

THE BIRD-BUNCHES DEFEAT THE UNDERLINGS OF FASCISTIC IMPERIALISM

Tjab, also. Today was in the Annals of the Fowl Revolution a richly glorious Day. The unyielding March of liberated Birds met a great Obstacle, but one was not from the Path deflected. Today was a great Victory achieved.

It was thus.

Under the able Leadership of Brother Oskar has an Intervention-Cadre been formed. After our revered but now not-longer-alive Leader Osgood von Osgood was it the Osgood-Brigade named, he who us first out of the Oppression led, in which we on Mr. Codd's Farm languished. The revolutionary Responsibility of this Cadre is it, in the whole District the Citadels of Monopoly-Capitalism to raid, in order all which belonged to the Birds to take back, and simultaneously the imperialistic Forces to smite.

Today during the day had the Osgood-Brigade a Night-and-Fog-Action planned. The Target was the Honeydew-Farm Garden-Centre, which from our

revolutionary Stronghold two Miles distant lies. This Honeydew-Farm Garden-Centre is certainly an absolute Nest of Reactionaries and a Den of the misguided Petty-bourgeoisie. How could it otherwise be, since Honeydew-Farm itself one of the last Bastions of Fowl-Oppression remains. *Tjah*, we receive Reports daily, of Hens forced to lay Eggs and even of Ducks for Christmas being fattened!

This Raid was by the Bird-Bunch Congress at the all-highest Level authorised. This Morning early have four Heroes of the Revolution their leader Oskar into the Forest followed. Of course must these four Heroes for Posterity be named: She-Comrade Oswin, Comrade Osbert, She-Comrade Osanna and Comrade Osip. It is understood by itself, that I Comrade Osip am and this for the BBC is my official Report.

We have a secret Path followed, which is only to Bird-bunches and their trusted Allies beknown. This same Path leads through the Forest and the Roads avoids selected by our Enemies. Just short of our Goal have the Trees by the inimicalistic Forces hewn down been, and there instead a large Parking-place exists. On the other Side of this Parking-place stands the so-called Honeydew-Farm Garden-Centre. Also even when it is so early were arriving the personal Power-wagons of the Counter-revolutionaries. Elderly Humans climbed out

of their Power-wagons, and made their Way into the Building. The Intelligence-Forces of the Bird-bunches have already the Activities of these Humans been observing. Already before Days was Comrade Osbert as Spy hereto sent, in order the Inside of the Building to discover. He met with Success and reported, that it the greatest Treasure-house of the Fascists was, and that the Shelves therein by the Forces of Reaction much admired were. Unfortunately did he not much Time have, his Observations to complete, since many of the Counter-revolutionaries came, in order him with much Alarm away to chase. The Comrade reported, that these Storm-troops must be, for they in Uniform were dressed and wore little Badges with the Name of the Farm on them.

Our Task therefore was it, into the Fortress of the Oppressors to break and their Treasures to liberate. It was absolutely dangerous, for we had to by Day break in, since at Night was it up-locked und we no Key had. We knew always, that we might not alive return.

Quite carefully made we across the Parking-place our Way. We walked on the Tip-Toes and ourselves behind each Power-wagon hid. We did not wish, great Attention on us to bring. We had Luck. The elderly Humans made themselves so much Noise and Complaint, that they us absolutely did not see. *Tjah* also,

even one of them has most politely the Door to their Headquarters for us open held, that we might pass in. No Alarm was raised. Comrade Osbert has us swiftly to the Farm-Shop directed, which the innermost Treasure-Vault contains. The whole Reactionaries directed their Steps towards the Toilets and the Tea-Room, thus were we not noticed.

She-Comrade Osanna and Comrade Oskar entered as first, ready, every Resistance to counter. The whole Others followed.

Child of Man! What an astounding Sight! What a pure Treasure-House! Our Eyes were honestly much astonished! There were absolutely all Kind of wonderful Things: Birthday-Cards with really amusing Messages, Gifts for Dogs, Mugs with funny Slogans and Aprons with folk-loristic Proverbs, smelly Soaps, Jars of Jams of every Colour, Bottles of Bubble-bath, fluffy Toys, Tea-towels with Pictures of the Homes of the Imperialist Monarchy, dried Flowers, Gnomes for the Garden. So much Wealth in one Place exists there not yet! We were filled with a great Determination, in our Mission to succeed, because the Humans had all these good Things for themselves expropriated.

We had brought Sacks with. They were the Sacks, in which Mr Codd at that time Grain had stored. Quite silently, but with greatest Energy, filled we the Sacks

from all the Things, which were on the Shelves. Comrade Oskar collected all the Mugs, which he could find. Comrade Osbert was delegated, at least one Example of every Jam to collect. She-Comrade Osanna has cleared the Shelves, which Soaps and Bubble-baths and Hand-lotions contained. She-Comrade Oswin had soon in her Sack every last Birthday-card and Christmas-card deposited, while I turned the Section over, which to Candles and Aromatherapy-products was dedicated. Surely would the Bird-Bunch Congress us for this honour, said we among ourselves.

And then suddenly - were we trapped! Three of the Fascistic Storm-Troopers had into the Shop crept. They stood now there with cruel Smiles on the Lips and long Brooms in the Hands. There was no Exit. The Shop-tills lay behind the Guards and beyond the Shop-tills lay our Freedom. We tried, them to rush, but they did not give Way. With the Broomsticks beat they us back. That was very sore.. Comrade Oskar shouted out, that the Weapons of the Fascistic Enemy us did not hurt. Naturally agreed we all with.

Then appeared the Leader of the Fascists. Her Lackeys made Report. She looked fiercely at us. "Put all those Things back on the Shelves," she said, "then we will not Charges press!"

Of course, with such Words could absolutely no one trust them! Comrade Oskar replied, that we would sooner die, than our rightful Possession of the Treasures abandon. Naturally agreed we all with.

The Capitalistic Leader then said, that she had the Police telephoned. That showed us immediately, that she no Intention had, of letting us go away. Comrade Oskar boldly laughed and said, that the Creatures of the State the Birds of the Revolution did not worry. Naturally agreed we all with.

By the Noise attracted then arrived the whole elderly Humans from the Tea-Room, while they Cups and Saucers and some pure nice-looking Biscuits and Plates of Cakes held. She-Comrade Osanna managed, her Neck through one of the now-emptied Shelves to stretch, in order a Piece of Cake to liberate. The Fascistic Humans were so outraged. "Drive them out! Drive them out, these nasty horrible Birds!" screamed they. Comrade Oskar continued, Defiance back to shout. "We are only taking, that which is rightfully ours!" he shouted. "We are not at all intimidated!" The rest of us were quite worried, but naturally agreed we all with. She-Comrade Osanna tried more Cake to get, but the cruel cowardly Humans their Distance kept and their Umbrellas at us fiercely shook.

In very short Time arrived three Police-wagons in the Parking-place. We could their horrible noisy Sirens hear, so like we have them heard many Times before. They had so quickly arrived, that Comrade Osbert in loud Voice wondered, whether this had not a Trap been. The Humans are not to trust and are quite capable, innocent Birds to ambush. The elderly Humans applauded much, when they the Henchmen of Imperialism saw; they fetched their Chairs from the Tea-Room, in order more closely the Brutality to watch. Six brutalistic Policemen came to the Door of The Shop.

“Now then,” said their Leader with red Face. “What do you Birds think, that you here are doing?”

Comrade Oskar was not slow to reply. He used the immortal Words of Osgood von Osgood, such Words, which still across the Years with the Fervour of the Day, on which they spoken were, ring out: “So long as we our Heads in the Sand can hide, never shall we surrender!” Naturally agreed we all with.

Our Resistance has the Hireling Policemen quite surprised. They talked into their Radios, in order their militaristic Controllers to contact. Afterwards whispered they amongst themselves. Two of them tried, the Humans back into the Tea-Room to move, but were beaten back. It is clear that the Imperialistic

Forces also with their own Kind have no Sense of Solidarity.

During several Minutes were the Cohorts of Revolution and Counter-revolution quite finely balanced. Each Side has warily the other Side watched. Comrade Osbert built up his Strength, in which he every Sort of Jam tasted, that he could. She-Comrade Oswin has read out the funny Messages in the Birthday-cards so, that our Morale did not fail. Naturally laughed we all her with. The Underlings of Fascistic Imperialism were much disconcerted.

At last stepped the Leader of the Policemen forward. We threatened him and so he stepped again back.

“Let us not be too hasty,” said he, in which he clearly tried, us off Guard to put. We looked at him very sharp. “Perhaps can we negotiate?” went he onwards. “Who has sent you? Can we with your Leaders talk?”

Comrade Oskar drew himself up to his full Height, which is very high, and told him, we had been sent by our supreme Authority, the BBC.

At this Announcement, happened something very surprising. All Resistance has suddenly crumbled. The misguided elderly Humans began to shout. “They are indeed from the BBC! Let them all loose!” They swarmed around the Policemen, who now very worried

looked. “The Police have no Right, such Birds to hold! Shame, shame! Let them loose!” And so on and so on. It was obvious, that the Reputation of our exalted Leadership Wide and Broad had reached. The petty-bourgeois Hordes were in a Rage on Account of our illegal Imprisonment. We resolved, that also they Retribution feared. Without furthers was a Path for us cleared, and we passed to the Parking-place through. Some of the Fascists gave us their Pieces of Cake, as we past them came. These were very tasty. As soon as we the Parking-place had reached, we ran, like only Bird-bunches can. We ran all the Stretch back to Mr Codd’s Farm. We had with us all the Time our Sacks and thereby lost not a single One of our Treasures. Now have the Bird-bunches Birthday-presents enough, us Years-long to last. *Tjab*, absolutely has it been a great Day for the Revolution.