

THE LIFE  
AND  
AFTERLIFE  
OF  
DRACULA



BY ANNE  
THE UNDEAD

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### **Dracula's Disguise**

Dracula lives in disguise  
He fools all but the very wise  
He knows how to make people love him  
As if the angels are singing above him  
People listen to what he'll say  
And he can fool them all every day

However, however, however  
He isn't always so clever  
If he feels he can live best without you  
He won't give a damn about you

Better become very wise  
And beware of his disguise  
According to some  
He's just a bum  
So don't be the one  
Who's undone

So I'm telling you now  
Beware somehow  
So I'm telling you now  
Beware somehow.

**Keep Dracula Away**

I pray, I pray, I pray every day  
I pray that the gods  
Keep Dracula away

You can't see in his face  
That it's you he'll disgrace

Don't let him fool you  
'Cause he will if he can  
He'll take what he wants  
And not give a damn

I pray, I pray, I pray every day  
I pray that the gods  
Keep Dracula away.

**Heaven's Gate**

Doesn't he look great  
So gracious and upstanding  
Isn't he wonderful  
And so understanding

So wait, wait, wait  
Till you're at heaven's gate  
He'll lock you out  
Without a doubt  
And you'll forever wait

He's Dracula, Dracula, Dracula  
Dracula, that's true  
And you need to see him  
Before he sees you

So you'll wait, wait, wait  
Wait with a sigh  
'Cause nothing will happen  
Until he'll die

Then, at last  
You'll pass through heaven's gate  
And you'll know in your heart  
It was worth the wait.

**Dracula, What Color Are You?**

Dracula, Dracula  
What color are you?  
Dracula, Dracula  
What color are you?

What color am I?  
What do you think?  
I am pearly white  
I am rosy pink

So Dracula, Dracula  
No fear should I think  
If you are pearly white  
If you are rosy pink

That's right; that's right  
No fear should you think  
Nothing can happen  
I'm white and I'm pink

Just a knife through the heart  
That's all that I'll do  
And I'll walk away  
But not you, not you

And I'll smile and I'll smile  
'Cause what do you think  
I'll get away with it all  
'Cause I'm white and I'm pink.

**Vampire – Give Me My Life**

Do not suck from me my lifeblood  
And keep me as your lover  
I do not want to do as you do  
And suck up the blood from another

I need my blood  
I need my life  
I do not want to be your vampire  
For you to keep me as your wife

You are like a small baby  
You sucked the milk from your mother  
Now your mother is gone  
So you suck up the blood from another

Do not keep me as your vampire  
Do not keep me as your wife  
I do not want to be your victim  
I must live my own life

But here I am  
As time goes by  
I'll be your slave  
Until you die

Then I'll be free  
And I'll feel no more rage  
Free as a tigress  
Who's escaped from her cage

My life now is fine  
Because you've gone away  
Each morning now I'm happy  
Happy for each new day

Each day I'm happy  
To be alive and to live  
To take what I need  
And to give what I can give

Now I'll always love life  
And I'm glad I'm on my way  
To find love and joyfulness  
Day after day.



**I am the Vampire**

I am the vampire  
I live; I live  
On your blood I will live  
On your blood I will live

I am the vampire  
I live; I live  
On your blood I will live  
On your blood I will live

Your blood I will take  
You don't have to give  
Your blood I will take  
I live; I live

Your blood I will take  
You don't have to give  
Your blood I will take  
I live; I live

On your blood I will live

**Dracula's Cave**

Dracula, Dracula, Dracula  
Why do you keep me in your cave?  
Why do you make me your slave?  
I have nowhere to run  
And when day is done  
I'm in the dark with no sun  
And you think this is fun

When you're sound asleep  
In the dark I do creep  
And live my secret life  
As Dracula's wife

I know stories untold  
Of those strong and bold  
But I live in the mud  
On Dracula's blood  
No one care's about it  
Blood—I cannot live without it  
Until one day  
When I no longer can stay  
I'll take the knife from my heart  
And toss it away

Then everything will be fine  
I'll dine on cheese and wine  
I'll need not the blood

I'll clean off all the mud  
I'll laugh and I'll shine

The world will be mine

I'll find my lover, too

He'll be strong and true

We'll always do what's right

We'll love each other day and night

And the sun will shine, shine, shine

The pale moon will be his and mine

And the sun will shine, shine, shine

The pale moon will be his and mine.

## Dracula's Den

A dark shadow falls on a musty, musty room. The shadows fall—it is 12 noon.

They dance the minuet slowly, slowly in a dark, dark room. Slowly, slowly in a dark, dark room. No light, no light in a dark, dark room. Slowly, slowly they dance the minuet in a dark, dark room—it is 12 noon.

The leaves fall, the leaves fall, the leaves fall. The summer leaves fall in the spring; the colored leaves fall in the spring.

They slowly, slowly dance the minuet in a dark, dark room—it is 12 noon. The shades are drawn, drawn. They dance the minuet slowly, slowly in this dark, dark room—it is 12 noon.

Table full of food, plenty of food, plenty to eat. I cannot find a seat.

Food, food in this dark, dark room. Food, food in this dark, dark room. Plenty to eat. I cannot find a seat. Shrimps, shrimps, lobsters, lobsters in this dark, dark room. I cannot find a seat.

Shrimps, shrimps, lobsters, lobsters. Large shrimps, large lobsters. Large, large shrimps, large, large lobsters. Plenty to eat. I cannot find a plate.

## Sweet Sixteen

I was just sweet sixteen and Ralph met me on the beach again. He's 32 and we meet in secret. He gives me all his love and I give him all mine.

We meet under the boardwalk in our private corner. No one can see us there. We meet there all the time. I lie down on our blanket. We lie down together on our blanket. I feel him next to me and it feels so good. We are going to wait until I'm 18 to get married. We have to wait. I can't get married without my parent's permission until I'm 18.

My parents would never give me permission to marry Ralph. He's just not the right type. And he doesn't say too much about his life. But I love him and he's my secret love.

But then something happened. I wasn't going to tell Ralph, but I started getting worried so I told him. I told him my periods stopped. I thought I was going to have a baby. I did want a baby, but not yet. Anyway, Ralph didn't say anything.

Then, the next day I went back to our secret place and Ralph wasn't there. That happens sometimes. Sometimes I go to our secret place and he doesn't show. He usually does, but not always. We do have a schedule, but sometimes he shows and sometimes he doesn't. But now I kept going there and he's never there. I just lie there on the blanket waiting for him.

One day Jim showed. He's Ralph's friend. Jim's my contact because I don't know Ralph's phone number. Jim gave me the name and phone number of a doctor. He had it written down on a piece of paper. He said for \$500 the doctor would get my periods started again. That was almost four months ago. That was the last time I saw Jim.

I started getting worried because I started getting bigger. And I didn't have \$500. I thought I'd better call that number.

I called the number and some guy answered. I told him what happened. I told him I didn't have \$500 and he wanted to know how much I had. I told him \$450.

He told me \$450 was okay and he gave me an address to go to at 10am next Tuesday.

I was really scared. I went to that address at 10am that Tuesday. Some guy with a doctor's mask opened the door. He was dressed in jeans and a tee shirt with a doctor's mask. In fact, the whole time I was with him, he always wore that mask. I'm not sure what he looks like without the mask.

"Where's the \$450?" He said.

I gave him the money.

So we went into the other room. He told me to change into this gown and lie down on the bed. The bed was just a bed. I mean there was just a mattress on the bed with no sheets or anything.

So I changed into the gown and lay down on the bed.

He had this needle in his hand and went to inject it into my stomach.

I pushed his hand away. "No." I said.

"Well if you don't want this I won't do it, but you're not getting your \$450 back."

So I said "OK."

"Well," he said—OK you want it or OK you don't want it?"

“OK I want it.” I said.

So he injected me with the needle.

Then he left the room and left me lying on the bed all by myself. I was so scared.

I was lying there a long time and then I felt all wet.

Then I started getting these stomach aches. It was really bad. I was screaming.

Then the guy came in and started laughing. “They all scream that.” He laughed and he kept laughing.

The stomach aches were really bad. They really hurt. And he kept laughing.

Then something happened. Something came out and fell on the floor. I can still hear that sound of something falling on the floor.

Everything went black.

I don’t know how long I was out. But when I came to he was standing over me. He still had on that mask.

“Put your clothes on and get out.” He said.

I did what he told me.

I never saw Ralph again.

I never saw Ralph again.

I never saw Ralph again.

## Harry and Sherry

Walking across the street and down the block. Then waiting for a bus at the bus stop.

All those sounds in my head—"You are bad. You are a bad, bad girl."

"Why am I bad?" I ask.

"Because you are you."

I don't think my boyfriend loves me anymore. Maybe he never loved me. We have sex and then he just turns over and goes to sleep.

Then I lie there staring at the ceiling. Will we ever marry? Do I want to get married? Will things be different if we get married? Will he ever love me? What am I doing wrong? And I want a baby. And I know he wants a baby, too. Maybe a baby will bring us together. Then my boyfriend will love me and we will be a happy family. Maybe we should get married.

Oh, here comes my bus.

Later, at the clothes store...

All these nice pants and tops in this store. I love them. I'm pretty and have a good figure. I'll look good in almost anything. Will my boyfriend love me then? If I look good?

Look at these tee shirts and shorts! I'm going to try some things on. I'll gather them up and go into the dressing room.

A few minutes later...

These clothes look great on me. My legs look great and I look good in this blue. I'll buy these things and wear one of these tee shirts and shorts home. Then Harry will see me looking good and love me.

Later, entering her apartment...

"Hi Harry! I'm here! I'm home!"

"Sherry—where were you?! I'm starving. Why weren't you here making dinner?! What's the matter with you?!"

"OK! I'll do it right away. Right away!"

Three days later in the car...

"Sherry—look at all these beautiful homes. We should buy a house. Talk to your father. Maybe he could help us with a down payment."

"But Harry, I don't want a house. Too much to take care of. I want my freedom."

"You just say that because your mother always complains about the work she has to do in the house...talk to your father."

“Harry, if we bought a house, who would wash all the windows and take care of the grounds?”

...Silence.

A few minutes pass...

Sherry turns to Harry and says, “What about starting a family. Wouldn’t it be nice to have a baby? Why don’t we plan to have a baby when you graduate from law school?”

“That’s funny. After I graduate. Maybe we could call the kid, ‘After Graduation.’”

“Well, it would work out. You graduate next year. And you said we should get married this summer—maybe in three months—in June.”

“We’ll discuss getting married with your parents.”

So we had this discussion with my parents. I couldn’t believe it. As soon as we mentioned marriage my mother went wild. She’s going to talk to Harry’s parents and do this and do that—Now I’ll never get out of it!!!

A June wedding transpired. Everyone was happy and cheerful. I put on a happy face and went through with it like a trouper.

There was food, booze, music and dancing. Nothing like a party!

Then there was the wedding night. Well, what do you know. Good thing there was sex before the wedding night because Mr. Husband spent the night counting all the money we accumulated.

The honeymoon was a romantic cruise to the Bahamas. I don’t remember exactly how this happened, but things went from “this situation doesn’t look too good” to “really bad.”

On the ship...

“Harry, there’s a dance tonight. I don’t think we should dress up. Everything now-a-days is so informal. Let’s just wear our jeans.”

“No, there was a write-up on this dance and I’m sure it is formal.”

“No, I don’t think so. Nothing is formal anymore—it’s always informal.”

“OK, Sherry. Have it your way. We’ll wear our jeans.”

One-half hour later...

“OK—ready Harry? The dance is right down the hall from us. Right near our room. How convenient!”

“OK, Sherry—let’s go.”

We walked down the hall...



"Wait a minute Harry. You were right. Everyone we see is dressed formal. We better go back to the room and change our clothes."

"Oh no we don't. You wanted to wear jeans and we are going just as we are. You wouldn't listen to me and that's that."

"But can't we go back to the room and change?"

"No, you said we'll wear jeans and that's what we are going to wear."

"But I don't want to go to the dance wearing jeans when everyone is formal."

"Well, that's the way it's going to be. If you don't want to go into the dance hall, we'll just sit out here in the lobby."

So we sat in the lobby for at least an hour. Then we walked back to our room.

In the room...

"Harry, why couldn't we change and go to the dance?"

"Stop yelling at me. Just stop yelling."

"Ow! What are you punching me for? That hurt!"

That situation was the highlight of our honeymoon cruise.

Back home after the cruise...

"You know, Harry, let's do some more things together. I love the jazz concerts we go to but maybe we could also go to Fernwood Park and go to the square dancing. Square dancing is so much fun. I love to square dance. Let's go."

"No, I don't want to."

"OK. I can go myself."

Then I got such a dirty look that I decided not to fight about it and not to go square dancing.

Then there was the time Harry wanted scrambled eggs for lunch, the first time I made scrambled eggs for him. So I made them the way I've always made them for myself. I got yelled at for making them too well done and not loose enough. How was I supposed to know?!

And then the yelling got worse. We would be yelling at each other all the time. I was able not to start the yelling but I couldn't control the yelling back.

And the punching got worse. Harry would punch me two or three times a week. Sometimes I punched back and sometimes I didn't.

I wanted to go to a marriage counsellor but Harry wouldn't go. He said the problem was with me. This situation went on and on for about a year.

A year later...

One day Harry came home with a big smile on his face.

"I have a present for you," he said.

I was so excited.

"What did you get me?" I asked.

Harry gave me a small box wrapped up in silver paper. I opened it. Inside the box was a pink container.

"Open it carefully," he said.

I did and inside was some white powder.

"Careful not to spill it," he said. "That's white fluff. It will make you feel better. You won't be so upset and yelling all the time. You have to be well. This white fluff will make you well."

"But what do I do with it?" I asked.

"Put a little under your tongue when you get upset."

"But I don't want to. What is this stuff?"

"Don't worry. I got it from a pharmacist. It's just right for you. You'll feel better and we will be able to get along. Don't you want us to get along?"

"But Harry..."

"Listen, you have to do what I tell you. I see you're getting upset. Now stop making me yell. And stop being an impossible bitch. I'm not gonna put up with this. Just put a pinch of white fluff under your tongue and you'll see how much better you'll feel."

"Harry..."

"Bitch, you are ruining our lives. Put a pinch of white fluff under your tongue now before I beat the shit out of you. It will calm your nerves and make you feel better."

So I put a pinch of white fluff under my tongue and two minutes later I felt this calm feeling all over my body. And my head felt dizzy like I had been going around in circles. He was right. Nothing mattered anymore. I was completely calm and a little dizzy. I was walking through a cloud.

"There, you're so much better. Just remember, whenever you start feeling just a little bit upset—reach for white fluff and nip that upset feeling right in the bud."

Wow! Has that white fluff changed my life and saved our marriage! I don't let myself get upset anymore. All I need is a pinch, or sometimes two or three pinches, of white fluff several times a day and I'm fine. But I do sleep a lot. And I don't get too much done anymore. I got fired from my job, but I don't care. Harry didn't care either. I do everything he wants and I don't feel anything. It's awesome!

But I know something is wrong somewhere. Can't put my finger on it.

But I know something is wrong somewhere. Can't put my finger on it.

I feel a little upset now.  
I feel a little upset now.

I think I'll lie down.  
I think I'll lie down.

A pinch of white fluff.  
A pinch of white fluff.  
A pinch of white fluff.  
A pinch of white fluff.

## My Name is Mary

My name is Mary and I have nowhere to go. My only friend is my dog, Toto. Toto is a little boy—black and mostly poodle. He's my only friend. We share our food.

I go to the food pantry and I hide Toto in the alley nearby. I tell them at the food pantry that I need food for me and my mom and then I take the food and sit in the alley with Toto and eat. I try to get sandwiches and fresh fruit and yogurt.

We live in San Diego, so it's always warm. I sleep on a park bench and Toto sleeps underneath the bench. We spend a lot of time at the beach in the sand, strolling along the water's edge.

I think I'm 19 and I think Toto is 2. I got him about 2 years ago when he was just a pup and I had left home. My parents never were too good to me. They didn't really abuse me; they just ignored me. And when I left home that was it. No one came looking for me. Sometimes I think I'd like to go back; but I don't think they'd want me and Toto.

They never met Toto—but they wouldn't want a dog in their house. So Toto and I stick together.

I have to be careful of men, though. I don't want to get pregnant. But Toto takes care of that. If a man comes near me he barks and starts biting the guy's ankles. Thank God for Toto.

I hang with some girls on the beach sometimes. They all love Toto and he loves them. He's the only man and we all love him.

But sometimes I wonder what the future is for Toto and me. We manage to get enough to eat; I have enough clothing (I just have what I have on) and we both have a place to lie our heads when we get tired. We have the beach and the sand or I have a bench and Toto lies underneath. That's great for the time being, but what about the future? I want a future for us. How can we plan for a future?

Maybe there is an organization that could help us. I'd like a little house or an apartment, some clean changes of clothing, plenty to eat, and a job. I'd like to train for a job.

And then maybe a boyfriend. But I'd want him to be a real friend. Someone I could trust and could trust me. And then maybe we could get married and have a family.

That is my dream. That is my dream—a boyfriend, a family, a job. That is my dream. That is my dream.

Sometime later...

Today I'm in the food pantry. Toto is waiting in the alley.

Here are some nice ham and cheese sandwiches on whole wheat bread. I'll say I'm taking two of them, for my mother and me. Toto and I will love them. And here are some tangerines. I'll take two of them—both for me. Toto won't eat tangerines. And I'll take two blueberry yogurts. Toto and I will love them. Then I'll take a loaf of cinnamon raisin bread. We both love it. We'll eat some now and some later. And for later, two cans of sardines. That's all I think they'll let me take.

I'm showing them all the stuff I'm taking and they're letting me go. I have a plastic shopping bag to put it all in.

Off to the alley to share my stuff with Toto.

Toto, Toto

Black and cute

Toto, Toto  
In your little curly suit  
Toto, Toto  
I love you true as can be  
Toto, Toto  
I know you love me  
Toto, Toto  
Black and cute  
Toto, Toto  
In your little curly suit.

“Here I am, Toto. I brought us some food. We’ll have a good lunch.”

Nothing like food to eat, eat, eat  
After we’ve eaten, life is sweet, sweet, sweet  
And a sweet, sweet life is a treat, treat, treat  
Nothing like food to eat, eat, eat.

A few days later...

I met Murphy yesterday. He came over and talked to me while Toto and I were walking on the beach.

I think I can trust Murphy because for the first time Toto didn’t bark at him and bite his ankles because Murphy is a man.

Murphy walked on the beach with us in front of the stores. He told me he lives by himself in a shack right near the beach—just a little ways off on the sand. He wanted to show me his place but I said “no.” I don’t want trouble.

But Murphy was nice. He said he had just a few friends, but they were true blue friends. He has parents and two brothers, but he doesn’t know where they are or how to find them. He also told me that he is 24—and no wife or girlfriend.

I really like Murphy. Maybe I’ll run into him again.

A few days later...

I’ve been walking on the beach with Toto in front of all the stores a lot lately—but no Murphy.

But then one day—there he was. He looked really good, not sloppy like last time. He had on a clean t-shirt and clean jeans. He was carrying a pair of sandals.

We started talking again. He said he worked in a beauty salon, doing ladies’ hair.

He invited Toto and me to his house. This time I agreed. Toto seemed happy. While we were walking there Toto was jumping and wagging his tail.

Then we got to his little one-room house. It was really nice—2 beds, a table and 4 chairs, a sink, a stove, a refrigerator, a dresser, a bookcase, and kitchen cabinets. Cool! Toto and I slept there that night. Murphy was so nice. He didn't hit on me or anything. We even had dinner and breakfast. Murphy did all the preparing. Then after meals I helped clean up. Wasn't much.

Then Murphy said he had to go to work at the salon. So I thought we had to leave but Murphy said we could stay.

He was so nice. I don't know what I did to deserve him.

But I told him Toto and I had to walk but we could meet him after his work. It was 10 in the morning now but he said we could come back at 7pm after work. There's a clock by the stores so I'll see when it will be 7 and then I'll come over.

So after Murphy left and locked the door to his house, Toto and I decided to go for a walk on the beach. We even went for a swim. Refreshing! Then we lay down on the sand to dry off with the sun.!

Then Toto and I went to the food pantry for lunch. We had our usual but I managed to get 3 cans of sardines for dinner instead of 2—one for each of us.

Toto and I had a great time. We went back to the beach, hung out by the stores and listened to music.

Then when it was almost 7 we went back to the house. But Murphy never showed. We waited and waited a long time. Then it started getting dark. So Toto and I went to sleep on the ground in back of the house.

I don't know how long I slept, but I heard, "Get up! I have a present for you." I opened my eyes and I saw on the ground 1 pair of jeans, 4 t-shirts, 2 pairs of shorts, 4 pairs of panties, 1 nightgown and flip-flops.

Wow! I couldn't believe it. I asked Murphy why he was so good to me. He told me because he loved me. He said I remind him of his sister who died in a car accident at age 14. She had the same long thick wavy auburn hair that I have. And her laugh was the same as mine. He said he loved to hear me laugh.

That's very nice but it's so sad that his sister died.

Anyway, we went inside and had dinner. Toto ate too. We all had the sardines and some bread. Murphy and I had some coke with the meal and that was enough.

Someone must be watching over me from above because there is more good news to report.

Attached to the beauty salon where Murphy works they have a boutique. That's where he got me the clothes. However, the saleslady is leaving in 2 weeks so they need someone else—like me!

One month later...

So now I'm no longer homeless and without work. Toto and I are living with Murphy and I have a job. I got that job as saleslady in the boutique. My dream is coming true.

I want to go back to school and become a hairdresser. I just applied to the school Murphy went to. I'll go at night and work during the day. And then I'll get a better job as a hairdresser and we'll save up some money. Murphy and I want to get a bigger place and then have a family.

And Toto is very happy, too.

Dreams do come true.

Dreams do come true.

**Dracula Dear**

I'll end my book

With one last verse

Dracula, Dear

You're my love and my curse.