Fall 2016

The Die Hards

Casey S. O'Higgins
Gettysburg College

Follow this and additional works at: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student_scholarship

Part of the English Language and Literature Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student_scholarship/476

This is the author's version of the work. This publication appears in Gettysburg College's institutional repository by permission of the copyright owner for personal use, not for redistribution. Cupola permanent link: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/student_scholarship/476

This open access creative writing is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
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.
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

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 "MAGiC."

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 E-Cigarette

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
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.I, 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
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

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:
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.