

THE SONGVITER

Dracula sat in his castle strumming on his guitar.

"*Call my name, through the cream, and I'll hear you scream again...*," he sang, tapping his foot, his dark eyes panning over his audience, which consisted of his 3 wives and his servant Renfield. They smiled back at their master encouragingly.

"*Black Hole Sun, Von't you come, To vash avavy the vain -*"
Dracula stopped and consulted a sheet of paper.

"Sorry," he muttered. The wives shifted in their seats. Renfield pulled nervously at the sides of his head.

"Vell it just repeats from there," said Dracula finally, putting the page aside.

"It's so good Dracula," said Wife #1 quickly.

A pleased grin appeared on the vampire's normally unchanging face.

"So good," Wife #2 agreed, "Such...brutal imagery."

"Thank you. It needs more instruments, for the full effect."

"Tribal drums." Renfield asserted.

"Hm, maybe," said Dracula coolly.

"Or sitar!" Renfield turned to the Wife at his right, "Can't you picture that on this? Like the Master's other creation - what was that called?"

"*Norwegian Vood,*" said Dracula "But that had a different vibe."

Renfield and the Wives looked confused. Dracula sighed.

"The 'Vibe' is the feel of the music. You see, music can be positive and uplifting -

"Like the song you wrote about the finger!" interjected Wife #2.

"*Single Ladies,* yes. While other songs are can be quivte melancholy."

"*Tears in Heaven,*" Wife #1 looked to the others. "Remember that? About the little boy who fell out the window."

"Oh yes," droned Wife #3, "You wrote that about someone you knew from the Outside World, right Dracula?"

"Uh yes. That vas...quivte a tragedy. I felt compelled to vite about it."

Dracula suddenly seemed unwilling to meet his minions adoring gaze. He became preoccupied with a bit of fluff on his cape.

The mindless slaves were familiar with their master's mood swings. Renfield rushed to cheer him up.

"Since we have never left this castle, we are so lucky that the Master invented "Music," and created these things called "Songs," just to make us happy."

The others eagerly agreed.

Dracula forced a smile. "You're too kind. But now, leave me friends. I must vite more songs. I am most inspired."

He laughed hollowly, "Mwa ha ha ha."

After they had gone Dracula sat for a while in thought. His gaze fell on the wall opposite, where a giant mirror hung. On its surface was his guitar, seemingly floating above a 3 legged stool. For once he was grateful that he couldn't appear on its surface. He didn't want to look at himself, just then.

THE END