

Short Story – Fresh Coat

The tiny spies watched Sam, quietly and out of sight, as he polished his red pride and joy in the driveway of his rural home on a late Sunday afternoon. As Sam made his way around his treasured vehicle to make sure every angle was addressed, these diminutive agents turned to each other with knowing and mischievous eyes. Soon enough, they would take concerted and concentrated action against their enemy.

The next morning, Sam's slumber was interrupted by the sound of repetitive thuds from his driveway. He jumped out of bed to glimpse the source of the curious sounds through a nearby window. To great surprise, he saw his precious red conveyance now covered in a thick blanket of snow. "Snow in spring?" Sam thought quizzically.

Sam walked out the front door that led out to the driveway. Sam was aghast at what met his ear, sight and scent. He heard harsh, repeating caws from seemingly every direction and saw a bird swoop down to deliver a payload of feces onto his beloved vehicle with that familiar thud. This was no layer of snow but a thick and lumpy blanket of turd! And, of course, he smelt the intensely foul odor that accompanied such a spectacular heaping of dung.

Sam was stunned by the spectacle and attempted to shoo away another bird making its bombing run on his defenseless car. Sam yelled and cursed at the other birds gathered atop his roof, nearby powerlines and tree limbs but to no significant avail. The bombing runs continued as a stunned Sam looked on helplessly.

Entering his house, Sam paced around frantically until he saw it, gleaming in the morning light. His father's hunting rifle, behind glass. He swore it was only on display as a decoration and never for use when anyone asked about it but now its purpose was most desirable. Such is the way of things in the face of convenience and desperation. Sam smashed open the case and prepped the arm.

The sound of gunfire rang out across the property and those beyond. Sam aimed the weapon at all things feathered and fired with a mad glint in his eye. He was a hopeless shot and merely succeeded in temporarily alarming the congregated avian population who continued to hold fast to their succeeding offense on Sam's once-clean ride.

Out of ammo, Sam threw down his father's rifle and re-attempted to shoo away the birds in their low swooping with his swatting arms and insulting yells. The birds were all but immune to these pathetic actions and now altered their target.

The door knob slowly turned from the inside of Sam's home. Sam entered through the doorway, head and shoulders now covered in thick, white excrement. Sam was completely outdone by the winged aggressors. But with a heavy heart, he knew what he had to do.

He slowly entered his kitchen, approached a cupboard, opened it and carefully retrieved a large sack.

The birds looked on as Sam exited his home with the large sack in tow. They seized their continued assault on Sam's car as Sam kneeled and reached into the sack. The birds, now quiet, looked on as he withdrew a handful of small, speckled eggs from the sack.

The birds started screeching in alarm at the sight. Sam continued to empty the sack of more handfuls of eggs until it was empty. He placed them gently on the ground before him. And these weren't just any eggs. They had been gathered from low-hanging nests in the area. Sam, in all his thievery, had stolen them and there was no question in Sam's mind that these eggs were the precious offspring of the vengeful foul that were putting him through the paces this morning.

Sam backed away from the eggs on the ground and the birds, now quiet and restrained, flew down to the mound of eggs, gathered them all up in their beaks and took off.

Sam looked beaten and haggard after all the morning's ornithological calamity. But, above all, he was most sullen over what he had just given up. "Best omelets ever," he thought to himself.