



The Vindo Viper

By Curtis Jerry Smothers

The first message arrived on a stormy night that should have been peaceful. My wife and I sat before a crackling fire while tree branches scratched against the stucco walls outside. I had no idea the phone call I was about to receive would disturb our lives for the next five days.

My cell phone rang.

"Hello?"

An accented female voice whispered, a "Een fife deez... dee Vindo Viper vill be heeyah."

"Pardon?"

"You vill know."

The line went dead.

I stared at the phone for a moment, then shrugged.

"Wrong number," I told my wife.

Three days later I pulled into the driveway to find her waiting at the front door.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I got a strange phone call this afternoon," she said. "A woman with a heavy accent said, 'In two days dee Vindo Viper vill be heeyah.' Curt... who is the Vindo Viper?"

"I have no idea," I admitted. "Probably some crank with too much time on her hands."

My answer did little to calm her nerves.

For the next two days we jumped every time the phone rang. Every creak of the house sounded ominous. Even the wind seemed to whisper, Vindo Viper... Vindo Viper...

Then, on the appointed day, the doorbell rang.

We exchanged nervous glances.

"I'll get it," I said.

I opened the door.

Standing on the porch was an exotic looking gypsy woman who looked as though she had stepped straight out of Macbeth. She smiled pleasantly, held up a squeegee and a spray bottle of window cleaner, and said,

"Ya. I'm dee Vindo Viper. Vould ennyvun vant dair vindows viped?"

Curtis Jerry Smothers

More stories, essays, history, humor, poetry, and memoires at www.cjsmothers.com