

Most Secret
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Memo and Military Intelligence



From: Colonel A Pincher-Salt

The Barracks, Ballafesson

To: Field Marshal Sir Wm Winalot KGB., ABC., WC and
bar

The War Office, Douglas

Feb 30th 06

Sir,

Following several intelligence reports of unrest amongst the indigenous population I had occasion to send out a team of my elite undercover agents. These agents are all drawn from the SAS and are all officers in The 1st Surby Scouts, a hand picked brigade of Veteran Legionnaires with service in the Kregneash Kamel Korp.

Their initial report was most disturbing; they found that a newly arrived armed group located in

the south of the region, they are known as the Fistard Thatcher's, and they are in open revolt against the Animates. As you know sir, these Animates are a primeval subspecies who survive on spuds and herring and refuse to have modern conveniences in their homes, but, never-the-less, have occupied that area since time immemorial.

Their second report concerned an oologist of international repute who had infiltrated the dreamy suburbs West Surby and was threatening to release his cockatrice unless they embraced his new agrarian democracy.

Upon receiving the first report I dispatched a motorized division of the Howe Household Cavalry to investigate the incident. This unit was under the command of Lieutenant Ivor Storey. Storey reported that he took his troops to a secure position on Cronk y Folly which overlooks the site on which the Fistard Thatcher's were encamped. There he observed that the Thatcher's were performing strange rituals with much shouting and dancing. They appeared to be genuflecting to a deity sitting at the centre of the dancers who was attired in flowing robes sitting on throne holding a trident in one hand and a shield in the other. Storey's initial impression was that the deity looked like Britannia or possible even, Bodicia of the Triune Alliance or even, heaven forbid, Boudicca, warrior queen of the Celtic Iceni tribe.

Whilst Lieutenant Storey was radioing back his report to headquarters (which was being simultaneously transmitted for careful analysis by the Smelt Intelligence Service), there occurred an event of even more profound significance.

As Storey looked towards the northern sky he was most alarmed to see a conflagration erupt from the

Ancient Watch and Ward Hill known as Mount Carro-
eenaine.

To most trained observers this could only mean one
thing - A Viking Invasion. Such an event had not
occurred for over one thousand years. Never-the-
less, the procedures to adopt in such a happening
were long practiced and swiftly put into full
effect.

Orders were given for the Fleshwick Fusiliers to
immediately take up their defensive positions. The
Colby Cossacks were sent to scour Bradda for all
the dusky maidens they could find, it being the
role of the dusky maidens to man the beach-head,
and attempt to distract the invading forces.

The Ballafesson Battalion of the Rear Guard
Artillery were told to march, pulling their field
gun with them, and to take position behind the
defending Fleshwick Fusiliers, and the Four Roads
First Footers were roused from their revelries in
The All Bull Inn, where they were drinking wee
drams, on the house, as the Landlord was a Scotsman
who liked to celebrate Hogmanay every day. The
First Footers were told to prepare for an immediate
invasion.

A Squadron of Bradda Balloonists was instructed to
arm their Balloons with fissile material and
immediately prepare for lift-off. Meanwhile the
Home Fleet under the Command of Captain Cutlass of
HMS Mal de Mer were told to come out of moth balls
and prepare for immediate departure and battle at
sea.

There was early speculation that the beacon on
Mount Carro-eenaine had been set on fire
accidentally by the Honourable Captain of the
Parish. It was true that the Honourable Captain had

been abroad at appropriate time and that he had been on official business. It was the usual practice of the Captain of the Parish, whilst on official business, to ride his white horse and to carry, in his right hand, the traditional fiery cross. It was also no parish secret that the Captain was a reluctant horseman and the very thought of having to mount the horse and carry the cross was one that fill him with alarm, despair and dyspepsia. The Captain later freely admitted (whilst under extreme and intense interrogation at the local curry house, by Makum Sing, chief interrogator of Balti-curry Star Chamber) that had he been riding on Mount Carro-eenaine that day he would have been most likely to fallen off his horse and that his fiery cross could have set light to the beacon.

Fortunately for the Honourable Captain, Makum Sing, during the course of his investigations, clearly established that he had not been on Mount Carro-eenaine that day, but had in fact been at the Pig & Whistle taking soundings. The Captain explained that it was his duty to establish from potential supporters of the Fleshwick Thatcher's whether or not it was necessary to hold a requisition meeting to confirm their support in the district.

Meanwhile, back at the Barracks, everything continued as normal. A large crowd had turned up to watch the spectacular ceremony of the Changing of the Keys. This colourful pageant was as usual performed by The Honour Guard of the Ancient & Honourable Company, Perwick Tin Pan Pipers. The Perwick Pipers were dressed in their resplendent ceremonial costumes and their ethnic music was admired by all who understood it.

Having eliminated the Honourable Captain of the Parish as a possible cause of the conflagration on Mount Carro-eenaine it became self evident that we

must continue with our enquires as to the actual cause of the event that had caused such wide spread alarm. As a consequence I dispatched a Battalion of The Boarders' Light Infantry Brigade to scour the Hillside. Their orders were to approach from the North and East and, as part of a pincer movement, (something they were well versed in doing); I dispatched The Royal Veterinarian Corp of Ferrier's Ports Division to approach Mount Carro-eenaine from the South. You will observe, Sir that the West side of Mount Carro-eenaine is protected by sheer cliffs dropping into sea and is impassable except by Mountain goats. Unfortunately, as you are aware our Battalion of Mull Mountain Goatees is already committed in another insurrection at Maughold taking part in the battle of Bullgum Bay, so that they could not take part in today's events.

Whilst awaiting the first reports from the Boarders' and the Ferrier's, Lieutenant Storey again radioed headquarters seeking advice as to whether or not the Fistard Thatcher's should be attacked or surrounded. In my considered judgement I thought it best to isolate them and put them beyond the pale. As a consequence I ordered The Fifth Fistard Fencers a sub-division of the Glen Chass Land Army to immediately proceed to the site and there perform such stonewalling duties as was necessary to ensure that the Thatcher's were put beyond the pale once and for all.

The first report that was received from Mount Carro-eenaine was a cryptic message from The Boarders' Colonel Makepeace. Makepeace said his men were bogged down in an evil sulphurous smelling sea of black sticky mud on the Northern slopes and that it was impossible for his men to take another step forward. He had decided to send a runner with samples of the sulphurous mud for analysis, and

these samples were sent to the secret laboratories of the Smelt Intelligence Service.

It was most fortunate that Professor Ivar Cough was in the laboratory when the samples were received. From his vast experience with the mining industry he was able to quickly discern that what had been presented to him was a unique specimen Brimstone and Treacle. A variety of Treacle that was only found on one place on earth and that was the nether region of Foxdale.

The Smelt Intelligence Service quickly deduced that for this Treacle to be found on the northern slopes of Mount Carro-eenaine in must have been put there deliberately and that the only people capable of doing this was a specialist unit of the Foxdale Treacle Miners who were known to be under the leadership of Arthur Scarisgil.

The Intelligence Service was aware of a close connection between Scarisgil and Maggie of the Thatcher clan. Between them they had waged economic warfare in the past with devastating consequences for all concerned.

The Military Intelligence & Strategy Unit situated in the newly refurbished Coal Bunker in the Ballafesson Barracks concluded that the Foxdale Treacle Miners were intent in joining up with the Fistard Thatcher's to cause the maximum destruction they could, and generally to provide military support for the Revolting Ratepayers. This was a newly formed group hell-bent in causing economic confusion and financial distress to the whole world order. This group was under the joint leadership of Saddam Bush and Geordie Blair and who were known to favour the Traditional Texan Law of hanging their environmental victims and then later having a trial to convict them of polluting the ozone layer.

When I learnt all this I was delighted that I had given orders to Lieutenant Storey to put the Fistard Thatcher's beyond the pale which would hopefully take them out of the military equation, which in itself was quite a mathematical fete.

I now awaited the report from Major Horse of The Royal Veterinarian Corp of Ferrier's Ports Division as to what was happening on the southern slopes of Mount Carro-eenaine. Major Horse had met up with a unit of the 1st Surby Scouts and they had taken the initiative to check the western cliffs. A small group of heavily camouflaged climbers were spotted near the cliff top. Major Horse gave the order for them to be put in irons and dispatched to Makum Sing at the Balti-curry Star Chamber for interrogation.

It took Sing some time to discover the true identity of this group. At first he thought they were a unit of the Foxdale Treacle Miners. However, when he caused them all to strip prior to being treated in The Royal Veterinarian Corp of Ferrier's special horse shoe bath he was alarmed to find that one of the group was none other than Edwina Venda-Loo.

Edwina Venda-Loo had had a chequered career, having once been a kosher ice cream sales person, and later a coin collector at the municipal port-a-loos, she was now the Head of Biological Warfare with Ronague Egg Quarriers.

The Smelt Intelligence Service informed me that the Ronague Egg Quarriers under the command of Brigadier Humpty were known agricultural associates of the international oologist, who had been found in West Surby and who was the only known possessor of a cock's egg.

The very thought of a fiery conflagration coupled with biological warfare was too much to contemplate even for my trained military mind.

As a consequence it was at this point that I awoke from my revelry and realized that you, Sir, like this narrative were merely figments of my imagination.

Nevertheless, Sir, I remain your humbly and devoted servant.

Signed: *A Pincher-Salt*

Colonel

