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The Die Hards

Casey S. O'Higgins
Gettysburg College

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The Die Hards

Abstract

A prequel to the Up-All-Nighters, a glimpse into the tragic tale of Rick Rearman: Vampire Hunter. The average man living a supernatural life, Rick Rearman hunts for creatures of the night to avenge his fallen mother. Rearman only wants three things in life, a girl, justice, and a new wardrobe. The spectacularly unspectacular Rick Rearman doesn't deserve a poetry; however, his story was too compelling to pass up.

Keywords

Poetry, Vampires, Abstract, Fiction

Disciplines

English Language and Literature | Poetry

Comments

Written for ENG 2015: Creative Writing.

Casey O'Higgins

12/13/16

Fiction/Abstract/Poetry?



The Die-Hards



There's no business like this business.

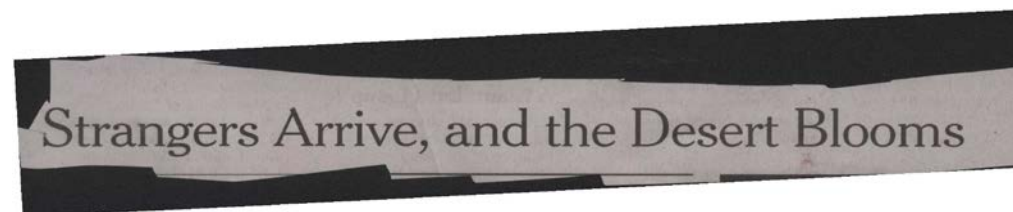
A day in the office for Rick Rearman

No leads, no hope

It's been months since the last lead

Here in Hotchkiss

Not much happens



Strangers Arrive, and the Desert Blooms

Old Rick stands alone

Head of his department

The only one of his department

Belittled by his office

He's got to prove himself

Files and drawers of extensive research

Pushing boundaries and disbeliefs

"I'll do them in"

"The last of those





Embrace the hint of mystery that lingers on the breeze

The hunt begins as Rick pitters and patters across the pavement

With his loose fitting jeans

Barely caressing his formless ass

A long day in the office



Starlight Bar, hub of Hotchkiss

Hub of night life



In the ghost town

Blowing smog as he jerks down the street

Rearman hunts

For his piece of ass for the night



Scanning the bar, scanning the wood panned dance floor

He lays his flapjacks on the barstool

Gulping his tonic


His 

As he calls it

The elixir that makes him irresistible

Eyes narrow and he finds his prey

Once a disruptive force, he's now a guiding one

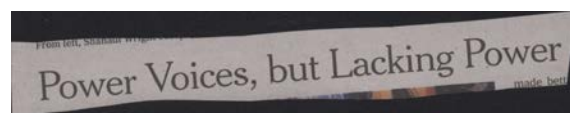
Taking a quick puff from the dingy 

He heads over to a table filled with giggling girls

“Hey ladies,”

He stumbles,

“Where's the party tonight?”





Rick lays hands on his mobile device

As he is use to the rejection

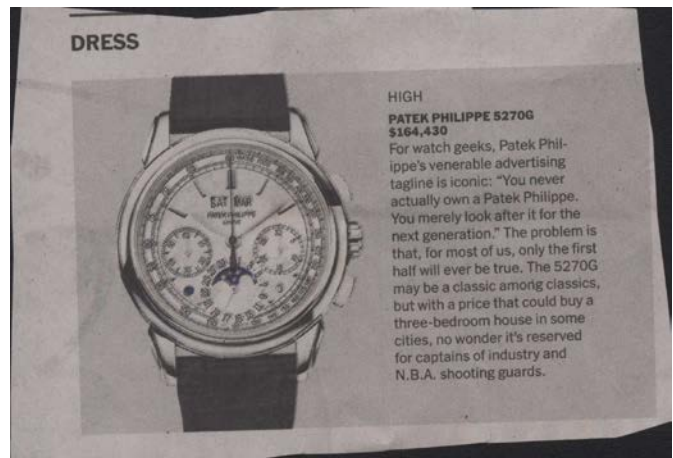


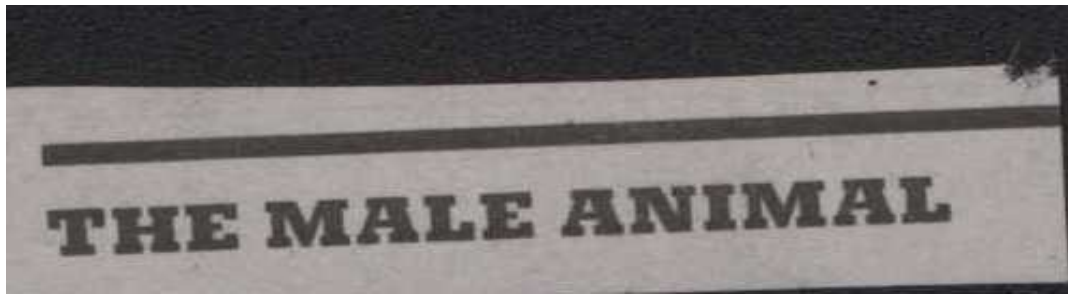
A shudder crawls over his as he notices

Strangers Arrive, and the Desert Blossoms

A Fashion Interlude

I wish for the day when I can
Wear name brand clothes like the stars or
Those at work like Karen from finance, but
I work with the supernatural, I
Am the laughing stock of the company
Todd from Human resources can afford
To buy that Patek Phillipe* watch I have
Had my eyes on since my inception to
My position at C.R.J, a job
I have dreamed of since the accident, the
Day I lost my mother to a night soul
No, I work in vampire **resources**
Pushing boundaries, expanding the mind
Raising awareness of those nocturnal
Animals; countless hours of research to
Exterminate their clan, as they did to
My mother; justice and revenge, but more
So, extermination means a pay raise
I could afford the Allied Metal Works *
Sunglasses as Penny in management





DCK
Stars, Aligned for the Vulnerable

Chills entered his diamond heart as he
Watched the girls glide into the bar
Their legs well-oiled machines to carry them
Across the dancefloor

Locking in, attention focused
They place their petite peaches
Garnished with lace and velvet
On the sticky stool next to Rearman

Awkward Exchanges

ensue

A third woman of the night

Pale as the moonlight

Shaggy blonde hair, with a boyish charm

On a mission,

she pulls the fragile girl onto the dance floor

“Can I buy you a drink?”

He asks the lone wolf

“Yes,”

She giggles, charmed by his average nature

Magic

“Can I take you home?”

Their arms intertwining in the cool Colorado night

Five Star

Nabbing a girl like this?



Her sexuality



She pulls her velvet crop top



The sculpture of her curves



A man like me, scoring a woman like this?



Even after my first orgasm, I crave more



The way she moves, a cat begging for milk



Even as hours pass, her energy is



After all I've been through, I deserve this



The tightness of her interior around me



The Ratings are in:



Flapjack Assman

A scream in the night

Coming from outside the room

Jolting awake, you crack the door

Observe the scene

In the darkness of the room

Lit by the beaming moonlight

Funneled in through the missing door

Do you remember the door unhinged like that?

A chill running through your veins

That tomboy from the bar

With that other girl

What are they doing here?

Baseball bat in the girl's hands

The other on the floor,

Aching with groans

Could this be the work of the ?

You should intervene

But Make sure you surprise them

Take the tomboy with the pretentious French accent

Hostage, do away with the other girl, for safety

Interrogate.

Locate.

Exterminate.

Lights flick on

“Woah. What’s going on here ladies?”

You interrogate.

Ask if she needs help

Lead her on to believe you’re clueless

Her scrawny deteriorating arm reaches

As she coughs up dried blood

Your face lights up

She’s a vampire, you think,



Your hands stained with cum and sweat

Grab hold of her

Finally! You think,

This nocturnal animal in her weakened state

Has become the prey

You the hunter

Your bounty,



Your hubris shows

As her grip begins to tighten around your lubricated flesh

“Thanks for your help”

She smirks

Your naked flapjack-like ass pressed against the drywall

You underestimated the strength of the hunters

Try to escape Rick!

Well, it's too late, you've met the same fate

As your mother, fifteen years prior

Just like you remember

The crystal-like object emerging from

Her withering body

You feel the same glow

The sharpness

Of your diamond heart

Your **source**

Escaping from your out-of-shape body

Maybe if you had those snake skin boat shoes*

You would've been more motivated

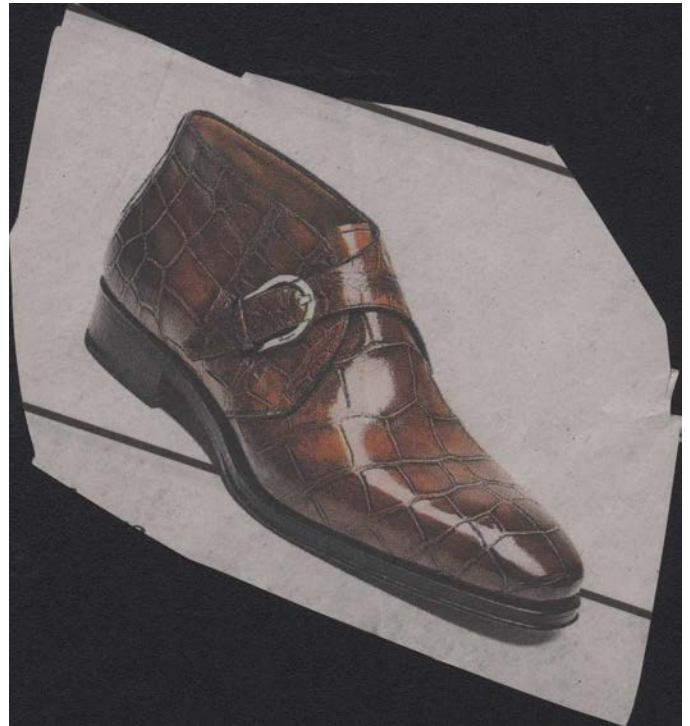
Eh, Rearman?

Think of it this way,

You served a purpose,

I'm sure you'll be remembered

As the sustainer of the hunter clan



Reflection

For the final submission I decided to look at The Up All Nighters from a different angle, and use a different format, while still using the same medium of “collage” texts ala Woman’s World. A justification and apology: I decided to utilize poetry because I felt bad for Flapjack Assman, he is a man who is skeezy and has had a hard life, he doesn’t deserve poetry written for him... So naturally I decided to fill that role and give him the poetic treatment he never should’ve had in the first place. The apology is because I usually never write poems so this is probably going to be a trainwreck, but so was Flapjack Assman’s story, so I think that’s justification enough.

I decided against adding more parts because of your advice that I might not be able to top what was already written. A friend gave the advice to write about Assman and I thought it was genius, so here we are.