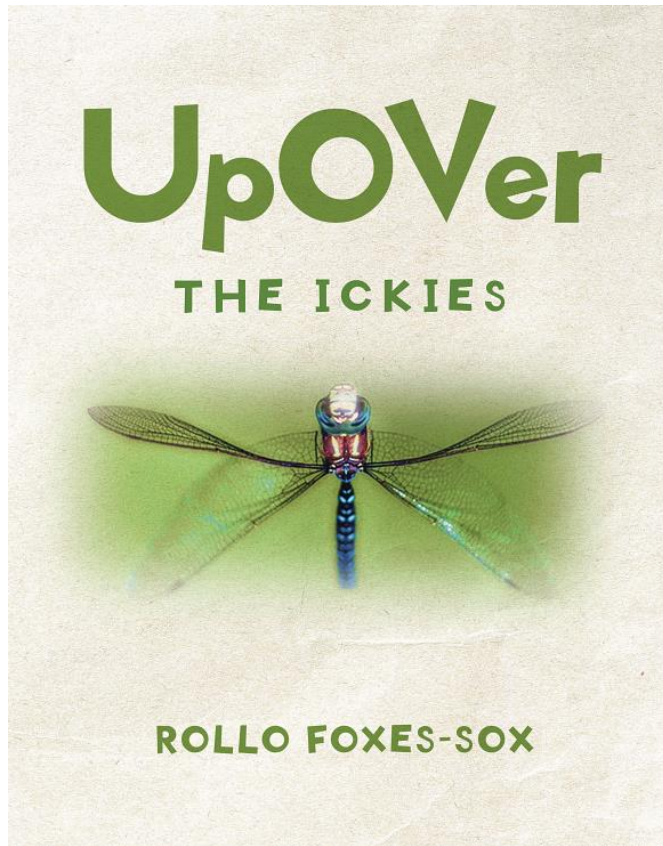




Fictional story based on current observation and research of the dragonfly, it has incredible abilities and occupies a very important niche in our ecosystems.

UpOver: The Ickies
By Rollo Foxes-Sox

**Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com
<https://booklocker.com/books/14850.html?s=pdf>
or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

UpOVER

THE ICKIES



ROLLO FOXES-SOX

UpOVER

THE ICKIES

ROLLO FOXES-SOX



Trenton, Georgia

Copyright @ 2026 Richard Birrer

Paperback ISBN: 978-1-961266-36-0

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88532-300-0

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2026

First Edition

Contents

Chapter 1:	The Incubus.....	1
Chapter 2:	Childhood.....	2
Chapter 3:	The Basics.....	8
Chapter 4:	The Solo.....	24
Chapter 5:	All Quiet on the Upper Front.....	26
Chapter 6:	The Check Flight.....	36
Chapter 7:	Becoming a Red Baron.....	40
Chapter 8:	Down Time	50
Chapter 9:	The Symphony of death The Aramada	55
Chapter 10:	The Aftermath	69

1

The Incubus

Off in the distance Wheeler, the whip-poor-will, sang his doleful dirge. Yet I remained wide-eyed mulling over the day's events. Normally, I would be fast asleep by now from the familiar, soothing aria. Though exhausted from what had happened, I tossed and turned, fretting over the dark unknown. How had it come to pass that I and my friends had survived the ordeal? It didn't make any sense. We were totally unprepared for what transpired. Actually, even if we had been ready the outcome could easily have been a disaster. My heart beat faster and beads of sweat formed on my forehead. My stomach flipped over several times when I considered what could have happened. I replayed the details leading up to the catastrophe. There seemed to be no forewarning sign or hint of what was to come. And then, before I and my comrades knew what occurred we were thrown into the hurly burly. And we were suppose to be the top echelon of predators-outperforming lions and sharks?

The nightmare was interrupted several times by memories of splendid times with my cousins from DownUnder and Arcantia. I remembered snagging many mosquitoes, gnats and midges causing problems for the Black Gold team. They were very grateful and often provided additional snacks. I took some of them for a short flight, which they really enjoyed. I and my comrades also provided surveillance for our cousins. And when the invasions came, we helped them with aerial maps and reconnaissance. These pleasant memories led me late in the night to finally succumb to Morpheus.

10

The Symphony of death The Aramada

Rogues, renegades, outcasts and blackguards found a home in Blackmoor bog located in Sector 5. An unwholesome stench filled the air and a layer of mist hid many unmentionable secrets. No one ventured to explore the marsh since it was considered to be a one-way ticket with no return.



Blackmoor Bog

The day began with a crisp azure sky on a lazy summer day. Most members of Gladmore slept in as it was a family day. I, however, maintained my daybreak schedule, which I had found served me well. I planned to visit Bluberry and enjoy her company over a picnic. I checked the forecast noting the approach of a cold front later in the day. I left Gladmore as the sun rose, my friends and family sound asleep. It was a short flight to Cozy Creek where Bluberry awaited my arrival. We embarked for the nearby meadow to enjoy the flowers and associated airborne snacks. We became pleasantly lost in each other's company. The base siren interrupted our reverie.

Meanwhile, Invidia left Gladmore to scope out the commotion. He quickly returned with his report.

"There is a massive group of miscreant Orions in the nearby droke. I listened in on their scuttlebutt and learned that they are planning an ambush on our home as their food supply is nearly exhausted. We gotta get ready now," the investigator urged.

Many were amazed about the report to the point of disbelief. Others were still half asleep. The overall response was dismal.

Within minutes they came. It began as a hum, then a thrum. The curr became a churr. The buzz led to a drone and soon a thunderous rumble. The ground shook. The sky darkened. The situation became a furball.



The armada

"Achtung, was der Teufel?" screamed Exilda, the excitator. Most did not listen to him since he was a graduate of the Chicken Little's school of Blue Sky and tended to get everyone riled up over mostly nothing.

A loud boom came from the bombinator. "Stop cackling and calm down." Then a emergency siren sounded to take cover.

"That may be a good idea," Bombay suggested on second thought, as he quickly took cover under a large frond.

Arse mobilized Fritz von Faartz, the fumigator, and Stanley, the stinkinator, to clear the airstrip and Dexter, the decontaminator, to set the explosives as a preventive strategy. He called in Krispee Bacon, the bark mantis. They would be supported by the earwigs, ladybugs and grasshoppers whose wings were carefully concealed.

"I gotta get back to Gladmore," Blaise told Bluberry.

"You should immediately return home and remain with your family; stay frosty," he told her.

"But I can help," she pleaded.

Blaise gazed at her with delighted amazement.

"You are liable to get hurt if there is a brawl."

And with that he sped back to the home front, failing to notice that Bluberry followed him at a distance.

The glade fighters assembled quickly to respond to the emergency. After the briefing from Invidia Blaise made a quick assessment.

"This is not a drill. We are being invaded," stated Blaise bluntly.

And then astounding himself and summoning up some deeply hidden courage he clearly said, "We have an opportunity to finally strut our stuff. Use the fighter the skills we were taught and hopefully save our community. This is not a time to flinch."

The group was amazed by his boldness and clarity but recalled what he had done during formation flying.

"Time to go. Send the admiral to sea. Make sure you have a dash two. Fangs out. Speed jeans on," he commanded.

Such crisp orders! No lisp. Together, they lifted off after Arse had given the OK clearance.

"Good luck, guys," he said, although he had a dreadful foreboding.

Led by T. Rex Mullens and Dismus, the Orion armada consisted in the dregs of the flying world. Many had flunked out of reputable flight schools; others were shifty brutes who had learned to survive by dishonesty and theft, and still others were grifters and drifters simply looking for booty. They descended on the glade and took out the airstrip losing a number of their fleet from the fumigation effects and explosions. Early victims included Agira and Anubiz, who succumbed to the noxious fumes and then were blown into pieces by Dexter. The bark mantis grabbed Will Tikel. After some grappling, he decapitated him but was struck by a cowardly attack from Robben in the back. Before the robber fly could inject its lethal toxins Gracie, the grass mantis, emerged from her camouflaged hideaway, quickly grabbed the fly's proboscis and snapped it in two. The fly let go of



The fight to the death-Krispee Bacon, Will Tikel, and Robben

its prey and sputtered off to eventually die of starvation. In the commotion WhoFlunkDung planted mines around the area, but Earl espied his clandestine activity and quietly removed them when he was not looking. He then pinched off the detonator's wings so that he was unable to escape Chica's crushing blow.

The panjamdrum, Pompey, a member of the Flying Frisbees, wondered why there was no fighter defense, but most of the villains told him to pipe down and help himself, which he gladly did. I'm not sure that is a good idea, he thought as he knew that the glade had a fighter squadron, but forgot his concern as he buried his muzzle in nectar. That was a strategic error. As the bandits dove into the booty, they were unaware of the incoming assault.

"Victor Romeo now," ordered Blaise. Comet, Buzabiz, Bombay and Fulberto formed a diamond behind his lead escorted by a right echelon finger 4 under the command of Inez and a left finger four under Invidia. With careful precision Blaise's diamondbacks led the first strike and demolished many of the feasting intruders. Inez and Invidia prepared for the cleanup, but by then the enemy had taken to the air and prepared for a counteroffensive.

Descimus asked for attack approval but not waiting, soared into the thick of things. He quickly turned into a grape with the first salvos from the raiders and hurriedly scurried off to safety looking for some courage.

"Ok team, this it. We need to finish them off decisively, and we can do it," stated Blaise.

"Are all playmates here? Snuggle up. Head on a swivel-it's Linda Blair time. Throw in the turbos to lead them away from our home and set them up for an ambush."

Etched in his memory Blaise recalled his disastrous fighter pilot final exam. Vowing to not repeat those mistakes again, he ascended to 3 angels waiting for an intercept. He told Inez to proceed to 2 angels then issued orders.

"Use a feint and stab."

"Birds at 18. Stay tight bubbas."

"Roger that."

"Jink!" screamed Resa. "This is gonna be a knife fight in a phone booth."

"Keep an eye out for FOD."

"Tally two bandits at 090. Initiate a bat turn. Move into a buster check six."

"Dive cherubs one."

"I got him padlocked."

"Sierra hotel! Bravo zulu guys, well done!"

Then Blaise's eye caught a bogey on the horizon. As he prepared for an intercept, he recognized that it was Punkie. She quickly roared into the dogfight. Blaise had no time to consult with her. In a twinkling she methodically knocked out 5 nasties but was relentlessly pursued by 4 more. She adroitly used a split S followed by an Immelmann managing to down 3 of the 4. Before she could execute a cobra Loki managed to tear two of her 4 wings, spewing hydraulic fluid and sending her down to ground zero. Blaise watched in horror as she disappeared into the murky bog.

Keihanaikukauakahihuliheekahaunaelel emerged from the smoke and mist. No one could pronounce her real name (calling her by her nickname instead). True to the meaning of her name, she remained calm, collected and decisive. Blaise asked her to rally the disorganized fighters while he searched for Punkie. Meanwhile, the intruders had reformed and were speeding toward revenge.

"Get a grip on yourselves. All birds regroup behind Blaise. Buddy up. Descimus, I want you to grab any enemy who is downed and dispatch him."

"Aye aye, Key. I need to redeem myself."

Abandoning the search Blaise set his sights on the obnoxious locust. He mustered 2 of his best fliers.

"I want you to use a defensive split to distract Loki," he said.

As they performed his request, Blaise went into a Kulbit somersault and blew off a pair of the locust's wings sending him into a graveyard spiral where Descimus was waiting for him.



The death of Loki

By midmorning wave clouds began to fill the sky, and the wind had picked up.

"Looks ominous," observed Tora.

"So frustrating. This gets my gander up," yelled Yakup, who continued to make a mess of the King's English.

Blaise was unperturbed and considered the forecast and the glowering sky. He saw the development as a potential blessing in disguise. "It's time to flathat," he yelled.

"Please clarify order. You mind explaining that. We don't wear hats."

"I want everyone to queue up behind me in a trail maneuver, fly at 0.1 cherub and go under the bank of roll clouds."

"That violates regs," stated Enrollado.

"Indeed, it does. You have a better idea?" asked Dangaling.

"Well, yeah, follow the regs!" blurted Gaylord.

"Duh, zounderkite! We have been, and things are not looking good. What don't you understand? The invaders don't follow any rules and yet are overcoming us!" yelled Inez.

The team decided to follow Blaise, scud running under the incoming morning glory cloud.

"Move mud and pound the ground guys!"

The enemy was shocked by the bold maneuver and balked at pursuit, choosing instead to fly into the roll cloud, where they became quickly disoriented.

Accompanied by Max as wingman Blaise then ordered a pitchback after passing under the cloud bank to emerge into a clear blue sky. A rat race followed with the tornado taking full advantage of the melee. Many of the bandits were easily picked off as they exited helter skelter from the cloud formation. Azazel and Cyclone, however, escaped unscathed. The assassinator eyed the lacinator while the cyclonator targeted the tornado.

"You are about to be a statistic. Time to yank and bank. Disengage using a barrel roll or you are a goner," yelled Enrollado to his friends.

"Time for an up and over," commanded Blaise.

"What the heck is that?"

"I want you to come under the enemy and to attach from below upside down. It's much easier to remain undetected and latch on. It is a lethal maneuver!"

"Hmm, flying upside down? That's impossible!"

"Start with a cobra, increase the camber of your rear wings to flip over and then fly as you would right-side up. Watch me".



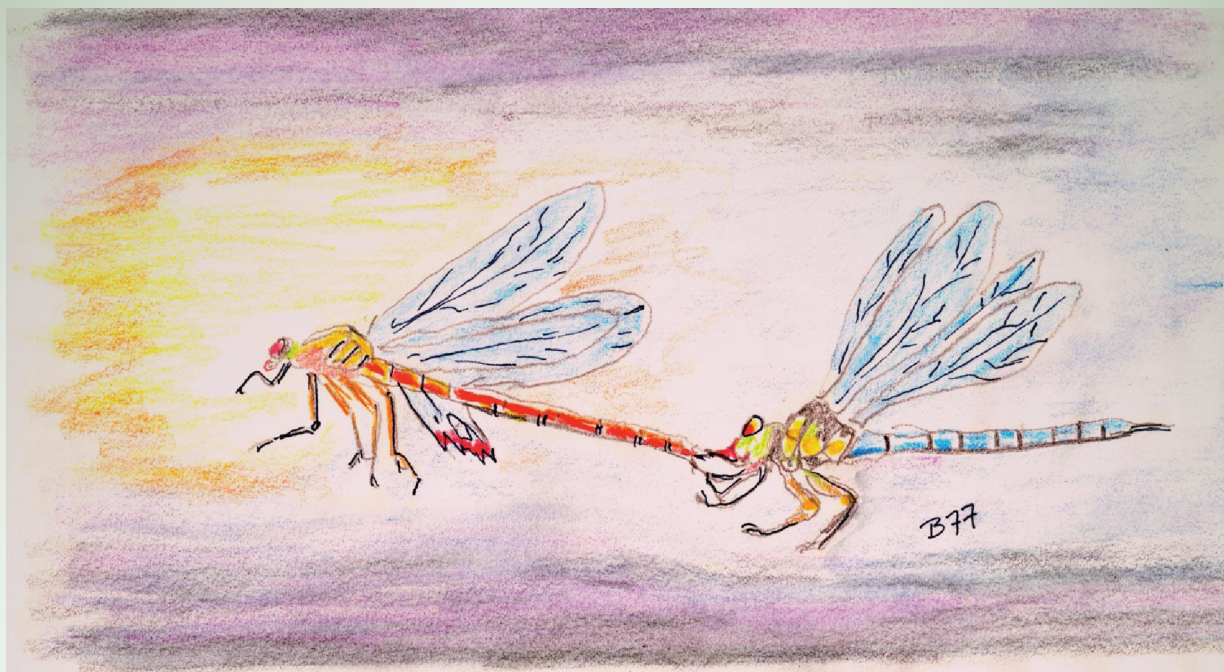
UpOver

While they successfully completed the maneuver resulting in two more kills, Onsloe took a direct hit to his forward right wing causing him to pitch, roll and rapidly lose altitude.

"Mayday, mayday. I am going to ditch," he screamed.

"Stay loose big guy. We'll get you home."

Blaise shocked the team when he intercepted Onsloe from behind and nudged him gently forward using a Pardo push to bring him successfully back to base.



The Pardo Push-Onsloe helped by Blaise

"Where did you come up with that one?"

"Read about it in the library archives. Pretty handy don't you think?"

"I owe you my life!"

The ragtag remainder of the Gladmore fighter squadron headed to homebase since the armada had broken apart. It was very quiet, late in the day, and the ATC could not be raised. As their weary bodies attempted to land, two large, dark figures were observed near the scuttled hangar. It was Turbo and Tahra, who with wide grins beckoned their next victims. The exhausted patriots withered.

"Go around. Blow and go. Do not land," advised Arse.

Then Blaise responded, "Bring it on you wretched pusillanimous reprobates." His response scared many, including himself.

Now the reader needs to know that solitary wasps are mother-eaters, zombifiers, embalmers and cannibals (rather despicable creatures wouldn't you say?). They had quietly removed most of the ground crew and had sedated Arse for their entree. Blaise had never encountered this foe but knew from his studies that wasps and hornets are fair game for dragonflies.

"I do not want any trouble. There has been enough fighting and lives lost for a long time," suggested Blaise. "Why not go our separate ways?"

"Well, you are a trouble-maker and we are still rather hungry. You look like just what we need for an hors d'oeuvre." With that, they strode into full view. They were immense, smelly and ugly. The effect was gorgonizing. The odds were overwhelming.

"Hmm, who's that? a hottie," leered one of them.

"Come here my petite pretty," ogled the other.

It was Bluberry, who suddenly appeared from the rubble. She fluttered her wings appealingly to the pair.

"You want it; come and get it boys," she gestured.

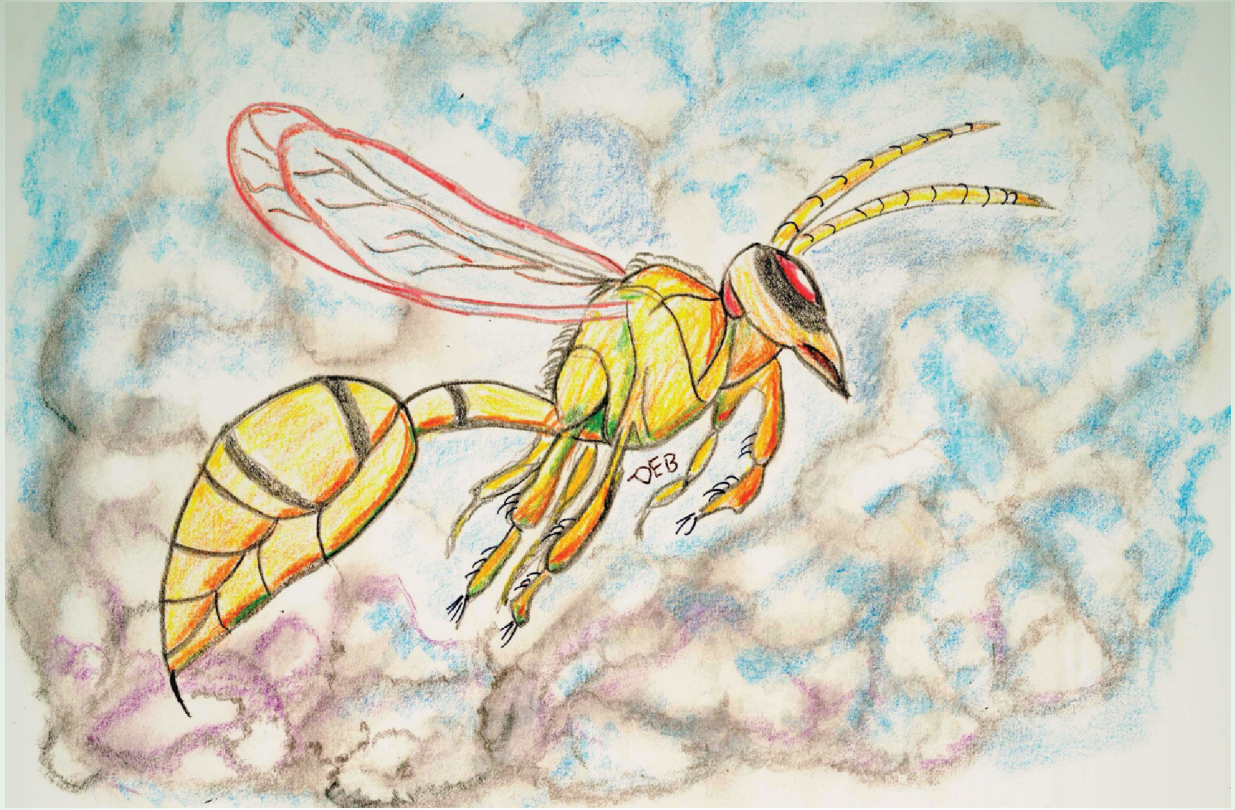
The distraction allowed Blaise to collect his thoughts. He quickly determined that their best chance lay in aerial combat. The weather had deteriorated further, which Blaise used to his advantage. He still had his wits about him. So, despite being exhausted from the day's fighting off he flew accompanied by Bluberry, Buzabiz, and Razor with their foes in hot pursuit. The marauders quickly gained on them, but the brave duo passed through a fallstreak hole confusing the pursuing pair.



Emerging from the fall streak keyhole

Turning to Bluberry Blaise said, "I got this. I want you to break off and head back to base and help reorganize. I will be alright."

Bluberry sighed in dismay but complied, not realizing that Wiwi had her in his sights. When she realized that he was on her tail she threw in her afterburners and raced back to the base. There Wiwi was surrounded by the groundcrew and summarily dispatched.

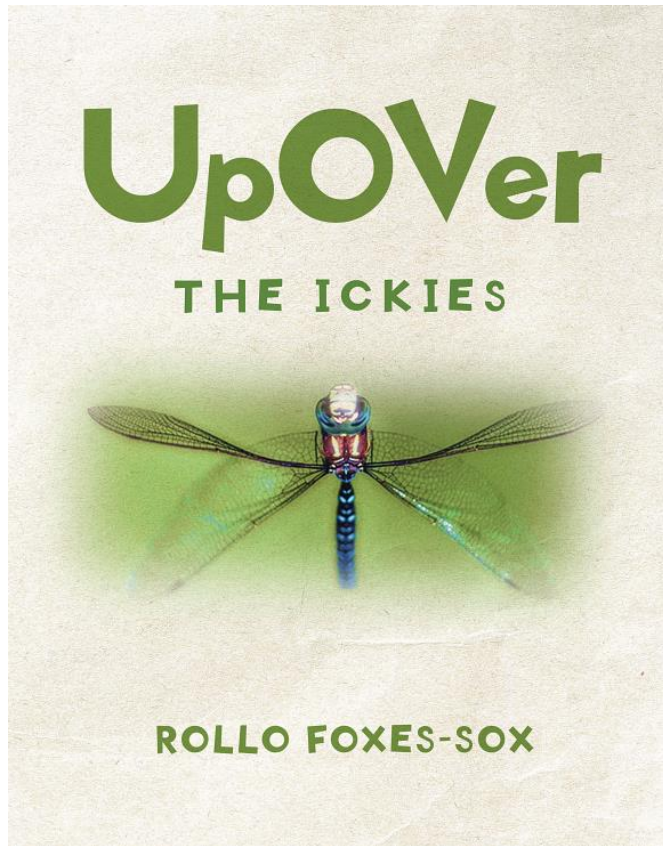


Tahra moving to the dogfight

Meanwhile, Blaise and his ragtag team entered a yo-yo maneuver placing them strategically behind and above Tahra resulting in the surgical removal of three of his wings. He quickly disappeared into the abyss. By then, Turbo had reoriented himself and now espied Blaise, who appeared to enter a foreboding sky tsunami(a shelf cloud-definitely against the regs). Instead, Blaise flatbatted before penetrating the cloud and safely avoided the severe turbulence of the oncoming storm. The hornet was not so fortunate, being tossed around like a feather. Blaise deftly emerged unharmed, entered a J-turn followed by his patented upover technique coming up beneath the unsuspecting wasp. With a quick latch on, he buried his fangs into the soft underbelly of the hornet. Shocked with the sockdolager, Turbo entered a death spin, but before crashing, Blaise disengaged and allowed the lifeless body to fall limply to earth.



Turbo is dispatched



Fictional story based on current observation and research of the dragonfly, it has incredible abilities and occupies a very important niche in our ecosystems.

UpOver: The Ickies
By Rollo Foxes-Sox

**Order the book from the publisher Booklocker.com
<https://booklocker.com/books/14850.html?s=pdf>
or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**