



*Illustration 18: Chuck cluck*

“Here what is this damp and cold mouldy place?” A miserable fed up voice asked for the asker just WANTED HOME.

“The damp cold mouldy Tower of London where they cut heads off,” a miserable fed up voice replied for the replier just WANTED HOME.

“So be gentle for I ache like the plague,” Eye warned in the cauldron for Caesars and great chiefs must be carried; for they are elevated above the plebeians they serve.

“Here he said he has the plague?” Black Fur slightly worried.

“What is that, something nice to devour for I am hungry,” Scenting Droppings licking his lips, remembering what buzzard leg felt and worse, tasted in his mouth and long strands of saliva ran from his mouth, and drowned creepy crawlies on the stone

floor.

“No, they cause boils the size of eggs on the bottom so you can’t walk and when they burst stink like the lion loos we are supposed to clean,” Black Fur and the two loyal friends looked at each other and were much affiliated with FEAR.

. “Sniff,” Black Fur checking the air for the smell of burst boils the size of eggs.

“Sniff,” Scenting Droppings sniffing for broken eggs that smelt rotten.

And Eye having been in a very cramped position for many days and nights, deprived of sanitation for his ablutions and water to wash smelt like a rotten broken egg.

“What are you two idiots doing?” He asked innocently and sweetly. Now he was a Caesar and could have whacked the back of their heads and breathed fire from his mouth upon them; but he didn’t.

A pity for because he spoke sweetly they had no respect for the buzzard.

“I am not carrying this heavy cauldron with a bent leprous plague ridden buzzard in it,” Black Fur and let go of his handle.

“What is leprous loyal friend?” The weasel asked wanting to really learn something new today.

“It means palsy upon them that catch it and fur and feathers fall off the sick ones so they catch cold and shiver and moan, then die just like that,” the wise ferret replied.

And both loyal friends looked into the cauldron at Eye who had been plucked for the soup so was shivering.

“Like him?” The weasel asked and beamed with pride when Black Fur agreed. He wasn’t so stupid after all, he new something. And wished Eye could see him now for Eye was in the cauldron with the plague.

So he dropped his handle so the cauldron rolled down six hundred and one and a half stairs and splashed at the bottom in a pool of watery rubbish.

‘Midden’ was written in bright red as a warning.

And slithering bodies slithered through the watery rubbish about the cauldron. One even had a fin so ‘Thump thump thump’ was heard loudly and Eye gripped the edge of his cauldron home, then looked over and saw the slitherings in the watery rubbish.

“Daddy,” he squeaked. But daddy was not about, long sold off on a supermarket self as an Italian chicken at discount special price; and there was no special discount but the trick worked for customers fought themselves to have that last Italian chicken Mediterranean sun dried. And not a single customer was from sunny Italy.

“Here was that Eye I just seen bouncing down those six hundred and one and a half steps?” Black Fur asked scratching his head for fleas lived there.

“Yes,” Scenting Droppings the weasel and beamed again, he had been right twice. If only Eye had been here to see this.

And the weasel could not contain himself any the more the more and hugged himself and criss crossed his legs ALL in EMBARRASSMENT for he had been brought up right: not to seek attention but wait to be noticed.

“Here the fool will be needing us after bouncing all the way down them dark broken steps,” Black Fur annoyed for that was a lot of dark slippery steps to go down, and knowing his luck he did slip and fall and have nasties done him.

“Yes, Eye will be needing us,” and the weasel beamed redder for this was the third thing he had got correct in a row. IF only Eye had been here to see this?

“Cur blimey I have slipped, help me loyal friend,” Black Fur the ferret shrieked and grabbed his friend who then did not have much choice in the matter of helping so

went with him.

All the way down six hundred and one and a half steps and splashed into the runny watery rubbish.

And was splashed in the face so shrieked in fear he had caught germs that cause boils the size of eggs that burst and stinketh, for he had been eves dropping before he had bounced all the way down six hundred and one and a half steps. And that is the difference between Eye and the weasel who knew eves dropping was a sin.

And sinners get splashed by watery garbage and get boils that stink.

And them that are brought up good suffer the same fate for bacterium couldn't care less IF you had a sprig of lucky heather or a lucky rabbit foot or lavender broom to seep up smelly lion's leavings. And their leavings is strong for they eat meat and not enough roughage.

Phew what a terrible job the two loyal friends have back in Roma where Caesars rule.

"Better than being lion food," Black Ferret would like you to know.

"Yeh, I am a runner so the lions would lose a lot of calories chasing me to gobble up," the weasel Scenting Droppings would like you to know.

They were indeed plainly idiots escaped from the local asylum pet zoo to help patients as dolphins do.

But these were not kind caring dolphins with much intelligence, but a blood thirsty ferret and continually ravenous weasel that had been deliberately let loose. Then

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replaced with plastic yellow ducks that did not rip patient's fingers apart or give their fleas to everyone.

And when doctors start scratching that's the end of hugging and getting special treats like nurse's fingers and patients throats.

And the ferret and weasel ended up in this story for extras where needed, extras that would never get paid, just, "Yeh yeh at the end of the story you get paid," and the weasel and ferret believed.

And now they were splashing and coughing and slithery things was slithering about them.

"Stop it, that tickles," Scenting Droppings and caught one of the slithery things.

"Here bung it in the cauldron, we can make a fire and good hot broth when he land the cauldron ashore," Black Fur thinking ahead.

And the slithery thing was cast into the cauldron where what ever it was it feasted upon a buzzard.

"Why was I cursed with them," drifted from the depths of the cauldron.

"Because we are your loyal friends," Scenting Droppings trying hard to keep the hallos of doing well above his head glowing.

"Here something is using me as food," Black Fur and was a brilliant observation.

"What are we to do?" Scenting Droppings the weasel feeling little abrasive teeth removing patches of his fur. All the better to be eaten, fur gets stuck between the fangs, just ask any Cut-throat wandering about this castle.

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And Black Fur could not stand being supper any the more the more so stood up and saw what the slitherings were?

“Here how can you stand up in this deep runny filthy garbage muck?” Scenting Droppings asked amazed.

“Here let me show you friend,” Black Fur and helped the weasel to his feet and the weasel showed how intelligent he was by saying?

“Here this watery muck is only a few inches deep and what are these slithery things having me for lunch?”

And pulled the hungry hag fish and leeches from himself and threw them in the general direction of the cauldron and the twenty one hag fish and six dozen leeches all went in.

“Daddy,” was heard coming from the depths of the cauldron.

“Here friend let me help you,” and the weasel pulled twenty hag fish and three dozen leeches from Black Fur and threw them all in the cauldron with blind folds on.

And all went in for the weasel apart from being a modest show man was very hungry.

So was Black Fur who licked his lips.

So were the hag fish that started to eat without even saying grace.

So the five dozen leeches copied the hag fish.

“Get me out of here,” was heard and a buzzard was seen trying to escape the cauldron.

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“Don’t worry mighty Caesar we will soon have you dried out” Black Fur and pulled the cauldron ashore.

“Yes, here are some empty potato crisp packets and a thrown away lighter,” the weasel and saw a mini Cuban half smoked and lit it.

“Cough wheeze, here friend this will heat up your innards, cough wheeze,” and gave Black Fur his friend the life threatening cigar that had many unhealthy additives in.

“Puff cough satisfying,” and the weasel could not light the crisp packets to heat the cauldron up for animals did not know how to make fires, especially these ones for we are not dealing with the fox here? But a cuddly ferret and weasel wanting an owner?

Never mind, hot ash fell from the cigar and soon the cauldron was getting hot and the smell of hot food was on the air.

“Them slithery things smell like roast chicken,” Black Fur and smoked more Cuban to warm his innards. “Cough splutter wheeze.”

“Yes the smell reminds me of Xmas and where did we put Eye anyway?” For weasels did not have good memories.

“Now that is one question I don’t have an answer too?” His friend Black Fur for ferrets have bad memories also.

\*

“Something smells nice,” Keen of Scent and sniffed the air and even though he was Mr President he was still a half starved red dog pretending to be a fox. Why his

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rib cage was showing and he suffered the runs from eating berries that he allowed his imagination to create into sausages.

And his nose grew as he allowed the smell of roasting chicken guide him down six hundred and one and a half broken steps.

“Here what am I standing in?” He asked in the runny muck and soon six hag fish and twelve dozen leeches came from nowhere to have Mr President as a late lunch.

“I know when that fox is up to no good for it involves his good,” Mr Vice President and not to be out down flapped his wings and became a bat and flew down the six hundred and one and a half steps without any effort.

And because he was flying never waded into the runny disgusting stuff that was the castle’s midden.

And Keen of Scent was so overcome by the roast chicken smell he was eating a leech in each paw for his ravenous imagination had taken him over.

POSSESSED the fox was.

“Hot dogs covered in American mustard,” he dreamed and ate more leech for in better times he had raided zoos and parks and gobbled up the hot dogs humans had dropped everywhere.

For foxes eat and choke on the tomato sauce sachets like drunks do.

“Here I must have some of those, they look juicy,” Mr Vice President and landed in the runny slime that was the water of the midden.

So smelleth something out of this world.



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And “Delicious Mr President,” as he tucked into a leech his imagination allowed him to see as the biggest burger ever covered in relish.

“Pass the buns,” Mr President.

“Here,” and Mr Vice President passed a hag fish that the fox stuffed several leeches into and squirted mustard onto when he was actually splashing stagnant water onto.

Imagination is blooming fantastic isn’t it?

Especially IF you been reduced to eating berries for months so berries was coming out of the ears.

\*

“I smell hot chicken, who has broken the law, Cut-throats must be about,” and One Stripe was the dictator and a bit of a megalomaniac who saw himself the ruler of the entire universe.

He had made a law that forbade roast chicken sausages hadn’t he and someone was devouring them in warm buns dripping hot butter and hadn’t invited him?

And so never noticed Shining Sun slide down the six hundred and one and a half broken steps.

And because there was a broken step he slid off it and saved himself a lot of trouble having to tread his way down them broken treacherous steps.

“Thud,” Shining Sun landed and missed the slime that was the midden water so did not catch any diseases.

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“Here pass me a hot burger in a bun,” he pleaded to Mr President who wanted votes so gave him one to eat; of course out of date for the fresh ones was kept for Mr President. Vice Presidents scavenged off the land for they was unimportant dreamers.

So Shining Sun devoured many diseases and shows there is much truth in the saying, “*A dog’s mouth is a nasty place, never let a dog lick your face or mummy will spank your botty.*” So what’s this saying got to do with badgers? Well they is just dogs with a black stripe down the back isn’t they?

It also shows badgers have lots of imagination too.

Then “Spalt spalt,” as a shrew hit the dirt and a female wanting mole hit the shrew. Wanton because she did not have a chaperone.

“Where my man goes there go I, especially with all these magic floozy images about,” and Blind as a Bat peeled herself off her man.

“What a weight,” her man groaned so a blue cowboy booted mole foot went in and out JUST LIKE THAT; real quick so wasn’t noticed.

“Groan,” was heard from the dark smudge on the dirt.

“You must train your men quick or you can expect sixteen litters at ten kittens a time, all demanding milk. Can you imagine what will happen to my frontage? They will sag from over exposure to hungry babies and my hour glass figure will become a blur of stretch marks.

My mirror will rack when I ask it, “Who is the prettiest?”

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Then what about my manicured finger claws and toes. What about them stuck in hot red rubber gloves imported from the east, so hot that when you peel them off after washing the dishes they peel your skin off; at no extra hidden costs too.

Wonderful.

Yes I remember what happened to my mum, frying sausages and black puddings with an apron on and curlers in her hair. And great big pink fluffy slippers on and a Cuban in her mouth; her only pleasure for the slob of a man she was married too had an extended belly.

He knew where labourers stored their XXX and just borrowed there with all the other fat slob men moles in the boxers, held up with Star and Stripes braces.

Yes train the men quick to do the washing up and nappy changes and she was on the contraceptive. Farmer Jack was doing his bit to keep the mole population down.

With the mini mole pill the taxpayer paid for that he sold mostly to the Icelanders for nastiness and pure fraud as THE PILL for he was fed up watching repeats of Stephanie and Rotten Robin. Besides he remembered they never bought any of his green neaps so wanted sweet revenge.

And Bald as a Bat was not going to let her man become a fat slob either. No she knew what exercise to give her man.

“Moan,” as she lashed out with her blue cowboy boot.

“Get up and get me a hot dog covered in ketchup and be quick about it,” she demonstrated how to exercise a male shrew for free. And as Twitching Snout the

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great hero and famed for battling adders allowed himself to crawl through the watery muck slithery things in it completely covered him.

Because shrews are tiny things and slithery things much bigger.

“Here,” and Mr President picked up a handful of hot dogs and put them in a bun and tossed it at Bald at a Bat for he wanted favourable propaganda.

“Here I am not eating this, there is a shrew in it,” Bald as a Bat complained.

“Did you pay for it madam?” The fox asked.

“No.”

“Then what are you complaining about and nothing is free, 3 pennies please,” the fox Mr President demanded.

“Here boyfriend, pay the man,” Bald as a Bat and Twitching Snout did and it was disgusting seeing the great Adder Fighter of the Wild West do as he was told.

“That’s how I like my men, obedient and with deep pockets lined in pennies,” Bald as a Bat but they were in love and happy and soon talk of an engagement? “Sniff sniff, mmm roast chicken flavour, my favourite,”

\*

“Someone is cooking roast chicken,” a Farmer Jack and it only takes one for this one never finished primary school so he was the one.

“MMMMM, aromatic roast chicken,” and sometimes takes two as this one never finished nursery.

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But they were hairy brawny farmers who were good at wrestling sheep into the sheep dip; and good with the barmaid and why their wives were in Australia with their cheque books paying golden hulks to sun tan oil them.

Golden hulks in leopard swimsuits.

And occasionally they flexed their biceps for effect and the wife said, “Ohhhhh lovely Sam,”

So hairy farmers rushed down the six hundred steps exactly for those who had gone before had dislodged the broken ones that fell all the way down.

“Ouch,” was heard below.

“Here my mother always told me to follow my nose when I was hungry,” and this was the third one who had been thrown out of secondary for stealing pastries from the school kitchen. And because he was afraid to be seen ran and slipped on something unmentionable left behind by untrained animals.

“Oh my Gad oh my Gad,” he managed to repeat as he sailed, yes glided out from the steps and saw how far he had to drop.

So it took three to get the idea that there was roast chicken begging to be eaten at the bottom of them steps.

“Come on boys, Colonel Sanders is down there,” a fourth one who partook in bare knuckle fighting to pay off the bank interest on his cheque book; so had few teeth. And because he partook in bare knuckle fights could not be smart because boxing gloves were available in gyms.

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But you couldn't bet in gyms, it was illegal and besides the bar maids all got excited watching a bare knuckle fight where teeth flew. Yes it did something to their tummies so they took off with men in sports cars smoking very big Cubans and wearing white crocodile shoes.

And who did blame them, the boyfriend Farmer was sitting in a corner with no teeth and cauliflower ears, seeing stars so was useless to play the game of Monopoly back at the sports cars owners' penthouse.

And because of these four men the entire army of farmers just had to have Southern Fried Chicken, and Mr President and for once Mr Vice President got rich, for there was just so much roast chicken slithering about in that runny water.

So you see once upon a time all Farmer Jacks had imagination.

"Oh look what I found, English mustard," and this was the fifth and indeed in his pocket a sandwich in cling foil and a jar of Colman's English Mustard; yummy.

Except the bully beef tantaliser had been made by the wife the night before she disappeared to Alice Springs on her way to the beaches.

\*

"I might be hungry but I know when to draw the line," One Stripe and pinched himself again to wake up for imagination here was lethal.

"Cur," the animals curd's feeling the pinch.

"Roast chicken, arch," a chicken and was no longer that hungry and because was dim could not imagine a fat worm instead.

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“Just imagine the chicken feed done there,” a cousin of Mr President hoping for commission for Xmas.

“We must go the other way, look,” One Stripe and he pointed at a rusty tourist sign, 'EXIT.' see it reads 'KITCHENS,' well have you ever met an animal that could read? I ask you ok? And the sign was in German for lost tourists get about

And the animals where ravenous and imagined their favourite meals in the kitchens where chefs bullied kitchen porters and left mice and cats to flavour the soups. For these were the 'KITCHENS FROM HELL.'

And hell was coming for That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman fed up with the smell of wet fur and the toilets overcrowded with thirsty animals; and worse annoyed she had turned her only favourite pet grand papa gnome into corn seed that had fattened a cockerel.

“Now where is my advent calendar?” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman mused. Could she, would she, grand papa gnome was in the texture of that cockerel? Who would cock a do do do at 5:30 AM every day of the year any more?

And That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman looked for her advent calendar because she would for she was a nasty witch just like the type run away with your cheque book.

But instead wondered into a million animals rushing to EXIT for they had strong imaginations.

“Do you know who I am?” She asked in a stern voice.

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“Roast neap,” a thousand sheep ba ba ba ba to her.

“Roast cow feed,” a hundred bullocks moed and no one told the sheep what cow feed was made off or the sheep and cows would never be friends.

“Sausages,” that foxy cousin whispered still intent in getting the beastly horde to the midden where real roast chicken waited them.

“Do you know who I am?” She asked again and waved her magic wand in the air ready to turn them into a million slimy newts and crocking frogs for she had a large garden pond.

“Woof,” and what’s his name had been trained well by Ryan the kid next door to jump for news papers delivered and chew them to pieces; just before the master of the house got them to read. A cruel master who when finding ‘Rover’ asleep in his bed grabbed Rover by the tail, then swung him against the wall sixty times, stamped on him a dozen times and then threw Rover down the stairs as a lesson never to sleep on master's bed and infect it with fleas.

A good lesson all dogs should get from their masters, yes?

So Rover jumped for the wand and “growl” there and “snarl” here chewed the wand to smithers and splinters.

“Ouch,” Rover with three dozen splinters in his gums.

That is not all that happened once upon a time.

That was a magic wand Rover was reducing to tinder wood.



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That belonged to a furious That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman who was boss witch because she had learned her 3 R's at witch school instead of picking her nose and flinging the greenies at horrid teacher's back.

Or putting testosterone pills into teacher's apple from her pet, then with the rest of kids giggle as teacher grew a beard.

Or visiting the back of the bicycle shed with handsome boys to play doctors and nurse

And she suffered the names given her, 'TEACHERS' PET,' or 'EGG HEAD' or '4 EYES' or 'NERD' and when she graduated with honours she turned the handsome boys who never asked her to the school disco into roaches.

Then the beautiful girls screamed "Yuck roaches" and squashed them under their dancing shoes. Then That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman turned the beautiful girls into antiseptic fluid and washed the sticky insect gooey away.

Now she remembered the spell to cast Rover into a cat so Rover could see how the other half lived. And behind Rover six thousand Rovers who suddenly saw a poor cuddly kitten in front of them.

Oh the bad dogs what they did to that poor cuddly pussy cat is so wicked.

"See what did I tell you, the roast chicken is this way," that cousin who was really stubborn.

And the horde fed up with That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman antics followed the cousin of the president and the six hundred steps gave way.

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“It is raining animals on the hoof,” was heard from Mr President below.

“Want an umbrella, going cheap,” Mr Vice President who had learned well replied from the depths.

“We are alone,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman who I bet you thought was about to get her chips?

This story is about heroism rewarded with beauty so That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman stays for apart from her the other female is Blind as a Bat and she had put women in a bad light hasn’t she?

With her blue cowboy boots!

“I am married to the revolution,” the great dictator replied and puffed out his fury chest and put his hands behind his back.

“Puff,” the sound of magic for the star pupil at school could remember her spells so turned herself into Jane Mansfield, Marylyn Munroe and Mick Jagger for she was allowed allowances.

“Mummy,” and the words dribbled from the great dictator’s gums.

“Mummy is here baby,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman who had sprayed extra doses of man trap under her arms, on her bottom and between her toes.

“Squeak,” escaped the great law maker’s lips.

*And as every great movie epic has a romantic scene this is ours.*

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”Come here handsome,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman as she flouted herself in a red satin Chinese too tight slit up the side girly bar out fit found in every China Town.

“Gag ga,” was all the revolutionary managed as he drifted six inches of the floor towards his goddess.

“I am needing a replacement for grandpa gnome,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman would like you too know and sobbed.

And the sound of a long slurping kiss was heard as the dictator lost his head in the wafts of perfume sprays and we can excuse him for every great leader has a woman behind him; because as every woman knows, the man only thinks he rules and over taxes when it is she who wants more perfumes and silky pantaloons and red garters paid for.

And as this is a decent Fairy Tale it was only a kiss and no hanky panky after they were married and lived happily ever after for he was built like superman and she like Barbie Doll.

\*

“Truce?” Magnificent Air from his perched position on the castle towers.

“Yes, I can smell roast chicken,” Green Barron Caesar replied from another castle tower.

And it only takes one and who it was history never remembered for he was not a general.

## One Stripe

A FOOTBALL APPEARED and all the great fliers forgot about their hunger, tick bites and WAR and played the GREAT GAME not in the North West Frontier but in the air above Castle Alupu so messed everyone up below.

“Thump thump thump,” music for this is Alupu Island where tourists never leave and “Dam birds,” was heard much.

And three corporals saw and agreed that:

“Disgusting fraternising with the enemy,” Adolf hissed but hissed roast chicken smells into his batty body and was overcome.

“Yes they should all be shot for shell shock doesn’t exist,” Corporal Iddi and breathed deep the roast chicken wafts and was overcome.

“Admirable,” the little Corsican bandit and “needs wine added to the gravy,” for only the French know how to cook so the Italian and Chinese bats huddled together and plotted his Waterloo out of miserable horrid childish jealousy.

Something that belonged to Farmer Jacks wives in the Antipodes as they schemed to steal the bronze golden sun tan masseurs from each other so put poison ivy in the opposition sandwiches, or replaced the milk in the corn flakes with rat’s milk, just to be nasty of course.

Of course.

Anyway: The three corporals just kept sniffing and what is good for corporals is good for a million other bats so all just sort of wafted down and didn’t need the steps repaired as bats fly.

One Stripe

“Vampire bats,” someone shrieked below.

“Run flee,” was heard also.

“This chicken tastes fishy anyway,” was heard too.

Yes what would the world be like without its corporals?

\*

“Here what is this open door?” Crassus asked before entering hell.

The back door to the kitchen of Castle Alupu.

“Here am I glad to be away from that place,” he said afterwards as remembered by the were-creatures that had taken not just a POUND OF FLESH from him but the nostril hairs as well; and did that hurt.

“I believe in were-wolves,” Crassus added as he sprinkled Wolf Bane Dust on himself.

“My uncle Mr President will be pleased with me,” a cousin who earlier had been getting noticed and survived.

“Howl,” was heard behind Crassus Caesar.

“Oh blooming hec”, why me? I am off,” Crassus Caesar who deserved better such as fountains of ice water splashing from deep wells. And beautiful maidens dancing about doing the The Dance of the 7 Veils stripping them off slow like, so Crassus Caesar was bananas before the last veil hit the floor.

“I believe in were- wolves,” he shouted disappearing towards the beach where the SS Marie Celeste was beached.

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That blooming ghost ship were strange things happened in the toilets.

Like the flush happened backwards.

And jelly fish came up and stuck to your privates and stung bad.

And rusty tap water came out of the taps and looked liked BLOOD.

For it was blood, yours, as the mirrors was fogged up with condensation and the razors very sharp.

“Hey this looks like an ear in the sink?” You innocently ask.

Because it was a Gillette being used.

Squirt went the red stuff form where an ear should be.

And back to the jelly fish well some of us JUST use too much paper in the ablutions so have to flush at least three times to get rid of the evidence of the curry previous night.

‘I only take one flush.

Except when I have a HOT curry,” some idiot amongst the idiots.

So poor Crassus Caesar was not alone except many of us don’t want to admit it.

*Poor Crassus Caesar alone with Army ration Jay’s toilet paper that is very greasy and square and nothing else said but the MOD will say it does the job.*

“I am a Caesar and do not speak about my gold potty,” Crassus very hot.

“Howl.”

And that was the last we see of Crassus as he climbed aboard a ghost ship thinking he was safe from ‘howls.’

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But it was a ghost ship he climbed aboard where zombies walked with arms  
outstretched saying 'Eat you.'

Poor Crassus who beat up cuddly sheep dollies and ripped off Cindy Doll arms!

Bad evil Crassus.

A Cindy Doll is an icon of maturity that big men buy for their little Cindy  
daughters.

Bad evil Crassus.

"My name is Dolly, buy me and take me home please."

And because PLEAE WAS used many Farmer Jacks did.

Bad Farmer Jacks.

*"I am One Stripe the dictator and have been given scales from above and in the  
scales, judges in the right and sinners in the left, and guess what, the sinners have  
been forgiven?"*

And the dictator was dreaming moaning and twisting because he had listened to a  
Corsican corporal and eaten Chicken Chausser when it was berries raw again in treal  
world.

IMAGINATION IS A DISEASE THAT BRINGS DOWN TYRANNTS.

Well anyway he made the laws so was allowed mistakes. Mistakes that might send  
you to the chop.

So was too ill to hear Crassus screaming about were-wolves but everyone else did  
hear and they are farmers and fliers and bats and God knows what down splashing  
about in the runny midden waters containing cholera and the extreme runs!

And IF by some INVISIBLE HAND OUT OF THE DAYS OF DANIEL when  
Gad wrote on a wall an invisible hand did appear and said 'THIS WAY TO MARIE

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CELESTE.”

Which explains why a million scratching animals with the runs for they had been eaten berries instead of raw meat dripping the red stuff with worm tablets stuffed in it.

“Worm tablets last Xmas prices,” that same cousin.

“What cousin is this that has showered me in coin?” Mr President when cousin had been brought to his attention.

“I have been noticed,” Cousin and salivated dreaming of a black long Cadillac where he and his friend could drive about picking up floozy molls. “I am in paradise.”

“I will give him paradise,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman.

And sent a ball of flames after him.

Singe was felt as something went PUFF.

“I am saved a lot of payroll,” Mr President.

“Wink,” went the That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman.

“Hey what about me?” One Stripe asked.

“Me I am on silent run,” the too ambitious cousin wanting to have grandchildren some time who That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman had missed.

And behind that cousin a wart with arms and legs and a bushy tail so perhaps she had not?

“Mon ami, kiss eat slurp,” for this is how beasts get close as the dictator got close.

“Mon ami, kiss eat slurp,” was also heard from the Antipodes for the wife watches the movies? And “Mon ami, kiss eat slurp,” was not heard from the barn because Farmer Jacks was not there; for the barmaid had left with those who drive fast red sports cars so there.



## One Stripe

Anyway: “Mon ami, kiss eat slurp,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman as she gripped the dictator and horrid thongs happened.

There was fire works.

“Eve,” One Stripe whispered and what had he been eating before hand, magic mushrooms?

“Handsome,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman.

Anyway: That is when Crassus went and spoilt it all as he cleared off to the SS Marie Celeste and freedom.

So Crassus wished for there was a horde coming out of the dungeons to get away from imagination.

Imagination that occurs when Framer Jacks kid refuses his hot Ovaltine so he can fall asleep quicker; so a certain farmer can go play darts with a large fronted bar maid. But the imagination we are dealing with is fragile for it belongs to Farmer Jacks and beasts.

Not Hag Fish and leeches that they have been eating IMAGINAING THEM AS HOT DOGS.

So are feeling really ill now.

And have broken out and see HOPE and THE LAND OF GLORY ahead in small print for the land is really the SS Marie Celeste.

“Hoot,” went the ship's horns.

“Howl” the were-wolfs for they did it better.

“Oh by the gads of Caesar help me,” Crassus complained.

But how many times do we complain that the gads isn't hearing us so why should they hear us when we really need them badly? Tell Crassus quickly please?

## One Stripe

For a leech has dropped off the page onto Crassus's bitty!

A queer leech!

*Shoo go away and find a famous film star."*

Because they never answer our prayers as we are left in a cauldron to BROIL to make the feathers easy pickings so the bottom is bare JUST LIKE THAT.

Look there goes Crassus Caesar as the SS Marie Celeste moans as she groans as the current makes her go this way and that.

"Wait for us," the fools chorused as they rushed towards the ghost ship for there was many empty deck chairs on promenade deck.

"Howl."

"Honey, never mind them," That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman.

"Slurp, gobble nibble," as One Stripe the great dictator gave way to what makes us live...the urge to have baby badgers but as this is a happy story never got past the slurp kissing eating each other bit.

MAINTANCE.

"Mmm honey pie just add the cream here," the witch wanted and because he was the great dictator had cream for dictators have many servants, like the loyal friends who cleaned the lions' toilets with tooth brushes on orders from that other bugger Crassus.

So Revolution was in the air for all wanted some cream.

It came from Gay Paris at £\$100 a squirt so didn't catch on.

"Cough," as a Vice President coughed as he inhaled it but was the fault of the mini Cubans he inhaled and carelessly dropped one.

"Wheeze," he added and "cough," and went blue and fainted.

## One Stripe

“Here this Cuban is mighty hot?” As red hot cigar found its way on Caesar's paws on a ship's gang plank after all he had gone through; just remember this is the Barbie shredder OK.

Anyway: “Oh Sprightly I am on fire,” Crassus complained to the gads of Caesar that make Caesars divine from us.

And Caesar was on fire because he had crawled through the kitchens where many fools and imbeciles and worse imaginations were on the loose.

“This bit is over done,” Crassus as he gingerly peeled a bit off.

WHAT BIT?

Shame upon you Madam.

This was a Caesar who did bad things to Cindy Dolly as Caesar was so hungry he tried to eat her plastic arms off REMEMBER, so why feel sorry for this mangy wolverine that chases our RED SQUIRRELS into its cousin's mouth on the next pine who returns the favour next spring? Or all the wolverines did starve to death and there did be no baby wolverines too eat next summers Red Squirrels all up.

So the imported USA Grey Squirrel did have an advantage and breed more and they do nasty things to the little cuddly red squirrels.

Like bully them into corners as offerings to Crassus the wolverine; in the pretext that wolverines did leave them alone to breed and breed and take over the land as all the little cute cuddly red squirrels did be pooh on the grass by then.

Hail mighty grey squirrels who promote freedom and liberty.

Hail that the great white wood cabin in the sky.

Then Cheer Leaders appeared blowing trumpets and that is what Caesar with an impure mind saw as he ran about the beach of Alupu Island shouting as loud as he

## One Stripe

could, "Help I am on fire." For he had crawled through the kitchens hadn't he when he should have JUST run.

But of course no one heard mighty Caesar who was seeing an underground shelter where only Caesars shelters for down there are stories.

STORIIES?

Yes....he has imagination remember?

Those things girl guides tell themselves at camp fires too get scared so when the scouts come they hug lucky Teddy Bear and afterwards throw Teddy to land in the chamber pot below where naughty teddies should LIVE for EVER.

So Crassus went up the gang plank of the SS Marie Celeste ghost ship with his bits roasting like chestnuts at Xmas.

Poor Crassus who never did a natural thing to a surfer?

A surfer?

Yes for wolverines IF given half the chance will rip OFF a Cindy doll arm and eat it and shred a surfer too.

And get constipated because plastic arms block the innards something.

"Ouch," And "Cur, what have I eaten?" As Crassus is after all a DUMB ANIMAL not much smarter than a ferret or weasel.

Who doesn't know the difference between a tasty surfer's bottom and hanging bits and a plastic Cindy doll?

But cousins of Farmer Jack say it was alright to eat anything surfing in the name of grass.

"Grass," I heard Farmer Jack say that was what he fed the sheep in winter and made them not feel the freezing winter blizzards.

One Stripe

“I must have some of that?”

And not a beast admitted to wanting some healthy green grass to eat on high  
Switzerland pastures!

Not one?

And I just saw a pig fly.

“Howl,” went Rovers fed up roaming the kitchens of Castle Alupu so JUST  
jumped off the castle walls onto the grass below.

“Howl,” went the were-creatures as fed up with Castle Alupu bounded off the  
walls just to be different.

So when they landed on the grass bounded and rolled away complaining “Dam  
that hurt.”

*That will teach them.*

“Where is my cheque book?” A million Farmer Jacks as they pulled bloated  
leeches off their hairy bottoms and the leeches were being greedy for they had eaten  
plenty.

With Yorkshire Puddings and mashed potatoes.

Chicken gravy.

Brussels nasty sprouts.

Bread sauce made from mouldy cast away bakers bread.

Roast parsnips glazed in butter.

Roast buzzard.

Apple and cabbage mashed up to compete with cranberry sauce.

## One Stripe

Roast buzzard mmmmmm.

Smell it.

Roast potatoes in goose fat.

Poor goose but saves the roast buzzard.

Roast carrots.

Roast buzzard.

Chestnuts in the fire.

Buzzard in the fire.

Cranberry sauce goes a treat with buzzard also!

Then afterwards blue cheese and dry biscuits to want more gravy and buzzard.

“Buzzard buzzard buzzard half price discount specials from last Xmas,” a cousin shouted on the beech.

“Here I have no change,” a Farmer Jack throwing down much coins so they splattered about cousin.

“I must pick those up,” cousin and went down on all paws to collect.

“Here that is a red shirt, a Manchester United fan,” a Farmer Jack who had found a labourer in the kitchens with a floozy image with his barrel of XXXX.

“I am a respectable ticket seller for those wanting a passage home on the SS Marie Celeste,” the cousin said and was his last words heard.

Oh the nasty Framer Jack for there was thousands wanting a passage home.

Just like the many animals behind them.

## One Stripe

And a lonely red bushy fox tail bobbed up and down on the waves.

“I must get that back,” cousin feeling naked behind a rock covered in sea weed.

“Brrrrr,” he added.

And the Farmer Jacks went aboard the SS Marie Celeste and a rugby ball was thrown in their air.

“Definitely baggage passage,” the cousin emerging from behind the rock for he was definitely not a quitter or smoker or drinker or taker of drugs that all make you weak and slaves to them.

“A girl,” Mr President “Wheeze,” I must have more of these addictive leaves.”

“For you special discount,” Mr Vice President and offered his mentor a thousand cigars, Cuban for Havana of course.

Of course.

At the price of nine hundred and ninety nine at the price of a thousand if buy now.

Of course the price of Cubans was down for the price of tobacco was down.

Of course

But Mr Vice President only knew this, so he thought.

“Taxes must be raised so I can have a pay rise to buy more Cubans.”

“At this rate no will be able to buy a slice of bread and will steal the cold hard lard to spread on the warm mouldy bread; then be sent to my salt mines underneath castle Alupu. For isn’t this story about those salt mines and instant wealth?” Mr Vice President asks.

## One Stripe

“What salt mines?” Propaganda pretending not to hear just like any woman pretends not to hear. They are deaf till they blackmail for the cheque book!

“Hello, want to see a movie?” Bald as a Bat asked.

SILENCE.

**At the floozy bats feet were two of beasts’ most powerful beasts.**

Two that could bring down a badger and eagle to make good hot Scotch broth or Scullen Fish soup, but that would be impossibility as only crabs and scallops and fisherman socks go in that!

“Hello sexy,” Mr Vice President tried for he was a batty male; yes with little tiny wings and two white fangs that dropped out if his top lips periodically so another said, “Don’t look child,” And covered their innocents faces up.

Innocents whose back pockets were cramped full of Fiesta and Playboy back issues.

Naughty little boys needing a good hiding behind the coal shed.

Anyway: “Well handsome?” The wicked bald blind floozy feline bat asked.

“She isn’t speaking to you ugly,” Mr Vice President wanting to get in ahead and save his own skin for the bat had her hands on her hips.

And smoking barrels were smoking from those lovely hips that were in black micromesh.

And Mr Vice President went a little bit more blind as we all know bats are blind to a degree?



## One Stripe

For he accidentally stuck his fingers in his eyes adjusting his glasses,

“Four eyed twit,” was whispered from a sex goddess who played Cat Woman in her spare time.

*Or was it Cat Mole?*

And bat woman was in black tight PVC so two of histories most powerful boys had very dry throats.

“Want a Jacobs,” was she not cruel for tea and jam sponge cake was not offered as well.

“GGgrryrdhrytel,” the reply for the two needed tea and milk and one sugar.

“Have another Jacobs’s sweetie honey pies,” and she knew what she was doing. She was number one woman here and men she ate for snacks.

“Mummy,” was heard as whisper on a dry throat.

“Daddy,” on a direr throat.

And a fox who dreamed of roast chicken that was the fault of a buzzard stuck in a cauldron roasting over a fire began to inch his claws towards the aspiration that stood upon a rock covered in seaweed and stunk of seaweed too.

“Here handsome, move the feet or feed on a leach?” The woman floozy mole in black leather bits that exposed furry ankles hissed.

“She was cat woman

Mole from bottom to lip.

With a wiggly hip.

## One Stripe

Just to heat up man.

A wiggler.

To make badgers wobble.

To get bats slobbering.

All dribblers.

A mole in a furry suit.

But with shapely legs.

Slim as pegs.

She was definitely one fruit.

A mole with a purr.

Purrrrr.

And propaganda stood there with her little doll like hands on her hips and the two stared.

The sun blazed behind her and blinded them good. She was all six inches of female hood, and she knew she had a future for Mr President and Mr Voice President were dribbling saliva and it was horrid for worms got caught up in it.

HORRID it was.

Did this mole not have any feeling for a shrew? Those little things with long pink noses covered in bristles? And mouths as bad as moles with a warm half eaten worm hanging from it? And something Farmer Jack and the barmaid had thrown away, on

## One Stripe

the grass where innocent moles and shrew's runt; and this cousin mole had thought was a hot zippalitto tortilla on a cold winter's night.

What was propaganda?

Not a wife for they were in the Antipodes with cheque books.

Being stupid for they was throwing off their bikini tops and showing bosom that should not be showed and thinking it funny and them smart.

"Mummy are they bananas?" Framer Jack recognising his mummy for he had seen her have a bathe for he was an inquisitive kid.

So never ate another banana in his life again; but knew that as his drunken mummy.

Yes he did.

So what has this to do with a brassy female mole?

Everything.

Because she was a brassy female mole dripping female venom in a cat woman play suit that hissed steam.

"Mummy and it was less than a squeak for Mr President had lost his voice from eating berries for months on the orders of an insane dictator who should know foxes love to eat Cindy Dolls up like wolverines do.

"Daddy," Mr Vice President and it was just audible for he was a bat forced to eat berries because some insane legislature in Brussels said bonanzas should be straight and not round.

## One Stripe

Yes and dictator tuned a blind eye and some whispered because he was getting all the bent bonanzas to sell on the cheap.

HUMANS?

AND THE SS MARIE CELESTE CREAKED AS MANY BOARDED HER WANTING TO GET OFF ALUPU ISLAND WHERE THUMPING MUSIC EXISTED ON THE LEEWARD SIDE, for no one listened to the law saying stereos must be turned down on that side.

So animals and farmers already in Alice Cuckoo Land returned with the other foot in Fruit Cake Land; yes they did and could not be locked away because the law said they could not.

And who made the law, a dictator as fruity as the others!

So they and the were-wolves roaming Moon Land were free to gobble you all up.

“What would I ever let these animals of mine spread mayonnaise on you?” One Stripe the Dictator asketh you?

*“Well?”*

*“Just pass him the babies dummy and the yellow duck and let him sleep and you can read part two?”*