

## One Stripe

## Movements



*Illustration 8: Crassus was just a big weasel that knew how to climb trees so knew he was smart*

And Magnificent Air stood with silver paper twisted into his feathers so he glittered for he made sure he stood with the sun behind him. Impressions count and the beastly host in front of him said, “Cur’, can’t see a blooming thing,” but knew some one important was there because of the silver glistening.

“When we make money like man does we must put an eagle on it,” Magnificent Air heard and his chest swelled and had visions, of an eagle wearing a tin helmet and stars and stripes fluttering in the back ground.

And he who voiced the idea of an eagle buck also saw visions of printing the money to keep him as Mr President.

And the eagle realised he needed music to win the host to call him unashamedly Field Marshall and he had vision too, of running for the presidency as all generals do.

His friend One Stripe who now occupied that position would understand, this was a

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democracy.

“We are the beastly host,  
Left right left.  
We parade in dark lofts.  
So make the most.  
Of winter daylight saving.  
Cohort upon legion.  
County, shire and region,  
The beastly host is leaving.  
Left right right.  
We are might.  
We love a fight.  
From great dizzy heights.  
A terrifying sight.  
Left right left right.”

And was by magic for a rodent band appeared blowing sun  
flower seeds and beating plastic discarded lunch boxes and shouted this marshal song,  
so the beasts listened to Magnificent Air parading them into cohorts and legions.

The bull deer led the way, coloured streamers of man’s thrown away present  
wrappings in their antlers. Behind them columns of bulls, stuck up front for they was  
big and ugly. Also columns of boars escaped from a farm and from their tusks little  
flags of the stars and stripes and columns of pigs for they knew how to bite and  
smelled something else so was right up front away from all.

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Yes the beastly host marched forth to attack attack attack without quarter and knew what quarter was, it went with bacon so where wrath with man.

And a fox knew generals wanted to become presidents and this was a democracy where aspiring generals got the sack.

And at the back of the host the little ones sweeping up the rubbish.

“Let no beast throw his rubbish on the green grass,” One Stripe had ordered and the sweepers up repeated this many times for encouragement for they did not ask for this job.

“Some are bigger than others and some are not,” and the sweepers of muck got sweeping and a cunning fox had the young put to use stitching labels, ‘Manure, £3 6p a bag, but when its cheap, already 20% discount, buy buy you must own manure,’ and the cunning fox could sell you a mop as well if you liked?

And the animal host frog marched it to the big lights, a gambling town way up in the mountains; Aviemore it was called where all the nameless humans could do with some manure; and the neon lights of the town distracted the animal host so they did not go left or right but, “I smell burgers,” “better than berries”, “there are desertions in the ranks,” was reported to Field Marshal Magnificent Air.

“Shoot them shoot all,” the eagle barked but there was no one to shoot them as one had any guns and there was no one left any way to carry out the orders; and the Field Marshall had not identified who to shoot but hoped to clear the way to the presidency, for himself of course.

**Anyway:** “We are on a winning streak,” a group of swine entering a casino and “Hot dogs,” was heard ‘£1.00 a dog,’ also the porkers where never seen again. *And we all know what hot dogs are made of?*

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But all was not so ‘trick or treat’ for Rover and his ‘locust host’; to be insulting arrived too.

Now once upon a time when the animals went up and down the mountains to reach Aviemore man just went round the bendy roads as well as up and down them.

And Aviemore was awoken to BLOOD LUST.

“Howl.”

“Banshee spirits,” the locals moaned phoning the dog warden for Rover was an unlicensed dog and his friends needed a bath; worse untrained and made it definitely unsafe to venture out.

“£1.00 a dog,” was heard over the baying as the seller knew Rovers ate anything.

And the sky was streaked reds, oranges, purples, dark grays, many different shades of black, lilacs, lavender that man said “What am I seeing Jamie?” For they saw a badger carried on a round wooden top of a whiskey barrel; for One Stripe had read ‘Asterix and Obelix’ and knew a great ruler was carried on a shield.

“A were-badger is upon us,” the locals phoned the police and “Yeh yeh the Martians have landed,” and the police went back to bed. A horrid mistake for the were- badger found he shouting “£1.00 a dog,” and there was glorious silence.

‘Manure, £3 6p a bag, but when its cheap, already 20% discount, buy buy you must own manure,’ broke the stillness of the night as a seller sold fresh muck.

And shoes and chamber pots were thrown out of windows and “Oy, that bloody hurts,” was heard also.

But Keen of Scent knew his market and grew rich.

“Do you like my new silk tie?” The fox unashamedly.

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“Eat not their dandy loins, nettles and young Rowan's growing in man's gardens, for man is a gardener,” the fox visualising £££££ and \$\$\$\$\$\$ for he was international, even accepting money orders and credit cards from students to sell them gardening implements..

And man could not understand the tongue of the beast for he was an ignoramus for he was a fast food eater but IF the fox could translate animal into an English tutor he did be mega rich and own a steam yacht in the Mediterranean, painted green to be different..

And as One Stripe was carried about the vermin infested streets he met Rover, to him Brutus *for he had read the classics*.

And Rover was not carried on a cooper's wooden top for he was a snuffer of discarded disgusting messes on the grass so was mighty jealous.

“I regarded you as my son,” and One Stripe lied and did not know why he said this but Keen of Scent was next to him; perhaps a negative influence or the dictator had risen in him.

“Woof,” Rover which meant “Daddy” and “ha he ha he,” for Rover either had hyena blood or donkey in him.

“Discount prices on all goods,” was also added and One Stripe was aghast; “Did I say that,” and looked at the fox next to him and suspected ventriloquism was at play.

And Rover bounded away seeing discount over a butcher's shop and was followed by his evil horde. And try as he might could not stay on his barrel lid; lid?

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For his lid was carried by a sausage dog and a Great Dane so was unevenly matched and the whip he used on them was full of glass shreds, and Rover forgot he was smaller than the Great Dane so was whipped instead so screamed much; then unceremoniously dumped in a gutter where a vermin band appeared from no where and played, "A night to remember."

Needless to say Rover was not amused and bought many bandages from a passing fox who appeared with the band, as IF by magic but was the scent of cash to be made that brought him.

**Anyway:** "Chops loin and pork gobble gobble," and man folk thought turkeys was about.

But the men came up the bendy round that went up and down to Aviemore and many where ill on that road for it went up and down left and right; but eventually got to Aviemore.

So, "Retch," was heard on the road and the smell was something else, enough to stop buyers buying discounted porkers which was running out as the supply of porkers entering that casino was dwindling.

"We are tinned food," the call went up and the sensible host under One Stripe cleared off seeing green men get off the lorries that stopped at the top of the bendy road to Aviemore.

"We have seen the red eyed devil men from Mars," a sensible chicken.

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. But not all were sensible for those under Rover kept fouling the streets, drinking from toilet bowels and eating from wheelie bins.

And man did them good.

Howls and not howling to the moon howling was heard often, for man put the boot in; right in. Which explains the strange howling and men said behind closed windows in Aviemore ‘That is not the howling from a were-wolf, so ate their frozen fast food and slept well, safe in the knowledge a dog was being booted.

“I am off,” Rover the great leader of Eye’s host said, and blamed the booting on EYE so all the booted blamed Eye and not one eyed Rover with the black patch.

Rover was not daft.

“Woof.”

Then: “Bang,” just like that and what IF One Stripe hadn’t been loitering at the chip shop? Then the bang wouldn’t affect him but he was loitering for all those dropped chip shop bags proved too much. A pickled onion, lovely, a dropped mock chop, delicious, a foot trodden black pudding, heavenly, a few rings of battered onions smeared in curry sauce and he had won the lotto and not a berry in sight.

A closed chipper to a wild beast was Gad come to deliverer them from man’s cruel ways.

And the smell from the newspaper was too much.

“More,” One Stripe salivated then the BANG.

“He dead,” one of his chipper cronies.

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“Give him a kick,” and was done and One Stripe did not twitch being kicked in places like a living thingy would. *A living thingy did scream and moan the house down so the badger must be dead.*

“He is passed over, the Ides of March are upon us,” the beasts moaned for many had seen the “Rise and Fall of The Roman Empire,” when Farmer Hack fell asleep in front of the telly while leaving the front door open. Needless to say the animals ate everything in the house and a blizzard was on so would take Farmer Jack three weeks to get to a store and FOOD; so ate green neaps to stay alive. Don't feel sorry, he had twenty years supply of XXX in his cellar made from distilled green neaps, lovely wicked.

And many gave One Stripe a good kicking to make sure he was dead.

“Didn't move an inch,” some kicker.

“Nor blink an eye,” some eye poker.

“Nor groan,” a groin stamper.

“Yes he must be dead,” and the beasts moaned something horrid so all men moaned as well, “here we go again.”

“Moan,” for atmosphere.

\*

And Eye had from the breezy air above seen real estate, liked and new the development potential.



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“That is a breezy old castle,” indeed there was much cold breeze that day. The type that makes a man wrap up his neck with his woman’s scarf; so we know what a breezy day it was. A day a man takes his woman's Great Coat, a day a man takes his woman's fur lined tights to keep warm and says happily, “A fine day for ploughing wife.”

**And:** A castle, decrepit piece stone covered in moss and toadstools. But it was free and better a dark stair well that must lead to a dungeon. And Eye fetched Scenting Droppings and Black Fur and the hostage.

“There is salami found in a bothy left behind by German tourists,” Eye told his two staff members to make them come to the ruin.

“What does salami look like boss?” The ferret thinking of exotic German food.

“It is green,” Eye not lying for the Germans had left eons ago and where now in Aviemore sampling freshly made hot dogs no longer at discount prices for porkers where in short supply.

“Even I knew that,” a ferret being too smart.

“When do I get home?” The hostage asked interrupting.

“Never,” the ferret replied to be mean.

“There is your new home,” Eye being degenerate.

“Yes down amongst the crypts, I saw a horror movie so know what lives down there,” a weasel to be reduced to scraping the barrel for a fine word to describe his meanness but failed for he was dim.

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And a buzzard did not tell them the dark moldy dungeon was their new home for a weasel and ferret for he was wayward in his ways and was called surprise.

And Shining Sun was not perturbed; he had great faith in a shrew so was not afraid of the dark.

“Here I can’t see a thing,” and the weasel tumbled down the dark gloomy stairwell.

“Ouch,” was heard at the bottom.

“Come on get a move on,” Black Fur and swung a paw at the cub, for he had been to the movies as well, a war film so knew how to treat prisoners.

But the ferret was being too mean and swung too much paw so somersaulted rather than tumbled to show Scenting Droppings the proper way down a dark dingy stair well.

“Shriek,” was heard for “ouch” was too common.

“Home sweet home,” a buzzard and slammed the rusty old gate so part of the ruined castle fell on him.

“Ouch,” he said then heard the din.

“One Stripe is dead,” and was Crassus at the top of the roofless castle, for he had been to a movie too so knew about effect and standing with the moon behind you; then howled for more effect.

“Yowl,” which is posh for “howl.”

For Crassus wanted to be Caesar and had to impress the plebeians.

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And Eye visualised one Caesar, him and Crassus slipping up there and breaking his neck below; but luck was with the wolverine for he bounded down the rafters and beams to be at the great doorway for there was a din approaching.

“Rover,” Crassus said for effect and the effect was immediate for Eye cringed against a wall holding his neck.

“Might be hungry,” Crassus added to be nauseating

“Look what I have?” Rover and the castle ruins filled with cut-throats and booty.

There were chickens freshly roasted from a supermarket and smelled fine.

There was kebabs still hot from a Turkish takeaway and smelled spicy.

There was Chinese curry from a Chinese and smelled hot.

And fish and chips from a local and smelled the best of all.

And the smells went down the dark gloomy stairwell.

“Here let us out,” Black Fur for some mean buzzard had slammed the rusty door shut and forgotten about them. For the buzzard knew out of sight out of mind so had peace of mind concerning Shining Sun.

And Scenting Droppings could stand the smells no more and visualised Black Fur as a giant black pudding and bit him so “Ouch” was heard but no one took any notice as they was eating real solid food.

And Eye wondered how the beastly horde knew where to find him?

“Good news spreads fast,” Crassus seeing himself the new owner of the castle and since he had been to the movies new what to do with the present owner.

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“Hallo Eye,” Crassus grabbing Eye by the neck and producing him for all to see.

“He is too blame for the booting,” Rover for Rover remember was not daft.

\*

And above two eagles watched everything as:

“One Stripe dead?” Yellow Edge so shocked and loosened his bowels.

“Dam seagulls,” Crassus cursed below but was an eagle.

“I saw a movie where El Cid was dead but they tied him up to stand straight and smile so none suspected he was off,” Small of Wing, “because without One Stripe we are leaderless and everyone is so fed up with berries!”

“Yes, berries,” and Yellow Edge knew the implications, without the badger berries would not be on the menu.

“Mice,” Small of Wing.

“Voles,” Yellow Edge.

“Unattended picnics.”

“Burgers dropped by passing German tourists.”

“With extra gherkins.”

“Dropped Chinese takeaway.”

“Yes the diced carrot is good for the eyes.”

**And below:** “Dam seagulls,” Crassus cursed as strands of saliva wrapped about him but was eagles above visualising.

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And as the two eagles hurried east no longer longing for berries a small animal was hurtling down a mole tunnel towards the castle. TS567 Sheila had told him what was going on sixty miles back and even at that distance the nose was twitching.

How could the shrew resist such free foods? He loved curry, kebabs and especially fish and chips and all was free to sample with options to buy IF liked. But the shrew had no intention of buying but eating so he ate.

And Rover was much annoyed that the chips on the newspaper vanished and blamed Crassus so bit the wolverine.

And Crassus was much annoyed the Chinese he was eating out of the foil plate vanished *just like that* and blamed Eye so bit him as Eye did not have teeth like Rover.

And Eye was really annoyed he had been bitten and threw his kebab on the floor and it vanished *just like that*.

“This place is haunted,” and just takes one and the castle emptied *just like that*.

“Here what about us, you can’t leave us here with vanishing food,” but Black Fur was ignored as the cut-throats once outside the castle regained their composure and were still hungry for the food had vanished so had not time to eat.

And Rover visualised Crassus as spitted boar.

And Crassus visualised Eye as roast turkey.

And Eye visualised a far away tropical Island.

“Here what’s that I smell?” Black Fur

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“Tastes fine, see our leader did not forget us then,” Scenting Droppings eating a Chinese.

“Cool, pineapple and chocolate sauce to dip,” Black Fur grateful they had a fantastic generous leader in Eye.

And in the Mole Highway below the food was so congested it was coming up through the ruined floor.

“Eat up cub,” Twitching Snout.

“Lovely, haddock and chips,” Shining Sun.

“Lovely,” Rover gnawing on his spitted boar.

“Lovely,” gnawing on his roast turkey.

“Lovely nothing,” Eye waiting for the sun to rise and BLOOD LUST to sleep and then he could have his left leg back, Crassus his left leg and Rover both his hind legs as he was so wrapped up in his vision of roast boar did not notice lots of ferrets and weasels gnawing him. Perhaps it had something to do with the fact his eye patch had shifted onto his good eye?

Yes it was Blood Lust when animals visualise fancy food and the sunrise was four hours away.

\*

“Dance,” the night demon hissed.

“Dance with me the kiss of sweet embrace.

One kiss.

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Hiss.

Dance with me the kiss of sweet embrace,” hiss.

“Tell me that is you hissing Scenting Dropping?”

“No Black Fur I cannot hiss can you?”

“My sparkling eyes invite my prey.

Once seen never forgotten.

In the twinkling of a light it happens.

No matter on your knees you pray.”

“Mummy,” Black Fur and banged and heaved at the closed rusty door.

“Help oh gad please help,” Scenting Droppings added for effect.

“To the left or right,

Is our strike.

Like a darting shadowy pike,

Our bite is our might.”

“Can’t anyone hear me, open the rusty door, help, understand what help means,”

and since Black Fur was ignored did a mental on the old rusty door.

“I need an aspirin,” he said when he calmed down.

“I will never be a naughty boy again, just please save me,” Scenting Droppings  
lying in his prayer.

“Dance with me the kiss of sweet embrace.

One kiss,

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Hiss,

Dance with me the kiss of sweet embrace.”

And the old rusty door gave way and the weasel and ferret were gone.

“Here won’t his majesty do us for leaving the hostage behind?” Scenting Droppings.

“We will tell him he vanished with the food,” Black Fur who had more intelligence so came up with the right answer.

“Hello,” Twitching Snout shoving aside a plate of stovies and oak cakes seeing the shadow swaying on the dungeon wall in moonlight shade 56 light gray with a dash of black at the edges made by Max Factor of Make up Land in a far away land.

“I will save you,” Shining Sun for he had been to the movies.

And Twitching Snout did not want to be snake food so ignored the cub that was looking for a stick and growling. And the shrew wished he would stop for the noise was irritating.

“Hiss,” the adder as it slithered towards the noisy cub and that’s when the shrew jumped onto the snake. He too had been to the movies and regarded himself a cousin of the mongoose a thousand times removed.

“Gee up,” the temptation was too great and he wished he had spurs and a lasso and no sooner was he on the snake he wished he wasn’t. It turned its head and looked him in the eye.

And the shrew yawned for the snake’s eyes said sleep walk into my mouth.



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Then Shining Sun not finding a stick dropped a stone slab on the snake.

And just like that the snake was dead. Really, by a big stone and just missed the shrew too, by an inch. It was dark in the dungeon, the cub was a puny thing, the best he could do was shove the stone slab and hope for the best. Besides he knew the hero always lives to marry the girl and ride into the sunset; he too had been to the movies.

And the shrew made retching sounds.

And this wasn't the movies for complaints were heard were the grill door used to be.

"Why is it always us?" Black Fur suddenly smelling bad.

"Because our glorious leader hired us?" Scenting Dropping hoping for a prize.

"No it is because because because," but the ferret was as dim witted as the weasel.

"Oh look someone dropped a rubber snake?" Scenting Dropping picking up the adder.

"It went hiss," Black Fur hearing the last gasp hisseth from the snake; which caused a panic and the rubber snake was thrown and the thrower didn't mind which way the reptile went. It was a selfish action of self preservation on the part of Scenting Dropping who wanted to live.

"What have you done?" Black Fur not liking the cold reptile about his neck. There was something horrid about snakes and wasn't all in the hissing. Perhaps it was the way they looked, like you was about to get stung good. And panic travels with dislike

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so “I am bitten,” then “I am dying,” also “I will never see my little ones,” and “it is getting dim,” not forgetting “it has gone cold,” and he wasn’t acting.

Now in the confusion Twitching Snout took hold of Shining Sun and rushed with him into a dark tunnel that appeared from nowhere. I mean it had been there all along but just not noticed. And the heroes needed to escape the villains anyway.

“Enough rushing, you can put me down now,” the shrew not liking the bobbing motion of Shining Sun holding him as they ran. I mean it made you feel your breakfast was leaving.

But it was the splashing of water in the gloom that made the heroes and villains think strange thoughts. The villains being full of nasty thoughts and intended miscreant deeds saw the splashing coming from a sea monster.

And the heroes full of goodness saw the splashing coming from fairies come to help them.

In any case both parties it seems needed a good talking too from a qualified person.

And what of the snake?

“It was rubber,” Black Fur lied to himself.

“And my half tasted like chicken, what did yours taste like?” Scenting Droppings reminding the ferret the snake was real.

“Rubber,” the stoic stubborn reply and swallowed hard for he had the rattle bit for in his hunger he ate a baby’s rattle hadn’t he?

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“Rattle,” it went as he walked.

“There is a rattle snake behind us,” Shining Sun as he had seen 6penny matinée Saturday westerns.

Twitching Snout who was older said nothing. He did not want to think badly of the boy so put it down to youth and they are always right.

Then the splashing became a roar and Twitching Snout hung from the cub’s nose. “As the originators of gaffs we are getting flushed away,” Shining Sun near the truth but they had come across an underground fountain and a big public bath.

“Whoever owns this is bound to charge,” the shrew warningly for the water was warm and inviting you to treat. No discount signs were showing neither either nor little print.

But neither of the heroes could read the sign: ‘University of Beijing Archaeological dig,’ written in Chinese on a wooden sign post stuck in the damp soil.

Now the heroes did not stop to investigate the discarded tins with aromas wafting from them.

‘Goose in Black Bean.’

‘Mutton in Singapore curry sauce.’

‘Tinned hamburgers.’

For the rattle was almost upon them.

“Look a jolly sailing boat,” Shining Sun trying to be funny and show he was not afraid of the mysterious rattle.

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“Rattle,” the rattler went closer.

“Quick jump in,” Twitching Snout and led the way, “you can put me down now.”

And the sailing boat was a big yellow duck stuck in an inflated black truck tyre left behind by human bathers. But it did the job because as the jolly sailing boat drifted out into the stream the rattle arrived.

“Rattle,” the rattler went.

“Here what is this,” Scenting Droppings picking up a bottle of rice wine.

“Human food, can’t you see the picture of grain on it and the sun in the sky. It must be human water food, here give me some so I can get rid of this annoying sound,” Black Fur who knew more things than the stupid weasel.

“What luck another bottle of water food so I will not have to annoy my friend Black Fur,” Scenting Droppings and drank quickly for he was greedy and stupid.

So was the ferret Black Fur but that was alright as he didn't know it.

“Ten green bottles hanging on a wall and then one fell off,” they sang together for they had watched Farmer Jack do this before he was ill and fell flat on his face.

But at the time they didn’t remember that as the human water food tasted vile but made you THE BEST OF PALS for ever.

“Hick rattle hick,” was heard by the heroes as they sailed into the horizon and shot out off a cavern mouth.

“Cur blimey I am about to die,” Twitching Snout.

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“Help me Twitching Snout I am too young to die,” the badger remembering he was only a little cub as he shook the shrew left and right, up and down. “So sorry, forgot myself,” he added as both hit the water sixty feet below amid a splash and more splashes as the water above them came down.

“Roar,” not splash the water thundered down but “rattle” was still heard.

Also it rained gravel as erosion was happening but the heroes knew not what that meant except they had to get away from the pitter patter of gravel; on their heads, and some gravel got in their eyes and they rubbed them red.

“I am blind where are you Twitching Snout,” the cub.

“Over here,” then fell off the rubber ducky.

But at lest they didn’t hear any rattle under the water!

“Was I taught how to swim?” The badger cub hoping he was.

“I know I wasn’t, Gad help me I will never eat a Tandoori worm again under Khan’s, promise,” the shrew with good intentions.

\*

One Stripe looked at his beastly host. There was an aroma about it of KFC Southern Fried, Chippers and tins being opened.

“We are the best of pals,

We share and share;

And drink the dog of a hair.

We found a shopping mall.

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Which explains our fancy dresses.

We have new names.

For our beastly names put us to shame.

And we left lots of messes.

For even call me Fred.

But my blood is always beastly red.

For even call me Ed'

I am still beastly bred."

And the host sang as they opened tins of fizzy drink and  
XXX for XXX made you the best of pals for life.

And One Stripe saddened as he looked upon beasts mimicking man; all loot from  
Aviemore and farms so really had mimicked man for everything was free.

"Not IF I have anything to do with it," and was whispered and sounded foxy.

And many animals had clothes but not pin stripe suits just cheap imitation stuff that  
moths had visited; and trainers for only one could wear alligator shoes.

"See I told you the loot would not be free IF I had anything to do with it," that oily  
foxy voice in a low tone much softer than a chocolate Galaxy Bar, "I eat those too,"  
the oily foxy murmur in the mist.

"Oh Frederick Wartenburg honey do you like my new flower printed skirt?"

Victoria Romanov the Afghan Hound asked her sweet heart a Jack Russell and they  
had new names not common woofy names either!

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. What was wrong with being called ‘That bloody dog been drinking in the loo pot again,’ or “That dog winded,” and “open a window and throw the dog out,” yes they were fine names rather than Priscilla Von Da Bah or Madam Frilly the 13<sup>th</sup> and One Stripe saw many beasts now clutched pedigree papers.

“We got class now,” they said amongst themselves and, “We are no longer common as muck,” the pedigree holders said to the drunken beasts and they were no longer pals for life.

“Hey Jimmie,” and everyone was Jimmy so all knew they had no pals. XXX was your pal and the tins they drank from had sticky labels stuck on them and a familiar face.

A face that looked like a fox.

“IF they are full of XXX they wont know WHAT they are voting for?” And just what did that slippery foxy voice mean?

So, “Magnificent Air get your eagles to stop them,” One Stripe but it was a waste of breath for the eagle was admiring milk tops pinned to his feathers as campaign medals.

“Here isn’t he supposed to be dead?” A turkey and “gobble gobble,” meaning One Stripe for he had been one who had put the boot in outside the chipper but had slipped away in the crowd.

.”It is a ghost,” a cow drinking XXX thinking she was smart like Farmer Jack then threw up on the gobbler.

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So the gobbler did not escape punishment for what goes round comes round.

But the animals did not fight again for 'GHOST' had been mentioned and now stood shivering, cold and miserable. And it was a hundred to one roll of the dice a full moon was up, and someone howled and yes chains rattled.

And one horse shoe bat flew about their heads.

"Sho sho," was heard many times for all knew IF a bat got in your hair?

"You have them," and meant himself not One Stripe the red dog that was a fox said and sent out his apprentices amongst the shivering animals for drink does that to Farmer Jack as well.

"Aspirin, Foxes Glaciers, Dr. Keen of Scent's wonder cure, all guaranteed miracle cures," and the beasts bought for they did not feel well.

"I am rich," Keen of Scent seeing his apprentices return with empty usherette boxes. And just who were his apprentices, foxes are like rabbits so there were many spare idle cousins about.

"Lazy no good layabouts," the fox explains and adds, "the best type of apprentices for they were not paid but paid him to learn.

And in his soul One Stripe knew they had become MEN and liked it, "Don't forget my share," he whispered to the fox.

"And mine," Magnificent Air and Keen of Scent did some quick mathematics and said, "Sure, OK," for he knew only he had attended Farmer Jack's barnyard school



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and could count more than three for he was a wily scheming dreaming fox who when it came to money he knew the money was all his.

So it was the ghost that saved the day as well as strange smelling miracle cures and an army marches on its stomach but not this one that left many stomachs behind so the place stunk vile.

And all were glad to be away.

“Where are we marching too?” The great General Magnificent Air asked.

“Don’t know, I heard humans do that to keep the army occupied or the army thinks,” One Stripe and Keen of Scent narrowed his eyes, yes he didn’t want an army thinking, they might get to count to over three.

\*

And therefore Eye that loathsome buzzard was not the only one affected by human ways for Crassus was demanding he be Sunday roast.

“Cut-throat friends,

Lend me your long ears,

Your lovely sharp teeth,

Your claws and talons for I am

Crassus and the wolverine looked the beasts over who was looking him over.

“What good our leader who leads us not?” Crassus crowd stirring and added, Look at him, bedraggled and ugly, vile selling like a wet pillow,” for Crassus knew he was gifted oratorical and had his listeners glued to his words. “What spoils hath he

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given you?” And Crassus looked at the feet of the cut-throats who looked also and they saw nothing. “See no presents from Eye but it was I that sent you away with Rover to become the best of pals for ever,” and Crassus looked at the miscreants and, and, and, and “look what I have for you,” and Crassus jumped to a pile of sheets that were not there a moment ago.

Nor the thumping music creating suspense.

And threw the sheets aside to reveal stolen XXX taken from a German crashed tourist bus for a driver had fallen asleep and seems to have a lot to answer for staying up late playing Bingo. Now IF you believe that then believe pigs fly..

Anyway: “My gift to you,” Crassus said and bowed and waved his paws sideways but his eyes watched all for he was a schemer dreamer.

“Do we get to eat him now?” Rover asked and all looked at Crassus and Eye for Rover had forgotten his lines and specified who to eat.

They both looked tasty.

“Lend me your ways for I am Eye and these my friends,” and behind Eye appeared shadows, not there a moment ago, that was moving and remember the full moon was up and yes someone howled and there were two bats flying about.

“The buzzard with the call of the wild,

The wind which springs from nowhere,

To carry the buzzard faster than the running hare.

For prey to seek and find,

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Brothers of a kind.

All skill and speed in flight.

All the family Falconidae united we are might.

Brothers of the plunge we share all we find,

A meow, a kek kek followed with a chattering scream.

Out of the sun dropping on birds, snakes and others.

And unlike others on the roast we are good fathers, mothers.

To rear our young so that out of their eyes is a glowing beam,

To be proud in be the family Falconidae.

Brothers of the soaring winds.”

“Please we can’t take any more,” the cut-throats begged for the ghostly advancing figures was off key and showed no mercy for they danced and could not dance so looked right prats.

“Brothers ignore them,” Crassus began but someone gave him a push so he tumbled down somewhere unimportant except there were rocks at the bottom.

“Ouch,” drifted up from somewhere unimportant.

“Weasels ferrets and kind, remember Black Fur and Scenting Droppings your leaders who follow me,” and Eye wondered where they were? “Intelligent leaders who know I share everything with them that I have.”

And there was murmurs of agreement from the weasels and ferrets for they was the dimmest ever created.

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“I am Eye, I am still leader, I am Caesar and give me the head of Crassus,” and Eye clutched his chest, “Betrayed by him who I thought my loyalist friend. Give me the head of Crassus,” and did not say Rover but Eye never forgot bad deeds done him. Already delicate talks were happening with a local pound that knew how to deal with unwanted Rovers.

And all listened polity to Caesar Eye for the ghosts was an army of falcons and such and the such had long talons that knew what to do with your back; so the drunken cut-throat host was silent and well behaved.

“We are not fools and who is Crassus?” They whispered amongst themselves.

And Caesar Eye smiled and a cloud went in front of the full moon so all was dark and a rock was thrown at Eye. A big one with sharp points and hit Eye good on the back so when the cloud moved he was seen to totter and stumble.

A bad omen and all knew it was a sign from above Eye would not reign long.

And a new cloud passed over the moon and Crassus threw another stone and hit Eye again.

“Et Tu Brutus,” for Crassus knew Caesar was not the only one who could say such a line and make Caesars tumble down places unimportant.

And Eye was glad the sun came up for he was mighty sore and so was Crassus for his throwing arm was sore also. And the cut-throats were sleeping it off anyway.

And all the family Falconidae looked at him expectedly for something brilliant but Eye was so sore he could not think, in fact he was tottering about dazed and all said

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he was a secret drinker so left him when he tumbled down somewhere unimportant except there were rocks at the bottom.

“Ouch,” drifted up from some where unimportant.

And Crassus visualised roast turkey and all the trimmings, “Yummy,” Crassus added.

And because Eye had called himself Caesar the buzzard was out of the bag.

And because Eye had called himself Caesar the wolverine was out of the bag.

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Not much time was wasted by the cut-throats for no one had seen Eye for days and no one wanted to try and remove a head from a wolverine so left Crassus be.

But he was an orator who could not help himself talk, so bored the cut-throats who wished Eye back.

But Eye was no where to be seen? Not even a little moan on the wind.

“Eye where are you?” Was said in sugary voices but Eye did not appear. “With strawberries and cream,” was added as extra sweetener but no effect.

And Eye was not seen to fall into fast flowing stream or the cut-throats would have stopped shouting in sugary voices, “Eye, we mean you no harm, come out where ever you are? We love you.” And the last was lies.

And the river was fast and turbulent so washed Eye good so he did not smell of unwashed feathers but of newly washed and pressed linen for he was clean and all the fleas and ticks were flushed away.

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Now fit to be a kids pet even IF the occasion ever happened.

“Am I delusional?” Eye asked for in front was a yellow duck and a black rubber tyre. “Perhaps my digestion is not right?” Then he was at the rubber duck.

“There is no room for you here,” the shrew said and made efforts to push the buzzard away.

At that moment Black Fur and Scenting Droppings appeared hanging onto a branch. Gone dignity as they was wet fur, exactly that like small dogs embarrassed that they fell in, their tails horrid wet stumps.

“Hick,” they managed so was no threat to the heroes.

“Here you cannot do that?” Eye complaining as he was shoved off the rubber duck by Shining Sun.

“Leader, hick, we are your faithful hick servants, hick, “Scenting Droppings and Eye clung to the branch and both parties sped away.

“Stop tickling my talons,” Eye to Black Fur not in the mood to be pampered,

“Stop tickling my paws,” Black Fur to Scenting Droppings.

“Here stop tickling me,” Scenting Droppings to those on the yellow rubber duck then screamed a horrid long scream as something big swam underneath him and loud thumping music started.

“Thump thump thump.”

And the water frothed and turned blood red as that what happens in movies.

“Let us on kind child or we will be some thing's dinner,” Eye pleaded.

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“Hick, the others pleaded.

And that is why Shining Sun made the mistake of letting the villains on the rubber tyre when he should have laughed in their faces and said, “Tough,” but he was a good kid, naive and knew fairies existed and Santa of course.

But the eight foot pike did not go away for it was hungry and not a Law Abider as those that followed One Stripe were called.

So what happened next?

Here is a hint, “Cur, my head aches,” Black Fur.

“Just like Farmer Jack the next day,” Scenting Droppings for to be a good weasel you had to be observant and his head hurt too.