

THE BISHOP

by Skippy

My neighbours are quite congenial. Not everyone lives betwixt a castle and a knight of the realm. However, life isn't all a bunch of roses, there are the occasional thorns.

The main thorn being the old codger who sorely tries our patience by taking us from our designated homes with such wild abandon and constantly places us in dire situations.

We are all in agreement that we're being treated like pawns!!

We are of the higher ranks after all!!

And, as a man of the cloth, I feel that I should be treated with more respect.

I am a Bishop!!

A PAWN

LEFT, RIGHT! LEFT, RIGHT – COMPANY – HALT!!! AAAAAATEN'SHUN!!! --AAAAT
EEEEASE!!!

Now, just remember, chaps, that WE are the FRONT LINE!!!!

If we could CHARGE like the famous "Light Brigade" - you never know, we might be able to win the battle!!! At least once in a while.

Don't blame us for the platoon losses , we do our best – it's just that the chap in charge doesn't know much about strategy.

Typical upper-class – he's damned hopeless. As far as he is concerned we're the sacrificial lambs!!!! A shame we get knocked off so easily!!

Who'd decide to be a pawn.