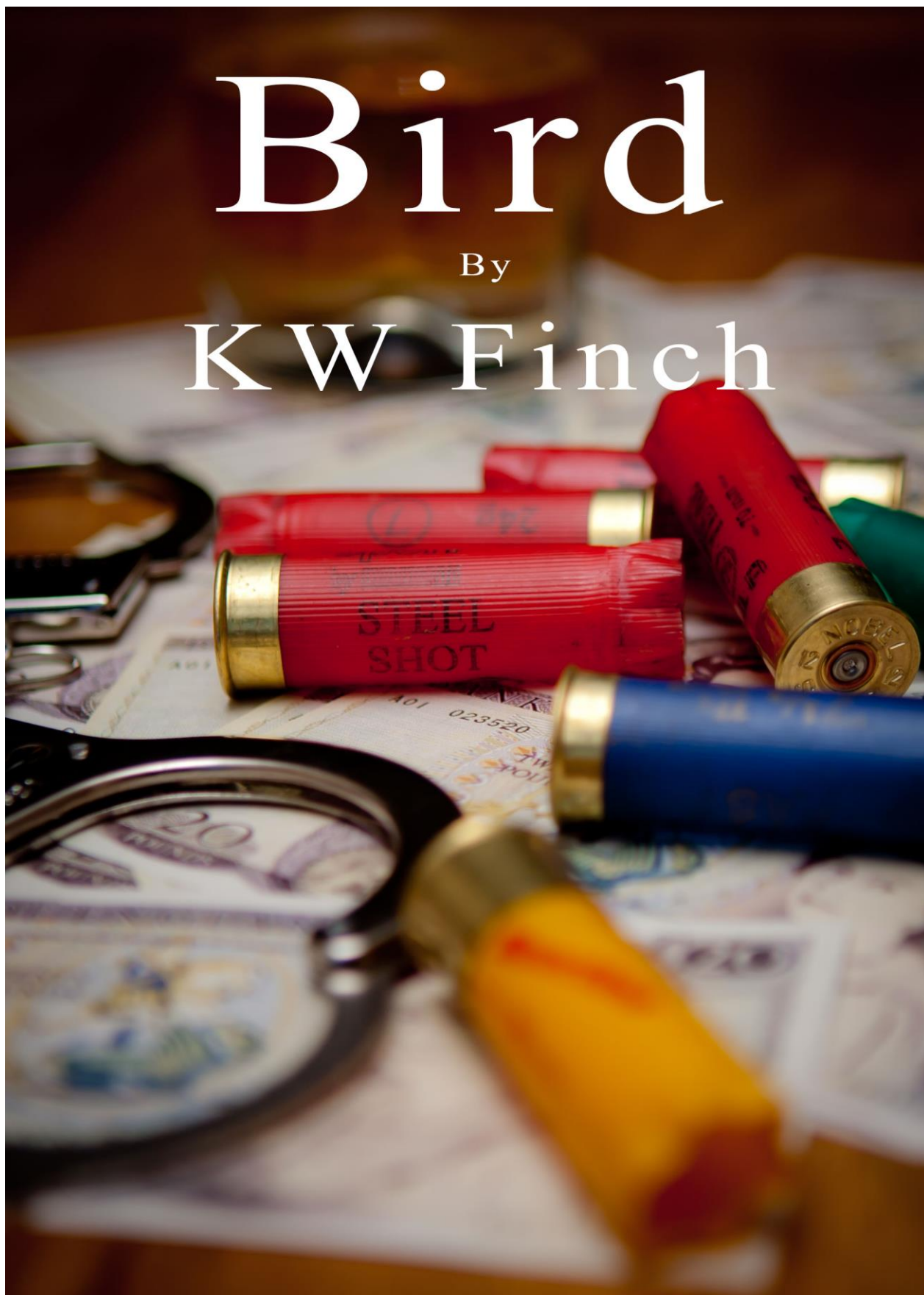


Bird

By

KW Finch



Bird

By

KW Finch

Copyright © 2015 Kevin Finch.

All Rights Reserved. This eBook is copyright material and must not be copied, transferred, distributed, leased, or publicly performed or used in any way except as specifically permitted in writing by the author.

The characters in this story are purely fictitious. Any likeness to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

This edition: August 2022

Dedication

This book is dedicated to Cherie x

[Contents](#)

ONE – The Fat Bloke

TWO - Ambush

THREE – Expert Storeman

FOUR – Half Pint

FIVE – D Wing

SIX - Ricky

SEVEN - Darwin

EIGHT - Marcus

NINE - Darren

TEN – The Cleaner

ELEVEN - Shamdigger

TWELVE – Fulwood Hill

THIRTEEN – Angus Broc

FOURTEEN - UFO

FIFTEEN - Muzzleflash

SIXTEEN – Party Time

SEVENTEEN – The Morning After

EIGHTEEN – The Interview

NINETEEN - Woolfe

TWENTY - Tunnel

TWENTY ONE – The Visit

TWENTY TWO – The Caning Of Woolfe

TWENTY THREE - Suspicion

TWENTY FOUR - The Block

TWENTY FIVE – Back To Class

TWENTY SIX – Tunnel

TWENTY SEVEN - Plant

TWENTY EIGHT - Escape

ONE – The Fat Bloke

“What you looking at?”

It was the lardy bloke sitting opposite and growling through his gritted teeth at me. His long greasy hair shuddered, even before the words had left his scabby lips. It was easy for me to just ignore the question and carry-on staring. Until now I had been quite content to block out the people around me and just stare dumbly at the fire breathing dragons, leaping tigers and snakes coiled around evil looking blades and shooters.

After the kind of day I'd just had, it was a welcome release. I was more than happy to allow myself to be hypnotised by the colourful tattoos sprawled across the body of the huge, hairy fat bloke sitting opposite me.

The mountain of oily hair and ink growled at me again but this time he pulled his face into some kind of horrific shape which I guessed was supposed to be a snarl. He was just as much an animal as the beasts painted on his body. The whole room felt like it was shaking and vibrating from the deep bass noise created deep inside his monster sized chest every time he spoke.

“Oi, I said what you looking at?” He challenged again.

The tone escaping from deep within him and filling the room wasn't warm and comfortable. He would never make it as a radio 4 newsreader, that much was certain. This was more like the deep rumble you would expect before an earthquake or a volcano exploding, not that I had been around many earthquakes or exploding volcanoes. None in fact, now I thought about it.

I knew this type of bloke though, a caveman, not very bright, just a tool. There wasn't a how do you do, pleased to meet you, way about him. It was more of a, I'm going to beat you up because I like doing things like that, kind of way. I had to pause before answering the huge blob of lard and hair because I just couldn't think of anything to say. I definitely had to say something though because he wasn't going to let it go. The cavemen of this world never like to lose face, especially in front of an audience.

Any kind of comeback was normally a doddle for me but I was still feeling flat from the shock of what had happened earlier in the day. That had been a real knock-back. My head was still messed up from it all and on top of that I couldn't get over the fact I was now sitting

here with all these losers. So, trying to think of something to say that would shut this muppet up was proving to be a bit tough.

Among the beasts and weapons of death covering the fat blokes body I noticed there was a tattoo of a curvy yellow haired girl. It stood out to me because this bird was a beautiful thing surrounded by the ugliness of the other images, and the brute they were attached to.

“You deaf or what, pretty boy?” He just wasn’t going to give up.

He tipped his head and moved his right ear towards me slightly as if to hear a little better. A puzzled look was on his face and he reminded me slightly of a mental version of Roy Wood, only much larger and even more hairy. He didn’t look like he was about to give a medley of Wizards greatest hits though.

He had called me pretty boy, what was that all about? It was only now that I looked around the room quickly at the dozen or so other blokes dotted about that I noticed I was the only one wearing a suit. Savile Row was obviously not a place these losers shopped and probably thought a three-piece suit was something you sat on. Now what do I say? I really had to think of something quickly because this meat head just wasn’t going to leave it alone. Sitting here hoping the situation would go away was not an option.

Looking around the room again a dozen pairs of eyes were starting to focus their attentions on the developing situation. It wasn’t as if they had anything else to do though, was it? A dozen pairs of eyes waiting for my response, a response that wasn’t there. Then it came to me, the tat must be of his bird, why else would it be there? My answer was not exactly a classic of our time but it was never going to be with the way I was feeling. Hopefully it would diffuse the situation and take the heat off of me and then we could all have a good laugh about it. Sorted.

“Nice girl.” Was my simple response, nodding towards the bird tattooed on his tree trunk sized arm. “Bet she’s a good shag.”

“Wouldn’t know, you dickhead.” Came the angry reply as he lunged forward. “She’s me mother.”

I have to say that for a fat bloke he moved pretty quickly and this was something I found out to my disadvantage. He leapt towards me with the tattooed arm in question raised up high. The fingers on the end looked more like a bunch of bananas and they clenched together to form an almighty fist. I tried to dodge out of the way but wasn’t fast enough and the bunch of bananas connected with my chin. I don’t know what happened after that because he punched my lights out and as I started to fall it all went very dark as I passed out.

When I finally came to, the hard floor was pressing into my back and my sore jaw soon reminded me of what had happened. I could feel the cold concrete through my Anderson and Sheppard suit sending shivers down my spine. The fuzzy image of a bloke in uniform was looking down at me from a crouching position and squinting. His dark eyes were concentrating on my face. It was a struggle, but I managed to bring myself up to a sitting position.

“He's alright.” He muttered to the other blurry uniformed shape standing behind him.

“He'll survive.” He finally said after studying me for a while.

If this was how things worked in here then I wasn't so sure survival was going to be easy. As much as I liked a good fight, I didn't want to be constantly having a ruck with someone.

The room was coming back into focus and I shook my head to get rid of the foggy feeling. Looking around the room, I tried to spot the fat bloke but he was nowhere to be seen. The man in uniform stood up and there was a clanking and rattling sound as he did so. I noticed it was the wooden baton attached to his belt knocking on the floor and he also had a long silver chain made of heavy steel attached to a big bunch of keys. All the blokes in uniform had them, keys to get through the gates and doors and a big stick to beat us with. They all wore the same clothes as well, regulation white shirt, black trousers and steel capped boots.

“Come on.” He said to the other bloke in uniform and they both walked back through the same door I'd used to enter the room.