Tallulah's convinced it's a vampire. Now, I know for certain vampires have no interest in humans or their blood. I can't tell Tallulah that as she'd wonder how I could be so sure. But I keep throwing scorn on her vampire theory.

To be honest, I'm totally sick of vampires and half-vampires, and now I've changed over I just want to concentrate on the human part of my life. But Tallulah's up to something. I know she is.

And this worries me.

This worries me a lot.

# CHAPTER ONE

## The Vampira Website

*A message you must read from Vampira:*

Do you think vampires only exist in stories? If you do, leave this page now and don't bother coming back either. We have nothing in common and you're just wasting my time.

But if you believe vampires might be real, then read on, as I have great news for you.

I've always sensed they existed, but now I have definite proof. Recently I've been dreaming about vampires every single night. Only I know they're more than dreams – they're like secret messages which I'm somehow picking up when I'm asleep. I've obviously got tons of undiscovered special powers, which doesn't surprise me at all. I've long suspected it, actually.

I've been trying to work out what these dreams mean. And now I know. You've probably read about those two attacks in Brent Woods. Well, I can tell you, they're not by wolves or foxes – they're by vampires. And my dreams have actually been warning me about them for days.

So if you've got any information about vampire activity, contact me now, if not sooner. I'm especially interested in vampire sightings around Great Walden, near Basing, because that's where I exist.

Rest assured, everything you tell me will be highly confidential and I am totally serious.

So come on, let's shake things up a bit and find the vampires, which I know are much closer to us than people think.

Kitty: posted 2 days ago

Hi, Vampira, I'm sure I've seen a vamp. It was a man, out one night in such a weird costume like he'd popped out of another century. And he had really dark eyes and pale, white skin. He gave me such a shock, I yelled out: 'Hey, vampire!' and he looked very angry, as if he knew I'd discovered his deadly secret. I couldn't stop shaking afterwards.

*Vampira answers:*

He could have just been coming from a fancy-dress party for which he wore a bit of make-up. And a lot of people would be cross if you called out: 'Hey, vampire!' at them. I believe 100% you haven't seen a *real* vampire.

Libby: posted 1 day ago

Vampira, I want to tell you about this really gorgeous boy with very pale skin who lives near me. Well, the other night I saw him and called out his name and when he turned round his eyes were bright red. He's got to be a vampire as he's scary and yet so cute, just like the boy from 'Twilight'.

*Vampira answers:*

He could have been wearing red contact lenses or maybe you just imagined it. I'm 200% certain he's not a vampire. And this is *not* a dating website.

Goth-girl: posted 6 hours ago

Hey, Vampira - I LOVE, LOVE, LOVE vampires and I can't stop thinking about them. I want to be one with all my heart. I've even got a T-shirt that says: BITE ME AND WE'LL BE TOGETHER FOR ETERNITY. Do you keep hoping a vampire will bite you at night? I bet you do. Let's meet up soon. I live in Winchester, so not too far away.

*Vampira answers:*

Your T-shirt is revolting and so are you. And I never, ever want to meet up with you. I don't want any more time-wasters on my site either. Only people like me who know vampires are here *now*.

# CHAPTER TWO

**Monday 5 November**

**1.05 a.m.**

Here are the advantages of being a half-vampire:

I DON'T HAVE TO GO BED UNTIL HALF-PAST ONE IN THE MORNING.

I CAN FLY - OR FLIT, AS WE CALL IT.

And that's it. I can't think of anything else.

And those advantages aren't as hot as they look because there's not a whole lot to do in my house late at night (or any other time, actually) and usually I just end up hanging out with my parents for hundreds of extra hours. Personally I'd rather be asleep.

And as for flitting - well, I've gone right off that too.

Here's why.

To go flitting all you have to do is walk about on tiptoe - just as if you're about to do a spot of ballet dancing for a few seconds, while at the same time emptying your mind so you're thinking of absolutely nothing.

Then after a bit your feet aren't on the ground any more. You're whooshed up into the air and, before you know it, transformed into a bat as well.

Fantastic.

Well, it was the first time I tried it. And I stayed up in the air for five spine-tingling minutes. Only last night I

couldn't get off the ground. Just spent ages tiptoeing around with absolutely nothing happening.

So tonight my parents decided we'd have a flying lesson in the back garden. Now, our garden is well hidden from prying eyes with massive fences, but even so my parents reckoned they couldn't do anything until all the lights in nearby windows were extinguished. So I was hanging about waiting for ages until, at half-past twelve, the three of us trooped outside.

Dad whispered to me, 'Now, first of all it's important you're relaxed.'

But nothing makes you tenser than someone telling you to relax, does it? And straight away I felt myself stiffen.

Dad went on, 'You're probably a bit worried you let us down last night when you didn't get airborne.'

'Excuse me, but how is you saying all this supposed to relax me?'

'What I wanted to say is, you haven't let anyone down. And last night was just a blip, all right?'

'Thanks for clearing that up, Dad.'

'I want you to breathe not through your mouth but through your nose. Do you think you can manage that?'

'I'll do my best,' I said. And I took two deep sniffs through my nose.

'There,' said Dad, 'I bet you're feeling relaxed already, aren't you?'

'Actually, I'll feel a lot more relaxed when you stop talking, Dad,' I said.

'Fair enough,' said Dad.

He went and stood by Mum, who was swinging a stopwatch about: 'So, in your own time now, Marcus.'

I started hopping about the garden on tiptoe. I looked just like a little kid who's desperate to go to the loo.

'You still seem very tense,' said Mum. 'Really relax those shoulders.'

'And keep on breathing through your nose,' said Dad.

'And remember to think of nothing,' cried Mum.

'And we know you'll crack it tonight,' said Dad. They went on whispering 'encouragement and advice' while fifteen minutes thudded past – and I was getting more and more frustrated while my feet remained obstinately on the ground.

Then Dad said, 'Why not just copy us?' Of course, he and Mum were up in the air and transformed into bats in the blink of an eye. And when you can't do something and somebody else does it – instantly – well, that's just about the most humiliating thing in the whole world, isn't it?

That's why, without another word, I stomped inside and tore up to my bedroom.

### **1.20 a.m.**

Now I feel a bit pathetic about running off to my room. But I'd just flitted so easily before. And even though I don't care at all about being a half-vampire, I'm really annoyed I can't flit any more.

### **1.27 a.m.**

My parents think I'm cool about being a half-vampire now. But that's one thing I am good at – pretending. I only dare tell the truth when I'm on my iPod touch, which is no bigger than a mobile so it travels everywhere with me. At any moment I can turn to my blog – hidden behind a top-secret password, of course – and put down stuff which no one else must ever know.

For instance, I haven't got my head around being a half-vampire at all. And there are times – loads of times, actually – when I just feel like a total freak.

### **1.45 a.m.**

Mum and Dad have just piled into my bedroom. 'We want to give you a chance to calm down. And you're not to worry,' said Dad, looking very worried.

'And we've brought you something,' said Mum.

'Food?' I asked hopefully.

'No, it's a poster,' said Dad, 'for half-vampires like you, who are experiencing a few little teething problems.'

'We hope you like it,' said Mum.

I opened it up. It was a picture of a sky plastered with annoyingly glittery stars, and in big letters were the words: YOU HAVE A GIFT, and underneath it in bright blue: SO AIM FOR THE STARS. And flying into those words were two bats. I could only stare at it for several seconds. Its total ghastliness temporarily robbed me of speech.

'Would you like me to put it up in your bedroom?' asked Mum.

'If you do, I'll sleep in the garden,' I said.

Mum sighed deeply and said, 'Well, just study it now and soak up its glorious message.'

'If I look at it any longer, Mum,' I said, 'I'll need sunglasses. Those stars aren't just bright ...'

Mum snatched the poster away from me, sighing heavily.



## The Vampira Website

Bela-Hale: posted 2 hours ago

Hi, Vampira, I don't believe in vampires. And I think you're a bit mad. No offence. Also, you're a big show-off, telling everyone about your dreams and how you think there are vampires attacking people in that wood near you. But what are you doing about it? Absolutely nothing.

Sorry, but that's what I think.

*Vampira answers:*

You are entitled to your opinion, however stupid. And I am going to do something about the vampire attacks. In fact, I shall be going to Brent Woods to keep watch very soon. I just want to get some more info first. But I know I am right. Vampires are close by.

Mrs Elsa Lenchester: posted 5 minutes ago

Dear Vampira,

By a very lucky twist of fate I discovered your page and was fascinated by it. I do not believe you are a show-off at all. And I too believe in vampires.

Even stranger, I also live in Great Walden and I am certain that your dreams are really warning you about these attacks in Brent Woods. But before you do anything else you must talk to me. I have some vital information which I believe will change your whole life. Would you mind coming to me, as I am quite elderly and do not go out very much these days.

*Vampira answers:*

What you said interested me greatly. Let's meet up really soon.