

# PHINEAS FANG'S FEARFUL FRIGHT-FEST!

presents

## Phineas Fang's Frightful Fiasco

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*Phineas Fang was getting to be a very old vampire, losing his evil touch, which means he was going through a mid-eternal-life crisis of hideous proportions!*

### Scene One A Dreaded Dilemma

Once upon an eerie time, there lived -- rather, there existed a long since dead ghastly nightstalking creature, that being the disreputable personage of the notorious Phineas Fang, who resided in his large Victorian mansion in Eerie Valley, somewhere in the blithering dithering Nether World. It was a dilapidated dark Gothic three-story structure with six ghastly gables and two uncanny copulas, with odious black bats and wispy whitish ghosts flying around them. Nothing grew in the front yard, so nothing lie there but brown earth, just the way Phineas liked it. In fact, none of the denizens of Eerie Valley liked anything alive, unless something found crawling around was destined to become dinner, which in most cases it always would, whether for zombies, or ghouls, or vampires, or demons, or other underworldly creepazoids and freakazoids.

Sometimes animals or stupid humans would stumble through a particular paranormal vortex that resided at the far end, that being the western end of the Valley, where the sun had long since gone down, forever, leaving the horizon dimly lit up. The swirling circular oscillating portal between two crumbling gravestones in some cemetery

was the only way in and out of the Valley. But sometimes it would blink out, like for days on end, and when it did blink back on, staying that way for several hours, shimmering away eerily, living creatures from the earth plane would inadvertently slip through; hence, serving as the inhabitants of the Valley's primary convenient fresh food source, kind of like a convenience store for the undead folks. What else were they to think? Often you'd see a horde of hungry creepazoids and freakazoids crowding around the vortex, just waiting for it to blink on, so that some stupid humans or furry critters would stumble through, giving them something to snack on, and if enough live creatures slipped through, they'd have quite a feast that day.

Nevertheless, let's get right into the story's plot that involves some kind of dreaded dilemma, uh, which we almost forgot about, considering the idiotic drivel above that suffices as boring preliminary narration. So the problem at hand involved the fact that something was wrong with our notorious evil vampire of Eerie Valley, and that problem was that his evilness was slipping away. That was simply horrifying! Not just to vampires in general, but to him specifically. Because he didn't care about the other vampires, since he figured he was the center of the universe, or at least the Nether World. He was one conceited arrogant creepy customer -- until recently. He was feeling pretty wretchedly miserable lately.

Usually vampires don't get sick, because they're always drinking somebody's blood, and since those stupid humans keep stumbling through the oscillating vortex, old Phineas Fang had quite a supply of humans on hand from whose necks he would suck life-giving blood from. But lately his appetite had gone sour, so since the last time some stupid human came stumbling around his house, the impulse to dash outside, grab him and bite into the poor fool's neck and suck his blood had subsided. All he found himself doing was stare out the window, glancing at some stupid human, and shrugging his shoulders, then continue ambling through the gloomy corridors of his large abode.

Not to mention, when he went to the bathroom and stared into the mirror, he would see his own reflection there gawking back at him. You know how vampires are, they're not supposed to see their own reflection! I don't mean in a superstitious way to where if you do see it, you get a thousand years of bad luck or something stupid like that. They just simply can't see it. I don't mean they don't understand it, I mean they just can't see their own damn reflection in the mirror. I suppose that would suck from the standpoint that they would have no idea what they really look like, so if they started seeing themselves, wouldn't they have a propensity to become seriously narcissistic? I think it's reversed with vampires, because they already *have* a delusionally grandiose self-image in their demented minds of what they look like, which is often a demonic godlike personage of fearsome loathsome hideousness which often scares the bejeebers out of stupid humans.

However, there is a rumor that if a regular ordinary run-of-the-mill vampire stares into the mirror long enough, maybe for ten or fifteen minutes, he might begin to see his rather transparent reflection, if for any reason so he can shave that day -- except that there's another rumor that says they can't shave, or even get a haircut, because they're dead and nothing grows on their bodies when their dead. So who knows what's really going on with those creepy vampires. Maybe we don't want to know.

At any rate, Phineas Fang was miserable to the point of hideousness. His self-esteem had sunk to very deep depth far below the surface of the ground. He couldn't even

face his delusional demonic godlike self-image that was somewhere in the dark recesses of his demented mind. So you see, he was afraid to tell anybody, because he would probably lose his reputation as the most fearsome and loathsome and hideous vampire in the Nether World -- if not the whole universe, which he often imagined. But lately he felt so miserable that he started becoming vulnerable, his defenses let down, and his healthy arrogance had subsided to its lowest point. This was the lowest of humiliation and low self-esteem for him, and let's throw in some self-defamation of character on top of that, considering every time he looked at his wretched image in the mirror lately, all he did was ridicule and badmouth himself, calling himself really horrible names and just tearing into himself. Just now he stood there at his long bedroom mirror, yelling at his reflection, "You stupid blood-hating sicko! Afraid to bite their necks, are you? Losing the taste for blood, eh? What a wimpy whiner you are! You're just a bloody pathetic stupid loser! Some vampire *you* turned out to be!"

Then he heard voices outside his bedroom window. He looked out and saw none other than those two wretched losers, Bob Zombie and Gary the Ghoul, grumbling about how hungry they were for fresh meat, and nobody had seen any stupid humans stumbling around lately, which would be live fresh meat for them. They often had to resort to chewing on those dead corpses buried in the graveyards for nourishment or whatever tasty treats they happen to find. So Phineas Fang felt envious, because at least those two creepazoids were acting normal and hadn't lost their taste for their particular type of food preference. Normally he didn't care for those two idiots, but feeling vulnerable as he did, he felt compelled to talk to somebody, and right now those two somebodies were the closest somebodies at hand. He'd probably regret it in the end, but there was no time like the present.

Phineas Fang cleared his throat, "*Ahem...*" and called out, "Say there, you two gentlemen."

The two looked up, realizing they were just outside of Phineas Fang's wretched house. They had been babbling away so incessantly they didn't even notice.

Bob Zombie called back, "Hey! Who are you calling gentleman! I'm offended!"

Gary the Ghoul added, "Yeah, there ain't nothing gentle about us."

Phineas Fang apologized, "Pardon me, I meant to say, you two pathetically hideous flesh-eating scumbags!"

Bob grinned and said, "Now that's more like it."

Gary said, "Yeah, that gives me happy goose bumps all over my dead skin."

Phineas Fang invited, "I'll tell you what, I would like to have some company, and I do have some fresh meat."

Bob said, "Really?"

The vampire replied, "Well, of sorts. A few days ago I sucked a stupid human totally dry, then stuck the body in my freezer. I can thaw it out for you and you can eat the whole damn thing."

Gary wrung his hands together and exclaimed, "Freeze-dried is fine with me!"

Bob said, "Yep, it'll be extra crispy that way. Don't bother thawing it out."

The nightstalker nodded and said, "Very well, come on in then."

## Scene Two

### Mulling Over Fang's Problem

The three freakazoids set at the long elegant dining room table, Bob and Gary gnawing on the freeze-dried human corpse laying smack dab in the middle. Bob had broken off a leg and was chewing on it, while Gary had an arm that he was gnawing on. Phineas Fang had a goblet of rich red blood -- which he wasn't even touching.

Bob finally noticed that. "What's wrong, Phin? Lose your taste for blood?" He laughed, because that was intended to be a joke.

Phineas Fang sighed heavily with a frown. "You noticed, eh?"

"Noticed what?"

"That I'm not drinking this blood, nor am I enjoying it."

A stringy piece of ligament hanging out of the corner of his mouth, Bob said, "Holy helldaciousness! That's not like you. What's the deal? Going on a hunger strike?"

Gary said, "If I was drinking nothing but blood year after year after year I'd get sick of it too. I need variety. Sometimes it's toes, sometimes it's fingers, sometimes it's a brain, or maybe a big butt-load of putrid intestines. Variety's the spice of life!"

Bob shook his head and said, "That's gotta be weird, I mean, a vampire getting sick of blood."

Phineas sighed and said, "Apparently that's what's happening. This bloody problem gradually snuck up on me at first, but now it has been getting worse."

Bob asked, "What problem's that?"

Phineas gave in and decided to explain, "Very well, I'll tell you my bloody problem. I am a thousand years old, and when a vampire get's that old, strange things sometimes begin to happen. I believe I'm getting what the Vampire textbook calls 'vampiritis.'

"Ain't that what an idiot gets that makes him a vampire?" Gary asked.

"It may sound like a misnomer, so some experts eventually called it 'advanced-stage vampiritis.' That is, one who has gotten vampiritis, or becomes a vampire, and lives for a thousand or more years, then gets the advanced stage of it."

Bob suggested, "Ah, something like vampire dementia, eh?"

"Something like that."

Gary chuckled, "So you're really going batty!"

Phineas continued to explain, "You see, the first sign was when I discovered the nearness of garlic didn't make me sick to my stomach -- which often hangs in wreaths on some wretched fools' doors as I go take my evening walks. I found myself curiously drawn toward them, even desiring to eat them -- *yuck!* But the thought of it is totally unnerving!"

Bob mentioned, "Don't sound so bad. Holy heldaciousness, I hate the thought of the sight and taste of all vegetables! Flesh is my passion! Dead or alive, makes no difference."

Gary sniffed, "Speak for yourself, I say the fresher the better."

Phineas continued, "But that's only the beginning. Every time I see a bloody cross or a crucifix, it just makes me shrug instead of feeling all fearful and afraid for no reason like I usually do."

Bob beamed, "Hey, I call that a positive sign."

"You don't understand. It's my nature to be afraid of crosses! If anything it reminds me I'm a bloody heathenistic godless vampire living in hell where I belong."

Bob nodded, "Yep, I see your point."

"Also I can't transform into a bat anymore so I can fly around and annoy passersby."

Gary snickered, "Oh, so you're *not* going batty. Weird."

Bob chuckled, "Unless not being able to turn into a bat drives you batty."

Phineas added, "I suppose another effect would be not being burned to a crisp in sunlight. Fortunately the sun doesn't rise or set here in Eerie Valley, so that's not an issue."

Bob beamed, "Hey, that's one good thing. Consider yourself lucky!"

"A very small consolation. Right now I would welcome being put out of my misery and letting the sun burn me to a crisp!"

Gary scoffed, "Now you're just getting morbid. But then, I like that about you."

Phineas shook his head, "It's all so very depressing, this disgusting malady of mine."

Bob frowned, "Yep, and while you're at it, you're depressing the hell out of *me*."

Phineas went on, "But it gets worse. I'm starting to see my bloody reflection in mirrors. And I have several throughout my mansion, for no particular reason, except that they're shiny. I like shiny things. All I can do is scold and debase myself for being able to see myself in them."

Bob inquired, "But I'd think seeing yourself would be good for your ego."

"I'm a bloody vampire, you idiot. It doesn't work that way for my kind. I already have a fabulous image of myself in mind -- and *this* pathetic thing I behold in the mirror is a loathsome worm of a creature! *Baaah!*"

Bob nodded and said, "I think I know where you're going with this. Sometimes I look in the mirror, see my flesh hanging off my face or my eyeball popping out; it's kinda disgusting. But I'm used to it. That's zombies for you."

Phineas continued, "Also my bloody morbid taste for blood seems to be waning; it's not as delectable and delicious as it used to be. Not only that, I'm having a difficult time with the live bloody humans. I tend to hesitate before biting them and draining them of blood. It's as if, as I bite into one of them, I'm causing their wretch's miserable death. That never used to bother me."

Gary frowned and shook his head, "Bat-crap! This all sounds horrible."

Bob said, "I thought you were drinking the blood of rats and skunks and crap that wander into Eerie Valley from that awful earth plane."

Phineas replied, "Often that is the case, if that's all that's around, but you know as well as I that sometimes stupid humans will stumble through the portal at the far end of the Valley, and of course this is food for both vampires and the likes of you two."

Gary replied, "Zombies and ghouls and other undead dudes, ya mean."

"Precisely. Nevertheless, I have been getting this horrible feeling every time I grab one of these wandering bloody humans and bite into it. The word evades me, it's on the tip of my tongue, and I can't seem to get it off."

Gary ventured, "'Disgust' maybe? Like they make you sick to your stomach?"

Bob said, "I get that anyway... them human skinbags're just flat-out disgusting while alive, squirming around and screaming like idiots while I'm trying to eat 'em, but my stomach isn't sick anymore after I've chowed down on one."

Phineas shook his head and said, "No, that's not the feeling. It's as if I'm beginning to care for their very lives instead of demand their death. I've always thought that when I killed a victim I was saving them, because death is bloody more honorable than life, as you know."

Gary said, "Yeah, it's cool to be dead -- or undead in our case, whatever the hell we are. Anyway, we're not alive."

Bob added, "Yep, living sucks." At that an eyeball popped out and hung there out of its socket, and his finger fell off when he went to scratch his chin. "Damn-it-all, not again." He whipped out his roll of duct tape, and fastened his finger back onto his hand. Then he tried out his reattached finger by pushing his eyeball back in its socket. It worked fine.

For a moment the vampire almost felt sorry for the wretched zombie, falling apart like that all the time.

"Ah!" Phineas exclaimed, a long index finger poised into the air. "I know what it is. It's that hideous disease called 'compassion'! That's the worst part of this bloody advanced-stage vampiritis. However, my memory of such things is also beginning to fade, yet another symptom of this dreaded disease. Woe is me."

Gary screwed his face up and asked, "What was that word you said? 'Constipation'?"

Bob said, "I think he said 'consternation', you know; it means he's hideously worried and anxious about himself, which makes sense."

"Nope, I think he means he's all clogged up inside."

Phineas snarled, "You brain-sucking idiots! I said 'compassion'. In other words, I'm beginning to have this morbid feeling of sympathy for those that are about to die as I drain them of their bloody life-giving blood. How sad. I never felt this hideous feeling when grabbing rats and skunks and raccoons and such."

Gary ungraciously commented, "Well, bat-crap. I think you're feeling guilty. Sounds like you're becoming human. That's just awful."

Phineas burst out, "No! Don't ever say that!"

Bob turned to his buddy and scolded, "Yeah, Gary, the poor bloodsucker is depressed enough without you reminding him of what he used to be a thousand years ago."

"Whatever... Maybe you're constipated or maybe you're not, but I think your main problem is you're feeling guilty."

Phineas nodded, "Perhaps so . . . I hate this damnable bloody feeling."

Gary nodded. "Yeah, old boy. Guilt can kill you -- or so I hear. I never feel that way when I chow down on some squirming, screaming stupid human."

"Sadly, I do." Fang moaned mournfully with his head lowered into his hands.

Bob sighed, shaking his head, lifted his hands into the air, and said, "I don't know what to say, this all sounds horrible. I'm just a brainless zombie that occasionally takes a hunk of hamburger and plops it in my cranium as if that'll help. Then the rats climb up there and eat it out."

Gary pointed, "Hey, I think there's one up there now!"

Bob reached up, grabbed the hairy mangy thing that snuck through a crack in his skull, opened his mouth wide, plopped it in, and began chewing on it as it squealed heinously for a second, then one final crunch stopped that.

Phineas frowned, "You boys are bloody disgusting. However, not in the same way those squishy squirmy humans are disgusting, but in an undead way."

Bob grinned, bloody rat guts dangling from the corner of his mouth, "Thank you, kind sir."

Gary snarled as he glared at his friend, "Hey, bub, we coulda split that rat. I'm hungry too, ya know."

Bob snapped, "Get your own damn rat. I'm sure there's enough of them scurrying around here."

Phineas snarled, "*Baah!* You greasy-gopher-guts-sucking bloody cretins are all alike! No help at all! I presented you with this feast, and all you do is argue about your own stupid crap."

Bob shrugged. "Okay fine -- even though it turns out frozen human ain't as good as I thought it would be."

"Yeah, I guess you coulda thawed it out some."

Phineas threw up his arms, "Sheesh! You two are finicky beyond belief. Maybe you flesh-gnawing bloody losers have a problem too."

Bob shook his head, "Nope, not me. Frozen is fine, actually, not bad for a change."

Gary agreed, "Yeah, I can handle it."

The two fools reluctantly continued gnawing on pieces of frozen flesh, pretending to enjoy it, although it would have been much better warm and fresh and close to alive as possible.

Phineas said, "Nevertheless, boys, I have this bloody problem and I'm afraid I don't know what to do about it."

Bob nodded and suggested, "I tell you what. You never fed us before, so in return we'll help you."

Gary added, "Yeah, we'll help alright. I don't know how, but I guess we'll figure something out."

Bob asked, "Say, aren't there such things as vampire doctors?"

Phineas replied, "Yes; however, they are rare, far and few between, but because they are bloody humans, the problem is when the vampire patient enters the exam room, he immediately attacks the doctor and sucks his blood."

Bob grimaced. "Them vampire doctors must be a dying breed."

Phineas sighed, "There may be none left."

Gary asked, "But if your problem is having a hard time sucking human blood, then that kind of doctor would be safe, right?"

"It depends on the particular malady. Often a vampire will suck tainted blood, or diseased blood, or the blood of one of those stupid alcoholics, which causes foolhardy

inebriation in the vampire, so he'll attack the doctor regardless. We can't trust blood these days, considering how stupid humans are and the horrible filth they eat and drink."

Chewing on a frozen toe, Bob said, "Doesn't bother me." And his eye popped out again.

Phineas suggested, "Maybe you are falling apart because you're eating diseased human flesh."

Bob jerked back. "Holy helldaciousness! Is that what we're eating?"

Phineas sighed and said, "I don't know. One can never tell -- until it's too late."

Bob and Gary immediately lost their appetites, but then they felt full anyway.

Suddenly Bob had to belch. "*Buuuuuuurrrrrp!* Ah, that felt good!"

Gary countered, "Oh yeah? *BLLLAAAAAARRRP!* Yeah, that tasted good going out!"

Phineas Fang shook his head and sighed heavily. Then he stared at the goblet of blood, wondering if this batch was completely tainted; maybe it would kill him, put him out of his misery. So he grabbed the cup and drank it.

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They heard something outside the dining room window. Bob got up and looked out. It was a wandering stupid human.

"Help! Where am I? How'd I get here?"

"Damn." Phineas grumbled. "Another stupid human slipped through the bloody vortex."

Bob grinned. "I've got an idea."

Gary's browse jutted up as he asked, "What? Our next meal has arrived?"

"Nope. Phin's meal."

Bob ran outside, grabbed the fleshy loser by the scruff of the neck, averted his own desire to chow down on the poor wretch, then dragged him inside the house and into the dining room. He showed the whimpering slob at Phineas Fang and said, "Alright, Phin old boy, here's dinner. Have at it. Drink up to your heart's content."

The stupid human got down on his knees and pleaded, "Please, please, please! Don't, uh, don't, uh, don't do whatever horrible thing it is you do."

Phineas looked down at the poor fool, then looked at the Bob and Gary, and said, "He's bloody pathetic."

"Yep, he's a stupid human, he doesn't even know what it is you do. So do that voodoo you do that you do do so doably dooderifically well."

The stupid human pleaded, "Please don't! Please don't do your doo-doo voodoo!"

Gary snapped, "Just suck him dry before he gets on our nerves."

Phineas shrugged, then kicked the idiot in the ribs, who fell over like a limp rag doll, still groveling and whimpering away.

"I can't. I don't feel it."

Bob asked, "Don't feel what?"

"The urge."

Bob growled, "Holy helldaciousness! You're pathetic. I give you an opportunity to go all vampazoid on his scrawny ass and you chicken out. How disgusting."

Gary nodded. "Yeah, you're getting all guilty again, aintcha?"

Phineas sighed, slouching. "Yes, I suppose."

Bob said, "I've got another idea." Then he grabbed the human's scrawny neck and lifted him up and demanded, "Listen, loser. Say all kinds of horrible disgusting things to our vampire friend here until he gets really good and mad -- alright?"

The whimpering human looked at Phineas and said, "Uh, uh, uh, well, you're really mean and vicious." Then he looked at Bob. "How's that?"

Bob sighed heavily, eyes rolling upward into his empty skull, dropped the guy on the ground and kicked him hard in the gut. Then he growled, "Just hang on there, fool, I'll eat you later."

Phineas shook his head and said, "It won't matter. You can get him to say all kinds of bloody nasty things, and I would just end up agreeing with him."

Gary scolded, "Bat-crap! You really *are* pathetic! You're a blood-hating, guilt-ridden, whimpering worm!"

"Yes, I am," Phineas whimpered, his head hung low, shoulder's stooped.

Bob just sighed and shook his head, saying nothing.

Phineas groaned, "I deserve to see my bloody pathetic wretched image in the mirror, me the blood-hating, guilt-ridden, whimpering worm. It's my fate."

And so the pathetic vampire glared into the dining room mirror, feeling sorry for his wretched self.

Phineas groaned, "I'm dismally doomed. Someone stake me, quick, put me out of my bloody misery."

"Bat-crap, Bob, he's creeping me out."

### Scene Three The Bloody Vampire Competition

Something unexpected and weird happened the next day in Eerie Valley. From some other place on the other side of the Nether World came a diabolical critter named Demitri Deathmonger, sauntering majestically into Eerie Valley as if he owned the place. Yes, another damn vampire, a young one, about five-hundred years old. Young for a vampire in the Nether World anyway. He was showing off his bravado and charisma to everyone in sight all over the Valley. The usual lot hung out together just outside the Goopinheimer Gravestone Cafe, Bar and Grill, like Skully Skeleton, Gunther the Ghastly Ghost, Frankie the Monster, Fred the Wacky Werewolf, Max the Mumbling Mummy, Jack Q. Lantern, Pumpkinhead Pete, Griswold the Grim Reaper, Hazel the Hideous Witch and her wickedly witchy friends, to name a few creepy customers. For some unknown reason, that day stupid humans were randomly stumbling through the vortex, which happened to be nearby anyway, so Dimitri would simply impress the hell out of everyone by dramatically grabbing some stupid idiot, then crunched down on his neck, while he kicked and screamed, drained the pathetic loser dry of blood, and then tossed the dead thing aside like a ragdoll. Onlookers applauded, highly impressed with the newcomer's antics. Sometimes he would juggle three humans, tossing them up and

around in a big circle, then as each one came down he would quickly bite its neck, grab the next one, bite its neck, grab the next one and bite its neck, and keep going like that until each one was drained of blood. Pretty impressive! By the end of the day, a whole pile of sucked-dry humans just laid there at his feet. And of course various zombies and ghouls and other flesh-eating creepazoids came around and munched on the leftovers.

Phineas Fang had been observing from behind a gravestone in a nearby cemetery, Bob and Gary standing behind him.

"*Baaah!* Who is that slimy bloody disgusting creep? And stealing my thunder!"

Bob ventured to guess, "I dunno, but he's sure got our folks hoodwinked."

Gary said, "I think he's cool."

Phineas moaned, "I was cool once, a few days ago – seems like centuries though."

Bob patted him on the back. "Cheer up, Phin old boy. I've got another idea."

Gary's brows juttled up. "What? Have Phineas bite his neck and drink his blood?"

Phineas scolded, "No, you fool. Vampires don't do that to each other, it's against our evil code. However, I am tempted to, just this once -- and destroy that bloody vile shyster!"

Bob said, "Actually, my plan involves a competition."

Phineas encouraged, "Go on, this sounds bloody good."

Bob continued, "You're the old hand around here in Eerie Valley, not this idiot that's new in town. You've got the street cred to win back your rep. So if you compete against him in a vampire contest, you just might find your way back to your old evil self again."

Phineas grinned. "I believe you're *on* to something, Bob. Incentive! Yes! That should do it."

Bob said, "Yep, however you see it."

Gary snickered, "Yeah, whatever freaks your freak-on."

Then Phineas frowned, "But what should I do. Exactly how should I proceed?"

Bob suggested, "Uh, well, just strut right out there in your usual pomp-and-circumstantial arrogant way, you know, like you mean business."

"Then we need some kind of macabre ceremonial music, preferably from a pipe organ, and I need my best black suit with red cummerbund and bowtie."

"Sheesh! Just get out there!" Bob pushed Phineas out there.

So Phineas stepped out of the graveyard and then begin strutting arrogantly down the street, chin pompously held high, but he didn't see the dead possum laying there, and tripped over it, falling on his face. Everyone laughed.

Frankie the Monster roared with laughter, "Old Phin Fang can't hold his liquor."

Fred the Wacky Werewolf chuckled, "Yeah, he's probably drunk on some stupid alcoholic's bad blood."

Bob shook his head, then urged, "Get up, Phin."

Phineas got up, pretended nothing happened, and walked gingerly down the street, watching for more dead debris. Then he came over to the crowd and reluctantly faced the young newcomer, a tall, black-outfitted, Goth-looking nightstalker with very pale skin and jet-black slicked back hair.

Glaring at the shorter, stout, older gentleman who wore some old faded gray suit, Dimitri snapped curtly, "Who the hell are you, old fat fart?"

Phineas cleared his throat and then announced, "I am the notorious, the infamous, the ominous Phineas Fang, feared in all bloody parts of Eerie Valley, and all over the Nether World, and all bloody points beyond!"

"Really? Never heard of you." The younger vamp looked at his long, black-painted fingernails with sharpened tips.

Phineas snarled, "Then you're just a greasy grimy greenhorn, a bloody baby bloodsucker that sucks the blood of infants."

"And you're an archaic old codgerly geezer of a zombified corpse."

Bob finally came running down the street and up to the crowd of people, Gary close behind, and he said to both Dimitri and Phineas, "Hey, guys, uh, I say let's have a rip-roaring contest. Best vampire wins. Okay, *go!*"

The two vampires just gawked at Bob in confusion.

Phineas asked, "Uh, go where?"

Bob tried to explain, "Go do your vampire gymnastics, or whatever freaking freaky crap you creepy guys do."

Gary added, "Listen. There's only room for one head-honcho headache of a vampire here in Eerie Valley, so you two freaking bloodsuckers duke it out 'til only one's left. Got it?"

The two vampires nodded, shook hands, and as the crowd gathered around them, a boxing bell dinged shrilly, so they started dancing, circling each other, fists balled and dukes up, ready to fight. Bob sighed in despair, wondering how vampires actually managed to survive as immortals. He figured they should have died out long ago from stupidity.

Phineas took a swing, Dimitri dodged, then Dimitri took a swing, Phineas dodged, but finally Phineas jabbed the younger creep on the chin, and the crowd went wild, hooting and hollering, making and taking bets now. Phineas gave his opponent a swift uppercut to the jaw, then Dimitri smacked the old geezer on the nose, which started bleeding. Finally the hits and jabs and smacks went back and forth so fast, blood splattering everywhere, to where it was hard to tell who was winning or losing.

That damn boxing bell dinged again.

"That was round one, folks!" Fred called out.

Each vampire went to his corner since the crowd had formed a square space for them, forming a kind of boxing ring, which never made sense, because rings are around, so why didn't somebody call it a boxing square?

The bell dinged again, and the vampires were at each other's throats again, literally.

Bob looked around, spotted who had the boxing bell, dashed over and smacked that wacky werewolf upside the head, yanking the stupid bell out of his hands. "So you're the ding-dang idiot doing that."

Fred growled, "Hey! What's the big idea?"

"This isn't a boxing match. It's a vampire competition."

"Oh."

Bob tried to stop the vampires, split them up, couldn't, then he grabbed the bell and dinged it several times, and that did it, since they had just gotten conditioned to the idea of a boxing match.

Bob tried explaining to the two out of breath vampires, "Listen, you miserable bloodsuckers. This is supposed to be a competition of vampire wits, strength, and speed-- and probably something like how many stupid humans you can catch and how much blood you can drink from them."

"Why didn't you bloody say so?" Phineas glared.

"This sounds like a fun game, and of course I'll win," Dimitri grinned.

Bob snapped, "I decide who wins."

Dimitri challenged, "And who the hell are you?"

"I'm the MC, so I make the rules."

Dimitri smirked, "Vampires make their own rules."

Bob was getting mad now. "Listen, you slimy creepazoid! If you don't cooperate we've got a whole crowd of people here that'd just love to stake you! And I'm at the front of the line!"

Actually the crowd resisted, saying crap like, "No, no, no, we like this dude! He's cool!"

Bob hollered, "Sheesh! You're all idiots! For all I care you two vamps can just go stake each other! I'm done here!"

And with that Bob walked away, Gary along with him, ambling down the street.

In the meantime the two vampires went back to duking it out, as if they were in a stupid boxing ring, or square, or whatever, and every couple of minutes wacky old Fred was dinging that damn boxing bell. From a distance Bob and Gary stopped, looking back, out of curiosity. Bob started this whole freaking fracas, so he decided to see it out. To the end.

The fight was getting pretty wild and bloody, and somebody even tossed a long wooden stick at them. The two bloodsuckers struggled with it, fighting over the damn stake, each desperate to viciously kill the other, each wanting to be the head-honcho vampire here.

Finally something weirdly stupid happened. While Phineas had been gripping the stake with both hands, he tripped over somebody's foot because the crowd was just too close-knit around the two fighters, and he fell backwards onto the ground. Dimitri Deathmonger growled and then pounced on top of poor Phineas -- who quickly jabbed the stake into the younger idiot's heart -- who disintegrated into dust before everyone's eyes.

They all hooted and hollered and cheered and applauded. Phineas Fang climb to his feet and dusted himself off, yes, wiping the dust of dead Dimitri off. Feeling the conceited emotion of being the victor, he held the bloody stake high, hollering arrogantly, "I'm back! In all my bloody bloodsucking glory! Nobody out-vamps me! Because I am the greatest bloody vampire in Eerie Valley! I am Phineas Fang! Fear me!"

Bob sighed heavily, wondering if he did the right thing, because now Phineas was frightfully full of himself once again. Yes, he was back, back to his old vain self.

Bob and Gary knew that for sure now, because Phineas Fang grabbed one of those wandering stupid humans, dramatically sucked on his neck till the guy became a dried up shriveled carcass, then tossed it aside like a ragdoll. Then he grabbed another stupid human and did the same thing with the wretched fool. The crowd applauded grandly. Next he began juggling four humans and repeatedly biting their necks as each one whooshed by his long-fanged mouth -- and the crowd went wild!

The two creepazoids turned and walked down the street, away from the roaring crowd, and the arrogant exclamations of the head-honcho bloodsucker in these parts.

"I'm bloody back and I'm in black!" Phineas Fang roared. "And my fangs are bloodier and longer than any other miserable bloody vampire! And I've sucked more blood from stupid humans than any other! Beware of me! Fear me!"

Shaking his head, Bob grumbled, "I think we screwed up. Helping old Phin was a big mistake."

Gary agreed, "Yeah, I see that now. He was much nicer when he was having that vampy constipation crap he was blathering about."

"It was probably nothing more than a twenty-four hour flu for vampires. Now that he's cured, he's gonna be a total creepazoid to everyone again. Business as usual."

"And a major show-off to boot. I reckon nothing actually ever changes around here, does it?"

"Nope. But we can hope -- what little good that'll do."

Then Bob's left eye popped out again as usual, and when he went to pop it back in with his index finger, that fell off too. Then he bent down to pick it up, but his hand fell off.

Bob shot, "Holy Helldaciousness!"

Gary snickered, "Yeah, nothing changes."

Bob grumbled, "Can't a zombie ever get a break?"

Gary snickered, "Yeah, you're breaking up all over the place!"

Bob snapped, "Shut up and hand me the damn duct tape!"

\* \* \*

*The Bloody freaking Ending!*  
*Bwoohahahahahaha!*

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