

One Stripe

The Organiser

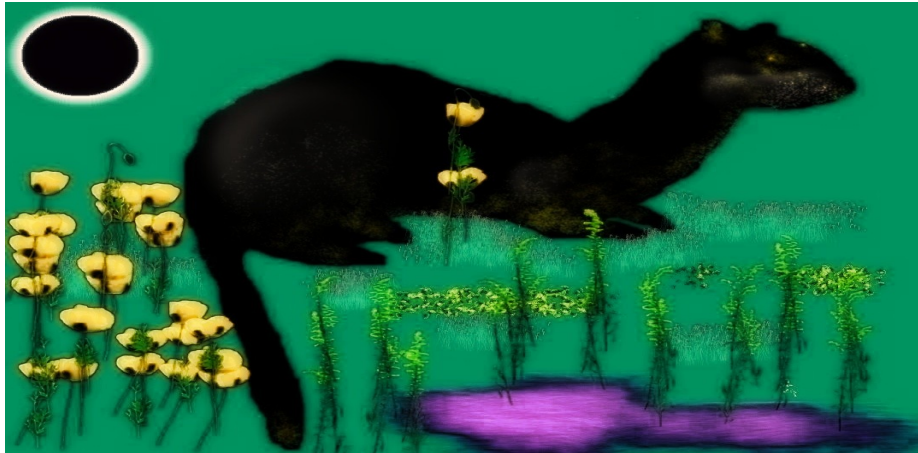


Illustration 4: Black Fur the ferret had a one track mind always thinking of food.

The wind that blew had been chilled in the North Pole and blew across the barren earth, and the grass appeared as a living moving substance; and even potatoes rolled in the plough furrows. Birds bounced in the sky and lonely trees creaked in protest as did the fur on a beast for being blown the wrong way up a back. Definitely not a healthy day to go about one's business but beasts must eat.

"Here that badger says we got to eat no meat and I isn't eating no berry with a worm in it," a weasel we just got to know.

"Never mind that berry look what is behind us, a were-buzzard," a ferret who we just got to know and the two bounded away from a buzzard wanting carried. And behind the buzzard the real reason why the two disappeared for a bus load of lost German tourists who seeing the were-buzzard had to stop for photographs.

"I will sell these photographs and get heaps of Deuchmarks," a tourist whipping out a thousand pound Agfa camera," also to encourage the were-thingy to stand still in the cold wind, "Here pretty were-thingy nice cracker IF you pose and snarl for the

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picture,” and Eye being quick minded soon was full of sauerkraut and sausage from Bavaria.

“Burp,” too show satisfaction.

“Here I heard that, think we have missed something?” A weasel letting his judgment be ruled by his tummy for he had nothing in side his head to influence judgment.

“I smell sausage from Lower Saxony and cabbage and boiled potato,” a ferret letting his tummy lead him to the aromas and slavery for a buzzard was wanting carried.

“Wait for me friend,” a weasel in a hurry to fulfill what he was born to be?

And upon such a day One Stripe’s ability to lead was put to test.

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“That's right glue that feather there and no complaints,” Eye for IF they did not glue his feathers on the X's and O's and ABC's the new staff would not get any leftovers.

“Here friend what is A?” A weasel for he had not attended nursery school.

“See that B on the bottom, well that feather marked A goes there, just put plenty of that German glue the kind tourists gave Eye,” for the ferret had not attended nursery school either.

“What does he look like?” A weasel worried the finished job of gluing feathers back on Eye had gone astray.

“Not like a buzzard I am sure,” the ferret worried he would get no left overs now.

“No left overs for sure,” Eye seeing his reflection on a powder case a kind German tourist had given him.

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And the Germans never showed their photographs to anyone for who would believe it a weasel and ferret carrying a buzzard on their shoulders for we all know pigs don't fly.

Eye, it was Eye the buzzard circling the rock sewn mountain sides, above the gusting wind and because his kind knew the secret of gliding was not tried. And like his kind had remarkable eyesight. Man had chopped the trees down long ago and there was no Caledonian Fir Plantations to hide the young brown hare as it ran, leaped, jumped and sailed over rock and stream full of spring fever for it had been cramped too long in its burrow.

In the distance the hare knew a lonely Framer Jack lived with his sheep dog and juicy green lettuce leaves. The hare was hungry and had not fed well the previous night because the dog had barked so loud Framer Jack had come out.

“Nothing like a good hare stew and a leg for you dog,” Farmer Jack and fired his gun.

“Not today,

You will eat me.

The wind has me like hay.

Blown so fast you don't see.

The hare that I am.

Not rabbit.

Certainly not a piece of ham.

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I jump and leap out of habit.

Into the stew I pop.

To gurgle as broth.

And if I am fast I will hop.

And leave you in wrath.

Fast, not rabbit.

Definitely not in stew.”

And the song of the hare was song by a watching Lap Wing sheltering in a stone walled corpse of pines, and because the wind blew the pine cones into the bird’s beak never looked above so did not see Eye.

“I must teach those two how to carry and miss the bumps,” Eye seeing the future of Scenting Droppings the weasel and Black Fir the ferret.

And the song of the hare made the hare leap and sail through the air with joy. And saw Eye the hunting bird and the hare froze in mid flight, landed with a thump and rolled a while before coming to life and zig zagging this way and that to out smart the buzzard.

“We are of one fur,” Eye called feeling very hungry. It was alright for One Stripe to tell meat eaters to eat berries and another thing eating them.

And the hare heard and knew of the Council of the Great Spirit and that all beasts were now friends but the hare was dealing with a were-thingy with feathers pushed up the wrong place.

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“Hare you eat grass and drink water; the badger worms, juicy grubs and slugs, how can One Stripe? But I and my kind eat rabbits and hares,” and Eye was so high in the sky the hare didn’t hear clearly.

“We are one fur,” the hare answered beginning to relax since the buzzard wasn’t trying to catch and gobble him all up and hunger pointed the hare again towards Framer Jack’s open gate to the lettuce field..

“Yes I see hunting will be easy from now on,” Eye and lazily circled down and the hare was not alarmed.

“We are one fur?” The hare not liking the buzzard getting that close.

“What big thumping drumsticks you have?” Eye and the hare heard mumbling but thought Eye said “We are one fur.”

“What long ears to catch?” Eye and the hare was sure Eye said “We are one fur.”

“What strong limbs to take away my hunger,” Eye and the hare heard Eye say “We are one Fur.”

“What a nice tender young hare you are?” Eye and the hare thinking of lettuce thought Eye said, “We are one fur.”

“What a big hare you are?” Eye and the hare heard that but it was too late.

“We are one fur?” The hare in Eye’s talons.

“Are we?” And Eye gobbled the hare all up and not just like that so the murder was seen.

First by the lapwing but also by a ptarmigan who knew Eye well.

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“Eye has made a kill, the buzzard has broken the new badger law, we must investigate,” the brown game bird said to his mate.

“Are you crazy?” She knew what Eye was, he was always hungry?

“We must find out who he has eaten and then tell One Stripe.”

“I don’t see that badger here but I do see Eye,” his mate with good sense.

“We must respect the new law, the eagles will come and punish Eye and we will go investigate.”

“Not we dear,” his mate.

And the ptarmigan hesitated; perhaps it was too cold to venture forth.

“But what does a smart bird like you have to fear from Eye and eagles?” And she was being sarcastic and he took her seriously and puffed out his chest and ventured forth armed with that knowledge.

And she seeing the back of him winked at a new ptarmigan behind a mound of purple heather. You see she was fed up with his stupidities, why he never listened to her for he was always right so he could go and prove how smart he was now.

And she winked again to bolster her admirer’s courage who puffed his chest and preened his feathers and emptied a whole jar of Hair Gel..

“All stupid, they really are,” for she knew her men folk well.

Perhaps if we all shouted “No more sausages,” at Eye really loud?

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And as Eye was about to have seconds One Stripe and Keen of Scent trudged the narrow paths to the west coast. Paths that followed the sharp edges of mountain tops so none dared to look right or left; for even animals are afraid of heights.

“Good grief,” was heard many times.

“Are you really going to enforce this no meat eating habit on us foxes?” Keen of Scent hoping to use the time with One Stripe to have foxes and especially him exempted from berry dinners for as he knew there is one law for the plebeians and one for the law makers.

“If we want all the animals to be one fur yes.”

“Birds don’t have fur.”

“Still come under the law.”

“They are walking drumsticks begging to be eaten,” and the fox couldn’t help salivating; it was disgusting for even the wind carried strands of it onto One Stripe.

And when the strands was in the wind thirty six midges and one blue bottle got stuck in it.

“If you want to eat a bird then be cut-throat outlaw and have every beast hunting you,” the badger wiping only the saliva off on the path.

“I can dreammmmmmmmmmm,” the fox and One Stripe shook him and then held him close for the path was narrow and the drop mighty and when they separated only ten midges remained on him.

“One Stripe I am a fox.”

One Stripe

At that moment a dark smudge appeared on the horizon and headed towards them.

“I have never seen a prawn but they live at the sea side,” One Stripe watching the smudge turn into a large bird and indicating to us where they was going.

Why they had plastic spades and buckets and snorkels and towels.

“I ate some prawns off the back of a lorry, crunchy with lots of legs,” the fox trying hard not to salivate but was failing and illuminated where salesmen get their goods to sell you.

“We are one fur,” Magnificent Air cracked and Keen of Scent saw a giant drumstick floating in the sky. The fox began to work his jaws and One Stripe distanced himself and answered.

“What brings you to me?”

“Death, death stalks the mountains.”

Keen of Scent trembled fearing he was transparent and his thoughts read?

“Eye the buzzard has killed twice, a hare and a ptarmigan and was seen by a lapwing,” and there was no mention of the other witness or his two new staff?

“Why has he done this?” One Stripe sadly.

And the fox Keen of Scent knew why!

“Eye talked to an osprey and said you have not told him what he can not eat.

Where the list he can memorise, was hare on that list? Your law is too vague and smart birds like Eye see holes in your law so know how to break the law, and now the

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hare has passed over to the Great Spirit. And the likes of Eye think you make the loop hole deliberately, why just look at the fox.

And Keen of Scent wiped the sweat from his forehead and put on sunglasses so none could see LIES written in his eyes for he was dreaming of prawns in Kung Po sauce for this fox ate behind China Town Fast Food Takeaway with floozy foxes to impress them.

“I love berries,” the fox said and smiled and was believed because he had gold fillings.

A man of property, perhaps Esq, is behind his name, perhaps a magistrate, perhaps an aspiring salesman studying Law for Dummies wanting to be Mr President?

“I am hare I am hare,

Now I jump,

Above to clouds that lump,

I am hare I am hare,” and One Stripe sang the death chant of the hare and was too afraid to turn and look at Keen of Scent; he could imagine for hare was mentioned and not berry.

“Eye the buzzard must be brought to the cairn for trial and if he is innocent can go free,” the badger who did not want the responsibility of passing death onto a beast.

We are one fur. And at that moment a golden halo surrounded the badger's head and harp music was heard and angels singing, so the the fox and eagle were afraid of the badger for someone above had given him a divine mission.

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“Helga, I know this is Sunday but switch to Berlin Club land Music and shut the powder puff mirror for it is reflecting the sun into my eyes,” Conan a German husband and flexed his muscles so Helga would understand, do as you are told or else.

And as the tourist bus passed so did the halo and heavenly music and because the bus went round a bend and the driver was asleep at the wheel no Berlin Club land Music was heard by the HEROES.

“Yes where Eye can walk away,” a fox stammered as he was trying hard not remember what juicy young hare tasted like.

“Wipe your chin dog,” the eagle barked and “your cousin Shining Sun is following you. I will go get him before I hunt for Eye,” and here was one who had no qualms about giving death to a beast for some furs are smoother than other furs.

And as the eagle hop hop hopped into the cloudy gray sky a dog wiped saliva off his chin, then flicked it onto the wind.

And once upon a time a small badger wheezed and struggled along a path on top of a mountain and he saw the eagle swooping upon him.

Where was One Stripe to hide under?

“No more sausage,” the little badger squeaked.

“Mmmmmrumph,” the eagle answered and took the cub in one swoop and was away.

“When will you eat me up?”

One Stripe

“I am taking you to One Stripe, this way is quicker.”

And the eagle was right, the land passed below as miniature objects out of a child’s railway game and Shining Sun was ill and cared not who he was ill on.

For some beasts are afraid of heights and the badger was one.

And a ptarmigan below winking at a timid boyfriend swore she would never look up at the sky again; for what goes round comes round.

“Well hello cousin?” One Stripe accepting the cub into his outstretched front paws.

And the cub turned to the giant eagle and and and..... “Thank you.”

“Mmmmmrumph,” the eagle replied, looked at the darkening clouds, “We must all hurry, and there is a human bothy ahead to shelter in while I go and gather the birds and send them out to find Eye.

Yes he will stand before the cairn and explain his hunger,” and One Stripe might be the law maker and dreamer but the conqueror was the eagle who seemed to respect the law, *hopefully not for just now?*

And to contain his imagination the fox sucked in a belly full of air and what comes in must go out.

“Behave yourself dog,” and the eagle flew away carried effortlessly on the wind and in a sneeze was a dot on the horizon and then gone, an object in time but not in our time for it had flown back against the clock where the sun always rises for the heroes were going west meeting time.

“What have you been eating?” One Stripe asked the fox for the wind was foul.

One Stripe

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And the cold wind blew Eye the buzzard east across rich farm lands, great forests and towns for here man was plentiful, but not like the west where man had rounded up men and sailed them away to far off lands never to be seen again; and that thought made Eye happy. Here he need be careful, man meant guns and it also meant sheep and sheep meant lambs.

And there below was a lamb, lying still and he knew who was eating it, nit him for starters.

“We are one fur,” Eye meooowed and Black Fur gave him a bad look; ‘Clear off,’

But the buzzard landed at a safe distance and “We are of one fur, the same type of fur brother.”

“To me you are a giant drumstick so don’t call me brother sister,” the ferret guarding his kill.

“Of course we are one fur, the help yourself fur, why we don’t listen to One Stripe and we kill when we are hungry and eat what we like. Berries are for that worm eater badger, why the likes of you and me will grow rich and fat and have a new leader like me,” Eye and ‘me’ brought the ferret out of the dream for Eye was not speaking to Scenting Droppings.

“Then I will eat you later,” Black Fur and Eye knew he had a problem and visualised an accident for the ferret. The grisly horrid nasty type of accident for Eye had watched too many gangster movies.

One Stripe

“Why should I lead because I can fly and see what is behind the hedge row yonder, man might be approaching ferret?” Eye by design was maddening and the ferret wanted to flee but the lamb was tasty.

A hint of rosemary was detected as well as mint.

“Let me share the lamb and I will tell you if you are safe Black Fur for I have just flown here, and sure I saw neap farmers heading this way, with hounds snarling and dribbling wanting ferret burger” Eye and the fear of man made the ferret agree.

“Well?” Black Fur watching Eye eat.

“Well what?”

“Is man behind the hedge row?”

And soon there was no more lamb left apart from a small bit for Eye did not want to anger the ferret and leave him nothing.

“Didn’t fly that way, but let’s go and find Scenting Droppings and other cut-throats and get organised. I will fly ahead and save time, let’s keep going east Black Fur, and oh yes, better hurry up and finish or you will fall behind and I saw the hedge row move,” Eye lied and was gone.

“Where’s my lamb?” The stupid ferret and the hedge row moved and the ferret bolted after Eye so never finished his dinner and never saw the cow eating the hedgerow.

“Wait for me?” Black Fur shouted.

One Stripe

“You are behind me, then you follow me so I must be leading?” Eye meeeoed back.

Black Fur had to stop and think about this, he was following so Eye was the leader and together they sought a weasel whose mother had named him a fine name, “Scenting Droppings.”