

One Stripe BOOK 2

A New Beginning



Illustration 19: An Orca dancer

“On the moon where the cheese is green?”

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Now once upon a time when the rainbow went across the blue sky and animals played basketball and ping pong.....and a pig flew across the ocean the SS Marie Celeste was overbooked as ever living thing that went ashore on Alupu Island was back aboard heading for a new life across the waves and in their pockets ash trays, towels, knives and forks and Gideon Bibles all pleasant reminders of a far fetched out of this world holiday.

“Sun tan lotion, deck chair tickets,” the same cousin who had survived an earlier ambitious promotion plan.

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“He looks like me, sounds like, dresses like me so must insure him heavily,” Mr President planning to insure cousin for a lot of money; and Mr Vice President sighed wishing he had smart cousins. All he had where bats that got hired out as extras in vampire movies and sometimes one was made every twenty years.

“Flutter,” the batty cousins went as Dracula got a stake in the right place, oh so red stuff squirted everywhere, squirt it went and explains why replacement Dracula's where reluctant to become stars.

“Give me a ticket,” and the two leaders were immediately suspicious for the old granny wore gold plated sandals where the sleeping tartan blanket did not quite reach her ankles; ankles covered in matted dark brown fur.

And long talons spread out from the top of the sandals leaving marks in the deck wood.

“Manicures, painted toe nail sessions thrown in, hurry hurry,” a floozy cousin appearing from behind a sea gull having difficulty swallowing a flying fish brainless and dim witted enough to fly onto the deck and get eaten.

And the granny ushered the floozy foxy cousin over so as to act natural and sat on a deck chair and stuck out her long feet that had talons on the end of them for ripping defenceless Cindy Dolls open.

“Mmmm,” Mr President and approached.

“Curlers and a mini Cuban for free what a bargain?” Another floozy cousin dressed as an usherette.

And the curlers and head drier where put on granny who refused to remove the travel blanker from her head.

So smoke eventually began to rise.

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And the smell of burning fur.

Disgusting it was as granny who ever she might be just sat there not moving as long as Mr President stood there saying “Mmmmmmmmm,” and “I know you.”

“Land ahoy,” a crow in the crows nest and as Mr President went to the railing to peer at the mountains clouded by white puffy clouds granny made her move.

“Splash,” as a body splashed into the waves where dolphins swam.

“Here you aren’t my granny?” Mr Vice President worried Caesar beside him would throw him to the waves also.

“Fox over board with the glaciers,” the cousin selling tickets for deck chairs forgetting he was ambitious and should have whistled the national anthem of Italy instead and counted sea gulls and let uncle drown.

“Here son where is your ambition?” Crassus Caesar asked throwing aside the travelling blanket and pulling off the grey wig and spitting out giant false teeth and slipping out of the granny tights and granny underwear.

Sexless it was.

And the cousin thought and saw a vacancy for a President at last.

“Vice President,” a bat reminded him seeing himself Mr President.

“Splash,” was heard below as a bat followed a president.

“Caesar knows how to promote,” and for a granny he was quick.

“Splash,” was heard below.

“There is no room for ambitious cousin foxes when Caesar fears assassins,” Crassus and made his way to the bridge where a dictator was, he hoped for Crassus had seen movies and knew that is where captains stayed; at the captains’ table enjoying the attention of lonely millionairesses.

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For they were captains and the movie writers needed to sell the movie but the censor has edited all the slurping eating sounds of a Samba moving captain..

Anyway: "I cannot swim," the hair dresser floozy cousin.

"Neither can I," the floozy cousin that painted toe nails.

And together they sought new customers and knew without a miserly money grabbing Scrooge called Mr President had a chance to keep their earnings.

"I want to go to Bollywood," the hairdresser.

"I want discovered by Prince Charming," the manicuress.

They could dream as they carried their boxes containing the tools of their trade; but this is a happy story so never sank beneath the waves. In fact they saw a rope dangling from the ship and climbed up it and opened a beauticians aboard ship for the were many ugly passengers needing help.

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"Cough suck suck splutter," Mr Vice President as he sucked on a wet extra large Cuban in a life boat towed behind the SS Marie Celeste just in case someone fell overboard.

So the nasty sharks and the 'thump thump thump' music wouldn't get them as they splashed about in the water shouting, "Beast overboard help I can't swim."

Then there would be silence as beasts that can't swim will sink to the bottom real quick and never be seen again. Like what Crassus Caesar hoped for he was nasty.

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But he had underestimated Mr President who was the champion swimmer of his school class.

And the bat could fly anyway and had just forgotten it playing the role of Vice President.

The silly bat and that's why bats never get the job of Mr President as they forget they have nuclear bombs and a batty army to invade houses of lonely women terrified of bats in their hair.

"Here Vice President start pulling on the rope so we can get closer and then climb up the rope fixed to the end of the ship," Mr President. "My only berries on this life boat and sure I saw steaks on the menu for tonight."

"Huff puff," as the bat pulled the little rowing boat closer to the ship.

"Yes, just berries in the emergency rations tin," and the fox being behind the new labourers back swallowed the tin of caviare, ate all the chocolate biscuits, drank the fizzy drink and picked his teeth with the chicken wings after he had licked and chewed the marinated barbecue stuff that had been on them.

"Huff puff," as the bat struggled against the tide and slip stream of the ship. And that was another reason the bat would never be Mr President.

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"Die perish vile dictator," Crassus Caesar as he burst into the bridge and blushed.

See the bridge was empty apart from floozy girls using it as a parlour to paint their lips.

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“Ha so,” and Crassus doubled up, then had fingers stuck up his nose, was taken by his tail and swung so he bounced off the wheel, the navigation solid oak desk, smashed against the captain’s bunk so sprung up against the ceiling, then fell off.

With a loud thud and the sound of things snapping.

“Had enough?” Propaganda asked not liking the idea of a male in the ladies parlour.

“Ga,” Crassus managed but should have said ‘yes.’ Then maybe propaganda wouldn’t have swept the bridge floor with him and thrown him out a window.

“Splash,” was not heard by the cheering females as they loved to show men who really wore the trousers.

“Here look what I have not fished out, a helper Mr Vice President,” Mr President as he watched Crassus pass by.

“Help me, no more sausage please,” Crassus as ‘thump thump thump’ music started up.

DEATH was near, remember that big fish and DEATH was ravenous and had seen Crassus splashing about.

“Help you, are you nuts,” the reply from the little rowing boat as a ruddy big fin appeared behind Crassus.

“This should be quick,” Mr President accurately prophesying.

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“Got you,” and “Shame upon you,” Magnificent Air as he swooped up Crassus and a hundred feet up added, “Here I know you,” so dropped the evil Caesar so the demented Caesar fell all the way down the SS Marie Celeste funnel just by chance

And lucky for him it was a ghost ship whose boilers where not on.

“Here did you see that?” Black Fur asked his loyal friend who was gluing feathers onto the boss as he sat in a deck chair.

“A shooting star, and granny told me there is a pot of gold where it falls,” Scenting Droppings the weasel and got ideas.

So did the ferret that was listening but not Eye the boss who knew the two loyal friends were related evolutionary to slugs. Besides he had had enough of having feathers stuck in him for they were blunt and needed persuading to stay in.

“Bring me to the pot of gold then and I shall give you an eighth which is a lot of gold,” Eye who perhaps had allowed greed to influence him.

And the ferret pushed the deck chair Eye was in and imagined what he could buy with his share of his eighth; floozy ferret women and fast cars, holidays in the sun and the star role in the Blue Planet Nature Film.

And the weasel opened doors in the way and greased the deck so the ferret could push the deck chair more easily and imagined; he would buy an ice cream stand and eat all the ice creams and if he had any gold left then did think about a floozy weasel in a tight black dress, dribble saliva woof.

For even if he was a weasel he was still human?

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And Eye who pretended not to believe in what granny ferret said knew what he did buy; a villa in the sun and lots of bird seed to feed his enemies locked in the dungeons of his villa with. And a pink rickshaw would be parked outside to pick up floozy buzzards pulled by his two loyal servants here. Up steep hills and down them and rickshaws don't have brakes.

Was there not a union the two loyal friends could join?

And below in the boiler room a Caesar had landed on top of a boiler and here he was staying for the boiler was below decks, just like the dungeons back at Roma.

And the sway of water in the bilge went "Slop" as the ship rolled with the waves.

"Mrrumt," Crassus as his stomach rolled also.

"Grrr" the pussy cats who did not like what Crassus had been eating. There were remains of roaches and leeches and Hagfish and what a stomach was filled with. So the pussy cats wanted to rip and tear anything that moved or was silly enough to enter the boiler room in search of a pot of gold.

"Creak," the engine room door.

And the pussy cats, sixteen lions, one tiger and cubs fell silent in anticipation.

Then the door got wedged in a piece of wood and wouldn't budge.

"Push harder, think of the gold lads," Eye encouraged as he sat in his deck chair.

And many pussy cats licked their lips in keenness for Eye still smelt of roast chicken.

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“Come on lads, put your backs into it,” and “Crack,” as Eye took from his pocket a whip for encouragement.

“I know that voice,” Crassus and giggled and wrung his hands in anticipation so the pussy cats looked at him annoyed for he might give the game away.

“I know that voice and the sound of a maniac ringing his hands, here lads better stop pushing the door open while I have a think,” Eye but his whip was hot and steaming from all the encouragement and the boys were pushing the engine room door wide open and then fell flat exhausted from all that lashing.

And to add extra encouragement Eye had added nails to the leather whip straps.

“What are all those yellow eyes staring at me in the darkness, perhaps they are diamonds and the idiots granny was telling the truth,” Eye just before the diamonds pounced.

“Yikes,” was his natural reaction as he fled up ladders to decks above and because the two whipped loyal friends had fallen flat were not torn to shreds as the pussy cats darted over them for buzzard was as good as roast chicken.

“Mummy,” the two friends heard behind them.

“Can we look for the gold now?” Scenting Droppings.

“Sure friend,” Black Fur.

“Mmmm, IF I was an insurance salesman I could sell these two life insurance,” Crassus sliding down from the top of the boiler.

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And landed in bilge that stunk of dirty black engine oil, used of course and a long forgotten yellow duck floated in it, also a banana, and a used handkerchief, a sock and some large underwear and a bra with two holes in it.

“I am Crassus Caesar and appoint you my royal bearers,” Crassus informed the two loyal friends who looked at each and because they was used to lashings of whip, starvation, no pay, little food apart from healthy berries accepted the job.

It was in their tea leaves you see, born to be muck lion rakers not forgetting tiger straw changers.

And they had the claw marks to prove it, long talon marks across their furry backs to look like they had had a close shave with the barbers. And where there was no fur you could see the fleas crossing from furry side to furry side; flea powder was needed but these were unloved muck rakers who smelled like muck, and knew there was no truth in the saying, “Brass out of muck.”

Would you like to give these two loyal friends a warm home, please?

And at least they were in employment and Black Fur crossed arms with Scenting Droppings and Caesar stood in and was carried high and puffed out his chest; he was a Caesar and just to look at him one could see the imperial dignity ooze from him.

“Sniff,” he sniffed as muck rakers were his bearers so added, “A Caesar in need can’t be choosy.”

And he was taken topside where the decks were very quiet.

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And a lonely door creaked open on its hinges as the SS Marie Celeste rolled in the sea heading west to the Americas.

And Crassus Caesar was disappointed for he hoped to impress an adoring crowd with his presence.

“Here isn’t that one of the feathers I glued back on boss?” Black Fur asked looking at his feet for Caesar’s weight was great so couldn’t straighten the back.

“No it is the one I glued back on,” Scenting Droppings recognising the tail feather.

And brightened for Eye was not as heavy as Crassus and looked after them; they missed the lashings for encouragement for Eye had taught them their place in society with such words as, “Lazy no goods,” and “I feed and pay you too much,” or “I give you warmth and shelter, the last crumbs from my plate,” and “where is your gratitude, you just ask for more food and pay?”

So knew Eye looked after them for Crassus had not said a single word to them apart from; “I am hungry,” and “I need gold,” or “I am cold,” and “where are those pussy cats?”

So the two loyal friends knew Crassus had nothing to feed them with, or money to give them so they could chat up floozy girl friends back home, and would freeze carrying this useless Caesar about so were really delighted Eye was near.

In fact he was in the crows nest with about a hundred sheep, a bull, a pig and three collie dogs so there wasn’t much room to scratch an itchy bottom and Eye needed to scratch.

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“Here I am a Caesar, scratch my bottom chums,” Eye demanded as the itch was driving him crazy.

“Thud,” the two loyal friends heard and smiled as Eye was there right in front of them, a little bent but it was Eye.

“Here boss where is everyone?” Black Fur.

“Isn’t that the feather I tried to glue back on?” Scenting Droppings being less intelligent.

“MMMmmmmrh,” Eye managed.

For Crassus had jumped down unable to resist temptation and was jumping up and down on Eye.

“What a relief?” Black Fur as he stretched and because he was standing again could see big pussy cats licking their lips with big red tongues.

“He said lions and tigers,” Scenting Droppings who had bent to hear better what Eye was mumbling so did not see what Black Fur was looking at so was wondering why his loyal friend’s knees were wobbling noisily; for there was not much fat on them for Eye never fed them.

And the pussy cats licked the muck takers to savour their meals and where immediately ill.

On Crassus Caesar who complained and ask any lion muck raker “DO YOU COMPLAIN TO LIONS AND TIGERS AND LITTLE VICIOUS CUBS?”

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“How are you boss?” Scenting Droppings and used his feet to nudge Eye and waited for signs of life.

“Here we better get him to one of them witches that came aboard so she can cast a spell on Eye and make him a buzzard again instead of what Crassus and them lions chasing Crassus left, yuck,” Black Fur and the two loyal friends shovelled Eye their kind caring boss onto a deck chair and pushed away.

“999 call, eeeeeaw eeeeeaw 999 call, emergency get out of the way,” for they had seen ‘Doctors’ on television looking into Farmer Jacks warm sitting room, from outside in the snow turning blue.

Unloved a ferret and a weasel with ice hanging from their bottoms.

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“Pull harder,” Mr President encouraging his ambitious cousin that Crassus had thrown over board as well.

“Huff puff,” the cousin as a black fin circles them.

“Wheeze cough,” Mr Vice President sucking a big Cuban as he stood on the prow of the little rowing boot as IF he was a little Corsican.

“Here isn’t that King Batty?” The little Corsican above as two corporals carried his alligator luggage for there could only be one little Corsican.

“Was corporal?” Adolph as he accidentally dropped two alligator suitcases for he was fed up being a corporal’s valet; he wanted to be the little Corsican didn’t he?

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“Was?” Iddi as he dropped two alligator suitcases fed up doing the job a ferret and weasel were born for.

And because they were corporals and bats and intended to sink the little jolly rowing boat with King Batty in it they hit Death the Killer Whale instead.

They were useless as corporals and worse as assassins.

“I will never forget you,” Mr Vice President thinking they had come to rescue him.

“Pull harder,” Mr President who knew an assassin when he saw one.

“Huff puff,” the ambitious cousin pulling and sweating pounds of unwanted fat off; fat he needed for berries was on the menu instead of succulent white bunnies that children like to get from Santa Claus, then get bored of them so daddy lets them go in the field; where ambitious cousins wait.

Yes foxes and ambitious cousins love a good Christmas too.

And the lonely propeller of the SS Marie Celeste came out of the water and sank again.

“Ouch,” was heard from a wave and bubbles passed under the little jolly rowing boat where an ambitious cousin had been thrown aside by Mr President in his rush to climb a rope ladder hanging over the stern of the ship.

Just happened to be there of course at the right moment.

“Wait for me,” Mr Vice President Mr Vice President shouted and because he was directly behind on the rope felt the black rhino leather expensive shoe of Mr President

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in his mouth, then licked his lips for the shoe polish had been layered on by an ambitious cousin. "Strawberry, mmmm."

And then the other shoe was on his head pushing down very hard for what was Mr President thinking? Perhaps to send the bat through the little rowing boat into the waves below and to a killer whale called Mr Death.

Was this ethical, do presidents authorise such culvert work? And what about the ambitious cousin who worked so hard to puff and gasp to pull the rowing boat to the ship? A hole in the little boat would send him as desert to Mr Death?

"What?" Mr President asks you, "What?" What indeed, well there was a bat parading about in high office and an ambitious cousin, well?

"Ga," Vice President as Mr President shoved himself onto the ship's deck.

And in the distance an Island loomed on the horizon and it had volcanoes for lava and smoke was coming from them and strange noise drifted from the land mass to the ship.

"Dinosaurs, I tell you its dinosaurs," a fox stated to a cat.

"Aliens," the cat replied.

"Americans," a horse.

And they had all been to the movies for free when you had to pay for who ever chased a dog out of a drive in, but they did you when they saw you sneak in under the fence.