

Country Philosopher

The necking party

by Amos Arthur Holmes



Five years ago I was working for a philanthropic society whose main purpose for existing was the collection of blood. The society did this on a much smaller scale than the American Red Cross but what it did do was quite beneficial to the hospitals in our area.

I was acting as personnel director and my concern, at this particular time, was in hiring a technician to manage the new Bloodmobile that the society had just purchased. I had already interviewed three of four people and hadn't been satisfied with any of them. And then my secretary came into my office, and said, "Mr. Holmes, there is a man outside who is applying for the technician job on the Bloodmobile."

"Fine," I said, "Send him in."

"Mr. Holmes, this guy is funny looking."

"Look" I said, "I do not hire on looks. If being pretty was a qualification needed for employment, neither you nor myself would be working."

"But Mr. Holmes," cried my secretary, "he isn't just funny looking. He is peculiar looking. Weird looking. And besides...his name is Dracula."

"You're kidding me!"

"No sir...that's his name. Sebastian Dracula. Shall I tell him to go away?"

"Of course not. Why should a name disqualify someone? Send the fellow in."

When the young man walked through my door I was stunned. My secretary had been right. HE WAS WEIRD. I imagine he was about six feet tall, terribly thin, and he possessed a very dour and forboding countenance. He was dressed all in black and had a cape thrown over his shoulders.

"Good morning," I said cheerfully, "Please have a seat. Now then...I see

you are from Detroit, Michigan."

"That's right," replied the young man, "I have lived in Detroit for the past seven years. Originally I came from a small hamlet in Transylvania."

I leaned forward. "Do you mean Transylvania in Romania?"

"Yes sir," he replied, "I lived there all of my life before I came to America."

I was becoming pretty damn apprehensive. Too many things were falling into place. I'm not much of a believer in the supernatural, and I certainly don't hold with the superstitions that come tumbling from remote regions of the world. But something was definitely unsettling about this character sitting before me.

"Mr. Dracula, do you enjoy working around blood?"

The man smiled and his smile simply froze me to my seat. When his lips curled back I noticed that he had two incisors that looked like prongs on a rake.

"I am very fond of blood. In fact, Mr. Holmes, I am quite possessed with the color, texture, and substance of blood."

I decided, right then and there, that I couldn't consider this guy for employment. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Dracula, but I'm afraid you don't fill the qualifications needed for the job."

He was furious. He looked me straight in the neck, and hissed, "Tonight, when the moon is full...WE WILL MEET AGAIN."

When I went to bed that night, I was terribly nervous. It took me a long time to fall asleep. Twenty minutes after I had gone to sleep my wife

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Amos

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came in to go to bed. She slipped under the covers and put her arms

around me. And then, in a playful display of affection, she reached over and bit me on the neck.

And to this day she doesn't believe me when I try to explain why I threw her out the window.