

One Stripe

Opposition



*Illustration 7: Twitching Snout was the shrew's name*

His captors refused to let him eat, he was dinner anyway; without onions or garlic, just the full badger flavour. It did not occur to the ferret and weasel their plump dinner if not kept plump would turn into a cheap tin of watery Irish stew; the really cheap type with three potatoes chopped up to make them look like twenty pieces.

“Meeeeeow, I am a wanted being, in that case One Stripe, Et Tu and bring on the Ides of March. I will summon a council myself and all the beasts must appear, and there under our wings and fur will hide the assassin’s daggers and stab One Stripe to death, freeing the beasts of air and field of the evil dictator,” Eye practicing his oratorical skills, imagining the beasts cheering and proclaiming him Caesar Eye.

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“Eh, they will tear us apart if we did something like that?” Black Fur who had a little more intelligence than Scenting Droppings.

“That is why you and Scenting Droppings will casually walk up behind One Stripe shouting, ‘Death to the Dictator’ and plunge your daggers in his back; then bound away before anyone knows what happened. I am sure a ferret and a weasel can out run anything at the council. You will be gone before anyone says ‘Who did that?’” Eye wrapping oily wings about his companions, staring them in the eyes, “After all it is rumoured a rabbit can out run a ferret and a field mouse a weasel?”

“Na they cannot, we ferrets are fast and I am the fastest,” Black Fur.

“And no mouse ever got the better of me,” Scenting Droppings; and Eye smiled at them till light floated into the cut-throat minds that IF they were so fast they could do the murder and be away *just like that* and not be shredded but perhaps a future Caesar wanted the evidence in a shredder?

“You will be heroes, beasts will sing your names.” And Eye did not mention in a bad way.

“Magnificent,” but with a talon Eye flicked Shining Sun away so he tumbled into a raspberry bush before he could add “Air.”

“Berries?” And the cub had substance for they were elderberry full of vitamin C and anti toxins. A big fat worm, one of those that people mistake as a snake made the mistake of coming out into sunlight.

“Sunday lunch,” Shining Sun and was refreshed.

“I will stick the wicked dictator three times to make sure he is dead,” a ferret boasting.

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“I will stick the sinful dictator a hundred times,” a weasel boasting he did be caught.

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“Know that shrew anywhere?” Small of Wing looking down from a thousand feet for there amongst the pile of an abandoned croft was Twitching Snout.

“No more sausage,” Twitching Snout who being short sighted saw all birds as buzzards and to be insulting of course.

“I am the shrew,

Shoveler of muck.

Grime I suck.

I am the shrew.

Fat worms I eat,

Tasty meat.

I am the shrew.

My snout vibrates.

I never hibernate.

I am the shrew.

Sixty miles a day.

I dig for my wormy pay.

I am the shrew.”

And Small of Wing sang the shrew’s song.

“Buzzard and the shrew was gone.

“Where he go,” the eagle landing and tried sweet talking ways to get the animal out.

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“No more sausage right?” Eventually.

And when the shrew came out he screwed up his eyes at the eagle. It had nothing to do that he was related to moles and was half blind, but everything to do with the knowledge he was plain ugly and more ugly when he screwed up his eyes.

“Know you do I?” The shrew and was deliberately rude but the secret of the game was not to let that fact be known. So after much apologising for disturbing the great worm hunter Small of Wing finally got to ask him if there was any news?

“Of course?”

And after much compliments Small of Wing got a sensible answer; some people like grovelers and some must grovel.

“Want too know do we?” For Twitching Snout the shrew led a lonely life underground airing the soil and annoying Framer Jack. Didn’t see much apart from hairy plant roots, grubs and worms and they never spoke to you while you ate them.

The shrew was devoid of decent conversation and a little odd upstairs.

“How was your breakfast then?” The eagle tiring, beginning to feel tempted to *look about to see if witnesses were about?* One shrew looked like any other shrew, no one would notice one missing, they was like rabbits anyway!

“Never mind my breakfast, that has nothing to do with you, but what I know must be told One Stripe our great leader, only him,” the shrew being really awkward, you know the type, the neap farmers who send their wives out to plough without a tractor or horsie..

Now after a minute Small of Wing decided to let the mind draining shrew on his back to take him to the badger; *perhaps he did fall off?* But no longer had the thought been made Small of Wing felt guilty for he had been decently brought up he had!

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“Don't play with your food,” mummy used to shout at him.

“Not very hygienic are we?” Twitching Snout doing a bit of preening on the feathers when in fact being a shrew couldn't help himself; being such a small beast he needed heaps of food for he burnt off his calories *just like that* and nothing to do that when he started talking couldn't stop.

And Small of Wing wondered how the shrew knew so much gossip such as Eye's call for a cut-throat meeting had been answered.

Here the most villainous animals to gather.

Rover, the one eyed leader of the dogs, famed for leading his packs into man's towns and eating litter and leaving it. Fouling would be a better word.

Crassus, leader of the wolverines, fur ruffled for effect to make him look bigger, a true villain and were-creature of the pine trees.

Thor, the only Owl Eagle so led himself, recently introduced by man, spoke funny, looked funny, was too big and so was ignored and doomed to a loners life.

And hundreds of ferrets and weasels, crows and others waited for Eye to tell them One Stripe was dead. “Hurray hurray three cheers for Caesar Eye,” they did cheer just before they tried to eat themselves for thieves always fall out you know.

“Spread terror amongst the dictator's subjects, kill eat maim where you go. One Stripe will be blamed for he is the law and things will slide back to the way they was,” Eye meooed for that is how buzzards speak just in case you didn't know but you did of course.

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And in a burrow belonging to Black Fur and was obvious it belonged to a villain for bones and a skull littered it; 'Hamlet' was stamped on the skull, Shining Sun was thinking hard how to escape and be heroic, remembered in the badger Hall of Fame even, talked about at the local chipper, forgotten by Christmas.

“Hello,” it was a shrew just dug his way in.

“Do we know each other?” The cub asked hoping he was rescued,

“Twitching Snout 495 and no more sausage right?”

“Of course, have you come to rescue me?” The cub persistent.

“Naw you are too big to crawl though our Highways, but tell you what, if you lift up your right paw, mmmmmmmm, that’s better, barbecue flavour, must be having party topside for the worms to be marinated so. Why once I was under Khan’s Take away, curried worms, nice, hot,” and the shrew salivated bountifully; it was revolting’

“If you are not here to rescue me what are you here for, worms?” The cub annoyed he was not be saved and One Stripe and his friends were not at the other side of the tunnel, waiting for his freedom before they rushed the cut-throats and did them good.

“Yes worms, big juicy ones, couldn’t move your other paw again.”

“You cannot leave me here?” Shining Sun.

“Why not?” Twitching Snout 495, “I have roads to test.”.

“Because I am Shining Sun, you must get One Stripe here.”

“I know who you are and no I am not bringing One Stripe here, he can bring himself here or do you think I am disturbed?” Twitching Snout 495.

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“What do you mean disturbed?” The cub worriedly.

“Best to stay underground, there are cut-throats about,” and the shrew was gone which proves the rudeness of shrews is hereditary for they are all discourteous for have you seen a shrew at a finishing school?.

Which made Shining Sun incredibly lonely, he would have kept moving all his paws to check for worms to get the shrew to stay. Now in darkness again and hairy tree roots rubbing his nose making him sneeze.

**All alone..**

No one to speak too.

Unthinking he ate a worm; of course it was barbecue flavour.

\*

“I am the shrew.

Sixty miles a day.

I dig for my wormy pay.

I am the shrew.”

“Hello Twitching Snout 800, long time no see, guess who I met?” Twitching Snout 495.

“Tell you what 495, tell me your news while we picnic then I will tell you mine,” TS800 for short replied.

And they ate cucumber sandwiches for shrews must show the world they are not rude but well brought up citizens.

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And the picnic happened sixty miles from Shining Sun and two empty barrows were parked next to two moles that were reined to the barrows, the latest in shrew hot rods they was used for testing the Highways that the moles dug..

“Well that is really interesting 495, I should be meeting Fred in an hour for a picnic and the news so see you again here for a picnic?” TS800.

“Fine tra a la then,” TS495 and was off.

And they cleaned up well, didn’t want any trash in their tunnels as at the speed they went hitting a crisp wrapper could cause serious mayhem!

“Hallo again, wouldn’t mind lifting a paw would you?” A squeaky voice asked in the gloom.

“Of course not,” Shining Sun happily obliging and the wiggling worm try as it did could not pronounce ‘No sausages;’ it was a Polish sausage.

And one hundred and twenty miles away a picnic was taking place and Fred listened and would tell Twitching Snout who he heard was coming east on the back of Small of Wing an eagle friend. *‘Some shrews where going up in the world?’*

And this is the secret of the Highways and how Twitching Snout knew everything.

“Here Fred,” a mole just before it zoomed away with a barrow and a shrew as chariot rider.

“What Fred?” The other mole just before it zoomed away with a barrow and a cruel shrew as chariot rider for this shrew used a glass studded micro Bull Whip to encourage extra revs.



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“Something not right here, we dig these tunnels and we get to pull a barrow with a crazy speed loving shrew in it, surely something wrong here Fred?” Fred the mole.

“Yeh doesn't sound right Fred, let me think about it,” Fred the other mole.

“Crack,” went the micro Bull Whip and Fred was off.

“Ge up Moley,” the other shrew and Fred the other mole was off too.

For the shrews did not encourage their moles to think or like the two Freds might see something was wrong and find an answer, like make the shrew pull the barrows and the moles ride them; and worse hand out shovels to the shrew and get them to dig for once.

Anyway: “You all know me, I am Rover, look at Eye, asleep on the food we bring him, to you I say let us be off and eat One Stripe and the problem solved,” and Rover looked at Eye seeing him basted the human way and drooled heavily.

“Brother and brothers and sisters, Rover is right, there are enough of us to eat one badger,” and Crassus deliberately did not mention the eagles, “go now and eat,” for he knew the cut-throat host in front of him was intoxicated with the blood of many kills consumed at their party for someone had found a tin opener and a crashed tourist bus full of tins of Rhineland Sausage and Sauerkraut. A crashed bus because the driver had fallen asleep.

So with a howl and many howls the dogs led the way.

Except Crassus and some rowdies stayed behind for they let others feed them and never said “Thanks” but “where's the pudding?” And never tipped either!

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So did Black Fur and Scenting Death for seeing Eye asleep was planning to get Shining Sun out of a ferret burrow. “Not acceptable having his badger kind in one of our kinds burrow,” Black Fur and dribbled when he thought of plain badger cub and grass stuck to the dribbles; it was horrid.

“Quite correct,” Scenting Droppings dribbling at the mouth seeing plain ferret on offer when Eye found out and licked his lips.

And Crassus saw Eye basted and roasted dripping buzzard fat and dribbled at the mouth also and a twig stuck to that, it was disgusting.

*They was friends and the best of mates and one for all and what they said was not what they thought!*

They were-cut-throats and needed quarantined.

\*

Now word spreads fast through underground tunnels manned by thousands of shrews and moles so by the time One Strip trudged to the top of the cairn the beastly host had assembled.

“The wild cats are gone, we are left with true berry eaters,” Magnificent Air seeing all cut-throats gone to join Eye. But he was happy for with the likes of what was left he did mold them into Legions that did only obey the command of a Field Marshall, that was him of course and the vision of them made him shake and say, “Lovely,” and others behind his back tap their heads and make funny hand movements indicating the big eagle was well you know!

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“Hello,” I am Twitching Snout 78.

One Stripe looked down at the creature; moles and shrews to him looked alike.

“Tell Twitching Snout the dogs are coming, baying and snarling wanting to eat all here,” and the little squeaky voice was carried to others.

“There isn’t enough eagles to go around to protect us,” a partridge correctly.

“There are show dogs though,” a red squirrel.

“Yes with pedigree,” a gray squirrel added.

And because reds and grays hates each other, “Like this do we?” The red pulling the gray by its tail.

“No but let's see how you like this,” the grew poking his fingers in someone's eyes.

“Cur I am blind but not that blind not to do this,” and kicked the gray places so a shriek was heard.

“Enough, order in the ranks, you have just enlisted into the 98<sup>th</sup> Legion of Gaul, stand straight horrid thingies, what are we, shout it out,” a future Field Marshall who saw stamps with his face on them, stamps he did print as occupying forces have strange powers.

“And pine martins are coming to eat us and shred us and empty the contents of our innards out,” a grouse adding not just atmosphere but FEAR..

“And they have Shining Sun prisoner,” Twitching Snout 78 for shrews wanted all the lime light and applause so wailed his words so was ear piercing stuff.

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“Hello cousin ninety eight times removed,” Twitching Snout greeting Twitching Snout 98; like rabbits they had children young shrews and moles did; couldn’t help themselves. And there was no big boulders with bigger shadows behind them in those dark tunnels but the tunnels was dark and many moles looked shrews and many shrew looked like moles these days and it made people ask, “What do them shrews and moles do in them dark tunnels apart from dig?”

“Did you hear Eye is to execute Shining Sun at dawn,” a mouse and ran about in circles with a hundred thousand relations and leave what mice leave.

“Do we need mice?” A chicken afraid to sit and lay an egg.

“Yes, they brave fearless and indispensable warriors who go in first,” a fox with double meaning for those that go in first are used to weaken the enemy and are dispensable and since no one likes mice it was a good way to keep their numbers down. Besides with such flattery all those hundreds and thousands of rodents did vote for him as Mr President and allow him to change the constitution, president for life..

“The weasels are here?” A moor hen and fainted.

“To arms to arms,” a wolf escaped from a zoo and with a very long tongue licked his lips, weasel was better than berry.

“Good grief, brothers and sister, peace, no weasels or ferrets are here, but if it is a fight you wont, then the wolf here will lead you to the lands of Farmer Jack, loot and spoil his houses. Sleep in his beds and leave imagination behind; drink from his loo

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and wet the seat, shred all the toilet paper, make him pack up and leave, the eagles and birds will fly ahead and talk to the farmyard beasts and the sheep, cow and pig will raise the flag of rebellion and our song will go forth,” One Stripe and stood with his hands behind his back.

And he had charisma and a magnetic voice that cast a spell upon his listeners.

“Viva the dictator,” and many suspect it was a fox for IF the badger was dictator then he was free to be Mr President.

“Hurray hurray for the dictator,” the spell bound audience.

“Actually you know, no more sausage might go down a treat with the farmyard beasts,” Keen of Scent added.

And he was right; the pigs stopped rutting so Framer Jack couldn’t make any more brass from dirt. They in fact bit Framer Jack and since the dogs had joined Eye, broke out of their sties and returned to the woods and became bores for they were boring for they did not want to take part in the great rebellion against man.

And so it was many once upon a times the beasts kicked in barn yard doors and fainted when they saw the knackers shop behind Farmer Jacks; sausages were hanging up from the wall hocks and worse, headless chickens lay next to chopping blocks and their heads were gone.

And next to them a red stained bag with these words ‘Dog Food’; but no one could read so asked ‘What happened to them heads.’

***And a fox a natural businessman would not forget these back yard shops.***

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***They was a means to make cash to buy voters on his presidential campaign.***

Why horses threw off their young riders onto the fences with these words, ‘See how you like it,’ and the young human riders did not like it and men came out and beat the horses good.

“To the glue factory,” the men shouted and the horses knew about Animal Farm so bolted the other way.

Great was the rebellion of the beasts for in towns men asked the waitress, “I ordered an English breakfast and it isn’t one unless there are eggs, and where’s the jam?”

“Sorry,” the waitress replied, “there are no more berries for jam making and I have no idea where eggs come from,” she lied and never got a tip. That explains why she gave the customer strange finger signs behind his back and while he was in the loo had slashed his tires.

And the rodents swarmed the pavements and women screamed and stood on their prams for furry mice and rats have that effect upon human women.

“Save us,” the women screamed and no one did for there were many rodents, billions running about making more rodents so it was ‘Every man to himself,’ and the *word* woman wasn’t included.

“Here I am not paying for this moldy bread for it has mice droppings on it,” a single man buying bread to make sandwiches for his lunch complained to a shop keeper.

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“So it has, what do you expect me to do?” The shop keeper for he knew Farmer Jack was out trying to herd his boring pigs back to their sties; so the corn was not harvested and the price of loaf was up, moldy included and why his new Cadillac was parked outside while you walked in shoes that holes in the soles..

And the fields of wheat and barley was ruined because of the *flocks* of horses running through them to get away from Show Jumping; they wanted to run free with the wind in their manes and their tails streaming behind, galloping for themselves and not some jockey.

But they did miss their sugar lumps man used to give them and some horses thought this rebellion a bad idea and let them selves get caught and became glue; serve them right.

Silly things, a few more stone dykes to jump and they would have been in the great pine plantations never to be seen again by man.

Heard neighing at nights like were horses terrifying man.

“Mummy I got nightmares,” and was the wild horses caused it.

Yes the rebellion caused share prices on pork belly to drop and recession set in because boring porkers were being grunting boars; yes let's blame the pigs, filthy thingies anyway. Is always them one smells when opening the car window and the window needs shut and the car washed by the wife after the ploughing of course.

And cereal prices went up because the pigeons and their kind ate all the seeds and we all know what a mess pigeons make so was inedible anyway.

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And two kingfishers aloft to the rebellion and sticking to the ways Great Spirit intended were missing.

But; “Since there are no berries at the sea shore Fine Fur and her seals can still eat fish,” One Stripe at the cairn, “with chips,” and there was giggles, the type girls make when you have just dived into a pool and come out without the trunks,

“One law for some and another for us, aren’t having it,” and the King Fishers went fishing and that was one reason they was missing.

And the song of rural life was song for them; and song very off key by those trying to sound sweet and sugary when they are smelling stale.

‘As the bespeckled Kingfisher hopefully eyes,

Far away rushing waters swiftly rush,

Before it leaps there is no silent hush.

As it misses it does but sigh.

And sees a looping bumble bee.

Sacks full of sweetly smells.

Away to store in bee-hive cells.

And in the tall grass there is the bustling flea.

Like a hermit crab a wander for a home.

Of you a wind swept flower.

Wetted in sleeted winter showers.

But of swirling life as sea crashes foam.



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Awaken and be hushing no more.

Stretch forth and take of the rush of life.'

And because it was the rural song the two King Fishers kept fishing for they relaxed and was truly stubborn. To stop and retire would be to admit they was wrong not to join the others in rebelling and visiting Farmer Jack's fish farms and see how life was lived by those in abundance; fish glorious fish everywhere you could swim and spear. Of course Farmer Jack wouldn't be happy for he accounted every fish down to the last bag of dog food he fed them.

For some reason dog food was cheap at the moment.

And some who sang the song crept nearer the fishing birds and each time the birds dived under the river the miscreants ran closer and closer and then leapt.

No last squeaks as birds don't squeak; maybe if they had been rabbits.

"We are alone aren't we?" Scenting Droppings asked dribbling again.

"Yeh, Eye got fed up the cub telling him that Magnificent Air was going to pluck his feathers off, slowly," Black Fur replied seeing luck was with him, two meals for one for a big Roach fish was in his bird.

And Scenting Droppings never got a bite for a familiar voice came out of the thicket.

"Share and share alike boys, that is my motto," and Eye slapped Scenting Droppings hard on the back so he dropped his meal which Eye snatched quickly.

"But the problem is we do all the sharing?" Black Fur.

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“I am hurt, more so, deeply offended that my love for you two is rebuffed. Have I not come here to fish and share my catch with you?” And Eye waved Scenting Droppings meal about, “Here Black Fur take this fish as a gift,” and Eye deliberately hung the weasel's meal just under the ferret's nose.

A ferret is a ferret, a cut-throat, and has horrid hormones, so all that fish just under his nose where all the teeth are.

“Give me give me,” the ferret going nuts and lunged.

“Cannot do, is Scenting Droppings, tell him you want it,” and once again Eye waved the fish just under a nose.

Did I say ferrets have horrid hormones, also got blood lust like all cut-throats possess. Is when the eyes go blood shut and everything is seen in a red tint?

The red tint of a were-creature.

And had affected Scenting Droppings also for when the fish was removed quickly from the ferret it was wafted under the weasel.

“Must be off, tra a la,” and Eye flew into the air.

“Where are my two meals for the price of one?” Black Fur asked and managed to speak with great difficulty for he was foaming at the mouth for he was almonds.

“What have you done with my bird?” Scenting Droppings going walnuts also.

No squeaks, not even a howl for weasels and ferrets don't howl. But are silent killers so Eye was not disturbed having four meals for the price of one as the other bird had an eel in it.

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Such the curse of BLOOD LUST, beware blood lust. When the full moon is up lock your doors. Stay in your burrow; don't go into the wood at night. Don't go bird watching or the local for even rats coming out your dog flap have BLOOD LUST. And maybe cannot howl but will stand on their hind paws and shake their front paws while staring at you defiantly with sixty thousand years of hate; because for that time you have poisoned them and said 'Just vermin.'

BLOOD LUST and why the rat suddenly has a thousand friends beside her full of BLOOD LUST and they is hungry rats and know no one likes a drunk.

\*

"Where is everyone?" Eye asked seeing almost no one except discarded litter dropped by those in a hurry.

"Gone shopping," Crassus but could not look Eye straight in the eye.

"His plan is good," a breeze carried the ditty back.

"His plan is good," a louder breeze carried the roar of a thousand beastly throats.

"His plan?" Eye?

Why Crassus the wolverine cleaned his talons nonchalantly; and whistled the first twenty opening bars from Beethoven Pastoral Sympathy 15 in E sharp,

"We will take the fat of the land, we will take the fat of the land," it was Black Fur having heard the breeze and copied for he did not have rhythm in his blood.

"We eat the fat of the land," Scenting Droppings hearing another breeze and copied for he did not hip hop in his blood.

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“We will eat Farmer Jack dry,” a thousand dogs bayed.

And one howled so was off key.

“And I will lead you to the fat,” and the breeze brought the traitor’s voice to Eye who shouted frothing and foaming in a demented way, “I know that dog, he is for the pound for he has no license.”

“Let me explain things clearly,” Crassus wrapping an oily furry arm about Eye. A tight oily furry arm and Eye felt he was prisoner and about to be sold obsolete out of date goods.

“There is Rover, a burly lad if ever was. Not much top side,” and Crassus tapped his dead, “and not much here either and the either needs filling,” as Crassus rubbed his belly.

Eye felt he was basking over an open fire.

Why Crassus’s long purplish tongue wrapped itself about his jaws and speedily unwound and disappeared. But the meaning was obvious, a hole needed filling.

“I was keeping that young badger for just an occasion,” Eye knowing how to rescue a situation.

Crassus stopped, he was a cut-throat and a young badger was tenderer than a feathery old grisly buzzard. It was as IF the butcher to keep a customer had produced the tenderest loin chops ever because you were the Bank Manager.

Now because it happens in the movies it must happen here. Below the cut-throat’s paws and talons the earth shuddered for a shrew was hurtling itself along a mole

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tunnel. Red lights did not exist for its eye sight was bad. Other shrews coming head one were as blind; so were the moles who complained a lot about all this build up in traffic as the tunnels weren't designed for it and blamed One Stripe for he was the government.

"Hello there, I am Twitching Snout."

"Then who is he?" Shining Sun asked pointing at TS495.

"Cousin Mickey twenty times removed," TS the original " and I have come to rescue you as I have been told you are dinner and here come the dinners, quick in here," but the cub had eaten too many healthy berries topside and was unable to disappear down the hole.

So was lifted up by the scruff of his neck and suffered the indignity of a long hot wet purplish tongue slobbering over his face.

"Need all the trimmings, the stuffing, hazelnuts, Brussels, gravy, roast spuds, bread sauce, Yorkshire puds," a soft voice in Crassus's left ear and Crassus listened to greed and dreamed a vision of all these trimmings so never noticed the voice's owner take the cub and disappear.

"Trimmings," Crassus was still muttering as Eye took to the air.

"Where are we going now?" And the cub bit Eye and found him grisly indeed and spat out dusty feathers needing a good beating with a feather duster to get shining clean again like new.

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And Eye screamed a long scream for the bite was like a dentist drill in the hands of drunk inside your mouth; a dentist who was an alcoholic and not struck of the dental registrar.

And should be.

So Eye screamed and Black Fur and Scenting Droppings were attracted to the almighty scream as Eye struggled to free his right foot from the cub's jaw; and the jaw had needle like teeth in them too.

"Our leader needs us," but couldn't care IF Eye was never seen again, it was the badger they was watching as Shining Sun choking on uncooked meat had let go and was falling through the sky. Spitting, coughing and being ill for the meat was unhygienic; lucky no one was underneath.

"Trimnings," it was a warning as the sound was not human and was Crassus imitating Swan Lake through the heather dainty like. "Trimnings," he said catching Shining Sun just before Black Fur and Scenting Droppings bit him places and a second horrid scream was heard through the glens.

And pipers sent out here to practice outside human towns wondered who amongst them could play so wonderfully?

"That is why we have come here," German tourists leaving a bothy carrying suitcases, "and why we are leaving."

Anyway: "Very interesting," someone in the sky above?

"Very interesting," a shrew who was the original.

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“So what we do now?” TS 495 asked seeing an impossible situation.

“Dig,” was the logical TS shrew’s answer to everything.

And, “Cannot you run faster?” Black Fur shouting at the labour, “That wolverine has stopped howling.

And Scenting Dropping ran faster for he had a vision of Crassus leaping on him and doing bad things; like having his kidneys for breakfast, his tongue for lunch and the rest of him for dinner’ of course with the *trimmings* he was carrying for he lacked the sense to throw Shining Sun back to the ferret then he could run faster and live longer in the bargain.

“Trimmings,” he heard closer and was sure he smelled bad breath from an animal that sneaked into Farmer Jacks at night and slurped up swill; and the breath was hot and made the poor weasel shiver all over.