

One Stripe

The Witches of Alupu



Illustration 13: Always bad tempered and hungry

Once upon a time there were witches who hung from the ceilings of dark caves in the far western Isle where the Lord of the Isles rows his long boats.

“Ooo that whip is long,” a long boat rower.

“Ge up,” for what else could the beast master say for encouragement and threw dried seaweed in front of the long boat to make the rowers row faster to catch it.

Anyway: Where were-pools suck boats with their human cargo to hell exist.

“Suck,” the were-pools under the full moon.

Where waves sixty feet high can swamp a ship just like that in a blink of an eye for they are long boats and shallow so, “I am damp through, how can I hold my sweet Morag in my hairy arms?” A rower called Fred complaining about the conditions.

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. “Ge up,” the beast master and hit the drums.

“That is more like it,” another Fred liking the music to the Magic Roundabout as the beast master dredged his memory for enticing tunes.

Where the wind is ice that leaves ice hanging from the ship’s ropes.

“My frozen fingers by Belinos,” a Fred who left the oars to practice knots.

And just who is Belinos, just the gad of summer and this was winter so the ice kept freezing places.

“My Morag will go off with the milkman,” Fred the oarsman at the knots.

Where the fish you just caught turns into ice.

“I cannot eat this frozen fish,” Fred again.

“Splash,” as the other Fred's at the oars were fed up of the complaints and did not want reminded about their Morag's running away with milkmen.

Where the top of a white wave becomes ice.

“Hey is that Fred at the top of the wave crest?” Another Fred wanting to know.

Where men curse those who sent them to sea in such a day.

“Was Fred's idea so he can ride the waves,” the Fred's rowing.

West towards the Island of Alupu.

So rowed the other way for they knew about Alupu that was another name for St. Kilda where human kind fled and the BBC told it was because there was no cinema.

And very soon you will learn the BEEB can be like a little child and will suck its thumb when caught out fibbing.

Soon, and “ORGAN MUSIC FROM PHANTOM OPERA,” played really good now, for effect as that rodent band is about and been practicing hard.

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For witches live on Alupu and some are not home at the moment; but went east to listen to the words of One Stripe for they had heard, “No more sausages.” And were afraid for they liked sausage squares for breakfast and fried egg, black pudding, haggis slices and thick tea that dissolved a spoon.

And the witches were impressed by the way a badger had a legion of beasts in black shirts and wondered IF he bought in block and from whom.

And were just waiting their chance to get close and rip it off the badger as a trophy.

And the witches did not want to be seen by the animals for they were hideous beasts for witches are supposed to be warty and let stinkers off because they have no manners.

With beaked noses for pecking chicken feed up in winter and holes where teeth should be so must sup noisily chicken broth made out the chickens that won't be needing the chicken feed.

And the price of the missing chickens was passed onto humans in supermarkets.

And the witches needed a brave hairdresser for things lived in those gray greasy locks; and worse they had dandruff that looked liked it was moving and it was for it was lice.

Yes and the witches always wore black and pointed shoes with high heels and a broom and went around when the clubs closed speaking to drunks, “Want a young girl sailor?” And the drunk saw triple so did not see the long wart at the end of the witch's nose so said, “How much,” for they was drunk and not a sailor so deserved to end up with the chickens in the broth.

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And his glasses and false teeth floated at the top of the witches soup where the witch would scope it up with a long wooden spoon for tasting and say, "Needs more salt and these goodies I can sell to another drunk."

Yes witches in hiding and Eye tumbled when he exited from the bottom of the Wicker Man and tumbled to a stop in front of witches. Mist sets in for atmosphere and of course smells of sulfur and "HOWL."

"Mummy," Eye squeaked when he saw who had him, "I am married," he lied.

"Hocus pocus now you aren't," a witch.

And the witches wrapped Eye up in silk and not cold manacles so Eye was lucky. He was nice and cozy for the winter snow was beginning to fall and they departed to the voices of beasts shouting, "I know what roast turkey smells like so I am telling you there isn't a roasting buzzard in The Wicker Man," and it was Keen of Scent.

"More the venomous are we,

Than adder or slithering snake.

Who on sunny rocks slowly bake?

Nor are we like the sting of the mindless bee.

We are hunters true.

Our traps are unseen webs.

And we march like tidal rippling tidal ebbs.

Yes hunters true.

We make human houses our domain.

Water, air or underground.

Here we are many found.

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Some with golden manes.

Others with skulls and the like.

To hypnotize our food so the easier to eat.”

And Eye trembled in his cozy silken cocoon for he could still hear and decided the witches were rotten, and opera he hadn’t heard in a while and reminded Eye he was cultured unlike those who served him: so was reminded of two loyal servants.

They just were never around when he needed them most.

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“Here I am not going down there,” Black Fur complaining to Number 3, 4, 5 and 6
If you remember where The Green Barron's cronies and because so many they was numbered but still aspiring like a president's cousins so were dangerous, lethal and heading to lions covered in mustard.

“Yes these lions are moldy,” Scenting Droppings for the lions had been cooped up in the dungeons for a long time without even a Jammy Doughnut to eat that had fallen of a baker’s lorry.

“Here is a broom and polish,” Number 3 being funny as he pushed a ferret in amongst the pussy cats.

“Better take these,” Number 4 giving a weasel several knives, forks and napkins before pushing a weasel in amongst the pussy cats.

“Catch,” Number 5 throwing a plastic bottle of ketchup in amongst the nice pussy cats.

“Here you can’t feed the lions with them, they will get ill and besides they are eating out amongst the rich knobs for a Caesar needs digested,” Number 6 and behind him Numbers 7, 8, 9 and 10.

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And they had plastic toy helmets on for they were the Praetorian Guard and had a proud history for it was they who always assassinated Caesar and made one of their own a new Caesar, Number 2 who would reward them with a Roman night out with plenty of XXX, slaves and more slaves to throw to crocodiles in another part of the deep dark dungeon.

“Here kitty kitty nice pussy,” and was the last Number 6 ever said for the lion was not a kitty and definitely not nice and could not wait to eat out.

“Scrumptious,” the lion and burped and looked at the other Numbers and was not alone. The lions had numbers for they were numerous for they had been breeding in the dungeons for they had nothing better to do; like rabbits and worse rats.

“Mummy,” Number 7 just before he was gobbled up just like that.

“Delicious,” the lion who burped and looked at other Numbers.

“I isn’t hanging around here to be eaten,” Number 8 wisely and bolted but was not quick enough so his feathers floated out of a lion’s mouth.

“Marvelous,” the lion looking at the other Numbers.

“Quick help he shut the dungeon door,” Number 9 to 10 and was the best suggestion yet.

“Bugger this the doors need oiling and won’t close,” Number 10 heaving and puffing just before he disappeared down a lion’s mouth so his feathers floated in the air.

“Please I have six wives and twenty chicks to feed, eat Caesar like you are supposed to,” Number 9 and never said anything again.

“Meow,” the nice pussy cats went as they explored the dungeons for a way to escape.

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“Don’t say anything?” Black Fur kissing his lucky rabbit foot.

“Slurp splash,” Scenting Droppings kissing his lucky heather for he was a noisy
kisser.

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“Stomp stomp stomp,” the black shirted legion of One Stripe stomped heading
west to the setting sun.

And lucky for the Japanese an ocean would stop their stomping.

“Roma and Sophia Lorraine and more Italian film stars,” Shining Sun for he was
young and had money burning his pockets thinking of what lay in the west.

And propaganda slitted her eyes for she was jealous.

“Sigh,” and escaped Twitching Snout who had never seen anything more beautiful
than Bald as a Bat even if she was a short sighted mole and perhaps was the blue
cowboy boots that were so bright was the only thing he noticed.

“Lots of trees,” a red dog admiring the trees he kept visiting for this was an
Appian Way and tree lined and he also visited the stone columns of the viaducts
bringing water to Roma for the Caesar's liked their hot baths as long as someone else
pored it and cleaned it afterwards; lazy Caesar so you deserve constipation.

And above the eagles waited for The Green Baron to appear and he did! Out of the
sun The Green Baron came shrieking down with his silken cravat and flying goggles
on, down smoking a Cuban cigar for effect.

“Cough cough,” he added also and the atmosphere was stinky.

But he was a Caesar who had foolishly left Roma to the devices of aspiring
Caesar's.

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Therefore: “The lions are hungry,” he had told Rover and Number 2 to instill in them terror of dreaming and scheming to be a Caesar. “That is enough to make sure Roma is still mine, mine all mine mine when I get back,” but Caesar Green Baron did not know the lions had been well fed on Numbers and Rover and Number 2 were safe to aspire.

“He eats more grapes than I do and that is why I want to be Caesar,” Number 2.

“Woof,” Rover why he wanted to be a Caesar.

And Farmer Jack was fed up, the laborers had been at the barrels of XXX so there was a shortage of XXX. Not even the free copies of The Sun dropped by Dakotas could cheer them up for they landed in bogs so was wet, and after reading them in the loo was ripped into squares, so was useless.

So constipation set in amongst Farmer Jack so much moaning was heard.

And the humans were wet, cold and not warm and cosy for the bus loads of floozy girls from the Red Light Pubs sent up by a charity had not arrived.

Only lost German tourists who smelt of sauerkraut wanting souvenir photographs next to Caesar bit no Caesar profited for none knew who was Caesar?

“They need to give us overtime for them Farmer Jacks smell of pig swill and rich country manure so we are glad the buses all broke down simultaneously outside this golf hotel for rich types,” the floozy girls from Red Light Pubs wanting to give their explanation why they was late.

And the golfers who hired the floozy girls to help them look for lost balls behind high bushes, and the mechanics eating cucumber sandwiches reading dry copies of The Sun, and the Farmer Jacks whipping the labourers who refused to go and replace the XXX they had drunk for they was drunken and incapable of standing, and the

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cut-throats raiding Caesar's out of bounds ware houses where Caesar kept the honey roast

hams, the muttons stuffed with hares, the trout covered in crawling things for they did not have refrigeration, all stopped and looked at the sky.

"Truly we have a Caesar," a weasel admiring Caesar Green Baron dog fighting Magnificent Air above in flying goggles and leather jackets, sheep lined of course.

"Ba," was heard from the jackets.

"Better blooming win or One Stripe will feed us to the lions," a ferret.

"Here is that a lion over there?" A short sighted dog.

"Nice kitty kitty," the ferret then ran for a tall pine tree and before you could say, "Where he go?" Was at the top of the tall pine tree.

And at the top of tall places: "Breath deeply my mummy always said," Black Fur at the top of one of Roma's derelict towers to stop dizziness.

"Sniff sniff," Scenting Droppings and got dizzy for the air up here was thin so clung to Black Fur so that is why they lost their balance and fell into the moat below.

"Cur, what a stink?" Black Fur surfacing with something that came out of the loo on him.

"Cur what have we here," Scenting Droppings eating what he took to be sausages. "The poor can't be choosers and watching all them lions eat Numbers got me ravenous and the sausages weren't that bad," the weasel wanting you too understand his actions.

"He is no relation of mine," Black Fur distancing himself.

But they were beasts like dogs that ate things on the grass, drank from loo bowels, gobbled even their master's takeaway from the night out; beasts who liked a nice bit

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of human hairy leg to cling onto: beasts and no mistaking it.

“Get off,” a human master shaking his mangy starved dog off his leg for there isn't much substance in rice every night.

Then put the boot in for the vicar was been round for tea and cream buns.

Silly dog, but a silly dog that would have vengeance on its mind till doomsday.

“Grrrrrrr,” one silly dog dreaming of cutting the brakes on your car for it watched Colombo while you slept of your XXX.

And the vicious human who said, “Should see what happens to the cat when it uses the bed as a litter.”

“Woooem,” is meoooow backwards as it is roughly stroked the wrong way, deliberately for a human bed is reserved for eating late night fish and chips and salt and vinegar. And cats like elephants never forget so explains why HIS legs are scratched too bits and the cat always scratches fleas off into his snoring mouth.

Yes cats never forget.

And the two loyal friends swam to the edge of the moat and ran for it because the lions needed fed again and the cut-throats were all up tall pine trees.

“Who owns them blooming lions anyway?” Black Fur running fast westward.

“Yes, owning lions without a license is a crime,” Scenting Droppings running as fast as his friend westward.

“Meow,” they heard from behind them.

“Growl,” was added for effect.

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“How do you feel Eye,” a nasty witch booting Eye somewhere so he did wake up.

“Cur,” he complained and since that offended the witch she did it again; the

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beastly no good witch.

“Oh mummy,” Eye complained and a witch stuck a sugar rock into his mouth so he sucked away content so they did not have to hear his complaints.

“Suck suck,” he went.

And the witches ran and ran and ran on eight legs for they were ugly witches to Eye’s disappointment for he had been to Student Tattler Night where Students dress as Tarts and beg for cash; and Eye always on such charity nights heated pennies and threw them to the begging students and. “Ha ha dance,” for they danced for he heated the pennies to a 1000’F the evil buzzard.

For he was Eye the selfish miscreant who a Cuckoo missed when shoveling the eggs out of a mother buzzard’s nest.

“Someone likes me,” and “You see, it is not my fault I am adorable, blame the cuckoo,” Eye defending his ways.

“Cuckoo,” was heard on the breeze.

And Eye grew twisted and demented into a Caesar who did not feed his lions well in a dungeon.

The same kitty cats chasing his two most loyal friends.

“Here pussy, nice bit of fish in it for you if you clear off,” Black Fur waving an empty sardine tin in front of three hundred pound tiger for lions weren’t the only cuddly cats about.

“Slurp,” was the reply and the ferret trembled so much it affected Scenting Droppings who trembled and wobbled at the knees, “Quick throw the tin at him,” and the weasel threw a discarded Lumber Jack’s sock he found lying on the heather at the tiger instead for he was dim and wobbling ta the knees the poor weasel.

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“Slurp slurp,” went the beastly pussy cat for the sock smelt like many abandoned sardine cans.

“I am off,” Black Fur tossing his can in the air as he ran for a far away corpse of pines he intended to climb and be safe.

“Mummy,” a weasel as sixteen lions and one tiger jumped into the air to fight over the smell of an empty sardine can; and Scenting Droppings was not quick enough to follow his friend Black Fur. So, “Mummy,” was heard as a whisper for the weasel was too terrified to scream “Mummy,” in case the ferocious ravenous pussy cats heard him for the sixteen lions and one tiger had landed on him.

With drooling hot wet tongues.

“I cannot look,” Black Fur running hard so shut his eyes as his cheeks puffed and his face went bright red while cramp entered his legs that were pistons, working hard to put distance between him and the pussy cats.

And was never told lions and tigers can out run a ferret that doesn’t even keep a straight back when it runs, but looks like an accordion on the move.

So he was wasting his time giving himself a cardiac arrest.

And because he shut his eyes, a really stupid thing for a runner to do, because he wasn’t running towards the corpse of pines, but back the way he had come.

Blooming silly animal!

And the sixteen lions and one tiger were joined by six lion cubs and six Tiger cubs, for the lions and tigers had been bored in the dungeon; so wasn’t there fault but

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Caesar's' they had started playing some sort of card game Farmer Jack plays with the barmaid Willamina behind Mrs. Farmer Jack's wife's back.

While she is at bingo losing his money.

So the price of spuds better not collapse!

And like skittles Black Fur ran into the mangy back alley pussy cats wanting to gobble him all up.

"This does not feel like an acorn on a pine tree?" The intelligent ferret asked himself as he pulled clumps of fur off the back of a ferocious alley cat that weighed three hundred pounds, had long sharp teeth and even longer claws on its paws; and it was thumping its tail for the pussy cat did not like clumps of fur yanked off its back.

No sir it did not and was not a pine tree certainly not.

"What a true friend I have, you have come back to rescue me," a weasel Scenting Droppings ashamed he would not have done such a glorious act.

And because he was not whispering the lions and tigers and the result of being bored in a dark dungeon heard him, so looked down to see what they were all standing on?

A weasel that looked unappetizing as he was skinny for Eye did not feed his servants at all, nor pay them so they could feed themselves.

And they saw moving things between the skinny weasels' rib cages

And the weasel seeing he was to be eaten got nervous with the cobble wobbles and winded loudly and stunk the place up bad.

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“Yuck,” and “I am not eating that,” and “don’t look Junior,” or “what a stink,” or “I am faint for the breeze smells ill,” and “I am off,” was heard amongst the pride of ferocious ravenous ally cats so they bounded away.

“Cough,” and “gasp air,” or “open a window,” which was silly for they were in the great out doors but were panicking for the wind was behind them and a weasel was still stinking the place up for he was shaking with relief.

“Saved,” he spluttered.

But he was not for “What a stink,” a ferret and slapped the weasel hard; then ran for the trees with his eyes open this time for a weasel was polluting the air.

“Wait for me Black Fur,” a weasel and followed his friend who ran faster.

And both ran towards the Island of Alupu where witches with six hairy legs lived for Black Fur did not stop at the corpse of pine trees for Scenting Droppings was right behind him making rude noises that children laugh about in a class, then get the twarse for laughing and so does the one who stank the class up for “She did it,” was repeated by many children.

Run fast Black Fur for IF you thought the kitties were wanting you covered in gravy then quickly stop for tea, look at the tea leaves that have leaked out of the tea bag and see what the future is ahead?

“We are the witches of Alupu Island.

Our newt soup is fun.

Guaranteed to cure the runs.

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And;

The bats oily bits,

Recommended for constipation,

Stuff the operations.

Say good bye to the wits.

Goldfish in one swallow,

For aches of the tummy.

So never say mummy.

Our directions are easy to follow.

All garden ingredients.

Fresh organically made,” the witches on the Island sang polishing their cauldrons
up for news spreads fast amongst the ugly warty witches, Eye was coming for supper.

And because a ferret was running so fast and making horrid panting noises never
heard the singing ahead.

“Puff pant wheeze,” the ferret obviously out of shape.

And because a weasel was running so fast making horrid panting noises never
heard the singing ahead.

“Gasp gasp,” the weasel obviously not training for the Olympics.

“Puff puff, I am all done, I couldn’t care if I am to be ferret stew with Macedon
vegetables, puff puff,” and then the ferret Black Fur collapsed in a heap at the tip of a
cliff that overlooked the western ocean.

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"Gasp, gasp I am finished, I am glad my friend who came back to rescue me has stopped running, and could not care if lions tear me to shreds but must rest, gasp gasp," a weasel collapsing on a ferret and the combined weight was too great for the weak eroded cliff edge so both fell all the way down to the sandy beach.

A hundred and sixty feet the two went tumbling and somersaulting and screaming for it seems they had hidden strength, and just goes to show we must never give up.

Lucky them for they landed with thuds on the golden sandy beach, not even a whimper escaped the spineless malnutrition Berry Berry layabouts on the golden sandy beach, yes layabouts so did not deserve paid from Caesar Eye.

And above them six legged hairy witches went down the cliff path that had 'Danger, steep Cliff BEWARE,' signs posted here and there in German for German tourists of course for no else with any sense would come to Alupu Island..

Waste of time anyway for I never heard of a ferret or weasel that could read. Have you?

And the spindly six legged witches whose legs needed shaved never saw the ferret and weasel or they did be trimmings amongst the Macedonian carrots in the buzzard stew.

For the breeze had blown golden soft sand over the ferret and weasel who were all done in too protest so were buried alive like what children do to friends, mean aunties and pet dogs when making sand castles for they were not not iced lollies.

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But what good luck the ferret and weasel had to be spared the lions and now
witches!

Someone must like them.

.Is it you?