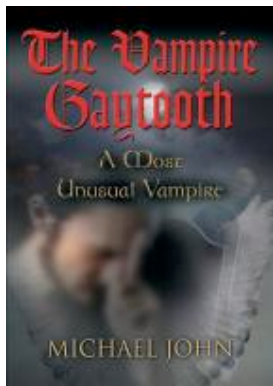


# The Vampire Baytooth



A Most Unusual  
Vampire Story

MICHAEL JOHN



*Within a four-block radius of a Southern California city center, a Nice Jewish vampire involves himself with the workings of humanity. This likable quixotic character rails at the worst of human failing, and creatively punishes perceived injustice. Without respect or reverence for organized religions or their ancient traditions, he pits himself against these institutions. He observes the best of men rise above bigotry and sexual depravity that he sometimes unwittingly participates in. He is Gaytooth.*

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# ***The Vampire Gaytooth***

**A Most Unusual Vampire Story**

***Michael Francis John***

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Second Edition

***I wish to thank the following for their meaningful  
contribution to this book.***

Judaism, and some Jews from the Tribe of Levi

Islam, some Muslims and the Prophet Muhammad

Christianity, some Christians and Jesus

Catholicism, some Catholics and the Pope

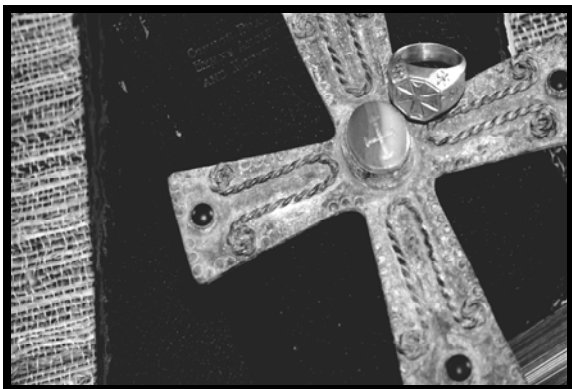
Johnnie Walker whisky

***If your revered prophet is so fragile your religion requires  
you to take up arms and avenge real or imagined insults,  
please do not read this book.***

***“The most excellent Jihad is that  
For the conquest of self.”***

Wisdom attributed to the Prophet Muhammad.





***The Vampire Gaytooth was riding down-the-line; he  
was fixing people's problems,  
but he never did fix mine***

I first met Rodger a few years ago, early in 2007 I believe, although reaching back through the years it seems like a lifetime to me now. At the time of our introduction I could not have imagined he would become the most important, and influential person in my life. I found him to be at once infuriating and terrifying. Sometimes he was the object of my admiration, and occasionally a hero to me. In times of need, he was always a good friend.





## **CHAPTER 1.**

**As I remember, the obligatory** colleagues-from-work party was winding down. Music was still discernible as a vague cheerful noise over the background blend of conversations. Sudden laughter and the chink of glasses returned me to a slightly intoxicated awareness of my surroundings.

I struggled to my feet, leaving the sanctuary of a large armchair to shake the proffered hand from the slender black man standing before me. “I hope I’m not disturbing you, Jack. My name is Rodger. I just wanted to introduce myself.” His voice was soft, and the accent difficult to place—possibly Asian or Oriental, quite out of keeping I thought, with his African features.

“You know my name Rodger. Have we met before?”  
“No, we were never formally introduced. I overheard a conversation a while ago. Your friends were calling you Jack. I believe I have met everybody here except you, so this is my opportunity.”

“Well then Rodger, a pleasure to meet you. Perch over here while I get another drink. Something for you?”

He stared at me quizzically for several seconds.  
“Perch?”

“Sure, park, sit, perch, take the weight off...”

“Oh, okay sorry, I am not familiar with that expression. I thought you were referring to a fish.”

It was my turn to stare. “You’re not from around here, are you?”

“Recently yes, about twenty minutes from here, in fact. Argyle Street—an unfortunately depressed neighborhood, but quiet enough for me.”

He laughed suddenly. “Jack, I do know what you mean. I am from Spain, Barcelona. I have lived in America for about two months. Please help me here. I acquire the language, but sometimes slowly.”

We chatted for half an hour or so, he extolling the beauty of Barcelona’s architecture and I telling of the drama and wonder of Southern California’s coast roads views. At length, he stood to take his leave.

“Thank you for your time, Jack. For me, there was much pleasure in our speaking. I know now we will meet another time. I will look for you soon perhaps.”

Rodger was a likable fellow, but in his early fifties, he seemed strangely out of place in this gathering of students and academic types from the institute. I wondered who invited him.

Returning to my chair, I exchanged pleasantries for about another half hour before leaving my friends and colleagues at the party. I slowly made my way home, happily anesthetized by celebratory alcohol.

As Rodger might have said, I acquired a deep dreamless sleep very quickly.

## THE VAMPIRE GAYTOOTH

**We met again a few days later.** An unexpected encounter it seemed, but as I later realized every action was carefully orchestrated. Every word he uttered was purposefully chosen. Every road he traveled was always by design.

I was sitting at a small sidewalk café, eating an overpriced European-style sandwich and sipping a glass of cheap red wine. The sandwich and two glasses of wine, rinsed away with a tiny cup of strong black coffee, would be my dinner tonight, with distant street noise providing the background music for my dining room.

I watched the late summer afternoon embrace a purple evening sky that softly covered the city. A profusion of neon signs on main-street gave an indirect glow, sufficient to bring a measure of comfort to this quiet little side street. I had eaten at this bistro many times, always enjoying the simple food and attentive service. “*Bonne soirée. Vous avez bien manger ce soir.*”

I started at the sound of the voice so close to my ear. Turning in my chair, I expected to see a waiter or perhaps the proprietor at my side, but there was no one. Twisting around again, I nearly upset my chair at the sound of soft laughter. Rodger stood before me, grinning hugely. I stood quickly, shook his hand, and motioned him to sit.

“My apologies for frightening you, but I was having a little fun. Beautiful evening, eh *mon ami*?”

“You speak French obviously and display a great talent for sneaking about and creeping up on people.”

"I speak many languages, Jack. I am fast learning the English as you fuckin' Yanks speak. What you think?"

I laughed, beginning to enjoy the unexpected encounter. "You speak the language well, Rodger, but *fuckins'* are really not necessary. Anyway, good to see you again."

"And you," he replied. "How's the squid behavioral project?"

"You know about that? How? The research is not in public domain yet."

He smiled and laughed softly. "The mortal mind is a many-layered book, pages upon pages. I simply turn the recent pages at the appropriate layer and read as I wish. You are a new acquaintance; therefore, a little investigation seemed appropriate."

"Wow, so you're a mind reader then? Well happy to know you. I'm a Chinese laundry maid."

"No, Jack. You are neither Chinese nor a laundry maid. You are a researcher at the Aeron Glass Marine Institute, with a penchant for infuriating the project manager. Also, my advice—if asked—would be to divert your affections from your assistant Angela and pursue the data coordinator Maureen—ultimately a more rewarding experience for you." He chuckled quietly. "But then you didn't ask, did you."

The evening seemed suddenly darker, and I shivered in the warm-scented air. For several seconds I stared across the cluttered table at Rodger, unable to form a reply.

Rodger smiled, and again his quiet melodic laugh broke the silence. "I really must be going now."

## *THE VAMPIRE GAYTOOTH*

“Wait—wait a moment. Don’t go yet. You’ve only just arrived. This is beginning to get interesting. Since you have the advantage knowing so much about me, how about telling your story? Do you work? I assume that you aren’t married. What brought you to this country?”

“I have a curiously high regard for you Jack Cordell, and will give a few explanations to reasonably satisfy your curiosity.” He sat on the edge of his chair.

“First, I ain’t any ghetto nigga; my features are borrowed for convenience. The downside to that, as I am beginning to discover, is that people in this neighborhood regard me with fear and suspicion, whether justified or not.”

He shrugged and glanced at his hand, brushing something away from his sleeve.

“I am not opposed to working,” he continued, “but I do have a great distaste for manual labor and therefore am unwilling to operate gardening implements or construction equipment. These are the tools of ignorance. However, rent must be paid. I need a car and wish to dress appropriately in various settings without attracting attention.”

**I ignored his “borrowed features” comment** for the moment. “Surely you don’t live without working? You’re obviously educated, multilingual, and well read. These qualities alone will get you accepted into any number of places.”

“Certainly, you are correct, but at this time I have a few temporary issues preventing me from integrating easily into the workplace.”

I raised my eyebrows, waiting for him to continue. “Your issues?” I prompted.

He smiled slowly “Very well, in no particular order of importance then, I need serious dental work. I am only able to function at a higher level after sunset. I am a spirit being you would chose to call vampire, although many call angel. And as you can see, a black one but only temporarily.”

I laughed heartily at his joke. “So you’re a temporary black angelic vampire with bad teeth then?”

“Yes, also a practicing Muslim and I play the accordion. By the way, I have adopted the name Gaytooth—quite a ring to it, don’t you think? Rolls off the tongue most pleasantly.”

I decided to humor him and continue with his joke, waiting for the grand punch line. “Yes, it does,” I replied. “But why Gaytooth for a name? Why not Razortooth or Ironfang? Don’t you think Gaytooth is rather effeminate for a vampire name?”

“Effeminate yes, but tell me if this makes sense to you, Jack. My sexual preference is young males rather than females. Preference, though. Not an absolute commitment. I enjoy the company of both, just am more inclined toward males. Girls, as they say, are okay but you can’t beat the real thing.”

I shook my head, chuckling. “Well, Rodger, whoever told you that is sadly mistaken. I will admit that women are

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wired differently than men, which is necessary to perpetuate the old hunters and homemakers differences, but that's where it ends. Personally, I can't imagine any other sexual preference."

He grinned. "Very well, Jack. You are obviously set in your ways. Let us just say that perhaps this is a vampire thing." His voice was soft and melodic, quite formal with no pause for dramatic effect, no attempt to convince me he spoke the truth, almost as if he were reciting from a grocery list.

I stared at him for several seconds, waiting for another revelation, but none came. Apparently my look of confusion prompted a small chuckle.

"Here is a quick demonstration for your amusement, as you obviously do not believe me. Look across the street and greet your friend at the corner."

I glanced across the sidewalk to a small intersection. Around the corner came a figure walking hurriedly toward me.

"This is my friend?" I asked turning again to Rodger, but there was no Rodger. The chair was empty. I jumped from my seat, spilling wine on the table, and stared in cold terror as Rodger crossed the street and regained his place at the table again.

"Oh come on now, Jack that was only a trick. No need to be afraid. How about a little more wine?"

At that moment the waitress appeared with a half-empty carafe. "I brought more wine for you, since you spilled your last drink. This one is on the house."

I smiled weakly, thanking her as she cleaned the table. With an unsteady hand, I poured more wine into a clean glass, leaving the carafe between us.

"For you?" I asked indicating the glass.

"Thank you, no Jack. I really must be going. Again the pleasure was mine. I am sure we will meet again—sooner rather than later." Standing, he inclined his head and walked quickly across the street to the corner from whence he had just come.

I sat lost in thought for several minutes, still shaken and confused, before deciding it was time for me to leave this unsettling dining place. The waitress took my credit card, grinning at the overly large tip as I signed the check.

"Many thanks" I said "I'll be back soon. I don't think my friend ordered anything, did he?"

She stared at me, clearly surprised by the question. "Sorry, your friend? You were alone at the table, weren't you?"

**Nearly two weeks passed before** I spoke with Rodger again. Although I tried many times to reconcile the events at our previous meeting, it was impossible for me to do so. Vampires and spirit beings are the stuff of legends and mythology existing only in books and movies. Rodger was



## THE VAMPIRE GAYTOOTH

an illusionist, albeit a very good one. There was no magic. He was a personable, charming, slight-of-hand stage artist.

Rather odd to develop a character as a gay vampire with bad teeth, though. My logic did not comfort me. There was much more to Rodger than appeared on the surface.

The local newspapers and TV news channels were covering a story about a popular imam from the elegant “Light of Hope” Mosque on Main Street. Apparently the imam had suddenly disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Scant information and no opinion or comment from the Muslim congregation did nothing to dispel rumors circulating around this strange situation. The subsequent police investigation revealed that, in all probability, the imam had been abducted. No further information was available at that time.

Rumor and speculation hinted at the holy one’s involvement with organized crime gangs and participation in bizarre sexual practices. Eventually some details emerged, but the truth was never publicly revealed.

It is well known that demonstrations by gay vampires or others attempting sexual gratification are not encouraged in mosques. It is preferable to indulge in such activities far from public scrutiny.

Gaytooth sat with the young cleric in the third prayer row. Call to *Maghrib*, the evening prayer, had not sounded yet, and only a scattering of believers and visitors populated the mosque. Gaytooth produced a small blanket, draping it over his young companion.

Having adjusted his clothing, the vampire smiled serenely as the young cleric bent to engulf the Gaytooth penis and produce a meaningful conclusion from his effort. Unfortunately the accompanying grunting sounds and rhythmic bobbing motion of the blanket attracted the attention of a worshiper in the next row.

The outraged witness interrupted other worshipers by loudly decrying the immoral display and summoning the imam.

The Imam Fahim Ibn Abidin, a good and most holy man, a scholar above any at the Masjid, was quite beside himself with fury. He threatened to call the police, then ordered Gaytooth and his friend to immediately cease their ungodly activity and leave the mosque, never to return.

The vampire, having not experienced meaningful results from the cleric's ministrations, railed loudly at the imam, promising to avenge the frustrating interruption.

## **CHAPTER 2.**

**It transpired that the Imam Fahim Ibn Abidin was a thief.** In fairness, it should be noted that his propensity for, and great skill in, removing other people's property and converting it into cash was a product of his previous lifestyle. Some thirty years earlier, during the time before

Fahim Ibn Abidin was Pedro Morales, a child of the streets and sometime refugee of the Ciudad de Mexico. The pueblo Santa Cruz was home to young Pedro.

His mother Josephina disappeared during a washing day by the river. No body was ever recovered, but the two empty clothesbaskets were found in a small wooded area about a mile from the riverbank. For three more years Pedro continued to live with his father in the house he now knew as home.

A few weeks after his sixteenth birthday, his father died. The old priest was called upon to perform the perfunctory rituals before he and the doctor searched the small dwelling. They found enough money in a little rusted cashbox to satisfy the church; in the pockets of the trousers and jacket lay sufficient coin to pay the doctor. The celebration and internment were traditions happily supported by the small pueblo community.

Many empty alcohol containers littering the back porch of the stone casita was the only legacy from Pedro's father Alfredo.

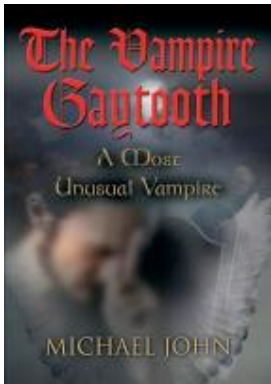
During the celebration of his death, when Alfredo's corpse was removed and laid to rest in the mausoleum, Aunt Rosa decided Pedro would move to her house, which was much larger than Alfredo's casita. Her house had two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a separate washroom. It was a reasonable arrangement for both, and a fortunate one for Pedro.

Rosa, Josephina's elder sister, had no children. Her husband died as the result of an unfortunate fall from scaffolding at a housing construction site where he worked. Now, six years since his passing, the deep aching loneliness was just beginning to fade. She arranged to feed and house the boy in return for his help at the small general store she owned with her brother. He would further what little education he had by attending a Catholic school two miles from the house.

One memorable Sunday evening, when he and Tia Rosa returned from church service, they sat together in silence at a rough wood table by the back door. They listened to small animal's sounds and the last rites of evening performed by muted bird song.

The warm breeze bought peace and a sense of belonging to Pedro, a drowsy feeling of happiness to Rosa.

At length, Pedro broke the silence by asking Rosa about his mother, the truth about her death, and her life with Alfredo. A long silence passed before Rosa spoke of her sister.



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