

## One Stripe

## Iceland



*Illustration 21: The Aurora Borealis makes a polar bear fly.*

Once upon a time a ship badly rusting away sailed into a fjord where glaciers ended their journey.

The ship was the SS Marie Celeste where a lot of animals were complaining as usual.

“Why can’t we head south to sunny beaches,” a shivering wombat asked for he had lived in a zoo and escaped so knew all about the Antipodes and Australia Zoo and Steve Irwin.

“Yes,” a Farmer Jack wanting his cheque book back from his wife for he was now in overdraft because his estranged wife had got addicted to hop music that surfers loved.

“Anywhere away from my uncle,” from an ambitious cousin who would not forget his time on a jolly little rowing boat.

Immediately music from Wagner was heard and three corporals appeared from sulphuric smoke and one was smaller than the rest, wore a black cockerel hat and had

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one hand in his green great coat and the other behind his back.

He looked very familiar, as IF stolen from a fireside mantle.

“Let us form a free trade organisation with the goal of eliminating Mr President,” the one with his hand in his pocket said with a French accent.

“I am listening,” the ambitious cousin whose foxy ears had picked up and his bushy tail was wagging for like it or not, he was canine; a dog with red fur who when chased into the roaring fast river by a hundred ravenous hounds then smelt just the same, wet fur which to humans is ‘wet dog.’ So you see a fox is a dog, nothing else except some are TV stars and flaunt their riches in chauffeur driven cars while we dig in tin mines and clean public latrines.

And the plotters plotted and argued over discounts and overseas bank accounts where secrets were deposited.

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“Who is this that dares enter my lands without a visa?” A polar bear asked and she was huge because it is time the girls were given power.

And she had power, long talons to rake your back and sharp teeth to chew you up with and she was hungry for the ice was melting and with its going all the seals and tasty *penguins?*

And because she was hungry and big had no servants left.

So she was seeking fresh imbeciles to replace them and down in the fjord was a whole ship of imbeciles; wasn’t there? Complaining as usual!

With familiar names we had got to learn backwards, Fred and Sheila.

And behind the SS Marie Celeste a big black fin and an empty rowing boat.

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And on the bridge of the ship a lonely badger with the sun in the sky in front of him, blinding him so he never saw Crassus Caesar sneak up on him.

“I can’t see a blooming thing,” Crassus complained for this was the land of the mid night sun so it hung on the northern horizon always, blinding those silly enough to look at it.

“Here boss we can’t see anything either,” two loyal friends complaining to their Caesar who they carried; for Eye was having these two friends sneak up on One Stripe also.

“Sun glasses NO longer cheap,” Mr President in red designer glasses and besides him Mr Vice President in cheap black back street bazaar glasses.

Only one could be cool in the presidential racing game; and it was certainly not a bat that coughed and wheezed continually so mothers did not hand their babies over to him too kiss and get covered in greenies; no sir they did not. That honour along with the vomiting curdled milk and over filled diapers to hold belonged to aspiring Presidents; who these days left that job to look a like aspiring cousins.

So would vote for the real him in the Italian glasses with ‘Marco’ stamped on them; he in the pressed French white casual tennis trousers and white Havana straw hat.

And in the Presidents hands a sharp knife.

And a calendar on the bridge wall said March and he could read it for he wore glasses

The Ides of March to be precise!

And here was Crassus and friends but where was Brutus, Caesar’s friend?

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And there was a flutter of wings as an eagle blinded by the sun flew into a bridge window with a loud SPLAT and a kitchen knife fell from the feathers.

‘Made in Sheffield,’ was stamped on the knife.

“Sun glasses no longer cheap, demand has risen prices,” Mr President no longer trusting an ambitious cousin.

Who was slithering with three corporals outside the bridge holding kitchen knives? And they had bleeding fingers for the knives were sharp and the sun bright and had not bought glasses.

“Bandages, buy them by the dozen,” Mr President doing his own selling.

And up the side of the ship spiders crawled and they had sun glasses for they were witches, girls so had come prepared for they were made of sugar and nice things so took their time thinking and had read the tourist brochure to Santa Claus Land.

So had tucked their cotton skimpy bikinis away and put on fur skimpy bikinis.

Whereas the assassins above JUST said ‘Right let’s knock him off then, Fred get the kitchen knives out,’ so blinded by the sun stabbed each other.

“I don’t like you any the more,” Iddi complained to Adolph who was not holding a kitchen knife any the more. It was sticking out of Iddi’s bottom because Adolph had not bought glasses.

“Ouch,” Adolph complained as a knife made in gay Paris attempted to make Adolph gay.

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“Sorry Mòn Amie,” the little Corsican lied and gave such a disarming smile was believed.

“Out of the way, make way for a real Caesar,” Caesar Green Barron shouted and avoided the window Magnificent Air had not realised was closed because it was made of glass.

So tried to fly through the clear space next to it.

“Splat,” the Caesar splatted as the window was shut and made of glass to confuse poor birds, flies and moths.

Then That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman led her witches onto the bridge.

“Hello handsome,” she greeted One Stripe.

“Who is this, Venus or Aphrodite? For the badger had bought a cheap book from Mr President, ‘How to charm your way into any woman’s bed.’ But since he had never been taught to read sold it to a Framer Jack who now never wanted his wife in the Antipodes back.

NEVER.

But the book had pictures and the badger had almost gone blind studying them.

And That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman had cast a spell upon herself, ‘A quick change into the most beautify girl floozy badger ever spell.’

And because One Stripe was eating her right hand with his outstretched gums, dribbling hot saliva over them and making That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy

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Woman breath hard and blush, Crassus blinded by the sun bumped into Mr President and did horrid things to his basket full of glasses. Because he was blinded by the bright sun and thought the fox was the badger. In reality he knew what he was doing and was hoping to slip s sun glass into a deep pocket with no lining; so why it was deep.

You see Caesar was broke for he had no subjects to tax and did not have it in himself to ask for credit; so resorted to steal.

“He could ask all he wants, credit to his type is always refused, here I am a Caesar too, and see Mr Vice President and that ambitious cousin sneaking up on me," Mr President explains and kicks Caesar Crassus some place so falls frothing at the mouth.

“Wow,” the ambitious cousin impressed and a little Corsican whispers, “Forgot what we have come here for?”

“Remove the old fur coat,” Mr President to the cousin giving him a chance to redeem his wrongs but instead the cousin did a mental and leapt brandishing a very big kitchen knife.

“Here it is your job to deal with complaints,” Mr President pushing Mr Vice President forwards but the cousin after flashing the knife left and right and in between Mr Vice President said, “Finished.”

And Mr Vice President didn’t have a single scratch on him for the ambitious cousin was a cheaper cheap stake than his uncle and had not bought sun glasses.

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So Mr President who had lovely designer glasses on couldn't miss and kicked the ambitious cousin hard some place thus ending any dreams about dating Miss World.

What sort of man was this Mr President?

"A president with authority and knows how to use it," the fox replies and steps over the moaning wiggling cousin lying next to Crassus Caesar.

"To the left boys, now a little to the right," Eye who had bought glasses but not for the boys so was about to pay for this slight oversight.

"Get out of my way madam," Mr President shouted and tried to toss away the most beautiful badger created ever but tripped and fell over his own bushy tail.

And the two loyal friends tripped over him and Eye was shot against the closed window Caesar Green Barron had splatted against, but from the inside.

"Splat," went Caesar Eye.

"There can only be one Caesar," Crassus moaned from his frothy mouth for those kicked some where can't speak proper for a while you know. In fact it was more a whisper than a moan. The moan bit came when the two loyal friends did a triple somersault in the air and then the splits as they landed on Crassus.

So a lot of moaning came from that quarter of the bridge.

"You have saved my life Mr President," One Stripe blinded by love so did not see the kitchen knife sticking out of the waist belt on Mr President and it had his name written on it.

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A bad omen, so thought the fox and was proved right; for That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman parading about as a floozy girl badger didn't take kindly to being pushed to the floor so let Mr President have it.

But foxes are quick and that is why the ambitious cousin jumping through the air got changed into a slimy salamander.

And Mr President raised his foot to bring it down on the slimy salamander and make it a gooey mess stuck to that foot.

To squash it flat.

So there would be no more little foxes from the cousin.

Could Mr President really do such a nasty thing to his cousin?

Down came the foot to rid the world of an ambitious amphibian.

"Poof," was all Mr President heard as he was changed into a cuddly pink rabbit with a red ribbon about its neck.

'Press me and listen,' was stamped on its tail.

"I always wanted one of these," a ferret pressing the cuddly rabbit.

"Let me have a go loyal friend," the weasel and a tug of war developed so the cuddly rabbit threatened to spill all its soft stuffing every where.

"What have you done to Mr President?" One Stripe for love had blinded him for although That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman was the cutest girl badger ever put together she oozed a faint smell of sulphur like all bad wicked witches do.



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So something in the badger's mind was trying to tell him the perfect figure in his arms was not so perfect.

Would he stumble upon the truth and find out his pin up doll was really That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman who made Grandpa Gnome bird seed?

“Here stop pulling me gonads off me please,” the cuddly rabbit asked as it had changed back to Mr President.

“Love has made me forget the spell needed the dried appendix of a ferret and the fresh tonsils of a weasel,” the lovely girl badger from just next door mused.

Surely One Stripe has realised?

“Here what horrid thingies am I holding,” Black Fur the ferret disgusted a fox was in his hands.

“What are tonsils loyal friend?” The weasel a little bit worried and because he was used to holding disgusting messes for he was a lion muck raker fresh from Crassus Caesar’s lion pens, had heard the beautiful badgeress fit to be any Corsican's mistress.

“Dearest why do you need those ingredients to make a love potion?” One Stripe for he had looked at a book full of pictures.

“Of sweetie you guessed,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman and blushed and twirled in the hands of the badger dictator and fluttered her false eye lashes.

“Kiss splash slurp giggle,” was heard as these are the sounds badgers make when they kiss each other.

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And Mr President not pushing his luck shoved the assassin's kitchen weapon into the hands of a weasel trying to figure out what a tonsil was?

"Never push your luck," Mr President as he walked out of the bridge and as he went 'are you my mama?' Was heard from him in a cuddly rabbit's voice as a fox made his way down the bridge steps two at a time.

"Very interesting," a polar bear watching from the tip of the fjord, a boat load of servants had arrived.

And IF you noticed a plastic bottle of ketchup was sticking out of her shoulder bag and what else was in that bag?

A penguin stuffed in a sesame bun with gherkins.