

One Stripe

Central Park

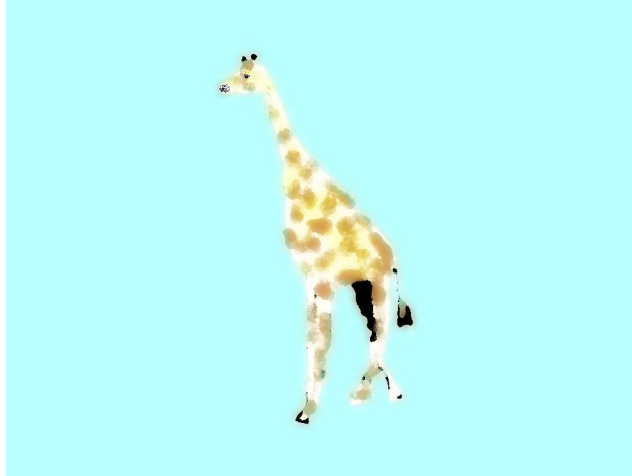


Illustration 25: There was lions about and crazy farmers so the Giraffe knew it was steak.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful park with a lake for nice children interested in navigation to sail their model boats. It was also a place for bothered disturbed delinquents to let free their tropical fish. How kind of them the piranhas would breed in the reeds and swarms of them then descend upon the sailors; and sailor went on to grow into a film producer and was responsible for the film ‘Piranhas and Lana Sue wrestling hogs nude.’

Such a lovely park it was, some fine oaks home to American grey squirrels and woodpeckers and brand new kites fouled up in the branches. And something sinister loitered the tree branches, kite owner who had not bought life insurance from an ambitious cousin or a ladder.

With their kite lines wrapped about high electricity lines and explains the many ashy remains at the bottom of trees; the human lovers that choose the wrong tree to eat each other against. So locals called the trees ‘Amittyville Oaks,’ and him responsible for ‘Piranha and Lana Jane’ was inspired to right the film ‘Lana Sue sun

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bathes in Amittyville Haunted Cemetery nude.'

Something had to be done about those kite strings but no right thinking electricity repair man would venture into some areas of Central Park; there were no go areas there and they had seen the Amittyville films and their hair had turned white with FEAR.

For someone in the back cinema seats had whispered, "A headless horseman lives in Central Park and gets his horse to neigh loudly, just before it tramples you too mush.

It was also said a raccoon ran those areas and you did recognise him instantly as he wore pinstripes and black and white alligator shoes.

That was once upon a time before a brave badger led his believers to New York. More than two of each beast came off the SS Marie Celeste for it had been a long voyage with only a stop at Iceland, where they met a demented polar bear called Stephanie and she was the only one of her kind so only one polar bear came ashore. But those frolicking penguins certainly knew how to pass the time so Stephanie would never run out of sesame bun fillers for sure.

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"If you want to sell hot dogs here you need a licence?" Mr President had written so the human vendor seller could understand. It had been a brilliant idea to use a children's alphabet picture book to be able to communicate with humans.

And the vendor looked down at Mr President and shouted something to nearby vendors selling candy floss and chilli wraps.

"Ha he ha he," and Mr President didn't need any children's books to understand the vendor was taking the Mickey out of him. No one took the Mickey out of the

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President of Central Park Animal Reservation, certainly not a seller of hot dogs who had never heard of the association before now; in fact either had we.

A seller of hot dogs that were if truth be told *stretchy* and 'Made in China' was stamped on the underside; product of Ho Sin Plastic Factory No: 5674, Shanghai.

Food that reminded Mr President some things a fox just didn't eat; dogs being one of them.

You see the president had already made up his mind about the vendor; someone who should be disconnected from society. It was genocide, Rover and the dogs deserved better than to end up between a bun.

"Click," it was Mr President summoning the body guard, those that allowed small people to browbeat big people. And Rover appeared in a standardised usherette uniform.

"Ha ha," the human vendor and added, "here what's this?" As behind Rover a mole in a frilly pink dress appeared shoving a shrew forward. Behind them was the biggest eagle he ever had seen; and worse the eagle was doing Hip hop and he was good at it too.

Then someone threw a sesame bun at the vendor and it bounced off his head. Unfortunately it took the man's curly wig and the beasts broke into laughter. The human had a wart in the middle of his bald head. The vendor also was groaning as the sesame bun filling had bitten him.

"Click," the human vendor getting his strength back as in this part of the world everyone had a cousin who had a cousin and just like that a hundred vendors where

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behind the bald human with that insufferable self promoting wart. (Because it was so well, prominent to be polite?)

And guess what?

There were a million animals and one strode past the president.

“My hero,” Mr Vice President and ran after the badger and on the way tripped, a fox had accidentally left his right foot in the way to be mean of course as he hoped harm would befall the delightful bat.

Now because the bat had been running when it should have been flying bounced this way and that and ended up stuck head first in the bald man’s mouth because he was about to chew famous American gum.

So complete silence descended upon the park; this was decisive moment in the annuals history.

“Here you can’t stand about here,” a ferret shouted at the human vendors from behind.

“Ha he ha he,” the humans turning seeing what had spoken. It was a ferret and it was holding a plastic red shovel and the animal looked as IF it had mucked caked all over it, and worse swarms of *big juicy blue bottles, ones that you just saw on a mess on the street walk, and now you see them on your hot dog.*

“Yes so clear off quick,” a weasel added.

“Ha he ha he,” the humans seeing a weasel who had been pushing a garbage bin on wheels, but since the bin’s lid was off a foul odour of rubbish wafted towards the

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men and women as vendoring is an equal sex opportunity, and the waft enveloped the humans, it also flanked them so it really got up their nostrils.

It got inside their vests too so they scratched and dreamed of baths with their yellow rubber ducks. Girlfriends would have been better and some did dream of them, the married vendors of course.

“Grrrhowl,” was now heard many times.

And the badger picked up the children’s picture book and showed the vendor what he meant.

“Now you are in the soup.”

But the vendor thumbed the book and showed the badger new pictures.

“We pay Mr Dissipated for protection and no one messes with Mr Dissipated,” the pictures explained.

“Grrrrhowl,” was getting nearer.

So was a giraffe covered in tranquilliser needles shot at him by concerned vets thinking he must go back to the zoo? Only IF he had that children’s book, then he could have thumbed pages and shown them, “I am a raccoon.”

And a big black shiny limo was seen getting close with stouts, coyotes and mountain lions in pin striped suits standing on the limo’s running boards; worse they were musicians for they carried violin cases.

“Ha he ha he,” the vendor and he stuffed the hot dog into his mouth, nine inches long the dog was and it squeezed yellow mustard and onions everywhere.

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And some of those juicy big flies were eaten too, just one would have done to keep him in the loo all night.

Now as IF by a signal every vendor present did the same and soon mustard was running down the back of animals, and none went to waste for Hot Dog ingredients tasted much nicer than berries.

But the black shiny limo never got any closer for the giraffe feeling ill from all those tranquillisers had sat on the green soft grass. It was watching model planes above as sitting on the grass without a floozy giraffe is boring, so had to do something to take its mind of an unsettled stomach

“Grrrrhowl,” and sounded really near.

“Here there are were-wolfs in America is there?” A Farmer Jack who did not need a children’s picture book to convoy his FEAR to the vendors who were wondering why the black shiny limo had stopped for they associated it with Mr Dissipated.

“Remember our protection money Mr Dissipated,” each hundred vendors thought expecting his monies worth of beatings to fall upon the animals.

But then they didn’t know the secret of the sitting down giraffe did they?

“Grrrrhowl,” and a fuzzy wassy lion appeared behind a bush so it’s main appeared green and some mustard dribbled down its face and a comic page showing the were-wolf of Alaska had blown onto the end of the lion’s snout.

“I was right there are were-wolves in America,” the Framer Jack and screamed.

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“Help me gad of please spare me,” is what the Farmer Jack screamed IF you were interested.

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” an Eskimo asked for they and the farmers had formed a union, ‘The Neaps and Seal Farmers Association.’

“Here what is an Eskimo doing here in Central Park?” The vendor seeing a chance to sell nice ice lollies to a man covered in furs but never got the chance to lift the lid of the ice cream freezer.

The were-wolf behind the bush had jumped him and landed on the vendors’ shade too protect customers from the sunshine and got stuck there. A good thing for the vendor who screamed and did a bunk.

“Oh help me gad there is a man eating tiger stuck on my barrow,” is what the vendor screamed and showed he had never visited a zoo or he did know what a tiger looked like the Burke.

It looked like the thing chasing him wanting to eat him for vendors tasted better than berries you know.

Then a hundred penguins appeared pulling a giant edifice carved out of building cement blocks careless sky scraper builders had left loitering a building site.

That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman sat on the left throne and Stephanie the polar bear on the right throne.

“Crack,” went Stephanie’s long whip.

“Shriek,” the penguins on that side.

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“Crack,” went That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman’s whip of equal length; because they did not want to get jealous of each other and do horrid things to their friendship.

“Yokes,” the penguins this side.

And the whips went all the way down to the front penguins who moaned and groaned to show you that there was no escaping them malevolent whips embedded with nails and broken glass and soaked in chilli.

It was just penguins getting encouragement so never mind, nothing to worry about.

Now it was pretty nerve wrecking all those vendors watching a stopped shiny black limo wondering when they did get returns on Mr Dissipated’s voluntary stipends. They should have been watching the giraffe that had miraculously recovered because there is nothing tastier in Central Park than giraffe steak to sixteen lions, one tiger and all those cubs that had grown some so were now ravenous teenagers.

And we know what teenagers are; they eat, lie, shop lift, abuse drugs, frolic in your bed while you play golf and use your credit cards. Just as well that giraffe can run fast.

“There is still time to buy a vendor licence to work this Central Park Animal Reservation,?” Mr President seeing he was losing a sale.

“Who made this a reservation, I don't see no Indians,” the vendor.

“He did,” the fox passing the blame onto the dictator in case of violence.

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And the vendor seeing Mr Dissipated wasn't doing anything to protect him tore up the offered licence and made Mr President eat the bits; and worse the vendor was one of these types who went behind bushes and never washed his hands after.

"Cough cough," Mr President and all the animals stood still, shocked to the bone.

"Now all can see he is a fox and nothing from the stars," an ambitious cousin hoping to be the next Mr President so showed no kind words.

"Here that is Mr President," a ferret that had never been to the stars so didn't know what foxes there looked like, so used his shovel on the vendor to show he was literate.

"Yes, one who tells us to eat berries and when to rake muck," a weasel and emptied the contents of the bin on the vendor taking his spite out on the human.

Just as well for what a stink, even lions can't eat anything that green so left the vendor alone.

But the million animals seeing what the two loyal friends had done, recovered from their shock and went rabid.

Tongues hung out at weird angles and saliva flowed freely. Eyes were wide and glazed and "grrrrrs" and "hoots" and "barks" and "loud smelly windies" were heard.

So much the terrified humans ran all the way to Central Park Zoo and locked themselves in the cages.

"We are safe from those crazy were-wolves out there," it just takes one vendor.

"Grrrr," came from the cages and "mummy," from the vendors.

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And Mr President catered for them for he charged an admission fee to see the vendors perform gladiatorial spectacles with ferocious, ‘Wild dangerous animals of America.’ He wrote in picture on their cages.

“Somehow he always survives?” An ambitious cousin and spat the words out full of extreme dislike.

And when the last lion had moved to the boating lake followed by the two muck rakers trying to do their job the black limo moved at last.

“I am Languid, welcome to America, this is Betty Jane, she will teach you all there is,” and the possum stood slowly aside so a black stockinged skunk leg came out of the limo.

A million mouths dropped and pools of saliva formed on the grass.

“I am going blind,” a shrew and was kicked violently for looking at the sort of skunk that loiters street corners now standing beside the possum.

“Welcome boys,” the skunk and winked. Of course she did not signify who the wink was for so the shrew groaned moaned and doubled up again.

“She likes me,” a farmer who no longer considered the Eskimo a friend but rival in affection.

“XXcftdUUU&*****???,” the Eskimo who had been watching Propaganda so pretty soon the farmer was moaning and groaning, really putting it on when it was only taps the Eskimo was giving out. Drumming the farmer’s head with his seal fur

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boots, and keeping good rhythm on his belly with his warm walrus gloves, and tapping the rest of him with his shovel he used to build an igloo with.

“Oh my Gad save me from this bloodthirsty savage and I will never eat a neap again,” the farmer and was telling the truth, he hated neaps, sheep ate neaps, he ate sheep covered in Rosemary and mint, after buying the mutton from a super market of course.

And the floozy skunk lit a long big Cuban the possum had in his mouth. Being a possum he knew about conglomerate take over's, there was no need to rush them; he had the immigrants eating berries out of his hand already. Home grown berries that had that extra tango zest.

And to make sure the immigrants knew who the real President was, stuffed a handful of green dollar bills down the cleavage of a floozy skunk called Betty Jane.

Then he had his boys give cigars to everyone, never mind the raccoon had bought them.

And in the distance a giraffe had climbed a tree to be safe from teenagers was now shaking its arms at the possum, but at this distance it might have been a pig flying in the sky.