

One Stripe

Mirror mirror

*Illustration 22: Mr Walrus*

“Why are we exploring?” Mr Vice President asked the great badger who did not reply for dictators are great leaders and because they are leaders explain nothing.

‘Rude bugger,’ the bat thought for he was wise and knew badgers to a tiny bat are giants that might rip his wings off and poke the eyes and kick him in valuable places.

So thought it only for he was wise.

And explains why he gave V’s behind One Stripe’s back and made ridiculous faces that short listed him for a clown’s position of employment.

“Look,” the dictator shouted and caused an avalanche so when his companions looked they saw nothing except a white blanket of snow. And being a great dictator and leader need not try and explain that just a second ago there was an Eskimo village there, with penguins and husky dogs and chickens in jumpers.

But then very slowly the snow began to move and a chicken appeared shivering, for the snow had removed its lilac jumper.

One Stripe

Then a pet walrus got free and then its Eskimo owner all black and blue because the avalanche that hit him was the bit full of boulders and trees, plus those chickens.

“There,” One Stripe shouted again attempting a cover up as a second avalanche started with a puff of falling snow and ended the way it started.

It was out of juice.

And the folk down there wanted to welcome the new comers also. They were digging out the kitchens for kitchens hid strange things.

“Alright there is folk needing life insurance down there?” Keen of Scent the President agreed not wanting to push the dictator to the brink of sanity because leaders that go there start passing laws that girl foxes must not flutter their false eye lashes at boy foxes.

The penalty being to wrestle the county alligator blind folded of course as zoo food isn’t cheap. It also pulls in the crowds and IF you win the wrestle you get to clear the inedible parts out of the alligator pond or it might make the water go septic, then where would the poor alligators live?

And the strangers went down to the villagers who had lost everything even the television sets and it was time for ‘America’s Most Dumbest Criminals’. Now the pop corn seller would not make a killing but perhaps be killed.

“Pop corn,” an ambitious cousin getting a second chance to serve the President.

“The usherette wooden box has splinters,” Mr President for your benefit only.

“Ouch,” that ambitious cousin as he pulls a long splinter from a thumb and adds,

“I have a name uncle.”

SILENCE as Mr President knew not to cuddle rats and name them; they start getting attached and *extras must always be treated at arms length.*

One Stripe

“No more sausages,” One Strip was shouting and telling penguins about the glorious revolution, “no more farmers, no more humans, and no more abattoirs.”

And a mother penguin covered her daughter’s hidden ears.

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” the Eskimos said amongst themselves and bought lots of life insurance thinking they was going to Cuba to try bananas and watch Mad de Grass and beautiful Cuban girls in grass skirts smoking giant cigars. Cigar smoke that made your eyes water as the beautiful young Cuban girls stole your wallets and worse, credit cards. So went shopping as you worked banana plantations to pay the credit cards off.

The naughty wicked Cuban beautiful girls but them Cuban young beautiful girls can get away with anything; for Eskimo men were involved and they were happy, they was getting up close to bananas they had never seen before, but not allowed to eat the profits.

And was just as well the Eskimos spoke “XXcftdUUU&*****???,” or they might take offence One Stripe was telling the penguins to enlist and start fires to melt down the Eskimo igloos. Then where did the Eskimos live? They did camp out on the ice with the penguins going blue. No televisions or electric heaters any the more the more.

Poor Eskimos, no more cable television and the XXX channel; now they did have to listen to the wife of twenty years who no longer looked the way she did at sixteen.

Poor Eskimos, no more Tiffin behind the big igloo with neon lights overhead, ‘Taverina’ flashed it did in purple; with the barmaid and some things just never change.

One Stripe

Which reminds the story, what happened to them Farmer Jacks?

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” was the answer as the Eskimos was having a laugh watching the herd of farmers planting neaps in the tundra.

“This place isn’t so bad, look hot running water,” A Farmer called Fred as he shows you a geyser erupting showering the tundra with hot water, softening it, “This beats ploughing,” he adds and jumps up and down stuffing the neap seeds deep into the tundra.

“Here don’t the carrots look pretty,” a Farmer Jack called Fred 5645 admiring the green tufts sticking out of his carrots in the tundra.

“No were-wolves here either,” a Framer Jack called Fred 007.

“Grrrrrhowl,” was heard as a polar bear called Stephanie was hungry and Fred’s looked real tasty and a lot more eating than a skinny runt of a malnourished penguin.

“Ha ha ha,” the Eskimos as their bellies went up and down laughing.

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” the Eskimos and they had stopped laughing, one had noticed there was no pictures of Cuban beautiful young girls on the life insurance premiums they had bought.

“I am off,” the ambitious cousin seeing opportunities arise as Mr President out of practice selling so had become slightly slow to realise he was the Complaints Department; why he had got to used to ambitious cousins jumping about doing his nefarious workings.

One Stripe

So quickly took hold of Mr Vice President and placed him squarely in front of him with these words, “You have been promoted,” and sneaked away.

And King Batty beamed thinking he was now President and then as the first Eskimo throttled him asked sensibly but late proving, ‘Never too late you know’ a load of cods walls lops.

“What am I promoted too?”

“Complaints Department,” drifted back to him for the president was a speck on the horizon where Eskimos could not throttle him..

“I quit,” King Batty and proved the saying ‘Quit while you are ahead’ true, but he hadn’t had he? So was tied upside down to a pole and carried amongst jeering Eskimos to a fire.

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” they kept saying rubbing their bellies.

“Mmmmm,” King Batty sorted of said as the Eskimos had stuffed an apple in his mouth hadn’t they?

“Look, were-polar bears,” One Stripe and it was true, Stephanie had emerged very annoyed for she had been playing monopoly with That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman; and worse losing.

So was really annoyed with life and hated Eskimos anyway, why the coats they wore once belonged to all her relatives. And she was wanting REVENGE so proved the saying ‘Forgiveness cleans the soul,’ for she went berserk and beat up all those Eskimos real good.

One Stripe

“Hurray hurray,” the penguins encouraged, the blighters forgetting sesame buns.

And being the good guy for leaders to remain leaders must complete heroic quests, so One Stripe said, “Ah so,” and broke the pole with his hands in a mighty karate chop.

“My hero,” Mr Vice President who was King Batty.

And together they followed bushy red tails bobbing up and down in the distance heading towards the SS Marie Celeste.

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” was heard as Eskimos complained about conditions as a were-polar bear off its rocker did mental with them.

“Man that beats any pig flying?” An ambitious cousin watching an Eskimo pass overhead.

“Watch my neaps,” a farmer called Fred complained as Eskimos began to land by the dozen.

“Can we plant and grow them?” The farmer’s friend called Jack.

“My hero,” was also heard from a Vice President and because he as a bat; it just takes one fool and the fool said, “A vampire bat, “a farmer called Freddy Jack and crossed himself.

“And were-polar bears,” for Stephanie had run out of Eskimos to juggle with hadn’t she?

“Grrrrrgowl,” the angry huge monstrous bear roared and sort of howled as it had a sore throat and no doubt contributed to the bad mood.

One Stripe

And suddenly many farmers joined the flying Eskimos. “My you get a good view up here,” and “chilly here,” and “any parachutes?” or “Where is that ambitious fox and life insurance?” and “I am not looking forward to landing,” was heard in the sky.

And “Ouch,” when they landed and “thud,” and “Crack,” and “groan,” often.

“Umbrellas,” an ambitious fox whose name we still have not learned, “cheaper by the dozen.”

“He makes me proud and reminds me of my youth,” Mr President, “here what is your name lad?”

“Percival Horace Cecil Horatio Constantine Basil and Mr President wisely said “Oh, nice name lad.”

And it was lies, the lad’s name was Benny Creep.

And as the Farmer Jacks began to land amongst the Eskimos aboard ship many umbrellas were bought by the dozen and because they did not have the mark of assurance on them, ‘ECC,’ that place making rules how a banana should look or it could not be sold in any ECC ship, the umbrellas all fell apart.

And that was why you bought them by the dozen; it was tiring going after the disappearing ambitious fox whose very deep pockets jingled with your money.

Money you laboured sixteen hours a day for in a fish shop so always had sea gulls for mates and no one else of course.

Then Stephanie’s new very close friend appeared, That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman; and she was peeved off winning the game of monopoly and

One Stripe

been robbed of the joy of squashing an opponent, leaving them bankrupt, watching them mortgage their properties every time they landed on Park Lane that you owned of course.

So she sent a lot of magic everywhere and a lot of penguins changed into toadstools and toadstools just taste revolting in sesame buns.

But that will teach her to turn penguins into toadstools and the odd Eskimo into a butler to replace the penguin servants.

And that should teach Madam Stephanie to keep strange very close friends.

But would Madam Stephanie learn her lesson, remember she was Stephanie the polar bear who was full of ego and the seven deadly sins.

A potential shop lifter who could throw any shop owner through his shop window if any objections were raised about the DVD's just taken FREE of course.

Or Stephanie wouldn't be a shop lifter would she just a disturbed polar bear? A cuddly polar bear waiting for the first chance to eat you all up.

"Quick hoist the anchor," One Stripe who had managed to get to the bridge.

"What's that?" A moor hen shouted up.

"For my hero I will do anything," Mr Vice President seeing the errors of his ways and in a flash had ripped off his outer fur and exposed a red one piece fit any size skin: "Ouch," he screamed.

'SUPER BAT'

was stitched across the chest.

One Stripe

“Thud,” as he dived into the sea for an anchor for the sea was no longer frothy white caps but solid white ice the silly bat but then bats have brains the size of two walnuts and are no goods responsible for spreading rabies because they are vampires and not forgetting getting stuck in a girl’s hair. Then they spread lice and ticks and jumping fleas that spread typhus.

And a fire ball the size of an overcrowded bus landed near by.

‘With he compliments of That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman’ was on a label on it.

Of course she wasn't joking. She was in reality a wicked witch who liked building hopes up in those she was about to exterminate for ever, yes she was really fond of that. But these were not Stephanie’s penguins who had no where to go but stand about the ice all day waiting for spring, and while they waited they filled sesame buns they did.

No lie honest.

She was dealing with those who had ruined Alupu Island’s property value, those who were not afraid to sail on the SS Marie Celeste that did not have a captain or an engineer to get the boilers going.

So “Blooming hell,” was heard often when brave Farmer Jacks had a shower.

Yes she was dealing with imbeciles for one does not go sailing in rusty old ships relying on the wind to move them. Especially when “Thump thump thump” follows the ship always.

One Stripe

Imbeciles the world wants rid of but somehow the imbeciles are still about. And the imbeciles were looking at the melting ice That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman had heated up.

“Cur a mermaid,” was heard from the human Farmer Jacks who huddled the railings making the ship list dangerously into the sea.

“Hey there is sea water in this berry soup,” a wren stirring the mid day meal and was lucky those above did not hear her or she would be in the soup

Then the new storage class immigrants just had to have a look and a Farmer called Henry shouted, “I don’t speak to those I don’t like the smell of,” for the Eskimos smelt of oil fish as IF a fish manure factory had been built next door and the wind was spot on.

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” the Eskimo and behaved as IF he was outside a Kebab takeaway on Saturday night, yes he did so screams was heard, loud ones coming from the Farmer called Henry.

“Hey we can’t let this happen aboard OUR ship, who do these smelly immigrants think they are?” A farmer called Fred and behaved as IF his football team had lost away from home because IF he had behaved like that at home he did be recognised.

And screams, short ones came from the Eskimo for the farmer knew how to work animals over for he had a knackers shed behind his farm house where he brewed illicit XXX, yes away from tax inspectors.

One Stripe

So was surprised when all these foreigners called Eskimos shouting “XXcftdUUU&*****???” jumped him so he screamed even shorter than Fred the Eskimo lying in a pile of smelly furs at his feet.

“Here them foreigners isn’t allowed to beat up one of us,” a farmer called Jack complained and added, “follow me lads,” so the SS Marie Celeste decks were awash with sea water and then them things that live in the sea waiting for an under water camera man appeared.

“Thump thump thump,” music started up.

“Help,” a wren who had fallen in the soup and quick as a flash a passing ambitious nameless cousin threw the soup cauldron lid on with these horrid words, “Enough of the berries,” and as chef passed said, “Hi Chef I am the new kitchen porter,” and was a lie as he made soup other than berry soup.

For a fox like a leopard cannot change its spots unless expensive psychiatric help is at hand.

And it wasn’t.

“Why do I bother?” One Stripe closing the door on a listing ship on a fin wanting to eat him raw without any parsnips glazed in honey, roasted of course.

“I will save the day,” Shining Sun and with his tiny shrew friend called Twitching Snout opened the opposite bridge door where no fins were trying to eat you up without any button Brussels sprouts covered in hot runny butter.

One Stripe

And Propaganda was with them for she did not trust her little 'babe' boyfriend for a woman needs to know everything about her intended.

And being a woman knew what to do, she pulled the abandon ship cord and the ship's hooter hooted so all those trying to do malicious grievous harm to each other on the other side of the ship stopped splashing about.

And hands were dropped from throats and axes above a head did not descend and do nasties, nor the foot going private places reached places, all froze, a horrid din was heard, the ships hooter and when it stopped did all those farmers and Eskimos go back to assaulting each other?

No because the hooter had stopped and so they heard the "Thump thump thump," music and were terrified.

And they ran to the other side of the ship where there was no fins for all the fins were here, mostly on the deck and some slithered down the gangways to swinging doors with 'Kitchens' on them.

And behind those doors a nameless ambitious fox was going into the Chinese Takeaway business selling Shark Fin soup and to pass hygiene inspection labelled them

'Berry Soup,' but his customers knew other wise.

And Propaganda 'Blind as a Bat' being a woman had thought ahead and put up GREEN EXIT signs in Eskimo and other signs with 'TO THE MARKET' leading to the cargo holds.

One Stripe

And when all the Farmer Jacks and Eskimos where safely in there she got HER two servants to close the doors so none could get out.

And her two servants did not know they were servants.

“We did a good job Twitching Snout,” Shining Sun beamed.

“Yes your uncle the dictator will be pleased with us and reward us,” the shrew replied.

“Reward me,” was whispered and they did not hear Blind as a Bat whisper it for girls like to keep things to themselves, of course or the men might catch on they were incapable of thinking apart from thinking of XXX and making babies, of course when the wife was in the Antipodes of course.

But the Farmer Jacks and Eskimos were happy, there was a side door badly lit of course so none had seen it.

“Berry soup, nice and hot,” an oily foxy voice.

“Here XXcftdUUU&*****????? Let me buy it for you, didn’t we give them sharks a good biffing?” A farmer called Henry and put his arm on the Eskimos’ shoulder.

Who smelt neaps and carrots and boiled cabbage so smiled for anything free was alright.

“XXcftdUUU&*****????,” the Eskimo and to show he had been brought up proper bought the drinks.

One Stripe

And because the doors to the hold was thick none on the other side heard the party poppers pop or crackers bang as they was pulled, an Eskimo and Farmer Jack at either end.

They were humans and worse, men and told each other how they got that shark and kicked it somewhere.

They were human, men and big liars too.

*

So the SS Marie Celeste bounced along away from Iceland heading westward ho. And Crassus was not seen but strange sounds were heard on full moons coming from a crows nest.

“A vampire bat lives there,” a black bird to a mouse who believed him.

“And the Mummy covered in bandages,” a dog added so all the animals never went near the crows nest and an ambitious rich fox was happy for he would not have to pay up on the life insurance policies he had sold them.

And worthless they was, for the animals had not read the small smudged print at the bottom or they did notice they had agreed to pay off his monthly payments on his Sky and brand new Plasma TV.

Then they might make a sausage out of him, of course.

“I am a Caesar and demand respect,” Crassus as he spoke to his left hand and rubbed the fingers of his right paw together, constantly.

One Stripe

So evil crackling laughter was heard as Crassus ordered his legions to attack One Stripe and throw him to the lions.

And the lions ignored Crassus for they had better things to do; they had found the ship's abandoned freezer that was not full of berries but defrosted meat.

"YUjkgfstYYuud," had been written in bold red ink by One Stripe and all the animals knew it meant 'No more sausage,' so did not eat anything for a wren had been missing for several days and whispers said it was THE NO MORE SAUSAGE FAIRY that made soup out of her; because she had gone in the freezer to have a whiff of the defrosted meat.

No more sausage was certainly written on their minds.

Besides the abandoned freezer was stuffed full of ill lions, cubs and one tiger who had eaten the defrosted meat.

"Why always us?" Black Fur a certain ferret asked his loyal friend.

"Because his majesty told us too?" A weasel called scenting Droppings replied hoping he was smart.

"You were born lion muck rakers, why just look at your job references," One Stripe had shouted at them in front of all the animals. "It says when you worked at Roma you made brass out of muck and we all could do with some cash around here, couldn't we?" One Stripe had asked the gathered hosts and some were Eskimos and farmers come up for a breather for being in a small cramped hold has its disadvantages.

One Stripe

Of course it does?

There are no latrines or showers in them cargo holds just an ambitious fox tempting you with strange smelling tasty soups, so needed cash.

“The lions, sixteen cubs and one tiger are not the only ones who like defrosted meats,” the ambitious nameless cousin wants you to know and laughs all the way to the bank if the ship had a pursuer that is?

“Blooming millions of eyes staring horrid promised harm at us IF we refused the honoured position,” Black Fur remembering the glares from all the animals and farmers and Eskimos.

“Yes, when they put it that way how could we refuse the job?” The weasel lifting up a lion’s paw to sweep muck away.

“Talking about majesties where is Eye?” Black Fur and tried hard to remember where they had piled up the deck chairs.

And emptied his shovel through a porthole onto a pile of deck chairs.

“I thought I heard Eye, can’t ever forget his bullying voice,” the weasel emptying his shovel also through the port hole onto a pile of deck chairs.

And the two loyal friends proved ‘What goes round comes round.’

And Eye was not the only one unaccounted for? Where were Magnificent Air and Caesar Green Barron, three corporals and a million bats wrongly mistaken as vampires?

One Stripe

Because they fluttered in the night and got stuck in your hair, then bit your hand pulling them off and gave you rabies.

“Well that ship stinks something bad?” Magnificent Air asking his new friend Caesar Green Barron as they and all the fliers had flown to a passing nearby ship and where roosting on that ship’s rigging, doing their droppings on the humans below, of course giving birds a bad name.

And the bats didn’t mind the smell of the SS Marie Celeste as they were used to living in over crowded caves so had huddled upside down naturally in the SS Marie Celeste’s forecastle.

“Vampire bats live there,” a blue tit said thinking it was smart and all the other animals believed because they did not want labelled imbeciles.

So the bats were happy and a Corsican there did not hang up side down like the other bats, no because he was different and wanted to show it, so he sat on a mantle piece white horse he had found dreaming of how he won Waterloo to be sure.

“Polish harder for a good shine,” Adolph wiping the horse and prodded Iddi with an army swagger stick to encourage.

Prodded him real good because he hated Iddi for he was competition.

“I hate you too,” Iddi and broke the swagger stick.

“I want to be able to see my face in my boots, just remember the two loyal friends making brass out of muck could do with some help?” The little Corsican and all the

One Stripe

million bats agreed for they did not want to fill the vacant positions of boot polishers and general skivvy.

“Next time German,” the African bat hissed.

“Any time,” the German bat and puffed out his chest and the African bat puffed out his more. And both sucked in more air than the other so their chests expanded and threatened to burst showering all the other bats with interesting gooey sticky thingies.

So one bat threw a shoe and there were a lot of them about for shoes had been part of SS Marie Celeste’s cargo. And it only takes one and soon a German bat and an African bat were not seen for a while except when they emerged from under a pile of a million thrown shoes.

Bet that hurt for some of them shoes was Stilettos with sharp points.

It doesn’t bear imagining but they did get back to polishing and the little Corsican smiled for he knew all about mob control.

And outside a dog howled, badly off key but it had been forgotten about for a while so was really peeved off. It was attention seeking so explains also why it was running about lifting its hind leg and not against trees or fire hydrants.

“So get off you filthy beast,” was heard often from the cargo holds.

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” was heard as well for Rover wasn’t choosy.

Rover Rover where have you been, I bet you could tell us about your exciting adventures? Bet you been chasing innocent white fluffy bunnies that little girls love to cuddle and dress up in frilly dolly dresses? Then you catch the bunnies and tear

One Stripe

them to pieces eh? And Farmer Jacks sheep chase them so all those mutton pounds fall off and fat is money, eh? And still have the nerve to nudge your feeding bowl when you are hungry eh?

Bet you been looking for a boy to own you and throw sticks and balls towards the motorway for you too chase, and like a stupid dog you do eh?

Well guess what Rover no one cares and certainly no one wants to hear your doggy adventures so disappear again, how do you like that eh?

“Woof,” Rover and wags his tail.

“Here Rover, fetch,” an ambitious fox and throws a stick towards two loyal friends needing some help.

“I must find out his name, he must have a name, mustn’t he? Percival, does he really expect me to believe that is his name the miserable creep,” Mr President watching the cousin for he heard cash jingling in cousins deep pickets.

“Just call me Sid,” the ambitious cousin as he slid away towards the freezer for he did not want uncle cashing in on his food business and the new line of toiletries needed after eating his food.

“My hero,” Mr Vice President sighed seeing One Stripe at the bridge.

“Don’t dribble then,” Mr President thinking he was being idolised but he had forgotten his roots, forgotten what the people wanted and it was different from what he dreamed of, power, swimming pools, floozy foxes and foreign bank accounts.

Anyway:

432
One Stripe

The song of the Rich or one nameless fox.

“Get working slave.

Some are born to rake muck.

But I was born with luck.

So get in that wave.

Get me oysters.

So give me what you have?

The give me a shave.

And those expensive lobsters.

Never mind the fins.

I have bills to pay.

What did you say?

“The way I treat you is a sin?”

“Who told you such gibberish?”

“And don’t forget to put out my rubbish?”