

## The Tale of the End

“Snarl!” cried Doctor Grog as he fell from his witchtower onto a large and menacing arm. Army! Of invading invaders, mostly composed of rabid squirrels, although there was the odd elephant seal (or was that just his medication? (an army composed of rabid squirrels and medication? (what? (I think I’ll start again))))).

“Snarl!” cried Doctor Grog as he leapt down from on high, simultaneously reaching for his epee, phoning for backup and brewing a cup of tea. He was out numbered by twenty-three to some other numbers, but that did not ail him. Which was a shame as he quite fancied a pint of bitter. Enough.

“Hmm,” thought the father of physiology as he pondered which jugular would be best to attack. He slashed here, sloshed there, then bound into battle. Several rabid squirrels fell, and he attacked the rest. But as was already determined, he was outnumbered by many more than he, and so soon he was overwhelmed like a certain area of the North Sea (overwhelked – get it? (Mr. Brooks, would you care to remind me what my limit on bad jokes was – I have surely exceeded it, but I would like to know the extent of my crimes)).

### Two years later:

“Doctor Grog is missing.”

“What makes you say that?”

“It has been two years. I think he’s right.”

“Then we should inform the Master Hunter immediately!”

“I already know.”

“I know you already know, but what about the Master Hunter?”

“I am he! For crying out loud, will somebody turn the light on?”

Click.

“That’s better,” said the Master. “Now, to action.”

“Who said that?” asked Special Agent 00’Leary.

“00’Leary, the light is on now, you have no excuse,” said Mr. Brooks.

“Well if somebody would help my get this duct tape off my eyes then maybe I would be able to see a little better.”

“Why do you have duct tape on your eyes?”

“It’s a long story.”

“I’ll put the kettle on.”

The tape was removed.

“Aah, that’s it. I can see a little better. Get him out of my casino, he’s far too young.”

Mr. Brooks rolled his eyes. The Master Hunter rolled a six and therefore won both eyes.

“Who said that?”

Then immediately gave the eyes back lest any more bad jokes recurred.

“This is one of the worst stories you have ever written,” stated 00’Leary.

“This is a story?” raised the brow of Mr. Brooks. The pair both sniggered. The Master responded by pouring boiling oil on them. There erupted a chorus of “Aaargh! My eyes!” The Master ended the paragraph quickly.

The trio began the search for the missing Doctor Immediately. Then realised they should be searching for Doctor Grog and so restarted. 00'Leary sprinted into the lead, but the Master rugby tackled him while Mr. Brooks lolloped on to take the stage win.

"That's no good," pointed out the Master. "I asked for a stage coach, how are we supposed to travel in a win? Now, get me a coach."

"Here I am!" bellowed Agent Beard. "Climb aboard!"

Each agent duly climbed a board, then got down and stood on Beard's shoulders as he ran to the Rabid Squirrel's Prison. They arrived concurrently.

"Take us to the Rabid Squirrel's Prison!" yelled the Master Hunter.

"Done."

"Damn you're quick. Have a promotion. You are now a royal carriage."

"Cabbage, sir?" asked 00'Leary.

"Not now. This is an important mission. We have more important things to concentrate on. Each Agent is invaluable and essential. Make me a cup of tea."

"Sir."

"Don't patronise me."

"I wasn't. I couldn't."

"You will, my friend. You will."

"What have our spies told you, Mr. Brooks?"

"They are not paid well enough, or well... anything for that matter, so are quitting."

"Pay them immediately!"

"That was two years ago sir."

"Oh. Well then, if we have no inside information with which to surprise the enemy then you had better call for backup."

"Er... there is no backup sir."

"What?"

"There are only the five of us left in the once mighty RSS."

"What about old Toddy, the caretaker?"

"He got attacked by a duster, and lost both legs. Never did find them, poor chap."

"How about that sneaky Agent Myself?" the Master Hunter blubbered.

"He turned to the Dark Side, Master."

"What about the Magic Carrot?" he sobbed.

"Fell into a casserole."

"And the rest of the Agents?" he whimpered, wiping a tear from his eye.

"You dismissed them when the rabids declined in number, sir."

The Master Hunter stiffened his resolve, and his drink. "Oh yes, that incident with the near extinction of Sciurus Rabidus. Did the rabids ever recover their number?"

"I'm afraid not. We believe some ex-Agents to have gone against a direct order and continued to slaughter the lambs like squirrels. Now there are only an estimated twenty rabids left."

"What about Fuzzball and Co.?"

"Gone, but not forgotten."

"So who leads these estimated twenty rabids?"

"Nobody knows."

"Nobody, brother of Myself?"

“Yes, and he won’t tell us.”

“We may be unprepared, unknowledgeable, and another things, but we are not without pride. Let us finish the job we started back in the Summer of ’98. Jimmy may have quit, and Joey may have gotten married, but we are still the Rabid Squirrel Slayers, dagnammit, and we will not go out without a fight. We will rescue Doctor Grog, and we will wipe out the last of the rabid squirrels. Or die trying. What do you say, lads?”

“The first option?”

“Good call. You may take my life, but I’ll be back for breakfast. Smoke me a kipper, you’ll never take my freedom. Etcetera.”

“Rowdy cheer!” shouted his men.

“To battle!” screamed a passing gnu, intent on joining in the fun.

And so they did.

## 29<sup>th</sup> July 2002 - The Last Stand

The four brave knights charged up to the prison, then scrambled over the prison walls, then fell down the prison walls (but the other side), then ran to Doctor Grog’s cell, then freed him, then had a rest while a full stop was added to then end of this active sentence.

“Jolly good show, chaps. A bally rescue, eh? I would never have thought of that,” smiled Doctor Grog.

“We brought you some tea,” said 00’Leary. “I’m afraid it has gone rather purple and tepid since I put it in this thermos flask, but better than nothing I’m sure you’ll agree.”

“Cheers, most appreciated.”

Agent Beard was frowning. “Why are there no rabid squirrels here?” he pondered to the world.

“Because, old friend, you have fallen into a trap! Indeed! Who’s the idiot now? Mwahahahaaaa!” said a mystery voice. From nowhere, a horde of an estimated twenty rabid squirrels appeared and metaphorically barred off their exit.

The Master Hunter was shaken, but not stirred. “Who are you, mystery voice? Come forth, that we may set eyes upon our enemy.”

“Do you not recognise me? I was once a dear friend of yours.”

“Agent Myself? Could it be?”

Agent Myself walked into the light, said “Ow!”, and then walked over to his captors. “It is I. See how far I have progressed? I was once a measly Special Agent like yourself,” he pointed to 00’Leary, “but now I am the Rabid Squirrel King! The Dark Side is far more powerful. Join us, perchance?”

“Never!”

“Then you shall die.”

“Never!”

“Than you shall remain a prisoner for eternity.”

“Never!”

“Then you shall... enough. Kill them!” King Myself leapt into battle, followed by an estimated twenty rabid squirrels, followed by the Master Hunter, Mr. Brooks, 00’Leary, Doctor Grog, Beard and a passing gnu.

It was a battle to end all battles.

Both sides won.

Both sides lost.

There are no more rabid squirrels.  
There are no more Rabid Squirrel Slayers.

“Quack,” said the Duck, as he strolled across the deserted battlefield. “Quacky quack.” It smiled, such a magnificent beam, which revealed its jagged teeth. And one had to agree, for it certainly had a point.

“Quacky quack” indeed.

The ground stirred. The earth moved. The land groaned.

A dark shadow covered the ground, formed by a cloud, no less. The soil was shrouded by darkness. When at last the Sun peeped through, four figures clambered from the ruins. There were no more rabid squirrels. There were no more Rabid Squirrel Slayers. Yet four humanoids brushed themselves down, greeted each other warmly, and skipped gaily to the pub for a pint of Tiger.

The Duck watched all of this with mild interest, smiled inwardly, and then waddled off to plan world domination.