

## Long Martchiz

Long Martchiz ar good for the revolysuhun und good for oll turckyz. Look at us: we hav just returnd from ovr long martch und we hav a new van. So we took a vot tooday und desydid demokratikly that from now on the munth of Septembur wood be the munth of Long Martchiz becoz the sun shynz und the wethur is nys.

It woz in Jooly that Sistur Mibbly told us abowt Long Martchiz. Sistur Mibbly reedz a lot of bookz oll the tym. She will hav to get byfoklez, sez Missis Brown who nose a lot abowt lyf. Byfoklez ar not verr danjrus und thay let yoo reed bettur if yoor getting old und doddry - but we dont say that to Sistur Mibbly in cays she getz upset. Ennyway Sistur Mibbly woz reeding sum book abowt revoluyshunaryz in Chyner und it sed how clevr thay oll wer und that thay had a Long Martch to defend ther revolysuhun agenst nasty critterz. Therz woz a verr long martch - six thowzind mylz (yoo now that figgerz lyk that upset me aftur my resent expeeryensez) - und then the revoluyshun woz saved.

“Wood it not be a good idee,” sez Bruthur Bobblur, whoo seemz to be the most aktiv of us oll even if Sistur Stubbly is ovr reveerd leedur, “Wood it not be a good idee if we had us a Long Martch as wel, und spred the wurd of the revoluyshun to evrywun we met?”

We had a verr long debayt abowt this, az yoo can imajin, deer frendz. Sum sed it woz sertinly not a good idee becoz whot wood happun if we met dogz or men with gunz or zebra crossingz und uthur danjrus thingz; sum sed it wood reely be a good idee becos turckyz wood get to see the cuntrysyd und meet with uthur burdz; sum sed it wood be a good idee und thay wood be delytid to heer abowt it when the Martchurz got back. Well the debayt went on und on as it duz in a demokratik repubblik und then we had a vot und it was desydid that we wood hav a Long Martch throo the cuntrysyd und that ennywun who wontid cood go on it.

Then Sistur Mibbly told us that we cood also hav a long martch throo the instityushunz. Ther woz silens at this becos no wun understood wot she ment. Sistur Mibbly eggsplynd that we oll martch throo the Town Holl und the Sivil Serviss und the Howzez of Parlyment und then we get to be powrful burdz und tak over the wurld. This sownded lyk a good Long Martch to me und olltho I woz hopping for a martch to the seesyd, I sed I wood go on the Instityushunz Long Martch. Perhaps wun day I cood gobble smarmily lyk the Prym Minstir duz und get lotz of votz.

Then Bruthur Bobblur und his comradz in the Fowl Moovmint for Perpetchal Revoluysuhun sed thay must martch owt the verr next day und hed for the neerest townholl. He even askt me for wun of my famus bannurz. Oll turckyz wer inspyrd by enthooziazmz und got themselz reddy to set owt the verr next day.

Oll that nite, Mistr Jonstonz farm woz a hyv of turckyz. Ther woz burds pakking und unpakking, sandwijiz being med, fond fayrwellz being sed. I spent the tym paynting the verr biggist bannur I had evir mad - it woz verr witty:

**Joyn ovr Long Martch Now  
or be Forevir a Fowl Fowl**

At teno klok we set off for the townholl. To keep a long storry short, let it just be sed that we no longir think that Long Instityushunz Martchiz wurk as a revolysuhunary stratijay. Apart from the tym it must tak to get throo oll the instityushunz, we woz stoppt at the verr start by a nasty man in yooniform at the Town Holl who sed we

cooldint cum in becoz we did not pay our taxis. Sistor Mibbly argyood that turckys never even got into taxis but the nasty man laffd und chaysed us off. Bruthur Bobblur thretind the man that he wood be the furst agenst the woll when the Grate Day cumz. But in the end, deer reedurz, we had to cum bak to the farm the saym evening saddind und with owr feetz verr soar.

The next day Sistor Stubbly sed we mite yooz modirn teknolojay und that it woz kwit revolyushunary to yooz Mistr Jonstonz van. Sinss it woz sunny we desydid to go to the seesyd at North Berrick und had a verr nys tym with icekream und windsurfing. Along the beetch we fownd sum childer und we bildid sandcasselz with them.

But then wot a dredfill thing happind on the way hom! Bruthur Bobblur sed we shood go on the moterway even tho I sed that we shoodint. Moterwayz ar verr danjrus playzis witch yoo most partiklary shood not vizit, deer reedurz und childerz. Und woz I rite? Yes I woz rite. We woz dryving along at hy spede with Bruthur Bobblur gobbling at the steeryweel und then my grate bannur got cot in the frunt windoze und ther woz a big pylup und the van woz skwisht und us turkyz ran away fast becoz ther woz lotz of angry yoomanz getting owt of ther carz und lorryz.

Wen we oll met agen in the woodz, Bruthur Bobblur woz verr kwyet witch woz kwit rite becoz he had lost owr van und it woz oll his folt witch Sistor Stubbly kept on saying. We set off for hom. It reely woz a Long Martch this tym. On the furst nite we stoppt at Mistr Mackize farm over the hill from heer. The chikinz ther were verr pleezd to see us becoz thay wer oll oppresst und fed up with Mistr Macki. So Sistor Stubbly got them oll organiyzd und on the verr next morning the chikinz chayst Mistr and Missis Macki owt of the farm und had a revolyushun. I mad a flag for them witch is flyng proudly over the hen coop it sez

**Eggiz becoz we wont to.**

I also mad them sum graffeety on the sinez witch Mistr Macki had stuk at the gayt saying thingz lyk

**Mistr**  
Mackize Chikin  
**no mor**

and

**Eggzez for Sayl**  
**Chikin not for Brekfist**

und so on.

It woz good fun und Mistr Macki woz verr sad.

Then Sistor Stubbly sed we hav to get hom und the chikin wer so happy to be liberaytid that thay gav us Mistr Mackize brand new van to tak with us. Sistor Dobbly drov it cerfillly und we got hom sayfly und oll ovr comradz who had stayd at hom wer verr pleezd to see us.

Now that we ar hom everywun wontz to hav mor long martchiz. Bruthur Dobbly haz desyded he wood wont to go on a long martch to the seesyd und hold meetingz on the sandy beetchis - kwit a lot of burdz agreed. Sistor Hubbly und hur frendz hav ollwayz wontid to go to Istanbul ever sins thay chayst the postyman und he droppt a lot of holiday broshoors und wun woz abowt the land of Turkey. Mynd yoo, Stan Bull is a big animal in a feeld down the rode und we ar kwit skard of him. Und Bruthur Mogglur iz planing a surpryz vizit to Diznywurld, witch he sed iz the longist martch for ennywun. Uthur turckyz ar tokking abowt funfayrz und hotair baloonz und crooz-shipz und thingz.

When we told the Kayti gurl abowt it she sed “Just lyk summur holidaze then”, und we snortid sardonikly becoz she just did not understand, poor gurl. With oll theez advenchurz plannd olmost oll the turckyz sed that Long Martchiz wer verr good thingz for turckyz. Und of cors good for the revolysuhun.