Bridgitte the Vampire Slayer:
Ancient Death

Craig Warner
Hans spurred the horse on to even greater speed as they raced through the night, the wind whipping Helga’s long, blonde hair out behind her. “I think we’re safe,” Helga yelled to her fiancé over the sound of the horse’s hooves hitting the ground. “It’s been hours and we’ve seen no sign of pursuit.”

“We’re not there yet.” replied Hans, “It seems almost too easy, but they say no one’s ever escaped before. I won’t rest easy until we’re safe inside a house in Munich. We should have been there by now if we hadn’t taken so long to get everything together this morning.”

“We couldn’t risk Altered finding out about our plans last night though. We had to act as if everything were normal until sunrise. How much longer will it be until we reach Munich?”

“We should be there within the hour.” said Hans. “It should come into sight any...” he cut off suddenly as he heard what sounded like a bolt of lightning close behind them. He looked back, eyes widening, as Helga clung to him tighter, and then dug his heels into the horse, yelling “Faster! We’re almost there!” The overburdened horse must have shared Hans’s sentiment, for it somehow increased its speed even further. Nonetheless, Hans and Helga could plainly hear the sound of many hooves behind them, and closing fast. “How can their horses possibly gallop that fast!” he cried out.

In a move of desperation, Hans managed to jettison their belongings, and turned the horse off of the road and into the woods, hoping against hope that somehow they could lose their pursuers. Hans expertly guided the horse through the thick forest, and the sound of pursuit gradually started to wane, and eventually disappeared. Hans continued to weave his way through the trees for the next half an hour until he couldn’t detect any sign that they were still being followed. He then gradually worked his way back to the road, and his heart leaped when he saw Munich on the horizon, maybe a ten minute ride away. “We’re going to make it!” he shouted as he urged the horse into a gallop, but just then, he saw movement up ahead, and the horse reared up, throwing Hans and Helga both roughly to the ground.

Dazed, Hans scrambled back to his feet, and tried to pick Helga up and put her back on the horse. Before he had even gotten her halfway up, though, they were surrounded by five horses and five
figures with hideous demonic visages dismounted and closed in on him and Helga. Hans leapt toward the nearest vampire, hoping to bowl it over and make a break for it on foot with Helga, but the vampire ducked and threw a shoulder straight into Hans’s gut, knocking him to the ground and knocking the wind out of him. He saw a boot step up beside his head and heard an evil laugh, then a fist connected with his head and everything went black.

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“They did exactly what you said they would, Master.” the vampire, Reiner, said to Altertod. “I’m sorry I questioned you for opening the portal behind them.” he added, sheepishly.

“You’re young and stupid.” Altertod replied. Reiner started to look relieved. Altertod grabbed a wooden stake out of his belt and plunged it through Reiner’s back, piercing his heart. Reiner gasped and tried to turn around as he disentigrated into dust. “I didn’t say that excused your insolence.” Altertod added. How dare he question me, Altertod thought. And indeed, Altertod had opened his teleportation gateway exactly where he wanted it. He enjoyed the thrill of the chase, and beyond that, wanted to try out a new spell he had discovered that would enchant his horses with extraordinary speed and endurance. He looked over toward the woman, who was still cowering, surrounded by the three other vampires Altertod had brought with him. Altertod took a deep breath and began to chant, fingers working intricate patterns: “Caitwalyge ve ondo!” The woman’s eyes went wide, but she froze, as if turned to stone. She opened her mouth as if to scream, but no sound came out.

Altertod turned his attention back to the man, who was beginning to stir on the ground. “So, you thought you could escape, did you? Now, you realize the futility and the error of your ways. Maybe you encouraged others to attempt escape as well? They will not be so eager to try after they see what becomes of you and your woman.” Altertod turned to the other three vampires. “Hold him tight,” he commanded. Altertod drew a long, very sharp knife and slowly approached Hans, his eyes gleaming a wicked yellow. “You shall learn the price for what you did,” he promised. A vampire grabbed Hans’s hand roughly and held it out on the ground, as Altertod kneeled down, placing the knife on top of Hans’s pinky finger at the knuckle. Altertod suddenly pushed down hard on the
knife, with inhuman strength, severing the finger. Hans cried out in pain as Alteredd bent down to drink the blood that flowed from the wound. He picked up the severed finger and held it in front of Hans’s face, taunting him. Hans almost fainted, and looked as if he was going to throw up. Helga did too, but she still couldn’t move, couldn’t scream. “Don’t leave yet.” Alteredd taunted, smiling evilly, “We’ve got nineteen more to go.”

Alteredd and the other the vampires, Moe, Uter, and Otto, slowly feasted on Hans, finger by finger, toe by toe, savoring every moment, every agonized scream. Hans was a writhing, bloody mess, begging for his own death. “I could have made it quick. I could have made you immortal, one of us. But you ran away. You tried to get the Slayer. Surely you must see your foolishness now.” said Alteredd. “You must be hungry though, and thirsty.” he continued. Alteredd now turned around to face Helga with that wicked grin and those yellow eyes. She tried to scream even more, but still nothing would come out. Alteredd took the knife and placed it on her little toe. “You don’t mind, do you? Just say something if you do,” he taunted her, just before he pushed down on the knife with all his might. He picked up the severed toe and turned to Hans, held Hans’s mouth open with one hand while he held Hans’s nose with the other...

A half an hour later, Alteredd ordered Moe to get the rope they had brought. Hans seemed barely conscious, a total mess, but Alteredd knew he was still at least somewhat aware of his surroundings as he tied each of Hans’s arms and each of his legs to a different horse. Finally, he tied the last rope around Hans’s neck and tied that to Hans’s own, still very frightened, horse. “Now, watch closely, my dear.” Alteredd taunted Helga. He turned back, and barked a command to his four horses and whipped Hans’s horse with a cane. The five horses bolted in five different directions at once, and Helga passed out as she heard the sound of flesh and bone tearing, Hans’s scream still hanging in the air. When she came to, she wished she hadn’t. Hans was nowhere to be seen, but Alteredd was kneeling beside her, his hand moving up her leg, as he leered at her and started to rip off her clothes...

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Alteredd finished putting his clothes back on and began barking orders to the other vampires. “Gather up the remains of the man.”
he said to Uter and Moe, “We will use him as a reminder of what happens to any who attempt escape.” Altered turned to Otto, “See to the girl. Make sure she is ready to travel. I am not through with her yet,” he added the last part with a wicked gleam in his eyes. After the preparations had been made, Altered drew a phial of fine powder from his pocket and sprinkled it in a circle, chanting “Nai autualme sinomello tulien nórehmannar ar coalmannar!” The circle of powder began to glow, slowly giving rise to a portal, which Altered stepped through, followed by the horses, vampires, and as hard as she tried to fight it, Helga.

They stepped out of the portal and into a small, rural town with a population of around 200 people. Altered turned to Uter and Moe. “You know what to do with his head. And hurry. Sunrise is in an hour. Do whatever you want with the rest of him. Feed it to Gnarl if he’ll eat it. He usually prefers his food fresh and still breathing, though. Tell him we’ll have a treat for him tomorrow night.” Uter and Moe drove an iron pike through Hans’s severed head and carried it off toward the center of town to join several others in a gruesome reminder of what happens to those attempting to run away.

“Otto, take the girl down to the basement and chain her up.” Altered commanded, “I’m not finished with her yet.” Otto dragged the semi-conscious, bleeding form of Helga to a large stone building near the center of town that had become Altered’s lair.

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Altered. He had adopted that name so fully that he had almost forgotten his real name. Altered was still relatively young for a vampire. He had been sired just over 100 years ago. At the time, he had been the most powerful sorcerer in all of Bavaria, possibly in all of Europe. That fateful night, in the outskirts of Munich, he had run into a beautiful brunette in a dark alley. Being a powerful sorcerer, he knew intuitively that she was a demon, and knew as well that he could easily invoke a spell to incinerate her, but he was mesmerized. Captivated by her power and her beauty, and most of all, her immortality. He allowed her to feed off him, and then he fed off her, transforming into a vampire. *What was her name*, he thought. *Ah well, it matters not.* He had run into her one more time, five years later. That had been one of the most exciting and
fulfilling nights of his un-life. How she had screamed and begged before he finally killed her.

*Altetod.* He had come to this small village thirty years ago and ruled it with an iron claw ever since. That was what the villagers had taken to calling him. “Ancient death.” Altetod smiled. He had come a long way in just a hundred years. Hans and Helga were the rare exception, rather than the rule. Almost no one tried to escape anymore. He had provided enough evidence of what happened to people that tried to escape. His first year there, he had killed nearly half of all the villagers and turned almost twenty of them. Fewer and fewer people tried to escape every year. Eventually, it reached the point where the villagers would report it to Altetod if they learned of any person planning to escape, in order to earn their way into Altetod’s good graces. He wasn’t too hard on them. If they lived by his rules, he usually left them alone. As long as there were outsiders passing through town or people dumb enough to be out at night, he fed on them and not the other villagers. The villagers would help Altetod plan raids on neighboring villages and they both prospered. Altetod and his vampires fed on the inhabitants of the villages, and the humans were allowed to keep any material possessions.

In fact, Hans and Helga had been the first two people to attempt escape in over three years. Everyone else, it seemed had realized the futility of escape. They had rich lives in the village, so long as they did not stay out after dark, and Altetod had continued to grow in power as a sorcerer. *Yet I seem to use magicks less and less during fights,* thought Altetod. *How strange.*

Hans and Helga had not just attempted escape though, they had attempted to summon the Slayer, the one girl in all the world with the strength and skill to ruthlessly murder vampires wherever she found them. Altetod had never encountered a Slayer before, and he wasn’t sure he was ready to yet. He knew that it was only a matter of time as his reputation grew, but he wanted it to be on his terms, when he was sure he was ready. *I’m actually surprised a Slayer hasn’t come looking for me yet,* he thought. Altetod had gained quite a reputation in recent decades, and he was very proud of it. His cruelty was legendary. He had already heard his name mentioned with that of the famed Master of the order of Aurelius. While not extremely old yet, the Master had already been able to do
away with his human face, assuming only the beastial visage of the
demon within him. Altertod really hoped that he would figure out
how to do that someday and sever one of his last remaining ties to
the plague of humanity. The Master was already unparalleled in his
visciousness and had already killed at least one Slayer. The Master
was the first of a new race of uber-vampires, so the rumours went.
Other rumours said he was the reincarnation of the uber-vampires
of old. All agreed though, that he was far superior to all other
vampires, except for maybe Altertod, and a young Greek vampire
of a similar age that went by the name of Kakistos.

With those thoughts still going through his head, Altertod went
inside a half hour before sunrise and went down to the basement.
He found Helga chained up just as he had instructed, and decided
to have some fun before he went to sleep. Helga’s screams of pain
and terror brought a smile to his face...

Altertod awoke late in the afternoon. Helga, it seemed, had been
sobbing ever since that morning. He decided that he should have
just a bit more fun with her before she paid the price for attempting
to escape. He picked up a nearby hammer and bent over, grabbing
Helga’s foot and swinging toward the first of her nine remaining
toes. Her screams of pain only made Altertod swing all the harder,
but after another couple of hours of torture, the least of which was
Helga’s now mutilated feet, he sent Uter to fetch Gnarl.

Uter returned shortly thereafter with Gnarl. Gnarl was a hu-
manoid looking, very skinny demon with greenish skin. His ribcage
showed prominently through his skin and he had very long, sharp
fingernails that he had a habit of clicking together to frighten his
victims. The look of his fingernails did not do justice to their bite,
however. They had the power to permanently paralyze his victims
with a single cut. Altertod instructed Gnarl, “Eat all you want, but
make sure you leave the head for me to display.”

Gnarl replied, “When she is dead, and she has bled, and I have
fed, you’ll keep the head.” He turned toward Helga and slashed her
across the stomach with his sharp, toxic claws, and said in his sing-
song voice, “You tried to run away, but it was not your day, and
now I get to flay your skin today.” Helga instantly started to become
paralyzed, but retained full consciousness as Gnarl started to rip off
strips of her skin and devour them, drinking her blood as he went.
Altertod watched gleefully as Gnarl devoured every piece of skin
and every ounce of blood below Helga’s neck. She had died long before Altertod finally severed her head and handed it to Otto to be placed in the center of town alongside Hans’s.

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Altertod was awoken the next evening by Moe. “Master! The villagers are saying the Slayer has come!”


“Yes, Master. They say she arrived this afternoon and is staying with the family of Hans, the human who tried to escape. It seems he may have been successful in contacting the Slayer after all,” he added tentatively.

“Leave me, now!” Altertod commanded, and Moe immediately departed.

The Slayer. Altertod had never faced a Slayer before, although he had heard many things about them. It was rumored that the Slayer’s power was rooted in darkness, yet they had turned against their own kind. They used their power to hunt down and murder innocent vampires and demons, when if they would only embrace the source of their power, they could rule the demon world. The Master of the order of Aurelius was the only vampire Altertod had heard of that had actually killed a Slayer before. And even that was not this Slayer. Elsa, the vampire Slayer was infamous in the demon world. She had prevented an apocalypse in 1519, and now at the age of eighteen had been the Slayer for over three years. It was supposedly extremely rare for a Slayer to survive that long, and it was rumored that she had even been forced to pass some kind of test administered by her Watcher a couple of months ago just to prove that she was still fit. Yet pass, she had, and now she had come to Altertod’s town. Elsa, a name to strike fear into the hearts of vampires and demons everywhere and now she had apparently left her home in the northern city of Koln to hunt him. Altertod had a tough choice facing him: stay and try to fight this evil and defend his town, or run away and un-live another day.

I’m not going to be driven out of my home by a human, even if she is the Slayer, Altertod decided. I have work to do, spells to prepare. I need to catch her by surprise, attack tonight on my own terms, and not wait for her to come for me on her own time.
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Altered stealthily approached Hans’s house, five of his fiercest hench-vamps trailing behind him. He couldn’t enter a house without being invited, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t just burn a house down and force the humans out. Altered and the other five vampires spread out around the house, each carrying a lit torch and they began to set the house on fire. As the fire began to grow, they heard movement from within the house. A face appeared at a window, contorting into a horrified expression as the middle-aged woman realized what was happening. Altered instructed the other vampires, “Take the family of Hans to the basement. Chain them up, but don’t kill them yet. Leave the Slayer to me.”

All of a sudden the door burst open and a female voice yelled “Now!” The Slayer burst out of the house and Altered saw her for the first time. She was tall and lithe, with long, straight blonde hair and green eyes. All this, Altered took in at a glance. But before he could blink, his skin was burning as Elsa emptied a phial of holy water toward the vampires. Uter cried out in pain and clutched at his eyes, but his yells were cut short as Elsa produced a stake and flung it toward Uter, hitting him right in the heart. Uter’s cry still hung in the air as he turned to dust.

“Run!” cried the Slayer, and the family of Hans, a middle-aged couple and a girl that looked around nineteen, ran past the spot Uter had stood and down the street. Elsa produced another stake and threw it straight at Altered, perceiving him as the leader. The stake flew straight at Altered’s heart, and he caught it inches in front if his chest. “Nice throw. But you cannot hope to kill me that easily, Slayer.” Altered said, pulling out a phial of fine power. He flung the powder in the air and began to chant: “Caitwalye ve ondo?” The Slayer suddenly froze, as if turned to stone. Her eyes widened as she struggled, but she found her well-toned muscles paralyzed.

“Go, get the family.” Altered instructed the other four vampires. “I’ll deal with the Slayer.” Altered turned back to the Slayer as the other vampires departed. He circled behind her, brushing her hair away from her neck as he taunted her, “What good do your strength and speed do you if you can’t move? Now, what should I do? Should I just kill you, or should I turn you as well? Speak up now, I can’t hear you? Maybe I’ll have a little fun before I kill you,” he added,
leering at her.

Just then, another figure burst through the door of the burning house, a middle-aged man with dark but greying hair, carrying a book. “Nai metuywas!” he called, “Á leryryasalot!” Even as Altered looked back furiously toward the man, the Slayer spun around, her fist connecting with the side of Altered’s face. He staggered back a step, but caught the Slayer’s leg as she tried to follow with a high kick, and forced her to the ground beneath him. Altered rolled off of the Slayer just before her Watcher, for that is who the man was, could drive a stake through his heart from behind. The Watcher stopped the stake just short of burying it in his own Slayer.

Altered stood up and grabbed the Watcher, picking him up and throwing him sailing through the air to land roughly several feet away. However, by the time he turned to face the Slayer, she had regained her feet and connected with a jab to his face, and followed that with a strong uppercut to his jaw that sent Altered sailing backwards. Elsa was upon him again before he could regain his footing, sending her knee crunching into his nose, shattering bone. Altered’s eyes turned black within black as he looked over at the still burning house and commanded, “Á firuyas nárenen!” Tongues of fire erupted from the flaming house, shooting straight toward Elsa. She dove to the ground, narrowly avoiding the blast, but allowing Altered to regain his feet. He rushed over to Elsa and kicked her hard in the side of the head as she tried to regain her footing, sending her sprawling back to the ground. Altered was upon her in an instant, lunging for her exposed throat, but getting only a face full of cross. Elsa’s Watcher had recovered just in time to shove a cross in front of Altered just as he dove for Elsa’s throat, and the cross burned deeply into his skin. Altered gave a yell and recoiled in pain, clutching his face.

Elsa jumped back to her feet and kicked Altered in the chest, following with a right cross to the side of his face. Altered blocked her next punch, and stepping forward, headbutted Elsa. Sensing something wrong though, he spun around just in time to knock the stake out of the Watcher’s hand. As he went to punch the Watcher, he stumbled as Elsa kicked him hard in the back of the leg, forcing him to one knee. Altered ducked as the watcher kicked at his head, and spun around to catch a faceful of fist. Altered managed to keep his balance though, and caught Elsa’s left leg as she kicked out at
his chest. As he went to sling her away by her leg, she jumped off of her other foot, spinning around in the air to kick him in the back of the head. They both fell to the ground hard, struggling as they rolled, finally coming to a rest with Altered’s head firmly locked between Elsa’s legs in a leg scissors grip. Altered heard the footsteps of the Watcher approaching and realized he was in trouble. “Nai autwange sinomello!” he chanted, fingers working furiously, as the Watcher stabbed toward his chest with a stake...and hit nothing as Altered disappeared, reappearing on the outskirts of town.

Feeling drained from using so many spells, Altered made his way back to his lair to recover. **Damn that Watcher, he thought, it would have been a quick kill if not for his counterspell.** As he entered the basement, he saw Hans’s family chained up and covered in gashes and bruises. **Well, at least the night is not a total loss.** Altered approached the three of them and smiled cruelly as he began to take out his frustrations by torturing them. They screamed for hours before finally passing out from the pain. Satisfied, Altered went to sleep for the day, a plan already forming in his mind.

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Altered awoke shortly before sunset and began preparations for his plan. He drank the middle-aged couple, presumably Hans’s parents, and after feeding, decapitated them. He decided to save the girl for later, and called Otto and Moe into the room. Altered had them drive iron pikes through the two severed heads, and gave them their instructions.

Shortly after sunset, Otto and Moe set out toward the center of town, bearing the two severed heads and torches. Altered followed inconspicuously from a distance. When Otto and Moe reached the center of town, they discovered that the heads that had been displayed there on pikes were all gone. The Slayer and her Watcher must have taken them down. It did not affect the plan though. Otto and Moe put their pikes into the ground, and used their torches to light a small bonfire. Then they began yelling that this is what happens to those fools that disobey or betray Altered. Sure enough, the Slayer soon showed up, as Altered watched from the shadows.

“I’ve got a message of my own for Altered. Since he’s too scared to come out and face me himself, I guess you’ll have to deliver the message for me. And trust me, it’s got a real dusty ending.” As
Elsa slowly advanced toward Otto and Moe, they started running in opposite directions. Elsa cursed under her breath, looked both ways, and began to chase after Moe. As she disappeared into the distance, Alteredd quietly started off in the direction Elsa had come from.

Just as he had suspected, the Watcher soon came into view, rushing toward the middle of town. Presumably to back up his Slayer and help her remove the pikes from the ground. Alteredd slipped around a corner, drew out a slim dagger, and waited for the Watcher to approach. As the Watcher passed by, Alteredd stepped out and stabbed the dagger through his back while reaching around to cover the Watcher’s mouth with his other hand. The Watcher went down in a heap without making a sound, and Alteredd drained his blood before cutting his head off for display in the center of the town. *Once she discovers her Watcher’s head, she’ll come right after me...and walk right into my trap*, he thought as he returned to his lair.

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When Alteredd returned to his lair, Otto was there waiting for him. “The Slayer chased after Moe.” he reported, “I haven’t seen either one of them since.”

“Good.” replied Alteredd, “Come with me quickly. We don’t have much time to prepare the trap.” They went down to the basement and unchained the nearly unconscious girl, tying her back up in a room near the entrance to the building. “Gag her,” Alteredd commanded. After the girl was securely fastened to a chair and gagged, Alteredd began an incantation to enchant the ropes.

Soon after the preparations were complete, Moe came running into the room. “She almost got me, but I doubled back, and she stopped when she saw her Watcher’s head on the pike. I don’t think she’s far behind me though.”

“Excellent.” replied Alteredd. “You have done well. Now all that is left to do is wait.” They did not have to wait long. Just a few minutes later, they heard the front door crash in, signalling that the Slayer had arrived.

“Alteredd!” she cried, “Come out and meet you doom!” Alteredd and the rest of the vampires waited silently in the room adjoining the one where they had left the girl. Through Alteredd’s scrying mirror, he was able to watch Elsa as she marched through the house,
finally arriving in the room next door. Elsa looked around, and then immediately ran over to the girl. “Don’t worry,” she told the girl, “I’ll get you out of here.” Elsa reached back to untie the girl, and her right hand stuck to the rope. She gave a cry of dismay, but unfortunately did not touch the rope with her left hand. Instead, she drew out a sharp knife and went to cut the rope.

At that point, several vampires charged into the room, several making beelines for Elsa, while others cut off all exits from the room. Elsa began to frantically work at cutting the ropes, but with no success. As the first vampire reached her, she turned to meet it with the knife, stabbing straight into its throat and then kicking it hard in the stomach, sending the vampire reeling backwards. Finally, in desperation, Elsa put the knife between the rope and her skin and began to slice through her own skin. She had almost finished when the next vampire reached her, and with a cry of pain, she yanked hard with her bloodied hand, and the rest of her skin attached to the rope ripped off. She was free, but bleeding profusely from her right hand.

Just as the vampire was upon her, she brought the knife up, stabbing upward from underneath the vampire’s chin. It made a gurgling sound and stepped back, and Elsa reached for her stake with her left hand and drove it through the vampire’s chest. As that vampire turned to dust, the first vampire started to rush back at her. Elsa hurled the stake right at the oncoming vampire, and it connected with his chest, turning him into a cloud of dust.

Altered stepped through the doorway just as he was finishing his chant, “Naï nărë lelywa mányallon hroaryanna!” and a fireball flew from his fingertips straight toward Elsa. She tried to dodge out of the way, but it still connected with her side, blasting her into the wall and severely burning her. Barely conscious, Elsa struggled to get back to her feet as Altered menacingly approached. “You thought you could defeat me, Slayer?” he taunted, “Now you know the folly of your attempt.” he sneered.

The entire left side of Elsa’s body was scorched, but still she fought on, swinging her bloodied right hand toward Altered’s nose. But he was quicker, catching her hand and breaking her wrist. “If you strike me down, another will take my place,” she told him, “and another and then another after that.”

“Then why wait any longer?” smirked Altered, grabbing Elsa
by the neck and lifting her up. “Let’s get this over with. And send the next Slayer my way so I can drink her too!” Alteredth threw her hard against the back wall. Elsa’s head smacked the wall with a resounding thud and she went limp as she collapsed on the floor. Alteredth was upon her then, his fangs sinking deep into her soft neck, devouring her. “The power!” he cried out in ecstasy. “I can feel it flowing through me!” Alteredth drained her blood completely, then severed her head, placing it on a pike in the center of the town alongside the other reminders of what would happen should anyone betray him or attempt to run away.

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Cleveland, September 1996

Alteredth was roused from his thoughts by a knock on the door. *It had been a long time since the first time he had killed a Slayer, and at almost 300 years, way too long since the last time he had tasted one,* he thought. Killing Elsa had been the best moment of Alteredth’s life. Alteredth had quickly gained a reputation as one of the most vicious, cruel, and formidable vampires ever to walk the Earth, yet no Slayer had ever bothered him again until after he left Germany in the early 1700’s. *If only I had known then what I know now though,* he lamented, *I could have used Elsa’s blood to open the portal to Quezen’ckor’ockth and bring forth Ecthorziath and the other Old Ones.* “Come in,” he finally answered the knock.

The vampire, Ned, entered the room. “Master, we have discovered the location of the Hellmouth.” he reported.

“And?” Alteredth pressed.

“It is buried underneath the sports complex. We cannot get to it.” he reported disappointedly. “You know, that really does explain a lot though.”

“Never mind then,” replied Alteredth. “There’s a Slayer in town. We’ll open the portal to Quezen’ckor’ockth the old fashioned way. Send the Ranthricor after her. It will kill her and then we will use her blood to open the portal.”

“As you wish, Master,” Ned said as he left the room.

The Ranthricor was a ferocious beastial demon standing nearly twelve feet tall and weighing over six hundred pounds. It had four strong arms and its powerful jaws contained two rows of long, razor
sharp teeth. The Ranthricor’s species worshipped Ecthorziath, and it was the last of its kind remaining on the earth. Ecthorziath had given it to Altered as a gift a few decades earlier. The Ranthricor was not very intelligent, but it was a ferocious killing machine and when given an order, it would not stop until either it or its prey was dead. The novice Slayer didn’t stand a chance.

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After dusk, Altered sent out Timothy, Clancy, and Helen to find the Slayer. Shortly before midnight, Helen returned with news that the Slayer was patrolling in Resthaven Cemetery on the southeast side of town.

“Excellent!” replied Altered. “Follow me.” He left the room, and went downstairs, into a hidden basement in the old, abandoned warehouse Altered had taken as his residence. There they found Ned and the Ranthricor.

“The Ranthricor is hungry,” announced Ned. “He awaits only your command.”

“We have located the Slayer,” replied Altered. “Come;” he said, leading the four vampires and the giant demon out of the warehouse to a black van. Ah, modern conveniences, thought Altered. It would have taken him at least two hours to hunt down the Slayer in the old days, but with the van it would take only a matter of minutes. The windshields and windows in the van had all been covered with black paint, except for a small rectangle in the front windshield. The sun, of course, couldn’t be allowed to come through the windows at the wrong angle and fry anyone. Altered knew others of his kind that abhorred human-made devices, but to him anything that made killing humans easier was a good thing.

Fifteen minutes later, they had reached Resthaven Cemetery. Altered got out of the van and opened the back doors, letting the Ranthricor out. He motioned for the Ranthricor to be quiet. “There is a girl in the cemetery,” he began. “She is the Slayer. Kill her, but do not devour her body. I must have her blood! Only her blood will allow me to open a portal to Quezen’ckor’ockth and return your master, Ecthorziath, to this dimension.”

The Ranthricor nodded in understanding. “Firuvanyes. Nan úvan matě hroarya ar haryval sercerya.” With that, it took off running up the hill, into the cemetery. Altered and the other vampires followed a distance behind the Ranthricor.
As Alteredod crested the hill, he saw the Slayer for the first time. This one was pretty, prettier than the last Slayer he had killed, nearly three centuries earlier. She had long, brunette hair and an athletic build. Alteredod watched as the Ranthricor snuck up behind the Slayer and positioned itself for a quick kill. The massive Ranthricor swung two of its fists at either side of the Slayer’s head, hoping to end the fight before the Slayer even noticed it. But it was not fast enough. A split second before it would have shattered the Slayer’s skull, she dropped to the ground and the Ranthricor broke bones in two of its own fists as they collided with a resounding crack.

The Slayer spun around and delivered a sharp kick to the back of the Ranthricor’s right knee, forcing it down to one knee. She then leapt up in a jumping kick, connecting with the Ranthricor’s jaw, sending it reeling backwards. But as it fell, it grabbed out at the Slayer with its other pair of hands and began to crush the Slayer’s ribcage. Alarmed, the Slayer drove her stake through the Ranthricor’s left hand and with an anguished cry, the Ranthricor loosened his grip just enough for the Slayer to wiggle free. She hit the ground and rolled away, drawing a double-edged Claymore from a scabbard at her side.

Meanwhile, the Ranthricor had torn the stake out of its hand and regained its feet. The Slayer and Ranthricor stared at each other, motionless for just a moment before they both charged. At the last second, the Slayer dove to the ground, through the legs of the giant demon, and sliced the back of its right leg on her way through, hamstringing the beast. The Ranthricor cried out in pain and stumbled, but did not fall. It turned and with impossible speed launched itself at the Slayer.

The Slayer had no time to react and was thrown to the ground under the Ranthricor’s tackle. But as it lowered its jaws to tear out her throat, the Slayer managed to thrust the butt of her sword up into the skull of the Ranthricor. She rolled over so that she was on top of the beast and as it reached up toward her, she swung a mighty blow with her sword, severing one of its four arms just above the elbow. The Ranthricor cried out in pain, and swung two of its remaining hands at the Slayer, both connecting and sending the Slayer flying several feet through the air to land in a heap.

“Firuvalye!” it snarled as it struggled back to its feet to come after the Slayer.
“Fear this!” the Slayer muttered, getting to her feet. She took her sword and hurled it straight at the Rantricor’s neck. The Rantricor swung its hands to block the sword. Its first arm missed the sword, but the second arm stopped it, as the sword stuck in the Rantricor just below the wrist. Without hesitation, the Slayer sprang toward the demon, barreling it to the ground. As the Rantricor tried to defend itself against the Slayer’s onslaught with one hand, it slowly removed the sword from its wrist with another hand. It grinned evilly as it finally withdrew the sword and stabbed it toward the Slayer’s exposed back.

The Slayer rolled away at the last second and the sword drove harmlessly into the dirt. The Rantricor was quick, lunging for the Slayer, but the Slayer was quicker. She jumped back to her feet, and gave the Rantricor a quick, hard kick to the side of the head. She went to kick the Rantricor again, but this time it was expecting it, and grabbed ahold of her leg, pulling her back down to the ground, and rolled on top of her, crushing her under six hundred pounds. The Rantricor began to maul the Slayer, blood and pieces of clothing flying everywhere.

Altertod looked on and smiled, knowing it would only be a matter of seconds before the Slayer was dead. And then he could use her blood to open a portal to Quezen’ekor’ockth and bring Ecthorziath back to the earth, where they would rule together. He looked on as the Rantricor decimated the Slayer. Its claws dug into her deeply in half a dozen places, tearing clothing and flesh. But then the Slayer reached out and grabbed ahold of her sword, her sword that still lay embedded in the ground next to her. In a last desperate act, the Slayer drove the butt of the sword up into the face of the Rantricor, fracturing its jaw.

The Rantricor rolled off of the Slayer and she scrambled to her feet, clothes in tatters, and bleeding from a dozen deep wounds. The Rantricor rolled back to its feet as well. The two enemies stared at each other, hesitating for just a moment, and then they both charged. The Slayer swung her sword with all her might, but the Rantricor caught her arm with one hand, blocking her swing, and backhanded her with another, sending her sprawling twenty feet away. The Rantricor turned, but the Slayer was back on her feet in an instant. They charged at each other again. This time though, the Slayer did not even attempt to swing at the Rantricor, but rather
ducked under its arms. As the Ranthricor began to turn around, the Slayer’s momentum continued forward and then she jumped toward a tombstone. She rebounded off the top of the three-foot tall stone, leaping back toward the Ranthricor, twisting in mid-air, and swinging with all her might at the Ranthricor’s neck.

Altertod watched in horror as the Ranthricor had no time to react and the Slayer’s sword cut neatly through its neck, its head bouncing away and finally coming to rest ten feet from its massive body. Altertod looked at the Slayer, a bloody mess with her clothes torn to shreds, and took a step forward, fury in his unbeating heart. Then he stopped. No, he thought. Not now. Soon, but on my terms. When and where I decide. Altertod had not un-lived the better part of six centuries without becoming a cunning tactician. I will make her come to me, when I hold every advantage. And then I will kill her. I’ll rip her fucking throat out for killing the Ranthricor and I’ll use her blood to open a portal to Quezen’ckor’ockth and bring forth Ecchorziath. Altertod looked at the Slayer, Bridgitte, and smiled. Not now, but soon.
Appendix A: The Tale of Ecthorziath

May 2001

The demon Ecthorziath smiled as he looked through the scrying mirror. His backup plan was finally coming to fruition and the portal would soon open, allowing him to return to the earth and rule it as he had done long ago. His plan had been years in the making, but years were fleeting to the true demon, banished millenia ago from the earth into Quezen’ckor’ockth. No portal could be opened from Quezen’ckor’ockth. One must be opened from the earth itself for Ecthorziath to return. At one point, he thought he had found just the sorceror to open a portal for him. It was a complex spell, and required a rare and difficult to obtain ingredient: the blood of a Slayer. Yet, Ecthorziath had thought that the vampire sorceror Altered could pull it off. After all, he had killed two Slayers even before Ecthorziath had recruited him. And he had over a half a millenium of experience with the black arts.

Ecthorziath fumed as he thought of how close he had come. Altered had seemed like he had the Slayer at his mercy. But then, before he could enact the spell that would create the portal, that bitch Slayer, Bridgitte was her name, had managed to stake the vampire. She had still paid for it with her pathetic life, but none of the other vampires were skilled enough in the black arts to open a portal to Quezen’ckor’ockth. Of course, as soon as Bridgitte had died, another Slayer had been Chosen. And it was this Slayer that was now the only thing standing between Ecthorziath and freedom.

Ecthorziath’s backup plan had begun many years ago when he had been approached by two lesser gods seeking his help. At least they called themselves gods. Get a few puny worshippers and they let it goto their heads, thought Ecthorziath. They were all Old Ones, the original demons, beings that lesser species could not even comprehend. And so they were named gods. Two of them had approached Ecthorziath, seeking his help. They were part of the Triumvirate, co-rulers of one of the greatest demon dimensions. But their third counterpart, the magnificent Glorificus, had become so powerful that they feared her. This fear consumed them and drove them to strike first out of paranoia.
These demons had come to Ecchorziath seeking his help to overthrow Glorificus. Ecchorziath had not cared about their plight, but he had agreed to lend his aid because he saw an opportunity. Ecchorziath had convinced the demons that they should banish Glorificus to the earth. He promised them his full support and commanded all of his minions to aid them in their war against Glorificus. It had been a long and bitter war with many casualties on both sides. The other two Old Ones had caught Glorificus by surprise, but she soon turned the tide of battle on them. That’s when Ecchorziath’s reinforcements had entered the fray and shifted the balance of power.

They struck quickly and viciously and Ecchorziath was confident that Glorificus would never be able to trace the reinforcements back to him. Glorificus was banished to the earth and bound to a human body. But Ecchorziath was sure that Glorificus was powerful enough to break free of her prison before long and seek vengeance upon the other two members of the Triumvirate. Of course, he had not let the other two Old Ones in on that part of his plan. He realized that without her full powers, Glorificus would have to find and use the Key in order to return to her home dimension. The Key was an ancient mystical energy source that could take many forms, and open a portal between all dimensions, even Quezen’korockth. Once Glorificus used the Key and the portal from the earth reached Quezen’korockth, Ecchorziath would be free to return to the earth and rule it once again.

It had taken time though. The keepers of the Key, an order of monks, had attempted to keep it hidden from Glorificus to save their pitiful species. They had sent it to the Slayer in the form of a sister. In human form, the Key would have to be bled at the appointed time to open the portal. The current Slayer had proved very resourceful, but Glorificus had finally obtained the Key and was currently performing the ritual that would open a portal, sending her back to her home dimension to wreak vengeance upon her former partners, and sending Ecchorziath back to the earth. He would bring others of the Old Ones back and they would scourge humanity from the face of the earth and rule it as they once had.

Ecchorziath’s smile suddenly faded as he noticed the Slayer and her band of followers approaching the site of the ritual bleeding. Ecchorziath was not worried though. There was no way any Slayer could bring down an immortal Old One, even if her powers were lim-
ited by her mortal prison. Ecthorziath watched through the scrying mirror as the Slayer and her gang battled Glorificus and her minions. This Slayer was very impressive indeed, matching the mighty Glorificus blow for blow, but that couldn’t last very long, and her friends were having little success against Glorificus’s more numerous minions. Ecthorziath watched as Glorificus and the Slayer battled their way up the makeshift tower toward the Key as the appointed time for the ritual bleeding neared, and as they fell back to the ground together.

There was not much time left before the bleeding had to begin, yet still this Slayer, this human kept Glorificus at bay, even began to get the upper hand in the fight. *How can this be?*, Ecthorziath thought, *Is it possible? Could she be the one? The Slayer prophesied in the Karkoleth? His former partner, the vampire sorceror Altered, had thought that the last Slayer, Bridgette, had been the Summer Slayer. He had of course been wrong and Bridgette had killed him, right before she had been killed. But this Slayer, Buffy, had already died and returned to life once...*

Ecthorziath was jarred from his thoughts as he noticed the demon, Doc, climbing to the top of the tower, sacrificial knife in hand. Ecthorziath’s smile returned. He looked back to the Slayer, who was beating Glorificus’s face into a bloody pulp with an enchanted troll hammer. It mattered not, as long as Doc opened the portal. Then he saw the Slayer’s pet vampire, Spike, arrive at the top of the tower. For a split second, Ecthorziath was actually worried, but the demon made quick work of the vampire and sent him flying over the edge of the balcony. Ecthorziath noticed the Slayer’s Watcher killing Glorificus’s human host with a passing interest. He was not sure if that would kill the Old One or banish her to some remote dimension, but he didn’t have time to contemplate it as he saw Doc cut the Key and begin the ritual bleeding, opening the portal.

Ecthorziath roared in triumph as the Slayer reached the balcony at the top of the tower. *So what if she is the one*, thought Ecthorziath, *she’s too late now.* The portal spread out from earth, beginning to open to all sorts of other dimensions. Demons began to pass through the portal to earth. Ecthorziath waited patiently, knowing that Quezen’ckor’ockth would be one of the last dimensions the portal would reach, but also knowing that it would only be a matter of moments. The portal gradually drew closer and closer.
to Quezen’ckor’ockth as more and more demons passed through it. Echthorziath saw a dragon pass through the portal and knew it was only a matter of seconds before he too would be able to return to the earth. He could sense the portal coming, could see the telltale slight shimmer in the air as, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed the Slayer take off running. They Slayer leaped off the tower in a swan dive just as the portal began to open in Quezen’ckor’ockth. “Noooo!” Echthorziath cried out, suddenly realizing the danger. He leaped for the opening portal, but it snapped shut as the Slayer passed through the portal, her blood closing it as she died.

Echthorziath stared through the scrying mirror at the Slayer’s dead body, red eyes wide with anger and hatred. Once again, he had come so close, so very close, to returing to rule the earth. And once again, it had been thwarted by another of those damn Slayers! Echthorziath cried out in anger again, reaching out and crushing the skull of a nearby minion in frustration. In his rage, he killed eight other demons that happened to be nearby with a single thought. I will get back to the earth, he vowed, and humans will suffer all the more before I kill them for this.

He wondered if this Slayer really was the one. She had now died twice. According to the Karkoleth, “death shall be gifted to her thrice.” Echthorziath almost barked a dry laugh as he remembered the wording “It is fated that she die with glory.” Is it possible that this whole chain of events was pre-ordained? If she is the one, the prophecies said that she would change the entire world.

“Yes, she is the one.” came a voice from behind Echthorziath. He turned to see the First, his creator, the source of all evil, the most powerful force in the war against good. Echthorziath bowed slightly before the First, the only entity that could elicit that response from him. The First had created him countless millennia ago, yet it had been around time immemorial before that. “She will be brought back to life again,” the First continued, “and this time with black magick that will lift the ban that the Powers imposed and allow me to launch an assault on the earth.”

“The prophecies say that she will change the world forever,” replied Echthorziath, “but they do not say what the result will be. It says that she could either purge evil from the earth or lead the earth into hell itself.”

“Well, you didn’t actually expect those so-called Guardians to
write our impending victory into their little prophecies, did you? I’ve been here since before the earth was even made and I’ll be here long after it’s gone and we will rule it again while it lasts.”

The First stood beside Ecthorziath, looked out into the world it was sure to soon control, and smiled.
Appendix B: The Tale of Years

The Dawn of Time: The First already exists.

Eons ago: The First creates the powerful demon Ecthorziath.

Millenia ago: Ecthorziath is among the last of the Old Ones to roam the earth. He is banished to Quezen'kor'ockth as humans begin to populate the earth.

1377: Altered is born Thomas Frommel in Munich. His real name would be forgotten by even himself in the centuries to come.

1415: Altered, already one of the most powerful sorcerers in the world, is sired by an unknown brunette female vampire in an alley in Munich.

1420: Altered rapes, tortures, and brutally kills the vampire that sired him five years earlier. Altered remains in Munich for several decades.

1491: Altered leaves Munich and settles in a small, nearby town. In his first year there, he kills almost half of the villagers and turns over twenty into vampires. For the next thirty years, Altered rules the village without major incident and the village prospers at the expense of nearby villages and unwary travellers.

1503: Elsa the Vampire Slayer is born in Kohn. Her last name has been forgotten.

1518: Elsa becomes the Slayer after her predecessor dies.

1519: Elsa prevents an apocalypse and narrowly survives.

1521: Elsa becomes the first Slayer in well over a century to reach the age of eighteen. She is forced by her Watcher to pass a test proving that she is still fit to be the Slayer. Her powers are taken away and she is forced to kill a vampire without the benefits of super-strength, speed, and healing. Elsa passes. The villagers Hans and Helga try to escape to Munich. Altered tracks them down, tortures, and kills them. Altered encounters a Slayer for the first time, Elsa, now one of the most accomplished and longest lived Slayers in recorded history. Altered kills both her and her Watcher. He rules the small village without further incident for the better part of the next two centuries. During this time, Altered learns how to discard his human features and only assume the true visage of the demon within him.

1696: Heidi the Vampire Slayer is born in Interlaken. Her last name has been forgotten.
1709: Altered tires of the small village and leaves. He moves from town to town, cutting a swath of death and destruction through Europe for the next two years.

1711: Heidi becomes the Slayer after her predecessor dies. Altered winds up in Zurich Switzerland. His activity over the past two years attracts the Slayer, Heidi. Altered leads her into a trap and kills his second Slayer. Altered spends the next few decades in Zurich.

1736: Altered turns a nineteen year old blonde Swiss girl, Margrit, and takes her as his lover. As a vampire, she becomes becomes as devious and evil as Altered himself and develops a fondness for drinking the blood of infants.

1773: Altered and Margrit leave Zurich and wreak havoc throughout Europe for the next fifteen years. During their travels, they encounter another vampire couple named Angelus and Darla, members of the order of Aurelius. The four of them torture and brutally murder every man, woman, and child in four small villages before parting ways.

1788: Altered returns to Munich with Margrit and they reside there luxuriously for several decades.

1835: Altered and Margrit decide to leave Europe for the new world, America. They stow away on a ship for the voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. They spend the next several years cutting a swath of death across the eastern United States.

1847: Altered and Margrit settle in Atlanta, Georgia. There, they are supplied with fresh slave girls to rape, torture, and drink whenever they wish.

1858: Margrit sires a young man named Mitch.

1864: Altered and Margrit have been helping the Confederacy in the Civil War, along with other vampires, in exchange for all the slaves they want to drink. Margrit, though, is burned to death when General Sherman burns Atlanta. Altered spends the next three decades wandering around the country and reeducating himself to his sorcery.

1893: Altered contacts the demon Ecthorziath, trapped in the dimension of Quezen’ckor’ockth. Ecthorziath tells him of a spell that would open a portal to Quezen’ckor’ockth and bring him back to the earth. Altered agreed to bring forth Ecthorziath in exchange for ruling the world at his side. He researches the spell to open the
portal and gathers all of the necessary ingredients...except for the blood of a Slayer.

1905: After a few years terrorizing the southern states of South Carolina and Tennessee, Altered tires of everyone's blood being exactly the same. Altered travels up to New England.

1924: In New York, Altered runs across Mitch, the vampire sired by Margrit decades earlier in Atlanta, and recruits him. Altered and Mitch remain in the northeast United States for the next few decades as Altered gathers more followers.

Sept. 1948: Tom Sampson is born in Pittsburgh.

Jan. 1951: John Clarkson is born in London.

Apr. 1953: Lydia Wilson is born in Indianapolis.

May 1959: Victoria Crawford is born in London.

Mid-late 1900's: At some point, Ecthorziath is approached by two members of the Triumvirate. They seek his aid in a war they plan to start with Glorificus, the third, and most powerful member of the ruling Triumvirate of their dimension. Ecthorziath agrees to lend them soldiers and convinces them to try to banish Glorificus to the earth. Ecthorziath has a hidden agenda: he believes that Glorificus will eventually find the Key and use it to open a portal between the earth and all other dimensions, allowing her to return and seek vengeance upon the other two members of the Triumvirate, and allowing him to return to the earth.

1964: Altered and his followers settle in Cleveland, Ohio.


Dec. 1979: Bridgette Sampson is born to Tom and Lydia Sampson in Cleveland.


Oct. 1992: John Clarkson, Victoria Crawford, and two other Watchers appear at the Sampsons' doorstep and tell them that Bridgette is a potential Slayer. John becomes Bridgette's Watcher. He and Victoria remain in Cleveland and train Bridgette for the next few years.

1996: Ecthorziath has been growing stronger the past decades as more people worship him. He has recently recruited several new worshippers that hold high positions among humans: a basketball and a baseball player in Chicago, and coaches in Tallahassee and Knoxville.
May 1996: Bridgitte starts dating Billy Watson.

June 1996: Bridgitte becomes the Slayer after her predecessor dies. A few days later, her friend Melanie is murdered by vampires.

Aug. 1996: Alteredod opens a portal, practicing for opening a portal to Quezen’ckor’ockth, and brings three Trychonthryiath demons to this dimension. Bridgitte encounters the three Trychonthryiaths and loses her short term memory after being stung by one of them. She regains her memory a few days later, after killing all three of the demons. Alteredod learns for the first time that there is a Slayer in Cleveland.

Sept. 1996: Alteredod sends the Rantricor to kill Bridgitte. It fails and she kills it as Alteredod watches.

Oct. 1996: Alteredod’s hench-vamps find a page from the Karkoleth, the prophecies of the Slayer, in a crypt. Bridgitte intercepts the vampires and takes part of the prophecy back to Charles Scott, while the vampire Mitch returnd the rest of the prophecy to Alteredod. Alteredod kidnapes and sires Charles. Bridgitte comes to rescue him, but is too late and has to kill him. Alteredod and Bridgitte fight, and Alteredod sinks his teeth into her neck and begins to drink her, but Bridgitte is able to grasp her stake and plunge it through Alteredod’s back, through his heart, killing him. But she is unable to get to her feet before Mitch snaps her neck, killing her. As Bridgitte dies, Buffy Summers is Chosen in Los Angeles.

May 2001: The banished Old One, Gloricifus, finds the Key that will open a portal between the earth and all other dimensions, including Quezen’ckor’ockth. Ecstroziath plans to use this portal to return to the earth. However, Gloricifus is defeated by the Summer Slayer, Buffy, and Buffy dies for the second time closing the portal and saving the world.
Appendix C: The Languages

Alethor’s spells in the flashback and the Ranthric’s speech are all actually in Quenya (high-Elvish). Below are translations of all Quenya phrases:

“Caituvalye ve ondo!”: You will lie like stone!

“Nai autwalam sinomello tulien nórelmanar ar coalmannar!”: May we leave from here in order to come to our land and to our house!

“Nai metuvas!”: May it end!

“A leryarosallo!”: Release her from it!

“A firuvas nárenen!”: She will die by fire!

“Nai autuvanye sinomello!”: May I be gone from here!

“Nai náré lelyuva mángallon hroaryanna!”: May fire go from my hands to her body!

“Firuvanges. Nan úvan matë hroarya ar haryval sercerya.”: I will kill her. But I will not eat her body and you will have her blood.

“Firuvalye!”: You will die!
Appendix D: The Names

Many names, including the majority of Altered's hench-vamps, are based on the names of characters in The Simpsons (although having nothing to do with their respective personalities).

*Lenny and Carl:* Two vampires that Bridgitte kills in (I). Also, two friends and co-workers of Homer Simpson.

*Barney:* A vampire that Bridgitte kills in (II). Also, a friend and drinking buddy of Homer.

*Hans:* A human that Altered tortures and kills in (III) in 1521. Also, an unlucky man around town in Springfield.

*Reiner:* A young vampire that Altered kills in (III) in 1521. Also, an actor in the McBain movies that Homer and Bart enjoy.

*Moe:* A vampire servant of Altered in (III) in 1521. Also, Homer's friend and owner of Moe's Tavern.

*Uter:* A vampire servant of Altered in (III) in 1521. Also, a foreign exchange student and Springfield Elementary.

*Otto:* A vampire servant of Altered in (III) in 1521. Also, Bart's school busdriver.

*Ned:* A vampire servant of Altered in (III). Also, Homer's neighbor.

*Timothy:* A vampire servant of Altered in (III). Also, the reverend of Homer's church.

*Helen:* A vampire servant of Altered in (III). Also, the wife of the reverend of Homer's church.

*Clancy:* A vampire servant of Altered in (III). Also, Springfield's police chief.