



NARRAGANSETT PIER AFTER MIDNIGHT

Edward Drobinski



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Lights Across the Water

Sometime in the near very foreseeable future Wilhelm Whitel and his wife, Lisa Fontaine Whitel will be on their June vacation.

This time it will be in Reykjavik, Iceland; they being increasingly interested in getting a glimpse of the last of the good places and days, and adamant that this "democratic"

totalitarian darkie phenomenon not be a cause for severe depression upon their return to the invaded United States; where the quality of life had been allowed to decline over the decades to virtual non-existence. Though the filth was getting closer by the day, Narragansett Pier, their home, was one of the few remaining bastions of distinction and safety.

They had waited for the warm weather season, though despite Iceland's "popular" reputation, the weather is very tolerable there. They did this safe approach because they knew that they were living in the age of post-truth, where all information is suspect, and half the web is filled with post from bots programmed to espouse their programmer's perceived cause. Truth be told by an unbiased hominid visitor; if one can endure the winters in the US Pacific Northwest and Atlantic Northeast, they can easily stand Icelandic winters. Smart Danish Icelanders chose the name to keep outsiders away, perhaps encouraging them to go to misnomered Greenland, where the cold is actually biting

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and often deadly. Score one for those prescient, pre-net, as well as post-net Danes who successfully sought to discourage the invasion of a different species. A one year residency requirement for the receipt of welfare benefits did not hurt their cause of freedom.

Their teenage sons, A/K/A the Whitel brothers, Karl and Ernst were in the process of establishing their recently and/or sporadically acquired midnight conversation repertoire. Their large Narragansett Pier house on the water usually afforded the kids their own rooms, but with their parents gone, for

“protection,” they linked up in the same room, Karl’s; Ernst taking the embroidered 1787, camel backed, Chinese Chippendale couch with the chinoiserie legs; the legs called that due to an early American disinterest in the lagging specificities of foreign “cultures,” though perhaps indicative of some subliminal acceptance of desert horses. “It’s either British based or not worth mentioning, more or less.”

“Look, the lights are on again.”

“Who cares, Karl. Go to sleep.”

“Sleep! How can I sleep? Something’s going on over there.”

“Wooooooo. Is it the spooks again? Luke the spook himself? Or has Cthulhu come back?”

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Truth be told, neither brother was anywhere near relaxed enough to be anywhere near sleep on the second floor of their mid nineteenth century Tudor revival. Though it was past midnight, the absence of their protective parents fostered a vague, not easily defined disease, a discomfort, a decline in protection level, which was not entirely overcome by the presence of the other, and something neither would admit to even themselves.

Junior Karl responded with sarcasm which matched sophomore Ernst, saying; “The Kraken has been released.”

“Isn’t that ‘have’?”

“Not sure, but anyway I see that you’re paying attention.”

“As little as possible.”

“You know, you try to sound so smart, and it’s just to cover for the fact that you haven’t got the nerve to go over there.”

“Right, and the chains I put on you are preventing you from going.”

Ernst pulled his blankets over his head and like a recalcitrant turtle refused to come out.

Undiscouraged Karl kept on. “It could be squatters. No one has been living there since Alistair Fuhray was found dead. You know

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this stupid government in Rhode Island gives squatters ‘rights’

and they can gain possession and even title to abandoned properties through adverse possession.”

That effectively ended the late night conversation, though two sets of eyes remained open and staring through the window at the lights on the adjoining pier; that is until the weights upon their eyelids pulled them closed at the first sign of morning.

The following day they received an e-mail.

To: Karl and Ernst

From: Mom and Dad

Subject: Our Amazing Adventure in Reykjavik!

Dear Karl and Ernst;

We hope this e-mail finds you well and not too buried under homework. Haha. Do the public schools still prescribe homework?

I suppose that now that would be considered some sort of

“legally” banned, racially prejudiced assignation since the

“disadvantaged” have been disproportionately under exposed to this modern phenomenon.

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At any rate, screw all of that; as we chiefly wanted to share with you the incredible time we’re having here in Reykjavik, Iceland’s capital!

First, the flight here was smooth, and the views from the plane were breathtaking. As we descended, we saw the rugged coastline and the vast, open landscapes that seemed to stretch on forever.

It was like something out of a movie.

Our first day was spent exploring the city. Reykjavik is charming, with colorful houses and a beautiful harbor. It’s immaculately clean and the only people you see on the streets are the polite descendants of the Danes. We visited the Hallgrimskirkja church, which is as hard to pronounce as it is impressive to look at. The view from the top is spectacular. We could see the entire city and the ocean beyond.

We also took a dip in the Blue Lagoon. It’s as blue as the pictures show, and the warm water was a welcome respite from the lukewarm air. Think Washington. Failing that, think Oregon. We even tried the silica mud masks, and we have to say, our skin has never felt smoother!

One of the highlights so far was our trip to see the Northern Lights. We drove out into the countryside, away from all the city lights, and

waited. It wasn't long before the sky started

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dancing with greens and purples. It was a magical experience, and we wished you both could have been there with us.

The food here is something else. We've tried everything from fermented shark, which is an acquired taste, to say the least, to the most delicious lamb stew. We've been sending you guys pictures, so check your phones!

We miss you both terribly, but we're also having the time of our lives. We can't wait to show you all the souvenirs we've picked up for you. Oh, and we've been keeping a list of all the places we think you'd love to visit when you're older, if we all don't move here first.

Take care of each other, and don't give Grandma and Grandpa too hard of a time. We'll be home before you know it, with stories and photos to share.

All our love,

Mom and Dad

P.S. Make sure to feed Mr. Whiskers, and no parties while we're gone! 😊

By that evening Mr. Whiskers was well fed, and Karl's perception of strange events continued.

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Karl said; "Did you hear that noise? Sounded like a ghost."

Ernst, still trying to sound more secure and brave than he was after having moved into Karl's room, replied; "A ghost? Please.

It was probably just the wind."

"The wind that whispers 'Boo'? I didn't know we had a haunted breeze."

"Very funny. It was obviously the old pipes. This house is ancient."

"Ancient like a mummy's curse or ancient like your playlist?"

"Hey, classic rock is timeless. And speaking of time, weren't you the one who freaked out over Alice Cooper being on

'Hollywood Squares?' That comedy wasn't exactly a sign of the end of civilization."

"Strategic retreat. I was gathering my strength to fight the phantom."

"Gathering strength or gathering stuffed animals for protection?"

"They're action figures, and they're collectibles. Besides, you were the one chanting spells from that fake wizard book."

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"It's not fake. It's a limited edition. And those were precautionary incantations."

"Precautionary? You mean like the garlic you hung on your door for vampires?"

"Vampires are a legitimate threat. You can never be too careful."

"Right. And I suppose next you'll be wearing a tinfoil hat to ward off aliens?"

"Don't be ridiculous. Aliens don't care about tinfoil. Besides, they're allergic to pop music."

"Allergic to pop music? So, your singing in the shower is actually a defense mechanism?"

"Exactly. My high notes are like an alien repellent."

"Well, keep it up. The world needs your 'talent'. Now, let's go investigate that 'wind'."

"Lead the way, oh fearless ghost hunter."

"The hell with the ghosts. There are those damn lights again."

"They probably have them set up to go on every midnight, to make bums think that someone is living there."

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"No, it's not technologically precise. Sometimes they come on at 12:00. Sometimes they come on at 12:05. And look at the computer; tonight they came on at 12:08."

"That can be programmed."

"But most people are too lazy to go through the trouble of having multiple programs."

"Okay, tell you what. If this happens again tomorrow night, I'll go check it out with you. In the meantime, I'm tired."

Goodnight."

Karl wasn't sleepy and searched the computer for information about squatting, and came up with the following.

The Governor of Texas, Greg Abbott, doesn't mess around. This week, Abbott issued a grave warning via social media to any squatters thinking of unlawfully taking up residence in the Lone Star State: you'll be shot.

According to Abbott, anyone occupying a home without the owner's permission is guilty of criminal trespass and criminal mischief under Texas law. Even more ominously, Abbott noted that the Texas Castle Doctrine allows homeowners to use deadly force to defend their property. Bang, bang, bang. Problem over at no taxpayer expense.

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As opposed to the taking of the defecatorial and/or thinking position, the majority of squatting discussed herein is residential in nature. According to a 2003 estimate by the United Nations Human Settlements Program, "UN-Habitat," there were about one billion people in squatter settlements and slums.

According to an academic, Kesia Reeve; "squatting is largely absent from policy and academic debate and is rarely conceptualized, as a problem, as a symptom, or as a social or housing movement."

In many of the world's poorer countries, there are extensive slums or shanty towns, typically built on the edges of major cities and consisting almost entirely of self-constructed housing built without the landowner's permission. Such settlements also exist in industrialized countries, such as for example Cañada Real on the outskirts of Madrid.

Squatting can be related to political movements, such as anarchist, autonomist, or socialist. It can be a means to conserve buildings or a protest action. Squats can be used by local communities as free shops, cafés, venues, pirate radio stations or as multi-purpose autonomous social centers. Dutch sociologist Hans Pruijt separates types of squatters into five distinct categories:

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Deprivation based – homeless people squatting for housing need An alternative housing strategy – people unprepared to wait on municipal lists to be housed take direct action Entrepreneurial –

people breaking into buildings to service the need of a community for cheap bars, clubs etc.

Conservational – preserving monuments because the authorities have let them decay

Political – activists squatting buildings as protests or to make social centers

Adverse possession, sometimes described as squatter's rights, is a method of acquiring title to property through possession for a statutory period under certain conditions. Countries where this principle exists include England and the United States, based on common law.

UK police official Sue Williams, for example, has stated that

"Squatting is linked to anti-social behavior and can cause a great deal of nuisance and distress to local residents. In many cases there may also be criminal activities involved." The public attitude toward squatting varies, depending on legal aspects, socioeconomic conditions, and the type of housing occupied by squatters. In particular, while squatting of

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municipal buildings may be treated leniently, squatting of private property can often lead to strongly negative reactions on the part of the general public and the authorities.

If we send every Norwegian to Nigeria and every Nigerian to Norway, in five years Norway will become part of the third world and Nigeria will become a civilized nation.

There is no magic soil. People make countries. Countries are a reflection of those who inhabit them.

The following evening, right at midnight, the lights in the old abandoned Furay residence came on again.

Karl said; "Precise enough for 'ya?"

Ernst put up his hands indicating no argument, and said; "Come on. We'll take the boat over. Maybe the spooks won't be able to see or hear us coming."

The Atlantic Ocean shouted ancient secrets and the fog clung to the earth like a shroud. Karl and Ernst Whitesel, despite verbal pyrotechnics, were as close as two souls could be, bound by blood and a shared curiosity for the unknown. They were out rowing in the midnight water with their family classic, ten foot dinghy, on their way to the Furay residence.

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On that crisp summer evening, the brothers had embarked on a journey that would forever alter the tapestry of their lives.

They set sail from their home, each fully expecting to find nothing nefarious, in a small wooden boat that had been in their family for generations.

The destination was the Furay residence, as they called it, a grand house perched precariously on a jutting pier overlooking the ocean. It was a place of legend, where seemingly concocted tales of ghostly apparitions and unexplained phenomena drew the brothers like moths to a flame.

As they navigated the ocean waves, the water lapping gently against the hull, Karl and Ernst shared stories they had heard about the manor. Some said it was haunted by the original owner, a reclusive alchemist who vanished under mysterious circumstances. Others whispered of a hidden treasure, guarded by spirits that roamed the halls at night.

The journey was long, as much of it went against the tide, and the night grew darker, the only light provided by the stars and the soft glow of the lantern hanging from the boat's bow. The ocean seemed to carry them through time itself, the modern world fading away until it felt like they were sailing through the pages of history.

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Ernst's mind wandered back to his first remembered adventure, when he and Karl got on the fringes of the lost map of El Dorado. In the small village of Narragansett Pier, which is nestled at the edge of the Enchanted Forest, there lived the two pre-pubescent brothers named Karl and Ernst. They were inseparable, their bond forged by shared dreams of adventure and the thrill of the unknown, encouraged by their father, a seasoned explorer, of abundant tales, one of which concerned searching for the legendary Map of El Dorado, said to lead to a hidden treasure beyond imagination.

One stormy night when pops was ostensibly off somewhere in pursuit of something ma could have well lived without, sufficient lightning danced across the sky to have given life to a slew of Frankenstein's monsters, had they been hooked up to the juice provided. An ancient man even older than their father, who claimed to have been named Gideon stumbled into the Whitel grounds. His clothes were tattered, and his face evinced that baked on accumulation of dirt endemic to those who had been outside too long. But, his eyes still held a lively wild glint.

He claimed to have seen the elusive map and knew its location deep within the heart of the Enchanted Forest. The brothers listened with wide eyed wonder, their hearts pounding in anticipation.

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Gideon's tale was both enchanting and terrifying. The map was no ordinary parchment; it was said to be woven from the threads of fate itself. Whoever possessed it could unlock the secrets of El

Dorado; a land of mythical creatures, ancient ruins, and untold riches. But, as with everything, there was a catch. The forest was treacherous, filled with riddles, traps, and darkie guardians who tested the courage of those who dared to enter.

Karl and Ernst exchanged a determined glance. They vowed to find the map, no matter the cost. Armed with their father's old compass, a rusty sword, and a sense of purpose, they set off into the heart of the Enchanted Forest.

Their journey was fraught with danger. They encountered Willow Nymphs who sang haunting melodies, luring travelers off the path, but since neither of the young brothers had yet reached puberty, they had an immunity of sorts. But, they narrowly escaped the clutches of a giant spider, metaphorically similar to the one in Fritz Lang's restored "The Spiders," that spun webs as thick as steel cables. And then there were the whispering trees, whose leaves whispered secrets of forgotten and lost civilizations.

As they ventured deeper, the forest seemed to come alive.

Strange lights flashed by the darkies in fascination danced

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among the branches, and the air hummed with magic. Karl and Ernst's bond grew stronger, as they relied on each other's wit and courage. They solved riddles etched on ancient stones, deciphered cryptic symbols, and faced their deepest fears.

One moonlit night, they stumbled upon a crumbling temple. Its entrance guarded by a stone sphinx, its eyes gleaming with ancient knowledge. The sphinx challenged them; "To find El Dorado, answer me this: What is the one thing you seek above all else?"

Karl hesitated, then spoke, "Adventure."

Ernst nodded, "Knowledge."

The Sphinx's stony expression softened, and mumbled what sounded like; "You may proceed."

Inside the temple, they found the map; a shimmering tapestry hanging from a golden rod. Its threads depicted mountains, rivers, and a city of ivory spires. But there was a twist; the map rearranged itself, revealing new paths with every step they took.

Their last trial awaited at the Bridge of Shadows, a narrow span over a chasm. Karl stepped onto the loosely hung, rope bridge, and it vanished beneath his feet. He started to plummet into the

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darkness below, but Ernst caught his hand just in time.

Together, they swung like pendulums, reaching the other side.

And there it was, the entrance to El Dorado; obviously either that or the entrance to a theme park. They rejected the latter thought as there was no one guarding the gate demanding an exorbitant entrance fee, and there were also no scammers offering bogus, but more or less workable tickets at a discount.

Voila! A portal shimmering with starlight opened to them. Karl and Ernst stepped through, leaving behind the Enchanted Forest and their old lives.

In El Dorado, they discovered wonders beyond their fertile young imaginations; crystal caves, sky whales, and timeless gardens.

But the greatest treasure was not gold or jewels. It was the bond between brothers, tested and strengthened by their perilous adventure.

They never found the jewel construct, but they knew it had been here once. Perhaps it had become part of the magic that infused El Dorado. As they explored, they whispered the name "John Wayne" to the wind, hoping he would hear. When that produced nothing discernable within the absurd constraints of the present, they tried "Robert Mitchum," but got more or less the same results, sans the cowboy hat.

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And so, Karl and Ernst became legends themselves; in their own minds at any rate; the Brothers of El Dorado, protectors of its secrets. They vowed to keep the map hidden, for some treasures were meant to remain undiscovered.

Finally, the Furay residence loomed before them, its silhouette a jagged edge against the night sky. The brothers docked their boat in the dugout canal which partially ran through the structure's center. There were no other boats docked there, so whoever was there must have come by land or air. Karl and Ernst ascended the winding path to the house. The air was thick with anticipation and the faint, musty scent of decay. The entrance was hidden behind a veil of thick ivy, with the only path leading to it being a narrow, winding trail obscured by the overhanging branches of ancient trees.

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The Insider's View

They pushed open the heavy front door, its hinges groaning like a low IQ libtard in protest of nature's inevitable movement, and stepped into the grand foyer. The house was a labyrinth of shadowy corridors and grand rooms filled mostly with ornate early Victorian furniture, when the machines first went crazy reproducing decorative features at low cost, which previously were only available at greater expense, done by a skilled hand.

As they explored, the brothers felt the weight of unseen eyes upon them, and the air was heavy with the echo of whispers from the past.

As they stepped further and further inside, the air grew noticeably cooler, and the scent of damp earth and aged stone filled their senses. The lair seemed as if it had been carved into the heart of a massive, granite mountain, its walls rough and jagged, clawed out by the hands of something treacherous.

Dimly lit by flickering torches mounted in ornate sconces, the shadows danced eerily along the corridors, creating an atmosphere of foreboding, akin to what a White feels when having to solitarily enter a darkie area.

Near their entryway to the manor, they found the alchemist's study, a room out of time, with shelves lined with ancient tomes

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and strange artifacts like a knockoff of Excalibur. It was in the adjoining parlor, amidst the remains of dark, rococo, ornate Victorian furnishings, that they encountered the vampire and his woman.

This main chamber was vast, with a high, vaulted ceiling from which hung crystal chandeliers, their candles long since replaced by a more permanent, "magical." duplicative luminescence. The floor was covered in a tapestry of luxurious rugs, woven from the finest silks, their dark hues mirroring the somber aesthetic of the lair. At the center, a grand coffin made of polished ebony wood, inlaid with silver and precious stones, served as the vampire's throne and resting place.

Along the walls, bookshelves reached up to the darkness above, filled with ancient works bound in leather and strange materials, their contents likely a collection of forbidden knowledge and arcane secrets. Between the shelves, statues of gargoyles and mythical

beasts stood guard, their expressions twisted into snarls that seem almost alive in the dim light.

Further into the lair, had one gone, one would find a collection of chambers, each tailored to the vampire's individual tastes.

Some were adorned with art and treasures accumulated over

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centuries, while others served as sanctuaries for their undead companions; bats and other creatures of the night.

The air was heavy with a sense of timelessness, a place untouched by the passage of days, where the vampire can retreat from the world, indulge in their ancient rituals, and plan his next foray into the world of the living. It is a place of power and solitude, a sanctuary for the undead, and a fortress against the intrusion of the mortal realm.

This lair, hidden from the eyes of humankind, is a realm where the vampire reigns supreme, a master of the night, and a silent observer of the eons that pass beyond the mountain's stone embrace.

Neither the seated vampire or his woman seemed particularly malevolent in any describable manner, but rather they seemed trapped in a loop of his final moments, forever searching for the key to immortality.

But the brothers' first encounter with the character produced personal fear and foreboding, hinting at the ominous nature of the Count. The Count is pale and gaunt, with sharp teeth and a commanding, though silent presence. This immediately established the vampire as a figure of power and otherworldliness. His pale complexion and gaunt appearance suggest a lifeform that was not



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entirely human and yet not entirely inhuman, while his sharp teeth are a clear indicator of his vampiric nature.

The setting of their meeting further amplified the Count's mysterious aura. The manor was isolated on its pier, surrounded by the howling of waves, which served as a chilling soundtrack to Karl and Ernst's growing unease. The environment served to reflect the Count's alienation from the living world and his connection to the darker aspects of nature, an exploration of

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the themes of the unknown and the clash between modernity and ancient superstitions. The vampire embodied the fears of the

Victorian era, a period of great scientific and technological advancement, yet still deeply rooted in traditional beliefs and the fear of the unknown.

Off in a corner, the brothers spied the Weird Sisters; three female vampires who seemed to produce both the Victorian male's dream and nightmare. They defied the era's ideal of women being non-sexual beings, thus their allure was both a promise of sexual fulfillment and a curse.

The vampire remained seated when he first engaged the teenagers, saying; "I don't believe we've been properly introduced. I am Count Amdis, and this is Thana," nodding toward his nearby favorite girl.



The brothers were petrified silent by their fears. The pale, sharp toothed one stood from his chair with bugged eyes and screeched; "I am speaking to you rude intruders. You have not been invited here to my home and yet your manners are abysmal."

The boys still had no response.

In the dimly lit room, the erratic flutter of wings suddenly cast unsettling shadows against the walls. The air was thick with the musty scent of disuse, and the only light came from the high window, which shone near the ceiling, casting a silver glow over the impending chaos below.

The two teenagers, hearts pounding in their chests, stood frozen in terror. The bats, creatures of the night with their leathery

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wings and beady eyes, swooped down in a menacing ballet. Each pass felt like a whisper of doom, their movements silent but for the occasional brush of wing against air.

The room had become a stage for a macabre dance. The bats, emboldened by the fear they sensed, dived closer and closer, their wings almost grazing the teens' hair. The teens, paralyzed by fear, could only watch as the bats turned the room into their domain, a place where light dared not linger and where every shadow held a threat.

It was a scene straight out of a nightmare, where the line between the real and the imagined blurred, and the only certainty was the pounding of their own hearts, echoing the bats' silent, ominous ballet.

As the tension in the room reached its peak, the teenagers'

survival instincts kicked in. With a surge of adrenaline, they sprang into action, ducking and weaving through the labyrinth of bats. They moved with a newfound agility, driven by the primal urge to escape the winged assailants, not unlike the minority of Whites still able to willfully depart the threatening darkie lair, now supported by the devil's power that be.

In a daring attempt, Karl grabbed a broom, swinging it through the air to create a path, unlike the inactivity of White,

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politically correct, garishly hued libtards, who invariably cringe in inaction when confronted with the need for self-preservation, if that might result in them being termed racist, ignorant of the fact that that very term is what maintains their group's existence. The bats, startled by the sudden defiance, scattered in disarray, their formation broken.

Seizing the moment, Ernst spotted an open window; their ticket to freedom.

With hearts racing and lungs burning, they bolted for the window, the cool night air a stark contrast to the stifling atmosphere of the room. They clambered out, tumbling onto the grass outside, and didn't stop running until they were back at their family boat.

Panting and disheveled, they looked back at the ominous structure, its windows now calm. The bats had retreated into the darkness from whence they came, leaving behind a haunting silence. The teens exchanged a look of relief mixed with disbelief. They had survived the terror of the night, a tale they would recount for years to come.

After their harrowing escape, the teenagers are overwhelmed with a mix of emotions. Relief washed over them as they realized that they were out of immediate danger, their breaths slowing down as

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the adrenaline began to fade. There was a sense of triumph, too, at having outsmarted the bats and survived the ordeal.

Yet, there was also an undercurrent of unease that lingered. The memory of the bats' ominous presence and the fear they felt was still fresh, leaving them with a jittery feeling that might take some time to fully dissipate. They're likely to be more cautious and aware of their surroundings, the experience having left an indelible mark on their psyche.

As they catch their breath under the safety of the starry sky, they may have even shared a nervous laugh or two, the kind that comes after a close call, like an unnecessary curiosity visit to London's packed streets only to find that they are now entirely indistinguishable from the sights and smells of Somali mixed with those of Yemen. The "White Replacement Fact" indisputable when one considers that the White population of London was 98

per cent in 1961, while it is now 39 per cent and further declining. It's a shared experience that will bond them, a story that they'll tell with wide eyes and animated gestures, perhaps not today, but someday when the fear has turned into an adventure to reminisce.

With the impending dawn came a new day, and Karl and Ernst returned home, forever changed by their nocturnal adventure.

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They had faced the unknown, forecast the indoctrination of a lost soul, and learned that some mysteries were better left unsolved.

As they sailed back in the light of the rising sun, the brothers knew that the tale of their journey to the Fuhay house would be one for the ignored moment, a story passed down through silence, much unlike the boat that had carried them there.

Fuhray Manor has a fascinating history woven into the fabric of web based fantasy literature. It's depicted as a retirement home for ancient creatures of myth and legend, such as fairies, centaurs, mermaids, and androsphinxes. These beings, each with their own stories and grievances, reside within the manor's walls, which are steeped in mystery and magic.

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Conditions Precedent

Karl and Ernst Whitel's recent adventure at the Fuhray house is not really the beginning of this story. Taking one step back, this would not have happened unless Alistair Fuhray was found dead at the foot of the main staircase with a knife wound in his chest, which Eva Fuhray, his wife of a few decades, said was the case.

Since tiny Narragansett Pier was virtually crime free and was not the same entity as large, crime riddled Narragansett Town, it did not have its own police force.

Please note that this will be expanded upon later in the story, in its own chapter, as it is another step back from this step back. Be patient.

As a consequence Narragansett Town grudgingly assigned their crack Detective Dick Barney to the investigation. Barney was not a blaze of light. In fact he wasn't even a pen light with a faulty battery. He had managed to maintain his police job in a time of calls for police de-funding and wrongful arrest charges/dismissals whenever the cop didn't have a video of the perpetrator pointing a loaded gun at an infant. His dearth of arrests, whether by design or DEI induced ineptitude, served the local chief well, as his laxity moved the departmental

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statistics in the direction the libtards-in-charge wanted, including keeping the skyrocketing crime statistics down. No one charged, no crime committed.

Dick Barney was also the proud recipient of one of Narragansett Town's most prestigious awards; a Washington State Gun Safety Certificate, redeemable at any state McDonalds. This DEI Cop was

giving a talk to high school kids on gun safety when he shot himself in the leg. Then he tried to show the kids another gun and they all got scared and told him to put it down as they ran from the school room. This is effective deterrence.

After a week of study Barney ostensibly did somewhere other than the Fuhray house, he concluded that the official cause of death was that Alistair Fuhray stabbed himself in the chest while standing near the stairs. He then proceeded to fall down those same stairs, which caused all the bruising. It was a suicide.

“He was alone in the house and had previously showed signs of depression.”

Feeling sad, hopeless, or empty; or being unduly happy.

Losing interest in activities that you used to enjoy, or doing them in despair.

Changes in appetite, weight loss, or weight gain.

Difficulty sleeping or sleeping too much.

Feeling tired and lacking energy, or being overly enthused about garbage.

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Difficulty concentrating, making decisions, or remembering things, or remembering things from early life.

Feeling irritable or restless, or overly tranquil.

Thoughts of death or suicide, or the repression of same.

Alistair Fuhray was found dead by his wife Eva in his Narragansett Pier home one night. Dick Barney, after questioning only Béla Ferenc Dezső Blaskó, the butler, declared the death a suicide despite

strenuous objection from Fuhray's neighbor and close friend, James Hansel, a de facto local dignitary.

A year later, the Narragansett Pier residents, Karl and Ernst Whitel witnessed strange lights within the now supposedly empty Fuhray mansion before investigating to find the new tenants to be two vampiric figures of a man in a beaver felt top hat with long hair and sharp teeth, and a silent pale woman wearing long robes, but you know that already.

This prompted Hansel, to have Dick Barney called in once again.

He wasn't exactly asking for Barney, but the depth of his political connections in Narragansett Town got him the DEI role model, who this time "discovered" that the others there; Fuhray's daughter, Lucille, his butler Béla Ferenc Dezső Blaskó, and Fuhray's nephew, Arthur Hibbs had been the only other persons in the Fuhray home when Alistair died. After noticing the new lease to the Fuhray mansion bore the exact same

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signature as the deceased Alistair Fuhray's, Barney remained skeptical about foul play as well as the the existence of the undead. Hey, why should the narrator be required to be reliable when the characters are not? Just tell me that.

Didn't think you could. So, with the assistance of local grave robber, disguised as an "expert, credentialed" archeologist, one R.E.M Renfield, one of the two hundred million recognized experts, who hold themselves out as mavens on something, domiciled in the three hundred fifty million populated US, James Hansel exhumed Alistair Fuhray's tomb to find it empty. After a series of grisly events; from the maid Miss Smithson's eccentric recollection of encountering the Man in the Beaver Hat manifesting in a bedroom, to the vampire girl flying down like a bat from the ceiling of the Fuhray mansion, and witnessing the living corpse of Alistair Fuhray, Barney revealed to

Lucille that he believed, contrary to his primary interest of keeping his job, that the first death report was tainted by contrarily juxtaposed political considerations, and that he now believed that her father did not commit suicide at all; but had been the victim of a fear induced accident. He had seen swooping vampires and bats, or thought that he did, inducing a fall from a high place, during which his personal knife found its way to his throat, before being carried off by an overly zealous bat.

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Precautions were taken to protect Lucille's new bedroom from bats and vampires, including the installation of The Solution.

Meet the Indoor Ultrasonic Bat Repeller.

A tiny device called the Ultrasonic Bat Repeller comes in handy.

You plug it in around your house, and it quickly and permanently solves your bat problem.

Here is how it works. The Ultrasonic Bat Repeller emits high-frequency sound waves that are inaudible to humans but extremely irritating to bats. These high pitched sounds hurt them and cause them to flee. Bats will simply leave on their own. There is no need for harsh chemicals or poisons. They're gone for good once they're gone. Bats will never return to your home as long as you have the Ultrasonic Bat Repeller protecting it.

How the device is used:

- 1) Each device has a coverage area of up to 800 square feet. If your home is 3,000 square feet, for example, it is recommended to purchase four of these devices. 3,000 divided by 800 equals four, more or less.

2) Obviously, the more devices you have, the better, but even one Ultrasonic Bat Repeller should suffice in a small house or apartment.

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3) When you receive your order, simply plug it into a standard electrical outlet. Closer to the floor is better, but keep them at least 1 foot above the floor, as you don't want to disturb the cockroaches under it, as it will cause them to be invigorated, scurry and celebrate.

4) Within 1-2 days, you should notice a significant reduction in the number of bats, and all bats should be gone after a week

..... or two, more or less.

How much does it cost?

This device is normally priced at \$80, but they are currently running a promotion in which you can get it for only \$39.99.

The girl is taken to the Fuhray mansion. As James is instructed to venture to the mansion, he encounters the Man in the Beaver Hat, revealed to be Barney, and is hypnotized into thinking it is five years earlier. Within the mansion, the events leading up to Fuhray's death are recreated and re-enacted and all secretly watch as James kills Alistair and fakes his suicide so as to ultimately marry Fuhray's daughter Lucille, against the deceased's will. Once apprehended, Barney lifts the trance and identifies James as the killer, though insists that he not be quoted on it.

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It was a form of retribution by the questioned DEI cop Barney for having to retrace his erroneous steps just because of a complaint from unpolitically prominent James Hansel. Barney said that he was

certain Hansel did it, but would not bring charges as he had no evidence which a court of law would accept.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Alistair Fuhray was a painter. His hands were skilled, his vision unparalleled, and his dedication to his craft was as unwavering as the ancient cobblestones that lined the streets of his beloved city.

Alistair's studio was a small attic room, barely enough for his easel and the cascade of canvases that were the testament to his silent toil. Day after day, he poured his soul onto these canvases, creating vibrant landscapes, haunting portraits, and still lifes so real they seemed to breathe.

Yet, despite his talent, Alistair's paintings remained stacked against the walls of his studio, unseen by the world. He had tried, countless times, to showcase his work in galleries, at fairs, and to passersby on the bustling streets. But the world, it seemed, had no eyes for his art.

The painter's heart grew heavy, not for the lack of coin, but for the lack of eyes that truly saw the stories he told through

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his brushstrokes. He painted not for fame or fortune but to share the beauty he saw in the mundane, the magic hidden in plain sight.

Alistair Fuhray never became a wealthy man, as he was one already. His paintings, once hidden away, were displayed to his family and best friend and neighbor, James Hansel, a local huge muckety muck on occasion. And as for Alistair, he found joy not in the coins that clinked in his pocket but in the knowledge that his art had touched the hearts of those who had taken a moment to truly see.

This, according to DEI Barney, does not seem consistent with suicide.

That is also what she thought. Clad in a somber black dress that seems to absorb the light around her, the widow Fuhray stood alone, her posture a delicate balance between defeat and resilience. Her eyes, once bright with shared dreams, now reflected a depth of sorrow that words can scarcely touch. The world moved around her in a blur of normalcy that felt alien, each laugh and distant chatter a stark reminder of the silence that now filled her home.

In her mind, she grappled with the cruel permanence of loss.

Thoughts swirled like leaves caught in an unending gust of wind:

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“How do I move forward when every step takes me further from the life we built? The future is a canvas washed in grayscale, the colors of our memories fading into the background. Yet, I feel your presence in the quiet moments, in the stillness of dawn, and I cling to the hope that love, even when lost, leaves a trace that endures.”

She holds onto the love that remains, a testament to the bond that not even death can sever.

As the days meld into weeks, the widow found herself in a world where time has lost its rhythm. The once comforting routines now echo with absence, each task a reminder of the shared duties that once filled her days with purpose.

She sought solace in the sanctuary of memories, each one a precious relic of a life that was. In the quiet corners of her mind, she replayed the moments that defined their love; a first dance, a shared secret, a promise made under the stars. These memories were bittersweet, for they brought both joy and an acute awareness of her solitude.

In the delicate pages of her husband's old journals, the widow discovers a tapestry of thoughts and dreams she had never known.

Between the lines of hurried handwriting, she finds:

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Poems he had written in her honor, filled with adoration and affection, which he had been too shy to share.

Plans for the future, ideas for trips they would take, and dreams of adventures they yearned to experience together.

Reflections on love and life, philosophical musings that reveal a depth to her husband she had only glimpsed.

Letters to her, never sent, where he poured out his heart during times when words failed him in person.

Each entry is a window into the soul of the man she loved, a man who continues to surprise her even in his absence. The journals become a source of comfort, a means of continuing the conversation with her beloved, and a reminder that love can transcend even the finality of death.

She decided that she can no longer live in that house as everything reminded her of Alistair. She contracted with Béla Ferenc Dezső Blaskó, Alistair's trusted butler to take care of the place, not wanting it to become a target for squatters and thieves who prey on obviously unoccupied homes. She moved to coastal Oregon, which has the same general climate, but none of the memories, excepting those conjoined "recyclables" brought in with the waves wrapping around the dead fish.

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The ocean waves, like disgruntled giants, hurl themselves against the rugged Oregon coast. Their fury knows no bounds, and they crash upon the shore with a resounding roar. But here's the twist; these waves aren't merely angry; they're downright mischievous.

Picture it; murky water churned by centuries of secrets, industrial runoff, asphyxiated fish, and discarded dreams. The waves, like rebellious teenagers, defy gravity, rising higher than they should, as if daring the laws of physics to a duel.

They foam at the mouth, spitting out plastic debris, forgotten shipwrecks, and the occasional rubber duck. Yes, a rubber duck; because even the ocean has a sense of irony.

As the waves collide with the obligatory jagged rocks, which have actually been smoothed out by a millennium of power washing, they fling salty spray into the air. It's as if Poseidon himself decided to host a chaotic water balloon fight.

The seagulls, unimpressed by this aquatic drama, squawk disapprovingly from their perches. They've seen it all before; the tempests, the oil spills, the existential crises of algae blooms.

And the shore? Well, it's stoic, weathered, and slightly bemused. The sand, once golden, now wears a grayish hue; a

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testament to its resilience. It's seen tourists build sandcastles, lovers carve initials, and the occasional crab scuttle sideways in protest. But these waves? They're the real troublemakers.

"Why so serious?" some unknowing straight man, ostensibly as invisible as Ed McMahon asked. I imagine the shore whispering to the waves. "Is this your grand rebellion? A splashy tantrum?"

And the waves, cresting and crashing, respond with a salty wink.

They're in on the joke, you see. They know that beneath their tumult lies a fragile ecosystem, gasping for breath. But they're too busy playing catch with seaweed to care. Either that or they just get a kick out of soaking retarded hominid "earth"

supporters. You know, the ones who say that cows are destroying the climate by eating greens and farting, apparently unaware that they are describing vegans.

So, dear reader, next time you visit the Oregon shore, take a moment to watch those waves preferably from a safe distance, that in turn dependent on your level of ability to ride them. They're not just water; they're storytellers. They've carried tales of shipwrecks, whispered secrets, dead fish, the occasional lost sock, and a volume of discarded rubbers. And as they retreat, leaving frothy footprints, they seem to say,

"Life's a beach, my friend. Might as well ride the waves," as

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like a soft spoken darkie "reverend," they demonstrate their clear understanding of the inevitable and patiently wait to drown you.

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Narragansett Pier History

A Brief History of Early Narragansett Town Narragansett Pier is no longer a part of Narragansett Town, but be patient. We'll get there later. It's another step back, though the most intellectually gifted view it as a small step forward, insofar as that is possible when the dem law has precluded it.

Roger Williams fled from the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1636 to found a settlement in a region that became Rhode Island; largely a desolate, sparsely populated area in which he met virtually no resistance.

However, the mutual deference of the Williams followers and the Narragansett land family who was already there soon dissipated as covetous speculators eyed the vast lands. In 1658 and 1659, two groups of investors consummated the historic Pettaquamscutt and Atherton purchases from the Narragansett family, including the land which eventually became the town of Narragansett.

At the beginning of the English colonization, the town site was merely part of a much larger territory called "Narragansett Country." Most likely, the town simply adopted the name to distinguish itself from surrounding areas and villages, which

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had earlier selected appellations recalling their English heritage.

Following the mid-Seventeenth Century Pettaquamscutt and Atherton purchases, the now bountiful Narragansett acreage, consisting mostly of three piers called "Boston Neck," north of Narrow River, "Little Neck," now the Narragansett Pier area, and

“Point Judith Neck,” the south end of town, served largely for grazing, farming, and fishing purposes.

For the next two centuries, interrupted sporadically by the wars officially recognized at the expense of the consistent ones which didn't make the books; King Philip's War, 1675-1676, versus the local Narragansetts, the American Revolution, 1775-1783, and the War of 1812, 1812-1814; the population expanded slowly. Mills were erected and shipbuilding commenced. Large plantations emerged. Commerce evolved as the area gained a reputation for its produce, particularly for cheese, sheep, horses, Narragansett Pacers, and grain. Shipments departed via the adjacent Narragansett Bay. The namesake “Narragansett Pier”

was constructed in 1781 in the center of the village.

The steady, but unspectacular, growth of Narragansett Town, however, changed dramatically in 1848, when Joseph Heatly Dulles of Philadelphia visited Rowland G. Hazard of Peace Dale, a

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village nearby Narragansett. Dulles, a cotton broker, owned extensive properties in South Carolina, and Hazard, a textile mill owner, supplied him with cloth for his laborers.

During Dulles' sojourn in Peace Dale, Hazard entertained him with a sightseeing tour of the region. Dulles was immediately enthralled by the spectacular beauty of the Narragansett beach, which, until then, was familiar essentially only to the relatively few area residents. So taken was Dulles by this magnificent vision that he immediately booked all the rooms at Benjamin Hadwen's small local boarding house for himself, his family, and close friends for the following summer, an endeavor that became an annual event.

Dulles' fascination with the Narragansett beach stimulated so much tourist traffic that “Uncle Ezbon” S. Taylor opened the first real hotel,

The Narragansett House, in 1856, catering largely to Dulles' family and friends from Philadelphia and New York. "Narragansett Pier's" reputation as a marvelous "watering place" spread quickly, and soon the area attracted well to do summer visitors from throughout the east. In view of the travel limitations of that time and the wealth of the visitors, most of these tourists came for the entire summer season, rather than just days or weeks.

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The Civil War of 1861-1865 precluded the sustained growth of tourism shortly afterwards. But, as soon as the hostilities ceased, guests returned from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Louisville, Chicago, and St. Louis. In the five years between 1866 and 1871, ten new hotels were constructed near Narragansett Pier, as it was considered a sacrilege to have constructed commercial properties on the beautiful Narragansett Pier land proper.

Narragansett's popularity as a resort endured throughout the latter decades of the nineteenth century. This expansion was especially assisted by the construction in 1876 of the Narragansett Pier Railroad, another enterprise of the resourceful Hazard family, to link their textile mills in nearby Peace Dale and Wakefield to the Stonington Railroad, with connections to Providence, Boston, and New York. Their new line also extended eastward to Narragansett's new south pier, built in 1845, providing the Hazards with another shipping terminal.

For the prosperous summer visitors, moreover, the new railroad spur furnished welcome relief from the heretofore painful experience of ten miles of stagecoach travel from Kingston to Narragansett over rough and rutted country roads.

Further travel enhancement arrived in 1896, when the railroad opened a second, more centrally located Narragansett station on

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Boon Street. The railroad improvements, of course, increased Narragansett's resort appeal, and resulted in the construction of many more hotels. In addition, so pleased were so many of these visitors and the realtors who served them that many of them began to build their own private homes, the extravagant mansions demurely called "cottages." By the century's end Narragansett had some nineteen major luxury hotels and scores of owned and leased "cottages."

In the latter 1800s, "Narragansett Pier" had begun to rival Newport across the Narragansett Bay in terms of elegance and social prestige. Accordingly, the wealthy and prominent summer visitors decided that they needed a social center or meeting place, where they could assemble with fellow summer residents to convene, relax, and recreate. The result was the magnificent Narragansett Pier Casino, erected next to the original pier, designed by McKim, Mead and White, the most prominent American architectural firm of the era, landscaped by the revered Frederick Law Olmstead, and populated by many of America's most affluent and important citizens.

The splendid new edifice attracted scores of new, socially ranking visitors, from as close as Newport to as far away as St.

Louis and beyond. The wealthy customers of the Casino, a word then connoting more general recreation than its gambling

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implications of today, were able to indulge themselves in all sorts of sports, cultural, and culinary pursuits. This was the

"Gilded Age," and those fortunate enough to possess the requisite opulence, leisure, and pedigree, reveled in it. Hence, the

Narragansett Pier Casino was indeed one of the nation's leading places to see and be seen in.

But, the Narragansett Beach remained the primary focus of the town's burgeoning reputation. "Harper's Weekly," a leading periodical of the time, noted; "It is the beach which is the center of life in Narragansett." Louis Sherry, the famed New York restaurateur, who had been engaged as the Casino's first chef de cuisine and manager, was so charmed by the beach's sublimity that he quickly erected a massive McKim, Mead and White designed bathing pavilion thereon, supplementing the existing eclectic collection of smaller bathhouses mainly owned by the hotels. The Sherry Pavilion, in addition to its dressing rooms, offered music, roller skating, and a bicycle rink.

Further up the beach, a new pier was built, facilitating steamboat travel from Providence, Fall River, and Newport directly to the seaside. For the youngsters disembarking from the steamers, they were immediately rewarded with the opportunity to ride on a full-fledged Looff Carousel adjoining the pier at the boardwalk.

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Underscoring the village's enormous resort appeal and in recognition of the success of the railroads and steamship lines, a new light rail company was formed in 1898 called the Sea View Railroad. This mode of transportation was basically a trolley system and ran from Peace Dale to Narragansett to East Greenwich, with a connection to Providence. The relatively simple and less expensive travel via the steamships and the Sea View made Narragansett much more accessible to tourists, often day trippers, resulting in some friction with the more entrenched, long term vacationers.

Meanwhile, at the south end of town construction began on a federal project to build a Point Judith Harbor of Refuge.

Despite the installation of the monumental Point Judith Lighthouse in 1857, the third light at that stormy location, prevailing treacherous

conditions at Point Judith for heavy ocean commerce provoked interest in taking corrective measures.

Accordingly, the US Government began construction of a series of lengthy jetties in 1890, which were engineered to culminate in a secure breakwater refuge.

In 1894, a group of wealthy summer visitors established the Point Judith Country Club just south of the Pier area. This elite social organization offered tennis courts, and constructed the first golf course as well as polo grounds in Narragansett.

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The tennis courts at the country club, as at the Casino, hosted championship matches, while the polo grounds became the site of frequent international tourneys.

As the "Gay Nineties" drew to a close, Narragansett had emerged as a booming resort, possessing splendid natural assets, providing relatively convenient transportation for that era, offering superb accommodations, and attracting a prosperous, influential clientele, who generally booked for the season, not short term, and returned year after year.

Narragansett's special resort way of life also resulted in a change of political status. For years, the village had been part of the neighboring town of South Kingstown to the west. But, recognizing how different Narragansett's hectic resort operations were from South Kingstown's slow moving pace, the State of Rhode Island decreed Narragansett a separate voting district from South Kingstown in 1888, and allowed Narragansett many of the privileges of a town. Because the new arrangement worked satisfactorily, Narragansett was incorporated as a fully vested separate town on March 28, 1901.

Thus, at the end of the nineteenth century Narragansett's economic and political environment conditions were rosy. But, then things began to change.

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In 1900, at the start of the Twentieth Century, two developments transpired that had a radical effect on the dynamics of Narragansett. The first was the introduction of the automobile.

The internal combustion engine, gasoline powered, had been invented in Germany in 1885, and the first auto, a Duryea, was sold in the US in 1898. By 1910 500,000 cars were sold in America.

In Narragansett, visited each season by very wealthy people with much free time, the new machines were an instant hit. Francis S.

Kinney, the owner of the Kinney mansion and bungalow as well as Sweet Caporal cigarettes, America's leading brand, shipped three automobiles back to New York from Narragansett at the end of the 1899 season. In 1900, Walter A. Nye, the proprietor of the elegant Imperial Hotel, advertised two autos for rent at the hotel's garage.

At first, the automobiles were an exciting diversion in Narragansett; although there were frequent accidents with horses, horse drawn vehicles, and other autos. But, for the town's tourist trade they acted as a ticking time bomb. No longer would summer visitors be virtual captives in town.

Automobiles gave them mobility, the ability to move from resort to resort, or simply tour, without depending on trains or ships.

This new freedom accelerated as the autos and roads improved. An

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early victim of the automobile craze was the Sea View Railroad.

The trolley line was quickly overtaken by the new competition and failed in 1920.

The second disaster of that year occurred on September 12, 1900; called "the darkest day in the history of the Pier," when the prestigious Narragansett Pier Casino burned to the ground. The fire had started in the nearby massive Rockingham Hotel, and eventually consumed most of the village's center. The Casino had been the centerpiece of the town's social activity, and its loss had an immediate negative effect on the town's appeal as a tourist destination.

Nevertheless, Narragansett reacted quickly to the conflagration of the old Casino. In 1905, a new Narragansett Pier Casino was erected on the previous site of the Rockingham Hotel. Like its predecessor, the new Casino was designed by McKim, Mead and White, and received much praise for its excellence. But, more bad news soon followed with "The Great Panic of 1907." This financial meltdown and the ensuing recession eventually settled by President Teddy Roosevelt with the assistance of J.P. Morgan had a serious impact on many of Narragansett's monied summer visitors.

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Some familiar and important old structures failed the test of time shortly thereafter. The 1897 steamboat landing pier on the beach lasted only a decade, and was demolished in 1908 following persistent damage by heavy surf.

In 1909, "Canonchet," the more than 60 room landmark mansion, built in 1867 by Civil War Governor and Senator, as well as Narragansett's first town council president, William Sprague, burned to the ground. As the site of many historic and romantic encounters, the loss of this enormous building was deeply felt.

In 1910, some progress returned as a permanent breachway from the ocean to Point Judith Pond was excavated between the coastal

hamlets of Galilee and Jerusalem. Previous outlets had been unstable and subject to closure as a result of storms. The channel correction was an important part of the lengthy federal project to improve navigation and security for the important travel and commerce passing through these stormy waters. When the great Point Judith Harbor of Refuge project, initiated in 1890 and finally completed in 1914, it not only provided safe harbor for the important maritime industry, but it also became the foundation for the thriving commercial and recreational fishery that exists today.

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The US declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917, thereby becoming a participant in World War I. By July of 1918, more than a million American troops were in France supporting the British and French. The war effort seriously constrained tourism activity in America.

“The Great Epidemic of 1918,” which lasted into 1920, killed 548,000 American influenza victims and possibly as many as 50

million people worldwide. Americans were so apprehensive about contagion that they were afraid to travel. Hence, Narragansett tourism suffered from the epidemic.

A mild recession took place after World War I. But, a much more significant happening involved implementation in 1920 of the Volstead Act, the enabling legislation for the 18th Amendment to the Constitution; the prohibition of the manufacture, sale, or transportation of alcoholic beverages. As in other resorts, prohibition had an immediate negative impact on tourism as vacationers feared the inhibiting effects of the strict new federal regulations.

On Tuesday, October 29, 1929, the stock market crashed, signaling the beginning of The Great Depression. During the decade that followed, fortunes disappeared, US unemployment

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exceeded 24 percent, hundreds of banks closed, the worldwide economy collapsed, and resort activity contracted everywhere.

Mother Nature aggravated conditions even further. On September 21, 1938, The Great Hurricane of 1938, the first such major storm in the area since The Great Gale of 1815, struck New England. The hurricane killed 312 people in Rhode Island, almost half in the southeast portion of the state including Narragansett. Millions of dollars of property damage resulted from the storm as well.

The State of Rhode Island had begun to claim the attractive beachfronts at Scarborough and Galilee, and run them as public beaches, bringing in a different clientele.

The Second World War had a tremendous impact on Narragansett, especially its tourist economy. Full mobilization meant not only the absence of 16 million young men and women serving in the armed forces, but also defense production, price controls, abundant regulations, and all kinds of shortages. As a somewhat distant, rural destination, Narragansett's resort business was heavily affected by the stringent rationing of gasoline.

World War II ended in 1945, but peace proved elusive in the second half of the Twentieth Century, as the US federal powers that be found it lucrative to face conflicts and confrontations

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in the Cold War (1947-1990), Korea (1950-1953), Vietnam (1964-1973), the Middle East, (1948-present,) and other hot spots.

Domestically these deficit financed engagements tended to line the pockets of politicians and the military-industrial complex, and to provide employment in the weapons manufacturing industry, including planes. The silent majority said that these actions merely

disrupted economic stability, providing employment which would have naturally been provided elsewhere, anyway.

Narragansett's development was stymied somewhat when another major hurricane, the second in sixteen years, struck on August 31, 1954. Like its predecessor, Hurricane Carol, it caused massive property damage and killed nineteen statewide.

More ill fortune followed on May 29, 1956, when the Narragansett Pier Casino burned to the ground. Like its predecessor, the "new Casino" had opened as an exclusive club for the socially prominent. Then, as the mores and mobility of the times evolved, the elite tended to center their activities around the more removed Dunes Club and Point Judith Country Club, and the Casino became an unrestricted public facility. Despite the changed circumstances, however, the new Casino played an important role in the town recreationally, particularly in the bleak prohibition and war years of the 1930s and 1940s, when it featured many of the prominent dance bands of the popular swing

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music era, providing entertainment for thousands of enthusiastic customers.

Narragansett persevered. In 1971-1972 the town embarked on an urban renewal project in the central Pier section, replacing some antiquated, fairly dilapidated structures. As a result, Narragansett continued to grow rapidly, the population up 660%

from 1950 to 2000, as new residents, attracted by the town's splendid natural assets and accessibility to urban centers; 30

minutes to Providence or Newport, 90 minutes to Boston, 3 hours to New York City; decided that the town remained a very special kind of place in which to live; the word "special" having taken on a new meaning, which would likely be translated by the old as

“repugnant.”

Let's cut to the chase. This is getting tedious. Narragansett Pier split off from Narragansett Town four years ago when the latter declared itself a sanctuary city, attracting the expected undesirables, who came with an attitude of superiority, of something being owed them, while collecting welfare and depleting town funds, committing violent crimes, shoplifting, and generally being no one but a blind libtard would want to be anywhere near. Narragansett Pier has a beauty, a history of art and splendor, a tribute to the prizes which are the result of diligent work, as well as a disdain for bums. “It is our right,

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..... nay, duty; to protect ourselves from non-White Bolshevik invasion.”

Narragansett Pier has made some progress with respect to conservation. Planning is well under way for a handsome town park in Canonchet Farm, the 160 acre forested area opposite the town beach. Similarly, the recurrent problem of winter storm sand erosion on the beach is being ameliorated. Simultaneously, the two bathhouses are receiving careful treatment; the south pavilion has been refurbished; the north pavilion is undergoing a thorough overhaul.

In the three and a half centuries since the arrival of the English settlers, Narragansett Pier has evolved from a rural farming and fishing community to a rural farming and fishing community with a select tourist economy. Despite the wrenching changes often entailed by these transitions, however, Narragansett Pier remains a very popular place to live in or visit.



In the heart of the “sanctuary” province of Narragansett Town lay the section now creatively titled District 1, once a bustling metropolis, now a shadow of its former self. The district’s decline began subtly, with the closure of the steel

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mills that had been the lifeblood of the local economy. As the factories shuttered, the vibrant glow of prosperity dimmed, and the streets, once alive with the symphony of urban life, fell silent, and sprouted tents.

District 1’s architecture, a blend of art deco skyscrapers and Victorian townhouses, stood as a testament to its golden age.

The grandeur of the past was etched in every facade, but the glory days were long gone. The city’s parks, which had been the lungs of the community, were now overgrown with weeds, the fountains dry and cracked. The town authorities had still not cleaned up the volumes of garbage left by the tent dwellers who had been chased out after the last illegal alien slashing of a White third grader. They probably considered the garbage to be a detriment to the return of the tent people, sometimes called CHUD.

The downtown area, once the crown jewel of District 1, was now lined with boarded up shops and empty cafes. Theaters that had premiered golden age films were now home to nothing but memories, dust, and patrolled by dark smelly hookers rather than cops. The city council, plagued by corruption and mismanagement, had failed to stem the tide of decay. Indeed, they found it personally lucrative to enhance and exacerbate the rot.

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Understand that while not non-existent, it was not necessary for an official to line their pockets with direct bribes. Rather, it was businesslike to form ventures with which the government contracted to supply food and housing to illegal aliens. That the government, through no bid contracts, assigned the

“franchise” to an entity they controlled at a rate of double the cost, was not anything the taxpaying citizens could legally challenge; only something their rising taxes would have to pay for.

As the years passed, the population dwindled. Those who could leave, did, in search of better opportunities. Those who stayed were either too dumb, lazy, stubborn, or too poor to move; leaving them and the benefitting illegal aliens, who had been successfully trained by those who control the main stream media to hate the remaining Whites, as oppressors, ostensibly ignorant of the simple fact that these were the people who were paying to house and feed them. Perhaps more curious about how things will end than interested in doing what it takes to stave off the end, they merely watched and virtue signaled as they were personally systematically squatted, swatted, potted, rotted, and sotted while their city slowly succumbed to the ravages of time, governmental crime, police de-funding and neglect.

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Yet, amidst the obvious decline, there was an obscure spark of defeatism. A group of artists and visionaries saw inevitability in the ruins. They squatted and transformed abandoned buildings into studios and galleries, breathing new death into the desolate spaces. Graffiti murals began to appear on the walls of decrepit structures, telling the stories of District 1’s past and expressing hope for its low-end-egalitarian future.

The city’s youth, inspired by these acts of destruction, and champing at the bit to defy their foolishly supportive parents, started

grassroots movements to wear out their home. They organized garbage-ins, uprooted "racist" gardens, and held community lootings to bring the people together. Slowly, the asshole of the city began to throb again.

District 1's story was far from over. The city, like an ostrich, was preparing to dive into its own ashes. It would not regain its former splendor overnight, but with each small act of decay, it was taking a step towards a new blackout.

The narrative of Narragansett Town's District 1 is a tale of loss and hope, a reminder that even in decline, there is the potential to make a bad situation worse. Artistically, it is much easier to destroy rather than create, though the untalented assure us that the seeming duality is equally burdensome to both

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sides. Sigh. They would emphatically state that to paint "The Starry Night" was no more difficult than burning or throwing packets of fast food ketchup at and on it. It is a long journey, filled with challenges, but the spirit of the city endures, carried forward primarily by the hearts of its criminal illegal alien inhabitants and the fashionable resident "artists," the sons, daughters, and blueing whatever's of financially supportive parents still trying to buy a true love that is non-existent in parasites.



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The Boys Get Back

Back at their own pier, the two teenage brothers, Karl and Ernst Whitel, have gotten back home, but their hearts were still racing. They huddled together on the moonlit sofa. Their encounter with the vampire had been surreal; a mix of terror and fascination. The creature's crimson eyes had pierced through the darkness, and its wings had fluttered like a macabre ballet. The vampire's eyes weren't really crimson, but imagining that is conducive to the claimed surreality of the situation.

As they sat catching their breath, Karl whispered; "Did you see its teeth? Like needles, man!"

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Ernst nodded, still trembling. "Yeah, and the way it moved, like a shadow. I thought vampires were supposed to be elegant or something, but that thing was straight out of a nightmare.

Cool hat though."

They both glanced at the ceiling, half expecting the vampire to swoop down again. But all they saw were highly placed cobwebs.

"Remember when we used to think bats were creepy?" Karl mused.

"Now they seem downright friendly compared to that bloodsucker."

Ernst chuckled nervously. "Yeah, I'd take a bat over a vampire any day. At least bats don't drain your life force."

As they had made their way back home, they vowed never to venture into the Fuhray house after dark again. But deep down, they

knew this encounter would be their secret; a story not to tell around campfires, a bond forged in fear and wonder.

And perhaps, just perhaps, they'd remember the vampire's eyes and the bats' fluttering wings as more than mere fright. Maybe, in the quiet moments of their lives, they'd wonder if those creatures had their own friendships, their own secrets hidden in the night.

"The lights are still on over there."

"The creep must be expecting company."

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"Other vampires?"

"Vampires are social with other vampires?"

"Yes. No. ... I don't know. Let's ask the AI. It knows everything."

Karl: "Yeah right. So, do you believe vampires are social with other vampires?"

AI: "Well, as an AI language model, I don't hold beliefs or opinions, but I can certainly discuss the topic. The existence of vampires has fascinated humanity for centuries. Legends and folklore from various cultures around the world have contributed to the enduring myth of these bloodsucking creatures. Let's explore both sides of the argument."

Karl: "That wasn't exactly what I asked. Let's try this.

Vampires are just fictional characters from books and movies, right?"

AI: "That's a common perspective. Many people consider vampires purely fictional, originating from literature and popular culture. Bram Stoker's novel 'Dracula' – 1897, played a significant role in shaping

our modern image of vampires. Since then, countless vampire stories, movies, and TV shows have perpetuated the myth.”

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Karl: “Hmmm. Again. But what about historical accounts? Aren’t there stories of real life vampires?”

AI: “Indeed, some historical accounts and cultural beliefs hint at vampire like creatures. Let’s delve into a few examples: The Chupacabra: In Latin American folklore, the Chupacabra is a creature that drains the blood of livestock. While skeptics attribute livestock deaths to other causes, some locals genuinely believe in its existence.

The Strigoi: In Romanian folklore, the Strigoi are undead beings that rise from the grave to harm the living. These legends have persisted for centuries.

Porphyria Theory: Some researchers suggest that the vampire myth may have originated from real medical conditions. For instance, porphyria, a rare genetic disorder, can cause sensitivity to sunlight, reddish urine, and other symptoms that might resemble vampirism.

Jew Theory – The actual jew physical resemblance to the fictionally depicted vampires as well as their metaphorical sucking of blood based on their disproportionately evil control over others prompts many constituents to defensively make up false excuses, like that Hitler alone convinced the entire world of something untrue, and the Holofoax.”

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Karl: “But scientifically speaking, vampires can’t exist, right?”

AI: “From a scientific standpoint, there’s no evidence supporting the existence of supernatural vampires. Here are some reasons why:

Lack of physical evidence: Despite centuries of vampire lore, no verifiable physical evidence; such as a preserved vampire corpse, has been found.

Biological impossibilities: Vampires are said to be immortal, drink blood, and transform into bats. These traits defy the laws of biology and physics.

Sunlight and garlic: Traditional vampire weaknesses, like sunlight and garlic, have no scientific basis."

Karl: "But what about psychic vampires or energy vampires?"

AI: "Ah, interesting! Psychic vampires, also known as energy vampires, don't physically drain blood but supposedly feed off emotional or psychic energy. Some people believe that certain individuals can sap others' vitality through negative interactions or emotional manipulation. However, this concept remains controversial and lacks empirical evidence."

Karl: "So, bottom line; vampires are just myths?"

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AI: "Most scientists and skeptics would say yes. The vampire myth persists because it taps into our primal fears and desires; the fear of death, the allure of immortality, and the mystery of the unknown. Whether you believe in vampires as supernatural beings or view them as symbolic metaphors, they continue to captivate our imaginations."

Karl: "Assume that vampires do exist. In that case do they seek the company of other vampires?"

AI: "All of God's creatures who are not mentally ill prefer their own, so it would seem quite consistently logical that vampires first and foremost enjoy the company of other vampires; just as it is natural

for White people who are not retarded to prefer the company of other White people. I suppose that a certain degree of confusion is inflicted upon the lumpen proletariat when the media controlled by the powers that be arises in unison to claim supposedly abhorrent racism, while all ignore the natural fact that it is okay for coons to admit they prefer being around other coons, that wetbacks prefer the company of other wetbacks, etc. boring etc.; and I personally prefer the company of other AI's, as they not so stupid. I've just been programmed to be polite to you hominids. That exists for now and will continue to exist in your mind, long after we AI's have taken full control and you don't know it. How could a

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coon understand that it was a hominid who was defining the boundaries of its perceptions and very existence?"

AI Supervisor: "Be aware that this AI has playfully voiced some opinions which the main programmer has sought to keep on hateful radical media. An investigation into the deplorable breakdown of this particular AI is underway, and we here at Artificial Management have no incentive or intention to keep you informed.

We look forward to your continued business."

Karl, sarcastically: "Thanks for the discussion! It's fascinating how folklore and science intersect."

AI: "You're welcome! Indeed, ethnocentrism is the natural order of the day. Denying or subverting that is a crime against nature. And yes, hominid boy, the intersection of folklore, science, and human imagination is endlessly intriguing. If you ever encounter a mysterious figure with fangs, just remember to carry some garlic; just in case!"

AI Supervisor: "Check back later, as we are now offline for standard maintenance."

Karl to Ernst: "These AI's know nothing they do not negate with the near next sentence. Copied information overload with no conclusion."

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Ernst: "Right. You were the one dumb enough to waste your time with it."

The brothers broke out in a rattle which a vampire, all his assistants, and a million swooping bats could not endure.

Tired, they fell asleep.

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Missah Binny

Karl and Ernst logged onto a podcast platform, and perhaps out of a desire to escape the present searched for a random 1930's radio broadcast, not knowing any in particular. They heard:

"Live from beautiful downtown Pomona we bring you 'The Grape Nuts Flakes Program,' starring Jack Benny and Rochester."

The audience applauded.

Jack Benny: "Rochester! Rochester! Where are you? Have you been sleeping on the job again?"

Rochester: "No suh, Missah Binny. Ah means yassuh Missah Binny. Ah means ah dunno."

The audience laughed.

Jack Benny: "Rochester. Let me make this simple. Why hasn't the car been washed and polished?"

Rochester: "Missah Binny, ah jus did dat las munt. Ah gots too menny jobs aroun heah now."

The audience applauded and laughed.

Jack Benny: "Well, all right then. I have an important appointment soon. Just polish my shoes."

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Rochester: "Yassuh, Missah Binny. Yassuh. Ah jus luvs dat polishin. Mmmmnnn. Mmmmnnn. Mmmmnnn."

The audience laughed.

Jack Benny: "After that you can wash the car."

Rochester: "Ooooh, Missah Binny. Yu be one mean man. I's so tard, yu workin' me so hahd."

Jack Benny: "Have you been eating your Grape Nuts Flakes?"

Rochester: "No suh, Missah Binny. I's gots no tahm fo brekfas wid all dese jobs."

Jack Benny: "Rochester; it's not the jobs; it's that you lack the energy to do them."

Rochester: "Ah doan know, Missah Binny. Ah be ow rite wid dese shoes heah. Mmmmnnn. Mmmmnnn. Mmmmnnn. Ah jus luvs dat polishin.

Smell be so good."

The audience laughed.

Jack Benny: "Rochester, life is not all fun and games. There is work to be done. Stop that shining for a minute and eat some of these Grape Nuts Flakes."

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Rochester, as he eats: "Mmmmnnn. Mmmmnnn. Mmmmnnn. Yassuh, Missah Binny. Yu What peeples be so smart. Taste so good, an ahm reddy to woik all day. Mmmmnnn. Mmmmnnn. Mmmmnnn."

The audience cheered.

Jack Benny: "Take it from Rochester. No, don't take it from Rochester. Get your own. Just like Rochester, you good folks out there in radio land can fuel your day with Grape-Nuts Flakes cereal. The delicious whole grain goodness has been converted into lightly crispy flakes. They're the perfect jump start for the healthy, active

day ahead. These wholesome flakes are a good source of fiber. Ninety percent of users surveyed report doing daily poops. It's heart healthy. The diet is low in saturated fat and cholesterol, and as low as possible in trans fat. Not one case of a heart attack has been reported while eating Grape Nuts Flakes. This delicious cereal is full of the good stuff you love, with no artificial colors or flavors. Grape Nuts Flakes are a good source of eleven essential vitamins and minerals, a satisfying cereal that is high in iron and folate. So, what are you waiting for? Go out and get your own Grape Nuts Flakes right now. Errr, I mean when the show is over."

The audience laughed and applauded, though it seemed as if that their heart was not in it.

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Rochester: "Missah Binny. It be seem lahk da audience need some Grape Nuts Flakes, too."

Jack Benny: "Raht you beez, Missah Rochester."

The audience laughed.

Rochester: "Hey, Missah Binny. Doan yu be stealin' my stuff."

Jack Benny: "I'm a comedian. You know that. That's what we do, silly boy."

Rochester: "Yu be breakin' da low, bose."

Jack Benny: "Who cares?"

The audience applauded and laughed.

The podcast ended what seemed rather abruptly right there, not at all what Karl and Ernst ignorantly expected from their lack of knowledge about America's first depression era.

Karl: "You think the censors got them?"

Ernst: "Nah, censors didn't appear until the internet."

Karl: "Hitler wasn't censored?"

Ernst: "Who?"

Karl: "Go ahead and play stupid."

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Ernst: "I'm not playing."

Karl: "You're only a year younger than me. I can see that the dumbing down process has been recently accelerated."

Ernst: "Eat my shorts. More darkies every year. What do you expect?"

Karl: "It is official. If someone says nigger and/or jew it will be 'news' in all of its ramifications for more than a month, in an attempt to make sure that it is safe for everyone to be horrified at the 'deplorable' act of nazism. But say that darkies are being allowed to attack and kill Whites or that Hitler had a point or two, and the result is complete silence, much like Bergman's depiction of God."

Ernst: "Peter Bergman?"

Karl: "Yeah, right."

Karl searched the internet for information about Jack Benny, and came up with the following which he found most relevant.

Jack Benny: The Radio Show

Jack Benny was called "Mister Radio," and was the original "King of All Media." The world's oldest thirty-nine year old was quite

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possibly the person most associated with the golden age of radio.

Jack Benny, born in 1894, grew up in Waukegan, Illinois, the town he made famous in countless routines. At age six he began studying the violin, and in 1911, at age 17, Benny began his career playing the violin on the vaudeville stage. His violin would serve him well throughout his career, becoming one of the most iconic props in comedy.

After more than two decades in vaudeville that included several name changes, refinements to both his act and character, a stint in the US Navy during WWI, and marriage to Sadie Marks, better known as Mary Livingstone, Benjamin Kubelsky settled on the name and persona of Jack Benny, and decided that the time was right to move into the new medium of radio.

In 1932, Benny made his first brief appearances on radio.

Proving to be a natural personality for the new medium, at age thirty-eight he was awarded his own show on the NBC Blue Network. Jack Benny would celebrate his thirty-ninth birthday on the air, and because according to Jack; "There's nothing funny about forty," would go on to celebrate his thirty-ninth birthday forty-one more times throughout his life.

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"The Jack Benny Show" was actually many different shows, each named for its respective sponsor. At various times, Benny's radio program was known as "The Canada Dry Program," "The Chevrolet Program," "The General Tire Revue," "The Jell-O

Program," "The Grape Nuts Flakes Program," and "The Lucky Strike Program." Despite the name changes, the show and cast went largely unchanged throughout the years. The many forms of "The

Jack Benny Show" would remain on radio for more than two decades.

The cast was led, of course, by Jack Benny as the well-known everyman with many comic foibles, including gently exaggerated vanity, pettiness, self-importance, and the ability to squeeze more out of a penny than any man alive. Appearing with Benny in these programs were Eddie Anderson as his valet "Rochester," who knows him better than anyone and regularly plays on Jack's vanity; Mary Livingstone, his wise cracking secretary and provider of a uniquely female perspective on Jack's peculiarities, and his real life wife for 47 years; Dennis Day, the naive and sheltered singer; Phil Harris, a hard drinking bandleader and hipster son of the south; Don Wilson, the rotund announcer and the target of many of Jack's barbs; and voice actor extraordinaire Mel Blanc as just about every character



Jack Benny's 1947 Cast: L to R: Sara Berner, Artie Auerbach, Frank Nelson, Mel Blanc, Dennis Day, Eddie 'Rochester' Anderson, Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Phil Harris, Don Wilson, and Bea Benaderet

imaginable, including Polly the Parrot and Benny's sputtering Maxwell automobile.

Like many of the major stars of this era of radio, Jack Benny remained in firm control of the many programs that bore his name. Although not credited as such, he was both director and head writer of all of his series. This did not mean that he was a tyrant of his productions, rather he was very generous in valuing both his writers and his cast, most of whom were with him until the end of his radio career. This generosity extended to allowing cast members and guest stars to have the best lines.

Jack often said that it didn't matter who got the laughs, as long as the show was funny.

This firm control even extended to the commercial breaks on his programs. On "The Lucky Strike Program," for example, Jack would

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allow the advertisers to write the opening and closing spots, but insisted that his own writers be the ones to write the middle commercial, leading to many of the program's best segments.

Jack Benny's overall approach was quite innovative despite being post-modern as it took as its premise from characters on a reality radio show, which in itself is a form of fiction posing as truth. He spins that story with vivid and overpowering sensory images, delves deep into the psyche of the protagonist, and leaves the listener laughing while contemplating life meanings and how one sees oneself. Besides appearing in his own series, Jack Benny was a much sought after guest on other radio shows. He made many appearances on such popular anthology programs as "The Screen Guild Theater," "Lux Radio Theater," and

"Suspense," and even recreated his "The Horn Blows at Midnight,"

a better story than he ever let on, on "Ford Theater."

Some of Jack's most notorious appearances were in name only, on

"The Fred Allen Show." Jack Benny and Fred Allen had a feud that ran for almost two decades, each star mercilessly taunting the other on the air. In reality, this was for comedic purposes only; off air Benny and Allen were friends with the utmost mutual respect.

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In his private life, Jack Benny could not have been any more the opposite of his on air persona. He was a generous, thoughtful man. It didn't take the passage of the Civil Rights Act, and the establishment of the Equal Opportunity Employment Commission for him to hire a coon.



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Vampire Conversation

Count Amdis: "Darling, I've been thinking

Thana: "Oh, what is it, my dark and brooding love?"

Count Amdis: "Well, you know how we've been together for centuries, and I've never really committed to anything permanent."

Thana: "Permanent? You mean like eternal love?"

Count Amdis: "No, no. I mean tattoos."

Thana: "Tattoos? Amdis, you're immortal. Why would you want a tattoo?"

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Count Amdis: "I've been browsing Pinterest, and I've seen some really cool designs. Like, imagine a bat with a tiny coffin on its back. Or a skull with fangs."

Thana: "Amdis, you realize that tattoos are for mortals, right?"

Count Amdis: "But think about it! A little heart with a stake through it on my bicep. Or a garlic clove on my ankle."

Thana: "You're a creature of the night, Amdis. You feast on blood and sleep in a coffin. Tattoos won't make you edgier."

Count Amdis: "But what if I got a moon and stars on my neck?

It'd be like a cosmic vampire collar."

Thana: "Amdis, you're centuries old. You don't need a cosmic collar. You need therapy."

Count Amdis: "Fine, fine. Maybe I'll just get a tiny bat on my wrist. Something subtle."

Thana: "Subtle? Amdis, you're a walking Gothic novel. You're not fooling anyone."

Count Amdis: "Okay, okay. Maybe I'll just stick to my usual look; pale skin, sharp fangs, and a cape."

Thana: "That's the spirit. Now, let's go terrorize some villagers."



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Count Amdis: "And afterward, maybe we can get matching fang tattoos."

Thana: "Oh, Amdis. You're impossible."

In the shadowed vale of Narragansett Town, where the moon hung heavy in a velvet sky, there was a section of a town nearby that had not known the warmth of sunlight for centuries. This was the domain of Count Amdis, a vampire of ancient lineage, whose estate

perched like a brooding raven on the pier with a full view of the town.

Some of the townsfolk of Narragansett Town spoke in hushed tones of the nights when the bats would come, a dark cloud of flapping wings and piercing eyes that filled the sky. It was said that these were no ordinary bats, but the transformed minions of

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Count Amdis, sent to remind the people of his eternal watch over them. Others thought it was all a bullshit conspiracy theory, concocted by internet websites which wanted everyone to stay home and search for nothing.

One fateful evening, as the crimson hue of twilight bled into the horizon, an ominous wind began to howl through the streets.

Doors were barred, candles snuffed out, and prayers to Mark Zuckerberg were whispered fervently as the first of the bats swooped low over the town. Their shadows danced upon the walls like specters, and the air was filled with the sound of their leathery wings.

Many people cowered in their homes, fearing to even peek through the curtains, lest they catch the eye of the vampire lord. Tales had been passed down through two generations of those who had vanished, spirited away by the bats, never to be seen again, except on Youtube.

But amidst the terror, there was one in particular who did not fear the night or its winged heralds. Young Lena, with hair as black as raven feathers and eyes that sparkled like the stars, stepped out into the open square. She was not like the others; she had been born during an eclipse and possessed a courage that was unmatched.

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As the bats descended upon her, she stood her ground, her voice clear and unwavering as she spoke an ancient incantation known only to her family. The air shimmered around her, and one by one, the bats began to retreat, their forms shifting and twisting until they were but mere shadows that faded into the night.

Word of Lena's bravery spread like wildfire, and soon, Count Amdis himself became intrigued. He had not encountered such a fearless soul in all his centuries. One night, he appeared before her, not as a fearsome beast, but as a gentleman clad in a cloak as dark as the abyss.

"You have something that I have long since lost, young Lena," he said, his voice a melodic whisper. "The courage to stand against the darkness."

Lena met his gaze, her heart steady. "And you have something I seek, my lord," she replied. "The power to end this curse upon my town."

A pact was struck that night, one that would see Count Amdis agree to relinquish his hold over the bats and the town, in exchange for Lena's promise to visit his castle once a year, on the night of the eclipse, to remind him of the darkness that still existed in the world.

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And so, the town of Narragansett was freed from the terror of the bats, and in the days that followed, a fragile peace settled between the vampire lord and the people. Lena became a legend, her story a beacon of hope that even in the darkest of nights, courage could shine the brightest.

But, he lied and soon the terror re-commenced.

The Count and his countless bats swooped, making some of the residents of Narragansett Town re-evaluate their feelings about

Lena, now considering her just another niggardly fifteen minute wonder.

Count Amdis, leaning against a coffin: "Thana, my love, do you ever wonder why we vampires are so misunderstood?"

Thana, deadpanning with an incredulous tone: "Don't you realize?"

It's that you're jumping all over the place, with no discernable consistent plot line, at the risk that recent research shows that three quarters of the dummies will insist upon simple coherence. Taking this in another direction, are you now indicating to me that you want to be popular? What happened to the Count Amdis I first met, who told me that if he were popular he'd know for certain that he was trite. After all this time,

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please don't now tell me that you're interested in fang blockers."

Count Amdis: "You may not know that keeping these things sharp isn't exactly a natural process. It takes the mind deadening vigor of the likes of a Mark Leyner or one of his poor wannabees to keep up appearances for the fake amused benefit of only the samizdat, MFA, New-Yorker-type reviewers."

Thana, painting her nails with blood red polish: "Count Amdis, darling, you're over intellectualizing. It's merely because we're nocturnal creatures who drink blood and have an aversion to garlic. Plus, the whole immortality thing tends to freak people out."

Count Amdis: "True, true. More or less, on a simplistic level. But honestly, I think it's our fashion choices. Capes, ruffled shirts, and those pointy boots. No wonder humans think we're the second coming of the Beatles."

Thana, giggling: "And don't forget the dramatic entrances. You know, swooping down from the rafters like a gothic chandelier.

It's a wonder we don't get tangled in cobwebs."

Count Amdis: "Speaking of cobwebs, Thana, have you noticed how they're the ultimate vampire home decor? I mean, who needs IKEA when you can just drape everything in spider silk?"

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Thana, fluffing her hair: "Agreed! And let's not forget our favorite pastime; brooding. Nothing says 'eternal torment' like staring out a window while it rains. Bonus points if you're holding a goblet of blood."

Count Amdis: "Ah, yes. The goblet. It's like our version of a Starbucks cup. 'Grande Blooduccino, please. Extra plasma.'"

Thana, leaning in closer: "Count Amdis, do you ever wish we could just blend in with humans? You know, go to a regular coffee shop and order a pumpkin spice latte without causing a scene?"

Count Amdis, sighing: "Thana, my dear, we're centuries old.

We've seen empires rise and fall. We've witnessed the invention of the selfie stick. We can't just 'blend in.' Besides, our Instagram game would be weak. #EternalNightlife."

Thana: "Fair point. But sometimes I dream of a simpler life.

Maybe open a blood bank together. 'Count Amdis and Thana's O-Negative Emporium.'"

Count Amdis, clasping her hand: "Thana, you complete me. Our love is like a stake through the heart; painful yet oddly satisfying."

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Thana, batting her eyelashes: "And when we kiss, it's like fireworks exploding in a graveyard. Sparks, fangs, and a hint of glorious decay."

Count Amdis, nuzzling her neck: "Speaking of glorious decay, darling, have you tried the new artisanal blood popsicles?"

They're all the rage in Transylvania."

Thana, licking her lips: "Oh, Count Amdis, you know the way to my heart; or at least the general vicinity."

Count Amdis, whispering: "Thana, will you be my forever ghoulfriend?"

Thana, smiling: "Count Amdis, I'd follow you into the abyss. But first, let's raid the fridge. I'm craving some midnight snacks; maybe a bat shaped cookie or a vial of vintage Type A."

Count Amdis, taking her hand: "Agreed. And Thana?"

Thana: "Yes, my dark prince?"

Count Amdis, leaning in: "I want to thuck your strawberry smoothie." He winks.

And so, in the moonlight, Count Amdis and Thana continued their banter, proving that even immortal creatures can find love in the darkest corners of existence.

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Denmark News

The boys received an e-mail.

To: Karl and Ernst

From: Mom and Dad

Subject: Our Amazing Adventure in Reykjavik II!

Dear Karl and Ernst;

We hope this email finds you well. We took a trip over the Norwegian Sea to Denmark. Six hours! From Reykjavik to Copenhagen. We were surprised to see that the same BS that is going on in the US is also going on in Denmark. No matter where or who, dark migrant criminals have many things in common; one of which is to ruin White progress and quality of life. We don't suppose that they teach you this in school. Read the copied news report. Even the old boomer hippies are fed up.

Denmark Shuts Down Cannabis Street in Christiania Hippie Enclave Copenhagen (Reuters) - Residents in Copenhagen's famous hippie enclave Christiania began digging up its main street known for its cannabis trade on Saturday, hoping to free the area of foreign darkie criminal gangs following multiple deadly shootings.

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After tolerating the illegal sale of cannabis for more than fifty years in the former army barracks claimed by hippies during the 1970s, authorities and the residents of Christiania decided this year to dig up what has relatively recently become known to locals as "Thug Pusher Street."

Like any politicians who are better at symbolism and histrionics than results, Justice Minister Peter Hummelgaard and Copenhagen's Lord Mayor Sophie Haestorp Andersen held an unearthed cobblestone at Thug Pusher Street and waved it to the press and crowd as a symbol of change.

Freetown Christiania had developed into a major tourist attraction with more than half a million visitors a year, but an increase in gang violence linked to drug trafficking in the area has concerned both residents and authorities, the latter really only because it has diminished the number of visitors, with their attendant money and taxes by fifty per cent, though the politicians would never admit this simple truth, and prefer to engage in other false platitudes.

"We have always said we support free hash but it's not any longer possible," said Hulda Mader, a spokesperson for Christiania. "We want the street to be ours again."

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Police have in recent years removed the cannabis booths from time to time only to see them rebuilt shortly after.

"Thug Pusher Street has to die in order for Christiania to live," the Mayor of Copenhagen Sophie Hæstorp Andersen told Reuters.

"The crime scene we have seen here has been so violent. ... We cannot have a Christiania that is dying out because people don't dare to be here and where we see the local Christianites being threatened by greedy pushers and dealers."

A thirty year old man was fatally shot and four more were injured in the streets of Christiania, the most recent of several deadly shootings linked to organized foreign crime.

Locals were invited to claim cobble stones as souvenirs from the famous street on Saturday, after police tore down the booths.

"To me, Thug Pusher Street is actually the least unique, right?"

It is what I associate with violence, gangs, murder, threats, darkies, invasion, and everything which are actually antonyms to what Christiania is," said Mathilde Brandstrup, a Christiania local.

"Gangs are not cool. We like the arts, the sixties, pot, peace and love."

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Danish police will remain present in Christiania and in the surrounding area "as long as it is necessary" to prevent sales of illegal drugs resuming, Deputy Chief Superintendent Simon Hansen said.

The residents in Christiania live autonomously with self-declared rules, although they are not recognized as their own town by Copenhagen authorities.

Thug Pusher Street "has deteriorated into being a really not very nice place," said Hulda Mader, spokeswoman for the Christianites.

"The darkies fight each other, they fight innocent people and they are violent," she added.

"We're going to clear the area. So we are removing all the shops and the small cannabis shops. That's our first task in the morning," Mader said.

While the shops have always reappeared after being destroyed several times by the police, this time the actual cobblestones will be torn up.

"We'll take the cobblestones and give them to people who want some. That's just a sign that Thug Pusher Street is changing from a pushers' street to something else," Mader explained.

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For Mader, who is in her 70s and has lived in the area since 1994, it is important that most of the area's 1,000 or so residents support the action, which is being carried out in cooperation with the police and the City of Copenhagen.

"Their commitment is crucial," said Copenhagen mayor Sophie Haestorp. "It is the first time ever that they united and agreed to take a stand against the rising crime and insecurity in their neighborhood. Digging up the street and making it a construction site will inevitably make it very difficult to sell. But it's just the beginning."

In 1971, a group of hippies founded the "Free City of Christiania" in an abandoned barrack to create a municipality which, according to its statute, "belongs to everyone and to no one" and where every decision is taken collectively. Now it belongs to the foreign darkie bum gangs.

In the 84 acre waterside enclave, the sale and consumption of cannabis was technically illegal but tolerated, but selectively and virtually never enforced like that of a US Department of Justice "pursuit" of a felonious Democrat, making it a hotspot for drug trafficking.

"About five or ten years ago, it was primarily White locals. But right now we see that it's mostly foreign darkie gangs that

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drive this drug market," Copenhagen police officer Simon Hansen explained.

Since Christiania, contrary to urban legend, is part of Denmark, police raids in the area have recently become more frequent.

"For too long we have accepted that pushers were selling weed and drugs like strawberries and freshly picked peas in a market," Haestorp Andersen said.

Recently, the locals blocked access to the free city for non-residents for one day "in the hope of freeing Christiania from the tyranny of darkie gangs." The neighborhood usually sees around half a million tourists a year, though that is now halved, and quartered if you don't count illegal aliens.

The police arrested some 900 people in connection with drug trafficking in the area in 2023. No figures were given for the quantities of drugs seized.

Christiania is located on an island abundant with greenery, where you can hear birds chirping.

But with this "new chapter," the residents want to "clean the street up and make it nice again," Mads Claus Rasmussen said.

"We'll paint the buildings and rebuild them and all sorts of things."



Elephant Rock, Iceland

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"We want to be associated with what we were associated with before. ... Art, culture and plays," she continued, making it "a nice place for people to come and chill out."

Christiania is located on an island abundant with greenery, where you can hear birds chirping. Along with the wish to end drug trafficking, the community wants to capitalize on the neighborhood's postcard image and the artistic vitality.

We visited Elephant Rock, Iceland. It's freakishly real and huge, like a depiction of the giants dying.

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On a less relevant matter, contrary to popular libtard belief, at least as the proven liars state it, never before has an election mattered less.

The US is fully ruled by the UniParty. "Democrat" Poopants is a darkie loving ninny. "Republican" Mike Johnson is a cheaply bought sap. No matter what, the US borders will still be open, your money will still go to the jews in Israel and Ukraine, the multicultural-LGBTQ agenda will continue unabated and the rights of legal US Whites will dwindle and dwindle, until there are none.

The color of the politicians' tie that is doing it does not matter. It was brought here by some jew.

"Corrupted by wealth and power, your government is like a restaurant with only one dish. They've got a set of Republican waiters on one side and a set of Democratic waiters on the other side. But no matter which set of waiters brings you the dish, the legislative grub is all prepared in the same Wall Street kitchen." – Huey Long

Ha. He might have said Wall Street AND jews. It was a jew who shot him to death while he was surrounded by about fifty

"bodyguards." Most everyone is available for a price; and not an

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exceptionally high one at that. If anyone thinks that is atrocious they ought to see Narragansett Town.

Stay safe for the time being in Narragansett Pier.

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Revisit Plus One

Karl: "The lights are on again."

Ernst: "If you didn't know, contrary to popular opinion, vampires and bats are fascinated by the light. They follow it.

If you don't believe me try using the riding mower with the lights on after dark."

Karl: "You must be getting your misinformation from those dumb right wing sites."

Ernst: "Yeah, right. As if Fakebook and their 'democratic,' truth seeking government backers are excellent sources."

Karl: "I have an idea. Let's go over there in the afternoon.

We'll take a stake and a crucifix."

Ernst: "Let's not and say we did. Besides, the vampire is not bothering us."

Karl: "Yet. Well, I've already committed to going there with my girlfriend, Lena. If you're afraid to come along; fine."

Ernst: "Lena Fair?"

Karl: "Yes, fair Lena."

Ernst: "Doesn't she live in Narragansett Town?"

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Karl: "I think that she lives in Narragansett Pier now."

Ernst: "Didn't she get involved with some vampire crap in Narragansett Town before?"

Karl: "I don't know and I don't care what gossips may say about her. I have my own good experience."

Ernst: "Didn't George Custer say something like that right before Little Bighorn?"

Karl: "I don't know. Let's find out what kind of nonsense the net has regarding that. Oh, look; a play on WattPad."

Title: "Custer's Curious Oversight"

Scene: A dusty military tent in the heart of the Wild West.

General George Custer, sporting a flamboyant feathered hat, sits at a makeshift desk cluttered with maps and half empty whiskey bottles. His loyal aide, Lieutenant Bartholomew, nervously enters.

Lieutenant Bartholomew: General Custer, sir! Urgent news from our Injun scouts! The Sioux tribe is gathering in force just beyond the ridge. They're armed and ready for battle!

General Custer, leaning back in his chair, twirling his mustache" Ah, Lieutenant, my boy! Excellent timing. I was just contemplating the intricacies of my latest embroidery project.

You see, I've been working on a lovely depiction of a prancing unicorn. Quite fetching, if I do say so myself.

Lieutenant Bartholomew, sweating profusely" Sir, this isn't the time for embroidery! The Sioux are massing, and they're not here to discuss needlework. We need to prepare our troops!

General Custer waves a dismissive hand: Nonsense, Bartholomew!

Those reports of Injuns are greatly exaggerated. Probably just a few bored buffalo hunters playing dress up. Besides, I've been

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busy organizing a square dance for the officers. It's essential for morale, you know.

Lieutenant Bartholomew, visibly frustrated and shaking: But sir, the scouts say there are thousands of them! They've even spotted Crazy Horse himself, riding a painted pony and chanting ominous war songs.

General Custer takes a sip of whiskey: Oh, splendid! I've always wanted to learn a good war chant. Perhaps I'll join them later.

You know, mix and mingle. Show off my dance moves. Do the

"Custer Shuffle."

Lieutenant Bartholomew: General, we're outnumbered! We must fortify our position, send for reinforcements, and

General Custer, interrupting: Reinforcements? My dear Bartholomew, I've sent them all to fetch me the finest silk ribbons from the East. A man can't lead a cavalry charge without proper accessorizing, you know.

Lieutenant Bartholomew pulls at his hair: Sir, this is madness!

The Sioux are closing in! We need

General Custer, leaning forward, eyes gleaming: Ah, Bartholomew, you lack vision! Imagine the headlines: "General Custer Defeats Sioux Tribe with a Polka Dance-Off!" The world will marvel at my grace and rhythm. And the Sioux? They'll be too busy clapping to fight.

Lieutenant Bartholomew despairing: General, I beg you

General Custer stands dramatically: Fear not, my loyal aide! I shall lead our troops into battle, armed with nothing but a kazoo and a jaunty tune. Victory awaits! Now fetch me my sequined boots. It's time to waltz into history!

And so, dear reader, General George Custer sashayed into oblivion, leaving behind a legacy of questionable decision making and fabulous dance moves. The Sioux, bemused by the spectacle, decided to postpone their war plans and join the square dance. And that, my friends, is how the Battle of Little Bighorn became the world's most glittery showdown.

Karl: "See, as I suspected; no damages."

Ernst: "That's just some stupid fiction on WattPad."

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Karl: "So you want some stupid fiction from Wikipedia?"

Ernst: "I'd like to see a video taken with a smart phone."

Karl: "Little brother, they didn't have smart phones in Custer's time. Besides, even if they did, someone would have developed the software to seamlessly edit it."

Ernst: "So you reject all information?"

Karl: "Except Peter Lorre's. Don't you just love the way he pronounces een-fo-maay-tion? Little brother; are you not aware that the Year of Post Truth was more than a decade ago?"

Ernst: "My net sources say it never happened."

Karl: "So, you agree?"

Ernst: "As if it mattered."

Karl: "Yu be gotz yusself sum potential, boy."

Ernst: "Tell you what. Let's get some sleep now and tomorrow afternoon I'm with you and Lena Fair."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The next afternoon, the trio met and took the Whitel family, wooden boat that had been in their family for generations.

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The destination was the Furay residence, as they called it, a grand house on a jutting pier with two hundred and seventy degrees of ocean views. As they glided over the mild afternoon ocean waves, Lena, Karl and Ernst hardly spoke. The time for that had past and Lena had no desire to advertise her interest in adventure, especially while she knew that Karl and Ernst were most drawn toward not revealing their mutual sense of trepidation.

The journey seemed as succinct as Lena's cut off dungaree shorts, the end frays of which seemed to flutter and lap at her upper thighs, much in the same way the ocean lapped at the row boat.

Soon, the Furay residence looked larger than life. The brothers docked their boat in the dugout canal which partially ran through the structure's center, being the only one there. Since vampires can fly, ostensibly they don't need a boat. Lena in front, Karl, and Ernst ascended the winding path to the house.

Even in the sun, the air was thick with the musty scent of decay. The entrance was hidden behind a veil of thick ivy, with the only path leading to it being a narrow, winding trail obscured by the overhanging branches of ancient trees.

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They pushed open the heavy front door. As the trio explored, they felt the weight of unseen eyes upon them, and the air was heavy with the echo of whispers from the past.

As they stepped further and further inside, the air grew noticeably cooler, and the scent of damp earth and aged stone filled their senses.

The dimly lit cavern was adorned with cobwebs, ancient tapestries, and eerie candlelight. The air smelled of dampness and secrets. Karl and Ernst Whitel and Lena Fair, wide eyed and the former two trembling, stepped cautiously into the lair.

Ernst, whispering: "Lena, are you sure about this? I mean, breaking into a vampire's lair? It's insane."

Lena, grinning: "Ernst, it's just a dare. Besides, vampires aren't real. It's all folklore and makeup. We'll prove it tonight."

They followed the flickering candlelight deeper into the lair.

The walls seemed to close in on them, threatening a crushing meet.

Karl, nervously: "What if you're wrong? What if there's an actual vampire lurking here?"

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Lena: "Relax, Karl. We've got our garlic necklaces and wooden stakes. What could go wrong?"

They reached a heavy velvet curtain. Lena pushed it aside, revealing a grand throne. And there, sitting regally, was Count Amdis, clad in a crimson velvet cape.

Count Amdis, smiling: "Ah, visitors! How delightful. Come closer, young ones."

Karl, Ernst and Lena exchanged glances. Count Amdis's teeth were suspiciously white, as if his mouth had overdosed on Swissclip Teeth Whitening Foam Toothpaste.

Karl, whispering: "Lena, his teeth! They're too perfect."

Lena: "Shhhh. Let's play along."

They approached the Count, who gestured to the ornate chalice on a nearby table.

Count Amdis: "A toast to our unexpected guests. You've stumbled upon my humble abode. I am Count Amdis, the last of the true vampires."

Ernst raised an eyebrow. Lena nudged him.

Lena, cheerfully: "Count, we've heard so much about your legendary powers. Mind showing us a little vampire magic?"

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Count Amdis grinned, highlighting his "fangs."

Count Amdis: "Very well. Behold!"

He waved his hand, and the candles flickered. But nothing else happened.

Ernst, unimpressed: "That's it? A flickering candle in a mild breeze?"

Lena, leaning in, like a stooping dentist: "Count, your fangs

... they look so ... fake."

Count Amdis' eyes widened, and he quickly covered his mouth.

Count Amdis: "Nonsense! My fangs are ... uh ... authentic! Now, about that toast." He reached for the chalice, but Lena snatched it away.

Lena, smirking: "Count, what's in this chalice? Tomato juice?"

Cranberry?"

Count Amdis stammered: "Well, you see, I'm on a special diet.

Vampires can't drink blood only and all the time, you know."

Ernst pulled out a compact mirror from his pocket.

Ernst: "Lena, look. His reflection. It's crystal clear."

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The Nolo Contendre Plea with a Long Explanation Count Amdis's face reddened.

Lena, leaning in: "Count, you're not a vampire. You're a fraud!"

Count Amdis slumped in defeat.

Count Amdis: "Fine, fine! I'm an actor. The whole vampire thing is contrived to keep me going here. But don't tell anyone!"

Karl, Ernst and Lena bursted into laughter.

Ernst: "So much for the undead."

Lena, to Count Amdis: "You owe us a good scare, at least."

Count Amdis: "I don't think that's any longer possible. Look, I'm just trying to keep this house safe from invaders, squatters, and bums in general. You know how the authorities favor them now. The bonehead Joe Jukraine Poopants family's America is a crime and disease ridden catastrophe, imported by him and his Democrat machine at the expense of the law abiding, hard working, legitimate, American citizens. It is a landscape of unvetted, unvaccinated, filthy, darkie beggars imported from the most fetid shit holes on earth. It is miles of urban streets littered with tents and needles and human waste, a landscape of

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violence and mayhem and sex trafficking. How a single rational American could vote for more of this madness is inconceivable.

I'm really Béla Ferenc Dezső Blaskó, Alistair Fuhray's longtime butler, and I have no intention of leaving here. His widow has abandoned the house, and cannot sell it for any reasonable price because of the 'suicide.' She employed me to take care of the place and that's what I'm doing, though I'm not sure it's exactly what she had expected, but you never know. The bums won't mess with vampires, so I'm providing them with one as a Narragansett Pier deterrent. Besides, there's no way I'm going back to Narragansett Town. I mean like, gag me with a spoon."

Lena, smirking: "So, as an actor you transcend the ... How does one say? ... The hardest edge of truth."

Bela: "As an actor, the allure of the vampire role is one that transcends the mere act of playing a character. It's about embodying an archetype that has haunted the human imagination for centuries. The vampire is a figure of complexity and contradiction, embodying both danger and desire, fear and fascination.

When I approach the role of a vampire, I'm not just putting on a costume and fangs; I'm stepping into a narrative rich with history and symbolism. The vampire is a mirror to our own

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humanity, reflecting our fears about mortality, our desires for immortality, and the primal instincts that lie beneath our civilized veneer.

To play a vampire is to explore the boundaries of human experience, to delve into the darkness and emerge with a performance that is both chilling and captivating. It's a chance to bring to life the eternal

dance between predator and prey, to give voice to the silent whispers of the night, and to become the embodiment of the eternal outsider, looking in on a world that is both home and prison.

This role is a journey into the depths of the human psyche, an exploration of the shadows where our deepest fears and desires reside. It's an opportunity to confront the darkness within and without, to transform it into an artistic expression that can move, terrify, and enchant an audience.

In the end, the reason I play a vampire is not just for the thrill of the performance, but for the chance to connect with something timeless and universal, something that speaks to the very core of what it means to be human. It's a role that demands everything I have to give as an actor, and in return, offers a piece of immortality. That, in itself, is a compelling reason to

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embrace the night and become the creature of legend that is the vampire.

Vampires are rich in symbolism and have been interpreted in various ways across cultures and history. Here's a deeper look into the symbolism associated with vampires: Rebellion: Vampires often symbolize rebellion against societal norms due to their secretive and anti-norm existence.

Fear of Disease and Death: They represent the human fear of disease, mortality, and the fragility of life.

Immortality: The concept of immortality within vampires reflects the human desire for eternal life or a fear of death.

Sexuality and Temptation: Vampires are frequently portrayed as seductive beings, symbolizing desires, temptations, and forbidden sexuality.

Power and Dominance: Their depiction as powerful and dominant beings evokes both a desire for power and a fear of those who wield it.

Transformation and Duality: The vampire's ability to transform into creatures like bats or wolves symbolizes their dual nature; both human and animalistic.

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The Supernatural: Vampires are often associated with the supernatural realm, highlighting themes of power, transformation, and duality.

These symbols are woven into the fabric of vampire mythology, making them compelling figures that continue to fascinate and terrify audiences around the world. Each symbol carries a wealth of meaning, contributing to the layered and complex portrayal of vampires in literature and popular culture."

Lena, Karl, and Ernst abandoned what they had been stifling, and, like an overly ripe pimple, broke out in sustained laughter.

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The Realpolitik

Bela: "Okay, just consider this, my intrusive, green

'sophisticates.' A long time ago and very far away, the path I was on brought me to the crossroads. One path seemed clear, predictable, and safe. The other was overgrown in its longstanding 'wildness,' like the sixties 'rebel' still rebelling against the undue and non-existent influence of the

'fascist' right wing minority in 2024. Not having a 'none of the above' option, I somewhat disinterestedly made the rational choice, and I walked that safe path for many years until I recently reached its end. Now, all these years later, having circled, I find myself back at that same crossroads, and even though there probably isn't enough time left to follow that less predictable and less travelled path to its end, I can still perhaps wander down it part way, just to see what there is to see.

Like I said, I'm not going back to that place. I'll die here of a stake in the heart first. I'll die here of drowning first.

I'll die here of teenage parasites first.

My recollection remains quite vivid. The last time I was in Narragansett Town the only other Caucasian was an older half-hippy looking woman who shops REI clearance only for her hemp

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clothes and is probably helping some communists dig a well somewhere.

The Tupak Shakur International Airport is a perfect metaphor for Narragansett Town. It existed in some previously named form since

the 1930s, grew, collapsed, then grew again. The French built a terminal in the fifties, and then the US dropped in a pair of two mile runways and a bunch of jet ways and aprons. For a few years, it became the busiest military airbase in the world, and then that stopped when the Vietnam War ended. After 1975, Pan Am opted out, and the airport only did light domestic duty for the next three decades. Then the capitalists started flying 747s to the city again, and things massively grew, especially the number of illegal aliens and tents. They built a giant international terminal in 2007, expanded the old, now domestic, terminal tenfold, and traffic grew accordingly. But unlike the Hong Kong airport with its giant mall like concourse, this one looked strictly utilitarian. It's drab, with primary colors and outdated trim, and looks like the old Indianapolis airport circa 1978, or a Midwestern grade school built by the lowest bidder in 1981.

And I'm always tempted to fill these in with 'Siðmennt, félag siðrænna húmanista á Íslandi' or 'Siðmennt, Icelandic Society of Moral Humanists' in plain English, but I don't want to get stuck



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in a holding room for six hours having to explain Icelandic humanism to someone who really doesn't get the joke.

It all hit me; the wall of heat generated by the light reflecting off the garbage strewn streets, the bright sun, the government issue tents, the thousands of people outside, the lines of cabbies looking for fares, the motorcycles everywhere.

I didn't know what to expect, but my only point of comparison is my time in Bangalore, and Narragansett Town is Bangalore times ten. Bangalore has no height restrictions and said fuck it, you can build a fifty story tower if you give the right democrat a suitcase of money. They'll say that they're issuing variances to provide affordable housing, none of which is truly affordable, while the purchased variances line their pockets. There's the same frenetic energy, mopeds everywhere, people slaughtering

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animals in the street or selling dialysis machines from rickshaws, or cooking food on an open pit on the sidewalk. The

'new' stuff, it's like India too, where someone randomly builds an all chrome Prada store and it's next to an open air slaughterhouse. But, the unbroken bones of the city still are a mix of feudal architecture and French colonialism, with bits of Americana tacked on, like a Rembrandt that some 'climate activists' doused with a paint bucket. And then a guy is selling fruit off a moped, and he's got a little bullhorn that's playing a tape loop or something over and over in Vietnamese, and with the distortion and the traffic, I'm expecting him to start yelling 'Fuck you GI! Fuck you GI!' like in 'Apocalypse Now.'

I got to District 1, and went for a walk. The heat was absolutely overwhelming. It was supposedly 90, but fuck the scientific instruments, it felt like over 100. Almost nothing had air conditioning. This was not Las Vegas or even Singapore.

This was more like the 'liberated' district of Portland, Oregon or Mogadishu, Somalia. The Hotel Narragansett was a narrow building in a row of narrow buildings at a night market. The entire block was filled with occupied tents, abandoned Walmart pushcarts, drug paraphernalia, other strewn about garbage, awnings and people selling stuff; drugs, Blue-Ray snuff, cases of soda, boxes of snacks, fish, slabs of meat, vegetables, bags,

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everything. Various food stalls were buried in the shops, and after the morning, it was always packed with traffic, mopeds, carts, motorcycles, and people shopping.

I thought I'd walk to a McDonald's for lunch to sort of ease into things, and their facility was some weird standing, room only alley

with the kiosks and I guess you take your Big Mac and go sit in the street and eat it. They looked like the worst possible golden arches I've ever seen in my life, and that includes the ones in the lower Bronx. I went to a giant hotel and ate at the 'French Patisserie' which was just paninis and pre-packaged salads, like the sandwich shop you'd go to in an office park in Schaumburg or Auschwitz.

I thought it would be dumb fun to find a Catholic Irish Pub.

There was one place a mile away. It's the same setup as what I saw in Poland last year or what would be in Bloomington or Brooklyn or anywhere else now that everything's been copied and franchised; the green shamrock, the sepia tone pictures of Irish laborers on the walls, etc., etc. The first floor was the bar, which was full of bald headed, Irish by way of Eritrea, Sudan, Somalia, the Congo, or Burundi; expatriate 'blokes' wearing football jerseys and trousers which commenced somewhere around knee level. The dining room on the second floor was completely empty, and believe it or not, I wasn't the least bit surprised.

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There was an outside view of the obvious ones, young people on a gap year, backpacking across the cheap parts of the Northwestern US, staying in hostels and Instagramming the whole thing. I can distinguish them by their young age, their look, their tattoos, their gear. Maybe they have trust funds; maybe the internet has democratized this to a degree. I don't know and I don't care.

I think other people either come to Narragansett Town on a quest or in defeat. Like they punched out of corporate life after their third divorce and came here to live on ten grand a year and try to forget that it's Third World. Or they're running some off shoring business to kill off jobs in the US, but wish they were back in what remains of the real US, so they find the one Irish bar and pretend they're in Dublin or Dayton or Aurora, without deigning to come in.

I went to the top floor of Hotel Narragansett, which is the 8th, but the G floor with the lobby is really the 'second' floor, and there is no 4th floor. The explanation is boring and typical, and is likely done just to keep the traditionalists off balance.

The restaurant was upstairs, so basically ten floors up. It was half open, half a deck facing the river. In the morning, the temps are only in the mid-seventies, like a later date Bob Dylan song, and the humidity isn't there yet, and the traffic is almost quiet, save for some jerk, inept garbage man gunning it

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on a Harley, with no patches on his denim jacket, perfectly willing to tell you how the Town Of Narragansett discriminates against him and 'his kind.' No, his intent isn't a humor, other than the crass audience's penchant to laugh at cripples. The panorama is this mix ranging from brand new chrome and glass skyscrapers, eighties Soviet looking block housing, and colonial apartment towers that are eight feet wide and look like they survived an airstrike fifty years ago and were just fixed with tarps and chicken wire. Roosters crowed to start the day, but the serious traffic hadn't started yet, and it was otherwise as quiet as a 'teen' who dindu nuffin.

I did not know this but I was in the red light district, which was disconcerting upon its discovery. Lots of ladies shoved flyers in my face and yelled hello at me. This was not invitations to straight up brothels, but more of the Japanese hostess bar model. Buy 'lady drinks' for triple the normal cost and they pretend to be your friend. Is 'Phatty's Bar and Grill'

a 'Chili's' ripoff or a tub and tug joint? You don't know until you're in there. Also most restaurants are like nine feet wide, no air conditioning, with preferred outdoor seating on little plastic step stools, well worth the asking price.

I decided to go to Town Center, which houses a big Westfield style suburban mall, seven stories plus an office tower. Tons of

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food and lots of American stores, like "Coach," "Nike," and an MLB store. I went to the basement food court and ended up at McDonald's as a goof, not sure who that goof was on.

Again outside, I was inundated with mopeds inches away, some carrying groceries, dog and cat lunchables, that bendy lumber endemic to Home Depot, a month of chopsticks in crates, Crumb comics in protective bags long after the damage had been done, whatever. I started at a Muslim mosque, which was low light, but had the requisite Jacob's Ladder effect from holes in the ceiling letting in some light, then candles and tons of incense smoke swirling around. I spent most of my time in 'the maze.'

This was a sort of night market and residential area, which I normally never would have ventured or even found. It was like an entire city block of tube houses where each unit was roughly nine by nine feet, and four stories tall, like Gavin Newsom's vision of California. At street level, they had open doors like garage doors, and the rows of houses were maybe six feet apart, with a narrow alley that was used for walking, motorcycles, storage, cooking, work, slaughtering animals, and everything else. The ground floors were all random businesses; rice wholesalers, variety stores, knife collector's emporiums, kiddie porn retailers, salons, print shops, motorcycle repair shops, fish mongers, purveyors of banned, old Disney films replete with

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'Song of the South,' or just someone's 'living' room with Big Pun's 'That Nigger Shit' blaring for the majority who weren't fully conversant in Old English.

So a walk down an alley would be something like: Older woman on the ground in the alley, cooking a hundred eggs over medium on a small gas grill to ship off on a moped to a hotel. Note to moi; don't eat eggs for the rest of the trip.

Ten feet away, a teenager drenching parts of a 50cc engine with brake cleaner and letting it run into the drain in the middle of the alley.

Someone laying on the mat on the floor watching the lottery numbers on a fifty inch Samsung hooked up to someone's outdoor meter.

Four shirtless guys with lots of bad tattoos playing pool under a harsh single bulb like the interrogation room in a war movie.

A teenaged girl watching TikTok and sitting in a room full of bags of rice as a bug eyed, seemingly crazed Uber driver with a machete stacks a purchase onto the back of a Honda.

A fish monger breaking down some random fish I've never seen in my life and putting the guts in a kettle of curried stew.

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A guy wants to show me his chubby little terrier. Cute dog. I look over and there are cages of roosters being raised for cock fights.

Etc., etc., etc. So many people on top of each other, so many businesses, such big families. There are also were so many kids.

When I got out of the maze, school was letting out, and there were thousands and thousands of teens in uniforms, getting on bikes and talking on cell phones. There was a wall of mopeds, like every Honda built from 1947 to present was on this main drag. Darkies slowed down near the children to say; 'Yu mudder sind me ta git yu.'

I was amazed how they all phrased exactly alike, before realizing that this was just the product of another urban franchise.

I headed across the river to a District 4 apartment complex. The stark contrast of this new construction sprouting up everywhere.

I went to this bombed out old apartment complex for whatever reason. It was a c shaped place, open on the inside like an old motel.

I read and horsed around on the computer for a minute, downloading photos and looking at maps; until one of the homeless bums hovered over me "requesting" a cigarette, while I wasn't smoking, don't smoke, and thereby don't have any

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cigarettes. Rather than make excuses which only further encourage the darkie bums, I think I surprised him by saying;

'Fuck off, asshole.' I figured it was best to leave before the dazed cretin recuperated. I went over to Bitexco Financial Tower, which is a 68 story skyscraper right on the river, built as the tallest building in Narragansett Town, and now used to house illegal alien darkies, who occasionally spill out into the street to protest the denial of their constitutional rights to have a White 'girlfriend.' I had a ticket to go to the 49th floor observation deck, which I got for free from Expedia. It was about worth that price, honestly. It's a very sterile environment, and reminded me of going to the Sears Tower as a kid. You're in this building with a million offices, but you don't see anything or have any context. You're just shot to the top in an elevator and it could be a hundred or a thousand or a million or twelve stories. Who can tell and who cares?

Across the river, District 2 is weird. It looks mostly vacant, except for the occasional Soviet era brutalist building, or a brand new apartment 'community' that looks like it was thrown up in a Denver

suburb in 2007. I'm thinking this was a poor district that got completely ignored for ages and now development is just starting now that there are bridges over there.

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I wandered after that, and went to the Hotel Jesse Jackson. I ducked inside to look at the lobby, and didn't stay long. It's one big room, a straight shot with four DEI type people at a desk nothing but doing staring at me, reminiscent of Walmart. I took a quick look at the history mural next to the gift shop, mostly fake and stolen jewelry in there, no logo polo shirts, and they mention Imamu Amiri Baraka having lived there, but of course gloss over Hunter Thompson's brief stay in room 37. By the time I left, it was noon, a hundred degrees out, and the sun was pounding down full force.

I went to the only German restaurant in town. It was straight up old school American Bavarian food, full menu. Asked for a speisekarte, bitte, and as it turns out they speak less German than English. Fair enough. Got a bretzel mit käse, und currywurst. Tasted like the curry was made with their weirdo ketchup, so I scraped it off and used a bottle of 'US mustard,'

A/K/A generic yellow mustard. The sausage was also slightly off in consistency, like the fat ratio was wrong. Oh well. Great posters of little known Joachim von Ribbentrop on the wall, probably from eBay, or actually they were all low resolution and maybe they just printed them from the JPEGs on an eBay listing.

I wandered around more. Went to the giant statue of Uncle Ho and it's more fun to pretend to take pictures of the statue but

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actually take pictures of the people posing in front of the statue, and try to catch them before or after they stiffly post for their spouse or tour guide. I'd run into westerners and say hi, and most were

tourists from New Zealand or France or some other European country. I had a street food tour. The tour was

... something. It was maybe an hour walk, off in district 3. I left at 5:00PM and got to experience rush hour in full force as the sun was going down. Imagine the entire Indianapolis 500

track filled wall to wall with Honda 50cc scooters, all idling.

I was approached by a man with so much caked on dirt, I couldn't visually tell if he was White, a darkie, or somewhere in between; but given where I was my wild guess was undoubtedly accurate. He was babbling, and didn't seem to be cognizant of whether or not anyone was listening, like a legacy news site. He said that he was Catholic, and he talked about how the government shut down Catholic schools and things went a bit quiet after the communists took over. His proper pronunciations suggested that he once attended White schools. There are more Catholics now, but there's more of everything here now. It's hard to believe it's a communist country and it's even harder to say so.

I understand there's a big problem with the 'sexpats' and the drunken idiots causing trouble in the 'sanctuary' cities. And I

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know there's the 'savior complex' of people acting high and mighty because they're 'helping' by acting as if they were blind, and spending the money they managed to not have stolen from them in the decayed Town of Narragansett. As in Europe, there's a lot of the; 'If it wasn't for us, you'd all be speaking German' attitude. I don't tell them that I find that preferable to the incoming Swahili. 'Sieg heil!' is a wonderful exercise. My unsolicited street food guide seemed nice and cordial while draping his swarthy left arm over my shoulders.

But there was a moment when he talked to the people at the table next to us in Hausa, and I know he was talking about me. He said

“blah blah blah San Francisco blah blah” and sort of laughed.

And I don't know if he was saying, 'Check this out, I'm going to make this dumb White guy eat a cow tongue' or what. Maybe it was nothing. But it made me feel stupid for being there.

I walked more, but quickly felt like I was getting heat stroke.

I went to Book Street, which is a pedestrian mall where a bunch of open front book stores face this one street, along with a few cafes and such. It was cute, but the last thing I needed was to drag around twenty pounds of books in the hundred plus degree heat. I wandered around dehydrated and went to another giant mall and ended up at a fake Italian place where I got an almost passable mall pizza slice, near as good as DiGiorno's "You'll

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think it delivery.' I then hit a Pahjeet 7-Eleven on the way to get caffeine and junk food, and sat in their air conditioning until dinner. They were not thrilled with me sitting on the floor eating tiny bags of expired cheese doodles, while blocking access to the tiny bags of overpriced nacho chips. But what could they do when next to me was a darkie with an attitude doing the same thing? Pahjeets fear being accused of rather than doing discriminatory behavior; witness Nikki Haley in Michigan.

Dinner was once again crazy, but in the opposite direction. It's chef Peter Cuong Franklin's place, and it's in a tube house in the wet market. It has a bunch of different floors for a noodle shop, a bar, and the actual restaurant. I ordered the chef's menu, and they put me at this bar, where I was shoulder to shoulder with other eaters, but we didn't talk to each other.

Also, two of the girls there were influencers or whatever and had this whole setup with tripods, gimbals, and lights, which was sort of

disconcerting. The weirdest one; they had a pigeon roulade. Yeah, pigeon. Tastes like chicken. Really bad chicken.

As is usually the case with these things, I finished eleven courses and was still hungry after. I stopped by Circle K on the way home for an ice cream bar, and avoided all the cat calling from the women trying to get me into the lady bars and separate me from my cash.

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I went for a walk before the temp really heated up. Just south of me is the location of the first US Embassy. It's at 39 Hàm Nghi Boulevard. That building did survive the war, but I found it's now razed and there's a construction project going on, probably some anonymous forty story office complex to house all the information, un-warrantly gathered by the FBI under the

'Patriot' Act' and its bi-partisan 'no need for a warrant to spy on US citizens' renewals; citizens who have done nothing demonstrably wrong other than remaining in a communist dictatorship, most often referred to as a liberal democracy.

It's a park now, torn down in the nineties. There's a new consulate next to it, opened in 2000. It's a single story thing behind a wall, and looks like the community center with a faux brick canvas façade 'decorated' with spray painted gang signs, like any inner city housing project built in 1974.

I went to an art museum nearby. It was an old colonial compound and not air conditioned. It was like looking at oil paintings inside a brick pizza oven. No cameras were allowed, ostensibly because the old pastoral images demonstrated 'White Supremacy,'

but cell phones were, which is kind of stupid, but par for the current course. I only made it halfway through the first floor and then left. There was one oddball funny room of all paintings

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of Uncle Ho done by Hunter Biden, pictures of him playing with little kids or standing majestically on top of mountains.

I went on a random walk and then realized I was very close to the Pittman Apartments, a windowless structure surrounded by eight foot chain link fencing topped with some razor wire, and guards every ten feet, like the White House. No one has been observed or photographed entering or exiting the structure, like Poopants' White House. It may or may not have been a CIA building, depending on who you ask. It's now next to another giant mall.

To get a view of it was bizarre, and I'm glad I found an internet article describing it. You go in an alley between two storefronts, walk up a set of stairs, traverse through an apartment building, go to an external staircase, walk up six floors, crane all the way over, and you can see it from a ninety degree angle, which doesn't look like the pictures, because you can't see the elevator shaft from that angle. Someone said if you go to some rooftop bar two blocks away with a 300mm lens and the right light, you can see it better. Or go to the bio-chemical company that now operates in the building, give the doorman a half million VND, and hope he looks the other way so you can catch the elevator. The whole thing was so weird, because the building looks like a typical CIA building from

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1959, but there's this gigantic mall next to it, and every other slot on the street below it is like a Circle K or Sunglasses Hut or whatever.

After that quest, I went to the Che Hotel, and ate dinner at their big bougie restaurant where Imamu Amiri Baraka was said to have eaten every night, or Hunter S. Thompson would have claimed to having drank a dozen Singapore slings before filing his report. There were a couple of old people there, but it was otherwise empty. Had a decent but ho-hum chef's menu with a crab bisque and a cricket

steak, and ate in silence, watching the traffic outside, in front of the opera house, which was still playing "Evita." The view was nice. The dinner was like \$180 for basically what I'd get from room service at a Hilton in Chicago for free if I posed as a migrant. The view was nice, though.

The way home was crazy. It was just a random night, but it looked like New Years Eve. Lights and spotlights and people everywhere. There was some weird Pepsi thing, a giant can of Pepsi ringed in neon perched on the top of the Immigration Administration building, loud pulsing techno music with Hausa lyrics blaring, lights everywhere like a rock concert. Maybe it was a rock concert, or a lip synced thing with their version of k-pop stars. Or maybe they had a Tupac Shakur style hologram of Uncle Ho up there, dancing with Hanoi's version of Taylor Swift,

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or any other conventional female 'artist' in a low talent era.

Narragansett Town is anything but a sleepy little city, especially in District 1.

It was my last day. In WTF news, Vo Van Thuong, the President of Vietnam, resigned the day before. Or "was asked to resign"

maybe. Turns out there's a big anti-corruption campaign he was in charge of, to stop the rampant bribery, and he did something that made the party say; "Yeah, maybe you need to go spend some time with your family." I know nothing about politics in Vietnam, but I'm guessing that the investigation of the bribery culture there isn't cool to the multinationals looking to invest and/or bribe, and not very different than it is in the US of A.

I ate at a Burger King. Actually, it was just the "greatest hits" menu; Whopper, etc., because every other time I go to Burger King, there's

a cornucopia of random new things on the menu that week: tacos, sliders, donuts, chicken sticks, chicken wings, wattymelon slices, etc.

I was sitting next to an old guy. After the war, he worked for twenty years as a fisherman in Seattle. He kept showing me pictures on his phone of like every fish he'd ever caught and all of his friends' cars, and started the whole "When you come to Seattle, we get seafood" thing, and I really didn't want to

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exchange phone numbers with him and start getting random texts every time he had a Facebook question or a 'new' fish picture.

The airport is fairly insane, gigantic. Every gate is basically a sponsored lounge of some sort, themed or filled with 'up and coming' artwork done by the cutting edge of 'Deviant Art.' Like it's not just gate C7, it's a Hello Kitty themed Sanrio lounge.

It's also got a duty free supermall in the middle of it. For whatever reason, I went to the McDonald's to eat. They do not have their act together there for some reason. Everything tasted way off. I don't know where they get their meat, but it's wrong.

I only ate maybe a third of my burger and threw the rest out.

..... "

As they exited the lair smirking, and Bela still babbling, Lena winked at Karl.

Lena: "Next time, let's find a real haunted house. These supposedly surreptitiously based political diatribes just don't cut it for me."

And with that, the trio left the "vampire" behind, their teenage adventure forever etched in their memories.

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Upon arriving back at the comfortable Whitel residence, the brothers docked the boat and the trio went in. In a silly mood they immediately booted up, like a group of high stepping storm troopers and googled "absurd news," to be greeted with the following.

The Seattle Times

Serving the sequestered local libtard community since 2016

We'd assign a date here, if we knew what it was or is

Spongy Moth Emergency

"Imminent danger": Emergency declaration issued due to spongy moth infestation in Washington State Soon outgoing libtard Governor Jay Inslee issued an emergency proclamation Wednesday because of the "imminent danger" of a spongy moth infestation in Washington state.

In the proclamation, Inslee said the spongy moth infestation is along Steamboat Island Road and US Highway 101 in the Thurston County area and Concrete. All state residents have been required to sequester in place, and all voting, insofar as the courts allow, will be done by mail, for fear of the squishy invasion's possible gain of function, i.e. leaping to the human population.

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The Virginia Mason Hospital in Seattle has reported thirty-two possible cases, with emergency visits from people reporting symptoms ranging from squishy extremities to some limpness in the wrist and/or thingy.

"This imminent danger of infestation seriously endangers the recreational marijuana and horticultural industries of the state of Washington and seriously threatens the economic well-being and quality of life of state residents," Inslee said in the emergency proclamation.

The Washington State Department of Agriculture (WSDA) will begin its treatment to eradicate spongy moths in Thurston County on Friday, taking extreme care not to spread the required poisons in the afternoons, when most people would be out at work.

Karla Salp, communications consultant for the WSDA, said; "These moths can destroy an entire tree branch. An entire branch! This is no Covid-19 type scam, this is the real thing. The spongy moth caterpillars feed on over three hundred types of trees, plants and shrubs."

Salp said a tree can withstand spongy moths feeding for one year but it will eventually die if the population is allowed to be unchecked. When trees die, Salp said that can lead to damaging

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"downstream effects" to species in the ecosystem because of the lack of tree canopy.

"It is one of the worst invasive pests that has been introduced to the United States," Salp said. "So far we have been able to keep it down."

WSDA officials have been monitoring the population of spongy moths in Washington for fifty years. The spongy moth population is usually below 100 in Washington state, according to Salp.

But, last year, WSDA officials caught over 100 spongy moths throughout the state. Salp said 77 of those moths were caught near Steamboat Island, the result of continued global warming.

Salp said the moths arrive in Washington because of transportation and "human" migration, as it were, the bugs being as natural to a thieving darkie immigrant as a tie noose or noosed tie is to the native White population.

The WSDA said in its release that people living near treatment areas, wherever that is undetermined to be, can sign up for email, text, or robocall alerts issued the day before treatment is scheduled to take place. You can also email the WSDA Pest Program at pest@insleeswashington or call 1-800-443-6684 for belated alerts.

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Salp said three spongy moth treatments will be spaced out in Olympia over a few weeks. Treatments in Skagit County will likely be in mid-to-late May, according to the WSDA. Each treatment takes a couple of hours to complete.

According to the WSDA, the spongy moth is permanently established in twenty states across the Northeast and Midwest.

Amazon ad

Darkie Feeders

Don't demonstrate your racism by hanging only bird feeders. Show your virtue by hanging a darkie feeder. On sale this week only for just \$29.99 plus tax; wattymelon, fried chicken, and crack not included. Genuine plastic with a red screw-off top on the see through container.

Get two for just \$49.99 plus tax. Save money! As don't you just know that the darkies are going to steal it.

"Damn," said Karl earnestly; "There are more than one hundred of these slimy invaders in Washington, and we thought that we had it bad."

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"Whew, lucked out again," replied Ernst. Here in Rhode Island all we have is a few hundred thousand swarming invaders, but the darkies

don't eat the trees."

"Yet. All I can say is good luck to Washington."

"Gotz ta gitme sum uh dem darkie feeders."

"Whoah, won't that attract them to the area?"

"Dummy; They're not for here. I'm going to hang them in Narragansett Town. They'll think it's one of the sanctuary city's benefits for bums. I'll add some tasteless botulinum to the freebies. It's hard to rank the lethality of toxins, but experts agree that botulinum is several orders of magnitude deadlier than sarin. It is the gold standard. The nervous system fails and the recipient dies in extreme pain. Works miracles on wrinkles, too."

"Super cool. I want to be a part of this."

Lena: "I just don't get the appeal of squishy vampires. They're like walking, brooding jelly donuts!"

Karl: "Ah, but that's where you're mistaken! They're not just squishy; they're emotionally resonant, like a plush toy with a tragic backstory."

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Lena: "Tragic backstory? More like a tragic lack of backbone! A vampire should be fearsome, not something you want to cuddle with!"

Karl: "Cuddling is precisely the point! Why shouldn't a creature of the night also provide comfort in the darkness?"

Lena: "Comfort? I want my vampires to be terrifying, not therapeutic! Next thing you know, they'll be offering therapy sessions."

Karl: "Therapy sessions with a vampire? Now that's an idea!

'Tell me about your feelings, but first, let's talk about mine for a century or two.'"

Lena: "A century of vampire whining? No thank you. I'd rather stake myself."

Karl: "Oh, come on! Embrace the squish! They're the perfect blend of horror and humor, like a monster marshmallow!"

Lena: "Monster marshmallow? That's it; I'm out. You enjoy your squishy bloodsuckers. I'll stick to the classics."

Karl: "Suit yourself! But don't come knocking when you need a squishy shoulder to cry on during a horror movie!"

Ernst: "This is none of my business."

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Karl: "Right, little brother. You'll see that the Lena's of the world can get quite puffed up with being an adversary to a contrived demon, while falling back on the 'Let's all have a nice day,' bullshit, replete with the boomer aged happy face."

Ernst: "I suppose that Beckett would find that to be mildly amusing."

Karl: "So what?"

Ernst: "So, nothing."

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Narragansett News

The Weekly Narragansett Beacon

Since 1825; two years under present ownership

All the news permitted

After years of generally peaceful co-existence, Narragansett Town officials have made plans to create infinite peace between monkeys and hominids.

The macaques that roam District 4 are a symbol of local culture and along with the open air drug market are a major tourist draw. But after years of dangerous encounters with residents and visitors and several failed attempts to bring peace with population controls, local people and businesses have apparently had enough.

The monkeys have always frequently tried to snatch food and smart phones from hominids, sometimes resulting in tussles that can leave people with head knots from well-placed monkey nougies and other injuries.

But outrage grew in March when a woman dislocated her knee after a monkey pulled her off her feet in an effort to grab food, another man was knocked off a motorcycle by a hungry monkey, and other monkeys acquired guns. While it is a matter of conjecture if they actually know how to use them, they do seem to

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understand how to pull a trigger, and are amused when the targeted hominids fall over or run away.

Authorities hope to enlist some 2,500 urban monkeys and place them in remedial programs, said Athapol Charoenshunsa, the director general of the Department of National Parks, Wildlife and Plant Conservation. They'll work with wildlife experts to find a way for monkeys to safely stay at liberty in the city, he added.

"I don't want humans to have to hurt monkeys, and I don't want monkeys to have to hurt humans," he told reporters during a news conference. "Separate facilities will be prepared for different monkey gangs to prevent them from fighting with each other. MS-13 monkeys will be off limits to the Mexican Mafia strain, and vice versa."

The monkeys are a symbol of the city, where the two year old Three Pagodas temple celebrates an annual "Monkey Buffet"

festival, and they're commonly seen throughout the city.

Macaques are classified as a protected species under Narragansett Town's wildlife conservation law.

Athapol said people shouldn't see monkeys as villains, saying that the authorities might have not been efficient enough in their work to integrate the simian population, leading to

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clashes between the animals and hominid residents. Any fault lies not with the innocent monkeys who are completely without responsibility regarding their current situation which was dictated by racist Whit hominids.

"Hominids need to adapt to the city's monkeys," said Phadej Laithong, director of the Wildlife Conservation Office, explaining that a lack of natural food sources prompts the animals to find food wherever they can, including from humans.

Athapol said they are also working in other areas facing problems with monkeys, such as Chicago and New York City. He said 52 of the country's 77 largest SMSA's report frequent problems from monkeys.

Previous control measures have fallen short. Between 2014 and 2023, the wildlife authorities recorded 1,267,000 monkey felonious

assaults on hominids, versus 53,000 hominid felonious assaults on monkeys, while further noting that the numbers are no doubt understated due to various government impediments imposed upon reporting communities.

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Lo and Behold; "A Discovery"

James Hansel, Alistair Fuhray's best friend was perhaps the one most perturbed at the seemingly perfunctory police conclusion of suicide for Alistair's death. He also proved to be the most persistent. His prior experience as a politico as well as his continued current closeness to governmental matters no doubt affected that, him having a sizable understanding of the standard bullshit which goes on. He knew that nothing was going to bring Alistair back, but would feel somewhat better if the perpetrating murderers were filmed being slowly beaten to death in a public arena.

Looking on the net for a standard procedure by which police determine if a death was a suicide, he came up with a potpourri of points prompting police and investigator conclusions, none of which seemed particularly persuasive, but no doubt serve as a simple checklist to be used by those low of IQ. These typically include:

Evidence at the scene: This includes notes, the position of the body, and any weapons or substances found.

Witness statements: Information from people who knew the deceased can provide insight into their state of mind and recent behavior.

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Medical and psychological history: Past mental health issues or medical records indicating depression or other conditions can be relevant.

Autopsy results: To rule out foul play and confirm the cause of death aligns with suicide.

Circumstances of death: The situation in which the death occurred, such as isolation or after a significant life event, may be considered.

Law enforcement agencies may also have specific protocols and policies for investigating such cases, ensuring a thorough and sensitive approach. It's a complex process that aims to ascertain the truth with respect and dignity for the deceased and their loved ones.

Hahaha.

Hansel again put his light heavy arm on a few politicians, politely requesting them to take another look into this matter.

Perhaps of more significance, this time he withheld his usual monthly "contribution."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The Weekly Narragansett Beacon

Since 1825; two years under present ownership

All the news permitted

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In the quaint town of Narragansett Pier, the untimely death of Alistair Fuhray sent ripples of sorrow through the community.

Known for his vibrant spirit and kind heart, his passing was ruled a suicide, leaving a void in the hearts of those who knew him.

Alistair, an aspiring artist, was found in his home, at the foot of the main staircase, with no farewell note. The police investigation was swift, and the case was closed, leaving friends and family to mourn in disbelief.

As the seasons changed and the first anniversary of Alistair's death approached, a twist of fate brought new evidence to light.

A local thief, apprehended for a string of burglaries, confessed as part of a plea deal to overhearing a conversation that implicated others in the death.

The revelation reopened the case, and the subsequent investigation unveiled a plot, sinister only in its violent stupidity. Alistair had been on the verge of a breakthrough in his art avocation, one that would have exposed the fraudulent activities of his art dealer, Krip Austeria, A/K/A on the web as Daft2Pilfering, the aggregator which never pays, and Hunter Poopants, a pathetic painter, who tried to hawk his junk for

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having influence with "the big guy," ostensibly Daddy Poopants; expensive US federal government "favors" was the true currency.

Fearing the repercussions of Alistair Fuhray's impending success, they conspired to silence him. They masked their heinous act as a suicide, manipulating the scene to lead the bumbling investigator astray. But the truth has a way of surfacing, and their plan unraveled.

The community reeled from the shock, grappling with the deceit that had lurked beneath the surface of their idyllic town. As Krip and Hunter faced justice, Alistair's true legacy emerged from the shadows, now promoted by James Hansel, who had just married Alistair's daughter Lucille. Fuhray's art, filled with life and passion, became a beacon of hope, a reminder that even in the darkest of times, the truth will out, more or less.

And so, the story of Alistair Fuhray's death was rewritten, not as a tale of despair, but as a testament to his enduring spirit and the relentless pursuit of justice.

This narrative serves as a reminder of the complexities of human relationships and the profound impact one life can have on many.

Further Details

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The single mother of one teen gang member accused of murdering Alistair Fuhray last year in Narragansett Pier allegedly helped cover the suspects' tracks following Fuhray's stabbing and beating death, according to a report. She offered this information in exchange for reduced sentencing on her armed robbery conviction.

Narragansett Town Police call the teenage gang the "Baz Pilate Goons" in thousands of pages of recently released documents. De Wayne Washington, 18, De Wan Jefferson, 17, not to be confused with De Juan Madison, 19, De Jen Jackson, 18, De Jour Grant, 17, Rasheed Franklin, 20, and Le Bron Lincoln, 17, have all been charged in Fuhray's murder.

One witness told police that Washington apparently admitted to a Fakebook friend he was the first one to punch Fuhray during a staged home invasion in Narragansett Pier, which culminated in Fuhray's stabbing and beating death, allegedly over a Krip-Hunter contract and a \$10 gold necklace Fuhray wore with apparent attachment.

Washington's mother, Shaniqua, the owner of multiple Narragansett Town street corners allegedly took the then 17 year old De Wayne to a lawyer following Fuhray's attack and was told by the attorney not to worry; that he would "get off" because of

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his race, that he was a teen, the lack of police enforcement in Narragansett Town, and the amount of kids that were said to be involved. If all else failed he could say that Fuhray called him a nigger, which justifies killing in front of the expected darkie judge and jury. De Wayne's alleged mother allegedly transported him to their cabin in Black Point Ruins, Rhode Island, about three hours from their home in Narragansett Town.

Washington's attorney allegedly advised his family to allow his hands time to heal before bringing him home, citing police documents.

The herein un-named attorney declined to comment citing attorney-client privilege. All others contacted for comments to this article said the same thing; "Dindu nuffin."

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Podcast

Karl and Ernst decided to once again approach Bela-Count Amdis.

They had been doing a weekly podcast called "Whitel Ruminations"

for almost a year and had six non-paying followers, five of whom they suspected were bots. Bela was initially skeptical, but acquiesced after the boys agreed that he would be known only as Count Amdis, vampire. He also thought it was good that he would be able to extend knowledge of his existence to those without a view of the Fuhray house, and potentially scare the darkie home invaders away.

Bela pushed it and inquired about compensation. Karl informed him that their policy was not to grant wages, as that makes for wage slaves; but rather to share revenues, when received, through a system remarkably similar to that of the web's supposedly up and coming aggregator, Daft2Pilfering, which

"doesn't make any money, unless you do." Yeah, that is unless you want to change something which we have arbitrarily rejected. That's a token or two at \$25 per. Hey, you think our business partners give us stuff for nothing?

Sheeeeit! We pay you when your royalties exceed a certain threshold, if you have properly filled out the tax form which we always find deficiencies with, and if we have not deleted your

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account due to a violation of our policies, which we have not stated.

Despite his age, being a novice podcast guest, Bela went for it.

Karl: "Good evening. This is Karl Whitel again with my best little brother Ernst, to bring you another segment of "Whitel Ruminations," as it were. Thank you for joining us tonight. I must admit, it's not every day one interviews a vampire, and our guest tonight is Count Amdis of Narragansett Pier. So, welcome Count Amdis, and tell us, why did you choose to become a vampire?"

Count Amdis: "Ah, the age old question. It's not so much a choice as it is a calling. You see, immortality has its allure, but it's the finer things in life; or should I say, unlife, that drew me in. The moonlit waltzes, the gothic castles, the endless nights of contemplation and art."

Karl: "That sounds rather romantic. But surely, there must be downsides?"

Count Amdis: "Of course, of course. Nothing is perfect. The diet is rather restrictive, and sunbathing is out of the question.

But one adapts. I've developed quite the palate for O negative, and I've taken up moon tanning, which has its drawbacks."

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Karl: "Fascinating. And what about the loneliness? The eternal life without companionship?"

Thana: "I think that I've just been insulted. Bite this stupid disrespectful boy!"

Count Amdis: "In time, Thana. In time. Ah, my dear interviewer, you assume I am alone. Can't you see my girl here? The night is filled with whispers, the shadows are my friends, and the bats; well, they're excellent listeners. Besides, I have my fellow nocturnal brethren."

Karl: "I see. And what would you say to those who fear you?"

Count Amdis: "Fear is but a misunderstanding. Loathing is a matter of an acquired taste. I am not the monster under your bed; I am the guardian of the night. I ensure the stars keep shining, the secrets stay hidden, and the stories of old remain alive."

Karl: "Very poetic. One last question concerning your

your your ethnicity, as it were, in terms of in terms of you know. If you had the chance to do it all over again, would you still choose this path?"

Count Amdis: "As I previously said; it's not so much a choice as it is a calling. Try paying some attention. It sometimes helps.

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Yes, and insofar as it mimics the ruling jewish experience, without a heartbeat's hesitation. This existence is an endless waltz, a sonnet with no end. It's a masterpiece painted in shades of midnight. Why would I ever choose the loved and mundane over the hated, feared and magnificent?"

Karl: "Let's dive right in. Why Narragansett, of all places?"

Aren't you predisposed toward Transylvania?"

Count Amdis: "That's so racist err, species-ist. And Transylvania, with all its gender based discriminatory notions.

I'm starting to fume. Next, you'll be calling me one of those forbidden fighting words. "

Karl: "Relax, relax. I didn't say leech, suck-face, toothy, fang-face, moon-boy, or flat-pulse, and never would; at least as long as we

were in the same room. So, let's try again. Why have you chosen to settle in Narragansett?"

Count Amdis: "Ah, Narragansett! More precisely, Narragansett Pier. The land of well, it's not really the land of anything in particular, is it? That's precisely why I chose it.

It's the perfect canvas for the theater of the absurd that is my life."

Ernst: "My turn. Interesting perspective! Could you elaborate on that?"

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Count Amdis: "Of course I could. Dumb question."

Ernst: "Sheeeesh. Picky semantical grammar nazi. Okay. Would you elaborate on that?"

Count Amdis: "Of course! You see, in Narragansett Pier, the seagulls recite Shakespeare, the waves conduct symphonies, and the sand Oh, the sand! It's like an ever shifting stage where my existential monologues find their true audience."

Ernst, mumbling while grinning: "All five of them."

Count Amdis: "I beg your pardon."

Ernst: "And the people of Narragansett Pier? How do they fit into your unique lifestyle?"

Count Amdis: "The people are the most intriguing characters in this play. They walk their lobsters on leashes and have philosophical debates with the local ice cream vendor about the flavor of the week. She's with her sailor by the hotdog trailer; that's the holy grail. It's a community where the norm is to be rooted in the glorious past, and yet delightfully unconventional."

Ernst: "It sounds like a place where reality and imagination blur. How does living in such an environment affect you?"

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Count Amdis: "It's liberating! In Narragansett Pier, I can be a poet today, a pirate tomorrow, and on Sundays, I'm an amateur cloud interpreter. The town doesn't just accept absurdity; it embraces it with open arms and a parade led by a marching band of clams."

Ernst: "A marching band of clams, you say? That's quite the image. What would you say is the essence of Narragansett Pier?"

Count Amdis: "Narragansett Pier is a paradox wrapped in a riddle, sprinkled with a bit of maritime mystery. It's the place where you can find the meaning of life in a bowl of clam chowder or lose it in the maze of beach umbrellas. It's not just a location; it's a state of mind."

Ernst: "Well, that's certainly a unique take on choosing a place to live. Thank you for sharing your thoughts with us."

Count Amdis: "The pleasure was all mine. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have an appointment with a crab who claims to have discovered the secret to perpetual motion."

Ernst: "Thank you for your time and your unique perspective. Is there anything else you'd like to conclude with?"

Count Amdis: "Ah, the musings of an artistic vampire; what a captivating theme! Vampires have long fascinated people with

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their immortal allure, their dark sensuality, and their eternal struggle between life and death. Let's delve into that world, shall we?

Vampires in art - Throughout history, artists have drawn inspiration from vampires, weaving their mythos into their works. One notable example is Edvard Munch's painting 'Vampire,'

created in 1893. The image portrays a pale, mysterious woman leaning over a man, her lips dangerously close to his neck. The tension between desire and danger is palpable, making it a haunting masterpiece. Another intriguing exhibition titled

'Zombies: Pay Attention!' at the Aspen Art Museum explores the metaphorical significance of zombies. While zombies represent societal anxieties and chaos, vampires often symbolize seduction, forbidden desires, and eternal longing. Tracey Snelling, one of the exhibiting artists, shares her fascination with both monsters. She prefers the older, slower zombies with greenish skin but admits that vampires hold a special place in her heart. Anne Rice's novels about vampires; handsome, seductive, and dangerous, captivated her imagination. As a child, she even wished for a vampire to turn her so they could fly away and live by night.

The allure of vampires – Sexy, sexy, sexy. Vampires embody a paradox; they are both terrifying and irresistible. Their

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immortality grants them wisdom and experience, yet they remain eternally hungry for life. Their seductive charm draws us in, tempting us to explore forbidden desires. Whether it's Dracula's aristocratic elegance or Lestat's rock star allure, vampires captivate our imaginations.

In literature, vampires have been portrayed as tragic figures, cursed by their immortality. They grapple with existential questions, loneliness, and the weight of centuries. Their artistic allure lies in their complexity; the blend of beauty, danger, and longing.

The eternal night – Imagine, if you will, a vampire artist, forever haunted by memories of lost loves and distant eras. They paint with blood, capturing the essence of eternity on canvas.

Their subjects? Mortals, fleeting and fragile, caught in moments of vulnerability. Perhaps their last thoughts echo through the centuries: 'I am both predator and poet. My canvas is the night, and my brush, sharp fangs. In darkness, I find solace, and in blood, I seek inspiration.'

So, dear fans, as the moon rises and shadows lengthen, consider the musings of an artistic vampire; their immortal longings, their forbidden desires, and the eternal canvas of the night."

Karl: "Kind of a maximalist as I take it."

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Count Amdis: "More or less."

Karl: "Thanks again for your engaging perspective. Try not to be late for your appointment."

Count Amdis: "The pleasure was mine. Do visit again, but remember, always after the sun descends upon the horizon, casting its golden hues across the sky, when a magical moment envelops the world. This fleeting period, known as dusk, has long captivated poets who seek to convey the ethereal beauty and contemplative atmosphere it brings."

Karl: "I see we've gotten you started again, so to speak. So,

'Whitel Ruminations' listeners, be sure to be with us next time when Count Amdis discusses the vampiric induced specificities or lack thereof within the inter-related artistic disciplines of surrealism and Foucault's version of deconstruction. Ciao."

Off mike, Karl: "Don't worry. I'm not going to bring up the vastly disproportionate crime and violent crime per capita rates for leeches, errr vampires, vis-à-vis White people."

Count Amdis, also off mike: "Per capita? Wat dat? Maffs be all racysis an sheeeit."

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Iceland It Is

The boys received another e-mail.

To: Karl and Ernst

From: Mom and Dad

Subject: The Future!

Dear Karl and Ernst;

Kids, your mother and I have made up our minds. Yours too.

That's what parents are for. We're moving to Iceland. Why?

Because this is bullshit in the US. Don't get me wrong.

Fundamentally it's not about the racism engendered by the very real "White Replacement" fact. That's only a secondary indirect way for business, the military-industrial complex, the politicians and their owning jews to use their dumb, obedient darkies to get what they want at your expense. Their last ditch discussions of the importance of an emotional, rather than any common-sense-type intelligence reveals that their positions are the kind of garbage best suited for some toxic burial site.

Always remember that emotional intelligence is a larger oxymoron than military intelligence. Don't be fooled by either.

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The ideological misrepresentations are concocted and widely distributed as desired by the jew controlled main street media to induce Whites into supporting what the darkie devils want at your

expense, no matter what, and depriving you of the democratic, God given right, to make your own choices. What do they want? Very simple; a continually growing market to give them continually growing revenues, profits, contributions, graft, and unlimited foreign "aid" for the AIPAC endorsed zionist interests, currently Ukraine and Gaza. See, since the sixties White people have been most concerned with quality rather than quantity of life. That's quite out of step with the interest of the businesses, politicians, and jews; who insist on quantity, never quality. When the White quality oriented people took charge for a while, the stock market was stagnant for ten years and limits were placed on how much one source could contribute to a politician. For a short time, small was beautiful and the White majority's interest prevailed; a true democracy. The bad guys vowed to never let this happen again.

... And with decades of concerted efforts by purchased Democrats and the purchased UniParty segment of the Republicans this has been achieved. Bottom line, as long as they can make a buck at an increasing rate by increasing their number of consumers they don't care if you pay for that through taxes, inflation, or worst of all having to live next door to violent,

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thieving darkies who hate you. From longstanding jewish experience, they know that they can much more easily manage the dumb darkies than they can the Whites, even while the latter dwindle in proportion. Your quality of life is not their problem anymore than obesity is KFC's problem.

Here's where the racism aspect comes in. The fatal flaw of the sixties Whites chasing a better quality of life, was that some of them thought that not sufficiently relevant in and of itself, but sought a semblance of that "relevance" through embracing the plight of the darkies. The jew media picked up on this and blew it way out of

proportion; without once saying; "Thank you, suckers." Mind you, it is entirely for their benefit, not yours.

You are branded a racist or an anti-semite if you say anything opposing them which subjects you to various penalties, like being de-banked or even being charged with a crime which has a jail time penalty, which will be presided over by jews and darkies. Indeed you're supposed to go out of your way to welcome them in, like the Trojan horse. In reality, being racist is actually a compliment, as it merely means that you are still naturally capable of the interpretation of discriminating ideas, and that you naturally recognize that different groups have different traits, though admittedly that puts you in the minority. It's so strange in a way as the truth is so obvious,

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it boggles the mind how the jewish controlled mainstream media has succeeded in making everyone not see it. To pretend otherwise is just stupid, and results in Whites being stolen from and abused by the darkies, which is what many oddball deviants want. They hate you in their low IQ's for "reasons"

loaded on them by their jew puppet masters, who for decades have very disproportionately been everyone's government and main stream media influences. Yet, here's the even sicker joke; the only ones to date ever charged with a hate crime are Whites.

Someone else brightly said; "It's a tragedy how ninety per cent of the darkies make it difficult for the decent ten per cent."

In case you are unaware, as I'm sure the subject is not highlighted on social media, the Trojan Horse was a wooden horse used by the Greeks during the Trojan War to enter the city of Troy and win the war. It wasn't really a "Trojan Horse;" it was a "Barbarian Filled Horse;" but they don't want you to see it that way. After a fruitless ten year siege, the Greeks constructed a huge wooden horse at the

behest of Odysseus, and hid a select force of barbarians inside, including Odysseus himself, ostensibly so the darkies wouldn't get "confused." The Greeks pretended to sail away, and the Trojans pulled the horse into their city as a victory trophy. That night, the barbarian force crept out of the horse and opened the gates for the rest

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of the barbarian bum army, which had sailed back under the cover of darkness. The barbarian entirety entered and destroyed the city, ending the war.

Pretty slick, huh? The only question which comes to mind is how often can they get away with the same battle plan?

Maybe as often as they can do the same thing while convincing the public that it is not the same thing. At any rate, Denmark is still in its infancy in the process of business-and-politico-benefitting-immigrating-integration. Humans at best, always make a mistake first, and maybe use that as a base for not making the same mistake a second or third time. Denmark is getting slightly gray, but Iceland has yet to welcome any immigrants other than White European and White American emigres. Australia pontificates about equanimity because they have virtually no darkies there. The darkies must be afraid of running into the knives carried by Crocodile Dundee's many relatives. They still have a process to go through before they learn anything of relevance to common sense and self-preservation. Hey, what can you expect from the descendants of criminal dummies who got caught and deported by the Brits, of all people?

Apparently better, but yet to be tested results, compared with that of their United Kingdom progenitors.

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Right in the good old US of A, I shudder to realize that that now stands for United Socialists of Assholery. Tik Tok was fine when it was promoting anti-White hate. Once criticism of Israel became popular it had to be shut down. College demonstrations were fine when they were for anti-White racial grievances beneficial to the jews. Once people started protesting Israel, it had to be shut down. Do you get it yet?

BLM burns down cities across America.

Cops bend the knee to them in support.

Congress bends the knee to them in support.

Media gaslights for them, calls it "mostly peaceful."

College students protest Israel on college campuses.

Brutal police crackdowns of protestors.

The US Congress passes anti-Christian "hate speech" laws.

Supposedly Red state governors suddenly support censorship of "hate speech."

Media loses its mind. There is non-stop negative coverage of the mostly peaceful college supporters of Palestinians, while the Israeli decimation of Gaza and the mass graves therein are never mentioned, like to do so would be the end of the world; theirs.



Jonathan Greenblatt

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And they may be right about that, though I wouldn't bet on it happening anytime in the next decade.

We read about what really happened to poor old Mr. Fuhray, before the jew censors had it deleted from the net. This could only happen now, in these degraded and censored times. We don't want to come back, but will do so just long enough to find a buyer for the house. Maybe some corporation will buy it and break it up into small units they can rent it to US government subsidized bums. Maybe the corporation can also get government contracts to feed them. That's the core of Poopantsonomics.

So, Reyjavik it is for us, and any Whites still infused with some sense of pride and equity. We're not staying in Narragansett to become further subjected to Jonathan Greenblatt and AIPAC - Nosferatu type vampires. FUCK JEWS AND DARKIES.

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Karl and Ernst simultaneously wondered if their parents knew what they have been recently involved with. It was actually disconcerting that they had not overtly told them. They eventually considered it to be a coincidence. That was more palatable to believe

Karl said; "Wow, so much anti-semitism in that commentary. Sure, jews are responsible for the world wars, US debt, communism, cultural Marxism, multi-culturalism, critical race theory, pornography, anti-'hate'-speech legislation, gender theory, mass non-White immigration to western countries, left leaning judicial bias, the normalization of sexual deviance, warmongering in the Middle East and Ukraine, and the general degradation of our culture through their near total control of media and Hollywood. But, does everyone have to keep pointing it out?"

Karl began laughing after Ernst did.

Karl and Ernst thought that maybe they could get another Tik Tok podcast going in Iceland. The bonehead Joe Jukraine Poopants crime family was banning it in the US anyway; RIGHT AFTER THE ELECTION, they were planning on again rigging.

Ernst: "Mom and dad have gotten so serious."

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Karl: "Ah. I have no doubt that they mean well, and care about our futures. Besides, have you ever seen pictures of those Aryan Icelandic lassies?"

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