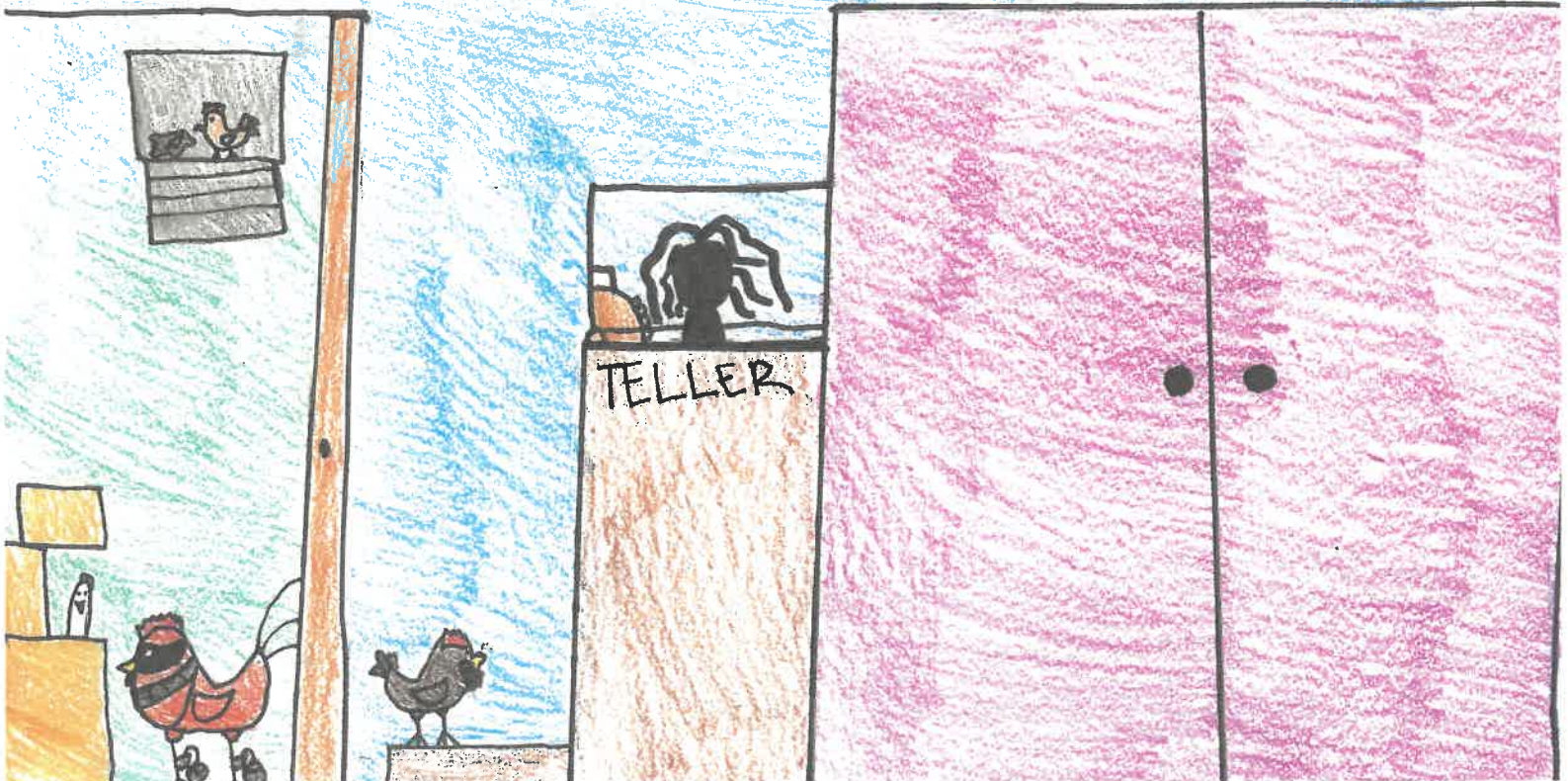


Bigga and the Bandit Girls

By: Melanie Campbell

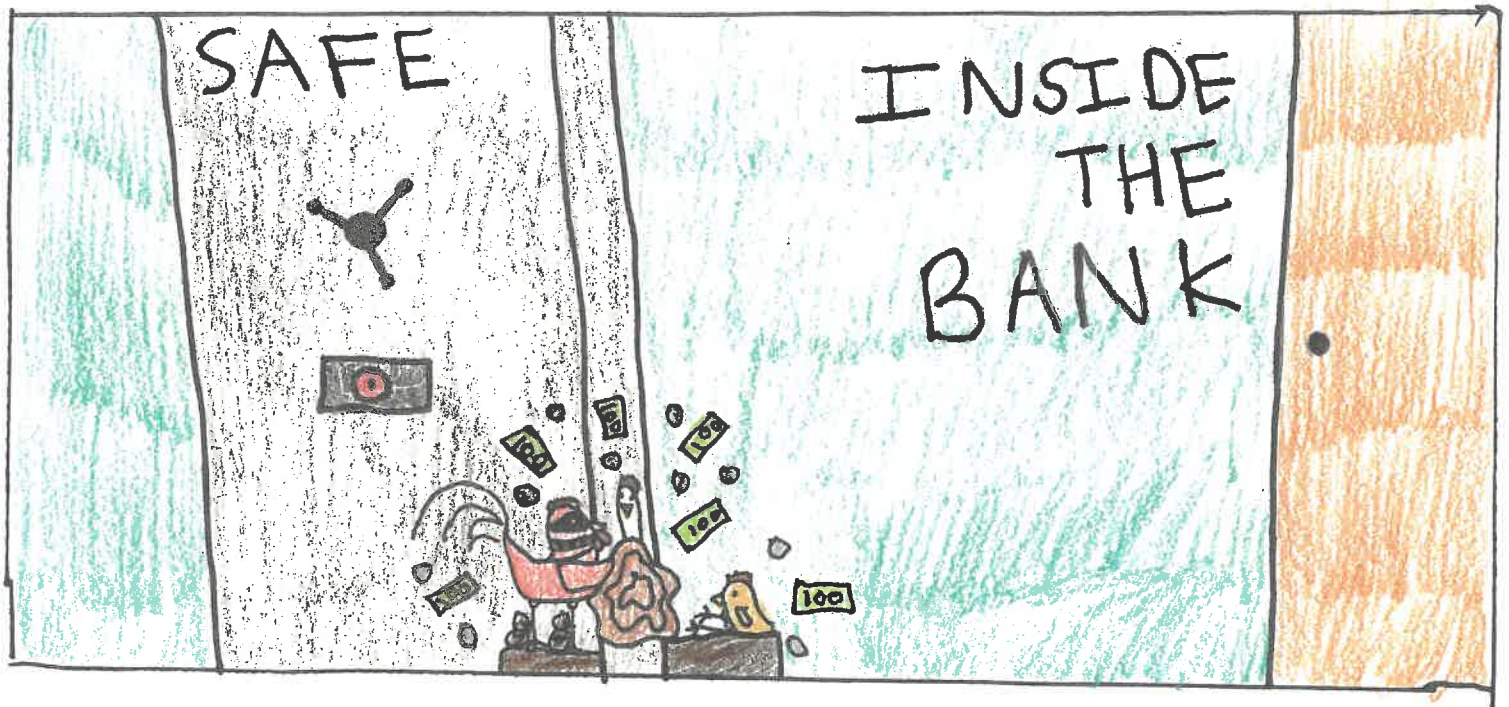
TURBAN UNITED BANK BEST PROTECTED





Well, I couldn't help becoming a Bandit. I mean what else is out there to help me lead an exciting life? My parents were expecting all girls from this group. And... Well... Surprise! I'm a boy. They named me after the song YMCA. My name is Youngman.

Three mischievous girls in a coop of 18 hens can be pretty convincing for a boy like me, when it comes to trouble. So, they got me into trouble. Knocked over water dish- Oops. Broken feeder- Oops. So, that's how I ended up at Prison Coop. Let me tell you this, that place is DREARY. I mean my tail feathers were SAGGIINNGG. Now that's terrible. So, I decided to escape. I am pretty good at picking locks with my spurs, not to puff my own feathers or anything. It's a hobby of mine. So, I escaped and went to my old coop where I grew up. I took my three girls to be my accomplices. Puffy, Marshmallow, and Rio.



Back to the present. We are in the woods outside of Turban. We plan on robbing the Turban United Bank. I mean after all we are Bandits. My name in The Bandits is Bigga the Bandit, after my rooster nickname Bigga Boy. The girls are called The Bandit Girls.

“Alright, move in, Pretty Puffy,” I signaled Puffy.

Puffy distracts the Bank Teller by shaking her puffy cheek feathers., so the other Bandit Girls and I can rob the bank.

We got into the bank by the air vent. “Slip through this Marshmallow,” I said as I picked the lock and cracked the safe just enough so it wouldn’t set of the alarm. Marshmallow came out of the safe with a bag so full of money, that Rio and I had to pull it out with Marshmallow pushing from the inside.

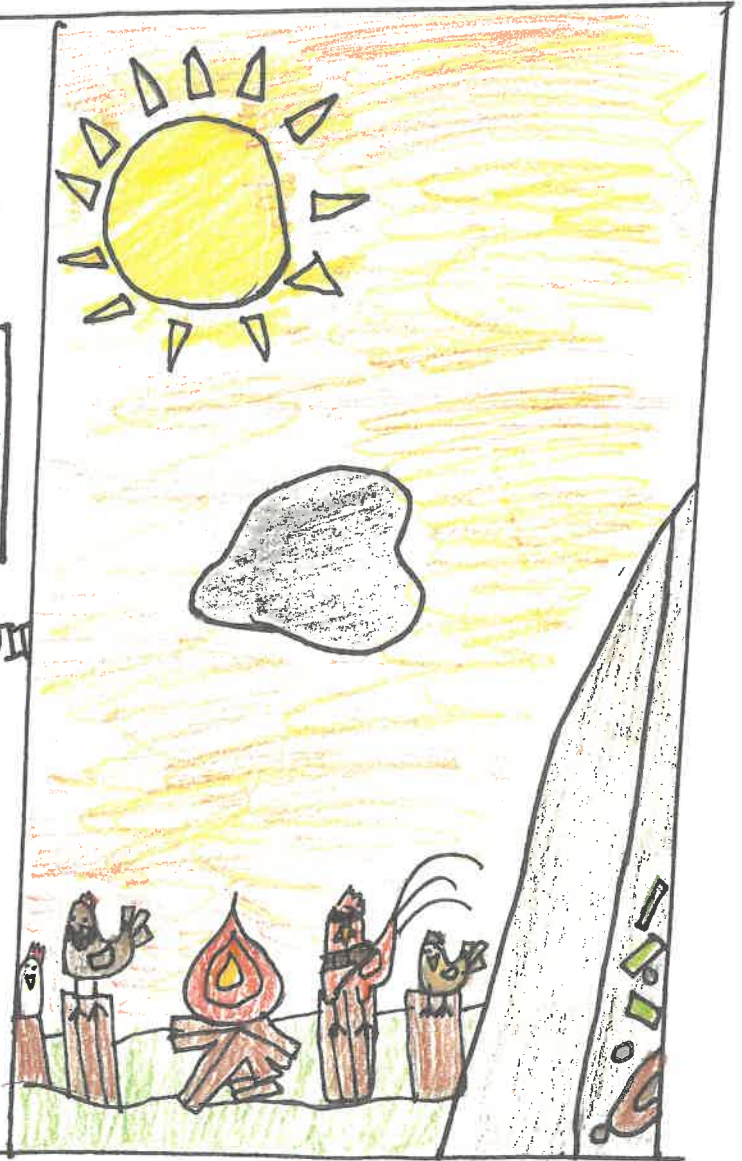
WANTED
YOUNG MAN



BANDIT
GIRLS TOO
REWARD
\$10,000
ALIVE
FOR PETTING
REASONS ONLY

GOES BY:
BIGGA THE BANDIT
ESCAPED
FROM
PRISON
LOOP

WANTED



"Run!" I yelled. We dashed through the streets. "Whoa!" I stopped. "That's a good picture of me on that Wanted Poster. \$10,000 ALIVE. I'm a special boy." The girls and I ran into the woods and pitched a tent to store the money in. We sat by the fire and talked. This was a good robbery and we hopefully won't get caught...



“Cock-a-doodle–do. Let’s go! Move out!” We are heading to the Great Falls today because that’s what the map that I found yesterday told us to do.

“Rioooo! Grab the bag!” demanded Puffy.

“Why me?”

“Because you are the only one that hasn’t carried it for miles.”

“We’re here!” I said.

“Um, Bigga who’s that behind the tree?” asked Puffy.

“Go! Down the Falls” I yelled.

“Really Bigga the Falls? I’m sopping!” complained Marshmallow.

“Well, the map told us to.” I argued.

“Where did you find the map?”

“In a creepy old bus station.”

“In a WHAT?”

“Well, don’t get your tail feathers in a big knot.”

At camp Marshmallow and I didn’t talk. We just sat around the fire. When it was time to count the money, I praised Marshmallow by saying, “Wow Marshmallow! You got mooonneeyyy for Biggee!” She didn’t say anything. Guess that knot isn’t coming out.



“Look at this newspaper! It says we are free but we aren’t allowed to go back into town!

“MORE BANKS FOR US! HURRAY!” exclaimed everyone.

Marshmallow started talking to me again.....