

Sex Cult Hippies Stole My Baby

NB: The following has nothing to do with babies, or the stealing thereof by peaceniks, which are members of a procreation worshipping religion. The title was to grab your attention, now, having done so, let us begin our tale.

By Murray Barnes

Kingston and Jenny were no ordinary ducks, actually, I tell a lie, they were ordinary ducks, but they have an extraordinary story. Actually, that's a lie too, they are probably just ordinary ducks, which live ordinary lives, eating ordinary pondweed and walking on water like ordinary ducks slash messiahs.

But I find it's nicer to think they have an extraordinary tale to tell us, so I made one up. All that is known about Kingston and Jenny is that they are two ducks, which can occasionally be found in the Craigie Burn, and they don't seem to be scared of the author. Kingston is a green-headed mallard, and Jenny is one of them thar boring brown ducks.

* * *

Many moons ago, on the banks of the River Tay, a drake went up to a lady duck with an idea in mind. He romantically asked her

"Quack?"

"Quack, quack quack?" she replied.

"Quack," was his response

"Quack, quack", and soon they were making love under the beautiful moonlight. Next to them another pair of ducks were at it like rabbits too.

Both couple laid a nestful of eggs, but in each litter, only one survived.

These two eggs hatched, and, fairly obviously, except to the most dim-witted of readers, out came two little duckies. The first, a boy duck with his cute wittle gween head, was named 'Quack' (Roughly translated to

Kingston, quite a traditional duck name), and the second, a girl who was just the right shade of brown all over to be cute, was soon named 'Quack' (or Jenny in English. Nobody knows why...not even the parents). Neither of the two were loved by their parents, nor by any in the company of ducks.

There were many reasons for this, from their horrible morning breath, to their unnatural enjoyment of the works of Barry Manilow, but mostly it was because most of the ducks blamed Kingston and Jenny for the non-birth of their would be siblings.

One day, the CEO of the ducks, 'Quack' (Theodore T Gibbs, an odd name, but one which commanded a lot of respect from ducks all over the globe) ordered the death of our heroes K and J. Death by having red hot poker placed ever so gently down their throats until their stomachs boiled and they died. How nice.

Fortunately, everyone's favourite ducks (no, not Jack and Vera from corrie, they're Duckworths, not ducks, I meant Kingston and his ever present comrade Jenny) soon heard about the plan, and planned their escape. They chose the rather clichéd digging a tunnel plan, and unfortunately they soon discovered why it was that ducks live in nests, and not burrows.

They were caught, and were dragged kicking and quacking to execution square, where the red hot poker were being prepared.

Miraculously, they escaped with their lives, when a speeding boat caused some commotion among the ducks, thus giving Kingston and Jenny, our now famous double act, a chance to make their escape and fly away. Unfortunately, by this point the red hot poker had already destroyed their voice boxes, removing forever their ability to quack.

The two flew, and flew, and flew until their wings couldn't take it any

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more, and got rid of that arrogant twat Sir Paul McCartney.

They soon arrived at the Craigie burn, which they renamed to the River Necessarily-So, although nobody could tell, since the pair could no longer speak.

It was at this point, on his way to school, that the author noticed the ducks, just sitting there in the Necessarily-So. He said hello to them; they steadfastly ignored him. He fell in love with the ducks, from that moment on.

How could he not fall in love with this odd couple, who totally ignored his overly large ego? That's a rhetoric question, before you start to answer it.

It was at this point that the author, who for some odd reason enjoys talking about himself in the third person narrative view point, ooh, look at those big words there, started thinking a lot about these two ducks, who he had not seen before. Just why were they alone? Just why were they in this stream? And just why did they look so cute that time they were walking along the pavement side by side?

After absolutely no research into ducks, he classified himself as an expert, if not of ducks, at least of the totally false tale of K. and J. He told his friend, and confidante, of the two ducks, and surprisingly, was not told to shut up, so he decided to let the world know more of the two ducks.

It was on one of the author's many walks to and from Perth Academy, that hot house of intellectuals (*cough*), that the subject of names was brought to his attention by his sub-conscious. As at the time he was listening to a song called 'Goodbye Jamaica' by a Frenchman, sorry, Freedomman, named General Lafayette, Kingston got his name.

The name of his girlfriend though was harder, and the author just chose

the name of the first girl to pop into his head, and lo, Jenny was named.

One fristy frosty morning on his way to school, the author saw three mallards in the St. Necessarily-So, who he assumed to be members of the Duck Mafia, out to find our heroes, and take them back to certain death. Luckily he scared them away thus saving the very eventful lives of these two ordinary ducks.

Kingston and Jenny can still be found today swimming in the River Necessarily-So, although not as often as they used to. Unfortunately, it would seem that this pair of lovebirds are not actually in love any more, as Kingston and Jenny have been seen on their own.

This may not seem much to you, but you have not been there watching these ducks since last summer, making up an entire history about them. The author is extremely saddened by their break up, and hopes they will get back together soon.

I hope that this article has brought to your attention, not the sex cult hippies that stole my baby, but the plight of young ducks who for some reason or another do not fit in with their peers, indeed, some could make a parallel here with the lives of some young people at Perth Academy, but I can't be bothered...

If you enjoyed this random scribbling of the author, who's name is Murray Barnes, you may wish to check out his website. The address is www.mytbc.co.uk, and if you want to go straight to some other witterings of his, make sure to plug www.mytbc.co.uk/witterings into your web browser. To find out more about the man himself, the address is www.mytbc.co.uk/about.html. I'd just like to thank the 19a Times editors for giving me the chance to write for them, so, thanks.