

Paul Lambrecht  
2306 W. Marlboro Dr.  
Chandler, AZ 85224  
617-905-2613  
[lambrecht@post.harvard.edu](mailto:lambrecht@post.harvard.edu)  
[www.typeabpositive.com](http://www.typeabpositive.com)

about 1700 words

### **SAVAGE PARROT**

By Paul Lambrecht

I had fallen asleep on the living room sofa with the talk radio opining on matters large and small. As I had been cautioned by various luminaries of the AM dial to remain vigilant against the very real threat of terrorism, I had left the lights on in addition to locking the door. My duct tape was on the coffee table in case of localized

chemical warfare. My eyes were painted on my lids so a jihadist couldn't sneak in and box-cut my throat without me giving him a good old-fashioned American ass-splattering. However, I have to say, I hadn't considered the welfare of my poor pet parrot, Cheep Cheep, who was perched in a cage overhanging the broadcasting radio, suffering through a noisy and illuminating night.

When I awoke much later that morning after many hours of fitful tossing and turning, light was streaming through the window and the AM cranks had already eased into their breakfast-served-all-day menu of talking points. Cheep Cheep was staring at me with rather a grousing mien, stooped, feathers ruffled and lackluster -- all in all looking sick and miserable.

I arose from the couch like a hungover messiah and switched off the radio, causing him to blink, then swivel his head at me and flash me his beady eyes.

"Sorry, Cheep Cheep," I said, reaching for his water holder when just like Michigan Frog from those old Warner Brothers' cartoons, my Cheep Cheep *spoke* and perhaps owing to his sleep-deprived state, he omitted pleasantries and introductions:

*"Liberals should be hanged for treason."*

To be honest, I found this to be unconscionable and uncalled-for bloviating, stunning not only for its lack of gentility, but also in that its acerbic over-the-topness originated from a bird who had never to my knowledge spoken before. I knew from my limited research on Wikipedia that this species of parrot was capable of mimicking speech, but I had never heard of any species of bird espousing political opinions one way or the other. I was pretty sure, in fact, that the grand total of avian weighing-in on matters of national dialogue was bumpkis.

*"Liberals should be hanged for treason."*

Holy Moly! He had said it again.

I was loath to leave him with the last word as he sounded just like any other bird-brained patsy for the right, and I had been cultivating rebuttals against reactionary crackpots should just such a contingency materialize. The mystery (if there was one) was whether the bird could understand what he was saying.

I took the bait.

*"Liberal values are in the highest tradition of American values."*

But this bird had a beak on him.

*"What is this, the old soviet system? How would you have liked life in the gulag? Spew your commie crapola*

*somewhere else."*

This was just an ad hominem attack! I didn't appreciate it coming from a fifty dollar pet.

"Where does a bird get so much hate?" I asked, my dander rising.

*"Where'd you get your pot, pothead?"*

"Now I know you don't understand what you're saying but what I do when my friends come over is none of your concern, bird!"

*"Hillary's a bitch."*

"Did Rupert Murdoch implant a chip in your head?"

*"Next caller."*

"Yeah," I said, meeting his glance and rising to my full height. "This is your owner and I'd appreciate the respect due one."

This (and the supportive evidence of my hands) rattled his cage. He became quite sour and said nothing more for a few minutes, satisfying me.

"Just a plain old bird again, eh?"

He preened lugubriously.

Taking pity on him looking so fatigued and flappable, I covered his cage in a towel.

*"Censorship! American censorship!"* he cried.

Then I lay down on the sofa again, shuddering uncontrollably from the wee hours' unadvisable champagne binge and turned the radio on low so only I could hear, or so I thought, a call-in show about relationships. It managed to hold my attention for a few minutes, and I fell asleep thinking of that bimbo closet-dyke Sandra -- again with the radio and lights on. The last words I heard before fading out, were:

*"My abusive husband is in the room right now. He has a knife."*

*Well, call 911, baby. Get off the phone with us. Hello? Hello? Caller? Well I hope she made it ok."*

*Does your dog suffer from canine halitosis?"*

When I awoke it was very dark out, and in my hazy coming together I could not immediately identify which "I" talking point the radio panderer pundits had mutated into the most egregious outrage in human history, whether it was Hillary's view on Iraq, Iran, Immigration, or '08. It mattered not as whatever it was was destined to become a shimmering glimmering moon-sized crystal of focused partisan fervor.

*"America, you are listening to the Oracle at Palm Springs. You are so smart. You know why? You are so smart. Do you need me to tell you how brilliant you are?"*

Do you want to know? You are so smart because you listen to me. If you listened to liberals, and there are a few of them out there who can string together a sentence... if you listened to them you wouldn't be so smart. You'd think you were listening to a rational educated person, but you'd be dead wrong. You know why? Because liberals aren't real people. They may look like real people, talk like real people, and use the same words -- even some of the same phrases as real people -- but they aren't real people because they pervert reality. Reality sickens them. Why? Because they're afraid to call a spade a spade - to them it's a Spade-American or some such nonsense - they have to rationalize their liberal agenda to you and everyone else so they can neuter America. Right now, some hirsute mountain ogress in Vermont is listening to the program and she's stewing in her Birkenstocks because I'm right, and she's a composting hippy commie. And no amount of pot-smoking and late night munchy runs in her Toyota Prius with her cute little Darwin turtle bumper stickers is going to change that. Now I want to take a second to reassure my listeners that they're good people. Now you might not have any idea why I just said that, but I repeat, my listeners are good, nay, excellent... people. Here's the reason I'm telling you this. How many times are you out at a cocktail

party with your pinko commie neighbors, you know who they are, and someone interrupts the polite chit-chat with some type of negative... liberal... offensive... disgraceful comment about the president, or the country or the troops? Happens every day in every neighborhood, red state, blue state, whatever. Well my friends, you may have felt bad when you try to argue with these nutcases and stand up for your country and conservative principles - and they laugh at you. Well, they laughed at Jesus, too. Who's laughing now? Anyways, you might have even deep down questioned why we went into Iraq in the first place. You know the reason, but you're letting these un-American elements lead you to question yourself. Here's the good news, nation. We were right to go into Iraq. We went for the right reasons. Now we don't necessarily know all the right reasons, I probably know more than you, but I can't tell you because it's classified, and I'd have to... Well, you know the rest. We are spreading liberty and democracy in this volatile region. We're not doing this for blood or oil or some other equally far-fetched far-left conspiracy theories. This is still the same America which freed slaves from Africa, liberated the Holocaust survivors in Europe, bailed them out with the Marshall Plan following the end of hostilities in WWII, twice elected Ronald Reagan, destroyed

*the communist Soviet Empire, rebuilt after 9-11, and killed Bin Laden, err... I mean Hussein. Now say what you want about Bush, and I don't particularly like the guy, I think he's a wimp -- but I think all this anti-American, anti-troop, cut-and-run, defeatism is the only thing you have to feel bad about this country for. Now [pause with feeling] I've got some good news amongst all of this bad news. **You** don't have to let these idiots win. [Heavy metal outro.] Learn how you can help. Get involved. Go to my website. Double-you double-you oracle ay em dot com. We'll stop'em...*

*[Canned voice.] Did you know radon is a silent killer? Send away immediately for our Radon Detection unit and Info Sheet. Don't delay one more day or it could be your last. And if you order soon, you'll receive an additional unit which fits into your car's cigarette lighter."*

I lurched to the radio and turned it off. In the same instant I swore I could hear a rustle of movement in Cheep Cheep's cage. I removed the mantle and saw his eyes were closed but seemingly clenched together with effort, and his feathers appeared duller and more ruffled than before.

**"Pretender!"** I accused him, "You aren't sleeping. You've been listening, haven't you?" His pale muslin eyes parted with Hannity-like possession.

"In the old Soviet system, you couldn't even worship God."

This was simply freaky, and I felt as if I hadn't slept at all, even though I'd been on the sofa all day. The bird stared at me malevolently. Something had to be done. I had escaped my mind with sudden indifference to the value of his one pound life. It was my one chance to strike back at his odious ilk, and I took it. I reached in through his ornate wire gate and after exhausting his fluttering wheelhouse I grasped him in my hand, and didn't let go until he had stopped shrieking.

His last words confirmed my fears.

*"The Bears work really hard on special teams - they have more blocked punts..."*

Cheep Cheep had been blameless. He was purely imitative. That was his excuse.

But as for the rest of them..

**THE END**