

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.

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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.

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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.

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