

The Adventures of the Dirty Trickster

by

Sam Aurelius Milam III
c/o 4984 Peach Mountain Drive
Gainesville, Georgia 30507

These stories first appeared in the *Frontiersman*.

This document is approximately 17,197 words long.

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Gonna Blow Dis Joint

[February 2005](#)

I wanted to use plastic plants. They're all over the place, tables in restaurants, doctor's waiting rooms, hotel lobbies, everywhere you look. Turned out, it ain't that easy to find plastic Marijuana. Maybe I just didn't know where to look. Maybe I'm just used to using the real thing. Anyway, it was easier for me to get the real thing

Since I was gonna use real plants, I had to build a place for 'em. So, I bought some pots, got some potting soil, and set up the lights with timers. I also built an irrigation system. None of it was hard to do, just stuff from the local stores. You buy it a bit at a time nobody thinks twice about it. I put the irrigation system on a timer, too, since I wasn't plannin on hangin around.

Next, I got a motion detector like they use to turn on front porch lights when somebody walks up the sidewalk. After that, I decided to get fancy. I think the results will be worth it. I rigged a timer so nothin' happens for about two minutes after the motion detector goes off. I figured it ought to take them drug thugs about two minutes to all get into tha room, as many of 'em as is comin', and they probably won't start leaving yet, that soon, nozin' and pokin' into my private stuff. I want as many of 'em as possible in there when she goes off.

Then, I got to wondering how long it might be before anybody noticed my little farm. Wouldn't want the whole thing to fail because the power company nitwits turned off the power so I got one of them stand-by power supplies at a computer store. After that, I had the place all ready for the plants and the trigger system all hooked up with the wires dangling into the crawl space. Next, I made the stuff for the big bang.

I won't tell how I make the stuff. I got my own recipe and I don't want nobody else to know about it. I'll just say I made enough to take out half the neighborhood. Like the govment says, too bad bout them collateral casualties. Don't want to miss any drug thugs that might stay out at the street. I thought about putting some in the storm drain at the curb but decided against it. Couldn't stay outa site while I was doin' it. I put it all in the crawl space, but I didn't connect the wires.

So far, I hadn't bought anything illegal. Just normal hardware, some plumbing stuff, some electrical gizmos, and ordinary chemicals. I'm a real handyman. Just buy a little here and a little there and nobody puts two and two together. So, I went and got my plants. I put 'em in the potting soil and got 'em started. While they was gettin' used to their new home I got some material from a fabric store to replace tha window shades. I wanted it to look like I just got careless about the windows. The fabric would hide the plants during the day but with my lights on a timer they'd come on from time to time at night. That material was thin enough that somebody would see my plants through the window at night. Eventually, somebody would report it or maybe a cop would notice. It didn't matter. Them drug thugs would come

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bashing in, kickin' things and shoutin' an just begging for somebody to not lay down quick enough to suit em so they could shoot him about 30 times until the threat was terminated. Yeah.

Finally, I went down and connected the wires. I checked once more on my plants but I didn't want to stay too long once things was connected. Naturally, I had a hidden switch at the front door so I could activate the motion detector after I locked the door.

As I got into my Hummer, I was thinking about them drug thugs. I figured I'd get tha whole gang. Only problem was it'd be too quick. Next time I make a dirty trick I'll have to figure out how to make it last longer, make 'em suffer a little before their lights go out fer keeps. I got a lot of dirty tricks in mind. It's gonna be fun. I gunned my Hummer down the road and laughed for pure joy! Yaaaahoooo! The Dirty Trickster rides again!

Johnny Appleseed

[April 2005](#)

Not all of my dirty tricks are lethal. Some are just fun. My latest prank is a good example.

I bought a big box of diapers, for the box. I donated the diapers to the Goodwill. While I was there, I spotted a heavy duty vacuum cleaner that was just what I needed, so I bought it. I put the empty diaper box on the passenger seat of my Hummer. It was perfect for a big canister. I salvaged the blower from the vacuum cleaner and then decided that another diaper box would be a dandy way to hide it, so I bought another box of diapers. You gotta be careful 'bout every little detail, so I bought the second box at a different store and donated the diapers to a dumpster. The size of the diaper boxes was just right. With the second box on the floor to hide the blower in, that kept the first box from slidin off the seat. I went to a hardware store and bought some PVC pipe and some duct tape. I connected some PVC pipe under the front edge of the box on the seat and ran it to a tee in the box on the floor. I ran some pipe from the blower to the tee and from there up to where it pointed out the passenger window. Of course, I didn't glue any of the pipe together. I just plugged it together so I could take it apart when I wasn't usin' it and pitch it in the wayback. If anybody looked in the window all they'd see was a couple of diaper boxes in front and some scraps of PVC in back. Finally, I went to a camping supply store and got a power thingy that I could use to run the blower from the cigarette lighter. At first, I'd thought about puttin' in a switch but I decided that pluggin and unpluggin the power gizmo into the cigarette lighter would work just as well and I didn't need to modify my Hummer.

The next step was to get my seeds. My supplier was a little surprised when I wanted a thousand pounds of the stuff but he didn't ask no questions. I paid him and waited for the delivery. That turned out to be a hoot. The stuff was delivered by UPS. I swear to God! UPS! The driver didn't have a clue. He thought it was wild bird seed. I shouldn't be too hard on him. After all, the supplier had packed it in the exact boxes that they sell wild bird seed in down to the Wal-Mart. The driver wondered why I wanted a thousand pounds of bird seed but when I started hittin' on him for a donation to help me buy land for my bird sanctuary he remembered that he had some other deliveries to make.

That night, I dumped the top box full of seeds and went out to test my blower contraption. When I turned it on, it blew seeds all over the Hummer. Wrong way. They was supposed to go out through the pipe that points out the window, not out the top of the canister box. I had to redesign the plumbing. It took me a while to make it work but finally I did. It blew a good spray of seeds about 20 feet. After that, I started blowing seeds all over town. I went out about one or two nights a week, which was a tactical consideration. I didn't want to go out too often and risk attractin' attention but I wanted to get them seeds all blown before the first ones

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started to grow. I blew seeds everywhere. All along both banks of the river. In the woods around the edge of the park. The entire length of the median on Main Street, where they got all that ground cover stuff growin'. Anywhere that anybody had some kind of fancy place in their yard near the street that they wasn't gonna mow. Churches, City Hall, the Courthouse, anywhere. My only rule was that it had to be someplace that wasn't gonna get mowed and it had to be within range of my blower. There's a lot of good places within 20 feet of the street when you got the whole town to work with.

Once the seeds was all blown, I scattered the bits and pieces of my blower contraption into various dumpsters around town. I used the Dustbuster to make sure they wasn't no stray seeds in the Hummer. I figured that when all them plants began to grow and the story hit the news, that UPS guy might be smart enough to put two and two together, so I hit the road again. I gunned my Hummer out onto the highway an laughed for pure joy at how bonkers them drug thugs is gonna get when all them millions of Marijuana plants begin ta grow all over town. Yaaaahoooo! The Dirty Trickster rides again!

Two Plans for the Price of One

[June 2005](#)

My original plan had been to just drop the stuff on the freeway. I wanted to stir up the Hazmat goons, get 'em to close the freeway for about six hours, which is about how long I figured it'd take 'em to discover that the stuff was just flour. I figured that, on a freeway, it'd take at least 200 pounds to even be noticed, so that's how much I had. Naturally, I bought it a little bit at a time from a whole bunch of different stores. Nobody'd ever figure out that I was the one that did it.

My plan changed a few days before I'd been quite ready to dump the stuff. It happened one evenin' at a block party at the guy's house at the end of my block. He got to rantin' and ravin' about bleedin' heart liberals and said he didn't need no damned right to remain silent cause he didn't have nothin' to hide noway. Said he didn't care about SWAT teams 'cause he wasn't doin' nothin' wrong noway. Lot of stupid crap like that. I decided the guy needed a lesson in practical government and I saw just how I could give it to him.

I strolled around his place enjoyin' the party and it only took me about ten minutes to learn all I needed to know. By the time the party was over, he thought I was his best friend and his strongest supporter. I was the last to leave. Hell, I damned near tucked him in bed. He'd had way too much to drink and I was sure he'd be asleep by the time I got home, two houses down. I figured that he'd sleep 'til the gestapo thugs woke him up. Before I left, I loosened the bulbs in his porch light and made sure the gate to his yard was unlocked.

I went home just for appearances, never know who might be watchin', and then snuck back. I went into his back yard, got his wheel barrow, and brought it home. By then, the neighborhood was dead to the world. I moved all my sacks of flour to his patio and started dumpin' flour into his wheel barrow. One thing I hadn't quite solved yet was how to avoid spillin' flour on my garage floor but now it didn't matter. It was his patio, not my garage, and the mess on the floor fit my revised plan perfectly.

I dumped the empty sacks in his garbage can, just outside his fence, and left the lid off so the sacks would be easier to see. I left the extra sacks of flour on his patio, as further evidence, and dumped the wheel barrow full of flour in the middle of the intersection at his corner. I only used one wheel barrow load because I didn't want to risk a second trip after there was already flour on the road. I put his wheel barrow back by his garage and went home. I took off my sneakers and walked bare footed for fear of leavin' flour tracks. At home, I started all my clothes runnin' in the washin' machine, even the sneakers, took a shower and went to bed.

Them Hazmat thugs was a lot faster than I expected. It was only a couple of hours before they was bangin' on doors. Unknown material on the street. Possible act of terrorism. They herded us all over to the high school gym and started servin' coffee

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and donuts, just like they'd been expectin' it.

I was surprised at how quick they zeroed in on the culprit. It wasn't much more than a hour before a gang of grim-faced thugs in uniform and a couple a super goons in trench coats came stalkin' in and asked for my neighbor by name. Somebody pointed at him, he looked puzzled, and they surrounded him with weapons drawn. Beginnin' of his lesson in practical government. I don't know how long the lesson is gonna last or what his final exam is gonna be but I had a Hell of a time hidin' my gleeful grin when they started readin' him 'is so-called rights. He's got a lot to learn yet but it's a start. Yaaaahoooo! The Dirty Trickster rides again! Well, this time I just sat and watched.

Gas Guzzler

[September 2005](#)

By the time I decided on a target, I already had my delivery truck, an enclosed bob-tail van. For the target, I picked a small office buildin' at the edge of downtown. They was several reasons for the choice but the main one was that the FBI used most of the buildin'. The rest was used by the main offices of some social services group, some immigration thugs, and a drug rehab outfit. It wasn't really a federal buildin' but it was government, through and through.

The buildin' had a parkin' lot that also went around to a loadin' zone in back. Entry to the lot was guarded by a couple of armed rent-a-thugs and a dog thug that sniffed inside of things. Security cameras covered the front door and the loadin' dock at the north end of the loadin' zone in back of the building. They wasn't no cameras pointed at the south part of the loadin' zone. That was just a place to park trucks when they was done with 'em.

They wasn't no kind of security lock at the front door so I just walked right into the lobby. My cover was to ask for some forms to apply for food stamps. I found the lobby was unattended. A map on the wall showed me that the only part of the buildin' that ordinary people could get into was the rehab thing, through a little door at the other end. Entry to the rest was through the lobby. Them doors all had card slots. They was a rack of some brochures and, just to make it look good, I took some and was glancing at 'em when I went back out past the security camera at the front door. I never gave no hint that I even noticed them cameras.

I went to an auto parts place and bought an ignition coil, a piece of spark plug wire, and a turn signal flasher. My truck already had a light in back with a switch on the dashboard, so I could use that circuit. I screwed the ignition coil to the inside of the roof where the roll-up door would hide it when the door was open. I don't think them security thugs is smart enough to close a truck door while they're inside searching it so I didn't think it was likely that anybody'd find it. I ran the light circuit to the ignition coil, through the turn signal flasher, and back to the light. I taped the spark plug wire to the metal frame. When I turned on the light switch at the dashboard, I got a big fat spark every few seconds between the wire and the frame. Then, just in case some security thug asked me to turn on the light, I put a burned out bulb in the socket and saved the good bulb for when I'd need it later.

I bought an electric fuel pump, some fuel line, a few hose fittings, some hose clamps, and a little copper tubing. Once I had it all installed, I could flip a switch on the dashboard and pump gasoline into the back of the truck. The purpose of the copper tubing was to make the gasoline come out in a fine spray. I squeezed the end of it different ways out in the country for a while, with the light circuit turned off of course, 'til I got it workin' right.

I put some boxes of stray crap in the truck, just so it'd look good. I even had some

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delivery forms, just in case the security thugs wanted to see 'em. When I drove the truck up to the parking lot, they didn't even ask. I got into the lot without no problems. I parked the truck as far from the loadin' dock as I could and killed the engine. I turned on the light circuit and went around back to install the good bulb. The ignition coil started to spark. I went back to the cab, turned on the gas, and then hurried around back to make sure it was workin'. I didn't know how long it was gonna take ta fill the back with fumes but I sure as Hell didn't want to hang around so I locked the door and left. I didn't know how much physical damage the explosion would do, maybe not much, but I didn't really care. The explosion was just a message and it would be Hell on their way of lookin' at things. They can't possibly protect every building and there ain't a bomb-sniffing dog in the world that can tell if the gasoline in a fuel tank is gonna stay there. Anybody can do what I did. Everything I used is legal and easy to get. They'll get the message. They can't disarm us.

My Hummer was in a lot a couple of blocks away. When I headed up the freeway ramp and gunned the Hummer toward my new place, I laughed for pure joy. Yaaaahooooo! The Dirty Trickster rides again!

Controlled Substance

[December 2005](#)

I scouted around town and found an apartment complex that was arranged like I wanted. I rented two apartments, under different names of course. You had to go outside of one and all the way around the building to get to the other but their bathrooms were across the same wall. I cut a hole in the wall and covered it with big mirrors in both bathrooms. I glued hinges and friction catches on the backs of the mirrors. I glued the little plastic mirror holders to the mirrors with screw heads glued into the holders. It looked just like the mirrors was hooked to the wall with mirror holders but I could open the mirrors, go through the wall from one apartment to the other, an' pull the mirrors closed behind me. Nobody'd ever notice.

I installed hidden video cameras all over the front apartment. You'd be surprised how small them things can be nowadays. I had enough to cover the whole place from ever angle. By the time I was done with new sheet rock an' paint, nobody'd ever know they was there. I wired hidden video connections to a bunch of recorders in the back apartment. By the time I was done, I could turn the whole shebang on from switches in either apartment. It was all on "lock-relay" kinds of circuits so once it was turned on in either apartment you couldn't turn it off again except at the back apartment, where the recorders was. Everything was on standby power, so I knew it'd work. I tested it once in a while to make sure it was all OK. I kept the rent an' utilities paid ahead on both apartments, just in case. I loaded the back apartment with lots of blank tapes, padded mailing envelopes, and stamps, for later. I made real sure they wasn't nothin' illegal in the front apartment. I kept my Hummer fueled and loaded with everything I'd need for when I left town.

When everything was ready, I started goin' around town an' buyin' Sudafed. Yeah, I'd picked a town with one of them stupid Sudafed laws. That was the whole point. I bought either all the Sudafed in the store or all they'd sell me, whichever was the most. They was suspicious but I always had some dandy excuse why I needed so much, like, "I use 'em for sprinkles on birthday cakes" or "I eat 'em with milk for breakfast," with a big silly grin.

By the time them drug thugs came after me, I had a big pile of Sudafed in the front apartment. Naturally, I saw 'em comin', flipped the nearest switch, and ducked through my mirrors. When they came bustin' through the door, kickin' and yelling an' wavin' their guns around, I was watchin' 'em on a video monitor from the back apartment. The cameras an' recorders worked fine. Them thugs'd been so sure I had a meth lab that they hadn't even bothered to bring anything to plant on me. The head thug had to send a couple of 'em back to get somethin'. He grinned real big an' told 'em as long as they was goin' anyway to take all them hundreds of Sudafeds. He sure was happy to get 'em so I expect them drug thugs got a meth lab runnin' somewhere. They took the Sudafed an' after about 45 minutes they came back and handed him a plastic bag with some white stuff in it. Then they "found" it in

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the medicine cabinet, right beside the big mirror, which they never even looked at twice.

I spent most of the day makin' copies of them tapes and packin' 'em into padded envelopes. My favorite part was where the head drug thug grinned and told 'em to take them Sudafeds. It came out real good, from two different angles complete with audio. When I was done I sent out for a pizza and then went to bed. The next mornin', I went to the post office and mailed one set of tapes. I had a long trip ahead of me and I planned on mailin' a set at every post office along the way. They was goin' to lotsa folks, news people, civil rights nuts, liberals of all kinds, I'd done a lot of homework. The last three sets was goin' to the DA, the judge, and my lawyer. Naturally, they'd issued a phoney warrant for my arrest but my lawyer could handle that, supposin' that the DA even wanted to push the matter, which I doubt he will after he sees them tapes.

As I drove past the city limit sign and onto the highway out of town I patted them envelopes, eased carefully up to the legal speed limit, and laughed for pure joy. Yaaaahoooo! The Dirty Trickster riiiides again!

Dirty Trickster Reminisces

[December 2006](#)

I've mostly wrote about my complicated stuff but some of my pranks are purty simple. Once while I was workin' as a janitor at a court house, I snuck a whole bunch of Plaster of Paris into the place and, after folks was gone home, I dumped some in all tha toilet bowls. The stuff was white, just like the toilets. It wasn't real obvious until somebody tried to flush the thing. I also put sand in tha sink drains. They had a Hell of a mess. Once when I worked at a kennels, there was some big wig that was gonna fly into town at the airport. I slipped a whole bunch of laxative into the food for them drug dogs an' bomb dogs just a few hours before time fer 'em to start sniffin' things. There was plenty to sniff at the airport that day. Back when you could still rent movies on tapes, I used to put a little piece of Scotch tape over the hole in the edge and erase all them FBI warnings before I returned the tapes. Sometimes I like to go around town lookin' fer cop cars with no cop in 'em, probley inside eatin' donuts an' coffee. Then I let the air out of a tire and super-glue the valve cap to the valve stem. It's all somethin' to do while I think up my next big one. Then it'll be time to yell, yaahooo! The Dirty Trickster riiiids again!

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The Dirty Trickster and Flour Power

[January 2007](#)

You might remember some time ago when I rigged up a vacuum cleaner and some PVC pipe in the front of my Hummer and blew Marijuana seeds all over town. Well, I just did something sorta like that with ordinary old white flour, like for biscuits you know.

I didn't use the Hummer for this prank. I used an old station wagon with a hatch that opened with hinges at the top. I put a motor in the back that'd open and close the hatch from a switch up front. Then, I put a big plastic canister back there with hinges so's it could tip out the back when the hatch was open. I put a motor on that, too.

Meanwhile, I was drivin' all around the county buyin' flour. I got it in the biggest sacks that I could find but always from a different place each time and I always paid cash. I took a while so's not to attract no attention.

When I was all ready, I dumped all of the flour into the canister. Then, early one Monday mornin', figured I might as well mess up a Monday as any other day, I went out onto the freeway during the wee hours when there wasn't no traffic and found a nice stretch of freeway. I slowed way down, ran up the hatch, and dumped the canister. That whole canister of flour emptied right onto the freeway, all in a pile.

I drove home and unhooked all the stuff then went across town to where there's a guy lives that I don't like much. I waited down the block 'til he went to work, then I backed into his driveway and pushed all the stuff out the back of the station wagon and into his side yard, includin' the empty flour sacks. Maybe somebody'll report the stuff and he'll get nailed for the prank.

After that, I drove by the Quick Stop, bought a whole buncha beer and a lot of giant bags of Ruffles chips and went home to sit and watch the TV. It was great. It was on all the news. Them hazmat clowns was all over that place like ticks on a dog. They was runnin' around in their little space suits with more equipment than you ever saw, sucking up flour and sweepin' up flour and passin' out alerts to the cops like they was no tomorrow. They done a fine job. When they was done, there wasn't a speck of flour left nowhere to be seen.

All in all, it was a fine prank. The freeway was closed all mornin'. The side roads was so jammed that nobody could get nowhere. Everybody was late. Everybody was mad. It musta cost them hazmat clowns thousands of dollars. The cops ordered everybody what'd drove past there before to drive over to a place that they set up in a big parkin' lot at a mall so's they could all get their cars cleaned. Hundreds of people showed up and the place was packed. They was cleanin' cars for 'bout the next week. Nobody could even get to the mall to buy nothin'. You never heard such whinin' from the people what run the stores. I sat and watched the news and ate beer and chips 'til it was over. I shoulda bought stock in the Ruffles company first.

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Here's tha best part. Yeah, them hazmat clowns finally said it was just flour but I think they was worried about losin' face 'bout so much commotion over just flour 'cause they also said that it was "heavily laced with anthrax". I went out later an' bought a paper just so's I could write it down an' be sure ta git it right here. Anthrax! I laughed until my belly hurt! Yaaaahooooo! Tha Dirty Trickster Riiiiids Again!!!

The Dirty Trickster and the Blowhard

[March 2007](#)

*Author's Note: The Barn Grill is the setting for a short collection of fantasy stories that I wrote some time ago.*¹

I don't spend all my time pullin' pranks. Sometimes, I like ta travel but sometimes pranks just happens.

I was drivin' through south Texas one Sunday evenin' a while back, goin' east on Highway 90. I like tha old highways and tha back roads 'cause it's more interestin' than tha damned freeways. Them freeways is a picture o' what's wrong with this country. Big, fast, efficient, an' no soul.

It was gittin' late an' I was lookin' fer someplace ta stop when I spotted a little motel just past a little place called Marathon. Cooper's Little Bend was tha name o' tha place. Didn't look too bad from tha outside so I went in. Right away I recognized tha woman runnin' tha place an' she recognized me. We went back a long way together but I lost track o' her late in 1971, in Northern California. I could see she didn't want ta talk about it so I let it drop. Anyways I got a room and found out that tha nearest food was a bar an' grill called tha Barn Grill, about 50 yards ta tha west, acrost tha parkin' lot. Found out later it really used ta be a barn.

Tha Barn Grill turned out ta be an interestin' place. Regulars just called it tha Barn. I sat in one end by some pinball machines and just watched. Some woman who was tha waitress, Molly by her name tag, brought me a beer and took my order fer a hamburger. They was a card game goin by tha juke box which I thought was a strange place fer a card game. Anyway, I'd been there about 15 minutes, long enough ta git tha feel o' tha place, when this big, loud guy came in and I saw all tha body language in tha place change. I could see most of tha regulars didn't like tha guy. Listenin' to 'im fer a few minutes I figured out why. He was tha kind o' guy that always has ta tell folks how ta do somethin', how they shoulda done it, or how he'da done it better. Always talkin', never listenin'. Kinda guy that thinks everybody just sits around waitin' fer him ta git there. After about ten minutes I started ta think o' him as tha Blowhard.

So, tha Blowhard was lecturin' anybody who'd listen an' he got ta yakin' 'bout how hard it was ta find good help. Seems he owned a construction company. Said half tha people he had wouldn't work, tha other half did things half-assed. Then he got ta rantin' 'bout wages. Said they all wanted ta git rich offa him. I could see folks was tired of 'im. Then, I had a big idea. I jumped in without thinkin' an' said, kinda loud so's everybody'd hear me, "I'll work fer ya!"

It got real quiet. I hadn't been plannin' ta stay in town but what tha Hell. He looked around like a bull lookin' fer a bull fighter an' spotted me right quick. He left his bar stool and came strollin' over toward my table, real slow, with his thumbs

¹ See [The Barn Grill: Tales From All Over](#).

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hooked in his belt.

“Oh, yeah?” he asked, with his chest out. “So what can ya do?”

“Drive nails,” I said. “Saw wood, fit pipe, run wires, lay shingles. You name it I kin do it.”

“Oh, yeah?” he asked. He really seemed ta like them words. “I guess you’ll be wantin’ twice what yer worth, huh?”

“Here’s tha deal,” I offered. “I’ll work tha first day fer a penny.”

He looked like he was runnin’ that back again in his head ta see what he’d heard.

“Oh, yeah? A what?”

“A penny. First day. Two pennies tha second day. Four pennies tha third day.”

Tha Blowhard looked confused but I noticed that tha bartender had a knowing look in his eye and a hidden smile on his face.

“Oh, yeah? A penny a day?”

“No,” I replied, “That ain’t what I said. Penny tha first day. Two pennies tha second day. Four pennies tha third day. See, how it is, ya double it ever day. Pay twice what ya paid tha day before.”

“Oh, yeah? Yer jokin’, right?”

“No,” I continued, “an’ I’ll do ya a big favor. I’ll quit after 30 days. That’s it. Six weeks, five days a week, double my pay each day, I start fer a penny tha first day, an’ I quit after 30 days. I’ll do any kinda work ya want an’ I’ll do it tha best ya ever saw.”

“Oh, yeah?” he responded.

“Look around,” I waved my hand. “We got all these witnesses. No way I can change my story.” Everbody in tha place was watchin’ an’ I notice that one o’ tha card players, found out later his name was Ed, was glancin’ at tha bartender an’ they both looked like they was onto my game. Nobody else had figgered it out.

Tha Blowhard looked like he wisht he was somewheres else but I’d called his bluff. He purty much had ta hire me. “OK,” he said, “Tomorrow’s Monday. Be at tha site at seven.”

“Where’s that?”

He told me and left like he’d just remembered someplace important he had ta be. Everybody started wantin’ ta ask me questions but I wrapped tha rest o’ my hamburger in a napkin, handed tha bartender a bill, an’ left. Molly ran an’ caught me in tha parkin’ lot with my change an’ a box fer my hamburger. Hell of a good waitress.

Monday mornin’ I was there at 6:45. Tha blowhard showed up and looked like he was surprised ta see me. He started me ta carrin’ packs o’ shingles up a ladder an’

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he kept me busy all day. I worked hard. At quitin' time, I walked past him an' said, "Meet ya at tha Barn."

"Oh, yeah? I kin pay ya now."

"No," I replied without slowin' down, "Give it ta me there in front o' all them witnesses." I left without waitin' fer an answer.

Later, I sat at my table at tha Barn an' ordered a hamburger an' fries. I waited fer quite a while before he came in. He pitched a penny on tha table an' left. I finished my hamburger an' went fer a drive.

Tuesday was more o' tha same. That evenin' in tha Barn, folks was obviously waitin' ta see what wuz gonna happen. What happened was he walked in an' put two pennies in front of me on tha table an' turned around an' left.

Wednesday, I got four pennies.

On Thursday evening, they was more folks than usual in tha place. I'd been tryin' ta keep quiet so tha regulars'd purty much stopped tryin' ta ask me questions but tha crowd on Thursday evening was a lot o' new folks an' some of 'em wanted ta sit at my table. I tried not ta make 'em mad but I didn't have much ta say. Tha Blowhard showed up an' gave me a dime. Said he didn't have tha right change. I had some pennies so I gave him two of 'em.

On Friday, they was a reporter from tha Marathon paper. He wanted ta do an interview but I didn't have much ta say. Tha Blowhard showed up with my 16¢ but he didn't want ta talk ta no reporter neither. Tha crowd was back ta normal, tha extra folks had seen me an' lost interest. Most folks thought I was crazy. I'd worked hard all week fer a bully an' all I had fer my effort was 31¢. Nobody was botherin' me much any more but they seemed grateful that I was keepin' tha Blowhard away. I noticed that tha bartender, Sam was his name, started servin' me drinks an' food fer free. He didn't say why an' I didn't ask. He was onta my game. I could see that hidden smile on his face ever time he looked at me.

That weekend, I went down ta Big Bend an' relaxed. On Monday, I was back at tha job site. Tha Blowhard avoided me. That evenin', he sent one o' his other people over ta tha Barn with my 32¢. I worked all week an' my total pay fer tha two weeks o' hard labor was \$10.23. Nobody but Sam an' Ed an' Molly was payin' no attention ta me no more. Sam an' Ed knew what was goin' on an' Molly knew they was onta somethin' so she kept her eye on me too. Everybody else had decided I was a nut.

By Monday o' tha third week none of us had seen tha Blowhard fer a while. He'd been sending tha other guy ta pay me. On Wednesday o' that week, tha guy had a gleam in his eye when he handed me my \$40.96 fer tha day. On Thursday mornin', tha Blowhard was waitin' fer me at tha site. When I got outa tha Hummer, he asked me right out ta quit.

"Nope," I replied with a smile, "I got 17 more days ta go."

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“But this is stupid!” he yelled. “I cain’t pay you like this!”

“I got a bar full o’ witnesses that say ya can.” I thought he was gonna punch me but some o’ his other people was watchin’ with big grins on their faces. On Thursday night, tha Barn was packed wall ta wall when his man came in with my \$81.92.

On Friday mornin’, they was a news crew from tha San Antonio News, a newspaper from out o’ town, waitin’ at tha job site. Tha Blowhard called tha cops an’ tried ta have ’em kicked off tha place but they still talked ta some o’ his people before tha cops got things under control. Tha local deputy, a guy named Brady who had a big smile on his face, had ta call in tha state troopers ’cause a crowd started ta gather. Later that day tha Texas DPS had ta close down Highway 90 toward San Antonio ’cause o’ tha traffic. That evenin’, I got a police escort from Debby’s motel ta tha Barn. People was gittin’ around tha roadblock an’ they was a crowd.

See, this is what happened. By then, somebody’d figgered out that I was due \$163.84 fer tha day’s work and that my total fer three weeks was \$327.67. Whoever tha genius was had also figgered out that my total take at tha end o’ tha fourth week would be \$10,485.75. I don’t think he could count no higher than that but tha folks at tha News had done their own figgerin’ an’ published my weekly take fer six weeks. It came ta \$10,737,418.23. They figgered tha Blowhard’s whole business wasn’t worth a tenth o’ that. Word got around. Tha Blowhard was nowhere ta be seen but I had lots o’ witnesses.

On Monday o’ tha fourth week, couldn’t nobody git nowhere near Marathon. Tha weekend’d been a nightmare an’ tha governor had called out tha national guard. They’d detoured traffic on Highways 90 an’ 385 from all four directions. Some reporter sneaked in somehow an’ waylaid me at tha door ta my room. Wanted ta sign me fer an interview but I wasn’t interested. After that, Debbie did a better job o’ keepin strangers away from my room. Tha authorities just wanted ta settle tha mess an’ I agreed ta quit tha job ifn I got tha total sale price o’ tha Blowhard’s business, at auction. He screamed but tha local court in Alpine threatened ta git involved, seemed like he wasn’t well liked in them parts an’ what with all tha witnesses, we made a deal. I cain’t tell tha final amount but it was a lot. Not ten million dollars but still a lot. It should pay for my next prank, long as it ain’t too big. If tha Blowhard defaults, I git tha total sale price o’ his business, at auction, supervised by tha court in Alpine.

Tha final benefits ta me was that Sam promised me free anything that tha Barn could offer, fer life, an’ Debbie made a similar deal over at her motel. They both got all tha business they could handle an’ it looked like their popularity might last fer a while. Me an’ Debbie got re-aquatinted real nice. After visitin’ her fer about three days, I climbed into tha Hummer a richer and happier man. Yaaaaahooooo! Tha Dirty Trickster riiiids again!

The Dirty Trickster's Pay Schedule

Calculated Using Microsoft Works 3.0

First Week

Fourth Week

\$0.01	\$327.68
\$0.02	\$655.36
\$0.04	\$1,310.72
\$0.08	\$2,621.44
\$0.16	\$5,242.88

Second Week

Fifth Week

\$0.32	\$10,485.76
\$0.64	\$20,971.52
\$1.28	\$41,943.04
\$2.56	\$83,886.08
\$5.12	\$167,772.16

Third Week

Sixth Week

\$10.24	\$335,544.32
\$20.48	\$671,088.64
\$40.96	\$1,342,177.28
\$81.92	\$2,684,354.56
\$163.84	\$5,368,709.12

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The Making of the Dirty Trickster

[May 2007](#)

I pulled my first prank when I was 'bout 13 years old. They was some things that happened before that but this is the story o' how I got to be what I am today. I ain't never told this story ta nobody an' I probly won't never tell it again but I'm gonna tell it here, just this once.

I was raised in a little town by a river. Tha name o' tha town don't matter. Tha river wasn't real wide right there but it flowed in a piece o' bottom land that was between two bluffs. Tha bottom land was maybe a hundred yards wide, mostly. It sometimes flooded fer a day or so after some heavy rain but it was mostly just empty land with a lot o' big Oak trees everywhere. All tha time I was growin' up I haunted that bottom land like a ghost. I knew it like my tongue knew tha inside o' my mouth.

Tha river flowed from northwest ta southeast right there an' our little town was on the southwest bluff. The Burke brothers had a farm on tha northeast bluff. They had all tha land southeast o' tha county road an' between tha bluff an' tha hills a half mile or so away.

They was a county bridge that crossed tha river an' tha bottom land just at tha north end o' town and tha county road went from there past the Burke brothers' farm ta tha county seat, 'bout 20 miles away. We didn't have no police or sheriff or even a Post Office, just a few little stores and some good folks that lived there and, acrost the river, the three Burke brothers.

Them fellers was a problem. Their folks had died years ago an' they run tha farm theyselves. Mostly, they grew corn. Tha problem was that they was bullies. They was careful not ta do nothin' that'd bring in the sheriff but they did everthing short o' that. Lotsa times, they took stuff an' didn't pay fer it. Nobody could do much with 'em so folks mostly just put up with it tha best they could.

One time, the Burke brothers got some dogs. Nobody knew where they got 'em. They just went off somewheres an' came back with tha dogs. They was big light brown sorta rounded lookin' dogs with black muzzles. They was meaner than skunks. Nothin' much happened fer 'bout a year after that 'cept folks didn't walk acrost tha bridge no more. Tha only safe way ta git near the Burke brothers' farm after that was in a car.

After 'bout a year, little Cindy Morgan got killed by tha dogs. She was eight years old. She shoulda been home by sunset, that was the usual rule, but she forgot herself and she was playin' on tha bridge, droppin' flowers inta tha water, and it got dark an' she didn't notice how far toward tha wrong end o' tha bridge she was and them dogs killed her. Couldn't nobody prove nothin' 'cause nobody saw it happen but what else could ita been? Weren't no other animals anywhere near the Burke's farm, 'cause o' tha dogs. Weren't nothin' that mean on our side o' tha river. Had ta

The Adventures of the Dirty Trickster

o' been them dogs. Tha sheriff tried ta talk ta tha Burke brothers 'bout it but they didn't have much ta say. He couldn't git outa his car 'cause o' tha dogs. Nothin' ever came of it but tha funeral.

About a year later, just after I turned 13, them Burke brothers came inta town one night and raped and killed Becky Morgan, Cindy's big sister. Her folks was off ta tha county seat fer tha fair so she was home alone. Nobody saw it happen or saw nothin' at all. Her folks found her when they got back tha next day. Everbody knew it was the Burke brothers. Who else could ita been? Nobody else in town woulda done such a thing. Some o' the fellers was courtin' Becky but they sure didn't want her dead. Tha sheriff came down again an' tried ta talk to 'em. They didn't have much to say. He couldn't git outa his car, 'cause o' tha dogs.

As soon as I heard what'd happened to Becky, I knew what ta do. I didn't even make no decision. I just knew it like I'd always known it. Them Burke brothers had ta go. I even knew just how ta do it. I never said a word ta a livin' soul. I just started to set up my plan. I scrounged most o' what I needed from around town or from tha farms that was close by. Tha only thing I had ta really steal was tha strychnine. I was mostly an honest kid but I couldn't let nobody know that I had tha stuff that it'd take ta do what I was gonna do.

I couldn't do nothing ta tha Burke brothers 'til them dogs was outa tha way so tha dogs had ta go. That's why I needed tha strychnine. I stole a whole box o' tha stuff and rolled it all up inta meat balls that I made outa hamburger meat. I did that last, after everthing else was done. I let tha meatballs sit fer most o' tha day, so's they'd be stiff enough that I could throw 'em.

After Momma was asleep, I snuck down ta tha river bottom. That river never was no problem fer me. I could go up them Oak trees and squirrel along a limb from one tree ta another an' be acrost tha river in no time. I had a time of it with my stuff 'cause some of it was kinda heavy but I made it. I stashed a car battery where I'd need it later, stashed two long rolls o' wire where I'd need 'em, an' headed fer a place I knew of right near the Burke house.

I'd been teasin' them dogs ever since tha Burkes brought 'em home. I'd throw rocks an' then squirrel up tha trees an' acrost tha river. Them dogs never figgered I was worth gittin' wet fer so onest I was acrost tha river I was safe. After a while, they just ignored me. So, I went to my rock throwin' spot and lined my meatballs up on tha flat rock that I used fer my throwin' rocks. I knew just where ta throw them meatballs. I had seven of 'em an' I threw 'em all. Tha first one hit one o' tha dogs and he let out a yip, thinkin' that it was me an' my rocks again but the second dog noticed right away that it was rainin' meatballs. They had a feast, their last. I went home an' went ta bed.

Tha next mornin' I was up early an' outa tha house before Momma went ta work. I waited at tha edge o' tha bluff 'til tha Burke brothers found their dead dogs an'

The Adventures of the Dirty Trickster

headed inta town, yellin' an' wavin' their fists. I s'pose they caused some problems in town but I didn't notice. I was busy. I knew they had some kinda propane stove 'cause o' tha propane tank out by tha road. When I got into their house, I saw that they had a propane cook stove an' a propane heater. I hooked up tha ends o' my wires ta my car ignition coil an' held it all down with some o' their likker jugs, that's one o' tha things they did with some o' tha corn they grew. I set it all on a chair outa sight behind a table, hopin' that it'd be tha right far up from the floor 'cause propane sits in low places. Then I strung my wires out tha back door, so's they wouldn't see 'em when they got back from town. I closed all tha doors an' windows, turned on all that propane, an' unrolled my wires acrost tha back lot an' over ta tha bluff where I'd left my car battery. I connected tha first wire an' then I hunkered down just outa sight an' waited. Purty soon they came stormin' back, talkin' real loud an' wavin' their fists. As soon as they was inside tha front door, I started poppin' my second wire on tha battery. About tha third pop tha Burke brothers' house turned inta a big ball o' fire.

Right away, I started ta reel in my wire, 'til I got ta where it was sorta melted away ta nothin'. Then I wadded it up into a bunch, grabbed my battery, an' headed downstream ta where I knew they was a big pond. I pitched everthing out inta tha pond as far as I could pitch it. Nobody ever knew that I did it.

I usually end my stories with that silly thing about tha Dirty Trickster rides again. I ain't gonna end this story like that. See, here's how it is. Becky Morgan was five years older than me an' she never knew 'cause I never told her but I loved her for as long as I kin remember. They never was no room in my heart for anything else but my love fer her. When I heard what them Burke brothers done ta her, my love for her just moved over a little an' made some room fer somethin' else. I'll go ta my grave with my love fer Becky Morgan safe an' secure inside my heart but I swear ta God Above it's my hatred fer bullies that'll drive me 'til my dyin' day.

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The Adventures of the Dirty Trickster

The story presented below takes place near and in the Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness. For the benefit of those readers who aren't familiar with it, that wilderness is a huge piece of land, 2.3 million acres, in Idaho. It's adjacent to the Gospel Hump Wilderness and some additional roadless Forest Service land. Together with those areas, it constitutes 3.3 million acres of allegedly roadless land. It's separated from the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness by a single dirt road. It contains parts of several mountain ranges, including the Salmon River Mountains, the Clearwater Mountains, and the Bighorn Crags. Except for some grandfathered use of jetboats and several grandfathered airstrips, civilians are prohibited from taking any motorized devices into the area.

Bill, Bob, and the Dirty Trickster

With thanks to Lady Jan the Voluptuous

[September 2007](#)

It's been six years since this stuff all happened but it seems like it was yesterday. I was huntin' deer in Idaho near that big wilderness area. They's a lot o' little roads back in there an' I got lost an' was just drivin' around. Tha last town I remembered seein' was a little place called Dixie, remembered it 'cause o' tha name, but it was miles behind me when tha bus broke. I'd left ma Hummer with a friend ta make some changes that I didn't want tha dealer ta know about. Odds an' ends. Anyway, tha bus was a wore out ol' VW an' it jus clanked onest an' died. So, I shouldered what I could carry an' started walkin' back out. Never did see tha bus again. What luck. I hadn't gone two miles yet when some guy in a GMC pickup offered me a ride. Said his name was Bob. Said he'd let me stay tha night at his place an' then pull tha bus back ta town fer me in tha mornin'.

I was already lost. By tha time we got ta his place I was even more lost. Never seen so many twisty little roads in my life. One place we went through didn't look like no road at all. Couldn't figure how he ever found it tha first time. When we finally pulled into his place, I noticed some weird stuff right away. Biggest damned propane tank I ever saw off ta tha side. A mighty fine over-sized gravel parkin' lot in front. Darned good gravel road headin' off ta tha southeast, somewhere. Best road I'd seen fer miles. I got out, stepped back ta git my stuff outa the back o' his truck an he said, "Don't bother. You won't be needing it." I looked up an' he was pointin' a .45 right between my eyes. Never did see where he got it from. He took me into tha house where they was another guy waitin' fer us. "Hey Bill!" he said, "Lookie! I got us a toy!" I got that panic inside o' me that ya git when somethin' bad happens. Bill said, "He'll hafta wait. I just got word that there's a big shipment on the way. They'll be here any minute now."

They took me into tha kitchen, past three big Rottweilers, an' pushed me through a door where they was some stairs down ta tha cellar. They was one light hangin' on a wire, with tha switch in tha kitchen an' they turned it off when they left. I got some light through tha windows, wide, short ones near tha roof, right at ground level. They was one at one end o' tha cellar and two on the long front wall. Bill an' Bob didn't lock tha door when they went out but I'd saw how them Rottweilers'd

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been watchin' me while Bill an' Bob was taking me through tha kitchen. Them dogs was all tha lock they needed.

Tha cellar was mostly a storage place. Had a little o' everything. They was a workbench at one end, under tha window, with a lotta tools. They was a water heater an' a furnace at tha other end. Tha walls was cinder block. I was standin' there with that funny feelin' ya git when bad things happen real quick. In a minute or two, I heard motors and gravel scrunchin' so I went an' looked out one o' tha front windows. Just then they was two troop carriers an' a bus came drivin' inta tha parkin' lot, comin' outa tha gravel lane that went off ta tha southeast. I swear ta God. No markin's but troop carriers fer sure. About 20 men piled out, wearin' camo an' armed ta tha teeth. No insignia but they acted like soldiers. Two more of 'em got outa tha bus. They acted like officers. Tha bus had bars on tha windows.

A whole bunch o' people got outa tha bus an' tha soldiers started herdin' 'em toward tha house, pokin' 'em with their gun barrels if they didn't git along quick enough. Tha people that got outa tha bus was jus plain ol' people. Musta been more 'an 60 of 'em. Men, women, and kids. Some had luggage. One o' tha kids had a teddy bear. They was 'bout a half dozen that was wearin' some kinda uniforms. One of 'em was carryin' a bag an' when they walked past tha window I saw it said American Airlines. A few of 'em'd been beaten, especially one o' tha men in tha uniforms. He could barely walk. They was all terrified. Some o' tha women 'ad been cryin'. I decided tha uniforms was airline uniforms. Pilots and stewardesses.

Tha soldiers herded 'em outa sight around tha end o' tha house. Bill an' Bob went with 'em. I didn't know what was goin' on but I didn't want no part of it. I started lookin' around fer some way ta git out. With them Rottweilers in tha kitchen, I knew it wouldn't be that way. I found a sledge hammer in all tha junk, pulled tha workbench outa tha way, an' started breakin' tha cinder blocks from under tha end window. Ya might doubt it but panic can give ya tha strength o' ten. I broke all o' tha blocks in tha row under tha window an' at tha ends of it. Them dogs was raisin' hell in tha kitchen but they couldn't get through tha door an' nobody heard 'em so I just smashed tha blocks 'til I couldn't swing tha hammer no more. Then I found me a crow bar an' started to pry tha window loose but my arms was so tired I couldn't hardly move 'em an' then I decided I didn't want nobody outside ta notice a missin' window nohow, so I stopped.

I was plumb tuckered, ma arms was tremblin', an' I was breathin' hard but when I stopped yankin' at tha window with ma crow bar I started to think an' had a second look around. Tha propane furnace at tha other end o' tha cellar gave me a idea. I'd fixed some bullies onest with propane when I was a kid and maybe I could do it again. Damn good luck for me they put me where they did. Tha place was a gold mine o' old junk. I found a hack saw, turned off tha propane valves fer tha furnace an' tha water heater, and sawed off tha pipes. The overhead light hung by a lectric cord that was stapled ta tha beams so I found a hammer an' pulled loose a couple o'

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staples so tha light hung most o' tha way ta the floor. Then I tapped on the bulb real gentle with tha claws of the hammer 'til tha glass broke. Lucky fer me I didn't break tha filament. I hoped when somebody turned on tha light tha filament would burn real hot fer a few seconds. If they was tha right amount o' propane, it might work. I left it hangin' an' went back ta tha window ta see what was happenin'.

I guess by then them soldiers was done 'cause they came back from wherever they'd went an' got into their troop carriers. Tha two that acted like officers got into tha bus. They all drove away. I waited a coupla minutes but Bob and Bill didn't show up right away so I got my crow bar an' pulled in tha window. I left it hangin' by its flanges on one end. Then, I went over an' turned on both propane valves an' came back an' crawled outa tha window. I pulled it back into place, good as I could. Nobody'd notice 'less they was lookin' fer it. I walked 'round tha end o' tha house tha way that everybody else'd gone.

Behind tha house they was a cinder block buildin' with a steel door on tha end facin' me, mostly closed but not quite. Just outside o' tha door was a pile o' stuff, clothes, purses, small luggage, an' a teddy bear. I heard noises inside so I went as quiet as I could 'round tha back o' tha buildin'. On tha far end they was a chimney an' some o' tha most bad smellin' smoke I ever smelled. Like ta of made me gag. I squatted down with my back against tha wall, tryin' ta breathe, an' it saved my life 'cause I was down behind some bushes that was growin' there when Bill an' Bob came outa tha buildin'. I didn't see 'em but I heard 'em standin' there talkin' 'bout what they was plannin' fer me. What they was sayin' made me keep real quiet 'til they was gone. I was shakin' from bein' tired, from tha smell o' tha smoke, an' from bein' scared but when they went back 'round tha end o' tha house I got up an' slipped 'round tha corner o' tha cinder block buildin' an' looked in tha door. Them people from tha bus was all dead, shot. Musta been a hell of a scene when them soldiers done it. Musta been tha soldiers. Couldn't o' been nobody else. They ain't no words for it. That wasn't tha worst. Tha way that some o' them dead women was layin' made me try not ta think what Bill an' Bob 'ad been doin' to 'em after tha soldiers 'ad left but I guess it kept 'em busy while I got outa tha cellar an' behind tha cinder block buildin'. I spose them women couldn't o' been hurt no more nohow but it still gave me tha worst feelin' yet. I didn't even feel real no more.

Sometimes, ya kin see a lot more in one quick look than ya ever wanna remember an' I jus' took one look through tha door an' turned an' ran as hard as I could. That saved my life again. I ran straight out from tha place, didn't even know where I was goin', over a hill, down a slope, an' stumbled an' fell into a gully. Just as I hit tha bottom, they was a big boom an' pieces o' house started ta fall all 'round me. I guess tha light bulb worked. I didn't even notice, right then. I just laid there an' cried.

After a few minutes, I got up, climbed outa tha gully, an' went back fer a look at tha house. They wasn't much left o' tha place 'cept a cellar-shaped hole in tha ground.

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The near wall o' the cinder block buildin' had got blowed over by tha blast an' fell in an' covered most o' tha dead people. At tha far end o' tha cinder block buildin' they was a little room with a iron rack, a big propane burner, an' what was left o' some people. They was mostly burned but tha blast had blowed out tha fire. I didn't see no trace o' Bill, Bob, or them Rottweilers. I dug ma stuff outa what was left o' tha pickup truck an' walked away.

When I got back ta town, a few days later, an heard 'bout them airplanes that was hijacked in New York an' tha Pentagon, it all made some kinda sense. Don't you believe nothin' tha gov'ment says 'bout what happened on 911 six years ago. It's all a pack o' lies. None o' them hijacked planes never hit no buildin's. They was all landed safe somewhere an' everbody on 'em was murdered an' burned. Tha folks that I saw was one bunch of 'em. They was all people from one o' them planes that got hijacked. I reckon them soldiers went back later an' finished burnin' 'em, when they found out tha place had got blowed up.

I've thought about it a lot since then an' I think that they's some kinda secret gov'ment base hid out there in them woods. I don't know what goes on there but ain't none of it good or why would they hide it from us in a wilderness? Bill an' Bob wasn't part of it 'cause they wasn't soldiers. They was too careless ta be soldiers, but they worked fer 'em. They all picked a damned good place ta put their house fer murderin' people an' burnin' 'em, tha River of No Return Wilderness.

Whenever I get a chance, I hike back in there. Try ta disguise myself a little differnt ever time, just in case, but I ain't never seen tha same guys twice. Anyway, they's some damned scary people in there, armed ta tha teeth an' wearin' camo, just like tha ones on them troop carriers. Fer a long time, whenever I got too close to their base, they chased me out. I kept smilin', actin' stupid, sayin' yes sir, sorry sir, won't happen again sir, an' goin' back again tha next chance I got. Ever time, I marked it on my map. Now, I got a boundary. I know where they stop people so I know where they are, close enough. Over tha last six years, I got a lot better at it than I usta be. Nowadays, when I go in they don't see me 'less I show myself an' I got ma route all planned, jus' outside o' where they stop people.

It's a forest, right? I like tha woods as good as tha next guy but tha next long dry spell that happens, when tha wind is right, me an' a big ol' box o' kitchen matches is gonna send some o' them bastards back ta visit Bill an' Bob. Tha ones that git away won't have no forest left ta hide their nasty doins' in no more.

Scat Fewmits Pursues the Dirty Trickster

[March 2008](#)

I own a bar and grill on Highway 90, in south Texas. I call it the Barn Grill.² Since it's built in an old barn, my regular customers call it the Barn. I run the place, so I spend a lot of time doing odds and ends, especially when things are slow.

I was polishing glasses one slow afternoon when a man walked in who looked like he was right out of some old low-budget gangster movie with a manic director. He was wearing a grey, double-breasted pin-striped suit, a wide-brimmed black fedora, and black-and-white oxfords. He had a black shirt, a white tie, and a pink hankie in his coat pocket. The fedora had a little white feather in a white hat band. He was a beefy guy and, the way he walked, it looked like his feet were glued to the floor every time he took a step. I had the impression that you couldn't have knocked him over with a baseball bat. He had a wide face, a neatly trimmed mustache, and very serious eyes.

I stopped polishing the glass that I'd been polishing and stood there watching the guy walk toward me. He didn't turn his head but he gave the entire place a real going-over with his eyes.

When he arrived at the bar, he looked at me and said, "Fewmits".

I gave him a blank stare.

"Scat Fewmits," he elaborated.

"Beg your pardon?"

He looked a trifle impatient, reached into his coat, and brought out a wallet. He flipped it open and, with practiced skill, pointed to it and said, "Scat Fewmits".

I looked where he was pointing. The wallet had a badge on one side and an ID card on the other. He was pointing to the ID card.

"Oh!", I exclaimed, "It's your name!"

"Special Agent Scat Fewmits", he confirmed.

"So, you work for the FBI."

"BFD", he commented.

I drew my head back just a little, wondering how to take that. He squinted his eyes and said, "Baltimore Forensics Department".

"Oh."

He leaned forward at the hips, looking intently at me. "Think it stands for something else," he explained, "wrong. Doesn't. Baltimore Forensics Department. BFD"

² See [The Barn Grill: Tales From All Over](#).

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“Well, of course,” I hastened to agree, since it seemed important to him. “What else could it possible stand for?”

“Looking for a man,” he explained.

“There’s nobody here but us,” I replied, shrugging my shoulders.

“Few months back. Spent some time here. Worked for local contractor. Penny a day. Two pennies the next day. So forth.”³

“Oh, him!” I exclaimed. “Yeah, I remember the guy!”

“Name?” he asked.

“Michael,” I said.

“Michael what?” he asked.

“That’s the only name he used,” I replied. “Why do you want him?”

He looked suspicious, considered my question, and decided to answer it.

“Government research lab. Blew it up. Idaho. About six years ago. Killed employees. Both of them. Killed lab animals. Rotweillers. Three of them. Think it’s the same guy.”⁴

“He didn’t seem like the violent sort,” I objected.

“Fingerprints match. Prints from his glass. Here.”

“How’d you get his finger prints from here?” I wanted to know.

“Foreskin.”

“Huh?”

“Got prints for us. Foreskin.”

I was baffled. “I don’t understand.”

“Street informant. Foreskin. Usually stays in Baltimore. Saw the news. Had a hunch. Came down here. Got a job. Here. Worked one day. Served drinks and hamburgers. Lifted a glass. Got some prints.”

“You mean that Fore—” I hesitated, “Foreskin is a person?”

“Street informant. Lumpkin Foreskin. Works for us. Worked here.”

Suddenly, I realized who he was talking about. “What? You mean Lumpy?” and then I started to laugh. “His last name is Foreskin? He never told us! He just went by Lumpy!. Jeez! Lumpy Foreskin! What a name!”

Special Agent Fewmits looked grim and squinted his eyes again. “Lumpkin” he said.

³ See *The Dirty Trickster and the Blowhard*.

⁴ See *Bill, Bob, and the Dirty Trickster*.

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“OK, whatever,” I managed to stop laughing, “whatever you say. He told us his name was Lumpy! He never told us his last name.” I tried hard not to laugh but a grin did escape me.

Special Agent Fewmits looked grim so I tried to settle down and look serious but Lumpy Foreskin was a lot to swallow, if you don’t mind me saying it that way. That thought almost set me to laughing again.

“Suspect left his VW near the lab.”

“What?” I asked.

“Idaho. Six years ago,” he reminded me.

“Oh, yeah,” I replied.

“Left prints on it. Match the ones from Foreskin’s glass. Want to talk to him.”

“Well, I haven’t seen him since he left. So far as I know, he didn’t leave a name or a forwarding address. Have you tried the court in Alpine?”

“No time,” he said. “Provide backup tomorrow. Seattle. Sphincter’s case.”

“Sphincter?” I asked, completely taken by surprise.

“Agent Cloaca Sphincter.”

“You have an agent named Cloaca Sphincter?” I asked.

Fewmits looked even more grim than before.

“Partner. Mine. Perky little thing. Smart as a whip. Degree in Veterinary Science. Knows all there is to know about animals. Investigate squirrel killings. Seattle. Tomorrow.”

“Squirrel killings?” I asked. “The FBI investigates squirrel killings?”

“Assumed jurisdiction. Retro bar. Sixties clothes. Sixties music. Surveillance microphones. Men’s room. Overheard men bragging. Shooting squirrels. Inside city limits. Illegal.”

“Squirrels — shooting squirrels? Sixties styles? You mean, like, miniskirts?”

“Yes.”

Jesus! I couldn’t help laughing at that! Shooting squirrels! Miniskirts! Of course the guys were shooting squirrels! I’d do the same thing myself. Hadn’t these daffy agents ever heard of men shooting squirrels or women flipping beaver? I don’t know, maybe the phrases are out-of-date.

“Sphincter’s case,” he continued. “Wear miniskirt. Pose as hippie. Code name Starflower Moonbright.”

That was a good one. I tried not to laugh. “Good luck,” I said, “I don’t know anything about the guy you want.”

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“Hear something, contact superior.”

“Who?”

“Deputy Director Egress,” he elaborated.

“Who again?”

“Colon Egress. FBI Deputy Director.”

I couldn't help laughing just a little, but I kept it short. Fewmits seemed to be very serious about all of this. However, I couldn't help wondering. Is this the bunch that investigates crimes in this country?

Fewmits laid a business card on the bar. I picked it up and, sure enough, printed on the card was Deputy Director Colon Egress, FBI, BFD.

“Doesn't take calls personally. Secretaries.”

“He has more than one?”

“Fanny Douche,” he said, “and Jenna Talia.”

I've heard a lot of weird things in the Barn so I've learned self control. I didn't laugh until he was gone but I did have some difficulty keeping a straight face and talking in a normal voice.

“If I hear anything, I'll give them a call.”

He walked out and I had a good story to tell to my regular customers that evening.

The Dirty Trickster and the Real Estate Office Caper

[April 2009](#)

I'd been drivin' 'round tha country an' got into a little town late one evenin'. Right near tha edge o' town they was a little shoppin' center, jus' a big parkin' lot an' a row o' businesses 'long tha back an' up one side. I pulled in ta ask some directions. Lots o' them places was closed but a few had some lights on. I stopped tha Hummer close ta some places that had lights on an' headed fer one of 'em. It wuz a real estate place next ta a bank. They was two people there, a woman workin' at a computer an' a man lookin' at some papers on a desk. They looked up as I walked in an' jus as I was askin' fer directions a van came squealin' up jus' outside an' three guys jumped out an' came runnin' in tha door yellin'. Two of 'em was wavin' guns. Tha other one was carrin' a big bag. It looked like a holdup but I couldn't see no reason why they'd rob a real estate office. What would they steal? Maps?

They herded me an' tha other two people into a room on tha side, looked like a break room and storage room, all in one. In one end they wuz a countertop, sink, coffee pot, microwave oven, an' one o' them water things with a big jug upside down on it. At tha other end o' tha room they was six big file cabinets. Don't make no sense. All this talk 'bout computers and people still has all that paper. By tha door they was a little table with a lamp on it.

Anyway, them guys run us into tha room an' shut tha door. I noticed that tha door had one o' them little lock buttons on tha knob. I pushed it. Then I went an' started movin' one o' them file cabinets. I tried ta be real quiet. Tha man came over and whispered, "What the Hell are you doing?" I put my finger on my lips an' kept movin' tha file cabinet. I eased it up flat against tha door, leavin' tha knob where I could git at it, an' went back fer another file cabinet. Tha man figured out what I wuz doin' an' helped. We put three more file cabinets stickin' out into tha room, 'gainst tha flat side o' tha first one, like a long letter T. Went clear ta tha other wall. They wouldn't nobody open that door from tha outside lessen we moved tha file cabinets first. That left two file cabinets. We put 'em flat 'gainst tha wall, end-ta-end with tha one that wuz 'gainst tha door, makin' a thick barrier 'long tha wall. I whispered to tha man, "Maybe you an' her oughta git down there behind them cabinets, in case them guys tries ta shoot through tha wall." They took that real serious. Tha woman was on tha wrong side o' tha cabinets, so she had ta climb over. That wuz a purty site.

After they wuz down behind tha file cabinets, they wuz on tha side away from tha door an' I was on tha side with tha door knob an' tha kitchen stuff. I unplugged tha lamp, got out ma pocket knife, and cut tha cord off tha lamp. I pulled tha wires apart, stripped about 12 inches o' insulation, wrapped tha hot wire 'round tha door knob, an' tied it. I laid tha cold wire on tha floor, by tha door. I turned their big water jug right-side-up an' emptied all their salt an' sugar packets into it. Then I heaped up some wet paper towels on tha floor, close ta tha door, ta make a little

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dam. I poured tha doctored water on tha floor inside tha little dam an' mostly it ran out under tha door. In a minute, one o' tha guys outside yelled, "What tha Hell are you people doin' in there!?" I plugged in tha lamp cord.

A coupla seconds later, tha door knob rattled an' then tha whole door started shakin' 'an they was a lot o' yelling out there. I jumped up on tha countertop and pushed up one o' tha ceiling panels. Tha wall wuz only up ta tha ceilin' so I eased up a panel over tha main room, where they was, just a crack ta see what they was doin'. They'd figgered out a way ta get their fryin' friend loose from tha door knob. One of 'em was draggin' 'im out tha door an' tha other guy was pitchin' tools inta tha bag. They'd been makin' a big hole in tha wall on tha other side o' tha main room, toward tha bank. Idiots musta figgered safes was only steel on tha front. I jumped down an' unplugged tha wire an' told tha man an' woman behind tha file cabinets ta stay down. "They ain't gone yet an' they got guns!" They stayed down. I scrambled up inta tha space above tha ceilin', over tha wall, down inta tha main office, an' headed out tha door almost on tha heels o' them other three guys. Tha man an' woman would be safe where they wuz an' I wanted ta be long gone before they figgered out that it was all over an' called tha cops.

Fran and the Dirty Trickster

[February 2010](#)

Ah don't usually got much 'gainst hospitals but sometimes things happen. One day ah went ta tha local hospital, they call it a medical service center now, hifalutin' snobs, ta see somebody ah knew that was sick there. Tha receptionist was workin' on some papers an' didn't wanna be bothered. Ah tried ta ast 'er how ta find ma friend an' she jus' got uppity. Told me ta sit down an' wait. Ah checked her name tag. It said Fran. Hello, Fran, I thought.

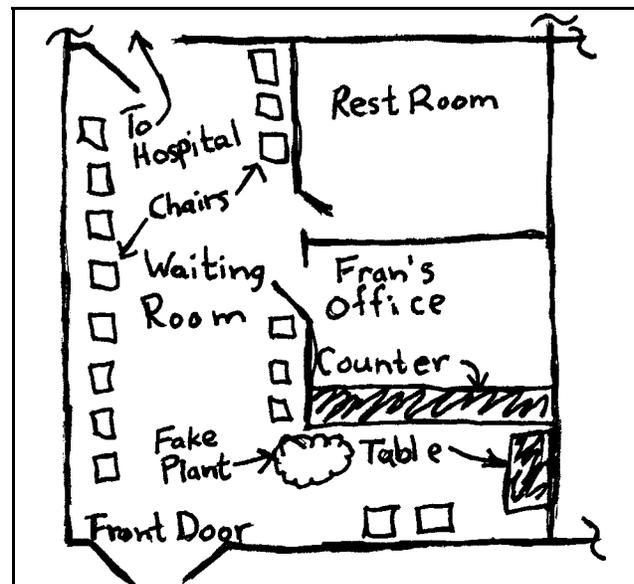
Tha little part o' tha waitin' room that stuck out in front o' Fran's office had two chairs by tha front window. Ah sat in one of 'em an' waited. Ta ma right they was a little table with some magazines on it. Fran's office had a high counter between me an' her. It was tall nuff fer people ta stand at but she couldn't see over it ta nobody that wuz sittin' in a chair. They was a big fake plant on tha floor ta ma left, at tha end o' Fran's counter. Most people in tha main part o' tha waitin' room, 'round tha corner, couldn't see past it ta where tha little table wuz sittin'. In case that don't make no sense, I drew a picture. Ah don't draw too good but it might be better 'n ma writin'.

Fran coulda answered ma question in 'bout 15 seconds but she made me sit 'til she was done with her papers. Ah don't like bullies, even tha female kind. 'specially tha female kind. Since she made me sit an' wait ah put tha time ta good use. Tha little table ta ma right was outa site o' most people 'cept fer somebody sittin' where ah was. I spent tha time figgerin' out ah real good use fer tha little table.

Over tha next coupla weeks, ah started 'cumulatin' tha stuff ah'd need fer ma prank, an' started puttin' it together.

Like always, ah got it a piece at a time all over tha county. Wouldn't nobody ever figger out ah bought it all fer tha same reason. Lot o' tha stuff came in plastic so ah didn't git no fingerprints on it. Some of it didn't an' ah had ta clean them things. Ah did alla ma work in rubber gloves, an' got new ones ever time ah changed 'em. Didn't want nothin' ta git from ma hands ta tha gloves ta ma work.

Ah got some wood dowels an' cut 'em tha right length an' painted 'em sorta dark red. Mixed tha color maself. Ya gotta see it ta know what ah mean. Ah got a cheap clock an' some batteries and some wires. Jus ta look at tha painted dowels wouldn't nobody mistake 'em fer dynamite but with it all taped together with plastic tape ya could see it good enough to know what it looked like but not good enough ta know it



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wuz fake. Ah figgered them bomb squad goons wuz gonna take it real serious, at least fer a while. Ah decided ta git fancy, which can be a bad idea, but ah couldn't resist tha fun. Ah already had tha batteries anyway so ah built a little blinkin' red light. They always got somethin' like that on tha bombs on tha TV an' ah figgered a blinkin' red light 'ld put a real scare inta them bomb squad goons. Hell, it looked so good even ah was almost afraid ta touch it. Last thing ah did was ta tape on a little note, "Ta Fran, fer bein' a bitch." Ah wrote it left-handed an' upside down, wearin rubber gloves. Ah don't think ah left no handwritin' clues that 'ud lead 'em back ta me.

Ah got some o' tha kinda makup that actors use an' a afro kind of wig. Thought ah'd disguise maself. That's 'cause they had cameras in the waitin' room at tha hospital. Went ta tha Goodwill an' bought a old suit an' a shirt. Got 'em too big fer me. Got some bubble wrap an' fixed it inside tha shirt. With ma wig an' makup an' tha padded suit ah looked like a big black guy that wuz mostly muscle. Ah'm white, skinny, an' baldheaded. Nobody'd ever know it wuz me. Don't like ta blame no black folks fer ma pranks but it seemed like a good disguise so that's what ah did. So march aroun' me with picket signs.

Got a big briefcase an' cut tha bottom out an' took out tha little numbers fer tha lock right under tha handle. Ah put some string 'round ma fake bomb. Ah could put tha fake bomb in tha briefcase, poke tha string through where ah'd took out tha numbers, shut tha briefcase, an' pick up tha briefcase with ma finger hooked through tha loop o' string. Holdin' tha string ah could carry tha briefcase aroun' an' nobody'd ever know they was a fake bomb in it. Ah practiced with ma makeup an' tha suit fer several days, carryin' tha briefcase 'round tha house, sittin' it down an' pickin' it up again without tha string, lettin' tha fake bomb out through tha bottom o' tha briefcase. Ah practiced mostly on things that wuz 'bout tha same height as tha little table by Fran's counter. Ever time ah saw maself in a mirror ah had ta laugh. Looked like some NAACP lawyer. Ah went out an' got some wire rim glasses, jus' fer laughs.

While ah'd been buildin' tha fake bomb, ah figgered out a good way ta git rid o' tha scraps, pieces o' dowel, tha buckets with tha rest o' tha paint, tha brush, and all o' tha other little stuff that 'ud be left when ah wuz done. Right acrost tha street they wuz a house where a deputy DA lived. Tha guy was a thug. Everbody knew he lied, lost evidence, faked evidence, anything he could do ta git a conviction. Hell, he bragged 'bout it at parties after he'd had 'nuff ta drink. Didn't care if somebody'd done somethin' 'er not, just wanted ta put guys in jail. Had 'is eye on tha DA's job. Ah'd had ma eye on him but ah hadn't figgered out nuthin' ta do 'bout 'em. Then ah figgered out sumptin'. Him an' ma scraps wuz jus' made fer each other. Ah started cumulatin' tha scraps in a big plastic bag.

All tha time ah was workin' on ma prank, ah kept goin' over ta tha hospital, mostly just walkin' aroun' an' eatin' in tha cafeteria. Ah noticed that nobody paid me no

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mind. Ah just walked through tha waitin' room inta tha hospital, long as it was visitin' hours, ah might as well o' been invisible. Ah even went several times in ma disguise, carryin' ma briefcase. Nobody ever looked at me twice. So when tha day o' tha prank came, ah put on ma makeup an' ma wig, walked in wearin' ma business suit an' carryin' ma briefcase, an' asked Fran fer help. She didn't even look at me, jus' tol' me ta sign in an' wait. New deal. Ya hadta sign in 'fore ya could wait. Real service upgrade. Ah sat ma briefcase on tha little table, made a few fake passes at the sign-in paper, didn't touch nothin, didn't look at tha camera, picked up tha briefcase, lifted it off tha fake bomb, an' walked out. Fran wouldn't know me from Adam.

Ah went home an' turned on tha TV. Somebody musta spotted ma fake bomb right quick 'cause it wuz all over tha TV by tha time ah got home. They wuz a news crew showin' tha whole thing. They was people standin' 'round all over tha place. Ah loved it when they talked ta Fran. Naturally they did that, with her name on tha bomb. She was all tears, couldn't understand why nobody'd be mad at her. Ah saw some people in hospital uniforms make funny faces in tha background when she said that. Ah had ta laugh. But it got even better. Tha cops cleared everbody way back an' them bomb squad goons came tippytoein' out with a big box that they carried like it had grandma's best china. After they put it in their big van, the lady reporter busted through tha police line an' collered one o' tha bomb squad goons. She ast him 'bout tha bomb. He looked like he wuz real important. Said it wuz a real professional job, probly done by Al Kada. Ah laughed 'til ma belly hurt. But tha best wuz still ta come. They took tha box ta a big empty lot they had outa town, where they practiced bomb stuff, an' let tha news crew watch from a distance while they 'sploded tha thing. Wasn't ma fake bomb, went off like Oklahoma City. Timmy woulda loved 'em fakin' it like that. Made me laugh 'til ah almos' passed out. Ah sure miss Timmy.

Them bomb squad goons mighta been able ta strut some stuff 'bout tha bomb they 'sploded, saved tha hospital from gittin' blowed up, but they knew ma bomb wuz fake. They jus' wasn't tellin' nobody an' they didn't know who ah wuz. Ah figgered they'd be huntin' fer me, ta git me outa circulation 'fore ah could spill tha beans. Probly shoot me while ah wuz tryin' ta 'scape. Ha ha. They knew how ma fake bomb wuz built an' they might find some clues no matter how careful ah'd been. They knew what ta look fer. So, soon's tha fun on tha TV wuz over, ah cooked up a big batch o' bacon, ate some of it an' put tha rest in ma big plastic bag with ma leftover bomb parts. Ah dumped some bacon grease on tha outside o' tha bag. Early next mornin', 'fore sunup, ah went over ta tha deputy DA's house an' left tha bag by his house, on tha side away from his driveway. Then ah sat on a bar stool in ma front room an' watched through tha window 'til he left fer work. When he wuz gone, they hadn't been no dogs messin' 'round so ah went along tha block an' opened a few gates fer yards that had dogs in 'em. Didn't take 'em long ta find tha bacon. Purty soon, they wuz trash all over tha deputy DA's front yard, most of it left over

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from makin' a fake bomb. Next, ah got one o' ma spare cell phones, got several that ah ain't never used, "acquired" 'em, as they say, drove acrost town an' called 911. Told 'em they wuz 'nother bomb over there, gave 'em tha address. Threw tha cell phone in tha river an' drove home.

By tha time ah got back, tha street wuz fulla cops. They wuz all over tha deputy DA's house like ticks on a dog. They took all tha trash away in a van. Ah heard later, on tha news, that they 'rested tha deputy DA at work, right outa his office. Wish ah coulda seen that. Ah don't know what they'll charge 'im with, maybe nothin'. Ah don't 'spect my phony evidence'll 'mount ta much, onst they look at it careful. Even if it did, he'd probly git off, crooked as tha courts is, but it was worth a little extra trouble ta have 'im hauled away in handcuffs. Might make it harder fer 'im ta git that DA job. An', it wuz a good way ta git rid o' tha scraps.

Ah figgured that since the little county hospital 'ad become ah Al Kada target, the homeland security crap wuz gonna git pretty deep around town. An' them bomb squad goons was 'nother problem. They'd be gunnin' fer me. It wuz time fer me ta leave. I made sure tha rent an' utilities wuz paid ahead, just so's nobody'd think ah wuz leavin'. Ah hired tha kid next door ta collect ma newspapers fer me, and mow tha yard. Told 'em ah'd be gone a coupla months. Left payment with 'is folks, ta give 'em later. I set some timers ta turn things on an' off in the house. Then ah loaded ma stuff into tha Hummer an' hit tha road. It wasn't ma best prank ever, but it was fun. Yaaaahoooo! The Dirty Trickster riiiiides again!

Area 51 and the Dirty Trickster

[March 2012](#)

Carrier pigeons is interestin' birds. They kin fly at 50 miles an hour an' carry stuff on their legs. They can find their way back ta their lofts from ah long ways off. They're jus' what ah needed fer ma prank. This is what started it. Ah seen a lotta them TV shows 'bout Area 51. Do they really keep flyin' saucers an' dead aliens there? Tha guys on tha TV ain't never gonna find out. They ain't never gonna git no closer than tha big white signs an' tha white pickup trucks. Ah might not find out either but ah figgered out how ah might git a better look at tha place.

First, ah gotta guy ta rent a ol' farm fer me a little ways west o' Las Vegas, out in tha sticks, away frum everthin'. Ah spent some time scoutin' 'round, bought some stuff here an' some stuff there, so's nobody'd ever notice it wuz tha same guy buyin' it. Used tha barn fer ah garage an' ah workshop. Built ah loft in tha barn an' started raisin' carrier pigeons. Ah spent ah lotta time drivin' on all tha roads an' highways 'round Nellis, where they got Area 51 hid, just learnin' ma way aroun'.

It's amazin' how small they kin make stuff nowadays. Ah started hookin' little cameras to chips big 'nough fer a dozen er so pictures each. Little timers ta start tha cameras after a while and click 'em ever few seconds 'til tha chips was full. Each one ov 'em wuz little 'nough that a bird can carry it on its leg. Amazin'. When ma birds started ta git ready, ah started releasin' 'em with their little cameras, lettin' 'em fly back ta tha loft from different places. Spent some time checkin' everthin' ta make sure it worked right. Ah wuz careful where ah released 'em, ta make sure they never flew over no military 'er govment stuff. Didn' want ta give maself away 'fore my prank wuz ready.

It took some arrangin' outside tha farm, too. Ah got some guys ta rent four garages fer me, two in Alamo an' two in Warm Springs. Ah got some more guys ta rent two vans an' leave 'em in some parkin' lots. After tha guys wuz gone, ah got each van an' drove it ta a garage. Tha whole thing wuz done by third parties, mail drops, cash, an' so forth. None of 'em ever saw me 're each other.

Ah drove tha Hummer or whichever van ah needed, accordin' ta what part o' ma prank ah wuz workin' on. Tha van that ended up in Alamo wuz at the farm fer quite a while. Ah had ta build a lot o' automatic receivin' an' recordin' stuff ta put in it, an' ah big antenna in tha barn. Ah had ta be real careful how ah tested some o' that stuff 'cause ah didn' want ta attract no attention frum tha FCC, with illegal broadcasts. That part got tested only once, after tha van wuz in tha barn in Alamo.

Finally, tha big day came. Ah packed ma stuff inta tha van that evenin', just before dark. Ah took ma birds, in cages, tha' feed an' water they'd need, food an' drink fer me fer a few days, an' everthin' else ah didn' wanta leave behind an' lose. Tha electronic stuff wuz already hooked up in tha second van, waitin' in a garage in Alamo. Tha Hummer wuz in ah garage in Warm Springs. Ah left rat after dark, went

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through Las Vegas, took Interstate 15 an' Highway 93, ta Alamo. Ah stayed in Alamo tha next day, restin', tendin' ma birds, an' stayin' outa site. After dark that night, ah carried ma birds an' stuff down tha block ta tha second rented van, in another rented garage. Drove tha first one acrost town, left it on tha street where tha guy that rented it fer me could return it ta tha rental agency. Walked back ta the second van an' headed north 'long Highway 93 an' then turned west ontta tha Extra-terrestrial Highway. Ah put out cages o' birds 'long tha way. Ah'd been explorin' fer more'n a year so ah knew all tha good places ta put 'em where nobody'd likely spot 'em. Just had ta hope fer tha best 'bout coyotes. Had ta watch fer traffic, but pickin' up tha empty cages, later, was tha only part ah never figgered out how ta do without maybe gittin' caught, so ah figgered on leavin' tha cages. Made sure they wuz all traceable ta tha Division of State Parks, just in case tha Camo Dudes 'er somebody found 'em. That'd cause a ruckus an' confuse everbody.

Tha doors on them cages all had timers. Jus' 'bout dawn them timers all went off an' let tha birds loose. Tha timers on tha cameras all started at tha same time. Then they was more'n 50 carrier pigeons all headin' south, all carrying little cameras with timers, all goin' right over Area 51. By then ah was in Warm Springs, in another rented garage. If ah'd guessed right 'bout how fast them birds'd fly, them cameras'd all start clickin' just 'bout tha time tha birds was over Area 51.

Back at the farm, as tha birds started gittin' back, ever time one of 'em landed an' walked through tha little door, it's chip got scanned an' tha pictures got downloaded ta ma transmitter. Ah didn't use no internet link 'er land line 'er nothin' that could be traced. Ah had ah big, powerful transmitter, an' ah broadcast tha pictures. Tha govment guys kin find a transmitter easy but they can't find a receiver. Tha receivers was in tha second van. Ah guess if somebody else had a receiver on tha right settin', they coulda got the pictures too but who cares? So, as soon as them birds started landin', ah started gittin' tha pictures at tha van an' savin' 'em ta several different kinds o' drives, just in case. So, what pictures did ah git? Hangers. Runways. A baseball field. Roads. A white bus, some white SUVs an' pickup trucks. Some Chinooks an' some white unmarked 737s with big red stripes on tha sides. Nuthin' very interestin'. Ya kin see tha same stuff on the TV shows. What wuz interestin' wuz what happened after tha pictures wuz took.

Here's tha interestin' part. Ah had three video cameras outside o' tha barn, pointin' at different angles but mostly north. As soon as tha pictures started ta download, them cameras turned on. Them videos got broadcast too, like tha pictures. Ah recorded ever bit of it in tha second van. So, when tha pictures started ta come in ah started watching the movies from tha video cameras. Ah had three TVs goin'. First, it was pictures o' ma birds circlin' in fer a landin' but, off a ways, they was three other things in tha air. It was just like ah figgered it'd be. Them guys at Area 51 is real picky 'bout their privacy an' they's good at what they do. They watch everthin' an' nothin' gits past 'em. They'd figgered out right quick that tha big flock

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o' birds goin' by had some kinda electronics on 'em an', 'fore tha birds wuz even outa sight, tha Area 51 guys was follerin' 'em. Ah think they didn't want ta git too close so's not ta spook tha birds. They wanted ta foller 'em all tha way home. That's why they wuz off a ways when tha birds started ta land. It took everbody a few minutes to figure out that ah was broadcastin' somethin' but as soon as they was onta that trick, things changed real quick.

Here's what happened next. Them three other things in my pictures was black, unmarked Chinooks. Oh, they wasn't close 'nough ah could tell that in tha TV pictures but ah knew that's what they wuz. Ah'd been expectin' 'em. That's why ah rented a place way out by itself, so's nobody else'd git hurt. Them govment thugs don't give a crap about extra folks gittin' killed. Anyway, as soon as they figgered out ah was broadcastin' sumpthin', them Chinooks spread out a little an' headed toward ma cameras, real quick. Next, ah saw six little things come off tha Chinooks. They wuz little dots with little rings o' light 'round 'em. They got bigger an' bigger 'til fer tha last little bit, ah could almost see tha point on tha front end of tha closest one. That was the last pictures ah got. It was tha end o' ma birds, tha end o' tha barn, and tha end o' everthin' else fer 'bout a quarter mile 'er so 'round, in all directions. Besides that, it was tha end o' them guy's best chance ta track me down. Fer people that's so smart, they kin sure be stupid. Shoot first, blow up all tha clues, think later. Ah had most o' ma pictures by then so what good did it do 'em? Stupid. As long as they don't manage ta track me down from satellite pictures, ah'm home free. Ah made that as hard as ah could, tried ta stay outa sight, cover ma tracks, an' break ma trail durin' tha whole prank.

Ah spent tha day in tha garage in Warm Springs. While ah was waitin' fer dark, ah listened ta tha radio. Sure 'nough, they was news 'bout a gang o' terrorists that blew theyselves up on a farm west o' Las Vegas. They wuz buildin' bombs, one of 'em went off, an' toasted 'em. Fed's said they'd been watchin' 'em fer months but they wuzn't quite ready ta move in on 'em yet. Ah had ta laugh. The govment's so damned predictable. Ah coulda wrote that whole story myself before they ever told it on tha news. Next time ah'll do just that, ta see how close ah kin come. While ah wuz waitin', ah dismantled most o' my lectrical stuff. After dark, ah carried it down tha road ta where ah'd stashed tha Hummer in another garage. Ah'll git rid of it in bits an' pieces over tha next few months. Ah left tha second van fer ma hired guy ta take back ta tha rental agency an' walked back acrost town ta ma Hummer.

Yaaaahoooo! The Dirty Trickster riiides again!

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