

RISE OF  
THE  
FUGLIES

*BY*  
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"Tis true that Birds of a feather flock together but  
keep in mind that ALL birds have the potential to poop  
on us" -Dirty bird



# **Because EVERYBODY knows that "The Bird Is The Word"**

## **Introduction**

Riverlake NJ becomes plagued by a mysterious man in a dark suit handing out business cards to entry level employees that are currently on the job. All that is written on the business card is "Dirty Bird Is On The Loose" followed by some strange numbers but what do those numbers mean?

The secretive man passing out these business cards says not a word but rather mysteriously disappears like a ghost soon after.

The code name "Dirty Bird" has some significant meaning to a fast food worker named Alice who believes she knows exactly whom "Dirty Bird" is but is believed to have changed his name. But why? Who is this Dirty Bird character causing this social media stir and what does he want? Who is Bob Miller and does he in fact have a winning powerball ticket? Can he convince the Fuglies of RiverLake NJ to come and work for him on his island in the Devil's Triangle?

Will Alice figure out how to thwart Dirty Bird before things start to happen or does she end up quitting her job to work for him instead? When the Tenacious Wolves fall into Dirty Bird's trap will they later develop a change of heart? Its Dirty Bird Time! Aaaaaaaawwwwwk!!!

Aaaaaaaawwwwwk!!! Aaaaaaaawwwwwk!!!

## Rise Of The Fuglies

### **Chapter 1**

Her name was Alice. She could read. She could spell. She even finished high school with straight C pluses. In her mind she was just another average all American girl. Except for one thing. She was big. Voluptuous she was once told. But if truth be told? She was straight up fat. Not fat like she was anywheres close to casting on my 600lb life but Alice had always been a big girl.

Alice had fans out there but she never knew it. People in higher places that secretly shadowed over her to keep her from danger. High powered attorneys that she had never even met going out of their way to keep things what might be in her best interest. Thwart the bullies that she would never even see coming. Divert the customers looking to pick a bone with her. But there was one thing that Alice never...and I say never...would have ever come close to figuring out. She was on Dirty Bird's list. A list that obviously would never go very long. And the name of that list? The "Do Not Kill List". Her radiance and willing to carry the torch of kindness despite the malicious ignorance of her peers had eventually landed her on Dirty Bird's "Do Not Kill" list.

Not many people were on the Do Not Kill List. The people that were on the list didn't even know it existed to know they were

on it. Only one man knew about the list and that was Bob Miller. Better known to law enforcement as "Uncle b" but Bob Miller was a lot harder to track these days being as there were so Gosh dang many of them.

Alice ran the cash register with accuracy as she always did which kind of came with the territory of working at Wendy's for I dunno say 8 years? 8 years and still only a part time entry level crew member. Alice didn't care. She'd lived at home all of her life even though she was now into her thirties. No man had ever impregnated her although there were times she thought she had come pretty close. She didn't have a dime to her name but at the same time her parents really weren't extorting her. She was close to her family and they had gotten used to the fact that there was a good chance that when it came to clinging to the nest she might be a "lifer".

Alice had no criminal record but she had been fired from many waitressing jobs before the fast food chain had finally taken her under their wing and assuage the angry customers she had left for them to deal with. Besides...What did they expect for minimum wage? She would get better over the years right? Wrong. Her bitchy little gossip coworkers always had it out for her. She knew the prissy little high school girls always talked bad about her behind her back but over the years she had just learned to accept it. Although on occasion she could eavesdrop on the ignorance she never gave them the satisfaction of letting them know she overheard them. Alice was just as consistent with her positive attitude as she was with her weight. 32 year old Alice was just who she was....Alice.

The din at Wendy's steadily grew as it became closer to the lunch hour. The turnover rate at these kind of jobs was just down right ridiculous so Alice was somewhat in a good mood that the new trainees wouldn't come flocking in until past the dinner hour when things finally settled down. She was sick of

training people only to see them win a \$200 scratch off ticket a week later and never return. Greasy fries sizzled in the background along with popping sounds from the frozen fries coming into contact with extreme temperatures. In about 30 minutes it would be Alice's turn to shine and prove to her coworkers why she deserved to get paid fifty cents more than everyone else. She was finally learning to get faster at the register and she was doing quite well at making proper change while knocking them out of the batter's box one by one.

The smell of her favorite men's cologne captivated her attention as the next customer stepped into the batter's box. It was a well dressed man that didn't belong in a greasy environment like this. Perhaps Panamera Bread was closed and he just needed a coffee?

Alice cleared her throat. "Can I help you sir?"

The man in the dark suit said not a word. Not did he smile. Alice couldn't even detect even the slightest movement in his jaw. *Did somebody die? Was this scary Matrix look-a-like man here to bear her some bad news? Had the attorneys lied to her about keeping the debt collectors at bay? Who was this man?*

Alice remained cordial. "I'm sorry sir I didn't hear you...may I take your order?"

The agent of death didn't even bother to remove his sunglasses for her to be able to tell if this was some kind of joke. He kind of reminded her of those statue people that freak people out at the beach when they discover they came in contact with a former military ops retired sniper looking to make a few bucks on the side.

Customers began lining up behind the agent hoping to make him uncomfortable so he would hurry along and place his



order. Finally there was a small twitch in his Jowl before the man reached into his suit pocket and plucked out a business card. Alice was completely being taking off guard but she kept her eyes focused on the business card hoping it might lead to her dream of a modeling career.

The man left the business card on the counter for her face down and then promptly vamoosed from the building. *Weird* Alice thought to herself. She promptly picked up the card and flipped it over so she could read it.

DIRTY BIRD IS ON THE LOOSE

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*WTF?* Alice thought to herself. That's when a moment of dÃjÃVu struck her and all the pieces came together. As if the strange numbers weren't freaky enough, it was the name "Dirty Bird" that grasped her attention. The higher ups were talking to her in code but she didn't know why. Higher ups that purportedly posed as stray sheep except they weren't really sheep. They or "He" was in fact a wolf in Sheep's clothing. Bob Miller. Who was the man in town that had suddenly changed his name to Bob Miller?

## CHAPTER 2

Alice was a grown adult now but today would definitely not be her first rodeo. She was walking off the job and had no intentions of taking a few extra seconds to take off and return the apron. The crowd of customers grew longer and began crossing their arms in frustration portraying pooppy pants faces and expressing their *hangryness*. The usual dorky manager in the back put down his iPhone to see what the hold up was being as this was not good that Alice was the only one running the register. The manager threw on an apron with hopes it might conceal the excitement from what his iPhone screen was giving him just a minute earlier.

"Alice you look lost....what's going on? Do you need me to help you at the register? Regina should be here in just like 15 more minutes...I just need you to hang on"

Alice grabbed the business card and quickly stuffed it into her bra. The only safe place in her mind at the time. It had been a long time since any hands but her own had been inside there and she knew it would be safe.

"I'm sorry Joe it's an emergency....I can't stay here....there's no time for me even to clock out."

Joe all but pulled his own hair out and was at a loss for words. "But...what...what did I do? Whatever it is I can fix it!" He implored. Alice managed to rip the apron off in record speed

and dropped it onto the floor instead of hanging it up with the others. She spun her voluptuous body around and headed towards the back door exit. She managed to move at the speed of a fireman while shocking everyone in the restaurant. Everybody listened intently as she parted with her last words.

"Nobody did anything Joe, there's been a serious emergency....I must go!"

The wind outside slammed the back door shut as Alice did her best to keep her balance as she danced around the grease in the parking lot making her way towards her car. She was so in tuned to what she was doing that she never took notice to the high school drop out dish washers staring at her from inside the glass trying to assimilate the entire story for their evening tweets and Facebook postings.

Alice hopped into her baby blue 1983 Ford Escort and wore the starter down until the engine finally fired up. Black ghastly smoke filled the Wendy's parking lot like it always did whenever she could finally get her lil Jalopy started. The dishwasher boys giggled from inside the glass windows while glimmer filled their eyes as if the whole thing might be "an act" for maybe some legwork involving a disability case of some sort. Their parents had already informed them that the government was already giving free money to fat people that couldn't roll out of bed and make it to work on a daily basis. To them it seemed like a perfect gig for Alice because they had already overheard some of the snooty college girls refer to her as a "waste of space" and a "Wendy's lifer" because they believed she had no intentions ever to better herself and her short comings in life were nobody's fault but her own.

If only they knew that Alice had just taken her first step towards a substantial raise.....Alice would soon be a well respected employee....a well respected employee under the wing of none other but the notorious....DIRTY BIRD.

## CHAPTER 3

It was another shit day for Dusty. Seven years with a stair manufacturing company that purposely kept his earnings a dollar more than an entry level fast food job position so that he would never leave. Today he would earn his \$8.50 an hour and then some. The "then some" he would never see but he had a pretty good idea where it would end up. His boss's daughters college tuition. A special stipend just for the preppy girls. The same kind of girls he remembered from high school that treated him as if he was nothing more than a demented shadow that crawled along the walls and stalked everybody. He still had images buried deep inside of his mind of the field hockey girls rolling their eyes at him when the teacher called on him for a question.

Old Milwaukee and delivering stair cases. That's exactly what Dusty would forever be known for. He couldn't possibly keep up with his boss that went home every night to an icy cold glass of scotch on the rocks but at least he wasn't at the very bottom of low life's that resorted to a six pack of 4.99 Natural Ice trying to get their money's worth because it was cheap and had a 5.9% alcohol content. Dusty was just Dusty. Old Milwaukee and stairs. And oh...purported rumors that because of his looks and reclusiveness he could be the next Columbine shoot em up kid. He had no criminal record so employment was never a problem for him but several weeks when the latest shoot em up hit the news he did over hear one of his mouthy

coworkers state..."Hey ya never know...Dusty could be the next one"

The comment bothered him and later he had spent the entire night drinking it off but his relationship with his mother was close and that's what kept him going. Despite his low wages, despite his monthly rent to his parents, Dusty still managed to drive and keep up a descent looking vehicle. A cherry red Jeep Cherokee as a matter of fact.

The winds kicked up in Lakewood NJ which was common for a town right next to a beach. The foreboding clouds grew darker but Dusty never felt threatened by even the darkest of clouds. As a lumper of an old school run stair company Dusty had endured working in some mighty inclement weather and it appeared that his driver didn't want to get his new pumas all muddy today. *Why should he care?* He wasn't getting paid \$14.00 an hour. He was practically getting half that.

The box truck driver did his best to goad Dusty in a positive way to get the stairs delivered before the rainstorm that loomed in the distance. Dusty really hated this particular driver. He was new and screwed up almost every address. Dusty was also jealous of this particular driver's furtive little "trust fund" that his parents had left him that he didn't want the other coworkers knowing anything about.

Willy the company driver walked sideways a bit faster as the two of them carried a 15 rise oak combination stair along a job site towards a house under construction.

"Come on Dusty! We can go faster! The temp has dropped and were gonna get pissed on any minute from now....can't you see those dark clouds?"

Dusty's ego was no different from that mule Egore from the

Berensteine Bears. Dusty was a true blue collar take no shit from nobody kind of guy. He made a special point of not looking towards the dark clouds heading their way.

"So....what do you want me to do about it? Got a hot date or something?"

Willy giggled. "Wouldn't tell ya if I did. You might try to steal her from me. Once she sees how proficient you are at handling those heavy stair cases she might leave me for you!"

It got no smile or response from Dusty. Buttering up never worked for him. He was no sucker. He has been a lumper for 7 years now and very much savvy to all the tricks the drivers utilize to get him to work harder and faster. By the time his curiosity took over him to look up it was too late. Heavy rain drops pelted his greasy back as if a pile of golf balls were falling from the sky. The rains were falling so hard that the both of them were losing visibility it was just that bad.

Willy and Dusty finally moved faster to deliver the stairs so they could head back to the nice warm truck. It was just Dusty's luck that he tripped onto some swishy mud and made a nice prat fall to the ground ruining his Wrangler Kmart special blue jeans. Willy the driver knew better than to giggle at his adversity but before he could proffer a hand to help his lumper get up a man in a dark suit intervened and handed Dusty a business card. It was as if the man had literally popped out of nowhere. Dusty took hold of the business card and flipped it around to glance at the business it might be advertising already convinced that he needed a better job. A quizzical look shook his face as he read what was on the card.

DIRTY BIRD IS ON THE LOOSE

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## **CHAPTER 4**

"I'm sorry Bill...it wasn't my decision...we all like you here...I hope you understand...I'm only the messenger."

There wasn't much of a thumb left for Bill to chew off but he continued biting nervously onto his cuticle until his thumb bled. His supervisor reached for a Kleenex and handed it over to him.

"Bill...no...stop....please...it's only a job. There's thousands of other waste disposal companies around the globe...I don't want to see this get to you....4 complaints in just two weeks what do you expect us to do?"

Screw tooth Bill tried to hold himself together. 10 years with RiverLake Disposal and now they were kicking him to the curb like a red headed step child. Christmas wasn't too far away and now he would be coming up short to buy presents for the grandchildren. The dental appointment he had scheduled for next week would have to be cancelled. The ex wife would be furious that the alimony payment for the month was up in the air. He made one last attempt at saving his job.

"I'll pay for the mailboxes...you can take it out of my paychecks."

Mr. Dillard took in a deep breath. This wasn't the first time Bill had paid out of pocket for his screw ups with the garbage truck.

"Bill it's not us...you don't understand...the attorneys...you don't get it...they're ruthless....they know about you're binge drinking...you've got to get yourself together and realize that you're body needs more than a couple of hours to sober up...we have to let you go for insurance reasons....it's nothing personal Bill."

The miniature fan in the room continued to spin left and right wafting the foul odors that lingered from inside the room. Nobody ever knew for sure how RiverLake Disposal managed to pass all the OSHA regulations each year. Just as Bill reached over his boss's desk to scrutinize the complaints once more a man in a dark suit barged into the room unannounced.

Mr.Dillard looked very perplexed. His first thought was that the well suited stranger might just be one of the finicky attorneys looking to shut down poor Screw Tooth Bill. That's right Harmless Bill. The type that would give the shirt off his back to a complete stranger without expecting anything in return.

Mr.Dillard immediately stood up from his desk. "Excuse me sir! Were in an important meeting here. You can't come in here!"

The agent in the dark suit said not a word. For nobody knew the strangers voice. It was just the professional way that he always carried himself. The agent ignored Mr.Dillard's threat and immediately accosted Bill but said not a word.

Mr.Dillard raised his voice in frustration. "Sir! I'm asking you sir! Please come back at a later time! We are in an important meeting!"



The listless face on the agent showed no trepidation in the least bit. It almost looked like a scene from a movie. The dark suited agent reached into his vest pocket and plucked out a one sided business card and placed it in front of Bill with the blank side down then quickly exited the room.

Mr.Dillard looked at at his terminated employee with frustration. "Ok...what the fuck was that? Some dude dresses like the Men In Black then hands you a blank business card? Is there something on the other side? Flip it over...what does it say?"

Bill handled the 3.5"X 2" business card like it was a winning power ball ticket. Had Bill known Bob Miller on a personal level he just might have known that's how Miller Enterprises initially started up whom the mysterious agent worked for.

Screw Tooth Bill glanced at the business card then felt his mojo return to upbeat mode. He stood up from his chair. "I'm sorry boss...If I still worked for you I guess I'd feel an obligation to tell you. Good luck pulling from the pile of applications...I'm sure Tom will be thrilled knowing he has to train another driver all over again."

Before Mr.Dillard could express his annoyed gape Screw Tooth Bill ripped up the termination paper he had signed minutes earlier then slammed the door on his way out. He glanced once more at the business card as he walked out to his 1978 Ford Ranger pickup truck that barely passed inspection each year. He looked down at the card.

DIRTY BIRD IS ON THE LOOSE

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## **CHAPTER 5**

Alice could still feel her heart racing as she pulled into her parents driveway. Fortunately enough for her both of them were at work which worked towards her advantage because time was of the essence and she knew her mother would grill her concerning her walk out at work. For a big girl she managed to move pretty fast as she peeled her clothes off and jumped into the shower to get the Wendy's grease off her body. It was going to be one of her quickest showers she had ever taken but when a man as eccentric as Dirty Bird is on the loose there is just no telling what the DOW Jones just might be doing in the next week or so. Not that she ever had the extra funds to play the stock market but she had always overheard her parents discussing it quite a bit.

Alice didn't bother to jump on the bathroom scale for a birthday suit weigh in as she usually did after a shower but rather raced into her bedroom and tapped onto the google ap on her prepaid smart phone. She picked the business card out from her lacy bra and typed in the numbers 34.568456743 -76.764899054 and then tapped onto the RETURN KEY. Right away google maps popped up and zoomed into a map showing

a picture of RiverLake Shopping Mall. Right away panic ensued as she pictured in her mind what mayhem Dirty Bird might be plotting towards her favorite shopping mall. Alice immediately flipped through her contact list and looked through the "Ls" section until she found her old friend Leah.

A grumpy voice answered the phone. It was definitely Leah. The two hadn't spoken with each other in almost two years but had known each other through work.

"Hello?"

"Leah? Hey it's Alice"

Leah recognized Alice's voice. "Oh hey girl how's it going? Mike still giving you a lot of shit over there at Wendy's?"

Alice grunted. "He relocated to another store like six months ago....hey do you remember working with that strange guy you guys secretly used to refer as Dirty Bird?"

Leah chuckled. "Big money man yeah...I think I remember that sneaky lil devil...did you know he was collecting a big fat unemployment check on the side the entire time he was kicking it with us?"

Alice chuckled a bit this time and whispered into the phone..."that dirty bird...how did you guys come up with that name?"

Leah blew cigarette smoke into the phone which Alice could clearly hear plain as day. "Mike gave him that nickname on a smoke break one day and we all thought it was funny so we all went along with it....Hey is it true he changed his name to Bob Miller and what are all the Facebook rumors about him sitting on a winning powerball ticket all these years?"

Alice could feel her hands shake and tremble just thinking about Dirty Bird and all the strange weird vibes the Wendy's girls would complain about when they stood within 10 feet of him. One of the newer cashiers had once stated that the first word that pops into her mind when she sees him is "Bomb". Alice finally spit out what her call to Leah was really all about.

"I think Bob Miller is planning to blow up the mall Leah...I'm not joking."

"Plupphhhhhssaattt"! Leah's reaction had caused her to spit her cigarette into the ground. "That guy? Yeah right! Listen girl...he might be a bit of a weirdo and grandma always warned of the quiet ones but he's a pranksta and far from a gangsta. It's in his eyes....what he do phone in a bomb threat or something cuz the girl at Arby's short chumped him on the curly fries?"

Alice tried to defend herself. "Well you did spend more time with him than the rest of us so I'm sure you would know but my daddy is good friends with the Police Chief and I don't think Dirty Bird would ever be stupid enough to reveal his entire history with you. I think he always had a crush on you you know"

Leah was looking to speed up the conversation. She was on her half hour lunch break at the retirement home and time was limited for herself too. It was bad enough she had to work two jobs just to come up with the monthly rent and drive a respectable vehicle that could actually get her TO her job.

"So what's this all about? I'm pressed for time."

"I'm saying that I've known this guy for over ten years and from what I understand he goes big with ALL his endeavors. A business man of some sort dressed in a lawyers suit visited me

at work today but didn't say anything to me nor did he order anything. "

"That's weird...was he good looking?"

"Oh absolutely...didn't take his Matrix sunglasses off either you'd think he was secret service or something."

Leah chuckled. "Like secret service would ever want anything from you?"

"I'm serious Leah...all he did was hand me a one sided business card that said "DIRTY BIRD IS ON THE LOOSE" followed by some weird numbers and then he stormed out the door."

Leah was now listening intently. "So why did you walk out like there was some kind of emergency?"

"It's Wendy's Leah...you really think that was my first rodeo? Remember the time three busses pulled in at once and I suddenly had my period and had to leave immediately? I keep finding ways of crawling back."

Leah chuckled clearly remembering the occasion. "So what do the numbers have to do with the mall?"

Alice held the business card in her hand. "I dunno but according to google these are some sort of a GPS coordinates that belong to the mall. You think he had a bad shopping experience of some sort and now wants to blow the whole place up? He did always seem to be short fused ya know. Had that "Stewy look from Family Guy like he secretly was plotting against everybody."

Leah was completely relaxed and taking all of Alice's assumptions like a grain of salt. "Agh...to us he's just Dirty

Bird....you even admitted one day yourself you thought he was cute....maybe the rumors are true...maybe he did win the powerball...if that were the case he'd go back to spending all his time at the casinos and ponies..I seriously doubt he could muster up a beef with the mall big enough to carry out an attack....besides...he had a bit of a creative side to him...he's woman less ya know...maybe he likes you....maybe the man in the suit was merely a messenger working for him....maybe he just wants to meet you at the mall and take ya out shopping with that big fun pot he's got stored up."

With the talk of that it immediately put Alice out of defcon 5 Homeland Security mode. *Did Dirty Bird secretly have a crush on her?*

"So I need to get myself to the mall you think?"

More cigarette smoke blown into the phone. "Yup...and hurry. Get yourself a new dress while your there."

Alice suddenly thought of one more thing. "But the mall is huge! How am I to know where to meet or what it is I am to look for?"

"There was a lot of numbers you read to me Alice that came after that decimal point. You remember that nerdy kid that talked about M.I.T a lot?"

"Matty Charles? Yeah I remember that blond little goober" giggled Alice.

"I would give him a call and see if he can triangulate those GPS numbers and come up with a particular store or exact location...best of luck to ya sweetie...I gotta go."

"Ok thanks Leah."

"Oh and Alice just one more thing...."

"Yes?"

"Grandma told me it's always the quiet ones...be careful."

## **CHAPTER 6**

Alice felt weird calling Matty. They had never hung out before and she knew that he was way above her league as far as social status. She was surprised when he answered on the first ring. It was almost as if he was expecting her call.

"Matty Matt Matt speaking...I can't fill in for you today Alice I'm going on a camping trip with some friends."

Alice breathed heavily into the phone. "I don't need you for that...I had a techy question I was hoping you could help me with."

18yr old Matty was surprised. "Building a robot to go into work for ya are we? Genius idea. I read on Facebook you had some sort of psychotic episode and just walked out of work for no apparent reason. Wasn't even like a bus full of hungry high school students had pulled in."

Alice cut straight to the chase. She was almost twice the age of Matty and really didn't need his opinion on things. "I'm not worried about the job....it's always gonna be there.... I have some GPS numbers I was hoping you could triangulate a precise location for me."

Matty giggled. "Stalking an ex-lover are we?"

"Shut up Matty...got a pen? I need you to jot these numbers down."

Matty just so happened to be already sitting at his computer. He grabbed a pen and clicked it. He was still very much surprised Alice needed him for something other than the usual fill in at work.

"How did you know I have already broken down the grid?" He asked out of curiosity.

Alice ratted out her friend. "Leah told me about the killer robots you have hidden in your closet that you hide from mommy. Don't be ridiculous Matty....everybody knows you're headed off to MIT after graduation."

Matty adjusted his Superman glasses and clicked his pen once more. "Ok I guess I can do this...lemme get those GPS numbers"

Alice spat out the GPS coordinates over the phone as Matty wrote them on the back of a Popa Johns coupon. He cut her off



after she read out the long numbers.

"Whoah!"

"Whoah what? What's wrong?"

"The numbers after the decimal point go on for quite a bit meaning I can break it down to an area I'd say should be able to pin point of I'm guessing off the top of my head smaller than 8ft by 8ft."

Alice was completely lost. "What does that mean?"

"The longer the number after the decimal point the more precise I can triangulate an exact location down to a square foot. I'm gonna need at least an hour to break down a bunch of numbers because I'll need to use a compass triangle and come up with three GPS coordinates surrounding it so I can narrow it down."

Alice searched around her bedroom trying to remember where she tossed her car keys. Her hodge podge of a bedroom portrayed a great demonstration sample of her work ethic. She did manage to find some old lip gloss she had gotten two Easters ago and smeared some of it onto her luscious lips.

"Can you get this done in just one hour maybe? I promise to fill in for you no questions asked next time."

It caused for a little hemming and hawing out of the techy Robot lover. "Aw yeah sure....an hour I think should do it give or take...what's all this about anyways?"

Alice popped the top back onto the lip gloss and grabbed her car keys. "It's too long of a story to explain Matty...I'm headed off to the mall...I'll fill you in more on the story when I get there."

## **CHAPTER 7**

It didn't take long for Screw Tooth Bill to pop open an icy cold can of Schlitz beer from the fridge. He was just seven years away from retirement and now this termination nonsense over some lousy mail boxes he had plowed over at four O'clock in the morning. How had he been caught anyway? Who was up at that hour to witness such a thing? He kicked back in his flea infested lazy boy he had found thrown out along the curb and propped his feet up when he heard a knock at the door. It was the usual rat-a-tat-tat old school knock.

Bill sprung to his feet without the slightest clue who could be at his door. He hadn't invited anybody over and it was way too early for one of the grand kids to pop in on him for a surprise visit after school. Bill was tall and when he answered the door he was looking down at a full mop of strawberry blond hair. The nineteen year old fellow looked up at him and Bill immediately recognized him but could not remember his name.

"Hey I remember you! You're that kid that was doing that book signing down at the library...did you really write that story all by yourself?"

Jeremiah sullenly nodded his head. "Yep...100% all my work...unfortunately not many people wanted to read a story about a gifted young boy growing up fatherless being raised by demented homeless men and living in a junk yard."

Bill smirked, "Really? Sounds kind of interesting. If I wasn't ADHD I might have tried to read it....what happens in the story?"

Jeremiah was so short he felt like talking to Bill was like trying to talk to a cat stuck up in a tree. "Well...the young boy never goes to school and spends all his free time tinkering with stuff from the junk yard. He starts to notice throughout life that the majority of the homeless people are men and he starts to feel a certain way about it."

Bill couldn't help but have sudden interest in the boy's story. "Really? Well how so?"

Jeremiah giggled. "So bad in a way that he uses his mechanical engineering gift that he had to build a time machine, go back in time and have a serious talk with Susan B Anthony's husband about his wife's aftermath concerning her power trips."

Bill had taken a sip of Schlitz while listening and he nearly choked on it as hearing the word "power trip" caused the bubbly stuff to go down the wrong hole. He pointed his long finger right at Jeremiah while scrunching up his right eye.

"Boy lemme tell ya something...a story as wild as that will sell for sure...however...I don't feel you came over here to discuss you're book...what can I do for ya bud?"

Jeremiah bit his lip. "You're right...I didn't....I work for Miller Enterprise now. Bob Miller sent me out here to talk to you. He really wants to meet you but he's kind of shy."

Right away Bill flung his hands up and took a step back. "Whoah , Whoah , slow down son! Ain't no such thing as a gay garbage man...Bill here walks the straight and narrow."

Jeremiah looked up at him and smiled. "No funny man, Mr.Miller isn't gay either. He's filthy rich but he really needs you for something."

Bill crossed his eyes. "Son I think you have me confused with someone else....I just told you...I'm the garbage man! The high school drop out garbage man! Ain't no rich mutha sucka want to chit chat with me!"

Jeremiah pleaded with him. "Sir that's my point exactly. You've been a garbage man for like ten years right?"

"Yeah so?"

"Bob Miller is a very cautious and careful man. He doesn't feel comfortable googling things. He says garbage men are the most knowledgable and most powerful men in the world."

Bill suddenly recalled the agent storming into his termination ceremony at his work. "Hey wait a minute kid...I remember now...this got something to do with that stranger in a dark suit storming in on me at work and handing me that business card with a bunch of numbers on it?"

Jeremiah curtly nodded his head. "That's our special agent....he probably didn't talk much cuz he's a deaf mute ...he's our messenger."

## CHAPTER 8

The first thing Dusty did when he got home was rip off the perforated edges of his paycheck and take a look at it. HE KNEW HOW TO READ A PAYCHECK. He knew what "gross" meant and he knew what "net" meant. The thing he didn't like was 25% of his weekly checks going to taxes and leaving him with a paycheck of \$275.00. Seven years of breaking his back for a stair company and his high school buddies were doing just as well washing dishes and running cash registers. *What a freaking joke* He thought to himself. A lot of his high school classmates were getting married and getting all sorts of tax breaks which Dusty didn't really think was fair. As if being forced to be single because of his looks didn't really suck did the Feds have to maliciously dig their claws into his paycheck just because he had no other mouths to feed? How was he to move forward with *HIS* life?

He crumpled up his paycheck and tossed it into the garbage where it belonged. He had direct deposit so he'd still get the money from it anyways. His next move was to make his way to the toilet and relieve some after work stress. Nothing like a nice healthy shit after work where you can squeeze it all out in one pinch because it's finally nice and quiet. Unfortunately that was hardly the case for Dusty because he had forgotten about the saturated deep fried wings he had eaten on his lunch break.

When he felt things starting to burn he reached over for some toilet paper but all he felt was an empty cardboard roll. Nothing like a rainy day at work and now this. He desperately groped

around his pockets hoping to find maybe a Kleenex when he pulled out a business card from his jeans pocket.

## DIRTY BIRD IS ON THE LOOSE

34.568456743 -76.764899054

*What the hell did that mean? Some kind of stupid prank?*

He fondled the business card for quite a bit but came to realize it wouldn't do much help using it to wipe. He stretched out as far as he could without getting up from the toilet seat and found that he could stretch his arm out far enough to reach for the Kleenex box on the sink. Suddenly he felt the vibration from inside his pants. His cellphone was buzzing.

A strange out of state number was shown at the top of the text balloon followed by a text message all in Capitol letters that said "I KNOW YOU LIKE GIRLS DUSTY...THERE WILL BE GIRLS THERE I PROMISE...I'M GOING TO PAY YOU A LOT OF MONEY TO HANG OUT WITH THEM AND WORK FOR ME.... - DIRTY B

Dusty was completely creeped out. How did they have his number? Who was Dirty Bird? What kind of work? All he knew how to do was make deliveries and maybe a little prior experience flipping burgers from previous jobs. Who was the strange man in the suit that gave him the business card? He had so many questions and no answers. He texted back the unrecognized number.

"What the hell is this? Some lame kind of joke? I don't get it."

His cellphone buzzed once again.

"It's no joke...R U in? I need a handful of loyal employees to work entry level jobs on my Island."

Dusty texted back: "What island?"

"Miller Island"

Dusty chuckled at what he was convinced was a prank. He simply had to play this out for his own amusement.

"Yeah right. Will there be beer there?"

"Yes. Plenty of beer for all my employees. Don't let me down Dusty."

The battery died on his phone and he had no intentions of quickly recharging it. He noticed a shoelace coming undone and when he pulled on it the lace ripped apart. He got so mad he flushed the piece of shoe lace down the toilet. He heard the kitchen door swing open and recognized his mother's voice from out in the kitchen.

"Dusty! The rent is due today. I didn't see anything lying under the lamp. And oh...we have to have a little talk about moving your bedroom to the downstairs. You're Aunt is coming to live with us for a little while and she's allergic to the dampness downstairs."

Dusty pulled the business card from his pocket and looked at the numbers on it once again.

*Girls and Beer on the Island?*

## CHAPTER 9

Alice could feel her heart beat rapidly against her chest. She was trying to keep it together to prevent any unwanted perspiration that would subsequently give Dirty Bird the ability to creep up on her. Although she admired him she already had him pegged as one of those Hanibal Lecter type basking in the smell of human scent looking for some interesting scrumptious spoor trail to follow. Heebie Jeebies is how the other girls described the vibes they felt being in Dirty Bird's presence. It was as if nobody ever fully understood his handicap because in reality it was far far far from ostensible.

It was midday afternoon at the mall and not many shoppers milling around. Alice was not surprised to see the regular weekday afternoon crowd. Retired old people that were still too much of a miser to utilize heating and air conditioning in their own homes.....and yes....the typical gothic teenagers playing hookie from school because we lived in times now where both parents worked making it all the more easier for the rebellious teenagers.

As Alice passed a small book store in the mall she caught a glimpse of a tall thin man in a long black suit wearing an expensive looking hat that looked like it had been stolen from Sherlock Holmes. Bob Miller? Was she glancing at the back side of Dirty Bird? It was so hard to keep up with him because over the past ten years he kept changing his shape as if he had the gift to dictate his bodily figure at all times. She preferred



Dirty Bird harmless and fat. So did the other girls for that matter. It always seemed like Dirty Bird turned into a short tempered loose cannon when he would get too crazy with his weight loss kicks. How did that Seether band song go? Isolate and Medicate? Words well spoken.

Her cellphone buzzed giving her quite a startle but when she saw Matty's number show up on her caller ID it put her mind at ease.

"Yes Matty I'm here."

"Oh hey Alice....I'm getting faster at this. Only took me thirty minutes but I'm pretty sure I have it narrowed down."

Alice could hear the excitement in his voice as if solving the Rubik's cube for the first time.

"Ok...what store am I looking for?"

"I'm not convinced that it is a store."

"Huh?" Alice was confused.

"The GPS coordinates I came up with put you smack down in the middle of three stores."

"Huh?"

"The Boscovs, Dollar Deals, and Shoes For Less. Isn't the wishing fountain smack dab in the middle of all those stores?"

Panic ensued for Alice. "Oh shit! Don't tell me this is gonna turn into some lame ass Prison Break wanna be tv show where I'm supposed to be dipping into a kiddie pool to drown out any listening devices."

She could hear Matty giggling over the phone. He couldn't help himself but tease her just a bit. "Hey Alice....Bug Big Time!"

As Alice made her way to the Boscovs wing she ended up cupping her mouth at Matty's comment. "Oh my gosh who told you about Bug- Big-Time? That's an old school saying from the nineties. You're not old enough for that!"

Matty continued giggling this way until his Dockers shirt tail popped out. "Hey Alice I gotta go"...he giggled some more...."good luck with your mystery"...he didn't know anything about Dirty Bird or what he was up to but he had to rub it in one last time...."Bug Big Time"...."Alice"... He articulated..."B-U-G B-I-G Time!" And he hung up the phone.

## CHAPTER 10

There were a few retired couples sucking up the free wifi but other than that Alice felt mostly alone in her Wonderland at the mall. Although she could not see him, Alice could feel Dirty Bird's spoor wafting and dancing throughout the air. It was as though his uncanny energy that he often exuded was heavy enough to tickle her nose and make her sneeze. When she finally arrived at the wishing fountain she paid no attention to the shiny pennies inside but rather sat at the golden bench in front of it to unlace her shoes just in case.

As soon as she bent over to reach for her right shoe her cellphone vibrated once again. She half heartily tugged on a knot before she answered for she did not recognize the out of state number showing on her screen. She left the shoelace alone and answered it on the third ring.

"Hello Alice....were you hoping for a robotic voice?"

Alice immediately recognized Bob Miller's voice. "Bob?"

"Yes Alice how are we doing today?" Spoke Dirty Bird softly into the phone.

Alice got straight to the point. "You're not seriously gonna blow this mall up are you? I like to do a lot of my shopping here."

The accusation totally caught Bob off of his rocker. "Huh? Where did that idea come from?"

Alice held the phone a little closer to her mouth so he could hear. "The GPS coordinates your so called messenger sent me...it leads to this mall."

"Yeah and so?"

"I dunno...you always seemed to have a short fuse and you seem like the type that gets ripped off a lot so I was just putting two and two together."

Dirty Bird chuckled into the phone. "Oh my girl you crack me up....listen I'm really pushed for time and I have a ton of work to do back at the Island."

Alice cut him off. "Island? What Island?"

"You haven't seen the latest issue of Forbes magazine?"

Alice shook her head no as if she was still convinced Dirty Bird was secretly watching her somehow. If he wasn't in this mall then maybe he was spying on her via an internet drone of some sort. "You know I don't read those kind of magazines....what's this all about?"

"Miller Island...next to the Cayman Islands....I own it...I'd like you to come work at the Swendy's on my Island."

Alice was confused. "Swendy's? Don't you mean Wendy's?"

Dirty Bird cleared his throat. "Copyright laws luv...my fast food restaurant is very much quasi of the restaurant you already work...hey I really am pushed for time and it would take at least an hour to explain everything to you."

"So you're not going to blow up the mall?"

Bob couldn't help but giggle. "No of course not where would I shop? the goodwill? Listen luv before you leave I think you might want to rub your cute little Wendy's paw underneath the golden bench and look for a quiet seat prize...call me tomorrow at this number luv." Dirty Bird hung up the phone.

It didn't take long for Alice to add the strange out of state number to her contact list. Out of sheer humor rather than list him as his current government name "Bob Miller" she plugged him into her contact list under the D section for "Dirty Bird". When she finished she couldn't believe that she had momentarily forgotten his mentioning of a...did he say...quiet seat prize?

Alice slid her cute lil chubby hand underneath the bench and grossed herself out when she felt it rub up against a piece of hairy chewing gum. She groped around a little more down there until she felt something that felt papery. An envelope? She gave it a lil tug and sure enough she was holding onto a small Manila envelope that had been taped underneath the bench. This scene reminded her of her tweenie Bop years as a kid digging under the car seat for some lose quarters with hopes there would be enough for a pop.

The envelope even had her name "Alice" scrawled onto the front of it with the "i" ostensibly representing the "devils teardrop" probably cuz Dirty Bird wanted to be a show off from all the mystery books he had read over the years and be a smart ass thinking she'd be impressed by his penmanship. Her jaw dropped when she released the contents of the envelope onto her lap. 5 one hundred dollar bills, a plane ticket to Florida, and a brochure for Miller Island?

Alice was completely enthralled. The crisp Benjamins in her hands solidified the FaceBook rumors about Dirty Bird sitting

on a winning powerball ticket for all those years. Such a strange fellow he was. Not much of a materialistic kind of guy but loved his local library. She had always heard the saying "Speak softly and carry a big stick" but when it came to Dirty Bird he had a mantra all of his own...."Pack lightly and carry a big checkbook" was pretty much the way he always lived. Rumors had it that for nearly all of the years of his life all of his personal belongings could all fit into a bed sheet if he really wanted to.

The brochure advertising Miller Island was made from high grade paper like you see at fancy weddings. Alice was completely captivated by everything she saw in the brochure. It made Las Vegas look like just another Ronald McDonald playground short of some balls in the play pen. As she leafed through the brochure she stopped at a picture showing a water slide going right over the blackjack tables at Miller Island Casino.

By the time Alice finished looking over the brochure promising her free 68 degree lodging year round for the employees she only had one question left unanswered....When can she sign up?

## CHAPTER 11

The old saying *Curiosity killed the cat* couldn't be any more true to life. Screw Tooth Bill wasn't the type to get all stir crazy after being out of work for just one week. Although he had very little in life he was very far from being pegged as a couch potato Democrat. He had other hobbies aside from driving that slimy gross garbage truck. Fly fishing was one of them but he also enjoyed collecting all the wires from all the antiquated computers people often threw away in the garbage. Printers definitely got thrown away quite a bit and because copper was at an all time high Bill had always done okay making a little bit of extra cash on the side. Most of the copper wires he would sell to the electric company that would subsequently yield him a softer electric bill each month. How else do ya think the name Screw Tooth Bill had been coined over the years? Too much splicing of wires between the teeth.

Bill gallivanted the mall no different then he would on any other day. He still had to satisfy that "itch" but he wasn't going to buy into the whole silly game and become just another pawn of Dirty Bird's gay little reindeer games. The only reason he was here today at RiverLake mall was to satisfy his curiosity. He wasn't stupid enough to believe that Dirty Bird would have a vested interest in a 62 year old garbage man. The whole idea was simply ludicrous.

A life like mannequin in the doorway of a Victoria Secrets appeared to pop out in front of him slowing down his steps quite a bit. Although the temptation was there, he was never

foolish enough to be caught and judged by prissy little teenage girls seeing him hold up a pair of silky panties and twirling it with his thumb. But the plastic woman was so scantily clothed no matter how he looked at it it would interfere with his ga it quite a bit. The blackberry in his right pocket began chirping it's usual race car sounds and Bill knew he had an incoming call. The number was unrecognizable and the area code was one he had never seen before.

He pushed the send button. "Hello?"

A friendly man's voice he did not recognize barked into the phone. "She fooled me too Bill. Wish they really made them like that in real life."

Bill hadn't been taken aback like this since his teenage years. Using the word "creeped out" would be an understatement. *Who was watching him? And how?*

"Do I know you?"

Dirty Bird chuckled into the phone but not all creepy like. "No Bill but I was hoping that you'd might like too. You know how us old retired birds can be like sometimes. Are you able to sit down and talk for a minute?"

Bill felt a bit relieved by the sound of Bob's voice not sounding like a crooked demented serial killer but more of a friendlier tone of an online campus recruiter pretending to be your friend while secretly hoping for a sale. *Everybody wants something* Bill thought to himself. Surely there was something Dirty Bird was looking for other than just another friendship if he truly was a millionaire. *Pyramid Scheme maybe?*

He scoured the mall with his eyes at the speed of a light tower hoping to find someone staring at him while on their cellphone. The only eyes he felt on him came from the security camera up



above him.

"Where uh...where did you want to meet up?"

"I'll tell ya what. Got a couple pennies on you?"

"A long with some kmart special lint....yes I suppose I have some pennies why?"

"I'd like to meet you over by the wishing fountain."

## **CHAPTER 12**

It didn't take long for Bill to locate the Boscovs wing and make his way down towards the fountain. A pearly white statue of an angel was perched in the center waters spewing water out from its pointer finger. It was a beautiful fountain that never got nearly the amount of attention in which it so rightly deserved. Although the pearly angel had been a part of the mall for the past 15 years the majority of the mall's regular customers that had passed it millions of times would not be able to describe a single feature on the angel if their life depended on it.

As Bill got closer he noticed a man clad in light brown hunching over and lightly tossing pennies into the fountain. The man appeared to be in his upper thirties but tossed those pennies at the speed of an old man. The \$342 flannel fedora

laced with pearls on his head was a dead giveaway that this was indeed the million dollar man. *But why dressed all in light brown?*

Bill didn't hesitate to strike off the conversation. "I'd think a rich guy like you would be throwing quarters instead."

Dirty Bird tossed another dull penny between the angels toes as if to tease it knowing damn well that it couldn't move. Dirty Bird tossed another one at its feet for good measure. He then handed Bill a 50 cent roll of pennies so he could join in.

"True I could stand here all day tossing quarters but that would only draw attention and that's not what I'm after."

Screw Tooth Bill had already been brought up to speed about Dirty Bird's pithy little sayings he occasionally did at times when he wanted his listeners to think outside the box. Jeremiah had advised him to do like everybody else did and play along as if his sayings made perfect sense when in reality the *Dirty Bird* talk always ended up being far, far from the "word". True the Bird will always be the word but Bob Miller should be smart enough to know that there had been many birds BEFORE him. Bill got right to the chase to help speed things up. He was very much hoping that there would not be some sort of lame dumb preamble to this strange meeting. Unfortunately Jeremiah had forgotten to remind him that Dirty Bird himself knew not about the funny knick name that had been bestowed upon him by the township gossipers.

"Ok Bird Man. So what's hot on your plate right now? Why am I out here?"

Bob Miller fessed up immediately. "I know this sounds kind of crazy coming from a millionaire but I need you a lot more than you would need me for anything. I had to go through great

lengths to find a man with your experience."

It would be the first time Bob would get an up close view of the screws in Bill's mouth. Bill's grin was so big you could stuff a subway cookie inside there at least halfway before it would crumble.

"Experience? You're looking for a man with experience? I'm a garbage collector for God's sake! Is this some sort of a joke?"

Bob remained calm and continued tossing pennies at the angel. "I know...ten years as a matter of fact."

"15" Corrected Bill. "The other five years came from another six other companies."

Dirty Bird got excited. "That helps even more!"

"Huh?"

Bob kept finessing the pennies as if they were dice and he was trying to show off at a craps table. Bill was noticing that he was aiming for the angels left foot. He opted to make his own personal target the right foot just for fun. He was already trying to be like Bob and not even realizing it. Enough time spent with this man and he would talk like him. He would walk like him. And maybe, just maybe....he would end up with a creepy laugh similar to Dirty Bird's which would later make it clear to the public that he had spent some time with him.

Bob took in a deep sigh. "Is it not true that cops befriend other cops. Doctors befriend other doctors. Judges no doubt would befriend other judges. Is this observation so not true Bill?"

Bill began parting with more of the copper pennies as if determined to quickly get through the roll already starting to

feel the uneasiness weighing in. "Well yeah I would imagine that observation holds very true with the way of life....where are you going with this?"

Bob grinned an impish smile. "If that statement holds true Bill then after 15 years in your profession the chances are good that you know a heck of a lot of garbage man!!!" He laid a firm hand on his shoulder. "Your just the man I'm looking for".

Although Bob Miller was getting excited Bill was still left utterly confused. "For what?"

That's when a 29 year old sand haired man dressed in an Armani suit emerged from around the corner to interrupt them. He was toting a burgundy colored suitcase in his right arm.

"For information that's what. I can take it from here Bob. You can go now before you end up saying something stupid."

Dirty Bird threw one last penny into the fountain and then quickly vamoosed as if the police had been called. Mr.Rogers adjusted his coke bottle glasses and sat down on the bench then placed the briefcase on his lap. He tapped the right empty space on the bench motioning for Bill to sit down. Bill reluctantly took a seat on the bench.

Mr.Rogers proceeded to steeple his hands while fishing for a preamble. "Bob Miller is a real nice quiet guy....he's just kind of different ya know."

Bill chuckled. "I see that. I've never seen a man so excited to meet a terminated garbage man."

Mr.Rogers showed off his immaculate teeth. "Hey yes...well ya know when one door closes another one opens."

Bill grunted. "Humph... And I suppose Bob plans to help me with all that? You know those powerball winners often end up off their rockers and it doesn't take long for the money to dry up."

Mr. Rogers slicked back a strand of his sandy hair trying to tickle the bridge of his nose. "Heh...He's got a long, long ways to go before that happens. He's curbed his gambling habits quite a bit since the construction on Miller Island. His stock investments have already doubled in just two years."

Bill was still trying to figure things out. "So he's been hiding for all these years as a secret millionaire?"

Evan Rogers nodded.

"And I'm guessing he's having trouble hiring garbage men to leave their families to come work on his island?"

Evan nodded once more. "He pays his employees very, very well. Full benefits. Paid vacations. Mandatory raises every year. Everybody likes working for Bob. He's most generous at Christmas time."

"He's religious?"

Mr. Rogers chuckled. "Far from it. But if ya ever want to get under his skin just wish him a Merry Xmas. Bob adores lazy people but he really hates it when they can get that lazy to go as far as to take "Christ" out of Christmas as the word "mas" means celebration and Bob doesn't feel as though ANYBODY should be celebrating the outcome of the X-Files."

Shoppers at the mall continued milling about but keeping their distance from the two giving them the privacy in their conversation or "business meeting". Many shoppers just

assumed Mr. Rogers was just another recruiter trying to lure more lonely suckers into the Aristay Pyramid scheme.

Bill's eyes grew in size. "The X-Files? What the heck is that?"

Evan proceeded to open up the briefcase case. "The X-Files is what this is all about Bill. Mr. Miller is not motivated by greed or attention. Mr. Miller has made it his life long personal endeavor to figure out a way to make all the corrupt leaders in this country expose their ignorance over the years towards the poor people and less fortunate people. Mr. Miller intends to reveal each and every case in the X-Files that has been purposely left untouched by the dictators over us."

Bill was becoming highly amused at what he felt was becoming a bogus story. He played along with it anyways.

"Can I ask you a question Bill?"

"Sure."

"Do you like attorneys?"

## CHAPTER 13

Bob Miller was always a big fan of nano technology but when it came to watching the movie Ant Man he had hardly the extra free time. He was an inventor himself and had already invested hundreds of thousands into his adult Lego collection which he used to create his robots. As a perfectionist Bob always left himself an "out". At no given point in his life could Bob ever be caught with any dangerous contraband that could land him in trouble with the law. His agent that followed him around was the one that carried the concealed weapon. And in the event that Bob would be carrying around something "hot"? He always made sure it could be permanently destroyed within a matter of seconds. That's why Bob was so much in love with his Legos. Some of the machines he built with them could land him in trouble but why light up a fire to destroy the machines when you could rip them all apart, save the blue prints, to rebuild the machine later? And when Bob finally figured out how to build a machine that could build yet another machine? He was golden. Movies like Trancendence would be right up his alley.

Bob's homemade Lego robot was no bigger than a scorpion. It actually looked much like a scorpion. Even crawled like one too. It was radio controlled and capable of many, many things. Fully equipped with pinhole camera lenses, webbed feet with material similar sticky balls, and even a getaway spider like zip line contraption very much similar to what Spider Man might have. What made ScorpioA16 so great for recon work is when things went sour it had the ability to disassemble itself. Not only that but ScorpioA16 was so intricately put together it also had

the ability to break itself down into 16 individual microscopic crawling robots. The entire "brain" of the ScorpioA16 was no bigger than the size of a dime. All the circuitry could only be visible to the naked eye if held under a microscope. Bob liked to keep things small.

Bob sat in his dark Lincoln Towncar a good half mile down the street from the top secret government building. He reached for a spot under the dashboard and began to unscrew a wingnut bolt that connected to the car's antenna. He then ran a wire from his laptop to that same spot under the dashboard. The car radio went fuzzy at the loss of the antenna. As Bob finally tightened the wingnut with his thumb a panoramic view of the files room popped onto his laptop screen. He thumbed around the miniature joystick a few times to see what he was looking at. He had spent many weeks learning how to deftly maneuver ScorpioA16 better than any teenager could fly a drone. What Bob liked about his stealthy little robot was it did many, many things and could do it all without making a single sound.

The robot itself wasn't much heavier than a tarantula spider and had no problem making it's way furtively through the Dusty heating ducts and into the room. It literally had no limitations as to what it could do. Bob had even designed a special military grade electromagnetic contraption that gave it the ability to climb up a 100 ft wall. ScorpioA16 was even capable of using it's tiny tools to pick through any locks that it needed to.

Bob always liked to keep ScorpioA16 moving very very slow to prevent any possible interrupter from believing it was not an unwanted insect but rather a radio controlled robot. Very much similar to "Q-Spider" from the James Bond video game that Nentendo 64 had released years ago. ScorpioA16 slowly began climbing up an enormous filing cabinet brandishing a big metallic sticker with the wording "X-Files". All attorneys knew about the X-Files but went about their motor-mouth lives



making a point of keeping these files out of the hands of the public. The "X-Files" to all the attorneys across the United States was basically to them deemed the recycling bin that everybody keeps on their main screen computer. The recycling bin AKA trash can. It basically consisted of all ignored complaints by any American citizen that has ever consulted with an attorney to file a complaint. It also consisted of lawsuits that have made it as far into the courts but still ended up getting vetoed. The "X-Files" even contained motions withdrawn by arrogant Judges that already had their opinions made up about things. No Attorney in their right mind would ever want details of the "X-Files" publicly exposed to the public. Bob had no intentions of stealing these files but he had spent many, many years figuring out and hatching a plan to capture and intercept all of the information in these files. If it's one thing that he was always certain about the judicial system is that no matter how old something was, nothing ever EVER got thrown out.

ScorpioA16 extended one of its arms and began picking through the lock releasing bunches of tiny magnetic pins that could contour and shape themselves from inside the keyhole. Once the lock was picked ScorpioA16 crawled it's way up to the top of the cabinet and crooked one of it's other arms inside one of the top cracks that was ajar the most. Little teeny tiny motors whirled from inside the robot slowly turning the microscopic gears that gave the robot torque and strength like you wouldn't believe. When the top drawer was finally ajar enough for ScorpioA16 to crawl in Bob felt just a tiny bit of sweat beads forming on his forehead from all the excitement.

ScorpioA16 wasted no time once it was able to crawl in and immediately began taking myriads of high resolution pictures of each and every dismissed lawsuit. Every single complaint that had ever been filed but thrown right out the window by attorneys feigning the usual lie of having the lack of clout to

push the envelope. A grievance that had been crumbled up because the dictators of law had gotten an early "bad taste in their mouth"

As a bead of sweat dripped away from the tip of his nose Dirty Bird couldn't help but bask in his glory. He wasn't the type to howl at the moon but he surely had a little rain dance all of his own. It sounded a bit bird like.

"Aaaawwwkkkk!....Aaaawwwkkkk!!!.....Aaaaawwwkkkk!!  
!!!

## **CHAPTER 14**

Myra Jones had always been a little bit on the weird side. As if being weird wasn't a curse in itself her lazy eye tic thing going on made her look weird too. And with only an 8th grade education? She was blessed to be working at Dollar Tree. Weird but reliable. That was Myra Jones.

While she liked everything that got sold in the store the scheduling of her work schedule would often fickle more than a handful of power balls. To make matters worse her entry level position was another "Feast Or Famine" job making it harder to collect any government "perks" on the side. One week a big paycheck. The next something under a hundred

bucks. Feast or Famine. Needless to say Myra Jones spent a lot of her free time at check cashing and western union stores. Every week faithfully she wired twenty bucks to her older brother still in prison for burglaries she was convinced that he didn't do. Myra came from a very poor, poor family. Nobody had ever taught her how to get a drivers license. Not that Dollar Tree would ever pay her enough money to save up for a respectable vehicle. The bus tokens sure weren't getting any cheaper.

Myra was already clocked out from her eight hour shift and just waiting for her 33 year old deadbeat boyfriend drowning up to his ears in back child support from previous relationships to come pick her up. He was extremely controlling and the only thing he really permitted her to spend money on was her cellphone. Myra picked up a Hello Kitty cellphone cover that looked totally awesome from the shelf and held it up to the light for further examination. She studied it for a while and then quickly phoned Eric her boyfriend.

He picked up on the second ring. "Hello?"

"Hey babe it's me. Is it gonna be a while yet before you get here?"

"Another hour at the very least. I gotta pick up my mom from her AA meeting first and that's not over for another half hour."

Myra hated days like this. "Can't you just pick me up first then your mom?"

"Nope cuz then mom would have to wait a few minutes at this point. It's her car. Her rules. If I can get this loan next week might be able to buy that station wagon on Brimmer."

Myra wasn't really listening much. She heard these excuses

millions of times. She'd rather take the bus but it had stopped running at this hour. She held the cellphone case up to the light once again.

"Hey babe I found this really cool Hello Kitty cellphone case in the store can I buy it?"

"No" Eric replied sternly.

"Babe it's just one dollar. I just got paid today. Come on please?"

Eric had a \$400 top of the line Samsung phone that he claimed was a necessity along with 12 Gigs of data he faithfully burned up every month. A lot of Myra's paychecks helped pay for his phone. Just last week he had bumped her plan down to the \$15 monthly plan because he was concerned about her talking to other men on Facebook. He barked once more into the phone.

"I told you Myra no. And I don't want you buying any more chewing gum either. Put the cellphone cover back on the shelf. I'll be over to pick you up in an hour."

Myra dutifully placed the Hello Kitty cellphone cover back on the shelf. *Jeez just one dollar* She thought to herself, *Was her jobless boyfriend ever gonna give her a chance to breathe?* When she turned around she almost screamed. Somebody had managed to sneak up on her. Somebody evidently was watching her.

A stoic man in a dark suit stood in front of her blocking her from exiting the shopping aisle. He was holding the Hello Kitty cellphone cover and had a dollar bill wrapped around it. Myra's gaze enlightened and she ever so lovingly accepted the gift. When she unfurled the dollar bill from the case she noticed a business card land on the floor. She quickly picked it up not

even remotely afraid of exposing her melon like cleavage. The man said not a word but stood there momentarily making sure the business card got picked up from the floor.

Myra inspected the business card.

DIRTY BIRD IS ON THE LOOSE

34.568456743 -76.764899054

Immediately the *WTF?* Bubble cloud popped over her head as the confusion set in. That's when Myra suddenly remembered the jitterbug Facebook rumors spreading throughout the town about Dirty Bird's messenger.

The man in the suit spun around to walk away without ever saying a word but Myra was one of those type of girls that was the total opposite of shy. With her unusually large breasts she always had the ability with getting away with being confronting. She stepped around the agent now blocking *his* exit.

She spoke in her playful girly girl voice of a Barbie doll wannabe. "Just hold on a second there mister. I know who you are. I've just recently read about this on Facebook. Something about a strange man walking into people while they're at work and handing them a business card with some kind of code I think. Supposedly the address leads to some sort of bench at the mall? Some kind of deal where if you sit on the bench and reach your hands down below there's like an envelope with \$500 dollars and a brochure to an island?"

The agent said not a word but rather tried to escape. Myra had been working at Dollar Tree for five years. The golden rule about "the customer is always right" didn't apply here cuz she knew she could get away with things. She used her floppy arms

and enormous breasts to block the man from leaving. She did find him quite attractive but if he wanted to skate out on her without explaining things first he would have to get frisky with her to get around her.

"Hey mister I'm talking to you!" She said using all her strength to push her arms out and turn herself into a human wall.

But the agent still said not a word. He tried to get around her without getting physical. He was having no success. Myra was really hoping he would get frisky with her and continue to push into her trying to escape. Instead the agent focused on keeping her from looking too deep into his sunglasses. His head was looking like a bobble head at this point.

Myra's dickhead ponytailed boss caught a good look at what she was doing "off the clock". He gave her a good tongue lashing anyways.

"Myra Jones! What are you doing to that poor man? Let him get around you right this instant!" Shouted her manager.

As soon as the first arm went down the agent slipped past her but Myra managed to caress his shoulder as he slipped past her as if she was a hopeless blind woman that just wanted to touch the exterior of a man. Somehow it seemed as though the agent managed to completely make himself disappear as nobody witnessed him exiting the store. He was just that good at being a ghost. Years in the service under clandestine black ops missions had made him that way. Until he completely lost all of his hearing due to an IED in Afganistan. Dirty Bird was more than happy to hire him. He was always fond of America's elite group of Ghosts.

After all of the hand picked Fuglies had been recruited it was finally time for a business meeting at Bob Miller's behest. Rounding up a bunch of underprivileged individuals to drop what they're doing and leave the country would surely take lots and lots of wheedling and coaxing. Sure his monetary funds were all but unlimited to carry out whatever he so desired he'd still have to take into consideration that his underlings could potentially become quite very suspicious. Especially since Miller Island was right along the lines of the Bermuda Triangle. Bob knew that the only way to host this business meeting safely was through the comfort of his three million dollar yacht. The ship was so huge it even had an entire movie theatre down below big enough to seat 200 people. Of the 300 Fuglies that Bob Miller had recruited only 136 had shown up for the business meeting. The other half couldn't make the meeting for whatever reasons and a good 20% were convinced it was all just some kind of pyramid scheme scam that happened at the mall in the past all the time. Dirty Bird however was more than delighted that he managed to bring in 136 of his hand selected "Fuglies" onto Pterodactyl (The name of his enormous yacht). All of these people wanted the same thing that only Bob himself could deliver. A better job, a better life. Some had even done their homework and read up on Bob Miller. He was legit. Took "Amazing" care of his employees was the word used to describe him in the most recent issue in the Forbes magazine.

The boisterous group boarded Pterodactyl and descended down below to the icy air conditioned theatre room where women dressed as playboy bunnies passed out small glasses of champagne. It all seemed so surreal and magical like just for everyone to be able to get on a yacht for the very first time in their life. What really made things cool was Bob still had some old school in him and kept things real. Needless to say the theatre had a smoking section in the back. Because the yacht was privately owned, the dictating government could never force his big mighty ship to become "smoke free".

Dirty Bird was not surprised to see that Alice had made it to the meeting. All of the town weirdness of the whole "Dirty Bird On The Loose" had made for such a stir on Instagram, Facebook, Linked, and yes of course the celebrity preferred network "Twitter". A social network that involved much tweets about Dirty Bird and what he was up to. Over the week Alice had reached a social status like she would have never dreamed possible. People needed assurance about this reclusive stranger in town that nobody could piece together his birth name. Alice had to post numerous posts of encouragement in nearly every social network to assure the rest of the Fuglies that more than likely Bob Miller only meant well for people. She never disclosed who coined or where "Dirty Bird" nickname had actually come from. She had assured her audience that whatever "work" he was looking to hire would not involve them in any way or fashion with breaking the law. She assured her FaceBook viewers that Bob Miller was just too highly intelligent to be foolish enough to bring in any accomplices if he ever so desired to partake in crime.

The theatre down below the dock of Pterodactyl was just downright amazingly beautiful. The theatre style seats were extremely comfortable and even had buttons you could push to make them vibrate. Dirty Bird always insisted on the utmost comfort for his guests. He had always personally believed that



the low SAT scores in the lowly funded city schools were due to the lack of budgeting in the air conditioning department. Dirty Bird believed that a well fed comfortable student made for a better assimilating listener that couldn't be distracted by a growling stomach or a nerve racking house fly that had crept in because the school was opening windows and running fans. However, Bob Miller wasn't sure he wanted the entire audience having his undivided attention 100 percent of the time and that's why he hired a retired ballet dancer to be his sidekick during business meetings. Alex Balms. Forced to quit Ballet because of his Down syndrome. Alex Balms.....also known as "Robin Hood".

The women in the crowd wooed and cheered as Alex Balms did his thing to "entertain" them while Bob leafed through quickly and tried to organize his notes. Bob was very close to his side kick Robin Hood and never did a co-ed presentation without RobinHood. With RobinHood doing his thing on stage Bob Miller wouldn't have to stress too many potty breaks from the ladies during his presentations. It was all the women could do to keep their eyes off of Alex as he has always been considered eye candy of the highest quality.

A gigantic theatre screen could be heard whirring as it slowly unfurled with giant letters that read down that spelled out "FUGLY". Some giggled but some were offended by the negativity of such a word that hadn't been used since the nineties. However, Bob had spelled out some words of his own next to each giant letter to give his own definition as to what the word "Fugly" actually meant. Despite having a deep intuition that the majority of his soon-to-be employees were doomed for countless failure in their tough luck lives.

As the screen finished unfurling everything could finally be seen on the screen.

## FUGLY DEFINITION

Fine  
Underlings  
Giving  
Love  
Year round

Much of the desensitized crowd giggled at Bob's humor while Robin Hood did his ballet moves on stage mesmerizing the female audience. He was dressed in super leafy green tights and even had the Robin Hood homemade bow and arrow. Alex was a black man full of toned ballet muscles throughout his body with his Robin Hood outfit giving much accentuation on his "love muscle"

The women in the crowd cheered as Alex did his dance moves over and over while shooting rubber arrows made of nerf out over the crowd to impress everyone. Alice was highly impressed at she talked about it amongst her newfound girlfriends. "Look at his crotch can you believe that? I never would've guessed that Robin Hood had a big one." She whispered to her new friend that was taking a break from Dollar Tree. Myra Jones.

"He can dance on me anyday" she whispered back.

Dusty however was not amused by Dirty Bird's side kick pretending to be Robin Hood. If it wasn't for the new experience and free boos, he'd be sitting in his mother's basement getting drunk and playing X-box. But how could he possibly say no to a free business meeting that involved getting on a yacht and free champagne? He knew he needed to find a girlfriend eventually and those internet dating sites always seemed to have some strings attached. Credit Card numbers. Dusty never felt comfortable parting with his credit card

numbers with online scams. His mother had warned him about that. Church was boring and those church girls would more than likely revoke his drinking rights and try to put their paws on his paycheck each week. Not that he really had much of a paycheck to show for anyways.

After his third drink the buzz affect finally put Dusty in a calm mood and he was now smiling and giggling at Dirty Bird's side kick Robin Hood. True the tights seemed kind of gay. Ballet always seemed kind of gay and he was convinced that Dirty Bird's side kick was quite gay but that was hardly true. Dusty had noted throughout his observations in life that women tended to feel very comfortable around gay men. Although he had a one sided opinion about this matter, he knew deep inside that becoming a bigot towards homosexuals would get him nowhere with the ladies. He was always so envious by how the gays could hold such in depth conversations with the ladies. Envy and bias were two completely different things and he was tired of being labeled a "bigot".

Robin Hood finally slowed down his dance moves when Bob gave him a nod that he was ready to start his presentation. The din had finally settled down and the loosey-goose crowd was finally ready to hear what he had to say. The crowd was mesmerized when Bob Miller removed his fedora and laid it on the podium. His hair was his very own hair resembling the most wild Mohawk anybody had ever seen. Nobody had even known that Dirty Bird had a cool looking Mohawk because everyone was so used to seeing him hiding under his hat. Bob always felt naked in public if he didn't have his Stetson Fedora on his head and he tended to always prefer wearing brown.

He rustled some papers and gazed into the crowd showing off a million dollar smile.

"Good evening everyone! I'm going to be discussing some

things today but first....and I do accentuate....please folks.....I don't mind what you do on your phones all I ask is no pictures. Learn to enhance your photographic memories and draw up pictures later when you get home. I'd like to welcome you all aboard Pterodactyl....she's lovely ain't she?"

There were whistles and cheers. Dirty Bird already felt his confidence boosting. He scrutinized his crowd of Fuglies and recognized a red head girl from the gym. *How did she get in here?* He didn't know her on a personal level and clearly couldn't remember putting her on the guest list.

He carried on with his presentation. "Folks....does anybody know what a Fugly is?"

A twenty one year old guy freshly fired from his construction job raised his hand and shouted. "I just googled it! A Fugly is someone that is Fucking Ugly!"

The cheery crowd giggled but Dirty Bird waved his hand to quell the noise. "You are wrong my friend. Don't believe everything you read on google. They are just words put there by man. You don't trust in man do you?"

The red head from the gym just couldn't hold back. She had never actually hung out with Bob but she knew his entire history going all the way back from when she had known him through a friend of a friend. Amber had known about Dirty Bird's shortcomings he had been struggling with since the age of 19. The chemical imbalances in his head were the real deal. Plenty of her friends had ascertained that to every degree.

"Were not sure we trust you Mr.Bob Miller if that truly is your real name!" She teased.

Bob was starting to feel an uneasiness crawl about him. This

girl clearly had him confused. *Friend or Foe?* He thought to himself, *What is that girl's name?*

Robin Hood immediately distracted the crowd by doing more dance moves and shooting imaginary arrows into the crowd while Bob fished for an answer. He opted to just smile and wing it Hillary style by playing dumb. He may even have to change the question.

"Agh... My beautiful fugly....I see you have a sense of humor.....but you are all wrong about google....Fugly actually stands for Fine Underlings Giving Love Year round."

To his dismay, even his favorite Fugly Alice was getting balsy on him. She didn't even bother to raise her hand but mirrored the humorist sarcasm from the redhead. "Don't word play us Bob....we've been through all the empty pyramid promises before....what ya gonna post up next....Together Everyone Achieves More for defining the word team?"

The entire crowd was giggling now. But Bob was never the type to have words get under his skin. In fact it was quite the opposite as it only evoked many, many, comebacks. He just continued to cast his *Bob's gotta bigger swing smile* that he had stolen from the Enzyte enhancement commercial.

"Lemme just address the entire crowd with a quick question. "How many of you are home owners in here? And I mean actual home owners. Living in Mommy's basement doesn't count nor does renting an apartment."

Although the majority of the crowd was in their twenties Bob was not surprised when not a single hand was raised. That's when he noticed a lanky old arm way way way in the back slowly go up. The skinny little arm belonged to no other but Screw Tooth Bill. Bill the garbage man. Dirty Bird smiled then

signaled for his buddy to lower his arm.

"Okay folks let's try this again....how many home owners in here under the age of 60?"

Not a single hand was raised.

"You see folks....that's exactly what I'm talking about right there...now what if I told you that just twenty or thirty years ago a good percent of people your age were homeowners with no more...maybe possibly even less skill sets in which you guys have....I want to give each and every one of you a fair chance at becoming home owners some day."

The crowd grew quiet but let Bob continue without interruption. "You see folks...I hope each and everyone of you liked what you saw in my brochures for Miller Island."

Crazy Larry couldn't help it but come out with an outburst. "It looked cooler than Vegas!"

Bob Miller smiled. "That's because it is cooler than Vegas...everybody is a winner on Miller Island...tell ya what...any of you in here ever work at a bank?"

Pamela Grey raised her hand. She had been behind the counters of Coldwell bank since high school. Her salary was nowhere near anywheres with providing her with a way to become independent.

Dirty Bird addressed her. "Do you mind me asking how much you make?"

Pamela giggled. "Heh...2 years and I'm still stuck at 9.50 an hour....no benefits because my schedule never leads to full time."

"Do you like super rich people?"

Pamela chuckled once more. "Not really...some maybe....the other half tend to be whiny little assholes."

Dirty Bird's crowd giggled concurring with her statement. Bob Miller continued with his salesman smile. "Well if you work at a bank then chances are you're also good at numbers....How would you feel about taking money from all those rich assholes?"

The 23 year old girl was quite curious now. "How can I do that legally?" She asked.

Bob steepled his hand and kept the big smile going. "I'd like to offer you 15\$ an hour starting pay with FULL benefits to come out and work at my bank on Miller Island Casino. You'd be doing the same exact thing you do now I'd just be paying you a lot more."

The crowd clapped as Pamela gladly accepted the job offer. Whatever sales pitches coming out of Bob's mouth were evidently working and nobody had a reason to doubt him otherwise. Bob Miller was not only offering his underlings a better way of life....but a better living environment as well. Dusty couldn't help but wonder how much life would be different living away from his mother....Did Miller Island have cheap wonderful phone service? Would Dusty be able to Face Time his mother?

## CHAPTER 16

Screw Tooth Bill had finally reached the proper comfort level to invite Bob Miller over to his house for a meal. He did go through the effort of cleaning up the bathroom and kitchen but he surely had no intentions of showing off with Lobster. Instead he would surprise Dirty Bird with a home made stew and some fresh chuck wagon style coffee he had learned to make as a kid. The kind with egg yolk in it cooked over a camp fire. As the big crock pot stewed on the stove Bill couldn't help but give Bob a tour of his backyard. Bob was infatuated by the junkyard tour like a child in a candy shop. Broken air conditioners, antiquated computer modules, broken umbrellas, Screw Tooth Bill seemed to have it all.

The two circled the heaving piles of junk while the chuck wagon coffee brewed in Bill's fire pit. Bob was intently gazing at everything as if he was at the Philadelphia Art Museum.

"This stuff is amazing do you know that?" Commented Bob, "All of this cool shit is 100 percent off the grid."

Bill tugged on his whiskers. He couldn't get why piles of junk could get Bob all excited. There was still something that didn't add up with Bob. Something that Bill finally got up the nerve to ask.

"Can I ask you something Bob?"



"Sure Bill." He said while picking up a broken toaster and inspecting the insides of it.

"Been noticing that while you're clearly a big spender....I feel there's some hidden discipline inside of you that you go through great lengths to conceal....you by any chance spend any time in the service Dirty Bird?"

Bob dropped the toaster on the ground. "Dirty Bird?"

Bill realized he had slipped. Most of his friends usually just called him Bob or Uncle B.

"Oh I'm sorry just been hearing that knick name from a lot of people....it's your business....I don't particularly care how or who dubbed that name on you."

Bob picked the toaster back up from the ground. "No, no, it's okay....it just threw me off guard cuz usually it's the women that I catch calling me that....kind of a long funny story behind it....but in answer to your previous question....yes I did many years ago spend time in the service...US ARMY....Infantry....still remember the chant each morning in the sandy parts of Georgia...Motivated Motivated Hell Yeah Motivated...Ooh Ahhh...Oohhh...Ahhhhh...I wanna kill some body....Ooh...Aahh...I wanna kill somebody.....soooooooooooooooooonnn!"

They both chuckled while they pranced around the back yard. Bill plopped a big firm hand on Dirty Bird's shoulder. "Four years in the Marines Bob....we used to beat you guys up in the bars all the time."

Dirty Bird chuckled. He had a cute little story he had just been waiting to share with a guy like Bill. "Ya know I was only 20 when I went in Bill but I remember everything clear as day."

Bill lit a cigarette knowing this story might drone a bit. "Go on."

Bob tried to regress the best he could. He took in a deep breath.

"Well it kind of went like this Bill....the story of my military experience started within my first hour off the bus."

"Oh yeah? How so?"

"Drill sergeant was trying to quote on quote "read" us the moment we got off the bus....debating how many of us would actually get through the first few weeks....a judge mental one was he but he went to far when he threw his words into it."

"Words?" Said Bill while exhaling some smoke. He offered Bob one earlier but Bob was not a smoker.

"Yeah words." Said Bob, "Drill Seargent looked at all of us and said the military had always taught him that if it "looks like a duck and it quacks like a duck then it's a duck."

Bill just chuckled. "Heard that one before."

Bob got excited. "So ya know what I did?" He said enthusiastically.

Bill put a hand back on the shoulder while inhaling once again while awaiting his reply. "What'd ya do Bobby Boy?"

"I immediately started flapping my arms and did the duck walk while quacking like a retard. Right in front of the entire platoon. The drill sergeant was caught off guard. It was so funny...you should have seen the look on his face...priceless."

Bill chuckled...even Bill didn't know where Dirty Bird was going with this. "Did he say anything to you."

Bob chuckled. "You bet he did...He said private what the fuck do you think you're doing."

"Then what?" Asked Bill.

"I looked up at the big black man that I knew could crush me in half and smiled at him....flapped my arms a few more times and replied "I'm duck hunting drill sergeant..just duck hunting."

And with that Bob ripped off his button down shirt revealing a white wife beater shirt that could barely hold in all of Dirty Bird's sinewy muscles. Bob made sure Bill could see the cartoon image on the front of the shirt.

Bill burst out with laughter when he recognized Wild E Cayote the cartoon wolf. He had an entire cut out sheepskin he was hiding under while trying to sneak up on a herd of unsuspecting sheep.

As Bill continued to chuckle Bob had time to fish around for some finishing touches to his allegory.

"The world is full of nothing but wolves and sheep Bill. I know that you're old enough to know that. I'm just trying to even the score a little that's all."

Bill got straight to the point as he could clearly tell something was wrong with Bob. "What is it that you're hiding Bob? I can clearly sense something."

Bob tugged on the long black wire to the toaster. "I control the entire Island at all times Bill".....he continued tugging on the black wire until Bill's gaze was on the wire. "I could turn this

toaster on and off at any time I so desire while far far away....ever heard of funny wire? It's easy to hide electronics these days right underneath the plastic casing of even the thinnest wire.....I'm inviting more than the Fuglies to my Island Bill.....I'm inviting the wolves and I intend to play many, many, mind games with the wolves until they beg for mercy. I'm the Big Bad Wolf Bill, but I'm afraid that I get no satisfaction with hunting sheep....I'm hunting my own kind."

## **CHAPTER 17**

The internet social rumors about Bob Miller were creating quite a stir all throughout RiverLake. The Non-Fugly's or the "Pretties" were not enjoying being held out of the loop. After Alice became the kingpin of putting the word out about him online (Just as Dirty Bird had predicted she would) the bench at RiverLake Shopping Mall had been shut down by the police and covered up in yellow police tape. It had caused too much controversy for the mall to deal with. When the teenage non-fuglies caught word of \$500 dollars often getting taped under the chair they tried to get their paws on it. Despite all their fruit roll ups, despite the credit cards their parents gave them, the well heeled non-fuglies still wanted a chance at that \$500. Some were so mad at Bob Miller that they were posting online that for sure Bob Miller was somehow more than likely a side

kick from the tv show Harriet's Law. They were convinced Bob had it in for the pretties and probably had some insecurities of his own to feel that way. In fact he did. Bob did in fact have a serious handicap but his handicap was far, far, far from ostensible. It only explained why he had no wife or children.

Even though the bench by the fountain at the mall had been shut down it didn't mean that the excitement was over in RiverLake NJ. The authorities were not even able to scratch the surface with thwarting the newly talked about Bob Miller. While many were skeptical about his new name there was just way too much proof bolstering the idea that he was nothing more than a wealthy nice man. Some described him as a less privileged fellow that actually DESERVED to win the powerball. But what set him apart from all the other millionaires? Bob Miller didn't own a home. Although he could afford one he had adamantly refused to buy a house when he already owned an entire island. He owned all the hotels on his island so he often slept in a different one each night for good measure.

**8/25/2017**

Mrs.Hunt nosed her 2017 black Mercedes into the freshly paved driveway with a big pile of mail on her lap. The pile would have been bigger but she had always been smart enough to do most of bills via online bill pay. Save the trees. Save on stamps too. Besides....Why help fund those crooked mail men that wear those goofy grey shorty shorts. Didn't one of them go postal and fly his stupid gyrocopter onto the White House lawn for some special unneeded attention? Divorce Attorney Melissa Hunt wasn't a big fan of retired postal service men gone batty on the government by showing off their "poopy pants" moments. Some of her other attorney friends think he did it just to show a weakness in our national security. After that incident

hit the news the Chinese probably got the bright idea to mirror that incident once again except have it be radio controlled with a bomb filled female dummy wearing a bikini. Melissa hated attention seekers. Period.

She tucked the mail into her armpit as she pranced inside her \$500,000 condominium that already had expensive candles lit inside thanks to her hubby. She tossed the mail onto the kitchen table and walked over to the liquor cabinet to pour herself a stiff drink. She paid no attention to her husband John picking up the mail.

Melissa stirred her drink with a small black coffee straw as she watched her husband leaf through the mail. He stopped at a big white envelope coated in gold lettering clearly displaying the words "Prized Winner". He shook it before he opened the parcel and smiled playfully at his wife of five years.

"Look honey....we're a big winnahhhh!!!" He joked.

Melissa twirled her straw. "Scam....toss it....I wouldn't even bother to open it."

John still wasn't totally convinced it was a scam. It was Friday evening and he was still feeling optimistic and perky that their work week had finally come to an end. He inspected the parcel once more. He recognized something stamped in gold lettering on the bottom corner. "Miller Enterprises."

He held it up for Melissa to see. "Look honey. It's coming from Miller Enterprises. It might be a scam it might not. It surely doesn't hurt to open it."

Melissa still hadn't fully wound down from her day at the office. She replied in a saucy mood. "Sure whatever...just open the damn thing."

John began tearing open the package then sensed something was wrong with the wifey. "What's wrong babe?"

"I caught shit today from Lenny Reicsin...my bosses boss."

John continued tearing. "Concerning?"

"A grievance filed by one of my creepy clients"

John was getting amused. "Creepy?"

Melissa waved her pinky finger. "Aw you know..this client of mine Jimmy...he's all fired up because we didn't win at the custody hearing and now thinks he's entitled to his money back....I already knew from the door he had no chance of winning."

John already knew the sneaky side of his wife. "But you still convinced him the cat was in the bag?"

Melissa ignored the question and rolled her eyes to validate her innocence. "Well I didn't guarantee him a win I just said our case sounded like a slam dunk. He should've already known that the mother of the children get custody the majority of the time."

John spread the contents of the package on the table. The pamphlet for Miller Island definitely caught his eye. He still continued to prod his wife. "So I'm just curious...how much did he pay your firm?"

Melissa chuckled. "About eight thousand dollars."

"Eight thousand dollars? How much work did you actually do?"

Melissa was getting irked by her hubby exposing her lawfirm's scheme. "I had to make phone calls John! The guy worked at a meat processing plant and gave me the creeps. I didn't really want him to win anyways!"

Now John chuckled. "But you still took his money" he pointed out.

Melissa knew she was cornered. It was time for plan b. It was time to get her money's worth on her boob job and create a distraction to deviate from the topic. She crept up behind John and hugged him pushing her breasts firmly into him to get his attention.

"So honey....what ya got there?" She said rubbing her breasts into him some more and studying the pamphlet for Miller Island. "Oh my gosh babe this place looks cooler than Vegas!"

John concurred. "I know honey"...He pointed to some of the stuff in the letter. "Looks like we somehow won a fully paid all expense vacation to Miller Island! I dunno about you but I can't pass up free stuff!"



## **CHAPTER 18 08/27/2016**

When the rest of the Fuglies learned that Bob Miller was legit they made sure to attend the fully paid for second business meeting on Bob's yacht the Pterodactyl. Although Bob was offering each and every one of them a handsome salary many of them had already made up their minds that they were gonna take advantage of him and not work any harder than they did at their current jobs. It had been ascertained by many that Bob usually felt extremely uncomfortable when people got within an earshot of him and began laboring vigorously. Bob always wanted people to be comfortable and if you wanted to get under his skin all you had to do was just start up a vacuum or frantically wipe a dirty window. If truth be told to get on Bob's good side you had to maintain a very slow methodical like energy. Talk slowly and articulate around Bob and he could pan out to be your best friend. Needless to say Bob's blood pressure often skyrocketed when jumpy children came around. Although he was quite muscular and fit, his personality was much like a turtle. His actions in life however were much like a black swan people were saying about him. Dirty Bird...AKA the "Black Swan"

The playboy bunnies passed out champagne to all of the 298 Fuglies that had showed up to Bob's business meeting. Many still had many unanswered questions and many had just showed up to watch once again Robin Hood's extravagant performance in those green tights. The icy cold air conditioning wafted above the crowd putting everyone in a good mood.

They were all excited to hear what Bob Miller had to say. The big projector screen rolled down hushing the audience. It said the same thing as before.

Fugly Definition-

Fine  
Underlings  
Giving  
Love  
Year round

The crowd cheered when Screw Tooth Bill came out from behind stage sliding humongous cardboard boxes full of red jerseys out onto the stage. Bob didn't hesitate to reach into the box and pluck out a jersey. He motioned for the crowd to settle down so they could hear him talk.

"Friends friends! My fugly friends! Can I ask you all something? How many of you like wearing company uniforms on the job?"

The crowd erupted as over half of the Fuglies cupped their mouths so their voices could be heard. "Boooo!!Boooo!!!" They all boood.

Bob grinned nonchalantly as if he was expecting the reply. He unfurled the red basketball jersey and showed the front of it to the crowd. It was a red very comfortable material jersey crimson of the finest. The front of it read in big white letters.

RISING  
FUGLIES

With a cartoon picture of a Pterodactyl in the middle.

"Well guys what do you think? At least it's comfortable right? Not that itchy polyester crap like your employers make ya wear....and oh...I would never make you guys wear pants on a hot summer day....I think you guys will like these jerseys...they are free....they do not get deducted from your weekly paychecks."

The gaily crowd cheered and even stubborn ole Dusty put his drink down for a minute to clap. How cool was that? A neat looking basketball jersey for a work uniform? And best of all? Bob said pants weren't part of the work uniforms.

Every time the crowd got overly excited Bob's side kick Robin Hood couldn't help but launch nerf arrows into the crowd. Today he was launching nerf arrows with ten dollar bills taped onto the front. Bob Miller was buying the crowd's love and already had the crowd chanting...R-O-B-I-N H-O-O-D! Robin Hood!" They chanted.

Dirty Bird started flapping his arms as if they were wings to get the crowd more excited...Dirty Bird and Robin Hood....it kind of had a nice ring to it. Bob finally stopped flapping his arm like a chicken and brought the microphone a little closer to his mouth.

"So when you all go to work tomorrow to face your cruddy employers are you gonna buck up and give your two weeks notice so you can come work for me on Miller Island?"

Simultaneously the crowd rose from their seats and waved a victorious fist in the air in triumph. "Yeaahhhhh!!!! Rising Fuglies we will rise up!"

Bob had never had this much support from such a large crowd.

It was getting as loud as a rock concert and he would have never dreamed of being able to incite a crowd like this so he kept the momentum going.

"Ladies and germs....wave your glasses high...today the Fuglies will rise folks....today we will rise to fight ignorance!"

The crowd cheered as suddenly the theatre screen started flashing all sorts of goodie incentives for working on Miller Island. The words flashed quickly like a laser show. "15.00 hrly"...."Full Time pay"... "Sick Days pay"...."All paid holidays"... "Mandatory Christmas Bonus"....and yes....all the same goodies that the country once had in the nineties. Bob Miller was the very first American employer not afraid to Man Up and make an attempt of bringing back the good old school days of the nineties when words like "Resume" were only known to Wall Street workers and the word "Economy" could only be read on the cheapest selection of gas.

Bob Miller didn't yet realize it....but he was about to make the Forbes magazine once again.

## **CHAPTER 19 (9-11-2017)**

It was a glorious Monday morning and nearly 85% of the Fuglies that Bob had recruited were stepping onto a plane for the very first time in their lives. Bob Miller was very enlightened that his new employees had given their jobs their two weeks notice to come and work for him on Miller Island. In actuality only 30 of them managed to tough it out the entire two weeks as the others got so excited about earning \$15.00 an hour for entry level work that they couldn't wait to tell their employers to stuff it. A good 25% even had the audacity to just walk off the job while still on the clock. They had faith in Bob Miller. He was almost becoming a God to them. The economy was so cruddy that YES love could be bought. And that's just what Dirty Bird had done. Bought the love of the innocent Fine Underlings Giving Love Year round.

Dusty was a little nervous about getting on a plane for the first time. And to make matters worse? He knew what day it was....9-11. He got goose bumps at the site of some of the foreigners seated on the back. Good thing this plane served alcohol. Dusty couldn't think of a better way to go in life. 3000 feet in the air piss ass drunk and going out as a hero by trying to take out some terrorists with his bare hands. But Dusty was all wrong. He hadn't seen the world enough to know that not all Americans grew fearful at the site of a towel wrapped around someone's head. America had become quite the melting pot and anyone that traveled enough would already know that.

The plane wasn't going straight to Miller Island for Bob truly didn't have the money for his own personal airport. The plane was headed to Miami airport where the Fuglies would rendezvous with big black Hummer limos that would shuttle them to an enormous cruise ship that would take them to Miller Island.

Dusty had to do a double take at his airline ticket before he took a seat on the plane. C-23. Yup....he was right, according to the seating chart the empty "bitch" seat he was staring at was indeed his seat. A "bitch" seat to him was always known as the seat in the middle. And what Dusty didn't know? Dirty Bird had connections with the airlines and had purposely set Dusty up with this specific seating accommodation. Two beautiful women in their mid twenties would be flanking him while seated abreast of him on the plane. Dusty was by no means gay. He was however extremely shy and knew that these Chicky mommas were way out of his league. These were the kind of girls that actually made you want to roll out of bed Sunday morning and go to church. These were the kind of girls that gave you the energy to clean out your car. And these kind of girls? Definitely made ya want to put away the bottle and sober up.

Jessica and Renee were professional. They had flown on planes many times and knew all the dos and don'ts. When Dusty showed them his airline ticket they knew better than to roll their eyes and make a poopy pants face showing contempt. Renee (the big buxom blond couldn't help but have her breasts rub up against Dusty as she squeezed past him so he could have the "bitch" seat. There was nothing he could do but allow his face to turn into a cherry.

"Excuse me." She said after sliding around him.

Dusty didn't know what to say. He opted to say absolutely nothing but rather focused all of his attention on figuring out his seatbelt. When he went to reach for the other side of his belt he noticed the girl in the window seat was sitting on it. Jessica Powell. Jessica the Senator of Kentucky's daughter. It took her awhile but she finally noticed Dusty eying up the other half of his seatbelt. She lifted up her leg as if she was about ready to let go of a fart. Dusty ever so lovingly tugged on the seatbelt while using all of his inner strength to be as gentleman like about it as he could. This was the closest he had been to an attractive woman since high school when a female cop used him as a prop to give a demonstration on arresting procedures.

"Thankyou" Said Dusty now trying to link his seatbelt together. \*Clink\* \*c link\* \*c link\*.....he couldn't figure out the seatbelt if his life depended on it. Jessica took notice.

"You have to flip the thingy up first...this your first time flying I take it?"

Dusty grew sheepish but nodded.

Jessica smiled. "I fly all the time...my daddy is the Senator of Kentucky....I can hardly wait for him to take his free vacation so I can invite my friends over for a party."

Dusty saw dollar signs at the thought of a state senator. He was a little bit confused by something.

"Free?" Was all he could think to say.

Jessica fixed her hair piece. "Yeah it's kind of weird but him and my mom are pretty excited about it. Somehow they won an all expense paid weeklong vacation to Miller Island...I guess it's some kind of big party island supposedly ten times bigger than Vegas. My daddy says a whole lot of his friends won the

vacation too...mostly all cops, lawyers, and judges...some business owners too from what I hear."

Dusty didn't do those fifty dollar bottles of Curve cologne. It just wasn't his style. His six dollar Brut cologne was causing the other girl Renee to have her eyes feel like they were burning. Luckily Jessica's Bath and Body works Love Spell was infiltrating Dusty's old man cologne enough to keep the rest of the plane from catching nasty wafts of old people scent. Although he was 222lbs and probably considered stocky, Dusty did his best to keep his butt centered and not brushing up against one of the girls. His mother had raised him to be a gentleman around ladies but his father sure hadn't given him much pointers when it came to talking to chicks. He still couldn't believe he was engaged in a conversation with two hot babes.

He clasped his knuckles together to conceal his chubby little fingers still stained with motor oil from yesterday's oil change.

"Wait you said Miller Island? That's where I'm headed to."

Jessica violated the prissy girl code without even realizing it. It came without warning and she couldn't even help it. She planted her left hand on top of Dusty's sturdy knee for a second until she caught herself. "Really? You lucky Duck! I wish I could go there.....just not when my daddy is there...that would be no fun with him there. I heard Miller Island has a water slide that actually goes right through the casino."

Dusty smiled. He had never stepped foot into a casino. Never even bothered to look one up via google. All he knew was that celebrities trolled those kinds of places so there was probably 15\$ parking that he would never have any interest paying. Not after 7 years of being lumper at \$9.75 an hour. He felt compelled to carry on the conversation anyways.



"I'm going there to work there. I'm kind of surprised Bob Miller invited a bunch of cops and lawyers and what not. How did they all win a free vacation?"

Jessica looked confused as well. "My daddy makes big money but don't be fooled. EVERYBODY likes free stuff these days. My mom still takes home the complimentary shampoo bottles at the hotels they stay in. It's pathetic. I dunno what contest they entered or if they even entered a contest at all. I think maybe it was like a publishers clearing house kind of thing."

Dusty was still kind of curious. "But why so many winners?"

Renee eavesdropped while Jessica fondled a House magazine tucked in front of her knees. "I dunno...But my dad is not complaining and looking forward to the trip. He says that he's glad that he can enjoy a vacation with "HIS" people and not a bunch of Jabronies."

Dustin's curiosity was still piqued just trying to piece everything together. "But if it was like some lottery type drawling what could the odds possibly be that all the winners were government employees.....just seems kind of weird."

When Jessica leaned forward to pull out another magazine from the seat pocket more of her name brand perfume drowned out Dusty's cheap old people scent. The plane was in the process of taking off and it was that moment of time where everybody shut up and watched the flight attendant give the barf bag demonstration that she had already watched hundreds of times.

Jessica shook her head back and forth ever so subtly.

"I know.....weird isn't it."

## CHAPTER 20

Dirty Bird would never agree to allowing a bunch of lawyers, judges, and crooked police officers board the Pterodactyl if they were the last people on Earth. But who's to say that Bob Miller wasn't renting another ship? Lady Luck was just a little over 850 ft long and would easily woo a crowd of well heeled folks. Swimming pools and spas were at the very least it's bells and whistles. For Lady Luck had even badminton and a horse shoe pit.

As the pretties lined up to board Lady Luck Bob Miller made a point of standing at the top of the ramp to shake hands and greet everyone. He was wearing his finest checkered brown suit and had waited for this day for a very long time. Melissa Hunt (the divorce attorney from hell) couldn't help herself but at least pretend to know Bob as she shook his hand. She held onto his hand a little longer than the others as her hubby patiently awaited his turn.

"I'm so glad to meet you Mr. Bob Miller. I've read much about you in the Forbes magazines...I must ask though cuz I am much curious...every picture I see of you you're always wearing brown...was just curious."

Bob always liked a good joke. He laid a second hand on top of the handshake for good measure to lock it in with a pretty lady. He wouldn't feel in the least bit intimidated by her scrappy little hubby.

He smiled a big crest toothy smile with glimmer in his eyes. "Oh that's cuz I poop my pants a lot and I don't want people to notice...getting older you know."

Melissa laughed at the joke. "Oh my your funny Bob...no seriously how come?"

Her hubby tried nudging her to keep the line moving but Bob was in no hurry to let go of her hand. He had no intentions of telling her the real reason but rather continued to smile like a car dealer.

"Well let me ask you this....Haven't you ever noticed that when Hillary ran against Trump last year the consistency she utilized with her attire? Her blouse and her pants were always just one plain color...nothing flowery...nothing polka dot....it just makes a statement and it helps people remember you."

John was cracking up at the Hillary joke. His Trumpster had barely won the election after the media had portrayed him as a "gasket ready to blow" and potentially "trigger happy" and had all the footage they needed to portray this notion. Live footage of a portly old fellow with skin turning as red as Santa Clause's suit due to rising blood pressure. At the very last moment Trump supporters feared a 9/11 all over again and didn't want to face another potentially dangerous oil spike. In the end they showed him some last minute support because they knew that Washington was just a big joke so why not carry out the joke?

Bob finally let go of Melissa's hand and John gave the quick old "one two" Shake and proceeded onto the ship with his wife. They knew they were going to be in for an amazing vacation. And best of all? Absolutely free!!

They got within 40ft of the helm before Melissa's husband John

bumped into somebody he knew. Officer Piker. A bias cop often known for purposely meddling with statements and withholding them from his boss. He often did these Freudian slips when he got what he liked to refer as "A bad taste in his mouth" when it came to dealing with things. Officer Piker did so much cross training with his job that the town he worked in didn't really need any judges or lawyers because as a dickhead cop he was there were many times in his career that he would play the role of all three. In Officer Piker's testosterone filled mind he felt he had the right to take work away from the judges and lawyers and for many years was duly noted for taking matters into his own hands. If there was ever a police officer that surely never did things by the book, it was officer Piker.

John quickly recognized his buddy from college. They had played football together. Never a dull moment in that shower room once those tights came off. He was very much excited to be bumping into Officer Matthew Piker. "Speedy" is what they used to call him because of his running back skills.

John was not shy. He cupped his mouth to be heard overtop of the sound of crashing waves. "Piker! Speedy! Is that you old boy?"

When officer Piker turned around he was not wearing anything closely resembling police attire. Not even a K-9 unit tshirt. Instead he was dressed up in Callaway sporting the good professional looks of a golfer. John noticed when his buddy turned around to face him he was not holding a gun he was so used to seeing him with but rather a silver glittered up mask. He had a shady smile on his face.

"Oh my gosh John Hunt! You won this free vacation too? You lucky son of a bitch. Is that your wifey you brought?"

John nodded while placing an arm around Melissa. 5 years and

counting....got me a good little sugar momma here. I'm just curious Speedy....why the Halloween mask?"

Piker took in the beautiful surroundings before answering. He had quite a shady look on his face. But John was always used to that. Speedy was always known for being a prankster back in college. He held the glittery mask up showing it off proudly.

"Are you kidding me? Look at all this beautiful tail on this ship. I'm about to get this party started in the private lounge room. You think I'm stupid enough to have my face on the internet when these wild sex parties really start getting started?"

John laughed but Melissa just frowned not taking humor with Speedy's sex plans. Speedy quickly sized up Melissa then smiled at his buddy. "Oh sorry John....I'm here to take a real vacation"....he grinned once more..."And that would be a vacation away from the wifey".

## **CHAPTER 21 9/15/2017**

Things on Miller Island were working out rather smoothly. Alice was having a great time working at Swendy's for \$15.00 an hour doing the same exact thing she used to do back home. Working on Miller Island was just like living a dream. The entire Island was beautiful and even had robotic statues of dinosaurs that moved and looked very realistic. Some days Alice liked to just lay on the beach and stare at the beautiful coconuts that dangled from the palm trees. She never dreamed of ever thinking this would one day be a reality.

The pretties or "Wolves" as Bob liked to call them were having an absolute blast with their free vacation. They loved Miller Island casino and 75% of them partook in purchasing the \$200 non-refundable "Miller Time" casino chips which panned out to be an amazing deal. Because Bob owned the Island he could make his own rules. He was not in anyway shape or form under U.S jurisdiction as United State laws did not apply to him. "Miller Time" casino chips were every gamblers dream for just \$200 you got totally different colored poker chips that amounted to \$800 face value. And the only catch? The Miller Time chips could not be cashed out after purchasing. They had to be gambled. So for 200 bucks you had 800 dollars worth of poker chips to gamble with. Winnings of course could be cashed out so the dealers knew to pay out the winnings with official Miller Casino chips. Many good roulette players were turning the "Miller Time" chips into a cool thousand dollars.

But their dumb blond wives? Had frittered away all the non-refundable "Miller Time" poker chips on stupid long shot bets.

23 year old Pamela Grey had been given to her what was promised. A full time job inside the banking area of Miller Casino with amazing benefits. Because she mostly resembled an innocent looking farmer's daughter, Dirty Bird had no problems trusting her with his money. Bob always saw to it that none of his employees try getting tricky on everybody by adjusting the thermostat to save the casino a couple bucks. Bob simply didn't believe in penny pinching. He always believed that supplying comfort was the key to success. Any grievances on the island deserved utmost attention in the highest regards.

Today was Alice's day off from Swendy's and although she wasn't a gambler she opted to hang out at the casino to chit chat with her newly found friend Pamela Grey. Although Pamela was a lot younger than her it didn't make a difference because Alice had spent so many years working at entry level positions that she was still used to hanging out with a younger crowd. Every now and then a loud cheer would erupt when one of the Playful Wolves in a hot bikini shot through the water slide tube that went right over the black jack table. The Dinosaur themed decor in the casino was simply amazing. These people would eventually leave Miller Island Casino with memories to remember for all the years to come.

When the cash out line finally dwindled Alice jumped up to the window to chat with Pamela. Pamela seemed in a really good mood.

"Psssst" Pam....hey it's me Alice!"

Pamela came over to the window holding a huge pile of hundred dollar bills. "Oh hey Alice...Swendy's treating ya pretty good? It's my understanding that we can switch jobs

anytime that we would like to since I'm hearing that were all getting fifteen bucks an hour Bob really doesn't care where on the Island we work."

Alice smiled. "Yeah it is nice here...." She played with her hair, "I'm just worried that's all...everything seems too good to be true....I just can't seem to figure out with as much as Bob always hated the rich folks he would invite them all here over to the Island for a free week long all expense vacation.....seems rather strange....I think he's up to something....something big."

Pamela gaped at Alice's observation and cupped her mouth. "Oh my God I can't believe you think that too...I'm mean he's real nice and all...but why bring a bunch of haughty party assholes over here? Jenna was saying one of the Fuglies working in landscaping got lashed out by a former judge because the lawn mower caught a rock and it spit it out right at his hotel window...I mean shit...these people aren't even paying anything to vacation here...some of them are loud obnoxious assholes Alice....Why would Dirty Bird bring them over here? Me and the girls were just talking about it yesterday...A lot of his invites just don't make any sense."

Alice stuffed a few cheese fries into her mouth she had gotten from the snack bar. She chewed thoroughly on a freshly cut French fry as she pondered. "There must be something more to this that we just don't know. I like it here...It's amazing here and I'm thanks to his free lodging he provides for us I'm able to save up money. The pretties or "Wolves" as Bob likes to call them haven't given me a hard time yet. Actually when I think about it these red jerseys he gave us to wear are kind of cool. Comfortable too. I wish other jobs offered basketball jerseys for work uniforms."

Pamela chuckled. "Did you know come next week Bob wants



some of us to join his basketball team and play some ball with those assholes he invited over to the Island for a free vacation?"

Alice was shocked to not be the first one to hear. "Huh?"

Pamela was glowing now. "That's right...evidently he made some basketball jerseys for his richy rich friends as well. I got to peak at one of their jerseys. They get to wear silky royal blue ones....their jerseys say Tenacious Wolves on the front."

Alice giggled at the thought. She popped another greasy French fry into her mouth. "The Rising Fuglies verses the Tenacious Wolves....sounds kind of interesting...I'll be sure to watch the game and give my support."

Pamela grinned sheepishly. "Have you seen Bob's jersey both front and back yet?"

"No why?" Replied Alice.

"It's actually pretty cool looking. Says Dirty Bird on the back with letters that are rounded. Cool as hell."

Alice chuckled. "And I'm supposing he's got a number printed on the back as well?"

"Ha you bet he does...in white matching lettering....number 55...yesterday when he was doing his hand stand push-ups I thought I was looking at the number 22....guess his shirt was inside out."

## **CHAPTER 22 (9/16/2017) 19:00hrs**

It was a dinner talk that neither one of them had been looking forward to but both of them knew the importance of the dinner talk. The white table cloth that separated them apart was barely visible in the dark corner where the two sat in Bob's private dinner room Pterodactyl VIP section. A dark secluded dinner table where the only lighting came from a small black candle that emanated smells of licorice.

Neither Bob Miller or his private attorney Evan Rogers was in a good mood today. The dinner talk was taking place at Mr.Rogers behest for he had insisted the conversation could wait no more. They were both suited up in dark brown Armani suits. With Bob's just a tad bit shinier of course.

Evan poked around at some lamb meat with his fork while Dirty Bird poured way too much ketchup on his turkey burger that he was finding to be a little dry.

"I don't know why you eat that shit when you can afford lobster or at least a well cooked steak."

Dirty Bird licked the ketchup from his fork. "Mom mom used to cook me this stuff when I was a kid....cooked it for pop pop all the time...it's extremely lean and healthy for you...did I ever tell you how long Pop Pop lived for?"

Evan shook his head then pushed up on his coke bottled

glasses.

"99 freaking years...that's with many years smoking a pipe too....this stuff tastes good with ketchup."

Evan chuckled. "You do what you gotta do Bird Man. But that's why I brought you here to talk...if you want to see that 99 years we have simply GOT to slow down or you're gonna have to take a spot under a bridge with everyone else."

Bob put the fork down and began teasing the candle's flame with his index finger. He always did this when he was nervous. "So what's going on? Talk to me."

Sandy haired Evan reached from the empty chair adjacent to him and picked up some papers. They were full of numbers that he knew Bob wouldn't like. "Were going broke and fast. Fifteen dollars an hour to flip a burger every five minutes? Come on Bob...we have to get serious....we drawl good revenue from the casino but how long do you think that's really gonna hold up?"

Bob had a look of disappointment then let out a sigh. "We can't milk this out any longer can we?"

Evan shook his head no.

"So it's show time?"

Mr.Rogers shook his head yes.

"Got any ideas how to expedite our big show?"

Evan hemmed and hawed and tried to fish for an answer. That's when none other than Bob's current best friend Screw Tooth Bill barged into the dark room to interrupt their meal. He had

been secretly ear hustling from around the corner the entire time.

"I got an idea you Dirty ole Bird!" He joked.

Both Bob and Evan jumped from their seats simultaneously. Bob couldn't help but spit out at record speed "what the fuck?" As Bill entered the room and had no qualms pulling up a chair and sitting next to Mr. Rogers.

When ballsy Screw Tooth Bill made it clear he intended to sit in on the meeting Bob finally consulted his friend.

"Bill! My buggo! How the hell did you know we were in here?"

Bill was never ashamed to show off his junk yard traffic teeth. He teased them both. "Could smell both of ya a mile away...just followed my nose Yogi Bear style."

The candle flame slowly started bending in Bill's direction as if he was bringing some new energy to the table. Bob always insisted on candle light meetings like this because his mental illness often misguided his idiosyncrasies and gesticulations that never matched what he was actually thinking. Schizoaffective disorders were often known for confusing people. It always made it extremely difficult to extract the truth you were looking for from Bob. On the flip side his condition made him an amazing poker player.

Bob laid a hand on his buddy's shoulder. "So what do we do here Bill? Mouthpiece here is saying were going bankrupt and I don't like to lower my pride."

Bill cringed. "Well for starters...do you even realize that your island here is entirely off the grid? And I mean ENTIRELY

OFF THE GRID."

Dirty Bird's impish smile could barely be seen amidst the candle's flame. This was all part of his well orchestrated plan. Of course he already knew this.

"Yeah so? What's your point Bill?"

"What's my point? Were right somewhere along the edges of the Bermuda Triangle AKA the Devil's Triangle....ain't no GPS coordinates out here nor could anybody's cellphone possibly work if they wanted it to....If your satellite run free wifi hubs that we all piggy back off of take a shit we're all fucked."

Before Bill could finish his statement Mr.Rogers quickly got up and closed the door to the adjoining room. This conversation was about to get hot and heavy. Dirty Bird finally lowered his head a little and brought his evil little smile into the light. For the very first time Bill had witnessed a dark side of Dirty Bird that actually scared him. Dirty Bird's pupils looked like they were swimming with legions of demons. Even Bob's voice was becoming scary.

"We already know all of this Bill....it's all part of the fucking plan."

Bill was lost. "What fucking plan?"

Bob grinned again. "The television show that we haven't told anyone about where we publicly humiliate the Wolves right here on this Island by exposing the X-Files on national television back at the states and get all these assholes to confess on live television."

Bill's eyes grew bigger than a greedy whore counting her hundreds. He was slowly piecing all of this together.

"Holy shit man! Lemme guess...you're just gonna oogt scoot and boogie and leave all these people here on the Island? This place has no GPS coordinates. Sailors and planes have been disappearing in the Bermuda Triangle for years....Even the fucking Navy won't be able to rescue these people....if you shut down Miller Wifi these people have no way of signaling for help."

Dirty Bird steepled his hands together and grinned. It was like his teeth were triangulating like a shark's.

"So what's your idea Bill? I can't screw over my peeps and I don't want my Fuglies knowing I'm going broke...how do I get my Fuglies the fuck off my Island before they figure out my plan for the Wolves?"

Bill brought him up to speed. "A lot of them are already getting home sick so I think they might not mind leaving anyways. I don't know if you know this or not but on the female end of things I'm overhearing much talk about the ladies getting disturbing vibes just when they stand within ten feet of you...ever notice they're constantly folding up their cleavage when you come around? Women are smart...they can feel you're up to no good Bob."

Evan chuckled and Bob advised his private attorney to shut the hell up. To the best of his knowledge the hookers out west he always played Cowboy with never felt any funny "vibes".

"Okay Bill...maybe there's more than just a game of tic-tac-toe here. You twos want me to bring out crayons so you and my attorney can spar in a game of never ending tic-tac-toe? Cuz I've got a far more important game of chess going on here. What's your fucking idea you came in here with? How do I get my Fine Underlings Giving Love Year round the fuck off my

Island safely on a good note?"

Bill's fear of Bob was finally waning ever so slowly but waning none the less. "Been doing some reading about all these islands out here Bob....Did you know that a lot of the Islands out here are nothing more than a ticking time bomb?"

When Bill said Time Bomb the flickering flame of the candle immediately stagnated for quite a bit until somebody broke the ice. Even Bob could feel the eerie silence from the candle.

"Time Bomb? That's funny Bill..you want me to tell my guests there's a fucking bomb on my Island? What lemme guess....some ISIS pirates smuggled in somehow and we all got to get the fuck out of here?"

Bill chuckled. "Bird man you're a dumbass sometimes...no bomb...did I say bomb?"

Evan immediately defended his client. "Technically you did Bill... Your verbatim words were "ticking time bomb".

Bill chuckled. "You're right technically I did....but no...we don't need a panic around here in that degree....what I meant was these islands secretly have volcanoes that can erupt at any given time....we blow smoke up their ass about OSHA snooping through here and a newly discovered volcano we knew nothing about and we can still walk away like roses instead of chumps."

Dirty Bird liked this idea. He repeated what Bill had just said. Even articulated it rather slowly. "Like roses instead of chumps. I like that Bill."

Bill soon found himself reaching for a victory dinner roll. "Shit happens I guess...they can't be mad at ya for something ya

knew nothing about."

Bob then found himself reaching for a dinner roll as well. He chewed on the roll almost as hard as he chewed on Bill's idea and then concurred once more.

"I think I like that idea a lot Bill...a newly found underground volcano according to the experts about to erupt any day now. Who wouldn't vacate at the thought of that?"

Even Evan was impressed. He nodded along with both of them. Dirty Bird picked up one of four binders and held it up like a Bible.

"There's still something I have to do before we close down Miller Island." He said still proudly flourishing the black 8X11" leather binder, "Would you like to take a peek at the X-Files?"



**CHAPTER 23 (9/17/2017)**  
**CLOSING DOWN MILLER ISLAND**  
**Operation FIFO**

Bob Miller saw to it personally that the game would be close. He was thrilled to no end that his radio controlled basketball hoop contraption could finally be put to some good use. Fixing a game between the Rising Fuglies and the Tenacious Wolves.

Alice sat on the bench cheering on her peers as the score was 40-30 with the Tenacious Wolves on top. She was completely surprised that there was only a ten point lead. It seemed as though after halftime the shots made by the Tenacious Wolves were magically bouncing back right out of the basket. "Brick shots" was what the Tenacious Wolves were calling them. *Why were there so many brick shots being made today?* Something seemed funky.

Bob sat up high in the bleachers and grinned from ear to ear while sitting next to Screw Tooth Bill. He was really enjoying this game as he had so far successfully deflected over 30 basket shots made by the Wolves. His right hand was hidden inside of his brown leather trench coat where he could easily conceal the remote control. Just as a shot made by the wolves looked like it was about to go in, Dirty Bird pushed the button on the remote deflecting the shot via a concealed mechanical piece of metal tongue that sprung out faster than a pin ball flipper where nobody could notice. The idea was down right brilliant. He

didn't dare push the button on a slam dunk as a player would easily figure it out getting that close to the rim. Every time the ball got dribbled down the court Bob would take a break from the remote and stare at Alice. He was never sexually attracted to her but all that seemed to change at the site of her in the red jersey. His custom designed mesh jersey. Rising Fuglies with a cartoon picture of a Pterodactyl on the front of course. Gosh did Alice look cute today.

Bob leaned over and whispered to Bill. "Any way we can get Alice's healthy butt into the game? Look at her Bill. You can see it on her face. She looks like she wants to play."

Bill giggled. No way in hell was he himself getting into the game. "You want me to talk her into it?"

"Sure Bill...see what you can do....now that everyone knows my nickname tell her that ole Dirty Bird is cheering for her."

Screw Tooth Bill tightened the cap on his Mountain Dew then arose from the bleachers to sweet talk Alice. He could never understand why Bob for many years had such a fascination with a girl that he never intended on dating. *Was it maybe cuz she always was so outgoing with a positive attitude?* He really didn't know.

All it took was a few whispers in the ear and a pat on the shoulder and by the next time out Alice was joining in the huddle of five determined Fuglies. They liked having her step into play as they felt she'd perform well boxing out for rebounds under the basket. The skinnier prissy girls too afraid to break a nail had panned out to be worthless. Alice would make a good fit for the team.

Pterodactyl stadium cheered wildly as Alice used her healthy butt to box out some dweeby toothpick arm Attorney that had

never touched a weight in his life. He was taller than the others but his man boobs clearly suggested push-ups were never mixed in with his morning ablutions. By the fourth quarter Alice had already retrieved 22 rebounds but she still couldn't make a point if her life depended on it. The score was now 44-41 with the Tenacious wolves still on top. Alice's 22 rebounds had helped bring the Rising Fuglies back into the game but now there was only ten seconds left to go.

Bill whispered into Bob's ear. "You're wireless rimmed spring tongue or whatever the fuck it is works wonders but how in the hell ya gonna help the Fuglies win if nobody can shoot? Ten seconds left and down three points."

Bob Miller's face showed nothing but pure panache. "Don't worry I got this. You remember the movie the Water Boy?"

Bill grunted. "No"

Bob continued. "Well no time to fill you in but if it's one thing I remember from that movie is what ya don't know can't hurt you. Think Alice has enough strength to throw the ball super high towards the rafters on the ceiling?"

Bill couldn't believe Dirty Bird. He was just always full of surprises. "Lemme guess...you got a secret contraption hidden up in those ceiling rafters too?"

Bob just smiled. "I'm gonna need your help too Bill so nobody figures it out. When she throws the Hail Mary just need ya to flicker the light switch a few times to distract anyone with eagle vision from noticing my homemade 100 by 100ft woven net made out of 8 pound test fishing line."

Bill guffawed. "You can't be fucking serious....lemme guess...invisible netting woven together like a laundry chute

that leads right into the basketball hoop...you just think of everything now don't ya?"

Bob smiled. He was very proud of his work. He pointed up above the backboard to what looked like an empty light socket. "Once the ball goes in I push this button and the entire netting furls itself back up just like a spider. I assure you...long as you flicker those lights while Alice's shot is airborne nobody will figure it out...it will be our little secret Bill."

Bill didn't argue. Dirty Bird had him on too large of a pay-scale to get lippy. "Ok...I'll go down to tell the team Dirty Bird wants to see Alice throw the Hail Mary."

"Thanks Bill."

Alice was right in the middle of Rising Fuglies ever so sweaty huddle. They were only down three points. She wasn't giving up hope. Screw Tooth Bill had taken over coaching the team's last ten seconds at Dirty Bird's behest. With effort Alice had put in the Fuglies agreed she deserved to go for the Hail Mary three point shot. They had no idea Bob had a stealthy contraption hidden among the rafters to see to it the shot would succeed. **BUT HE NEEDED THE SHOT TO BE HIGH ENOUGH.**

Bill placed a hand on Alice's shoulder to help explain things to her without tipping her off. He even lied his way through it. "Look I'm being serious here Alice plus it will look cooler. When you shoot I want you to throw it super super high...almost touching those ceiling rafters. Make it look just like a Hail Mary throw that they do in football."

"Why throw it like that Bill? I'm confused."

Bill fished for an excuse. "Because the higher you throw it the

more time it has in the air to figure out how to make it's way in....plus Dirty Bird thinks it will look cool....you know....it's like showing those asshole wolves that we still got style....the old Hail Mary is a good note to end on."

Alice had never won a sporting event in her life. All the attention she was getting was boosting her confidence. Boosting her confidence that she could no longer keep her thoughts from slipping away from her tongue. She looked over at Bob and noticed his hands were still inside of his trench coat. She couldn't hold her thoughts back anymore.

"Is he whacking off in there?" She joked.

Bill chuckled. "Bob is just Bob. You know that."

The five Rising Fuglies placed their right hand into a huddle as if about to play rock-scissors-paper. They even had a special chant to get them motivated.

"We can see....We can hear....bring us Wolves....We'll show no Fear!"

They chanted. Alice was getting siked. She could feel it in her Wendy bones somehow. She was going to make that three pointer. And hopefully get fouled in the process for an extra point at the free throw line. They were gonna win the game. She could feel it.

Alice didn't know how to properly dribble the ball so the red head from Dirty Bird's previous gym days hunched over and quickly dribbled the ball as close to Alice as she could get....8.....7.....6.....

They all shouted loudly cheering on Alice. "Hurry Alice! Shoot the ball!"

Her instincts kicked in and she knew in order to throw the ball Hail Mary style she was better off tossing it up underhanded. With BOTH hands. She tried to aim it in the direction of the back board and tossed the ball up super duper high. It started to descend just inches before touching the rafters.

Screw Tooth Bill began flickering the gymnasium lights as quickly as he could as the ball hovered in the air. He was so good at flickering it looked just like strobe lights.

With his hands still concealed in his brown leather trench coat Bob pushed on the button of the other remote just before the basketball began it's journey downwards. As the lights flickered a hairline net not visible to the naked eye guided the basketball right into the center of the rim. The crowd cheered wildly as the Rising Fuglies had just tied the game. But where was the foul? Why hadn't one of the Tenacious Wolves fouled Alice for an extra point? Nobody had even gotten near her.

Dusty was up in the bleachers spilling beer all over himself. Alice's shot appeared like way off at first so how had it gotten in? He stood up and applauded anyways. He hadn't had fun like this in years. The basketball game was taking his mind away from the homesickness of missing his mother.

Another three minutes went up on the scoreboard and the OT light lit up signaling the game was ready for overtime. That's when Dirty Bird decided it was time to put away his remotes and make his move. He almost tripped on the bleachers as he made his way towards the score table with the microphone. He quickly picked up the microphone and tapped on it to settle the din that was still wild with excitement. He grunted then lowered his voice.

"Wolves and Fuglies please...I have an important announcement to make.....I hate to break it to you all but Miller

Island must be shut down immediately due to an emergency."

Hundreds of people immediately shut up and honed in as if listening to a tornado alert being issued. *Did he just say Miller Island had to be immediately shut down?* Pterodactyl stadium had gotten so quiet you could literally hear a pin drop.

Bob Miller raised his hand to assuage them (if that would even be possible). "There's no reason to panic people. I just have to figure out how to get you guys all off my island within the next ten days."

The cute red head that knew Bob from his earlier gym days was not afraid to speak her mind around him. She was a smart ass and always loved jumping at the opportunity to put him in the spotlights. She belittled him at every opportunity she got but she had known Dirty Bird for many years and knew that he could take it. "What the fuck did you screw up now Bob? Is the IRS gonna take over the island because you racked up a gambling debt that you never told us about?"

Bob Miller chuckled. *Why could he never remember that red head's name? Where did he know her from? How did she get on the Fuglies list? Didn't she belong with the Wolves?*

"Ha no gambling debt....Underground volcano we never knew about....the experts believe this entire island could be overflowing with hot molten lava in just under two weeks....we gotta shut down the entire island due to safety reasons."

The entire crowd cupped their mouths and gaped in horror. A corrupt real estate sales agent that had grifted many people over the years finally opened his mouth to speak for the crowd. "How many ships you currently got to get us all the hell out of here Bob?"

Bob wiped away sweat beads forming at his brow. "Just one. The Pterodactyl. The cruise ship you guys came on wasn't mine and is already on a cruise else where. I can't take you all back at once....I'm going to have to make two trips....who wants to get off my island first?"

Hands shot up in every direction. Deep down inside Bob was laughing hysterically. He was doing an excellent job at masquerading his inner thoughts.

He raised his voice louder so all could hear. "My friends please! I just said I can't take you back all at once. You Wolves were lucky enough to come over here for free and not have to work....the cruise takes almost four days and it only seems fair that my Fuglies get back to the states first."

The Fuglies cheered in triumph but the Wolves clearly no longer wanted to be Bob's friend. The look of hatred in their eyes was just price less. The other half of the Wolves refused to give Bob any satisfaction. They had some words for him.

A police officer's wife shouted above the hub bub. "We like being away from the states. You jabrony ponies drive us crazy and we will do well by our selves! Take your stupid little reject Oompa Loompas back to your pathetic little chocolate factory...We'll have a big harmonious party over here!"

These were the exact words Dirty Bird was looking to hear. For these were the words he needed to implement his notorious plan of exposing the X-Files. For it was haughty people like this that Dirty Bird intended to expose in his tv show to the public. He almost wished he was wearing his homemade t-shirt he had purchased online last June. The cool tied die reading the words "FIGHTING IGNORANCE SINCE 2005"

Bob raised his hand up once again to hush the now angry



crowd. "Friends friends! Let's just relax a little first. We are all business people,come on."

The cute red head that knew Bob from the past still found the entire situation humorous. She had always found his retard strength at the gym highly entertaining and this was right in the same boat. She continued in a playful like way to ruffle Dirty Bird's feathers.

She cupped her mouth with her hands to be sure everybody could hear her. "So what's you're big plan now Sponge Bob?" She joked. "Who's getting off the island first?"

Bob Miller was pretty sure he had everything covered. He brought the microphone closer to his mouth.

"It's all good ladies and germs....I'm pretty sure I got this all figured out....I'm sure you all had to work at a restaurant at some point in your life so you'll understand what I'm talking about.....we're gonna have to implement FIFO folks....Just like our managers taught us on how to sell things....we will start operation FIFO first thing tomorrow morning."

Over 90% of the Fuglies knew exactly what "FIFO" was. But many of the fruit roll up weaned attorneys were still left in the dark as the only entry level work they had ever performed as a teenager was mowing their fathers lawn for some extra allowance money.

A New York attorney running for a position as a federal judge interrupted everyone and spoke without raising his hand.

"What the hell is operation FIFO? FIFO sounds like the name of a cat!"

Alice had worked at enough restaurants to know exactly what "FIFO" meant. She was surprised Dirty Bird could still

remember after all those years. As Bob Miller tried to pull himself together from the stress of being grilled she opted to answer for him.

"It means we get to go home first is what it means according to the book of business management....First In....First Out!"

Simultaneously the Fuglies applauded. They had had enough of the wolves and their ignorance. A lot of the wolves were wastrels which made some of the more appreciative Fuglies sick to the stomach. Dusty couldn't understand how a lot of them barely even finished their meals but rather dumped them in the garbage without so much as a second thought.

The Fuglies continued to cheer but Bob couldn't help but keep his eyes on the cute red head from his previous days at the gym. She was mingling quite well with the wolves and he was debating on whether or not she even belonged with the Fuglies. After all, he was quite certain she was never on his "Fugly" list in the first place.

Bob Miller continued to scratch his forehead as he thought deeply to himself. *Who is that red head? Why does she keep toying with me? How did she ever make it onto my ship?*

## CHAPTER 24

Operation FIFO (First In First Out) was panning out to be a huge success. People eventually learned to stop arguing with Bob as both the Fuglies and the Wolves agreed utilizing Operation FIFO would be a win-win situation for both parties. Bob Miller's Fine Underlings Giving Love Year round were getting extremely homesick to the point that not only did they miss their mommies they were missing their pets as well. And as for the Tenacious Wolves? They were still in the mood for one big party. Some of the Attorneys that were *In The Know* about underground volcanoes assured the rest of the Wolves that this alleged catastrophe was nothing really close to an imminent threat and they could party on until Bob would return for them. But what the Wolves *didn't* know was that the impending volcano would be the least of their worries. Dirty Bird had a great big plan for them.

Pterodactyl sailed the ocean blue more smoothly than a Caribbean cruise. Most of the Fuglies were still worn out from the basketball game the night before and were opting to play Bingo to elude any potential sea sickness. Alice had taken charge of the game and was basking in all the attention she was receiving as a bingo caller. Things on the ship were very peaceful and so was the weather.

Screw Tooth Bill had Bob right where he wanted for a one-on-one conversation about the X-Files. They were together alone in the wheelhouse sipping sugar-free ginger ales. Bill's of

course was spiked with Grey Goose vodka. He couldn't help but notice Bob Miller had just Oooohhh so much on his mind. It appeared quite evident that Dirty Bird was gloating on his own thoughts as he took control of the helm.

Bill took a step closer to Bob. "You have no plans of coming back for those ignorant assholes do you Bob? I can see it in your eyes."

The gears in Bob's mind stirred at the speed of a clock. "Oh I DO intend to come back for them eventually....right after each and everyone of them confess on live television."

Bill took another but larger sip. "Confess? About what? This got something to do with them X-Files you keep talking about?"

Bob shook his head yes.

Bill pushed. "Those know it alls will deem you a terrorist to some degree. America doesn't negotiate with terrorists. As a former veteran you should know that Bird Man. I'm concerned about you and don't want to see you in jail."

Bob's smiled showed no looks of concern. He patted Bill on the shoulder. "I appreciate your concern Bill but lemme tell you something I once read...Know it alls have the most to learn...I didn't kidnap those Wolves they kidnapped themselves....they constantly criticize lazy people looking for handouts but look how excited they got about my free all expense paid vacation....oh...and just one other thing Bill....America doesn't negotiate with terrorists? Yeah I already know that but guess what? We're not exactly in America right now....this is the Devil's Triangle my friend."

With that statement Bill couldn't help but down the rest of his

alcoholic drink. Although Dirty Bird and him were now friends he had learned earlier on that it took a few drinks to reason with him. It led to Bill's next question as he took notice the compass spinning around wildly as if broken.

"You've been meticulously plotting this for years haven't you? That compass couldn't give us a proper reading if you stuck a steak dinner in front of it....why do I have a feeling that GPS doesn't do any good out here either?"

Bob Miller just laughed. "Over 500,000 square miles of confusion out here Bill. The NAVY fears these waters like you wouldn't believe. For centuries ships even planes go missing out here. GPS devices and compasses don't do no good out here. You have to know your way around to make it out here."

Screw Tooth Bill was still confounded. "So how do you know how to get to Miller Island without getting lost Bird Man?"

Bob grinned and pointed up towards the skies. "Old school baby...the stars and the sun...been reading those Astronomy magazines for years...Google doesn't know EVERYTHING ya know."

The thought had never occurred to Bill. He couldn't help but wonder just how old school Bob really was. Using the sun and the stars for navigation? Did he know morse code too? Before Bill could pry a little more Bob fixed himself another icy cold sugar-free ginger ale and changed the subject. Any minute his private Attorney Evan Rogers would be barging into the bridge room to bring him up to speed on current events with how operation FIFO was coming along.

Bob crunched on an ice cube while wiping down some fly guts stuck to the helm's windshield. "Hey Bill... That cute red headed girl that always takes great pleasure in interrupting

me....what's her deal?"

Bill snorted then showed off the glimmer in his eyes feeling content that he knew something that Dirty Bird *didn't know*.  
"Ha you mean Amber? The smart ass chick with the freckles?"

"Ha...I guess that be her...Amber did you say? I guess her name fits well with that fire pit on her head."

Bill chuckled. "She's known you since you were only 19."

"Huh? How so?"

Bill was still chuckling. "A friend of a friend I guess. Says in your younger days she witnessed you piss ass drunk doing your supermans on top of your buddy's beat up station wagon hanging on for dear life leaving a bar on a rainy day."

It took Bob a while to regress but he finally recalled the event. He would have only been 19 years old but perhaps there was more than just alcohol thrown into the equation. Bob was still curious about Amber. "So how did she manage to sneak onto my ship? I get nervous around her cuz every time she looks at me there's always a look on her face that she knows a million of my secrets and is prepared to blab it to the world."

"That's probably because she does Bob. The girl thinks you're hysterical. You never took notice to her at the gym?"

That's when more pieces of the puzzle were getting put together. Gym time at the fitness club was exactly what it was meant to be...gym time. Dirty Bird never had any time in between reps to befriend any one in their at the club nor did he ever take notice to observe any others workouts. But Amber? He did recall her giving him many a funny looks as if recognizing him from something. So how did she find out

about Miller Island? What was it that she wanted? Did she know about the X-Files?

"Ya know Bill I do now remember her staring at me on the treadmill one day...a few times as a matter-of-fact. She always gave me this strange kind of look as if she was expecting something really, really big some day...and I never even knew her name."

Bill chuckled. "Been shadowing you eh?"

"Dunno Bill...It's just strange...maybe we should confront her now...maybe we should get all this off our chests."

"Your chest." Corrected Bill.

"Yes...my chest...where is she? I want you to bring her in here."

Screw Tooth Bill could only frown at the floor. "Amber is not on this ship Bob...you said it once before she's borderline of being fugly....she's having too much fun back at the Island....she wanted to stay back and party with the wolves."

A pang of trepidation raced across Dirty Bird's chest.  
*Amber....a girl he knew nothing about but yet allegedly knew EVERYTHING about himself....And now she was left behind to continue partying with the Wolves?*

## **CHAPTER 25. (Meanwhile on Miller Island)**

Officer Matthew Piker AKA "Speedy" did his usual hand at the crotch stance to falsely portray himself as another cocksure sworn in officer of the law. He made sure to stand with arrow like posture and show off the Glock 9 clinging to his side as Amber brought the disheveled crowd of lawyers and Judges up to speed. Amber and Speedy were becoming more than just friends on this wild vacation...they secretly had become friends with benefits. If truth be told, Amber was having the time of her life.

As the Wolves crowded closer to Amber she tried her best to answer their questions to the best of her ability.

Melissa Hunt the Divorce attorney was first to voice her opinion. "Did he even like any of us at all?"

Amber did not hesitate. "He hates you guys...he is convinced each and every one of you is dishonest in some way shape or form."

"So why spoil us with this wonderland vacation? You think he knew all along about the underground volcano?"

That part Amber really didn't know. "I don't know about the volcano but as far as I can tell I surely haven't seen any early warning signs. I'm surprised you guys didn't find it a little



strange that all of you winners of this free vacation are all pretty much your same people."

A criminal defense attorney from Nashville couldn't help but voice his opinion into the mix. "Good! This vacation has been great so far and now it's getting better....we have this entire Island to ourselves without those stupid Fuglies and only our own intelligent people. I've been dreaming about a vacation like this for years. I hope he takes his sweet time coming back.....right everybody?"

Many of the Wolves began clapping realizing that living in a world of perfect people might not be a bad idea. Nobody to bum rush them as they walked out to their cars. No dumb teenagers high on pot messing up their orders to go. Why should they give Dirty Bird the satisfaction of scaring them about a stupid volcano not even yet showing any early warning signs?

Amber tried to hush the excited crowd. They were getting so ramped up it was starting to look like another basketball game in the works. Except but oh....no silly Dirty Bird rigged contraptions to fix the scores.

Amber waved her hands as Speedy joined her in hushing the crowd. "Folks please! Please! You don't understand the mind of Dirty Bird. I'm sure he's thought all of this out somehow....there is definitely something that he wants out of all this I just haven't been able to figure all of this out."

Another outburst from the crowd. A lawmaker from Chicago Illinois. "Is he mentally stable? He sure seems not to hesitate giving away exorbitant amounts of money to strangers."

Amber couldn't help but laugh while concurring. "According to valid sources Bob Miller has commented much over the years

about the bird being the word".

Finally Judge Carnell couldn't help but ask his ice breaking question. He knew very little about Bob Miller. Only the positive things the Forbes magazine had to say about him and his amazing Miller Island was all that the judge knew.

"So how do you know so much about this guy anyways?" He finally shouted out.

It caused Amber to stare at the freshly waxed floor to give her a few extra seconds to drum up a good answer. She spoke very slowly when she replied.

"It's a very very long story guys.....a long but extremely funny story."

## **CHAPTER 26 (Another week on Miller Island)**

John Hunt was not one of those type of guys that lived to work. For it was very much the other way around. John Hunt worked to live. And if his lovely wife Melissa continued making a fortune scamming people? John would most certainly forget working altogether and focus on his game of golf. Although Melissa had been on his case occasionally about his laziness, John was far from lazy when it came it taking care of his body.

Miller Island hotel was calm and peaceful as John placed some slices of whole wheat bread into the toaster. Because the Fuglies were now all off the Island the tasty bed in breakfast they were used to had been abruptly curtailed. Today's breakfast was looking like a morning filled with toast with strawberry jam and Frosted flakes cereal.

John pushed down on the toaster handle and placed his right hand over top to make sure it was heating up. It was. As soon as he turned around he heard it pop back up. *WTF? That quickly? Not possible!* sure enough the slices of bread were icy cold. John pushed down on the handle once again and waited for the toaster to get hot before walking away. As soon as he turned around the toaster popped up on him again with icy cold slices of wheat bread.

"Honey!" He shouted, "Old Spongy Bob left us with a screwy toaster...won't toast."

Melissa was still in bed fantasizing still over a great night of uninterrupted sex. "Just try the oven honey babe." Was all she could think to say.

John walked over to the brand new oven that didn't have so much as a scratch on it. He made sure it was plugged in before turning it on. It was. He set the dial to "Bake" and watched the coil glow and turn red. Just as he threw in the slices of bread the stove began making hideous clicking noises as the oven continued flicking on and off.

"What the hell?" He mumbled to himself, "Brand new oven?" John Hunt often became uneasy when he sensed things become out of kilter.

"Honey now the fucking oven is broke! It keeps flicking on and off!"

Melissa just wanted to sleep the morning away. *Why was it always John the one with a big appetite in the morning after a long night of toe curling sex?* "I dunno! Just throw it in a microwave then! Lemme sleep for another hour okay?"

John was running out of patience but he duteously tried the microwave anyway. He made sure to stand in front of it for an entire thirty seconds this time before turning around. The moment he turned around the damn thing completely shut off. *What was happening? Brand new appliances? All three not working?* John Hunt was becoming more than angry...John Hunt was becoming HANGRY.

Meanwhile.....

Prison counselor Barbera Kohl had somehow made the lucky winners list along with her husband Kip, a former prosecutor that bent the rules all the time but never got caught. His hell spawn wife Barb had always been known for blowing off virtually every inmate's grievance filed within their BOP (Bureau Of Prisons) rights. And to make matters worse? Barbera also had a history of personally seeing to it that any inmate that she didn't like that came into her prison she went out of her way to see to it personally that their personal belongings on their person at the time of their arrest got thrown away. And did she ever own up to it? Of course not.

Barbera Kohl was nothing more than an over paid witch from hell. She also had a big part in finding ways to stall hired attorneys to prevent speedy trials for inmates that brought Mickey Mouse charges to the table. Many of them were only first time offenders. By the time these law abiding inmates finally got the chance to stand before a judge there was no punishment left to dole for Barbera had already wrongfully seized a year of their life. The only words the confused judges had left to say was "Time Served" thanks to Barbera's ignorance preventing them from their constitutional right to a 6 month speedy trial for such Mickey Mouse crimes. Victimless crimes that ultimately the working man's taxes paid for because the incarceration costs were so high. Would hairball eye Barbera ever vote for someone like Fiona trying to tackle these issues and bring reformation to the judicial system? Hell no!

Although she was known for being a mean old bitch when Barbera goes on vacation she barely lets anyone or anything get under her skin. She actually turns into a comical and somewhat generous person. The Bed in Breakfast that was no more did not phase her in the least bit. All she really needed in the mornings was a nice hot cup of coffee. Preferably name brand of course. Barbera scooped out just the right amount of

coffee and placed it into the filter. She then poured two cups worth of water into the coffee maker then pushed the on button and listened intently as she smiled finally hearing it softly percolate.

The sound was so soothing it almost reminded her of a beautiful Christmas morning. When she took a few steps back she couldn't help but notice the brewing light flicker off. *WTF?* she thought to herself. She took a step forward and whalah! The coffee maker continued to brew. Barbera was getting confused but remained in good spirits about it. She tried taking a step back and to no avail the damn thing stopped brewing again. Another step forward....whalah! *What the hell is going on?* she thought to herself.

Barbera made sure to stand as close to the coffee maker as possible so that it would continue brewing without interruption. The situation was so amusing to her that she ended up bursting out with laughter. "Hey Kip you gotta get out here and see this. We got ourselves a funny coffee maker here...every time I step away from it the damn thing shuts off on me. I'm gonna get this cup of coffee if it kills me to stand here the whole ten minutes....jeez honey....this is just like standing in the corner."

She could hear Kip also bursting with laughter from inside the hotel's bathroom. "That's great honey but it's probably best for the both of us if you stood there for a while. I know I didn't put too much toilet paper in here to clog this thing up but guess what sweetie? We no longer have a toilet that flushes....which one of those Fuglies was a plumber? Are you sure that Dirty Ole Bird took back all of them? It really stinks in here...I'm terribly sorry!"

Barbera grew up on a farm so she could take it. There was nothing really more she could do to cope with all this morning adversity but giggle it off. She had no idea about the pin hole

sized hidden camera no bigger than the eyes of a spider watching everything from far far away. Every single move the Wolves made on the Island was secretly being watched live from far far away by a man seeking equality for the world. A man none other than Bob Miller.

Although Barbera could not find the micro sized hidden cam she could still feel the awkward vibes of being watched. She whispered softly under her breath as she scoured the kitchen with her evil bitchy little eyeball as if she was challenging all challengers.

"Come on Dirty Bird is that all you got you little prick? Momma here has no problems running with the wolves and I'm gonna have fun ruffling your feathers you weirdo shit. I mean really? Is that all you got?"

Some how Kip was able to hear Barbera's talking to herself while waiting ever so patiently for her morning cup of joe. He heard the entire challenge. As the bathroom light abruptly turned off and he was quick to learn from the lighting down the hall it was nothing to do with a power failure Kip had some encouraging words for his lovely wife Barb.

"No I don't think that's all he's got honey...I think our friend Dirty Bird is just warming up!"

## CHAPTER 27

The vacation the Wolves were experiencing on Miller Island was becoming no longer described as "fun" but rather talked about as being a "living hell". And what were the know-it-all Wolves missing the most? Why the garbage man of course!

Melissa and John Hunt were beginning to become very stressed out. John always complained of being hungry because neither one of them was ever used to preparing their own food. Melissa was in a major sourpuss mood because she had been two seconds too slow going for the last pack of tampons at the local Welgreens store. Another attorney named Susan and her had nearly fell into a cat fight over who was entitled to the last pack of tampons left on the shelf. *Where were the Fuglies to replenish the shelves?*

As the garbage piled up in their hotel room along came with it were many flies. Nobody knew why it was taking Bob Miller so long to get back to the Island to rescue them. Several high powered attorneys had managed to call for help but the government looking for them had no way of finding them. There were rumors that the Devil's Triangle AKA Bermuda Triangle was kind of like the belly button of Mother Earth. Rumors had it that the Devils Triangle had a mysterious magnetic force field that scrambled virtually all electronic devices. GPS was no good. Even old school compasses spun



around like a whirlybird. Many ships and planes over the century were still yet to be found in the Bermuda Triangle.

A house fly nearly the size of a quarter continued to land on the bridge of Melissa's nose as she tried licking a Popsicle she found in the freezer. It was really starting to stink in their hotel room and they realized they must do something about it. *Where was the trash supposed to go?* They couldn't just let it pile up outside in the grass. They weren't litter bugs. When John took notice of his wife's discomfort he came up with an idea.

"Hey honey...it stinks in here and the air conditioning continues to turn on and off for some reason. Screw this place...let's hang out at the casino and blow off some steam."

Melissa just giggled. "That's a great idea John...hey wait why don't we just call a taxi....oh wait a minute...where is that pock faced Fugly taxi driver that you only tipped a dollar? I think he's partying it up with Dirty Bird on his mighty big ship!"

Melissa was reaching the point of seriously contemplating biting her husband's head off just for being stupid.

John didn't give up. "Honey...we're both in pretty good shape and the casino is only 4 miles away....Miller Island's Bike rentals are just a stone throw away."

Melissa just grunted. "Oh yeah? And who's there to rent us a bike?"

"Babe who cares? This Island is getting shut down. You think Bob Miller is really gonna care or even notice for that matter if we rent a bike without paying?"

Melissa knew her hubby was right. Bob Miller had screwed them out of a good vacation and left them all to fend for

themselves as if they were nothing more than chopped liver. A nice pleasant bike ride to the casino would do them both some good. She suddenly remembered something. Miller Island Casino had a tampon machine in the Ladies room!

As Melissa and John left the hotel they couldn't help but notice how high the grass had gotten around the building. *Who was there to mow? The Attorneys certainly wouldn't be doing it. Most of the Wolves couldn't pull up a modicum of dirt underneath a fingernail if their life depended on it!*

As they ever so cautiously wended through the tall grasses John grabbed onto his wife's arm at the sounds of hissing. "Shit! Melissa don't move! You hear that?"

They both stood frozen in the tall grasses. Melissa was getting scared. "It sounds like a snake but I can't see it!"

John could feel his heart pulsating right through his t-shirt. "Well jeez honey....maybe if you wouldn't have lashed out at the mower boy for accidentally having a rock flying out and scaring the shit out of you maybe the Fuglies might have thought to mow the grass before they left."

Melissa was getting irked. "Jztt...jzttt..shut up John! Let's just get to the pavement. I'm not having a narrow fellow in the grass bite MY legs. Man up sponge boy and pick me up and carry me through this shit over to the pavement....I'm getting scared."

All the lofty cable bills John had dumped on his wife over the years put a big guilt trip in his head. He duteously picked up Melissa in one fell swoop just like he had done on their wedding day and walked them through the high grasses. He was covered in sweat by the time they reached the pavement. He ever so lovingly placed her down and she gave him a

playful pat on the butt.

"I knew you could do it honey. Come on....let's go get those bikes."

## **CHAPTER 28 (A hologram for a very Dirty, Dirty Bird)**

John and Melissa were not the only ones who thought it best to hang out at Miller Island Casino. Evidently many of the other Wolves were having many of their own issues as well causing them a great deal of discomfort. Nobody at all was in the least bit surprised that the water tube slide going over the Black Jack table was not in operation. Obviously there were no Fuglies to run the table games but fortunately all the slot machines were up and running.

As the Hunt's finally made their way to the video poker machines they could hear gaily shouting and laughter from around the corner. Chirping, bleeping sounds, and flashing lights were making the back corner of Miller Island Casino a happening spot so John and Melissa headed in that direction. As they rounded the corner they witnessed Amber (a former Fugly) raising her hands in the air and celebrating. Officer Piker or "Speedy" continued to stand behind her while

caressing her shoulder.

"I'm up \$250 already! This thing is amazing!" Cried Amber as she recognized the Hunt couple from last meeting.

John was not surprised in the least to see Speedy taking so much interest in a girl much younger than him. He had been player type since his college days. A few months at best and Amber would quickly be forgotten if she could ever make it that far with Speedy. Not to mention Officer Piker was already married. He had opted to utilize the same principal rules that he had always been taught about Vegas. *What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas and thus what happens in Miller Island stays in Miller Island* was how Officer Piker was doing it.

Amber continued to pull on the lever of the Poppa Smurf slot machine while Melissa sashayed around her hubby to have some words with Speedy. Being he was a cop and her being an attorney she knew she could skip frivolous preambles and get straight to the point.

"What the hell is up with this Island? Please don't tell me this whole place is full of booby traps. We've been noticing a lot of funny strangeness in our hotel room."

Speedy just grunted. "Heh! We have too! Everything keeps breaking on cue for some reason... I tried to watch television this morning and the damn thing kept shutting on and off as if somebody was secretly controlling it from far away somewhere. I got so pissed I took a screw driver to it but I couldn't find any evidence of tampering."

Melissa pulled on her long silky hair. "Pfft! You should have seen how our breakfast went this morning! Toaster, stove, even the microwave keeps going on the fritz! Now we got snakes hiding in the tall grasses surrounding our hotel because nobody

is around to mow."

Speedy couldn't help but giggle. "You couldn't get John to mow? Somebody has to mow the grass."

Melissa snorted a laugh. "Heh...we don't know where the mowers are and even if we did I don't think John would know how to start it. We have always hired somebody to do it."

Speedy didn't know what to think. "Pugh! Frickn Fuglies! They really screwed us over good! I tried watching a Youtube video to figure out how to fix the toilet. No dice. Frickn Dirty ass Bob shut down the wifi hub right before he left. I don't mind the expensive roaming charges but I don't know what cellphone carriers you guys carry but me and Amber have no cellphone service period! That's why we're hanging out here at the casino."

With that Melissa immediately plucked out her iPhone from her purse and tried making a call. Trepidation shivered down her spine as an automated voice recording came on reminding her that her call is unable to get through. *How could Dirty Bird be so mean? What kind of vacation was this?* And that's when Bob Miller appeared out of thin air. Literally. His shady smiling face appeared in a hologram form right over the water tube slide. It was a thirty foot squared hologram of none other than the Dirty Bird himself. Bob Miller. They felt like they were on Star Trek. Evidently Bob could see them somehow. They were interrupted by some crackling sounds as Bob's voice came over the loud speaker.

"Friends! Friends! My Tenacious Wolves! Are you enjoying my Casino so far?"

Amber was never shy around Bob. Nor could she ever fear him no matter how hard he could possibly try. She had known him

for just too many years. Knew well of his "pranksta" ways for the Jobrony Ponies had called it many a years ago. "Dirty Bird...youz a pranksta! You ain't no gangsta!" They had teased without knowing Amber was ear hustling from around the corner.

But Bob Miller never really cared what people thought about him. He was just who he was. Bob Miller.

There was a short hissing sound emanating from the water slide as micro thin particles of misty water interspersed like hair spray to bring Bob Miller to life. The hologram wasn't cheap but when you're a professional like Dirty Bird you gotta flaunt big bucks to get people's attention. Amber showed off her \$250.00 Miller Island Casino voucher she had just printed out of the slot machine. She held it up as close to the hologram as she could.

"We're not afraid of you Dirty Bob. In fact we're having a better time without you here....as a matter of fact we're all on a hot streak and cleaning you out right now...Speedy is even up in the video poker."

The Tenacious Wolves crowd didn't know it but they were all being filmed live. All of this footage would hopefully land on news channel 55 where if Bob's homemade television show "Rise Of The Fuglies" went according to as planned. He couldn't help but bask in his glory with his crooked Real Estate agent smile.

"Awww...my wolfy wolfies...did you really think I'd leave you all here on my Island with a chance of taking all my money? Or is it I who am taking yours? That's a nice voucher ticket you got yourself Amber. Is there any law that mandates me to utilize U.S currency on "MY" Island which isn't even a part of the United States?"

Amber didn't smile. She was suddenly realizing that she had been played. *How many twenty dollar bills had she stuffed into Bob's slot machine?* She raced over to the Casino's cash out voucher and inserted her \$250.00 ticket. More misty water particles shot out of the water slide as Dirty Bird started laughing hysterically. Amber couldn't believe what she was witnessing. Orange currency that looked like Monopoly money spewed out in the cash dispenser below. All the papery notes had big bold lettering that said "Miller Island Dollars". Amber hastily threw the Monopoly money onto the floor and raced over to the black jack table and picked up a handful of poker chips. She threw them at the hologram as hard as she could.

"Fuck you Bob...you know it Fuck You!"

The Miller Island poker chips flew right over the water slide without so much as making a ricocheting sound. Bob even made a point of flinching for good measure as if he had been hit. He was in fact hundreds of miles away still out at sea. He stopped flinching and started laughing again.

"I'm a hologram you Idiot...Do you really think you can hurt me?"

Melissa Hunt couldn't help herself but put her two cents in. "You can laugh all you want but you're going to jail Mr.Funny man!"

Dirty Bird splayed out his fingers as if he was scared. "Jay-EL? Oooohhh hooohhh hooohhh! For what? Giving you Shimmy Sham Sham con Artists a free vacation? For feeding you insidious people and providing entertainment on top of that? Get real sister!"

Melissa wasn't done with him and was really fed up with his gay little reindeer games. *Controlling an entire Island by*

*remote control as if it's one big video game? Who does that?*

"Ummmm....Excuse me Dirty Bird but they do put people away for life for kidnapping...you're not gonna get away with this."

Bob couldn't help himself but mimic Melissa's girly girl voice. He even went as far as to cringe up his face and use his hands while he spoke. "You're not gonna get away with this Dirty Bird" he teased. By the way he said it Amber couldn't help but giggle as well. She hadn't seen this much entertainment out of Bob since he once hopped off a treadmill right in the middle of a vigorous workout and started doing his Super Mans right in front of all the unemployed lunch time soccer Moms. People always questioned why Dirty Bird preferred to workout with the "Lunch Time" crowd. Perhaps because it was full of hot sizzly soccer moms getting it in before their husbands came home from work.

Bob proudly held up a big Manila folder that had in big black lettering the words "X-Files" written on it. He waved it around flamboyantly as if it were a Willy Wonka golden ticket.

"Friends friends.....let's not insult each other verbally for we are all professionals....well...except for maybe you Amber....when were you gonna admit to these people that your entire FaceBook page is photoshopped? You've never really been to Italy have you? In fact as we speak right now Mickey Dees proolly has your cute little face printed on the back of their milk cartons seeking info on their missing pots and pans washer."

Speedy couldn't help but smile but Amber was too short to notice. He quickly stifled his grin then pointed up to the hologram in anger.

"Get to the point Dirty Bird! Don't even think about drumming



up some Hunger Games shit on us for we are far too sophisticated for that. What do you want from us and what the fuck is that X-Files shit you're waving in front of us?"

Bob's eyes swelled up like rising bread in the oven. It have him so much bloody power just holding onto those X-Files. For many years he had been fantasizing about exposing the Wolfe's ignorance to the public. Nothing like a live broadcast of a public humiliation for people that actually deserved it. He waved the Manila envelope again for all of the Wolf crowd to see.

"A live broadcast confession of all of your ignorances bestowed on my people that's what I want. I have here my friends detailed files of all grievances ever filed that you and all your shit head people of authority have thrown right out the window....now who wants to confess first? How about you Melissa Hunt? Would you like to tell us how you screwed over Boy George that works over at the smelly prote in plant?"....Bob then pointed his finger at Federal Judge Palmer.... "And how about you Mr.Arrogance? Did you not once make a statement that you wished that they could put all the stupid people on one Island and all the smart people on another Island?"

Before anybody could reply Dirty Bird reached into the Manila folder and plucked out case number#45854-2033 from 2003 that a taxidermist had filed concerning foul play on a customer's behalf stiffing him on money. Bob pushed up his wiry reading glasses to the bridge of his nose.

"Well my lovely friends there's an old saying that says be careful what you wish for....I am ever so glad to fulfill your wishes of making it possible for all the "smart" people to be on one Island....Let's get this party started shall we?"

Before the hologram dissipated Dirty Bird couldn't help but rub it in and show off his Dirty Bird dance. He put down the X-Files and began flopping his arms around like a chicken while parading around in a circle with high pompous steps.

\*Aaawwwkkkk!!!

\*Aaaaaawwwwwkkkk\*Aaaaaawwwwwqkkk!!!!\*

The screen went blank.

## **CHAPTER 29. (Meanwhile)**

It didn't take very long for a bunch of corrupt people in high places trapped on an Island in the Devil's Triangle to become breaking news. Big red captions raced across the television screens stating "Government Officials Trapped on Miller Island With A Volcano About To Erupt..." "Dirty Bird" Claiming Responsibility"...

The footage brought so much attention that inmates across the US couldn't help but boink the channel of their stupid soap operas and hone in to watch the footage. Among the footage was none other but Bob Miller dressed in his brown Armani suit flopping his arms like a chicken and dancing around in circles. The inmates at RiverLake Correctional Center couldn't help but gape with utmost curiosity. *Who in the heck was Dirty*

*Bird?* There had always been numerous nicknames and monickers throughout the prison system but the majority of them were repeats. "Smoke", "Smiley", "Tiger", "Tiny", and all the usual stuff but as the inmates looked around nobody was owning up to Dirty Bird.

A comical Chinese gang banger named Tan couldn't help but voice his opinion towards the breaking news. He pointed towards the television.

"Dirty Bird? That's a new one. How did this guy get a bunch of lawyers and judges on that Island in the first place? He must be pretty loaded....does anyone even know him?"

The savvy inmates shook their heads no. A big swarthy drug dealer named "L" piped up as well and chuckled while he spoke. "Whatever that nigga doing it looks like he's doin it right if ya ask me....I know my attorney burned me pretty good...sure hope he got thrown into the mix....this is some gangsta shit"

The inmates clad in green jumpsuits giggled simultaneously. They had not quite witnessed a kidnapping like this before but they were highly amused. Another inmate with freshly put together corn rolls piped in as well.

"Hey for real...this Dirty Bird cat....he a nut ass dude but for real I could watch this footage all day....Cops, lawyers, and judges...looks like he manhandling the whole Damn crew!"

Correctional Officer Nunan took a break from babysitting a couple of short timers doing a couple months in the joint for paraphernalia misdemeanor charges to see what all the commotion in the TV room was all about. He knew there was no football games being played today so why were the inmates all full of bounces?

By the time Nunan entered the threshold inmates were holding their fists up high and laughing hysterically. One of the inmates even suggested the Rise Of The Fuglies was a lot more interesting than the new television series "Prison Break". 43 year old Officer Nunan gaped in disbelief when he read the "Breaking News" bold red letter captions on the television screen. The boisterous inmates were getting louder and high fiving one another.

Officer Nunan had had enough. The excitement was getting on his nerves. He shouted above the hub bub to break up the commotion.

"Recall gentleman! Recall! I'm gonna need you all to report back to your cells! Recall gentlemen!" He said as he reached for the remote in his pocket and boinked the TV.

"Awwwwwww!!!" Replied the inmates with contempt. But the little short Pisa Pisa guy newly recruited into the Mexican Mafia wasn't giving up. Pisa Pisa wasn't one to allow a dickhead turnkey revel in his killjoy moment.

Pisa Pisa flapped his arms like a chicken as he reported back to his cell and mimicked Dirty Bird.

"Aaaawwwkkkk! Aaaaawwwwwkkkk!  
Aaaaaawwwwwkkkkk!"

The rest of the other inmates did the same.

## CHAPTER 30

Bob Miller saw to it that all of the Fuglies made it back to the states safe and sound. But the only problem? Not all of them wanted to get off of Pterodactyl. A handful of them were still having just too much fun. The majority of them had no choice but to go back to their meaningless jobs in the U.S but what about the ones that Bob had recruited that didn't have jobs in the first place? They still insisted on hanging out with Bob. One of the Fuglies that insisted on staying on the ship was none other than Rual Jones. A 30 year old black man with a dirty sense of humor that had been a city boy all of his life. He was very much intrigued by Dirty Bird. Found Bob Miller very much of a fascinating person. Rual couldn't help but make his way up to the cabin of the ship to pay his respects to Dirty Bird.

Bob greeted him with a very firm handshake. He had lost interest of the usual fist pound greeting over the years.

"Rual my man....what can I do for ya bud?"

Rual Jones couldn't help but show off his sparkly golden grill revealing embossed tiny dollar signs between his teeth. He placed a second hand over top of the handshake to show just how pleased he was to be meeting in person the notorious one and only Dirty Bird.

"Hey yo Bird Man....ya know you're not the first Bird Man I've met ya know."

Bob Miller chuckled. He knew this statement to be entirely true. "I know that already Rual...there's been aplenty Bird Mans before me...that's why I am dubbed Dirty Bird instead."

Rual shook his head no. "Nuh uh brotha....already know about the Dirty Birds...they a tough ass motorcycle gang been around for a minute...you affiliated wit dem?"

Bob shook his head no. "My nickname was bestowed upon me behind my back many years ago without me knowing it....there's really a motorcycle gang out there called the Dirty Birds? They as bad ass as the Hells Angels?"

Rual chuckled and slid his long ebony fingers down his face to hide his expression. "Man I dunno brotha but hey...for real...any chance you can drop me back off at the Island for a minute?"

Bob was curious. "Why?"

Rual smiled. "It just so happens my former prosecutor from many years ago is amongst what you call them Wolves you left back there."

"Who? What prosecutor?"

Rual chuckled once again. "He ain't no prosecutor any more...got bumped up to a judge in 2008...his name Judge Watts....he took his lovely wife Annabell along wit him....they still on yo Island."

Dirty Bird was trying to gauge where Rual was going with this. He placed a hand on Rual's shoulder. "Bud the whole entire

Island has hidden spy cams everywhere on it...even some hidden in the trees....because it's *My* island I'm still responsible for the welfare of those assholes I left over there."

Rual made a funny snorting noise and danced a few steps backward. "Geeshhh..sheequeess...geeshhh...ssskkk!" He squawked while placing his hands along his knees.

"I ain't gonna hurt them brotha!!! I just wanna help the ratings for yo TV show...I know my homies back in Detroit gotta be watching this shit...a bunch of government assholes trapped on an island with a volcano about to erupt...people gonna be watching this shit...I wanna spice it up...you know...get mines in that's all...get mines in while I can Dirty Bird."

Bob laughed. "I'm curious now...what Judge Watts ever do to you?"

Rual scrunched up his face. "Man back when dat nigga was a prosecutor he put me away for 9 months on a meaningless parole violation."

"For what?"

"Indecent Exposure. That's what."

Bob wasn't really a big fan of those drunk whackos he often heard about exposing their private parts to little girls just riding their bicycles.

"You mean like whipping it out in front of some little kids?"

"Oh HELL no! It wasn't like that! Wasn't no little kids around. Happened in Juanita County back in the day. Mudda fucking cop that arrested me back in 98 was stalking me...you know how they do... I had just left the Irish pub on foot and couldn't

find anywhere else to go....those sandwich shops don't open until noon...you know how they do."

Bob nodded his head. He knew all too well what Rual was talking about. Nothing like being stuck in the city with nowhere to go potty and nothing has opened up yet.

"Why didn't you just go back to the bar?"

Rual shook his head no. "Had a lot to drink that morning...never would have made it."

Bob scratched his forehead while trying to piece the story together. He had witnessed drunks in Las Vegas urinating on the streets all the time. Nobody ever seemed to care. He placed his hand back on Rual's shoulder.

"So how did Judge Watts end up doing you my good man?"

It still made Rual sick just thinking about it. "Nine months in the county....solitary confinement on top of that...took nine months before my case even made it before a judge....mother passed away while I was in. I couldn't make it to my own mother's funeral....All for pissing in a dark alley."

The Bird Man grieved momentarily with his newly found Fugly that had wandered astray.

"If you wanna spice up this little show of ours you have my blessings....you said Judge Watts has a cute lil shorty of a wife eh?"

Rual came to with smiles. "She's a cute one alright....I can mow yards ya know....I'm sure the grass is getting pretty high over there." He giggled.



Bob gave another playful pat on the shoulder.

"I'm not sure how you plan to entertain them....just don't try anything stupid you know....don't forget....everything over there is being recorded."

## **CHAPTER 31. (Funny Man Rual gets it in)**

The Tenacious Wolves had no earthly idea that Bob Miller was secretly circling the island in the Pterodactyl staying within 5 miles at all times. It wasn't very difficult to sneak in Rual back onto Miller Island in the wee hours of the night undetected. Rual tossed an old style push mower onto a raft to make his way to shore. It was the old school type of mower that didn't require any gasoline. The kind the frugal Amish used where the harder you pushed the faster the blades spun. You had to be in pretty good shape to get the mower to cut well. And Rual had always been able to crank out a good 50 push-ups. He had been a ladies man all of his city life. Not to mention all the bids he had done in the joint over the years instilled numerous creative ways to keep his body tone with only scant limited resources.

Rual loped along the sandy beach quickly hiding his big red rubber raft in the thickets to keep it out of site of the Wolves. Rual found Bob's sidekick Robin Hood quite fascinating but couldn't help wonder if this stunt he had planned for Judge Watts went well if maybe Dirty Bird could use a second side kick as well. It always seemed like Bob preferred to hire disabled people that he was sure would not interfere with their disability but rather meet their needs. \$15 an hour to flip hamburgers would sure put a smile on just about anybody's face. Once the raft appeared to be secure in the thickets Rual piled palm leaves on top of it just to be sure.

The old style push mower didn't weigh much so Rual had no problems flipping it around and dragging it along with him. He couldn't help but whistle his favorite "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" song as he wended down the beaten path that led to Miller Island Casino. The island just seemed so much more quiet without the effervescent Fuglies smoking doobie snacks and chattering on their late night bicycle rides. The dinosaur themed mannequins flanking the path still showed off their body language as the motion sensors picked up Rual's heat as he walked along. "Damn this place is so beautiful and amazing" Rual whispered to himself. He was then startled by human screams that sounded like they were coming from the skies.

"Help! Help us please! We've been stuck up here for hours! Please for the love of God can you help us?"

Rual looked up into the skies and laughed hysterically. He wasn't having delusional symptoms like he thought he was having. There really was a couple trapped way up high on the Miller Island Ferris Wheel. *What were they doing up there at this hour of the night?* He looked up and shouted up to them.

"Are you guys Fuglies or Wolves?" He asked not really caring

either way.

The mysterious couple giggled. "I guess that depends...Are YOU a Fugly or a Wolf? Thought ole Sponge Bob square pants took all those babies back home."

Rual was getting irked by their lame humor. *Should he just leave them up there to spoon with each other all night long? Why should he care about them stuck up high in the skies because of a defective Ferris wheel?*

Rual cupped his hands together over his mouth so the couple could hear him from the ground. "I'm a beautiful Fugly...that's what I am...how'd you guys get stuck up in that Ferris Wheel?"

Officer Piker (Speedy) shouted back from way up above. "The Misses here Amber is technically a Fugly too if that's what you are....we were just out here for a little fun....fuckn Bob....even this Ferris Wheel went on the fritz...Bob's got this whole entire Island going freaky on us!"

Rual chuckled. "Kind of like your people keep doing to our cellphones when we're up to no good? We pay our freaking phone bills ya know...not all of us like the gay little immature reindeer games you khaki wearing shirt Tuckers play on us."

Amber finally cut to the chase. She was developing wolf skills just by spending time with these shirt tucking people. "I'll suck your dick...whatever you want handsome...just get me and maybe this jabrony pony down from here....were starving."

Rual smiled like an alligator...he knew all of this was being recorded somewhere....perhaps this footage would bode well on the next Rise Of The Fuglies episode.

"I'll tinker with the control box and see what I can do baby

girl."

Meanwhile.....Speedy prodded Amber with his elbow and whispered into her ear. "Where did that come from? He tries anything and I'll kick his ass."

"Relax honey...I wasn't really gonna do it...I'm a country girl...my dad would kill me....but hey we really need to figure out how to get down from here."

It didn't take Rual very long to tinker with the wires and get the Ferris Wheel up and running. The lights on the Ferris Wheel got so bright it almost lit up half of the Island. Once the friendly couple finally made their way to the bottom Rual never bothered to inquire about his BJ. He knew upfront Amber was joking. Bob had warned him about Amber's dark sided humor and how it could be a possible threat to his enigmatic plans for the Wolves.

The first thing Amber did when she exited the Ferris Wheel was tie her Nike shoes. It was then that she noticed the old style push mower. She was sure to comment about it.

"What's with the old school lawn mower? I didn't even know that they still made those things."

Rual showed it off. "Figured there's a shortage of gasoline on the Island by now."

Amber concurred. "You're absolutely right. How did you get left on the Island? I thought I was the only Fugly getting left behind?"

Rual proffered his cover story. "I've lived on islands before and I like it. When Bob rounded us up I hid in the thickets and I guess nobody took notice."

"Are you with anybody? Are there any other Fuglies that you know of left behind? What's the mower for?"

Rual held firmly onto the push mower as if it were a valuable. Considering there was virtually no gasoline left on the Island it was in fact extremely valuable. He made a point of pretending Officer Piker was invisible and not present in the conversation.

"Eh this is my lil money maker...you know...keeps me in shape too....last summer didn't go so well at Atlantic City pushing people around in them's Push Carts."

Amber couldn't help herself. She grabbed onto the push mower wanting to check it out. Rual pulled it back before she could grab onto it.

"Ah...ah...Ahhh...sweetheart...this is mines...but hey if you wanna work....I mean..." He couldn't help but smile as he said it. "I'm still waiting for my reward for getting you twos down from that humongous Ferris wheel."

Speedy was no longer in the mood for playful jokes and was already writing Rual off in his mind as a threat. He tugged firmly onto Amber's arm.

"Come on Amber....It's getting late....we need to get back to the hotel."

## CHAPTER 32

Annabell Watts had always stuck out like a sore thumb any time she was permitted to tag along and sit in on her husbands "business dinners". She could never forget the tongue lashing she received at last years Christmas banquet for giggling at the table and telling a detective's wife that "she needed to get laid". She tried to blame the wine for her comical ignorance but her hubby complained about it the entire ride home. *"Nobody took a shining to your dark sided humor"* Judge Watts had grouched. And what was the tenacious bore of a husband doing right now on this Miller Island? Memoirs. That's right. Annabell's hubby was such a Repulican nut that he brought his work with him on his vacations.

Mrs. Watts tended to find humor in shows like Family Guy and just a few months ago she had even managed to find time to slip out with her girlfriends and watch the new Sausage Party movie at the Cinema. It was boring as hell being married to a judge that constantly felt the need to judge others intentions. He fretted miserably when their daughter illegally downloaded a few of Justin Beiber's pop songs. *Discipline Discipline Discipline* was all Judge Watts was ever about. In fact her husband had once admitted to her that they should shut down the homeless shelters and use the extra money to build more jails. He was just that ruthless of a son of a gun. So why was Annabell even with the old sourpuss? MONEY.

Watching Desperate Housewives was panning to be more of a task than Mission Impossible. None of the Tenacious Wolves had learned to become inure to Dirty Bird's on the fritz amenities. Just when the television show got to the good parts the tv would shut off. As soon as Annabell would leave the sofa in discontent the damn thing would turn back on again. It was as if Dirty Bird was somehow watching their every move. Her husband had completely given up trying to find the hidden pin hole sized spy cams hidden throughout the island. Judge Watts simply refused to allow Bob Miller's capers slow him down from his work. What exactly her hubby was writing back there in his room Annabell didn't really know nor did she really care. It was like the more times the television turned off the more determined she was to keep watching it just to see how the soap opera ends. Bragging rights of finally completing something on the island. Just as Annabell arose from her seat to fist pound the top of the television she heard a faint knock at the door. Her entertainment had finally arrived she just hadn't realized it yet.

When Annabell slowly opened up the door Rual couldn't help himself but hold onto the push mower as if it was truly his pride and joy. He grinned happily when he could truly sense the look in Annabell's eyes that she was very much happy to see him. She was in fact undressing him with her lovely blue eyes and liked what she saw in him.

"Oh my gosh! Where did you get that thing! You know we are all but completely out of gasoline!"

Rual nodded. He knew. "Heard y'all was having some problems wiss some snakes in da grass."

Annabell's dark sided humor unleashed itself with no way of her to control it. She purposely shifted her gaze to Rual's mid-section. "Oooohhhh....yeahhhhhh.... Some big Lo-o-o-n-n-

n-g ones too....any chance we could hire you to use that thing of yours Mister Sir?"

Rual pushed the mower back and forth to show off it's shiny new blades. "Any chance you could throw in a nice tall glass of lemonade in it too for me? It's pretty hot and sweaty out dare."

Mrs Watts pulled out a big wad of cash with the smallest note being a 20 dollar Bill. Rual's eyes got big at the site of her wad of cizash but that was not really what he was after. He was banking on a tall glass of lemonade cuz that stuff really makes a brotha man wanna pee. And that was all supposed to be a big part of his plan. Annabell was in fact 41 years old but she was still smoking hot and looked better than most women ten years younger than her. She knew of her beauty and had used it for many years to get what she wanted. She stepped closer to Rual. Another few inches and she would be practically hugging all those big sturdy muscles of his. She pulled out three twenty dollar bills and forced them into Rual's Fruit Of The Loom shirt pocket. He smelled good for now so she may as well enjoy him before he got all sweaty and stinky from mowing.

"Here's half up front big boy." She said playfully...come on in when you're done so I can give ya the other half when you're finished." She teased while flitting her long play boy bunny eye lashes.

Rual pushed back and forth on the mower once more as if showing off a brand new Cadillac. "You got a deal Mrs.Watts. Just do me a favor and work on that lemonade okay?"

"You got it buster....just look out for those snakes....I don't wanna hear ole stubby back there getting all in a fussy pants if I gotta suck the venom out of ya." She teased.

Rual chuckled and immediately got right to work on the hotel's



*lawn. Ole Stubby? Where did the misses come up wit that? She sure was a funny one that Mrs. Watts*

Annabell immediately went to the small den to report to her husband what she had just hired. She appeared very pleased by it but Judge Watts peppered her to death with questions.

"You hired who?"

"He didn't give me his name...who cares anyways...he looked cute."

Judge Watts sighed stressfully like a red blooded republican on the war campaign.

"And paid how much upfront?"

Annabell shrugged. "Eh...just 60."

"60 bucks and he insists on a tall glass of lemonade too?"

Annabell rubbed her hubby's shoulders. "Relax hun I got this. Do you know how hard it is to push those old style mowers on a hot day like this? He's gonna need a heck of a lot of lemonade. Hope he doesn't mind instant. We certainly don't have lemons...wait a minute....I do have some limes from those coronas I could use."

Judge Watts finally just let it go. He put all of his focus back to his memoirs that were piling up. It was no surprise to Annabell that the only way the couple could go on a decent vacation was because the trip was completely free. Annabell really couldn't stand how her husband was a constant miser. And a lousy tipper most of the time she had also noticed over the years. Judge Watts motioned with his hand for her to go away as her incessant chatter was now becoming a distraction. She silently

made fun of him in her mind as she noticed the big writers lump forming on his middle finger.

"Fine!" She hissed. "At least I'm being productive. The mower guy says once the grasses get mowed the snakes and insects should go away....say do you think I should get him to remove the trash as well? It's really starting to stink around here and it's drawing a lot of those big nasty horse flies."

There was a long pause as if her bickering had not been acknowledged. Then...."Just make the stupid lemonade honey and go back to your soaps."

Annabell Watts did just that but it wasn't too long before she got curious as to how that lawn mowing studly muddy guy was making out. *And who really wanted to watch a television that constantly turned on and off?* After the tv shut off without warning for the eighth time in a row Annabell decided it was time to see how Rual was making out with mowing the grass. She squeezed the juices from the limes into a very tall plastic drinking cup and quietly slipped outside to check on her recently hired employee.

Annabell got excited when she realized Rual had removed his shirt to mow the tall grasses in the beating sun. Beads of sweat dripped away from his chiseled chin as he pushed firmly on the antiquated device. He momentarily stopped to enjoy the limeade Mrs.Watts had prepared for him.

Rual reached for the icy cold beverage while still sweating profusely. "Oh thankyou very much Mrs.Watts I didn't expect this....it was very white of ya." He joked.

Annabell smiled and gazed at all those basketball player looking muscles. Her hubby sure didn't have any of all that good stuff going on with all the pencils he had pushed over the

years. Judge Watts' insolent mood from earlier made Annabell feel compelled to be one big tease this afternoon for her newly hired sexy employee. It was nothing new that the Judge Watts' wife had a history of being flirtatious with other men to cure her boredom from her red blooded republican husband. She looked up at Rual with those playful eyes she so deftly knew how to flirt with.

"Say there mister lawn mower guy.....this girl is kinda scared of those very lo-o-o-n-n-ng black snakes that might still be milling about this property...I see you still have a long way to go with these tall grasses....any chance I could talk you into a piggy back ride back to the house for my safety?"

Rual played right into the flirt. "What abouts my safety miss? How you know I ain't afraid of dems snakes?"

Annabell was already standing behind him rubbing her breasts into his sweaty back and grabbing his shoulders ready to hop up. "Aw come on mister lawn mower man...I know that there's no l-o-o-o-n-n-ng black snake out there that a big fellow like you couldn't handle." She teased while still trying to hop on his shoulders. She really needed him to lower his stance just a bit to hop up.

Rual gulped down the limeade first then duteously let Annabell hop up onto his shoulders for a piggy back ride. Lovely Annabell made w-e-e-e-w-e-e-e noises as she playfully gave Rual titty twisters to get him to run faster. Rual was such a beast that her 105lb body on his shoulders felt no heavier than an Ozarks trail back pack. Their playtime in the yard was abruptly interrupted by Judge Watts standing in the threshold of the hotel's entrance and crossing his arms with a look of disda in.

"What the hell is going on here? I thought you were to mow the

yard which I PAID you to do...what is my wife doing on your shoulders?" Screamed the Judge. He had no clue that Bob Miller's secret hidden cams planted in the palm trees was recording the entire scene. *Rise Of The Fuglies* would be aired later tonight for the people back at the states to giggle about later.

Rual walked over to the pavement and hunched down so Annabell could get down from his shoulders. He hadn't told his name to either one of them and was quite certain Judge Watts had completely forgotten who he was. Many years had passed and they both looked quite different.

"I'm sorry Mr. Watts, There still some snakes in these tall grasses here and just wanted to keep Annabell here from getting bit.....say....I just drank a lot of lemonade and could really use the John...you don't mind if I come inside for a minute to use your bathroom?"

Judge Watts kept his arms crossed as he tried to assimilate all this nonsense and disorder in his eyes. If they were back in the U.S he surely would have phoned his little henchmen AKA the Poh-Lice to have Rual removed from the property at once. He pointed his angry index finger at Rual as he replied.

"That's *your* problem NOT mine...and it's limeade not lemonade get it right."

This was the answer Rual was looking for. This was exactly what Rual knew the Judge would say even after all these years. Rual continued on with his theatrics. He began scrunching up his knees and doing the notorious "pee dance".

"But Judge I really have to go! It's an emergency!"

Watts shook his head no. "I don't care....now please get off

away from the property...you're not using my bathroom...go someplace else."

Annabell wasn't taking a shining to her husband's ignorance. She tried exacerbating the situation just a bit. She stood in front of Rual. "Yeah hubby...I think my mower guy really has to go! Just look at him shaking those legs!"

"Leave!" Shouted the Judge at the top of his lungs.

That's when everything for Rual went on cue. Right in front of the Misses Rual whipped out his long snake and began watering the yard. It got Annabell super excited. She hadn't had excitement like this in quite a while. Rual even placed both of his hands behind his head and leaned back a little for good measure smiling up at the sun while he urinated in front of both of them. It was going to be a very, very long pee.

"Ay Judge Watts....I don't suppose you remember me back from 2007 when you was just another ruthless prosecutor trying to cage another animal." He said while still urinating, "But you put me away for 9 months on a parole violation for something just like this...even missed my own mother's funeral....how does it feel now mudda fucka!" He giggled now exposing himself to the Judges wife.

Annabell LOVED being a trouble maker. She could hold back no more. Between her hubby's ignorance and this newly found news she found herself prancing on over to Rual in an attempt to "stir the pot". She grabbed Rual's member and pointed it right at her hubby.

"Yeah hubby! How's he supposed to go to the bathroom if YOU won't let him inside?" She said twirling Rual's member just a bit as if it were a hand puppet.

Rual was all in his glory. He couldn't help but moan as he watched the Judge's blood pressure shoot through the roof. He hadn't witnessed the redness of rising blood pressure since the press put pressure on Trump to release his Federal tax returns. He couldn't help but mimic Dirty Bird's little homemade mantra.

\*Aaawwwkkk!!!!\* \*Aaawwwkkk!!!!\*

\*Aaaaaawwwkkk!!!!\*

### **CHAPTER 33. (Judgment Day)**

Many of the Tenacious Wolves were getting scared and freaked out by Bob Miller's "Funny Island". It appeared as almost EVERYTHING was going on the fritz and the only place they felt safe was inside of Miller Island Casino. Sure Bob had changed the U.S currency to his funny Monopoly money but at least the toilets flushed on cue and there were still many prefab foods they could indulge in. The Tenacious Wolves realized if they wanted to get through this vacation from hell they would certainly have to stick together. Besides, the only communication they seemed to have with the outside

world was Bob Miller's big ugly face smiling at them through the hologram. Many, many times had they thrown objects at the hologram wishing they could strike his tangible face.

A misty spritz sound emanated from inside of the casino and the hologram of Dirty Bird sprung to life. Right over the water slide like it always did. They knew that somehow Bob was watching and listening to them from afar. He kind of reminded them of the character "Q" from Star Trek tv series as he made himself ubiquitous by appearing out of nowhere.

Dirty Bird smiled down at his quarry. "Ladies and germs! I do hope you're enjoying your lovely stay on my Island."

Amber was quick to give him the finger and put him in his place. "Fuck you Bob!" She teased.

Bob Miller smiled at her and Speedy. "Well Amber...looks like YOU of all people are at least finding ways to have a good time. Got yourself a new boyfriend there I see. I'm sure his wife back at the States would just love to meet you."

Amber did not respond. Bob continued with his show as the wolves gathered around the hologram to see what Bob had on his plate today. They all frowned as he plucked out papers from a Manila folder labeled "X-Files". *Why did their corrupt organized little government always insist on saving old news? How did Bob manage to get his dirty little claws on those deleted files?*

Bob adjusted his reading glasses as he leafed through case #6546-0975. It was a case dated in July of 2009. Evidently the criminal attorney that defended the defendant was none other than 36 year old Paul Foreman. A silver spoon fed Harvard boy from Upper Manhattan. The only adversity Paul had ever experienced in his life was the high school breakup of when

18yr old Sally Kent broke up with him and hooked up with his best friend Eric. Like the other Tenacious Wolves Paul had much disdain towards the Jabrony ponies that frequently milked the system and eluded their child support payments. The fact of the matter was, was that Paul Foreman lied through his teeth on a daily basis to any of his clients lacking college credentials. A drain on society is what he liked to call the less educated that frequented the jails for silly stuff. Needless to say, attorney Paul Foreman handled case number #6546-0975 which in his mind were justified trumped up charges on a Jabrony Pony. Lamar Seedwall. AKA thug from the projects. Potential career criminal for sure.

Dirty Bird chuckled as he read out loud case #6546-0975 to the crowd of Tenacious Wolves huddled up in his casino. He would make sure that this entire proceeding would air on national tv back at the states.

"Oh my gosh I still giggle at this one....so let me get this straight...I am comparing this with case #7695-2034 which was filed a year earlier and evidently dismissed. I think today we may as well find out why....isn't that right attorney Paul Foreman?" Said Bob staring right at the so called rising star public defender....or "Public Pretender" as the In-The-Know inmates like to call those mouth pieces.

Paul didn't say anything for awhile. Finally he crossed his arms and looked up at the hologram. "Let's hear it...what do you want?"

Dirty Bird laughed. "I really can't stop from chuckling at this. I still can't see why a judge just didn't let this go based on humor alone. A big burly black guy walks into a casino and just starts wailing away at the slot machine that he believed owed him money....now you handled these weapons charges and disorderly charges is that correct Mr.Foreman?"



"Yeah so?" Replied Paul from the crowd.

"Did you do your job in which the state pays you to do or did you....oh I don't know...let's say get a bad taste in your mouth and purposely milk the whole thing out for an entire year so that by the time your client even had his hearing so much time would have gone by that the judge had no choice but give him time served and you would feel gratified that you at least managed to squeeze an entire year out of him."

Paul became furious. "That's not true! The court systems were all backed up!" Insisted Paul defending his innocence.

Dirty Bird laughed. "All backed up my ass! Did the judge not admit to you a month later at a convention that because of Lamar Seedwall's mental history he'd feel guilty even doling out three months for that amusing little caper of his?"

Paul's face flushed with guilt and Bob made sure everything was being recorded for his Rise Of The Fuglies tv show. People back at the states would surely find this stuff entertaining. A group of authorities coerced into confessing their sins of how they prey on the weak. Paul pointed up towards the hologram. "That chump got what he deserved! He jeopardized the safety of others!"

Bob was cracking up at this point. "Oh really?" He said pushing the button on a tv remote. "I think I might have some amusing footage that suggests otherwise. The hologram of Bob changed backgrounds and they were all now staring at a screen showing a security tape of the burly man wailing away at the casino. A group of college boys stood aloof egging him on while flailing their arms and cheering for him. Even the big ta-ta buxom Chicky momma that served the drinks stood their and cheered for their funny man. After the footage the hologram

focused back on Bob.

"Those people sure don't look scared to me....I'm looking here at case #7695-2034 in which something very similar happened with a group of belligerent college boys just a year earlier. Guess their daddy's bought their way out of that one huh? Walking in drunk into Munos Casino and throwing real live knives at a dartboard until things got out of hand and soon those knives were getting thrown all throughout the casino until one made it's way right ingrained into a \$300 leather purse as an old lady was walking by almost killing her."

"I don't know what you're talking about Dirty Bird. Get to the damn point. Where are you going with this?"

Bob pointed his finger at him through the hologram. "Bull shit! You know well of that case because my records show that you handled that case!" Pointed out Bob. "Lemme ask you something....when you first interviewed Lamar did you not tell him upfront that he might have to do 3 months in the county?"

"Yeah...so what?"

"But yet he had to wait an entire year just before he could even tell his story to a judge! You purposely kept him at bay because you deemed him a drain on society isn't that correct

Mr.Foreman? If he could've been out in three months he may have made it to his little brother's wedding. If he would have been out in three months he may have been able to keep his Social Security checks in tact...isn't that right Mr.Foreman? Did you or did you not ask Mr.Seedwall if he was collecting social security? Or a "nut check" as some of you system haters like to call it? Why was this man incarcerated for an entire year over something as silly as this?"

Paul was reddened in the face with guilt. He had in fact not

considered Lamar Seedwall one of his people and barely put any effort at all into the case. He continued crossing his arms while fishing for an answer. "Are you suggesting that I had it in for Mr. Seedwall?"

"Damn right!" Pointed out Dirty Bird. "And I also believe you have a history of showing favoritism with your clients."

"Oh? How so?" Asked Paul.

"Lemme just cut to the chase....I'm looking at a whole group of attorneys and lawmakers standing right here in my casino...I really wanna know something as I am noticing that all you mouthpieces tend to act alike so I really wanna hear it from you guys....Do you guys ask your clients about financial information from the door?"

All of the attorneys nodded their heads yes.

"Okay....so since you all seem to agree....I'm very curious about one thing as I am ever so sure that you SYSTEM HATERS are alike which basically makes no sense cuz y'all are the knuckle heads that write up the rules for the SYSTEM in the first place.....whether an individual is collecting unemployment, nut checks, food stamps, whatever,....what the hell does that have any relevance towards the crimes in which they allegedly committed? You all seem to ask that yet I'm wondering what relevance it really has at all?"

The entire group of Tenacious Wolves grew quiet as they were not prepared to handle this public embarrassment. Bob Miller already knew that they would be too smart to answer the question as by now they might be figuring out that they were on live tv. His nation wide statement to the community had been made. He couldn't help himself but break out into his notorious Dirty Bird dance and flap his arms around like a

chicken.

\*Aaaawwwwwkkkk!!! \*Aaaawwwwwkkkk!!!\*

\*Aaaawwwwwkkkk!!!!\*

## **CHAPTER 34**

As it turns out Bob Miller was testing the testosterone of the United States military and the majority of the Navy Seals were not a fan of his Rise Of The Fuglies television show. In fact the military was so jealous of all the attention Dirty Bird was getting that each and every soldier was contemplating in their minds what dirtiness of their own they had in store for the "Dirty Bird" behind closed doors once they got their hands on him.

There's an old saying that you can't make friends without making enemies and the more popular the Rise Of The Fuglies show became the more irked the party pooper place a napkin on your lap at the dinner table crowd became. Attention. That's what the khaki wearing shirt Tuckers that read books under a shady tree at recess time were convinced Bob Miller was after. The 50k income churches where you couldn't find an automobile in the parking lot more than ten years old

discouraged Dirty Bird from the pulpit every Sunday. Many of the congregation members were concerned that his next show might be about the behind the scenes madness involving pastors and little boys getting ready to be baptized *and what really went on those dark dressing rooms?* Perhaps there would be a television crowd out there that really wanted to know?

The Pterodactyl bounced along the billowy waves ever so smoothly preventing anyone onboard from getting even remotely seasick. Bob Miller was in a pretty good mood today after learning that the Rise Of The Fuglies television show was already showing a huge uptick in views since Rual's caper back on the Island. Inmates across the U.S were skipping out on that popular series "Prison Break" just to watch real live footage of "The Rise Of The Fuglies". In fact Rual Jones little stunt with the judge's wife Annabell already had over 3 million YouTube views within the first 24hrs of being posted. While half of the American people hated Bob and his little shows there was still the other half that found him highly entertaining. In fact many of the less privileged Americans were already referring to Dirty Bird as "The Dark Swan".

As Bob carefully held onto the helm of the ship he couldn't help but notice a dark triangular shaped object looming in the distance just ahead of him. They were only traveling at 8 knots but it did appear whatever it was was definitely getting closer. Even drunk Screw Tooth Bill was beginning to notice something up ahead. He elbowed Bob right smack in the gut to get his attention.

"Look Bird Man! It looks like a newly discovered Island up yonder!" He said pointing.

Bob grimaced when Bill spoke because the scent of alcohol always made him woozy and Bill sure liked his Booz. Bob Miller was neither a smoker nor a drinker but always kept a

bountiful supply of booze and tobacco products on the Pterodactyl because he liked his guests and momentary friends to be comfortable. Bob was quick to pull out some binoculars and take a peak at what was lying ahead. The only thing he could so far make out was an American flag. Screw Tooth Bill was getting anxious.

"Well? What is it?" Questioned Bill.

"Definitely ain't no island that's for sure....looks like we got company....Don't know who it is but that's definitely old glory waving on top of the mast."

"Oh shit!" Replied Bill coughing up some more Grey Goose vodka.

"Oh shit? What do you mean by oh shit? They obviously aren't pirates so what are you worried about?"

Bill wiped away some drizzle leaking down his chin. "Thought you said this place was off the grid?"

"It is Bill...you saw the compass spin buck wild when we entered the Devil's Triangle."

Bill pointed towards the Navy ship now getting a lot closer. "I think they're here to see you Bob. I recognize that vessel from my military days. How much shit we gonna be in? I'm a grandfather....I mean shit....I really can't afford to go down."

Dirty Bird put up the binoculars once again and zeroed in on the big Naval Warship that wasn't slowing down one bit. Then he started laughing hysterically.

"Ya want to know something funny Bill?"

"Huh?" Replied his drunken copilot.

Dirty Bird laughed even more uncontrollably. With even more enthusiasm than the joker.

"We're really fucked here Bill. I don't so much as have a handgun on this ship. If we're lucky we could fashion together a sling shot maybe with those bungee cords over there....I really hope these guys coming our way don't figure out who we are."

Bill was nervous as hell. "Bob I know you....you always have a plan....what's plan b? I really don't want to go to jail for being an accomplice to kidnapping."

Bob continued staring through the binoculars. "They're not kids Bill! They're grown ass adults that prey on the weak....fucking wolves....that's what they are!"

Bill was becoming impatient as the warship drew closer. Bob was fully relaxed but Bill was hyperventilating. "Come on Bird Man...this isn't funny...how do we escape this one? What's the plan? I know you have a backup plan!"

More laughter from Bob. He even went as far as to recite a quote from the Big Labowski movie that he found truly hysterical. One of his all time favorites. He placed his hand on Bill's shoulder and recited the quote from the Big Labowski movie pretending to be John Goodman.

"If it's one thing I learned in Vietnam is that the best plan is no plan at all...if you try to plan everything ends up getting fucked up...there is no plan Bill."

As the Navy Warship got within 300 yards Bill realized they were nothing more than sitting ducks. He was already getting

flashbacks of Bob telling his Army Duck hunting story then revealing his wolf in sheep clothing tee-shirt. He calmly removed Bob's ever so steady hand from his shoulder and took a step towards the cabin's exit door.

"I'll go get the drinks mixed up a while....the least I can do is get these pissed off sailors liquored up so they'll be more relaxed...Hey Bird Man..." He said just before closing the cabin's door, "Maybe you should let me start off with the talking cuz I know you'll say something stupid....I'm gonna try to see if I can get these sailors to talk my language."

"Okay Bill"



## **CHAPTER 35 (Taking Down Dirty Bird)**

The Navy Seals were completely perplexed as to why Bob Miller didn't appear to be even remotely nervous by their presence. Instead he treated the Seals like family as if they might just be related somehow. Bob was finding that some of the men even had a sense of humor. He insisted on telling his dirty joke to the crew as the majority of them had no problems imbibing all of the free liquor. They didn't feel threatened by Bob nor did they feel the need to do an immediate search of screening the Pterodactyl for any unnecessary weapons. Just the fact of knowing Screw Tooth Bill was a well respected veteran put the sailors minds at ease.

Bob Miller proudly stood in front of the drunken sailors showing off his crimson red Rising Fuglies basketball Jersey. He was also sure to turn around many times showing off his "Dirty Bird" white lettered decal with the number "55" right below it. When the din finally settled he continued on with his joke.

"Hey fellows? What's Long, Hard, and full of semen?"

He smiled but gave them no chance to answer. He pointed his finger down below towards the ocean. "A Submarine! Bah-hah-hah!"

But before the Seals could laugh at his dirty joke they were

startled by popping sounds on the Pterodactyl coming from every direction at once. Hidden fireworks were shooting out randomly from every direction scaring the entire crew. It was as scary as flash grenades that they had used in Afghanistan years ago. As the sailors tried to regain their composure Dirty Bird somehow managed to get lost in the smoke as fireworks popped in every direction of the ship. The captain finally spotted Bob off in the corner getting ready to make a nose dive from the deck.

"There he is boys! I see him! Get him!" Shouted captain Belhorn.

Between the sailors already being drunk and the huge firework distraction it was looking like Bob Miller had a pretty good head start. He HATED diving so instead he tightly placed his arms down at his side and jumped off the Pterodactyl feet first keeping his piggys pointed down so it wouldn't sting when he hit the water. Captain Belhorn's men came racing over to the side of the ship but the captain ordered his men not to fire as they needed Dirty Bird alive.

"Hold your fire men! We still need him to get us to the island! He's gotta pop his head up eventually!"

But Bob Miller still had one trick left up his sleeve. All the years he had spent jogging gave him the wind of a soccer player and he could hold his breath for a mighty long time. He swam deep below the Pterodactyl until he found a metal rail protruding that he could hold onto. Adjacent to the rail was a small series of buttons that he pushed on with his free hand. Within seconds a small compartment unfolded and he reached in quickly to grab his scuba gear and oxygen tank. Bob took in numerous gulps of oxygen to settle himself down before he was able to reach inside the compartment and pull out the Maribus X2. One of the worlds most powerful underwater sea

scooter that often was utilized by the military. It was just like riding a jet ski except that you could remain hidden under water.

Bob Miller smiled as he held on tightly to the handle bars of the Maribus X2 pushing him at high speeds under water that he couldn't possibly swim. He knew the firework show would eventually die out and those Navy Seals would still be stupidly drunk with their thumbs up their asses. And all Bob had to worry about? Why the sharks of course. But he knew he could elude them as long as he wasn't leaking any blood to draw their attention. As the high powered motor of the Maribus X2 hummed softly under water Dirty Bird reduced the oxygen output flow on the oxygen tank to insure he had enough oxygen to make it back to Miller Island. Within minutes he had already slithered a good mile away from the Pterodactyl completely undetected. He knew at this point the fireworks had fizzed out and his good buddy Screw Tooth Bill was left on his ship with those government paid clueless wonders singing like a Canary. He could still hear Bill's voice from inside his mind. *I can't go to jail I have grandchildren!*

As Bob Miller steered the Maribus X2 right past a great white shark he couldn't help himself but spit his little mantra of bubbles right into the oxygen tube for only the big fish to listen to.

\*Aaaaawwwwwk!!!\*

\*Aaaaawwwwwk!!!\*

\*Aaaaawwwwwk!!!!\*

## CHAPTER 36

Amber simply could not hold back from teasing Bob Miller as he fought with the waves making his way onto the shore. She even threw in some loud flirty whistling for good measure.

"Whoo hoo! Look at those sexy bird legs! What happened to your mighty big ship Bob? Did it sink like the Titanic or something?" She teased.

Amber was in a little red polka dot bikini and looking smoking hot this afternoon. She was accompanied by Speedy (Officer Piker) and he too was amused by Bob Miller's grandiose return back to Miller Island. He also felt compelled to pipe into the welcoming home of the notorious "Dirty Bird".

"Hey hey hey! Look what the cat drug in! Did the Pterodactyl fly sideways and you somehow fell off?" He kidded.

Bob Miller was not amused by their Mickey Mouse humor. And to make matters worse? He was covered in seaweed from head to toe.

"How did you twos find me?"

Amber kept the joke alive. She pinched her nose and pointed towards Bob. "You tell people that your shit don't stink but

believe me.....we could smell you coming a mile away....." She looked out way past Bob at the big Navy Warship making it's way to shore, She knew exactly who it was but wanted to rub it in just a little bit more as she enjoyed getting under Bob's skin. She pointed her red nail polished finger way out past Bob. "Oooohhh looky Speedy! I think Dirty Bird is bringing in another load of Tenacious Wolves for us to mingle with....he probably wants to watch us all fight over the last tampon then make a tv show about it."

Officer Piker wrapped his arm around Amber and laughed. "The Bird is the Word I guess....ya know Hun we studied these kinds of things back at the Academy when we took courses on profiling. Turns out a lot of suicidal maniacs start to develop an obsession with birds right before they go wee-willy-winkers. It's no wonder our friend Bob has been on our watch list for many many years."

Bob removed the scuba gear while doing his best to pretend he wasn't listening. He could finally take the bantering no more. He turned to face the two of them as he removed the goggles. "Why don't you two kids shaaaaattt-Uppp!"

Amber could clearly see Bob was unarmed and knew that she was completely safe with big muscular Speedy. She had to push the envelope and continue to mimic Bob Miller's little mantra. She began flapping her arms and dancing around like a chicken while imitating Bob's awking voice as she found the whole situation so damn funny.

\*Aaaawwwwwk!\*

\*Aaaaawwwwwk!\*

\*Aaaaaawwwwwk!\*

She continued ribbing. "Do you know how many times we

tried throwing casino chips at the stupid hologram every time we had to see your stupid little bird dance? It's over Bob Miller.....Or should I say John Bobo? You'll have plenty of nut jobs to entertain in the facilities back at the states."

The Navy Seals were already throwing the anchors and making their way towards the shore. They had finally sobered up at this point and moving a little faster ensuring no possible means for Dirty Bird to escape. Bob's face went deadpan by Amber's mentioning of "John Bobo" and he felt a huge pang of trepidation course through his veins increasing his heart beat at the speed of a rabbit. *How did this girl from the gym find out his real name?* Nobody was ever supposed to find out about the mysterious author John Bobo...or Bobo the clown as they called him in high school. *Was this why Amber always looked at him funny with those eyes? She knew about his dark dark secrets and was just waiting for the right moment to reveal it.*

It was all Captain Belhorn could do to keep a straight look on his face as he accosted Bob Miller still covered in head to toe in seaweed looking like a cross combination of Chewbacca from Star Wars and a giant Christmas tree. The Captain was by no means grossed out by slimy seaweed and had no qualms placing his hand on the Bird Man's shoulder as he read out loud to him his Miranda rights. Bob nodded his head like a Vet and assured Captain Belhorn that he would like to phone his attorney Mr. Rogers once they got back to the states for all of this nonsense to get hashed out as he was still convinced he had violated NO laws.

Captain Belhorn just couldn't stop chuckling as he placed Dirty Bird in hand cuffs. "Did you really think you were gonna get away from us? I mean like come on? Did you not think that we already knew exactly where you were going?"

Bob said not a word but continued a dirty bird menacing stare

towards Amber as if he could shoot her with darts straight out of his eyeballs. She smiled for him and continued to wrap her arms around her new lover Speedy knowing it would piss off Bob seeing her wrap her arms around a Tenacious Wolf. And she had never even been invited to the vacation in the first place!

Captain Belhorn continued the arrest while wiping away seaweed away from Dirty Bird's face so he could capture all of his emotions. It was so priceless putting away a millionaire as Captain Belhorn knew how much of a shock it was to a wealthy person's system to convert to a life of fighting over toilet paper. And yes of course the captain had to throw a little more words in it for everybody while Bob's arrest still had an audience.

"I thought you Dirty Birds were supposed to fly.....Isn't that right Bob Miller or should I say Jonathan Ryan Bobo? It sure looked like to me that you were trying to swim away from me."

Jonathan Ryan Bobo kept his gaze firmly fixed into the wispy sand and said not one single word. Until this all made it in front of a judge he would remain completely silent. They wouldn't get a thing out of Dirty Bird.....Not even a single Tweet.

**THE END**

## **EPILOGUE (The Bird Is Still The Word)**

The color red permeated the Federal Courtroom which was teasing the mind of 76 year old Judge Kolp. In all of his years on the bench he had never witnessed a courtroom quite as full as this glorious Monday morning. *But why were all the courtroom witnesses clad in crimson red?* But the strangest observation of them all? Dirty Bird's privately hired attorney Mr. Evan Rogers. Looking ever so spruce in his red knitted cardigan, he had no doubts that the authentic sweater once actually belonging to Fred Rogers would keep the judge gravitating towards his opinion. In fact Bob Miller had insisted that Evan don the \$69,000 red cardigan sweater that took Bob nearly a year of pestering before the Smithsonian Institution museum finally agreed to sell it because of Bob's big offer right in the midst of a seedy economy.

It was not the first time Bob had substantially overpaid for memorabilia either. He was duly noted for often paying thousands for artwork done by first graders. And why? Bob believed that it would encourage them to never give up on their work not to mention Bob had no children of his own.

Because 448 U.S. 555 clearly states that all members of the public are allowed to attend court hearings the Feds knew it would be a good idea to separate the Tenacious Wolves from The Rising Fuglies. It was a packed courtroom but ironically the Fuglies had outnumbered the Tenacious Wolves. As it turns out, the majority of the government employees that Bob had



left on the Island still lived in fear of the X-Files. How Bob had gotten those dirty files nobody knew but very few of the Wolves had shown up to testify about their vacation from HELL as Bob clearly had no qualms releasing their intentional ignorances to the public.

The Federal courtroom was a bit too imposing for Alice to be able to stomach sitting way up in the front row. It was in fact a spectacular courtroom but she felt a bit too intimidated by all the attention Dirty Bird's hearing was accumulating by the minute. Her friend from Wendy's Leah had insisted on tagging along to show their support for Bob Miller's most "unusual case". Alice had insisted on not wearing her own personal jersey but rather Bob Miller's #55 DIRTY BIRD jersey. Nobody had ever told Alice that the last winning shot she had shot during the basketball game was fixed. They doubted she ever played sports much and really didn't want to rain on her parade by letting her find out the Rising Fuglies "Big Win" wasn't real.

Alice couldn't help but lean over on the wooden bench and whisper to Leah.

"Hey I just thought of something funny....You know like the cartoon artist dude that's gonna make his caricature later might have fun with this one."

Leah broke a smile. "Yeah...can't wait to see the cartoon sketches on the evening news...bet they paint some feathers on Bob and give him wings."

Alice chuckled. "I think you mean John Bobo...do you think the court will reveal that Bob was actually born Bobo the clown? Ya sure don't see many clowns anymore these days."

The girls stopped whispering to listen to what Bob's attorney

had to argue. Evan had dropped quite a number of pounds and it was difficult to discern Evan Rogers from the REAL Mister Rogers who used to be a big hit on the learning channel.

*\$69,000 for a red sweater actually worn by Mister Rogers? Who buys something like that?* Evidently Bob Miller does.

Evan calmly strided his steps from side to side to keep the courtroom's attention as he spoke. Dirty Bird had even suggested throwing in a few "Trump" moves and waving his hands all Italian like as he spoke so the courts would feel convinced he was confident about his opinions which is what the listeners always liked.

"Your honor my client's sole intentions were completely harmless.....these people well....they practically kidnapped themselves.....nobody.... and I accentuate NOBODY coerced these crooked wolves onto the Pterodactyl....this was nothing more than an extravagant all expense paid vacation that had mysteriously become slightly skewed your honor!"

Prosecutor Pamela Sox sprung up from her seat. She had been nominated to represent the Tenacious Wolves because of her winning record. And yes, also because of her beauty.

"Slightly skewed?" Hissed Pamela holding up a huge pile of white 8 1/2" X 11" papers. "Just look at all of these bills piled up that my clients had to deal with when they finally returned home because....." She pointed her freshly pink polished finger nail towards Dirty Bird. "That man right over there kidnapped my clients and purposely left them on an Island that purportedly had a volcano about to erupt in which he KNEW about your honor!"

76 year old Judge Kolp knew there was just no possible way he was going to get through this proceeding without cracking many, many smiles. Just because he was old and two years

away from retirement didn't mean he could always quell his sense of humor. Mister Rogers, Robin Hood, and a bunch of Fuglies dressed up in basketball jerseys with Dinosaurs? *What was up with the younger people these days?* Judge Kolp surely didn't know but he was definitely for sure intrigued by Dirty Bird. In all of his years on the bench NOBODY had ever put on a show quite like this. Evidently Bob Miller had made some interesting friends over the years with many, many quirks.

Judge Kolp hammered at the gavel to silence the confusion brewing in the courtroom.

"Okay point taken Mr. Rogers...now can you please tell me....what exactly are these "X-Files" that seems to have all my people in a tizzy.....love the sweater by the way."

Evan smiled and held up the big Manila folder. "Your honor as I mentioned in my report...my client could be described as a gentle giant....He has made it his life's mission to publicly expose all the ignorances that your people have bestowed upon what he considers FINE UNDERLINGS GIVING LOVE YEAR-ROUND or FUGLIES for short."

Judge Kolp continued to pry. "So these X-Files so to speak...are somehow related to my people's ignorances? What ignorances?"

"Mostly negligence your honor. Because we live in these technological times now where entire filing cabinets can all be fit into a piece of electronics literally the size of my thumb virtually nothing can get permanently deleted these days....the X-Files were basically a big recycling bin for all of crooked attorneys that got bad tastes in their mouths and didn't give a hoot with pushing the envelope for justice on behalf of the Fuglies."

As Robin Hood couldn't help but pretend to shoot imaginary arrows across the crowd Judge Kolp couldn't help but chuckle.

"What's with him? Why is he all dressed up like Robin Hood? And why does he keep shooting imaginary arrows at me every time you say something with a bit of merit to it? Is he one of those special Fuglies or whatever it is that you call those people?"

Evan smiled and adjusted his red sweater. "Don't mind him your honor he's always like that. Bob rescued him a few years back because he has much respect for him being prior service and all. He won't bother you."

"Well I hope not cuz I'd hate to place him in contempt of court being a personal fan of Robin Hood myself....was a shame with what happened with Robin Williams many years back if you remember."

Evan nodded his head. Everyone remembered the comedian actor Robin Williams. People were traumatized after learning of his demise.

Evan continued to pinch his index finger into his thumb as if trying to have his hand gesticulations become congruent with the words coming out of his mouth. He eventually placed both his hands together as if getting ready for a prayer.

"We implore heavily at this time your honor....My client Mr. Miller you see is going through some troubling times....He has been fighting ignorance all of his life going all the way back to his elementary days when the school kids would all hold hands forming a line and chase him off the school property at recess time just for being strange. When the school officials finally located him hiding from the bullies they forced him to stand in the corner for leaving school property...We

implore your honor...can we take a respectable recess before Miss Sox over here gets all gung-HO with ruffling my client's feathers your honor?"

The look on Bob Miller's face was priceless. He looked like a deer caught in the headlights. Judge Kolp hadn't been humored like this in years. Basketball jerseys, Dirty Birds, and prehistoric dinosaurs....*How did Bob Miller find the free time to come up with this?* Judge Kolp buried his hands in his face momentarily to stifle his laughter. He chuckled a few times then took a hard look at the Tenacious Wolves not so much as cracking a smile. They were all out for blood today.

"Okay I think that sounds like a good idea....Don't you Miss Sox?"

She nodded but showed no acknowledgement of anything "funny" in the courts today. Leah on the other hand was still cracking up picturing a muscular guy like Dirty Bird getting chased off the school grounds by some little kids. Alice was seeing some humor in it too.

"Okay folks were going to recess for twenty minutes." He looked at all of his government employees as he smirked, "And I don't want any of you what they call Tenacious Wolves chasing this Dirty Bird around in my parking lot you hear? Be back in twenty minutes."

## RECESS TIME

So many things began happening during the twenty minute recess that Dirty Bird never saw coming. Sudden twists in emotions of the Wolves, plea bargain offers, and cameras EVERYWHERE as they exited the courtroom for a recess. But the weirdest thing of all happening? Amber and Speedy. Bob had no idea that Amber and Speedy were now siding with him and looking to pull strings to get all the charges and accusations completely dismissed. In fact Amber and Speedy somehow managed to get all the wolves in the parking lot for what Amber referred to as a "Speedy" meeting. Amber did most of the talking while Officer Piker stood by her side and looked all cutsie whoo-hootsie in his freshly ironed uniform. She too waved her hands all Italian like when she talked.

"Speedy and I have decided that we ourselves are not pressing charges. If truth be told despite getting trapped in a Ferris wheel we did in fact have the time of our lives....I mean I know a lot of you hate Bob but you just don't completely understand his history like I do. Anyway you look at it he still did spend a lot of money on us. I think we all need to just let this thing go and put it all behind us."

But Melissa Hunt didn't seem to agree. "We are all at a loss of time not to mention a lot of patience. We're going to get SOMETHING out of this I assure you."

But Amber continued to defend Dirty Bird. "But don't any of you understand? Look how relieved we all were when we finally made it home. Bob has successfully proved us all wrong

that this country *couldn't* in fact function properly if we were all successful." She then pointed to the former Judge in the back. "Did you not once state that you wished they could put all the smart people on one island and all the stupid people on the other? Who will pickup the trash? Who will fix the plumbing? Who will flip the burgers? Did you all do all those years of schooling to wipe somebody's butt in an old folks home? Abraham Lincoln once quoted that ALL men are created equal. I think that was the crux of Dirty Bird's grand scheme."

The Tenacious wolves held their heads down in shame. If truth be told the offerings they put in the plate at the church each week were faux. They were simply returning the money that they stole from the Fuglies that put a fur coat on them every year.

But Attorney Melissa Hunt wouldn't give up. She still was drowning in former student loans and would NEVER pass up an opportunity to pick somebody else's pockets. She placed her hands on her hips like a really upset soccer mom.

"Fine then! We'll drop the kidnapping charges but were pushing the envelope on the false advertising charges and suing the feathers off that bird! I say were entitled to all that Dirty Bird's money!"

Cheers erupted as the already well-heeled Tenacious wolves considered the thought of even MORE money as if they didn't already have enough with their six figure incomes. As if their \$450,000 houses with three garage doors were still short of the American dream.

Even more support for Dirty Bird had manifested it's way into the court room by the time Bob Miller returned with his attorney Evan Rogers from the 20 minute recess. Bob looked

completely unhinged as if the reality of all the millions he had spent orchestrating the Rise Of The Fuglies television show was now sinking in. But now the very ignorant people he had tried to stop were after HIS money!

More crimson red shirts and jerseys made their way into the courtroom as people were convinced today's outcome would be discussed on public television for quite some time. So many people had so many mixed feelings about Dirty Bird it was nearly impossible to discern who in reality was really his friend. Bob couldn't help but notice the t-shirt worn by one of the Fuglies who had left his jersey in the wash. Danny Frey was in fact wearing a shirt with the front advertising the Rock Band "Chevelle" along with the lyrics "Seeing Red again". Bob Miller knew the lyrics to that song all too well. He remembered Danny that worked at the car wash hoping to score a few extra bucks to pay for many accumulated D.U.I.s. Dirty Bird made a point of waving to Danny before he sat down.

Bob whispered over to his attorney before Miss Sox began her pithy preamble in which NOBODY felt was necessary.

"I'm just gonna daydream through the rest of all this and let you do your thing in which I PAY you to do." Whispered Bob into Evan's ear.

And that's just what Bob Miller Did. It was evident that this was not Bob Miller's first rodeo in a Federal Courtroom. Evan carried himself very well as Miss Sox did her best to persuade the judge with her prettiness. But her prettiness was no match for Evan's \$69,000.00 cardigan red sweater that Judge Kolp just couldn't keep his eyes off of. Mr. Rogers red sweater just seemed to put the judge in the most comfortable mood one could possibly imagine. And that's when it finally happened. The pamphlet. The coup de grace so to speak. The prosecutor was now proudly waving the brochure Dirty Bird had mailed to



the Tenacious Wolves in the first place.

"Your honor! Everything here is in black and white! This clearly is false advertising and indelible proof that...." She somehow got lost and twisted with her words. "That....that that Dirty Bird sitting right over there purposely concocted this entire scheme and that's why we are entitled to confiscate whatever powerball winnings Mr. Miller...." She then opted to use his birth name, "Or should I say John Bobo the clown over there still have left!"

Outbursts erupted from the courtroom as the Fuglies booed Miss Sox's request for Mr. Miller to relinquish his powerball winnings. The Federal judge stretched his old wrinkly arm out towards the prosecutor.

"Miss Sox please...may I take a look at that?"

"Sure your honor." She said proudly handing the judge the pamphlet for Miller Island.

The judge looked it over and began to chuckle. "It looks like pretty good times over at your island Mr. Miller....looks like your own little tropical vegas."

Dirty Bird smiled at the judge's comment. "It is your honor...it was good times for all of us...I don't know why some of my vacationing friends are so upset with the good times I have provided for them...I'm heart broken."

That really made the judge chuckle. He looked over the pamphlet a little bit longer. "You see the problem I see here Mr. Miller is that I don't see anywhere in here about erupting volcanoes, funny money coming out of the ATM machines, and all major appliances going on the fritz."

Bob Miller adjusted his shirt. It was now or never. Evan had done his job and gotten Judge Kolp in a good mood and now it was time for the Bird Man to pull a rabbit out of his hat and defend himself. It was Dirty Bird time.....Time to fight dirty in this court room.

Bob Miller slowly looked up at the judge seated way up high in his chair. Bob was now gleaming from ear to ear. He knew this moment would eventually come.

"Does the law not come down to what is in black and white your honor?"

The judge nodded his head. "Indeed it does Mr.Miller."

Dirty Bird held out the palm of his right hand but there was nothing in it for the judge to see.

"Would you believe me your honor if I told you I was the only one in this courtroom that was actually holding a tangible Bible in my right hand like the law has always required us to do in the past during getting sworn in?"

Judge Kolp was completely lost. "I saw no Bibles today...where is it?" He demanded.

Dirty Bird kept the palm of his hand out for the judge to see. "Right here your honor!"

Judge Kolp was now getting frustrated. "Huh? I see nothing in your hand! Is this some sort of a trick? Bring your hand over here at once." Demanded the judge.

Bob Calmly walked over towards the judge while still holding out the palm of his right hand. But the judge was still confused. He had no problems grasping onto Bob's hand and sticking

Bob's palm right underneath his nose so he could make an idiot out of Bob for being so dumb.

"All I see is what looks like a buggar you probably picked out of your nose sitting on the palm of your hand."

Dirty Bird remained calm. He knew all too well that evidently the judge didn't know EVERYTHING there was to know. "No buggar your honor. What you're looking at is the world's smallest Bible...it's size almost as small as a grain of salt. Technically it's called a nano Bible. Believe it or not your honor all 1.2 million letters of the Bible have been engraved onto this tiny chip with an ion beam and this entire Bible resting onto my finger tip can actually be read with a microscope magnified 10,000 times. You can google it if you don't believe me."

Judge Kolp pushed Bob's hand away. "No I do believe you but where are you going with this? What does this have to do with this pamphlet I am holding?"

And that's when Dirty Bird knew he could finally gloat in his glory.

"So then we agree that the laws do come down to what is in black and white yes?"

"Yes" Agreed the Judge

"Did you read the fine print?"

The courtroom bursted out with laughter. It put the judge quickly back into a good mood. Miss Sox had no choice but to place her hands on top of her head in defeat. Judge Kolp began chuckling as he finally put the pieces together.

"Okay I get it now Bird Man....looks like you gave these alphabet people a good taste of their own medicine....you can keep your dirty gambling winnings....I've heard enough for one day.....CASE DISMISSED!"

He slammed down the gavel while still cracking up from the humor of the case in its entirety. The Fuglies cheered for Bob's big win and circled around him to shake his hand. It was the first time Screw Tooth Bill had worn a suit in many years.

Screw Tooth Bill approached Bob and wrapped an arm around his shoulder.

"Come on Bob....you can come over to my place for dinner....one of your Fuglies is coming over to share a book he has written hoping you can help endorse it."

Bob smiled getting all excited over a newly written story by one of his Fuglies.

"Is it the book about a boy that builds a time machine out of junk yard materials to go back in time and stop Susan B. Anthony?"

Bill scrunched up his eyebrows. "Yeah how did you know?"

"Already purchased and read it Bill....already purchased and read it."

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# BOOKS BY THIS AUTHOR

Rise Of The Fuglies-2017  
Hunted By Hollywood- 2016  
If There Was Schizophrenia-2015  
The Bird That Clung To The Nest-2014  
A Flagger's Journey-2012  
Mary's Contractions-2012  
Beef Up My What?-2011  
When Nightmares Become Dreams-2009

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