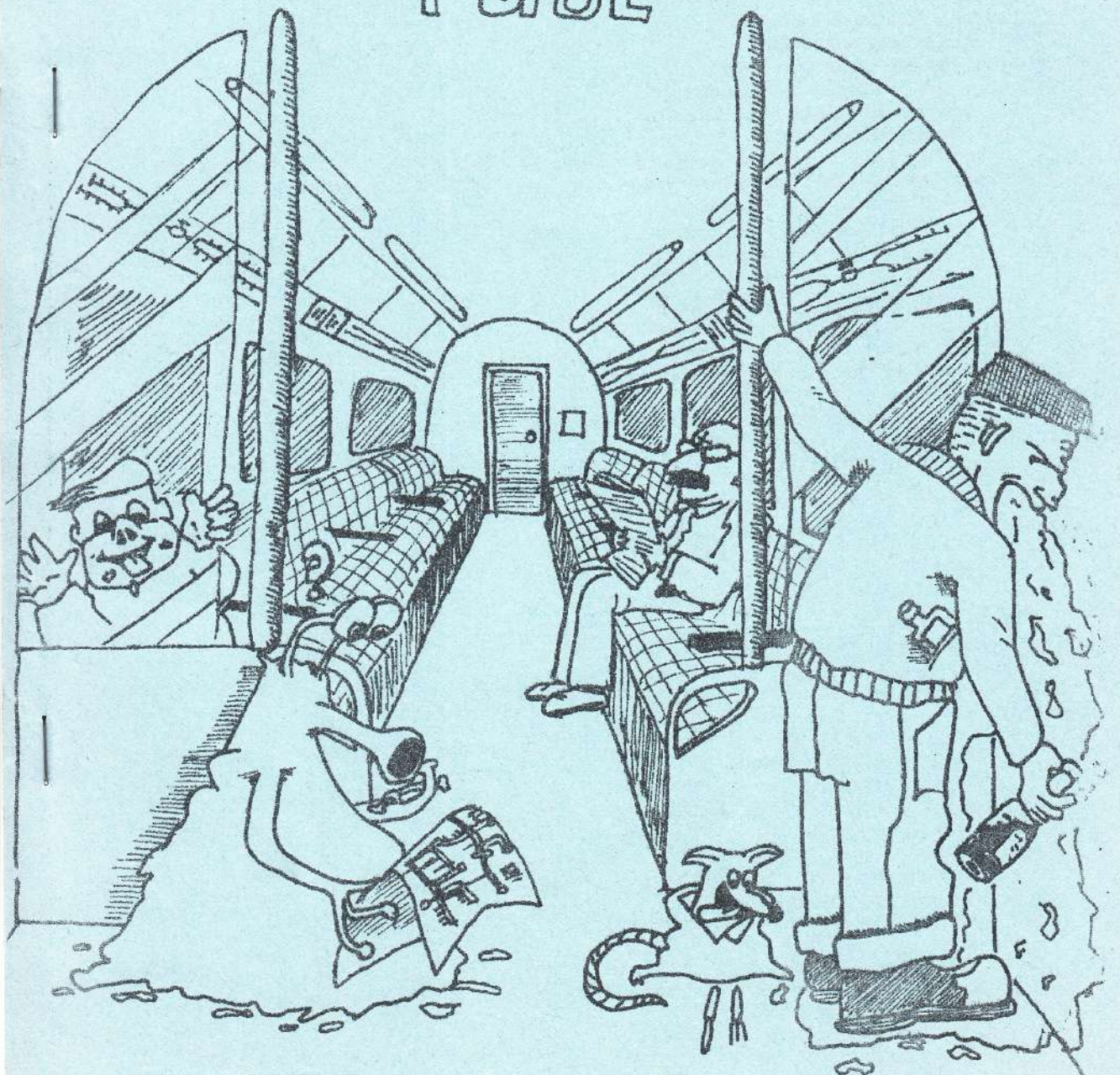


ALIEN

LOST ON THE TUBE

ONLY

30p



Once out of sight, she hurried
past the man who was strolling
up and down the street and
headed for the tube station.
would be nice to live a Bohemian
life for a change, not to worry
about appearances, just to live
life as it comes. Perhaps the
young guy would have been a
famous painter one day.
Painter indeed! That realisation
struck her like a thunderbolt.
That John was probably not a
painter at all. He'd just made
up a wonderful tale about an
affair going wrong and a
dejected lover. If he was a
painter at all, then probably
he'd broken his arm falling off
his step-ladder while painting
someone's ceiling. Perhaps his
girl-friend had given him the
push-well, no wonder he was
randy.
She stopped at a bookstall and
bought a book that would last
at least until Graham came home
It was an unusual choice for
her. It was a book about Nelson.

Phil Sealy

STOP HUNTING : FOR FOX SAKE
(i)

Long, brown face, sharp pointed
nose, pricked up ears,
Bright, mischievous eyes, sharp
white teeth,
Sleek, sinewy body,
Fleet feet,
And, most endearingly, bushy
red-brown tail.

Almost, yet not quite a dog.
Almost a friend.

Craning his neck to reach the
the grapes.
Digging under the wire of the
chicken coup.
Throwing Brer Rabbit into the
briar patch.

Almost, yet not quite a dog.
Almost a friend.
Always a twilight enigma.

Rummaging through suburban
dustbins,
Flitting like a four legged
phantom through both penumbra
and dark shadow.
Living the life of a vagabond;
A scavenger, not a mendicant,
A hungry survivor, not a
fatted slave.

STOP HUNTING : FOR FOX SAKE

(ii)

Then came the hounds, closely
followed by men on horseback,
Black headed men in red coats
fast and furious,
Not sparing the whip,
Hell for leather across the
farmland.

They ran the frightened animal
to ground in an allotment garden,
And, delighting in its shrill
cries of pain and terror,
Sat astride their mounts licking
their lips in vampiric bloodlust
As the dogs tore it limb from
limb
In the name of sport.

STOP HUNTING : FOR FOX SAKE !
A BARON

