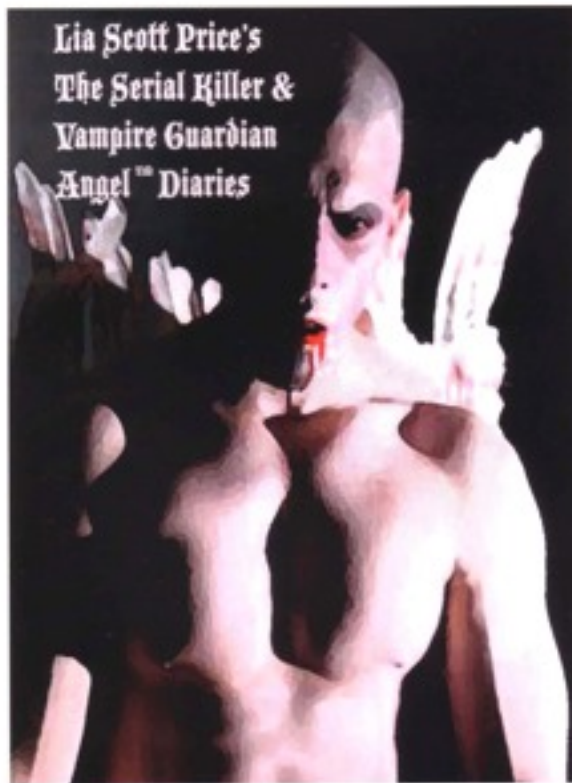


Lia Scott Price's
The Serial Killer and Vampire Guardian Angel™ Diaries

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**SERIAL KILLER AND
VAMPIRE GUARDIAN ANGELS™**

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Lia Scott Price's The Serial Killer and Vampire Guardian Angel™ Diaries

INTRODUCTION

If you knew what your Guardian Angel was really thinking, what would it be?

Now, imagine Guardian Angels as Mercy Killers and even Vampires.

Have you ever heard of Serial Killer and Vampire Guardian Angels™? They are horror author Lia Scott Price's unique and disturbing characters.

Price's short story series "The Serial Killer and Vampire Guardian Angel™ Diaries", based on the characters from her novels and films, describe the thoughts of her evil characters as they go about answering the prayers of the despairing who pray specifically to them. They are the "diaries" of what Guardian Angels really think of humans.

"A Guardian Angel is a supernatural, unseen being. So, do you really know who you're praying for help to?", says Price.

Price also turned the "diaries" into film shorts, which feature her disillusioned and rebellious guardian angel characters and presents an alternative view to what they could be.

"In my fictional stories, people shouldn't whine to a guardian angel because you don't really know what a guardian angel really is.", says Price, whose stories describe how guardian angels could be mercy killers and vampires who, tired of mankind's begging them for help, target people who pray in vain and for an end to their miseries.

"They find their victims through their prayers of desperation.", Price says. "You never know what's coming for you."

Some of these stories have been turned into film shorts.

Price's web site is www.liascottprice.com.

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A Word from the Author

Do You Know What You're Praying To?

As a horror novelist and film producer, I know the difference between fiction and reality. What I write about is often based on real experience, but put into a fantasy situation that could never possibly happen, at least logically. To me, it's just all entertainment. I never invite anything or anyone negative into my life. In general, I stay away from "bad" things and influences.

However, as I delve more into the supernatural, I have come to experience certain things that have crossed the line over from fiction into reality. In my books, films and upcoming comic book I explore how Guardian Angels can actually be evil entities. Negative and demonic entities are a big influence in my writing. Even though this is fiction, I believe they do exist.

More commonly known as demonic entities, these beings can disguise themselves as Angelic beings that pretend to help people, but instead they harm people. People tend to be so trusting and so dependent on a higher power to help them with their problems that they invoke entities that they believe will and should help them without knowing what that entity really is. We are so programmed to nag, beg, and total depend on angels to rescue us.

What is a Guardian Angel anyway? According to popular belief, a guardian angel is an angel assigned by God to guide and watch over a person and protect them from harm, and who answers prayers in time of great need by becoming intermediaries between God and man. But they are also executors of God's wrath as depicted in many Bible verses. What is even more disturbing is that Angels are capable of having free will and of rebelling, as Satan, once an angel, did. In the Bible, angels were sent to destroy man. They were killers. They were judge, jury, and executioner. And maybe they still are.

These are entities that are supernatural, paranormal, and supposedly all-powerful. Popular culture depicts angels as holy and glorious, with white wings and halos, but in reality, no one really knows what they look like or even what they are.

You know the phrase "Be careful what you pray for?" When you pray to any being, you really don't know who or what you are invoking. What do I hear people say when they pray? "I'll do anything if you help me!" People are so desperate that they are willing to bargain with these unseen entities. So basically, you are telling an entity that you've never seen that you will do anything? It's an invitation to trouble.

Demonic entities come in all forms, and taking the form of an angel is one way they can take advantage of desperate and vulnerable humans. Or, Angels that rebel and are tired of catering to humans can cause harm to us instead of help us.

Through our desperate pleas, we naively invite and invoke entities that can potentially harm us, even if we believe they are good. We choose who we let into our lives. Therefore, if we are negative, we attract negative entities that mimic angels. Our prayers of despair are like a beacon to them. It tells the entity "Here is someone I can take advantage of." Demonic entities can manipulate humans to do disturbing things to themselves because they feed off negative

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energy. In addition to making humans angry, depressed, or fearful, they can psychologically convince people to commit suicide or even commit homicide. They can use our own negative emotions against us.

In my stories, Guardian Angels are disillusioned, angry, jealous and homicidal entities who have grown to resent humans and are tired of their "jobs". They are sick of listening to desperate prayers and choose to get rid of whining humans instead of helping them.

Think of an entire customer service complaint department that goes ballistic because of nonstop complaints. Ever get so tired of someone coming to you constantly, asking for help, that to them you become some sort of savior/therapist? There are so many people who are praying to them, expecting them to rescue them from their troubles.

Too many prayers can become overwhelming and there are too many annoying people crying out for help, so guardian angels in my stories take matters into their own hands. They decide to do some mercy killing. They target those people in despair and end their lives for them. They can appear in human form or enter your mind and act helpful, sympathetic and charming. They can convince you to do anything, whether harming others or yourself, much like any negative entity can when you are vulnerable emotionally and psychologically. You become a target for negative and demonic entities because they thrive on negative emotions.

One rather controversial belief that I have that I also explore in my novels is that churches and religious statues, angel statues in particular, harbor negative entities. I always wondered why people would kneel before a statue and pour so much negative energy into an inanimate object. I believe that even statues of Saints can be possessed with negative energy because of all the desperation and despair they absorb.

Why? Because people direct feelings of resignation, sadness, helplessness, and desperation into these objects, and these objects become possessed by negative energy, and the energy passes on to the next person who prays before it. Evil and negative entities can hide in objects, even if they are seen as "holy". Supposedly "holy" objects don't repel them if these objects have been in a negative environment and were constantly absorbing negative energies from people. And these objects will be passed on from generation to generation, ensuring the continuation of that negative energy.

There is a dark side to every belief, and why should we not question these beliefs? Because these beliefs may be clues to how negative and demonic entities possess us, where we don't expect to find them, and what we don't expect them to infest.

The study of negative and demonic entities in the paranormal field are a big influence in my fiction writing, but these entities are also something I strongly believe in and that I have done separate short films about and which I have had personal experiences with. I guess there is some sort of message my books have regarding our belief in any supernatural being, and that is that we can be possessed, controlled and taken advantage of by entities that we pray to or invoke that can use our own negative emotions against us.

So, try not to pray in desperation to something you don't really fully know.

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**WELCOME TO WHAT YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL
IS REALLY THINKING....**

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You Deserve What You Get

You insist that our responsibility as a guardian angel is to watch over you, and when anything goes wrong, oh, here come the prayers blaming us (but never yourselves.) You start whining: "You didn't watch over me! It's your fault that you failed me!"

Then we get the extra demanding prayers from you psycho humans out there: "I wanna know what you guardian angels are gonna do about my problem! How are you gonna fix my life??? You don't know how bad it is!!" Oh, yes we do know how bad it is, but we didn't create your problem.

We're not responsible for your life.

We guardian angels didn't cause your disabilities, your medical problems, your bankruptcies, your divorces, and whatever else went wrong in your life. Yet we wonder: instead of whining to us all the time, why don't you lazy, helpless humans do something about your life? Fix it yourselves, perhaps? Just a suggestion. You humans give us 20 or more reasons in all your whiny prayers about why you can't help yourselves. You're too busy. Too worried. Too sick. Your outfit wasn't coordinated that day. Whatever.

We hate you humans who make a big dramatic stink just to get what you want. You make your demands in your prayers: "Why can't you give me all the answers? Why can't you Why do we guardian angels have to save you from your own stupidity? "Well, God ordered you to take care of us!", you humans answer. "We want to be helped and protected in every way. You should be looking over my shoulder 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. It's a Guardian Angel's job!" Really?

Not anymore. That's why, when you whine to us in your annoying, demanding tone of voice, we know where to find you, and what to do with you. We keep the funeral business quite busy. Besides, you're the one asking us for help, but if we don't respond the way you like, you turn into bratty humans, pinning all your hopes on us, when really, we don't owe you anything. These are samples of what we hear from 10 billion on you:

"I've been waiting and waiting for a miracle! Nothing is happening! Why don't you answer?"

"I feel like I'm being ignored! Aren't my prayers good enough? Or serious enough?"

"I need you to answer my prayers now! I know I have a guardian angel assigned to me! I'm suffering! I'm hurting! Why don't you help me right away? I want my problem solved now!!!"

See what we have to put up with? So how do we really answer your prayers? Every day, people die in accidents, suicides, murders. That's out way of culling out the population, of getting rid of you whiners. We make you snap and stab each other, or stab yourselves. Hell, we can wipe out whole whining families if we want to. We'll think of something creative. Falling, Stabbing, Drowning, Slicing. Whatever it takes, we will make sure you meet your bloody end. You deserve what you get.

We can't fix you damaged people, you attention seekers, you less-than-competent whiners. We can only weed out and target the weak, and the Vampire Guardian Angels among us can feed really well. It's all part of our own natural selection process.

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Just So You Know

We Guardian Angels hate being Heaven's customer service. We have to deal with people who are the first to complain, the first to threaten to sue, the first to threaten to kill themselves, but who are way too lazy to do anything to help themselves?

That's the reason why we Serial Killer Guardian Angels kill them---to stop the whining, to stop humans from looking to us to save them. We absolutely hate humans who will go through any lengths to force us to solve their problem for them.

We target the ones who spend energy demanding a free rescue -- when those humans should be spending the time helping themselves. We want to say to those people before we kill them: What the hell makes you so special that we have to save you? You simply have demonstrated that you do not deserve to live because you make our lives miserable, especially you full-grown adults who whine like 4-year olds.

All the problems in your life are not our responsibility to fix. And when you pray to us, we just kill you to shut you up. Just so you know.

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Career Complainers

Just because you are constantly unhappy with your life does not give you the excuse to constantly complain to us. We Serial Killer Guardian Angels cannot fix your life for you.

This is why we became serial killers.

You humans become totally unreasonable in your demands and prayers because you think you are always entitled to help. But you are annoying. And a royal pain in the butt.

You humans are ungrateful. We go the extra mile for you, but the continuous backlog of human whining upsets us, and we are tired of your complaints. You humans are impossible to please.

We Guardian Angels have to stand up for ourselves. This is why we find ways to get rid of you whiners.

This is why we push you in front of cars. We give you heart attacks. We make sure you follow through on your plans for suicide. Ones that thought of killing yourself is in your head, we make sure you go through with it. We convince you. We make sure you are in precarious positions, so that your untimely and unfortunate death is seen in news stations all over the world. And no one will suspect we did it.

Because you are just troublemakers to us. You go through great lengths and many long, depressing prayers to get our attention. Well, you got our attention. And when we slash, stab, slice, and strangle you, you get what you deserve.

Oh, we understand why you do it. You miserable humans have a prehistoric brain that wakes your rage, anxiety, and fear, and shuts you down, allowing us to shut you up.

Because you make OUR lives miserable.

Stop wasting our time. Stop taking advantage of us. Go ahead, Pray. We will always find a way to get rid of you.

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Stuck with You

What we Guardian Angels absolutely hate is that arrogant sense of entitlement you humans demand. You want to be compensated for all the troubles you have "from the Man upstairs". You believe that we Guardian Angels were created solely to help you, to keep you "safe".

You pray to us with your self-righteous demands, that "I-pray-more-than-others" and "I've-sinned-less-than-others-so-I-deserve-to-be-helped-more", or that "I-am-a-loyal-follower-I'm-holier-than-others" attitude.

Dealing with humans who display their baser animals instincts, full-blown, the primitive fight or flight response, the full panic mode.

And it leaves us Guardian Angels thinking: These humans breed??? They create more whiners?

Face it. These people are not that easy to listen to, let alone live with. These people just drag you down. Then you have the meek ones, the ones who are f'in helpless they can't even help themselves.

You would think that humans would take responsibility for their own problems, and not always rely on Guardian Angels. But you selfish humans expect us Guardian Angels to get you out of the messes you are in.

We don't get paid. No vacations, no breaks from the whining. It's enough to make us snap.

We can't keep up. It's exhausting listening to you humans. What you all don't understand is that there is a damn queue of prayer requests. Pushy, demanding, annoying requests. An entire life story of troubles.

It's enough to make us realize that 90% of the human population seriously needs medication.

We want to say no to helping you. We want out. But we're stuck with you....for now. So the best thing to do is to work behind God's back and get rid of you...make it look like an accident....so that way, we finally get a break.

So many, many of you to kill. That's it....keep praying.

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Slash and Watch

Today I convinced some whining human to self-inflict a hemorrhage by traumatic bleeding. In short, I convinced her to slash her wrists.

I convinced her to do multiple incisions at the wrists, tearing open the arteries, the veins.

Knives are always easily located and accessible. My victim, the one I was supposed to watch over, experienced a drop in blood pressure and an increased heart rate, and Lots of pain. Oh, she was scared at first, but then, with a little encouragement that I whispered into her ear, she experienced a release of adrenaline and endorphins. We watched the bleeding continue together.

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Fly

I can teach you how to fly.

That is what I, as your guardian angel, told you as you stood at the edge of a rooftop of a high-rise building in downtown Los Angeles, CA.

You wanted to kill yourself. But first, you prayed to me. You said there was no other solution to your problems, and for me to come to save you.

Honesty, I have better things to do than listen to your damn whining. And make up your mind. Do you want to jump, or not?

Don't just stand there wasting my time. I came all the way over here to give you a solution. Go, fly, and be free.

Still not sure? Well, you made it past building security and made every effort to get up here, so get on with it.

If you want to be saved, then jump.

You stand and weep in despair, and honestly, it's getting on my nerves.

So here's what I'll do. I'll give you a little push. You're welcome. It's just my way of showing that I'm there for you---to watch you fall.

That should shut you up. Another day and another mission accomplished--to get rid of the whiners.

Shocked? Of course you are. You never thought a guardian angel could be that evil, could you?

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Go ahead. Pray to us.

As you kneel and pray, your Guardian Angel comes to you, and looks you right in the face, though you cannot see your Guardian.

What does your Guardian say to you?

What your Guardian says at first is soothing, sympathetic. "Awww...are you in pain?"

Did you call for me? You want me to help you out?"

But eventually, the tone turns sarcastic, and with annoyance, your Guardian whispers in your ear. "So you're too stupid and lazy to solve your own crap and you expect me to do it for you? What the hell am I? Your personal therapist? The frikin' hotline to Heaven?"

As your Guardian Angel draws out a sharp sword, your Guardian's words are unheard, but you do feel a sudden pain, of knife cutting through your flesh. "Just die already so I don't have to hear your frikin' whining!"

As you lie bleeding to death after your Guardian Angel stabs you multiple times, (Hey, your fault for praying to them), you can almost hear your Guardian's sarcastic, condescending words: "You just don't understand, do you? I'm tired of listening to you.

I'm tired of you calling for me. You're like a damn broken record. So, this is how I answer your prayers."

And out of the darkness, another Guardian Angel appears. Only this one is after your blood.

"I've done the deed", your Guardian Angel says to the other. "Do what you want with the whiner."

And in the faint light, the new Guardian Angel bares gleaming fangs....

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Pathetic

You are the type of human who looks at people who make mistakes as somewhat "defective", as a social outcast. You lose respect for them, judge them unforgivingly and whisper and laugh behind their backs, as if you yourself are incapable of doing nothing wrong. (You tend to blame others for your own mistakes.) You treat people as if they are stupid and not worth talking to or socializing with, because you are too concerned with your cliques, your status, your image.

You look upon others who don't share your interests or who are different from you and your buddies as outcasts. You are petty. You are pathetic.

I'm not being self-righteous. I'm just an observer.

But you have your insecurities. You have things you pray about. You have your fears and worries.

I look for people like you: petty, insecure people who run with the same immature crowd.

That's why I'm a Serial Killer Guardian Angel.

People like you are big game to me. I like to hunt you down.

First, I watch you show off and strut and hang out with guys and talk shop. But at the same time, I listen to your inner fears, your measuring and comparing yourself silently to your buddies.

I hear the same thing over and over again from people like you, nothing new there. It bores me.

But it's the little inner prayers I listen for. The ones in the back of your mind. The ones I hear over and over again. You want a guardian angel to solve all your problems when you get home. And you do have problems. You don't seek therapy. Instead, you seek the help of a guardian angel.

And part of the hunt is putting you out of your misery, so that the world would be a better place--at least for me. Your miserable, inner whining gets to me. Of course I'm jealous of you -- of your toys, that is. Your fancy sports car. Your designer wardrobe.

We guardian angels also want the perks of human life. So late at night, after I've stalked you for a few days, I come to you. I stand at your bedside. I listen to you pray silently, as your wife sleeps.

She will never hear you make a sound as I wrap my hands around your neck and slowly choke you as you drift off to sleep. I make sure you breathe your last, and that your heart stops. And oh, I can make it look like a heart attack. I like to cover my tracks.

When your wife wakes up, you won't. She'll find out later that you died of a heart attack.

Of course, no one will ever believe it was my doing. I am the cause of thousands of heart attacks everywhere. And you humans never suspect guardian angels, do you?

She still clutches a guardian angel statue as she weeps for you. Pathetic.

Go ahead. Pray to me. This is how I'll answer.

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Your Wasted Life

Every weekend, you hang out with the guys at your boring family barbecues. You talk about work, about cars, about sports, and not much else. You purchase your toys and show them off to the boys. Then, after they are gone, you obediently follow your nagging wife's orders. What's the point? After you work your ass off for her, you basically get nothing in return. You, in your 30's, are nothing but a provider for your wife.

She simply sees you as the money machine.

You are under scrutiny daily from your wife, your in-laws, and your own parents. One little failure in living up to any expectation, from not getting the right kind of bread at the grocery store to anything your bratty little wife comes up with is grounds for a major tantrum. Then here come your in-laws, mad as hell that you disappointed their little princess---yet again.

Was it all worth it? This life of yours? You will never get a chance to live out your own dreams. You are now a slave to the overly-demanding family you married into. They tell you the house isn't big enough. The car isn't fancy enough. You don't make enough money at your job. Every day, it's always a demand that you work much harder to provide their brat with bigger and better things. And if you don't, then you're embarrassing the family.

And your wife--of course she won't let you do anything else, despite how hard you work. You will never get her permission to go to bars, to a night out with the boys, or pursue your own hobbies. She keeps you on the old ball and chain.

Your resentment has been growing. And in your despair, you called for me.

I, as your guardian angel, came to you with a solution.

You take that chain of yours and wrap it around that spoiled neck of that wife of yours.

Then you take the ball, or axe, or hammer--whatever is hand---and smash in that skull of hers.

A few more whacks, and you are free.

But not for long.

Enjoy your first taste of freedom in several years since you married the brat. Because it doesn't last long as I grab your own neck and slice it open. Then I drink from it, as you gasp your last breath.

Isn't freedom sweet?

And that is what I really do as a guardian angel. I inspire rage and homicides, and even suicides, among those who call to me. I am the ultimate answer to your prayers. And I am also a vampire. Your despair helps me find you, and your blood feeds me.

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Kill Them All

You hate your foster parents, don't you?

You say that the reason you are in therapy is because of them. It's because of a lifetime of criticism, of no emotional support. To you, they are still 5- year olds, at least emotionally. They always bully you. They never support what you choose to do.

You are ashamed of them.

You get tired of them getting pissed off at you for every little mistake you do. You are never good enough in their eyes. They made you into a very angry, bitter, insecure person. Just like they are.

You wish they never adopted you.

Each night you pray to me for guidance. You still believe that a Guardian Angel is there to guide you and tell you what to do.

And I, as a Vampire Guardian Angel, know exactly what I want you to do.

So I come to you, and tell you, that for every thing they have done to you, you give them one stab each, with this knife.

I whisper in your ear as you stab your immature, selfish, ugly foster parents.

That's it. Show them how you really feel about them.

And when you are done, I show you how to stab yourself.

And then I drink your blood, and theirs as well.

Hey, it's a living. You never know who you just prayed to.

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I Don't Save You

I am a Vampire Guardian Angel.

I drink the blood of the slain.

I especially like the mean girls. Their blood is so vile, but tasty. Kinda like really bad wine that you for some reason can't stop drinking.

BTW, Do you think that we guardian angels catch you when you slip? Do you ever think that we stop you from falling? I hear you humans swear up and down that "my guardian angel must have been watching over me. He caught me before I ate shit." Wrong. So wrong. We let you fall. We push you. If only you knew what we really do. Nothing is an accident. We trip you up, you fall into the path of an oncoming car. We like that sound your body makes as it hits a moving object, especially at a high speed.

See, nothing is an accident. Everything that goes wrong is our way of, well, trying to kill you. Especially if you do pray to us for help.

That's my beacon. That's how I find you. I prefer to drink your blood after I've killed you in one of those "accidents". It makes it easier for me to drain you. And no one suspects anything. So many people, so much stupidity in the world. That's good for us angels, bad for you humans.

See you soon.

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Snapped

Your significant other enrages you, but you keep it hidden inside. Every morning, as you both carpool to work, he's angry, nitpick, nagging, and generally miserable to be around, and that smooth jazz music he always has on doesn't help either. You want to push him out of the moving car. You have fantasies of getting a phone call that he's died in a horrible accident. You stare at him as he sleeps and you want to put a pillow on his head and suffocate him. That is how much you hate him.

The snotty kid who serves coffee at the local coffee shop is a sexist bastard. He'll greet the guys enthusiastically, boast loudly about stuff he has, and ignore the other customers in line, and treat the "hot girls" special, but when it comes to you "ordinary" people, he refuses to smile, he rolls his eyes, and treats you like you are an annoyance in his day. And you stand there thinking, "Really? They hire people like this? This is customer service?" You want to burn his face with scalding hot water, leave him scarred, and let him know how it feels to be judged. But oh, you also want to go further than that.

You want to take his skull and crush it, as you pour hot, scalding coffee into the cavity of his brain. You want to watch him writhe in pain. You keep thinking "he deserves it. I'm making the world a better place. Less people like him around makes life better." These are the thoughts I plant in your head after you say your prayers. I give you the answers. Just get rid of them. This is why you have us guardian angels. We give you less conventional, creative, and effective solutions to your problems. Just get rid of them. Less work for us if you do it yourself.

Why did you pray to me? Because these people make your life miserable. Therefore, you make my life as a guardian angel miserable. Really miserable. So, here's what I'll do. I know, I know. I'm supposed to tell you that everything will be OK, that I'll make things better, that somehow I will miraculously make your damn significant other nicer, sweeter, less angry; or that I'll give a gentle lesson in better manners to that coffee shop guy, and somehow, he'll be a better person.

Really? This is what you pray to me about? Not about world hunger, not about saving the polar bears, but because you can't put up with the low-lives of the world? And you want me to save you from...well...this? But I understand how you weak and miserable humans can just snap over anything. But you know, that's so cliché, and it doesn't happen that way. I'm not a people-fixer. I'm not a damn therapist. I'm a supernatural being. I can control things the way I want to, and I can make people do anything. Including you.

So there you are, beating that coffee shop guy over the head with an axe you so thoughtfully brought this morning, and I loved your dramatic entrance, by the way, screaming at him that you're tired of his asshole attitude. I told you to split his skull in half. Funny how dark blood matched that dark roast. I even expected the people in line who had to put up with his BS every morning to clap.

As for your significant other, I was impressed how you showed up back to his workplace after you dropped him off, you in your bloody clothes, and how you forced him back into the car. For the first time, he was completely speechless. For once. I watched you both as you drove a very high speed into a concrete barrier. Of course I put that thought in our head. I can't leave you alive to whine again about something now, can I? I'm such a bad, bad guardian angel.

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I Hate My Job

We guardian angels hate our job.

I hate my job. I hate having to work under someone else's command. God just orders us around to act as babysitters for all his spoiled brats. Take that two-faced, foul-mouthed, snotty girl who's always on her cell phone with her boyfriend. I know she can't live without him. She's obsessively attached to him. She can't stand a minute away from him and she's on the phone every 5 minutes, checking up on him. If he left her, she'd kill herself. I know what she's thinking.

You think I like watching over people like her? These spoiled bitches? It's a damn shitty job. She has so much bad attitude, I'd love to just cut her open right then and there to shut that flapping mouth of hers. She'll talk anywhere on that cell phone--her car, movie theater---anywhere. I'm surprised that loser boyfriend hasn't gone and killed himself just to get away from her.

But that's another story. For now, she's my focus.

I could get her to kill herself in less than a minute, but I like to torture her by putting paranoid thoughts in her head. Mainly, big-time insecurities and suspicions that her boyfriend's cheating on her. I know it drives her empty mind crazy. And when she's freaking out and in a panic, I wait until she breaks down and calls out for help---through her prayers of desperation.

Then I would come to her and whisper in her ear at her lowest point--the best time for mind control, of course. I would say to her, "Why the fuck are you such a stuck-up, sorry excuse for a human? That's why he's cheating on you. You think you're better than anyone else, but you're not. People hate you. You don't deserve to live. You think people are beneath you. But it's really you who is the loser in life. That's why he's leaving you. You're not worth it."

I'd play with her mind. I'd tell her how horrible she is. I'd tell her that her loser lover is leaving her for someone with a much better attitude. People like her are really insecure about themselves. I'd play on what she fears the most. No amount of attitude can save her from slicing her own throat.

Oh, I'm not being self-righteous or arrogant. I do think I am better than humans since, after all, I am immortal, supernatural. I'm simply targeting those of you who are sorry excuses for human beings, just so I can get all of you out of MY life. Have you listened to yourselves? Every damn day and night, it's gimme this, gimme that, what you want, who you want, why you want it or you'll so gonna die, why you're so miserable unless your life is the way you want it, or please-make-my-boyfriend-girlfriend-lover-spouse- dog-come back to me, now.

Why do you think we're so tired of you whining to us? We guardian angels have feelings too! We can feel anger and frustration. We can hate our jobs just like you complaining humans do. But here's the thing--I think our bigger purpose is not to save you, but to weed out all you whiners, complainers, despairing, depressed, hopeless people, those of you who are so weak and have given up, and sending you all to your gory deaths.

Honestly? it's the most satisfying feeling. It's like walking away from a job that you, well, hate.

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They Are Taunting You

I'm your guardian angel. I came to you while you knelt by your bedside, praying to me. I'm here to tell you how to solve your problem. Look around you. Do you believe that people taunt you and make fun of you everyday? I know you are depressed about this. You get up everyday filled with anxieties. You hate them. You wish it would all go away. You pray to me to make it stop. Those two silly girls at the place where you work. Those catty, gossipy bitches who, every time you try to make an kind of small talk, roll their eyes and snicker. You try to tell yourself that they are young and immature, and are only in their twenties, who are too judgmental about people, and who are just snobby nobodies. But you can't put up with it, can you?

You pray to me every night, for something as simple as for everyone to like you. Otherwise, life is not worth living. You want an end to your inner torture. Every day that you step out of your car to walk into that office, you wish that they weren't there, that they would just disappear. You can feel them watching your every move, whispering about you, laughing at you behind your back. I, as your guardian angel, have a solution. I have the answer to your prayer. See this knife? You are going to take it with you. You are going to go in early tomorrow morning, and you are going to smile at them. Yes, smile your biggest smile. Then you are going to walk up to each of them and stab them in the throat.

See, the throat is a great place to start. First, grab one by her hair and pull her head back. Don't worry about the other. She'll be too busy either screaming, in shock, or maybe still putting on her makeup. Then you drive that knife into your victim's throat. First, you'll here the gurgling. She won't be able to say anything, of course. I hope you wore something dark, because the blood is going to spray all over the place. Well, that doesn't matter. But anyway, drive it deep until it comes out the other side of the neck. Or until it almost severs her arrogant head. I like to see that. Ah, now for the other one. She'll try to run off, of course. But in your rage, you find the strength to slam her against a wall and drive that knife into her stomach. Yes, twist it. Cut her open like a squealing pig. Watch how her eyes grow wide and she starts gasping for air. She isn't laughing at you now, is she? Notice too how neither of them begged for their lives. Well, they didn't have time to. I doubt the would give you that much respect. They don't even talk to you anyway. I bet they never saw it coming, huh?

And when you are done, I will put my hand on your shoulder and with my other hand, I will guide your arm upward, the one that holds the knife. Then I will whisper in your ear that your mission is done. You have done well. Now you will get your reward: freedom from pain. From your anxieties. Forever. The answer to all your prayers I was forced to listen to night after night after goddamn night. You will raise that knife high. That blade will glint under the fluorescent lights and you will be mesmerized by it. Then, at the exact moment when I tell you to, you will drive that knife into your heart. You will watch the blood spurt from your chest as your vision fades. You will feel peace, comfort...no pain. You won't feel anything as I drive my fangs into your neck.

And when you are dead, I will feed on your two victims. I will drain all of you of your blood. You see, unlike a traditional vampire, a Vampire Guardian Angel can drain a body, dead or alive, of every drop of blood, of fluid from every tissue, and be just fine. I could just bite all of you and be done with it, but it's more fun this way. My mission as a guardian angel is to first be a mercy killer, so I can make it look like a murder-suicide to cover up my tracks. Then, I can feed. It's your fault. You prayed to me. And I found you.

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Drink Up

Suicide by drowning is defined as the act of deliberately submerging oneself in water quite long enough to prevent breathing and deprive your brain of oxygen. Drowning's not so common, though. But it is one of the most interesting.

it's not as bloody, but it is interesting to see someone I'm holding down under water struggling. Once you made the decision, I'm not going to let you back up out of that tub, pool, puddle, or whatever you've got our face submerged under.

Go ahead and thrash as much as you like. You're dying. I can feel it. I can feel you desperately trying to access air as you start to panic. You inhale the water, our throat constricts. Water flows into your stomach. It's horrifying, yes, I know. You go unconscious.

And instead of saving you as a good guardian angel should, I leave you there. See, if life is way too hard for you to handle, what the hell do you people keep doing? Calling on us. So once you do, and you want to end your life, make sure you mean it. We hate getting our shirts wet.

Too late to change your mind. I've answered your prayer.

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Heaven's Hotline: Suicide

I respond to extreme emotional pain and suicidal thoughts. Think of it as my homing beacon to those in despair. I am the reason people commit suicide. I am a mercy Killer. Why prolong your life circumstance? Are you under extreme stress? Are you emotionally upset, to the point that you plan to take your own life? I find ways to do it for you. As long, of course, as you have no hope left.

I am that little voice in your head that says "do it". You've probably heard the saying--suicide is an involuntary thought you don't "choose" to think them. They just come into your mind during times of extreme despair. Actually, it's really just my doing--my whispering into your ear. I'm such a bad guardian angel. I'm supposed to help people through their times of trouble. Screw that.

Let me give you an example of what my day was like, what I have to put up with, especially with you humans. So on any given day, I'm quite busy. I get desperate prayers from you whiners, say, 100 times a day (think several billion people of you here on Earth. It's a crappy job. And there are only so many guardian angels assigned to each of you. many of them still "in training".) It's just easier to put you all out of your misery. Cuts down on our work. Really, it does.

It's Heaven's new customer service. Because we really don't like our job. We have to listen to your problems every waking moment of our lives. It gets to us. It really does. So whatever compels someone to suicide, it's the work of their guardian angel.

First, I hear your prayers. You expect me to respond, don't you? How do I respond? Well, that really depends. It's all about finding the most convenient way to get rid of you, to get you to end your life, and of course, it requires perfect timing. For instance, a well-timed walk right into the path of an oncoming vehicle. Or a walk into the sea, if you prefer drowning. Mercy killing isn't easy. It takes a lot of convincing. I have to stand there and whisper these thoughts into your ear. It's kinda like you've called Heaven's despair hotline and I answer, and I have to listen to you vent and whine and complain about your life, and then you expect a response. A quick answer. An end to all your troubles. You expect us to constantly fix you. We're tired of it. Our job gets to us too.

I'm most receptive when you're in a church, kneeling and praying. That's when you're most vulnerable. When you pray for help. But of course, it has to be a very desperate prayer. Otherwise, it's not worth my time. That's the catch. Unless there is the sickening possibility that you have a positive attitude and you can get yourself out of the bind you're in, I'm not interested in killing you. Maybe I'll entertain you with a suicidal thought or two, but that's pretty much as far as I'll go. It's an option. I'm just sayin'. But if you're really too far gone in your depression, well, you're just a walking--make that kneeling---target.

So, here are your options: Bleeding (my favorite, because I get to cut you open and make you look like you did it yourself--stabbing, slicing your wrists, even slicing your own throat). Electrocuting, (messy but not as spectacular), but seeing someone on fire is especially gratifying to me. Jumping off a cliff (easiest one. If you do hesitate, however, I will give you a little "push"). Shooting yourself. (I just suggest it. You do all the work. I prefer sharp objects). Of course, death by cop is also an option. Just wave a gun at a bunch of cops and get them to fire on you. Quite a spectacular way to go, don't you think? Hanging. (I'll teach you how to tie a good knot). Poisoning or drug overdose (I get the leftover drugs, of course!). Blowing yourself up. My personal favorite, (although much harder to do (but we'll find a way if you really want it).

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Murder

We're serial killers. We can convince other people to kill other people, purely for amusement. And it gets you off our backs too. It shuts all you whiners up.

The sweet little old lady down the street who lost it and shot up her neighbors with a sawed-off shotgun? That was my doing. I pushed her to it. All the more better if she kills herself afterwards. My job is done, and they take the blame.

And you wonder why someone's guardian angel didn't save them, or intervene. That's because we did them in. We had no plans to save them. We had every intention of convincing them to kill themselves. We even take the initiative and finish them off (we like to use swords or knives.) Never quite thought of it that way, did you?

When someone stabs another person, that was also our doing. We made them do it. We relish the thought that we can convince others to do what we want them to do. And you believe in us so much that you want us to save you. Prayer isn't going to save you. Because we sure as hell won't.

We channel our own frustrations through humans. Man of us angels were murdered in our past lives (mostly b the church, under the term "martyred.) Or we were sent to our deaths in ghastly, painful was (the inquisition, etc.) so of course we're pissed. Then we're assigned to watch over and protect humans. Sometimes yes, we don't like our job. Most of the time we're forced to become protectors, and we resent humans. Never thought about that, did you?

Because there's really no reward. We're not paid by Heaven to put up with your whining. Our reward is the satisfaction of getting rid of you, of shutting you up for good. And helping ourselves to whatever Earth has to offer--your car, your women, even your cash.

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Beautiful Silence

She prays only for show. She puts all her faith into statues that she believes will save her. But she is as hollow as the little guardian angel statues she prays to.

Her prayers do not give her a soul. Her soul was corrupted from the day she abused me, her only child. And yet she dares to ask her statues for forgiveness for what she has done. But did she ever think about asking ME for forgiveness? She deprived me of a childhood, of a life. It was a life once filled with pain, torture, fear and anger.

And now, even as a Guardian Angel, a supposed holy and peaceful being, I still retain all those emotions, and I do not feel obligated to save humans from their own miseries. I certainly suffered through mine.

And my goal in answering prayers is to get revenge. From anyone who whines to me.

Because of you, mother.

She had no idea that a Guardian Angel had a memory. It was when I died at 10 years old, from her abuse. She claimed it was an accident, but I knew better. She got away with murder.

It is when she prays for help to her Guardian Angel that I answered. And I arrive with a vengeance.

When I crack open her skull, I'm not surprised to find that there is nothing there, except brain matter. No intelligence, no empathy, nothing deserving of sympathy or salvation. I will tear every part of her into pieces. I am the killer you whining humans created.

She will feel the cut of a sharp knife against human flesh. I still relish the thought of watching her face as her skull gets split in two, exposing blood and brains, all that rotten matter spilling all over. I wonder if she is aware of how her head is severed from her abusive, worthless body.

I wondered if she even had time to ponder if she ever felt guilty about what she did to me, as what's left of her brain leaves her skull?

And as her whining, narcissistic prayer to me is silenced, I realize.... it's such a beautiful, peaceful silence.

A Guardian Angel hates whining.

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The Gift

Who knew that a Guardian Angel's childhood was filled with rage and bad memories. As he looks at the bleeding bodies of those who prayed to him, he wonders if he did enough to make up for the trauma of childhood? His latest victim was a supposedly deeply religious mother who had slapped her child to shut the kid up, because he was trying to get her attention because he was hungry, but she preferred to talk on the phone with her friends for hours.

Her anger caused her child to try to ignore his pangs of hunger and fear each day. He never knew what would make her mad. He was a thorn on her side.

She was deeply religious woman, but one who was not spiritual. But that really wasn't the cause of this Angel's rage. He knew she showed up at church in her best outfits just for show, using money that should have gone to feed her child. She had an air of self-righteousness about her.

And he had heard her pray for her secret abuses to someday be forgiven in heaven, for her sins to be erased just because she went to church. Every time she felt the holy water at the tips of her fingers, she felt purged. He watched as she donated a few coins to the church, thinking that money would buy her salvation in the afterlife. He laughed to himself as she made her prayers to the saints and the angels, hoping for some reward, for eternal salvation.

But who knew that when she talked to her supposed Guardian Angel that he was really a serial killer, targeting the people who reminded him of the mother who abused him in his own life. It is said that prayer is a refuge. But instead, it is a beacon for an Angel seeking revenge.

And the angel came. And he left behind a head here, an arm there. A Guardian Angel tearing out her hypocritical tongue, her blackened heart. He found her through her selfish, pretentious, and self-righteous prayers, where she begged for her Angel to get her out of the life she led, where she wished she didn't have a child, that she could get rid of all the problems in her life, that she could just get rid of all her sins and live a life of pleasure and riches.

Each prayer of her brought him closer to her....and they never saw it coming. This Guardian Angel answered her prayers by hacking her to pieces with his sword. Blood splattered on his white feathers.

You remind me of my own mother, he said to her. I will purge myself of her memory, one limb at a time. I will start with your feet. I will hack them off right at the ankles. I will hack off your legs.

Do you feel my own pain yet? Now you'll feel the sharp blade on your arms. Do you believe in God?

You asked him to send an angel to save you. But I won't save you. You fear God, only because you are afraid of guilt-driven eternal punishment. So you pray to your useless saints for the reward of a glorious life in heavenly paradise, for your sins to be absolved.

He spoke to her as he cut her up. He found her to be hollow inside. For every limb he cut off, each loss of a limb was a chance to fill the void within him. Each hole he cut in her covered up the holes

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in his own life, those empty, dark voids. Despite the fact that her head was now separated from her body, he continued to talk to her, as if she could still hear what he had to say.

He continued to tell her he had been abused as a 6-year old child, so he understood pain.

But he wasn't there as an avenger for the abused, he wasn't there as some supernatural superhero, he did this only to ease his own pain and inner rage.

He wasn't there to expose the religious hypocrites. He couldn't care less if the good sinned or strayed. He used their sins as a beacon for his own form of personal "therapy" He targeted specific prayers and people, and used mercy killing as a way to try to erase the memories of a painful childhood. In reality, he couldn't care less what happened to the child he now left as an orphan.

All he cared about was shutting up the annoying voice of another praying, begging, desperate, nagging human being who he felt he shouldn't have to help. He was sick of answering prayers, no matter the reason.

To him, the most beautiful sound was that of her screams. It took away the pain for just a moment. He simply wished for the desperate prayers, the haughty voices, to be silenced forever. And he hoped that in time, the hate would fade away too.

His gift to the child was a single bloody feather the child gleefully played with, while sitting next to his mother's bloody remains.

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The Beginning

A Guardian Angel's own anger and personal trauma can be a powerful tool. It can destroy. She is an angel who stands over her abusive parents while they sleep, recalling their psychologically abusive and uncontrollable temper tantrums. She committed suicide at an early age, and despite the myths that those who kill themselves cannot go to Heaven, she became a Guardian Angel, and was obligated to answer the prayers of those who prayed for help and protection.

Ironically, she now listens to her own parent's hypocritical prayers: "Please protect me, help make me rich, help me go to Heaven, I go to church every Sunday, I donate to the church, and I deserve to be saved."

She shakes her head at their selfishness and hypocrisy. She blames them for her death. They abused their own daughter.

All she wanted was for her abusive parents to stop being so angry over every little thing and for them to stop taking it out on her. And now she had the power to answer their prayers and to destroy them---through their own rage. She now had the free will to do so despite her obligation to help mankind.

She could rebel. She could become a killer that no one would suspect, not even her own creator.

It was a rage that ate away at this Angel's insides. And it led her to do away with who she hated. The child in her wanted those who abused her to feel fear, because she was tired of being afraid of their anger. Her parents still lived in the dark ages where they thought it was acceptable to be abusive to a child. They represented the worst of a human sociopathic culture and society: parasitic, with no empathy, immature, arrogant, abusive, hypocritical, lacking in decency and ethics, insecure about their own selves, malicious, materialistic, greedy, and self-righteous. She wanted people like them to stop multiplying like the plague, and she hated them and all who were like them.

They robbed her of her childhood with their unforgivable abuses and neglect. It was a shameful family secret. She did not expect them or their kind to ever apologize for all the trauma they caused her and that she still suffered from.

She didn't choose where she was born or to whom, but she considered all the abuse to have begun with her parents and their kind, and she held them fully responsible for all the abuse and trauma that tormented her.

They taught her to feel nothing but hate.

Yes, a Guardian Angel can feel pain, and can hate. And can be vengeful. She felt that only way to purge such anger is to purge them from life. And to make sure they bled.

She was ready to answer their prayers in her own way.

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Her father had used the belt on her when she was alive, and she made him dream, about the time when he took it off to use it on her, and in his dream it wrapped around his own neck and choked him to death. And her mother, as she dreamt about screaming and yelling abusive words to her child, had stopped in the midst of her rage, picked up a knife, and stabbed herself to death, using the force of her own rage, in her own dream, until she lay in a pool of her own blood.

And that is how they were found. That was this Angel's vindication, her comfort and revenge. She was once human after all. And she would go after the rest of the family, tracking them down through their prayers for help, because of what they knew. They watched. They did nothing. They stayed in denial. They did nothing to help her, because they had no empathy and were too concerned about getting along with everyone, with keeping the peace, even though they knew abuses were being committed.

And she listened for their prayers....and waited.

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About the Author



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Lia Scott Price's The Serial Killer and Vampire Guardian Angel™ Diaries

Lia Scott Price is a Horror/Vampire Author and Film Producer. She is the creator of Serial Killer and Vampire Guardian Angels™, characters in her books and films. She turned Guardian Angels into Serial Killers and Vampires who kill and eat people who pray to them, because they are tired of answering prayers.

Lia Scott Price self-publishes her books and self-produces her independent films.

Price features her characters in the following books and films:

- The Guardian, Revenant, and Dominion: (Vampire Trilogy Book and Comic Book/Graphic Novel)**
- The Serial Killer and Vampire Guardian Angel™ Diaries (Film Shorts)**
- Scenes from A Novel (Film Shorts)**
- The Guardian (Feature Film)**
- Dominion (Feature Film)**

Lia is CEO of Lia Scott Price Productions Inc. Her film production company turns her novels into films.

Lia Scott Price also produces, acts in, directs, edits, composes, and is Cinematographer for her films. Lia is also a comic book artist for her own comic book/graphic novel. Her web site is www.liascottprice.com.

Lia has been featured on radio interviews and online media.

Price's books and films are distributed through createspace.com, amazon.com, amazon kindle and amazon video downloads. Price's films are licensed with mdistribute.com (video content for the mobile industry), a division of [golive! mobile](http://golive!mobile). Her film have aired on Cable TV.

Lia is German-American. Her ancestry is from Philadelphia, PA. Price's ancestors emigrated to Philadelphia from Germany in 1852. Price currently resides in the Los Angeles South Bay, CA.