

# Feminal Farm

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- A 21<sup>st</sup> Century Fairytale

*(and a tribute to George Orwell, inspired by his classic novel, Animal Farm)*

Revised Edition

by Sam Fryman

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## Chapter One

Farmer Jones had worked a long hard day in the fields planting the wheat and tending the apple trees he hoped to see bloom in the summer and harvest in the autumn, and decided to draw himself a soothing glass of ale he had made carefully with the John Bull brewing kit he had earlier that same year purchased in the nearby town.

He took his time finishing the glass, watching the gorgeous, and even intelligent, Serena Stott, reading the late evening news, which was mainly about wars and the overpaid celebrities who earned more in one week than he hoped to earn in the whole year. But he was content to earn an honest living, which indeed he would just so long as he could keep the crop blight at bay, and the weather turned out as kind to him as he had hoped.

After switching the TV off, he crept up to bed, tired but happy, hoping not to wake up his good and kind wife, Mrs Jones, who was already he guessed fast asleep, after an equally long day of home baking, proudly cleaning the house and doing sewing and embroidery work on that new dress she had promised herself, in which she with her husband would joyfully attend the spring ball.

But the truth was that Mrs Jones was not yet asleep, and was excited as she heard his approach.

As he stripped down to his underclothes in the half light, her eyes reminded her that he was a fine figure of a man, as well as faithful and brave, and as they had now been married two and a half years, it was surely time for them to start a family.

As he got into the bed and climbed under the covers, to his surprise, he felt Mrs Jones reach out for him, and smiled with delight.

“Are you awake my darling?” he asked, but she answered him only with a passionate kiss on the lips.

Nine months later to the very day was born their first child, Julius, and two years later was born Toby, and a year after that again was their first born girl, little Emma.

Several years passed and the crops had been good, the farm had prospered and the Jones's were seemingly an idyllically happy family, with two loving parents, and three young children playing and running gaily in the yard.

But in the seventh year a disaster came.

Mr Jones' orchard was attacked by a new disease, known as "apple blight" and his whole crop was ordered by the government official to be destroyed.

The sales of the wheat alone could not possibly see them through another year, so what was to be done?

Mr Jones in desperation went to the local government authority to see if any help could be got to tide him over, till he could replant his orchard with pears that would be immune to the apple blight, or some other kind of profitable fruit-bearing tree.

But the lady official, Ms Proud, explained to him, that since Margaret Bodger had become prime minister of Helgoland, where Jones' farm was situated, that subsidies to support farmers through hard times were a thing of the past.

There was nothing for it - he would have to cut his losses, Ms Proud said, and perhaps apply for a job at the local pit.

The trouble with that however he discovered, was that the miners at the pit said that Margaret Bodger was going to close them down too, even though nobody could really see what was wrong with Helgoland mining its own plentiful coal, especially now it had been made relatively safe and harmless by a new industrial conversion process.

But there was no point in Jones starting there at a time like this, they said, and advised he apply to the factory instead.

Mrs Jones ironed his shirt, and for the first time in years, apart from at weddings or funerals, Mr Jones dug out his old black tie, as normally in his work in the fields, a tie was more of a hindrance than a help, and thus he never wore one.

Mrs Jones wished him luck as he set off on the long walk to the factory gates which was around a mile outside of his farm near the town.

But alas, he discovered that in attendance at the interview, there were ten other farmers, whose farms had also hit upon bad times, some of them getting the same apple blight which had befallen him, or others simply unable to compete with the large conglomerates who had increasingly moved into farming recently and undercut their prices, and he realised his chances of finding work here too were slim.

At the job interview, the lady personnel manager, Mrs Trout, told him that factory jobs were scarce now, due to the fact that Margaret Bodger had decided that factory work in Helgoland was not what she called “competitive” any more, and so Helgoland would be much better off without them in the long run.

Some dissenters in Margaret Bodger’s government had at the time asked worriedly that if Helgoland closed its factories down, who was to make all the machines and cars and so on that the people of Helgoland so desperately needed?

But Margaret Bodger said that Helgoland could no longer think of itself in the old fashioned way, of making its own goods, and that international trade and competition was the way to go.

Others however, complained that if Margaret Bodger intended to close all the factories down, how could Helgoland have any chance to compete?

But Margaret Bodger had reportedly just given these latter dissenters one of her famous “withering looks”, and they decided not to speak again, lest she consider sacking them and putting somebody else less outspoken and “insolent” in their jobs.

In the interview room, as Mr Jones fidgeted anxiously, feeling that depending on how he conducted himself in the next few minutes, his whole future was on the line, Mrs Trout asked why he thought he deserved this particular job, which was operating a plastic extruding machine in the factory workshop.

He replied “I am an honest man, I am a hard worker, I am reasonably clever, and above all I rise early in the morning. What more could anyone ask for than that?”

But to his surprise Mrs Trout did not seem overly impressed.

She explained from behind her desk and horn rimmed spectacles that mere hard work, honesty, intelligence and punctuality were common possessions, and not all together enough.

There were for example the questions of “aptitude”, “experience”, and “ambition.”

And then she pointed out looking at his rather amateurishly filled in application form, that Mr Jones had no “career path” to speak of, and she could see no evidence therefore that he was “going places.”

When in his defence he explained that all he had known was the life of a farmer, which trade his father before him who was also a farmer had taught to him before he died, she just placed a finger to her lips and quietly said “hmm”, followed by “thank you for your attendance, we will write to you within a fortnight to let you know the outcome.”

When Jones got home, his children ran to him and hugged him as they always did when they sensed he had been on some kind of difficult journey, and Mrs Jones too seemed anxious at his return, though she was rather more inquisitive about what had happened to him while he was gone than they.

Mrs Jones asked the children if they would go and play in the yard while she and their father could talk about something “serious” together.

She could see the frustration in his eyes, and without him saying a word, she felt the hopelessness of his effort.

“Do you think you will get this job, my dear?” she asked fretfully.

“I do not think so” he answered sadly. “There were ten there, just as good as I, and the lady manager said I lacked experience, and ambition, and that she did not think I was ‘going places.’ ”

“I see” replied Mrs Jones forlornly. “But what are we to live on, how are we to clothe and feed our young children now? Little Emma is still but three years old, and the other two are barely school age now.”

“I need time to think, my darling. Let us talk about it tomorrow in the morning, when I have had time to think it over and make new plans.”

Mrs Jones said nothing, but felt in her bones that Mr Jones was all out of thinking and plans. For after all, the only thing he really knew was farming, and little about the big wide world of Helgoland outside their little farm, and thus without a farm he was surely nothing.

It seemed an awful thing to her, that she heard herself saying it about the man she had once so respected, loved and worshipped, but she saw clear now, without his farm he was nothing.

It turned out that Mrs Jones was right at least about one thing – Mr Jones was all out of thinking.

For he did not come to their bed that night, and she rose at two o'clock in the morning only to find him unconscious at the bottom of the stairs, having finished in one go the remainder of the beer he had once so leisurely brewed with his John Bull kit.

But though it seemed Mr Jones was now helpless, and could support Mrs Jones and their children no more, perhaps it occurred to her she was not so.

For whilst Mr Jones had been out that day, she has seen a most fascinating broadcast on her television set.

Margaret Bodger, the new and first female prime minister of Helgoland, said that the previous night she had had a dream, and that now she was prime minister, and in a position to make her dreams come true, that no woman anywhere in all of Helgoland should any long have anything to fear or worry about.

And it seemed to Mrs Jones that Margaret Bodger was addressing her personally, when she especially pointed out that due to this dream she was going to make come true, there was no longer any need for women to fear even if their man could not support them, for the state would take care of every woman and her children, with or without a man.

But Mr Jones knew nothing of this dream that Margaret Bodger had told his wife all about while he was away, and when Mr Jones awoke the next day, he was shocked to find that his wife was gone.

For Mrs Jones had simply left a note on the table saying “I have taken Julius to school, Toby to the nursery, and little Emma is spending the day

with my mother. I will not be back till evening, and with some luck I will have good news for you. Please remember to walk the dog.”

Mr Jones rubbed his sore, morning after head in confusion and almost panic. “Where can she have gone?” he asked himself. “And Toby in a nursery with strangers and not his mother – whatever can she be thinking?” he said.

And as to little Emma being in the dubious care of his mother-in-law, who had always seemed to him some sort of wicked witch with a poisoned apple - he was not at all pleased at that.

And finally what could she possibly mean by “good news”?

But there was nothing for Mr Jones to do now but wait. And walk the dog.

After he returned home from the dog walking task, he stoked the fire with an old iron poker, sat down in his armchair, and watched and listened to the clock tick slowly by.

He then realised, he had never felt so powerless and useless in all his life – his farm no longer workable and his apple orchard all burnt down due to the blight, his apparent unemployability in the wider world, his children all gone someplace totally out of his control where he feared what would happen to them – even young Julius’s school he had not been happy about the choice of, he now realised – and his own wife was no longer there for him, as she had once always been, but instead out on some “secret mission” he knew not where and with whom.



## Chapter Two

Mr Jones was snoozing in his chair, dreaming of “the good old days” before his farm was effectively destroyed, that never again it seemed could return, when his wife finally arrived home. But he was awoken by what for him had been theretofore a very unusual sound – the clicking of high-heeled shoes.

For his wife had always worn comfortable sandals, low or flat heels and casual sweaters and jeans for as long as he had known her. But to his astonishment, as he blearily opened his eyes he saw before him, not any more his pretty, familiar and homely wife, always ready with a hot meal, a loving hand upon his fevered brow, and an ever-present angel to their children, but rather a somewhat dour, fearsome and efficient looking lady in high heels and a business suit, who seemed to him in this kind of dress almost like a stranger, a woman he had never before known or met.

Her blonde-mousey hair he observed was also tied up tightly in a bun, rather than let flowing and free as he had always known it to be, and for some reason he couldn't quite fathom she also had taken to wearing a round-lensed and rather drab looking pair of spectacles, though he had no inkling ever before that there was anything wrong with her sight.

Before he could express his confused thoughts however, Mrs Jones did the talking for him.

“Yes, my darling. I can see that you are surprised. But it is all very simple really. We must have a good income to keep this house running and support our children, and as this farm works no more, and you have found no work in the mine or factory near the town, I decided that *I* must be the one to provide for us all from now on. That is why you see me dressed thus, in these business clothes. For today, I have been to the town to attend an interview, and I have been appointed to the post of personal assistant to Mr Bates, the Managing Director of *Bates Developments*. My starting salary he says will be *generous* and he will let me know the exact figure in due course.”

But sadly, Mr Jones was a rather old fashioned man, who believed that a man should be the provider and breadwinner for his family, and a wife and mother should always be there for her children – at least until they were old enough to start looking after themselves – just as she always had been until that point.

He was therefore shocked at this news, quite apart from her startlingly different appearance, dress and even manner of speaking, which suddenly seemed so much more authoritative and what he had once heard on his TV was called “assertive”, rather than the gentle, kind and cooperative person whom she had always formerly seemed to him to be.

“But how is it my dearest that you could so easily get a job, when I have searched so long and found nothing?” he asked finally.

“I am not quite sure” she replied. “But Mr Bates said that there was always plenty of demand for women in offices, you see, so perhaps that is the explanation.”

“But surely, you cannot even type?” he ventured.

“Ah - about that you are wrong, my husband,” she replied. “Long before we met, my mother insisted that I do a secretarial training course, so that I would have “something to fall back on” in case I could not find a husband such as you to support me. He wishes me to start on Monday.”

Mr Jones was gradually beginning to discover that there was quite a lot he did not know about his wife he had up until just recently believed he had known so completely and intimately for years.

In this particular instance however, what he also did not know, was that Mr Bates it appeared, had not chosen his wife for her typing abilities in any case, but due to his noticing her fine shapely legs visible lying beneath a rather short skirt – which she had been advised by an old girlfriend from her schooldays who already worked in the same office building to wear – when he had spotted her waiting for the interview in the corridor outside his office.

There and then, even before any interview, it thus also appeared that Bates had decided already that Mrs Jones was “right for the job”, unless of course presumably she had turned out to be a total moron under questioning, despite her physical charms, which in the actual interview, which somehow again, also appeared to be something of a formality, he had found not to be the case.

Monday morning soon arrived and when the now workless Mr Jones awoke from his regular oversleeping – as the now idle and slowly deteriorating farm forced upon him an early rising routine no more – he found his wife again already gone, and the children too, and felt himself

very alone in the big old farm house his grandfather had once built and bequeathed to him and to his father before him.

Just what was his wife doing now he asked himself?

And why had she decided not only to desert him to spend her days in an office with the mysterious Mr Bates, but also to take away beautiful little Emma, to stay it was beginning to seem permanently with his mother-in-law, and young Toby to the nursery when he was not even yet old enough for proper school?

Finding no answers, at eleven o'clock, after watching some of the dreary morning TV, which he had not really ever seen much of before, but seemed to be almost wholly concerned with talk of celebrities, womens' clothes, and what he slowly had come to realise were "womens' rights issues", he decided he would take a trip down to the village and console himself with a drink in *The Red Bull* tavern.

While the Red Bull was generally a quiet village tavern in which one could have a drink in peace without any disturbance or harassment, on this particular afternoon, he found himself unexpectedly accosted by a person he knew to live on the outskirts of the village, but whom he had never really much spoken to before, by the name of John Dogworthy.

Dogworthy turned out to be a surprisingly friendly fellow, very quick minded and talkative it seemed, and as the minutes and hours passed, cheered up Mr Jones no end by reeling off any number of amusing tales, though Jones had some doubts if some of his more far-fetched sounding stories were really true.

However, in due course, Dogworthy revealed to him a certain tale that captured his interest in particular.

For Dogworthy had explained to him that this seeming inescapable and inadequate situation he had got into was caused by what he called the "feminals." Jones was somewhat shocked to hear about the existence of these "feminals", of whom he had never before heard, as he had just led the relatively simple but arduous life of a farmer, together with his previously homely and sympathetic farmer's wife, but became increasingly alarmed as Dogworthy continued his revelations.

The "feminals", Dogworthy explained, were rebellious, very talkative, angry and sometimes even violent women, who to put it mildly didn't

much like men, who were constantly talking about “empowerment” and thought that women should be running the world in every conceivable way, or even amongst their more moderate members held the idea that men should never have any rights or privileges that women didn’t have at least as many of too, and preferable many more.

“Why is it that these *feminals* don’t like men?” asked Jones in awe.

Dogworthy explained that some people thought it was due to what he had read in a book was called “penis envy”, which Mr Jones thought hilarious, and nearly choked on his beer at the thought of.

However, others said that the more likely cause was that these “feminals” had been interfered with in youth by their fathers, or sometimes perhaps brothers, or *even their mothers*, but in any case, they had all blamed their fathers for whatever had happened, and were determined to make sure that men were put out of power *forever* so that no little girl could *ever* be abused again.

“That is awful” replied Jones in horror. “So it is men’s fault really, that these feminals have appeared in order to terrorise men everywhere?”

“Well, perhaps, Jones” replied Dogworthy. “But then is it really *your* fault? Have you ever interfered with *your* daughter? Do you not love *your* young daughter, of whom I have heard, Jones? Can she not sit on your lap without fear?”

“Yes of course, Dogworthy. The thought that I could deliberately harm my little Emma in any way repulses me. The men who have done this must surely all be ill or beasts.”

“Yes, agreed, Brother Jones” replied Dogworthy. “But the feminals don’t believe that there are good men such as we, who love our little girls – for I once had a wife and young daughter too, my Brother, before they were taken away from me after my wife was brainwashed by the feminals.”

“Brainwashed?” asked Jones, now thoroughly disturbed, despite the alcohol anaesthetic he had by this time quite substantially imbibed.

“Yes, Brother. For the feminals have been busy for decades now infiltrating our schools, colleges and universities. They say all women must be educated, and must gain as many qualifications and degrees as they possibly can.”

“But surely, Brother Dogworthy, this is just so that single women without men can get a good job to support themselves, or married women whose children are grown up can do a useful job in society?”

“Ah no, Brother Jones. If only such were the case. But the truth is that the schools, colleges and universities are now training camps for the feminals. They are busy trying to alter all the books of learning to preach the gospel of the feminal “Mother Goddess”, *Matriarcha*, whom they claim created the first man *Badapple Adam*” who was made from a rib of the first feminal, *Lady Eva, the Magnificent*.”

“That is simply shocking, Brother Dogworthy. Surely everyone knows about Eve and how it was *she* who tempted Adam with the poisoned apple?”

“Ah, no Brother Jones. Only we older people can remember that. The feminal books now read that Lady Eva was a wise feminal whom the divine Mother Goddess Matriarcha had created long before Badapple Adam, who was merely an afterthought. And that therefore, there was no other apple than “Badapple” himself, and no serpent, but only Badapple Adam’s sexual organ with which he violated Lady Eva, and caused “the fall from paradise” and all Badapple Adam’s evil male descendants to be born. And therefore it has been the eternal task of the feminals ever since to right this original sin of *rape* that the first man, Badapple Adam, committed against the first woman and feminal, Lady Eva.”

“That is utter *madness!*” cried Jones. “Have these feminals not considered psychiatric treatment, because that is surely what they need?”

“Oh yes, they have considered that, Brother Jones. Not for *feminals* however, but only for males who oppose the feminal philosophy, and preach the gospel of male liberation and power.”

Jones was now silent. For what could he say in the face of such perverse revelations that Dogworthy had for the first time disclosed to him that day?

“You have given me much to think about, Brother Dogworthy. I shall surely take this up with my wife, when I get home.”

“Yes, my Brother. I would advise you to see if anything can be done, before your wife too comes under the power of the feminals, for you will surely

lose her, and your children, and end up all alone, should she fall prey to their brainwashing techniques.”

“Thank you, Brother Jones for that advice. It has been a pleasure to drink with and talk to you, but now I must go home.”

Jones was a little tipsy and feeling quite strange after his visit to the Red Bull, and he walked uncertainly the mile or so back to his house. He determined that when he arrived home, he would assert his authority as a husband and father once again, and demand that his wife give up her job, with this dubious Mr Bates, and bring home his children once again.

But alas, on entering his home, he found only an empty house, but for a note lying on the table which read:

“Sorry darling, working late. Should be home before midnight. Mother will take care of the kids again, so not to worry about them. And please don’t forget to walk the dog and clean the toilet because I haven’t had time.”

Jones crumpled the note into a ball in his powerful fist, and tossed it towards the bin, but lacking sober judgement just missed.

Although he had once loved his wife more than anything on earth, to his surprise he found that he was slowly but surely starting to feel hate.

How dare she leave “orders” for him to walk the dog and clean out the toilet! he told himself, even if her orders were all wrapped up in “a pretty please.” How dare she keep his children away from the home for all this time, and treat it herself as if it were merely a hotel, and he the janitor!

He determined when she finally did get home, he was going to seriously take her to task, and start “laying down the law.”

In the event however, it was almost eleven o’clock when the clicking heels of Mrs Jones arrived home again, but this time Mr Jones was not awoken by her.

For he had fallen sound asleep in front of a gangster movie, about drug dealers who shot dead an apartment full of teenagers over breakfast for stealing their drugs, and apart from that only seemed to want to discuss the finer points of whether pigs were dirty, inedible animals and what the colloquial slang was for take-away burgers in France.

Mrs Jones sighed as she smelled the alcohol on his breath, and noted that the dog had not been walked but indeed rather had made a mess upon the kitchen floor, and that the toilet remained just as uncleaned as when she last visited and viewed it.

As she herself was exhausted from her first long day at work in Mr Bates' employ, she debated whether it was worth awakening him at all, but as he shifted unconsciously in his armchair, his considerable bulk pressed somehow upon the TV controller causing the volume to rise to full blast, which roused him with a jolt.

"You are only home now at last, my dear?" he asked, rubbing his tired eyes and fumbling to switch the TV off.

"Yes. I am sorry to have been so late. But there was no choice. Mr Bates said I must show commitment to this job if I hope to keep it, and so I must warn you husband, I may be working late hours regularly."

"But what about the children? You will no longer have time for them...not only me."

"My mother is doing a fine job, I stopped there in the car on the way home, to check everything was OK."

"Your mother – is a witch. You know it, and I know it. She did her best to stop us ever getting together in the first place, saying I was not good enough for you, and you deserved someone far better."

Mrs Jones just sighed once more and said "She is alright in her own way" before Jones began to question her again.

"And a car? What is this car you have? We have never had nor needed a car before apart from my land rover for the farm."

"It is a company car that comes with the job assigned to me by Mr Bates. But as he said, I must show commitment, and so we must make *sacrifices*, or I will lose both the job and the car."

"But what about your commitment to *this family*, and to *me*?"

Mrs Jones first bit her tongue, but then fretfully decided to reply.

“I did not wish to criticise you, my husband, but we now have to accept facts. You are now forty-five years old, and that is old, perhaps too old to learn anything new. You may never work again. Whereas I am ten years younger, and have many opportunities open to me that you do not. We must agree that *I* am the future of this family, and you no longer are. You must therefore from now on let me make the major decisions, as without me, and my job, this family cannot go on.”

Mr Jones grunted in disbelief. His wife had never talked *down* to him like that ever before. If this was what having a job and company car was going to do to her attitude to him, it was surely time to stop this “career girl” act of hers in its tracks.

“No, my wife. I will not accept this. You are my wife. I may not currently be able to solve our problems, but I will try harder. I will find an answer somehow.”

“Ah, but I already have an answer” replied Mrs Jones almost smugly, again, in a tone he had never heard before. “The answer for you to contribute to our family from now on is very simple.”

Jones looked puzzled, but hopeful at this report. That is, until Mrs Jones finished her thought.

“You must sell the farm.”

His jaw dropped further and further as she continued.

“I have already discussed it with Mr Bates. He says he can help with our problem. He is in the business of developing property, and he says that our farm is prime development acreage, and he is willing to offer us personally a very good price per acre.”

By this time, Jones had turned almost white. “How could you, my wife! Just how could you firstly discuss with this stranger our private affairs? And secondly, how could you believe I would *ever* sell this farm, which you know well was bequeathed to me by my father, and to him by his father before him? How could you even *suggest* that, when you know this farm means so much to me, it is in my blood?”

But Mrs Jones no longer cared to offer him sympathy, but rather only *guidance and advice*.



“Mr Bates explained to me that there are many washed-up farmers like yourself in this area who have hit on hard times, some of whose women have undergone untold suffering in what amounts to ‘flogging a dead horse’ trying to support their husbands on such a lost cause, and that in this era of change, the only wise policy is to sell up and cut one’s losses. And in most cases these farmers are so desperate, they will sell their land for a song, whereas Mr Bates has very generously offered to give us a fair price per acre. But I should warn you on his behalf, if we delay, his patience may falter, and his offer may not be so kind.”

Jones’ facial colour was now going from white to purple.

“So you have arranged the sale of my farm behind my back? And you have put our children in the care of your witchy mother? And you are dressing in a short skirt and high heels for this Mr Bates and his no doubt greedy and lecherous clients like a high class tart?”

“I am *not* any tart, but perhaps *yours*” replied Mrs Jones angrily, “and I am just trying to do what is *best* for us all.”

“And *you* think you are fit to be the judge of that?” Jones replied.

“Ah – so now we finally see it!” answered Mrs Jones now equally stirred to anger. “You think little of me, don’t you??? And you always have. You want me to be just your ‘little woman’ who cooks and cleans for you and chases round forever after the children, you never want me to have any life of my own!”

“That’s simply not true!” replied Jones. “You *know* I have always loved you, devoted my life to you and would have done anything to protect you and our children.”

“Oh yes” she replied. “But what you really mean is, you loved me *just as long as I was your inferior*. Now I am not your little girl any more, now I am a grown woman with a job in the real world and a life of my own, now you cannot cope with that, can you?”

“Life of your own?” replied Jones in mystification. “I did not twist your arm behind your back to marry me. It was *you* who first took me by the hand and kissed me. It was *you* who led me into the barn that day and seduced me. If you did not want this, why on earth did you ever marry me in the first place?”

“I don’t know!” cried Mrs Jones, in tears. “There was just something about you. I think you reminded me of my dad, or something...I don’t know...I was just a girl when we married. But you don’t understand me any longer. I am a *woman* now...”

“Oh – so being a woman is wearing a short skirt and high heels, earning money and neglecting your husband and children, is it? Is that it?”

“You don’t understand!” she replied. “It’s not just about a job, it’s about finding myself. Finding out who I am, being *me*.”

Jones now looked down sadly at the floor.

“So I never let you be you? That is what you are telling me? After spending two thousand nights together in the same bed, sharing love and passion together, and having our three lovely children together? But I never let you be you?”

“It’s not that simple” replied Mrs Jones. “The truth is, I have outgrown you.”

Again, Jones looked mystified as she continued.

“I did not ever want to tell you this, but as I supported you, struggling through all the worries of the apple blight, when it first appeared, whilst you were working in the fields one day, three years ago, Mr Bates called here.”

“Yes, go on.” replied Jones, now very quiet and concerned.

“He was interested in the farm, and I felt so lonely and afraid of what would happen to us, and he seemed so charming and sympathetic, that somehow I decided to invite him in, and gave him a cup of tea. And then one day a few weeks later, the telephone rang, and he said he had something that might interest me, and could help us, but I should visit him at a hotel to discuss it. And I am ashamed to say that he charmed me with wonderful stories of his extravagant lifestyle, his yacht in the Mediterranean, and he took me for a champagne dinner, and I don’t want to say it, but perhaps you can guess the rest...”

Mrs Jones’ voice trailed off feebly.

Jones felt a rage inside him, and stood up facing her, his blood boiling.

“Go on, go on, say it all!”

“I am afraid the truth is...” she said trembling “little Emma is not your child. I have been many times surprised that you had not noticed how her hair is so dark, when both yours and mine is fair...”

Jones’s head began to spin, and he could hardly keep his feet with rage and shock.

In his mind’s eye he saw visions of himself strangling her, or tearing all her clothes off and beating her like would perhaps have happened to an unfaithful wife in Biblical times, or maybe even taking an axe to her and committing some abominable act.

But he could not, would not, even dare touch her for fear of what he might do should he truly let himself go.

Instead a sudden cold indifference overcame him. And he looked at her with a steely eye, and black dark stare, which she had surely never seen from him before, and said in a powerful voice pointing his arm like a salute towards the door, only “Get out! Get out! And do not ever return!”

Mrs Jones looked at him in tears, thought to beg him with pleadings of how sorry she was, but somehow she could not. Yet she cried all the way to the car, and got in, and drove away still crying all the way to her mother’s house in the pouring rain.

Fortunately when she finally arrived, little Emma and the two boys were already in bed, and she fell into the arms of her mother still in tears. “There, there, my darling. What is the matter?” said her mother sympathetically, yet with a wicked gleam in her eye that Mrs Jones was not in any condition or position to see.

“He has thrown me out...” she cried. “He has thrown me out and told me to never set foot in his house again.”

“There, there” said her mother. “It is nothing. You are better off without him, my darling. I always said he was wrong for you, didn’t I? And now you finally know that *mummy knows best.*”

Meanwhile, Jones too was bawling his heart and eyes out lying in bed, shedding cold bloody tears, lamenting the beautiful wife who had betrayed him, and let him believe that little Emma was his own daughter, these past three years, and taken his two boys away from him also.

But as his tears subsided as the hours went by, he vowed at least that though he had lost the wife and daughter he had once thought belonged to him, that at least his sons were his own, and he would take them from that undeserving mother and wife, he would get them back somehow.

### Chapter Three

Jones awoke very early the next morning, still in pain, which had now transformed from tears into a sullen and progressively more compounded feeling of injustice and hate.

He would have liked to have slept more to “forget it all” – his wife’s betrayal, the revelation that little Emma whom he had loved so deeply was not his own, and the loss of his farm and “manhood” – but he found the power of his resentful and hostile thoughts spiralled unceasingly through his mind, and would not let him rest.

He was also vaguely conscious of the fact that his savings were nearly exhausted, and somehow he had to find some money soon.

But after several hours of futile thought, finding no solutions, he decided to take a walk outside with the dog, which he had never particularly liked himself, but his now absent wife Mrs Jones had felt was necessary for her safety and that of the children, while he was working far away in the fields.

At the far gate of the farm, to his surprise he came upon Brother Dogworthy also out walking, without any dog however, but completely alone.

Jones opened the gate and invited Dogworthy to enter, which he was happy to do, and happy for the company also.

Jones having no other friend in the world, it now seemed to him, decided to unfold all his sad story to Brother Dogworthy, saying how he had discovered his child was not his own, and his wife’s betrayal and so on.

Brother Dogworthy sympathised as usual, but Jones asked him how he managed to survive, when he seemed to do no work, and Jones’ own situation was now quickly becoming a financial catastrophe.

“Ah, Brother Jones. That is easy to answer. The feminals have fixed things as we both know so that few men can find honest work any longer, so unless you are willing to be a “poodle man” in a feminal controlled organisation, you cannot work.”

Jones laughed. “A *poodle man*. What on earth is that?”

“The feminals do not approve of real honest men who wish to lead and provide for their families and to discipline and educate their own children, as in former times. They tolerate only the *poodle men* who will say *Yes, Ma’am, No Ma’am, Three Bags Full Ma’am* to whatever unjust or exploitative thing that the feminal controlled organisations want to happen.”

“Like what, Brother Dogworthy, I do not understand?”

“Well, for example, Brother Jones, the feminals love luxury, and say that every feminal woman should have at least one hundred pairs of shoes, whilst those in the Bongolands outside of Helgoland, often have not one pair each, and have to walk in their bare feet.”

“Is that true, Brother Dogworthy? I did not know that those in the far away Bongolands did not have shoes.”

“Oh yes, Brother Jones. Not only do they not have shoes, they have no medicines to speak of, and rarely any food, nor clean water, and often live in houses of mud, or simply sleep in the open attacked by flies, and burned and frozen by extremities of heat or cold with no blankets, clothing or shelter to protect them.”

“That is awful, Brother Dogworthy. Do not even the feminals care about that?”

“Well, they do care that the women and children are suffering, Brother Jones, but they regret they cannot do anything about it until they are sure that the Bongolands will be ruled by feminals. For if men should come to power in those countries, they could become a threat to the Feminal Empire, so for the moment those women and children, and of course men, must continue to starve and live in disease, discomfort and horror.”

“A great tragedy indeed, Brother Dogworthy, but you have not yet explained to me how *you* manage to survive.”

“Yes, Brother Jones, I am coming to that. The point is, that the feminals do not as yet have the power to exterminate the anti-feminal men in Helgoland, so are just forced to tolerate our existence, but they make sure we live in poverty and are powerless, and therefore cannot support families and wives. Their plan is that if the anti-feminal men fail to breed and therefore not create more anti-feminal men, like the dinosaurs we will

in time become extinct, and then the Feminal Empire's dominion over the earth will become complete."

"That is awful, Brother Dogworthy, I could not ever have imagined before that any women could be so evil."

"Ah, yes, Brother Jones, but do not forget, not all women are evil, only those who are under the control of the feminals, and the feminal leaders themselves. However, I should point out, that though we men in Helgoland are at least for the moment, safe from extermination, the same does not apply to the dark skinned races who live in Mungoland, where they still believe in the Masculine Bible God. For the feminals fear them the very most, and thus have installed some poodle men in government, to send armies to slaughter the Mungo peoples, where men are still respected, and allowed to have pleasure with their wives and see and educate their own children."

"Oh yes, Brother Dogworthy. I have heard of the war in Mungoland, but had not given it a thought before. Except they said that the Mungo leader was a monster, and his people were all rapers of women and molesters of children."

"Ah, yes, that is the big lie Brother Jones that the feminals have told the non-feminal women and poodle men. They also say that because women are not allowed to display their curvaceous and tempting bodies, drive cars or get degrees in Mungoland – that proves that all the men of Mungoland are savage beasts, and exert great cruelties upon their women."

"Well, is that true, Brother? There doesn't seem to be much wrong with a woman driving a car or getting an education to me. Surely the Mungos are indeed not wholly fair to their women?"

"Ah yes, Brother Jones, but you miss the point. The point is that these rights for the women are not being requested by the feminals to truly educate women and give them their freedom. They are just being demanded by the feminals so that they can create feminal brainwashing organisations, posing as colleges and universities so that they can make the female Mungos into feminals, and cast the Mungo men out into the wilderness of oblivion, separated from their wives and children, and removed from all places of power and respect in society."

“Well, yes, I suppose so, if you put it that way, but I am still not sure, brother Dogworthy.”

“Not sure? But do you not see my Brother, that is exactly what has happened to *you*. Your wife was educated even only in the secretarial college without your knowledge, and thus little did you realise had *ambitions* to do something that you could not, and as soon as you became unable to support her fully, which the feminals had arranged would happen you see, now all of a sudden you are out on your ear, are you not?”

“Yes, Brother Dogworthy, that is true. But I do not see how the feminals could have arranged this to happen.

“Ah – you do not see yet, do you? For let us suppose that the apple blight had not appeared and ruined your orchard. In time due to the feminal farming conglomerates which are buying up all the farms and forcing the little farms out of existence, you surely would have gone that way also soon. Some in *the Resistance* even believe that the feminals had a poodle man scientist create certain diseases in the laboratory, to cause this very situation.”

“Surely, that could not be! That is pure evil, Brother Dogworthy, that is surely against all nature and God’s plan.”

“Ah, yes, Brother Jones, but you forget that this is not the plan of the Masculine Bible God, but of the feminal Mother Goddess, Matriarcha. Matriarcha does not care if crops are ruined, or how that is done, just so long as the world is peopled only with feminals and poodle men who all bow down and worship the Mother Goddess, Matriarcha. And now do you see also why the feminals say that the Mungo women must have cars. For does your own wife not have and need a car to do that job which has given her the power to leave you, and to ferry her children around to take away from you, and place in nurseries and with your mother-in-law, whom you distrust and hate? And equally that is why the feminals are demanding Mungo women must have the right to dress as they please. For have you not seen how your wife dresses for work? She dresses that way so that men can see the form of her breasts, bottom and legs, and they will give her jobs and favours under the spell of desire, so that men do not get those jobs and favours instead. This is all part of the feminal plan to oust men, Brother Jones.”



“Well, yes, Brother Dogworthy. Now I do start to see this wicked plot. It is becoming a little clearer to me now. But you still have not said how you manage to live, from where comes your money, which right now is my problem also.”

“Ah yes, but this explanation was first necessary you see, my Brother. For as I said, as the feminals are not yet allowed to root out and exterminate the anti-feminals in the Resistance in Helgoland, they give us just enough money to survive, as long as we don’t show any signs of interfering in the feminal empire, or breeding more like ourselves, so they do not actually care that we do not work, as most of the work of production is now done in the Bongolands where men do not demand fair conditions and pay for their labour, and are bullied and beaten or even murdered if they dare to stand up for their rights. And as to the anti-feminal men such as ourselves, who have already had children, they ensure that our children are taken away from us as soon as possible and converted to the feminal philosophy.”

“This is indeed truly sickening, Brother Dogworthy, and like one of those television horror movies come true. But surely it does not quite add up. For it seems to be an act of kindness on the part of the feminals to give the anti-feminal men they clearly hate, enough money to survive. How can you explain this, if as you say the feminals are so evil, Brother?”

“Ah well, the truth is, Brother Jones, that anti-feminal men who seek to do more than merely survive, and even dare to object to the feminal empire, and refuse to become poodle men, would otherwise have to be imprisoned. And prison costs the feminals a lot of money, and as feminals are so fond of luxury, they do not want to waste money on the prisons, which are very costly to run, and must have guards who must be paid. Therefore, it is merely cheaper to let the anti-feminal men lead a pointless and powerless life outside of a prison, than inside one. It is still a *prison* we are living in, Brother Jones, have no doubt of that, but one might say an “open one.” For which of us any longer can now live happily and think and do and love as we please? ”

“Ah, I see, Brother Dogworthy. But my problem with that is that I do not believe in accepting charity.”

“Well, that is up to you, Brother Jones. But I put it to you that in this feminal domination of Helgoland, it is not cause of shame for a man if he must live this way, or else starve and die, when otherwise he has the greater shame of living only as a poodle man, now all the farms, mines,

factories and shipyards where he used to have honest and honourable work have been taking away by the feminals.”

“Nevertheless, Brother Dogworthy, it troubles me. I do not wish to live off the work of others while I lie idle.”

“Well, that is your choice, Brother Jones, but in time you may see that you have little other option, as things stand.”

And with those parting words Dogworthy walked away, hands in pockets, and disappeared into the distance leaving Jones alone with his dumb animal which was now barking to be fed, to reflect upon the past.

As he walked across the green fields, the orange evening sun had started to appear, and Jones realised momentarily how beautiful and what a privilege it had once been to work and live amongst Nature, and watch his golden corn, and green apple trees glistening in the sun, and swaying in the wind, and how peaceful and idyllic had once been his life.

But no more.

The feminals had seen to that. For the sun still shined, but now his world was one of pain, his family destroyed, his livelihood gone, it seemed that he could appreciate the sunset no more.

For the sunset reminded him now not of the beauty of God’s Nature, but of his own sad autumn decline. The feeling that his life was receding, falling to pieces, and gradually coming to an ever more miserable close.

And that the dream he had formerly had of a happy old age with his wife, watching his fine sons and daughters running the farm, and having husbands, wives and children of their own would now never be. And all because of these feminals it appeared, of whom he had never heard until only a few days before.

Jones walked back to the farmhouse, the dog barking all the way, and gave it the last tin of dog meat he had stocked in a week earlier, causing it to collapse in a contented heap.

To his surprise, the telephone rang, and it was his wife, Mrs Jones. He felt a lump in his throat, as he still loved her deep down inside, no matter how much what she had done had made him hate her.

For a moment he thought in his mind, that she might apologise, she might break down and beg him forgiveness, give up the silly proud job with Mr Bates, wear the clothes she used to, bring the children home, and say how much she loved him.

But this thought and hope quickly faded, when he discovered what her true *agenda* really was.

“Hello my husband” she began. “Are you well?”

“Am I well?” he began angrily, feeling the re-stirring of rage as to how the last few days had wrecked his life, how *she* had wrecked his life. “My wife and children gone, my daughter no longer my daughter, my farm ruined, and my prospects nil? What do you think?”

“Well, I am sorry,” she said unconvincingly. “But we have to be *civilized* about this, surely. We have to think about the children.”

“The children?” he replied. “It seems you have thought of them already, if you can find any time that is, since it now seems to me that you can think only of yourself.”

“That is not fair, my husband. I have cooked and cleaned for you for years. I have given you a happy marriage bed. And I have cared for the children too.”

“Yes, my wife. And I have trudged out for two thousand sometimes cold and snowy mornings, and laboured all day in the fields for you and they, and gone to market and demanded the best price I could to bring all the money home to you. I have worried and prepared for every threat that I thought might possibly harm you or the children. I have been willing to lay down even my life to protect you and they. Is that not worth at least as much as what you have done for me?”

“Yes, well all that is gone too now, my husband. So let us call it quits.”

Jones listened in frustrated silence.

“It is clear to me that even though we may both still share certain feelings for one another, which cannot in a short time be put aside, that we no longer share the same ideals, the same world view and value system.”

“*World view and value system?*” Jones replied. “Where on earth did you get all these fancy words and ideas from? Can you not just talk plain English to say what you mean?”

But little did Jones realise, that while he was working in the fields, Mrs Jones had long ago taken to watching the daytime Education Channel “sociology classes”, which the feminals were behind, and had taught her a lot of very large words and “concepts” that made her feel “empowered”, and which had led her to believe that she had as she had said “outgrown” him.

How her having a sordid affair with the rich, lecherous and greedy Mr Bates however, had made her “outgrow” him, was not clear. But that inconsistency did not currently at least seem to bother her much as she continued to unveil her demands.

“Well, that is by-the-by. I don’t have any time to argue with you. I am due back at work in half an hour. I simply want you to know that even though my job pays quite well, though not actually as well as I had hoped, my mother and I are agreed that as you are the father of at least two of my children, you should pay maintenance to support them.”

“*Your* children!” he said in horror. “You mean - *our* children?”

“Well, actually, you are the ‘sperm donor’ I do accept. But all leading psychologists agree that women are more important in the lives of young children than men. Therefore I must have sole custody, and your duty is to support them with money to the degree that you are able.”

“Oh, it’s *my* duty is it to support the children? But not *your* duty to love me in reward for my support? And you say women are more important in the lives of children than men. But how important can you be if you are not there with them, but working all day, even till very late?”

“Ah, but I have taken care of that. My mother is still young enough to give them the female guidance they need while I am not there. As are the ladies in the nursery for Toby and Emma. And apart from the we shall spend *quality time* together, and they will see me a good role model as a brave and heroic working mother. So *you* will not be required to care for them directly you see.”

“And have you asked the *children* what *they* want?” replied Jones desperately. “Are they not crying for Daddy to be with them? Do you not

remember how they would run to me and hug me, how this gave them a feeling of love and security?"

But though Jones imagined this to be a winning argument, he found his wife again cold and impervious to what he felt to be his heart-searching words.

"They will get over it. The fact is, I am sorry to say, but you are no longer a successful man. That makes you a bad role model for our children. They will achieve far better in life if they have *me* as a role model now I am becoming a successful woman. My mother agrees."

"Well, the witch would, wouldn't she? But I would like to know if they are still feeling that they are loved, whether they are happy or cry at night. I want to know if they still ask where daddy is. And when you say 'achieve', do you mean for example that little Emma will get to be a tartily dressed slave for a lecherous and greedy boss like Bates, like you now are, just for money? Is that what you mean by 'achievement' and 'success'?"

But Mrs Jones, now seemingly getting harder and harder in her stance just continued in the same vein.

"As I said, they will get over it. The boys must learn that we are living in a new world now, in which men will have to understand the needs and ambitions of women far more. Margaret Bodger says that if the old-fashioned men like yourself, *the men of the past* are allowed to influence children, this will just add further fuel to our unequal society. And little Emma too has to see that she can be a whole person without needing a patriarch in her life."

"A *patriarch*?" queried Jones. "You mean a *father*? And what on earth is 'a whole person'? Do you mean little Emma has had an arm or leg or ear missing these last three years of her life, and no one has noticed?"

But Mrs Jones, who it was becoming clear had already been well tutored in feminal philosophy, did not answer.

"Look, as I said. I don't have time for this. I am due back at work. You will get the letter from my solicitor in three days or less."

"Your solicitor? A letter?"

“Yes, Mr Bates kindly put me in touch with a good one when he heard of my plight.”

“You mean a *divorce* solicitor, don’t you?”

“Yes, I’m sorry. I shall always care for you, I still love you, my husband. But it is just not going to work out for us being together any more.”

And before Jones could say anymore, she had hung up and ran off to her job.

*Divorce* he pondered, *divorce*. The word pained him so. He had known they had problems, his ailing farm and so on, but he never thought it would come to *this* so quickly, and even worse, that she had decided to divorce *him*, when it seemed to him that it was *she* who was the party at fault. His only crime as he saw it was in not being able to rescue his farm.

And she said she still *loved* him. But surely that could only be a lie. For what person who really loved another, could possibly treat him like that?

It took however not three days, but only two for the letter to arrive. Jones asked himself why his wife could not simply have talked to him about how he would contribute to his children’s future from now on, but he was soon to find out why as he tore upon the fine quality heavy gauge vellum envelope.

Though the legal style of the letter threw him for a short while, it suddenly and unmercifully became clear what the essential purpose was, and how she could have possibly expected him to support his children in the first place, now his farm was ruined and he could not find a job.

It was very simple, the solicitor’s letter explained that because he no longer had any income to speak of, it was his legal duty to surrender at least fifty percent of his estate to his wife. His estate of course meaning *all that he possessed in the world*.

And as the good reader will by now realise, that meant his only true possession, his treasured heirloom which had been his life, and bequeathed to him by his father and grandfather before him – *his farm*.

In horror, he now realised that his wife could take away from him the land and home he had been born and raised in, as there was no way he could pay her any kind of support without agreeing to its sale.

The letter had even given an estimate of the sale value as a “realisable asset” and had been even so bold as to suggest that they already had a client waiting to purchase.

It did not take a genius to guess who that client was – it was clearly Bates, of Bates Developments, who likely wanted to build upon it some luxury homes or apartments for the overpaid and oversexed city folk to have weekends away in with their illicit lovers.

Jones paced around the house in fury, thinking momentarily to take his shotgun even and put that Bates man into the next world – should there truly be one – who it turned out now had it was clear not been content to merely seduce his wife, but now wanted to take his farm, his very lifeblood, away from him too.

But he had just about enough self-respect and sense remaining to refrain from such an act, as he realised that he certainly did not want to spend the rest of his life in prison. And then at least there was the hope that he could still gain custody of his two children, Julius and Toby.

And then as much as it pained him, he realised that at least if he were to sell the farm, even the fifty percent he would get would enable him to live for the foreseeable future without any money worries, so he would not have to beg for survival money from the feminal controlled State like Dogworthy had been forced to do.

## Chapter Four

The farm was sold within a week, as the buyer transparently was indeed the adulterer Mr Bates, of Bates Developments, and though Jones was hardly a wealthy man after receiving his fifty percent share of the proceeds, he was at least able to afford the rent of a small flat in a house on the outskirts of the village and feed and clothe himself and pay the bills for the foreseeable future.

“It’s a sad thing, Brother Jones, to see a man have all his history and roots cut asunder in one savage stroke” said Dogworthy, as he took a soothing sup of his ale in the Red Bull on that quiet afternoon, watching the sun stream through the facing stained glass window and light up the hanging dust.

“Yes, Brother Dogworthy. But I had to think of my children. At least knowing they will benefit from the sale of the farm is a consolation to me.”

Little did Jones know however that Mrs Jones under the encouragement of her mother, was planning to use the money to buy a new luxury car, take an extravagant holiday abroad, and buy a whole new wardrobe of clothes for both of them, from the most fashionable shops in the nearby town. And of course, many tens of pairs of shoes, without which a woman could not truly be a woman after all, it seemed in the feminal society.

“And of course, Brother Dogworthy, my conscience is no longer troubled now, knowing that I can support myself, and will not have to beg charity from the feminal state, and hopefully sooner or later I will find a new way of earning some money, perhaps as a small trader or provider of services of some kind.”

“But there is another issue, is there not, Brother Jones? What of your children? Now it has become clear your wife has been under the influence of the feminals for some time, it is not likely she will let you see them any more. This sadly has been the experience of many of our comrades in the Resistance movement, few of whom so far have gained access to their children, once their wife and mother of their children has fallen under the hypnotic spell and brainwashing programs of the feminals.”



“We will see about that,” said Jones determinedly. “I do not object to her keeping custody of little Emma who needs her mother in any case, as a girl, but as to the boys – there must be at least some part in their life for me, and preferably, now I know my wife is under the spell of the feminals it would surely be better if custody was given wholly to me, and it was *she* who had to come and get permission to see them and take them out. And by the way, what is this *Resistance* you have now mentioned to me more than once, Brother Dogworthy?”

“Ah” said Dogworthy. “There are alas not many of us so far, but the movement is spreading and growing. For now there are just too many men who have had their lives wrecked by the callous and inhumane policies and plotting of the feminals, and are upset enough to wish to fight back. But we have joined together, and should you wish, we will be glad to invite you to our meeting. But naturally, because of the paranoia of the feminals, our meetings must be kept quiet at this point in time. You could attend this very evening if you wish? Would you like to do that? Would you like to join us?”

Jones hesitated, not quite sure what exactly he was considering getting himself involved in.

“I *am* interested, Brother Dogworthy, but what exactly does this ‘Resistance’ want to do about the feminals? Nothing violent I hope, because I couldn’t go along with that. I have my children to think of apart from anything else?”

“Ah, you need have no fears on that account Brother Jones. We are a largely peaceful bunch of philosophical people, who seek to carry out our aims wholly by legal means. We may from time to time carry out some campaigns and peaceful protests. But violence is definitely out, as this would make us as bad as the feminals, who sometimes use violent men and the brute force of unwitting police officers and soldiers to carry out their aims.”

“What do you mean, Brother Dogworthy? How can the feminals persuade men, even good men, who serve in the police and armed forces to do brutal things to innocent men?”

“Well, firstly Brother Jones, not all who serve in the police and military are balanced people. The feminal policies and brainwashing programs have been running for decades now, and these once noble bodies have been infiltrated by those who have been traumatised by being from

broken homes and so on, and have entered these agencies in order to get back a feeling of natural power that their damaged upbringings have robbed them of. We must confess alas, also, Brother Jones, that it is not only the feminals who have caused this, but some bad men have caused this too.”

“Yes, I know that is true, Brother Dogworthy. There have always been some brutal men who bullied their children, instead of loving and protecting them as you and I have done.”

“Yes, but whether abused or not in childhood, they have all been brainwashed with the feminal philosophy that all men are assumed to be brutes and child abusers until proven otherwise – that is *guilty till proven innocent*. So the trouble is now Brother Jones, that *a mere accusation* is almost as bad as having actually committed the crime.”

“That is awful Brother. And surely everyone is *innocent until proven guilty*? How can that be?”

“Ah, well, that only applies to the feminals, as the feminals control much of the courts and the media now, and they have seen to it that if even a man is accused of a crime, even if he has not remotely carried it out, and is totally innocent, the mere *accusation* appears in huge headlines in the feminal controlled newspaper and TV reports. And thus millions see them. But even if it turns out later he is completely innocent, only a small mention is afterwards made of this, which hardly anyone ever sees. All they remember is the accusation, and he is forever held in suspicion, if he is not actively booed and jeered and threatened or attacked in the streets.”

“But not all women are feminals, Brother Dogworthy. You said we must remember there are many good women. How is it that this can happen?”

“Ah, well you see, because the feminal propaganda machines works unceasingly, demonising men, even the good women now believe that a rapist and molester of children is waiting for them on every street corner. The feminals have made them believe that such men are everywhere, though of course, this is not remotely the case. For example, suppose fifty bad crimes such as rape or murder are committed by men in a year upon women and children in a country like Helgoland which has a population of nearly fifty million people. Although such crimes will only happen to one person in a million any year, so that in reality they are more likely to be struck by lightning or die in a plane crash, the headlines and media will make a huge fuss of each crime, so that it will seem that the crimes

are happening to *everyone, everywhere* as they see one happening to *someone, somewhere* every week. Likewise the feminals will put out some *statistic* my Brother, such as *twenty-five percent of men have considered violence against their wives*. Which sounds horrifying does it not? But what they do not say is how many men have *never* considered violence, which is of course therefore *seventy-five percent* of men, the vast majority. And please note the word *considered*. That is, though *twenty-five percent* of men may have *considered* violence, how many have actually carried it out? Five percent perhaps? Or only one percent even? Which would mean that ninety-five percent or ninety-nine percent of men have *never* committed any violence against their wives. But at a quick glance, the statistics the feminals deliberately carefully phase and put out to mislead the populous look shocking, as this advances the feminal agenda of world domination by the feminals.”

“I see, Brother Dogworthy. Life is so much more tricky and complicated than we think, is it not? One reads the newspapers and watches the TV with hardly a thought, doesn’t one?”

“And I should add, Brother Jones, that in such an instance as I have given, the question is *never* asked, *how many women have considered or carried out violence upon men?* When a woman is accused of something bad, there is doubt. She is given the presumption of innocence. But when a man is accused of something, he is presumed guilty until proven innocent, not only by the courts and police, but by the people in general, due to the feminal propaganda machine which I have explained to you, which makes it appear that most, if not all men are committing crimes all the time.”

“Well, our chat has been very interesting Brother Dogworthy, but I fear I must go home to rest and eat.”

As Jones had by now decided it was impossible to communicate directly with his clearly now feminal-brainwashed wife, he decided to write a letter to her, suggesting that if she really wanted to be “civilised” as she had claimed, it would be best if she kept custody of Emma, whom he still wished to see now and then, despite not being her true father, but on the other hand that it would also be better, especially since he had enough money to not need to work for at least several years, that Jones himself had custody of the boys. She would of course be allowed to visit or take them out whenever she pleased. He argued that surely they needed a man to teach them for example to play boys games, like football, which she clearly would not be able to do.

But after a long delay, he received not a personal reply from her, but only from her solicitor, acknowledging his letter and saying that in Mrs Jones opinion the children were *all* better off in her care, and that she was not willing to give him any access to the children for reasons she had already explained.

Jones was furious at this response, and thought about going to see her and demanding to see them, but fortunately was talked out of this unwise course of action by Dogworthy, who said that he likely would only get himself arrested that way, and that now he had a little money in the bank to play with, he should himself consider going down the legal route.

But Dogworthy also said this could be expensive, and there was no guarantee of success, because if the judges were all feminals or poodle men, all following the dictums of the Mother Goddess Matriarcha, it would not matter how good his solicitor was, he would simply be wasting his money, and banging his head against a brick wall.

Nevertheless, Jones stubbornly decided to try, and Dogworthy congratulated him on his resolve, though secretly did not fancy his chances of success.

The very next day Jones went to the nearby town and launched a custody battle, *Jones versus Hamer*, as Mrs Jones, now divorced, had reverted to her maiden name and was calling herself from now on *Ms Hamer*.

The case came to court in only a few weeks, but there was a severe shock for Jones as her clever solicitor, a Ms Celia Hardwicke, who appeared to be a high ranking feminal, judging by all the signs, painted a picture of Jones as some kind of abuser, who had often beaten his children excessively for no just cause.

As the now former Mrs Jones, *Ms Hamer*, saw no purpose to having her ex-spouse imprisoned, she had rejected Celia Hardwicke's advice to allege child molestation of her children by him, claiming that she knew a good feminal psychologist who had been able to unearth memories of abuse and molestation from children, who until this lady psychologist probed their minds had mysteriously never previously been able to remember any ever before.

But Celia Hardwicke assured her that though regretfully she was not seeking incarceration of her husband, which she had pointed out to the ex-wife would be preferable to ensure that he never harassed her or the

children ever again (which of course, Jones had never done previously anyway), the mere accusations of overzealous discipline would be quite enough to convince the presiding judges that Jones was a savage brute who could not be trusted with young children.

Jones tried to catch his ex-wife's eye, as they sat in the courtroom, with their respective solicitors arguing like jackals over their children's future, but she just maintained a steely forward gaze throughout, until the moment of triumph, when she let forth a short burst of approval, but quickly returned to a poker face once again, as she led them from the court room.

Though children were usually present at these trials, somehow the cunning Celia Hardwicke had also found some dubious new legal rules that had recently been introduced by the feminals, and which Jones could not understand, to ensure that they did not have to appear, and that only private statements were taken from them to take their wishes into account.

This was also wickedly justified by Ms Hardwicke to the judge as "being in the best interests of the children, as such an unpleasant battle between their parents in court, might be too upsetting for them."

Whereas the real reason of course, was that if the children saw daddy again, they might show to all concerned that they had rather more feelings for and desire to be with him than their no doubt to some degree bullied and edited statements which alone *were* presented to the court suggested.

After paying out a sizeable sum of his savings in legal fees however, the final outcome was that Jones was awarded only voluntary access at the discretion of his wife, which in practice meant of course no access whatsoever, as she had already made clear to him.

"Well, I did warn you didn't I?" said Dogworthy. "Your case was more or less a carbon copy of what happened to me. Women speak words and are believed, even though we both know our wives have many times over told us the most casual and outrageous lies. But men speak and people look at them as if they are already convicted. That is the tragedy of our age, and why our world is a mess. And it is all due to the feminals who have brainwashed society to hate and distrust men and worship and trust women in little over forty years my friend."

Jones was really choked at the thought of perhaps never seeing his children again, and them being forever now a stranger to him, and though there was some little comfort in knowing he was not alone, and that this very same experience had happened to so many other men throughout Helgoland, it was alone not enough to hold back the pain.

But Jones determined he would not cry in front of Dogworthy, as he felt this too unmanly, and saved his tears for later that night in the privacy of his little flat and bed room.

A single thought however still puzzled him, regarding Bates, of Bates Developments, who had due to having seduced his wife been at least partly if not wholly responsible for this tragedy that had befallen him.

“You say the feminals, Brother Dogworthy, hate men and do not let them have positions of power. But then how did a man like Bates get to be boss of his company, and able to lord it over my wife?”

“Ah, Brother Jones. Bates is what is called by the feminals a *dog man* not a poodle man. Though the feminals do not wholly approve of the dog men, they see that they can be used to destroy the lives of the good anti-feminal men, and it keeps the illusion going that there is some kind of equality between men and women in Helgoland society. When the real truth is, that all the *really* important jobs such as in politics, the higher echelons of business and the media are taken by women, or their poodle men. Of course, there are still a few powerful dog men whom the feminals cannot control, but they feel it is only a matter of time before these kind of men die out also.”

That the feminals seemed to have such a convincing plan that had apparently taken everything into account, only depressed Jones ever more.

He said his goodbyes to Dogworthy, and went back to his little flat, staring aimlessly at the empty walls and living room in some kind of resigned stupor, until he finally fell asleep in the chair.

In the night he awakened once or twice, and sobbed a little, thinking it all over, but then just drifted back into an unconscious stupor and thought no more.

Two weeks later, Jones found himself on the main road through the village, out walking near the farm that used to be his when a luxurious car swished by. And then another, and then another, and yet another.

It seemed that a whole fleet of luxury cars had been hired, and were going one after another through what was usually a quiet village, which would seldom see even a single one of such cars more than only every few hours or so.

*Where on earth were they all going?* - Jones asked himself - and followed their trail right to the front gate of what used to be his farm, which had now been made into some kind of security gate with a man permanently posted, though why that should be necessary, he could not imagine.

And to his surprise, he noticed as he got closer, that in one of the cars that had just swept by him, was his very own ex-wife, now Ms Hamer.

He had also not previously noticed that there was now barbed wire on the fences for as far as he could see, which he himself had never deemed necessary, nor approved, as apart from anything else, he realised it was a hazard to animals, birds and wildlife generally.

But it was clear to him this night, there was some kind of an important meeting going on, and as his wife also was in attendance, he decided that although he was taking some risk, going on to what now to him was forbidden and private land, he would try to find out what was going on.

For as he had lived on that farm all his life, he knew ways in and out that the gatekeeper did not, and although it cost him some minutes sneaking round to the back of the farm, he was soon inside via a far hedgerow, and approaching the now converted farmhouse under cover of darkness.

Likewise, as he knew every nook and cranny of the farm, he found he could navigate in the almost pitch darkness, without any need for a torch or lamp, which few others could have done without his decades old acquired knowledge of the terrain.

Thus he crept up to the old farmhouse totally unnoticed and unseen.

Even if he had blundered a little, or tipped somewhere along the way, the walls were thick anyway, and there was no sign of the old barking dog that he had simply let run wild after giving up the farm, and presumed that some passer by had taken off his hands one day or other.

The truth in fact was that Bates, the new owner, had no use for the dog, regarded it as a nuisance, and had had it put down and sold as horse-meat, though he had told Ms Hamer, the ex-Mrs Jones, with whom he was now having a regular affair, that he had sent it to an old dogs' home where it would be cared for in comfort for the rest of its life.

Little Emma, Julius and Toby were pleased at this news, as they had deeply loved the sad old dog, which had entertained them with many tricks, fetching and burying bones, and chasing its own tail, in the days when they used to play and run so happily in the Jones's yard.

Bates's thinking however went something like – that if he had admitted he had done something to upset his secretary's children, she would not be so keen to lift her skirts for him after office hours, and oblige his lust any more.

As Jones got closer to the farmhouse, he heard applause going on, and fortunately found he could hear and see the proceedings though a window which had been latched half-way open to produce some fresh air.

The inner walls had all been knocked out now, and the farmhouse had just been converted to one huge room, with just the kitchen at one end, bathroom facilities at the far end, and plush high backed chairs had been laid out in rows, so that this effective conference hall could comfortably seat at least fifty people.

At the front, there had been placed also a small stage, and Jones could clearly see a woman in high fashion and expensive looking clothes who was addressing the audience from some kind of a podium.

Beside her she had a large flip board chart, with a page showing whose letter were easily large enough for Jones to read.

Above the chart however, was a sign whose contents chilled him to the marrow, as in utter disbelief and horror, he saw that the sign read some words that confirmed all that Dogworthy had told him:

WELCOME ALL LADIES TO *FEMINAL FARM*.

For my god, the nightmare had come true! His very own farm, had now become the possession of and apparently some kind of conference centre for the feminals, who had renamed it *Feminal Farm!*



This powerful, extravagantly dressed, yet stocky looking middle-aged lady, who wore heavy make-up, equally thick glasses, and apparently blonde-dyed, short-cropped hair, began to address the meeting once more.

“Tonight, lady feminals, is for us a very special night. For we are welcoming a new member to our swelling ranks.”

Without any prompting whatsoever, all seated broke out into a spontaneous round of applause.

“And this new membership is additionally thrilling, for ironically, this lady was once a slave to a *manimal* in this very house, but is now a free and liberated feminal!”

More applause, thunderous almost and indeed cheering of “hurrah!”, despite the relatively small assembled crowd of no more than fifty people.

Though Jones had never heard the term “manimal” before, he easily guessed to what and in this instance to *whom* the stocky and ultra-assertive looking lady was referring.

“And now this same lady,” the feminal continued “has broken free of her chains, is a fully self-supporting wage earner, and has also liberated her three fine children from the cruelty and savagery of the Patriarchy, and is busy educating them in the ways of the Mother Goddess Matriarcha.”

This time were added almost hysterical whoops and more cheers and hurrahs to the thunderous applause.

Jones blood almost curdled at the wicked glee with which these ladies seemed to be about to devour his ex-wife.

“So it is with the greatest pleasure, that I welcome Ms Hamer to our ranks. Please come up to the platform, Ms Hamer – and let us hear some more applause everyone.”

His wife somewhat nervously went up to the platform, and to Jones’ further shock, the lady speaker gave her what seemed to him to be a rather excessively intimate hug, in that one of the lady’s hands had moved down from his wife’s’ back and waist, and was lightly patting her bottom.

This odd intrusion upon his ex-wife's body soon ceased however, to his great relief, as another more diminutive lady approached the podium with some kind of a badge or medal upon a chain, which the lady speaker then took hold of and placed around this wife's neck.

"I award to you the title Ms Hamer of *Feminal Hero, 2<sup>nd</sup> class.*"

More applause and congratulations, whilst his still almost beautiful wife looked a little bewildered and slightly flushed.

In due course however, to more thunderous applause, she returned sheepishly to her seat.

The lady, whom now he could see from a poster at the side, was called Ann Winters, also had a rather more spectacular medal upon her lapel, which Jones presumed must be an award of "Feminal Hero, 1<sup>st</sup> Class" at the very least.

He shuddered to imagine what Ms Winters must have had to do to get an award of *first class*, when his wife had only got a second class one for more or less running his life and having him put of his family's ancestral home.

But there was much more to see, upon this frightening but fascinating trip and peek into the feminal world.

"Now that you are a member of our group, Ms Hamer, we need to educate you about the group's aims. This shall also be a fitting opportunity to remind older members of our principles, and thus consolidate their understanding and beliefs."

Then Ms Winters, who turned out to be what the photographed introduction board beside her described as "the Grand Dragoness" of the Feminals, turned over a new page of her flipchart and pointed with a stick at a list of *The Seven Feminal Principles*, set out in block capitals, which all assembled were encouraged to say together parrot fashion, and which read as follows:

1. ALL FEMINALS WERE CREATED EQUAL BY THE MOTHER GODDESS MATRIARCHA.
2. THE FIRST HUMAN WAS FEMINAL LADY EVA, THE MAGNIFICENT, OUT OF WHOM THE FIRST MANIMAL,

BADAPPLE ADAM, WAS CREATED FROM ONE OF HER ACHING RIBS.

3. THE FIRST MANIMAL, BADAPPLE ADAM, RAPED LADY EVA, AND CAUSED THE FALL FROM GRACE, AND BECAME THE FATHER TO ALL OF HIS EVIL MANIMAL DESCENDANTS.
4. IT IS THE DUTY OF ALL FEMINALS TO RESTORE THE WORSHIP OF THE GODDESS MATRIARCHA AND THE NATURAL ORDER OF FEMINALS RULING OVER MANIMALS.
5. ALL WOMEN ARE EQUAL, BUT FEMINALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHER WOMEN, AND EVEN NON-FEMINAL WOMEN ARE MORE EQUAL THAN THE MANIMALS.
6. NO FEMINAL SHALL SUBMIT TO ANY MANIMAL, AND WILL SEE TO IT THAT HER CHILDREN ARE BROUGHT UP AS FEMINALS.
7. THE LAW OF MATRIARCHA AND THE FEMINALS SHALL BE BASED UPON THE SINGLE PRINCIPLE:  
*SKIRTS AND VAGINAS GOOD, TROUSERS AND PENISES BAD.*

As the parrot fashion chanting of the feminal principles finished, again, there was cheering and whooping, and thunderous applause, but Ms Ann Winters, the Grand Dragoness, raised her hands and all fell silent.

“Lady feminals – our main business is done here for now, though we have purchased this place for a purpose which yet we cannot reveal, but will in time become clear. So let us enjoy ourselves. But of course, first lady feminals, as at all feminal meetings, let us now all join hands and praise the Divine Mother Goddess, Matriarcha, who defeated the evil Masculine Bible God.”

For two full minutes, the feminals chanted “Praise Matriarcha and Lady Eva, the Magnificent” which then deteriorated into a chant of *Skirts and vaginas good, trousers and penises bad*.

But little did he know it, but Jones was about to find out exactly what they meant by that statement in ways he had not anticipated.

For it was only at this point in time, that Jones realised that there were an awful lot of empty or near bottles of champagne and other liqueurs and alcoholic beverages lying on the buffet tables at the side of the hall, and even on the floor, which now he realised at least partly explained the unduly overenthusiastic whooping and cheering.

Next came a very bizarre display to say the least.

For some kind of huge blow up plastic doll was produced, and attached to a hall beam he could see in front of the podium with a piece of paper glued to it on which was written the word MANIMAL.

Then the Grand Dragoness, Ann Winters, produced what appeared to be a joke shop type cat-o-nine-tails and announced.

“My fellow feminals. As demanded by the Goddess Matriarcha, we must now carry out the ceremony of the whipping of the manimal. To our new recruit, Feminal Hamer, we must explain that this ceremony has two purposes. It is firstly to punish and lay the blame for human suffering throughout Feminal history squarely at the door of whom it belongs – *the manimals*. And secondly it is symbolise the Feminal supremacy over the manimals which in the course of time will become complete.”

More applause and cheering.

“For yes, Lady Feminals – the manimal is not only an animal, he is *worse* than any animal, worse than the most savage of beasts in his constant desire to rape feminals and molest their feminal children, which has been true for all time from the appearance of the first manimal, Badapple Adam, until the very present day.”

Boos and hisses and cries of “Whip the manimal!” followed, which turned into raucous laughter and cheers as each of the feminals in turn, smiling sickly and laughing with glee, proceeded to take turns to flog the effigy, and even Jones’ ex-wife took a feeble turn and swished a few unconvincing strokes upon it, until finally someone popped it and it lay in a crumpled and shapeless mess of vinyl upon the floor, which only raised a final triumphant cheer from the drunken feminals.

“Now feminals – now the manimal has been punished and destroyed – as we have said, it is time to truly *enjoy* ourselves, *as only feminals can.*”

At that there were some nervous giggles and ripples of laughter, though Jones had no ideas what was coming next, as presumably did not his ex-wife either.

Then suddenly the same curious little lady who had brought the medal that had been awarded to his ex-wife reappeared, and now produced a

rather large and bulky looking bag, which when she opened left Jones open-mouthed and even more firmly rooted to the spot.

For quietly at first, this bag was handed round, and each lady present began to undress and take one of the objects from the bag, which turned out to be a long electrical device with which women could pleasure themselves and each other, which indeed over the next few moments most if not all of the partly undressed or now even naked women began to do.

Jones could not believe his eyes, never having imagined something like this could be going on in his own home, where he, his wife and children, and his parents and grandparents before him had lives peaceful and mostly gentle lives, for the last two generations, and reflected that his wife had actually up until this very moment been the only woman he had ever seen naked, apart from in the pinup books he had once seen as a youth, but things got even more shocking as a number of the now naked ladies started to writhe together on the floor as if they were partaking in some kind of bizarre black magic ritual.

Few if any of these feminals however, were remotely as beautiful and rightly proportioned as his wife and the pinup ladies had been, and thus the spectacle was not at all an arousing, but rather a sickening sight.

As it turned his stomach to think of his wife joining in these kind of orgiastic antics, he felt it fortunate that she was not visible from the small window that he was peeping at this unholy scene through, and decided in horror to run away from there as fast as he possibly could, sneaking back out of Feminal Farm the exact way he came in, and running almost all the way home back to his little flat to get inside and feel safe and normal again.

*Just wait until tomorrow*, he thought to himself, until he could tell Brother Dogworthy about *this*.

## Chapter Five

To Jones' great surprise, as they sat together at the village cenotaph, which commemorated the fact that millions of young men, in many cases still in their teens, had died in two great world wars to protect their girlfriends, wives and children, it turned out that Dogworthy was not at all shocked about the events of the previous night which Jones had witnessed, for he had heard of many similar accounts before.

However, when Jones mentioned the words *Ann Winters* and "the Grand Dragoness" that did take him aback.

"Winters is one of the arch feminals," explained Dogworthy, and it is true uses the title of *Grand Dragoness*, which I think you will agree brother Jones is a pretty sick idea, given that it is borrowed from the Klu Klux Klan."

"Yes, it is sick all right, I agree, Brother Dogworthy, and clearly is a sign that the feminals wish to persecute the men of Helgoland in general, as well as those outside of it, just as the Klan once persecuted and terrorised the native negroes in America."

"But if Winters is here, my Brother, rest assured that it is a sign that something big is about to happen in our vicinity. She does not appear in a little village like ours if there is not some major project in the offing."

"Ah, now I remember" replied Jones eagerly. "She did say that Feminal Farm had been bought for a reason, but would not reveal what at that time. But she added that the feminals would know soon enough."

"That sounds very worrying indeed, Brother Jones, but I thank you sincerely for making the Resistance aware of this information, at considerable risk to yourself I might add. I think our best policy is to keep a watchful eye on the goings on at Feminal Farm, and your unique skill at coming and going from there at will should prove most useful in that respect. I think it is also time, but only if you wish, that you attended one of our meetings which I have now so often invited you to."

Jones smiled weakly feeling a little guilty at not having shown his solidarity much earlier. "OK" he said. "I don't know why, but I found the thought of joining your secret group a little creepy. But now I have seen the feminals for what they are and their shameless ways, I can no longer

refuse, and feel I must stand shoulder to shoulder with all the other dispossessed manimals – oh, I am sorry” laughed Jones. “I meant *men*.”

Dogworthy laughed too. “Yes. To the feminals, Brother, we are no better than animals, hence the name.”

Jones was however also amused and somewhat puzzled when he attended the meeting that evening, to discover that it was held at a rarely used church hall several miles away from the village.

Dogworthy explained however, that it was the perfect place, because the feminals were allergic to churches full stop, and thought that any men or women who entered them were some kind of lunatics, feeble minded or strange.

For due to the pathetically low church attendance figures, since the feminal brainwashing programs had started in earnest in the latter half of the last century, with justification, they assumed that the old Masculine Bible God was on his last legs, and his followers would soon die out. Then of course, without any challenge to her dominion, the Mother Goddess, Matriarcha, would surely reign supreme.

Unlike the feminals’ meeting however, the Resistance currently had apart from Brother Jones and Dogworthy themselves, only around a dozen members.

But once they were all assembled round a table in the church hall, the slightly nervous and uncertain introductions were carried out, on a first name or “nickname” basis only, so that the members would not actually be able to accidentally let one of their full names slip in some unwise situation, for example when feminals or poodle men might be around to pick up on the dissenters and blab their names to parties who might try to make life difficult for them, when generally speaking it already was.

*Big George*, a tall, well built, blonde looking man, slightly balding, but with a noble brow, was the most warm in welcoming Jones to this strange club, and began to say his piece. It seemed here that there was no “leader” as such, but that each could speak whenever silence allowed.

“Yes, Brother J (which Jones had abbreviated his name to also, to preserve his anonymity). Brother Dogworthy has indeed told us of your tragic plight, and we all wish it were not so. We all sympathise and have been through much the same experiences. It may be that none of us men

will ever have the respect that our fathers and grandfathers once had before the feminals appeared. For they are cold, callous and calculating and hold deep hate for all men in their hearts. The poodle men of whom Brother Dogworthy no doubt has informed you, are the principle reason that the feminals have taken control so easily. And of course, the main means of their captivity is their addiction to the mighty lure of the female body, by which they are led as easily as a bull with a ring through its nose. The dog men are even worse, molesting as many single and other men's women as they possibly can, but often do not become enslaved to any particular female as the poodle men do. Only a few of us anti-feminals can resist this female magnetism at all, and even fewer of us claim to have mastered it wholly."

"Yes, indeed, Big George, me neither, though I have at least managed thus far to restrict my desire to one woman, my ex-wife. but I am still a little confused about just how these poodle men fit into things, and why they are so cooperative with not just women in general, but to the feminals in particular."

"Ah, there, I can assist you, Brother J. For the poodle men have sold their souls to the feminals. They love luxury just as the feminals do, they are vain, just as the feminals are. They will do anything to get more money and better job titles, however unfair it is to their fellow human beings, but unlike the dog men they rarely have the courage to go into business and boss themselves, unless it is under the supervision of a feminal whom they are married and enslaved to. They are almost always juniors and slaves in the workplace, and willing to carry out the most demeaning and dishonourable orders. If a feminal boss says to such a manimal, *if you wish promotion, get down on your knees and eat dirt*, they do as they are told. But if a cruel and ruthless poodle man is found to be in any particular place, who will be willing to oppress the manimals and the women who are non-feminals below him, he can rise quite high in that way."

"I see, Big George," said Jones, "but how is it that Helgoland and even countries far beyond our shores appear to be ruled by manimals, if this feminal domination is so great?"

"Ah, again, these manimals who appear to be holding high office, are only poodle-men in disguise. If in any foreign land they start to act with an independent mind and will of their own, and try to impose justice and fairness for all, the feminals work on the poodle men in government until



they are willing to go to war and attack that nation and remove the liberated and therefore aberrant manimals from office.”

“That is so awful, Big George – so clearly thousands or even millions of manimals and their families die or get maimed in these wars?”

“Oh yes, Brother J. The feminals care nothing for manimals, whom they consider subhuman, as you have seen for yourself as Brother Dogworthy says you have now witnessed their rituals, and they are willing to sacrifice any number of manimals to protect and further the feminal empire.”

“I can appreciate with that, from what I have seen now, Big George, but I worry about my children. I worry about my little boys growing up in this feminal dominated world, and what will happen to them. I worry that they will never be able to love, and marry, and have children of their own, and feel peace, self-respect and freedom.”

“Yes, Brother J. This is a serious problem. For in the olden days, society was much gentler and there were formal introductions and courtship rituals. Men and women used to be kind and respectful to one another. But nowadays, if a boy wants to court or marry a girl, and she is under the brainwashing of the feminals, which nearly all girls now get at school, college and university, as well as on the TV, she and her friends and feminal contacts will see to it that he is tormented mercilessly, abused, maybe threatened with violence or attacked, until he begs for mercy and is made subservient to the feminal philosophy of *skirts and vaginas good, trousers and penises bad* and agrees to be one of the poodle men, who worship and are mindlessly obedient to their feminal women.”

Brother Jones and one or two of the other newer members of the small group gasped in horror at this.

“Is this really to be the fate of our young sons, Big George?”

“Yes, I am afraid so. And if he is not so willing, he is not accepted, but branded as an anti-feminal traitor, and the feminals do their best to sully his name, and make sure that no feminals or non-feminal women will have anything to do with him.”

“Ah, I see, Big George. So that means then, as Brother Dogworthy has already said, he will just lead a miserable, lonely life, will fail to breed, and therefore his kind will die out.”

“Precisely, Brother J. Brother Dogworthy has tutored you well.”

“This is all heartbreaking, Big George, to know that humans everywhere are put into this needless suffering just because of the cruelty and greed of the feminals. But what on earth can we do?” asked Jones.

Big George continued his explanation at first in a lamentable tone, but to Jones’s surprise, he suddenly became hopeful and almost elated.

“Well, it is just my personal view, Brother J, but I do not think myself that we can ever defeat the feminals. I think our wives and families are lost to us forever, and we must seek peace within ourselves. I have heard of a place called *Kundalini Mountain*, where all good men and women can go, which lies far beyond the shores of Helgoland, and there women and men are true friends, and love one another, and there is always bountiful food and drink for all, and humanity lives in love and harmony under the protection of the ancient Masculine Bible God.”

Big George smiled and stared into the distance vacuously as he said these last words, as if he were in some kind of trance.

This silence however prompted an unexpected interruption from someone by the name of Brother Harry, whom it soon became clear, was a very angry individual, though no one could deny that in the feminal society, he had plenty to be angry about.

“I have had just about enough this!” cried Harry angrily. “I have heard Big George’s stories of Kundalini Mountain before, and I am sorry, but I do not believe a word. What we need is *action* now. The feminals are only strong because we are weak. We do all this talk, and say all these “wise words” but we do damn all! The feminals are only naughty little, disobedient and rebellious children in disguise. All that needs to be done is *smack their bottoms long and hard.*”

At this, some nervous laughter began amongst the newer members of the meeting, and Jones’ himself was taken aback. But Brother Harry continued unabated and unashamed.

“These feminals know nothing about *discipline*. That is why they all are out of control, binge drinking and molesting one another, on the orders of Bonkopolitan Magazine and such similar feminal rags. *Bottom smacking* from an early age would have stopped all this nonsense. Just take your wife, Brother J. If as soon as she started up with this feminal nonsense

you had given her a sound smacking on her bottom, and showed her who was boss, I assure you that would have stopped her in her tracks, long ago.”

Some at the meeting now laughed uncomfortably yet raucously, but Dogworthy now decided it was high time to intervene.

“If only it were that simple, Brother Harry. But you well know that such measures even if they worked, which we personally doubt, are now seriously outlawed by the feminals. They could easily have a manimal imprisoned for even considering such an act, not only on women and feminals of course, but even on children. For the feminal and poodle men psychologists have persuaded the government of Helgoland to ban and have outlawed smacking, and all the children are running riot and becoming hooligans as we all know. But I fear your attitude will only bring our Resistance movement into disrepute, find yourself placed on the feminal devised *Known Pervert Register* and get yourself imprisoned and bugged by the frustrated manimal prisoners that way.”

The members generally started arguing then over the whole issue, and various little break-away conversations began, so that the group was suddenly no longer a group, but had deteriorated into a bunch of little cliques all infighting with one another.

After a time, the meeting ended in the same disorderly way, and one by one the participants in this so called *Resistance*, which turned out as far as Jones could see to be really *no resistance at all*, but just a bunch of sad, complaining, grumpy middle-aged men, filed away with some dim mutterings about when they should reconvene a new meeting another day.

As Jones and Dogworthy sat in a tavern local to the disused church hall enjoying together a pint of real ale, Jones now looked at Brother Dogworthy in dismay, and quoted back to him his words.

“You said the Resistance was made up of quiet, philosophical people. But Brother Harry seems to think violence is the answer to it all.”

“Well, *some of us* are philosophical and quiet, Brother Jones, but understandably a lot of us are very upset, and get frustrated now and then, and think of more drastic ways to fight back. As you have seen, compared to the feminals, who all stick together, we have much infighting and our

membership is low, and sadly at present, we have to take more or less any new member we can get.”

“How is it that the feminals can all stick together, Brother Dogworthy, and we are all in such confusion and disarray?”

“Ah, it’s divide and conquer, Brother Jones. Instead of as Big George said there being old fashioned courtship rituals and introductions, and proper jobs for men, so that none of us need compete with one another unduly, now the feminals have seen to it that we all fight one another ruthlessly for every woman and every job remaining.”

“How sick these feminals are, Brother! I can hardly bear to hear any more!”

“But hear more, you must Brother Jones, for I believe it is only when we make all men – even the poodle men and dog men who are also now not wholly content in their slavery – fully aware of the breadth and depth and sheer magnitude of the evil of what the feminals are doing, that there will be any hope of us getting our lives and self-respect back.”

“Yes, I see, Brother Dogworthy. As much as it pains me, I must know more. Do go on.”

“For example, in any workplace now, which is generally run by a feminal or a poodle man, a bunch of feminal women all join force to bully and in some cases seduce any young man, who has not yet been trained to be a poodle man or dog man. For in particular they despise innocence, morality and sincerity in boys and men.”

“I do not understand, Brother Dogworthy. Why should this be a problem to the feminals?”

“Ah, there are several reasons Brother Jones. Firstly, such a boy or man who radiates goodness, fairness and common decency tends to start criticising their plans. He will point a finger at their working practices, and say *that is not fair*, for example if it is found that one person in a workplace – usually as they say, a *manimal* though not always – is found to be doing a lot more work than the poodle men, women and feminals in the same workplace, and possessing all kinds of privileges like taking time off for no good reason, and getting undeserved promotions not on merit, that the rebellious manimals never receive.”

“Yes, I can see how that would upset them” agreed Jones.

“No. The feminals absolutely cannot stand any criticism. They throw what is called a “hissy fit.” But worse than that, Brother Jones, such a boy or man may start to become a centre of influence, around whom not only the other anti-feminals, but even the non poodle and dog men may start to gather, and thus become a real threat and challenge to the local feminal leaders and their whimsical and unjust regime.”

“Ah, now it becomes clear, Brother. Such boys and men who refuse to be poodle or dog men and eat dirt and worship Matriarcha, are therefore a threat to the Feminal Empire?”

“Of course. You have studied well, Brother Jones. So as you can imagine, lies are told about them by the feminals or poodle or dog men, their work records are falsified in negative fashion so they will not be promoted, and it is seen to that they will be removed from their jobs one way or another, if they keep behaving decently and refuse to submit to the feminals’ plans. Indeed Brother, many such decent, but especially young and naïve men, are bullied by the feminals or their agents until they feel forced to resign their jobs, which is of course what the feminals have been waiting and working for all along. But the feminals *never* resign *their* jobs, even when there is just cause that they should, due to incompetence or other irregularities, but will evade and lie and go even so far as to say *black is white* in order to cling on to their salaries and power and positions, and will unceasingly protest their innocence of any crime, even if the blackest and most damning evidence is presented against them, causing even a wise judge to wonder in disbelief how someone who is proven so guilty can really claim such lily white innocence and that, as the saying goes, *butter would not melt in their mouth.*”

“That is so *unfair*, so *wicked!*” Brother Dogworthy. “Just how can other men stand by and let this happen to the good fair-minded men while these feminals and poodle men get away scot-free?”

“Ah, firstly, they are not *men as we know them* any more, remember Brother. They are *manimals* who are either poodle men or dog men working for the feminal empire. And more importantly, they are won over by greed – once the anti-feminal boy or man is removed from his job, the poodle and the dog men will take his place and be given the promotions that he would have had on merit, because the anti-feminal men and boys tend to be more talented and capable than the rest, so that the poodle and dog men are glad to see them go. Remember, *divide and*

*conquer*, Brother Jones – the unceasing tactic of despots everywhere. For example in Mungoland where the dark skinned ones who still believe in the Masculine Bible God dwell, and the Bongolands, where all are kept in poverty and slavery to manufacture all the goods that Helgoland needs, they are all men just as we, yet we are taught to hate them. Divide us and conquer us, Brother Jones. Just as the feminals here have made all men hate one another and compete for the spoils.”

Jones sighed in near despair.

“Man against man, all competing with one another, cutting one another up, for no good reason, when it is just not necessary, as there is more than enough food, work and more than enough women to go round ... what a horrible, cruel and sick world!”

“Yes, Brother Jones. Now you really do start to see things as they truly are.”

“But what is your solution, Brother Dogworthy? I feel you to be the wisest of the Resistance workers I have seen, by far. You were quite right for example, as to how I wasted my money fighting that pointless court case, and my wife got all the children and made me sell my farm, just as you said she would. Surely you must have *some* idea how to fight this madness, of what can be done?”

Well, perhaps Brother Jones, perhaps. But for the moment we must bide our time.

## Chapter Six

Several months passed, and it seemed to Jones that Brother Dogworthy was going to “bide his time” forever.

But then one morning he awoke to find a note personally delivered through his door which read as follows:

MEET ME TONIGHT BY THE FARM ROAD AT 9 O’CLOCK.

Signed YOUR LOYAL BROTHER D.

Jones wondered what this rare and unexpected hand-delivered message could possibly be about. And why Brother Dogworthy had not simply told him about his plan in the Red Bull as usual.

Nevertheless, he decided to toss the note into the fire, not knowing what events that his following of the instructions might lead to, and therefore as evidence was best destroyed.

To pass the time, Jones watched the morning feminal TV, which today was as usual talking about how women’s pay (for they were not allowed to say the term *feminal pay* as yet, in public) was forever lagging behind that of men (i.e. the *manimals*), the very same propaganda that had been blaring relentlessly for decades now, but of which the ceaselessly active feminal media never seemed to tire.

Brother Dogworthy had explained to Jones however, that it did not matter even if 99% of the women and feminals were earning more than the manimals, they would still not be satisfied, and this propaganda would continue unabated until the feminal domination of Helgoland was complete.

Moreover Dogworthy pointed out that the real purpose of demanding so called “equal pay” for the feminals and even non-feminal women, was to ensure that manimals would find it increasingly difficult to find well paid work – for after all, there was only so much money to go round as pay in any organisation or going concern – so they could not possibly support old-fashioned traditional families any more, where the man slaved away for his family all his life while the wife lived freely with her children off his labours.

“And they called liberating women from *that pre-existing state of male servitude and female privilege*, ‘women’s liberation.’ Don’t make me laugh!” Dogworthy had added.

Of course, the real object of equal pay for women was also to addict the young women into slavery to luxuries, sensual pleasures and feelings of assertive and egotistical pride and vanity, so that in time sooner or later they would easily be converted from real caring, tolerant, sensitive and cooperative women to being ruthless, aggressive, judgmental and cold-hearted feminals, just as had befallen Jones’ wife.

The feminals were also busy making famous singers of songs with feminal themes such as “*I Will Survive*” which ‘proved’ a woman could do quite well without any man, and other feminal anthems with choruses in them like

*You gotta be strong,  
You gotta be tough,  
You gotta be bold,  
You gotta stick together...*

which again celebrated all the traditionally “unfeminine” qualities, and proved that women in general, and feminals in particular could be everything that manimals ever were and more, and that the Mother Goddess Matriarcha was indeed superior to the fictional Masculine Bible God, whom the feminals had in any case – using the poodle men scientists – persuaded almost the entire population of Helgoland not to believe in any more.

Despite these thoughts and reveries however, the morning passed slowly for Jones, and by lunch time the curiosity about the meaning and purpose of Brother Dogworthy’s note was nearly killing him.

Thus he marched rapidly to the village in search of Dogworthy and after buying a pint of the landlady’s best (for in the feminal world, most landlords had now been replaced by landladies, whose poodle men husbands served them meekly and carried out their every wish and command) awaited his presence in the Red Bull.

To his disappointment however, Dogworthy was nowhere to be found, but even more surprisingly, though he had never before seen him in the Red Bull, Brother Harry - whom he had only met once at the Resistance meeting - was very much present, and currently propped up at the bar,



looking rather sullen and irritated as those who had long known him had come to expect.

Jones was not wholly pleased at this turn of events, as he already knew that Brother Harry was well known for his more vociferous and wild ideas on how to deal with the feminals, and did not want any scene or argument in what to him was his quiet local tavern, which due to it being the only such hospitable inn in reasonable travelling distance from his home, he was obliged to come to for a comforting drink day in, day out.

But it was too late to consider leaving, as Brother Harry had now noticed him and was approaching glass in hand enthusiastically and plonked himself down without even asking on the opposite side of Jones' table.

"Greetings Brother J," began Brother Harry.

"Yes, er, hello, Harry – but I do think it would be best if you dropped the Brother J part in here, and didn't speak so loudly."

"Oh really, do you?" replied Harry, seeming pretty much indifferent to Jones' request. "Well, as you please, but it's clear you must have got out of the wrong side of your empty bed today, haven't you – nudge, nudge, wink, wink? I mean, we all had a woman in our beds once, didn't we, before these feminals came to town and persuaded our women that they and the children didn't need us any more?"

"Well, yes, Harry, I give you that. You are right about that."

"And I hear yours was quite a beauty too?"

"Yes, you are right about that too, Harry."

"Yes, and I am right also that she is now having it away with that dog man Bates, of Bates Developments, by way of hoping to further her career, isn't she?"

"You go too far, Harry. You must know I don't want to hear or think about such sick gossip."

"Yes, I do apologise" said Harry, though not altogether sounding much repentant. "But I bet you'd like to kill the creep, wouldn't you?"

Jones' thought carefully if he should dare be open with Brother Harry, but decided that "the middle way" would do.

"Well, I cannot deny I have had vengeful thoughts about him, but he did not as far as I know force himself on her. He just hypnotised her with a lifestyle she had never seen before. And because as Brother D has explained to me, the feminals had already begun their brainwashing of her, telling her she must have an important well paid job and many fine clothes, jewellery and countless pairs of shoes, she just decided he was the man to help her with that ambition. So in a way it was her fault, and in a way it wasn't, it was really all the feminals. But I know that attacking or murdering a man like Bates is going to get me nowhere but banged up in prison."

"Yes, I can see Brother D has been tutoring you well. But sometimes I think to myself Jones that it would be worth it, just to wipe one of these people out. Just think about it – if every one of us "manimals" was to wipe out one of these feminals, there's probably a lot more of us than there are of them. And the revolution would then come for real, my Brother, when there were no feminals left to enslave us."

Jones was horrified. "Brother Harry - do not dare to even think such things. Violence and murder can never be the way – for how can we make a peaceful and just world out of a violent means?"

"Ah, I see now, you are quoting Big George, who is a bloody fool if you ask me. He dreams of his imaginary Kundalini Mountain in the sky, where men and women are equals. But the trouble is he doesn't know where it is, or how to find it. So don't make me laugh!"

"OK, but what puzzles me, Harry, if you are so all knowing and the feminals are so powerful, why they put up with the street corner girls and the pinup magazines – men being able to buy women's bodies or images of them – when the feminals say that all women and feminals are superior creatures to all manimals."

"Oh, Jones, you do make me laugh, you are so naïve. The women who refuse to become feminals, either because they are too stupid to be admitted to the club, or because they have a bit of human decency left are lured into luxurious ways far beyond their means, and then when they rack up huge debts, they have to become prostitutes or porn models to pay off their debts."

“Oh, right, but surely that’s only the low class women who do that sort of thing?”

“Oh no, Jones. Lots of middle class women are getting into that sort of situation nowadays, due to the feminal brainwashing campaigns which make women feel inferior unless they have beautiful homes, clothes, luxury cars and expensive holidays abroad. So many of them have to do it secretly too, but they don’t hang around on street corners, they are called “escorts”. Some of them are absolutely gorgeous, I can tell you.”

“What - you mean, you have actually used one yourself?”

“Used one? Don’t make me laugh Jones. More like fifty of ’em, the shameless cows!”

Jones was horrified, as he had never considered such a thing, and felt certain there were no women like that in his little neck of the woods.

“Yes, but you see, Jones, it’s how the feminals want things. Why? I’ll tell you why. Because in truth, I exaggerated. Some of these ‘escorts’ or whatever you like to call them are just nice women actually, who for some reason or other can’t find a manimal to support them, aren’t really trained to do anything, and just don’t know what else to do.”

“Ah yes, but the feminals say they should get education so they can have a proper job” said Jones. “What’s wrong with that?”

“Well, we both know what feminal education really is, Brother Jones, don’t we? It’s just teaching the girls to think they have to outdo the boys and work hard at jobs they will find out sooner or later aren’t really that much fun, after all. But then they may even find they can’t get a boy or man to marry them, because she has got the good job and he hasn’t, and because a million years of evolution have taught the male he has to be the protector and provider, he feels so inferior, he won’t accept the situation, so he decides to stay alone, and decides to get his kicks with easy women, like these escorts, or even glamour mags.”

“Yes, but there are lady nurses, and teachers and doctors who do good work for society and even care about men aren’t there, Harry?”

“Well, yes, of course there are some Brother Jones, but the feminals have put a kind of slant twisting everything somehow, so that the good women can’t do things in the way that they want to any more.”

“Like what for example?”

“Well Jones, you have a little daughter nearing school age, don’t you?”

“Well, she is not mine I have now discovered, but I still care about her. She is at least her mother’s daughter, whom I still love despite everything. Little Emma is so sweet I just can’t help loving her, and I often think of her and what she must be doing now, and what is becoming of her, under the tutelage of her wicked grandmother, who surely must be a feminal.”

“Well, rest assured Brother Jones, they are starting very young on them now. By the time Emma is even seven, she will have been taught that she must have a job and support herself or else she will be a failure as a female, and that having children is only acceptable, as long as she can do that without giving up her job.”

“Well, that doesn’t seem too oppressive Harry, except there is a danger that her children will be abused.”

“Oh yes indeed there is, because feminals do not know about real love you see, Brother Jones. They think it is best to separate children even from their feminal mothers as quickly as possible, because the individual feminals cannot be trusted to keep telling them the right script, and might drift back into “anti-feminal” stories about princesses who find their prince and live happily ever after and all that stuff.”

“Ok, Harry, I accept that, but how does that affect what lady teachers and doctors and nurses do?”

“Well, admittedly it affects the teachers more so than the others. Whatever they believe in their hearts – like the tales of the princess who finds her prince – they are forced to deny what they call these “outmoded anti-feminal negative gender role-models.” A good woman cannot even pass through a training course to be allowed to work with children now, without getting brainwashed with all the feminal anti-manimal-claptrap. So the good women, especially the younger ones, don’t get those kind of jobs at all. It’s even worse in *the law*.”

“The law? I don’t know much about that.”

“Well, you’d better get down the bloomin’ library and start learning fast, Brother Jones! Because a career in the law is the number one destination

of the feminal women now, partly because there is so much easy money in it, so they can have all the luxury cars, dresses and hundreds of pairs of tarty shoes, but more importantly, they can start fiddling around with the law itself and imposing ever more injustices on the manimals by the day and giving more and more rights to feminals.”

“Hmm, I see” muttered Jones sadly, again beginning to feel that the struggle really was hopeless, now the feminals seemed to have every area of society so well stitched up.

“And then, I don’t suppose you have heard about the *exspermination camps* set up by the feminals yet, have you Jones?”

“No, you’re quite right, Harry. What on earth is an *exspermination camp*?” he wondered in horror.

“Ah, they are pure evil, Jones. What happens there is that manimals who can’t get women and are out of luck financially, go there to have their sperm taken away from them, so women who hate manimals and don’t want to sleep with them can still have babies without having to submit to or have their naked bodies seen or touched by manimals. The manimals get given a bit of beer money or whatever for their trouble, for giving their most important possession in life away to some strange women they will never meet, who quite likely will go on to let his child be abused by some dog or poodle man, that is, if she doesn’t do the abusing *herself*.”

“That’s disgusting. Surely that is against all God’s laws?” said Jones.

“God? God? Don’t make me laugh Jones! There is no “God” – there is only Matriarcha, the Feminal Mother Goddess, who showers important jobs titles, fashion shoes and sex toys upon the feminals, and sees to it that manimals live lives of misery and slavery.”

“OK! I accept it!” said Jones, feeling Harry’s growing excitement and passion on this particular subject. “But I can’t see how they force manimals to give up their sperm to strangers, and in any case, why is it sperm so important, I heard a lady on TV say that one manimal alone can produce bucket loads of it in just a single day, which could impregnate every woman and feminal on the planet.”

“Ah, well, firstly, like the speaker you have heard on television, the feminals have tried to persuade manimals that their sperm, their *seed* is worth nothing. Whereas what is seed to you worth on your farm, Brother

Jones? It is everything, for Without it you grow nothing, not so? And likewise without a manimal's seed, the women and feminals can have no children, which for most is their greatest aim in life. So do you see how a manimal's seed is the greatest possession he can ever have? And remember that the seed of a great and clever manimal is a rare thing, and therefore an even more prized possession, that millions of women will never be able to obtain by legal means. So they resort to tricking manimals out of their seed by one means or another."

"Yes, I see a little, I just never thought of it like that before."

"No, well you have been brainwashed not to, Brother Jones, you see. The feminals would immediately mock the idea that a manimal's seed is of any great importance, talking of the bucket loads of it which any manimal can produce, with little effort. They pretend that the thing they want and need the very most is of no value."

"That seems very dishonest, Brother Dogworthy, but in a way also very cunning."

"Cunning indeed, Brother Jones. For the feminals are far cleverer than you think. They see to it that there are plenty of opportunities for the manimals to destroy themselves and their families, such as by having big gambling casinos and betting shops in every town and every street corner in Helgoland. And even if a manimal is not addicted to gambling, well there are always drugs, to soothe any manimal who can't get a life, just as the feminals have arranged to happen, you see."

Jones now could only listen silently in horror, as the breadth and depth of the wicked feminal plot started to dawn on him, as Brother Harry continued.

"So as soon as any manimal has lost his last bit of cash, or spent it on a drug, unless he is willing to work as a poodle man or dog man for the feminals, he either has to steal it and end up in prison, or else he can go and get himself milked in one of the exspermination camps and will receive just enough money to finance another shot of drink or drugs, or alternatively another bet."

"And on the TV they tell us that gambling is just a bit of harmless fun, and they open up new casinos every week!" replied Jones' now also feeling outraged.

“Yes, Brother Jones, it is pitiful! And what the good women don’t see is that all the leading feminals who have persuaded them to work and taken their children off them, have good big important jobs, while they have mostly got crumby part-time jobs as waitresses or in a telephone service centre or supermarket.”

“Ah, yes, but the feminals are promising that this will change, and that all women and feminals will have good jobs” said Jones.

“Don’t be ridiculous Jones! That’s one hundred percent gold plated balderdash! There are always the bosses and workers, the good jobs and the rotten ones, those who sit about and “manage” or “direct” while the rest do all the work. Crumby jobs will *never* disappear, and there can only ever be a few jobs at the top of the pyramid by definition. So it’s a great big fat stinking rotten lie the feminals are telling the rest of women – surely you know by now the feminal saying: ALL WOMEN ARE EQUAL, BUT FEMINALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHER WOMEN. And the feminals never point out that most of the manimals have got crumby jobs which they hate doing too.”

“Yes, I couldn’t even get the crumby jobs on offer at our local factory or pit before Margaret Bodger had them all closed down anyway.”

“And then there’s the Mungos in Mungoland,” said Harry, still growing in his revolutionary zeal. “Don’t get me started about them! The feminals are scared witless of them, because the Mungos aren’t scared to die and blow up as many feminals and poodle men and dog men as the have to, to frighten the greedy and perverted Mother Goddess Matriarcha away from their country and their Masculine Bible God. So the feminals are trying to bomb and torture the tar out of them, until they submit. It’s criminal!”

Jones detected however that Harry was starting to get more and more wound up and talk louder and louder now, and decided it was time to go, before Harry got too far out of hand, in fear of what he might eventually say or do.

Thus he thanked him for the drink, and “further education” and left.

Despite Brother Harry’s somewhat over the top and ranting style of delivery, it was becoming clear to Jones that the “further education” *he* was now getting, so late in life, was not quite like what was on offer at the feminal controlled schools and colleges, or equally not like all the facile and misleading explanations that were hypnotically broadcast at the entire population of Helgoland day after day on their television screens.

## Chapter Seven

The evening finally arrived, and it was only now that Jones discovered the answer to the riddle and mystery of Dogworthy's note.

For as he paced carefully down the Village Road to near the back of his farm, where he knew Brother Dogworthy would be waiting for him, he saw that Dogworthy was carrying a substantial sized package of some sort on his back, somewhat like a rucksack, but then again not so.

As the Brothers greeted one another in the near darkness, Dogworthy explained that he had been working on the equipment all day, to make sure it was all right, the equipment in question being some high fidelity recording equipment of both video and sound, but which he had himself modified somewhat for such a spying mission. For little had Jones before realised that Dogworthy had long been a home electronics hobbyist and was more or less an expert in this area of sound and video recording amongst others.

Dogworthy explained that he had received a tip off from a Resistance member that a big meeting was in the offing tonight at Feminal Farm, and confirmed he had already seen around fifty luxury cars – including several Mercedes, Porsches and a pink Rolls Royce – the latter of which was well known to be one of the Grand Dragoness Ann Winters' many luxury vehicles.

His plan, he quickly elicited, was that now the Feminals were growing ever more arrogant, and liable to go over the top with their activities out of false security, he felt it was time to try to record one of their secret meetings, with the hope of getting some damning material to pass on to one of the few remaining anti-feminal journalists in the media.

All he needed he explained, was a skilled guide such as Brother Jones uniquely was, to get him up close, and then he felt it would be a relatively easy affair, hoping that the tip off was sound, and he would really get something to blow the cover of the feminal plot for good, so that even the poodle and dog men might finally see what was really happening to them.

Jones joked nervously as they sneaked across the fields right close up to the farmhouse that he felt like he was in a scene from children's comic book mystery. But Brother Dogworthy assured him that this was no small-time bunch of crooks they were dealing with, who were going to



drop the stolen jewels and candlesticks as they fled to escape the law, and the monsters this time were going to be genuine, the horror movie really was coming true.

When Jones and Dogworthy finally made it to a small latticed window at the far rear end of the house, they could see that the group of feminals were already busy eating and drinking merrily, just as if it were an innocent cocktail party and buffet dinner that they were attending.

However, he noticed this time that almost all the feminals were wearing trousers, top hats and tails, carrying gold topped walking canes, swigging brandy and smoking cigars, and it occurred to Jones to his amazement that he could no longer tell the feminals apart from Helgoland's once totally dominant, upper class, rich *manimal* toffs.

Unfortunately all the windows they could gain safe access to were closed but Dogworthy revealed this was not going to sabotage their mission. Jones was puzzled, but once the party was over, all the feminals were seated, and the stocky, short blonde-haired Ann Winters got to the podium, Dogworthy produced a special looking device which he had made in his little home workshop, which he attached to the window with a kind of rubber sucker.

"Will that really work?" whispered Jones in the darkness.

"Well, it won't be Hollywood quality, but it will be near enough Brother Jones", he replied breathily.

"And where's the video camera, isn't it time you got that out too?" asked Jones bewildered.

"Ah ha! It's one and the same, Brother Jones! What I have attached to the window captures video too and using this audio-visual set I am just about to take out of my backpack and put on my head, I can hear both audio, see video and steer the miniature video cameral also with this joystick in my hand. So neither of us even needs to risk looking through the window this time, Brother, though alas you will not be able to hear the proceedings until we get it home to the video player."

Jones grunted in approval and smiled with admiration at something he was in no way capable of doing himself.

“Ah yes, Brother Jones. Try to find a feminal who can build a transistor radio with her bare hands or do component level fault finding!” laughed Dogworthy. “Such feminals do not exist. Without us manimals to invent and service the technology, they would all be sitting in caves barefoot, eating the next cockroach that crawled by!”

Jones almost laughed, but was not sure that it would be wholly inaudible to the wicked gathering, now building up to a feminal frenzy inside the old farmhouse that once belonged to him, and thus wisely restrained himself.

With only a little light from the inner farmhouse shining upon them, Jones waited crouched beside Dogworthy at the side of the window, staying almost wholly invisible, only able to judge what was happening by the alternate smiles and grimaces of Dogworthy’s mouth and lips in the half-light, and hearing only the applause and cheering that he was familiar with from his first visit to Feminal Farm, though all the speaking to him sounded like only a mass of incoherent mumbling.

After thirty minutes or so in the cold, wishing he had dressed with a few more insulating layers, Jones felt a sudden prod to his arm. Though he feared momentarily it was some kind of poodle man security guard prowling around, fortunately it turned out to be only Dogworthy, who placed a finger to his own lips, reminding Jones to be silent, but then pointed towards the window so that he should take another peek.

For the feminals were now carrying out the ritual of the whipping of the manimal effigy, which of course Dogworthy was delighted to capture, knowing what excellent and damning documentary material that would make.

Jones recalled this would surely be followed by chants worshipping the Mother Goddess Matriarcha, and most wonderful of all, if they were really lucky, would be added the cries of “SKIRTS AND VAGINAS GOOD, TROUSERS AND PENISES BAD” which would prove once and for all to the whole nation of Helgoland, the existence of the feminals, and what their true agenda really was.

Jones waited once more in the darkness, trembling for what seemed like forever, hearing more applause, then some booing, and then cheering, and then only silence.

He recalled that likely this would signal the commencement of the orgy phase, and decided that he would not this time care to take a look, for what he had seen the first time round had not indeed been such a pretty sight.

After around five minutes, Dogworthy pressed a button on his equipment and turned to Jones and reported with a grin “That’s it. I think we have all we need. Now we have just got to get out of here in one piece. Can you arrange that Brother Jones, do you think?”

Jones smiled in mute triumph too, leaving the now wailing semi-conscious group of feminals far behind, and within minutes they were almost a mile outside of the farm, over the hills and far away.

Inside his little flat, that he could afford only by virtue of the pitiful state benefits the feminals had allowed him, Dogworthy quickly extracted the tape from the custom made recording unit and inserted it into the player, whilst Jones waited anxiously upon the settee gulping on a cup of hot chocolate.

The play button was pressed, but both parties stared in horror, as the TV monitor screen remained embarrassingly and chillingly blank, and Jones looked at Dogworthy with a gaze of doubt so fearful and mournful that almost it turned him to stone.

“Ah, Jones. Not to worry. Even the cleverest of us can forget to plug the monitor in...”

For this indeed had been the only technical hitch in their otherwise expertly carried out spying mission, and both parties watched in alternate triumph and disgust, since they could now for the very first time watch the antics of the arch feminals without fear, from the comfort of their arm chairs.

The tape was even better than they could possibly have hoped for, because not only did they get the manimal whipping ritual, and the massed chants of *skirts and vaginas good, trousers and penises bad*, the video also showed clearly upon the flip chart board the detailed plans for the renovation of Feminal Farm.

It was to become a super-exspermination plant, and the first of its kind. For as the Grand Dragoness, Ann Winters, explained, it was to be used for a two-pronged attack on the manimals.

Firstly, a plan was to be made to build several “pleasure parlours” in specially constructed huts which would be peopled by non feminal escort women, who by widespread advertising, displaying their ‘wares’ seductively, and offering their services very cheaply, would entice many married manimals into visiting them.

The manimals would then be videotaped, their car licence plates traced, and threatened with blackmail.

The blackmail letter, or in some case, even *phone call* would demand that the manimals had both to pay an extortionate amount of money to the feminals, and also be forced to donate their sperm to feminal women who wished to have children, but did not wish to dirty themselves by associating with manimals.

This plot however it was explained, would also enable the exspermination of the single men, whom the escort women would be trained to steal the sperm of, without their knowledge, in the rubber contraceptive bags.

At this point, Jones asked to stop the tape momentarily while he asked Brother Dogworthy a question. “But I have heard the feminals are making new laws so that the children of sperm donors can learn the identity of their parents. How can this benefit the feminals?”

“Ah, well, Brother Jones, you see that is very simple. That is just a way for the feminals to expand their reach. The point is the exsperminated manimal will have no contact with his artificially-inseminated children, and therefore no influence on their upbringing. Thus they will certainly be raised as full-blooded feminals, likely impossible to deprogram. So the only point of the contact with their fathers, will be to see if their fathers are wealthy or influential, in which case the feminal children will do their best to get as much money and influence from their exsperminated genetic fathers as possible. If their fathers turn out to be poor or lacking in influence however, of course the feminal children won’t be interested in them, and thus no relationship will develop.”

“How cunning, Brother Dogworthy! These witches think of everything, don’t they?”

“Yes, well everything, Brother Jones, but for *this...*”

After the tape was over, first the two Brother in arms of the Resistance movement, sat silently in sorrow.

“What next?” asked Jones uncertainly. “So we have got the story, the scandal, the hate speeches and the evidence that the feminals don’t merely seek equality, but feminal dominance of the planet. But how do we tell the world? It’s no good if only we know it. Because *we* know it already, it’s just getting others to believe it too, like all the good non-feminal women, and the dog and poodle men. I mean, how can we possibly get this to a newspaper or on TV, when the media itself is dominated by the feminals? Surely they will never let it come out?” said Jones worriedly.

“I have the answer to that too, I believe, Brother Jones. But why don’t you go home to bed now and get some well earned sleep. Tomorrow will be quite soon enough...”

## Chapter Eight

It was not in fact, the next day, but almost three weeks before Jones heard from Brother Dogworthy again, and feared that something may have happened to him, as he had not been seen round the village for all that time.

For what Jones could not possibly have known, was that an investigative reporter and journalist, named Michael Beck, once famous as a war correspondent and thus well respected, had managed to infiltrate one of the Resistance meetings, wholly at fist unaware of what the meeting had been about.

He was amazed and shocked to hear about this secret society of feminals, and Dogworthy had been in contact with him on and off for months. It was with Michael Beck he had concocted this scheme, for Beck had himself fallen foul of the feminals, his wife having taken away his children also, and enforced on him with the help of the feminal lawyers what he considered to be a very unjust divorce settlement, that had left him a little *down*, though due to his fairly robust salary as a TV journalist and presenter, not quite as *out* as most of the manimals, fortunately for him.

At first, both Beck and Brother Dogworthy had been stumped as to how to get this anti-feminal documentary on television without alerting the feminals who would surely act to suppress it with the greatest haste and efficiency.

But then Beck had hit upon a plan, after Dogworthy had pointed out that one weakness in the feminals' armour, was their love of luxury, falling only a close second to their greatest weakness of all, which was *their vanity*.

As Beck himself knew how to run a TV control room more or less single-handedly, he realised all he had to do was to get the feminals and their poodle men out of the control room for the duration of the broadcast, which would only be thirty minutes after all, and even ten minutes of the feminals' antics would be enough to expose them, and bring them down, he estimated.

Thus a ruse was devised.

First Beck called in a favour from a celebrity friend, who was currently working on one of those “set-up” practical joke type programs.

Then, borrowing this friend’s studio, he made the feminal director of the documentary series believe she was the star of this week’s episode of a very long running and famous TV show about celebrities called *This Is Your Life*.

Of course, this enabled Beck’s celebrity chum to persuade all the other control room and production staff to join the show as guests and audience members, and finally the lone operative who was to operate the tape machine, for the documentary that was actually scheduled to be going out that evening, was given a sizeable wad of cash by Beck, and told to take a walk, as Beck could handle things for him, under the pretext that Beck was suffering from nostalgia, and wanted a last go at operating a TV broadcast unit and control room “for old time’s sake.”

Then Beck simply popped the tape in the machine, and set the controls to start and send out the broadcast live.

Beck too had cleverly also hired a very highly esteemed Helgoland and famous presenter of many years standing, by the name of Alan Wickerman, whom the public would find utterly believable in his presenting role.

A horrified nation and Jones himself (for Dogworthy had called him to let him now the channel and time) watched gasping, as the show unveiled.

Alan Wickerman, looked directly at the camera as he began his introduction in his uniquely authoritative, rich, deep and suave tone, which everyone regarded as the epitome of Helgoland class and style.

“So you think you know who is *really* running Helgoland? Margaret Bodger perhaps? Well, think again. For what you are about to see might at first seem like some kind of horror movie, made by some kind of Ken Russellesque or offbeat movie director. But no, for what you are about to see is a secret meeting of a whole...what shall I call them?...*coven* of Helgoland women who call themselves *Feminals*. They hate men with a vengeance, and they aren’t terribly nice to women who won’t join their elite secret society either. In fact, what you are about to see, one might call *a jolly bad show*. Brace yourselves. Go tell your children to hide behind the settee and put their fingers firmly in their ears. For what you are about to see.. is...well...*simply shocking*, and degrades all our

standards of decency and civilisation. For after seeing this, how any longer can Johnnie Foreigner regard Helgoland as a shining example of what we like to call *the civilised world*? And before we run the tape may I leave all you discerning viewers with just one final thought? Just what sort of people have we all become, when a group of very wealthy and influential women can behave like *this*?"

Wickerman stared at the camera with unblinking eyes. And then Dogworthy's "home movie" began.

For Beck showed it all without a single cut. The chanting of the hate mantra against the "manimals", a thankfully blurred version of the orgy, the whipping of the manimal effigy and how the farm, once owned by a now broken man and dispossessed farmer named *Jones* driven off his land by a greedy property developer, was to become an industrial scale unit to create an illegal and compulsory sperm donor bank from blackmailed and entrapped men.

Furthermore, when the "Grand Dragoness", Ann Winters, made her closing speech, boasting about all the governmental, media, legal and industrial positions of power which were held by the Feminals, even unwisely mentioning some *names*, and even worse explaining that the eventual goal of the Feminal Empire was to separate all women and children permanently from the manimals, deny them sex with their wives, access to their children, and have them compulsorily confined in what would eventually become a widespread network of combined forced labour and exspermination plants, watched over by dog and poodle men, it seemed that the exposition of the naked evil ambitions of the feminals was like the famous cat out of the bag, never to be denied or hidden away again.

For by only ten minutes into the broadcast, the switch board was jammed with calls, some of them congratulatory and some of them complaints, asking if this documentary was some kind of sick hoax.

But the video that Dogworthy had made was obviously no sham, and unsavoury enough in its contents to deeply disturb the whole nation, including incidentally a whole lot of suddenly exposed feminals, who no doubt were by now foaming at the mouth and squirming in their seats.

For the truth was finally and unstoppably out.



The hardened and high-ranking feminals were in fact relatively small in numbers. They numbered only a few thousand out of the whole population of Helgoland, but they had controlled millions of women and poodle and dog men, by holding key positions in high places, and stirring up a general unjustified hate against *men*, whom no one any longer thereafter dared to refer to as *manimals*.

Although it took several days and weeks for the revelations to fully sink in, and many Feminals tried to stand their ground, and claimed this documentary was nonsense and some kind of a practical joke or spoof, it came to light that other Resistance workers up and down the length and breadth of Helgoland has made similar video recordings or audio tapes, of various similar Feminal meetings dotted here and there, but had not previously known what to do with their evidence.

So then the documentary could not be looked upon as fraudulent or of just an isolated bunch of female cranks. For on the contrary, now the feminals themselves were scared to suppress the information and thus reveal themselves, they could no longer stop the reports coming out, and tried to pretend they had nothing whatsoever to do with the feminal movement.

But most of the tapes and other information provided by the Resistance workers went into the hands of the police, and suddenly the tables turned, and as had been formerly the case with the *manimals*, the men, now every woman in a position of power was looked at with suspicion, suspected of being a feminal, and therefore not trusted to make decisions where mens' rights and issues were concerned.

But once the hostility had finally died down on both sides, over the coming weeks and months Helgoland gradually awakened to a new dawn.

A time of trust began to appear. The paranoia of the surveillance and obsession with creating daily new frustrating and unworkable regulations and rules which had characterised the feminals dwindled away.

When it was realised that men were not even remotely as dangerous to women and children as the feminals had made everybody believe, many families that had theretofore been broken asunder reunited. For it was noticed also, that when the women with children gave up their unnecessary jobs, they could keep a careful watch upon their children again, as in olden times, so that any of the genuine remaining potential child molesters could be identified, frustrated or deterred.

Thus little children again got to see their fathers, and though it was not always quick or easy, many of their mummies and daddies also learned to kiss and make up.

The coldness from the hearts of those unwitting women, brainwashed by the feminals without really understanding what their full agenda had been also began to break, like the winter ice dissolving in the spring, and the good people of Helgoland began to laugh again.

Some of the leading feminals were arrested, some committed suicide, a few were imprisoned, but most were just identified publicly, so they couldn't deceive anyone any more, and were as part of their reformation and paying of their debt to society, made to carry out good jobs in the community that didn't harm anyone.

Their ill gotten gains and bank accounts however were inspected, and when it was shown that many had got their money fraudulently by one means or another, the money was put into a large fund which was used to restore manufacturing and farming work throughout Helgoland.

Thus many idle men, who it now became clear had hated their idleness, despite the feminals having lied about this to prove the contrary, were put back to work, and felt some self-respect again, and once again had money to support their families and wives.

But the positive repercussions of this good revolution and restoration of justice went far beyond Helgoland's shores, for the troops were recalled, and forced to fear and die no more, and a lasting peace was made with the Mungos in Mungoland, though who still had a few objectionable customs in their treatment of women, were gradually persuaded to take a gentler and less oppressive view of the fair sex, more in keeping with modern times.

In the Bongolands too, when the full facts were reported to the people of Helgoland, which the feminals and the poodle and dog men had formerly suppressed, properly fair trade, working and social conditions were brought about for the Bongo peoples, with the emphasis placed upon creating self-sufficiency and fully independent home rule in all of these lands, without outside interference from or exploitation by Helgoland and its allies.

## Chapter Nine

Not many of the people of Helgoland had formerly believed in miracles, but today for Jones it seemed a miracle had indeed come true.

As he walked out from his little flat along the Village road, and passed Feminal Farm, he saw that the security gatepost and barbed wire put their by the feminals had both gone.

Inside the open gates, to his surprise he heard the engine of a motor vehicle running, and then stop. With baited breath, he walked slowly inside along the stone path that his father had once walked along, and his grandfather before him.

And there waiting at the farm house door for him, whom should he see, but the loveliest woman in the world, the woman whom he used to call *Mrs Jones*.

And then came running three little children to him, to hug him, like they always used to do. "Where have you been Daddy? Where have you been?" they begged him. "Mummy told us, you had to go away for a while."

After the hugs were over, Jones two children, and little Emma, who had not grown all that much in the several months that had passed by, but despite the genetics, whom he still considered his very own little girl, ran to play in the yard just as they had always done.

Jones walked up to his ex-wife at the gate. Though he was pleased to see her after so long, he was making no assumptions about what she would now think and feel.

As he drew close to her, with still no words, he could see the great pain in her face. Then a few tears appeared beside her normally bright eyes, and Jones took a handkerchief from his pocket and carefully wiped a tear from her cheek.

"I've been such a fool, my husband," she began in a faint voice.

Jones said nothing, and just took delight in so closely examining and contemplating her after so long apart.

“And why is that?” he answered gently, registering that she had called him *my husband* again.

“I didn’t understand you see. About the feminals. About Bates. I didn’t really understand *me*. What I wanted, what I cared about. I thought it was all out there. I thought clothes, and cars, and holidays, and feeling powerful working for a man like Bates who seemed at the centre of things would make me happy. But it didn’t. I used to feel a lot of the time more like something the dog left in the yard, despite the high heels and the business clothes. Long hours, hardly seeing the children, finding that the “quality time” the feminals told me was all I needed to spend with them, just didn’t work, just was never enough. I tried to be all things to everyone and it destroyed me. And there is something else you don’t know. My mother died, several months ago. She wanted to be buried where she was born, which of course was far away from here, so that is why you did not know.”

“Oh. I am sorry for you” said Jones “I know you cared for her” he added, not pretending to her that he ever loved her himself, as she knew well.

“Yes, it hurt me when she died. But I also realised what a hold she always had over me. I realised that about lots of things she was wrong. I can’t live with hate, my husband. I can’t live on just owning a luxury car and feeling important and having nice clothes. I can’t live with a cold heart, a heart that doesn’t love anyone any more, not even myself.”

Jones now felt a few small tears appear from the corner of his eyes also.

“So what is it you want to do now, my one-time wife?”

Mrs Jones expression changed to one of excitement and joy.

“I have a great surprise for you. I want to make amends.”

“A surprise, my lady? It is enough a surprise you being here, and me seeing our children again.”

“No, I want to make amends, and I have done something which I hope will help you forgive me, will help you heal your pain.”

“What, what have you done?” asked Jones in puzzled awe.

And then Mrs Jones just opened her bag and took out a key.

“I have sold my mother’s old house. And with the proceeds, I have bought back for us our farm, *your farm*. Here is the key.”

Jones tears now trickled steadily down his cheeks.

“That my wife” he said in a broken voice, “you have done for *me*.”

“Yes, my husband. And if you wish it, I will now get into the car, and I will take little Emma and drive away, and leave the two boys Julius and Toby with you, to raise as you see fit. And I will never return.”

“You would do all that for me, my wife?” said Jones, with a lump in his throat.

“Yes, if it pleases you, I will” answered his wife holding back the tears also. “That is... if you truly want me...to go?”

“Do you think I want you to go?” asked Jones, trembling with emotion, his voice quaking audibly.

“I do not know” said Mrs Jones.

“Well here is your answer” replied Jones, and said nothing more, but only opened his arms wide.

Whilst little Emma, Julius and Toby still played happily in the yard, Mr and Mrs Jones embraced one another, and held each other close until the orange sun went down.

A month later, Miss Hamer and Mr Jones remarried officially, with Brother Dogworthy (who turned out to be called *Smith* incidentally, but had been on the run from the feminal authorities all along) as the best man, and moved back into their re-renovated farm.

They decided that they would together plant a new orchard of apples, and that they would make cider for sale to the public, and Mrs Jones could now use her new found business skills to take care of that side of things.

Nine months later to the day however, Mrs Jones had another baby girl, which the Jones named Charlotte after Mrs Jones late mother, causing the cider plant to wait, though Jones’ new apple orchard was coming along

apace, and he himself was happy to make some “experiments” on a smaller scale which were enjoyed enthusiastically by all.

A year later, Jones took a pot of paint and wrote a sign in foot high letters on a big old barn wall as a kind of perverse tribute to what once had been known as *Feminal Farm*, which read:

*SKIRTS AND VAGINAS GOOD, TROUSERS AND PENISES GOOD.*

But when Mrs Jones saw it, hugging young Charlotte to her breast, she said it would be too nasty and frightening for the children, and they would be asking about what “vaginas” and “penises” were all too soon.

On reflection, Jones agreed with her, and decided to whitewash it all out.

Instead he replaced it after due thought with a slogan of his very own, which he hoped would stand there forever.

ALL HUMANS ARE EQUAL, AND *NO* HUMANS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS.

Signed

MR AND MRS JONES.

And with those parting words, Feminal Farm was never heard or spoken of ever again, and Mr and Mrs Jones and their four children lived as happily ever after, as anyone ever could.