

One Stripe

The President of the USA



Illustration 26: A stink BOMB perhaps?

Once upon a time Central Park became a no go area to visitors to the zoo, so Mr President suffered losses.

“It is the fault of that no good badger One Stripe,” he swore and pulled tufts of fur from his temple so he shouted “Ouch,” many times and hopped about. At least he was not blaming that ambitious cousin.

A cousin who had paid penguins sardines out of tins fallen off a lorry. A lorry destined for the zoo restaurant; anyway the penguins had laboured twenty four hours a day to tunnel to the lion pens.

‘10\$ a show, see penguins tame hungry lions and one tiger.’ A sign at the end of the tunnel and it was plastered across subways by penguins paid two tins; for subways is dangerous places.

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Why the ambitious cousin had so many spare tins and why in the Central Park public toilet cubicles penguins were making sardine sandwiches for the hungry human visitors, all come to see penguin's tame lions and one tiger.

"America is not the Land of opportunity," the President was heard between howls as he plucked fur away for no one was coming to see the gladiatorial contests.

Penguins was in, why that ambitious fox was selling penguin dolls that squirted red stuff just like the penguins taming the lions did.

And one day many black Apache gunship helicopters blackened the sky. And hundreds of men in black suits were running up the road to the zoo in Central Park. Runners who were past it, they had big bellies and were sweating something so the air hummed as it was a hot summers day.

Why Stephanie was sun bathing in a bikini on the grass so all the runners gawked at her and collided into each other.

They could not believe what they were seeing? It was pure ugly whatever it was?

And Stephanie always willing to tantalise admirers rolled up some fur to show a well shaven leg.

And that is when the black limo the runners were protecting went out of control and hit the zoo gates.

And the doors of the limo opened and sixty men in black came out and surrounded it and a US Marine Band came out of the boot and played the National Anthem of America. And because the men in black were so tall no one could see the tiny black woman standing on a shoe box.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the President of America," and where the megaphone came from?

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Now One Stripe knew all about ceremony, the zoo offices had cable television that accepted nickels. These he had many as a possum had been helping the great dictator send out his beasts in company's, platoons, brigades and regiments to fleece the God given land of America.

It was two-faceness on the part of the badger. Mr Languid was too blame of course, he came daily with magazines full of pictures of pink Cadillacs, cruise liners, mansions with sixteen swimming pools, one for each lion to amuse unwanted guests.

And mobile phones that you could watch TV from Outer Mongolia. It was a consumer's dream land and the animals understood the pictures, why they could read, except for two muck rakers who spent all day cleaning up after them lions that ate too much.

And berries were slowly coming off the menu, so much that the birds for their safety were put in cages. And the humans came and bought them and carried them away in cages, of course with newspaper stuck over the cage so none could see the occupants.

And "5% of the profit for you, a deal, cool, ziggy do da," an ambitious cousin and spat on a badger's paw and rubbed his own in it. Then got beaten up good as the badger was the dictator and not all that set in American ways.

Then Mr Vice President showed the ambitious cousin the back door that had a fire roll down safety ladder, American style, except it had not been maintained so did not roll down.

"It was worth it, 95% to me, where is that skunk Betty Jane, ah here she is," and he dreamed of more Betty's'; Betty Lola, Betty Annabelle, Betty Priscilla, Betty Elizabeth and much more and did not share his dreams with the skunk in case the

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moll was of a jealous nature and took him to the vet, after doping him up good.

“Ha ho he ha ho,” and was Mr President having a good laugh over the crutches been handed too his ambitious cousin for the ladder when rolled out was sixty feet long.

“Never mind him, soon I will be Mr President and dictator,” the ambitious cousin allowing Betty Jane to put him in the back seat of HIS own black limo.

A limo that was two inches short in length of Mr Languid's black limo and not be suspicious of the aspiring ambitious cousin.

And at the zoo front gates the dictator formed up lines of penguins’ to be inspected by the greatest woman in the world, The President of America, of course on her shoe box carried along by men in black.

And the dictator thinking this an American trait had two loyal friends carry him on the lid of a bin.

A bin they had left nearby unfortunately.

“Sniff,” the most power fullest woman in the world.

And Mr Vice President flew up and handed her a handkerchief and she screamed. Being the most power fullest woman she knew all about bats, they carried rabies and got stuck in your expensive hair do.

And men in black came and stuck Mr Vice President in a shoe box and handed him to white robed scientists that had appeared out of loud thump thump thump music.

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“Animals must be quarantined, that reminds me how long did you spend there?”

She asked the dictator by having a man in black show the badger pictures from a book.

And for effect the badger scratched here and there as a badger cub now one of those teenagers smoked something illegal behind an open garbage bin.

And men in black know what illegal stuff smells like so put Shining Sun in a bigger shoe box. ‘Police Property.’ Was labelled on the box and was not in pictures so the animals remained calm.

Just as well for the men in black for there were millions of animals for “NO MORE SAUSAGES”, was now a by word in American animal culture. Pictures from books explaining the dictator’s ideology had appeared in billboards and on ads on cable TV as well.

But One Stripe was reading too many magazines left in dentist waiting rooms so had affected him. Then he had a great teacher, a possum called Languid who made sure floozy American girl raccoons were always manicuring the dictator’s claws.

A girl raccoon was as good as a girl badger, and better she was patriotic and home grown.

And the dictator was wearing his best superman tights to impress the greatest woman in the world and she was impressed.

“Who are these loonies?” She kept asking her men in black.

“We have many shoe boxes mam,” the stone faced men replied.

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“Is that a possum?” Was her reply for Mr Languid had slothfully joined the dictator for he wanted some of the lime light.

And in the distance a giraffe had climbed down a tree and was coming over.

“Is that a giraffe?” The President of America blinking her eyes so the men in black lifted her shoe box up and gave her sun glasses to see better.

“Listen IF you agree to sell me Central Park back at \$00.01 a hectare I will give you land, heaps full of green grass and giant red cedars. But you must leave Central Park forever, do you understand?” And the men in black made finger talk with the badger.

“How much is that?” The badger asked the possum and asked the wrong being. A possum that always came bottom of the class. A possum who by deceit wore the pin stripe suit that belonged to a raccoon in a torn and shredded giraffe suit.

“We will be well-heeled,” Mr Languid who said that to cover up the sluggish workings of his mind. And it was a lie and even the ambitious cousin knew how many hectares Central Park occupied, exactly ten, so he should be avoided as well in case the animals threw out the badger and made the cousin dictator.

“It is a hundred hectares, don’t sign,” Mr President and was a bit nearer the truth so should be listened too for a hundred sounded like a lot of money so the animals were happy One Stripe was negotiating on their behalf.

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“Are you trying to cheat us, we animals know how to count,” and the badger instructed the two loyal friends to show the powerful woman ever the reply in that children’s book.

And flies followed the friends so distracted the most powerful woman ever, even more powerful than that skunk Betty Jane. So men in black appeared and sprayed the two loyal friends and flies of course.

“Cur bet that stings,” the animals amazed at this show of raw power and a squadron of Top Guns flew past playing movie music, and the animals knew all the planes were piloted by one famous movie star for they had been to the movies.

And because the president was distracted she added, “I will throw in a year’s supply of Mad, Readers Digest and National Geographic IF you sign.”

“Don’t forget House Beautiful, the Vogue,” and many news prints were added as many animals could read these days because of one children picture book, that was copied laboriously every night by devoted beasts to prop up learning.

And some like an ambitious cousin knew the secrets of printing but remained quite, till the right opportunity would arise then he would fleece his kind, of course for he was Mr Benny Creep.

“Sign here,” a man in black and gave this page gilded in gold to the dictator to sign.

X.

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But the most powerful lest woman did not sign, just like that she was away in a dust cloud as her black limo exited the zoo gates.

“We are really going to a land of sunshine,” the great dictator feeling a twinge of guilt for his new evil ways. A land where baby badgers could eat all the worms they did want, and wren eggs too, that made the badger wonder If wrens lived in America?

And If the eggs tasted any different. So remorse did not last long. And was all the fault of a wren stirring soup that had fallen into her soup that had given berry soup a new taste and meaning; remember her in the kitchens of the SS Marie Cceleste, no, never mind she is past soup anyway.

And excitement flowed through the zoo as animals started packing for an ambitious cousin had shown all his version of the children’s book.

‘Spring and Summer catalogue,’ it was called and sold many tartan suitcases as well as alligator ones. Never mind there were plenty of alligator farms in Florida and he owned many too. After all he had too put his profits from the penguin and lion shows some place safe.

And several Caesars packed as well.

“Make sure my brand new trainers don’t get dirty,” Crassus was instructing some local help how to pack his new belongings. Belongings a woman president had showered the animals with to get them to leave Central Park.

Trainers, radios, mobile phones, portable satellite television the size of a match box, lap top computers, fridges full of sweets, burgers and crisps, and money to buy

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‘Made in America’ gadgets such as the Magnums to help birth control.

“What do I get?” A buzzard planning to make his come back on Broadway and opened his shoe box and saw nothing.

Just an empty box so burst into tears for the buzzard had become more demented and insane than Crassus Caesar. Someone had stolen his goody bag.

And behind a bush a giraffe had opened it and was chewing the gum found.

“These limeys wouldn’t know what to do with it anyway?” The giraffe and let's hope it gets constipation for swallowing the gum for being nasty.

That buzzard never did a wrong thing to that raccoon. But never mind this is America and there were piles of shoe boxes with goody bags in them. Why several black limos had driven up all day and the boxes could be seen floating in the boat pond.

Even the lions had stopped making the penguins jump through loops of fire for the pens were knee deep in shoe boxes.

And soon the zoo was a heaven of sound as whistles blew, party poppers went off and radios blared the latest in screeching rock.

“I dreamed of this day when I would stand on American soil,” Adolph the bat and because he was kneeling kissing the dirt never noticed many keen shoppers pass over him on their way to a Spring and Summer catalogue sale.

“Ha ha,” Iddi and ran over him as well, a thing he did never dare to do IF Adolph's face wasn’t making an impression on the grass.

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And was the last laugh he had as late shoppers arrived for the ambitious cousin was an entrepreneur, IF the goods could not get to the buyers, then the buyers would come to his goods.

At this very moment Grey Hound buses were unloading at the zoo gates humans hungry for bargains. Hadn't the most powerful woman in the world given them all shoe boxes with goofy bags in? To encourage them to leave to the Promised Land that had more shoe boxes. So many boxes they just happened to lie on wooden picnic tables with a penguin at each table, and the penguin had been taught how not to give change by an ambitious cousin.

And he had promised each penguin a swimming pool packed with ice in the new promised land that The Most Powerful Woman never had given them.

They just needed to pack up and leave.

And just how where they going to travel a thousand miles across America? All by themselves perhaps, ha ha.

When pigs could fly maybe, but those Grey Hound buses just hadn't come with buyers, many had roof racks and luggage compartments on the side of the buses.

It was called profit and there was a place humans called Central Station where cattle trucks waited and the straw hadn't been changed.

So was no longer yellow and smelled of what cows do.

"Welcome limey animals," was in picture language in each cattle wagon and plastic flowers stuck in the splinters, to add a homely effect of course.

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And because the place smelled bad of its last occupants, air fresher had been used and it was not ozone friendly either.

But it was cheap.

And in the bullet proof gardens belonging to a gigantic white building, the female president told her fellow Americans the problem of the unquarantined animals had been taken care of. Giraffes just didn't roam about Central Park, my they had to be washed first, given jabs for measles and then a howdah put on them for kids to ride at \$20 a time, and a giraffe keeper with an electric prod would stand nearby to make sure the giraffe was timid and balanced on one leg as parents took pictures with digital mobile phones.

And in the sky a pink air balloon shaped as a pig floated.

'Eat zoo burgers,' was in flashing neon on it, so who said "Pigs can't fly?"