

One Stripe

The Lesser Council



Illustration 3: The weasel had a name, Scenting Droppings so that must explain something?

Once upon a time thieves met at the bottom of a mountain amongst the shadows of lighting struck oaks, for they did not want noticed and the moon was full and legends came alive on such nights.

“A howling we will go,

Sing with us to the moon.

A howling we will go.

Listen to our bay full moan.

Howl, howl, howl,

All we can hear is the toot of the owl.

Sing with us to the moon.

Run with us,

Leap with us,

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Over the silvery moon.”

So “Howl,” and “Grrrrrrrr,” and “Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr,” was heard under the moon.

And so the thieves sang the song of the were creature and all sensible beasts heard and shivered and stayed in their nests, dens and thickets.

And Eye the buzzard thought himself brilliant for suggesting his friends sing.

“There isn’t any were-things about is there?” Scenting Droppings nervous as the shadows of the burnt branches swayed in the wind.

“Creak,” the swaying trees.

And in the mist for there is always a mist shrouding his type in the movies a fox said, “Listen when the time is right we will invite One Stripe back here on some pretext, and then do him good,” for the fox had spent some time behind big boulders with bigger shadows with admiring moor hens.

“You mean make sausage out of him?” Black Fur.

“Yes, nicely put old boy,” Eye visualizing the foul deed and then a laurel leaf crown being placed on his head; not that a crown existed yet; “Hail Caesar,” he could hear and waved to Black Fur.

“Yes boss,” the ferret but was ignored for he was only the hired help.

“What about Magnificent Air?” Keen of Scent the fox visualizing a horrid accident for Eye, there could be only one president.

“Er yes, what about him?” Eye sighing, there was always one to spoil things.

“Make sausage out of him,” Scenting Droppings eager to show he had intelligence; *and the weasel was right.*

“Who’s going to make sausage out of the eagle then?” Eye and all looked at Scenting Droppings and all visualized a horrid accident for the weasel.

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“You will need help, all the weasels, tell them there is sausage meat on the go,”

Keen of Scent seeing he had made a mistake associating with these types but then aspiring presidents must learn their way. And the way was to cover up his tracks with white wash but that was expensive, accidents were cheaper, of course by the dozen.

“Badger sausage, lovely,” and the weasel salivated but was ignored as staff is.

And Eye slowly realized there was more to the cunning fox than met the beak!

Keen of Scent he now visualized having a horrid accident; there could only be one Caesar and it certainly wasn't going to be some scruffy red fox. Obviously associating with the wrong types and needed to cover his tracks so rugs were needed and they did not come cheap. But accidents were cheaper especially when only one was required.

And Black Fur try as he might, couldn't visualize what eagle sausage meat looked and tasted like so stood motionless proving he was staff waiting for orders..

And the thieves had forgotten; “No more sausage.”

“Howl,” and “Grrrrrrrrrr,” and “Rrrrrrrrrrr,” was heard in the darkness.

“Were-wolves?” A ferret trembling so winded from fear.

“Cur what a stink,” was heard from all.

“Were-wolves?” The weasel and trembled and because he had aroma no one noticed he winded from fear.

Then the lighting struck the oaks and there was much singed fur on the air and a buzzard was seen to be badly plucked and the thieves danced here and jumped there and howled much.

Indeed the legends of the were creatures were true so all sensible beasts huddled back in their dens and burrows so the thieves got away with their visualizations.

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“What did I do to deserve such rotten luck?” Eye asked holding leaves to his nakedness.

But none of his companions answered for they were in too much of a hurry to be away from the adder that had crawled out of a fallen tree trunk.

“Hiss,” it went and as Eye could not speak the ancient tongue of snakes was bitten on his baldness so he cursed the stupid snake and asked for an interpreter but none was found for all the beasts knew the legend of the were creatures was true so huddled safely in their dens and burrows.

And Eye’s baldness swelled and was sore and in revenge he ate the snake for he was Eye the buzzard and had been bit by adders before because they was on his menu so his body resisted the poison; but had an idea for a horrid accident, there could be only one Caesar.

He would need many snakes, there were many would be rulers.

“Howl, Grrrrrrrr, Rrrrrrrrrrrrr.” from the moving shadows.

“Here come and carry me for I am too singed to walk,” Eye thinking Black Fur and Scenting Droppings were near and was time for them to realize their positions in life.

“Howl, Grrrrrrrr, Rrrrrrrrrrrrr.” from the moving shadows.

“Here didn't I give you some orders, pick me up and carry me,” Eye and treated servants the way they should be.

“Howl, Grrrrrrrr, Rrrrrrrrrrrrr.” from the slapped shadows.

“And stop making those silly noises I am going home,” Eye and showed the servants who was boss.

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“Howl, Grrrrrrrr, Rrrrrrrrrrrrr.” from the kicked shadows.

“IF you want any pay do what I tell you yo do,” Eye showing the servants he was boss.

“Howl, Grrrrrrrr, Rrrrrrrrrrrrr.” from the angry shadows.

“Here you isn't that ferret and weasel,” Eye realizing he had made mistake so was horribly worked over by the were-wolves.

“Howl, Grrrrrrrr, Rrrrrrrrrrrrr.” from the happy departing shadows.

And a buzzard was seen to be running after his servants who did not recognize him as their master for master had been plucked even more naked than the lighting strike caused.

“A were-buzzard I isn't carrying him,” a ferret prophesying his future work.

“A were-buzzard I isn't carrying him,” a weasel prophesying his future work.