

Mr. T

Faces

Dirty Bird

By
Bob Miller

**“Nut*Ass”- Someone or something that
is stupider than stupid**

Dedications

I would like to dedicate this story to the Daymond John's Success Team. They didn't get my \$2,000.00 to enhance my self publishing business but I was very inspired by how hard they tried to get it.

Introduction

It's bigger than the Amber Alert. It's the Dirty Bird Alert. When 55 VIP socialites get kidnapped one by one for an exact 72 hours the nationwide scare becomes so real that Hollywood has to step up and throw in some dollars to help stop Dirty Bird before he beckons for the entire nation to get down on it's knees. Homeland security is limited by what they can do because Dirty Bird is a nationwide moving target. If that's not bad enough Dirty Bird is taunting his victims with a Mr.Rogers mask. A well-heeled governor in California opts to give Dirty Bird a dose of his own 80's medicine and summons up the A-Team for his capture. Road warriors just as skilled as him with hopes of capturing him before all havoc breaks loose. Is this Lone Wolf deemed such a threat that they have to pull Mr.T from retirement? And why is Kevin Mccallister holding onto part 1 of Dirty Bird's self published Bible?

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Prologue

It was nothing more than a waiting game. I can clearly remember on at least three separate occasions I was "Ready To Go". My profile dubs me a terrorist. There's no doubt in my mind that I have the greatest potential to be the greatest "terrorist" that ever walked the face of the earth but there's one problem....American Psycho. Yes I've seen the movie and thoroughly enjoyed it. It was however the end of the movie that bothered me....Conscience.

The mother fucker's conscience ending up toying with him in the end. I don't like to make mistakes....In fact I'm quite impressed about myself over the years of just how deftly I've become at covering my tracks. But if there's just one little itty bitty problem with that? All tracks leave some sort of modicum evidence that may not even be able to be seen with the naked eye. So even while the plan in my mind is still subsisting, Over the years I've been forced into being a saint. Literally.

I've dated women before but can honestly say I've never cheated while in a relationship. My fatherhood figure has taught me never to strike a women and to tolerate it

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should the situation be reversed. I even am a great fan of the great Hanibal Lecter played by Anthony Hopkins and I am blessed assured that I would not have any qualms eating another human being if I got hungry enough. I am not fat but eating is my weakness. I get bent out of shape real quick in the event that I'm forced to skip a meal. Oh.....And just one more thing about me....It gets under my skin when people I work with try to get to close...Because...I...don't.....get.....caught....
I AM A PERFECTIONIST

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CHAPTER 1 (Please Fire Me)

I am a good hard worker but having a job makes me accountable. Being accountable makes me completely harmless and weak. I know that over the years I have somehow landed myself on a secret watch list but I am hardly phased by it. The "Peak-a-boo" people as I like to call them make it a point each month

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of leaving small evidence behind damn well knowing that I would be spooked and frustrated. It's probably not a good idea that I text this story knowing full well that it is already slowly materializing its way into the cyber cloud for the "Peak-A-Boo" people to get a silent alarm in their cubicles. So I will now place black tape over these pinhole camera lenses to throw them a curve ball. Hopefully they will not remotely dim my screen like they did several years back when I was writing one of my plot novels. I don't like bitches. Did I just say I don't like bitches? I have every reason to believe they are the ones solely responsible for meddling with my communication devices.....I hope in the imminent future I can hunt them down and take them for a ride in my van.....For.....I...AM.....THE....MAN.....IN.....THE VAN.

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Chapter 2 (Jaws)

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It all started about 12 years ago but I was too young and naive to realize the adversary I was facing. Miss JAWS. And I mean that literally. I was in federal court listening to a pregnant prosecutor remind the courts that the motive behind a bomb I had made was completely unnecessary and I had gotten all bent out of shape over something as frivolous as a "body part". As little "Miss JAWS" had described it.

Really? I thought to myself while gazing at her protruding stomach, *I wonder what it took to make that baby in your stomach...some silly body part?*

The Federal court hearing didn't last very long as I hadn't expected it to. The poison ink indelible pen people had a circus with my trumped up charges. I knew upfront my hearing wouldn't be worth much of their time as I had already learned that after pleading guilty to using a weapon of mass destruction I had made the "short news". Thank you George WWIII Bush.....Did you really need to coin a big scare to add to our dictionary? As I walked away from my family in chains I was grilled by the federal marshals that were more duped than an audience at a Houdinii show.

"What just happened there? Why didn't they say what kind of surgery you got? What kind was it? Where is

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your victim? Why is he not here in court?

I learned something very important that day....The Law Abiding Citizen might just one day become more than a movie.

I'm not delusional. Let me say it once more. I'M NOT DELUSIONAL. This peekaboo nonsense has to end. I'm at the point where I know I'm going to feel coerced to give them the big shot show that they're looking for. I'm a big ass mother fucker. We're not talking some stupid ass Snowden shit. Fuck that little shit. I know about the little man syndrome. They get all jumpy and excited too quickly. Like little barking dogs. Some of the older women like these little show dogs but they HIGHLY overestimate the strength of their bite. Don't people know that spiders don't bark? Yet their bite can kill you if it's the right spider.

So anyways... I'm sick of this peekaboo system invented by little nerds mixing pinhole cameras and wifi. And fuck their cloud computing that can squeeze our whole entire life into a stupid little flash drive. I guess you could say what's *THIER* motive? Why do they insist on all the peeking? But most importantly what about the boy who continues to cry wolf? How will their espionage system be able to pick up the team player that continued to test

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their espionage system? What kind of record would he/she be making?

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CHAPTER 3

The most exciting part I knew that would be for me is making my very own box. I'm not talking about a cardboard box. I'm not even talking about a box to mail things. I'm talking about what every inmate throughout this country would recognize as "The Box".

There would be no animals going into my box. There would definitely be no men stuffed into there as just being around men makes me squeamish. I'm talking about straight up dominating seeking bitches looking to purposely dole out cold coffee or squirt 3/4 of a bottle of mayo onto a sandwich. The kind most likely to end up in a Split movie or the kind to most likely to get the most likes posting a political statement when someone has already posted the same opinion just not with a face that other opinions would gravitate towards. That's right. I'm talking about the straight up bitches that are apt to cheat

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on a hard working fellow and then the very next day put on an innocent face at the church. And doesn't there seem to be so many of them? Did we really need to bring them into our judicial system?

And yes I'm sure I will have some support from my fellow workaholic. There are some attention seeking females that could use a nice little wake up calling in my "Box". Surely at some point somebody has to question why over 90% of cases of PTSD are always male?

There is soooo much strength in numbers. And the numbers are definitely making me sick. But who really am I? I could be anybody. I could be a female myself. I could be the size of a WWF superstar wrestler. I could steel myself to be the size of a horse jockey. Because what the system has yet to pick up on is this.....I AM A GHOST....Not only am I a ghost proficient at slipping away from the social grid piece by piece but I am the last ghost deftly skilled at relying on the voices inside of my head for entertainment. I am the last ghost that has ABSOLUTELY no chance at being caught. Among my 50 aliases I have accrued over the years there is one that I am quite proud of. There is one that will always stick. For "I" or should I say "We".....no wait let's take it back to "I".

I AM DIRTY BIRD

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CHAPTER 4

These thoughts mean absolutely nothing to me. I get them all the time. They constantly change which works towards my advantage and I know with all the gambling thwarting their infrared x-ray camera system my patterns must jilt their peekaboo system ALL the time. It's like one big massive curve ball. It's not the police that I consider a threat....It's not even the police that police the police because even eventually those cubicle overseers have to go home too. It's the secret elite government with all the military training that NEVER let their guard down. GHOSTS.....It takes a ghost to hunt a ghost but who has the training to capture the waffling ghost that Scooby Doo could never catch. And if they ever caught me how would they identify me if

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