

One Stripe

On Trial

*Illustration 12: Mrs Moor hen*

Once upon a time there was a buzzard who thought he had outsmarted a Caesar for there could only be one Caesar. And he would admire himself in front of ponds and repeat many times trembling, “Who is the fairest in the land?

Who has the smoothest feathers?

Who can fly in all weathers?

Who sun bathes most in the sand?

Eye.

Why?

Because I am not small fry.

I am fairest Eye.

Conceited and selfish.

Handsome.

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Not like some.

“I want to be like Eye,” a common wish.

I can only blush.

And turn pink,” and is what Eye often sang when he was in a good mood and always ended with Eye salivating long strands so when he shook his head it splatted places; so, “Why you do this to me Jimmie, take that,” and a dog did a nasty to a weasel and were no longer friends any more.

And because Eye knew he had an effect upon others was confident enough to stand on a tall stone cairn, cough and spit so the wind carried it to his only two loyal friends but Eye was speaking so the friends were silent.

“Crassus has been foully done away with, of what horrors befell him? Let his assassins be caught and thrown to the lions, some also to the sewers for they are blocked.” For Eye grateful to nature for taking its course knew assassins could not be tolerated; there were other aspiring Caesars out there. As long as you could dream of a supermarket empire or stall in the market selling edible snails covered in garlic assassins were a threat; they could be hired by dreamer schemers so must go.

And Green Barron agreed someone must go to the sewers and knew Rover came cheap for Rover did not like what things the vultures ate and was hungry. An empty stomach is a good test for loyalty and can answer questions like, “He eats while I starve,” and “I fight all the battles while he eats things,” and “I fly in the cold rain that freezes a brass monkey’s thingies off and he eats hot food,” and “Eye lies about in luxury being fed grapes from floozy buzzards while I suffer frost bite,” and “it must end for I am no fool; I will make a better Caesar than him.” So Rover and the Green Barron thought but because Rover's thoughts was limited to “Woof,” so could not see

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far ahead to see Green Barron might assassinate him by throwing a stick laced in arsenic mixed with crushed glass sprinkled in Cheyenne pepper and Scots Bonnet to add gasping effects while the arsenic did its work so the plebeians did say, "It is the work of the gads, see Rover foams at the mouth."

And neither Crassus nor Rover was here to challenge him and the vultures knew they did get the loser so remained on the side lines.

"Who is the assassin?" The beasts chorused afraid they were sitting next to one with a sharp dagger.

"Rover," Eye "he that eats your young while you are asleep," he added for effect of course for Rover wasn't here to chew him to bits.

And the beasts "I told you dogs should never have joined us, they eat muck on lawns," and another "they give you worms," and "fleas," and "think you are a floozy dog and cling to your leg stupid animals," and "cost a heap to vaccinate and need out in the cold rain and blizzards or mess the carpet."

So Rover suddenly became symbolic for all dogs and many, "Who has the dog warden number," for the beasts had been listening to humans so knew what to do with the unwelcome Rovers that gnawed your expensive carpets and crocodile shoes to teach you to take them out to play sticks in the rain instead of playing with Willamina.

"We don't have any telephones do we?" A small wild cat asked.

And Eye was happy for with such material he could become more than a Caesar, a gad with a temple for offerings to made him and it did be all his his his his his and nothing for two loyal friends except what the wind carried.

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“Hail Caesar,” the two loyal friends and it was forgotten no one wanted a Caesar for assassins were about and Eye was reminded how he had fed them well, lamb in mint sauce, roast beef and horse radish, suckling pig and apples, fish and blue cheese sauce and the roast vegetable trimmings and the beasts were sad they had listened to Crassus and his lies.

“That Eye feeds himself while we gnaw roots,” “That Eye has a cushioned lantrine while we go out in all weather,” “That Eye has lions secretively hidden in Roma’s dungeons waiting for you,” “That Eye has need of salt packers in Outer Transylvania and we all watch the movies and know who lives there?” All the lies of Crassus and none asked where was Eye's promises?

So The Green Barron, popular hero the skies remained quiet but upwind of Eye whereas the two loyal friends were down wind.

“Come Caesar it is only fitting that you have an Arch of Triumph,” the war hero and bowed so Eye could get on and be taken into the blue white cloudy sky. “There are assassins about, you will be safer we me.”

“Hail Caesar hail Caesar,” the beasts chanted and Eye his ego floated so his head was to burst.

Stopped thinking.

“The buzzard with the call of the wind,

The wind which springs from no where.

To carry him faster than running hare.

As prey to seek and find.

All skill and speed on flight.

All brothers of Falconidae sharing the find.

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A meow, a kek kek after the feeling hind.

Out of the sun they drop on all others for a fight.

And unlike some are good fathers and mothers.

And rear young with the hunters gleam.

To sit on ruined beams.

Watching how to kill from others.

And proud to be brothers of the wing.

And sisters of the gliding winds,” The Green Barron and his closest friends sang
and at once it was taken up by the assembled beasts.

“Hi ho hi ho off to work we go,” the beasts sang for they had seen Snow White.

“What affection, it is too much, please continue,” Eye wrapped up in his own
glory.

“Bloody asking for it,” Black Fur but his master would not listen to him for he
cleaned blocked drainage pipes then cooked his master’s meals.

“Bloody needing it too,” Scenting Droppings but his master would not listen to
him for he was the one who emptied his master’s chamber pot, washed the cushioned
loo, picked his nose while sprinkling water cress on his master’s food for he was
Black Fur’s helper in the kitchen.

And so the cause of Caesar Eye's bad wind is found. Also while Eye is a carrier
for salmonella, cholera and the Black Death just waiting for you to catch.

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But the beasts did not know this or they did see Crassus did not tell them lies but the lies were so fantastic so who would believe; now they might believe IF a war hero thinking of replacing Caesar with a new Caesar told them!

And the war hero was taking Caesar for a grand tour above while citizens of the revolution waved cheering below and got so tired forgot there was no food to feed them and who was to blame.

“Crassus,” the two loyal followers and were believed for they were speaking to fellow plebeians.

“Just asking for it. Here think I would suit the purple?” Black Fur thinking IF Crassus could be Caesar?

“Just needing it. Here think I would suit the purple?” Scenting Droppings fed up with his most horrid jobs and thinking IF The Green Barron could be Caesar?

Then the watching plebeians saw nothing for The Green Barron had flown behind a cloud and the beasts took an opportunity from shouting “Hail Caesar,” to say “Hello Fred,” “Hi Fred,” “When we moving house Fred?” For there was a lot of Fred’s’ about for the animals needed humans to give them imaginative names like ‘Cinderella, Willamina, Washington, Bush.’

And because no one was looking the war hero turned into a war villain, “Quick take him Number 2,” The Green Barron wanting rid of Eye who had been suddenly bagged with a brown potato sack and wrapped in twine, “This Caesar weighs as much as two Caesars for he eats too many grapes,” and Number 2 dribbled at the mouth for

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he knew Caesar Green Barron would reward him with them, and he liked grapes, big seedless red juicy ones that fermented in your tummy just like XXX.

“Hey where is Caesar Fred?”

“Not there Fred,” a dog called Fred for The Green Barron had dropped above them and alarmed shouted, “Where is my Caesar Eye, what assassin has taken him?”

“He might have falling off?” It was Black Fur and reminded The Green Barron of his existence and to send him, “Amongst the lions in the dungeon.”

“An assassin got him,” Scenting Droppings reminding The Green Barron of his existence and to send him on a safari where lions lived.

“Caesar falling off?” Fred the cat asked alarmed no more tins of sardines would fall off lorries.

In fact the two loyal friends had given The Green Barron a viable escape explanation, Caesar had had too many grapes so his weight had made him fall.

“What grapes, I never got any?” Fred the escaped lioness asked.

“See what Caesar Eye had and you did not,” Number 2 hoping for his grape reward and The Green Barron noted he was a capable leader and planned a new job for him, on the wine press 24hrs a day.

“Send out search parties, go dogs, go zoo escapees, go weasels,” The Green Baron and did not organise them so they ran about chasing their tails instead while he, Caesar toured Roma.

Now and again he did throw a gnawed chicken drumstick at a puppy.

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“Look Eye never did that,” Number 2 hurrying his appointment to the grape press.

“Nice very nice,” The Green Barron sitting on Eye’s wooden seat carried here on the backs off others from a local human church up for sale. “Needs more purple and purple cushions threaded with gold and reminds me where is my Laurel wreath?”

“Grapes master?” Black Fur bringing in a tray of green and red juicy grapes stolen from a human film studio setting of Rome nearby.

“Music master?” Scenting Droppings bringing in a gold plated radio stolen from the human Prime Minister’s secret ranch nearby.

And the two loyal friends groveled for they new this new master was not Eye but an aristocratic Baron who saw them as plebes.

Fit to use a shovel amongst the lions below only.

Fit to feed the lions below also.

“A grovelling we go,

We know our place.

So never loose face.

On bellies like a hippo.

Grovellers by learned trade.

Licking places.

Working palaces.

Never afraid.

Call us what you will.

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Make us wash a thousand shoes.

Woe and double woe.

That is a job with no frills.

The work of the groveller.

They with long tongues,” so the two loyal servants of Eye sang the grovellers’ song and was off key so The Green Barron said, “Don’t the lions need fed?”

“Grovel son grovel,” Black Fur falling on The Green Barron’s talons and licking them clean with his extra long tongue, so removed what the Baron had been standing on for there were many untrained beasts outside running about in circles shouting, “Caesar Eye were art thou?”

“Here I am not licking that,” a groveller forgetting his place so Black Fur called him “Bloody fool,” quite rightly too and he and Scenting Droppings were carted away to give the lions their overdue supper which meant they would eat anything and Black Fur and Scenting Droppings was anything: even without the trimmings.

“What did you do with Eye anyway?” The Green Baron shifting the blame onto Number 2 for walls have ears.

“Numbers 3,4 and 5 dropped him off at One Stripe’s since Caesar does not want the blood of a Caesar on him, the plebeians might get ideas,” Number 2 and The Green Baron worried for here was one with true intelligence and for sight, one who could do his job more capably.

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“I do not hear the grateful sounds of lions eating, see what is wrong Number 2,”
The Green Baron.

“Someone must have forgot the salt and pepper, I will bring them great Caesar,”
for Number 2 had learned a little grovelling from two loyal friends.

“Quick Numbers 6,7,8,9 and 10, promotion in it for you,” and it was secret.

“Nice putty cat,” the loyal friend Black Fur.

“Nice pussy,” the loyal friend scenting Droppings.

“Grrrr, snarl, roar,” the nice pussy putties.

“Halp Gad I will become a vegetarian,” the ferret.

“Halp Gad I will wash my hands before I eat,” the weasel and because Gad knew
they wasn't telling the truth left them to feed the pussy putties.

“Grrrr, snarl, roar,” the last word on things.

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“Ouch that hurt!” A **devil** on a red dog's shoulder so unconscious fell off.

“Glorious peace, my prayers answered,” an angel nearby.

“Well well well what do we have here,” and was a silly thing to say by One Stripe
as everyone could see it was a buzzard wrapped up in a brown potato sac that was so
old and used it was heaving in creepy crawlies.

And Keen of Scent could not answer for he was unconscious for the old sac full of
fattened buzzard and hit him too as well as the **devil**.

And above assassins flew away.

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And the nose of a shrew twitched rapidly so a sniffer dog was not needed and explains why the shrew went into a coughing fit for the sac was more green than brown.

And inside Eye knew where he had landed for he knew these voices so trembled with doooooooooooooom. "I am a goose for the oven," he whispered.

And a brave badger cub opened the sac hoping Christmas had come early so was disappointed to see a smiling Eye for Eye knew that was infectious.

"No more sausages," he meowed as well.

"Remember me, your old friend?"

"Don't just stand there lad, help me up."

"Grapes in it if you do," was the last Eye said for they set upon him with heather batches, berry branches, flowers, furry slippers, teddy bears and iron bars for these were the good animals who kept the law.

"I am done," Eye seeing the Gates of Heaven opening and then they changed to the Gates of Hell for Eye had not been a good boy; so added quickly "I demand a trail at the Counsel of the Great Spirit, it is my right," for he saw a devil with a sharp pitch fork wanting to stick him places so was afraid for the places did hurt much.

"Shut up Eye," a shrew trying to gag him with a jar of Cranberry sauce thus prophesying Eye's future.

But Eye had lots of experience being a Caesar so did not shut up but shouted louder and louder.

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“Try this,” a fox no longer unconscious handing the shrew a wrapping of lavender to make animals smell nice and Eye pleaded and squealed louder his right for a trial.

For some do not like smelling nice for it reminds them of the Pearly Gates and to give away their riches and hug and kiss each other.

“Silence,” One Stripe demanded and behind him Magnificent Air, Small of Wing and Yellow Edge; the authority of the law was about to make itself felt for behind them eagles with rattan canes and boots for booting..

The cane, torso, cat of nine tails, bull whip, rack and the guillotine could be smelt and worse felt by the beasts for the eagles carried many implements to hand out instant fines; and worse these birds had on their heads tilted cocked hats from the Storming of the Bastille, and some smocked clay pipes.

“Viv la One Stripe,” was faintly heard as background music.

“Bloody dictator,” but although the performing circus chimpanzee had tried to whisper he could not for he was an ape aping humans so, “Cur blimey that stung,” he said loudly as a bull whips found him.

Then there was silence for One Eye had learned crowd control and was not using water cannons and baton wielding human riot police with loudspeakers blaring sweetly, “Kindly go home,” but the methods of a true Caesar and was not afraid to use them.

“Mince, tatties and heaps of watery cabbage by the lorry load If you free me,” Eye shouted at the escaped mazarrats who ate anything.

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“For unless we have law and order we are no better than the Cut-throats,” One Stripe seeing the animals throw away their berry rations.

“For unless we have law we are a divided nation of beats,” Magnificent Air seeing the animals reaching out to touch Eye as IF he was the gateway to the promised mince, tatties and watery cabbage and he was..

“For unless we have law and order we will have no discipline in the ranks,” Small of Wing with lots of gold braid on his shoulders seeing the animals visualise Eye as mince, tatties and watery cabbage by the lorry load and bite Eye to pieces.

“For unless we have law and order we will never have empire,” Yellow Edge dreaming of trade routes bringing home anything but berries wanting to trade with Roma seeing the animals spit Eye out for he tasted of old rope not mince, tatties and watery cabbage by the ship load.

“For unless we have law and order I will never inherit the empire,” Shining Sun hearing Eye shout, “Loads of haggis, neaps, mash and XXX at Roma,” to stop the animals shredding him but was not believed.

“Let me give Eye law and order,” Twitching Snout remembering all the shrews and moles eaten by Eye and his kind and was given a miniature cat of nine tails so Eye was heard many times to complain, “Get the shrew off me,” and “ouch that really hurt.”

“Meant too,” the shrew.

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And One Stripe strode over to Eye in well polished black riding boots and behind him a mole carrying a bag of Brasso and cleaning tins.

“The ironing is the worst, not a crease must there be on the dictator’s black shirt,” the mole called Blind as a Bat explained.

Eye was very impressed and showed it as all saw his Adam’s apple move up and down as he swallowed on a dry throat.

“Water,” he gasped.

“Here,” and Twitching Snout gave him something else and was vinegar so there.

“I am blinded,” also for the rows of medals on One Stripe’s chest dazzled all in the evening sun.

“Truly, we have a dictator,” Blind as a Bat whispered to a bat who repeated it thus:

“Truly, better behave then” and was repeated thus:

“Truly, yes I heard there are firing squads,” moor hen.

“Truly, we asked for it,” a small wren.

And the dictator was in front of Eye with paws on hips and one held a swagger stick, which was twitching and not a crease on his black shirt.

“Badgers rule OK,” was on the back of the shirt.

“Surely I will give you a fair trial for the law rules here,” One Stripe lying for he was a dictator and was speaking for all the world to hear and know the animals gave fair trials. And what comes about hanging about an oily fox or is it?

“The law rules here,” Blind as a Bat and whispered it to a bat who repeated aloud.

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“Who is he?” Eye asked.

“Propaganda Department,” Shining Sun just to Eye for he did not want a bat to hear or a moor hen or a wren.

“I demand to be treated as a Caesar for I am a Caesar,” Eye loudly appealing to the beasts who remembered there was no mince and tatties by the tourist coach load.

But these beasts were all Law Abider's and knew what happened to those that broke the law, they went to work in Publicity Department and appeared in propaganda films raking in berries or waving from streams from rafts on their way to human stores to steal and knew what happened to those that did not smile.

And the Propaganda Department was run by Blind as a Bat who had watched lots of war movies. And did not wear jack boots but blue cow girl boots.

And behind One Stripe on a hill top marching was heard, the stamp stamp stamp of boots and the gleam of polished weapons.

“Now Eye is for it,” the bat to the moor hen.

“Yes there is the Young Law Brigade,” the moor hen to the wren.

“So we keep the law and you will get a fair trial,” the wren to Eye.

“I am a Caesar,” Eye bewailed.

But was off key so all covered their ears as he was dragged away to a dungeon; and all strained to listen if they could hear lions in the dungeon, but because Eye was making so much noise?

“Our dictator would never throw any of us to lions?” The bat to the moor hen.

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“Our dictator keeps lions down there,” a moor hen to a wren.

“There is a single ravenous lion waiting to gobble you up and that’s the fair trial, the wren said to Eye.

“I am a Caesar,” Eye as he was thrown down a well with stone weights on so he would fall faster as he was off key and that hurt.

So did Eye really hurt for there was a loud thud then silence as all listened for the lions?

“What no lions?” A bat to a moor hen.

“We have been cheated,” a moor hen to a wren.

“Any lions down there please?” A wren shouting down the black well at Eye.

A long eerie moan the reply.

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Once upon a time when winter has set and the ground is solid ice a momentous trial took place that would affect the way the law was done in the land.

It was the trial of the traitor Caesar Eye.

“I demand a lawyer,” Eye shivering having been hoisted out of the well.

“Hello,” it was a loud voice belonging to a little person, someone who knew he was born in the wrong body.

“You again, I thought you were propaganda?” Eye looking down past his talons.

“I am, think of it Eye, a show piece trial where all will see my oratorical talents,” Bald as a Bat.

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“Bye the way what is that banging?” Eye.

“Mr. Wicker Man where condemned crims’ go,” the mole.

“I am a Caesar,” Eye proudly.

“Same thing,” the mole.

“Hi Sheila,” a passing K9 type dog that the winter sun frazzled off the coats of varnish and the cop’ badge and rows of medals.

Why the mole Bald as a Bat blushed and twirled her skirt that being so small Eye had never noticed.

“A Sheila?” Eye alarmed for “she is a suffragette?” .

“What’s wrong? Don’t think I can lose the defence?” The mole giving away trade secrets.

And Eye swallowed hard on a dry throat so his spit never went any where as he looked at the beasts assembling a D.I.Y. Mr Wicker Man where he did be stuffed into and set ablaze.

“No more sausage,” he croaked weakly.

“But we made an exception and an amendment to the Code of Law,” the mole waving a Highway Code in front of Eye so quick he never had time to read the publishers name.

“I am off,” Eye said and made to run and become the Great Escape but fell flat on his face.

“Ouch,” was heard.

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“You still have the stone weights on Eye,” the Sheila advised him and stood on his beak, “Smile Eye, we are filming,” and the mole Bald as a Bat gave a Brownie Movie camera a wave just as a white chicken slapped shut a clipboard.

“Scene 10 retake,” was on the clipboard for the beasts not only sneaked into Farmer Jack’s to watch the movies but learned how to be movie stars too.

And Eye because the Sheila mole was on his beak noticed the red garter for the first time and of course the silk stockings and a bar of chocolate stuck in the garter.

Perhaps there was American moles nearby?

“Here is the vile dictator Eye who eats lambs in rosemary sauce.

Eye who licks his lips after.

And we hear his laughter.

For he broke our collectable saucer.

To the wicker man.

Where he can sizzle.

And frizzle.

And hang.

Eye who licks his lips after.

After eating your lambs in mint.

Roasted because he uses flint.

No gas bill then the crafter.

And we hear his laughter.

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As Eye skips away for seconds,” Bald as a Bat sang the execution song of Eye in a high pitched shriek for it was a Sheila singing.

“Ouch,” having seconds.

And behind the mole marching was heard, the stamp stamp stamp of boots and the gleam of polished weapons as row upon row of black shirts approached Eye.

“The lads want a word with you, there is a rumour from cut-throat deserters a jewelled city called Roma exists in the west,” the Sheila mole and winked at Eye, “know what I mean,” and “CUT filming for the Sheila mole was PROPAGANDA.

And the interesting acting sequences were edited.

For the beasts that would watch the finished film were squeamish and there were no brown bags available because a war was in process so commodities were in short supply.

Then the stamp stamp stamp of boots was upon Eye who groaned much and then he was gone but a brown paper bag over a buzzard’s head was seen disappearing behind Rhododendron bushes where more moaning was heard.

“The Propaganda Department has needs,” Bald as a Bat the Sheila mole who was squeamish so needed a brown paper bag.

And the Dictator One Stripe appeared and sat on a stone cairn that had been made higher from the labour of beasts. So high his shadow was long and stretched away to drop off a cliff.

For effect and mist curled around him for atmosphere.

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And because the stone work was high, “My aching neck bones,” would be heard plenty soon when the trail started.

But now a fanfare for behind the stone work Shining Sun worked an antique Chippendale wind up music box and the weather was freezing; for the beasts had not watched Antique Road show YET for they had just mastered Propaganda, and banking and capitalism was next.

And the fan fare brought the animals together for they did not have any ear for music.

“Hot tortillas,” foxes appeared selling yummys. “An aspiring President must make a profit for a black bullet proof Cadillac is needed and they don’t come cheap,” Keen of Scent also behind the stone work about to send out usherettes in skimpy outfits, and they had cigarettes to sell and mints also for bad breathe; “Farmer Jack has taught us much,” and the fox puffed on a Cuban cigar.

“Cough cough,” he added.

“Cough,” Eye who definitely disliked Cuban cigar smoke.

“Give me more,” Bald as a Bat who was a secretive smoker as she inhaled deeply the foul Cuban cigar smoke then, “Cough cough.”

“A segregate?” Eye definitely not liking his chances so:

“I ordered all women cut-throats to burn their bras.” Eye hoping to win Propaganda over.

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But she Bald as a Bat was a modern surrogate for she unzipped her fur and showed a flowery bra for modern surrogates know no bra means funny looking boobs and for a Sheila in blue cow girl boots that would not do. A Sheila hoping for a country and western single on the charts so needed a 48D bra but she was just another dreamer schemer for she was a mole with a squeaky voice.

And a band from no where appeared as IF by fairy magic it came out of the grass, and worse was shrews and moles and they were very good.

And they played their saxophones and trumpets with ego and hit the drums loud as they did Strip music and Eye dribbled and not from hunger for Eye was JUST another silly male.

“Yummy,” he croaked then coughed as cigar smoke was still in the air.

And Blind as a Bat showed her red garter and silk stockings stolen from Mrs Farmer Jack’s washing line but since she was away with Fred the milkman belonged to Willamina.

“My heart,” Eye gasped but did not care for he coughed, “MORE.”

Then a twang as a garter twanged through he air and twanged about a beak.

“Crisps, Cuban cigars, XXX and much more at CLEARANCE prices,” usherettes from nowhere and was oily fox magic.

And animals’ bought and went into red for Keen of Scent managed the books and One Stripe knew a revolution needed HRAD CASH.

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“Moouooooore,” Eye pleaded and began to pass out as his heart pounded away.

And a silky stocking wrapped about his scrawny neck.

“Gasp, I am in paradise,” Eye seeing fountains of clear water and lots of Bald as a Bats’ dancing the Seven Veils about him and in this place there was no horrid One Stripe but two loyal friends collecting grapes for him.

And they were harem attendants in his dream.

“Not blooming likely,” an answered thought from two loyal friends somewhere distant for thought is alive and can travel.

And Marta Harrie Blind as a Bat stopped dancing for the beasts had not signed the Geneva Convection that prohibited torture for they wanted Eye in the Wicker Man with trimmings.

Berries was something else, there was meat eaters amongst the Law Abider's who wanted roast spitted piglets, curried partridge, a swan stuffed with duck and duck stuffed with pigeons stuffed with wrens in a rich onion gravy for they had seen what Framer Jack ate when he was not at Mrs Framer jacks at Dart Night; at Floozy Hanna's and a buzzard nicely cooked in the Wicker Man would suffice.

And Eye because he was salivating from one of the deadly sins allowed himself to be carried to the Wicker Man.

And never complained for a red garter was wrapped about his beak and a silk stocking around his neck.

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So never said, “Where is the FAIR TRIAL,” for he was a typical male who did not know females had the real power and Blind as a Bat knew it for she wore blue cow girl boots.

And she clicked a finger and the band sank back into the grass just like that.

The blinding disco lights went out just like that.

The hot sexy music of strip went out just like that.

The usherette lingered on for there was CASH to be made for a revolution needed paid.

And none helped Eye as he was thrown down the mouth of The Wicker Man.

“What a foolish bird I am,” some swore he moaned as he was stuffed down to the belly regions of the straw Wicker Man.

“A garter ruled my head,” others said he swore.

“At least I have this perfumed stocking to roast with,” others said they heard him say.

“Help, anyone help me, I don’t want to be a roasted bird, help please help,” others and this is the more likely to be believed for Eye was not known to be courageous.

“I do not deserve this punishment,” he added and was fibs.

“You are a schemer dreamer who offers no discount so you do,” propaganda replied and a box of matches was produced.

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And the Aura Boleros appeared just as IF by elf magic for One Stripe stood on the top of his stone cairn holding his medals and that band came out of the grass again; playing heroic martial music of the Animal Motherland.

And all the animals looked and where blinded.

“Now is my chance,” Eye coming to his manly senses as he unwrapped the garter from his beak and the silky stocking from his scrawny neck.

“Ah a woman has no power over me,” he boasted and crawled his way to the mouth of the wicker Man where freedom lay; but slipped and fell all the way to the bottom and exited there for he was Eye the cot-throat buzzard and what goes round comes round.

“I will cherish this red garter and black silky stocking,” and Eye stuffed them places secret and made his way back to Roma.

Why in heavens name?

“I have two loyal servants who serve Caesar well,” he replied wrapping his wings about his body and face for the wind was icy for it blew down from Ice Land.

And as Eye fled a fox who looked like a red dog lit a Cuban cigar, coughed and threw the lit match carelessly away.

And Wicker Man went Poof.” As it went ablaze.

“I like sausages wrapped in bacon,” the fox just for you but we know he will be disappointed for the bird had flown the coop.

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“And I wasted a brand new packet of silky stockings,” would be heard from propaganda soon for silky stockings did not come cheap, for they had been made on over time by silkworms in North Korea.

So once upon a time there should have been a trial where the rule of law would have prevailed.

“I make the rule of law to suit myself,” a buzzard wrapped in wings heading west to Roma where banana trees grew for the warm west Atlantic sea washed the beeches there; but right now the buzzard was blooming freezing

“I make the rules to lure voters,” One Stripe who had definitely changed by wearing a black shirt and “I am Dictator,” so was a warning to a fox wanting to be president but because the eagle was big and nasty would be friends.

Yes the badger IF he wanted revolution needed to lead and that meant?.

“He dreams, I make the rules,” a red dog who looked like a fox wanting King Batty as his friend, “for he is dim and I need a dim servant to run my errands.”

“They all dream, I wear the silky stockings,” a mole called Blind as a Bat and could go about with a white stick and the likes of Eye would still dribble at the mouth.

For she was a suffragette and knew the power of red garters and silky stockings.

“Howl,” a wolf for the moon had risen.

One Stripe

“Where am I?” Eye blind from the shine coming off a silky stocking about his scrawny neck so fell down a mountain: and the mountain was four thousand feet high so he had a bumpy ride down.