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## The Skateboard Revolution

by Stuart Carruthers

Rebellion meant a look in the eyes, an inflection of the voice. At most, an occasional whisper. But this was different.

Gilbert the gibbon emerged into the morning sunshine, raised his long arms into the air and proceeded to sing his favourite morning tune. The burning rays from the sun would soon restrict the movements of most of the occupants of Butternut Creek.

Jeremy, the cold-blooded chameleon and his best friend Kate, stared straight ahead. Breakfast was heading in their direction. Unassuming characters, they didn't mix with the others. The only thing they all agreed on was that Boris and his mate Demonic had to go. They were tired of living under the despotic Blub-fish system. Cycling around on their blue tandem looking down on their subjects with utter disdain, who did they think they were?

Gordon the dung-beetle will never know how close he came that morning to ending his days as Jeremy and Kate's breakfast. At the moment his jawbone lowered to release his sticky meter long tongue in Gordon's direction, Kate urged Jeremy to wait a moment, she had a better idea. Grabbing her skateboard she headed off in the direction of Termite Towers. The landlord was Kenny Pincher. His fading tattoos and piercings made him look older than he was. He had a soft spot for Kate.

Next she headed for the arid badlands down by the gorge. She knew she was trying her luck here. Veronica and her clan of Emus were not to be trusted. As she skidded to a stop just outside their camp, Veronica emerged from behind the rocks. Kate laid out her plans for the future, who fitted in and who didn't.

Tapping the top of Gordon's outer shell with his claws, Jeremy eyed up his breakfast, while Gordon talked nonsense about the revolution he'd dreamt about last night. Just then Kate came screaming around the corner, her skateboard flying in the air.

"They're coming."

"Who?"

"Look!"

Emerging into the bright gaze of the sun, Veronica's mob of Emus kicked up a duct cloud on their scooters, while Kenny's army of termites moved like a storm cloud into position. Gilbert took up his position high in the tree, he was an observer.

"What have you done Kate?" Jeremy looked genuinely scared.

"Today's the day Jeremy, the Blub-fish empire is no longer. Just follow me and do as I say, Gordon you're the bait, not waddle over there and look vulnerable."

It didn't take long for Gordon's vulnerable scent to reach Boris and his mate. As the tandem picked up speed, Veronica's mob swung into action. Story has it Kenny's army inflicted the most damage that wonder day in Butternut Creek. Kate granted Jeremy's wish of inviting Gordon for tea and the only reminder from the Blub-fish empire, now sits proudly at the top of Termite Towers, Boris and his mate's head.