

The Hillbilly Vampire Chronicles

Tonto Fielding



Copyright 2010 by Tonto Fielding. All rights reserved.

This book may not be duplicated in any way without the express written consent of the author, except in the form of brief excerpts or quotations for the purposes of review. The information contained herein is for the personal use of the reader, and may not be incorporated in any commercial programs or other books, databases, or any kind of software without the written consent of the publisher or author. Making copies of this book, or any portion of it, for any purpose other than your own, is a violation of United States copyright laws.

Published by EndPage eBooks, an imprint of Lucky Press, LLC

Ebook ISBN: 978-0-9844627-7-3

www.hillbillyvampirechronicles.com (Website)

www.hillbillyvampire.blogspot.com (Blog)

Cover photo credit: iStockPhoto © Allen Johnson

Disclaimer: This book is a work of fiction and a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to people, places, events, and businesses is entirely coincidental.

Chapter 1

Have you ever heard of a fat vampire? No? Well perhaps you've never heard of Gideon Chickenstalker. Gideon pegged the scales at just over four hundred pounds. Of course he was fat when he was turned into a vampire, yet an odd thing happened afterward. His insatiable appetite never left him.

Gideon, strangely, had never feasted on human blood. Apparently he had turned out to be what even he had to admit was the most incompetent vampire in the history of blood-sucking. I guess that you can imagine how hard it would be for a four-hundred pound vampire to chase down a human victim, let alone bedazzle one with his sleep-provoking stare (the one that all vampires use to get their victims to expose their throats for exsanguinations). One time, while attempting this technique, Gideon put himself into a trance. The prospective victim ended up stealing Gideon's wallet with all of his cash. Yes—vampires have to use money just like the rest of us. This isn't Transylvania, you know. It's Athens County, Ohio.

Since sucking human blood wasn't in his repertoire, Gideon had to rely on sneaking into barns to suck blood from penned up animals—cows, chickens, and the like. At least this talent gave him sustenance. But Gideon also supplemented his diet by sucking the cream filling out of Twinkies and Ho Hos with his protracted fangs.

One of his favorite sweet snacks was cherry soda, gotten by sticking a straw onto each of his fangs and putting the two ends each into a bottle of the red nectar. He would hold one bottle in each hand and suck to his heart's content while sitting back in his recliner, watching pirated Satellite on his black-and-white television set that stood perched atop the broken color set that was perched atop another old console. If it could be sucked and was full of sugar, Gideon was on it like shit on a pig.

When it came to TV programs, Gideon's choice was BET stand-up comedy. The drafty and leaking trailer would convulse back and forth when he laughed at his favorite shows. The foundation had become unstable. It was sinking in the mud, due to these eruptions of boisterous gaiety.

Gideon's trailer was set back in a holler and was surrounded by ratty dog houses and an outhouse, long abandoned by hillbillies, whose standard of living needed upgrading after winning fifty dollars in an Ohio Lottery Rolling Cash payout. Not even the furniture was worth taking with them to a better locale up the road. Why uproot the communities of fleas and mice that called the rotting mess their home?

There was another trailer in the holler. Held together with wire and duct tape, it was where Amos Pecksniff and Esther Gradgrind squatted. By way of twisted and looped wiring strung between the two trailers, their electricity and satellite were hooked into and shared with Gideon's. They were his only friends. They were humans, if you could call them that.

Esther liked to go by the name of Ginger Lynn. She was a huge fan of '80s porn, and not very adept at original thought.

"That name's taken, you stupid shit," Amos would constantly remind her.

"I don't care. I like it," she would always reply.

"But what if you really went to Los Angeles—and what if, let's say they actually wanted your skinny-white-trash-meth-junkie ass in one of their pornos—don't you think they'd say something like, 'Hey, that name's already taken.' Then, what you gonna say? Huh?"

"Fuck you, Amos! That Ginger's dead or retired. I'll be the new Ginger, just like they have new Gidgets or new people all the time on soap operas."

Esther had been addicted to meth for years. She still had a spectacular body, but being only twenty-three, her deteriorating facial features made her look more like she was in her forties. She had lost her first child to the state before she had hooked up with

Amos. They took her second while she was in a alcohol and drug-induced coma.

After being awake for two weeks, Esther had been cranked up and hallucinating. So she chugged down a half gallon of vodka to help put her out. Instead of waking up at home in her own bed, she woke up fourteen months later in a nursing home, stuck full of feeding tubes and IVs.

Shortly after she was put on support, Amos would come to visit. He would pull the curtains beside her bed closed and do his business with her. Any pussy was better than no pussy at all, was his reasoning.

It wasn't long before he got her pregnant. Gone was child number two. The state ordered an abortion, thinking that she was a rape victim. Two other coma residents had also become pregnant and the nursing home director thought that one of the staff was responsible. The poor attendant was sentenced to twenty years with circumstantial evidence. And gone was child number two.

All of this had to be told to Esther after she regained consciousness. "Amos, you are one dumb fucking moron," was her only comment on the subject. She never broached the issue again. To her, children were like puppies. They were cute babies in the litter, but after that, you had to deal with shit and piss and other responsibilities like feeding them. It was all too much for a meth-head.

Amos was a washed up muscle-head from Nelsonville. He had pumped iron since he was a teenager. Like many other muscle-heads in southern Ohio, he had been convinced by advertisements in the back of comic books that his introduction to the world of beautiful women and copious amounts of pussy, came from turning his scrawny-hillbilly-beanpole physique into the Charles Atlas canon.

These days he was no longer considered pumped, but he still had a stout body. Old telephone books replaced the iron, and he would run up the hill behind the trailer to maintain some kind of semblance of workout discipline. The rest of the time he spent

helping Esther score meth or scouring all the county roads for cans and bottles, to sell for cash.

Meth? Amos didn't like to touch the stuff himself. He preferred vodka. When one of them would be climbing the walls of the trailer, thinking she had bugs crawling on her, the other would be face down on the couch, deep in his alcoholic narcolepsy.

Gideon, meanwhile, would be down the holler, getting a sugar fix and looking for continuity errors in old vampire movies.

He used to think that were strict rules governing vampiredom, before he was turned into one himself. He knew all the rules from the '60s-era movies. But now all that had been changed.

"Not true. Not true!" he would scream at the TV. "They just make this shit up. Whatever!"

In fact Gideon wasn't really sure what the rules of vampiredom were. No other vampires were willing to fill him in on the score. In their groupings, there was no use for any vampire who couldn't hunt down a single human. So Gideon was left to figure it out for himself.

At first the blood issue was a revelation to him. He was at least sure that vampires didn't eat human food anymore. Yet he found that he still suffered from insatiable hunger. *Surely*, he thought, *if you ate somethin', you would eventually have to pass it.* And guess what? Vampires actually go to the bathroom. The law of "If something goes in, it has to come back out" applies to them as well. All that blood has to go somewhere. At least this was the case for him. He didn't eat solid food, but cream fillings, sweet sodas, butterscotch syrup, Karo Syrup, and the like, went down with great satisfaction and ease. Unfortunately, these sweet treats also gave him the runs.

The trailer had no working plumbing, so Gideon had to use an old outhouse back by a mound of trash. He didn't really mind, but it was hard for him to fit his huge ass into the structure. He had to back in and do his thing with the door open. The outhouse looked on a field full of long-forgotten, left-behind items: tires, old

motors, piles of bricks, the skeleton of a tractor from way back, more dog houses (previous residents must have run a puppy mill here at some time), and a stack of old television antennas (someone must have thought they could sell them for money, thinking the definition of copper meant all metal).

One time Gideon had to go so badly, he forgot that the sun was up, and scooted outdoors to the outhouse. He found, after he realized his blunder, that he didn't burn up and wither away like vampires did in the movies. After several tests, he discovered that if he slathered on enough sunblock, he could tolerate daylight. Of course the grey haze of winter was his best time of the year for going outside in the daytime. In the scorching hot summer months, he would stay trailer bound and watch all his favorite "judge" shows and "*Cops*" reruns during the daytime, preferring nocturnal times for his adventures.

When stuck in the trailer, Gideon would fantasize about luring beautiful Ohio University co-eds, who strolled along Court Street downtown, with a vampire come-hither whammy, to engage in outlandish antediluvian motif orgies. One of his favorite licentious fantasies was the kind where he would float across the room to his harem of incredibly hot vamp-babes, just like Count Dracula, with his upper lip doing the Elvis twitch and the vamps would be swirling their tongues around as if they were going down on each other.

It was times like these when he wished he could masturbate, but poor Gideon had not been able to reach his penis since puberty. He often wished Ginger would visit and give him a hand job. This was one of the concessions allowed Gideon. If he helped Ginger get meth, she would return favor for favor.

Amos and Esther knocked on the screen door to Gideon's trailer.

"It's open," was heard coming from the bedroom.

They walked in and made themselves at home on the couch. The television was playing a *Munsters* rerun.

“Oh, I love this one,” blurted Amos. “Grandpa creates a love potion in his lab.”

“Amos, is Grandpa a vampire? ’Cause he’s supposed to be a mad scientist, but they have him looking like a cross between Barbara Bush and Prince.”

“Scientist!” he said without diverting his attention from the screen.

“Well, my granny must have been a scientist too, then. She used to make a love potion back in West Virginia, for all those dumb coal-mining fuckers—when they had money, that is—to use on women when they went into town for some whoring, drinking, and gambling. She made a good penny at it too. The miners was too stupid to know that when you pay someone to fuck you, it doesn’t mean that they will fall in love with you. The smarter ones didn’t take no chances. They would try to spike the drinks with Granny’s potion.”

“No kidding?” Gideon said.

“So, what’s up Chickenstalker?” Amos said, as Gideon entered the room.

“I was sneaking into the barn of one of those Amish peoples, down Miegs County, to get me some fresh pig blood, but I knocked a bunch of shit over in the dark and it made a real racket. The next thing I know, some bearded fuck comes running at me with a Bible in one hand and a shotgun in the other.”

“I thought they weren’t allowed to use guns,” Amos chimed in.

“Well this one did, and I took one in the ass while scrambling to get out of there. I’ve been picking buckshot out for two days now. You know, there’s parts a me I can’t reach. Do you think maybe you or Ginger could take a tweezers to my ass?” Gideon asked.

“Listen Chickenstalker, there is no god-damn way in hell me or Esther is going to get anywhere near that huge ass of yours.

By the way, you're dead already and no buckshot is going to do anything to you."

"I know, but those little things make me feel like I've been bitten by fire ants."

"More like crabs, if you ask me," Amos came back with a laugh.

"Now what would you know about crabs?" Esther said, rejoining the conversation.

"I wouldn't, but you know, it's like—"

"Just shut up, you moron." This was her standard form of retort in any argument between the two.

"OK. Enough of this shit. It's time for us to have a pow-wow. We're out of money and Esther needs some more stuff."

"Yeah," Gideon shot back, "well I need me some human blood and that ain't very likely to happen anytime soon, now is it?"

"Now calm down, Cochise. We're a team, remember? We need to put our minds together, to figure out something for both of our interests," Amos said.

"What about breast pumps?" Esther asked.

"What about breast pumps?" Amos came back at her mockingly.

"Oh funny! Just 'cause I got the looks, you think I'm just some stupid blonde. We go into Babies 'R' Us and stuff as many pumps into the bottom of a baby stroller as we can. It might take a few trips. Then we sell them cheap. A cousin of mine in Florida did this and stole over fifteen grand's worth."

"And where did he or she sell them, I ask?" said Gideon.

"I never heard that part, but I'm sure there's enough babies in Athens County to find a good business in them."

"Why stop there? Why not Penis Pumps while we're at it?" Amos thought this was funny.

"Because, they don't sell Penis Pumps at Babies 'R' Us, you idiot. They only sell those at that adult store off I-77, over near Marietta."

“I know some guy who got one of those stuck on him, one time. The little valve wouldn’t let the vacuum out. He had to go into O’Bleness Hospital with a blanket wrapped around him, so no one could see what was stuck on his dick. That sucker stayed purple for over a month. Women wouldn’t go near his pecker after that, thinking it was dripping with some new type of gonorrhoea or something. Not even the bar whores would touch it,” Gideon added.

“He told the police that his debit card had been charged around one hundred forty dollars for the pump, along with orders for two other things that he will spend the rest of his life trying to explain away to his wife. He claims that it wasn’t him who did it, yet no one else knew his PIN number. Says the stuff just showed up at his doorstep. If so, someone who hated him got him good. Of course, if it wasn’t, then he sure was pretty stupid to try the pump out. I can see it now, ‘Hey what’s this thing here? I think I’ll just slip it over my dick and see what happens when I started pumping this handle’,” Gideon said while imitating the pumping action.

“I think I remember that dude,” Esther said. “Stubby Wackles. One time when we was at one of those bars in the sticks, we saw him get beat up when he tried to pay his tab with gum wrappers, after his credit card was declined.”

“Oh, I remember,” Amos said, “The bartender looked at him as if he was crazy. ‘What the fuck are these?’ he asked old Stubby. And all he could do was stammer and mumble, and he kept pulling gum wrappers out of his pocket as if they was crumpled up dollar bills.”

“Some people I know shouldn’t be throwing stones, Amos,” Esther explained. “Remember when they nabbed you for being the ‘piggybank’ thief? It took you over half an hour at the grocery to drop all those coins into the counting machine. I do believe that you were concentrating on your criminal activities so much that you didn’t notice the cops standing behind you. They was laughing really hard and you just told them to wait their turn, without even looking back to see who it was.”

“Funny. Funny. But I fooled them when I broke out of jail, didn’t I?”

This was Amos’ criminal masterpiece. He had figured out how to remove one of the metal ceiling panels in the county lockup. He was able to ascertain where the security camera’s blind spot was so he could get into the ceiling space and eventually create a passageway to freedom. His first attempt at escape landed him in one of the women’s cells. It turned out not to be a total loss though, since he came back to his own cell after receiving a blow job from an inebriated college girl.

Amos had used a shower drain as a tool to loosen screws and pop open other tiles along the escape route. Eventually he made his way to freedom, but was caught shortly afterwards when standing on the brim of Route 32 to Albany, with his thumb out and his orange jump suit shining like a reflector. All charges were dropped very quickly, as the drunken college girl turned out to be related to a state government big shot.

Gideon then offered a moneymaking idea that appealed to his cohorts. During one of his ambulatory straggles through the countryside, in the night-fallen hours, he came upon a remote area where he believed a meth lab was set up in a farmhouse. It was one of those old-time hippie farms. If they scored, they could make out with not only enough stuff to make Esther’s heart explode, but possibly also with cash and guns and whatever.

“Now we would have to careful.” Amos warned. “Those hippie fuckers are smarter than they look. They come into town with all their organic shit to sell at the health food stores and the weekly Farmers’ Market, but it’s the drugs that pay the bills. They don’t grow weed for the college kids anymore, though. They deal now in what we country folk crave—the kind of crank that makes you think the cows out in the fields are a bunch of sombrero-wearin’ Mexicans. And believe me those tofu-up-the-ass motherfuckers are armed.

“You know that I can make a little noise when I walk through a field,” Gideon interjected. “It’s not really a stealthy

thing. It's more like a snow plow blazing a trail through a slushy street. Well, anyway, when I scoped out the farm, they came running from the house and started shooting at me with high-powered automatic weapons. Fortunately for me, my escape route was downhill. I got some pretty good momentum going, but when I got to the tree-line, I ran smack into a solid maple that wouldn't budge, and I ended up knocked out.

"I came to, I don't know how much later. I guess they thought they had chased me off, 'cause I was still in one piece," Gideon explained.

"Yeah, yeah, that's it," said Amos. "I hate those hippie fuckers."

"And I get to keep the drugs, right?" Esther chimed in.

"All the shit you can smoke, shoot, or pour into your Mountain Dew," Amos returned with a huge smile. "You know I take care of you baby, don't you?"

Since there were three of them, they were sure that they had all the bases covered: the assault element, the support element, and the security element.

The dynamic trio chose a Saturday morning for the assault. The hippies would be at the Farmers Market peddling their wares: food, candles, jewelry, tambourines and hula-hoops.

Amos fired up his Chevy pickup. Gideon rode in the bed and Esther rode shotgun. In a duffle bag, back with Gideon, was a .22 automatic, some rope, and duct tape.

Driving over back roads, through valleys, past hollers, and around hills, there was a sudden thump and a bump. Amos slammed on the brakes and Gideon was thrust against the back of the cab.

"What the fuck?" yelled Esther.

"I just hit a possum. We're having steak for dinner," he happily announced as he jumped out of the truck, picked up the road-kill and threw it into the truck bed with Gideon. He got back

into the truck and started to drive off, satisfied with his good fortune. “Things are looking good for us today.”

Esther turned to look through the cab window and saw Gideon holding the possum to his mouth, as he happily sucked and slurped blood from the *corpus delicti*. When he was finished, he threw it overboard and let out a satisfying belch.

“So much for your steak, moron. Gideon just sucked that bitch dry and tossed it back onto the road,” Esther said to Amos.

“Motherfucker!”

When they were about a half a mile from the turn off to the farm, Amos parked the truck on the side of the road and put the back end up on a tire jack. They walked the rest of the way.

“Now Gideon, I want you to lay down right here in the middle of the driveway. Act as if you’re dead. Don’t move even if they poke you. Since you have no pulse, they will think you’re dead anyway. This will buy us any time we may need if they come back early,” Amos said.

“Gotcha.”

Amos and Esther snuck up to the farm house and stopped just short of a fence that wrapped around the yard.

“Now I need to check for booby traps. When assholes like these guys grew pot back in the national forest, they had some of the damnedest traps ever. Even the old moonshiners got fucked over by them, and they knew those backwoods like the back of their hands. Back in the ’60s and ’70s, there was a sort of turf war between the hillbillies and hippies. That is until all the locals started smoking pot themselves.

“After that,” Amos explained, “You couldn’t tell who was who, because they all had beards and wore the same raggedy clothes.

“Anyway, I need to see if this fence is electrified. OK, Esther, you grab hold and let me know if you feel anything.”

“Are you crazy? What if I get fried? I’ve seen that kind of shit happen on TV.”

“You been doing speed for so long that electricity will pass right through you. I seen it on the Discovery Channel, I swear.”

“Bullshit, when have you ever watched the Discovery Channel in your whole life? The only things you watch is cartoons.”

“Excuse me, but I happen to know more about hidden Nazi treasures than most anybody in this county because of that channel. I always watch when they’re showing Nazi treasure and Templar knights and shit like that,” Amos replied.

“Is that so?” she asked.

“So!” he said as he gave her the fisheye. “All right—Plan B, then. Grab me that stick.”

He took the stick and touched it to the fence.

“Nothing! See? Now open the fence, Esther.”

“Nice try, shit-head.”

“All right. I’ll do it.” He wrapped a bandana around his hand and tapped the fence before opening the gate.

There was no jolt. Amos sighed in relief, and then slowly opened the gate, tip-toed up to the front of the house, and stuck his ear to the door to listen for any noise. Nothing.

He whispered to Esther, “This going to be a piece of cake, baby.”

Handing her the .22, he threw all his weight into the door with his shoulder. Bouncing back, he screamed in pain. Holding his shoulder, he whimpered, “It must be bolted or something.”

“May I make a suggestion?” Esther spoke up.

“I know what I’m doing.”

“Apparently not.”

“Oh yeah, what would you do?” Amos whined.

“First of all, we have a gun. Point the barrel right here,” she said indicating about two inches from where the lock throw and strike plate met. “Point it at an angle from either above or below the target area. Don’t use the weapon sight, because it might cause under firing.”

“Is there anything about your past that you’d like to let me in on at this time?” Amos said with a look of amazement. “Where in the hell did you learn that?”

“On the Discovery Channel. Where else?”

Taking aim, he turned his head and pulled the trigger. There was a loud blast and recoil of the weapon. The door remained shut.

“Try again,” Esther said.

He did and it worked on the second try. “I hope nobody heard that,” he whispered.

They entered the house and came face to face with a girl no older than eight. Her hair was in dreadlocks and she was wearing a wool sweater, a skirt in a floral pattern, heavy boots, and she was pointing an AK-47 at their faces.

“Whoa, whoa there now little girl,” Amos stuttered.

“Are you the babysitter?” the little girl asked.

“Why—yes we are,” Esther said.

“Why did you shoot the door? You could have knocked,” the girl inquired.

“Now why don’t you put down that big gun? Do you always play with guns, little girl?” Amos asked.

“My name is Sophie. What’s yours?”

“We’re...” Amos wasn’t that quick on his feet.

“I’m Ginger Lynn and this is John Holmes,” Esther said, prompting Amos.

“Yes, that’s right. Is anyone else home with you, Sophie?”

“Just Jerry and Phil, our Dobermans.”

“Oh I see. And where are the little doggies now Sophie?”

“Why—right behind you, of course,” she said with sly smile.

“And they’re good little doggies, now aren’t they Sophie?”

He turned and was confronted with two snarling Dobermans, with canines the size of Gideon’s fangs.

“I think you need to leave now,” Sophie announced, sounding suddenly very mature for her age. “One command from me and you both are toast.”

“Yes, I think we’ll do just that. Now please tell the puppies to let us out. We must have the wrong house. This isn’t the Joe Wieder residence—is it?”

“Jerry, Phil—rücken,” she commanded.

“OK, I think we’ll be going now,” Amos said as he and Esther backed out through the door. They started to walk down the driveway, and Amos turned to look back and saw the dogs coming at them full speed.

“Holy shit!” Amos yelled as he grabbed Esther and started to run as fast as they could. As they approached Gideon, who was still lying on the driveway, the dogs came to a screeching halt. They just stood at the property line, alert, yet trained to go no farther.

“Get up, Gideon,” Amos said as he prodded the enormous mound of flesh. “Get up, God damnit!”

Gideon was snoring. He wore a smile and his pelvic region was moving up and down in a humping motion.

“Great! He’s having a wet dream, and we’re about to be eaten by a pack of hounds,” Esther said to no one in particular.

They kept slapping Gideon’s face, attempting to wake him, when Sophie came skipping down the driveway singing.

She stopped next to the dogs and started to rub their heads. She kept singing as Amos and Esther finally brought Gideon out of his slumber.

“Get up. We have to go now!” Amos shouted.

“What? What’s going on?” Gideon asked.

“We have to get the fuck out of here...now!”

“Amos has just been outwitted by a kindergartner,” Esther chimed in.

“A kindergartner with an AK-47 and two killer attack dogs,” he said to clarify the situation.

Before heading to the truck, Amos turned around. With his hands in his pockets and head cocked to one side, he asked, “Hey kid, do you happen to have any decent reefer you could sell us?”

Sophie fired a burst into the sky.

“I guess not,” Amos said.

Walking down the road, Esther punched Amos on his bicep as hard as she could. “What the fuck were you thinkin’?”

“Hey, it don’t hurt to ask.”

When they got to where they left the truck, they found that it was gone.

Out went the thumbs. Eventually an Amish buggy approached. The bearded driver, who had B.O. that could have knocked over an ox, consented to let Amos and Esther ride in the back.

Gideon was left to find his own way home. He didn’t really mind. He told the other two that he preferred to barn-hop his way back anyway, hoping he could find something to feed on.