

# MORE RIPPING YARNS

*... or alternately*

**How I personally saved the world single-handed and no-one cared a fig**  
**'UFOs do not exist' - Colonel Reuben J. Makepeace, United States Air Force**  
**'Wanna bet ?' - Colonel Dan Dare**  
**'And they're finger lickin' good' - Colonel Sanders**  
**'A wop bop a loo bob a lam bam boo' - Colonel Little Richard**

Now I don't like making a fuss so not a lot of people know that I have in fact been abducted by aliens. No kidding. Twice, as it happens, which excuses my glib insouciance of been there, done that, got the T-shirt.

The first occasion was in the 1970's when I was beamed aboard the mother ship and subdued with a cocktail of alcohol-based drugs. Strange pointy-headed creatures told me I was their best mate and questioned me relentlessly about potatoes before beaming me back to earth and depositing me about eleven o'clock at night, still reeking of intoxicants, in a gutter where through my haze I started telling another pointy headed one in a blue uniform *'and you're my beshtest mate too, offisher'* before being bundled into a van. And that concluded the case for the defence.

I was rewarded for my pains with the stern entreaty *'Drunk and disorderly, fined £5.00. And from now on act your age.'* I remained defiant. *'I can pay the fine'* I quipped *'but I don't do impressions.'* Yet how I scorned inwardly at these disbelieving fools when next I saw a pointy-headed alien on my television screen and that eerily familiar voice telling an unsuspecting world *'First they boil them for twenty minutes, then they smash them all to pieces. Ha ha ha, they must be very primitive'*. So that's their plan, I realized. World domination. Was I really the only one who could see it ?

I thought no more of it until one day recently when I was innocently manicuring the gerbils I found myself being whisked by a tractor beam up to the mother ship. *'Oh no, not him again'* I heard a voice from the past before sinking the influence of their vile intoxicating potions. *'Of all the bars in all the gin joints on all the mother ships he has to pick ours. Oh well ...'*

I drifted in and out of consciousness cajoled by the crackling of a radio transmitter. *'Mother ship calling base'* said my captor as he simultaneously fed himself spoonfuls of what to me looked curiously like mashed potato *'We have interrogated the earthling and he warns us of vast migrations. Large numbers of the population are leaving their comfortable homes and transferring to long tubes of metal that they propel through shallow water very slowly, mostly pushing mud along the way. These long tubes are subject to frequent hold ups and are often rained upon.'*

An authoritative voice on the other end demanded *'And what do they do then ?'* A pause for thought as if in disbelief before the response. *'They meet other like-minded souls for up to several days at a time, they drink, make merry and cavort in celebration. Some of them offer vast sums of their currency in exchange for more long metal tubes and others even give up all their worldly belongings to stay on them permanently. Then they turn around their long metal tubes and return from whence they came. What shall we do, Master ?'*

From somewhere across a universe came the chilling reply *'Leave them in peace for another thirty years. We cannot yet take them over for indeed they are obviously still very primitive, ha ha ha !'*

Next thing I recall I awoke in the early hours in a field by a canal, my head throbbing. From the gloom a figure with a pointy-head and blue uniform approached. *'Where is this ?'* I enquired. *'Huddersfield IWA festival site'* came the voice. *'Have you been drinking Sir ?'*

**GF**  
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