



THE WITHERSPOON BROTHERS NECROMANCER SHOW

An Introduction

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Greetings curious spectators and seekers of the supernatural. I am Luther Witherspoon, and along with my brother Eugene, we are the proprietors of The Witherspoon Brothers Necromancer Show. We have staged exhibitions all over the world, and for more years than you most likely would care to imagine.

If the name of our little attraction has peaked your curiosity, then read on and I will explain what we do, and some of what you will find in our necromancer show. But, be warned, this is not for the timid or for those whose sanity is a thin veil easily pierced by the darker realities of this world. What we have to tell and show you is indeed of the shadow realms of this world, so if you are faint of spirit and not strong of mind, then stop here. Return yourself to the safer pages of the Saturday Evening Post or The Good Farmers Almanac.

For the rest of you, follow me....

As the name of our show suggests, both my brother and I are necromancers by trade. If you have no idea what that means please do not feel too bad about your lacking education. Necromancy is an esoteric and antiquarian practice. Not many know of it in this day and age.

Necromancy is the art of raising and controlling the dead. The skills and devises required to perform such feats have been around since the earliest alchemist. A time honored tradition among some cultures, and a cursed one among others.

However, we Witherspoons are not your average necromancers. We specialize within the field of necromancy. What does this mean? First off, we do not raise the dead. I find the act of raising the dead rather ghoulish, and we are not the ghouls that some would make

us out to be. I know that raising the dead sounds instrumental to the whole idea of necromancy, however our specialty lies within the second part of the terms definition. We do not raise the dead, but we do control the dead. For you see, the dead that we take dominion over have already risen. We are the masters of the vampire and the spawn there of.

Yes, my friend, vampires do exist. Vampires have been around since the beginnings of history. They have been feeding quietly off humanity long before there ever were necromancers such as myself to control them. Today there are few free vampires in the world thanks in no small part to the work of my brother and myself. Most, but unfortunately not all, vampires and their foul spawn, are under my control and are exhibited within our show.

Allow me to explain to you a little about vampires. I'm sure you think you know all there is to know about bloodsuckers from dime store novels you have read or the picture shows you may have seen. Some of the myths propagated through the years do ring true. Vampires do avoid the sun, but not because it makes them glitter or glow; it is mainly because it will kill them. They also dislike garlic in most cases, but I have seen some strong enough to eat Italian. Crosses, on the other hand, have no effect on vampires whatsoever. They are monsters, not god fearing Christians.

Vampires grow their numbers by passing their blood into humans, and in some cases lesser creatures. However, if you were thinking of drinking some vampire blood so you too can live forever I would have to strongly advise against it. Yes, these hemovores do live forever, and living forever is very nice, but vampire blood does not always turn one into a vampire. Quite often one who ingests vampiric sanguis becomes a half-dead. A half-dead is similar to a vampire in that it does crave blood, but the vampiric blood causes them to rapidly decay rather than preserve them the way it does a vampire. Their body and their minds rapidly rot away. I suppose they would also live forever like a vampire, but due to the decay they usually just stop functioning and turn to dust. Half-deads have been preserved in certain incidences by various means, but it is never pretty. So, if you find the lure of the eternal life of the vampire calling you, just remember it is just as likely you will turn into a rotting zombie half-dead if you drink vampire blood. Allow that to be food for thought before you make any changes in your mortality.

Vampires come in various forms. The curse, or gift, of vampirism shapes its victims differently. Some remain very human appearing with only the smallest signs that they are creatures of the night reflected in their appearance. While others become more beastly than you can possibly imagine. Who knows why. It could be science or it could be magic. I do know that Eugene and I have collected and killed all kinds over the years. Some of these creatures' names have been known to history; some quite famous in fact. And, some have remained in the shadows for all time....that is of course until we put them in our collection.

It is our collection that we put on display and that we invite you to come see. Now, before you ask, the show is perfectly safe for the most part. We have the vampires totally under our control. The only harm that may come to you, as I warned in the beginning, is to your sanity, for seeing these creatures will truly alter your perception.

Before you honor us with your attendance at our show, I would like to tell you about some of the different types, and individual vampires you will be seeing in the flesh. If the tales themselves do not scare you away, then you maybe ready for **The Witherspoon Brothers Necromancer Show**.

ELIZABETH FRANKENSTEIN: THE BRIDE

There are few that do not know the story penned by Mary Shelly about Victor Frankenstein. How his obsessive desire to cheat death by creating life in laboratory lead him to create a monster that turned on him. It is a classic story that has value as a cautionary tale, but the truth is far removed from the fiction. Though the majority of the story Mrs. Shelly told was fancy, the main character was flesh and blood truth. Victor Frankenstein was a man. He was a man that is until he became a vampire, and his story is one of tragedy.

The young Dr. Frankenstein lived and practiced his trade in Geneva in the late 1700's. He was engaged at an early age to his life long love Elizabeth. By most accounts they had an enviable life, but that was not to last.

After the early passing of his father and mother, Victor became obsessed with defeating death. He began to experiment in ways of holding back death. However his

experimentation quickly proved futile. As he began to realize that science held no answers to his growing quest for eternal life, he turned toward more arcane sources for the knowledge he sought.

He soon discovered the stories of vampires, and the gift of eternal life they possessed. These tales fueled his obsession. He sought information on these creatures in every ancient text and grimoire he could dig up. He plowed through the musty old volumes learning every way a person may become a vampire. Soon he convinced himself that this was the only way to obtain life ever lasting.

Victor's search often led him afar from Geneva. He traveled to every land that offered any hope of information on what he came to term as "The Gift". On one such trip to the Celtic Isles he found it.

While investigating what legend said was the burial grounds of an ancient Druid sect, Victor came across a tomb in a hillside grove of old oaks.

The tomb was the prison of a legendary vampire witch known as **Mother Dewfinger**. She too is apart of our collection, and her story is as interesting as Victor's is, but I will get to that soon enough.

Victor, in his zeal, did not read the warning on the surrounding stones. The arisen Dewfinger set upon young Victor with a century long thirst. She nearly drained him dry, but with his last breath he begged for his gift. For setting her free she granted him his wish, turning him into a fellow bloodsucker by giving him some of her blood.

Victor made his way back to Geneva by traveling only at night. He made it home the night before his wedding to Elizabeth was scheduled to take place. Not wanting to go through eternity without his beloved, Victor passed his gift of vampirism into Elizabeth, but as I have stated before not everyone that gets a dose of vampire blood becomes a vampire. Some become half-deads, zombies doomed to have their bodies rot away. Elizabeth was one of those that did not become a vampire.

Once Victor realized his bride's fate, he set about trying to keep her from withering away. The vampire blood would keep her alive forever, but her body and her mind would rot at an accelerated rate. After a given period of time, most half-deads collapse in a pile of rotten skin and bones. A fate the young scientist was not willing to leave his bride to. Victor believed that his scientific genius and arcane knowledge could prevent

this from happening to her. He took her to his lab and began the battle. A battle that has lasted over 2 centuries and still goes on.

Yes, Victor Frankenstein and his once lovely bride are a part of our collection. How we came about them is another story. Even though I'm just a businessman, and they are just two more specimens for our show, I am a romantic at heart. I allow the two lovebirds to stay together, and I let Victor keep practicing his strange form of science that keeps Elizabeth in one piece.

It's a horrific and tragic tale for you to behold with our necromancer show!

RADU: THE FORGOTTEN PRINCE

As a showman I hate to disappoint my audiences, but unfortunately in one case I always do. I disappoint them by telling them the truth. Dime store novels and pretty flicker shows have painted pictures of certain vampires that are simply not true. One such lie has been told over and over again until now folks think it is just the plain gospel. So let me get this out of the way here and now; the Prince of Wallachia also known as Vlad the Impaler and the more familiar Dracula was not a vampire. Hard to believe, I know, especially with all the fictional accounts told of him. In reality he was just another ordinary human with a really nasty habit of impaling folks. So, put it out of your head that you will be seeing Dracula in our necromancer show. Old Vlad was not a creature of the night. However, his brother Radu is a vampire, and we have him in our collection. Radu cel Frumos, or Radu the handsome as he was once called came into our possession by fortunate accident. When I was younger, and had first perfected my skills of necromancy I was as deluded about the truth as many of you have been. I too believed the legends of that famous Count Dracula. Eager to add him to our collection, my brother and I had traveled to Transylvania. Knowing that vampires can, and often go into long periods of hibernation usually deep beneath the ground I postulated that the famous count had gone to ground in his homeland. We went to all the places that he may have been resting, and performed certain spells to bring him forth, but due to the fact he is mere fiction we uncovered nothing. I was gravely disappointed. We were making plans to travel elsewhere to collect more specimens for our show when some unexpected news

found us. There had been reports from a village north of Bucharest of vampire attacks. The attacks had been very resent and very vicious. Hearing this we changed our plans, and made passage to the village.

We arrived in the village of Crasni to find that in a short period of time something had decimated the population. The remaining residents did not give us a warm greeting, but that did not matter to us. We had come to acquire a new bloodsucker for our show.

Saving their filthy peasant hides was just a fortunate side effect for them.

After we inspected the local graveyard to make sure no grave was disturbed and no crypt had been opened, we sought out the next most logical place for a vampire to hide. A series of small caves near the village made perfect daytime lodging for a night creature. We went there just before dusk knowing that the thing would be about to rise. At the mouth of the cave we summoned the necrotic fiend. What came forth was the foulest creature I had seen. Its ragged black cloths, cloak, battered red armor were from centuries past. Long strands of matted hair hung before a shrunken shriveled face colored a grotesque moonlight blue. His lips pulled back in a snarl to reveal crimson tinted fangs freshly stained by villager blood. His long, even by vampire standard, fingers bore even longer nails caked in grime.

As we took control of him via the powers of the necromancer's art, I noticed the emblem on his tarnished breastplate. His armor bore the mark of the family Dracul! The Order of the Dragon! I felt for sure that all of our earlier summoning had indeed called forth Count Dracula himself.

As we do with all newly acquired vampires we interrogated him, and probed his mind. Much to our chagrin we learned that this was not Dracula. Our summoning had indeed called this creature forth from hibernation, and bought about that unfortunate incident with the village, but our prize was Radu the Handsome. Of course he was far from handsome, and from what we gleamed from his mind the only vampire in his family. He is a crafty and savage beast from a more barbaric age. A true gem in our show of undead fiends.

CRONAR: THE HOROLOGIST

I'm not sure what Cronar is. I do know that he is undead, but whether he is more half-dead or more vampire I'm not certain. He is an anomaly in a realm of anomalies.

My brother and I were attending an auction in Moscow when we found this odd creature. An old Russian circus was closing down and selling off various artifacts from their show. One of the items that came up for sale was from their freak show exhibit. They had claimed it was the mummified remains of a vampire.

Like most sideshow exhibits it appeared to be a not so clever forgery.

The head was a mishmash of dirty bandage type material lashed together with pins, buttons and odd bindings. The eyes were sunken black holes hidden behind jeweler glasses that were permanently attached to the sides of the head. Long gray hair sprouted erratically from the wrappings on the back of its head. It wore a tattered jacket over an odd mechanized vest. The only thing remotely vampire appearing about him was his teeth. They almost seemed embedded in the wrapping with distinct vampire fangs springing forth on either side. It was a unique novelty for sure, but it was not a vampire from what I could tell. I speculated it was a life-sized doll fashioned by a disturbed mind for the sake of the freak show and its patrons. Most vampires wouldn't allow themselves to be carted around as some mummified thing.

I purchased the curio as it fascinated me. Once it was in my possession I began to pick up something from it. I'm not a psychic. I can only probe the minds to various degrees of the undead, but I could have sworn this doll thing was speaking to my mind. A whisper that I could not quite make out. I dismissed it as my own imagination getting the best of me for the doll-like thing did have a visual effect on me.

Time passed, and I displayed it in our show along side the real vampires. It captivated both our audiences and our vampires. As an exhibit my mummified vampire was well worth the price I had paid for him at auction, and I was satisfied that he was not nor ever had been a vampire. Of course I was very wrong.

It was my brother, Eugene, who brought to light the true nature of the thing. For those of you who do not know, my brother Eugene is not a master of coordination. In fact I would go as far as to say he was a klutz, but he is my flesh and blood, so I will refrain from labeling him so. In any case, it was Eugene who while feeding the vampires in our

captivity the copious amounts of blood that they require spilled a large pail of blood on my curio. The spilled blood soaked into the doll thing like water into a sponge. As I began to berate dear Eugene for his carelessness a very audible ticking sound started to fill the room. The ticking was coming from our mummified vampire. And, the whisper that I had once heard returned in my head as a scream. The only words I could make out were “blood” and “time”. The thing actually started to move. I quickly performed the necromancy spell upon it, and instructed Eugene to bring more blood for our new friend. After it was well fed, I probed its mind as I do all new vampire acquisitions. My probe did not turn up much. Its mind was full of equations of time, mechanical schematics, and the thirst for blood. I could glean no history, no origin, or name. I could not even be sure it was a vampire. The thirst for blood was there but it just as well could be a half-dead kept alive by some mechanical means. To this day I’m still not sure. Whatever he is I think that he may have been a clock maker or a genius, because his gift and obsession with mechanical time remains. We call him Cronar, and he ticks away with his clocks in our necromancer show.

MOTHER DEWFINGER: THE CRONE

Mother Dewfinger is, in the classical sense, a witch. One wouldn’t think a witch would be a vampire as well, however she seems to blend into both roles quite well. Even though she is now under my control, her mind is closed to me. Her true origins are hidden from me. I tribute this to her dual nature. Her witch half is able to shield her thoughts from me. What I know of her I learned during her hair-raising capture, and from other vampires.

She had been imprisoned in a tomb somewhere in the Celtic Isles around the 4th century AD. I do not know who imprisoned her, or why they just didn’t kill her. Who ever had the ability to trap her for centuries surely had the knowledge and ability to end her preternatural life.

She stayed entombed there until June of 1783 when she was released by Victor Frankenstein which I give count of in my story of The Bride.

I often wonder if her dormancy was of her own choosing, but why such a powerful vampire would go to ground for so long is unknown. She came to my attention some time after her rebirth. I was called upon by a priest that I had befriended in another undead matter. He was concerned for a small village on the shores Galway Bay. After receiving a disturbing letter from a fellow clergyman in the village of Kildevin, he had lost complete contact with anyone from the area. He sent people to investigate, but they never returned. Once he showed me the letter my brother and I made passage to Ireland. When we arrived in the Village of Kildevin we found it to be abandoned by all appearances. My instincts told me that there was an undead presence in the empty village. It is not often that I have encountered situations while plying my trade that have caused my skin to crawl, but the empty village of Kildevin did just that to me on that day.

We waited until nightfall, and went to the village square. I was certain there was at least one vampire responsible for the state of the village, and I intend to have it for our collection. As usual we used our skills to summon forth any vampire in the area. It wasn't long before a near by cellar door creaked open. From its dark depths came a small cloaked figure with a long staff. As it made it's way toward us I knew we had found our quarry. As I began my necromantic incantation to take possession of the fiend, it threw the hood of its cloak back to reveal a disturbing face. The crone face that stared at us was a gelatinous mass of wrinkles that hung from a skull. In the midst of that horrid face she had a third glowing green eye on her forehead. I have never seen a vampire with a third eye, and this made me hesitate in performing the necromancer ritual to take control of her. As she continued to approach us she bore her fangs removing the doubts about her blood lust. I quickly started to speak the words of necromancy, but before I could finish, she hissed, "Necromancer filth!"

She waved her staff at us while uttering a spell. Instantly my brother and I found we could no longer speak, and therefore could no longer take this vampire under our control. A feeling of over whelming terror filled us. That terror soon turned to panic. The old hag once again raised her staff, and with more words of some ancient tongue she called forth the villagers. Every cellar door in all the surrounding buildings sprang open, and the once absent villagers came forth. Some with fangs gleaming, and others barring the

marks of half-deads. They quickly made their way toward us intent on our demise. At this sight my brother completely panicked. Like a silent stampeding rhino he charged at the witch. She had no time to react. She hit the ground with Eugene landing square on top of her and her staff. Beings she was a vampire she did not break, but the wooden staff gave way like a dried twig. With the breaking of the staff my voice returned, and I resumed the necromancy ritual taking all the undead into my possession.

We later learned that witch's name was Mother Dewfinger. Why she had transformed the entire village of Kildevin I am uncertain. Most vampires, out self-preservation, try to avoid making large numbers of fellow blood drinkers. As I said before, Dewfinger's mind has never been open to me, so the mysteries that surround her remain in place.

We had to slaughter most of the other villagers that had been turned. I only like to keep them if they can add to the quality of our show. Mother Dewfinger is just such an oddity and she is in our collection for you to examine first hand.

THE NOSFERATAR

I consider myself an expert on vampires, if indeed anyone can be an expert on such a vast and ever mutating subject. Even with all my knowledge of the subject I can not explain the different effects, both physically and mentally, that vampire blood has on those who are infected with it. As I have stated before not all people transform into vampires when they ingest the cursed blood. Some become zombie like things that I refer to as half-deads. As for the physical appearance of the ones that do become vampires that can vary greatly. Most take on mild changes to their form such as the characteristic fangs, whitening of the skin, and other mild physical variances compared to their former human self. In a good many cases they may be able to continue to pass as human in some circles. I usually do not care to collect the ones that look too human, cause they do not make good specimens for the show.

While some do look mostly human, others take on more monstrous forms. At the extreme level these creatures can be as far from human appearing as I dare say anything formerly human could possible get. As a whole I refer to these type as Nosferatar.

The Nosferatar are a varied group. The common thread is that they appear more like monsters or demons than other vampires. Some take on the appearance of other creatures that feed on blood. Many appear much like a vampire bat and some like leaches.

Also, a Nosferatar's temperament often matches their appearances. As a group they tend to be more savage and ferocious when it comes to getting their food. Their feral blood lust seems to over power them. The only thing of their former nature that remains in them is their human ability to be cunning predators. From my experience Nosferatar are nasty to deal with on most levels, but they are such wonderful pieces for our collection. I have a more difficult time taking and keeping them under my control via my necromancy than I do with most vampires.

In the wild the Nosferatar can be both a solitary predator and a pack hunter. It has often perplexed me on how similar appearing Nosferatar get together to form packs. It is my educated opinion that if one receives the vampire blood from a Nosferatar then they themselves become a Nosferatar type vampire of similar appearance. This would allow for the forming of packs of similar appearing creatures. I'm no scientist. I'm just simply a showman, but I have experimented a bit over the years with this theory. I can not say my results are conclusive, because these creatures are far from cooperative in matters of science or anything else for that matter, but my results lead me to believe I'm correct in my theory.

The Nosferatar are a large and varied category of bloodsuckers to be sure. They truly are the things that we fear maybe lurking in the dark, and indeed they are. You can see these fiendish creatures in their various forms with relative safety to your own person in our Necromancer Show.

THE CROATOAN

There is a pack, or tribe as the case maybe, of Nosferatar called the Croatoan. Those of you familiar with history may recall that name. In 1590 the English Colony on Roanoke Island disappeared. The colony itself did not vanish, but its inhabitants, over 100 men, women and children disappeared. The only clue left behind as to what happened to them was the word "Croatoan" carved into a tree in large ominous letters. This mystery has

perplexed historians for countless years. However it is no mystery to me, and I will share the secret with you. The citizens of the Roanoke Colony were devoured.

For untold centuries, perhaps as long as humans have inhabited the American continent, there has been a tribe of Nosferatar living below ground. They are a nomadic tribe that travels the entire North and South American continents via an elaborate series of tunnels and interconnected cave systems. In most cases they feed on the forgotten and misplaced individuals from human communities. However there have been isolated incidents, such as the Roanoke Colony, where they feed on an entire settlement, town, or people. In the case of the Roanoke Colony I believe they were essentially 'out of place'. The Croatoan had fed on native Americans for centuries, and that is all they knew. When they saw the white-bearded isolated Europeans at the colony they must have seen the opportunity for a feast that would go unnoticed. Of course, this is just my speculation on the matter.

The only other mass extermination that I'm sure the Croatoan were responsible for was the Anasazi of the American South West. Several hundred years before the Roanoke Colony the Croatoan decimated, if not completely annihilated the Anasazi people. Up until that point in time, most Native American tribes that had become aware of the existence of the Croatoan accepted them as a dangerous predator best avoided. However the Anasazi were no mere tribe. They had developed into a large civilization by the 11th century, and like many civilizations they chose to eradicate their natural predators. Unfortunately for them the predators won in this case. They killed nearly all the Anasazi people. The few that remained blended into other Native American tribes in order to escape.

I am sure the question you are asking is whether the Croatoan still exist. Allow me to assure you that they do indeed. It is rare that they destroy entire populations any more. Modern society offers up more than enough forgotten and misplaced people for them to feed upon. And very few know of their existence. They simply travel below ground, unnoticed, and feeding on what we really don't want any way. Of course this is how most vampires exist, but none are as organized and long lived as the Croatoan. The few that we possess for our show are vicious and crafty. They haven't taken well to their

captivity, but they make for a frightening exhibit that you can witness in our necromancer show.

MARÉ: THE NIGHTMARE STATUES

You have seen a Maré Vampire before. If you have ever been in an old crypt, ancient cathedral, or any dimly lit place that includes stone statuary in their décor. The Maré are the most insidious of all the vampires I have ever encountered. They appear to be stone statues that one would expect to see in places of the dead. For them it is the perfect defense and, more importantly, it is the ideal place for them to feed. A man of my profession is not given to being stricken with fear. It wouldn't be a valued trait in the pursuit of my trade, but these vampires make my blood run cold. Not only do they appear like stone statues they also feel like stone to the touch. For all intense purposes they are stone statues....until they strike. Once they decide to attack they move incredibly quickly.

These traits alone make these vampires extremely horrifying. However, what I find the most disturbing about them is that their minds are as stone still as they appear. I can still control them, but when I search for their thoughts all I get is cold silence.

Of course I maintain some of these terrifying undead statues for you to see, but just hope you don't see them move.

DR. TANTALUS' VAMPIRE FREAK SHOW

I do not like to brag, but I can't deny the truth. The Witherspoon Brothers are the best necromancers, and showmen, you will ever see. That is just the truth of the matter. Yes, we have had pretenders to our throne. Other would be necromancers and two bit showmen have tried to make a play for audiences, but they all have shortly fallen by the way side. However, sometime back there was a show that had the potential to give us a run for our money.

Dr. Tantalus' Vampire Freak Show started to gain a lot of notoriety in certain circles. They provided a show similar to ours with vampires and unfortunate half-deads. The Vampire Freak Show's quickly growing fame did not concern me. I knew that our production was far superior cause it was ours.

As a professional courteously Eugene and I went to see Dr Tantalus' show.

I was surprised at what we found. The show was nothing to speak of. Vampires and some strange variations there of, were made to perform tricks for the amusement of the audience. Nothing that gave me any concern, but Dr. Tantalus did have one jewel in his collection. He had acquired the elusive Bloody Jack. Bloody Jack is the vampire responsible for the murders attributed to Jack the Ripper, as well as many other unsolved serial killer murders though out time. Bloody Jack was near impossible to catch, and I know cause I had tried many times, before I encountered him in the Vampire Freak Show.

After the show was over, Dr. Tantalus invited us back behind the curtains to see his operation. This is when I discovered that the good doctor was using cheap tricks and haphazard magics to control his vampires. A dangerous situation at best. He housed his creatures as if they were savage mental patients. He kept his strange collection of bloodsuckers in padded cells and straight jackets. I assume it was the safest way given his tenuous hold over them.

The state in which he kept his fiends did not concern me. What gave me pause is what he was doing with their blood. He was experimenting with it. He, and his vampire nurse Jane Toppan, was doing things with the vampire sanguine to force it to mutate. Some of the oddities I had seen perform in his show were not naturally forming vampires, but rather abominations that he had force created in is lab. He was taking half-deads and injecting them with his forced mutated blood. He explained that each generation of his blood formula created more interesting vampire hybrids. All this concerned me greatly. It was beyond the obvious that this gentleman was mad. I did not care how he experimented on his stock, but playing with vampire blood is like playing with fire. We bid Dr. Tantalus farewell that night, and left feeling confident that Dr. Tantalus' Vampire Freak Show did not pose any long term thread to our own show. His weak necromancy skills combined with his reckless experimenting with vampire blood would

soon bring his show to a close. And as I predicted some months later Dr. Tantalus made a mistake. While trying to inject his latest bloody concoction into his prized vampire, Bloody Jack, Dr. Tantalus was injected himself. His humanity was lost at his own hands, and the kind of fiend he became was quite disturbing. Once he changed he lost all control of the vampires in his charge. The small town in which the freak show was set up got over run with former performers. Of course Eugene and I came in to clean up and retake the fiends, as well as unfortunate Dr. Tantalus. In modern terms we sort of considered it a hostile take over of the Vampire Freak Show by the more adept Witherspoon Brother's Necromancer Show.

Dr. Tantalus, and his vampire freaks can now be seen safely with in our show. I still allow the good doctor to continue to play with his blood. He can do no harm to anyone, not even himself any more.

THE LEECH

I do not know how vampire blood works, nor do I pretend to. I do know that it changes and mutates living and unliving creatures in very mysterious and bizarre ways. Case in point is a vampire I call The Leech. As far as I can tell The Leech is half human and half *haemadipsa picta*...a leech.

I discovered it while touring the Amazon. A tribe of indigenous peoples were being preyed upon by what I determined quickly was a vampire. I was able to track the offending creature after it had attacked the tribe one night. Drawing it from its lair in the jungle I was able to take it under my control. I was shocked after examining it at close range. I had never seen a vampire like it. If not for the fact that it is a bloodsucker, and I was able to control it via necromancy, I would think it was something other than a vampire. I assume it is some form of *nosferatar*. Its mind is too primitive for me to read coherently, so I can deduce nothing of its origin. Perhaps it was a human once, or perhaps it was a leech that got infected with vampire blood. Your guess is as valid as mine. What ever it is it is truly a horrific monster of the vampire world, and it is yours to marvel at in our necromancer show.

ENRIQUETA MARTÍ: LA VAMPIRA DE BARCELONA

Vampires are wicked things by their general nature. When a human becomes a vampire how evil they are depends on what type human they were before they transformed. Do not get me wrong, all vampires are fiends, but some are more fiendish than others. The ones who had an ax to grind as human can become quite twisted when they take that step into the world of the undead. Such is the case of Enriqueta Martí.

As a human Enriqueta had an overwhelming hatred for the rich aristocracy of her native country of Spain. As young woman she worked as a maid for the wealthy of Barcelona in the late 1800's. In her position as a servant she sought ways to undermine her wealthy employers. She learned their secrets and turned them against them when she could. Her petty attempts to cause harm to the upper class only served to fuel her rage.

At some point she turned to prostitution, and that is when she met her sire. A traveling vampire passing through Barcelona gave her the dark gift. The darkness that already existed in her heart was twisted by the induction of her new vampire blood. The creature that was born was horrific even by vampire standards.

Enriqueta took to feeding exclusively on children. However, that was not all. She saved the remains of the children to create potions and charms that she sold to wealthy women as beauty aides and elixirs of longevity. It was her twisted way of turning the objects of her animosity into cannibals. Even as a vampire her human hatred had a voice in her actions.

A dignitary, who I am not at liberty to name, from Barcelona, called upon my brother and me to rid them of Señorita Martí. The police had discovered her, but in order to keep names out of the press and to prevent a panic they called upon our services.

We found Enriqueta in her lair. I have been in vampire lairs before, but this one was most disturbing. The shelves were full of jars containing the body parts of her victims. The small skeletal remains abound the entire flat. Her mixing table was covered in dried gore and held an ancient tome of accursed formulations.

Part of me wanted to dispatch her on the spot, but I did not. She is a terrible monster, and we keep her in our show as an unliving cautionary tale to behold.

SAINT GERMAIN AND MADAME DE POMPADOUR: THE ETERNAL COURTIER

From the era of Francis Bacon, and possibly before, to the court of King Edward VIII, Saint Germain and Madame de Pompadour have been the consummate courtiers. Of course they have also been undead bloodsuckers that fed upon the bluest blood for centuries.

Most all vampires end up in a niche market when it comes to hunting, but few have occupied such a highly visible niche as these two. Even now after the age of great monarchies has past, and after being in my possession for all these many years, the pomp and circumstance that surrounds these two remains in tact. Both are still well suited for a royal court of a time gone by, but do not let their manner fool you. When all that social grace and regal airs are removed they are two vicious vampires that have a taste for rich blood, but in a pinch your blood would serve them equally well. You can meet these aristocratic fiends in our necromancer show.

WILLIAM QUANTRILL: THE BLOODY REBELS

The War Between the States, or what you may refer to as The Civil War, but I assure you no war has ever been civil, produced an inordinate amount of vampires. The most ruthless of these wartime undead was Captain William Quantrill and a dozen or so of his guerrilla fighters. His reign of terror as a bushwhacker along the Missouri/Kansas boarder was one of cruelty At the height of his campaign he was the leader of over four hundred men. Sometime after the historically infamous raid on Lawrence Kansas Quantrill's forces divided. He and a much smaller band of his rebel fighters ended up on their own. It was this fracturing of his troops and growing outlaw status that lead the black hearted captain to turn to supernatural means to carry on his psychopathic activities.

In the winter of 1864 Quantrill, along with his wife Sarah Katherine aka Crimson Kate, and his remaining men where camped in Texas. There they encountered and killed a lone

vampire. In some bizarre attempt to gain its power they all drank its blood. And it worked. Blood thirsty in life, Quantrill became even more so once he became a vampire. Him and his fiendish band continued to raid and kill with the limitless power of the undead.

One of the greatest honors that I have ever had bestowed upon me came in 1865. I was summoned to meet with Abraham Lincoln. The president of the United States called upon me to help him with his vampire bushwhackers. As some of you maybe aware, Mr. Lincoln was a vampire hunter himself and he knew full well that Quantrill and his undead men would not stop their bloody campaign even when the war ended. The president himself could have dealt with the problem given his abilities, but matters of state prevented him from taking up the hunt. So, it was once again up to Eugene and I to deal with the fiends.

We hastily made our way west in the spring of '65. The president had provided intelligence that gave us the next possible targets for the vampiric raiders. Their most recent attacks had been in western Kentucky.

Eugene and I formulated a simple plan to draw them out. We posed as Union bounty hunters charged with bringing in Quantrill and his men. We traveled from town to town making a lot of noise about what we were looking for so that someone would pass word to the vampires that we were hunting them. They found us one night in the small hamlet of Taylorsville, Kentucky, and we were not ready.

We had arrived in the town the day before, and found lodging. As usual we set about making sure everyone was aware of our mission. Most of the people welcomed our hunt, and some gave us very strange looks. Amongst those strange looks there was a confederate of Quantrill. Apparently the blood thirsty fiends had a spy in Taylorsville, or perhaps it was a well preserved half-dead they had taken under their control. What ever the case had been, that night we got bushwhacked.

Assuming we had come to another dead end, we settled into our room for a good night sleep. Sometime in the early hours of the morning Eugene awoke to answer nature's call. When he lit the lantern beside his bed he was horrified by the sight it revealed. Our room was filled with fanged outlaws. His loud piercing feminine scream alerted me to the problem. Before I had a chance to even think about bringing my necromantic skills into

play, the fiends knocked me quite unconscious. By all rights this should have been the end of the Witherspoon Brothers. Ordinarily vampires do not take prisoners. Why take food hostage? Fortunately for us these vampires had an agenda beyond feasting. They wanted us for ransom.

I awoke to find myself tied to my brother in a dilapidated barn. In the first few seconds of consciousness I experienced a wave of panic. I was sitting in a puddle of warm fluid, and I feared they had already fed on dear Eugene. I quickly realized that Eugene was fine. The nature's call that had gotten interrupted had just caught up with him. That was the least of my immediate concerns for I also found that not only was I bound, but both I and Eugene were gagged. Not a position for a necromancer to be in when he relies so heavily on the spoken word to perform his work. I was at the mercy of my prey.

As my mind raced for solutions to our predicament a soft young hand grabbed my face and jerked my head in its direction. My eyes fell upon a lovely and loathsome creature. I realized it was Crimson Kate, the wife of Quantrill, a moment before her blood tinged spittle landed in my eye.

“Why did you take these meat sacks prisoner? You should just let the boys feed on them where they found them.”, her blood stained eyes never left mine as she spoke.

“Their value maybe greater than what flows in their veins. I wouldn't want them to be just an expensive meal.”, the voice came from a deep shadow near the far wall of the barn. Stepping into the lantern light the voice revealed itself to be Quantrill.

“Either way, we won't lose their blood.”, he smirked as he drew closer to us.

A muffled scream let me know that Eugene had also regained consciousness.

Quantrill's face portrayed a veneer of calm control, but I could see the monstrous rage and blood lust that boiled beneath the surface. I have never encountered a vampire any more venomous than the one I saw standing before that night. Our only hope of surviving hinged on them being unaware that we were necromancers.

“Remove their gags so I can question them”

He did not know.

Needless to say we survived, and we added Quantrill, Crimson Kate, and their entire bloody rebel brood to our show.

Interesting sidebar to this tale. Even though I have total control of the vampires within our show, they do seem to have differing amounts of control over each other. More powerful fiends will direct lesser ones up to the point I will allow. Shortly after taking the gang of confederates into the show they fell under the spell of Mother Dewfinger. The old witch sort of took them as her personal guard and servants. Very odd indeed, but I allow it for it is very entertaining to witness, and it poses no threat I assure you.

THE CIMITAR

The Cimitar are a unique form of the vampire species. I would categorize them with the Nosferatar, for their appearance lends itself more to the monstrous than the human. Of course as I stated before I am no scientist. I just catch them and display them for you to experience.

The habits of the Cimitar are most strange indeed. They are the bedbugs of vampires. They infest houses and sometimes hotels. Building nests in dark basements, attics, or crawl spaces behind walls they come out at night to feed on their host families. They are phantom like creatures of the shadows, moving so quickly they often go unseen. Their manner mimics those of dream creatures; quick jagged movements coupled with methodically slow pauses in between. When a child cries that there is something under their bed or in their closet it is most likely a Cimitar. They tend to feed on a family until that family is dead, or converted to fiends and taken into the brood. I truly believe you could rid the world of all other vampires, but the Cimitar would survive. Some things man is just destined to carry with him as civilization marches forward. Disease, cockroaches, and the Cimitar will always thrive as long as man himself does. When you view them in our necromancer show try not to let them follow you home. I can assure you it would be the last infestation you would ever have to worry about again.

BLOODY JACK: THE ALCHEMIST

You no doubt know him as Jack the Ripper, that mutilating killer that terrorized London in 1888. However that is just one of Bloody Jack's more notorious moments from history. This vampire has had a savage string of murders that has spanned the centuries. My brother and I hunted him for a very long time. Even though now he is in our care, we did not catch him. Much to my surprise we found him in the possession of another necromancer, our former competitor Dr. Tantalus and his vampire freak show. Of course we acquired Bloody Jack when we acquired Dr. Tantalus and his show. I have already told you of that story. Allow me to tell you what I know of the vicious Bloody Jack.

I am not sure when Bloody Jack became a vampire. History is hard to take from him. He has it buried deep in his mind. I do know that he was once an alchemist. He was a practitioner of an ancient form of magic and science. Practices only referenced in such ancient grimoire as the Necronomicon and other much older tomes. Legends that I have gleaned from the minds of other vampires say that he is the legendary sorcerer Merlin turned vampire, but such fanciful tales are replete within the realm of the bloodsuckers. I do not believe it, nor do I want to believe it.

Regardless of his origins he has cut a bloody swath through the centuries. He descended on times and places, killed, fed, and left no evidence that he was a vampire. The only continuous modus operandi was that he never maintained one. Each place, each time period in which he killed he always had a different method to fool the locals. A horrible accident in Rome, a mysterious disease in Paris, and a ruthlessly brutal serial killer in London, but all where just decoys to hide his thirst for blood.

It was in London in 1888 that my brother and I came close to capturing him. I was informed, rather late in the game I'm afraid, that Bloody Jack was behind the East End murders of London. I had found this out while mentally interrogating another fiend. Knowing well that Jack would not stay in London long we quickly made passage to the British Isles. Once in London we began to hunt out quarry. Employing our necromancer skills we did summoning spells all about the East End for several nights in a row. Much to our chagrin we did not call forth one bloodsucker. Usually with that type spell in such a large city we would at least roust a brood of Cimitar, but our efforts were fruitless.

On our fourth night in London we were taking rest in a dive tavern in Whitechapel and drowning our disappointment in a few pints when the news of a new ripper murder found us. However, at this point we were sure that Jack the Ripper was a mere mortal, but the murder did intrigue us. It was another young girl by the name of Mary Kelly. She had been found ripped to shreds in her bed. We obtained her address, 13 Miller's Court, and made haste to her flat. It was still dark, but dawn was an hour away. We found the place to be over run by Scotland Yard, so there was no way to examine the body for any signs of vampirism, but I soon realized that was not necessary.

My ability to sense vampires has become quite keen over the years. My brother says that I am just lucky when it comes to spotting the undead. In any case I eyed a figure just north of the crime scene lurking in an alley. Without warning I grabbed my brother's shoulder and ran toward the alley. Once there the figure had vanished. Panting from the exertion, my brother accused me of insanity, and for a moment I thought he might have been correct. Deciding to err on the side of my intuition I performed the vampire summoning spell. My brother stood behind me and scoffed at my attempt. Once finished I let a few moments pass as I stared into the inky darkness of the Whitechapel alley. And then a voice from behind me arose in song...

***“Only a violet I pluck'd when but a boy,
And oft'times when I am sad at heart this flow'r has giv'n me joy;
But while life does remain in memoriam I'll retain,
This small violet I pluck'd from mother's grave.”***

This was not my brother's voice that sang. It was a preternatural voice that I had come to know all too well as one belonging to a vampire. I turned to see my brother clutched by the throat. The ghastly figure that held him was indeed the fiend we sought. His long fingers were wrapped around poor Eugene's windpipe like the death grip of a python. My brother struggled to no avail.

“Release him! Release him now!”, I commanded, but it was useless for I had not taken him under my control with the spell of necromancy. With my brother's life at stake I quickly began the spell.

The fiend laughed at me. He laughed and tightened his grip on Eugene's throat.

“Your magic will not serve you tonight, necromancer!”, Bloody Jack hissed, “I am immune to your tricks.”

As he spoke he tilted his head toward the flickering gaslight that poured in from the street beyond. I could see his features in the dim light. His monstrous face was tattooed with familiar symbols. This fiend had armed himself by tattooing a protection spell on to his face. No necromancy could ever break through that barrier as long as the tattoos remained in place.

The next moments were a blur of motion. Instinctively I charged the bloodsucker with my walking stick serving as my lance. Bloody Jack had already begun to sink his fangs into the soft neck of Eugene. Luckily my makeshift weapon struck the vampire before too much blood was drawn, and he dropped my brother to the cobblestones below. The bloodsucker retreated backwards, and hissed at me. He regained his composure and smiled. With a tip of his hat he made off up the side of the adjacent building with supernatural speed.

As I helped my brother to his feet, I was quite dumbfounded as to what had occurred. Bloody Jack should have been able to dispose of both of us. We were defenseless without our necromancy, and his tattooed face had rendered that useless. Then it dawned on me what had happened. Years earlier I had taken the time to rub garlic oil and wormwood into my walking stick. It was an extra precaution I took when I was just starting out in my trade. Over all the years before that night in London I had never had call to use it. My necromancy skills had always served me well, so I had completely forgotten my walking stick and what I had infused it with. Vampires, in most cases, are repelled by garlic, but when you add wormwood to the mix then it becomes a sure fired weapon. The long forgotten precaution paid off.

That was the last I heard of Bloody Jack. I tried to find him at other times, but I never caught his trail again. That is of course until I found him as the possession of Dr. Tantalus. I have to admit I was impressed with the good doctor for capturing him, and I wondered how he had managed to do so. That became apparent when I once again saw Bloody Jack. His tattooed face was the same as I remembered it, but with one very important exception. A long scar ran across his face severing the tattooed symbols, and rendering them useless. Doctor Tantalus, or someone else perhaps, had found something that would permanently scar a vampire. Normal cuts on a vampire will heal without a

trace, and nothing I have ever found could make a permanent wound like that on one of the undead. It still remains somewhat a mystery, but what is life without a little mystery. You can see Bloody Jack aka Jack the Ripper, a truly diabolical and mysterious vampire, in our horrifying necromancer show!

VOSCULUS: THE QUEEN

I now must warn you, kind readers, that I have reserved the most phantasmagorical tale for last. This is the part that calls into question everything you may know of reality and shake the very foundations of your sanity. I shall not blame you if you stop here, and refuse to read another word. However if you made it this far, then it would be a shame not to learn of Vosculus, for she is the queen of all vampires. She is the fountainhead from which they all sprang, or at least that is what the legends say. Allow me to begin by recounting the legend to you as I have come to know it.

As you know I have the ability to probe the minds of vampires who I have been taken under my control. Most all the vampires I have taken know the legend, and a few believe it.

At some distant time before the dawn of man there was a race of beings or gods that found themselves stranded upon the virgin earth. They struggled to survive for the earth was not their natural domain. The food they found here did not nourish them. The one source of nourishment that kept them alive was the blood of animals. Not only were they nourished by the blood it was an intoxicant. Their need and desire for blood grew, and they became savage in its pursuit. When it came time to return to the heavens all were reluctant to leave for their lust for earth blood had grown so strong. All eventually departed except for one. Her name was Vosculus, and her blood lust was beyond all the others of her kind. She refused to leave.

Eons pasted and Vosculus fed on the blood of all the animals that crawled, flew, and walked upon the earth. When the human race came into existence she delighted in their blood. Unlike the other animals the earth had to offer, man's blood was very potent.

However man differed from the other beast in that they were intelligent enough and aggressive enough to fight back. For the first time in her long existence she found herself being stalked by her prey. In an attempt to defend herself she used some of her own divine blood to resurrect dead humans she had fed upon so that they could serve as her guard. With her blood in their veins the newly resurrected humans found they possessed some of her powers, and all her blood lust.

Vosculus, along with her new race of vampires, decimated the human population. At humanities darkest hour the god like beings that had left Vosculus on earth eons before returned. Ashamed at what one of their kind had done to this fledgling race they gave the humans a way to capture and contain Vosculus. They also provided them with the knowledge to fight and destroy the legions of creatures she had sired.

The humans managed to capture Vosculus in the trap the gods had provided for them. And they killed her spawn except for a few that were driven underground. However during the struggle they lost the trap. The vampires stole Vosculus' prison even though they did not have the ability to free her from it.

Over the long centuries the vampires have kept Vosculus' prison hidden. They await a time when she can be freed from her cage and lead them to dominate the world once more.....

That is the legend. I have heard a number of variations on it over the years, but that is the general theme. For the longest time I never believe the legend. I felt it a fancy fairy tale that vampires told themselves to give their horrid existence meaning. Of course all legends, even ones belonging to vampires, often have some bases in facts no matter how clouded those facts maybe.

Over the years I have pieced together bits of information that led me to believe that there was once an alpha vampire and that perhaps there still was one somewhere in the world. A vampire that was the beginning of all bloodsucking fiends. I set it in my mind that if this vampire truly existed then it would be mine.

I set about putting clues together that would lead me to this source. Each new vampire I would take into my control was mentally interrogated for whatever knowledge of Vosculus I could rip from their minds. And in many cases I did have to rip it from them for they do like to guard their secrets, but few can resist my probing. However my efforts

went in vain over many a year. Most of the new information that came to me never got me any closer to locating this alleged queen. That disappointing circumstance changed once I found Bloody Jack.

Bloody Jack, aka Jack the Ripper, came into my possession when I acquired Dr. Tantalus' Vampire Freak Show. Jack had been a prize I had coveted for a long time, and not just because he was an infamous fiend. Several vampires had given up information to me that led me to believe that Bloody Jack knew the location of Vosculus' prison and much to my delight he did.

Getting the location was no easy task. I plumbed the depths of his thoughts in attempt to gain the truth of his origins, but that search was just a red herring. Once he had his guard up against me to defend his own past, I quickly turned my search of his mind to Vosculus. I was able to glean one word from him before he blocked me. ABDUSA. At the time I was angered by the small amount of information I got from him, but it turned out to be all I needed.

Abdusa is a small village along the banks of the Nile in Egypt. From my research I found that Abdusa held nothing of importance. What made it even a village was beyond me. I sent a spy to the village to find out what he could. I would have gone myself, but my brother and I would not have blended in with the indigenous population. I knew if Abdusa held secrets that they would not be given up to outsiders.

After several weeks my spy reported back. Based on his report I was sure Abdusa held a dark secret.

My spy informed me that all the people of the village belonged to the cult of Asar. I have encountered many primitive religions and cultist practices in my travels, so that did not shock me. What shocked me is how they worshiped their deity. According to my trusted informant these people kidnapped people from all over Northern Africa and sacrificed them to Asar. There was a pit disguised as a well by the villagers, but it was no well. They called it The Blood Temple, and with due ritual they would toss their victims into the pit. It is my experience that any would-be deity requiring living blood sacrifices usually is a vampire in gods clothing. Regardless whether Asar had anything to do with the legendary Vosculus I intended to find out what lie in that pit.

My brother and I mounted an expedition to Egypt. We hired a few mercenaries to deal with the more human violence that we would encounter, and as I suspected, my hired men did have to dispatch a fair number of the cultist in order to get access to the pit. Once we secured the location, my brother and I were lowered into The Blood Temple. When we reached the bottom our torches revealed a stone floor littered in bone and dried gore. I could not begin to fathom the vast numbers of people that died in that spot as sacrifice to whatever lied in the dark beyond.

As our eyes adjusted to the intense darkness we could begin to make out the stone ruins that lied in front of us. Before we could commence to explore the horrid tomb we were set upon by a swarm of half-deads. They had been mummified and wrapped tight to keep their decaying flesh from falling to dust. Eugene began to flail his torch madly at the undead horde. I quickly performed the spell to take them under control, but their numbers were so vast that I could barely get the words out before I was in their rotting grasp. Luckily Eugene's swinging torch kept them at bay long enough for my spell to take hold of them.

With an army of mummified half-deads at my command, we continue to look for their former master. Our search was not long.

We discovered a sealed chamber no more than three hundred feet from where we entered The Blood Temple. The seal bore markings so ancient that I did not recognize them. I later discovered that the writing stated:

**Beyond this wall lies Vosculus
In the gods' crimson veil.
A slumbering queen to waken
Upon a blood tide**

I had found her! The legend. A lesser necromancer would have never opened that door. The fear that arose in me was gut wrenching. For someone like myself who fears little this was quite rare, but I did not let it stop me. I had my legion of mummies set about removing the seal stone. It was very heavy, and a few of the half-deads got crushed to dust in the process. Once it was almost open we heard a monstrous cry of anger and rage emanating from the darkness behind us.

Eugene raised his torch in the direction of the sound. What the flicking fire light revealed would have shattered an ordinary mortal's mind. The beast that came from the dark was a ten foot tall nosferatar. It's gapping mouth bore blood stained fangs several inches long

and it had no eyes in its bulbous head. This was the mighty Asar, the protector of Vosculus.

Quickly I ordered my half-dead mummies to attack. They swarmed upon Asar in such numbers that he almost became completely obscure by their mass. With a terrifying roar he shook off the mummies, sending their bodies crashing into the walls of the temple. Most exploded in clouds of dust as they hit the wall. I began the spell to take him under my control as Eugene charged him with his torch. Asar grabbed Eugene with his talon like hand and lifted him to the stone ceiling. Eugene was screaming and flailing at the clutch of the giant vampire just as I finished my spell. For a brief moment I thought my necromancy had failed me. The nosferatar seemed unaffected. Then he released his grip on Eugene letting him fall to the hard floor, and I knew I had him.

To test my control I ordered Asar to finish removing the seal stone from Vosculus' chamber. With an almost visible reluctance he obeyed removing the stone from something he had guarded for eons.

A red light spilled from the chamber. We could not see beyond the light, and it took a little coaxing to get Eugene to follow me in. Once beyond the threshold we entered a smoky otherworldly chamber that gave off a feeling of immense dread. If I tried for a million years I could not describe to you the feeling in words. It was just wrong. In the center of the chamber was a strange sarcophagus. We made our way to it through the sinister gloom. The sarcophagus had a window built into the front. As we approached the window revealed a shriveled husk of something not human. It was Vosculus the queen of the vampires. She was blood starved, and appeared dead, but I knew that was not true for I could hear her. In my mind she called for me to release her and a part of me wanted to obey.

However, I have not come this far in my line of work to listen to what vampires whisper in my head. No, I did not release the greatest blood drinker of all time. It had occurred to me long before I set out to find Vosculus that if the legends bore any truth then even though she was a vampire by definition she was not really undead. If she was not one of the undead, then I would have no control over her. That would not be a good thing for the sake of us all. Also, I came to find out that even if I had been able to release her from

her sarcophagus, she would not been able to leave the bizarre cell in which the sarcophagus lied. I have had other vampires enter that chamber, but they have never been able to leave. They tried, but apparently the light acts as a one way door for blood suckers. They can go in, but they are fried coming back out.

So, Vosculus is safe in her prison. I would not dream of removing her, but...I did remove the temple and the prison that held her. As long as she is safely trapped, why not put her on display for you my curious patrons? And after I worked so hard to find this great legend, I was not going to just leave it set under the desert.

I had the entire Blood Temple removed along with Asar, a few half dead mummies, and of course Vosculus herself. If you, my faithful patron, come see The Witherspoon Necromancer Show you can witness these horrors for yourself in relative safety.

EPILOGUE

I have given you a mere glimpse inside the world of the Witherspoon Brothers. The horrific wonders that lie within the walls of our show are far more than I could ever put into words. You will have to see it to believe it. You can walk among the undead without fear of physical harm thanks to our skilled necromancy. Behold things no living soul has ever seen, and remain alive to tell about it. But be warned, though I guarantee your personal safety, I can not guarantee your sanity. That is a risk you will have to take if you want to be amazed at **The Witherspoon Brothers Necromancer Show**.