

One Stripe

What happens next?

The End of course.



*Illustration 29: Mention burger and Mrs Ostrich stuck her head in sand*

So sadly all good things come to an end, not that there was anything good on the beach that day.

“Here I must put an end to that racket, I have hired a coach today to bring humans here to buy my Plaza Apartments. Good solid rooms I had a ferret and weasel fix the wiring there. Well I am almost out of ambitious cousins, and that reminds me where

that foul dastardly cousin of mine is?" Mr President looking out his glassless window at the beach.

Glassless because the repair men had other duties to attend too, why they were on the beach this very moment with cotton balls stuffed in their ears.

And someone shouted 'fetch' remember and Rover and a hundred thousand dogs and wolves and relations descended upon the beach.

For veterinary sermons employed by animal charities had not been invited to visit the beach where bikers were like rabbits and hopped and jumped and in the end focalised behind coconut trees with the Rovers.

And did you know a coconut falling from a coconut palm hits the ground at 400 mph and that is a truth so better not be under that palm tree like them bikers snoozing off whatever illegal thingies they had mixed in the haggis.

Many were not practising the Sabbath or any religious day except 25/Jan every year when poetry was read with many mispronunciations because of the XXX and haggis that had not been refrigerated.

So these bikers who were groaning and moaning under the coconut trees clutching their colic tummies got coconuts at 400 mph hitting them.

So never heard 'FETCH' and heard the "grrrrrrrs," and "hooooowls," and "those are were wolves," from Framer Jacks who had been reciting poetry also and we all know were-wolves do not exist.

"Howl grrrrrl," the angry were-wolves as they descended upon them not hit buy coconuts falling from palm trees at 400mpsh.

“By gad were is my pin pong ball bat,” a biker hitting a Rover in an usherette dress with a hot water bottle he filled from a kettle over a paraffin stove.

“Here,” a biker handing him a tennis racket for bikers used them to play ping pong.

So the were-wolves did not have it all there own way for they were amongst the free who read Marvel Comics so knew how to deal with were-wolves and green men.

“I am fed up with this racket,” Stephanie to her friend That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman who did not like being disturbed making Stephanie her favourite muffin to go with her tea and milk.

Muffins made with self rising floor with the ingredients of penguins mixed in them with sultanas.

So Stephanie would never worry about unhealthy blemished on her face for the muffins were full of vitamins and anti allergy proteins not discovered yet.

“So am I,” the witch That Wonderful Desirable Goddess Floozy Woman who because she was an illusion no one saw she had hairy spindly legs.

Six in fact so get out the bug spray.

But Stephanie would never believe you so better call Australia Zoo in the process?

Do you remember what Stephanie fills her sesame bums with; you ever try and fill a sesame bun with a penguin with a foot long razor sharp beak used for spearing herring?

And the witch flicked a finger covered in dough and her fingers stuck.

“S,” she whispered not too upset anyone.

“Just wait here friend,” Stephanie the polar bear and ran towards the beach.

“Gad a grisly covered in flour,” a biker and jumped on his big motor cycle and revs it up.

So a million penguins and there were many these days as there were not enough sesame buns to go around. And a penguin not stuffed between the sesame seeds tastes so dry.

Maybe with some pure mineral water but the ambitious cousin and his uncle had been slow in this respect.

“It was the bikers fault and them pumas and bears, not to mention the other lions and tigers jumping about those bikers. Gad them bikers know what to do with a cat. First they take it by the tail and pull so the cat is ruffled the wrong way.

And those cats know what to do with those bikers, first they get a biker and try and eat the biker head first. But those bikers have metal spiked helmets that get stuck in the throat, so the cats just sit there thinking what to do next.

That’s when the bikers sneak up to them and drive their motorcycles over them, back and forth up and down.

And the vibrations from the beach made a Pirax glass jar full of muffin mix fall off a table.

A table held up by penguins as it was a broken table and a carpenter wasn’t to be found.

No sir.

“Splat,” the Pirax bowl with dough mix.

“I am peeved now,” getting some grovelling penguins to lick the dough off her thumbs so was able to use them.

“Gad I am nude in a bikini,” a hairy biker as magic cross the beech.

“Cover the individual crisps up with this tea cloth,” Mr President handing Rover a tea cloth, for a bowl had one chilli crisp in it and next to the crisp, a tumbler with some water from a ditch nearby. But it was very hot chilli and these were just bikers Mr President knew. Bikers who showed off they could drink anything and anything they would get.

River Fluke floated in that stream, not to mention what had died a hundred miles up stream? Then those Le Hill Cherries in Wooden Cabin 23276 had no electric which meant they had no fridge and telephone too arrange a plumber to come and fix up inside plumbing. Not that they needed it as the next wooden cabin was filthy miles downstream.

But they did have this stream flowing by that was full of river flukes that people who were big, tough and hairy drank from; of course to show you they was big tough and hairy.

And you skinny and weak and puny deserving life as a he who filled up the engines on radio controlled planes with petrol.

A highly inflammable job as all it took was a craving for a cigarette and well?

This is a story about a dictator who wanted to spread the news, “No More sausage and he had failed,” he was buying frozen fish bait from an ambitious cousin.

“I am also selling defrosted fish bait,” Mr President wanting to show you his latest lines; credit cards accepted.

So the revolution had failed; all that had happened was two loyal friends had changed their environment for the good of their health. It was sunshine on the beach and beat Roma back west where clouds emptied freezing rain on you all day.

Rain that dribbled between your legs and turned to ice and made things really blue and unworkable.

And as magic and pumas and bikers made the beach unprofitable for tourists a line of men in black surrounded the coconut palms so in fact sealed off the Animal reservation of Plaza Apartments.

“Here how can I sell them to families with kids and a pet rattlesnake?” Mr Precedent worried.

“I will sell them the wood cabins upstream,” an Ambitious cousin and went amongst the alligators in a snorkel.

A snorkel the men in black stuck a cork in.

“Gasp, this is not fair for one who just wrestled with an alligator,” the ambitious cousin and threw an alligator suitcase onto the river bank as proof of his heroic deed.

And a man in black bought it illustrating YOU CAN BE ANYWHERE AND CAN SELL ANYTHING, EVEN YOUR OWN UNSWASHED INDUIES BECAUE HE THAT BUYS HASN’T VHANGED THEM IN OVER A MONTH.

Yes sir there is brass to be made out of muck.

“Here I hear someone shouting for us?” A ferret to his loyal friend as they walked down the beach away from the commotion scuffling and shuffling.

“It sounds like a buzzard in a wheel chair being pushed into those bikers by Crassus Caesar,” the weasel replied and took out a chocolate bar he had shovelled up. “Here is half for you my best friend,” and snapped the chocolate bar that a biker had kept in his bottom pocket for six months.

And who knows what added flavours had been added but the two friends thought the chocolate bar delicious and scrumptious.

And went looking for more and found an old barbecue area and all about it half eaten burgers, and sesame buns’ for they were not the only ones who had found this park.

And been cocking here, just ask the discontented penguins fed up of Stephanie who had promised them an ice cold swimming pool here and instead found sesame buns needing filling.

For Stephanie had been watching Mr President and thought the fox incompetent and knew all about the job, for she had been practising lying to the penguins.

“Here have some pickle?” The ferret handing his friend an open pickle jar swarming with wasps.

And the weasel ate the glass as well for weasels can eat anything.

“NO more sausage,” a chicken screamed well, more gobbled quack cluck clucked in the distance.

“We don’t eat berries any the more the more,” Rover dribbling places and soon there were no more screams.

“Thanks for telling us,” a roaster and landed on Rover’s head and pecked away.

“Aren’t you doing anything?” Propaganda asked One Stripe.

“Yes I am,” the dictator replied stuffing a gherkin in a sesame bun. “Where I got the idea to eat berries from I just don’t know, but all this Florida sunshine is really healthy, glad I moved here.”

“Uncle, where are your principles?” Shining Sun afraid his uncle would eat the bun without giving him a crumb, for he too had under gone the horrors of eating berries for months. Months of standing next to a chicken with gravy running down it, well it was imagination, but what was in that bun was real.

The smell was something else.

“We the privileged eat what them who serve us don’t get to eat,” the dictator and swallowed most of the bun, but was wise enough to give his nephew a corner, a juicy corner that had a roast penguin bit or thingy sticking cut of.

“I am ashamed of them,” the ferret licking opened ketchup packet to get the last bit of tomato flavours.

“Yeh, so what’s it been about friend, I mean eating all them berries, what was it for?” The weasel wanted to know as a biker flew observer head proving it just isn’t pigs that fly.



An Eskimo soon followed then a Farmer Jack and an assortment of beasts. Man those bikers were tough but in reality a sieve was needed for they were mixed up in all that was flying overhead.

A witch and a polar bear wanted some peace to finish off their muffin mix and were making sure they got it.

“It is all about you don’t know what is coming round that corner nephew,” the dictator to his nephew.

“Better not know," Shining Sun replied.

“Here that,” Propaganda and blind folded Twitching Snout just in case a floozy shrew was coming round the corner.

THE END.