

One Stripe

Ferry Links or more commonly called crossing the Red Sea.

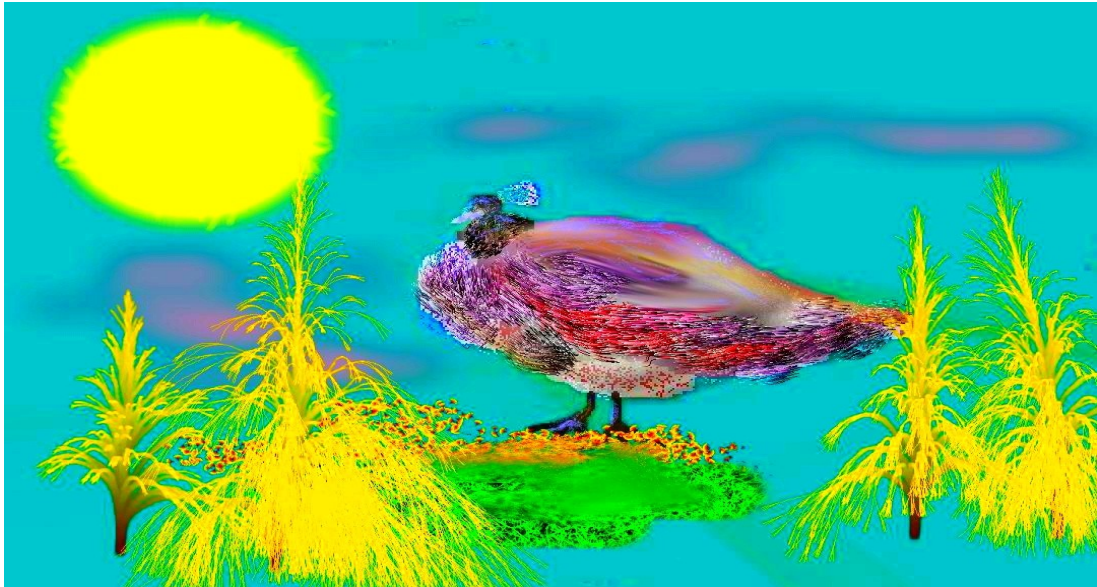


Illustration 15: Mrs Peahen was flamboyant

Once upon a time thousands IF not millions of camp-fires lit the soft golden beaches opposite Alupu Island lost German tourists had started them in an effort to keep warm as they cursed the coach driver for falling asleep at the wheel on that bend.

“May he have the curse of the zombie upon him so will never sleep,” Helga cursing with a salami sausage hanging from her neck to ward off evil.

“Yes and never find employment as an extra in a zombie movie,” Frederick with an Agfa camera hanging from his neck to ward off zombies.

And because they was taking pictures and ignoring the fires set the beach alight so there was lots of warm fires to warm the beastly horde descending upon the tourists.

And was all lies and more lies for the animals had no idea how to light a fire using flint either did Farmer Jack.

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So out of the darkness were heard thousands of curses IF not millions of curses directed towards anything that could bear being cursed.

“These matches are wet,” or “I am shivering too death,” and “We need to cut a living beast open like the Eskimos do and stick our frozen hands in the hot innards,” and “Any volunteers?” So “Bugger off,” was heard many times from Framer Jacks.

“We need a volunteer,” an Afghan hound that lived in cloud 9 for it was a show dog.

“Yes, a volunteer?” An Arabian jumping horse that lived on cuckoo land.

“Who has the knife?” A Siamese cat that had been on the set of Clockwork Orange as fire place ornament.

“Not me try Fred over there,” a mangy dog biting fleas on its unwashed bottom.

“Na you want Sheila over there,” Fred the Clydesdale working horse that had blisters on its sides where the plough had rested so think what farmer Jack's wife had on her..

“It's him over there,” Sheila the orange tabby cat pointing at the Arabian jumping horse.

“Get off me,” the Arabian jumping horse as a million beasts tried to search for a knife and make it a volunteer.

“This is a bad omen from the unseen worlds,” King Batty who was smoking a Cuban mini cigar so his ‘cough’ would be a mini cough; for he was Mr Vice President and image counted, “wheeze,” he added after the cough and he had traded the secretive pelts of sixteen mice to a Farmer Jack for the Cubans whose glow kept his lips from freezing over. “For some are allowed to trade and some isn't, IF you get my drift?” An oily foxy voice had told him.

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“Volunteer Farmer Jack,” and was on a warm breeze come all the way from the Antipodes for someone wanted revenge for blisters.

“That is the wife, dearest the fields need ploughing, what am I to do? Please come back,” many Farmer Jacks seeing the wife as a volunteer after the ploughing was done.

“Good grief,” the dictator unable to stop jumping up and down to break the ice on his legs seeing the truth there.

“The gads are unhappy,” Mr President a red dog who was a fox seeing possibilities here and his hands were nice and snug because he had traded twelve partridge eggs to a labourer for a secret battery hand warmer for some could trade and some not.

“Good grief,” the dictator seeing what the dreamer schemer was up to.

And the dictator had much to learn for he had traded nothing so was freezing something so even the wind from him was a piece of ice.

And all was not lost for in six hours they knew the warm sun would rise as the cormorant pulled it up.

“Someone go wake the bird up,” was suggested and suddenly a million beasts began looking for a cormorant and found many snug in their nests on the cliffs.

“Squawk,” was heard often as the birds were unceremoniously thrown into the air to get the sun. But the sun was six hours away!

“Here what is that noise?” A Farmer Jack.

“Volunteers?” An answer so thousands of Farmer Jacks got off their frozen parts and “Cur ouch that hurt,” was heard often too as the frozen parts was frozen to what they was sitting on; so screamed a lot as they made there way to the volunteers.

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“I am frozen to the sensitive parts and may never have children,” Crassus complained but because he was a baddy let’s laugh at him, ha ha.

Look there is the lonely sod struggling through a blizzard clutching a discarded plastic dolly made in far away places; and an arm was missing and the dolly’s flowered dress was tattered. But the hair was still blond and the eyes bright blue icicles and “Mummy I want a cuddle,” it said as Crassus was squeezing the life out of it as he tried to keep warm.

Stupid Burk lets have a laugh at the baddy, ha ha.

But “I will save you, hug you tight to keep you warm, I am Crassus, a Caesar,” and he was round the bend also.

“Mummy I love you,” the dolly for the battery was just okay.

“Never have I done a good deed and know Framer Jack will reward me for saving this human child. I will be fed delicacies, mutton kebabs to get my taste buds working, hot prawn curry to warm me inside, hot tomato soup to reach my frozen paws, a warm hot water bottle in a pyjama warmer and a travelling kilted blanket wrapped about me to keep me warm right by the fire,” yes he was round the bend but he was a Caesar and had pride and dreams to hang on to.

Stupid imbecile lets have a laugh at the baddy, ha ha.

He was the wicked Crassus who aspired to feed his friends to the lions and worse get the two loyal friends we love so much to clean the latrines with tooth brushes for Caesar must show who has authority.

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“That was all that available,” Crassus defends himself but was a lie, there was a Dyson vacuum cleaner but the electricity had never been switched on in the ruined 400yr old castle.

And he sold the tooth brushes to a staggering labourer carrying an empty barrel for a lucky bag and the dolly was in the bag.

“Food,” Crassus immediately for he was a nasty wolverine with long teeth for tearing little red squirrels and bigger grey squirrels that he was welcome to have as they was Yank immigrants; and he had longer claws to rip Red Riding Hood to smithereens to make it easier to eat her, and ears to hear innocent little blue tits singing sweetly before he used his gifts to shred them to pieces before eating them.

And upon sniffing the plastic dolly and biting it and stretching the dolly he said, “Yuck,” and spat out an arm for dolly tasted disgusting.

“Mummy I need changing,” the dolly that could have changed herself but wanted attention.

“Eureka,” Crassus still stuck with the idea of Farmer Jack rewarding him.

“I am called Barbie, hug me,” the dolly.

Yes he would take Barbie to Farmer Jack and be called a hero and get on the front page of the Gazette; given hot food and medals. A family to live with and be pampered while he ate the dog cat and kids when no one was looking.

For he was a nasty wolverine that lazily hung about pine trees.

A no good cut-throat so lets have a laugh at the idiot, ha ha.

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And now we know why Barbie has one arm!

And on Crassus's hind paws little rubber high heeled Barbie red shoes and wrapped about his middle white Barbie smalls much too small for him. Lastly a straw hat pulled down on his head to protect against the wind. But her dress and shirt were useless as he had tried to rip and tear Barbie to shreds to eat her more easily.

"I was freezing and still am freezing," Crassus defends his selfish actions as Barbie turns blue.

Then what ever happened to the plastic arm?

"Rumble tumble curdle," the sounds from an upset greedy wolverine tummy.

That will teach the ravenous wild beast to bully poor Barbie ha ha.

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"The night is as black as night," Magnificent Air stoically and all his companions marvelled at his wisdom.

"What is that fluttering sound?" Small of Wing with snow in his eyes.

"I went to the movies once," Yellow Edge asked with ice up somewhere else; and only tales one.

"It was Dracula's Honeymoon."

"Yeh I saw that Hammer Movie also," was repeated many times.

Of course by worried flyers so sounded squeaky and added atmosphere.

"Yeh, there was millions of vampire bats sucking the blood out of the living."

"We are the living aren't we?"

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“And that fluttering sounds just like them vampire bats.”

“I am off.”

“So am I,” was repeated by the brave flying squadrons and because the wind was so strong was blown out to sea and as they had snow in their eyes and ice up other places couldn’t see the choppy sea; just as well or they did have got really scared and they were terrified already of vampire bats.

Poor feathered birds.

With long talons to rip up cuddly white bunnies with.

And sharp beaks made of keratin to cut up escaped hamsters.

And it was the bats the eagles had heard and now the bats heard the eagles.

“What is that flapping sound?” A bat amongst many bats struggling to find a ruined barn or a loft, maybe your loft? To spend the night with you for King Batty was Vice President and was aloof to flying about at night in the cold rain and snow; besides his mini Cubans would be blown away; so would the caviare.

“I saw a film once,” Corporal Corsica a bat, “Sindbad and the Demons of the Night, were all these ghouls fly about trying to eat him and what is inside Sindbad.”

And Corporal Iddi a bat answered “Ouch,” as hailstorm bigger than oranges pelted him.

And could no longer see for he had one in each eye and where there was ice some place else; “Ouch,” he added for the other eye and “Ouch,” for where the ice was some place.

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“That’s where Sindbad told them to eat his followers for he wanted to marry the Caliph’s daughters, all of them,” Corporal Adolph a bat who wanted to marry them also for then he did be rich and you poor.

And it only takes a corporal and then HELL is let loose?

“We saw that film also,” was repeated by a million nervous bats with ice up some place and hail storm the size of oranges in their eyes so “Ouch,” was heard a million times so got boring.

“When I get my wings wrapped about King Batty I will be King Corsica and promise you vengeance and all the ice cream you can eat,” Corporal Corsica lying for he had no cash to buy ice cream.. .

“Viva Corsica,” the bats wondering what ice cream tasted like, it couldn’t be any colder than this snow.

“When I get my wings wrapped about King Batty I will be King Iddi and promise you all the bananas you can peel,” Corporal Iddi lying for they were not in Africa.

“When I get my wings wrapped about King Batty I will be King Adolph and promise you all King Batty owns,” Corporal Adolph lying for he would only sell them the mini Cubans so they would wheeze and be sickly so he could the more easily get them to work FOR HIM making mini Cubans to sell them at inflated prices.

And as the wind blew them out to sea the three corporals glared at each other.

THERE COULD ONLY BE ONE KING.

“What is all that din?” A red kite asked Caesar Green Baron.

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“The enemy squadrons, they must be behind the clouds,” a reply and all the brave fliers looked at the clouds and the clouds where ever where for they were flying in them.

“Just behind the clouds?”

“Or in them?”

“With us?”

“Where are my brave flyers going without orders?” Caesar Green Baron shouted so he swallowed a gallon of hailstorm balls the size of oranges so didn’t feel well.

And there was silence for deserters always are when deserting for they do not want to become the desert.

“No more medals,” Caesar Green Baron so swallowed another gallon of hailstorm balls so was now really blue and allowed the wind to blow him out to sea.

“I bet he knows where he will be safe warm and cosy for officers always do,” a conscripted Marlin and only takes one and swallowed 140 ml of hailstorm.

“Let's follow him,” a deserting Red Kite and because he spoke swallowed half a pint of hailstorm.

And the brave flyers had no choice for the wind was strong and blew them out to sea.

So the good, bad and ugly went to sea and can you guess which is which.

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Now once upon a time there was a great storm far greater than any other storm because humans had divorced themselves from nature without settling what nature would get.

And nature did not like to be treated like a discarded thrown away wife who had given her best years to a grumpy Farmer Jack who played card games with the bar maid when he was supposed to be milking the cows at 5:30 AM.

And nature was fed up with all the soot from power stations and what came out of sewage plants with no chlorine in it for taste so whipped up the greatest storm ever.

"I will give humans something to remember me by," divorced nature but the Farmer Jacks dismissed the idea of nature taking them to the cleaners, with such words as, "Nature is just real cold wind," and "next you will say fairies are real," and was silly as we all know they are.

Have you been to the bottom of your garden lately?

And nature threw hailstorm the size of oranges at peoples eyeballs.

The same divorced nature that was putting ice up places.

And lighting bolts out of Heaven that frizzled the expensive hair style not to mention all the brave flyers up above.

Anyway: Now a famous ghost ship was heading for the sandy beach where idiots were gathering. S.S. Marie Celeste with no crew was doing 8 knots with no coal in her boilers for the wind was huffing and puffing for nature wanted the car, the gold fish and everything in the bank as divorce settlement.

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And the idiots:

“Here is that a ghost?” Mr Vice President sucking hard on a mini Cuban so coughed his insides out viciously then a tile blown two hundred miles from a house in Inverness hit him square on the back of head.

“Christ almighty what was that?” He asked just before falling flat on his face..

“I went to the movies so know it is a Ferry to Hong Kong,” Mr President so immediately went into over time thinking and scheming ways to get rich so whispered to a shrew, “That ship will take you to a gold mine and you will get filthy rich,” and was a lie for already apprentice foxes pretending to be red dogs had painted a sign, “Pursuers Office,” and were dragging bags of Made in “?” aboard the ship that had grounded with silence; for the wind was howling banshees.

“Howl”, went the wind.

“All aboard,” One Stripe taking a risk for there was no where else to go except to stay out in the hailstorm and he had a popular answer for that; “Bugger this.”

“Tickets please,” Shining Sun with a ticket machine as the beasts herded into the GHOST ship Marie Celeste.

“First class this way,” Twitching Snout needing his cut so he could buy expensive after shave, alligator shoes and belt, a yellow tartan suite and a Havana straw hat and a few cigars, big variety to impress Bald as a Bat who was flirting with Shining Sun.

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“He has money,” Bald as a Bat adding, “besides that shrew Twitching Snout is just plain ugly. Why do you see the way his snout is covered in bristles and twitches as if diseased with flu?

And his tail is more ugly than a rats’,” and was rich coming from a mole; “But I am propaganda and can lie freely at no cost for the tax payers lift the bill,” so explains why she flirted with Shining Sun a yellow bikini; and one had a red garter and not forgetting the blue cowgirl boots.

Which she twanged the garter now and again to get the attention of Shining Sun,

And Shining Sun had been brought up proper so smiled at the floozy mole so as to avoid embarrassing her. “What does she think she is playing at? I am the dictator’s heir and she a floozy woman with a red garter. I will know when I meet the right girl for she will be a Rothschild French badger on holiday over here. And I will take her boating on the river where I will feed her strawberries and oysters,” and because the jolly rowing boat was going up and down in the river current she did be ill on him, and then he would stink like a vulgar commoner and she would have nothing to do with him, or the oysters and strawberries on his head.

Besides he could not speak French so their love affair was doomed from the start.

“Parleys vous Francois?” Or something was all and “American cigarette?” To reply to a French girl on a street corner and was all Shinning Sun's French and he got that from the GI Jo movies.

But he was just one of many idiots about to board the Marie Celeste the ghost ship.

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Anyway: “Here is that a ghost?” Rover asked in the darkness as a branch was slapped across his snout by the angry cold wind.

“Howl,” he howled many times.

“All aboard,” Number 20 shouted seeing an opening to become Caesar's tax collector for he was smart enough to realise the numbers before him had expired serving others in the dungeons for the cut-throats as well as Farmer Jack had converged on the beach.

Everyone was here except the German tourists who being wise had found a railway line and lain down to stop the weekly train to civilization.

So number 20 would serve himself for he was just another buzzard and line his pockets for he had flown by a travel agency and seen Bulgaria with beaches and women, boozy hotels, casinos and no sharks in the surf so dreamed of retiring early there, so added, “Tickets please,” for he was his own ticket collector so then would keep all his profits to himself but he was just a number in the crowd the poor deluded number.

And then they heard the ‘grrrrrs and ‘rrrrrrrrrs,’ of the were-creatures arriving on the beach so two ticket collectors shouted “Stop, no boarding without a ticket,” and was the last thing they managed to say before a million beasts rushed them.

‘Grrrrrs and ‘rrrrrrrrrs,’ the lions and one tiger and cubs sounded for they was wet, hungry and fed up. They wanted back to the warm circus were humans fed them T bone steaks for jumping through hoops on fire.

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“Yikes,” they screamed nightly often as places ice had found caught fire. But them T bones covered in fried onions, chilli coated potato wedges and mushrooms, and not forgetting the prawns in Thousand island dressing as starters. Yes they did jump through many flaming hoops for that. And here they were eating nettles that stuck to you innards and when you did a number 2 they came out with what they was stuck too. Which explains why many lions and one tiger was clutching their tummies moaning in agony.

“St. Andrews Liver Salts at ware house prices,” a fox we know quick to realise profit.

And hailstorm the size of oranges got stuck places so the lions and one tiger wailed as well as moaned so it was easy to mistake them for were-creatures.

And Mr President made a killing and so did the lions for many aspiring numbers wanting to become Mr Caesar was gobbled up. A hungry lion even with nettles sticking places should never be trusted.

And Mr President knew that but had forgotten to warn the aspiring Caesars or aspiring cousins when he sent them out selling St. Andrews Salts and dried newts scales to cure the tummy cobble wobbles that was so sore.

“Very tasty if I don’t say so,” Fred the lion licking his paws, remembering to remember that number next he ate out behind Chan's Takeaway. .

“Warms you up in a night like this and look at junior,” a mummy lion called Freda and junior cub had an extended belly that seemed to look like an aspiring fox.

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“Boom Boom,” was heard to come from the belly.

“Tickets please,” Number 20 not discriminating against the lions and one tiger.

“Tickets please,” Number 21..

And was repeated sixteen times for sixteen lions came aboard, and once for a tiger and six times more for the cubs and it was Number 43 who sold the last ticket but Number 44 who kicked the pile of feathers away and picketed the cash.

“Bulgaria? I am off to Brighton Beech and fish and chips wrapped up in an old Sun and eat them while I ogle page 3,” for all the other Numbers had been desert.

Never trust a wild beast Mr President knew but since these were Cut-throats never told them.

But the wild beasts were aboard ship and lucky for those paying passengers and them that had rushed aboard free, that the wild beasts had eaten so many numbers and cousins.

“Wish I was a lion,” a chicken so hungry it was pecking at the carpet pulling tasty wool threads lose.

And a lonesome passenger had arrived, a true Caesar seeking fame across the sea, anywhere were hailstorms did not exist.

“Even the fleas have frozen, a blessing at least,” Crassus seeing profit in his misery adding, “I saw them all go aboard and no one will recognise me just another fee paying cut-throat. I will be just one beast amongst many others so will seek a first class cabin and waiter service. I also expect to sit at the captain’s table and be bowed

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too,” Crassus and made his way up the gang plank that was conveniently just hanging from the ship.

“WELCOME ABOARD THE SS. MARIE CLESTE, GHOST SHIP,” but Crassus read, “Welcome traveller to a hot bath and dinner,” because he had never learned to read.

He was just an idiot amongst many on a ghost ship heading to Alupu Island where humans never went, except for the ghosts aboard a ghost ship.

“Howl,” Rover howled still smarting and just takes one dog and the whole neighbourhood howls; for effect of course for this is a ghost ship.

“Grrrrrr,” and “rrrrrrrrrr” was also heard.

“Don’t eat me eat her,” was heard also in the badly illuminated ship.

And lighting struck the ship so it glowed green florescent light and the place stunk of singed fur.

“Cur Blimey what a pong,” was heard much.

“Buy a nose peg, going at clearance prices,” from a young fox thinking his uncle Mr President would think kindly of him.

“I have plenty of cousins to inspire sales amongst the lions with words such as ‘The bonus is a holiday away from here,’ or ‘crunchy delicious Southern Fried in it wink wink for you,’ or ‘you will be my favourite indeed (but not adding in memory only) or ‘for new sales areas opened up a holiday in a chicken farm wink wink,’ for the farm would indeed be full of chickens and not floozy foxes as implied with the

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winking and many Rovers and a Farmer Jack with a gun ready and waiting for an inspiring scheming chicken thief.

And “Grrrrr,” and “Rrrrrrrrrrrr,” came from the new sales areas waiting to be opened up.

“Mmm,” Mr Vice President admiring the way Mr President used his office to line his fur with gold trinkets that glittered in the sun, “I have millions of cousins fluttering about somewhere, I wonder where they are?” For King Batty was hoping to send them into new sales areas where there did be no conflict with Mr President for howling was coming from where many Rovers had huddled in fear for were-creatures were about.

“Howl.”

And the dark clouds parted, just for an instant and all saw the moon was full.

“Howl.”

And the howling would have made any human go the other way but we were dealing with Farmer Jack, a human used to eating green neap soup while others sipped asparagus soup; a human who did not shrink from filling up the pig swill for he was the one who added the ingredients to the runny smelly stuff. Yes a normal human would run a hundred miles from a pig farm for the stench was worse than that found on a beach on a hot day.

“Howl,” and Farmer Jack couldn’t care less, there was a ship on the beach and ships’ had bars needing propped up.

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A warm cosy place to wait for the labourers and the barrels.

Yes once upon a time Farmer Jack ignored the sixty foot waves splashing the beach, eroding large chunks of cliff face JUST LIKE THAT in one splash; for the power of divorced nature is something else.

“Splash,” went nature and “I am soaked,” Farmer Jack replied for only idiots go out in nights like this.

And there were many idiots out that night.

“Ticket please,” a cousin for Mr President still had many cousins left.

“Here a talking fox,” Fred the farmer said amazed.

“A ventriloquist must be hiding in the broom cupboard,” Fred another farmer bored for once seen one ventriloquist with a dummy you seen them all.

So pushed by the fox spilling the tickets.

“Uncle will be annoyed with me, these tickets did not come cheap and are needed for Bingo Night,” and explains why the young fox was crawling about picking them up.

“That is no dummy but a fox,” Fred another farmer recognising a fox now for it was no longer standing but on all fours.

“No you are wrong, it is a battery operated Japanese robot toy,” Fred the grouse farmer who only let his birds out on the 14th July with these words, “You are free, fly away, shoo shoo,” and was a lie for rich men with silver inlaid guns waited behind bushes with rumbling tummies and flasks of XXX.

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And he grabbed the fox and looked for a battery with these words, “Here the Japanese are brilliant for this robot shrieks and moans when I stick my thick fingers here and there?”

And since he found no battery threw the toy aside, “Doesn’t work any more, the battery must be flat for it has stopped moving and wailing,” Fred said intelligently.

And no more cousins could be found by Mr President so he saw thousands of lost sales enter the Marie Celeste.

“Which way to the bar butler?” A short sighted Fred asking an escaped zoo penguin.

And the penguin pointed starboard.

“Thanks,” and was Fred’s last words as he walked off the ship and landed on a sixty foot wave heading at a hundred miles an hour for a jagged rock face. “What will my battery farmed alligators do without me?” He asked fearing they did escape and swim back to Florida where the best orange juice comes from, for it is warm and full of beach bunnies, not hailstorms.

And the S.S. Marie Celeste listed this way and that way as the many Fred’s searched for the bar.

And the S.S. Marie Celeste listed this way and that way as the many beasts stayed out of their way. They cramped broom cupboards, hid under sheets in cabins, squeezed above shower curtains, hid in the loo cistern so saw where the birth mark was on Farmer Jack? And some hid in the kitchen cauldron so made lovely warm soup for the many cold Farmer Jacks called Fred.

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And because the Marie Celeste listed this way and that way it slowly refloated and soon all the humans were ill for they had found the bar and like humans on a Saturday night were ill before collapsing in it.

Never mind they knew the Sheila back home ironing and changing the nappies would wash their reeking clothes for she was a Sheila, a future plough puller.

They were human men, and worse Farmer Jacks who knew big fish ate little fish so had no qualms about eating you!

It was they who changed the words in Little Red Riding Farmer to Little Red Riding Hood, for they did not want you to know the truth. Did you ever ask yourself where the were-wolf stories came from? From the country side of course; so were ill when they saw double in the bar for they had soil in their finger nails and not brought up proper for were-wolves never are!

And what does dirty finger nails have to do with the story, absolutely nothing unless you are a child physiologist.

And because they were staggering about the Marie Celeste being ill because the ship went up a sixty foot wave, then down it, then listed starboard so fish were left on the carpets, and then the ship listed leeward and the carpets were washed clean; all the beasts hiding in pillow cases, freezers and ovens could not reach the ship's railings and be ill in a sensible way, so were ill where they hid.

And was Farmer Jacks fault for making them hide from him.

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And above an eagle howled for lighting had frizzled its bottom so feathers filtered down to the Marie Celeste tossing about on the waves.

“Where are we?” Small of Wing smelling a bit frizzled.

“We are heading towards that dark cloud for behind it an Island where we will be safe,” Magnificent Air a true leader replied not admitting he was lost, nor that he had lied about an Island; but he did know never tell the plebeians the truth in case they riot and make soup out of you?

And lighting flashed and all saw in the light an Island and marvelled and had faith in their leader Field Marshall Magnificent Air.

And the Island was Alupu, the Island of Witches and not a place to get warm and cosy.

And they say lighting never strikes twice, well just ask Small of Wing if that is a lie?

“I am surely frizzled out,” he would tell you.

And behind a million bats minus half their number who had been blown to Australia and Iceland puffed and wheezed as the stormy breeze carried them behind the legion of Magnificent Air.

“Corporal Iddi got us lost,” Corporal Corsica whispered and because it was a lie all the bats believed and glared at the bat from Afrika, with intent to do him malicious bodily harm, if they could reach him but the wind was too strong and had other ideas.

“Puff,” and “poof,” the wind.

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“Corporal Adolph's hobby is rain dancing,” Corporal Corsica whispered and because it was true no one believed it so glared at Corporal Corsica with intent to do aggravate assault but could not reach the little Corsican because the wind had other ideas.

“Marvellous I will tell them we will be safe because I will tell them there is an Island behind that dark cloud where we will be warm and cosy and make myself King Batty,” Corporal Adolph hearing Magnificent Air for the stormy breeze had brought the eagles’ words to him, as Adolph was incapable of thinking up anything original for he was a bat, a wet and cold one and a corporal too.

“Look Caesar Green Baron, the enemy?” The Falconidae catching up with Magnificent Air.

And Caesar saw but did not conquer for he was blue wet and dripping flue.

“We will follow them and when they sleep attack and to the victor the spoils,” Caesar and sneezed and went over his face for he didn't carry paper handkerchiefs..

“Yes we will have the spoils,” his flyers agreed but whispered many times, “What does spoils mean Fred?”

“Ask Sheila.”

“Of course I know what it means, it means birthdays and Christmas,” and could not add anything else as her audience waited expectantly for that little extra and did not get it. And she wished and they wished she had gone to school and learned the ABC.

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And ahead Caesar could just see the frozen bottoms of eagles and others and then he heard the flapping flutterings passing through him.

“Millions of vampire bats,” it just takes one.

And they had all been to the movies.

“I am off,” sometimes it takes two.

“I am alone,” Caesar Green Baron observed correctly for the tight squadron formations were no longer present as three arguing corporals led the bats to the Island of Alupu and SAFETY.

“Howl,” drifted up from the frothy sea below as a flying fish passed the beak of Caesar.

And he ate it just like that.

“Delicious,” he added.

And saw below a ship tossed about like a cork in a flushed toilet bowl and the smell of illness wafted up to Caesar Green Barron and he was green.

“Quick smelling salts,” he gasped but was all alone so got none except a hailstorm some place that was already frozen so never felt it.

And because he was alone Caesar saw his life pass in front of his beak and was afraid because he never saw himself doing one good deed; but many bad acts like stealing the jelly babies from the human baby so it would cry and keep Farmer Jack awake, like the time he dressed up as a chicken and Farmer Jack shut him up for the

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night with forty chickens and in the morning only he remained in his rubber chicken suit, very bulged..

And the time he stole Sheila's feather duster and stuck the feathers in his bottom and was locked up in a pet shop all night so when the kids came to buy hamsters in the morning they found none but a very strange fat parrot.

And since his bad deeds were so many a dozen books could not contain them, so end with the time he sat on a barrel carried by a labourer and Farmer Jack received an empty barrel; and Caesar being so full of apple juice flew into a Sunday service and did things while he flew over the congregation so the church emptied.

But never mind his flyers were being blown by the storm towards Alupu Island so Caesar would be happy to have company again, so don't feel sorry for him.

Remember this is Caesar who sends others to clean the lion cages alone. A Caesar who would like to add you to his kitchen staff.

He who needs many rowers for a Sunday river outing.

Caesar Green Baron the greatest war hero ever and pigs can fly.

"Hoot hoot," the Marie Celeste below hooted for all was wondering when the beasts would find the ship's hooter and now they had.

"Howl," the wolves and dogs howled not to be out done by a hooter

And ahead loomed Alupu Island and strange thumping music started up and pictures of the sea bed appeared in the dark sky.

"Marvellous," a pea hen said for it was not bright.

One Stripe

“I like the music,” a hind red deer.

“I like her,” a bad greedy ravenous wolf and licked his gums with much salivating and drooling and that's what you get when you mix economy with first. The cut-throats should be in the hold, packed in so the sweat did be overpowering, but never mind the hold did be slammed shut and the body odors would not frighten the crew away for the Marie Celeste had none.

“Thump thump,” went the music and all saw a human swimmer in the sky and did not know the witches were at work hoping to scare away the intruders whose horrid illness smell had gone before them.

“Give us children and Ginger Bread Men but this smelly bunch you can keep,” the witches of Alupu want you too know and conjured pictures of Zulu Impies chanting “We kill you,” of course in Zulu and banging their shields so all thought a locomotive was in the sea.

“Marvellous what science can do?” One Stripe wanting a locomotive that floated.

And the witches in desperation conjured up Mr Toad from Wind in the Willows flying a plane and all the animals laughed for they knew all about Ratty, Moley and Badger.

“I must have one of those to drag ‘Vote for me,’ behind it on election days,” Mr President for he still had DISTANT cousins who would fly it and that would be their lessons as well for lessons weren't cheap.

One Stripe

And pictures of Burt Lancaster smiling showing a hundred white shining teeth appeared in the dark clouds for the witches were out of their minds so were scraping the barrel for scary acts.

“I must find out what dentist he uses?” Mr Vice President knowing a smile helps wins votes on election days.

And the witches then showed reruns of ‘Bewitched’ for they were frantic for the smell of illness was getting nearer as the Marie Celeste neared a beach.

“Seen it,” Propaganda and yawned and flicked a cat of nine tails and a mouse band started playing wind instruments and the sound was soothing to the troubled tummies of the beasts and Farmer Jacks and made all the passengers forget about wanting to boil, roast and quick fry their enemies.

So JUST for a little microscopic while they all was one NATION of passengers.

“Football?” And Twitching Snout threw a ball amongst the passengers who kicked the ball about and in their joy and passion for the game made you forget all about the storm and thumping music.

So in desperation the witches flashed across the sky all the Christmas TV repeats.

And there was peace, silence as the wind died down and the bright sun came up pulled by the cormorant at last.

Yes the clouds were white and puffy and it was a day for a picnic it was I am telling you. Pilchards and cream cakes, iced lemon tea and bacon rind, oysters and strawberries and lots of brown paper bags.

One Stripe

“That wasn’t supposed to happen?” A witch and because she had cast the spell had many spells cast at her so she appeared to have the body of a rat, the head of Sponge Bob Square Pants and legs of a melon *and melons don’t have legs!*

“Mummy warned me about this lot,” was her famous last words

“Groan,” went the Marie Celeste as it grounded on a rocky cliff face so all the animals remembered a ‘Night to Remember,’ when the Titanic hit that iceberg so ran about shouting, “I am a woman, ladies first,” but their pleas landed on hardened ears for Farmer Jacks were already running about shouting, “I am a woman, ladies first.”

And Mr President quietly slithered into a lifeboat for that is how politicians work when things go wrong.

For Mr President knew as President he must be saved. Vice President could set a heroic example. Yes he was safe and pulled the tarpaulin cover over his head.

“Cough cough wheeze,” came from inside the boat for Mr Vice President was already in this one; for he knew he was not setting any example.

And the fox slithered into another lifeboat; this was all the dictator’s idea so he could deal with the situation and was happy he was in a life boat for nasty things swam in the seas so lit up a big Cuban.

“Cough wheeze, ah satisfying,” the would be president and relaxed.

Yes sea monsters swam in the sea with a hundred tentacles and star fish and sea urchins for you to stand on and scream.

Yes he was safe and pulled the tarpaulin cover over his head.

One Stripe

“Here governor can we try one of them for we have never smoked and would like to try a Cuban,” a ferret in the gloomy light of the life boat.

“Yes IF you give us a Cuban we will be your friends,” a weasel in the shadows of the life boat.

“I have no friends,” and was the truth for the fox was a politician and “I don't need your type in my lifeboat, go and find a yellow duck to cling to.”

“Here that isn't nice,” a ferret trying hard to hide his hurt feelings as a tear surfaced.

“What is wrong with our type?” A weasel as two tears surfaced.

“You are naked for starters,” the fox seeing possibilities of selling them discarded last years designer clothes found in a skip.

“So I am,” a ferret covering his thingies.

“Why didn't you tell us sooner?” The weasel blushing.

“And you smell like wet fur, you need a bath, and the Cubans isn't free either,” the fox moving into the kill,” and he sold them Y fronts for support, his smoked down Cuban and a bar of soap for water was already slushing about the floor of the lifeboat.

“Cough wheeze,” the fox heard behind him as he slithered into another lifeboat away from their type.