

One Stripe

Normandy Landings



Illustration 16: The horse was a symbol of animal power

“Howl,” went the Rovers chasing their tails.

“Howl,” was added as tails got caught.

“Zap,” lighting as a howler fizzled.

And the S.S. Marie Celeste emptied its well decks!

“Howl,” and “woof,” and “grrrrr,” and “rrrrrrrr,” and “blooming heck that was a thirty foot jump from ship prow to definitely not sandy beach. More like pebbles, rocks and dried seaweed that smells like dried fish on a fisherman’s washing line,” a sheep called Fred complained to a horse called Fred.

“Neigh neigh,” Fred the talking horse replied unable to get its tongue about vowels and constants so would have failed oral English.

And the beach was a horrid place and littered with ripped trawler nets with the bones of dolphins and whales in them and smelly stuff just caught.

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Plastic bottles and oil drums totally occupied rocky pools and oil slicks made it greasy slippery work getting off the rocky beach head where sixty foot waves splashed on your head really hard..

And a lonely Andrex toilet roll bobbed up and down in the frothy waves, pink it was and would not be lonely for long, Mr President had learned what toilets was about on board ship; and what was good for him was good for Mr Vice President.

And a mini Cuban floated in a pool and the tobacco nutrients drove the crabs and sea anemone crazy for they now wanted Cubans to satisfy deep cravings.

“Cough wheeze,” went the smoker and lit a fresh Cuban but a bigger Cuban for he needed more smoke in him to satisfy the craving for smoke.

“I have learned IF I want to be Mr President I must smoke a millionaire Cuban for image, “cough wheeze,” and much blue smoke wafted away and coughing and wheezing was heard where it went.

“I will not vote for him,” Mr Vice President heard and sent a cousin to investigate.

A fluttering of wings was heard as a Horse Shoe bat obeyed immediately wanting to impress, sickening it was.

“A free night out at the Proms in it for your vote,” the batty cousin was promised.

“Well in that case he can have my vote any time,” the Sheila a cross between a chicken and a grouse replied and blew Mr Vice President a kiss.

“Wink,” was the reply shrouded in Cuban smoke.

“Cough wheeze,” but louder and bigger for effect this time for King Batty was learning from the fox his lessons so was a bright student with well polished shoes to catch the glint of teacher's eye.

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Anyway: "Here where is the wife to clean up this beach mess?" A Farmer Jack complained for he was used to the wife dressed in an apron and curlers in hair and a cigarette hanging from her mouth cleaning his mess up.

Like the mess on the bathroom floor after a night out with the boys.

The mess of defrosted food because he left the freezer door open when looking for a biscuit.

The mess of weevils in the open biscuit tin that should have been shut so weevils could never get in.

Lovely crunchy weevils.

He didn't mind after a night out with the boys.

Or because fridges were luxuries eels were put in a cooling cupboard, then forgotten about till darts night that clashed with bingo night and: "I like fresh eel but this is ridiculous," as the eel wiggled this way and that.

Never mind the good wife in the morning would shoo the naughty flies away and cover up the snoring fat naked husband. For she was the wife and knew what tartan car blankets were for, for the night after and knew her husband was a vicious psychopathic who got up at 4:40 AM and had no one to talk to except cows.

No wonder Farmer Jack forgot about the eels he caught last month.

In the heat of summer.

"Shoo, go away naughty flies," his wife.

The poor wife who put up with much suffering as Farmer Jack sat in the Thunder box reading page 3 only upside down and sideways going blind.

"He was Farmer Jack,

Worked hard.

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Played hard.

Labourers he sacked.

Labourers where lazy.

Bordering on the floozy?

And snoozy?

And decrepit wheezy

What sort of labourers hired?

The cheapest.

For Jack was the meanest.

So day before pay where fired.

He was farmer Jack.

With a wife and bucket he would never sack.”

And what sort of wife was this? A new breed of super wife? A woman who complained in the Thunder box “I gave him the best years of my figure, now look at it?” As she read ‘Body Beautiful’ and “Holidays in the Antipodes.’

And beside her Farmer Jack’s bank books and worse, credit and cheque thingies to spend his money in the Antipodes.

“Where is the wife to clean up this mess?” Farmer Jack complained on the beach as his feet sunk into lemon merange pies discarded from the SS Under Twenty One and other strange balloon shaped objects that sea gulls choked on.

But never mind the sea gulls, they was just kicked aside without a prayer.

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For they was useless beasts given to humans to kick aside for Planet Earth had been divinely given to humans, especially those wanting to be Mr President and others who smoked Cubans.

“Wheeze cough.”

And the wife was in the Antipodes learning to surf waves with a bronze seventeen year old and as long as the money in the bank lasted she had other seventeen year olds waiting on the really soft golden sandy beach with lotions and monkey injections that politicians and singers use to fade away wrinkles.

“Ook ook,” the wife after the monkey glands.

And warts that Oliver Cromwell had on the end of his nose; long warts that Ruben and Van Gogh had great difficulty in hiding behind Still Life.

So she would look no longer human but something that landed from Mars. Never mind she was happy and Farmer Jack was on Alupu where thumping music was washed ashore with each frothy wave.

“Where is the wife to clean this mess?” Farmer Jack for not all the animals like Mr President had learned what latrines where when aboard ship. He was a green neap farmer who saw latrines as expensive luxuries when the wife could carry the buckets used out off the house in all weathers and empty them in the pig swill, for the midden was away down in Far Away Land at the bottom of the mountain, where its aromas would not waft back to the farm house.

So Framer Jack used rocks instead of metal shoe cleaners that should be outside every door and used to be but the world went modern! So now we bring what Rover left in right across the carpet, up the stairs and into bed next to Willamina who unlike the wife will not stand for muck. “Now I see why his wife left and why I am off.”

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Sigh and double woo as Farmer Jack made his way tenuously up the cliff face and Lo and Behold a pass appeared as IF Jurassic Park was at the other end where dinosaurs and film stars waited to be eaten; of course with Farmer Jack in Hollandaise sauce.

“Yummy,” went the witches not dinosaurs for Farmer Jacks spitted and turned till the fat dripped and sizzled in the fire was just as good as children smeared in sticky toffee sauce.

“Fantasticoo,” the witches as their digestive fluids not biscuits squirted making rude sounds. Lovely fat pot bellied Farmer Jacks softened by pubs and bar maids and riding motorised wives when in the old days they walked behind the plough.

And behind the Farmer Jacks the cut-throats came complaining that they hadn’t room service aboard ship so were still ravenous.

“Crunch slurp,” the cut-throats heard as Farmer Jacks copied One Stripe’s host that was eating things found on the beach, the MacDonald burgers washed off a container ship aground in the Sicily Isles so was still fresh after six months in salty sea water.

“Lovely,” Farmer Jacks looking on the beach for tasty burger trimmings.

The washed up million jelly fish so many beasts jumped about with stifled screams for their voice boxes were swollen and inflamed for one should not eat a jelly fix except IF you are a Mako shark that swam nearby for humans come and fish them to hang as trophies on their walls.

And the sharks never made it to the Great Council at the Cairn so never spoke the password, ‘No more sausage,’ for many Farmer Jacks and beasts had jumped off the wrong side of the ship.

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“What is port and leeward? I am a ferret who cannot even swim so help help.”

“What is port and leeward? I am Farmer Jack and need a labourer with a barrel and saw Jaws so help help.”

“Thump thump,” went the horrid frightening music that will till the end of time be associated with Shark Fin soup and soya sauce, crab thingies that you dip in this red yummy sauce and chop sticks that make sure the food never gets into your mouth.

But this is a story to make you warm and cosy so all the nasty sharks went away and never ate any one up OK.

Look there they go swimming over the horizon for the beasts never learned to use the showers aboard ship and Farmer Jack hadn't changed his socks since he came on this expedition to teach the animals who is boss and illustrates the washing habits of green neap farmers. .

Don't worry this is a happy story so everyone in the water swam for it and got to Alupu Island first and joined everyone else without socks.

“Lovely,” the Farmer Jacks running jelly fish tentacles through their lips like spaghetti.

And big frothy waves spat out the smelly things onto the beach for Mahananon the god of the sea who lives on an Island called Mann had had enough of them.

So now everyone is smiling for these refugees from the sea must join the others as they head for that magic pass leading them to Jurassic Park and beyond where no farmer Jack or beast had ventured.

To INFINITY AND BEYOND.

“Where is the wife?”

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And above “What is that smell?” Magnificent Air happy to have found land for a great leader is never lost.

And there was no reply as the eagles tired from battling the elements began to land; not on the rocky beach but on soft comfortable warm grass for the sun was out; the sky a Prussian Blue and the clouds friendly little puffy balls of white.

And Blue Tits went ‘Chirp tweet,” nearby.

Idyllic crispy winter morning.

“That isn’t fair,” was heard often from the heaving struggling mass coming through the PASS.

And the smell wafted with them with ‘Thump thump,’ music as a warning to all who lived on Alupu they were no longer alone in the universe but belonged to a global family.

“We are family,

On the scrounge.

Fresh from the Moleen Rouge.

Staggering happily.

Looking for a lost Pater.

Full of guilt and fat wallet.

To fill our gullet.

‘Waiter more waiter.’

Daddy I remember that Xmas?

When you where floozy.

Ill groaning and boozy.

You ruined Christmas

One Stripe.

We are family.

On the take.”

And the witches heard every word and trembled, shivered and “Cheer up, think if the business this lot will bring our ‘Gift Shop’ and the witch a Sheila with six hairy spindly legs became all of a sudden a Great Crested Newt and was immediately fought over for newts are valuable commodities in a witches cauldron.

“Follow the enemy,” was also heard as Caesar Green Baron followed the enemy Magnificent Air for like a true politician could not come up with any original ideas.

“Ratta tat tat,” went his fliers who because of saving cut backs had no bullets and this story is not intended to give nightmares but make human readers feel warm and cosy, safe and snuggled up with Fred the Teddy Bear or IT might be Sheila the Teddy Bearess?

A bar maid burrowed from the local?

Definitely not the wife for she is with the credit card in the Antipodes.

“Where is the wife, she is needed to clean this mess up?” Farmer Jack still blind to the fact his wife threw out her curlers and goes to Weight Watchers in the Antipodes with his cheque book with thousands of other wives and cheque books. .

And the mess was horrific as the fliers did things in the sky that went ‘Splat’ and ‘Plop’ on your head and much worse when you was gazing at the lovely white puffy clouds going some place you wished you knew where?

So got it in the eye for being nosy and too curious which is the same thing.

“Blooming seagulls,” was heard much but it was eagles and family Falconidae that was doing it as they came into land; for they had stomach disorders that we hear so much of that strikes unwary trusting travellers on planes and ships like the Marie

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Celeste?

“Howl,” “woof,” and “grrrrrr,” for effect.

“Splat” and “Plop,” for extra effect.

“Where is that wife?” Farmer Jack thinking of putting the boot in and cancelling the order for a brand new AJAX washing machine; the wife could still wash by hand and wring using the wringer turned by hand and besides carbolic soap made a nice hygienic smell: and was needed for you never knew where Farmer Jacks smalls had been, definitely not with the wife warm and cosy in bed tucked up to a hot water bottle eating cheese and crackers so the bed was awful itchy.

Never mind the itchy bits made one giggle and hid the squeaking bed springs.

Cheese and crackers does strange things to a Farmer Jack in bed.

Not as strange as a bronze oiled surfer down under as long as the wife has that credit card.

“There is the enemy that vile slug Green Barron?” Yellow Edge the eagle to emphasise enemy to Small of Wing; remember that eagle, no, who cares! Only Farmer Jacks who count their numbers with binoculars so they know how much to spend on poison. Just in case you have forgotten what this awful boring story is about because I have!

“That is the enemy?” Small of Wing repeated to Magnificent Air making sure he stood in front of Yellow Edge and got all the credit.

“I am not blind,” the curt reply and Yellow Edge sniggered.

And the enemy had landed on the grass that had strange white markings on it and nets at either end.

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“Germany,” was on a sign above one net stretched between pines trees that had no acorns for greedy squirrels had visited.

“Eccosse,” was on a sign above one net stretched between Rowan trees and they had beautiful red berries for it was winter, so we know the score before a witch threw an inflated bladder onto the grass.

More to the point whose bladder?

I still have mine, what about yours?

And a Caesar cold and wet climbed through the pass thoroughly fed up with his treatment for he was ROYAL.

“I have pedigree,” Crassus complained to no one but the breeze that was fed up listening; “Huff poof,” went the breeze and blew Caesar Crassus towards the pass to Jurassic Park.

“Howl,” thrown in for effect.

“There are were-wolves about, where are the silver bullets?” Crassus wondered but never owned a gun so hoped to live longer; ha ha fat chance there was thousands and thousands of angry Farmer Jacks about heading for the PASS; angry because they smelt for the showers in the SS Marie Celeste were not working for the boilers needed coal and labourers with barrels to breath into the boilers to make them hotter. So there would be hot water in the showers.

But there were no labourers below in the slave engine rooms where labourers sat on oar benches waiting for a whip to row.

“The mate was paid 6pd a day on Andrew Weir Lines out of Leith Docks so what was the labour paid?

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One cigarette in the morning to help his cough.

Another at tea break with his tea and dunking biscuit to cause his cough.

Two at lunch, one to take away appetite so the green sandwiches were not noticed and the Bully Beef not tasted so never guessed it was not Bully Beef but chopped pork that was bad for the arteries and thrown out of a butchers for it was black not green.. And one after the sandwiches to take away the queasy feeling and replace it with, 'A satisfying lunch' attitude: and then lay back amongst the black coal and smoke that Players Navy Cut from a round tin can with a picture of a Jack Tar and a British Battleship to keep the pirates at bay.

Just like the Romans and look what happened to them?

There are many jealous wild barbarians about who want to be pirates.

And blow smoke rings.

And see wild horses and giant red cedars and eagles and a girl in a flimsy Wild West skirt with a lasso; to lasso you and drag you to her, of course you must be smoking John Players Navy Cut from a round tin can with a picture of a Jack Tar and a British Battleship on it or no treats!

Cough wheeze," was deleted for effect.

"Demigods my arthritis," Caesar Crassus complained for he never bothered to take a daily dose of fish oil for there was hardly any fish in the seas these days; JUST ASK HUMANS WHAT THEY DID WITH THE PILCHARDS THAT ARE SARDINES.

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“I plant neaps and tatties and send sheep to the abattoir so don’t blame me, besides I have diversified and farm lions for they breed faster than cattle and is just a matter of taste,” Farmer Jack looking at the sixteen lions, one tiger and six cubs that had come ashore.

And they looked at Farmer Jack and noticed many guns so cleared off like good muggers do.

So lived another day to graffiti trains and subways and set bin rooms on fire.

The lousy miserable no good muggers; may that Jack Tar catch up the no goods.

And a fluttering was heard from a million bats all cousins of Mr Vice President of course who never used his title King Batty too be mean.

“Batty,” or “hey ugly sod come here,” or “Zombie features run my bath water,” yes they never used his title or he might feel worth while and love himself. “Creature from the other side of Venus,” was another.

Theirs was a democratic society and Mr President would not have his job for long, unless many boxes of Cubans and their ingredients were handed out by eager aspiring cousins.

“Cough wheeze,” was heard therefore much.

“Spit.” Also for that is what one dopes IF no clean hanky is kept in a pocket or tucked into a female glove and because the wind was breezy caused many fights.

“Howl,” for effect as the worms in them howlers was starving.

“Vampire bats,” and takes only one idiot.

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“What are we to do?” A witch called Sheila and was not turned into a toad THIS TIME; for the six legged witches had no idea what to do: Jerry Springer and Jeremy Kyle were not at hand to advice them.

“Howl,” for atmosphere.

Of course.

“Add more Rosemary for there is a lot of mutton about,” a witch and this one was turned into a salamander. But it seemed a brilliant idea, “What about Horse Radish for there is beef on the hoof also,” and she was not turned into a wart on spindly hairy legs.

“And bread sauce for gobblers are coming,” another witch.

“Cranberry sauce for them.”

“And piggy’s on trotters and curly tails so apple sauce is needed,” and the witch was referring to Farmer Jacks.

And apricot stuffing for geese are waddling this way,” and the witches salivated so their hair got stuck in the bubbly gooey disgusting mess.

Really horrid it was.

“Howl,” what do you expect?