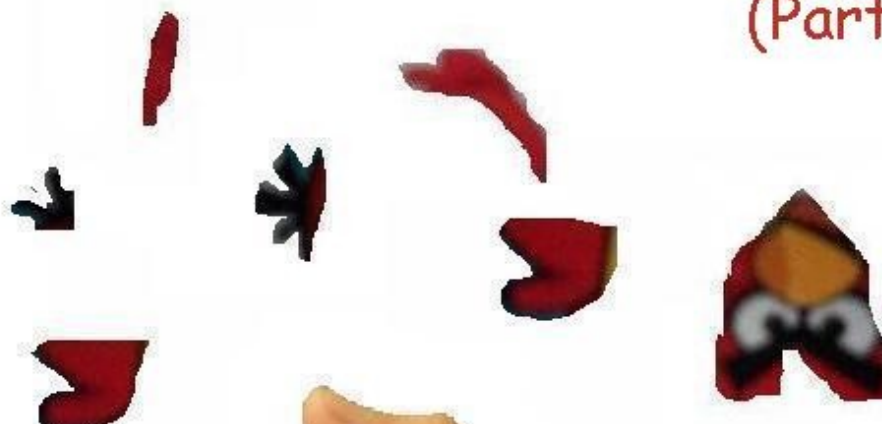


DIRTY

BIRD'S

TERROR PLOT

(Part 1)



John Doe

CHAPTER 1

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

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

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

It worked.....But had it?

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

Schizophrenia and gambling? A DEADLY COMBINATION. And the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

comment come from?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What was going on? This was not her voice!

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

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

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

The screen read *"Get Down"*

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

Fireworks shot out from every corner of the church shooting in

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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