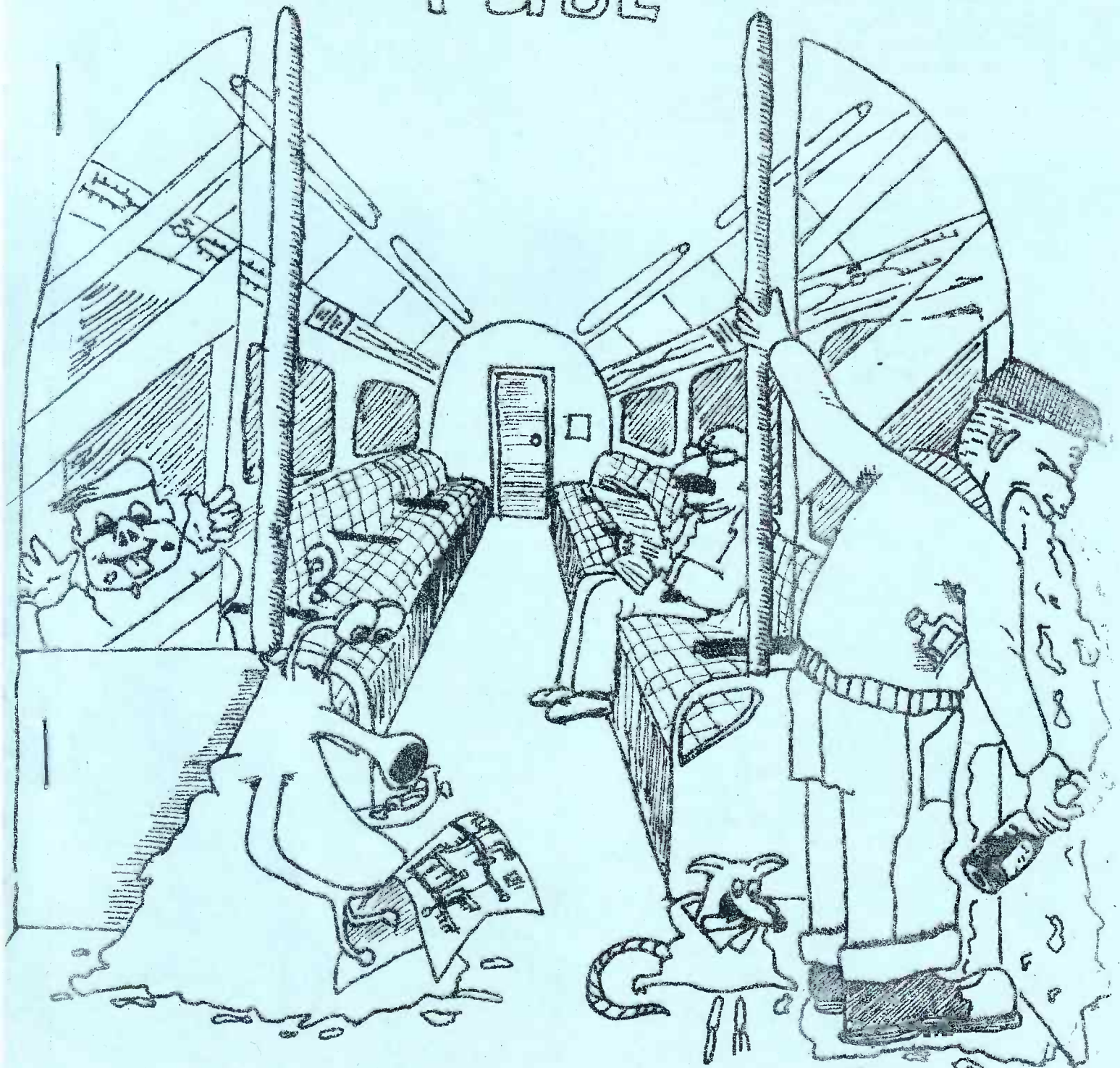


ALIEN

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
 fattened 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

