

SUMMER IN TRANSLYVANIA

Oh! Summer in Translyvania. I can hardly wait to see again the mist shrouded haunts of our childhood, to walk in the steps of those who went before and never returned.

“With its heady cent of evil permeating the very air we breathe.”

You do not fool me Herman.

“How are we to pay for this? Not more borrowings from Wasabi and Moan. Remember Great-Great Grandmother’s Motto ; “Never bite off more than you can stew””

My Grandmother, she also had the motto; “For he who hesitates, it costs”

So it is decided, we will decay no further, I shall ring Buzzard to book the flights. So do we want atmospheric or non-atmospheric?

“I have no wish to go at all!”

Nonsense, you know you will love it. To see all the dear familiars and that reminds me, ring that Dr. Jekyll about your new teeth. You will not go without them.

“Oh for heavens sake.”

Herman! No swearing in this house, it is decided, you get new teeth and

run them in before we go this time. I hope Aunt Jinn's memory has deserted her. I could barely look her in the eye.

"I have told you a thousand times, she caught me masticating. I can not help it if her ears are not what they should be. Anyhow I need to find new doctor."

Why, you were so grateful to him when he scraped that martyr off all your teeth.

"The hide of that man, he implies I should give up the silicon and collagen, he is an imbecile, does he not know that it is put in everything nowadays?" There is a new one in the town to try. Old Miss Tuffstein swears everytime she goes by him and Rudi Hans said he felt the chills down his spine which cured his cricked crack."

Never mind that now. The Mormons were at the door again. I told them we practice the Orthodontics. So I gathered up the post and happy news comes from Aunt Nausea. No more scrying for her little Malady, she has at last found her perfect match, apparently they have much in common., they both like body snatching, exacting revenge and holding a grudge.

"What had happened with the last one?"

She found him too hard to pin down after he burnt his fingers on that redhead.

"And the one before that?"

He said he had not the words to say what was in his heart. So he sent her the hot and spicy letter, written in Old English according to her Mother, Dijon according to her Father. Anyway after she digested it, she get angry. Very angry.

“Oh dear!”

Ya, you know what she can become when she get angry.

“Katya, barr the door!”

Well, they have not the time, before she go off to find him but still he has not the words.

“They stick in his throat?”

He had to eat that hot and spicy letter and she say, she through with him, like a dose of the salts. Last anybody hear from him, he still trying to get her out of his system but it not easy, he still has many memories of their last encounter.

“And what of her Gaul?”

She sends her relief. Apparently he was crossing over when he was hit by one of those zombie vans but now he is back with all his pieces.

“You would think for a medium, he would have seen that one coming.”

He has himself done very well as a medium. He is still much in the demand. Posters for him all over town, telling him where he is to be wanted.

She has sent this year’s schedule to everyone, incoming and outgoing, to

in-laws, outlaws and bylaws. It is hordes they are expecting to run over the town.

They are intending to get a mob together, to be there to greet us!

Cousin Gottfried will have taken off his latest book to the shelves. The critics have raved about his dark imaginings from a warped mind.

“I suppose he will be bringing that Harpy he married?”

You must be nicer about his Anvil Vice, she has gotten him to where she wanted. Aunt Nausea, she has also sent us the Daily Intimidation.

“That greasy rag, why you bother with it, I do not know. Look at the Headlines. Found; Warlock, stock and drowned in barrel. Really! and this one, Embalmer falls in own vat and becomes his own life preserver.

And who was the celebrity caught reading Scorn with his fireflies down?”

Never mind that, it contains a piece of great Uncle Horst. His hanging will be the highlight. We have all been waiting for ages. He has been done in oils By Heck, and will be hung in the public domain for all to see.

And then on the Saturday night, dinner and dancing at Old Krautticklers, eat until you explode.

“Oh great, I suppose he will play his favourite little joke on us all again, putting garlic bread on all the tables.”

Everyone else saw the funny side. It was to break the ice.

“So did he, when I upended him into my Bloody Mary. I hope he is more tasteful this year instead speared ears of asparagus and balls on sticks”

He is giving us a choice of feasting in the fortifications, banqueting among the bulwarks or having the ramparts and he will have the choice of offerings, like his special Clubbed Sandwiches, Chopped Tongue served with Goosebumps and a special Desecrated Terrine with a complimentary Scum and coke or Grim and Tonic to finish. Then for afters, we all dessert.

“Well let us hope we do not sit opposite the Baskervilles again or if we do that they leave that slobbering dog home. Watching little Wolfgang tearing into that lamb made me sick to my stomach, I hardly could eat a bite.”

Yes poor dear, you only managed seventeen courses as I recall. They have secured the Voodoo two for the dancing, they fresh from the Coven.

“And what of poor old Puck, will he finally get to attend one of these things?”

No, poor fellow must be cursed, first it was the pox, then the pestilence and last year the plague and now he has gone and cracked the pits.

So Titania’s solo again while he is off with the fairies.

“And are we to be honoured with the presence of Cousin Fritz, that

homing pigeon of the spirit world. I thought it was the after dinner entertainment but it was only Fritz, come back as Anne Boleyn with an axe to grind.”

He is going into business, being launched at this year’s festivities, Bogey and Recall, past life regressions, half price special for relatives. I thought I might visit the Bezirk side of the family.

“What and mingle with all those halfwit, dimwit, scuttlebutts and riff raff?”

They look forward to seeing you too. After all there are not so many of us Bezirks left now. We were all Schlapps before we became the Bezirks.

Our gnarled roots go deep into the Translyvanian soil.

Uncle Cleave is to bring Seamus to us and Clawed, who married that Burden girl and their twins Anemia and Eczma who is still the gone wan of the family. Her father made her give up the ghost but she still needs more exorcism to get that graveyard glow happening.

“And what of their springoff, Chuck?”

He has upset his Mother again.

“What has he done this time?”

Left his body to scientology.

“No! I hope he does not come to cast his pall over us all.”

He is hoping that by bringing little Chuck up to meet the family, he

may regain the toehold he has lost.

I heard they call him the white ant of the family. Twice he has been removed from the family tree and Uncle Cleave says he is hanging only by the skin on his teeth.

“If I know that big Chuck, if he gets not his way, he will pick up his brat and pall and go home.”

“And what of our daughter, is she out again with that Gorge?”

Ya, it is him she is still seeing. They have gone to see the new Leonardo Decapitated film “When Solomon met Sheba” with Meryl Creep. You know what he has now decided to become?

“A Godless, Pagan Heathen?”

No, he has given up on that, he is now to become the accountant, as he forseees a stake in your future now that repossessions are nine tenths of his law.

“He has not the sixth sense he was born with. Over my dead body they can go and jump, they can wait for me to rot before they get to sink their teeth in.”

If about it you worry, go to a patented bloodsucker and seek the legal advice, Luiperspeck will be the soul of discretion and will only charge a pound of flesh. For the peace of your mind, it is worth it.

“Luiperspeck the elder or Luiperspeck the younger, that I see?”

Luiperspeck the other, he has only lately be confined.

“I tell you these humane patches are not working. They must be using inferiors again like that Spit in your Beers, or Smell Gibson”.

So do I book with Stark and Dormy for a tomb of one’s own or do we need room for one’s crone.

“No, Mother is staying home this year.”

I hope we can rent that gloomy ruin strangling the Carpathian Mountains again, the one with the forty three beams for every nook and granny. We may get lucky this time and get vacant possession.

“Speaking of which, when is that son of ours coming home?”

Frank is bringing his new girlfriend, I can not wait to meet her.

“He got rid of the leech then?”

Herman! Buffy was a very nice girl, as for her family background, that she could not help.

“He has not done a very good job picking a future bride. I am still remembering the one kept under wraps for ages and then was finally revealed to be a male mummy?”

Poor dear, he was so confused.

“He was not the only one!”

But it all turned out well in the end, he is now a success as the wrap artist.

Still it will nice to reminisce about the old days. After the dinner Barren von Chunks is to lead us in the shindig to the family plot. Later on we

can Spit at the Dummy and chargrill the remains from yesterday and the younger ones can play Twisted and Monotony while we play the old family game, matching the face to the execution.

Oh Summer in Translyvania! I can barely wait. Remind me to pack the torch!