

Bird man

A Christian, Muslim and Jew Rolled in One

“I can’t do this no more, I didn’t join up to kill every dam living thing created by God, and I don’t mean by that false devil Dispater. I am a Christian, a Muslim and a Jew rolled in one.

I believe in God Almighty and the devil and that’s whom I am supposed to be fighting.

Not plants and bugs and poisoning water so that Bird men chicks get sick and die vomiting and blind,” Billy McNash complained to Colonel Horatio Nelson.

Nelson reached out a hand and took young Billy’s pocket bible from him.

“New English,” he said, “don’t see many of these?.”

“Look what that creep Henry makes us do,” Billy groaned as a chick floated by on the river that was now bright orange.

It was full of deforestation chemicals that killed Bird men and fish birds ate.

“I isn’t poisoning no more colonel, you can shoot me but I isn’t poisoning no more,” Billy and meant it.

A swamp dragon splashed by ignoring them, blood oozed from its mouth, it groaned poisoned by them.

Carp bloated dead lay at their feet in the lapping shallows.

A corpse of a crane was nearby covered in dead flies that had been poisoned.

The crane smelt something too.

“I have been searching for the light for three hundred years and last night I think I found it,” the colonel was speaking to himself and McNash started listening once he realised he hadn’t been shot for what he said.

Bird man

“Last night I found the truth,

'Don't do what you are doing, it is wrong.' Simple as that, just a thought come out of the blackness of my mind and I cried and cried as I knew I couldn't do this dirty work no more.

This isn't war, this is murder.

PAUSE.

Tzu Strath would never have ordered such things. A man can only serve one master and Tzu isn't here and I am not serving Henry no more son,” Nelson told McNash who looked at him hopefully.

Why McNash picked up a spanner, willing and ready to open the cocks on the barrels of chemicals and let it spill onto the soil, then fire it.

“We will blame the hostiles, can't be sure Henry killed them off hereabouts? Some bound to have escaped, didn't we see a band come flying in and scout yesterday?” Nelson asked.

“Yes sir I did,” McNash exuberantly lying.

“Shouldn't have left an old desk colonel and a private to do the job?” And the colonel went off to order the remaining men in his platoon to do a search of the swamps for hostiles to get rid of them.

When he came back McNash had created a pool of orange ooze.

“Hello this is Colonel Nelson, position Charlie 19, we are under hostile attack, help come quick,” and threw some grenades into the nearby swamp and shot a few rounds from a pistol in the air so the radio man at the other end heard.

Then switched off; McNash burned the orange muck.

Both men's God genes were awake.

Bird man

Two men on their way through the pearly gates.

And a long military holiday also if they were lucky.

Dictator Cedric Henry wasn't amused when he saw a thick cloud of orange smoke billowing above the swamps.

He knew what it meant before he was told.

He didn't believe for an instant Bird men had survived his attack on Torrs to raid.

"Bird lovers," he spat.



Illustration 98: Orange death