



Illustration 17: What big ears you got?

And the white puffy clouds blew across the blue sky so all knew there would be no more hailstorms to get stuck places unwanted and freeze things needed off.

Of what a lovely winter's day, the witches where up early for the din coming from the pass was very loud.

"Blooming German tourists," the witches but it wasn't BMW drivers this time but thingies that live amongst the weeds at the bottom of your garden and not blood sucking midges either!

So no alarms were set for with such noisy uncaring neighbours from hell none where needed.

"Here I asked for sunny side up, what is this a miserable burnt piece of seaweed?"

Sheila the witch in red and white leggings for the winter was here asked.

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And for an answer Freya as we are fed up of everyone called Fred gave her a triple helping of runny porridge so was turned into a bat and the bat turned Sheila into a toad that went plop into the runny porridge.

At this rate the animals and Farmer Jacks would never need to worry about meeting a single witch for they did all be serving porridge.

“Silence,” and it was a command and she looked as stunning as the female out of Roma, the one that loved Mark Anthony. Yes she had reddish long hair and the opposite of spindly legs as she knew her spells well and her name was not Matilda the Worst Witch Ever but That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman.

We know what Farmer Jacks wife would call her and so cannot be written here; not even IF you were to tell me this woman's phone number.

“I have lost much weight since eating this runny porridge and see a way of putting it back on,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman said and looked out a window slit for archers too use in better days past; and looked at the menu hiking it to her castle. The host made of Law Abider's, Cut-throats, Farmer Jacks and Rovers.

And licked her lips and let a delicate dribble of saliva fall from her fangs that had flipped out over her luscious red ruby full lips.

And was a sign for a general loosing of wind and digestive sounds.

“Enough,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman said and it worked.

Perhaps That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman might be a match for a dictator, several Caesars, Mr President and Vice President and three corporals and some heroic fliers.

And the wives of course in the Antipodes taking snorkel lessons from a bronze nineteen year old in a skimpy leopard skin swimming thingies but was actually

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banana peel discarded on the pavement and wrapped about with string that would float away in the current; to reveal all.

For the 5 STAR HOTELS paid him to seek discarded banana peels so wives from farms would come to the hotel and giggle.

A bad thing to do underwater IF I must advice.

Not to mention the ‘Thump thump’ music and “All this giggling isn't giving my macho image any confidence,” the banana wearer.

Anyway: “Get the thyme and oregano out and fresh plastic linen,” for they shopped at these new £1 for everything stores That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman loved so much: FOR SHE at some she got 1p back for every £1 spent and others no change for everything was £1.

The Christmas lights.

The young teller who only understood “Stakkas Coffee you and me,” and her eyes followed the £ notes flashed under her nose.

“Polanski?”

“Yah yah eat sausage at Stakkas Coffee.”

And That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman felt her tummy juices flow as she knew at Stakkas Coffee shop she would speak about the difference between English and Belgian chocolate and invite the young sales assistant back to meet her Polish translator.

And the translator was the chef with a long white hat on; and a red stained white buttoned jacket and these funny striped trousers and always soft gymmies for they run about the kitchen kicking the porters so wear them for speed not booting.

And in chef's hands long sharp knives waiting for carving.

One Stripe

“Rumble gurgle,” went That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman’s tummy at the memory of all those silly human girls who go out in the woods late at night for they laugh at ‘Little Red Riding Hood stories.’ The fools for not only do were-creatures exist, poor souls infected with an animal spirit wanting to gobble and do bad things to lonely girls come out of a night club, but That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman is hiding behind the station sign ‘Brighton,” and the next train is Monday as this is Sunday “He ha howl woof slurp” the sounds of a hungry were-thingy behind the sign.

. Some say animal spirits evolve into human spirits and some are a mixture of both and some say rubbish but I wouldn't say anything like that to a were-thingy as it might annoy it and then it will eat you up after shredding you into little Satay pieces of course.

“Howl woof slurp.”

But that Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman knew the best advice was not to come off the last train from the night club for things lurked behind ‘Brighton’ station signs.

“Howl woof slurp.”.

But “Who will come to rescue me?” A buzzard in a silken cocoon asked.

“Dribble,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman dribbled from the mouth because Eye had forgotten children should be silent, especially at supper.

And beasts and Farmer Jacks howled while the wives in the Antipodes in cages in shark infested seas got thrills their HUSBANDS never gave; and with his cheque book in a plastic bag so it would not get wet.

One Stripe

Nor his signatures she had practiced every night with these words, “Sign here dearest, it is for a holiday for you and Willamina from the Illicit Still Pub in Patagonia,” and he signed for it sounded romantic; and the wife laughed all the way to the bank for the only company he and his Willamina from Peterhead would get was a few Argentinian cowboys swinging balls on the end of ropes to lasso those giant rats that anacondas swallow up just like THAT.

As long as it them rats who cares for there are Tortillas to be swallowed up while drinking that clear stuff with a worm in the bottom of the bottle.

Who gives a farthing for the worm, just think of it as extra vitamins and is supposed to have the same effect as strawberries and oysters.

“Ha he ha he,” the wife's maniacal laughter to the bank.

But there are rumours Mr President bought shares in the worm farm for neap farmers love their XXX and worms.

And Mr Vice President bought shares in a bleach factory so explains why Farmer Jack gripped his liver and complained, “Oh my innards are burnt out” for to an alcoholic bleach tastes like XXX and so does the water in the latrine for these people believe in pink elephants and rats that can walk upside down on ceilings.

But not the wife who only used sun tan lotion spread on her back by a bronze surfer in a tight fitting swim suit so he squeaked often as he rubbed the lotion in.

“Rub there, you neglected that part,” Farmer Jacks wife in the Antipodes.

“Squeak,” the reply and he rubbed away for the 5 STAR HOTELS PAID him to rub away and wear too tight banana skins.

Rub rub rub went his exhausted arms that extended from a body that had eyes closing.

One Stripe

“Whip,” went the whip as the beach task master passed employed by the 5 STAR HOTELS to make sure they got their moneys worth from these beach bums.

Who surfed waves and got gobbled up by sharks for in the Antipodes sharks come before humans.

Because they are upside down for starters.

They are? Well they wear banana skins for starters.

And a shield was carried up the rocky beach with much swearing. Grunting and silent prayers that he who they carried did have a Coronary so they could chase beach bunnies.

What beach bunnies?

There are witches here on Alupu Island as well as thumping music.

“Watch that discarded thingy it might make you trip,” The Dictator and prodded down with a walking stick found aboard SS Marie Celeste.

And the head of the stick was ivory and was an elephant head minus tusks.

The tusks were the stick; a dictator craves ivory walking sticks like a Field Marshall needs ivory handled pistols for first impressions count. The ivory gave a message, this is what happens to bad boys, not forgetting bad girls.

What has happened to the dictator who has artists posters of himself at every station in the land? For they did not own cameras yet.

Not forgetting ports were barrels of XXX are imported daily.

And that is where the labourers hang out for there are dark alleys and closes and “Hi handsome,” a sweet voice out of the darkness and “burp,” but that is ignored by the voice for we are dealing with labourers who have hiked through hailstorm and rain to sell the barrels of XXX at the docks for the animal rebellion has affected the

One Stripe

supply of hops. And they came for a good time but are so full of XXX can't remember why they came.

“I will remind them and fleece as well,” the sweet voice in the darkness.

Anyway: The greedy Farmer Jacks cut down all the hedge rows and did away with the orange butterflies that pollinate the hops and blamed ramblers rambling the countryside good, “Blooming mosquitoes these German tourists when will they find their Agfa cameras?” For they knew who was too really blame.

And One Stripe understood all this for he was at the top of the food chain so all the human monies got from his host running wild went into a ‘Bank folio’ covering the Tzar's leaky oil tankers sailing the stormy Aural Sea that was only a pond these days for humans had drained it dry to irrigate the Russian hops that was imported through a trade agreement to make XXX to supply the labourers so they did carry heavy barrels of XXX for Framer Jack and cut down every tree he could find to plant his own hops.

The Russians charged too much.

As Adam Smith says ‘Supply and demand’ and hops was IN.

BURP.

“Brrupmmmmthingie noise,” disgusting labourer.

And slip went the mother pushing a pram designed for triplets for she had six of the twins but could not afford the pram designed for them to carry all those smelly used nappies.

And the thought of six noisy twins at one go has driven many a Farmer Jack wife onto the bottle; for ever.

One Stripe

And might explain why all those Farmer Jack wives are in the Antipodes that sound like something Ward 14 the abdominal bleeding unit sticks up you so all can see on a very wide screen.

In colour.

“A blue neck,” this surgeon states.

“Dam, I was sure it was a red neck,” and hands over £1000 pounds.

A lot of dollar.

And nurses walk by and the public with flowers visiting.

“As long as the human Tax Collector doesn’t tax air I will be super rich and never have to lead this lot,” what was this tripe with onions saying? It was the dictator musing over his new riches for he was now of the New Rich and had not heard the rumours the humans were about to tax air.

And this lot was the LOT from The Great Council who had voted for him.

And now One Stripe is Mr Dictator for he eves drops on a red dog pretending to be a red fox and a bat addicted to Cuban Nicotine.

“Cough, Wheeze,” and was not for effect as a Mr Vice President went behind a Rhododendron introduced from the Himalayas and “Cough wheeze,” and went blue and fainted for King Batty who liked to call himself Mr Vice President smocked too much and made others filthy rich so they had floozy girly bats in bikinis floozing about their pool side's bought out of your tobacco money.

By the nymphs that made pumpkins the size of elephants made the thought of floozy bats in flimsy Scots Tape polka dot too much for King Batty and he light up another Giant Cuban to control his nerves.

One Stripe

“Not for effect as it tastes better with coffee,” “Puff suck wheeze, heavenly as I am in cloud nine with wild stallions and big rocky red outcrops, cough wheeze suck suck draw inhale splutter more more,” Mr Vice President going purple not blue.

“I will have no sleepless nights where he is concerned,” One Stripe and looked at Mr President, “Perhaps with him,” and eyed up the red dog with a bushy tail that Farmer Jack paid dogs to bite off for a £10 bounty.

“Grrr woof tug ripping swing sounds ouch eek yipes,” where common sounds when this happened when Farmer Jack wanted that bushy tail for the £10 paid him and his barmaid friend Willamina into the movies to watch ‘The Life of a Wren,’ of course in the back seats as the movie was in black and white with Lithuanian subtitles.

And the bushy tail he dried and used to dust out the embers from his coal fire that heated up the sky so embers fell on others who shivered and went blue; for they was poor and their wives did not go to the Antipodes but to ‘Girls Night’ and loitered the chipper making a mess dropping their pickled eggs that greedy sea gulls swallowed in one go and then went blue and dropped onto the road: of course just as the road roller passed, a circus, some geese crossing the road and messing the place up and a chicken crossing the road.

No mess and that was what the council wanted? Better than sea gull birth control pills stuffed into fish heads discarded from the local fish meal plant.

What has all this to do with this happy story?

Everything, they are reasons why the beasts revolted.

Why the lovely black crow who hopped about in one leg because a child had aimed his air gun at it, paid by the council to get rids of the ugly black thingies. And

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the crow always eyes up humans first before accepting a Gob sucker, just in case it was full of birth control so Mr and Mrs Crow would never have any more lovely cuddly babies.

And because you smiled the crow ate the sweet and choked to death.

So it was easy for a certain dictator to manipulate the horde by saying: “Glorious animals, there is Eden,” One Stripe spoke into a dried Sun Flower that acted like a megaphone so all heard him.

“I must purchase one of those,” Mr President.

“Cough wheeze,” Mr Vice President.

“There ahead is the land of honey and milk; go and slaughter all who live there and make it your land of opportunity, with the blessings of Mr President and Vice President,” One Stripe who had learned how to pass the buck.

“Cur,” the beastly horde replied looking up the valley that had a golden halo above it not to mention the rainbow and the pot of gold hidden there.

And harp music was heard as well as Cliff Richard and that made the host move, really fast and as they went up the golden valley they heard The Rat Pack eating chili flavoured Tortilla dips and slurping as they drank their hot Ovaltine preparing for the next chart hit.

Lucky burgers and they were indeed as usherettes passed selling teats; tortilla chips.

“Stomp stomp,” therefore went the Legions of One Stripe, Dictator and fast learner as they marched up the golden valley towards what looked like a fairy tale castle.

One Stripe

Why there were gnomes in the garden that a designer gardener must have charged a million pounds for cutting the prune trees to look like the chest of Arnie Schwarzenegger.

“We are gnomes that work 16hrs daily and feed on the crumbs of Tortilla Dip crisps and make up our diet eating the slugs and thingies that would gobble up our well kept garden. For the witches that employ us know starvation makes us eat quicker.

Of course with indigestion and the runs that accompany that and not to worry there are plenty of big bushes nearby.”

The garden gnomes would like you to know; well how else do your prize roses grow so red?

Well?

And they are so poor they cannot afford Andrex and do not possess knives and forks; these gnomes so certainly need putting down humanly.

They are gnomes and just used to keep a garden flowery and the grass green.

Gnomes to keep the garden incinerator bright with GNOME FUEL. Gnomes that designed the garden that the dictator was leading his legions too.

“Stomp,” went the legions in perfect well timed military unison.

“What is this, some sort of joke,” Great Grandfather Gnome asked and spat out dirty black chewing tobacco.

“Splat,” as it landed on his pet cockerel.

One Stripe

“Stomp,” and “Ta tat a,” as animals with paws tried to blow trumpets blown by The Horse Guards at the human big palaces while badgers slept in cold underground burrows shivering with the flu.

“Here promise the gnomes roast chicken and York shire pudding, that will make them fight for our garden,” A witch called Sheila.

That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman did not turn Sheila into a simpleton for Sheila was already one, so That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman smiled understandingly and clicked her fingers a few times so floozy gnometresses float in the sky in front of the gardeners; just over the ‘STOMP,’ sounds to make the gnomes want a good time with good time gnometresses but to reach them they must do in the unwanted first.

“That is how things get done here sweet heart,” and That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman squeezed the cheeks of Sheila.

“What is that some midges in the breeze?” Grand Father Gnome asked as Magnificent Air flew towards him then over him so a lot of mess landed on his pet cockerel; but not him grandfather gnome who had up his white and yellow striped umbrella.

And once the only gnome in the garden with an umbrella that day as it was a nice crisp winter day with no sign of rain, then these giant midges just came and appeared.

“Splat, plop,” was heard often.

Then Caesar Green Barron flew hard and fast onto the fliers of Magnificent Air.

One Stripe

“This is more like it,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman obviously excited at the prospect of all that red stuff following freely and much better, it was a free show.

“What is this stuff, red rain?” Grandfather Gnome asked as his umbrella shielded him from stuff that keeps a bird looking like a bird but not his pet cockerel or any of the hard working gnomes.

Then a million bats flew into the melee in the sky and got began to rain on everything standing and lying down relaxing behind rhododendron bushes.

“Get them out of my hair, they have mad dog sickness I am told bats do, besides they are related to squirrels and I am allergic to them, help help,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman screamed and a Sheila witch pulled sixty bats off her madam’s hair so the hair came off in chunks so Sheila suddenly croaked and hopped away.

“Tea to calm your nerves Madam,” and with a wink simpleton Sheila added, “this tea has cream floating on the top, wink wink,” so was not as simple as she made out.

“Gulp ah how satisfying,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman as she felt the tea refresh parts only this special tea could and squeezed Sheila Simpleton’s cheeks.

“Here what is this howling, I have seen the movies you know,” Grandfather Gnome shaking off bats and mess from his umbrella onto his pet cockerel.

One Stripe

“Here I don’t care two cents about them floozy gnomes in the sky blowing kisses at me,” Fred the gnome complained and bolted back to the garden.

“Poof,” and he disappeared in a cloud of green sulphuric yuck and that’s what he got for working for That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman.

“What are you, gnomes or mice?” Grandfather Gnome quoting Burns and took out a whip from a golf bag his pet cockerel carried for him.

“Crack,” went the very long whip and the cockerel jumped here and there and all the cowardly gnomes smelt burnt feathers and knew they did be next.

“Grrr rrrr,” sounds now came from behind the “howls,” as sixteen lions and one tiger and six cubs smelt gnome, raw gnome, didn’t matter, there was plenty of 4Leafed Clover in the garden at act as garnish.

And the floozy gnomes in the sky made promises to the cowardly gnomes and the whip sneaked through he air so “Cur blimey,” as a gnome jumped and encouraged his friends to go forward and do battle with the invaders to save the garden.

And the witches of course for ladies are saved first before gnomes and children.

And Grandfather Gnome looked at the witches’ castle and grinned. “I will set another place Madam,” Simpleton Sheila who was definitely not that simple for she knew what key holes were made for.

And then the bats broke into three groups and fought each other not the gnomes.

“I am King Iddi and this whole Island is my Kingdom,” just as a rival bat went for his jugular but missed so was done by bat bodyguards and fell to the gnomes below

One Stripe

who said, “Cur that is disgusting,” and kicked many times to kick it into a drainage channel where hungry leeches waited.

“I am a Corsican and have a vacancy for a fine French Chef,” and withdrew his host and let Adolph do the fighting as, “We German bats will show them Corsicans how to fight,” and beat up King Iddi’s bats something horrid.

While the little Corsican bat cleaned his teeth with Salmon bones and slurped Champagne for the Corsicans knew how to eat and let others get beat up for him as proxies.

“Take that mine enemy,” was heard from the German bats as they very efficiently did the Iddi lot in so their was much puffed eyes and ears about and teeth falling through the air.

“Snowing early,” Grandfather gnome and put up his prize umbrella and as he did so the point of the umbrella went into his pet cockerel so gasping sounds were heard and ignored.

The horrid selfish grandfather gnome who had only one thing on his mind as he grinned at That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman.

“Rat ta tat tat,” Caesar Green Barron imitated his favourite war movies as he flew in amongst the good eagle fliers.

“Zoom,” went Small of Wing imitating he was breaking the speed of sound in a jet over Korea as he had seen a war movie about it.

One Stripe

“Bandit one of clock high,” Yellow Edge as he plucked a Number 55 out of the sky so it fell heavily onto a cockerel almost breaking the neck of that chicken.

And Magnificent Air saluted his brave enemy Caesar Green Barron who saluted him back as they flew past each other for they had intelligence; each knowing IF they fought each other one of them might die, so “Keep your formation,” they shouted instead at their brave flying companions who replied with a “Rat ta tat tat.”

“Here there are humans coming this way, isn’t we supposed to freeze and act like lifeless plastic gnomes bought from a DIY centre?” Fred a gnome asked and a whip sneaked through the air and encouraged all nearby to go forward for a cockerel had spread this nasty rumour: “The humans were blow ups and one prick with a gnome garden shears and well?” And the nasty cockerel spread this lie for it hated all gnomes from its insane loathing for one selfish gnome in particular.

“I can depend on Grandfather Gnome, be a pretty thing and run down with a pot of your reviving tea for him,” and That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman slipped a folded piece of paper into Simpleton Sheila’s hairy hand for she was a witch.

And as soon as she was out of sight showed she was not as dumb as all said for she conjured up a look a like running down the garden with tea and scones.

And read the letter and had a dirty giggle for the letter from That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman and was a naughty invitation to Grandfather Gnome to come quick for tea and MUFFIN!

One Stripe

And IF That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman ever found out that Simpleton Sheila was actually a nasty intelligent university graduate she did turn that teas maid into a scorpion that stung its own bottom every 5 minutes.

Just to be mean of course.

“Hey there are our labourers,” A Farmer Jack who was being pushed in a wheel barrow usually used for distributing neaps for mutton on the hoof to fatten. And it was not because he was so pudgy that most of him hung over the wheel barrow and dredged the muddy puddles that were the road to the witch’s castle; or because he held in one hand a Bull Whip from darkest Afrika so the skinny one whose important job was to push the wheel barrow would not slip, and empty the great overweight one into a muddy puddle. He was in the barrow because he was a lazy no good green neap farmer.

And who knows what strange creatures lived in that muddy puddle; microbes that would cause green spots the size of walnuts to emerge on your cheeks or too fill you with stinky wind to escape whilst in good company.

“Gasp give me air or a face mask,” the skinny unnamed pusher begged as the breeze blew onto his face.

“Crack,” was the sound of the nine foot long Bull Whip out of darkest Afrika.

“Oh ah oh I am finished,” the skinny unimportant one who was not allowed to join a union.

One Stripe

“Rubbish, here chew on this for energy,” the great over weight one being pushed and threw back a mouldy bit of neap that had been living in the bottom of the barrow with baby flies and ear wigs and Devils’ Coachmen and “Lovely thank you great lord, crunch crunch,” the skinny one whose existence in life was to push the load of lard up front anywhere commanded; for the skinny one did not want the sack so never asked for a holiday; besides he went on holiday with his overbearing master up front to Majorca, Tenerife and Ibiza and got to catch the XXXX droplets the one he pushed about let fall as he waved a bottle of XXX in the air.

Because he was drunk and disorderly and could not see himself on candid camera and see what a Burk he was drinking too much XXX because it was duty free.

“Arch, satisfying, rejuvenating parts other XXX cannot reach,” the skinny one and stuck his tongue out at disgusting angles to catch more droplets.

So was hit the face by a passing woman’s handbag for she saw him as offensive.

“Worth it,” the skinny one getting two droplets so never noticed the pain or the black eye swelling up.

For droplets of XXX has that effect and refreshes places needed and because the skinny one was an alcoholic never needed a bicycle lock when park for he would wait hours for a droplet.

“Forward men,” the great one said from the barrel to the horde of thirsty Farmer Jacks and they surged onwards for they saw labourers with barrels heading up the drawbridge of the witches castle.

One Stripe

And above the castle not floozy bats in revealing bikinis but human wenches in revealing bikinis by a poolside serving barbecue bats for their numbers made them cheaper to buy than chicken.

“How else do I get the repairs done about here?” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman wants you to know for men are men so for good measure clicked a finger and a floozy badger bunny girl floated above the castle. “This will sort that over bearing badger out called One Stripe, who does he think he is a Corsican midget who has one hand behind his back and another in his great coat?” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman spat for One Stripe made her really peeved with life.

You know the feeling, it exists at Christmas when the big phone bill arrives, the gas bill and every other bill you can think of, and again just when the January sales have started and only the employees of the companies who sent the bills are shopping, for profits was so good they got a bonus.

Eat crumbs while they eat what the crumbs was wrapped about, prawns and chicken Jappalopas.”

“Cur blimey,” One Stripe seeing the mirage and wetted his fur down on his head with his own spit and brushed the dust off his legs with a small bristly clothes brush.

“Ouch,” Twitching Snout protested not liking his new occupation.

“That is for looking,” Propaganda Department Blind as a Bat after she had kicked him somewhere to make sure he would be useless with another woman.

One Stripe

“I am sixteen, my birthday was last month,” Shining Sun and lied so his snout grew longer for this was Alupu where thumping music was heard and plastic garden gnomes could speak.

“What Adolph likes Adolph gets,” for Adolph was a bully and wanted the floozy bat in what was called a piece of clothing that a tailor had used as a shoe lace.

“Have this,” and the little Corsican threw a magic cannonball at him and Adolph did not see it as a cannonball but as a floozy bat in a pink poke dot bikini for the loose magic was having strange effects.

And held out his hands and salivated horribly at the mouth expecting to catch something that was not his to have. So caught the magic cannonball that went bang.

“Can I have one of those,” Iddi wanting a magic cannonball so the Corsican threw him one that exploded.

“He did ask,” the small Corsican and shrugged his shoulders.

“I meant where can I purchase one,” Iddi as he gyrated downwards after Adolph into a puddle that was the road to the castle.

So a large man in a wheel barrow went over them, then the skinny man whose ribs showed went over them too.

Not too mention all the Farmer Jacks in a hurry to get to the castle where images of floozy barmaids floated about and the labourers had gone in the castle slamming the draw bridge shut.

And the labourers had all those barrels of XXX.

One Stripe

That the Farmer Jacks were desperate to have to stop the nightly shows of pink elephants and morning shakes.

And hot flushes.

The dry mouths so dried spittle hung like ice from the lips.

Not to mention the runs and there was only muddy puddles hereabout for “Grrrrs” and “rrrrrs” and “howls” and “meows was coming from the rhododendron bushes that grew on this Island in strange colours.

“Were-creatures,” it had taken just one “behind them bushes,” and was Mr President wanting the pleasure of a bush all to himself, for Mr President could not relieve himself IF anyone was looking.

He got embarrassed and went pink as he struggled to no avail to do what little foxes do in front of bushes, trees and human legs that belonged to a Farmer Jack full of XXX so thought he had dribbled and blamed the wife for keeping him out too late without any change for the portable council loo.

For Town and Rural Councils must make money.

And Shining Sun saw his chance to shine as a hero does, to be carried on a shield by his fellows and hero worshiped.

“Charge,” was all he said and the host did exactly that for someone had whispered a lorry full of Potato crisps has over turned behind the castle,” and the voice was feline and molish and belonged to blue cowgirl boots.

One Stripe

“He needed help, besides that is why I am The Propaganda Department, things are a bit slow after all,” and without embarrassment she grabbed Twitching Snout and kissed him so his snout curled up.

“Mama is this the good girl you promised I did marry?” The shrew asked just before she dropped him too fall heavily so the shock would bring into the real world where floozy women and bad girls on the make ruled; the world owed baby shrews nothing, it was up to a shrew to make the best of it or join the labourers with barrels of XXX and sleep in cardboard boxes and giant plastic flower beds, empty of course except when it rained.

She was a floozy moless who knew whom she wanted and was making sure temptation never entered his head; there were a lot of floozy images floating above the castle.

So kneed him somewhere.

“That will ebb any little shrew’s passion till all those bad images go away. Why there is one of Jackie Chan in a kangaroo suit open at the bottom, and another of Mr Magoo surfing in a one piece rubber suit,” and Blind as a Bat did not shut her eyes nor did Twitching Snout complain for he learned respect for the future wife in a few lessons.

Perhaps the wives of Farmer Jack instead of eating Witchery Grubs in Celebrity Wives Challenge in the Antipodes might learn something from Propaganda?

Perhaps but they was enjoying the cheque books too much to want to learn.

One Stripe

Perhaps Blind as a Bat might learn something from them?

What was Twitching Snout worth?

A few worms and dried leaves stuffed in the underground cooling cupboard.

And one spinach leaf that was full of goodness.

“Charge,” went the host as it ran sending dust into the sky so it got dark.

“Can’t see a blooming thing.”

“Who turned the lights off?”

“Here who didn’t pay the electric bill then?”

For the dust was thick.

“Cough wheeze splutter,” was heard much.

“Follow me brave and fearless beasts of the field and air,

Lend me your courage.

Give me your rage.

Give me a white mare.

To lead in front.

Were humans lurk.

In waters murks.

Thump thump thump is heard up front.

Lend me your strength.

Without you I am weak.

It is your anger I seek

One Stripe

To fight the whole length.

For I am just a lowly beast.

Fight with me friends,” and all looked at Shining Sun amazed such words had escaped his lips.

Did not One Stripe glow with pride; here was one he could leave the dictatorship too? Here was courage and nobility, one who would give his all for the revolution.

And Shining Sun was slow for he was basking in the adulation of others so a red dog with a bushy tail seized the opportunity for he must have salesman blood in him.

“Lend me your courage,” Mr President repeated but with the aid of a megaphone so all could not fail to hear him and thought it was he who had spoken the rhetoric from unraveling runes found in dark words where magic mushrooms grow.

And Big Ears.

And a dust bin lid was given him to stand on as cousins with smaller bushy tails lifted Mr President up.

”Charge,” he said and his bearers did into the dust and out again where: “Cough wheeze, can’t expect us to go in there?”

“No I can’t, quick while no one notices run down this stream bank till we get to those trees yonder and there wait and see which way fortune smiles?” Mr President who was getting worse every day. Why he even wore a tailor’s dummy’s black great coat and a tall black hat with holes cut in it. For his long ears to pop out of course.

One Stripe

Of course not forgetting the pin striped trousers either but shoes were scarce so his foxy paws and claws had been to a floozy foxy manicures; so they gleamed or did for this dust was settling.

“I will demand a refund,” Mr President who was really Keen of Scent the fox,
JUST IN CASE YOU HAD FORGOTTEN.

“We can learn much from him while we grovel,” the bearers who carried the dust bin lid out of pure one hundred % grovel; with a sprinkle of rosemary for taste.

“Charge lad charge,” One Stripe fearing the fox did not only be Mr President but Mr President of the Americans and then claim he spoke directly to Gad.

Then where did One Stripe be? Cleaning the dungeon toilets and no tooth brush did be given either.

And One Stripe picked up his cousin with these words, “He is not little any more, gasp gasp,” and almost fainted for Shining Sun had been eating a lot of berries.

And tottering “Me thinks this is a bad idea,” put the lad on his shoulders and ran into he dust.

“Gasp gasp,” was heard coming from the dust.

“Gasp gasp,” but fainter.

“Well, I am not marrying a coward” Propaganda and Twitching Snout felt his heart swell. “She has promised herself to me, I am in love,”

“Take this, a reminder to stay a\way from those floozy images,” and without a blush Blind as a Bat rolled up her furry leg and Twitching Snout almost died from the

One Stripe

rush of manliness that was pure lust that was some sort of male hormone when he saw her pink garter. A male hormone that made whiskers spread across the gaps where the bristles were placed by Gad on his twitching snout.

Like vines out of a Disney film they spread about the tower where Princess Rhaphonsel let her blond hair flow they spread.

Gruesome it was.

And she put the garter on his left leg.

“Go my hero charge forth, charge,” and with his back disappearing into the dust she blew her nose into a white flowery handkerchief.

“Statues will be erected to him in every market place,” and instructed the band to play martial music for she was already in mourning and planning a visit to Gay Paris for a designer black outfit.

“Charge,” she shouted and the band followed her into the dust for they had seen where she kicked the poor shrew often so were much afraid of her, a mole, and a girl at that in blue cowgirl boots, perhaps a suffragette?

So the vermin band played not wanting the same for they wanted many grandchildren one day.

And in the dust was heard a finer sneeze belonging to someone with culture.

“Where are my slaves?” Crassus asked as he fumbled about Blind as a Bat.

And because he was blind took hold of something that did not purr but made hungry ravenous sounds.

One Stripe

“What tail have I taken hold off? Surely not a cuddly pussy cat?” Crassus wondered.

Then got mauled really bad for he was holding the tail of the one tiger and because he screamed and let so ignored the good advice never let go of a tiger’s because then the teeth can reach you.

“I am saved,” as sixteen lions fought the tiger for the privilege of eating him up just like that.

“What is this, kittens,” Crassus and laughed and was the last laugh he laughed in a long time as the cubs mauled him up really good.

“Howling, I am saved, I recognise Rover,” and staggered away to the sound of howling and the cubs and lions and one tiger did not follow for they were afraid of were creatures.

“Rover it is I Crassus your Caesar, where art thou?” Crassus.

“Get down you silly dog,” and Crassus slapped the were wolf about the face pretty good for he was not in the mood for doggy antics as he had been recently mauled.

“Grrrr,” the were-wolf just before it mauled him up some more.

“Where the blazes am I, is this Alupu Island?” And he meant to be sarcastic and since he had only were wolves for company did not get a sensible answer except tongue slurping sounds as they wanted seconds.

“I’m off,” the proud Caesar and ran further into the thick dust.

One Stripe

“Howl,” followed him and because the were-wolves could not see got lost in the dust.

“I am one lucky Caesar,” was heard from Crassus faintly of course as he disappeared.

“Can’t a prisoner get any peace around here?” Eye complained trying to sleep in his cramped cocoon for his beak was it did not want to be. And his tail feathers were where his beak should be and his wings were somewhere else for this was Alupu Island.

And below him a cauldron of boiling water ready for Eye to simmer and soften in.

And under the cauldron a blazing fire.

So Eye was cramped and very hot.

And insects crawled over him for the kitchen was not cleaned for witches scatter the remains of Hansel and Gretel everywhere for they are unhygienic witches. Why some had not bathed in months and worse, rumoured years so smelled badly.

“I want to scratch,” Eye and could not as a blood sucking tick and the ticks million cousins sucked away infecting Eye with disease.

But Eye was in luck for Eye was so vile the ticks all died from sampling him.

And fell in the soup, never mind they did pass as croûtons. Who cares it is only soup for the smelly witches who never washed or cleaned their noses so some had long green thingies hanging from them.

One Stripe

And they was wanting to add Eye to the soup stock with croûtons and did not realise what sort of buzzard they had caught.

Was it a nice tender young buzzard fattened up on Farmer Jacks' fluffy yellow chicks?

Perhaps a pet buzzard used to guzzling beer and salami?

Or one escaped from the local zoo and fed steak?

Or Eye might be that buzzard who flew done and stole the sausage and mash the wife had stayed up all night cooking; and since there was no more evidence why she had stayed up you assumed it was with the coal man who delivered nights: when it was Eye.

All the costly divorce papers and screaming nights with the wife who hit the front of your face with a frying pan and the back with a mallet; so you will never look the same and worse, while you were lying moaning and groaning on the kitchen floor she stole your cheque book and joined others in the Antipodes, lucky woman.

Yes and the witches never asked Eye how old he was or they did broil than roast and not add the interesting bits to the soup and disguise them with croûtons.

But they was hungry witches and knew goose tasted better than chicken so buzzard must be tastier than goose.

And Black Fur twanged a rope holding Eye above the soup so Eye bounced up and down so his bottom feathers got wet, in boiling water.

"Too hot," Eye shouted very loudly indeed.

One Stripe

“Here let me have a go,” Scenting Droppings and twanged the rope.

“Get that fool away,” Eye and added “add cold water quick,” more loudly than before.

“Here I might be the cleaner of the lion private room but I would like to know where the fool is?” The weasel asked pretending not too know so let go of the rope he was twanging so Eye got a good wash.

“Here cut him down,” Black Fur and said it to the fool.

What goes up must come down and with a loud splash.

“I am a cooked buzzard,” Eye as he dragged himself out of the cauldron into the fire underneath.

“I am a buzzard aflame and much overdone,” Eye and collapsed at the feet of his servants.

“Ungrateful bird isn’t he?” Black Fur and prodded the steaming buzzard and listened.

“Yes after us saving his beak,” Scenting Droppings and prodded the steaming buzzard and listened.

“Moan groan,” and the pair was rewarded so stopped prodding.

“Could have done with more salt,” Scenting Droppings licking his fingers.

“Here we are not cannibals, are we?” Black Fur and he was asking a fool.

“No but a buzzard isn’t a weasel,” the weasel answered.

One Stripe

“You are right, where is the salt,” Black Fur realising a buzzard was not a ferret so what was cooked on offer had nothing to do with cannibalism.

“Here what the?” Eye when he felt his leg gnawed and a wing nibbled.

“Ha ha,” Eye then stood up and shook the vermin off his appendages.

So one of the vermin looked up at the ruffled buzzard who had many feathers missing and dripping so said, “Is that you mighty Eye,” for the ferret was born to grovel and from a lying down position Eye did indeed look tall dark and ugly.

“Well so it is, sorry about my appetite,” and Scenting Droppings dropped to his knees and licked so disgusting “slurping crunching licking” sounds came from him.

Crunching?

There were things that lived between the feathers of a buzzard.

“Here what are you two doing to my supper?” A witch with small spindly legs asked and since she was small Black Fur kicked her over to Scenting Droppings who seemed to be into insects.

“Lovely, Tandoori flavour as he gobbled up the small spider for the witches had spindly hairy legs and big fat bottoms because they were spiders.

Just in case you hadn't guessed already but of course you had.

“Quick get me out of here,” Eye and added, “Well hurry up then!” As he waited for the two loyal servants to empty the contents of the cauldron and they did, onto the fire so it steamed and hissed as if snakes were loose.

One Stripe

Then they threw Eye in and carried the cauldron away for a Caesar must have dignity for there were sedan bearers about; two to be precise. Then they bolted and a weasel picked his teeth and threw the bitties this way and that but mainly in the direction of the cauldron.

“Appetisers and beggars can’t be choosers; days if not weeks I have been hung in that cocoon forced fed corn to make my liver fat and my once trim body pulp and I like Tandoori,” and Eye sucked away at a spindly leg, small of course.

And those spindly legs that were on the bigger side came running in attracted by the hissing and steaming and said: “Who has eaten our dinner?”

“Who ate Sheila up too?”

“Who sat on my stool?”

“Who slept in my bed?” And at this the other witches glared at each other afraid dark secrets were about to come out and damage reputations belonging to those that had large spindly legs of course.

“Scenting Droppings, run like one of those lions is behind you,” Black Fur giving good advice.

“Here loyal and true friend, if they be witches then we MUST BE ON THAT ISLAND CALLED?” But Scenting Droppings did not finish his sentence for terror gripped him and his loyal friend.

“Alupu Island,” both said just as ‘thump thump thump’, music drifted in from cracks in the castle walls.

One Stripe

And did the sensible thing, accidentally dropped the cauldron of course, so they could run faster, and since they was running down a stair well were overtaken by a cauldron, with a buzzard in it getting a real bashing on the thousand steps going down.

“Ouch,” was heard often.

“Here, that cauldron is faster than us,” a weasel who verged on the foolish observed.

“So it is loyal friend, so what are we waiting for?” Black Fur and jumped in and added just before he started to get a real bashing as the cauldron bounced its way down a thousand steps.

And because a weasel accepted his helping hand was pulled into the cauldron so got a real bashing as well as the cauldron bounced all the way down a thousand steps to the bottom.

And what was at the bottom.

“Ouch,” was at the bottom.

And since thick dust was at the bottom no one could see who owned the ‘ouch.’

But did hear the Marie Celeste blow its horns so all trembled for it was eerie. The sound of a ship hitting an iceberg without enough lifeboats.

And the iceberg was called Alupu Island.

One Stripe

“I want home,” a labourer as a witch put him to work on a tred mill to provide electricity for the witches under That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman knew about light bulbs.

‘Made on Alupu Island’ was getting stamped on small paper light bulb boxes by labourers as others ground up glass while some blew the glass into light bulbs.

“Crack,” went the whip as a spider with large spindly legs encouraged labourers to pretend they were in Bermuda on holiday, so would work harder.

“Hick hiccup,” a witch called Sheila and fell into an open barrel and was not seen again till the barrel was emptied.

‘Made on Alupu Island’ a labourer stamped on a rubber yellow shark for kiddies to bathe with.

“Zip,” went a stun gun that took less energy to work than a whip.

“Burp,” went a Sheila witch and fell head first into garbage heap that a conveyor belt that went under the sea to the mainland emptied more garbage onto; so the Sheila was not seen again as labourers picked away at precious metals and picked the Sheila witch into more garbage.

“It was that Sheila that who used the electric cattle prod on us to bring us back from Bermuda to Alupu Island, for one of us stamped ‘Made in Bermuda,’ by mistake of course.

Of course.

One Stripe

“Here am I home, where are my grapes and fan bearers,” a Caesar demanded for running about all alone amongst these horrors had unhinged his mind.

And his body was covered in chew marks that any Forensic Scientist from CSI would identify as were-wolf teeth marks and lion claw rips.

Was that his left ear or was it a squashed butterfly?

Was that his right leg or a wooden leg with wood worm?

Was that mange or where fur had been ripped away by savage lion cubs fighting over the tender spots?

What was a Caesar doing here?

And the labourers looked at him in disgust and said, “Here we are not stamping ‘Made in Alupu Island’ on that.”

Then a cauldron landed on Caesar.

And “Ouch” was heard.

And the dust did not settle quickly enough for Crassus Caesar had left his paw prints leading right up to the open back door of the witch’s castle. And he headed here because he heard the crack of a whop and where there was a whip there was salves to run him a hot bath.

Then attend his claws for running about in this dust had disfigured them, and Caesar must have the air of a demi god by having clean finger nails.

“I am a Caesar,” Crassus from underneath a cauldron.

One Stripe

“Here Eye look who that it is?” Black Fur and gave Caesar a good boot to impress Eye.

“Here look who it is?” Scenting Droppings and gave Caesar a good boot to impress his loyal and true friend.

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“They are what?” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman asked as every living thing on Alupu Island headed for the open back door for a light hung from it.

“Enter,” said the light.

And from that door wafted soup smells and goose lard sizzling on hot coals, and was music to hungry cold animals and farmers.

And the door was small and missing as this was a ruined castle. And the light that came from it was from a fire so the warm bursting of hot oak wood was heard.

“I am first, get out of the way,” Farmer Jack to a were-wolf so screamed a lot.

“Tickets please, buy tickets here,” a fox who wanted promotion so was out to impress Mr President.

“Stuff you Jimmie,” a Farmer Jack who ate nails for lunch so was full of iron and did bad things to the ticket seller. “Hey lads free entry,” the same farmer added just to be nasty so a mad rush for the lighted door started.

One Stripe

“Howl,” as a were-wolf became a rug and why should we care, just remember poor Crassus Caesar who had patches of fur missing in places that hid his interesting bits.

“I have lost sales and cousins are becoming spares which means they must be paid in future to take risky jobs,” Mr President and kicked something at his feet in anger.

“Here friend, on the house,” Mr Vice President and offered a free mini Cuban and after a hesitation the fox took it

But weary of assassins gave it to a cousin who said; “Thanks very much argh cough gasp,” and fell at his feet.

“I don’t understand, perhaps the cigar was an imitation?” Mr Vice President acting the innocent, “I will demand a refund,” and believed that would make the fox believe he was innocent.

“I see,” was all Mr President said knowing the time to play politics had arrived.

And “I am stuck,” and “get off my corns,” and “grrrr,” so “stop eating my corns,” was heard as all the host got stuck in a door way.

“They have what?” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman shouted upon hearing the back door had been left open by careless witches who were singing, “Ten green bottle hanging from a wall,” but never got the chance to finish but added “Croak croak,” for someone had turned them into edible frogs.

“Here if the French can eat frogs” A hungry Farmer Jack.

One Stripe

“Granddad Gnome?” And was not a question but a threat as That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman rounded upon him and her anger melted when she saw him in his pink long john’s with black spots.

How could she reduce such a manly specimen to an earwig?

His back was bent and archaic and his beard white and his pet cockerel sat on his right shoulder messing the floor up and the back of grand dad’s bottom up.

Of course it was all Granddad gnomes fault the door had been left open because he had sneaked in that way to pour her bath or perhaps it was Caesar Crassus’s.

He Crassus who eats Barbie Dolls and wears their white panties in an effort to stay warm in the snow; he that vile wolverine that eats pine gobblers all up.

So she turned Granddad into a bag of corn seed.

“Gobble gobble,” went the pet cockerel with turkey lineage.

“Men, who needs them?” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman.

Oh what a witch this witch was, of the nasty vintage.

She was evil; ate gingerbread men by the bagful and stole chocolate from children when their nannies were chatting up the Park Warden behind the tennis shed.

A long whip lay alone next to big fluffy pink slippers that Granddad gnome had owned. “Cock a do do do,” the cockerel sensing a new period of freedom and burped.

Outside floozy images floated by That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman’s windows, of course covered in thick dust.

One Stripe

“Cleaners,” was heard even down at the beach where the SS Marie Celeste bobbed up and down as the tide flooded the rocky inlets that made up the beach front of Alupu Island.

“Thump thump thump,” went the dangerous music.