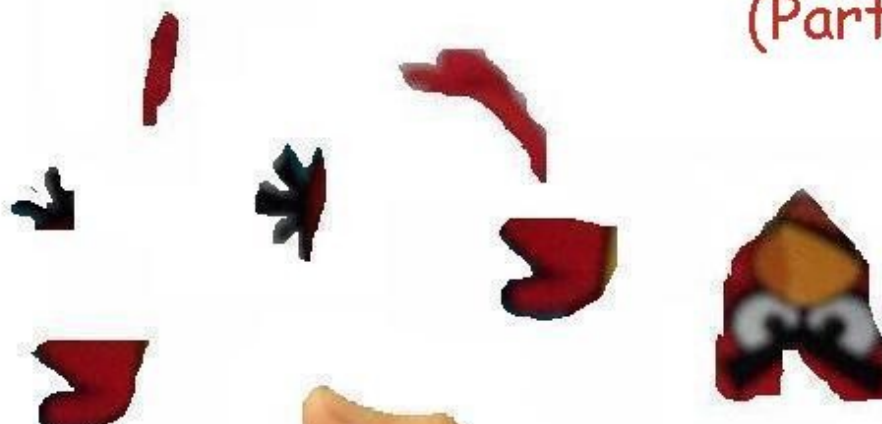


DIRTY

BIRD'S

TERROR PLOT

(Part 1)



John Doe

## CHAPTER 1

One might think it was just another glorious Sunday afternoon. A mixture of all sorts of colognes and perfumes wafted through the air. Had it been ten years ago much of those sweet aromas would have been radiating off the Creature. The money he had saved over the years from his cologne cut back had all been dumped into his secretive terror funds. The Creature was quite sure that there was enough good smells of cologne overkill to make up for his frugality.

And then there was the curveball, the massive curveball.....the gambling.

It all started about five years ago when his brother's Sergeant had seen the threat coming and tried his best to bring the Creature right into his addiction to mitigate the threat.

It worked.....But had it?

The Creature could still remember the very first time his brother dragged him into a casino. During the ride in the dark night in his brother's big Cadillac somebody had been following them and flashing their high beams incessantly for no apparent reason. A strange kind of thing as if to warn them.

Schizophrenia and gambling? A DEADLY COMBINATION. And the

Creature was quite schizophrenic. Had always been since the age 17.

The piano played at the church while the Creature ruminated and put on his best Sunday smile. The whole going along with the flow gambling thing. He had played everybody like a fool. He usually kept his betting at 1/1 odds. All the habitual gambling gave him excuses to carry exorbitant amounts of cash. Clandestine funds that he could later fund his entire terror plot when just the right time came to strike. He had played them all like fools while posing all along as a forgotten pawn stagnating at the corner of a chess board amongst far more important pieces. Every



gesture and each and everyone of his zany idiosyncrasies were all feigned except for his perpetual listless eyes. No, no, no.... The Creature definitely couldn't control that. Dr. Frankenstein had sucked the life right out of him many years ago. Had knocked him unconscious and then taken the scalpel to him as if he were dissecting a frog with hundreds more to go and only one hour to work with.

The Creature took in a deep breath and looked at his wrist watch. Everybody knew he was always known for putting on a big show and this one he was about to put on today would most certainly trump them all. The trench coat mafia

kids, the movie theatre shoot em up guy, the Columbine school shooting gig.....whatever.....blah,blah,blah..... they all lacked numbers. And the Creature definitely wanted to see numbers. Numbers that would even put Hitler to shame.

The Creature watched intently as his brother's wife came up on stage to sing a song in front of the congregation. He had already surmised that more than likely she had practiced all week long for her 5 minutes of fame. One of the benefits of being a house wife. *Where was the fun in that? Was there a milk man that came around? Why would anyone want to spend all their time at home?*

The Creature really didn't know. What he did know was that in a few minutes he would have to do his best at making furtive glances at his wrist watch to fool his brother. His brother was sitting right next to him. His brother, the cop. Yuck. The "takers" he liked to call them.

As his sister-in-law got up on stage the Creature began to grin. *How pathetic. How many times a year did she have to do this to get the spiritual folks all jazzed up? Didn't it ever get old? Wouldn't Elvis be a lot more exciting?*

The Creature lolled his head to witness his Rheumy eyed brother get all worked up over some

spiritual nonsense which most likely derived from aliens to keep peace on Earth. By golly if the Creature wanted to hear Elvis on a Sunday morning in church he could certainly make that happen.

*Didn't these people remember what day it was? It was 911. Year 2016. Guess people were already starting to forget. Lest we forget?*

He quickly made one last furtive glance at his wrist watch then whispered into his brother's ear.

"Do you think maybe there's a devil in the church?"

The officer scrunched up his face. *Where in the world did that*

*comment come from?*

Before he could contemplate his schizophrenic brother's comment his cell phone vibrated in his pants. He flipped it open but wouldn't let his brother look at the screen.

The screen read "Do you think maybe there's a devil in the church?"

The officer got confused. He looked over at his brother. His hands were neatly folded on his lap. This was weird. It wasn't his brother's number either.

The Creature just smiled like an innocent church boy. He counted 30

seconds in his head and then whispered into his brother's ear once again.

"You do know that Elvis never actually left the building"

Just as the Creature whispered those words the cell phone vibrated again. This time the officer did a better job of shielding the screen from his eccentric brother. He was getting really creeped out. Goosebumps were already transpiring. *Had his brother stopped his psychotropic meds again? How was he doing this with his hands folded on his lap? Toes maybe?*

The Creature just smiled impish like while steeping his fingers like Shark Tank dude. This was so much fun. The Creature was just warming up. He didn't even bother to glance at his brother's cell phone screen.

The screen read "You do know that Elvis never actually left the building"

Goosebumps got bigger but the officer didn't want to buy into his big brother's silly game. Maybe he had a buddy send the strange texts as a joke. *But how? His brother had no friends and spent all day talking to that little dog.....* this was definitely weird.

The officer's wife continued to sing in front of the church mostly bedazzling the old farts that sat in the front row to hear better. She tugged on her lacy blue dress while she sang when suddenly she could hear her voice deepening into the mike.

*What was going on? This was not her voice!*

The congregation gaped in shock as they all witnessed Elvis Presley somehow crawling into the mike and busting out some serious tunes. The officer looked over at his brother and the Creature just smiled. Their mommy didn't go to this church because she felt it was



too worldly. She wasn't there to make them behave. *What was the Creature doing? How was he doing it? Why Elvis Presley?*

The cellphone vibrated once again but this time the Creature did not repeat verbatim what was on the screen.

The screen read *"Get Down"*

This time the officer's police training kicked in immediately and the two brothers simultaneously ducked down to take refuge beneath the pew.

Fireworks shot out from every corner of the church shooting in

every which direction. Flashes brighter than lightning and booms as loud as cannons. The entire congregation ducked beneath the pews to shelter themselves. One old lady's hair caught fire because she was too slow. The same old lady that nastily articulated "*You are forgiven*" when the Creature accidentally brushed against her leaving church one day. She had said it as if she had already dubbed him a mass murderer in her mind.

Most of the screaming came from the women that were mostly doing it to drown out the Creature laughing like the Joker on Batman. The Creature remembered the fat kid's statement to CNN when they

found a cache of illegal weaponry in his room *I'm the real joker?*

Lame and unoriginal. *I'm the real Dirty Bird* The Creature thought to himself.

It was time to boogie woogie before they had a chance to figure out who was behind all of this and stop him. Elvis' greatest hits continued to play among the screaming fireworks while the Creature made his great escape. Fiery flames engulfed the sanctuary while the Creature slithered along on his belly like a snake making his great escape. *What was wrong with these people? Didn't everybody like Elvis?*

The officer scoured the room hurriedly while using his church bulletin to swat away the smoke burning his eyes. *What kind of sick joke was this and why on 9/11? But most importantly.....where was his mentally unstable brother? Where was the Creature?*

There was a scream amidst the havoc. "He's getting away! Go stop your brother!"

Church shoes sure didn't seem to help the officer run any faster. He could already hear the Creature's crotch rocket getting revved up. He could use a little help from mom right about now but she belonged to

a different church. A church that believed that women must wear dresses at all times and wearing pants was deemed an atrocity.

The officer sprinted as fast as he could to his big Cadillac SUV while groping for his keys while he ran.

*Would he get a raise for this? Had anybody ever figured it out the secret assignments the government had placed him on to oversee his brother's strange reclusive behavior? Why hadn't all the trips to the casino worked like they were supposed to? Had his brother bribed a higher up to spill the beans about things like "Terrorist Watch" lists?*

There were still popping sounds emanating from the church by the time the big Cadillac got started up. Luckily it was an automatic because the officer's nerves were so shaken he would have popped the clutch for sure. As he exited the parking lot he put the window down to listen for crotch rocket sounds to know which way his crazy brother had taken off. No doubt about it. The Creature had definitely taken a left. The officer stepped on the gas and gunned it.

The Creature was smart enough to know his brother would play hero and try to come after him. Those big Cadillacs had lots of power and could move pretty fast. It was too

bad his brother was too cheap to get one with four wheel drive. Not that it would help much in the next minute or so when driving conditions were about to change dramatically. The Creature even had one of his favorite songs blaring as he sped along with 600cc's between his legs. "So light em up,up,up....light em up,up,up,boomp...boomp...I'm on fire!" The Creature just grinned didn't these people know he was just warming up? Nothing like the euphoric rush of speeding away on a crotch rocket.

## CHAPTER 2

There was no need for the officer to

call for back up. Everybody at the church already knew the history of his brother. More than likely over half of them had called 911 and it wouldn't be surprising if soon the birds would be in the air. There was no chance the Creature would get away with this. Anaheim township had way too much money and resources.

Just when he had a visual on his brother there was a bright flash and pop sound on his right. Like a string of dominoes the telephone poles fell onto the roads shooting sparks everywhere. This made absolutely no sense? *Had the Creature secretly weakened the telephone poles? Did this explain his last trip*



*to the lunny bin where the only thing they found in his back pack was a hand saw and a big plastic bottle of tar? Was his brother really that smart?*

All it took was one bang and the entire road was blocked with telephone poles and sparks. Evidently his brother must have hidden a bomb in one of the poles and weakened the rest so they would all fall like dominoes. Once the helicopters came out it would be game over. It was only noon and plenty of daylight could be used to their advantage.

The big white caddy handled itself pretty well despite the phone poles

blocking the street but he still had to stop and pull over. The Creature had quite a substantial lead. No casualties yet, but the manhunt was on.

### CHAPTER 3

The Creature knew he was taking a ballsy risk. None of it really mattered. Not even getting caught. He had orchestrated one of the most puzzling terrorist attacks this country was ever going to face.

By the time he lost his brother he slowed down his speed to draw less attention to himself. It was only a ten minute ride into the city and more than likely they would expect

him to head towards the woods where he could hide. Heading towards the city would be quite the curve ball because there was cameras in the city. He was off his meds so maybe they would just assume the deprivation of his chemical dependency had clouded his mind.

The Creature turned into an alley and ditched the motorcycle behind a dumpster. It was all part of the plan. He had to make it look real. He had to make an attempt to make it look like he was hiding. He was more than likely already broadcasted on CNN at this point. There was a green scratchy army blanket in the dumpster and the

Creature was quick to cover it over the bike.

Further down the Alley was a big white van. The Creature ran right up to it. Now was the fun part. Now was the show time!

It looked like a scene from the Home Alone movie. The dummy was the exact same weight and height of the Creature. And what separated them apart? About 600 hand warmers super glued to the dummy. And of course the simple fact that the dummy had more fishing line strings than Pinocchio. Somebody had to put on a nice show for the infrared cameras. Why not the Creature? All he had to do was

shake that dummy up and his homemade ruse was good to go.

There was no windows to the big white utility van but none of that mattered. The Creature was already smart enough to know he was being watched. The eyes never slept in the city. Just a few years ago they assumed his lunch box he left on the curb was a bomb. Nosy wack jobs. Those city folks really needed to ditch the pajama pants and get jobs.

The Creature moved to the center of the van and lifted open the hatch. They knew he was in there but they had no way of watching what went on inside. A dank sewer smell

wafted throughout the van as the Creature climbed down the manhole shoot and into the dark tunnel. He was going to have a field day with those alphabet retards.

Creature time had just begun!

#### CHAPTER 4

By the time the Creature's brother arrived at the scene he had only one thought on his mind. The target. *Who or what would his eccentric brother go after?*

The officer knew deep in his gut that whatever his brother had planned was going to be big. The whole schizo-affective disorder

thing scared him. There might not be a direct target. As calculated as his older brother was the officer knew it would be a waste of time even looking for a motive. The best thing they could do right now was to pay attention and hope nobody else would get hurt.

ATF was quickly on the way but there were already plenty of city cops clearing the area. Everybody knew with the Creature's history there was a good chance that the big white van was going to blow up when this was over. What they feared the most was all the antennas protruding from the rooftop. They knew with the Creature's potential that could only

mean one thing. Bartering. Maybe the Creature was looking to strike a deal.

Many people had described the Creature's brother as looking a lot like Matt Damon minus a couple pounds. He was usually used by the township as the police force's company mascot as his toned body represented what a police officer should look like. (Not to say that he stayed away from donuts).

The motorcycle was soon discovered hidden behind the dumpster in the same alley as the van. Everybody knew the Creature was in the van but because it had no windows there was nothing to see.



The alley got cordoned off with yellow tape as the Creature's brother soon found himself sitting on a big rock with a long stick laying next to it. In a matter of minutes the bigger authorities would more than likely be showing up to take over the situation. It was almost as if the Creature was re-enacting the man hunt just like the Boston Bombing. *Was the Creature acting like a copycat? Why a church? If the target was the church then why had his brother always tossed money in the plate? Weird. It had to be the discontinuation of the medication.*

The officer took notice that the rock he was sitting on was rather

unusually large when suddenly his cell vibrated. It was wifey.

"Hello?"

"What in the world was that all about? Does your brother know he's in a lot of trouble? The handicap guy in the wheel chair that sits in the front just died of a heart attack. Fire trucks are everywhere. Another woman's hair caught on fire and she got rushed to the hospital along with others."

His wife tried to catch her breath, "Where are you at right now? My phone is ringing nonstop with Feds calling wanting information on your brother. They

keep asking which doctor discontinued his medication. I didn't think a doctor had anything to do with this."

The officer sat on the rock and watched as more and more police cars showed up. He had a really deep sick feeling that his brother was only warming up. *Ten years the Creature had shut out the world. Now it was all starting to make sense why his brother had always gone out of his way to stay aloof from society. He sure had spent a lot of lonely weekends talking to that little dog!*

"Honey, I'm sitting on a big ole rock trying not to rush things. We got

him trapped in a big white van. He can't hide forever in there. They'll spot him with the infrared. It's all those antennas on the roof that I'm mostly worried about."

He could hear his wife sigh on the phone. "You think he's going to blow something up?"

"Well you saw his freak show at the church while you were singing didn't you? I got strange text messages and what was the whole Elvis thing?"

She interrupted him. "Hey didn't you just say earlier that you were sitting on a big ole rock?"

"Yeah next to a big long goofy stick why?"

There was hesitation. "And you're in the city?"

The officer thought about it. "Yeah I guess that is kind of strange. I'm wondering how the stick got here too."

"Hun wasn't there some kind of Biblical story about God telling Moses to whack a big ole rock with a stick and water then came gushing out?"

The officer grimaced. "Oh snap...Don't tell me... He couldn't possibly be that sick...."

"Hun, I need you to very carefully get away from that rock and make sure everyone stays away from it. It wouldn't surprise me if your nutso brother is watching you right now."

Before the Creature's brother could even glance at the stripe running down his pant leg there was a ferocious boom and the entire rock imploded then water shot out everywhere. The cop wasn't badly injured but the pratfall did a number on his tailbone. *Workman's Comp* He thought to himself.

Dozens of guns were drawn in his direction and the officer put his hands up to signal everything was

under control. Everything except being soaking wet of course. *Was his brother trying to make his personal Jihad Biblical? Sick.*

"I'm ok fellas....I'm sure this is just another part of my brother's show"

"Hun...Are you still there? Answer me now... What just happened?"

"It's nothing babe we got everything under control."

"I hope so but I think you boys are gonna have to find out that your bother's show is probably gonna run for quite a while. I think I found something at home."

The officer's heart skipped a few beats. *No,no,no! Leave the family out of this you batty creature! I have wife and kids!*

"What now?"

"Why didn't you ever tell me that you maliciously beat down a drunk old lady while making a DUI arrest?"

"I didn't."

"Well I have a high resolution quality recording that suggests otherwise that I just found on top of the TV."



A pang of fear spread throughout the lean officer's body. "Oh my.... I had a feeling he was just warming up."

"Yeah, remember all those months of tinkering with photoshop?"

All the Creature's brother could do was grunt into the phone.

"I have a feeling your brother has figured out how to take things to the next level."

## CHAPTER 5

The Creature slowed down when he noticed some rats milling around a dryer spot of the tunnel. It was all

part of his ever so enigmatic plan as he knew all the bread crumbs would surely draw some critters to help him find his way out of the dark tunnel without getting lost.

The squeaking of the rats made it easy for him as he didn't want to give his location away by using a flashlight should the brass be hot on his tail. Hopefully his ploy was still working and the coppers were still outside of the van keeping their distance from the yellow tape.

The Creature climbed up the ladder and popped open the man hole. He had only traveled a half mile through the city's underground tunnel and was relieved not to be

welcomed by sunlight. He was now in the real van. A "Sleeper Cell on wheels" as he liked to call it.

The first thing he did was put on the ball cap with the fake mullet draping down his neck and yes of course the sunglasses to keep the traffic cameras from monitoring his thoughts. (The Creature always struggled with paranoia)

The van was fully loaded and had everything he needed so he could play his crafty war games and keep himself off the grid. *I'm a great terrorist.... I'm the best terrorist of all time!* The Creature thought to himself.

For 11 straight years the Creature had managed to confide in absolutely no one. They forced him to see psychiatrists and psychologists. The Creature threw so many curve balls in his conversations that they could never figure him out. At one point the Creature fooled his psychiatrist and told him that he felt he could probably get his rocks off with going nuts with a really big gun like the kind in the movies. The Creature had in fact lied. The Creature didn't like guns. The Creature was only interested in bombs. And they could especially NEVER pinpoint the threat. That's what made the game so great. The threat constantly changed within the hour. Nobody

could ever prepare for a threat that fast. Not even Superman.

Only a classmate from middle school had detected the Creature's true potential and recognized the threat early on. An Ozzy Osborne song eventually ensued every time the classmate got privy around the Creature with nobody listening in. *Nobody wants him.....Now he has*

*revenge!* The Creature always smiled at the revenge part. Then the boys would split and head back to class.

As the van rolled down the highway the Creature couldn't help but wonder how long his dummy tied up with hand warmers would throw

off the infrared cameras. He had swiped a huge oldies record from his mother and sliced holes in it to serve as the main computer for his motorized dummy. The Creature always preferred to go old school with his MacGyver stuff to reduce the chances of leaving tool marks or hidden serial numbers for the authorities to find. He always believed the simpler the better. Terror devices that were too complex only left terrorist signatures for the authorities to go on.

Although it was only Sunday afternoon traffic was already getting congested on I-63. That made the Creature mad. A bridge

loomed up ahead in the distance as the Creature groped around the sun visor above him full of all sorts of homemade buttons he had installed that did all sorts of evil things. *Did these motorists really need to keep zipping past him?* The bridge just kept getting closer as the speeders zipped ahead.

The Creature giggled as he went under the bridge and pushed the button. The squealing of tires behind him seemed to make his day and the crushing sounds of steel surely had to be at least a ten car pile up.

Bobo had done his job. Bobo the clown proved he could unfurl at the speed of lightning.

## CHAPTER 6

It looked like the Boston Marathon Bombing incident all over again except that this time it was a van and not a boat. The Creature's brother never thought something as crazy as this could possibly happen. If it wasn't bad enough having the entire city watching he could only imagine how many more people were watching on their televisions. *What was his brother's motive? How long did he think he would last in that van? Didn't he know these people had guns? Did his brother have a bomb in that van?*



His boss tapped him on the shoulder.

"They picked up your brother on the infrared cams. He's definitely in there"

The officer looked confused. "Are they gonna shoot him?"

The sergeant didn't even have to think about it. "They might have to. Your brother tinkers with explosives a lot. How do we know he won't start detonating bombs from in there?"

The officer looked his boss over. Jeff had a harried look and you

could even smell a minute trace of alcohol on his breath. Not that it mattered. It happened occasionally when law enforcement couldn't prepare for emergencies like this. Jeff didn't even have his official police belt on. It looked as though he had just run out the door.

"You really think my brother might be ready to blow something up in there?"

Jeff stood back a little and crossed his arms. "After what he did at the church who knows what else he is capable of. Didn't you say he was sending you weird texts?"

The officer grimaced. His

gesticulations were just like Matt Damon's in every way. He could especially mirror that same cocky smile. "Yeah he sent them alright. Did it right in front of me without even moving a muscle. How was he able to do that?"

Jeff knew a little bit about everything. The threat of artificial intelligence was already in the news. Everybody knew that when the Creature wasn't tinkering he was reading those popular mechanics magazines.

"Machines. Your brother probably rigged up some machines to several cell phones he purchased. I'm just trying to understand the whole

"Elvis" part."

The authorities continued to shoo people away from the yellow tape. Any minute the higher ups could mandate a city evacuation. Several streets were already getting closed off. The officer bit on what little cuticle he had left on his thumb.

"I dunno. Maybe he got inside the church walls to rig that. He started laughing hysterically when my wife's voice turned to Elvis. It had the whole church confused."

"Your wife was singing in front of the church?"

The officer just shook his head.

"Yeah, ever since she's been doing the whole house wife thing she's been needing some extra attention. I guess she gets bored being cooped up in that house all day."

Jeff just grinned but then quickly stopped. There were cameras everywhere. It would not be wise for him to be smiling in a time like this. Then suddenly Jeff found himself shaking his head.

"Your brother always had a lot of money. And that's only the money that we know of."

The officer's eyes bulged. "I know. I guess the casino thing didn't work. My brother never let's any

addiction control him. A few big losses and eventually he stopped."

"But didn't you say once you caught him feigning a bunch of gambling winnings and losses via photoshop?"

"Yeah.....It's like he somehow figured out what we were doing and it all made sense to him later why we invited him to casinos all the time."

Jeff continued. "If it's one thing I definitely can remember from the academy that they taught us is to go with our gut."

The officer just grunted to concur.

"Your brother wouldn't risk going back to jail for a show of only this size I don't think."

The officer shook his head.

"Probably not. He knows he's had enough strikes. He's been desperately been wanting to play with the boom boom I could always tell."

The sergeant took in a deep breath. It was all making sense to him now.

"Your brother is not really in that van is he?"

Ironically the Creature's brother did not even look surprised. Not after that enigmatic Elvis in church

stunt. He just shook his head while he looked at the stones on the ground.

"No....Probably not."

Jeff finally let out his deep breath. "It looks like your brother just bought himself an 8 hour head start. He could be miles away from here."

The officer's cell phone rang. It was wifey.

"They already figured out your brother is not in the van. I would advise them to get away from it before it blows up."



The officer and the sergeant both looked at each other in shock.

That's when the big white van suddenly went boom.

## CHAPTER 7

It made no sense to the officer why all the phone calls from the higher ups were mostly going to his wife's cell phone. Wifey had already mentioned that even the secret service was calling her nonstop as they had concern that the White House could end up being a potential target. She had to assure them that they could most certainly guarantee that the Creature wasn't stupid enough to even think about

compromising security that great. Besides the Creature was more Democrat than a prego 15 year old girl swiping all the lollipops from the local bank. She felt the Creature was most apt to strike areas that were vulnerable and devoid of any excessive cameras. Perhaps rural areas or maybe even highways? Nobody seemed to know for sure the next target or where the Creature might be headed. The entire nation was already scared at this point.

The officer's wife soaked up all the attention from the incessant phone calls but a part of her already knew what the authorities should be ready to embrace for. At his age and

experience she knew the Creature was mostly looking for numbers and if he was going to strike it was going to be fast and powerful. Their robot toys and shooter guns would be no match for the Creature's work. Suddenly she thought of something that could maybe help them.

"He was always close with his grandpa. With his paranoia and all it could be at least a month before he would feel the need to surface. His grandpa lives in the boonies with the nearest neighbor almost a mile away. I would almost bet on it that the Creature would take a chance at visiting his grandpa. But I don't think that will happen

anytime soon."

The volume was getting a bit too loud on her phone.

"We just need to know what it was that set him off? We can at least go from there."

She couldn't help but chuckle. "He always was a little nutty. Takes him a good while to settle down over the most dumbest of things. As crazy as this sounds he may be declaring war on the entire country over getting charged an extra twenty cents for a cheeseburger at Mickey Dees. They never should've taken him off his medication. Did they think his condition would somehow

just miraculously change?"

She got no reply. Just an eerie silence. Finally a woman spoke into the phone.

"We're just now finding out that the Creature's mother has been warning us for years now concerning her son's motives and capabilities."

The officer's wife panicked. Her husband had always warned her that nearly all the stories she had heard about his family were actually true. There wasn't a single childhood story that had been embellished. Many of the stories had been purposely kept in the dark

for good reason. She looked down at her phone. Somebody else was already calling. It looked to be her hubby.

"You were right. My brother is going big. There's been a huge car pileup with casualties on I-63. We already know my brother was behind all of it. I honestly don't think he'll ever get caught or even think about turning himself in. He's gonna keep going until all his money has dried up. Even once that's gone he might hoard up complimentary matches from the gas stations and try to figure out how to set the world on fire."

Wifey's heart was beating wildly.

Her hubby usually kept excitement in their marriage but this kind of excitement was not very good for the family name. This kind of stuff could be detrimental to her husband's career. She always knew her brother-in-law was a screw loose. Just not this loose!

"What happened? How did he cause a massive pile up on I-63?"

"An enormous clown. Scary enough to scare the living day lights out of anybody."

Wifey was confused. "Huh?"

"I guess mom called it when we used to think she was a little nutty for

telling people she had a son that could make bombs out of tinker toys. Somehow my brother built some sort of contraption he stashed under a bridge that unfurled a massive clown when somebody would drive under it. I know I'd definitely lock up the brakes if a clown dropped on my windshield. Where do you think he got the time to come up with all these terrorist plans? This stuff is pretty well thought out."

"He's been single his entire life hubby. Do the math. No drug history. No alcohol problem. Just lots of free time for him to drum up new ideas for him to think of a way to destroy the world. Our only hope



was to hope that an employer could keep him busy."

"But then his resources would go up making him more dangerous."

His wife chuckled a little. "Maybe that's why he was always getting fired almost everywhere he went. His employer would figure him out and not feel very comfortable knowing they were funding terrorism."

The officer thought about it for a while and scratched his chin.

"Yeah but he always some how managed to jump right back on the band wagon."

Wifey rolled her eyes while looking around the room.

"I guess maybe your father called it the first time the Feds released your brother. Your brother has nowhere to go but up!"

## CHAPTER 8

The Creature knew deep down inside that he was a very sick man. Sometimes he couldn't even stand looking at himself in the mirror and having to look at those listless eyes. He only felt comfortable around law enforcement wearing sunglasses. Some of those coppers may have been in some wars over seas and could possibly be trained to

recognize the look of a suicide bomber. "Reading people". As some folks called it.

One day the Creature tried a very interesting experiment out of curiosity with photoshop when he was very bored one day. He took the mousey and removed only his eyeballs then pasted them on a hot super model in a bikini. He was astounded how changing her eyes made all the difference in the world. It was the same girl but there was no life in her. Her eyes looked like they had been stolen from a corpse. It was as if it took all her strength just to keep them from going shut.

*Interesting*      The Creature thought

to himself. It was the government's fault for discontinuing his psychotherapy. *Didn't they pay close attention to the new Iron Man3 movie? Didn't anybody note that the hell spawns in the movie were handicapped?* Stupid government. Only the Creature could notice such things.

There was no GPS system in the van telling the Creature where to turn. He wasn't stupid enough for that. There was no need for any electronic devices to give away his location. The only electronic devices were his very own made equipment for when his big show later on would get really wild. He could still hear an old man's opinion

of why suing somebody was the best way to go and violence was not the answer. *If you want to really piss somebody off you go after their money. Nothing makes somebody more mad than when you take their money. You don't have to send them a bomb.*

The Creature giggled at the thought of this. *Why not just go after both? Wouldn't it be more fun to take their money first and then destroy them later?* The Creature was definitely a true terrorist. And he confided in absolutely nobody. That's what made him so dangerous. There was only one Arab college student that figured him out and admitted that the

Creature was the most dangerous man in the United States. That was over 11 years ago. It didn't matter. That student had already returned back home to his country.

Thoughts of how the media would be portraying his terrorism raced through the Creature's mind as he cruised down the highway. They wouldn't know which way he was going because he himself didn't know which way he was going. The secret was to keep moving and never stop. The Creature had it so planned out that he knew exactly how to stay completely off the grid. In fact he even had no intentions of even showing his face for at least a month. He was very proud of his

homemade poop bucket designed to completely eradicate all foul odors. His only concern was whether or not his water supply would hold up. He surely wouldn't want to constantly bathe himself with baby wipes not to mention some of the M.R.E.s (Meal Ready to Eat) might require water.

Motorists whizzed by as the Creature kept his hands at the 10 and 2 O' clock position. He couldn't help but giggle as he pictured a bunch of NCIS wannabes already laying out a big huge map and laying out red thumbtacks just like the movies. *What happens when all those red thumbtacks get pinned on every state at once?* Giggled

the Creature. *Could the Creature be everywhere at once?* Of course he could. He was capable of making a three week long delayed fuse with something as simple as a grape.

*Don't these idiots know that grapes eventually turn into raisins? Was that why it mentioned in the King James Bible that in those days they stomped on the grapes to make wine? Had his terror plot already been predicted many years ago? Wasn't anybody smart enough to decipher what the Pope said way back in 2005 right before he died..... "Be prepared for some dark times ahead" Hadn't anybody figured it out that the Pope might have meant that literally?*



The Creature smiled as he took the next off ramp in hopes to find a nice park to chill for a few minutes. He had spent many years seething and plotting to orchestrate the biggest black out the United States would ever see. *Dark times ahead*

The Creature giggled.....It was Creature Time!

## CHAPTER 9

The officer's wife knew that her hubby's sleuthing skills had often been overestimated because of his good looks. Over the years she had come to figure out that his vocabulary sucked and it was his wit and charm that had got him his

success in life. His mother had eventually handed over the report cards from high school for her to find to her dismay that her hubby was only a "C +" kind of student. She was smart enough to know that the best (and only) chances of capturing the Creature was to grill the heck out of his mother. After all.....It was his mother that had brought him into this world and gave him life. She ignored the timer going off on the stove as she took the call to the next room. She knew tonight's dinner would have to be a late one. She had a patriotic duty to pursue.

"His mother.... I honestly think the only chance you guys have at

capturing him alive is to bring his mother in for questioning and keep her there!"

"Isolate her? You want us to confine your mother-in-law until this is all over? I'm not really sure we can do that."

The officer's wife twirled her hair and rolled her eyes. It had been a while since her mother-in-law had offered more free babysitting. What did she care?

"Yes....I'm not trying to be mean. It is what it is. She needs to be confined in a cell until this washes over. I honestly feel this is our only chance of capturing him alive

because we don't know just how many other dangerous traps he has out there."

There was hesitation over the phone...."So why a jail cell? She's not under arrest."

"So she'll think better. It's probably best to eliminate all distractions so she can focus on helping us."

Still a woman's voice on the phone. "I'm not sure we can do that."

The officer's wife just snorted..."The Patriot Act... You guys can do whatever you want."

There was hesitation over the

phone....."Do you think she will go voluntarily?"

"I'm not sure really but look at it this way. You people know that the Creature has spent a lot of years under the supervision of his mother. He's very calculated, methodical and knows to move very slowly with his endeavors just like a professional serial killer. She's our only shot at capturing the Creature alive. She needs to stay isolated until this all washes over."

More hesitation in the phone....."I think you're right. The authorities are gonna want to grill her all night long. She needs an ICU all to herself and we can't afford to have her

escape."

The officer's wife was confused.

*Had she goofed? Would this ruin her relationship with her mother-in-law?*

"What's ICU?"

"Intensive Care Unit she needs a cell all to herself."

"What if she ends up suffering from PTSD from all this?"

The officer's wife heard a slight chuckle on the phone. "Post Traumatic Stress Disorder?"  
Another chuckle. "She'll be fine. She's going to be watched 24/7."

Maybe they'll find habits of hers that she might have instilled in her son. He needs to be caught ASAP."

The cop's wife twirled her hair. She was relieved that she herself didn't have to be brought in for questioning but at the same time she was getting irked at her cell constantly ringing. If it wasn't the authorities it was the relatives calling to see what was up. She couldn't help but wonder. *What was the Creature's next move?*

A sixth sense inside of her kept reminding her of one very important but scary thing.

*The Creature himself might not*

*even know his next move. Curse that schizophrenia!*

## CHAPTER 10

The wig was already driving the Creature crazy. It made his head itch and that bothered him being as he had anticipated that enacting his terror plot would feel like one big vacation. He didn't like being uncomfortable and wondered if maybe he should have brought his little doggy along for the trip. *Nah, bad idea. People would want to pet the cute little doggy giving them a better chance of recognizing me*

He thought to himself. The little doggy had to stay at home.



As sinister as he had known the authorities to be he couldn't help but wonder if any of them would be clever enough to kidnap his little doggy and hold onto him until he would turn himself in. *Hah, that's not happening* he thought to himself, *Mother can look after the doggy*

The Creature parked by a pond and cut the engine to conserve his fuel. He knew the secret to not getting caught was to drive sensibly and to keep moving. With all the terror madness he had planned pretty much every human being would participate in the terror watch. The Creature was no idiot. He knew he had secretly been on the authority's

"watch list" for years. It didn't take him long to figure out that the H1N1 was just a government hoax the authorities had conjured up to secretly alert all the other states of the impending danger of the so called "Swine Flu". And wasn't it odd that those strange numbers and letters just happened to be for many years the Creature's license plate?

The Creature knew what it was. After he finally figured out that they dubbed him "The Swine" it made it easier for him to figure out once the super smart old people started to wear a face mask when they had to get near him. They didn't want to breath the same air

as "The Swine". All the smart Chinese people knew it was just going to be a matter of time before the Creature would strike. Some say he had absolutely nothing to live for. How did the saying go? "A man with nothing is a man with nothing to lose." Where were the Creature's wife and kids? Or even a best friend for that matter.

He could only smile. He had lots of friends that nobody ever knew about. Each and every one of them imaginary of course. They all lived inside of his head. Nobody was ever smart enough to figure out that the real root of his daydreaming ADHD problem was his chronic schizophrenia. Eye contact was

always rare with the Creature. But how could he possibly ever listen when people talked to him when everyone was talking at once? He always forgot that people could never see the voices that lived inside his head that constantly distracted him.

The Creature's daydream was interrupted when he saw movement by a picnic table in the distance. He was just about ready to turn the ignition switch and vamoose when he suddenly got a better visual on the movement.

It was only a dog. Pit bull.

His eyes dilated enormously every

time he caught sight of a dog. The Creature never could relate to humans very well but he always got giddy around pets, especially dogs. Studies show that women get excited and their eyes dilate at the sight of a newborn baby just as the Creature's eyes were dilating at the sight of a dog. He went for the door handle but remembered his own golden rule. *Only leave the van if it is extremely necessary or terror related.*

The pit bull made it's way to the van and all the Creature could do was stare. As the pit bull got closer the Creature's blood pressure rose. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. *I can't believe it! That short little*

*pit bull has a huge scrotum! It looks at least twice the size of mine!*

He gritted his teeth a few times and continued to stare with envy. The voices in his head told him that God had sent the dog in his direction to rub it in his face just how much he hated him. It was no surprise to witness just how much the Creator had it in for him. The fact that he would send a creature down to earth upon him to remind him of the utmost root of his anger. Endowment.

A lightbulb went off in his terroristic mind and it gave him a whole new idea. That huge scrotum staring at him in the face would

make a perfect contingency plan! Would the authorities be smart enough to sense something was out of kilter if they captured him and he just happened to have an unusually large scrotum? A homemade prosthetic scrotum perhaps fully equipped with a concealed IED? Even the Creature knew that even the Feds had the inmates lift their own junk during the vetting. It sounded like an excellent plan for the Creature to have a chance of "stirring the pot" in the event that he got captured.

The pit bull eventually walked away and the Creature caressed the steering wheel while drumming up blue prints in his head of how to

sew an IED into a realistic looking homemade scrotum. He'd have it rigged up that one squeeze of the junk and everybody seated at the table would go boom boom!

Nothing like showing those alphabet clowns just how dirty this angry bird can be!

## CHAPTER 11

The authorities raced over to the residence belonging to the Creature's mother. They were all on eggshells as the scene very much felt like a replay of the real 9/11. Most people forgot how quickly the authorities rushed to Bin Laden's family to fly them out of the



country when the planes crashed into the twin towers.

As the dark Suburban rolled into the driveway special agent Dowjay noted the numerous holes in the black shutters of the two story rancher and the garage door that looked almost 1600s. She felt the need to comment.

"I see this family hasn't changed one bit. Misers. Maybe we should have called first to give them a chance to turn on the AC."

Her boss just grunted as he put the big black SUV in park. "Doesn't matter. The Creature hasn't lived here for years. We won't be staying

here long or be looking around.  
Homeland Security gave us orders.  
Snatch her up and go."

Special agent Dowjay removed her seatbelt and looked at her boss. He was holding up pretty good and acted like he had done this plenty of times before. They both made sure their credentials were visibly hanging from their neck before they shut the doors of the Suburban.

Dowjay adjusted her sunglasses while eyeing up her boss. "I'm the woman here. Want me to do the talking? You know girl to girl stuff?"

Her boss put his sunglasses on too.

The two of them looked like they had escaped from a Matrix movie.

"Sure why not.....we'll let this one be your show."

Special agent Dowjay smiled and the two of them walked between two white stanchions and rung the doorbell. A few dogs barked but it didn't take long for the Creature's mother to answer the door. Her teeth looked similar to a bulimic's. Perhaps she had been hiding her eating disorder for years.

"Can I help you guys? This is about my oldest son isn't it?"

Dowjay nodded. "Yes mam."

The Creature's mom didn't look at all surprised. "I've been warning you guys for years now."

"We know. Do you think that your son would've already known that and that could possibly be another thing that triggered him off?"

Mrs.Doe looked defensive. "Are you suggesting that I evoked him by constantly accusing him of being up to no good?"

Dowjay's boss couldn't help himself but cut in. "Mam you'd be surprised what the stats show of the success rate of children growing up with a lot of encouragement verses verbal abuse these days."

It shut the Creature's mother up. At this point she didn't feel like inviting them inside. Didn't matter that her youngest son was a cop and these authorities at her doorstep were purportedly on the same team.

Dowjay took over to stop a heated argument that might ensue. "Mam, I'm not sure how to break this too you but because of the level of threat this is becoming we feel it's necessary that you come with us until we can locate your son."

Ironically the Creature's mother put up no fight. It was as though she longed for the trip and yearned for the attention. The dogs could only

provide so much entertainment in that house and she knew that her oldest son was in the makings of putting on one mighty big show. As they ushered her out to the big black shiny SUV the Creature's mother had some words for them.

"I hate to break it to you guys but I really don't think you people are going to find a motive behind all of this."

Special agent Dowjay lowered her sunglasses so she could better read facial expressions." Oh yeah, what makes you think that?"

Mrs.Doe could barely spit the words out. "Isn't it true that they say

America doesn't negotiate with terrorists?"

Dowjay spoke matter-of-factly. "Never have never will."

Mrs.Doe just gave them a look that they would never forget. "I think my delusional son might be trying to make history. I think my son is trying to extort this entire country."

## CHAPTER 12

It was finally getting dark and that made the Creature feel more comfortable. He hated sunlight anyway and sunlight always made him sneeze. He lived like a vampire

but still thought vampires were stupid. Everything completely supernatural always seemed stupid to the Creature. Especially Wolverine. Dumb.

When the traffic had finally fizzed out the Creature pulled the van alongside of the highway and put it in park. Amongst many other things was an orange construction barrel in the back of his van. Orange monkey barrels he liked to call them. Plenty of room in those things to hide lots of fireworks rigged to a timer of course. It was time to do the old switch-a-roo!

What made his terror plot so interesting was even if a careless



vehicle would knock the barrel over it would still look hollow inside. The Creature was very much deftly skilled at concealing explosives. He had final plans of concealing the big boom boom finale in his scrotum remember?

Giggles erupted as the Creature danced out onto the highway and made the switch. *If you want to get the nation's attention there's nothing like shutting down a bunch of major highways at once!* he laughed to himself. He couldn't wait to stuff some more powerful explosives into the empty barrel he had replaced. The Creature planned to do this switch-a-roo thing all night long. This terror plot was only

phase one. The bomb squad's techy robots would surely stay busy if this plot was discovered but the Creature only laughed realizing that his plans for the next day might require their techy robots to grow some wings!

A lonesome look plagued the Creature as he hopped back in the van. He couldn't help but stop to think about his one nephew. If only little Caleb would find all this terror stuff pretty cool. The Creature could teach him so many things!

The Diesel engine whirred as the nation's most feared terrorist looked for another highway construction site with barrels to

plant more explosives. He only wished he could stick around to see the face of the news reporter that would be on television trying to figure out how somebody had managed to shut down all the highways at once. If the police took all day just to get traffic moving for a simple fender bender he could only imagine how much time the bomb squad would need. *Why couldn't the attorneys just see his point of view and listen better when he talks.... "Don't you people get it? Sometimes you have to part with millions to save billions"*

The Creature laughed once more as he cruised down the dark highways.

He was only warming up!

## CHAPTER 13

As if the morning sun blinding them wasn't enough the morning rush hour traffic only got angrier when the upcoming construction pushed them all into one lane. Horns were honked at the ignorant line cutters and many of the 9-5 office workers had already skipped their morning poo with hopes of making it to work on time.

It was bumper to bumper on I-237 and dodging orange barrels against the sunlight didn't give them too much opportunity to sip their morning coffee. Nobody wanted a

fender bender because all the motorists knew how backed up things would quickly get. It still didn't stop Mrs. Mercury from reading "Miss you mommy" messages from her youngest son.

When she finally looked up that's when all hell broke loose. A huge fireball flew right into her windshield and there was a loud boom causing her to slam on the brakes. A loud squealing of tires from behind her and in an instant her brand new BMW was in a vice grip. *Had she just been struck by lightning? Weren't cars the safest spot to be in lightning because of the rubber tires? Where are the rain clouds? Where was the storm?*

Then she finally figured it out. It was a terrorist attack!

Loud bangs and fire balls flew in every which direction drowning out the sounds of the horns. Many motorists became so scared they ditched their flaming cars right in the middle of the highway and took off running for cover. Talk about fear. The fireballs and explosions blinded just about all of them. It was almost like Pearl Harbor all over again only everything just had happened a lot quicker. Many of the fireballs shot right through car windows and several vehicles had already caught fire.

Mrs.Mercury grabbed her purse

and fled from the scene like others were doing. She would surely have a story to tell her coworkers the next day. *But who was attacking the country? Was it Al Qaeda? Perhaps North Korea? The crazy looking Korean with the nappy head that liked Denis Rodman?*

Sirens could be heard from every direction as the fire trucks raced to the scene to put out the fires. Miles away the Creature was giggling up a storm and singing along to the "Vicarious" song by his favorite band Tool.

"Because I need to watch things die...from a distance....yeah...yeah...a safe

distance.....I need to watch things die!"

## CHAPTER 14

Trepidation coursed through the Creature's mother as she squeezed the thin mattress in her cell. It was the first time in her life that she had been confined and she was very nervous. Although she had voluntarily agreed to it she didn't know if she could trust the authorities. She had watched too many movies and couldn't help but wonder if soon she would be accosted by the men in black. Scary looking government people dressed in black suits that could possibly grill her just a bit too much. They



hadn't made her don a prison jumpsuit but they did confiscate her cellphone. They were a bit curious why all recent phone calls and text messages had been deleted.

*"Because my husband and I are going through some rough times and now my kids are getting suspicious and nosy"* She had told them. They didn't have to know about her wild privy life on the side.

An African American woman looking to be about her son's age entered the cell and seated next to her. It was easy to tell that she wasn't new because she looked a lot younger in the picture hanging from her lapel on her credential.

She was in fact clad in black and the Creature's mother noted that she looked better with short hair. It was the big yellow legal pad that made her uneasy.

"Hello Mrs.Doe. I just wanted to personally thank you for being so cooperative. I'm just here for a little lady talk that's all. We're not going to be holding you very long. I imagine your son has seen a lot of these dank cells in his day."

There was a succinct giggle."Saved every one of his prison letters. Used to refer to these little cubby holes as his "sleeper cell" told me once that he did his best thinking behind these walls."

The woman scratched on her pad then looked up. "Thinking or plotting mam?"

The Creature's mother shook her head. "Probably both. Judging from the length of all the long letters he wrote I doubt he spent much time with the other inmates. He told me once that over 90% of the inmates were rats and the few people that he did end up associating with he claimed were extremely eccentric."

She scratched on the big yellow pad once more. "And why do you think that is?"

The Creature's mother pulled on a loose thread on the mattress. She

could remember her son once bragging about the money he saved using those threads because the dental picks sold in the commissary were way overpriced.

"I dunno...Birds of a feather flock together I guess."

The agent just grunted. "Hmph...Dirty Birds too I suppose. You still claim your son knows how to make bombs out of tinker toys?"

The Creature's mother just sighed. "My son still thinks I'm an alien that can communicate with the cat telepathically."

It got a chuckle from the agent. "Mam I'll just be candid for a moment. For now we need to know how big the threat is and what we can do to prevent it. Was there any warning signs like weird FaceBook postings?"

"No my son closed his FaceBook account years ago. Said he'd rather stick his face in a real book."

"What kind of books did he read?"

"She shook her head." I dunno....He got tired of me peeping over his shoulder so he got himself a nook with a pass code. If it were me I just would have pulled out the cover and switched them."

"But he was probably smart enough to know that you would eventually snoop around his room."

Mrs.Doe nodded."I initially found a few serial killer books freaked me out as I know a little about what he is capable of."

"You think maybe he was reading all those books to look into all his competition or maybe worse become a copycat?"

It got a laugh from Mrs.Doe."My son would never copycat he's too creative. I do unfortunately feel though that he's going to go after numbers."

More scratches on the yellow pad. "What do you mean?"

"He's literally seethed his entire life and he's not only highly motivated but quite resourceful. His show won't end until he finally gets caught or gets down to his last dime."

"We can freeze his bank accounts."

"Go ahead. He's already miles ahead of us. His old drinking buddy had a field day when he dug up a small fortune of cash under a wood pile behind his house. My son would never be stupid enough to lay all of his eggs in one basket."

The agent's nostrils flared just a little. Authorities have been known to occasionally get upset at things they had no control of.

"Mam, because of the severity concerning this issue we have the right to enforce the Patriot Act. We are going to find your son a lot sooner than you think."

The Creature's mother just shook her head in disbelief. "It's not just scattered bombs and unruly terror plots you people need to worry about."

The agent raised an eyebrow. "Excuse me?"



A long sigh....."My son has learned to create digital zombies and he will find a way to broadcast his work. Remember the misconstruements that ensued when they read "The War of The Worlds" on the radio?"

There was a worried look on the agent's face. People were actually dumb enough to believe the story was real and really thought the country was being invaded by aliens. It spread nation wide panic because nobody knew it was just a story being read over the radio.

"Please don't tell me your son is that crazy enough to be bringing dead people back to life. Our investigators can always discern

fake videos from real."

The Creature's mother just shook her head. My son counted each and everyone of those magnified little megapixels or whatever you call them. Tells me there's about five million and I know he's figured out how to manipulate each and everyone."

The agent showed no emotion. "So what are you saying?"

"I think we need to embrace ourselves for H.G Wells all over again."

CHAPTER 15

The Creature found a parking spot aloof from the other vehicles at a huge W-Mart open 24hrs. He had no intentions of getting out of the van. His van was already equipped with all the supplies that he would need. He was very proud of his poop bucket invention and big ziplock bags worked great to stifle the smell. He only wished he had better ventilation but it didn't matter as it usually cooled down a little this time of year. He giggled realizing how much more it would cool down after his terror plan would successfully shut down almost every highway in the country and as for the nationwide blackout? That would be for Elvis to dictate.

There must have been an entire pile of plastic headphone splitters that the Creature constantly used to replicate Elvis Presley's voice. Digital recorders worked great because you had complete control over them. He was very proud of his tinkering skills of how he was able to digitally break apart sentences and phrases Elvis Presley had once said and be able to rearrange it all to bring him back to life as a terrorist! *Didn't people ever pay attention? Did they so quickly forget the rumors that the famous singer never actually died? Did they ever find his body? Had Elvis ever actually left the building?* He giggled at his own thoughts. He was going to have so much fun bringing

him back to life. That batty old man that had his own Elvis Presley museum couldn't understand why the Creature insisted on procuring copies of each and everyone of his movies with the big star. A lot of old farts would love to see him come back to life. And the Creature knew exactly how to do it! And so did the government! Did people forget that one of the characters in one of the Hunger Game movies had been digitally recreated because he died in real life? Our sinister government was actually the first to create digital zombies.

The laptop the Creature was using was encased with copper. He had removed the wifi card years ago but

coated it with copper just to be sure in hopes of keeping the authorities at bay. GPS, cellphones, and any other traceable gadgets had all been removed from the van before his big Elvis performance in church. He couldn't help but wonder if the entire church had ended up burning down. And watching the old lady's hair catch fire? THAT WAS THE BEST PART.

## CHAPTER 16

The two armed Marshals sat in folding chairs outside of the cell belonging to the Creature's mother. They were told that Mrs.Doe was in fact perfectly sane therefore giggling was permitted. They had

read books before mentioning that giggling around delusional schizophrenics could exacerbate their situation and induce a psychotic episode. The polo shirt Marshal giggled once more as he tossed a red shiny apple into the cell belonging to the Creature's mother.

"Just give it ten minutes bro. I've never seen anything like it. We definitely gotta serve her a nice chicken dinner tomorrow. I wanna take a look at the bones afterwards."

As the crunching sounds grew louder the other Marshal got the creeps. It sounded like there was an

animal in there. Not even a full five minutes passed before the core got tossed back at them through the handcuff slot door.

The burly polo shirt Marshal chuckled as he bent over to pick up the core. He proudly displayed it to his partner.

"Check this out man. This thing is down to the size of a toothpick. Can you find any trace of apple on this thing?"

The other Marshal giggled. "Holy smokes man! I think she ate the seeds too! Is she still hungry? We can get her more food."



Polo shirt dude just chuckled. "Nope. We asked her plenty of times today. She's definitely not hungry. That's just how she rolls."

The other Marshal adjusted his chair and caught his breath. "You know I could tell earlier from talking to her that she doesn't get out much. She basks in the attention just way way too much."

"Well duh....She's been warning us for how many years that her son is a terrorist. Would you want to leave the house and have that guy be left alone?"

"Yeah but here's the problem the way I see it. All that intensive

scrutiny he's been living under might have prepared him into becoming the monster that he is now. We're gonna be dealing with one highly astute serial bomber. You can bet he's gonna be mighty careful."

"So then do we really have to feed her?"

The Marshal just shook his head.

"I'm afraid so."

## CHAPTER 17

Cans of tuna fish that had toppled over banged against the back door of the van almost freaking out the

Creature. He couldn't help but wonder how crazy things were probably getting inside the offices of the FBI. *Would they be smart enough to figure out that all of the nationwide terrorist attacks all done at the same time were all the work of one man? Would they be able to sleep at night or would they be checking the inside of their mattresses?*

He chuckled loudly to himself. He was the man that knew how to do it all. He could hardly wait for Halloween so he could cut the bottoms of their pumpkins and shove in some IEDs. Serves them right. Spoiled little nation. They should have known all the years

they jeopardized his safety with their mandated incarcerations would come back to haunt them. Now they could feel what it's like to live in fear.

A sixty five year old man had once told the Creature that you didn't have to kill somebody to get even. It was far more fun to plant fear. Another old chap had once told the Creature the best way to seek revenge on somebody was to go after their money. Neither of the old men wanted to encourage violence when giving advice. Those conversations that took place nearly a decade ago was what inspired the Creature to why not go after all three? Plant fear, take

their money, then kill them at the end:)

Deep down inside the Creature knew he was a sick mentally disturbed individual. They say crazies don't actually believe that they are crazy but that's not entirely true. A true schizophrenic will believe that they are in fact the only person in the world with schizophrenia because they will never find anybody that thinks just like them. The Creature always believed that other purported schizophrenics followed his work and mirrored his behavior in hopes of procuring a disability check. If it wasn't that then more than likely they just didn't want to man up to

whatever crime they were being charged with. If they heard voices then why didn't the voices ever tell them to do positive things? Things like take all their money out of the bank toss it out into a busy intersection. Or maybe even help an old lady cross the street. Fakers. The Creature knew he was the only one.

As he passed I-345 voices in his head reminded him of the past. He squeezed the steering wheel with all his might as they whispered to him.

*"Patterns....patterns....if you feel yourself going soft just remember the patterns."*

Too many times they had ripped him off at Mickey Dees. And why was it every time he toured the badlands in search of some soul food a brotha man wanted to hop the line? Right in front of him! Even at 6'3" and 195 pounds people often inadvertently bumped into the Creature because he was so reclusive and quiet. People half his size have been known to all but run him over at the mall. The Creature was such a reclusive individual that one of the chief psychiatrists at the prison had described him as a "ghost". There was only one thing that the Creature could never in his lifetime figure out. *If he was only a harmless ghost then why for all those years had the government*

*sent someone out to shadow him?*

The Creature giggled out loud as he tried to guess the right answer.

*Maybe it was because the government knew it had wronged him and he would be the spark to ignite World War 3.*

## CHAPTER 18

Everybody called him Dessy but his real name in fact was Desok. He always knew that eventually the major leaguers would be knocking on his door and he could say goodbye to the minor leagues.

Dessy was a short guy but he could knock a ball out of the park like you



wouldn't believe. His very own mother often reminded him that he was a little power house.

Because so many roads were closed because of a terrorist on the loose I-789 had traffic backed up like you wouldn't believe. It was only one of the few highways that was still open. Dessy could take the waiting no more and decided to pull into a rest area and use the rest room. A feeling of uneasiness passed as he pulled his Corvette right along a bunch of tough looking bikers on Harleys. He was in no mood to sign autographs but then suddenly realized biker dudes didn't keep up with sports much and probably had no clue who he was. He crossed his

fingers hoping that the restroom was clean.

Dessy was in such a hurry that he forgot to check for a roll as he sat down. With the way things were going he knew any day the major leagues would be calling him and he would one day have a bathroom of his own so big that he could actually play baseball in. As he half paid attention to the vandalism written on the walls of the stall he couldn't help but wonder. *What were all the recent terrorist attacks about? How many terrorists were out there and what did they want?*

The star baseball player reached for the toilet paper only to realize it

was empty. A pang of stress hit him until he figured out how to slide the plastic thingamajig to access the extra roll.

*Whew!* Dessy thought to himself. He gave the big white roll one nice big tug.

Dessy wasn't going to make it to the big game. The blast tore him up so bad he'd be lucky to make it to the hospital.

## CHAPTER 19

The Creature's brother and his sergeant had to have a one on one conversation off the books. Although it was his only brother the

officer still felt in the dark about a lot of things. He couldn't understand why Jeff seemed so nervous as if he knew a big secret. *Was this an inside job? Did his crazy brother finally make a friend with one of the brass that might have assisted him? No.* The officer thought to himself. Perhaps he himself had watched "The Departed" movie one too many times.

Bottled Land Sharks were served to them as the officer crossed his arms and looked over his boss. Jeff continued to blow into his fist out of frustration and continued looking around for eavesdroppers. It was a good idea that they were not in

uniform. Hinkey's Pub was an excellent idea. Jeff led the conversation.

"Your brother is pretty disciplined isn't he?"

The officer shook his head. "I thought you swore up and down that the casino thing would work."

Jeff just sighed... "Ahhh...but I should've known that your mother didn't raise a bunch of compulsive gamblers."

"But he's definitely still compulsive."

Jeff just grunted. "The guy moves

just like a cockroach. Do you know how difficult it can be to squish a cockroach? You try to step on it but it moves in every direction."

The officer rolled his eyes then sipped his beer. "Why do you keep acting so nervous like you think a big secret is about to leak?"

Jeff blew into his fist. "When the media figures out where your brother's resources came from there's going to be an outcry a lot of good people that thought your brother was only a harmless mentally handicapped man are going to lose their jobs."

The officer just looked

confused. "Why?"

"Why? Didn't your brother ever tell you how many years they left the juice on?"

The officer shook his head. "No, my wife often commented how privy he was about his finances. He did always seem to have lots of cash on him that we could never figure out. Wait.....Did you just say years?"

Jeff nearly choked on his beer. He smashed his fist onto the table. "That dirty ole bird! He's using America's money to destroy America! It doesn't get much dirtier than that!"

The officer's grimace looked nothing like Matt Damon's. It was a hard notion to swallow that for all those years the entire family had been played. *How could his brother keep a big secret like that from virtually everybody?*

Jeff continued...."The public is going to be outraged if the big glitch in the system gets revealed. And guess what....I did some digging... Your brother cashed in respectfully."

The officer was lost."Huh?"

"Carrots and sticks baby. Uncle Sam put one mighty big carrot in your brother's mouth. Starting to make sense why your brother giggled



after losing that thousand dollar hand of black jack?"

The Matt Damon look-a-like could hardly swallow. "Yeah I remember that hand. Was a long time ago but I can still remember that creepy smile after losing it."

Jeff shook his head. "Well guess what....Not a penny of that was his."

## CHAPTER 20

Not much excitement ever came around Bear Creek retirement home. Most of the excitement that they usually got for the week was wondering what cute little college girl would be handing out

medication in the evening. That and of course some old reruns of Matt Lock on the television. All that would change very very soon.

Just as Matt Lock was on tv showing off his new suit to a jury the screen went blue. Grandpa Smitty was the first to notice.

"Is there a storm outside? What happened to the television?" Hissed Smitty.

A 20 year old brunette in green scrubs stopped pushing her cart and walked over to fix the tv. "There's no storm outside. Lemme try fooling around with the channels first."

She jumped backwards and cupped her mouth when she saw Elvis appear on the tv. "Oh my gosh! I thought Elvis Presley was dead!"

Grandpa Smitty knew his history. "I had always heard rumors that they never found the body."

They both shut up to hear what Elvis had to say. The nurse was surprised how well Grandpa Smitty was keeping himself together. She knew if the other folks walked in they would be off their rocker in a heartbeat. How was this even possible? She dropped her clipboard when she saw Mr. Rogers put a hand right on top of Elvis' shoulder. This was not some sick

cartoon. She knew what Mr. Rogers looked like and that was definitely Mr. Rogers. *Zombies?*

Within minutes the residents wheeled their wheelchairs over to the tv to see what Elvis and Mr. Rogers had to say. They were all quite curious. *How had they risen from the dead?* Grandma Philips was already sending texts to her son in the military. This was big news! They already knew terrorists were attacking the country everywhere but now this? Was this the end of the world? Had brother Harold Camping's prediction been right?

Gapes dropped so low it was a

miracle that no dentures fell to the floor. Almost all of Bear Creek retirement residents were glued to the tv patiently waiting to hear what Mr.Rogers and Elvis had to say. Even the staff had to drop what they were doing to see what all the commotion was about.

Mr.Rogers took the lead."Hello everybody I'm afraid today is not going to be a beautiful day in the neighborhood."

It was definitely Mr.Rogers voice. A nurse in the back couldn't help but laugh but the old people didn't think it was funny. This was the end of the world to them. This was zombies. The Bible warned about

these kinds of things. After all, Jesus did it. Why not Elvis and Mr.Rogers?

Mr.Rogers continued, sweater and all."My friends, as maybe some of you military people may have heard once before....as you can plainly see here...Elvis has left the building finally and here to talk to you all today...Isn't that right Elvis?"

Elvis nodded his head and adjusted his flashy sunglasses."That's right my lovely fans. I'm sorry I had to come back as a terrorist but I promise you all Mr.Rogers and I are going to put on a really good show."

Mr.Rogers kept his hand on the big

pop Star's shoulder."Is this show gonna include Trolley the Train?"

Elvis just chuckled."We might see a train getting derailed maybe. I hate to break it all to you but there's a dirty bird on the loose. I hope all you smart people know of the saying "When the mouth is engaged the ears stop working."

Mr.Rogers had a quizzical look."Hey Elvis what is that supposed to mean?"

Elvis shook his head."A lot of bombs planted out there. Hope you all have your quotes memorized because that may be the only way to stop the rest of them from going

off."

Mr. Rogers handed Elvis a piece of paper.

Elvis declined. "You read it Mr. Rogers. You were always idolized by that dirty ole bird."

Mr. Rogers tugged at his sweater and looked nervous. "My friends. Listen sharply as I read out loud the winkyfesto."

The Creature laughed aloud in his dark van as he knew right about now the timer on his contraption had shifted. It piggybacked from the cable wire to the old folks home he had located in the boiler room. He



had used this same contraption at his brother's church.

## CHAPTER 21

The Marshals just couldn't help themselves. Polo shirt had gone so far as to bring an entire bag of apples from home just for the entertainment. *How could she chew an apple down like that? Was it true that her children were required to lick out there plates when they were finished? Weird. No wonder the Creature had so much time to plot his terror attacks. They probably didn't have cable TV to keep him occupied.*

Another luscious red apple got

tossed into Mrs.Doe's cell while the marshals reveled in the sound of crunching. It was almost as if the Creature's mother was a new kind of species of a creature herself. It was hard to believe that such a woman could bring the next Hitler into this world. Within minutes an apple core as skinny as a hair was tossed back out at them. Did she eat the seeds as well?

They were interrupted by the clanking of high heels coming down the long hallway in their direction. The clanking was so loud and fast that they knew whoever it was was definitely in a hurry. It was the same agent that had come to visit her cell earlier. Whatever it was

must me important. The marshals stood from their chairs as the agent lady approached.

"Anything to report gentlemen?"

The marshal grinned. "What can we say? The woman likes apples."

The agents eyes widened as she stared at the pile of apple cores on the floor. "I need to go in there and talk to her. It's urgent."

Both of the marshals moved off to the side to let the agent go into the cell. They could only imagine what the emergency might be.

Mrs.Doe sat up from the bed as the

agent walked in and brushed off a spot on the bed so the agent could sit down. She took a seat next to her and then got straight to the point. "Miss I hate to break it to you but there's been an emergency and we have to move incredibly fast."

The Creature's mother straightened up her posture. "What now?"

"He's breaking out the helium. We have never encountered a threat like this."

"Helium? For what?"

"I guess he knew about all the bomb squad's robots they defuse bombs with and was curious if they had

wings. As of right now we have almost half of the military's jets flying all over our country trying to figure out what to do because he's got live bombs floating in every which direction attached to helium balloons."

The Creature's mother took a while before she could respond. Earlier she had pictured in her mind all the convoys the National Guard had sent out to search for bombs along the highways. But now this? Fighter Jets trying to shoot down balloons that had bombs attached to them? Perhaps her son was the antichrist.

"I, I don't know what to say....Have

you guys caught him yet?"

"A lot of tips have come in but nothing solid. We think he may be changing his disguise. He sure wanted a nationwide manhunt didn't he?"

The Creature's mother nodded."He admitted once the best part of the Boston Bombing was the man hunt. I told him he didn't need to be talking like that."

The agent nodded."Well we got a tip from a retirement home that your son is posing as Elvis and Mr.Rogers and is looking to turn his sick twisted terrorist attack into some sort of game. He has even

written a winkyfesto which is probably going to be his golden ticket to the luny bin once he gets caught."

"I don't want my son in the luny bin gawking at those pretty nurses I want him in jail."

The agent smirked then pulled out her yellow pad. "Okay then....let's get down to business. You're his mother you should know, he got any bad habits that he has no control over? He's gotta come up for air eventually and were gonna need something to identify him."

Mrs. Doe pondered a while."Well....like the Boston

Bomber he doesn't drink or smoke....but his posture was always poor!"

The agent didn't even bother to write that down."Mam, we're gonna need more than that."

The Creature's mother bit her nails as she tried to think."Well there was always the Tardive dyskinesia."

"What's that?"

"By the time my son reached his thirties he finally stopped playing games with his psychotropical medication. I never understood why he waited so long in life to faithfully take them but he said he needed



something to slow his faculties down to appear harmless to the authorities to keep them at bay. Guess he didn't know long term use would make him always appear to be chewing a piece of gum"

"Keep the authorities at bay?"

"Yes his enigmatic terror plot had already been finalized by the age of twenty two. The medication or "Invisible Handcuffs" as he called them put both him and his overseers in a win win situation. They wanted to dummy him down. He wanted to bide his time until he got off paper."

"So he could finally implement his

terror plot." The agent finished for her.

Mrs.Doe nodded."Yes, it made my son uncomfortable knowing that while on probation they could peek on him at any time."

"But they still peeked on him for a few months anyways once he got off paper."

The Creature's mother just rolled her eyes."He already knew that they would. That's why they found nothing."

"So the public needs to be on the lookout for someone that has poor posture and appears to be chewing

gum. Just to be candid Mrs.Doe that could describe a lot of people. I need you to think hard. Is there any peculiar habit he may of had since childhood that you are positive he has no control over?"

That's when everything started to come together for the Creature's mother. She remembered something she had once read in a book... *Sometimes the answers we're looking for are right in front of our face* the book had said. Her son sure had a funny way of flashing early warning signs to the pretty bar tenders back in the day without even realizing it. Even she his own mother constantly teased him every time he did it.

"Yes, yes. I remember now!"

The agent clicked her pen and got ready to write. "Yes?"

"Ever since he was a boy he could never pick up a bottle or glass without waving that little pinky of his. Maybe that was God's way of warning us all along. No wonder he could never pick up women. Not with an ostensible warning sign like that!"

The African American lady patted the Creature's mother on the knee. "I appreciate you helping us mam. He's gonna have to come up for air eventually. I think we have something to go on here."

The words Mrs.Doe had once read in a book permeated through her mind. *Sometimes the answers we're looking for are right in front of our face.*

## CHAPTER 22

The extra gas cans he kept in the van were starting to run low. Luckily for him the big white van ran on diesel which burned slower than regular gasoline. It didn't matter to the Creature because he knew just how to get all the free diesel he needed on any given day. Truck stops. Truck stops in the wee hours of the night.

It was 2:30am and the Creature

knew that it was the perfect time to pilfer. Sure some late night truckers still rolled in about midnight but those guys often got stuck having to create a parking spot of their own. The Creature knew he had at least a full half hour before the bugger eyed early birds came strolling into the truck stop for their morning coffees.

As dark as it was the Creature had no problem hiding in the woods as he crept his way slowly up towards the back of the big rigs. The 13'6" trailers flanking each other made it easy for the Creature to go undetected. He slithered between the trailers ever so slowly as if he was pretending to be that serial

killer "Sqeegel" from that story "Level 26". In his hand was some very long black hose. He knew those tanks could hold 200 gallons. Those truck drivers would never miss a thing.

The Creature very carefully unscrewed the gas cap and inserted the long black hose. Then he reached in his pocket and pulled out a very much thicker piece of hose but only six inches long and with rocks tied to it. Two weeks from now this big rig would be up in flames. Every serial bomber knew the best place to hide bombs was right in the gas tank itself. Made them really hard to find that way.

The country's most wanted terrorist slid his way on back between the trailers while dropping hose on the ground. This siphoning process was just so easy to him. Why hadn't other terrorist thought of this? Did they think they were cool that they could talk their people into flying a plane into the side of a building? The Creature would have used remote control.

He hid behind a rock as he let go of his thumb from the tip of the hose to fill up his empty fuel cans. He took a minute to realize that one major mechanical breakdown to his van could thwart the rest of his terror plot. Perhaps he needed to keep the wheels moving a little less



to keep his engine from overheating.

The Creature was filling his last 5 gallon can when he saw the inside cab light come on from the big rig he was siphoning from. He tugged hard on the long black hose and rolled it up as fast as he could. As much as he wanted to screw the cap back on he knew that was a bad idea. He took off running through the woods back to his big white van parked on the trail.

*Mission failed. Mission failed.*

The Creature cursed to himself, *Now I'm going to have to think of other ways to get fuel.*

## CHAPTER 23

Arnold Swartz knew that he was finally getting older but the Hollywood "Terminator" was still full of piss and vinegar. His daughter showed him the YouTube clip she found online one more time but she couldn't stop laughing.

"I think someone is trying to start a digital revolution pop."

The big steroid man smashed his fist onto the morning breakfast table. "But that definitely looks and talks just like me. And that is definitely Justin Bieber."

The 60 second clip got millions

more downloads than any other clips on YouTube. Evidently the clip was designed to copycat the trunk scene from one of the "Hangover" movies. Arnold opens up the back of his trunk only to have Justin Bieber jump out buck naked and beat him down with a ten pound lollipop bigger than a frisbee. As if Arnold begging for his life wasn't enough what made the clip so funny was the Beeb had a two inch winky. Other countries were already watching it and laughing their arses off. Rodman's terrorist friend overseas with the funky haircut was highly amused.

Arnold spit his cereal back into the bowl and stood up from the

table."We're gonna get this little prick that keeps lighting fires and twisting our media. If he wants a war with Hollywood we're gonna give him one. There's cameras everywhere now in this country. He can't last too long."

Ironically his daughter defended the Creature."How we gonna catch him if he keeps changing his disguise?"

The Terminator tossed his napkin onto the table and walked away."Just finish your cereal okay hon?"

Meanwhile.....

The Creature giggled as he stared at his 5.6" portable DVD player's screen. He was watching the movie "True Lies" starring none other than the great Arnold Terminator dude. The Creature watched closely as the crooked car salesman that had been cheating on Arnold's wife begged for his life as Arnold held him up with one hand about to bludgeon him to death with his other hand.

"Please I'm sorry dude you gotta let me go!"

The apology wasn't good enough. Arnold squeezed his grip harder while the crooked car salesman fished for another excuse.

"But I got a little winky!"

There was a quizzical look of fear in the Terminator's eyes like he was confused. He loosened his grip allowing the man to drop to the ground. Perhaps the saying holds true. *We Fear The Unknown*

## CHAPTER 24

They were fully clad in there BDUs. Long sleeves of course. Fortunately for them it wasn't the middle of August and the weather was very nice. Because of the threat the President had sent in convoys from the National Guard to nearly every state in the U.S. Erica was enjoying the free fountain soda that the

truck stops were offering to the troops as she stopped dead in her tracks to examine a telephone pole. She pointed it out to her friend.

"Oh my gosh this is so messed up...Don't you see it?"

Her friend Lisa stopped to look at the pole."See what? I don't see nothing."

Erica pointed."He's weakened it....wouldn't surprise me if this thing fell on the highway if the wind blew hard enough."

Lisa was still stumped."I'm confused. We're standing right in front of it. This pole hasn't been

tampered with."

Erica bent down and pulled on the brown tape wrapped around the pole and examined it closely in the sun. "Oh my gosh I think I know how he did this! I think he printed this thing right off a computer. He probably took pics of the pole first then printed on adhesive paper. If it wasn't for that glare in the sun I never would have noticed. He did a good job with the camouflage."

They both stared at the cut marks in the pole. Just a little love tap would be all it would take for that thing to come crashing down. Why hadn't the Ferguson trouble makers thought of an idea like this? She



reminded herself that those people wanted to have more fun upgrading their wardrobe. Not to mention that the media circus probably didn't want to broadcast along a busy highway. Lisa bent over to closely examine the cut marks.

"Those cuts don't look like they came from a chain saw. He did all this by hand?"

Erica started taking pictures of the cut marks with her smart phone while listening to her friend speculate.

"Come on now Lisa think...noise?...this guy is a calculated serial bomber. They said

he always kept his bedroom and the inside of his car trashed so people would always assume he was a penniless slob. A real nut job this guy was. Purposely grabbed losing scratch off tickets out of trash cans and scattered them all over the place for his mommy to find. Went through great extremes to hide his big green massive stockpile that he didn't want anybody to figure out."

"You mean his terrorist funds."

Erica put the long piece of tape into the ziplock baggy."Yeah....his terrorist funds. I wonder what that dirty little bird has planned next?"

A big circular shadow went between

them and the two girls simultaneously looked up at the sky to see what bird was blocking their sun. No bird. Just a big huge red helium balloon with some sort of homemade rocket dangling from it. The big red balloon suddenly jolted higher as the rocket detached itself and started making its way to the ground. Both of the National Guard girls placed their hands on their hips as they watched the rocket plunge to the ground. They both spoke at once. "Oh my G...."

Meanwhile.....

The Creature was still miles away cruising around in his big white van laughing up a storm as usual. He

knew what time it was and he knew exactly what was going on. He sang along to his favorite song playing on his MP3 player. Why nothing other than Goldfinger of course. They were German just like him. Known for being the best engineers!

"You and I in a little toy shop...buy a bag of balloons with the money we've got....set them free at the break of dawn...till one by one they were gone...."

The Creature liked the middle part of his favorite Goldfinger song "99 Red balloons" the most.

" Don't worry worry super scurry call the troops now in a

hurry....This is what we've waited for...this is it boys this is war....the President is on the line as 99 red balloons go by!"

## CHAPTER 25

The old folks at Bear Creek retirement were still confused by today's digital technology and were very much convinced the end of the world was happening. Zombies. Elvis and Mr.Rogers had risen from the dead and come back as terrorists. *But what was with the Winkyfesto?*

Agents crawled all over the place trying to be careful with everything they touched. Testosterone filled

the air but the old folks didn't seem to mind. They basked in all the energy and excitement. They hadn't had company like this in a long long time. Federal agents crossed their arms and chewed gum obnoxiously as they had no choice but to watch the television. Elvis and Mr. Rogers were both sitting on a stool. It was that same red sweater that they could remember as a kid. Elvis remained quiet as Mr. Rogers did all the talking.

"My friends. It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood. A good day for everyone to be my neighbor. As of right now there are literally thousands of big red balloons circling a lot of neighborhoods.

Because of costs 80 percent of them are fake and nothing more than a big red balloon and a cardboard rocket dangling from them. They all look the same but I would advise warning your children not to try shooting them down as they will detonate upon hitting the ground. Elvis and I realize your silly rules about not negotiating with terrorists but would like for you to reconsider."

Elvis cut in while showing off his cool flashy sleeves. "That's right folks. We're back from the dead and now we want to have fun up at the casino. Because we're technically still celebrities we feel compelled to go all the way. Ten million. Five for

me and five for this creepy old head that likes to play with toy trains with little kids."

Mr. Rogers wanted to flip out and go ballistic but he remained cool. "What are you saying Elvis? You suggesting that I'm some kind of peddler?"

Elvis just chuckled. "You sure did spend a lot of time with little kids. At least Bush waited for the planes to fly into them twin towers before he picked up those children's books. Obama didn't hide a thing. The public was outraged when they saw him playing golf."

Mr. Rogers was getting upset. Sure



he was a friendly old man on television but deep down he had many, many, morales.

"What are you talking about? I watched the movie DC 911. I have already formed my own opinion."

Elvis just giggled. "You mean the cover up?"

Mr. Rogers was confused. "Huh?"

"The doctored movie produced right after Fahrenheit 911. The Republicans got scared the public would find out all their greedy oil secrets. That's why the Real movie with Real actual scenes coerced them to cover up their tracks

because they didn't want the people to know what evoked the other country's boiling point."

Mr. Rogers started to remember. "Oh that's right....Mickey Moore the winky connoisseur. I do remember the creator of that movie now."

Elvis giggled....."You said kind-a-sore. He didn't look like the type to be popular with the ladies. That's probably how he had so much free time to put that movie together in the first place." Elvis giggled once more....."Free time... Bet it was kind of sore."

Grand pop Hunttee let out some boisterous laughter. This was end

times for sure. *How could Elvis possibly know about current things like Obama?* With everything going on in the country maybe the old folks home was the safest place. They definitely had the money to keep the generators going. Blackouts across the country. Red floating balloons everywhere dropping bombs wherever the wind blew. So many incidents but nobody could figure out the terrorist group behind it.

Mr. Rogers pulled out a piece of paper and began reading it. "Anyway people back to the winkyfesto. It's time for a trivial quiz that involves quotes from famous people. Better get the

answers right quickly the first time or another but seriously big bomb goes off. Hope you know your latitudes and longitudes.....anyways.....I really need to know....who was it that once quoted "If you're going through hell keep going" ?"

All of a sudden Mr.Rogers and Elvis disappeared and the screen went blue. There was silence among the crowd. A nurse watching just gaped like she was witnessing a stalker. All of a sudden ten different QR codes appeared on the screen. Each coded square had a name of a celebrity listed below it. Mr.Rogers could not be seen but his voice could still be heard.

"Hurry up people. You have ten seconds."

The agents whipped out their smart phones and tried to scan the right answer as fast as they could. One agent was able to scan one of the QR codes which ended up being the wrong answer. After that the screen went blank.

## CHAPTER 26

When the news of an entire house blowing up with people in it was brought to the Creature's mother, things had to change. Mrs Doe had to be moved to a psychiatric facility where she could not be distracted and teased by Federal Marshals

tossing apples into her cell. She was losing weight rapidly from all the stress. The same African American female agent came to visit her.

"Mrs. Doe, we just got a really hot tip. A bar tender keeps subtly sending text messages to the terror watch hotline number the news keeps displaying."

Mrs.Doe showed no emotion."It's not him."

The agent didn't give up."How do you know? We know if he's gonna chance showing his face in public he's smart enough to wear a disguise. Hollywood makeup maybe."

"Just like the Boston Bomber. My son is not a drinker"

"Who says he's drinking beer? Bartender claims she saw a pinky waving at her. Didn't you say he had no control over that? Hold on she's sending me texts right now."

Mrs.Doe was in denial. No way would her son be coming up for air so soon. He could spend years being reclusive. Voices kept him entertained non-stop to the point even girls jumping on trampolines in skirts couldn't grasp his attention.

The Creature's mother shook her head."It's not him."

The agent lifted her index finger signaling her to hush while she received a live phone call from the bartender. "She says he's been acting reclusive since he arrived. He had two slices of pizza on special and he's drinking coffee not beer."

A mother's intuition never steers her wrong. Every professional knows that a mother can always feel it in their bones when their son is up to no good. It's like a sixth sense. She would be able to sense her son's spoor literally right through the phone.

"How long did it take him to eat the two slices of pizza?"



"Bar tender is saying forever."

Mrs.Doe sadly shook her head."Anything left on the plate?"

"She's saying just the crusts."

The Creature's mother didn't even have to think."It's not him."

## CHAPTER 27

It was getting hot inside of the Creature's van. The little fan was helping but there was still droplets of sweat dripping from his chin. Evidently it was harder than he thought welding spacer bars in between the RC helicopters. These toys were so much fun to play with

and would be even more fun once it was time to install the electronic gun. And of course the wireless camera with a laser attached to get off an accurate shot. All of course while remaining from a good safe distance.

More beads of sweat dripped from his chin as the Creature got to work on the yellow plastic casing. He had methodically emptied a 20gauge bird shot casing and then pierced two small holes astride of each other. He then had to use tweezers to squeeze in the model rocket igniter. By the time he was finished he had a fully loaded shot gun shell with two wires protruding from the yellow casing.

Who says a firing pin is needed to make a bullet go off when you could rig one up to fire electronically?

The Creature knew how to do everything. He used to brag about being Macguver's trainer.

Because all four of the RC toy helicopters were of the same MHZ frequency, he was certain his weapon of terror would work. He could hardly wait to glue on the laser pen and wireless micro camera. *Did those weaseling overdressed alphabet people think they could hide in those sky scrapers forever?* He couldn't help but laugh....

## CHAPTER 28

The officer knew that something just didn't stick right with everything his brother was doing.

Where was the motive? Everybody had a motive. And how could his brother be so smart not to give any early warning signs? Just out of the blue. And right there in church? Had the rock songs gotten to his mentally unstable brother? The band "6am" maybe? How did it go?...."Listen up listen up their's a devil in the church gotta bullet in the chamber now this is gonna hurt!" \* His brother was always weird.

As the officer searched his brother's

apartment he realized maybe it wasn't a cache of weapons or a journal he should be looking for. Maybe not enough time was spent going through all of old bills and paper work his brother used to hoard up. That's when a logo on a particular piece of paper caught his eye. Etrade. *Why would his brother be playing the stock market?*

He read through the paper work until it all made sense what his evil crafty minded brother had been up to all along. There had been motive. Financial. He quickly phoned his wife who was proving to be right about everything so far.

"Honey, you're not gonna believe this....I think I found a motive....stock market....he even purchased a bunch of penny stocks just to cover it up."

There was a sigh on the phone...."Which one did he pour thousands into?"

The officer couldn't believe what he was looking at."PGR Corporation it looks like."

Another sigh into the phone."I never heard of that company. What do they make?"

The officer just snorted."Hmph...about the cheapest

gas generators you can buy."

No sigh this time..."Oh my gosh...I guess that explains the big huge blackout!"

## CHAPTER 29

They thought they were safe on the 20th floor. The authorities had done enough profiling on the Creature to know he wasn't a hands on type. His prior resisting arrest charges were nothing but a ploy. They knew how premeditated he was so years down the road he had purposely got in a fisticuff with the cops to dupe the authorities. He wanted to convince them that he had learned to vent properly so he could keep the

authorities at bay. They were sloppy. The shadowing was getting excessive and he could always sense their presence. A big poopypants moment involving a call to the local police would buy him some time for sure.

The female authorities were the first to figure him out. It took them a while to put the pieces together but by the time they did it was too late. All of the terror funds had been buried. All that was left was counterfeit gambling losses and fake crumpled up receipts for purchases that never took place. That's when they dubbed the Creature "The Doctor". He could doctor anything and create faux



bank statements that even the experts couldn't discern. But the BroBo testosterone filled cops? They were sticking to their guns. "Dirty Bird". They didn't have time to put him under a microscope that was girl stuff. They wanted to swing billy clubs and play with their shooter guns. They'd never admit the huge role the women played with the capturing of Bin Laden.

Numerous coffee pots were percolating while the authorities gathered around the big long table. A big map of the United States was displayed at the end of the table. It was covered with red pins. The map was sure to include latitude and longitude. Thin lines that only an

observant China Man could see.

A heavy woman that was the oldest at the table was the first to pipe up.

"How we supposed to catch this guy when he's everywhere at once? This guy is extremely ubiquitous."

Another younger guy put his two cents in. "If he's been on the terror watch list for all these years as you guys say....I feel weird saying this....But surely he's had to figure it out at one point only to devise plans to circumvent it....we're guilty of honing his skills...I hunted for years....can't flush a rabbit out of the bushes if you're standing right over it....gotta send in the dogs."

That brought giggles from the committee. The blond hot chickiey momma in the red dress couldn't help herself. "You send in the dogs on the rabbit trapped in the bushes and they both wont be coming out. Didn't his mommy say that's all he's been associating with for years is dogs? Really? Do we really need to get into silly proverbs and word power games like wimpy attorneys use like apples and oranges, slam dunk, whatever, and all the dumb analogies? We're dealing with a king pin terrorist. Homegrown evidently."

Big momma cut in. "You just described him as homegrown."

The blond in the red dress just rolled her eyes. That's when everybody turned their heads and noticed four big toy helicopters all welded together shaped like a saucer. Just a bored teenager? Could those things really fly that high? What was with the long metal barrel with wires attached to the end of it? Was that a wireless micro camera?

They all panicked when they noticed the little red dot. Everybody ducked but it was too late. Boom. After the window was shot out the toy helicopter flew into the room and made a remarkable landing right onto the table.

The Creature was right down the street in his big white van watching the entire show. He'd seen those same looks so many times before. Usually when he walked in for a job interview. He could read their minds. *Who let you out of your cage? Did Queen B over at the Social Security office finally issue you your walking papers? Do you really need to waste our time once again?* He had a special treat for them.

It was self destruct.

## CHAPTER 30

The simple fact that he had finally grown a pair by opting to tamper

with the big boys upstairs would pan out to be an egregious error that the Creature would never forget. This time they had left a trap for him and he had walked right into it. The entire scene was fake. Robots. \$7000.00 a piece. Except for the blond chicky momma....she was ten. All compliments of the Chinese of course. Even though the United States still owed them billions of dollars they eventually felt sorry for us and parted with their very much life like robots.

As for the YouTube video of the Beib jumping out of a trunk naked and beating down the Terminator with a giant lollipop? That was doggone funny to the Chinese. They

couldn't help with that. The big Hollywood star would just have to suck it up.

The Creature was certain that he had gotten away with his terror plot. He had even seen the big map with all the red pins on it. He had gotten the big boys upstairs. Blew them all up!

Because the city was so congested he really couldn't go the speed he wanted to. He had only driven three blocks before he had to slow down to a creep because of the construction on the road. The man dressed up in yellow reminded him of the man with the yellow hat from Curious George.....except this one

was holding a stop sign.

The Creature was adjusting his sunglasses that continued to slide down his nose from profuse sweating when the man in the yellow hat had magically turned black. The stop/slow paddle had somehow transpired into an AK47. Uh oh. Creature Time was over. The big boys had come to take over the show.

There would be no Beib meister to jump out of the big white van and beat them all down with a big giant lollipop.

*Didn't these people understand government plates?*



## CHAPTER 31

They needed to keep him alive. Elvis and Mr. Rogers were still on the television playing QR trivial quizzes with the old people. Apple stocks had shot up like a rocket because now the old farts felt compelled to do away with their "miser" ways and needed them to scan the codes on the television screen.

Grand pop "Gimme Money" never bought one. He was a poopy pants. He had managed to surreptitiously drill a hole through the wall to communicate with Grandma "Going Broke" the old fashioned way. Tin cans and string baby. Those NSA

clowns didn't need to ear hustle in on his late night pillow talk with Grandma "Going Broke".

The stoic look on his face was quickly recognized by the Federal authorities that brought him in for questioning. The tensions eased as police were quick to pick up that the Creature had been through this drill many times before. He already knew how to squat and cough. He already knew how to roll each and every fingertip in its entirety into the ink pad. And yes, the wiser authorities were not surprised to watch him be the tree that falls but makes no sound. Seether. The Creature already knew that squirming and yelling would only

make him look like a baby in their eyes. Everybody knew that spiders scare everybody but never make a sound. They had finally caught that itchy bitsy spider that was too small and too quiet for anybody to see.

Processing was expedited for the Creature because of everything that was going on. The Feds wanted to go about the usual routine they utilized when dealing with terror suspects but because of the Creature's mental problems somehow the red tape had gone up. Water boarding would not be implemented for the time being.

The Creature scanned the room with his listless eyes making them

all uneasy. His listless eyes was the only weapon that he had for the time being. At least that they knew of.

The smell of death wafted through the air as the Creature made a point of paying no attention to the more attractive female agents folding up their cleavage. He had seen this in his lifetime a million times before. In fact had a field day with it with his years of mandated psychotherapy. Just like his Federal attorney had called it the first time. *Brilliant and loquacious one minute. Catatonically stupid the next.* Schizophrenia.

The Creature stood in front of the

Federal committee drowning in his orange jumpsuit. He was graciously appreciative that they had cuffed him in the front. Could scratch his winky if he had to. But he wouldn't tease them just yet. He always said that winning a game of chess was always so much funner when you let your opponent make the first move.

## CHAPTER 32

The meeting with the Federal committee didn't last very long. They gave him all but about two minutes to explain himself but the Creature never said a word. They lost their impatience and let the Seal boys clad in black skin tight

rubber suits rush him over into the "Other Room".

The Creature was one of the few too tall to comfortably fit on the water board table. He knew all the tricks that the feebies did to cover their backs and not leave any marks for a sympathetic jury. He didn't even bother to flop around like a freshly caught fish when they strapped him down. It only made them suspicious. "Dog" The Bounty Hunter surely would have predicted a floppy fish at this point of the game. The Creature's listless eyes remained a threat. The prior service war vet hiding behind the black rubber suit had seen those same eyes on suicide bombers over

seas. It was a look of imminent death. Game over. Lights out for everybody. Boom. *Eyes were a window to the soul,*

Before the water boarding even begun Queen "B" of Homeland Security barged into the room of testosterone filled black ninjas on a power trip. She didn't need to stand in front of the equipment. She was Queen "B", they knew better.

"Put your war on terror equipment away boys. It's not going to work."

The men in black looked confused. The clock was ticking. They didn't feel there would be any spare time for casual questioning. With as long as he had remained on the terror

watch list, they knew one of his delusional fantasies just might be reenacting one of his favorite scenes from the television show "The Blacklist". They couldn't have Dirty Bird running them around in little circles. It was "their" show time. The leader of the pact stood in front of Queen "B" careful not to sputter too much onto her shiny new red dress.

"Patriot Act mam. We don't have time to play around. Let us handle our business. It won't take long for this one to talk."

They were threatened by the glossy look in her eyes. Her pupil looked like an ace of spade. She definitely



knew something.

"We found the glasses he had fogged up with sandpaper. He never saw the exact locations he planted the rest of the bombs. Glasses too foggy. Couldn't even read the names of the streets."

Who ah. The Seals hadn't really thought of that. Behavior of schizophrenics? Was that why the public always feared that schitzzy word....schizophrenia?

They all looked around at each other with their quizzical but determined eyes."Well.....what is it that were to do? We can't just screw around!"

Lady in red placed her hands on her hips. "His winky....I'm afraid there's something we may have overlooked....something like maybe a tattoo?"

A Seal got in her face."Already took pics of the big QR code tattoo on his back. It was a puzzle that led to a puzzle that led to one more puzzle. It didn't scan but it didn't take the military psychiatrists long to figure out with grid paper. Told us the subject was trying to tease us with some Jeffrey Dahmer BS."

Queen "B" just chuckled...."Hmph....I'm afraid we overlooked a smaller but more important QR code. It will just

remain too small to read if you keep scaring this guy. The only way to capture all of the ink so we can scan it is for us to play into his hand."

She smiled like a know it all mother that had given birth to three kids."You're dealing with an eccentric "Man Child" boys....Good luck getting that QR code because its only going to get harder the more scared he gets. He's reversed us and turned the table on us. We're gonna get scared the more harder he gets."

The lady in red was sure to wave her fanny for those testosterone filled alphabet chasers on her way out.

## CHAPTER 33

Tying up the loose ends only led to one big knot. A love knot. Sure the Creature's mother was right that the motive was extortion. But the big question still remained....what was it exactly Dirty Bird was extorting? Love or money? He started off with his Big Bang up at the church but if they knew his name already how could he possibly spend his money? There had to be more to the story. A request had been made for a conjugal visit with Jamie L Kurtis. The agents thought he was just trying to be funny. He wasn't.

"Mommy boinked the TV right at the good part.....I never got to see the end of True Lies.....you need to bring her to me so we can tie up loose ends."

The agents looked at him with contempt. They didn't have anymore time for his funny games. He had already trashed the entire country. They needed to know what surprises were still out there. People's lives were still at stake. The head guy at the table eyed up the Dirty Bird standing before them. He didn't like where any of this going.

"So let me get this straight Dirty Bird. You have a tattoo of a barcode

that we need to scan on your tweeter?"

The Female agents did their best to stifle giggles. The glass ceiling hadn't changed much so they didn't have to put on a perfect show.

The Creature still had a deadpan look. He wasn't B.S.ing them.

"That's correct. It might not read at first but your computers can correct it unless you feel like spending hours with grid paper."

They all looked confused. "What comes up if we scan it? We're not bringing Jamie Kurtis in here I can tell you right now. What you think

she's gonna give you a lap dance or something?"

The Creature just smiled. "I'd like to speak with Mr. TenMillion, my attorney."

That brought everyone's attention. They had a joker in front of them. "You've been in the system long enough to know you're wasting time with that. We have the upper hand any way you look at it. What's gonna come up after we scan....because we will be scanning....even if we have to tie you down."

The Creature didn't look phased. The more they got his heart rate up

the more he turned into a woman. This was all a big Cinderella story to him. He always feared the government was secretly taking X-ray photos of him crossing those finish lines of all the 5ks he used to run. *Was the winner a man or a woman?*

They had him tired now so he looked at them with imploring eyes. "You scan it...just a bunch of numbers gonna pop up that's all."

"Can't you remember what those numbers are? What do they represent?"

The Creature chuckled. "Way too many numbers to remember. The



numbers represent the latitude and longitude coordinates."

"To what?"

"All the bombs I buried. I broke down the entire grid. Crunched all the numbers. Laughed at TV shows mentioning "Jumping off the grid". You guys honed up your peekaboo equipment to the point where you could get an instrumental reading from anywhere on the Earth larger than four inches squared. I just have one question for you....if GPS cuts out when driving under a tunnel....why does it still show the vehicle moving? Do you guys think I'm stupid?"

They didn't respond to his question. The public didn't need to know that there wasn't a spot on the Earth that couldn't be monitored. They would freak out for sure. One lady had a question.

"They've learned how to doctor videos for years now I understand that....but how we're you able to have Mr.Rogers....a man that's clearly dead discuss current events....your digital zombies freaked out a lot of old people.....they all recognized Mr.Rogers voice....Elvis' too."

"Oh that was easy....bought a bunch of old videos of Mr.Rogers and the King. They actually had spoken

those exact words at one point.  
Broke down each and every word  
then recreated my own sentences.  
The only hard part was fudging the  
word "Obama". Went through a lot of  
old videos hoping that at least at  
one point my digital zombie  
celebrities would have mentioned  
the word "Abomination" then I could  
just cut it short."

"How did you get your digital  
zombies on the television without  
being there?"

The Creature just shook his head."I  
can't tell you everything. I'm the  
original creator of photo  
bombing....you think I don't know  
how to do stuff?"

There was a few sighs. The church thing was dumb. So was the rock that blew up and spewed water all over his brother. Perhaps they should go Biblical on him as well and just stone him to death. It would after all be cheaper than the needle. They shook their heads checking each other's facial expressions.

"Jamie is never going to agree to this."

The Creature just shrugged his shoulders. "That's too bad because I want my lap dance and the blond haired stripper with the google glasses just didn't cut it."

## CHAPTER 34

The Hollywood Star thought it was some kind of sick joke. She had never heard of a terrorist attack like this. Blowing up the country to extort a lap dance from an old lady?

"I do yogurt commercials now.....can't he just get his rocks off watching me do my bicycle kicks on the Yoplait commercials? What kind of a sick man child is this?"

The agents remained calm while doing the cajoling. "We are running out of ideas and we are also running out of time. The Expendables got some good hits so did Red, perhaps we can work something out.....aren't

you soon due for another movie?"  
They did their best to butter her up.

Jamie was still confused. "Isn't there like one of those needle injections that can bulge that winky of his enough to the point you can snap a pic and scan that barcode you keep talking about?"

"We tried that already didn't work. Doc says if the terrorist is too scared that winky ain't gonna show all it's ink no matter what kind of drug we use."

Jamie stood at her doorway to her million dollar home scratching what hairs she had left. She'd have something to discuss with the girls

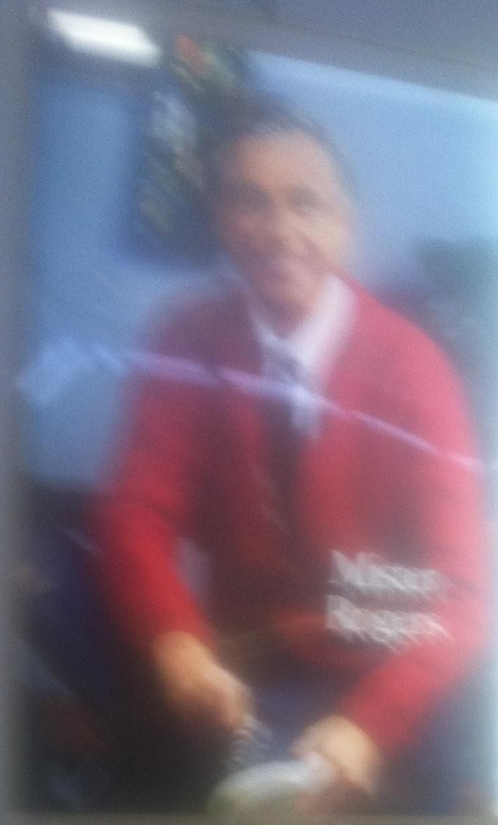
at the tea party for sure. Federal agents coming to her house telling her she had to give a terrorist a lap dance?

The agents could tell she wasn't buying. They had to resort to plan D. The agent showed her the wallet sized picture.

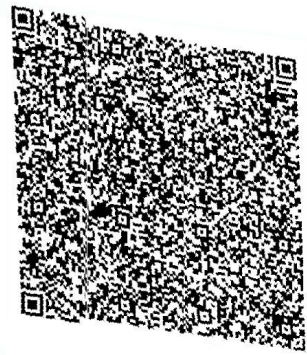
"He looked pretty good twenty years ago when the movie came out....mother boinked the channel."

True Lies

To be continued.....



Who wrote the  
Winkyfesto?





\*\*\*:LVH SUPERBOOK\*\*\*\*

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Event Date: 2/2/2014

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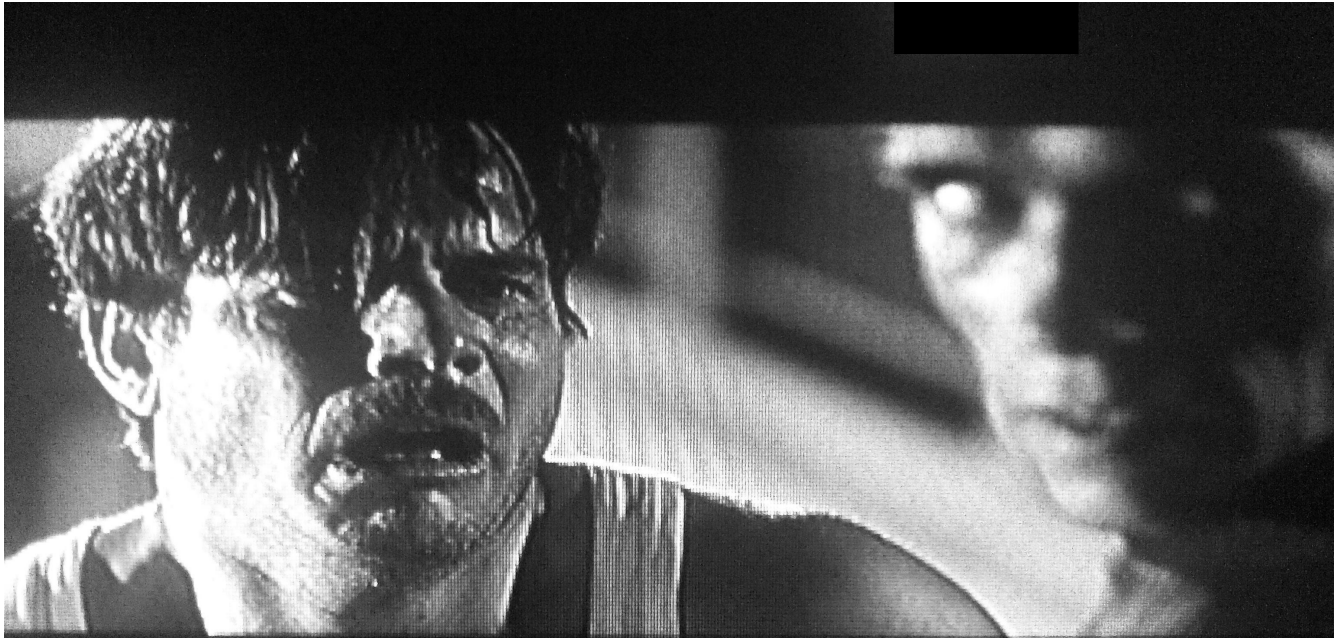
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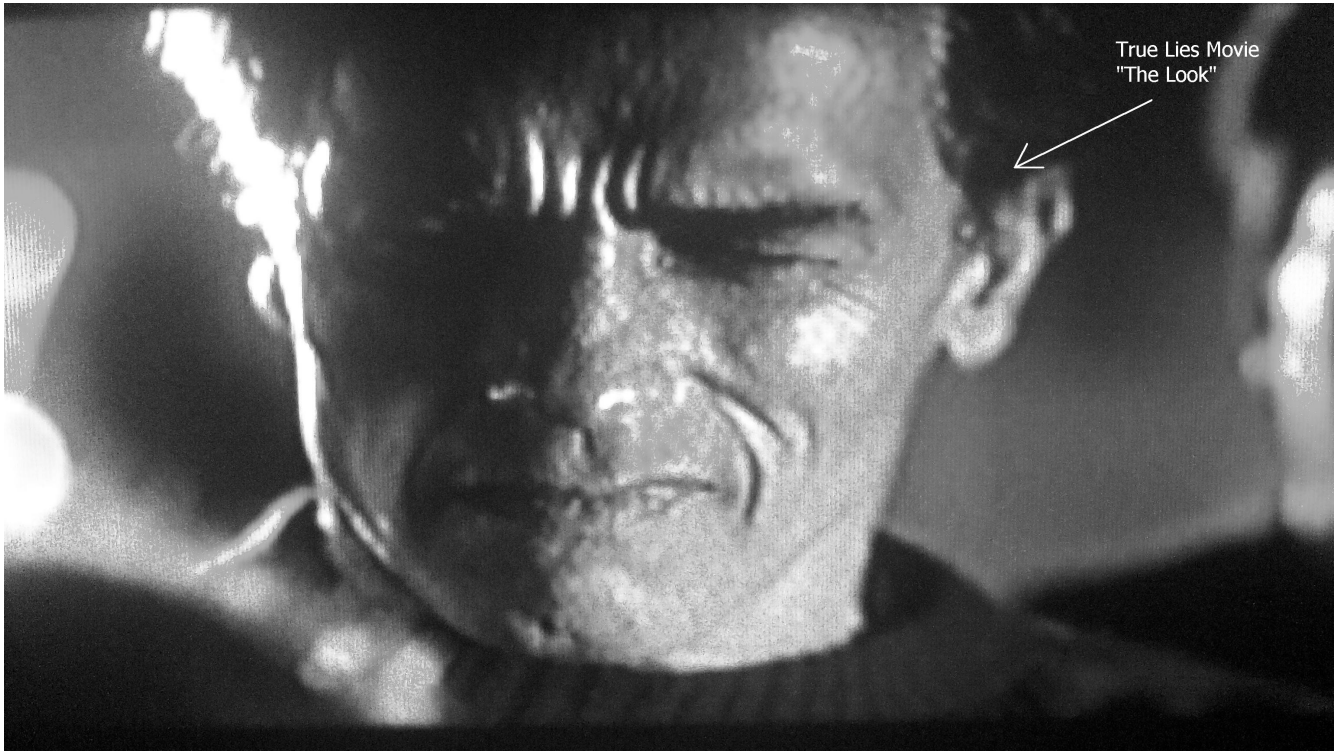


"We believe you are an international terrorist" (True Lies Movie)



"Please let me go....I got a little winky"

True Lies Movie 1994



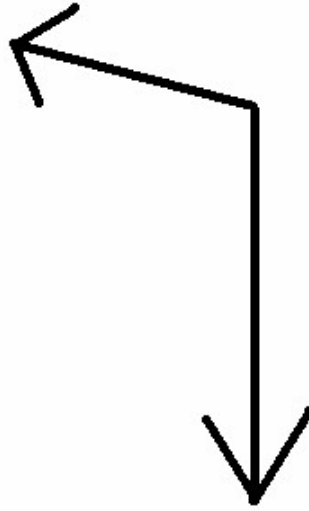
True Lies Movie  
"The Look"



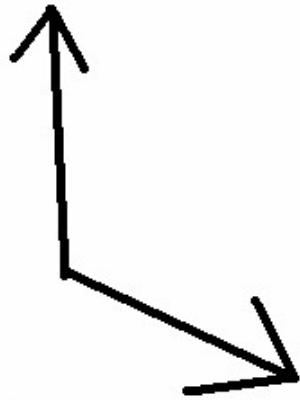
Jamie  
True Lies movie 1994



**"The  
Switch"**



**"The  
Switch"**





Dear Jamie, \$15.00  
It was just getting  
near the good  
part. Mommy boinked  
the channel. Now

(Inspired by "True Lies")



does  
it  
end

~  
~  
~  
Johnny