

One Stripe

The Breezy Sea Shore



Illustration 5: Fine Fur was a noisy mother

Seal fat and blubbery.

Lounging on the beach.

Like a leech.

Fat and blubbery.

No sand just seals.

Thousands squabbling.

Fighting pushing bullying.

All you are is tasty meals.

For in the waves,

Undulating black fins.

Come for your noisy sins.

That of the loud mouthed seals.

One Stripe

And the first they saw was haze on the sky line and the closer they got the sun an orange orb balancing on the horizon and behind burning falling lights; all colours as if heaven had opened a Pandora's box and emptied it here; for it had.

"There is so much blue," Shining Sun but as they got to the beach the sea was more green and clear and one could see yellow star fish and lobsters under the waves.

"Be careful of the seals," Keen of Scent warned for seal cubs were on his struck off menu list and besides he had been eating raspberries along a disused railway line, raspberries full of healthy worms. So was not in the mood to salivate over sea food nor even dream of smoked salmon or mussels in garlic butter for he was in poor health for he was needing prunes, but that was akin to berries so was not thinking figs or other remedies.

"We are one fur," One Stripe but he was speaking Dutch for the seals spoke the ancient tongue of the sea.

"Gobble gobble," went One Stripe.

"I know the dog and also speak the language of the Cairn," a big bull seal and shuffled near and was big so Shining Sun hid under his cousin.

"All the animals have rebelled against man and are now one fur under new laws," One Stripe and told them.

"I know that red dog," a mother seal and got close for the designer pin stripe suit had attracted her attention for aspiring presidents want noticed.

"Madam I am no dog," but explained not what then?

But seals are bright and he was remembered and lifted up and shaken by the bull seal so the aspiring president got the wrong attention..

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At this One Stripe jumped onto the bull's head and thumped him till he let go of the *dog*.

"He saved my life," the politician remembering a certain meeting with Eye.

"That is One Stripe, the leader of all one fur," Shining Sun and shouted it many times pointing at his uncle.

And the bull seal shook One Stripe off and all the seals came and examined him.

"Stumpy legs."

"Little beady eyes."

"Call those ears?"

"He has a black stripe on him."

"What does he eat?"

"Worms," Shining Sun eagerly.

"Oh," and was in unison and showed disgust.

"His body is too big for his head."

"Call that a tail?"

"What is it?"

"One Stripe the badger," Shining Sun, "a dictator," thus prophesying.

"There is only one king here," the bull seal and seemed about to throw One Stripe out to sea.

"Wait," a mother seal shouted, "I like what the badger says, we are one fur, man took my cub and made boots and hat from him."

"Go home woman," the bull but some women don't like being called women, they are called suffragettes.

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“Splash,” as the badger hit the waves and was a mistake for women give the orders so, 'No more tea and muffin for someone'.

And to be really horrid she poured scorn upon her king and got away with it for she was his favourite girl friend, for women know the secret of scorn. And the king crawled away with his flippers under his blubber, ashamed he was belittled by an a a a suffragette.

And that was why he came back with friends, “You will do what you are told suffragette,” the king said and had no time to regret for there are always more suffragettes in a seal colony than kings.

Besides there was thousands of suffragettes with his babies missing the freedom of the waves now stuck with HIS produce from a visit to a big rock with a big shadow behind it.

“Here I think these nappies belong to you,” and many used nappies were thrown at the king and his six mates thinking they was big and tough.

Sufficient to say “No more bulls,” the mother and all the suffragettes liking this new idea repeated it. “They can give birth in future,” she added and the suffragettes in support of this idea burned all the bras that had washed up on the beach.

“What is your name?” Shining Sun asked.

“Oh what a dear little cub?” The mother and could not help hugging Shining Sun to his embarrassment.

“Gasp,” as the hugs were tight huggies.

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“I am Fine Fur,” the mother finding the badger soft and cuddly and he was handed out. “Yes so warm too,” another seal and handed the badger cub to her own cub to cuddle and squeeze and think of a new name for Shining Sun like Noddy.

“Gasp,” was heard as baby seals wanted to know IF the eyes were buttons.

“Queen Fine Fur,” and was a dog being sarcastic and added, “Why am I helping the cub, what has it done for me, is it because One Stripe helped me. No it must be the hallucinating effects of eating raspberries with worms in them.

“Queen Fine Fur, all bow to our queen,” Shining Sun who was very bright for as seals bowed he could not be found any the more the more.

And One Stripe waded out of the sea where he had been tossed when the mothers had asserted their femininity.

“Lovely and warm teddies, come and try it, low pay up schemes available,” Keen of Scent and was a mistake for out of his pockets a wooden stall selling teddies.

“The dog is Keen of Scent the fox,” and Fine Fur said it so softly and the silence so heavy even the dog knew what too expect. “He is the one who sold us learn German by post by DVD to impress German tourists and get thrown free hot cross buns,” Fine Fur for seals and not dim like a ferret and weasel.

“The factory workers went on strike,” a common excuse by those wanting elected president and “the price of raw materials went up,” and “ German is now a dead language like Latin.”

“Splash.”

One Stripe

“You are right, the sea is warm,” Keen of Scent some distance behind One Stripe who had waded up the soft sandy beach where palm and banana trees grew for the warm seas and winds from the western seas come here.

So do other things and why the mother seals were rounding their cubs up screaming hysterically, “A fin a fin.”

“What’s a fin?” Shining Sun asked.

And behind the red dog a huge floppy black fin.

“I have the feeling I am someone’s dinner?” Keen of Scent.

“It is Death,” the seals chorused.

“I will save you,” One Stripe and being quick took a large piece of drift wood, “Titanic,” was written on it and threw it and himself onto a wave and paddled and was amazed how fast he was going.

“It is you Shining Sun,” for the little badger was on the wood using a plank as an oar.

“We are one fur,” and One Stripe beamed pride.

“Death will eat you all up,” Fine Fur and a dog wished for a new line?

“My friend needs me,” One Stripe answered and all the seals fell silent and nodded their heads over such mighty words that had never been heard before.

“My friend needs me.”

“No boarding charge is there?” A fox unable to help himself.

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And the two badgers dragged Keen of Scent aboard; and the fin got closer and its mouth opened and “All those teeth, I have never seen so many,” the fox not wanting to look backwards again.

And a miracle happened; “My friend needs me,” was heard often, so Death froze in the water with his head visible sharing his puzzled look with the heroes.

Puzzled solved when stones fell out of heaven onto Death; thousands not hundreds, large and small, even an odd red brick onto Death.

“Ouch,” Death responded and was not amused.

“My friend needs me,” and was sung by a thousand seals who were responsible for the rain of stones.

“The shore at last,” One Stripe and all sighed his relief and in one jump were on dry land as one before an eye was blinked.

*“Life here will never be the same,” the old king seal seeing united girls at work.
“they will demand we do the ironing,”*

*

That night One Stripe stood on a big boulder covered in slimy reddish sea weed. And the sea weed was moving for it was home to tiny crabs.

“Here will be your Cairn of the Great Spirit, here you must come to punish cut-throats,” One Stripe referring to the boulder. “We are one fur except the cut-throats,” he shouted and was amazed there was so much life in the sea. Gigantic whales,

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playful dolphins, big and small fish, octopus and squids with many legs and crabs and lobsters with pincers to keep clear off; the sea here was heaving life.

“Futures sales,” the fox.

And of course birds, osprey, sea eagles, waders, ducks and others.

“More future sales,” the fox again.

“The fish here is oily and brown and man is just fishing them to make dog food,” and the seals looked at a red dog who immediately tried to look sweet and innocent by grinning but showed his foxy teeth instead and showed his gold filings so all knew he was an aspiring president.

“We like the idea of one fur,” the seals dizzy from the gold shine.

“But we have no fur?” The whales feeling left out disorientated from the gold glow..

“Then one of the sea,” One Stripe suggested and the whales liked it and so did the fish who knew whales ate plankton and not them and wished One Stripe did tell the fins circling the waves, attracted here by the numerous meals on offer what he told them.

“Death the killer whale has brought his cut-throats, the sharks, go and speak to them One Stripe, tell them the new law,” Fine Fur.

And the warm wind and sea not only brought palms and bananas to these shores; but Mako Shark, Thresher Shark, Hammerhead Shark and man to fish them as sport.

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And One Stripe remembered the many teeth of Death, long white and sharp and he was after all only a small little badger.

“Good grief,” he somehow managed.

“I am sure they heard One Stripe already,” Shining Sun, “let’s dance,” and the cub was joined by seal cubs so changed the subject for children love to dance and squeak.

“Thank you love you,” a red dog that was actually a fox said much relieved and because he was no longer grinning the adults stopped being all at sea and dizzy and were thus infected by the dance.

“Was I dreaming or did I imagine a president in a black limo with men running beside it in black?” Fine Fur no longer dazzled and looked upon the fox with new respect. “Was this fox the future most powerful being in the world? I better learn to grovel quick,” she whispered to a girl friend called Sheila who whispered it to her girl friend called Sheila,

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And all the crabs, hermit and just crustacean came out and danced under the orange yellow sky as the red ball that was the sun set on the waves, setting all alight in a scarlet haze.

And all the birds landed and danced and there was no animosity from predator to pecker, all were dancing thanks to a badger cub.

“Brill cream, combs, hair gel, all factory clearance,” a fox at a wooden stall and many customers came for vanity was the salesman's ally and made him rich.

“Money is needed for my campaign trail,” he added for your benefit only.

And the music was provided from the wind that rustled the seaweed so it sounded like clapping that moves around a football match from one end of the pitch to the other. And the beat was made by crabs clicking their claws.

“Clicky click,” the claws went for they was rusty.

And sea squirts made disgusting sounds squirting water.

A thousand seals barked and howled as if they had become were-creatures.

“Howl,” and sounded ill for many needed prunes from eating supermarket plastic bags.

And scores of wings flapped to make whooshing sounds.

And the waves crashed.

The fiery orange and yellow purple clouds raced for the horizon, night was coming.

But all the sounds came together and it was music and the animals danced for the Great Spirit unashamed.

Then a red dog who was a fox howled and was not in unison with the other sounds for so high pitched was Keen of Scent and was joined by One Stripe’s moan, and the two became the lead howlers while all the rest provided the chorus and background sounds.

“I don’t know them, really I don’t,” Shining Sun to a crab very embarrassed.

And here is the song of the Dance of the Prawn.

“Howl.”

One Stripe

When the red sun tentacles out,
That is when the cormorant that pulls it,
Is tired, plucked, wind blown and unfit?
No longer chased by those ravenous louts,
Borrowed from Norse dark icy legends.
Wolves with salivary hanging tongues.
Now is the time to go to the soft beaches of King Kenneth Montague.
Which is found where the aurora Borealis ends.
Here at the crustacean court of Montague red lobster.
One sees gray octopuses the sea's eight legged juggler,
The dancing slow hermit crabs famed for their slow bends,
But best of all the dance of the prawn.
The sibling of a Malayan King prawn and an icy mermaid.

The prawn whose tussled hair is chestnut hue,
Rich and full of the smell of approaching spring.
That is in the opinion of the wind, me.
For when the prawn speaks all things hush.
If not the white winged albatross shouts shush shush.
And carry you to the sky to drop too the rocks to crush.
So be wise and join the sea creature crowd that is so lush.

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And watch this prawn with jaded eyes.

Green, deep green, the colour of the seaweed of the tide.

And the eyes that stare at you made you crawl and hide.

And simultaneously not say good bye.

For this mermaid prawn has the spirit of the rainbow.

She who dances the dance of the prawn.

So passionately inflamed the hermit rears up high.

Offering the dancing prawn his traveling home.

To protect her from the sea's rushing foam.

That even now ripples up the beach with a long sigh.

But silly hermit has caused uproar.

For friendly lunging flying high dolphin,

Suspects the slow minded hermit of trying to win.

The dancing prawn who makes hermits roar.

So offers her the freedom of the seas of earth.

But she already possesses all.

From admirers in their halls, Poseidon, Neptune in their halls.

So her dance provokes no social birth,

Of harmony that snaps like the over tuned harp.

One Stripe

As all are greedy to bask in her shadow.

So this then is the dance of the prawn.

That so many come to see.

Like innocent me.

To watch the dance of the prawn.

Once there to be ferociously possessed.

Not by the music of the seals.

Nor by the cold stare of the shark who wants you for his meal.

But by the prawn whose beauty to your heart has access

Better never to go to this.

But to stay sober afloat and dry.

Or suffer the hermit's fate as he moans and is about to cry.

For she refused his shell and the dolphin has manly fists.

For such is the effect of the ravenous young prawn.

Who is the dance of the prawn?

“Bravo,” a badger and a fox quite intoxicated with the prawns dance hooted like owls, and the beautiful orange prawn turned and smiled at them alluringly.

And as she walked sultry towards the boulder that One Stripe had made the sea creature's cairn she continuously invited the two to join her. The fools had they not witnessed the dance of the prawn?

One Stripe

“Hello handsome,” the prawn but did not distinguish who was handsome and who a monster so set envy and jealousy a light for she was The Dance of The Prawn.

And here all the crustaceans were bowing to the now silvery moonshine that made illusions on the sand because of the racing clouds; worshiping the full moon, imitating the howls of those who had fur.

“Like my perfume handsome, want to buy me an expensive gift?” And did not distinguish who was fine-looking and who a ogre so sowed the end of friendship.

Then the ogre seeing his chances lost to the striking fellow did what comes naturally to males, “This is wrong,” One Stripe wanting to lecture the crustaceans for his problem was with his mouth and knew everything; but the fox was made cunning and “The Great Spirit is in even the moon beams, let them be,” for he could clearly see there was millions of crabs looking at him with pincers opening and closing wishing to give him a close shave.

Now what IF who ever shouted “Pagans, moon worshipers, prawn idolizers,” had not shouted “Pagans, moon worshipers, prawn idolizers,” for it was not our two heroes who tried to look innocent by rapidly shaking their heads; and saying, “It was him,” pointing at a hermit crab; but someone shouted “Pagans, moon worshipers, prawn idolizers,” and annoyed the million crustaceans who did not like being called “Pagans, moon worshipers, prawn idolizers”, So all the pincers clicked threateningly?

One Stripe

And the crustaceans moved as one mind towards the heroes opening and closing
their pincers.

**WHAT IF
IS THIS THE END
DO THEY GET
CLICKY CLICK CHEWED UP
SO A MILLION CRUSTACIANS DO THEM GOOD
AND SEA FOOD SMELLS LIKE STROING FISH.**

And she danced on atop the boulder oblivious to the heroes peril; she was the dance
of prawn.

She who dispenses lust between friends and makes war happen for threes a crowd and
twos company but men are not ruled by their heads,
And the prawn danced in the moon light to the sound of the waves.