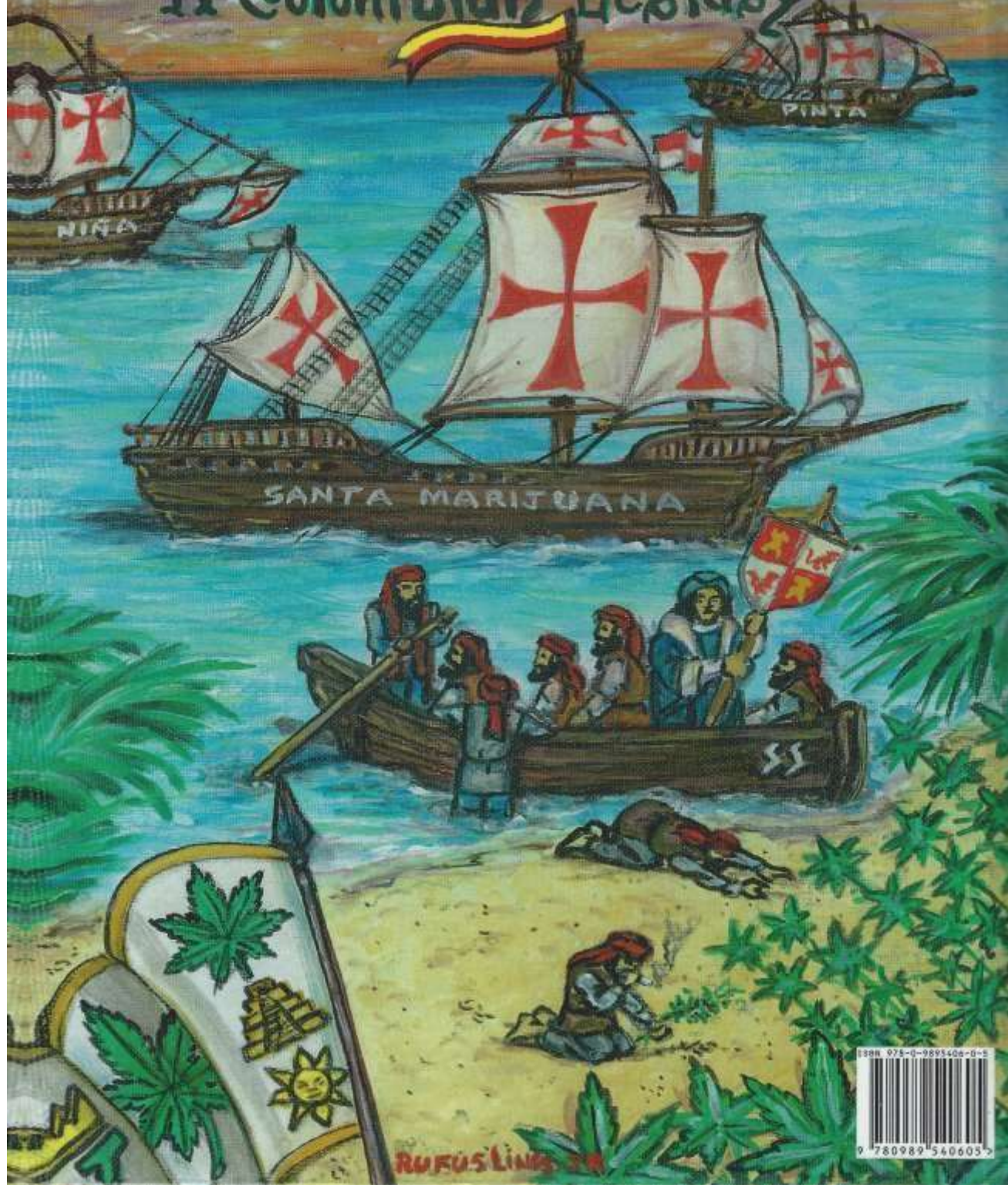


The Adventures of Birdman

A Colombian Ecstasy





“THE ADVENTURES OF BIRDMAN & HIS ROADIE CREW, A COLOMBIAN ECSTASY”

A Roman à Clef Novel

CHAPTER I

“ANOTHER ST. VALENTINE’S DAY MASSACRE”

Roberto “Birdman” Colon, a Puerto Rican orphan from Chicago’s St. Joseph “Pelican” Orphanage and self-proclaimed paternal descendant of Cristobal Colon, the first “tourist and ladies’ man” who came to America in search of “Acapulco gold”



also claimed to be a descendant of Sammy Davis, Jr. on his mother’s side. At Saints Peter and Paul Grammar School in South Chicago, he was the only 6th grader able to throw a baseball across the street and over the roof of Goldblatts’ five-story building.



He was also the first student to get one over on the department store in the old fashioned way.

On St. Valentine's Day, Birdman tried getting a "five finger discount" on a pearl necklace for his girlfriend from Goldblatts' jewelry department, but as he was about to leave the premises, he

noticed that a security guard was checking him out. Familiar with every "nook and cranny" inside the store, Birdman decided to hide inside a washroom stall located in the basement. The guard followed Birdman close behind and ordered him to come immediately out of the stall or else he would go inside and get him. Although the guard did not find the loot on Birdman, he did notice that the pearl necklace was inside the toilet. Birdman told the guard that some "stool pigeon" had done the dirty deed before him in an effort to frame him. The guard ordered Birdman to retrieve the necklace from the grubby toilet as he ridiculed his apparent bad habit of not flushing the toilet.

"I'm sick and tired of having to change shoplifters' psychological diapers, especially the ones who never got potty trained. You are under arrest," said the guard.



As Birdman was about to be handcuffed by the guard, a pipe bomb exploded in the basement toy department killing one woman and injuring several other customers and employees. As

all hell broke loose, Birdman and the guard ran out of the fire and smoke filled area, and like "Bugs" Moran, "the man that got away" in the 1929 St. Valentine's Day Massacre orchestrated by mafia leader Al Capone, Birdman miraculously got away too.

Ironically, Birdman was saved by a pipe bomb that had been planted by a mentally disturbed former Marine, soon nicknamed “mad bomber,” Frank Kulak, who a few weeks later barricaded himself inside his South Chicago home and began sniping at his neighbors who had called the police. A horrific blood bath lasted six



hours and resulted in the deaths of Detective James Stubig and Sergeant James Schaffer along with six other cops who were injured by grenade shrapnel and gunfire. The carnage ended when Frank Kulak surrendered to future Police Superintendent James Rochford.



Even though Birdman had experienced two of the closest calls that he had ever encountered in his life that day at Goldblatts, he was not frightened by the incident at all. Later that night, he quipped, “a little bird once told me that you don’t have to be a cat to have nine lives” as he and his South

Chicago Mona Lisa, along with the rest of the gang, celebrated the removal of fear from Valentine’s day and snuck in through the back door of the Gayety movie theatre where Birdman had learned how to play the “backdoor Opera man” when The Tellstars performed there.

CHAPTER II

“A Ph.D. WITHOUT A G.E.D.”



A few weeks before his 8th grade graduation, Birdman, who was already on school double secret probation for having been caught smoking in the boys' room and “making out” with his girlfriend in detention hall, was expelled from Saints Peter and Paul Grammar School after getting caught reading during



Mass. His choice of reading material: a pornographic poem named “Ringo” about Father Cuff, the school's priest, and Mrs. Love, one of the school's teachers, with their last names maliciously spelled backwards. The poem alleged that one of the school's teachers was a stripper dressed in nun's clothing.



Mr. Felipe Vazquez and Mrs. Rosa Vazquez, Birdman's foster parents pleaded with Father Cuff to reconsider his decision and to allow Birdman to graduate with his class, pointing out that the boorish child was an unfortunate orphan who needed a break. However, the angry priest, remembering that Birdman had drunken his wine and stolen his Cuban cigars, denied their plea



maintaining that Birdman had to be removed because he was a “rotten apple who would spoil the whole barrel” and that he didn't want to see his face ever again adding that if he ever heard that Birdman said anything negative about him he would insert a round cork in his “beak”. On a final bitter note, he added that his schoolmates said that

Birdman, the class clown, had seduced the beauty queen and was “hot for teacher.”

Father Cuff also recommended to the foster parents to send the “filthy mouth” along with his younger brother Carlos “Lil’ Bird” Colon, back to escape-proof St. Joseph “Pelican” Orphanage where the mischievous pair had been previously interned.



Fortunately, the foster parents decided against the Pastor’s suggestion after Birdman’s older brother and three younger sisters pleaded with them not to separate the pair from the rest after describing the “brutal” corporal punishment doled out by the orphanage nuns and their abusive staff.

Although Birdman was upset that he couldn’t get the poem back from Father “Cuffs,” he quickly announced that he didn’t know much about “His- Story, Lieology, Trick or Treat-iometry, nor was he interested in knowing Mrs. Grammar or Miss Jurisprudence for that matter since he had already received a Roman University “Ph.D. (Pot head Degree) without a G.E.D.”

The following year, Birdman’s foster parents threw him out of their home after they caught him with a deck of erotic gambling cards along with a binder full of photos of naked women.



Suddenly required to support himself, Birdman got a job at Buffalo Photography Studio in downtown Chicago and moved into a thirteen room flophouse, located next to the



Commercial Theater in South Chicago known in the neighborhood as the “Roach Motel,” where guests checked-in, but never checked-out.

The morning after he had moved into his new “nest,” he immediately decided to “fly the coop” because a “crazy old lady,” one of the residents who shared the kitchen and bathroom with the tenants and also worked there as the cleaning lady had been performing her duties in the nude and

liked peeping through the keyhole of bedroom doors.

Furthermore, she had tried to break inside the bathroom by using a knife while Birdman was taking a shower. Birdman assumed “Mrs. Bates” was the “cougar” type because she’d been staring at him from the moment he moved in and was trying to kill him with the knife like in the famous “Psycho” movie shower scene. But in reality the old lady’s motive for trying to break in was only due to a serious case of diarrhea. To this day Birdman still suffers from recurring nightmares of the “golden shower” incident and only takes “birdie baths.”



Birdman, still afraid to move into another South Chicago hotel especially after it was announced that Richard Speck had stayed at another nearby flop house when he



murdered eight young nurses, asked Mrs. Vasquez’s sister, Mrs. Maria Roman and her son Mike Roman, if he could

move in with them at their South Chicago apartment on 90th and Escanaba. Birdman instantly volunteered to carry Mike's amp and guitar to Tellstars' rehearsals and band gigs. A few days later, Birdman decided he didn't need to carry any musical equipment himself, so he brought in several friends from the neighborhood, including his younger brother, Carlos "Lil Bird" Colon, to serve as the band's equipment crew. He named their crew "The Super Spoilers" and promoted himself to SS Equipment Manager.



CHAPTER III

"A CRIPPLED COUSIN ON A WHEEL CHAIR STORY"

Since none of the guys had cars at that time, Birdman, tired of having to "bail out" from the back of the bus and, at least on one occasion, landing on top of a sidewalk garbage can in an effort to avoid getting arrested for drinking and smoking infractions on the bus. He soon figured out a faster and cheaper way than taking the "green limousine." He would hail a taxicab to take him close to his destination and then ask the taxi driver to wait for him while he went inside the house to get his "crippled cousin" who also needed a ride.



As the taxi driver sat and waited, Birdman would make his getaway without having paid the cab fare. One night, however, the taxi driver didn't buy the "crippled cousin in a wheelchair story" and refused to let Birdman get out of the cab, but instead took him to the South Chicago 4th

district police station where Birdman was placed into custody. There, he stewed until Mike Roman went to pay the taxi driver so Birdman could avoid being charged with theft of services.

On the way out of the police station, Birdman told the cab driver that he was the fastest “road runner” in the neighborhood and asked what he would have done if he had run out of the taxi. The Taxi driver, pointing to a gun in his waistband replied, “Are you talking to me? If I didn’t catch you, this would have.”

Birdman then remembered what his mama had always told him; “Life is not like a box of chocolates. It’s more like a jar of jalapeños. What you do today might burn your ass tomorrow.” That was the last time Birdman tried to stiff a cab driver.



CHAPTER IV

“MOTORCYCLE MOMMA, EVIL KNIEVEL, & THE BAG LADY”



One summer night, another one of Birdman’s little white lies came back to haunt him as he showed up to pick up his hot date on a brand new bike. Upon his arrival, “Ms. Hot Pants” herself slammed the door in his face when she saw he had arrived on a bicycle instead of the Harley motorcycle he had bragged to her about.

Apparently Birdman, in an effort to convince the “motorcycle momma” to accept his speed dating proposal, had told her the same old story, same old Bird song and dance introducing himself as Robert Birdnievel as in Robert Evil Knievel, the famed motorcycle daredevil, leading her to believe that he too lived a life of danger and



had also suffered multiple fractured bones performing risky bike stunts and lived to tell about it.

“Did I do anything wrong? Should I stay or should I go?” Birdman asked. “You told



me your bike had 1200 CC’s,” she answered. “A bike is still a bike, and I did break my ankle when it got caught on the twelve spokes of my Schwinn and I got the scars to prove it! He retorted. “But a Schwinn is not a Harley,” she replied, slamming the door on the CC Ryder who rode away crying “96

Tears” vowing that the next time he used the same pick up line, he would steal a motorcycle first and learn how to ride it later.

As he continued on his way home, Birdman wished that he had a Harley and imagined that he was a dare devil jumping the Grand Canyon like his idol Evil Knievel while he paddled his Schwinn bicycle faster and faster, executing amazing stunt maneuvers along the way. Suddenly, his hallucinations and delusions of grandeur came to an abrupt end when a silver vehicle ran a stop sign causing him to hit the front side of the vehicle and send him flying up in the air.



Miraculously, Birdman survived the accident without a scratch, but his prized red bicycle was severely damaged rendering it a total loss. The driver, who resembled the fabled “Lil’ Old Lady from Pasadena,” assisted the dazed victim to his feet and made

him a settlement offer he couldn't refuse: In exchange for Birdman not reporting the accident to the police so she could avoid being arrested for driving with a revoked license, she would make his wish come true and buy him a brand new Harley Davidson and invited him to her home for some immediate tender loving care.



As the woman pulled into the opulent mansion's long driveway and an armed security guard opened the steel gate, Birdman was amazed at the magnificence of the estate and was grateful for the matriarch's treatment and the hospitality that she bestowed upon him. He felt like a fortunate son, especially when her butler opened the car door assisting him out of the vehicle and into the French Chateau.

The wealthy widow, holding Birdman's hand, led him directly into her luxurious bedroom telling him to disrobe and to lie down on her enormous bed where she gave him a complete and sensual body massage and begging the aroused patient to make



love to her. She told him she needed "sexual healing" for her "horny feeling" and promised that she would make him the sole beneficiary of her property along with several stocks and bonds and all of her substantial bank accounts.

After the Latin lover delivered a love session like she had never experienced in her love life before, the grateful woman asked him to return the following day for the motorcycle money and to accompany her to her attorney's office where she would

execute the documents making him sole beneficiary of her multi-million dollar fortune.

When Birdman arrived at her doorstep the next day, the butler informed him that the old lady had passed away the night before and advised him to have himself immediately examined by a doctor since the woman had apparently died of a terrible infection caused by the colostomy bag which she had worn for the last thirteen years.

That was the moment when Birdman remembered that the woman indeed had a strange plastic pouch attached to her abdomen that apparently formed part of the smelly bag that caused her demise.

“She said that it was a nicotine patch,” replied Birdman.

“That’s what she told all the others. I’m sorry she left you holding the bag. Next time, be careful what you wish for,” said the butler to the “lady killer.”



CHAPTER V

“I’LL FLY IF YOU BUY”

Birdman, a great “role model” for partying and the one who claimed that the band and crew were like the Army, which couldn’t operate without booze. He was always ready with his business motto, “I’ll fly if you



buy.” Birdman, aka “Grandpa,” had turned 21 before everyone else thus

becoming the designated beer runner for the band and a motley crew of strangers. Most cops in the South Chicago district knew that he was running beer, but had given up on him as an incorrigible. However, outside the South Chicago district, it was a different story, like the

night in Roseland, where the cops almost rehabilitated him. During a band break at a Roseland YMCA dance, the group was caught drinking and smoking inside the truck that was parked in the alley behind the dance hall. The cops quickly ascertained that the guys were all underage and threatened to arrest everyone unless they disclosed where they had purchased the beer and who the beer runner was.



Birdman, who was also the shortest, had been hiding behind the bunch, but was singled out of the group by the dance promoter who pointed his finger and blurted out, “The one that looks like Sammy Davis, Jr., that’s your man.” “I’m a minor too!” Birdman protested.



“If you are a minor, my name is Sammy Damn,” said one of the cops as everybody burst out laughing. Then, as the cops were about to arrest Birdman, Mike Roman, knowing that the promoter would intercede, told the cops that he alone was responsible because he was the bandleader and if anyone was to be arrested, he should be taken in.

The promoter told the cops that if Mike Roman were arrested, there would surely be a riot inside the dance hall, and took one of the cops to the side. Suddenly the cops, with big smiles on their faces, quickly drove away.

At the end of the dance, the promoter explained that the “donation” he had given to the



cops was a legitimate business expense that had to be deducted from the band’s pay. Birdman quipped that had he known the “Hobo Cops” were looking for chump change, he would have gladly paid for their coffee and donuts instead of having to swallow his last “doobie, papa roach and hydro

baby.” Bird Shakespeare: “doobie or no doobie.”

CHAPTER VI

“THE FANCY DANCER & THE BOOZE BROTHERS CREW”

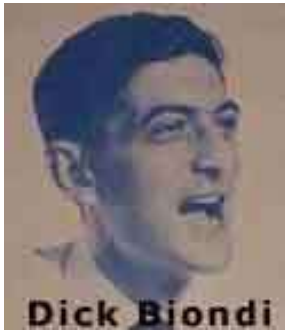
Just like the Blues Brothers, who drank their pay in the honkytonk tavern scene, some of the musicians in the band and crew, especially when they were celebrating a special occasion like the night at the “That’s Life” show lounge. That was the place where Birdman found Mr. William H.

Byrd, a suave and mesmerizing stranger who was a “used sox salesman” and a “dead ringer” for his “long-lost father.” The band and the crew would also owe more for their bar bill at the end of the night than their respective share of the band’s pay.



Birdman, of course, always drank for free, and if he couldn’t, he and a few “rateros,” (thieves) would simply raid the nightclub’s beer coolers until he had enough or he’d get caught. Even then, he would never get thrown out the club because he would always run up to the stage grabbing the nearest instrument and pretend to be part of the band. He had learned this “Milli Vanilli” trick at a high school’s “sock-hop” dance when a teacher tried throwing

him out of the dance for refusing to dance without his “boogie” shoes on the newly polished gym floor. Birdman insisted on always wearing his Cuban heels to look taller for the ladies, and to execute his “foot loose and groovy dancing moves.”

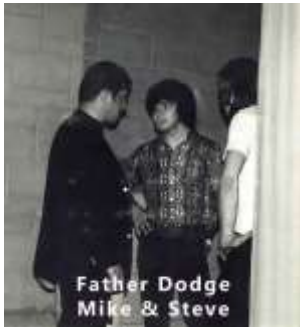


This is not to say that Birdman's behavior went unpunished. In fact, Mike Roman had downgraded Birdman to assistant equipment manager as a result of one of the beer raids. However, the demotion proved to be only temporary after the crew contracted the "bird flu" and refusing to



follow orders from Tom "Joker" Curry, the new road manager. This period of contention between Birdman and Joker became known as the "Drunk-crow versus the Clumsy Joker" which ultimately led to Birdman's reinstatement as the undisputed "King of the Roadies."

The Tellstars would perform at many of Chicago's Catholic and public high school dances, including at Mendel H.S. which featured live appearances by famous Chicago radio disc jockeys including Dick Biondi and Peter Fugitive and where the D.J. would



announce on stage the winner of the teddy bear raffle during the band's break. One night, Dick Biondi and Peter Fugitive announced the lucky winner—who had been promised a kiss from Birdman, the "ladies' man."

At the very moment the victorious girl went on stage to collect her prize, "Naomi Beachwalker," one of the roadies, tripped over an electrical power cord causing the lights to go out except for a single pulsing strobe light, and in the confusion, dozens of "girls gone wild" invaded the stage.



In the melee, Birdman was knocked to the floor and the band members were mobbed until the bouncers rescued them along with a petrified "Skinny Dick" Biondi" who was trying to make his getaway by escaping through the trapdoor following Peter Fugitive.

Father Dodge, the school's dance coordinator, ordered the curtain closed and the show stopped until calm had been restored.

Birdman, with his Afro uncurled, quipped that he was glad the raffle winner had not been a member of the Gay Liberation Party from Circle Campus where the band had performed the night before, or else he would have gotten out of Dodge City along with the Fugitive.

One night, at the conclusion of another high-school dance contest, Birdman, who was accustomed to winning and receiving the cash prize along with a kiss from the young



lady who would announce the name of the best dancer, jumped the gun. Anticipating his prize, Birdman began smooching the chick, who in turn slapped him across the face and informed him that instead of a kiss, the prize would be a homecoming picture of herself. She asked him if he wanted it autographed.



Birdman, embarrassed in front of the crowd and still holding his cheeks with both hands, reminiscent of the scene from the Home Alone movie, answered, "No thank you. I already felt your signature!"

CHAPTER VII

“GREEN CARDS, PLEASE”



During another incident, on their way to perform at a St. Patrick's Day dance, the truck was pulled over by a police officer after he noticed a bunch of guys were riding in the rear of the truck with the overhead door open. Mike Roman, who had been riding with the rest of the band in a car behind the equipment truck,

approached the officer asking the reason for the stop. When the cop heard Roman's Spanish accent, he made a racial remark labeling the group which consisted mostly of Hispanics and a few whites, and demanded to see their green cards.

Mike Roman told the officer that, notwithstanding the fact that everyone was an American citizen, the officer lacked jurisdiction since he was not a U.S. Customs Official and they were not at the U.S. border. "I may speak with an accent, but it doesn't mean I think with one. Is this racial profiling or just a shake down in disguise? I want to see your sergeant," said Roman.

The cop couldn't believe Roman's audacity to question his authority, but he walked away without further comment, much to the delight and relief of everybody, especially Birdman, and the rest of his "doobie brothers," who were very nervous and jittery the cop would find their "little green bag of goodies." "Just because today is St. Patrick's Day it doesn't mean I have to have a green card. I got rolling papers! I hate being searched and violated by frisky cops. They give me the seizures. I am a citizen too! How can you live the American Dream and Be All You Can Be in a Nazi-Zona like Aryanzona or OKKKlahoma?"



CHAPTER VIII

FOOD FIGHT AT THE DRIVE IN



Birdman, Mike Roman's Muse and the Tellstars' PR Guru, was always concocting a new plan to "find some action," but this time it would be of Biblical proportions.

One Friday night, while the guys were restless and broke, Birdman gave them another one of his "Birdy pep-talks." "What's the matter, men? I got a bunch of Puerto Rican girls that are just dying to meet you! Let's move like Jagger and hop inside my car.

We're going to see an action movie at the drive-in just like we used to!"

Approximately a block away from the 41 Drive-In Theatre in Hammond, Indiana, Birdman stopped his car and ordered everybody to get inside the trunk, and warning them to remain silent so he could smuggle them into the show.



Everything seemed to go according to plan until someone inside the crowded trunk couldn't stop laughing and giving away the happy stowaways right at the entrance gate. Luckily for them, the cashier was a fan of

The Tellstars and accepted Birdman's offer of two free tickets to the group's next dance.

Birdman, upset that he had to "bail out" his crew by using the two tickets that he had ear-marked for two of his own female fans, castigated the stowaways by leaving them inside the trunk longer than necessary.

When Birdman finally opened the trunk, the liberated stowaways chased him around the crowded theatre car lot. When they managed to corner him inside the cafeteria concession building, a raucous food fight between the wild and crazy guys ensued.



When the cops arrived at the chaotic scene, the Sergeant in charge demanded to know who had started the melee as the rest of the cops cornered the gang. Birdman, put his innocent apple pie

face and stretched out his arms demanding that the cops "let his people go" quipping that Moses had caused an earthquake after he

smoked the "burning bush" and parted the Red Sea of Love with his hurricane after destroying the Pyramids along the Nile, endangering the crocodiles and bird life for a while. Furthermore, that "Moses should be held responsible for cleaning the mess and writing an Environmental Impact Statement along with the Ten Commandments."

The frustrated Sergeant concluded that the person responsible for the melee had to be the same smart aleck who was totally plastered with the cream pie and other food products all over his Afro, body and face. The Sergeant pointed at Birdman and simply said; “You’re the one who is in denial and the one who caused this Biblical mess because you’re dirty and guilty as sin!” As the jailbird was thrown back in the “bird cage” he declared, “I swear, the cops can’t handle the Bible truth!”



CHAPTER IX

“CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE BIRD KIND”



One evening, on the way to a concert performance at a university in southern Illinois, the truck ran out of gas on the outskirts of the town. While the rest of the crew waited for the return of the two members of their group who'd been chosen to find gas, the driver, John "The Mole" Lopez," managed to activate the reserve tank and the motor started again. But as the truck pulled away, roadie Lil' Bird was unable to climb back on and was left behind on the dark and deserted country road. Then, as "The Mole" shifted gears, the drum trap case rolled down on its wheels knocking Birdman off the rear of the truck. Although "The Mole" could hear the guys screaming in the back, in the midst of the excitement he didn't realize what had actually happened; not until he came to a stop

Meanwhile, Birdman along with the cowbell and the rest of the drum-gear landed inside a road ditch next to a cattle farm. Fortunately, Birdman fell on top of some tumbleweed and did not sustain any serious injuries except to his Afro hair-do. His clothes and boogie shoes were covered in dung and he was left looking more like a scarecrow than a soul dancer.



Calling out, "Is anyone out there?" and with the help of the cowbell and a cigarette lighter, Birdman eventually encountered Lil' Bird who always answered him his bird calling by whistling the chicken little version of "Lullaby in Birdland" as the falling rhythm of the rain and the distant moaning of a train seemed to

enhance the haunting sad refrain into the night of the song they had learned when they were kids at the

“Pelican” Orphanage. These were indeed “Close Encounters of the Bird Kind”

CHAPTER X

“A BIRD, A DOG AND A FEW BLACK SHEEP”

During the annual University of Illinois freshman festival weekend in Woodstock, Illinois, The Tellstars and their crew were lodged in a log cabin. There a maniacal pillow fight and a push-and-shove boxing match that took place between the band and the



equipment crew. The crew lost resulting in Birdman getting thrown out of the log cabin



in his underwear along with a cowbell tied to his ankles like in the WWII movie classic, Stalag 17, where the American prisoners of war throw a GI impostor out of the barracks with ration cans tied to his feet, and he gets shot by his own German soldiers. Luckily, the college security guards didn't shoot Birdman, but a German shepherd patrolling the

college's compound in the night did bite him in his rear end.

Although this was not the last time that Birdman would be bitten on his rear by a German shepherd, he would save his own dog “Jack” from being shot by a Chicago Police officer who was chasing a suspect in an alley where Jack startled the officer and caused him to fall off his bike. As the cop was about to shoot the black Labrador,

Birdman exclaimed; “Please don’t shoot my dog. He’s only doing his job. He likes to impress his girlfriend chasing cops on a bike!” As the cop was about to pick up his bike from the ground, Jack added insult to injury by urinating upon it.

Besides being Birdman’s favorite faithful companion, Jack was also his trusty partner in crime. The dog had been proficiently trained to knock down merchants’ garbage cans and littering the storefronts in the business district and thereby providing job opportunities for his master during hard times in the city. The dog was also



skillful at wallowing in mud puddles and then putting his filthy paws all over merchants’ windows and then run away leaving the storekeepers no choice but to hire Birdman the window cleaner who just so happened to be passing by.



This scheme proved to be a sweet and lucrative business for Birdman and his hungry companion for quite a while, at least until the day when the ladder slipped and fell through a store window giving the scoundrel quite a scare. Adding insult to genuine injury, when the dog saw his master fall off the ladder and returned to the scene of the crime, Nick “The

Greek”, the storekeeper, soon realized that it belonged to Birdman.

Of course, the merchant knew immediately that the four-legged accomplice had lent a helping paw in making the mess. Nick “The Greek” threatened to have both arrested and flung together in the bird-dog pound. Knowing that the jig was up, Birdman left with his wings and tail feathers ruffled up and Jack with his tail between his legs. But at least they avoided being thrown in the cage. “You can’t always get what you want, but you steal what you can” said the birdy to the doggy.

CHAPTER XI

“HOUSTON WE HAVE A PROBLEM”



One summer evening, Birdman and his favorite gang were cruising in his '65 Ford Mustang down Houston Avenue. The cops stopped him, and immediately smelled the strong odor of alcohol emanating from inside the car. They demanded to know if Birdman had any open beer inside his car. Birdman, always selfassured

and cocky, simply denied it. The lead cop, frustrated at

Birdman's quick denial, yelled out loud, “That’s it, we’re going to search the car and if we find any booze we’re going to crucify you.”

The cops then ordered Birdman and his shotgun passenger to exit the vehicle. But as the cops bent over to search underneath the bucket seats, the two back seat passengers simultaneously passed the beer cans to Birdman and his “shot-gun” passenger who were standing outside in their respective sides of the vehicle.



The cops then ordered the two back seat passengers to exit the car and began to search the back seat as well only to come up “empty handed” again.

One of the cops, angry that their search did not produce the evidence that they were certain they would find, took a closer look at Birdman's driver's license and said to his partner, “I swear if this guy wasn't drinking inside the car, my name is Sammy Davis!”

When Birdman got his license back from the exasperated cop, he proudly proclaimed, “Thank you officer for noticing the close resemblance between my Grandpa, the famous entertainer Sammy Davis Jr., and me, myself, and I.”

As the cops drove away, Birdman and the other three quickly retrieved the beer cans from underneath the vehicle and “chugged up” in front of the cheering crowd that had been watching the episode unfold between Sammy Damn and the South Chicago Keystone cops.



Later that night, Birdman during another one of his “up on the roof trips” began yelling, “I believe I can fly!” as he tried jumping from the roof of the Sheridan (now known as Mireles grade school) public grammar school. This was reminiscent of the night

when he almost jumped from the second-floor apartment’s rear porch where he lived on Escanaba Avenue with Mike Roman and his mother. Fortunately in both instances, one of the guys restrained him from jumping off the ledge.



Another night, while the guys were walking on Houston Avenue, Birdman began yelling that a runaway train was coming down the Lake Shore Drive’s “tunnel of love” and that his girlfriend was inside crying for help.

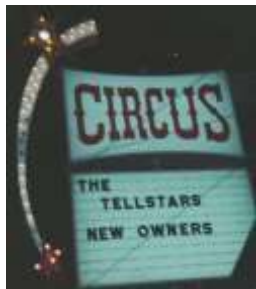
Luckily the guys were able to calm him down by reminding him that it was his girlfriend's sister that had died on the IC train wreck near McCormick Place a few months earlier. That was the last time Birdman would ever “take a trip on ‘LSD’.”

CHAPTER XII

“A PUERTO RICAN GURU, WILD GROUPIES AND ROMANORUM KNIGHTS”

The Tellstars had their fair share of “pill-popping teenage blue- and brown-eyed” groupies who

“entertained” the group along with their roadies after the shows at the “Romanorum” toga, beer and orgy



parties. But the groupies themselves also attracted a bad



element. There were several “gangs” of groupies who competed for backstage passes or after-show party invitations, and some who pushed and shoved one another for space inside the equipment crew's party-bound U-Haul truck.

A funny thing happened on the way to the “Romanorum” when a catfight broke out inside the truck causing Birdman to fall on a sheet cake that the equipment crew had “appropriated” from the South Shore Country Club, of Blues Brothers' fame. The amps and drums were totally plastered with the icing from the cake, and Tellstars' musical guru, Birdman got himself a free “road-tested and groupie-proofed chocolate-mousse Afro.”

Inside the Circus Nightclub in Calumet City, Illinois, rival gangs of groupies would sit on opposite corners and compete against each other on the middle of the dance floor during the “Dancing with The Tellstars” dance contest lead by Birdman doing his version of the popular radio hit “Funky Chicken.”

Birdman would get so much into his “act” that, on at least one occasion he totally forgot to warn the band when the Musicians Union field representative arrived at the club to check their union membership cards. This resulted in a hefty fine for having employed a non-union trumpet player for the job. Before the band went on stage, Roman had warned



Birdman to watch for the union business agent’s arrival so that the non-union trumpet player could exit the stage before being noticed. But by the time Birdman noticed, the agent was standing next to him in front of the stage and he obviously heard Birdman screaming, “Hide the trumpet, the bare-ass agent is here!”



The union hard-hat man replied, “It’s too late, I already saw it, and did I hear you call me a bare-ass agent?”

Birdman, pointing to his ears, said “I’m embarrassed agent too” and walked away blaming the loud music for the misunderstanding.

Sometimes fights would break out while the band played on. Some involved the equipment crew who mingled with the crowd and tangled with the jealous boyfriends of young women who were more interested in dancing with “Birdman,” who always

knew the latest “Soul Train” dance moves. Or, they merely wanted to party with the boys in the band more than paying attention to their boyfriends.

During one concert, one of the jilted boyfriends rushed the stage and assailed a band member. This set off a melee of flying chairs and ignited a violent brawl that quickly grew into a near riot and brought the concert to an abrupt end.



Another night, after a high-school dance, a street fight broke out and turned into a rumble, with racial overtones, between the band crew and a disgruntled group of male dancers who resented the band’s musical success and popularity with the ladies.



In retaliation, the disgruntled boyfriends would sometimes slash the band’s truck’s tires or remove the battery and wires, scattering them around the parking lot. One night during a dance, someone at Mann Park

in Hegewisch, pulled a knife inside a washroom and threatened to slice “Birdman’s handsome-devil face,” like the Puerto Rican in West Side Story. “Is that knife for sale?” Birdman asked his attacker as Mike Roman walked into the washroom just in the nick of time, prompting the thug to walk out.

After the dance, as Roman and Birdman walked out of the field house, they were ambushed in the park by the knife-wielding thug and his gang who were hiding behind the trees. Fortunately, Tom “Donkey” Stessl and his brother Art arrived at the scene in their car and flashed



their customized-accessory police search light into the trees, scaring the gang away as

Roman and Birdman jumped inside Donkey's moving vehicle to make their getaway.

This was followed by a high-speed car chase involving both vehicles driving in the wrong direction down one-way streets. The car chase came to an end only when the pursuers were blocked by a fast moving train on the border of Burnham and Hegewisch, which Donkey luckily managed to beat by going around the gates leaving the frustrated pursuers behind and unable to do anything except to watch a "donkey fly like a bird."

To this day Birdman still claims that he and the guys truly lived "a life of danger, but got money and booze for nothing and the chicks for free."

CHAPTER XIII

"ARE YOU GUYS COLORBLIND?"



Despite all the good memories, these were indeed "wild and crazy" times for the group. At times it was difficult and dangerous to navigate the troubled waters and survive in the gang-infested alleyways of the South Side of Chicago.

On one occasion at Bessemer Park, "Naomi Beachwalker," who had been the only student at school to win a fight against a six-and-a-half foot, three hundred pound bully nicknamed "King Kong," had his face slashed by a "street gang banger" and received several stitches at the hospital emergency room.

Another night, late in the evening, some band members were the victims of a "Gangnam Style assault and attempted robbery in the alley behind the Roseland YMCA, where The Tellstars periodically performed along with talented groups like R.E.O. Speed Wagon, and TW4, which would later become nationally known as Styx.

The dangers were real. Tragically, one dance ended in the fatal shooting of 16-year-old Danny Saenz outside of South Chicago's Union Hall. All of these incidents—including the Mustang drag races and Chevy car chases, a.k.a. Roman Chariot Races—prompted the group to learn how to get in and out of a fast moving vehicle and to travel in convoys on road trips together with their crew and armed bodyguards—especially after a jealous thug put a knife on a musician's throat during a heated confrontation in the middle of an East Side street intersection.



The assault and battery that took place in the alley behind the Roseland YMCA would eventually become a source of laughter amongst the guys, especially when someone would recall how Birdman had tried to reason with the attackers. “Hey brothers, can’t we all just get along? Are you guys colorblind?” he asked. Several years later, Rodney King would quote Birdman!!

CHAPTER XIV

“STAR GAZING AND MIDNIGHT ROMANCING”



Sometimes late at night, Birdman and his entourage would take the ladies star gazing at the notorious “Beer Can Alley” or at “Party Rock” behind the old Youngstown Sheet and Tube’s “Slag Valley” located north of Cal Park, where they would party for hours on end.

One Halloween night, Birdman's date, a young woman who had both a lisp and a stutter, refused to "party" without some type of privacy. Birdman, always the accommodating gentleman, immediately complied with her wishes and sent "Joker," "Lil Bird," "Bozo" and "Moonman" to "borrow" a couple of tents from Schenkers International, a nearby import car terminal located inside the same rust and rubble yard where Andreas von Zirngibil, a Veteran of the Russian Army that fought against Napoleon at Waterloo, is buried. Both the single-grave private cemetery and the freight-forwarding company's terminal were fenced all around, but had no security guards.



While Joker waited outside the fenced perimeter, the other three jumped over the fence into the yard quickly approaching the parked vans that contained the tents, but before they could enter the vehicles, Moonman screamed that he had just stepped on a some "healthy" dog shit. The trio, becoming a bit nervous, decided to return to their point of entry.

Upon seeing that the trio had returned empty handed, Joker reassured them that there were no dogs inside the premises and to go back and get the loot. But before Joker had finished giving them his "pep talk," a pack of Rottweilers patrolling on the outside of the fence, began barking and running towards him. Fortunately for Joker, he was able to jump over from the danger zone to the other side as the trio laughed and ridiculed him like a pack of laughing hyenas.

Upset for having disappointed his "hot chick" and angry at Joker and the trio for having botched the "Romantic Tent Operation," Birdman ordered Joker to be put in the brig, but at least Joker



avoided being mulled by the ferocious dogs like in the cemetery scene of the movie thriller, “The Omen.”

CHAPTER XV

“ONE DAME AND FOURTEEN DOGS DUNGEON”



One night while Birdman was cruising’ with his favorite gang, he picked up a fancy dancer named Salome at the Circus nightclub who took an immediate liking for the “ladies’ man.” Joker, hoping to redeem himself for his failure with the tents, offered to host an impromptu party in his basement, but warned the guys not to be too loud or risk waking up his “grouchy old man,” who had shot three raccoons in the attic and liked killing rats or anything else that moved in the basement.



Quietly, Joker snuck the group in through the back door of his 19th Century Victorian home as Birdman, anxious for a peep show, asked Salome to perform the strip dance of the seven veils for the boys. “Nobody rides on the A-Train until I see some cash,” she replied. Archie “Dr. Feel-Good at your cervix” Rodriguez, dying to make another one of his famous house calls and play “Doctor

with the Nurse,” immediately lent Birdman his “Clink Eastwood” hat so he could pass it around to collect donations for the “poor box.” Birdman then told the woman that he



had collected two eighty-nine and to stop teasing and start pleasing the excited motley crew.

Just as the party was getting wild and crazy, Mr. Curry, Joker’s father, a dead ringer for

John Wayne himself, came down the stairs

with a flashlight and a “locked and loaded” shotgun, announcing,

“If I catch you pilgrim, you’ll be dead where you sit.”



“Dr. Feel-Good,” Armando “Blab” Zepeda, Robert “Sin Dinero”

Rebeles, and his brother Russell “Bones” Rebeles, crawled behind an old book-shelf while Salome, still sitting on top of the mattress which laid in the middle of the old basement floor, frantically looked for her bra and panties which Birdman had hidden underneath it, and tried to dodge the light beam emanating from

Mr. Curry’s ominous searchlight.

Meanwhile, Tellstars’ band manager “Crazy Tom” Kearns, Lloyd “Dr. Who”

Ciszewski, “Lil’ Bird,” “Bozo,” Frank “Scarface” Torres, “Mouse”, Ricky “Dr. Love” Spain, Mel “Willard” Ramos and the rest of the “rats” played hide and seek behind the

hot coal furnace, or anywhere else they could hide. Birdman crawled into the coal bin hoping to avoid a “pilgrim’s fate.”

After a few tense moments, Mr. Curry went back upstairs and the gang used the coal chute to climb out of a basement window. The fancy dancer helped the blackened and sooty “Birdy” get out of the coal bin and wiped the coal dust from his uncurled Afro.



Outside in the street, Salome asked Birdman for the money he had collected on her behalf, and much to her surprise, she discovered there was only two dollars and eighty-nine cents, instead of the two hundred and eightynine dollars she had been expecting.

“I never said dollars and you never asked. I only said it

was two eighty-nine, just like my Mustang’s engine. Besides, none of us like a woman with damn skinny legs,” Birdman stated.

“Y’all didn’t complain when you had me naked behind closed doors, did you?” she replied. “Sex is like the weather in Chicago. I I never know how many inches I’m going to get or how long is going to last, but I always



all

want to know how much money I'm going to get for taking on comers." Birdman, in an effort to appease the irritated dancer gave her an I.O.U. and promised to buy her an I.U.D.!

The next day, the guys asked Birdman how he managed to he get away with pulling the money-in-the-collection-hat stunt on the savvy dancer. "She had the curves, but I had the angles," he replied.

CHAPTER XVI

"THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN SOUTH CHICAGO"



As bad as these incidents were, nothing compared with the night the lights went out in South Chicago, which coincided with the same night that Birdman and his latest flame were to elope.

Like a drunken sailor, spending money and making romantic conquests in every port, Birdman, champion dancer and "ladies' man," met a new love at each of the places where The Tellstars performed. He claimed that he had a lover in every state, even in China because "she came over here." In fact, several women fell under his spell and nearly all cracked when that spell was broken.

It appeared the "girl watcher" had truly fallen in love with a Southern belle from West Virginia named Miss Scarlett who, in her Southern accent, called him "Burt." Soon, the two "love birds" had two tickets to paradise and planned to elope together on a summer midnight rendezvous.

It was late at night on a moonless Friday the 13th. The lights had gone out about the same time that Birdman arrived at his Dixie chick's apartment building and climbed to the third floor porch. Somehow the whole darn thing went wrong the moment Birdman, groping in the dark, knocked on the wrong bedroom window waking up his wouldbe future father-in-law, a six-and-a-half-foot tall, muscular hillbilly who sprang to life holding a shotgun yelling, "Hoosier?" and shooting up into the balmy air. Birdman had no choice than to jump from



the third-floor porch into a swimming pool, below which was half filled with mud and debris.

Meanwhile, Mike Roman, the getaway driver, who had been parked in the alley's entrance, took off in his blue '65 Mustang when he saw the police arrive with their guns drawn.

Needless to say, the midnight Romeo got caught stuck inside the pool with his Afro, clothes and boogie shoes full of mud and looking more like the "Creature of the Black Lagoon" than a midnight Romeo, but the police let him go after Roman returned to the scene and directed them to the source of the gun fire.

Angry for having spoiled her honeymoon plans a second time, Miss Scarlett, who turned out was still a minor and had lied to "Burt" about her age, told the cops her shotgun-wielding father was wanted in West Virginia for having shot her kissin' cousin on their wedding night.



Upon hearing the “dying truth,” Birdman promised the cops that he would never return. Meanwhile, Miss Scarlett was still standing on the porch, holding her suitcase in one hand and throwing kisses with the other, but the frenzy and ecstasy of the romance was

“gone with the wind,” and Birdman, feeling lucky to be alive, exclaimed, “Frankly, my Dear, I don’t give a damn.”

CHAPTER XVII

"DIARY OF A FRANK GROUPIE"



In Birdman’s next adventure, the “ladies’ man” received a threatening telephone call from another would be father-in-law demanding to meet alone “man to man” in a hillbilly bar called the “Dew Drop Inn.”

Even though the caller had warned Birdman not to bring his motley crew, the guys, including Martin “Dino” Chavez, Sal “Chubby” Flores, “Lil Bird,” Henry “Bozo” Gonzalez and Robert “Rufus” Rios escorted him to the mysterious meeting anyway.

As Birdman and his clique arrived at the bar around midnight, everyone inside the allwhite tavern looked at him suspiciously, but Birdman, always knowing how to break the ice, put some coins on the pool table challenging the game winner and ordered beers for his boys and then beat all of them in a game of “chuggle up.”

Birdman, a regular pool hustler at Mr. Q’s Pool Hall on South Shore Drive and 79th St., stepped up to take his first shot and began cracking jokes about the sexual art of playing billiards while the winner, a tall and husky hillbilly, gave him a jaundiced evil eye.

Despite using only one arm on the pool stick to shoot the ball, Birdman quickly set up a deadly trap, put his opponent's red neck ball "behind the 8 ball," and treated him to a slow and painful death before beating him in a shutout game.

The frustrated and humiliated man, still holding the pool stick in his hand, dropped the cigarette from his foamy mouth and angrily shouted that unless Birdman agreed to stop seeing his daughter, he would use the pool stick to break every "freakin' filthy-ass bone in his body," as the rest of his "Good Ole Boys" posse got up in solidarity to back him up.



At this point, Rick "Mr. Magoo" Rios, who had been standing outside the door wearing his signature sunglasses, ran down the street to where Mike Roman and several others were waiting inside their vehicle and telling them that it looked like brother Birdman was about to get his ass kicked with a pool stick. Roman, followed by Louie

"Naomi Beachwalker" Nodal, Tom "Joker" Curry, Arthur "Tucker" Fonseca, and Manuel "Bacalao" Torres, got out of their vehicle and quickly entered the premises as Roman announced he was the leader of the group and asked to talk things over with the girl's angry father.

The agitated father complained to Roman that he had found his daughter's diary hidden in the attic and had also read letters from her friends and had discovered that

she was dating some naughty guy from “pothead university” named Birdman. He’d also learned that all of the girls were rock groupies who provided free love and served as “sex trains” participating in perverted threesomes and erotic Roman orgies at the after-show Tellstars’ Romanorum parties competing for the title of Mrs. Tellstar.

Roman, “The Spin Doctor,” assured the frustrated father that the letters were nothing more than girls’ gossip about their obsession and sexual fantasies for the boys in the band. Then, as the two men shook hands, Roman promised the relieved father that neither Birdman nor anyone else in the band would have any contact with his daughter ever again.



As the group walked out of the cantina, Patti LaBelle’s “Lady Marmalade” song about the threesome escapades of a streetwalking woman was playing on the jukebox. Birdman mumbled to the group, “His daughter asked me to grant her three wishes and to fulfill her fantasies. What was I supposed to do once her panties came down? They don’t call me Aladdin for nothing!”

CHAPTER XVIII

“MEET THE PARENTS”

In another one of his many “Dine, Wine & 69” adventures, Birdman was invited to meet the parents of Carla Dussberg, a German fraulein he had been dating for a few weeks. Carla’s parents, Mr. Adolf Dussberg and Mrs. Eva Dussberg were very old fashioned and strict with Carla, their only child. They lived in a wealthy suburb of Chicago.



Knowing his dismal approval record from the parents of previous girlfriends, especially the deceased parents of Mariah Scary who he met through a Ouija board during a séance while he was in a hypnotically induced trance. Since even dead parents disapproved of him, Birdman felt he needed to formulate a brand new plan to win parental approval from the Dussbergs.



Precisely on schedule, Birdman arrived at the home of his beloved dressed to impress in his best “threads” along with a vintage bottle of wine and a dozen roses in the hope of making a good and lasting impression on his future parents-in-law.



Unfortunately, as Birdman was taking off his raincoat, one of the flowers fell to the floor, and as he stooped to pick it up, a Trojan rubber and a pill bottle full of “Spanish fly” fell out of his raincoat pocket and landing right at the feet of Mrs. Dussberg.

The startled woman asked the obviously embarrassed “ladies’ man” to explain why he possessed such items and what he intended to use them for? In an attempt to get out of the sticky situation, Birdman had the chutzpah to improvise, “It’s only a balloon to blow my nose and those are sleeping pills for my sexsomnia.”

“I thought you said he owned a luxurious condo, not a luscious condom,” Mr. Dussberg yelled at his daughter. “This is the last time you’ll go out with “Balloon Boy.”

As Birdman was walking out of the Dussberg home he quipped, “I guess the Red Baron and Lady Douche Bag thought their sleeping beauty was too pretty for a condom, and that’s all because her momma don’t dance and her daddy don’t Rock n’ Roll!”.



CHAPTER XIX

“THE ORIGINAL WEDDING CRASHER”



Every once in a while, The Tellstars had a Saturday night off leaving the guys to find something else to do. Birdman, who was particularly restless on those occasions, figured that a wedding reception was the perfect place to meet the ladies and eat and drink for free.

After having succeeded a few times in his new endeavor, Birdman became overly confident by making the mistake of crashing a neighborhood Polish wedding. Although Mrs. Roman, his surrogate mother, had warned him that he would stick out like a sore thumb at the nuptials and not to go, Birdman didn't listen to her advice and ignored all logic and reason.

Upon realizing that neither the groom's nor the bride's respective families had invited the short, dark Puerto Rican, someone called security to interrogate the uninvited stranger.



Birdman was having the time of his life dancing the “Beer Barrel Polka, Puerto Rican style” when the security guard asked him if he was a friend of the groom or the bride, or who had given him the right to be there? Birdman, in part due to the loud music, misunderstood and thought that he was being asked if he wanted to have the right of the first night with the bride. Birdman, figuring that it was an old Polish custom, told the guard that he was the groom's Jehovah's Witness and that he would be ready, willing and able to do the honors as soon as he finished drinking the champagne in the bottle on the corner table. The guard instantly grabbed him by the neck and escorted him out of the wedding hall.



Audaciously, Birdman decided to return for the bottle, and in an effort to elude security he limbo danced under the wedding cake table as everyone looked in horror when the table collapsed and the wedding cake fell on his Afro hair-do, leaving the bride in tears and the groom enjoining the chase. Soon the pesky intruder was tackled to the floor, choked and then violently thrown down the second floor staircase.



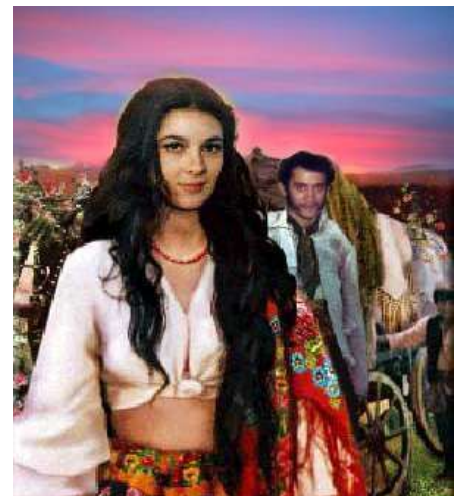
During the next few months, Birdman had to endure the jokes and laughter directed at “Birdy Colonski” along with having to hear the guys’ special “wedding” rendition of “Momma Told Me Not To Come,” a top-ten hit by Three Dog Night. All of this undoubtedly contributed to the recurring nightmares and vertigo attacks the badly bruised wedding crasher suffered. They were even worse than those he’d experienced during his childhood at the “Pelican” Orphanage.

To this day Birdman still claims that the movie, “The Wedding Crashers,” was a ripoff of his escapades since he had been the original wedding crasher back in his South Chicago days.

CHAPTER XX

“THE GYPSY WOMAN AND THE WEALTHY WIDOW”

In yet another episode of Birdman’s busy love life, he played house with an exotic Gypsy Belly dancer who he’d met outside the downtown Greyhound bus station. He took her to “Naomi Beachwalker’s” home where the band had been rehearsing and partying for a few weeks while his parents were on vacation.



The following day Birdman had to go to work early in the morning and left his “sleeping beauty” alone in the master bedroom and posted a “Do Not Disturb” sign on the door knob. Unfortunately, by the time everyone got up, the Gypsy thief had disappeared with over seven-thousand dollars in cash that Mr. and

Mrs. Nodal, “Naomi- Beachwalker’s” parents, kept under their mattress.



When Birdman returned from work, “Naomi Beachwalker” handed him the “Do Not Disturb” sign which the Gypsy woman had left on top of the mattress and held him responsible for the theft demanding that

Birdman “Belly-up” the money before his parents returned from their vacation.

Birdman, always ready and resourceful with a bright idea, went that very night to the wake of one of the owners of Stone Container Corporation, a box factory where Birdman was employed. At the funeral home, Birdman dressed in black and wearing an eye patch on his left eye, introduced himself as Birdstein von Brainstorm. He gave his condolences to the sad widow, relating that he had recently converted to Judaism just like his maternal ancestor Sammy Davis, Jr. He discreetly passed a note to the wealthy widow stating; “I am not trying to seduce your sexiness, but here’s my number. Call me. Maybe we can discuss important inside information regarding the recent thefts at the ‘Stone Soul Ritchie’s’ Factory’.”



A few days later the whistleblower received a call from the curious widow who wanted to meet with him at a lavish downtown restaurant. The widow promised that if his information panned out, she would give him a ten-thousand-dollar reward, a bonus and a job promotion replacing Birdman’s supervisor who

was the target of the investigation. Birdman, ecstatic with the results of the luncheon meeting, dubbed himself “Mr. Downtown Secret Agent Man.”

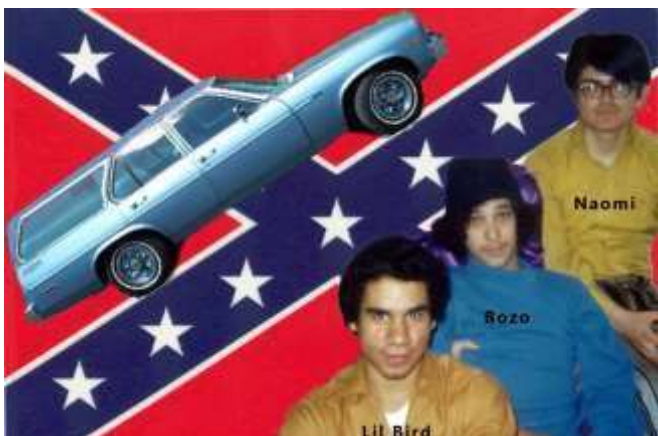
Unfortunately, when the widow's jealous son found out about the arrangement he accused Birdman of trying to seduce his widowed mother and take advantage of her. Birdman assured him that he was not a Puerto Rican gigolo, nor was he interested in winning the heart of the lonely widow, but only wanted the monetary reward that she had promised.

The possessive son threatened to have the “Jewish Mafia” break Birdman's “chicken wings and dancing sticks” unless the wannabe Jew stayed away from his mother. Birdman, realizing that the son was probably protecting the crooked supervisor, bid him “Shalom” and walked away without protest or reproach. He remembered what his long-deceased mama had told him during her better days. “Life is like toilet paper. You're either on a roll, or taking crap from some asshole.”



CHAPTER XXI

“THE EARL OF JIVE AND THE DUKES OF HAZZARD”



The money theft by the Gypsy Queen was not the only loss that Mr. and Mrs. Nodal suffered as a result of their absence from home.

Around the same time, “Joker” fishtailed the Nodals' new station wagon and

damaging its right-rear quarter panel. A few nights later, while “Naomi Beachwalker,” “Bozo,” and “Lil' Bird” were involved in a high-speed chase with the Palmer Park Boys, the wagon was totaled when it “flew” over a set of railroad tracks, which were laid on

top of a steep hill, and rear-ended a parked Cadillac, near Roseland's historic Pullman district.

"Bozo" the driver and "Lil Bird," his "shotgun" passenger, ran from the scene leaving "Naomi Beachwalker" alone in the back seat "holding the bag" when the cops arrived.

Unwilling to cough up the "Dukes of Hazzard" and unable to convince the cops to give him a break, the "Earl of Jive" became the fall guy for

the hit and run accident. Fortunately, the Nodals' home and automobile insurance covered both losses, but the legal ramifications for "Naomi Beachwalker" would last a very long time.



Thus as a result of having been charged in the "Dukes of Hazzard" hit and run incident, and also having been ticketed for giving driving lessons without an instructor's license to a Tellstars groupie and exotic dancer named Stormy Flowers who lacked a driving permit and had crashed his Chevy SS into a light pole at Cal Park on a windy and rainy night. "Naomi Beachwalker" was issued several traffic citations, including driving recklessly while his license was suspended, and was ordered to pay for a new light pole along with a stiff court fine. "Windy Showers & Stormy Flowers"!

CHAPTER XXII

‘THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN & THE THREE MUSKETEERS’



The day after the hit and run incident, "Bozo" and "Lil' Bird" returned to the equipment crew headquarters at "Birdie's hideaway" and, in an effort to redeem themselves, organized a posse they named "The

Magnificent Seven & The Three Musketeers." They went back to Roseland's Palmer Park to get even with their rivals for the loss of the station wagon. "Naomi Beachwalker" at first seemed to be a bit hesitant to go along with the plan, but he finally agreed after "Joker" pointed out that he had no other choice than face the truth: "Face it Naomi, you fucked up!"

Birdman, "Bozo," "Lil' Bird," "Rufus" and "The Mole" rode in a car driven by "Bozo's" oldest brother, "Fast Eddie" Gonzalez. "Naomi Beachwalker," "Joker" and "Willard" rode in a second car driven by Johnny "Speedy" Gonzalez, another one of "Bozo's" older siblings.

When "The Magnificent Seven & The Three Musketeers" posse arrived at Roseland's Palmer Park, they were joined by over fifty Tellstars' groupies for the confrontation with the Palmer Park gang who, upon seeing the angry mob, immediately took off in their vehicles triggering yet another dangerous high-speed chase culminating on the Ford Expressway's northbound ramp.



“Fast Eddie” Gonzalez’s car hit a guardrail and almost flipped over as one of the rival gang’s cars failed to navigate a sharp curve on the same ramp and rolled over several times.



Meanwhile, another one of the rival gang’s cars caught up with Johnny “Speedy” Gonzalez’s vehicle at East 103rd Street where two of the Palmer Park gangsters got out and smashed the windows of his vehicle with baseball bats. Luckily, “Fast” Eddie’s car came from behind just in the nick of time with the

group throwing empty Coke bottles at the baseball batters causing them to flee.

Although Johnny “Speedy” Gonzalez and “Joker” were taken to the hospital with minor lacerations caused by the broken glass, “The Magnificent Seven & The Three Musketeers” posse prevailed over the Palmer Boys, who totaled one expensive vehicle and incurred heavy damage to another, along with the serious injuries suffered by the occupants of both cars.

Looking back it is clear that the benefits hardly outweighed the risks, but at the time everyone felt that the Roseland days were the best, not despite the dangerous highspeed chases and adrenaline-filled drag races, but because of them.

CHAPTER XXIII

“MAN GOES TO JAIL OVER A POT OF PINTO BEANS”

“Pot Of Beans Brings SC Man Four Tickets” read the Calumet Newspaper headlines. “Naomi Beachwalker” Nodal had been arrested outside his apartment for obstructing traffic and driving while



his license was suspended. As he explained to the cops, he'd left his red Ford Pinto in the middle of the street and returned to his apartment so he could turn off the kitchen stove under a pot of beans thus preventing a fire inside the premises that could very well have spread through the whole block and maybe have burned up the whole South Chicago neighborhood as well.

Upset because he had been arrested despite his good neighborly intentions and forestalling a major emergency, “Naomi Beachwalker” unhitched the toilet inside his jail cell and threw it against the wall, splattering the unpleasant contents and forcing everyone inside the South Chicago police station's lock-up facilities to endure the overwhelming stench.

In Criminal Court, located on the floor above at the 4th District police station on 89th and Exchange Ave, “Naomi Beachwalker” told the judge he was only trying to prevent another Great Chicago Fire and that he destroyed the toilet in an act of civil disobedience to protest the deplorable sanitary conditions inside the jail.



Judge Joseph Handy, aware that the building was scheduled for demolition, dismissed the damage to public property charges and sent the Good Samaritan home to finish cooking his pot of beans. He stated that he was glad “Naomi Beachwalker” had not consumed the beans before “the shit hit the fan. Otherwise, there would have surely been a tremendous gas explosion!”

“Naomi Beachwalker” joked that he always ate beans before taking a bath because the gases they produced turned the bath water into a poor man’s whirlpool that helped him keep his “equatorial bulge” (waistline) in check while making his monthly bath time lots of fun.



According to “Naomi Beachwalker” Nodal, he invented the “bathtub process,” a.k.a. as the effect of the Nodal Regression on the orbit of the gravity procession of the Telstar gyroscopic satellite to determine the orientation of the spin axis inclination. The orbital precession, i.e. Nodal

Regression, refers to the shift of the plane of an orbit under the gravitational force of the Earth’s bulge, which is also affected by the Moon and Sun, and that, believe or not, has been used by NASA itself. Thus, “The Ego Has Landed.”

Besides being an inventor without a patent, “Naomi Beachwalker,” was also a selfproclaimed Shaman and Oriental philosopher, who sometimes, while indulging in alcohol spirits and earthly herbs would get teary-eyed and melancholy. He liked to tell people, while he made love to his doobie and beer, that, “The future was invented only to spoil the present, and nostalgia is a painful trip through the past. Why do we have to be mortal? Why is every cop always picking on me?” The speech would always catch people’s attention and at least on one occasion, inside the famous



“That’s Life” Nightclub where The Tellstars were performing, it prompted one female customer to exclaim, “I’ll have what he’s having!”

CHAPTER XXIV

“MIRACLE ON STATE LINE ROAD, BLIND MAN SEES AND DEAF/MUTE HEARS AND TALKS”

Mike Roman, Steve Missal, Eli Rios, Jr., and Birdman a.k.a. “roaming hands,” “mistletoes,” “roving eyes,” and “rushing fingers,” hung out together as a team of Romeo tigers on the prowl.

One night during the Christmas holidays, this manly quartet visited strip joints on the notorious Sin Strip on State Line Road in Calumet City, Illinois. As soon as the group



walked into the Whiskey A Go-Go Strip Club, four dancers sat next to them asking for a complimentary drink. “Christmas is the time for giving and receiving,” Missal quipped as he held his mistletoe above the head of each dancer in a bid to be kissed and cuddled. But the women

refused, explaining that it was against the club’s rules for them to do so.

In an effort to circumvent the club’s policy, Birdman improvised a strategy: pretending he was deaf and mute motioning with his hands to Missal that he couldn’t understand why the women refused to be touched by him. Missal, fluent in sign language, translated for Birdman, becoming an accomplice in his charade. Meanwhile, Roman claimed he didn’t speak English and asked “blind Eli” to be his interpreter even though Eli did not speak Spanish himself, but managed to do so with “The



Book of Eli” written in Braille. Birdman even claimed that he could read women’s lips when they wanted to be kissed because he was deaf and mute as “Blind Eli” chimed in saying that he also had the same gift even though he was legally blind.

Throughout the night, Birdman and the others played the “deaf/mute and blind man game” to the hilt with excellent results since none of the ladies had the heart to deny a blind man or a deaf/mute their “jollies and lollies” and the dancers had even agreed to



party with them after closing time. But as the last call for alcohol was announced, and the Romeos were walking out, one dancers’ jealous boyfriend who had been observing the ongoing farce yelled out to the group, “You dropped your money!”

Birdman immediately fell in the trap as he instinctively looked down and “blind Eli” simultaneously took his sunglasses off to allow his roving eyes to get a better visual take of the dimly lit floor.

As a fight was about to break out between the parties, “roaming hands” grabbed a bottle of champagne and smashed it on the floor leaving everyone completely startled and thus allowing the foursome to make their getaway.

Outside the club, Birdman jumped into the driver seat of an empty car parked with the engine running and took off “like a bat out of hell” and then ditched the vehicle under a viaduct a few blocks away where he was picked up by the other three.



Birdman was upset that he had been blocked from taking the dancers home. He’d sought revenge by confiscating the vehicle which he assumed belonged to the jealous Grinch who stole the “deaf and blind man’s Christmas presents.”

CHAPTER XXV

“ERECTION MARY & THE SPOOKY RIDDLE”



One Halloween night, after the Tellstars had performed for a costume party at the Willowbrook Ballroom near Resurrection Cemetery, the U-Haul truck wouldn't start and the equipment crew had to stay there overnight to watch the band's equipment.

During the night, after a long drinking session and sharing ghost stories, and after everyone had gone to sleep, Birdman began screaming to the others for help. But the roadies, used to Birdman's recurring nightmarish screams, ignored his crying and moaning.



Early the next morning during breakfast, the crew noticed that Birdman seemed as if he was sleep walking in a daze and not his usual self. He announced that he had decided to stop chasing women and settle down, explaining that a beautiful young woman in a white dress had entered his room during the night, asking him to get up and dance with her in the dimly lit ballroom. The guys thought that the “ladies’ man” had lost his marbles, but listened carefully as the Birdman told his tale about the mysterious young blonde whose face was “at first just ghostly, turned a whiter shade of pale.”



The “ladies’ man” explained, that as he and the blonde bombshell danced to Glenn Miller's World War II classic “Moonlight Serenade,” he noticed that she seemed to be floating on air. Her hands were cold, her lips clammy and her soft blond hair flowed gently across her beautiful face partially covering her bewitching sunken green eyes. As the pair danced closer and closer together, the enchanting lady mentioned to Birdman that the “bulge in his crotch was

making her blush” to which Birdman flirtingly replied that it was a match to “light her fire.”

At the end of the serenade, the mysterious lady mentioned that she was concerned about having to hitchhike home and asked her dance partner for a ride. Birdman, thrilled at the chance to escort such a ravishing beauty, quickly obliged.



Once in the car, the lady gave her potential suitor vague directions, telling him that she lived up Archer Avenue. Then, as the car neared the main gates of Resurrection Cemetery, she asked him to pull over. “Here?” Birdman asked confused as gloom lingered in the air around the dark and eerie area. “This is where I have to get out, but where I’m going, you can’t follow,” she replied.



Smitten by the mysterious lady, Birdman asked for her telephone number and coveted a good night kiss.

Amazingly, as if she had anticipated his request, she pulled a scrolled paper from her sleeve and put it in his shirt pocket as she gave him a paranormal kiss and softly

whispered, “Here’s my number and a riddle, but don’t bother to call unless you can solve it and prove to me that your bird brain is not so little.” Birdman, entranced by the novelty of her supernatural kiss, began to quiver and tremble, but quickly regained his composure just in time to open the car door for her to get out and walk away.

Wanting another ghostly taste of honey, Birdman



quickly followed her toward the cemetery gates where, right before his very eyes, she vanished into the blackness of the graveyard beyond. As he approached the cemetery gates, he noticed that the bars on the gate had been pried apart and hand prints were still visible.



Inexplicably, she soon reappeared, telling Birdman she would take him “where no other man had gone before,” and pointed towards a huge mausoleum with an old, flickering lantern on the distant door.

Birdman had made love outside Holy Cross Cemetery in Calumet City, Illinois, once before, so he wasn’t going to allow a cemetery to come between him and his sexual desire.

As the two walked hand-in-hand, the lantern light kept on getting farther and farther away, and at times, the glowing ball seemed to bob amongst the enchanted trees before winking out like an old light bulb along with the mausoleum that seemed to disappear altogether. Birdman’s heart started beating faster and pounding harder. He felt his blood run cold.

Finally, as they arrived at the Gothic mausoleum, the minx opened the screechy black iron door. Birdman immediately noticed the entrance led directly into a claustrophobic and ghastly chamber of horrors filled with spiked chains and instruments of torture. A macabre painting of a black cat eating a bloody canary was hanging on the wall. The focal point of the icy room was a marble bed shaped like a coffin in the middle of the chamber. She told her suitor it was time for bed, and said she’d be right back.



As soon as Birdman, who was anxious for an exciting climactic evening, had gotten totally undressed and slipped between the

black-satin sheets, the mysterious vixen returned dressed all in blackleather lingerie with her voluptuous breasts bulging over the top of her corset. She was holding a metal-tipped whip in one hand and a set of handcuffs in the other. That's when he noticed she was wearing a big black strap-on dildo protruding from below the Goth-studded belt wrapped around her curvaceous hips.

As she stood at the foot of the bed along with two freshly materialized and menacing dogs, she threatened that unless he promised to change his "evil ways" and stopped breaking women's hearts, she would give him the whipping of his life along with her



special S&M makeover and cut the ferocious dogs loose to finish him off.

When the agitated Dominatrix ordered Birdman to repeat her mantra, "sticks and stones may break my bones, but chains and whips excite me," that was the moment

Birdman thought he was going to be turned into her sex slave and sodomized and then entombed alive just like the character in the book, "The Pit and the Pendulum," by Edgar Allan Poe. Birdman, still holding the bedcovers up under his chin and peering out in disbelief, woke up in a cold sweat, screaming as he realized that he had just danced with and was almost raped by "Erection Mary."

A couple of days later as Birdman was about to wash his clothes, he reached into his shirt pocket where he found the scrolled paper that Mary had given him. Although he was a bit hesitant to look at it, his curiosity overcame his trepidation.

The riddle read, "The one who makes it, sells it. The one who buys it doesn't use it. The one who uses it doesn't see it. If the answer you do find, call 666-1369."

“Birdstein von Brainstorm,” thinking that the guitar owned by the blind and legendary Latin artist Jose Feliciano was the answer to the riddle. Very curious to hear who would answer the phone, he dialed the number and heard the chilling voice of an old man with a European accent, eerily similar to the ghostly voice of the late actor Vincent Price. The sound made the hair on the back of



Birdman’s neck stand up and sent shivers down his spine. “Mary’s Riddle Funeral Home. I see you have found the answer you were looking for. You must be dying to get in. Which coffin model do you have in mind?”



To this day, even though it had all been one hell of a “paranormal wet dream,” Birdman’s account remains one of the most incredible of all of the encounters and apparitions by Chicago’s most famous phantom, “Resurrection Mary.” Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

CHAPTER XXVI

“THE LADIES MAN’S BROOM WEDDING”



One of the events that had the most lasting impact on Birdman’s love adventures was the night of his own wedding. Birdman’s bachelor’s party had been an all-night blast with the gang reminiscing about his escapades, and celebrating his “last night as a free bird.” His cohorts showered him with gifts, including a retirement trophy for his valuable service to The Tellstars, and bestowed his first “newlywed rubber.” But instant karma would play a big part in the wedding of the original wedding crasher.



Upon arrival at the wedding reception, the guests noticed that a group of young women were parading up and down the sidewalk as if they were on a labor strike or boycotting the nuptial event and were carrying banners stating that The Tellstars were “unfair to groupies” and that “Mike Roman had lost his brains when he outlawed the sex trains.”



Both Birdman's new bride and his mother-in-law demanded to know who those women were, and the reason they were protesting outside the premises. "Lil' Bird" and "Joker," the groom's ushers, quickly explained that the girls were groupies who followed The Tellstars everywhere the group performed, and that they had a serious case of the "Wedding Bell Blues" because they had not been invited to see the group perform at the reception.

Just as the inquisitive bride and her nosy mother seemed to be satisfied with the ushers' explanation, the excited maid-of-honor frantically announced that one of the women outside the hall had just vomited in front of the hall entrance. Further, that she appeared to be several months pregnant and it seemed likely that she was about to go into labor. Lady Byrd, Birdman's bride, became visibly upset and his meddling mother-in-law demanded that the pregnant groupie be removed from the premises before she went into labor or the other striking groupies started a labor riot. She ordered a waiter to clean up the stinky mess.

"Are you the one who knocked up the groupie?" Birdman's angry mother-in-law demanded to know as she yanked the waiter's broom from his hands and waved it in the face of the petrified groom.

While this "Hollywood movie scene" played out, the uneasy guests stared in silence. Mark Davis, the Tellstars' bass player, broke the hush as he took over the microphone.

"O.K. people, this ain't no jumping the broom wedding. This is about dodging the witch's broom by the groovy groom!"



Davis' joking remarks prompted spontaneous applause and laughter. The nuptial festivities became even more animated after Birdman joined the band playing the congas and inviting everyone to join in the Conga Line.



Alas, at the end of the wedding festivities, as Birdman and his bride were about to leave on their honeymoon, his pestering mother-in-law once again demanded to know if he was the one who got the groupie pregnant. Just like the ending scene of the



“Godfather” movie, where the men huddle around Don Michael Corleone as his wife Kate is left standing outside the door with a lingering look of doubt on her face, the guys huddled around the groom “Don Colon” who, with his black tuxedo, could pass as a mafia godfather himself, and covered him with a “conspiracy blanket of silence.”

From the safety of the huddle, Birdman sternly pointed his index finger directly at his pesky mother-in-law stating, “Alright, this one time I’ll let you ask me about my affairs, but don’t ever take sides against the family! You make it sound like I knocked up a whole blow-job squad of horny groupies. I did not have sexual relations with that woman. I don’t brag after I shag. She’s just a girl who says I am the one, but the kid is not my son.” This denial left the bride and her nosy mother catatonic and with the same lingering look of doubt on their faces as Kate Corleone’s.



Indeed, only time and DNA would tell who the biological father was. However, by the time the truth arrived, it would become a distinction without a difference since Birdman and his wife would be long divorced and Birdman would have already flown the “Cuckoo’s Nest” to pursue his impossible dream of winning the Publisher’s Clearing House Instant Lotto Sweepstakes, and to continue the never-ending adventures of “Birdman, the ladies’ man.”



Ironically, Birdman’s past would catch up to him almost twenty years later when Mike Roman & The Tellstars brought the 70’s back with another “Don’t Rock the Boat!” party cruise on Lake Michigan. Birdman, who had just arrived from San Diego and was enjoying the balmy evening reunion watching the Navy Pier fireworks along with family and friends. There he noticed a voluptuous young beauty in a flower dress dancing in the moonlight. As soon as he cast his eyes upon her, Birdman decided to turn “Rock the Boat” into “Rock the Trailer” and announced that he had only “forty eight hours to get laid” before returning to San Diego. He asked to be introduced to the “chick that looked like a Caribbean queen from a movie scene.”



But before he tried to hit on the young beauty, Mike Roman informed him that she was Birdman’s own flesh, blood and birdseed. “You can’t rob your own bird nest and cradle.” Believe it or not!

CHAPTER XXVII

“FOUND LOVE ON A LONELY HIGHWAY AND LOST IT ON A ONE-WAY RAMP”



A few years later, while Birdman’s divorce was still pending in court, he continued partying and cruising every weekend with his favorite gang, which included a bunch of new friends from Wisconsin Steel Works. One night Birdman decided to go cruising, looking to score a “booty call.”

He had just picked up “a frisky cutie with a luscious booty” on a lonely highway when he mistakenly entered the wrong way on an exit ramp. Realizing his error, he quickly made a U-turn and exited into an unfamiliar residential neighborhood where he lost control of his Cutlass SS going around the infamous “Dead Man’s Curve,” and striking several parked vehicles.

Although Birdman sustained some injuries to his handsome face when he struck the steering wheel and broken windshield, both he and his unharmed “bootylicious” tramp ran from the scene in different directions.



Unfortunately for Birdman, the cops found one of his car’s plates that had fallen off at the scene of the accident.

Early the next morning, suburban police interrogated Birdman on the telephone, and later that day arrested him at home, charging him with leaving the scene of a multiple car accident and with damage to private property.



U.O.A.B. (United Owners Against Birdman), the owners of the dozen damaged vehicles, appeared in open court demanding thousands of dollars for damages from the “ladies’ man,” who was represented by criminal attorney Michael Roman.

A policeman testified that Birdman had admitted to driving while intoxicated and that he had lost control of his vehicle in a “blackout and knockout” due to the curse of the itchy crabs in his crotch that were the fault of a groupie nicknamed “Black Magic Woman.” He had given said groupie a Santana T-shirt in exchange for sex the night before and claiming that she had spiked his Slurpee drink after discovering that he was not Carlos Santana’s band manager as he had claimed to be.



Fortunately, after the courtroom laughter subsided, Attorney Roman succeeded in suppressing Birdman’s incriminating statements when the cop admitted during cross examination that he had given Birdman the Miranda warnings over the telephone, rather than in person as mandated by law.

Once again, Birdman, book author of “The Monthly Pain of Paying the Rent,” beat the rap in “Cha-Cha Time,” claiming, “the cop was drunk when he called on the phone” and that “The Dirty Dozen” vehicle owners never had a chance since many other, more powerful organizations including U.L.A.B. (United Landlords Against Birdman), had

never been able to prevail against him because he always stayed “three steps ahead of the Sheriff” and that his lawyer had the best “lawyeristics” in town. All he needed now was to call Dr. Kevorkian to get rid of his itchy crotch crabs and never to drink another brain-freeze Slurpee ever again.

CHAPTER XXVIII

“WHERE IN THE WORLD IS BIRDMAN SAN DIEGO?”



After Wisconsin Steel Mill closed down, Birdman worked a few years as a janitor for the Chicago Board of Education, but after he developed restless legs syndrome he rushed to California hoping to strike gold by sharing in the

Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes, which he believed his older brother Wilson Colon "may have already won." Birdman, who never counted his joints before he rolled them, also wanted to go to the Golden State so he could score a legal prescription for medical marijuana for his pre-existing arthritic condition of his "joints." Visions of chasing the legendary California girls like the Beach Boys and the "beach bums" of endless Californication summers and checking out the Nudist Colonies made the call of the coast irresistible.



While he and his bother Carlos "Lil' Bird" Colon waited for Ed McMahon to present their brother Wilson with the Ten Million Dollars Sweepstakes Lotto prize on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show, Birdman worked. He was a "car detail" attendant and wax salesman in a topless car wash called "Aladdin's Harem Car Wash," on Claremont Avenue located next door to an adult movie theatre and strip joint which permanently featured two of the most famous porno flicks of all time: "Deep Throat" and "The Devil In Miss Jones."

One evening, while Birdman was doing “car detail” on a customer’s vehicle, a sexy cutie that was eluding the cops drove hurriedly up to the carwash pretending she wanted service in order to make a “clean getaway.” Birdman, always the lady pleaser, immediately obliged telling her to stay calm and to remain inside her vehicle while the automatic carwash completed the job.



Unfortunately for Birdman, as he tried to get a peek at the long-legged and bigbosomed sexy lady, his coat got caught in the driver’s door, and while he tried to cut loose, he was totally soaked with car detergent, hot water and sticky car wax. Finally, when the wash cycle was completed, and as the driver was getting out of the vehicle, the “lady” driver inadvertently revealed her male genitals much to the unpleasant surprise of



Birdman who was about to ask the dude that looked like a lady for her telephone number.

This incident was reminiscent of the hot summer night when Birdman was driving on Chicago’s famed Rush Street prowling for female conquests and ended up playing the proverbial gentle knight who rescues a “damsel in distress.”

As Birdman was “digging the scene with his gangster lean,” he noticed that a couple in the car in front of him were involved in a physical altercation prompting the female to get out of the vehicle and to run toward his car pleading desperately for Birdman to help as she jumped inside his vehicle.

Birdman, always the “knight in shining armor” tried



calming the gorgeous redhead down and assuring her that he would protect her from the woman beater who she had just escaped from.

Complying with her wishes, Birdman immediately drove her to her condominium located on Wacker Drive. In turn, the woman, appreciative of Birdman's compassionate



and chivalrous assistance, invited him in for
“coffee, tea or me.”

The woman's condo had a stunning view overlooking the Chicago River. Sultry jazz played on the stereo, enhancing the ambience of romance in the air that promised sweet love for the strangers in the night. Soon the two “love birds” were

exchanging glances, drinking fine wine, French kissing and slow dancing to the sexy, exotic musical beat and the seductive nightlights from the street below.

Unfortunately, as the frenzied and excited pair began fondling each other and things were getting “hot and heavy,” Birdman realized that the woman was, in fact, a salacious hermaphrodite, and the shock caused the “ladies’ man’s” hair to turn white as he instantaneously rejected his host/hostess who once again turned into the sadly weeping lady who he had just rescued a few minutes earlier.



Although the inconsolable woman pleaded for him to take a walk on the wild side, explaining that she was the only odd one in her family and that she was a lonely girl, “Birdstein von Brainstorm,” feeling the victim of false advertising, said her life style was not his “cup of tea” and the petrified knight with chinks in his armor bid her goodbye telling her; “You’re intensely Gay. Now I know why that dude was beating you up!”

CHAPTER XXIX

“LET FIRE FALL FROM HEAVEN”



In his next Puerto Rican Escapade, Birdman, tired of being on the outside looking in, decided it was time to fulfill his number one fantasy of impersonating a Catholic priest in the confessional hearing the salacious confessions of women’s scandalous sex lives.

Putting his sinister plan into action, Birdman updated his resume and applied for a janitorial position with St. Doubting Thomas Church in San Diego, California. During the personal interview, Birdman emphasized his extensive employment experience as a custodian janitor with the Chicago Board of Education (CPS),

along with his volunteer service as an altar boy and assistant seminarian to Father Cuffs at SS Peter & Paul Church in South Chicago.



A couple days after he had been hired, Birdman saw his chance to satisfy his itching desire when the pastor went out of town to attend a religious conference leaving the new janitor to conduct church chats, break bread, drink wine and smoke some groovy grass with contrite female parishioners during the pastor’s absence.

Consuming the pastor’s wine and appropriating his vestments, including the Roman Stole, the Manipule (silk scarf) and the Cappello Romano (Roman hat) from the church sacristy, along with his Roman Missal book, Birdman quickly morphed into “Father Birducci” and



immediately began to administer the Holy Sacrament of confession hearing the sex secrets and sensual fantasies of desperate women wanting to redeem themselves from the wages of sin in exchange for eternal salvation from the eye of the beholder.



Incredibly, after the woman had confessed her mortal sins, Father Birducci would direct the penitent female to remain on her knees inside the confessional telling her that she needed to show repentance and to moan remorse for all her peccadillos. He would then order her to disrobe one garment at a time “strip poker style” so he could wash her sins away

on hollow ground. The impostor cleric then declared that she was a naughty girl who deserved a decent spanking because she had sinned against the church, groping her naked body and kissing the same erotic parts which she said her sex partners had fondled so he could deliver her from temptation and cleanse her body and soul.

With his motto, “Father Birducci’s Reconciliation will put your conscience at ease, and you’ll be glad you came,” he was able to convince several women to partake in the unorthodox process. Those processes included Rastafarian marijuana masses held on “Weed Sunday” and sex orgies on “Ass Wednesday.” And by telling them “pain would lead to pleasure, which in turn would lead to illumination, and that carnal knowledge would provide satisfaction and the power to defeat sexual frustration, he was frequently able to help them reach climax in a deep religious experience upon his celestial bed.”



The “sin eater” would warn them that refusal to comply with his prescribed penitence



would result in everlasting denial of holy absolution for their carnal sins and, instead of salvation, eternal damnation in hell would await their souls. “Woe unto the unholy masses for hell waits to collect the wages of sin!” he’d preached.

Alas, a lady named Edith refused to submit to Father Birducci’s kinky form of penitence and complaining that his strange way of administering confession was making her feel like she was losing her religion.

“Hush my child, for if you refuse, fire will fall from heaven and you’re gonna burn! Still upset, the young lady was about to walk out when Father Birducci lifted both arms up to the ceiling and exclaimed aloud, “BEHOLD THE FINAL HOUR, LET FIRE FALL FROM HEAVEN!”



Miraculously, the dim lights inside the claustrophobic confessional began to flicker on and off with the speed of a strobe light, highlighting the thick fog and misty smoke which began to fill the little dark box along with the simultaneous sound of roaring thunder emanating

from the Cathedral ceiling and reverberating throughout the dark and empty church.

Upon hearing Father Birducci's Moses-like proclamation and witnessing the incomprehensible events unfold, the startled woman was filled with shock, awe and fear which caused her to enter a catatonic state freezing her and rendering her incapable of leaving the bizarre scene.



Perhaps it was the terrifying sound of the thunderous lightning which all of a sudden brought Edith back from her "pillar of salt" like state, or maybe it was Father Birducci's



own salt peter which he placed in front of her powdered nose that did it. Nonetheless, upon witnessing Father Birducci's cryptic sacred powers, the stunned woman, crying and screaming OMG! kissed his hand and frantically yanked her clothes off, including her wedding ring and

matching earrings so they wouldn't be in the way allowing her confessor to complete the carnal seduction and pronounce absolution for the mortal sins and immoral peccadillos of the born again bird-gin.



The day after the pastor returned, the parish received a written complaint from Lot, the woman's angry husband, calling St. Doubting Thomas Parish the new "Sodom and Gomorrah" of San Diego. He accused kinky Father Birducci of a litany of unspeakable erotic perversions and recitations of taboo depravities perpetrated upon his wife Edith, which needless to say, would have resulted in the automatic transfer of the alleged pervert to another parish, except for the fact that Father Birducci had already vanished with the tools of his trade; his trusty strobe light, sexy smoke machine and magical thunder and lightning tape recordings, which he faithfully named, "Love, Devotion & Surrender."



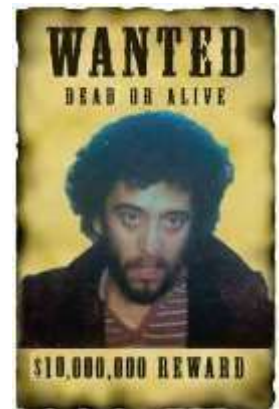


Does this lingering sex scandal mean that Father Birducci's chances of ever becoming a Cardinal and playing for the Pennant in the big leagues went up in smoke? Don't miss the exciting conclusion of, "Defrocking and Celibacy Penance Together," or maybe "Frocking Escapades Forever!"

CHAPTER XXX

"BIRDMAN WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE"

Instead of receiving his share of the Publisher's Clearing House Ten Million Dollars Award, a \$10,000,000 reward was placed on Birdman's head for allegedly impersonating a Catholic priest at St. Doubting Thomas.



Late one evening, after Birdman had done some research at the San Diego public library to find out the next time high tide would arrive on the beach. He was eager to get the one-thousand dollars "Naomi Beachwalker" had promised to send him in a bottle from Miami, Florida soon to arrive after its trip "around the world" on a beach in San Diego, California. Birdman went for a walk on the beach, but rather than finding money in a bottle, he was detained as a person of interest by homicide detectives who wanted to know if he knew anything about the "Green River" serial killings on the West Coast.

Indeed the cops found Birdman to be very interesting and transported him to the police station where they demanded that he submit to DNA testing or else they would charge him as the serial killer they had been looking for.



Apparently, Birdman had come to the detectives' attention a day earlier after the nuns from the Sisters of the Abandoned informed the police that a man fitting the description of the Green River killer had picked up a hitchhiker by the beach and taken her to his hideaway where the two had partied the

night away, and the next morning, when the "birds were singing and the bells were ringing," he transported the "sleeping beauty" on a food cart and left her outside the convent where the nuns had found the human cargo curled up in a fetal position still atop the food cart, dazed and half naked.

Birdman, having maintained his innocence during the police interrogation, at first refused to comply with the cops demand because he thought his DNA sample could make him responsible for child support in the event the cops sold it to a sperm bank where some "needy lady" could impregnate herself with his seed donation.

"Tossing the DNA salad is like tossing a coin" Birdman exclaimed.

Fortunately, he chose wisely he claims, by providing a sample with the visual assistance of a sticky "binder full of photos of naked women" from Larry Flynt's Hustler Magazine and soon he was released after forensic evidence and DNA analysis excluded him in the unsolved murders.



On March 15, 1994, during the ominous Ides of March, Birdman still upset over the



pesky police interrogation and strongly lamenting “Naomi Beachwalker’s” failure to use “the shuttle instead of the bottle” to send him the money, decided he would get some dental work done on his golden green teeth in Tijuana, Mexico where he could also consult “Tijuana Iguana,” the famous south-of-the-border fortune teller before he purchased the Loteria tickets, hoping to at least become a millionaire in Pesos.

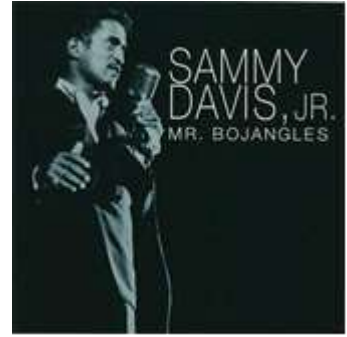
On March 23, 1994 as Birdman was leaving the dental clinic, still feeling the hypnotic effects of the anesthetic, when he saw hundreds of frightened people running in all directions. Seemingly from nowhere, he was startled by a plain clothes police detective who flashed a badge in front of Birdman’s face identifying himself by announcing, “F.B.I.” Birdman, confused and mumbling, asked, “Who?”

Apparently someone had just shot Mexican presidential candidate Luis Colosio in the back of the head, only a few blocks from the dental clinic. The cops were stopping anyone who seemed the least suspicious, especially Birdman, who was staggering and



delirious, dressed all in white as if he had just arrived from “Fantasy Island,” and smoking a Camel cigarette as if he were smoking a joint. He had an expired Illinois driver’s license designating him as an “Orgasm Donor,” but claimed he lived inside El Cajon (The Drawer), a suburb of San Diego.

Birdman also told the cop that he was a Puerto Rican descendant of Christopher Columbus and Sammy Davis. “I don’t look, dance and sing like him for nothing. Do you want to hear me sing The Candy Man? How about I Gotta Be Me?” asked Birdman who, with his worn out shoes, began dancing and singing “Mr. Bojangles” for the angry and frustrated F.B.I. agent.



As “Birdjangles” was about to be hand-cuffed, the dentist and his staff came out of the clinic explaining that Birdman’s delusional behavior was due to the fact that he was still sedated from the anesthesia and verified his alibi that he was at the clinic when Colosio’s assassination had taken place. “Is Anastasia good looking?” Birdman asked.



Birdman lamented with melancholy and infinite sadness about the black cloud that constantly followed him. That, along with his bad-luck talent for always being at the wrong place at the wrong time, caused him to exclaim, “I always thought the “F.B.I. stood for ‘female body inspector’, not for ‘fucked beyond imagination!’ I never even met that Colosio fabuloso, bare ass, culo de oso.” Right then and there, forgetting all about the Mexican lottery tickets, Birdman decided it was time to move back to “Sweet Home South Chicago” where he could get “money for nothing and the chicks for free.”

CHAPTER XXXI

“THE INDY 500 AND THE CRIPPLED MAN RACE”

Just a few days after returning to Chicago, Birdman attended a concert at the Holiday Star Theatre where, after the show, he was invited backstage to meet and party with fellow “ladies’ man” and famous “doobie brother,” Willie Nelson. Like a movie scene where “Don Juan meets Casanova,” the two men hit it off by swapping romantic stories about “all the girls they loved before.” They made several toasts, lifting their moonshine



to “pot, women and song” as each made their point and rolled another joint until it was time for Willie to get “back on the road” again.

Soon after, Birdman began filming, “Operation Over-Drug-Lord,” the sequel to “The Mayor of Drop-Out-City,” musical comedy video encouraging high-school students to stay in school and away from drugs. But once again, trouble was lurking in the shadows beneath the stalking black cloud hanging over Birdman.

At one of the movie set locations, while Birdman was reading the movie script aloud trying to memorize his lines, a curious and meddling old lady called the cops after she thought Birdman was saying, “dig the marijuana fields forever” instead of “burn the marijuana fields forever.” Upon arrival, the Chicago’s



finest immediately approached Birdman and were about to arrest him for advertising marijuana in public, but Attorney Mike Roman, the movie producer, cleared up the misunderstanding, and it was the “crazy old lady” that got arrested for public intoxication and disorderly conduct instead of Birdman, the “movie star.”

Soon after filming was over, Birdman got a job as a private mailman at Pitney Bowes, hoping that one day he would be the one to deliver the long-awaited letter from the Publishers Clearing Sweepstakes directly to himself and thus making his Lotto dreams come true.

Meanwhile, one Memorial Day, “Crazy Bird” and his menagerie of animal-house characters, including “Caveman,” “Lying Ass Bear” and “Horny Owl,” decided to experience the thrill and spectacle of the fast and furious Indy 500 and got tickets for the famous race.



Unfortunately, they didn’t plan for two very important things: beer and parking.



Upon their late arrival, the first thing they noticed was the scarcity of public or private parking available to the fans. Birdman knocked on several doors trying to find a place to park without luck. Finally, an elderly couple that, unlike their neighbors that charged fans for parking in their front yards on the day of the race, relented after

Birdman explained that his “cripple cousin” couldn’t walk the long distance to the brickyard racetrack.

The benevolent couple, feeling sorry for the “crippled man’s” plight, decided to make an exception to their policy and allowed them to park on their property for free. Birdman told the crew they were in business, but that one of them had to pretend that he was “crippled” upon leaving the vehicle.

The second problem the group encountered was that there were no alcoholic beverages sold on Sundays inside the park or anywhere else in the State of Indiana. “Have no fear, Birdman’s here. I’ll fly, if you buy,” he assured his “pit crew.”



Birdman approached several people who had beer coolers offering them money, but no one wanted to share their liquid treasure. Unwilling to give up, Birdman begged people to sell him beer for his “crippled cousin” who was dying of thirst after the long trip from Chicago and was beginning to “dehydrate in the hot Indiana sun.” Finally, a Good Samaritan gave the “park crier” a free case of cold beer for his “crippled cousin.”



While the rest of the gang watched, several cars crashed around a curve. Birdman, however, always the “ladies’ man,” kept his twitching eye on the curvaceous women walking amongst the crowd. After the exciting race, Birdman and the others tailgated the vehicles on foot on their way out of the racetrack watching women “flash”

their breasts and “moon” the tailgating girl watchers.

One of the women who had been refusing everyone’s request to flash her boobs presented a special challenge for the “smooth operator.” Birdman pleaded with her, on behalf of his “crippled cousin” who was dying to see her beautiful charms until the “reluctant flasher” gladly made an exception and smiled for the candid camera.

Upon the group’s return to the elderly couple’s front yard, “Caveman,” the designated “cripple,” forgot to play his part and the couple’s grand-daughter, who was sitting with

them on their front porch, noticed that no one amongst the group was in any way handicapped.

When the grand-parents pointed to “Caveman” as the man they had seen earlier walking with a limp when he got out of the van, the grand-daughter threatened to have him arrested unless he immediately apologized for committing senior fraud and for having had taken advantage of their good will. “Caveman,” whose face had turned completely ash white, pointed his finger at Birdman and blurred out, “he’s been



making me do it all day long!”

Without missing a beat, “cool hand Bird” replied, “It’s so easy, a Caveman can do it!”

CHAPTER XXXII

"MAYOR BIRDMAN VS THE DALEY MACHINE"

On June 6, 1994, the 50th Anniversary of the historical D-Day Normandy Invasion, Birdman and his entourage were sitting in the VIP section at Chicago's Montrose Harbor waiting to watch the re-enactment of the Omaha Beach landings.

Dignitaries from all over the country, along with several WWII Veterans who had fought



in the famous battle, were the guests of honor.

Everyone was waiting for Chicago's Mayor Daley II to arrive to watch the spectacle unfold.

Mayor Daley II, having arrived late, was escorted directly to the front row section and was being greeted by the sitting dignitaries. Daley's bodyguard, noticing that all of the chairs had already been taken, asked Birdman to give up his seat for the Machine Boss.



Anyone else would have been easily intimidated by the cop's enormous size and belligerent attitude, but not Birdman. Perhaps he was able blissfully to ignore the confrontational situation because he had already "puffed the magic dragon" or simply because he felt insulted by the request. Nevertheless, he still refused, even after attorney Mike Roman, who had given him the VIP ticket, pled with him to comply with the bodyguard's request.



The frustrated undercover cop, whose appearance and demeanor resembled a Nazi border patrol demanding to see “papers,” asked Birdman for his official credentials.

“I am the independent sitting Mayor of Drop-Out-City!

Do you have any more questions?” Birdman told the cop.

“You’re the Indy Mayor of Rupee City? Are you Indian?” asked the cop.

“Do I look like I work at Seven-Eleven for a hot dog and a beer?” Birdman answered back.

“You sure don’t look like an Irish Mayor to me!” the cop sarcastically answered.

Fortunately, that long and awkward moment from the “Longest Day” mercifully came



to an end when another dignitary ceded his seat and consequently both Mayors ended up sitting next to each other just as the Allied soldiers stormed the enemy’s beach fortifications.

To this day, Birdman still maintains that the four-piece rock group, Rage Against the Machine, was inspired by his act of defiance against the Daley Gestapo and whose act was also reminiscent of iconic Rosa Parks, the mother of the Civil Rights Movement, who sparked the boycotts and freedom marches in the South after she refused to give up her seat on the bus.



CHAPTER XXXIII

"SPYBIRD VS THE KGB"



The incident when Birdman refused to give up his seat to the Daley Machine boss would pale in comparison to the one that took place ten years later while Birdman, Mike Roman and his two sons were staying at the Royal Barrière Casino

Hotel in Deauville, France to attend the

international celebration of the 60th Anniversary of the D-Day Invasion. This time Birdman would faceoff with cloak and dagger KGB secret agents over a VIP cell phone instead of a VIP ringside seat.



Birdman, who had accidentally been assigned to the Kim Basinger suite, was confident and excited that he would be the glamorous movie star's escort to the high rollers Baccarat and Poker party later that evening at the Casino Royal. Or, at the very least, she would pay him a visit during the night, so he had purposely left the door unlocked. The entrance to the suite, a door that prominently displayed a picture of the famous movie star, was located directly below the Penthouse floor where several international dignitaries, including German Chancellor Gerhard Schroder and Russian President Vladimir Putin had been staying.





Alas, sometime around midnight, a Russian “Red Sparrow” who called herself “La Femme Nikita” along with six KGB agents stormed into Birdman’s suite with guns drawn and accusing him of having stolen a cell phone which belonged to President Putin. Apparently, someone had stolen the golden cell phone that contained sensitive topsecret information from the front desk as Putin and his Russian entourage was checking into the hotel. Birdman, realizing that this was

not another one of his chronic nightmares, reported that his balls felt like they had “sky fall” to the floor, but at least he had the presence of mind to deny the theft charge. Unfortunately, during the heated interrogation which scared the “living lights” out of Birdman, he nonchalantly mentioned that he loved Russian Red Sparrows, especially Ivana Humpalot, Alotta Fagina and the anonymous members of the Pussy Riot, the subversive Russian punk- rock band that Putin

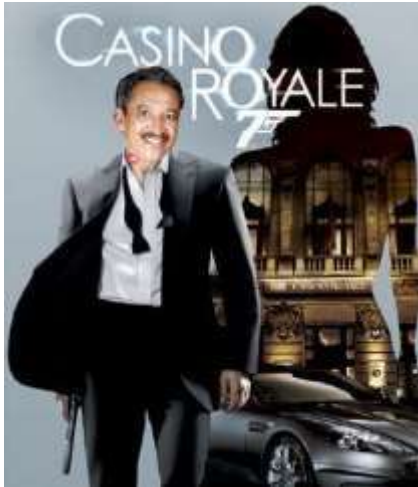


would eventually put in jail and also revealed that he was agent 0069 working for the CIA keeping his eye open on rival agencies and recruiting counterfeit agents to maintain a leg up on the competition all of which further complicated his sticky and problematic situation.

Fortunately, just as the angry agents were about to inject the terrified suspect with truth serum to loosen his tongue and begin “Vodka boarding”—also known as shaken-andstirred torture—along with their brand of “Kinky Grand Bitch” treatment, the hotel Maître D’ called the suite informing Nikita that a hotel bell hop had just located the missing phone amongst the president’s suitcases.

Birdman, upset that his “suite life” and wet dream had been spoiled, nevertheless was relieved that the “point of no return” ordeal had come to a climatic end especially after the Femme Fatale apologized and gave him a Russian kiss on both cheeks.

As the Russian agents were leaving, Birdman gave Nikita his business card and asked



her to give him a call for a future secret rendezvous, strip poker and some pillow talk about the elusive drones and the endangered bees. As she looked at the card, much to her surprise, she realized that the debonair hotel guest was not a CIA spymaster, but was only an insurance salesman who worked for a company called the Central Insurance Agency in South Holland, Illinois. So it was spy misunderstandings of Casino Royale proportions?

According to Birdman, the espionage saga of the Casino Royale was just another example of someone trying to make him the fall guy for serving in her Majesty’s Secret Cervix and yet another foxy blonde falling for his charms. “The spy who loved me will tell you that I don’t need a golden phone to dial her number. I just let my gold finger do the talking, and she’ll come again from Russia with love!”

CHAPTER XXXIV

“THE ATTACK OF THE MUNCHIES & THE MISSING REFRIGERATOR”



In a reversal of roles, Birdman became the victim of a scam perpetrated upon him by an individual nicknamed, “Lying Ass Bear” who promised Birdman that he would deliver “20 grams in 20 minutes” of the



potent Colombian pot that had “put the hump on the camel’s back,” in exchange for twenty dollars.

Birdman, even though he had been desperately trying to score a brand new bag of the rare weed ever since he took his first “trip to cloud nine” on Colombian, was at first hesitant. But in his haste and dire need, Birdman couldn’t refuse the offer and fell for the con man’s scam “hook, line and beaker,” forgetting the fact that people didn’t call the shady dude “Lying Ass Bear” for nothing.



Twenty minutes went by. And as the minutes turned to hours and the hours turned to days, Birdman was “jonesing” so bad that he was climbing the walls, remembering over and over again “Lying Ass Bear” had promised, “you be cool for 20 minutes, and I’ll get you 20 grams.”

“How can people be so cruel? How can people be so heartless?” Birdman pondered.

Ironically, as Birdman’s craving for the “devil’s weed” became totally unbearable, his fridge, that contained his favorite Puerto Rican pasteles (brownies), was stolen from his kitchen. This, in turn, triggered an uncontrollable psychosomatic attack of the munchies. Birdman, feeling that this was not a simple robbery, but a terrible injustice, a wrong that must be put right and decided he had no other choice than to call the police.



A few minutes later, a salt-and-pepper team of uniformed cops arrived at Birdy’s hideaway where they were greeted by the hysterical victim who kept screaming, “I’ve been robbed! I’ve been robbed!”

After the black officer managed to calm him down, the white cop, more professional, yet less sympathetic, immediately announced that it would be necessary to get a detailed report of the circumstances surrounding the burglary itself, the nature of the physical



assault, and the value of the personal property taken from the premises.

From the look of bewilderment on Birdman's face, the black cop could tell that that he did not comprehend legal terminology, so he simply told Birdman that his partner wanted the "scoop on what got snatched and who got wiped out."

Birdman replied, "So that's what he said!"

Paradoxically, the white officer couldn't understand Birdman's explanation or what he was complaining about either. Ironically, the black officer's ability to translate for both parties, inadvertently lead to an unbelievable hilarious comedy.



In a scene straight out of the TV show "Sanford & Son," where a salt-and-pepper team of policemen investigating a burglary of Sanford's home encounter a similar communication dilemma, Birdman kept repeating that the pasteles, which he had walked several miles to go and buy, were inside the stolen fridge, and since the pasteles were fragile and valuable perishables, he demanded that the thief be apprehended and brought to justice right away before the pastries spoiled or were eaten.

The white cop thought that the fridge was pastel-colored and kept laughing about it making Birdman feel that the cop was insensitive to his plight. The black cop explained



to his partner that the pasteles were actually Puerto Rican cupcakes and not the color of the fridge.

In turn, the white cop stated that, “For all intents and purposes it appears that the perpetrator of the crime in question was not only familiar with the abode, but was also a connoisseur of the same gourmet cuisine

that the victim relishes.”

Once again, the black cop translated the esoteric statement into street vernacular by telling Birdman that his partner thought it was probably an inside job by someone who enjoyed the same type of food.

Birdman’s demand that the cops check the kitchen area for finger prints was quickly scorned by the white cop who sarcastically stated, “Listen, just



because your last name happens to be Colon and you got a twitch in your left eye doesn’t mean you’re Detective Colombo.” He added that he would not call for an ET because they were not



dealing with a homicide CSI or Alien Hand Syndrome, but only a petty theft of a junk refrigerator along with its worthless contents

and minimal collateral damage.

Birdman, upset that the cop was again trying to make fun of him, confused ET for the Hollywood movie character instead of an Evidence Technician, and his face turned red with anger and frustration.



“Then why don’t you tell E.T. to phone home and ask for a UFO to bring a bionic sniffing dog to track down the thief who stole my pasteles?” Birdman asked sardonically.



In another effort to un-ruffle Birdman’s feathers, the black cop called the radio dispatcher for a canine unit that arrived a few minutes later along with Officer Tom Reynolds from the Chicago Police Department’s Evidence Tech Unit.

The dog was given a wrapper that had contained one of the pasteles to sniff, and the animal immediately followed the scent down the alley. The trail of crumbs led to Birdman’s neighbor’s backyard where the animal found one of the missing pasteles still in its wrapper. Unfortunately, to the dismay of everyone, the dog ate the evidence prompting Birdman to exclaim, “I don’t care about the fridge or any dirty finger prints. All I want is my pasteles!”

Then, like old man Fred Sanford always did on his TV show, Birdman grabbed his chest as if he were having a heart attack and looked at the sky saying; “This is the big one! I’m coming to join you mama!”

The two cops, concerned that Birdman was having a heart attack and required emergency medical attention, were about to call for an ambulance, but once again, the white cop ridiculed Birdman declaring that the victim was, “only having a severe attack

of the munchies because he was high on Colombian cannabis,” and not experiencing coronary failure as his dramatic behavior seemed to suggest.



The white cop then read his report aloud. “Let’s check this for accuracy. An unidentified pervert, I mean perpetrator, entered the premises of the victim’s apartment and proceeded to remove a pastel-colored refrigerator and its priceless contents. K9 unit at the CSI pursued the scent of nourishment and ascertained the route of suspect upon departing the apartment from the rear door leading to neighbor’s house across the alley. Responding officers were unable to retrieve property as K9 unit destroyed evidence.”

Unable to contain himself, the black cop joked that the thieves must have been forest creatures related to Hansel and Gretel because they left a trail of cake crumbs along the way, but “this time it wasn’t the birds that ate them.”

As the police officers were leaving, Birdman kept repeating, “I was robbed!” prompting the white cop to point his finger at him replying that he needed to change his smoking and eating habits in order to get rid of his strange appetite for dog food.



Adding insult to injury, a couple of days later Birdman found out “Lying Ass II,” Lying Ass Bear’s apprentice, had been the one who stole the fridge and its precious cargo and traded it with the neighbor in exchange for drugs.

To this day, Birdman still blames the “Lying Ass Bears” for the horrible “jonesing” and the awful psychosomatic attack of the munchies he suffered that day. He, to this day, wishes he had filed a lawsuit against the cops and their hungry police dog for their failure to save his favorite pasteles, which was the proximate cause of his severe emotional distress and economic damages. Hard to get high without help from your friends; for only a friend with weed is a friend indeed.



CHAPTER XXXV

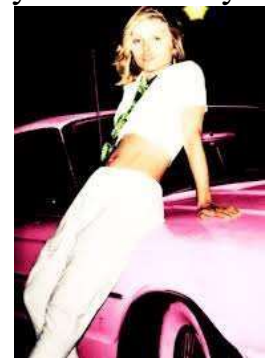
“I’M SORRY MARSHAL, I DIDNT KNOW SHE WAS YOUR DAUGHTER”



Another exciting and dangerous adventure of Birdman the “ladies’ man” involved yet another would be father-in-law who Birdman faced off in a high-stakes investigation regarding the whereabouts of a beautiful young woman who had been missing for more than a week after she had been released from Cook County jail.

By then the “ladies’ man” had plenty of experience dealing with women’s overly protective fathers. But this time, the father happened to be a United States Marshal who wasn’t easily fooled by Birdman’s hide-and-seek cat-and-mouse games like the others. He knew how to conduct an interrogation and wouldn’t take no for an answer.

Unbeknownst to even his closest friends, Birdman had been courting a “long legged, green-eyed lady” who was older than she looked, but she was still very much “daddy’s little girl” who never did anything wrong until she met the “ladies’ man.”



Apparently “Ms. Goody Two-Shoes” and the “ladies’ man” had met one summer evening in Chicago’s East Side neighborhood where a group of boys were chasing her and Birdman came to her rescue as his stare was holding, her ripped jeans, skin was showing, the hot night wind was blowing, and he asked her, “Where you think you’re going, baby?”

Intrigued by Birdman’s sophisticated and suave demeanor, the smitten girl answered;



“Hey I just met you, and this is crazy, but here’s my number, so call me maybe?”

During the next few weeks, Birdman gave the “long cool woman” his undivided attention and wooed her with red rose flowers, perfumed love letters and sexy lingerie. It appeared to everyone that the “ladies’ man” had gone “head-over-Cuban-heels” and had given up all of his vices in order to afford the expensive presents he bestowed upon the raven-haired beauty. In an effort to impress her, he drove her past former Alderman “Fast Eddie” Vrdolyak’s East Side mansion, telling her it was his own.

One evening, as Birdman was waiting for yet another “peek-a-boo rendezvous” on the corner of 106th Street and Ewing Avenue, the foxy lady, dressed all in black leather and wearing high-heel stilettos, pulled up in a Mary-Kay pink Cadillac telling Birdman to “hurry, jump in the car!”



As he was about to get inside the vehicle, Birdman’s sixth sense told him something wasn’t quite right when he saw a police squad car pull up behind the caddy, and despite the foxy lady’s persistence, he turned down the enchanting ride and quickly walked away.

As the cops were getting out of the squad car, the foxy lady took off like a “bat out of hell” riding on the Ewing Avenue sidewalk in an effort to avoid the traffic on the busy street and make her escape.

Like hungry bloodhounds, the cops immediately chased her “tail” until the foxy lady crashed the hot pink Cadillac on a light pole just a couple of blocks down the avenue where the cops arrested her for driving without a license and car theft of her own aunt’s vehicle. However, the charges were dismissed after the owner failed to show up at the court hearing. Upon her release from the jail-cage at the “Hotel California,” the foxy lady mysteriously vanished.



Like the hillbilly father of years before who had found his groupie daughter’s diary, the U.S. Marshal came across his own daughter’s diary in which she mentioned “Mr. Colon, the love of my life” was a wealthy and powerful man and, despite the age difference, both were planning to elope to “Fantasy Island” as soon as his Viagra for a “three-some” prescription was refilled.

Another diary entry mentioned that “Mr. Colon” was the owner of the biggest home on



the Southeast side of Chicago and that he owned several exotic vehicles, a luxury yacht, a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce, a Harbor Point penthouse condominium in downtown Chicago and was a descendant of Cristobal Colon and

Sammy Davis, Jr., the famous movie star. Unfortunately for Birdman, his little white lies came back to haunt him once again.

The U.S. Marshal, a six-foot-six dead ringer for Marshal Matt Dillon of the legendary

Gun Smoke TV series, or as Birdman would say, “Pot Smoke” was accompanied by “Festus,” a tall, muscular Amazon-like she-male with yellowed rotten teeth, hair on her chest and large menacing closed-fisted hands, showed up at “Birdy’s hide-away” demanding to know his missing daughter’s whereabouts.

From the very start of the military-style interrogation, the U.S. Marshal caught the “ladies’ man” in several inconsistencies, including lying about his age, place of employment and place of residency.

“How old are you?” was the first question the U.S. Marshal asked as the jittery “ladies’ man,” Birdman, startled by the question, unequivocally answered, “I am 45,” to which the pissed-off Marshal sternly replied, “You told my daughter you were 35. Attorney Michael Roman and his assistant



Brian Compton just stated that you were 50, and you look older than your birthday. Which one is it?”

Birdman, cornered and totally lost, looked as if he were about to cry. He turned to his attorney and asked, “How old am I, Mike?” The angry Marshal pointed his finger and threatened to “crucify” the “bird” unless he disclosed the location of his “love nest” where the Marshal feared Birdman was keeping his precious little girl, perhaps even against her will.



At this point, Attorney Roman interceded and assured the concerned father that all of his daughter’s diary references alluding to “Birdman’s fame and fortune” were the hopes and fantasies of a lonely girl who found herself living with her aunt far away from

home. Anything else was an exaggeration, misunderstanding or hearsay since Birdman was just an honest, blue-collar worker whose place of abode was a simple walk-in closet, not bigger than the jail cell of The Birdman of Alcatraz, and that any inconsistencies in his answers were due to his nervous and stressful state of mind.

Still visibly angry the U.S. Marshal gave Birdman a nasty look and said, “Remember, it is against Federal law for anyone to make false statements to a Federal agent. So if I catch you lying, I cut you in two.”

Then, as both the U.S. Marshal and Festus were leaving, Birdman got his groove back and said, “I’m sorry Mr. Marshal. I didn’t reckon Miss Kitty was your daughter.”



Festus, who up until this point had been silent, retorted, “If I were you, I’d get out of Dodge before Marshal Dillon returns!”

INTERVIEW WITH THE WORLD'S MOST INTERESTING LADIES MAN



In an effort to study the Puerto Rican playboy with the reputation as the “world’s most interesting ladies’ man” and to discover his secret formula for seducing thousands of beautiful rich women, Playboy Publisher Hugh Hefner interviewed Chicago’s own modern Don Juan and Casanova who seems to be incredibly rolled jointly into one; Birdman.

Hefner; I understand that you have a BS degree from Stone Soul Ritchie’s University and graduated from Roman University, but how did you become eligible to receive a Ph.D. without a GED?



Birdman; My grade school teachers always made me repeat each grade two or even three times over, which happens to be the equivalent to the time necessary to obtain a Pot head Degree.

Hefner; I know most women like men with a good and wicked sense of humor and I hear that you sex-text them to Paradise, why do you think women find you so interesting and simply irresistible?

Birdman; Trouble is my middle name. If I would have known that the ladies like trouble makers, I would have started being naughty a lot earlier.

Hefner; How do you pick up women and how do you get them to drop their inhibitions?



Birdman; I go from town to town and pull their angel panties down. If her daddy is rich I take her out for a meal, if her daddy is poor, I just do what I feel. Either case, they all want to see my peacock! It's as easy like AC DC. I mentally undress them with my bedroom eyes, making sure my lazy, sexy smile never

leaves my face, their pupils dilate, then their hearts of stone turn into clay, and very soon they want foreplay. It's all in the game of psychological foreplay. Making love to a woman is like playing the guitar or congas. You need to tune up her G string and caress the skins before you hit them and start banging away. I'm a slow hand Bongocero and a hard banging crazed Conguero.

Hefner; Is PR an acronym for Public Relations or Puerto Rican?

Birdman; It's not cronyism. "I call it the PR Factor. Either you have it or you don't. Porfirio Rubirosa, the Dominican patron saint of all playboys had it and I know you used to have it at one time too, but it's a fact that most dudes don't.



Hefner; Can you define the PR Factor?

Birdman; The PR Factor is inside the bedroom eyes, that sensual seductive looking glance that you, whether you are male or female, express when you are in a mood for something romantic and or sexual. It can also mean eyes so dreamy that you get lost inside those eyes and then you know it's Cha Cha Time!



Hefner; Do you get the women high so they can give it up with Ecstasy or Spanish fly?

Birdman; I don't snort the devil's dandruff, candy cane, smack or crack for God made weed and man-made booze, so who's right? The one who rolled it! It's my love making skills which makes ecstasy become reality.



Hefner; I remember the good old days when Victor Mature, Lucille Ball, Al Hirt and Oscar Went Wild before penile implants and self- denial. Male enhancement drugs have side effects, but they can also be a side bonus. Do you get swollen tongue when you take Cialis or Viagra?

Birdman; Somebody told me that If you throw a Viagra pill in the Chicago River, all the bridges go up! But for me, I don't need drugs, fancy pickup lines or the Viagra blues like some old men who blow their fuse to keep it from bending, but with a blunt a day, you'll get stiff in the right place and you will keep the stress away!"

Hefner; What do you think the man who invented the dildo was thinking when he said; "If we build it, they will come"?

Birdman; Which head was he using? I don't need no stinking dildo to score a home run!

Hefner; Do you date single or married women on the internet?



Birdman; You can't touch imaginary girlfriends on line, but you sure can get a virus



any time if you do the Cyber nasty, and even though my peacock has no conscience, I will never screw-google another man's wife because a lovers' triangle will only muddy up my life.

Hefner; Speaking of triangles, I told Victoria a secret about the "Girls Next Door", but she couldn't keep her mouth shut. Do you like ménage a trois?

Birdman; Massage a twat by any name, it's just a three some all the same, some women blush and some girls squeal in more ways than one, but hot moms are always better than the hottest of the hotties jail bait, any time or any place, unless you want to go to jail with a smile on your face.



Hefner; Do you pay for sex?

Birdman; Now, you're asking one too many clown questions, bro! Actually, I never pay women to have sex with me. I only pay them to leave.

Hefner; What about expensive and exotic gifts?



Birdman; "I know some men, like the owner of the Clippers who got clipped by his "silly rabbit" with horse teeth, who think that money can buy love. I only give presents to women, besides myself of course, on Valentine's Day or every once in a "blue moon". ... To some I give red naughty dresses and funky high heel shoes and tresses. Some I give tan shoes and pink shoe laces, lingerie galore, and satin lace amore, but there is nothing wrong with giving tiny tightly fitting thongs".

Hefner; I had my fair share of women as I'm sure you know, but I still haven't yet been able to figure out what women are really looking for in a man, have you?

Birdman; The irony of a BJ is that even when she's on her knees, she still has you by the balls! Women, you can't live with them or without them. But I do know what women really want.



Hefner; Will you please tell me?

Birdman; Different strokes for different folks. "Some ladies want licking visionaries, not just pure old missionary. Others like it doggy style, and others want to ride the pony awhile. I am highly skilled in all positions, all my ladies come first without conditions, black, white, hot brown or mellow yellow, fat, skinny, short or tall, big dick daddy loves them all!

Hefner; A Roman sex philosopher believed that "a rainy day is the perfect time for romance and music". Robert Crane, the late actor and star of *Hogan's Heroes*, said that "any day without music or sex is a day wasted" –but rainy days and Mondays can take a hefty toll on arthritic joints and achy bones. Any remedy for that?



Birdman; I don't always dine 'em, wine 'em, and sixty-nine 'em, eight days a week, but when I do, I smoke a doobie for the jonesing pain, put on a raincoat on the boner bone, cook some salsa rhythm on the music stove and fire up the chimney in my soul. There is a remedy for everything, except gambling.

Hefner; Do you have a favorite number?

Birdman; 69 is my all-time favorite because it is the Kamikaze of oral sex; If I'm going down, you're coming with me!



Hefner; Do you prefer a certain kind of paraphernalia?

Birdman; I beg your pardon? I don't like child molesters and I never will.



Hefner; I'm not talking about pedophiles; it's drug paraphernalia like weed grinders and smoky bongs.

Birdman; I don't always use them, but when I do, I take a small puff from the magic dragon and a giant bong hit for Jesus.

Hefner; Do you believe that there is a religious correlation between the movement to legalize Marijuana and the push and surge for Gay marriage in this country?

Birdman; I don't want to sound sacrilegiously logical, but it all makes perfect biblical sense that Gay marriage was legalized on the same day as marijuana; Leviticus 20:13 "A man who lays with another man should be stoned". Our interpretation had just been wrong for all these years!

Hefner; What do you want your epithet to say on your tombstone?

Birdman; When I reach the end of my life cycle, I want to die when I'm 89 on cloud nine with my boots on doing the 69, or maybe 68 since I will owe her one, and just before the angels come to carry me, I want it down in writing how to bury me; *Here lies "Birdie Pot Seed, the Johnny Appleseed of Marijuana.* I want to be buried upside down with a little green bag of different types of marijuana seeds inside the



back pocket of my hemp jeans so that a pot plant can grow over my grave so when my friends come to visit me they can roll me and smoke me and they'll know that I had some good shit!

Hefner; Marijuana Fields forever! See you at the Playboy Mansion. My eager Bunnies will love your carrot and they all will share it for more "Happy Endings".

Birdman; Stay horny my friend!

EPILOGUE:

"DONT WORRY, BE HAPPY"



Often the tales of Birdman's escapades are so filled with lore that it is difficult to tell where the truth ends and fiction begins. Regardless, they paint a vivid portrait of a worldly and hilariously adventurer. A compulsive womanizer who raised serial monogamy to a new power always emerging a fresh bachelor after every "honeymoon". From the "Good and Horny Ice Cream Man," whose flavored popsicles always melted at the sight of every hottie, to paperboy and wannabe photographer, Birdman joyously "served the public" as an opportunity to ogle from a "bird's eyeview" every shapely female in sight. From an attendant at an "All Nude Female Car Wash Den," to a wannabe porn movie star and director, Birdman, the insatiable "ladies' man" who has never had a fixed income, yet always lived beyond his means, has never let his troubles ruffle his Peacock feathers. With the help of his green



talisman, constantly puffing the magic dragon to send his mind to "Cloud 9," his mojo working overtime and his feet dancing "Funky Chicken" to the beat of his own drum, he has always been "single, bilingual and ready to mingle!"



Stay tuned for the continuing "Adventures of Birdman and his Roadie Crew" as he awaits the elusive Publishing Clearing House Lotto Sweepstakes and pursues his



appeal to inherit his maternal ancestor's multi-million dollar Sammy Davis, Jr. Estate that he claims will make him richer than Warren Buffet, the Oracle of Omaha.



With the lotto money, and his inheritance, Birdman plans to search for Cristobal Colon's Santa Marijuana legendary sunken treasure off the

coast of San Juan, Puerto Rico, Birdman's birthplace and site of his famous birdfamily tree that he has successfully traced back to his famous paternal ancestor.



Meanwhile, Birdman is taking a break after filming the blockbuster movie, "The Rat Pack" and having completed the last leg of an international musical tour to promote the release of "I Gotta Be Me" a live tribute CD of the classic hits of Sammy Davis, Jr.



Birdman, a prolific artist and world class entertainer, has also been featured in

Madonna's music Video "Don't Rock the Boat!" that was filmed on a luxury yacht in the Bermuda Triangle and guest starred in another popular music video titled, "Girls Gone Wild Forever!" with the legendary Snoop Lion, formerly known as Snoop Dogg.

Following his successful Miller Light TV Commercial, Birdman



also made a special Cameo appearance with Cheech & Chong at the Chicago Theater during their “Get It Legal” tour where during the hilarious show, much to the chagrin of



security, the famous landmark theater was filled with the “Cloud Nine” of marijuana smoke giving a free contact high to everyone inside the premises.

Birdman also plays the leading role in “Osama Been Laid in the Ocean,” the sequel to



Zero Dark Thirty, a Hollywood movie about the life and times and the secret sea burial of the world’s most wanted terrorist toward. According to international movie critic Roger Ebert, “Birdman’s unprecedented performance and eerie portrayal of the al-Qaeda leader definitely



deserves an Academy Award nomination.”



Birdman, a.k.a. “El Pajaro Loco” (Crazy Bird), participated in the “Save Big Bird & Sesamian Street” campaign to prevent the cancellation of the popular children’s TV Show which became a campaign issue during the 2012 Presidential Debates.

As a result, Hollywood rumors have it that Birdman is now considering an offer to star in his own Reality TV Show after

he surprisingly turned down the leading-man role as Richard Burton in the biopic of Elizabeth Taylor starring Lindsay Lohan, despite the fact that she is a “party girl” who is also rumored to like older men, which would have made Birdman a shoe-in to win, not only the leading role, but also



Lilo's wild heart.



And last but not least, “Father Birducci” who has been officiating quickie weddings in Las Vegas and also working there as a “meet & greet, ganga & grub” marijuana consultant for Green Jobs, Inc. and Colorado Rocky Mountain High Cannabis Tours, is now planning to propose marriage to the internationally acclaimed Mexican movie



star, Kate Del Castillo, whom he fell madly in love with after watching her in Telemundo's blockbuster Telenovela, “La Reina Del Sur” a soap opera about the international drug trade.

Believe It Or Not!





By: Monica Rix Paxson



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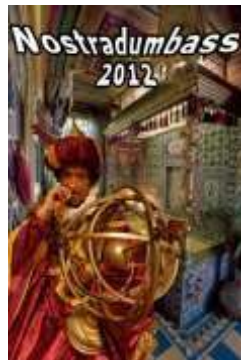
FILMOGRAPHY



1. KAMIKAZE

2. SLEEPING BOOTY

3. ALL TOGETHER & COMPANY
BRAWL



4. THE MAYOR AND DROP-OUT-
CITY

5. THE SUPER SPOILERS SPOOF SANTANA



6. SAMSON AND BACKSEAT
DELILAH

7. LOVE NEST 69

8. KNIGHTS ON COLOMBIAN

9. OPERATION OVER-DRUG-LORD

10. THE PREDICTIONS OF
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