

One Stripe

The Reservation

Almost the End



Illustration 28: A good mother wanting to feed you to her babies.

‘Plaza for rent, \$1200 monthly, see Mr President,’ and the plaza was exactly that, a mosaic plaza abandoned by human property developers because the water nearby was home to ten zillion mosquitoes and a nature reserve which meant at night beady yellow eyes appeared, eyes that wanted to eat you because they are alligator eyes.

Reptiles that once sneaked into the human plaza swimming pools and lay at the bottom, waiting for the ‘thump thump thump’ as a topless blond floozy woman jumped in chased by the off duty staff,

Needless to say the alligators grew chubby and the mosquitoes spread Yellow

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fever and even the casino that opened could not bring in the punters for tarantulas made their homes in the slot machines.

And it was not a joke instead of coins spilling out onto your feet but a hundred baby spiders, all annoyed because you disturbed them, and because this was the Florida swamps you were in your Bermuda shorts, exposing those spindly hairy legs.

But to those baby spiders nice soft flesh that never visited a gym for a work out. Good rehearsals for baby spider fangs dripping venom. Enough about creepy crawlies that lived in the Florida Swamps because they had been here for generations and did not like new comers. Loud newcomers that left empty crisp bags everywhere.

Berry flavoured empty crisp bags at that.

“Mint roasted lamb crisps,” an old widow leaning on a walking stick at the reservation gates making good money.

A granny that upon closer inspection had a bushy red tail.

‘Ambitious cousin’ was stamped on the underside of the fox.

‘Made in Macau,’ further down, perhaps an ambitious cousin?

“Mmmmm, I need two volunteers to work that bull dozer, some one who believes it is a simple thing to drive, and to save money can learn how to drive at the same time,” Mr President looking out the glassless window at the plaza property office wanting to knock down a line of trees to the beach so tourists could hire his deck chairs there.

A beach that had abandoned beach huts all up and down it.

Forsaken because the baby tarantulas found the slot machines overcrowded and moved there under the coconut palms.

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And he was looking at the road that once upon a time was a road but trees grow quick in the heat.

And it was 110F# in the shade and Mr President was in the shade supping a cool coconut banana strawberry iced drink.

For he had given employment to the penguins who formed a chain gang to the mountains far away in Far Away Land, And they were grateful for without his jobs they did loiter the beach waiting to fill sesame buns up.

Now they had dignity passing buckets of ice and strawberries back to Plaza Land Apartments.

And they didn't get paid; "You get paid when you return," but Mr President had not told them when to return.

And there were grisly bears all the way along to the Far Away Land and were partial to new tastes and so discovered penguins were juicy and full of vitamins.

Just as well Stephanie kept her penguins in boring overcrowded cattle wagons; and we all know bored penguins make more bored penguins to loiter the beach up begging tourists for that spare cash.

Already the President's adverts spread through the cities of the humans were bringing in the crowds.

'No police, come to Plaza Apartments', and another 'Plaza Apartments is full of weed,' and certainly attracted the motor cycle zealots for the beach was loitered in Harley Davidsons, Triumphs and Kawasaki's and weeds. Not to mention the penguins tied to poles or dangling from net ball lines; why? The motorcyclists were throwing their empty XXX tins at them for something to do.

Worse laughing.

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Worse them that missed took out big shiny well polished magnums.

Worse they were going through the penguins at an alarming rate.

“Chicken, that is the answer, they breed like rabbits, cuddly fluffy yellow chicks dangling from net ball lines, yes that is the answer, and charge them more for the target practice and put out a new add, ‘No gun licences required in Plaza Apartments,’ and yes since rabbits breed like rabbits they can dangle too,” Mr President and looked at the brand new \$ bill in his paws.

It had his face on it smoking a big Cuban.

“I am Mr President am not I?” He also picked up Kebab skewered fluffy yellow chicks in hot chilli sauce and wrapped his tongue all over it making disgusting eating noises as well.

And below two loyal friends were following lions and one tiger making muck into brass for when the bin on wheels was full they took it behind the abandoned public toilets and filled up brown bags, then loaded a wagon pulled by a team of penguins to deliver to the nearby human town.

Pictures were stamped on the smelly brown bags.

Translated it said, ‘Mr President’s lion manure, makes them tomatoes grow something and taste real juicy,’ and a picture of the fox was stamped below the text and ‘Home Grown’ also to beat the cheap foreign manure imports.

Who knows what the foreign muck had growing in it and what they had been eating before to make that smelly manure? IT was the texture of muck that made the home grown muck rich in nutrients, those lions were fed penguins. Penguins bought from Stephanie so the bags of manure had to be sold at a price higher than what he bought them for.

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Yes the president was a normal John Do, he thought about himself and not penguin welfare. Them birds was good for only one thing, to work long hours for him and fill sesame burger buns.

And he sold penguins lottery tickets and the winner waved goodbye with a ticket to the North Pole, and two loyal friends would throw her luggage onto the wagon pulled by penguins going to town and a train.

Alligator suitcases she had her bikini stuffed in next to the stolen Plaza towels; and the reptile suitcases would fetch a good price in town you know. Because the two loyal friends did open a door with pictures of humans skating and skiing next to the wagon so the penguins did believe it was the North Pole, and the penguin would give one last wave to its friends and the two loyal friends did shut the door quick on her; without the luggage of course

Then the two friends did roll out a screen on wheels. A screen that had a wagon painted on it and a penguin waving. And the friends being penguins waved good bye and went back to work for the pitiless Mr President.

For there was many lions and a tiger that was getting on in years behind that door.

And the penguin would make muck for the shufflers to shovel into brown bags and sell in town.

And Mr President would throw a sardine at a penguin scribe chained to a nearby desk, to write a post card from Sheila penguin; 'Having a great time in the North

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Pole, wish you were all here, Sheila penguin xxx', and was lies for Mr President was a politician so knew all about deceiving the voters.

.And the scribe penguin wore thin gloves that were cut at the top so the penguin could write. And the desk was near the ice drinks machine so it was cold and driven by cog wheels below in the cellar, driven by more penguins willingly, for unwilling stubborn penguins ended up in brown bags on a wagon; so it was rumoured to enhance electricity production.

So the scribe penguin because it sat all day on its bottom was cold for it had bad circulation and bit its finger nails to the moons, then its toes nails.

And dreamed of escaping in a brown bag and he or she called her escape 'The Great Escape,' for the penguin knew the wagon went to town; and that was all.

And whether she was a he or a she the unfeeling Mr President did not care.

"Mmm, the price of sardines is going up," he said looking at the Financial Index at the back of his newspaper and his children's picture book that translated all..

There would be no more sardines for he or she penguin, just the empty sardine tin for he or she to lick the tomato sauce up and cuts it tongue.

No bandage either for they cost money.

"I am the most power fullest one,

I am leader,

All see me as The Great Provider.

In my tailored suits the cutest one.

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And my men in black.

Penguins.

In reality Blackberry Muffins.

Upstairs in quality and quantity they lack.

Even Gad speaks to Mr President.

And I have advisers who grovel, shovel and shuffle

Who all day bore me with duffle and waffle.

And shares I dent.

For I am crooked, bent and homicidal.

And is the most power fullest, curtest, reddish fox ever.”

And the penguins nodded

their heads and smiled and gave their babies for him to kiss, for they had heard wicked rumours about what lay behind a door, and did not want to go there, so were drivellers.

Yes there were thousands of penguins and more made everyday in overcrowded cattle wagons; and lacked the ability to see there was no great escape and only *one Mr President* for they could not count up well.

“Mmmm,” I have found my learner drivers, “here and he threw a sardine at a messenger penguin in a faded T-shirt and runners. “Go tell those muck shufflers they got the day off, and to drive that bull dozer over to the beach. Tell them there are

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floozy ferrets and weasels there named Adulteresses and Immoralustrous," for Mr President liked to show off his skill at words, for he loved educational picture books.

Especially 'Meta Physics for Advanced Learners', and as the penguin went and told the weasel and ferret there was free ice cream at the beach IF they could push the bull dozer there, there was a knock at the President's door!

"Have you an invitation?" Mr President asked the great dictator.

"No, and I don't need one for I am bigger than you," One Stripe and behind the badger Magnificent Air, Small of Wing and other celebrated ones, and they had unsympathetic faces for they were not in high spirits.

There were rumours Mr. President was building himself a ranch nearby where the ponds had been cleared of alligators, alligators that were now coming out of a wooden outhouse as suit cases. And they knew this because penguins were seen coming out holding long wicked kitchen knives but no alligators ever came out.

"Were is our \$?" One Stripe asked for being a dictator demanded lots of money. He watched the news on cable and seen the human leaders owned their own planes, 'Dictator One' his would be named.

Flown not by penguins but by Shining Son and Twitching Snout and was cronyism. The animals must be seen to have power or the humans did soon be sending mobile phone salesmen over every hour.

And Mr President kicked the penguin scribe out the window and shut the glassless window for privacy was required. Never mind the chain about the penguin's right

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foot did prevent nasty accidents for Mr President's office was at the top. Below it hot kitchens were penguins slaved to cook roast chickens and that was another secret.

“No more sausage was DEAD, berries was off the menu for good for some.”

The only sausages were the ones coming out of another wooden out house deep in the alligator infested swamps where banjo music was heard all day, for effect of course.

“Made in Florida, genuine sausage venison,” was stamped on the sausages and was a lie, there were too many rabbits playing on the Plaza Land Apartment lawns and Mr President knew the cure.

. And One Stripe let a dribble of saliva fall from his gums, the suit case was full of money, he did not have to work ever again, not that he did any way, the two loyal friends and penguins did that.

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“This is my empire, but I want to know who these barbarian motor cycle humans are? Unwashed barbarians who have not given me homage,” Caesar Eye wanted to know but was speaking to himself at the top of a coconut palm.

And below penguins passed carrying fallen coconuts deep into the alligator infested woods to another out house, and coconuts went in and matting and coconut cream in tins for curries came out the back door to a wagon.

A wagon already heavily lorded from its stops at other out houses.

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So Rover was hired to encourage the mules with a pack of his friends, and to encourage Rover and his friends the usherette uniforms were changed for hot sweaty furry lion and tiger outfits and one fish as they ran out of the other types.

To scare the penguins into running so the wagon would get to town pretty fast and woe betide any spillage on the way.

That would come out of Rover's pay that he was to share with his friends; and there was always spillage so Rover did his work for free.

The question was just how long would his friends be friends and what would they do to Rover when he said "Sorry chums I got no money."

And Eye began to throw coconuts at the bikers.

"Hell's Angels," was stitched on the back of the biker's shirtless backs so that must have hurt, but never mind it showed how tough these humans were. Some did not use bottle openers but their teeth and shredded their gums. But they were bikers and fearless and rode the highways with the wind in their hair and whatever the wind carried. Plutonium radiation poisoning from the nuclear leaky power station nearby perhaps?

Bikers who empathised Americanism, freedom to be who you wanted to be, bikers who rode the highways in denim sleeveless jackets when they should be wearing padded leather.

Just in case they rode into a road sign in the glare of the sun. Bikers who wore tin helmets instead of the recommended road safety biker helmet to protect what is inside

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a head when bikers drive out of a junction; into the path of a 40tonnes heavy lorry and never seen again.

But it was all about freedom, which junction to come out of you see.

About the right to carry machine guns for self defence, the right to hang horse thieves and the right to ask, "What's that baboon up there doing?" For the bikers had no idea what a baboon looked like for they had not been to Central Park Zoo. But knew they lived up coconut trees so that was a baboon. It might have helped IF they had seen Lion King but the bikers regarded that film about a baboon as below their dignity, it was for children, so children knew where baboons lived and bikers didn't.

And it was obvious what the baboon was doing as a coconut bounced off a biker's head.

Silly poor confounded Eye whose mental well being was not stable at all at all it was not; but he certainly was a good aimer and thrower.

"Whack," as another coconut hit a biker some place so the biker doubled up, groaning and moaning of course.

"Here that baboon might be wanting a XXX and that is why it is throwing coconuts at us?" A biker called Fred.

"Yeh that's it, here throw the monkey a bottle Fred," a biker called Sheila replied for bikers believe in equal opportunities.

There was the sound of breaking glass and much screaming from the top of the coconut and goes to illustrate how wars are started, from a break down in

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understanding. And usually because one side is stronger than the other and wants what you have.

And Crassus Caesar who lived in the life guards abandoned watch tower although amused knew it was bad policy for any Caesar to be treated in that way. It set precedents and a Caesar was royal, above the plebeians who shuffled and shovelled not very far away.

“Here isn’t that Eye screaming and jumping about on top of that coconut tree, don’t we have enough to clean up with these bikers behaving like them lions and tigers,” Black Fur the ferret complained shovelling a sleeping biker into a hole he and his friend had dug to bury empty XXX and girly books that were no good for the interesting pages had been torn out, a few motor cycles that were in the way of the shuffling shufflers, a beach life guard Pam Anderson blow up dolly but was not a floozy weasel or ferret so was rubbish and many other interesting things.

“Here watch were you are dumping that biker,” an ambitious cousin at the bottom of the hole shifting garbage for he knew muck can be made into brass.

And in a deep coat pocket a brass knuckle duster he had found and hit the snoring biker and could not help noticing the sparkle of gold fillings.

And in the other pocket a chisel and hammer and quickly gold nuggets jingled next to the brass knuckle duster.

“Here see what he is doing?” The weasel trying to be smart again.

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“No,” the ferret for ferrets is thick and can not be trained to jump flaming ho la hoops like tigers.

“Oh,” the weasel unable to continue so shut up before he showed his ignorance as a scream from a coconut tree saved these loyal friends from any further mental arithmetic.

Bikers had climbed the coconut tree and thrown Eye off and being a Caesar did not fly, for he was used to being carried by two loyal friends.

“Here that is our boss who demoted us from official teachers to a giraffe back to muck rakers,” Black Fur for someone had to do the job, someone’s with experience.

“Yeh loyal friend that is him, I think he is shouting at us to carry him away to a new coconut tree?” The weasel and stuffed his ears so he could not hear and what he could not hear he would not lie about later.

“Didn’t you hear me shout at you to get tough with them insane bikers that pulled away my glued feathers?” Eye would demand on crutches later.

“Eh?” The weasel and pull out cotton wool balls from his ears, all covered in wax for this weasel was an unhygienic creature.

And Black Fur his friend patted his weasel friend on the back with these words, “Give me some cotton wool friend.”

“What you say Lord and Master Caesar Eye? Can’t hear you,” the ferret when Eye later asked him why he didn’t jump in snarling and biting to rescue his Caesar from the bikers high on caffeine drinks wielding crow bars and spanners.

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For being lacking in almost every faculty in the head did not lack the traits of humanity that over millions of years would evolve into bikers, they had genes called Mr and Mrs Revenge that flowed through their veins. And the two loyal friends enjoyed everything they saw done to Eye, and when Eye managed to look their way, because a biker had tossed him carelessly at a coconut palm near them, the two loyal friends shuffled and shovelled and whistled the music from the film ‘Wizard of Oozy.’

Here this isn’t right, fetch,” Crassus and threw leather tights he had found on the watch tower ladder. Leather tights that smelt of BIKER and illustrates not all bikers are burly men but burly girls swinging hammers and spanners. Tights he threw into the thong of descending hammers and spanners to save a Caesar who was royal and not to be hammered and spannerd in such a way.

And ‘fetch’ was directed at the six pumas, ten coyotes, two dozen wolves and hundred bears that had followed a giraffe into the reservation; hungry ones too

And the ferocious beasts did not fetch the leather tights but ran up the watch tower steps.

“Here you hear screaming?” Black Fur asked his loyal friend.

“What you say?” The weasel asked.

But Rover and the dogs in usherette uniforms selling Cubans and weeds to the bikers went to fetch and guess what happens next?