

Vampire Anonymous

by

Morgana Feldstone

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“My name is Lillian... and I’m a Vampire.”

“Hello Lillian!”

“Today, I’ve not feasted on the blood of the innocents for twenty years.”

“Congratulations!”

“Happy Birthday!”

“I’ve been asked to... I wanted to share my experiences. I’ve been coming to these meetings for a while now. Some of you may recognize me...”

“Thanks for the coffee.”

“Let her talk.”

“Quit interrupting.”

“Thank you. Yes, I’ve been bringing the coffee for a good ten years now... but I’ve never shared, never told my story...”

“We love you anyway.”

“Shut up.”

“You’re being rude.”

“Let her talk.”

“I don’t have any prepared notes...”

“Speak from the heart.”

“Let it flow.”

“Just shut up, she’s doing fine.”

“The next one who interrupts it going to have to answer to me... alone, in the dark. That’s better. The floor is yours Lil.”

I was born of human flesh in the mid eighteenth century. My parents were good folk, of good stock. These days, I guess they would be called Good People.

I did not want in my childhood. I was not beaten. There are no stories of abuse. I had plenty to eat, and although there was always a chore to do or an errand to run, I always felt loved and cared for.

Perhaps it was a rebellious streak. I was always a bit of a tomboy, and having the choice I would always rather run in the woods, than sit at home with needle or thread, or help in the kitchen. In a word I was precocious. I had a mind and will of my own, and in those days, as I think most of us remember, in a woman that was most decidedly frowned upon.

But all of this would have been forgotten, if as I approached my womanhood, I had put these childish ways behind, but I did not. And in fact, as my maidenhood approached, it seemed to all who observed that I was Hell Bent on soiling my reputation and destroying any chance that I might have had of securing a suitable mate. We are not talking about any outrageous or egregious offenses, simply a pattern of rebellion... wanting to go about barefoot, going hunting with a pack of dogs in tow, and other little inconsequential things like speaking my mind.

Those of you of the age, know of that which I speak. My playful shenanigans and lack of decorum was the subject of no end of gossip in my small close knit community. I suppose I could have lived with the growing ostracism, but then the church elders started to talk, quietly amongst themselves at first, but...

I think many of you know how that went. First the elders talk amongst themselves, then they talk so that some select townspeople can overhear, and before you know it, that is all anyone is talking about. I could see the writing on the wall. Even if I changed my ways, the next crop failure, the next miscarriage, the next time a pail of milk went sour, someone would be looking for the blame, and that person would be me. I would be declared a witch, and no doubt burned at the stake.

The prospect did not appeal to me. I mean, I wasn't even a witch. I thought about becoming one... but I had heard about this new thing going around... Vampirism. It sounded so much more adventurous, and even if I was going to die with a stake through my heart, at least I could take out a village elder or two before I did.

This was in the early days. They didn't have any how-to manuals, no support groups, no adult education programs. I had to play it by ear. The one thing I did know was that if a vampire bit you, for one he'd probably kill you, but even if he didn't, you'd become his thrall. There was something about the word that always got under my skin. If I wasn't going to knuckle under and become some man's wife, I certainly wasn't going to become his thrall just because he bit me.

There had to be another way. I reasoned, and perhaps I was a bit sloppy in this. At thirteen, my education consisted mainly of how to care for farm animals, a thorough understanding of the Bible, and the ability to count, keep books, and make change. The classics formed no part of my knowledge, and if it wasn't whispered in the dark or in the back rows of church, I was completely ignorant of it.

Nonetheless, I reasoned that if a vampire bit you and you became his thrall, perhaps if you bit him, he would become your thrall, or at least you could bypass that whole thralldom thing.

It did not work as I anticipated. I can remember it as if it was only yesterday. The memory is so vivid. I will not give his name, but some of you may know... He was buried in the village cemetery along with everyone else. His crypt was bigger, of course, and better kept, but that would be all there was to guide one. Under the auspices of paying my respects to my long dead grandmother and praying for advice, I entered the cemetery.

Dropping the flowers on my grandmother's grave, I wasted no time. I entered the old man's crypt, pried off the top of his coffin, and gazed inside. Though he was dead some two hundred

years, his body was intact. Lo, I could even see his chest moved as he breathed.

I knew instantly that he was my salvation, that this was my chosen path. I did not waste any time. As he lay there sleeping, I kissed him. It will be a taste that I remember forever. So sweet, so pure, so full of life. One kiss became another, and although he slept, I knew he could feel me. I could feel his lips tremble beneath mine. No longer could I hold back. No longer could I restrain my desire. It was there, on a Sunny afternoon that I first feasted on the blood of life.

I am not telling you anything that you do not know when I say the experience was mind blowing. It was unlike anything I had ever felt before. I could suddenly see the whole world breath around me. It was as if the very air itself had undergone some sort of strange metamorphosis. I felt alive, reborn, and yes, even blessed.

Had I known then what I know now, I might not have feasted so much. When I was done, he looked pale. I could sense that he was trying to open his eyes, but he could not... oddly, I felt no compassion for him. I who had loved animals and avoided cruelty... suddenly I was quite pleased that this creature should suffer.

I left him then leaving his tomb open, the door to his crypt flung wide with the sunlight streaming in. In my mind I could hear him scream. It was like sweet music.

My clothes were covered in blood. I knew that I needed a story, a cover, a lie... It would be the first of many. I found a deer and I killed it. I drank its blood. I did not question my newfound speed or the overpowering sensations that flowed through me. I told my parents that I had scared a cougar off... but that it was too late for the deer. I could see in there eyes that they wanted to believe me... and then I knew, that they could see in my eyes, that I spoke the truth, that whatever I told them would be the truth.

I went back the next day to the vampire's crypt. He had tried to escape, to leave, but in his weakened condition, he had not

gotten far. I could see that he was of no use to me. He had so little blood left in him, so little life... but then I saw his fear. Oh, and this I savored. He had but three drops of blood left, but I sipped them slowly as I watched his eyes scream in horror and saw therein the reflection of the abyss. By dusk he was no more.

I could tell you of the rapture of the moment, the glory and grace, the ecstasy of the kill, but you all know of that.

And as many of you can guess, it was not long before I switched from animals in the forest to humans. Not long at all. I believe it was the next day. I started with an elder... but then the talk began; and although I laid that to rest with my newfound gift and a well placed word, prudence told me I should hunt elsewhere.

I started with the Indians, those ignorant savages. I could go down into an encampment and wipe it out. The screams, the terror, the short bittersweet lamentations of the women before they, too, met their end. Those were good times, wild times.

I learned quickly that blood does not come out of clothes and began hunting naked. A legend rose up around in the hills around me home of a demon-witch-girl that came out in the night... and the day, to feast on all she beheld as she held all who saw her captive with her beguiling beauty.

I kept this up for many years, through many wars. In time, the legend became too much, I had not aged for too long. I moved on. I moved west. Wagon trains of pilgrims became my lunch pail of choice. New tribes of Indians became my snacks. No matter the number, my thirst was never satiated. No matter the toll, I always hungered for more.

I found myself in the Alamo and despite what you hear, there was more than one reason the deaths were so numerous. And then, I went on to California with Donner... and there the massacre was nearly complete, but I had miscalculated. It was a long and hungry winter. It seemed as though I aged several years that winter. It was perhaps then that I knew I had a problem, that I could not quit.

Still, I had decades to go before I would slow down. There was always a boomtown, always a ship setting sail, always an unexplained plague to be exploited or caused.

I really can't tell you when the change occurred. When my mindset changed. I remember calling up the great-great-great-granddaughter of my childhood best friend and she refused to take my call. She complained that I had caused nothing but trouble and grief for her family, and no, she wouldn't introduce me to any of her friends, and sadly I had already eaten the last of her brothers.

She hung up then. I knew I could call others... but the story would be the same. I had called in all my favors. No one wanted to know me; and all those I had known personally were already dead.

Still, I couldn't stop. The twentieth century swept by in a haze. All I really remember of it is holding any number of businessmen by their ties as I drew them in close. I can see their eyes, all the same. Their desire, their need growing strong. I still had not aged past eighteen, but for all their need, it was no match for mine... all I can really say is I even stopped caring if they screamed.

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The Thirteen Steps

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As part of my duties as a Coven Mother and to further spread the influence of The Dark Lord, I teach Anthropology 224: Magic, Myth, and Witchcraft at the local community college. Beyond the obvious recruitment potential this position provides, during the course of my duties I often run into a student whose life is at a point of crisis. I cannot tell you how much I savor pushing these unfortunate souls over the edge and watching them fall helplessly into the Abyss. But as much as I enjoy the eternal cries of despair from the newly damned, I find the work of preventing those who have already fallen from leaving the pit to be more compelling -- far more compelling indeed.

If you are not part of the solution, then not only are you part of the problem, you are the problem.

The Twelve Steps

- 1) We admit that we are powerless over the bloodlust, and that our desires have become insatiable.
- 2) Have come to believe that a Power greater than us, could restore the balance in our lives.
- 3) Have made a decision to turn our will over to Satan as we understand him to be.
- 4) Have made a fearless moral inventory of ourselves and others and found it to be wanting.
- 5) Admitted to Satan, ourselves, and another vampire, the exact nature of our moral failings and our own inclinations toward The Good.
- 6) Are ready to allow Satan to remove these defects of character.
- 7) Humbly ask The Dark Lord to expunge us of these shortcomings.
- 8) Made a list of all persons we have ever helped and become willing to wrong those rights.
- 9) Made direct amends to such people whenever possible, except, if, you know, it would be a hassle or inconvenience us.

- 10) Continued to take a moral inventory and whenever we are tempted to be kind, to stamp out these rogue impulses.
- 11) Sought through blind obedience and hateful meditation to improve our relation with Satan and find the will to make manifest his desire.
- 12) Having had a dark awakening as a result of these steps, we shall try to carry this message to other vampires wherever they may be.
- 13) Most importantly, whenever possible, I will target new initiates to the steps to become the focus of my Evil desire and intent; for those new to the fold are always the most venerable and easiest to manipulate...

Brett Paufler, 5-9-14

Recently, I've been posting unfinished stories to a Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams web page. And although this piece of writing was in my rough draft / unfinished writing folder; upon retrospect, I am pleased with it. No doubt, when originally written, Morgana had wanted so much more from it, these being just the first few pages from an intended book length project... or one of those circular spells that she seems to be so fond of. But I think these two pieces stand alone well enough and will post it as a short story, complete, as they are.