

THE MOAN RANGER

By

Kevin Kaysworth

Now Aaron had sighted his next and forty-ninth potential victim.

'Shall I compare thee to a fully-laden skip? For thou art more mangy looking.'

'Eh?' the more than generously-built scruffy young woman exclaimed.

'Shakespeare. Or rather my *Happy Shopper* version,' Aaron answered. 'But unlike the *Bard*, I'll be fucked if I'm going to throw summer and you into the same mix.'

'Are you pissed or something?' the woman snapped through a mouth full of *Monster Munch*.

'Not pissed as in up, but off, yes.'

'I reckon you're a nutter, mate. You'd better do one before my bloke gets back from the bookies. He hates Biffos.'

Aaron Shafted was on a mission. And with what came through his letterbox that morning, he had set his mind on it being a full-on, in-their face one. Because not only did his benefit depend on it, so did a national standard, that no one called Lee, should ever be given a ministerial post authorising money to leave other peoples pockets. And although Aaron was sure people would rate him old fashioned, he strongly believed, that should a Lee want money, he should do what all Lees do and traffic drugs for it.

Aaron laid in again. This time targeting her infant entourage of nine little ones. 'Are all of these yours or are some on hire, so you can claim *I Can't Stop Knocking Them Out Allowance?*'

'You what!'

Having done the trick, Aaron got stuck in a little further. 'But then I don't suppose you have to pay for anything. Not even the tranquilliser darts for when your sprogs go hyper.'

'I paid for the *Monster Munch*, didn't I?'

'You probably did. Or rather the state did. Although I do think it a little insensitive of the government not to have made them free on prescription.'

'You're asking for a slap!' the woman roared.

'Well, I think it doesn't hurt to point out once in a while, that it isn't compulsory to push a new addition out every time the name of a day ends in Y.'

'That's it!' the woman growled, while struggling to get her much-too tight top from off her arms. Beginning to sweat and pant she went on. 'You accuse me of having thirty-five kids, when I've only got nineteen. Even counting the miscarriages they'd only have twenty-nine of them, you cheeky bellend.'

'Well, excuse me for my lapse in mathematical calculation, but that just makes you a less productive slapper in my book.'

Aaron was disappointed, when the woman having finally got her top off, hadn't gone at him fists and all, but had instead, become a lank-haired blob of socially depraved serenity. Stood arms like fly-over support pillars, completely ignoring

Aaron, finger to her ear while nodding.

'I take it that was the wax in your ears telling you its time to for their bicentennial clean out, ?' Aaron snarled.

After a short silence the woman spoke. 'Oh, I get it! The clip board,' she said with a beaming smile. 'This is one of those set-ups, isn't it? Like that *Beadle* programme.?'

'Fucking hell! You've just broken my thick-as-shitometer,' Aaron shouted. Amazed someone could be so into reality TV, that she thought his scathing and public tirade was part of the *Gotcha* culture. Aaron continued. 'While your kids were trying to pull you out of the sack this morning with tow ropes, so as you could get them their shit breakfast cereal fortified with toxic waste, I was having to read a novella-size load of bollocks from the Department for Works and Pensions, telling me, that from April I'm no longer going to be entitled to ESA, but something called, wait for it, *You're Not Really Ill, Are you, Mate Credit*. And that I've got to take a decrease in what I can barely live on now so as to bolster up what they need to keep you in the breeding chain.'

'Oh, great! Did they say how much extra I'll be getting?' the woman beamed.

'You diet-dodging trollop. I'm ill and *can't* work and I'm having to subsidise someone whose only disability, is that she can't prevent her legs from springing open every time something with a pair of bollocks comes into sight.'

'Oh, thanks!' the woman getting thicker by the second shrilled.

'Thanks! Thanks! I'm not giving you the bastard money, you junk food-munching patron saint of fatherless kids. It's being sucked out of my benefit before it even sets out on its journey to the post office. And do you know who the new head of the Department of Works and Pension is, eh?

'No, I don't, but I would really appreciate it if you could thank him for me.'

'It's Lee Snogger. A twenty-two year old drugs dealer. In fact, he's probably responsible for at least one of those future car-jackers of yours. So you can thank him yourself the next time you're in the sack together.'

After putting her finger to her ear again, and nodding the woman spoke again. 'So it's not a reality TV show, then?'

'No it fucking isn't. This clip board is for my personal appraisal and study of just how many like-wise breeding vessels there are like you on my High Street and how many of society's budding misfits you've knocked out between you. And you are...'
Aaron stopped to refer to his clip board. 'the forty-ninth slovenly-dressed reason why third world countries are starving, I've encountered so far this morning. And between you all, you have, let's see...'
Aaron paused to check his list again. 'knocked out two hundred and sixty-four reasons why the post office goes into payout melt down every Monday morning. And I would like to congratulate you on being the most productive out of the lot. You are the holder of the High Street's *I've Got God Knows How Many Kids By God Knows How Many Fathers Award!*'

'You haven't attacked forty-eight other young mothers before me, have you? Please tell me you haven't?' the woman said in a much softer and considerate tone that Aaron thought couldn't have possibly come from such a person. She continued. 'Was this the letter you received?' she said, holding up, what looked like a copy of that very letter.

'The cruel bastards are even giving the you copies to keep in scrap books,' Aaron yelled.

'It was my producer that had all this put together. There is no Lee Snogger. And there is no *You're Not Really Ill, Are You, Mate Credit*.'

‘Oh, yeah!’ Aaron started, still not completely ready to be pacified. ‘I suppose your going to tell me that your personal collection of High Street under fives here, are from some youth theatre?’

‘The *Never Too Young To Be Pushed Into Show Business Academy Of Young Arts*, to be precise,’ the woman said, having become even more well spoken. ‘By the way, just how did you get into town?’

‘I walked. And by the looks of things, right into something that’s backfired on me big time.’

Chuckling, the woman went on. ‘So you met me by chance?’

‘Yes. And I was quite enjoying myself, until you burst my bubble.’

‘The reason I asked how you made your way here is because the plan was that one of my crew was supposed to have created a scenario that would have meant you stumbling across me. Just me. Before you had chance to involve anyone else.’

‘Well, I hate to rub it in, but you were forty-eight verbally-chewed ears too late with that one. Are you sure you’re not working for some kind of creepy dating agency? Where two of the most ill-matched people are publicly made to gel?’

‘No, I’m not. But I was voted sexiest-looking girl on TV by *OK Magazine* and *Hello* for two years running.’

At that the woman started to literally tear herself apart. First by removing the wig, to reveal a lovely healthy-looking head full of long blonde hair, then by pulling the latex packing around her arms and finally the latex face pack from her face, to reveal someone, that not only the most staunch misogynist would have to admit to finding very attractive, but who had dominated prime time Saturday night entertainment for the last five years. Not to mention the front of every tabloid newspaper.

Stood peeling off a body armour of latex padding, that made her look the magnetic target of Aaron’s tirade, was none other than ex model and now TV presenter of such recent shows as *He’s Mine You Bitch!* and *The Woman Who Gave Birth To A Pair Of Shoes*, Kirsty Clymax herself.

‘Oh, that’s typical of my luck,’ Aaron started. ‘I can’t even get my grievances sent out into every living room in Britain, without tearing into the sexiest woman in the country in order to do it.’

‘Aaron Shafted, you are the first contestant to have publicly displayed his anger on Channel 8’s reality game show *The Moan Ranger*,’ Kirsty screamed, throwing her arms around his neck.

It was then that Aaron noticed that not only was he surrounded by a film crew, but that the small army of kids he had previously thought all came from the same very over-visited womb, had now removed the small headphones from their ears and the I-pods they were attached to and were now all individually congratulating him on having been had. And all in very well-spoken accents. Children with names such as Jemima, Felicity and Bonaparte, being offered up to him.

Then a bronze head on a plinth was put into Aaron’s hands. A head that he noticed was blank apart from the massive open mouth, extended tongue and pair of tonsils resting upon it.

Kirsty yelled above the gathering crowd, ‘Let’s hear it for Aaron Shafted, winner of *The Moan Ranger’s My Tonsils Are Making A Break For It Award*. Who given his consent, will be appearing on the first episode of the new series in August,’ Kirsty finished, kissing Aaron full on the lips.

The months passed quickly, but not what seemed the longest hour in TV history.

Aaron had watched *The Sloan Ranger*. Sitting through seeing himself unveil what

constitutes for being a prime candidate for a Section Order. But on the plus side, he did get to taste Kirsty's very sought after lips. Plus his fifteen minutes of fame. And of course the *My Tonsils Have Made A Break For It Award*, that took pride of place centre of the fireplace.

But there was a cruel irony involved.

While having money extracted from his ESA in order to help subsidise wanton baby-breeding, had turned out to have been fictitious and had initiated a national debate about disregard for birth control, the award had not become so much a trophy as it had a storage pot. A storage pot for the forty-eight Court Orders that had been brought against him by the forty-eight recipients to his High Street verbal annihilation, that hadn't turned out to be disguised TV presenters. The cruellest being, that all forty-eight applicants, that had fitted the criteria for his acidic rant, had been awarded damages out of his present benefit.

So to put a Happy Shopper quality spin on something else Shakespeare had written, "*All's Not So Fucking Well That Didn't End Well.*"

THE END
(1902 Words)