

## One Stripe

## Amity Island



*Illustration 1`4: Mr Condor was ugly before getting gummy gums*

Once upon a time where Saint Brennan set sail in a cock a shell with a single oar and paddled away till he reached America, the place is Alupu, the witches Island covered in green sulphuric mist that drifts landward so no one lives in that wild and woolly area.

“Is that fish plant making cat food out of fishy remains and as long as the cat owners never see what is made off will buy buy buy,” a passing green fisherman in a jolly fishing boat tossed in the waves and was happy the world was full of hungry cats as he had shares in that cannery.

Anyway:“The tourists can pay admission fees to this smelly barren Island but we are off to live in multi stories and get mugged by hoodies when we use the lifts,” the last human Islanders leaving in long boats waiting to be flooded in the choppy seas.

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And because there is no port no human ships stop here collecting sheep and people immigrating. All solid rock it seems from the sea rising to the clouds; but there are valleys behind the rocks, sheltered from the freezing sea wind and storms where yellow daffodils grow in spring..

And roses grow for the witches are normal people and like their sweet smell that beats the stink of the potions they brew in cauldrons; and pretty son you will meet their gardeners and wish you hadn't.

And the stink is so strong no sea birds nest on Alupu so another reason why humans don't visit for it is a human hobby to climb tall cliffs to collect bird eggs and scream all the way down when they slip.

"Eeeeeeeeeek," they shriek.

See the Island has a bad aroma and locals say the place is cursed for there is no pub.

And it is for witches' lives there, with six spindly hairy legs and at the moment they have hung Eye up from a web and are rubbing their bellies which is worrying for Caesar Eye..

Was it mentioned the witches are really superb web designers and makers; why they have a yearly competition to keep up standards.

"What a horrid place I am in, I demand respect for I am a Caesar so demand better standards," Eye moaned continually.

"Yeh yeh yeh," the witches replied continually till one got the bright idea to cast a 'Silence Spell' so there was blessed peace.

And outside the deep cavern they in the choppy sea could not be seen for the witches lived in a sheltered valley for they disliked the breezy wind blowing up their

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legs, and chilling them something and giving them colds in the bladder so they had to wee all the night just when they was falling asleep cosy and warm; and worse the loo was outside so chattered their teeth from cold and fear for were-thingies howled.

And because the loo paper was nettles leaves cut into squares feared the outside loo. “We did rather cross our legs and suffer than use that place,” the witches want you to know.

So they never saw two loyal friends on the sandy beach on the mainland nor hear them groaning and moaning for they had landed with loud thuds, after falling down all those one hundred and sixty feet.

Poor loyal friends!

And the lions growled their disappointment at not being fed for they was ever so hungry.

“Quick they are after us, can you swim?” Black Ferret hoping for a piggy back.

“No can you?” Scenting Dropping hoping for a piggy back for the sea looked really choppy.

And frothy.

Blooming freezing in fact.

And the two loyal friends did much hurried crawling on their bellies for they ached so much after the one hundred and sixty foot fall.

“Groan,” was heard often, so was “MY pelvis, where is it?” And “Got any Scots Tape,” for the two loyal friends did not have any bandages or glue to stick themselves together, for indeed they was a right mess after falling one hundred and sixty feet.

As would be expected.

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“Growl,” went the disappointed sixteen lions, twelve cubs and one tiger and shows how loud they was for they were nowhere near the two loyal friends building a hurried raft to escape being dinner.

And because it was hurried did not look very safe especially after looking at the choppy frothy sea.

That was blooming freezing.

“Here put your finger here?” Black Fur and hit the rusty nail with a sea shell that splintered in many fragments.

“Oh my throbbing thumb,” Scenting Droppings.

“I am blind,” Black Fur moaned as fragments of sea shell must go somewhere.

“So am I,” a weasel not wanting left out of the act.

So the raft was assembled by blind animals and looked like a few tree branches and bits of driftwood stuffed together hard, so they would come apart for ferrets and weasels are mighty beasts that terrorise rabbits not builders of 1000 piece jigsaws..

And the sea looked off putting being so blooming freezing; but not to worry the two loyal friends couldn’t see it anyway.

And threw their raft in just as the sixteen lions, twelve cubs and one tiger roared again, so forgot to get aboard.

And so had to swim for it.

Poor two loyal friends.

But you will be glad that after two miles of arduous swimming caught up with the raft as it landed on a rocky outcrop of Alupu Island.

“I am refreshed; it must be true what Farmer Jack says to his wife?” Black Fur able to see again for the sea had washed all the nasty sea shell fragments away.

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“What true loyal dearest friend?” Scenting Droppings being sickening.

“That seaweed is good for you loyal friend,” Black Fur being obnoxious also as he pulled a strand out of his mouth and pulled and pulled and pulled and pulled.

“Amazing true loyal friend, we could get a stage act together,” the weasel emphasising loyal as he watched interesting thingies coming out with the seaweed.

“Here try some loyal friend,” the ferret offering and the weasel accepted.

“Ta loyal friend,” and ate some seaweed and would have tasted better fried or boiled but the two loyal friends didn’t have a fire.

But the witches did and Eye was getting nervous.

“A teaspoon of salt.

A pinch of pepper.

To tenderise a heifer.

But let us halt?

It’s buzzard.

Not peppered steak.

Is Eye nature’s freak.

We need lots lard.

To fry Eye deep and crisp.

Southern fried?

Juicy and young what a lie!

And on the wind a wisp.

Dinner served.

Formal dress only.”

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The old hags with six spindly hairy legs sang just underneath where Eye was in a silken cocoon in a web.

"I am afraid I might be eaten," the buzzard prophesied and saw through the silken cocoon skeletons hanging nearby; so he swallowed hard.

"Is there no one loves Eye enough to rescue him?" The buzzard asked.

Well?

"Gasp puff I must climb that ragged rock to save myself from being washed sway by these monstrous crashing deafening waves; that threaten to sweep me out to sea," Black Fur answered the question.

"Wheeze cough, I must try and save myself and my loyal friend by clutching him and jumping into the sea, to grasp onto that driftwood with the word 'ORCE' painted on it, and let the waves carry us both to a sandy golden beach I know must exist on this rocky Island called HELL," a weasel intent on saving a friend who would save him IF the positions was reversed; the foolish weasel of an ignoramus baboon with a red bottom.

"Gasp pant, made the ledge and begin to feel hope and know I can make the top of this ragged rock where I am continually soaked in sea spray and drenched in monstrous freezing waves," a ferret intent on saving his fur.

"Wheeze wheeze wheeze," and not 'THUMP THUMP thumping music,' came silently and quickly behind the ferret so thought nothing of the 'wheezing,' until cold wet paws gripped him and began to pull him backwards.

"Here you idiot what do you think you are doing?" The ferret Black Fur.

"Saving you dear loyal friend," the stupid weasel that genetically had an inferior brain to a ferret.

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“Get off you silly Burk, the ferret pleaded but the weasel did not get off and was inspired to pull backwards so two “SPALSHES,” occurred.

“Cough splutter I am drowning, someone get this foolish weasel away from me,” the ferret pleaded to Gad but Gad was on vacation so did not hear him.

“Here hold this piece of driftwood,” the weasel confidently.

“What piece of driftwood?” The ferret seriously as the ‘ORCA’ drifted away.

Silence as the sea seemed to pause thrashing about in silly white puffs of waves that impressed no one, especially two loyal friends.

“Can you swim?” Scenting Droppings hoping for a lift.

“Can you?” The reply.

“Help halp,” was repeated many times from two loyal friends.

And the sea was awakened from its silence as it threw choppy waves here and there and lifted the two loyal friends high on two wave crests.

“Here I can see Roma from up here,” Scenting Droppings.

“Grrrrr,” a reply but Black Fur’s crest was not close enough so no nightmarish mutilations occurred on a weasel.

Then who will save Eye?

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“I am off, I never wanted to be a Caesar anyway, sob,” Crassus pulling nettles out of his bottom and lucky for him the nettles grew just where he landed when he was dropped from the sky by the ambitious Green Baron.

And behind him he heard the howling of hungry wolves prowling the ramparts of Roma.

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And behind him the Grrr's and growls of sixteen lions, twelve cubs and one tiger complaining about the lack of willing dinner participants.

And behind him the participants were heading west for one had said, "I know of a green valley on an Island called Alupu, where humans never venture and chickens grow out of the grass like Farmer Jack's Chick Peas, for the wind blew some of these seeds to Alupu and that is why the chickens grow out of the grass; and blow about on the wind, just waiting to be eaten," a Chicken Hawk escaped from an aviary so had nothing but CHICKEN on her mind.

"Chicken Madras," a dog that was used to eating out behind Indian Restaurants for it was a stray.

"Roast Chicken," a cat used to eating behind Tesco Supermarket when they tossed their out of date rotisserie chickens out.

"Chicken Salad and pasta, delicious," a crocodile come from the sewers for a breath of fresh air and then got involved with cut-throats so dreamed of FOOD and napkins and a fork and knife for crocodiles don't eat with heir fingers you know!

"Broiled chicken," a toothless old exotic Condor that once was a pet, but was ugly when young and now was hideous for age had caught up with it and could not afford Monkey Gland surgery like some singers and actors who still looked horrendous so wasted their money.

"Chicken and caviar," a Russian Wolf Hound who had joined the cut-throats for he wanted revenge on the vet who had altered his habits for his pedigree papers had shown an uncle was related to a dog that ate behind Indian Restaurants.



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“Here Fred,” why are we howling to the white full moon when we should be following the cut-throats west and why are they leaving anyway?” A wolf getting hoarse on the battlements of Roma for it was howling for a thorn was stuck places.

“We howl because we are wolves and the story needs atmosphere and we are what are called EXTRAS, and the cut-throats must know something we don’t,” Fred the wolf answered the other Fred the wolf’s question.

“Here what do the cut-throats know that we don’t?” A tiger called Freddy shouted up from below and had to shout for its tummy was making loud rumblings noises.

“Yes what do you wolves know that we lions don’t?” A lioness called Laker asked afraid it was missing out on free TV dinners and winded something bad as it was full of air instead of TV dinners that humans threw out of airplanes as they wanted cheap no frill flying.

So was as hungry as these beasts whose tummies were making rude sounds for they were starving.

“TV dinners,” a gummy Condor and was gummy for it was old and no longer sat chained at a humans front window as a burglar deterrent, so knew all about TV dinners for the humans’ TV was in the front room.

It knew all about XXX as the humans thought it cool to watch a drunken Condor chained to the window latch hiccup then fall to hang upside down and be sick on the Taipan expensive carpet.

Never mind they worked in the oil so could buy another Taipan expensive carpet and besides, watching a Condor full of XXX was more entertaining than watching the Home Team loose 16-1

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“And must have a TV to watch to eat the TV dinner with?” A lion once a TV star for he appeared on Saturday a.m. television for he was an escapee from a famous Safari Park.

And the howling and growling and tummy rumblings died down, for an instant only, just enough to hear the STOMP STOMP STOMP approaching from the east.

“What is that?” A lion cub afraid it was to be a trophy on a human wall for the lion TV star knew all about what happens to lions when humans were about; they got stuffed places.

“Army ants,” the gummy toothless old Condor who also knew about television for it had to watch Safari Park programs upside down full of XXX.

“They eat wolves?”

“And lions?”

“And cubs?”

And there was a rush of wind as many beasts headed west much faster than the two loyal friends could have hoped to swim.

“What about me?” A toothless gummy Condor who had found a windowless window to hang upside down from out of habit.

But was ignored.

“Maybe I can find the seeds to those grapes that those Caesar's were eating and spat out?” The lonely Condor left alone in Roma.

And as the lonely Condor hobbled towards the throne room of Roma it passed a broken mirror and stopped.

A piece of ripped purple curtain lay at the Condor's feet.

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A dropped duplicate crown of ivy leaves lay inside an alcove; just in case Caesar lost the original.

So the Condor put them on and looked at the mirror and smiled, then went into the throne room and there about the floor grape seeds and a bunch of grapes wanting devoured by a hungry Condor on a side table.

And an empty throne where a minister once sat in a church but the cut-throats had taken it for a 'For Sale' was nailed to the church; and no humans were about, just mice eating the abandoned tapestry and the drowned rat in the baptismal font for it had drunk the wine and fell off a beam above singing "Celtic FC 10, Moscow Dynamo 0."

So was happy when it went to Davy Jone's Locker full of XXX.

And is a lesson to rodents not to drink too much XXX on a Saturday night but to eat instead the dropped million takeaways by human devourers of too much XXX.

And the lonely gumless gormless hobbling Condor sat on the throne and flicked some grape seeds into his mouth so at once hunger pains left.

"Caesar," the condor said happily.

And because the condor was surrounded in blessed silence for it had no teeth so no crushing up noisy sounds came from the grape seeds, for it was sucking them instead so could hear more than 'STOMP STOMP,' from the east.

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“Is that those labourers sent after those labourers that went to get more barrels of XXX?” A Farmer Jack shouted annoyed for his hang over demanded more XXX to go away.

“They must be hiding in that ruined castle over yonder,” a Farmer Jack and loaded his shot gun for they all knew a ruin was a good place to hide.

“Especially a quiet ruin where we can hear in the silence strange slurping sucking sounds so must be the missing labourers sampling them barrels of XXX, without paying,” the first Farmer Jack and many Farmer Jacks loaded their shot guns and growled.

“Growl,” the neap farmers who called themselves Celtic Fans and some where Ranger FC fans!

And the Condor sucked some grape seeds to make them last longer.

“Delicious,” the Condor and slurped much.

But: “Set the hunting hounds on them no good labourers at out barrels of XXX,” a Farmer Jack and let loose a pack of ferocious sausage dogs good for going down rabbit warrens because of their sausage body and nothing else.

“Woof woof,” the sausage dogs.

And the Condor heard and choked on a seed.

“Gasp,” as the bird went blue for there was no one to help, all had gone west.

Poor gummy Condor will you help the bird?

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And a Farmer Jack blew his hunting horn and was copied by a thousand 'Horn Blowers.

And because they was unfit and used to propping up bars the din did not last long thankfully so the Framer Jacks went puffing and wheezing on the grass.

And the sausage dogs went into Roma.

"Gasp cough," the lonely toothless Condor; shame.

"Grrrrr," the savage sausage dogs, the bums.

"BANG," a Farmer Jack aiming at a window sill for he was sure he saw an upside down Condor choking there.

And missed for he had the shakes and D.T.'s for labourers had the barrels.

And 'BANG' was repeated by many shaky hands holding shot guns.

And the sausage dogs got scared and ran about this way and that way so got lost.

"Here anyone got a key?" A Farmer Jack at the ruined castles front door.

"Opening Times 11am to 4pm June to October, Property of National Trust."

And the Farmer Jacks were not amused so went berserk banging on the door.

"STOPM STOMP STOMP."

"What is that?"

"I saw the Evil Dead once."

"Isn't that about zombies?"

"Here what are those sounds from the west?"

"Labourers laughing at us as they head for Alupu."

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“Better than pink elephants and zombies.”

And it just takes one to sleek westward and “Wagons ho,” was heard often as Farmer Jack went west where the grass was greener.

“Caesar for a day,” a Condor thought as he wished he had some teeth.

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“I am afraid there is no one coming to help me, who will help Eye?” Eye asked hanging inside a cocoon in a giant silken web as six legged hairy witches looked up buzzard recipes.

“I want buzzard in lemon sauce,” a six legged witch with many eyes.

“Rubbish, sweet and sour buzzard or nothing,” a witch with mandibles good for injecting venom annoyed.

“Roast buzzard in chocolate sauce,” a witch with a large hairy bottom so was ignored.

“Take that,” a witch with a bigger hairier bottom as she threw a recipe book at witch 1001 and missed and hit witch 2000 for there were many witches on Alupu for humans never came here.

“Ouch,” witch 2000 and then went berserk with these words, “I don’t know what the word forgive means even IF this is Christmas.”

“I never said sorry anyway,” the witch who had thrown the recipe book and added, “it was witch 1001 that threw the book,” the lying no good deceitful witch with a

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large hairy bottom and as punishment lets look to see IF her nose grows bigger, and because she don't have a nose let's look at the big hairy bottom.

Yes it was getting enormous and more hairy and that's what happens when you lie.

You get big hairy bottoms, never mind the nose!

"I think lucks in," the buzzard hanging above the melee as thousands of witches cursed each other and why mushrooms grew from heads and flowers from bottoms for the witches had forgotten their spells.

And a thrown about recipe book went straight through a cocoon and a buzzard fell out.

"I am free free," the buzzard stretching instead of silently sneaking into the shadows.

"Look dinner is loose," witch 99 as she was very observant.

"I am off and curse my mouth," the buzzard and holding up his feathers ran and since this wasn't Roma got lost real quick.

"Where am I?" The witches heard often so where always close behind dinner.

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"Here what a din?" Black Fur.

"Sounds like demons from hell, I saw a film with Tom Cruise in it and there was this unicorn and a red demon with horns," a weasel so got his loyal friend terrified for they both knew TV never lied.

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“Better stay away from that rocky Island then,” Black Fur forgetting he could not swim and soon sink to the bottom of the cold sea where the dragon sleeps coiled.

“Yes but I cannot swim, help help,” the weasel afraid they did wake the dragon at the bottom of the sea and get eaten.

And that’s when a frothy white wave threw them high in the air.

“Thud,” was heard twice as the two loyal friends landed on the other side of the rock.

“We are saved,” Black Fur.

“But what about them demons?” Scenting Droppings knowing how to put a damper on things and added, “Here I wish Eye our glorious leader was here?” A weasel unable to think for himself.

“What glorious leader, where is he? Why I might as well call myself Caesar?” A ferret who knew how to think for himself.

“Ave Caesar,” the weasel wanting the ferret to take the responsibility of thinking away from him.

And bowed low for the weasel knew about grovelling and the ferret knew what to do with grovellers.

It walked over them making sure it wiped its dirty feet on the back below.

Now there were no two loyal friends but a Caesar and a servant who were walking towards the witches cave because Caesar was feeling important about being Caesar



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and the servant was grovelling too much being a servant who didn't want thrown to the lions.

"Who will rescue me," Eye asked hoping.

\*

"Stomp stomp," the black shirted Young Legion stomped in the dark, unafraid for One Stripe their leader had explained to them about TV.

"Humans use it to brainwash beasts," their magnificent leader had said, "all you see is humans flogging beats, feeding them discounted discontinued meals in zoos, and because humans drink too much XXX cannot be bothered to take you out walkies for toilet training, so beat you black and blue for messing the carpet, and is their fault for they turn on the TV for your company because they have gone to Ibiza to drink more XXX and dance in smoky disco bars, where naked humans slide up and down a cold metal tube.

"Feed yourself Rover," was pinned to the fridge door.

TV to fill our minds full of gibberish that were-wolves live out here in the dark, and zombies are hunting us so we will not howl to get out in the thunder storm and just cross our legs till our owner comes home from Ibiza.

Also there are a million human children with lit pumpkins running about screaming "Trick or treat," and because we don't have a hundred dollar bill on us pull our fur and rub it the wrong way.

Then poke us in the eyes and swing us through the air by the tail.

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Then let us go straight into the number 19 bus.

.And the 18 is behind that.

So we have nothing to fear of the dark, do we, we don't have TV's out here in the dark outback.

So march boys and girls because the Beast Land needs you, go west to where Eye is and victory," One Stripe had told them and until now believed every word.

Until the shot guns went off.

Until the growls reached them.

And howlings.

And sounds of ferocious sausage dogs lost in a ruined castle.

And strange sucking sounds.

"Were-wolves," a young badger in a black shirt.

"No zombies," a fox in a black shirt.

"Forward for the full moon is behind us," Shining Sun being a leader for he knew were-wolves would be there howling near the moon, not in the west.

"Forward brave Legion," Propaganda and blew on a penny whistle to imitate a trumpet for she knew were-wolves did swallow her in one go.

"Forward," Twitching Snout beating on a tin drum from a toy shop adding, "anything for Propaganda," and blushed as she threw him a kiss, of course between blowing on the penny whistle.

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“I know how to manipulate my men,” propaganda Bald as a Bat and gave an extra bonus, a long wink so Twitching Snout beat the life out of the drum.

Thank goodness for he had no idea of rhythm.

And in the air above because it was dark fliers got lost and one was under Caesar Green Baron and the other was under Field Marshal Magnificent Air.

“We don’t have navigational equipment,” the fliers want you to know ashamed they are lost.

“Nor navigational lights,” they added missing humans who would stick them in crates and in the back of an aeroplane and then do the flying for you; and release you at the other end in sunny distant lands away from the smell of green neaps so many deserted seeking humans.

“Listen, vampire bats,” a young wolf who because she was an escaped wolf from a TV film unit had taken part in Hammer Horror Films, so lied when she said she believed One Stripe blaming the humans for animals being scared of the night. For she was afraid and hid under carpets when available and since none were not just trembled instead chattering the teeth all night keeping you awake.

So no one liked her and threw anything with reach at her for beasts needed sleep after howling at the moon, “Howl.”

And many grouse and partridges were thrown and the greedy wolf ate them all up behind a big boulder with a bigger shadow.

And the Young Legion stopped and listened to the air above.

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“Rustle wheeze rustle pant,” they all heard.

“Something up there, I heard bats can get stuck in your fur and make you go mad,”  
a fox.

So even propaganda shivered not liking the idea of bats spoiling her hair do.

“Never trusted King Batty who calls himself Vice President, and when did we see him and his bats last anyway?” A cat thinking for itself for it was in the Legion so it was earmarked to sweep the trail behind for animals are not toilet trained and those in the Legion must not think

“Above us,” a guinea pig who had lied about its age to get in the Legion.

So there was much momentum to go west away from the vampire bats above them wanting to suck their blood and ruin hair styles.

'Westward Ho' where giant red cedars and land to farm and bring up kids existed where everything is bigger and green laughing giants grow corn.

“What is that below?” Magnificent Air aloud and his voice carried on a gray night cloud for midges had got in his eyes so was blind.

“Enemy,” Caesar Green Baron replied for him.

“Attack,” Magnificent Air and dived bombed the Legion to make them run faster.

“Another day perhaps,” Caesar Green Baron who knew he must be protected at all costs to rule another day. So flew west just above the running Young Legion.

“Run faster Shining Sun,” Twitching Snout who being heroic had grabbed Propaganda and jumped onto the cub Shining Sun, with spurs to encourage speed.

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“Yes there are vampire bats every where,” propaganda added and the badger cub like everyone else knew propaganda never lied so ran faster.

“Run for it,” King Batty to Mr President as animals headed west towards them.

“I am,” Mr President Keen of Scent answered away in the distance.

“I am One Stripe, get the tea and best China out,” for he had been to the movies and knew about being British; and a cup of tea always calmed everyone down.

But this time the dictator had watched too many movies for there were vampire bats in the air and a million stampeding wild beasts with Propaganda in the lead.

“Hey watch who you are shoving,” and “My hair style,” or “watch where you put your feet because you are standing on me,” was heard many times.

“Good grief,” a million stampeding beasts swore later they heard some badger say, just before a million stampeding beasts ran over him did his best China in good too.

And “Ouch,” they also heard often, yes they were sure they heard that.

“Who will come to rescue me?” Eye wondering about lost and because he did not whisper?

You must read on to find out what happens to Eye because he likes to hear his own voice?