

Interview With The Vampire

By R. W. Mosses

The singer's voice echoed siren-like in Albert's mind. He watched through the thick haze of smoke at her graceful movements on the small stage; the spray-on chrome coloured dress clung tightly to her lithe figure. Like the jazz bar's other patrons Albert didn't touch the cheap tea bourbon sitting in the shot glass in front of him. But they were enraptured. The odour of stale sweat and old liquor stung Albert's nostrils. He wanted to leave but disciplined himself to wait. This was his first foray to the New World, the raw energy and bright neon marked a stark contrast to the reserved opulent decay of London. He was invigorated and horrified in equal measure. With the dying notes of the last song, the spell was broken and the tense silence in the room erupted in applause and wolf whistles. The Succubus left the small stage and disappeared through the fading blue velvet curtain behind her. Albert took this as his cue to leave the bar, wading his way through the throng of

punters vying for the fat barman's attention, his feet sticking to dried-up pools of spilled alcohol. He made his way through the stiff double doors, the glass plastered with beer adverts, onto the littered street outside. The sun was setting, it hung low in the sky, its thick orange light filtered through smog and reflected off the bottom of the few clouds that hung in rich cobalt sky.

Albert's eyes stung slightly but he was glad he had learnt his life wasn't confined entirely to the nocturnal hours, particularly in these short southern summer nights. His Father had refused to believe him when he told Him about his evening adventures, He had told him he was dreaming of more mortal days. His ignorance had allowed Albert to take His blood from Him; he had Sinned against his Father. And learnt from it. His own blood was thicker now, even though his thirst was greater, but he could walk for some time into the early hours after sunrise too. He turned into the alley that led to the stage door. Each journey starts with a footstep. While his had begun in the reading room of the Bodelian Library in Oxford, the motes of dust reflecting in the beam of his torchlight as he read of the nature of unnatural beings and his Father had first come to him, this was the next stage. Provided the Succubus had the scroll he had been promised. He knocked on the stage door, and it was promptly opened, the bouncer grunted and admitted him.