

The Great March of the Miners

(As told by what's his name from Thomas the tank engine?)

Grumpy was inspecting the line, right straighten up you lot and hold the placards up straight and no flagging.

They would be marching in support of the miners who were on strike and Grumpy, as ever was eager for a scrap.

Irritably he looked to the front door, waiting for Snow White to emerge with the sandwiches she had been preparing for the march.

I bet she's looking in the bloody mirror and putting on that pan stick and poppy red lipstick, I should have thrown that mirror in the skip years ago he thought.

Snow white, although now past her best by date could not broach old age gracefully, constantly asking the mirror on the wall who was the fairest of them all, unfortunately the mirror had fallen silent, unable to tell a lie, it preferred to say nothing

Looking after seven dwarfs all these years had taken its toll on her, at least that is what she told herself, Doc being more pragmatic had put her skin and aging problem down to her twenty a day habit and her phobia of fruit, particularly apples.

Finally she stepped out onto the path and lit a Woodbine, after a few raspy coughs she walked down the path to where Grumpy was remonstrating with a child for riding her tricycle on the pavement.

It had been many years since the council had cleared the forest around their cottage in order to build a council estate," housing for all had been the slogan", but not around here protested Grumpy, but to no avail, the cottage was now surrounded by high rise flats and council houses with overgrown gardens.

Right shouted grumpy, follow me, and with his chest puffed out almost as far as his paunch, they set off. Grumpy felt it was their moral duty to support the strike as they too had been miners before advancing years had forced their

retirement. A view not fully shared by the others, but they thought better of sharing this view with grumpy

They were Unable to join the main body of men who were marching to London, advised that due to their little legs the march would take twice as long as that which was scheduled, but truth be the rank and file had had quite enough of HI Ho to last them a life time.

The National Union of Dwarf mine workers consisted of seven members and a Treasurer who just happened to be Snow White and being treasurer ensured she always had her twenty a day.

The union convenor, being Grumpy had decided that they would hold their own march from the gates of Aberpergwm and march to Blaenant , now as they set off from Rhigos to the designated start of the march the plans were quickly changed by an already tired troop of dwarfs.

It was proposed by Doc on medical grounds that the march would terminate at the gates to Aberpergwm where it had been scheduled to start and the protest held there, this was quickly seconded by Sneazy

Happy was happy to go along with this as were the other dwarfs.

The motion was passed, much to Grumpy's anger.

The marchers were urged on by Snow White who had by now run out of Woodbines and was gasping for a fag.

Having turned the corner onto the main road to Glyn Neath Dopey kept asking "are we there yet, are we there yet" much to the irritation of Bashful, who due to the Arthritis in his knees was now more bash than bashful, so he gave Dopey a swift clip across the head which seemed to do the trick as dopey went into a sulk.

Now everyone could get on with shouting their slogan uninterrupted," **down with the Wicked Witch of the West Minster, Thatcher the milk snatcher**".

Suddenly they heard the sound of a siren, turning they saw a red and yellow taxi approach, It's that scab Noddy shouted Grumpy as he stepped out into the road, stopping Noddy in his tracks, sitting alongside was Mr Plod the policeman, who despite his wide girth swiftly alighted from the car to take charge of the situation.

Right move aside and let people get on with their lawful business, said, Mr Plod, trying to sound as authoritative as possible.

There's nothing lawful about being a scab responded Grumpy as the other dwarfs joined him in the middle of the road, other than Sleepy who had fallen asleep at the kerb.

Oh please, shouted Noddy, let me pass, I need the money, my car needs a service and I think the big ends are knocking, come on boys let me pass, **I'm skint mun.**

Now Grumpy said Mr Plod I'm ordering you to allow Noddy to pass or I'll be forced to arrest you, don't forget you're already on a charge of assault after trying to staple **Bigears** ears to the back of his head.

Still they held firm, right said Mr Plod I've had enough of you **Midgets**, a gasp went up from the Dwarfs, even Sleepy was suddenly awake, Midgets , Midgets how dare you call us Midgets and with this they attacked, Mr Plod was suddenly engulfed by a load of Dwarfs who clung to his ample frame.

Try as he may he could not stay on his feet, covered as he was by seven overweight Dwarfs

Finally falling against a pole which had a sign saying, bus stop, no 24 to Neath, the pole could not take the strain and finally it bent to the ground.

luckily for Mr Plod re-enforcements had already been dispatched in the form of **Di Book and Pencil**, the scourge of the criminal classes from FForestfach, who with the aid of his truncheon quickly got things under control and arrested all the protesters, other than Snow white that was, who was in the corner shop buying a much needed packet of twenty Woodbine.

The dwarfs were placed in a cell on the first floor of the Police Station as the ground floor had been turned into a temporary charity food bank, in the corner of the cell sitting on a **Tuffet** was an elderly woman eating a Christmas Pie, Doc being the most polite of the group enquired of her, excuse me madam are you **Little Miss Muffet**, the woman looked up from her pie, a plumb proudly displayed on her thumb, don't be stupid she replied, do I look **little**, and look at my hair, you don't see hair like that every day, not around these parts any way, my names **Rapunzel**.

Mr Plod, having regained his composure had sent **Noddy** to fetch **Bob the Builder**, it was imperative that the bus stop be fixed, how else would the bus driver know where to stop on Thursdays so people could go to Neath to cash their giros

Having duly arrived with a pencil behind his ear and smoking a rollup Bob stooped down to survey the situation, hastily taking notes which he scribbled on the back of a cigarette packed, **his builders crack proudly displayed.**

Finally he stood up having completed his survey, well Mr Plod asked confidently **“can you fix it”** Bob after taking a drag on his fag looked directly into the eyes of Mr Plod and with an **even** more confident tone replied **“no it’s Fucked”** before turning and making his way down the workingmen’s Club for a pint and a game of dominoes.

Mr Plod was aghast; surely the day could not get any worse he thought before turning only to see fourteen little legs running down the street having made their escape by climbing down Repunzel’s hair.