

## One Stripe

## Polar Bear Land



*Illustration 21: The butler calls*

Once upon a time there lived a girl polar bear who knew her strength for she weighed in at 600lbs. Every morning she did have penguins brush her creamy fur and sometimes braid for the Teutonic feeling for she knew how to Yodel, or put it in French pleats when she wore her French knickers and felt flirty and sent herself boxes of sardines and seal cubs from imaginary boyfriends; or straightened her hair and then had penguins layer it or dye it bright red to express her inner feelings.

She was angry for she was alone and someone had told her there is someone for everyone in the world, a seal trying to distract it from dinner as it was the dinner; and needless to say that seal would never meet that special someone.

She was a girl who spent hours in front of the mirror.

“Who is the prettiest bear ever?” She did ask the mirror.

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“Why you of course,” the mirror lying as it had Scots Tape holding the cracks together so knew from experience telling lies is like **eating an apple a day**.

“I must watch my diet,” the polar bear said sucking in her belly to allow the penguins to tighten a corset she had purchased mail order because there were no frilly knickers shops in this part of the world, 'Mail Order Dept.' Butcher Aviemore' was on the sender label and an aspiring fox must start somewhere, presidential campaigns are not cheap.

“Frillies cost me nothing, why washing lines are full of them,” that fox explains. And the penguins tied her up real tight so the polar bear girl huffed and puffed for air and they did it on purpose for REVENGE is sweet especially when you might be breakfast.

“My name is Stefanie,

And I live in Iceland.

So ice and volcanoes cover the land.

Because I am lonely I am a right Fannie?

Because I chase this fisherman Spartacus.

Because he never shows me any special fuss,

“Eat green peas, better when they are mush.”

And adds, “Also healthy rubbery octopus.”

“Is all he says the stupid slush.”

I eat penguins, heaps.

Better than eating neaps!

Hear that flush?

## One Stripe

I flushed him good.

Now I eat delicious fast burger food.”

And she wanted breakfast so went to her freezer which was a hole cut in her cave of ice and opened it, making sure there were no penguins too close to see what was in the freezer.

They might panic and run away and then who would brush her fur every day heaps, for she was a girl and worse put blue ribbons in it: sometimes pink ones too.

And took out a frozen penguin.

“Product of Antarctica,” was stamped on it in Japanese but never mind she had never learned Japanese. A penguin whether from a Congolese fisherman or American fly caster was all the same, they was penguins.

It was the sesame buns that made the real difference.

The French pastries was the best made from HE WHO NEVER AGED. A man who had left Gay Paris looking for companions and fame as the first Frenchman to explore America but had got lost and ended up here.

Baking pastries to the Eskimos and Vikings who NEVER AGED as well.

It was the freezing cold weather; it just slowed you right down so you lived longer, like hundreds of years.

And the Gay Parisian was happy for he had found gay penguins and he would sit next to them and tell them all his tax problems and they listened for they thought he was funny speaking gibberish going blue on the ice.

Anyway she stuffed her penguin in one of his gay sesame buns, covered it in gherkins and tomato sauce and ate it all up, just like that.

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“We will pay her back, that was Fred she just gobbled up and he would have tasted better in salad cream,” Fred 789 the penguin complained.

“Yes we will pay her back, her lemon tea will taste bitter because it will be full of arsenic the humans left behind on a German tourist cruise ship,” Sheila the penguin added bitterly; just to let you know those yodelling people are still trying to get home. And all penguins here are called Sheila or Fred and some got numbers after them.

For Stefanie the girl polar bear, just in case you hadn’t figured it out Stefanie was a girl and left the kitchen door open and the contents of the sesame bun discovered.

And it was Stefanie who was the welcoming committee on the beach the SS Marie Celeste had grounded on.

“Hello we are from Britannica, do you speak English?” One Stripe shouted down from the bridge as all the assassins had given up for the moment the idea of assassinating him good, they had better things to do with their lives, their was toilet training classes, meal times when one imagined berries was a tasty partridge in cranberry sauce, cleaning your personal space of the litter collected on the voyage, the personal Hi Fi player, the ten empty tooth paste tubes, the ten worn out tooth brushes and the collection of egg cups to eat boiled eggs from; not to mention the Russian Fabergé eggs of course granny had left you in her will.

And Stefanie saw One Stripe was the most handsome male badger she had ever let her pale blue eyes set upon. Pale blue because she was from Scandinavia as all polar bears that live up there have pale blue eyes.

Yes it is because they eat a lot of walruses not cod like you did expect.

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And there are no badgers in this frozen wilderness so One Stripe might have had a six inch wart at the end of his nose like Cromwell; and in case you don't know who he is go and look him up on the internet. And because you are too busy looking for a missing cheque book and wife, he was the man who chopped off King Charles head just like that because they argued too much about how too pray back in 1645. And they didn't have any sesame buns stuffed with penguins either, just lots of neaps, boiled, roasted and raw.

And One Stripe might have had a wooden leg too from fighting the gay Parisian baker but he had never met him so had two legs still.

But too Stephanie he was the most handsomest badger ever and forgot all about Spartacus the lobster fisherman and just like a gorilla swung up to the bridge.

"Hello husband," Stefanie and because she was big and had biceps the size of watermelons could not care less whose feelings she squashed.

*She ate penguins stuffed in sesame buns didn't she?*

The bad polar bear and all the penguins did agree.

But the other woman syndrome now came into question because That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman who had presented herself as a floozy badger girl in cowgirl boots and hat and frilly cowgirl skirt from a Mid Western town had not the slightest intention of making an honest man out of One Stripe, why she worse than that polar bear called Stephanie.

*There could be none worse than Stephanie the penguins want to argue?*

But there was and she was here, That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman who needed a replacement for grand dad gnome. And she saw Stephanie stuff a sesame bun into her mouth for the bear was afraid she might have to offer some of the bun's ingredients and worse hand it over.

"Was that penguin?" That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman asked curious about the opposition and what opposition; why with a flick of the thumb Stephanie polar bear would be a penguin in a sesame bun.

"A rubber one, yes covered in chilli sauce, we have strange appetites up north," Stephanie lied not wanting to share.

"My favourite," That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman and she was not lying for with the click of a thumb the rubber would be tenderised and taste like veal with a squirt of lemon; yummy yum yummy.

And Stephanie the polar bear was not worried about the opposition, what with a flick of a massive paw the runt of a floozy badger girl would be over the ship's side.

Then Stephanie realised that would be a waste of good food, why there were hungry penguins needing fed, and better a sesame bun needing filling.

Then two Stephanie realised she could not eat the girl badger with her intended watching, he might get funny ideas and clear off quick.

Then three Stephanie realised she could go behind an igloo where Eskimos lived and eat the badger filled sesame bun alone and unnoticed and so take her time, savouring the tomato sauce as it dribbled down her snout.

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Sucking each gherkin dry before crunching them up for the last tango feel.

“Heavenly,” Stephanie let escape and smiled.

Yes “What opposition?” Each thought as they eyed each other up and then laughed.

And One Stripe looked himself over, was his fur not combed flat today, was his pink boxer shorts showing? Why were the girls laughing at him for male badgers are so full of ego they might hiss away like a deflated balloon.

Now the situation was explosive and the penguins had cleared off leaving the combatants. Who would save the day? Mighty Mouse in his yellow tights and red too tight knickers?

Hong Kong Phooey with 5 minute noodles hanging from his mouth.

“Which way to the loo boss?” A weasel asked crossing his legs from the bridge door way.

And Stephanie saw the most handsomest weasel ever put together by nature and her heart went out to him for she had never seen a weasel before just penguins.

“Hey boss have you seen our boss?” Black Fur the ferret asked for they had lost Eye, just put him in deck chair so they could find the little boys room, then this deck chair attendant had come along closing the chairs and folding them up in a pile.

And the two loyal friends could not find Eye and put off looking for the little boy’s room so were now crossing their legs.

They had no pennies either and where in agony.

“Orrrrrrr,” the weasel groaned and crossed his legs tighter.

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“Moan,” the ferret and wrapped his legs so tight they didn’t look like legs but wound up rubber bands on an aeroplane.

“How did you do that?” The weasel really impressed.

And That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman looked at One Stripe who seemed to have aged years with the passing of responsibility onto his dictatorial shoulders.

He was suddenly a dirty old badger, just her type like grand dad gnome, gnomes that disappeared into the garden Thunder Box with a naughty magazine, “How to Build Model Railways,” but why was grand dad gnome smiling, what else was folded up in those pages.

Frankfurters?

Believe that and pigs can fly.

And the ferret standing twisting his body this way and that had sent That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman strange body signals that said, “Why look at me, I am a circus act, see how I juggle and like a slippery python slide here and there.”

“I must own him, a cockerel is getting lonely anyway,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman hissed and tossed One Stripe aside just like that whose head hit the bridge wall with a splat and groan, then the badger slid to the bridge wall with a moan also.



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There would be peace not total war, the penguins could return and seals surface at seal holes for love was in the air. There were two boys and two girls which makes a pair.

It was horrid and alerted Stephanie the polar bear's suspicions that girl badgers might be as strong as her and there could be only one girl as strong as Stephanie up north; there could be no opposition, just ask the cracked mirror with bandages?

"He's mine," Stephanie and grasped the weasel so strong all the air came out of the weasel, from the mouth, nostrils and the other place.

And it was horrid, long green nasal strands were all over Stephanie's beautiful white fur.

Not to mention the ghastly stink rising up from below.

And Stephanie opened her eyes at last, "What am I holding?" And the bear looked at Scenting Droppings the weasel she held so tightly he was going blue so his tongue hung from his mouth and dribbled sticky saliva too.

That messed up Stephanie's beautiful white fur some more.

"Yuck," Stephanie spat and threw the weasel away so his head hit a wall and he groaned and moaned as he slid on top of a badger already moaning there.

"I am keeping mine," That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman said and she hugged and tugged and rubbed the ferret's fur the wrong way so Black Fur the ferret made strange sounds and faces.

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“Are you laughing at me?” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman asked suspicious for she knew men and how they thought. Was her silk stocking laddered and slipped away from the suspenders? Had a false eye lash come lose and now at a wrong angle lying on a cheek? Could he smell her secret silent windy that girls never do and blame the boy nerd silently reading ‘Advanced Nuclear Physics,’?

And the ferret replied “Gaaaaga,” because he could not breathe as his fur was rubbed the wrong way.

“We will see about that,” and with a click of a thumb magic threw Black Fur against the wall with a groan so he slid on top of his loyal friend with a moan.

“Very impressive, I like you,” Stephanie realising girls should stick together.

“Thanks, I like a girl who knows how to eat,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman.

“Let me introduce you then to a gay Parisian who makes fine soft pastry,” Stephanie and the girls walked off the bridge arm in arm, well I never?

And they found the gay Parisian baker and ate all his fluffy soft pastries and because they were girls who knew how to get freebies from men did not pay. They just ate and winked and showed a bit of rolled up fur exposing pink flesh underneath, or fluttered their false eye lashes.

“What is this a fly on my pastry?” Was another line and it was a false eye lash fallen off a cheek. But they silenced the gay Parisian baker by telling him they would not pay for his lousy fly infested pastries.

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Then left arm in arm for they had girly power.

And the gay Parisian baker looked at his empty baking trays where crumbs lay.

“I am bankrupt,” then shouted in a loud voice, “Cecil I need a hug,” and couldn’t care less if he had seen a flash of bosom or ankle. And Cecil was a pet penguin would you believe?

He was indeed a gay Parisian?

“Hello have I missed anything?” Keen of Scent Mr President asked coming onto the bridge innocent of passed events. Not a kitchen knife glinted from his deep pockets, not a dribble of arsenic escaped from a leaky vile, he was a survivor.

A president who would change the constitution so he would be president for LIFE.