

One Stripe

America



Illustration 24: Mr Possum better known as Mr Rodent or Tree Ra made a nice stew and the fur made into tobacco pouches.

“It is the slimy limeys,” a possum called Languid observed as the SS Marie Celeste passed Liberty Island and because a certain badger at the wheel could not find the braking mechanism the ship hit the pier at quite a respectable speed.

“And they haven’t passed immigration either,” a raccoon next to Languid worried he might catch British Disease, that made one so idle they became like Languid, unable to lift a screw driver to take the back off a fridge and raid it because the raccoon was a no good mobster and across his face the black stripes of a prisoner.

It was also said that IF you caught British Sickness you started speaking like you had marbles in the mouth.

“Just look at them running a muck down there,” Languid and the raccoon being a thief saw opportunities, already he had identified the leaders, a ferret and a weasel that seemed to be doing the most running and shouting.

“They need a trained guide to New York as you know what the crime rate is like down there?” The Raccoon opening a wooden pencil box to check ingredients.

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“Going to sell them land rights to New York Station are we Mr Dissipated?”

And Mr Dissipated the raccoon quickly shut the wooden pencil case and gave the possum a free gift, a piece of candy rock still in its wrapper.

‘Cody Island’ was stamped on the faded dirty wrapper.

Languid sniffed the candy, weary of accepting gifts from Indian Givers the cousins of self-indulgent.

“I know others who would pay for that piece of rock?” Mr Dissipated threatening to take back the candy for the raccoon was really self indulgent, a no gooder, and scoundrel, crock, and rogue, someone brought up on the wrong side of the tracks and definitely no one to take the daughter to the proms either.

But the possum wouldn’t give it back; already the dirty aged wrapper was floating in the breeze where a passing curious sea gull swooped down on it.

“Get in your blind beggar out fit and get on the street corner of Central Park Station and the zoo and be ready,” the raccoon called Mr Dissipated and was no longer friendly as he had put on black and white alligator shoes, a hat at a funny angle, and a striped suit and apart from the wooden pencil case was carrying a violin case as well.

“OK boss,” Languid and slowly moved towards a cardboard box behind some trees.

And on the wharf below a little Corsican now running a muck on the pier with one hand stuck in his green great coat as three blind rats pushed the white porcelain horse he was on underneath custom officers’ feet. And little wheels had been fixed to the bottom of the horse to make it easier for the rats to heave about.

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Perhaps the little Corsican had a heart or was it so the mantle piece horse could travel faster for “Puff wheeze,” was heard from the blind white vermin.

“And get the boys together, polish the black limo and tell Betty Jane I want her,” the raccoon called Dissipated as he got a skateboard on its way. No ordinary skateboard, this one had shiny blades sticking out of the running board to disinflate rubber wheels on police cars.

It was also black and highly polished, a certain possum knew his job well, there was a deep lake in Central Park full of concrete statues, wasn't there?

As Languid the possum slowly carried out his instructions Mr Dissipated arrived at the pier and skilfully used his skateboard like a surfer darting through the waves and hungry fins, so reached a weasel and a ferret.

“Welcome to the Big Apple,” Mr Dissipated and offered a big red apple to each privileged lion muck raker, and of course \$100 was stuffed in each delicious apple.

As Mr Dissipated smiled the friends threw the bills away, ‘THEY WERE JUST COUNTRY BUMPKINS.’ And not to worry strings were attached by chewing gum to the bills so Mr Dissipated got them safely back.

There were human officials about who would look the other way for a \$100 bill for Mr Dissipated made sure they worked for him. This was his town where HE only went singing in the rain. Al Capone that Italian squirrel could stay in Chicago; New York was Mr Dissipated's, or so he thought as a ship load of slimy limeys had berthed, and they had other ideas, a certain badger was intent on spreading revolution, making a song about it and getting filthy rich. He had also heard of Hollywood.

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“Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,” drifted up from the pier, also, “Land of Hope and Glory.”

Anyway the two loyal friends accepted the help of the local and gave Mr Dissipated their brooms and walked away hand in hand towards the exit.

“Cur blimey,” Mr Dissipated as the smell wafted from the brooms and because his eyes were watering from the strong lion smell never saw the million animals tramp all over him leaving the ship.

And when he stood up he was naked, there were thieves amongst the immigrants that knew how to unbutton your fly without you knowing.

And worse remove your boxers where your wallet was stitched onto,

But Mr Dissipated did manage to open an eye and see this skinny wolf looking character carrying his own rubbish bin lid.

“Hired help is hard to come by this unfortunate days,” Crassus as he passed.

And was followed by a plucked buzzard that helped himself to Mr Dissipated string vest the thieves had left because they did not know what to do with a vest full of holes.

“It improves the look somewhat?” Eye covering his nakedness for feathers take some time to come back you know!

“Am I in some loony bin?” Mr Dissipated asked just before a million Eskimos and Farmer Jacks in a hurry to get by customs ran over him.

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And there were thieves amongst the farmers as one pulled the ruby ring off Mr Dissipated finger.

And thieves amongst the Eskimos as one pulled the diamond ring off Mr Dissipated other finger.

And Mr Dissipated screamed as farmers and Eskimos tried to pull the remaining fingers off to check them on the move for other rings.

“Hey look a gold nugget,” Rover in a brand new usherette outfit selling maps of New York and tickets at reduced prices to baseball games and strip joints.

And it just took Rover to bring the million Farmer Jacks called Fred and Eskimos called XXcftdUUU&*****???? To return to Mr Dissipated and practice dentistry without proper licences to do so.

So there was a lot of screaming from Mr Dissipated and tugging and pulling from the sticky-fingered immigrants.

“Blooming stubborn molar, here XXcftdUUU&*****???? Give me that crowbar,” Fred a Farmer Jack said to the Eskimo who would use the crow bar on him once the shiny gold nugget was out.

For insatiability was upon the trainee dentists but there was not enough gold to go round.

“Here I bet these manicured toe nails will fetch a price in a medicine shop IF I tag them as dried tiger privates,” a bright Farmer Jack and because he was bright was called Mr Dazzling.

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“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” an Eskimo just as bright understanding English so pulled off a toe nail for his own greediness was insatiable and because of this voracity and brightness had a name, ‘Lucky Joe.’

“I must investigate these horrid screams,” One Stripe and in black Wellington boots strode up the pier towards Mr Dissipated but you could not see him, just a crowd of burly farmers and Eskimos looking for instant riches for this was America where dreams came true.

And he stood there One Stripe did with the flood lights on the pier roof blazing behind him.

“Here it’s that blooming miscreant badger that got all our animals to leave their ploughs and pony rides!” A farmer recognising One Stripe as the dictator who disliked humans in a big way.

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” the Eskimos for they only pretended not too understand English when the whole planet spoke it.

And it looked pretty ugly for the badger and pretty soon his moaning out did the pipe band that had arrived to welcome the ship.

“Moan,” the badger and the pipes, horrid it was as IF Moriarty had found out he had not tied Sherlock Holmes to a railway track but his own foot for he had not visited Optician Spectacle Savers in the local shopping mall for he was a miser.

“I can’t look,” Twitching Snout and when a shrew can’t look it must be bad.

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“I will save the day,” Shining Sun and because he had been eating a hot dog covered in sour cream looked very ill and contagious.

Enough to get the Eskimos to run away waving parts of raccoon fur in the air as trophies of their prowess as great walrus hunters.

But they had made a mistake; a raccoon is not a six hundred pound walrus.

Just a raccoon called Mr Dissipated who ran this side of the subway.

But the Farmer Jacks were used to the haggling at markets and did not run away. So it was left to Propaganda to shame her man Twitching Snout who was doing nothing to help the dictator so used her foot again and it was a really terrific kick. Just as the shrew was having a deep poke of his nose so didn't see it coming; why Twitching Snout landed square in the open mouth Mr Dazzling.

“Gad wet Ajax toilet paper,” Mr dazzling and coughed and spat all the way out of the pier and what was good for the bright boy was good for everyone else.

Except the custom officials who could not cope with the rush of immigrants so moaned a great deal as they tried to block the only exit.

So learned a valuable lesson, don't stand in the way of a million farmers and Eskimos wanting away from wet Ajax paper.

And lucky for Twitching Snout he was spat out or might never be seen again.

Perhaps that is what Propaganda desired? She was a beautiful mole and even half blind could tell the difference between a handsome shrew and an ugly one, could she not?

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And as Mr Dissipated lay there all pink and hanging gums fliers passed overhead and well, it was like being in a big city square when some kind granny throws bird seed about.

Well at least Mr Dissipated wasn't pink any the more the more.

So he shouldn't complain.

"Boss where are you?" A possum disguised as a blind beggar asked prodding about with his white stick.

And prodded something in front of him so prodded really hard in the soft parts until he got a moan and groan.

"I recognise that voice anywhere, that you boss," the possum playing his part to the end, "the black limo is waiting outside with the boys, what you want us to do boss, hey boss?" And the possum gave his boss another good prodding knowing what goes round comes round and it was coming to the boss.

And a cleaner passing seeing boss screamed, "Oh yucks, someone been to a party last night and wet the tights?" And scooped up boss in a shovel and deposited boss in a rubbish bin.

A rubbish bin whose lid when opened let venomous smells out.

And very wisely the cleaner quickly shut the lid of the rubbish bin and squirted antiseptic onto her gloved hands.

"Well I always fancied that floozy skunk Betty Jane and a ride in that shiny black limo," and the possum picked up a squashed mobster hat and got it back into some

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shape. "Looks nicer on me," and the possum whistled Dixie all the way out of the pier keeping time tapping his white stick.

And because he looked old and fragile and a pensioner a kind hearted philanthropist stuffed a \$1000 bill into his coat pocket.

And for the reason he was blind no one tried to stop him leaving quarantine and besides, after meeting a million Farmer Jacks and Eskimos screaming "XXcftdUUU&*****???", customs did not feel like working.

A rumour had been spread it was Sunday so all had gone home in bright yellow taxis.

"Let me help you, I run things about here," and the voice belonged to an oilier voice than Mr Dissipated owned. "Mind you I can provide a hot bath and fancy hire costumes at discount prices for special favourite customers," an ambitious cousin opening the bin lid with a very long broom.

And Mr Dissipated slid out for bins get greasy with germs and decaying black banana skins and wet tights from a Saturday night fling!

And because he was shivering accepted the costume and as one ambitious cousin left the pier a giraffe followed him. Considering it had been short notice and the ambitious cousin had been forced to accept credit, what could Mr Dissipated expect?

A Dracula outfit perhaps?

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“Where is everyone?”” Stephanie disappointed there was no adoring spectators and autograph hunters when her rowing boat arrived. She was royalty, a queen in a creamy fur coat and beginning to feel the heat.

And the sound of a very long whip was heard as That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman got the rowers organised. Stephanie’s and witches with bull whips carried lots of leather luggage you know and believed in eating sausages, alligator flavoured.

So pretty soon pools of sweat had formed on the pier as the hundred rowers formed a safari line with suitcases and deep baths on their heads.

“Ge up,” That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman as she encouraged movement on the safari line and at the end of the line a wheeled two seated throne.

“Cur that blooming hurts,” was heard a hundred times as the penguins began to shuffle out of the pier pulling a throne where Stephanie and that witch sat.

“Autograph please,” Mr President grovelling his way into a usable renewable energy source, penguins was cheaper than drilling for black gold.

And Stephanie so overcome gave him a big kiss and Mr President was lucky That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman did not turn him into something careless dog owners leave on pavements for decent citizens to slip on; and end up paralysed in a wheel chair.

I will tell freely there was something funny going in between Stephanie and that fox?

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And Mr President always the charmer jingled cask in his deep pockets of his velvet outdoor Harrods sports jacket with a family badge on the pocket; and white handkerchief sticking out of course.

Cash given him by That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman for street maps of New York; and a Pepper Spray to ward off muggers. A useless artefact for she had a clicking thumb and penguin engines always needed replacement!

But Mr President was president because he kissed babies and helped grannies cross free ways, or should?

At least he had left the drawing room and its dark secrets and some strange piles of bones and not a berry seed to be seen.

“Hot dogs covered in mustard, tortillas in salsa, gherkins in sour cream,” an usherette shouted and Mr President bought the ladies one of each for he was a charmer and knew polar bears with biceps that big, and the lady owning the whip where not ladies and he wanted to remain Mr President, for an ambitious cousin was planning to substitute him, wasn’t that so?

And as the penguin owners passed into Central Park the hot dog seller grinned, and then vanished leaving the stall and real trader tied underneath the stall.

“Mmmrph,” the trader wants you to know but as it is untranslatable we will just leave the trader in the gutter. A gutter that is full of a weeks trash, needles with disease, razor blades covered in blood the police are seeking, spent cartridges and empty XXX tins and of course, American famous roaches.

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“Oh my tummy aches,” was heard behind some bushes as Mr President was full of Nova Virus for he had been on a cruise ship and bought deliberately infected hot dogs and tortillas hadn’t he? From a trader with a bushy tail who wanted his job.

And out of spite That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman turned every hot dog seller into American wooden cigar Indians and that is why there is one outside every drugs store in New York.

As for Stephanie she borrowed the whip and took out her colic on some defenceless penguins, a hundred in fact except one, that favourite of That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman who had learned to cock a do da do.

The one that always got tit bits while his penguin friends went hungry for Stephanie just saw penguins as sesame bun fillers so didn’t care for them well. They had no drinking bottles or straw to make warm beds for themselves at night.

And when she fed them threw them a tin of sardines and stood back laughing as there was a hundred of them weren’t there, and she kept the tin opener for a laugh.

And although New York had the seven deadly sins already, it had just got infected with neap blight that affected pumpkins as wasn’t choosy.

And there was Badger’s Blight that crossed gened from a dictator to a raccoon so when the fur ever grew back would have white and green spots.

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Not to mention all the tourist diseases the farmers and Eskimos had, for they had been to Iceland on the voyage over and where full of Icelandic Plague that made you mad for XXX and did pay any price for it.

“Jingle all the way to bank,” an ambitious cousin happily sang as he went to the bank and since he paid decent wages, two muck rakers didn’t mind carrying him on their crossed brooms. “Soon those two will vote me Mr President,” he dreamed as well and now we see this ambitious young fox suffers from sinuse problems or would not suffer the smell of the brooms; those brooms used for lion muck raking.

And Mr Dissipated was still in his giraffe suit but since he hadn’t had that bath, no one would let him in the black shiny limo with a possum in the back seat smoking one of his Cubans.

And goes to show you a truth in employees better not take advantage of the boss feeling ill; which means what happens when the boss gets better?

But possums weren’t ever the brightest creations under the stars, but they were created for a purpose of course, to be slothful and hang upside down under branches all day and snore all night and need the toilet just as you walked under them for they knew about possum strew.

So why were they created anyway? Who knows, tomorrow tomorrow