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The two Caesars want more.



Illustration 27: Mrs Raccoon was a real good thief.

Once upon a time there were two real malcontent's fed up with what they had been blessed with in life. You know the type, the dreamers and schemers that start off with a barrow selling what they stole on washing lines. Then that end up with mega stores for you to work in sixteen hours a day, and worse the tea given is tea dust and the coffee almost pure caffeine to keep you awake, and IF you are awake you can work an extra hour.

Out of loyalty of course.

And the cattle trucks were overcrowded and had no amenities such as the SS Marie Celeste offered. There were no toilets or showers and kitchens to brew berry wren soup. Just large wooden boxes that rattled all day and squeaked all night. Dried out straw that poked you places, in the eye, and other places, in the nostrils, and other

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places, in the neighbour's places.

And Crassus and Eye had been thrown in the same box, a smaller box where the train engineer kept his tools for they had demanded, "This is no way to treat Caesars," and did not have the picture book so the American men in black and dark sun glasses fearing them socialists separated them from the others. Why they got their own box to travel in didn't they? And got to eat separate also the bird seed thrown carelessly about for to the men in black all animals are pigeons that pooh all over Central Park.

The centre of the world and knew limey land was on the other side of the tracks and New Zealand, well some said it was another name for Holland.

And pigeons eat bird food and that was that, ten tonnes were bought for the thousand mile ride to the RESERVATION so cannibalism was almost encouraged but saved by soup makers falling into the soup from the rocking of the train. And some said cut-throats had helped them fall in.

And to the animals the seed was some sort of mini berry; and to the Americans it was great stuff, stuff that went pop when you heated it and smeared it in several flavours.

Such as chocolate, toffee and banana Sunday; but no one had bothered to give the animal wagons cookers or bottles of mint sauce or ketchup, had they or the animals JUST might have been happy.

So the animals were especially frustrated for many dreamed of eating each other for the word BERRY was enough to make one plan and dream evil by some who saw a chicken, well as a chicken covered in gravy and stuffing coming out of soup; lovely.

And the chickens saw that hungry look in their carnivorous neighbours' eyes and did what chickens do best.

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Made chicken noises and pecked the floor of the wooden cattle trucks and messed everything up.

They were chickens and nothing else and because they bred like squirrels were not missed as they disappeared into the soup.

And a giraffe saw his chance for the men in black separated it also for they did not like the look of the giraffe; it was torn and shredded and smelled bad so threw it on the roof of a cattle truck where it was bitterly cold because of the rushing jet stream.

Poor giraffe.

“Here you two want to share Roma between you,” for the raccoon Mr Dissipated knew how to heal wounds for his own advantage, so the two pretenders in the tool box listened.

“That is a spanner and you put it there and turn it,” Mr Dissipated becoming intimidating for it was obvious these two had never done a day’s manual work in their lives’; and were proud of it.

Whereas Mr Dissipated had come out of the sewers where he belonged for he still smelled; and worse spoke as IF someone had removed the marbles from his mouth. He was common, someone to send out and trap lions and build an amphitheatre with; someone to be the official food taster.

So the two Caesars regarded the funny looking giraffe as one does a muck raker and the giraffe did not hold the two royal persons highly either.

IF they were true Caesars were then the slaves cleaning their teeth and places? More importantly where were the women feeding them grapes and dancing about on poles?

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There was none, but the giraffe needed men and these two well, just, might pass as men.

And after a while the tool box lid came away and revealed a horrid sight within.

A buzzard with feathers glued to him in the wrong places but he wore a maple leaf crown.

“Bow,” the buzzard demanded rising so revealed its neck was still bare of feathers and looked like a vulture and besides, there isn’t much difference between the two birds, they are both capable of swooping out of the sun and steal the Chi Wa Wa sneaking up on the neighbour’s poodle.

Then this wolfy looking thing stands up and you can see the insane look in its eyes and belief straight away were-wolves sexist.

“Bow,” the wolfy thingy demands and holds out a paw for kissing.

“Has ha ha ha ha,” the giraffe and was a bad mistake.

But the were-wolfy thingy wasn’t the only one with an insane look, the buzzard had suddenly developed a maniacally look belonging to a stir fry cooker doing noodles in curry sauce in a hot back street in the outback of Australia, and he is so hot and his last bottle of fizz had a drowned fly in it. Will the hot stir fry cooker drink it and risk dysentery or worse mild stomach pain. We all know where flies hang out don’t we?

And because the giraffe was laughing so much for this was America where some men are born rich and others like a raccoon must wear a giraffe suit for a while.

And he who was laughing did not notice the gap between him and them had closed so suddenly he was no longer laughing on the roof.

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He was singing and it just started to rain too, for it always does in America when someone sings outside.

Howling, screeching like raccoons do so the Caesars were amazed a giraffe could do that so stopped throttling for they had been entertained.

“We make you the official children’s hour,” the buzzard and sat back too watch.

“We make you the official chamberlain,” the wolfy thingy for being a mammal was smarter than a buzzard so was thinking ahead for there hadn’t been much space in that tool box.

“Here this is the land of one and the same opportunity,” the giraffe after he had finished wheezing for breath, of course for they had stopped throttling him hadn’t they?

“That’s OK you can do both jobs,” the buzzard and stepped out of the box and the giraffe was ill for he saw the birds bottom had only a few glued feathers on it. And swore “Gad hear me IF I get out of this mess I will be vegetarian, of oh please spare me and save my soul,” but Gad knew he was lying so let him be.

And Eye strode over him in a regal fashion, as IF a queen had been told her clothes were invisible and was opening parliament, and they were invisible for the queen had been duped.

“Yucky,” the members of parliament for they were a rude uneducated bunch good for shouting insults at each other only.

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And as Eye strode his talons gripped here and shredded there and the wolfy thingy not to be left behind jumped out of the box, and landed on the giraffe and bit him there and here for there was only pigeon food in the box. That explains why the buzzard was full so his belly was extended and he was burping and winding smelling the place up, or to be precise smelling the giraffe up under him up.

Poor giraffe', never mind about seven months to Christmas.

And in the first class cattle trucks Farmer Jacks and Eskimos heard the screaming and said, "There are definitely were-wolves in America," so stayed in their boxes that had a bucket at one end and complained to each other that there was no buffet car and no seats.

There was video television in the coaches that took them to football internationals, and what was good for a rusty coach with squeaky worn out brakes and no suspension, well must be good for a train owned by a Train Barron.

He that lived the good life on a yacht in the Bahamas while you didn't.

But a dictator heard the screaming and was curious so sent Mr President out to investigate. That was the wisest thing to do for the screaming was unpleasant, high pitched and needing silenced quickly.

And the badger was a dictator because he had seen roast chicken in the eyes of his president. "That is a giraffe IF I ever heard one, ever chewed on juicy giraffe leg?" And these are the words the badger whispered to his president, whispered in case chickens and their like might over hear and become excited and un co-operative.

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So Mr President with glazed eyes dreaming of chewing crawled onto the roof of the cattle truck.

“Hello uncle, what brings you up here?” An ambitious cousin who did not have a glazed look in his eyes so was able to think quickly.

And so pushed his uncle off the roof with threes words, “Bye.”

But two loyal; friends because of their job had been sent to the underside of the cattle trucks caught the president with these words, “Probably just another boss to order us about,” the ferret wondering IF he should let the fox go.

“That is Mr President, he will reward us by letting us live topside with the others were we will no longer be outcasts, lonely and unloved, never getting a cuddle or a present on birthdays and having all this stuff run through the wooden cattle truck floors on us, (for only first class had buckets),” a weasel said wishfully.

“Here pull me up,” the president and had second thoughts when he found himself amongst the lion muck rakers.

“You climb up on the roof and see IF my dangerous ambitious cousin is still there?” The President ordered the ferret.

“You heard him Cedric,” the ferret mentioning his loyal friends name just once, for he did not like the word ‘dangerous’, and there was a limit to friendship.

‘He called me Cedric, he truly is my friend,’ and the Burke of a weasel climbed up and yes the ambitious dangerous cousin was still there. And it was a life threatening

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situation for others had joined him, a giraffe with a wolfy thingy chewing its leg and Eye.

“Master,” the weasel seeing Eye and threw himself down on the roof.

And there cleaned the buzzards feet with his eating parts, it was disgusting, that buzzard had been cooped up in a tool box for days.

With an untrained wolfy thingy.

And the giraffe cheered a bit for now he had three idiots to serve him, IF only he could retrieve his leg from the wolfy thingy.

“Child I appoint you official royal teacher, so teach this subject how to be the official children’s entertainer and official chamberlain,” Eye said to the weasel and strode on for the tool box had been at the end of the train.

And Eye didn’t think the weasel smelled for he had got used to being in a tool box for days. Besides the jet stream was coming from up front, where it passed over a thousand cattle wagons!

This was America were trains had to be big, even the grass grew bigger here and the slugs that ruined your cabbage were enormous, never mind the American ate steaks raw and the slugs with the accompanying salad was a bonus.

And the weasel beamed pride, his mother would be proud of him IF he could remember who mother was.

Animals are a bit loose on the morals you know, they just howl at the moon behind bushes and then baby weasels come out of onions.

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So the weasel went behind the giraffe and booted him along to add discomfort to injury as the wolfy thingy was still gnawing away. Well there isn't much substance in a cotton giraffe suit with 'Eat at Joe's' stitched across the back.

"Here friend what is happening up there?" A ferret called up and a president had unnoticed crawled away so he was clinging onto the other side of the cattle wagon. Clinging desperately as passing branches massaged him really good.

"Groan," he moaned often but was not heard because of the 'chug ga chug chug' sound the train was making really loud. "Help me, oh gad help me and I will never eat another chicken, never sell an empty goody bag to a child again, just save me please," he added too but no one heard him as Gad had heard it all before so was more interested in the two loyal friends who seemed to be getting a break at last.

"Here I am official teacher and I make you one too, we have too teach this giraffe with that furry gnawed leg how to be the official children's hour and the official chamberlain; and do you know what those jobs are?" The weasel asked his friend.

"Yes you are doing fine," the ferret and started booting also for that is all they knew about teaching with fond memories.

"Get in there and clean that lion's muck," Black Fur the ferret shouted and remembered and being booted into the lions cage full of hungry lions, Gad thank you for being so starved I was too skinny to be eaten" the thankful ferret.

"Empty that bin," and Scenting Droppings shouted and remembered fondly being booted hard to encourage him to empty the bin full of swill, and flies of course so he

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was splashed and no one would come near him, except his loyal friend the ferret, “Oh thank you Gad for friendship,” the thankful weasel.

“Here that isn’t any giraffe,” the ambitious cousin lingering like a sore in the shadows waiting for opportunity knocking, “that giraffe has fur on its gnawed leg.”

Which explains why the wolfy thingy was spitting the giraffe leg out. The fur was stringy and made fur balls places so the wolverine was on his knees coughing them up. That will teach the very bad wolverine Crassus Caesar not to be so famished.

And then a president crawled up the side of a cattle truck and confronted his ambitious cousin.

“That is no fox,” the president meaning a fox would not make sausage out of another fox.

At once a wolfy thingy got interested, so did a ferret and a weasel not to mention a buzzard. My ambitious cousin was in good company, in the company of non vegetarians definitely.

“Here that is a penguin,” was the only thing the ambitious cousin could think of and pointed at uncle for all those yellow carnivorous eyes were focused on his legs and chewy bits

“He us the penguin,” and them wanting to chew thingies stopped unable to decide who was the real penguin for they were idiots truly they was.

And it was their rumbling tummies that made them move again.

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And as the hungry ones closed in with sharp yellow teeth, long soiled baked talons, claws that were black and a beak needing sharpening, it seemed curtain time for an ambitious cousin.

‘ANIMAL RESERVATION

YELLOW STONE

FLORIDA SWAMPS’.

(No feeding the alligators.)

Was on a sign post fluctuating from a branch and it made this spiteful resonance as it thudded against those who had forgotten to thank ‘Gad’ for what they were about to tear to pieces and swallow without chewing.

“Hey is that one of my penguins?” Stephanie shouted annoyed one had gone up for a breather. And she wanted the penguin back for on several flat trucks trampoline coverings and underneath one, an edifice with two thrones that needed an equal number of penguins on each side, or the thrones did slop about causing distressful back throbbing.

And because it was dark for clouds had covered up the full moon and silenced the howling coming from bushes in the reservation, Stephanie saw a penguin in front of her and grabbed Mr President and carried him away.

To cattle truck 265 upfront and opened the lid on the roof, a lid used by train inspectors to see if tramps are in the trucks.

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“Down you go,” Stephanie said loudly deliberately wakening the penguins below.

IF she was wide awake, so should others.

At least Mr President got a soft landing for there was no room to lie down. Then it only takes one, one penguin to see what was on its head. Then hundreds of beaks looking up and the train bounced this way and that so many “moans” and “yikes” were heard from Mr President but Stephanie ignored him for she knew he was really a penguin because she had heard an ambition cousin say he was on the roof.

But Stephanie when she wanted could sleep through anything.

And it was whispered she knew that was Mr President and a certain ambitious cousin had been giving her perfume bought at the Central Park Zoo gift shop. And burgers as a sesame bun filler to help her be American. And Stephanie was a woman who did not forget a kindness.

And she slammed the lid down on the cattle wagon full of woken penguins and nothing in there would be sane in the morning.

“She was Stephanie polar bear,

A woman of mystery,

Without a history,

A woman to fear.

A lover of fur coats.

A friend to witches.

She also wore the britches,

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And men friends owning boats.

She was a pin up page.

Shapely for a bear.

Someone's fur coat to wear.

And at her age?

No one dared to ask see.

She was a full-size polar bear see."

And at the end of the train many Caesars and a giraffe were walking on the track
were a sign had left them.

"I heard howling over there?" An ambitious cousin who had been to too many
movies.

"Is there wolves in America?" Crassus Caesar and asked the cousin to show the
other Caesar did not exit so would not ask an illusion.

"Yes," the reply, "I saw the film 'Howling'," the cousin and wished he was not
ambitious and murderous. "Oh Gad save me from the were-wolf and I will be a monk
from now on," he promised.

"Here carry me and then run," Eye the other Caesar and did not look at Crassus for
that Caesar was imaginary. And two loyal friends lifted the buzzard to their shoulders
and ran after the disappearing train.

"Carry me," Crassus demanded of the cousin.

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“Ha ha ha,” the reply as the cousin ran after the other Caesar.

“Here giraffe carry me,” it was worth a try.

“Ha ha ha,” the giraffe and ran after the others for being American knew coyotes, wolves, pumas and bears lived in the woods. And his friend Red Riding Hood would never venture here and why she was called Red is another matter between raccoons and girls who carry heavy hampers. Can you imagine the biceps on that girl?

And Crassus refused to move, he was royalty, a Caesar and it was certainly below his dignity to run.

Then the six pumas, ten coyotes, two dozen wolves and hundred bears set upon him.

But because there was so many and so much dust he escaped and ran after the other Caesar.

What a lucky mangy wolverine.

‘ANIMAL RESERVATION

YELLOW STONE

FLORIDA SWAMPS’.

(No feeding the alligators)

was on a sign above Crassus Caesar.