

BARRY'S BLOG by Barry the Hedgehog

‘Just to prove we *can* share’! (hedges)

PART 2

July – August 2017

After being stopped at US immigration last year as an ‘undesirable alien’ (I actually think I’m rather sexy), this year I was again able to hitch a ride with the Mitchells, on their hold to Gibraltar – that far-flung outpost of Empire on which the sun never sets (until teatime). The flight was easy-peasy as – when he’s not ‘auditioning’ aspiring actresses (*sic*)

[‘Sir George Atwill’](#) is a volunteer rear-gunner for

British Airways. He’s shot down six Messerschmitts already... which is a bit embarrassing as we’re only Brexiting, not *officially* yet at war with Germany. Still, no duty-free ‘JD’ at Heathrow because we’re still in the EU *and* they warned us the plane could divert to Spain in there was bad weather. ‘Was that a problem?’ asked the nice lady. I kept quiet. The Inquisition want me – but I expected that... and the nice red uniforms.

Reader, we arrived. Gibraltar is a strange place. A rock that doesn’t roll. At night you can hear on the wind the distant sound of flamenco and castanets from La Linea, the Spanish siege works. On the plane we saw rapper Professor Green, but he ignored me. Having cleaned-up his reputation he won’t want to risk anything...

The view from the hotel was spectacular – they don’t call it the Pillars of Hercules for nothing. The pubs are good and they use British money



(and their own) and make tourists who pay in Euros pay more (clever). On Sunday we climbed a very, long, hot way to the Top of the Rock. Foul, disgusting creatures – aggressive and kleptomaniacal. But enough of me. The apes (really tailless monkeys) are pretty naughty too. They eat anything and steal from bags. Their case comes up on Monday (geddit?) Great views – and in the evening Gary's WADs watched *'Celebrity Love Island – The Reunion'* (or something), and Gary and I went drinking in the port with The Royal Navy at a pub called *'The Horseshoe'*, which has hats from all the ships that have been to Gib. We got very drunk, but weren't impressed (geddit).



Marbella is in Spain, and we went there for a day. Apparently it's on the telly as the playground of the rich and famous. Could've fooled me. Travelling through Spain (La Linea especially) was a bit of an eye-opener, a bit like being behind enemy siege lines (which is what it - literally – means). Many of the Spanish we met were surly and recalcitrant: they seem to regard Brexit as a declaration of hostilities that somehow entitles them to revoke The Treaty of Utrecht – which gave



Gibraltar to Britain forever and ever, amen. More fool them I say! The Gibraltarians we met are determined to maintain their separate 'Britishness' at any cost and – should any conniving Brexiteer (no names no pack-drill – but like Mrs May or Mr Corbyn) seek to sell them down the river and condemn 30,000 of the Queen's subjects to life under the Spanish jackboot... I'm sure 'UDI' would result. 'Gibraltar will fight and Gibraltar would be right'.



On another day we went to Tangier in Morocco, which is in Africa. Three passport checks there, three back. Interesting place – But I couldn't find the pub for the life of me. Well, it turns out that Moroccans are forbidden alcohol by their religion. If you have to feel sorry for them... it means all the more for me. It has to be said Gary's daughters don't really approve of me.. but then they are more grown up than their father.



Talking of whom, have you ever had teeth pulled without any anaesthetic? Well, if you *have* you'll know what it's like to 'tour historic military fortifications' and 'watch the ships' with Gary. So, while he did that and his WADs hit the pool – I hit the pubs with real Gibraltar beer...



All in all great holiday and a chance to get away from it all and to reflect – not only on the impact leaving the EU will have on hard-working families – but also the profound effect it will have on lazy hard-drinking hedgehogs like me... Talking of which on August Bank Holiday Monday my mate Jeremy has popped over from



Brownsea Island. Being a 'Red' squirrel – as they all are there – Jezza reckons 'all property is theft'. Sadly Dorset Police disagree - and thereby hangs a long (and fluffy) tale about at which point does the 'redistribution of wealth' become an act oppressed by the bourgeoisie...

Winter 2017 - 2018

Back on ['Livewire Live'](#) on ['Hope FM'](#). As usual, Miss Raven was very strict and makes us behave – which was a bit of a shame as my mate Jezza was on October's ['Livewire Live'](#) on ['Hope FM'](#) to discuss the effect of dialectic materialism on his nuts, over there on Brownsea Island. Back again in November, to help broadcast Jezza's message of communist insurrection and overthrow of the bourgeois' state. It didn't happen, so I'm beginning to feel a bit like everyone's puppet... Anyway, Jezza was back with me on December's festive ['Livewire Live'](#) on ['Hope FM'](#) to explain Xmas is there – not for peace and goodwill to all men – but to actually instil false-consciousness within the oppressed proletariat... and I had a beer afterwards.



At the end of the month, to see in the New Year, I went to 'Chaplins & The Cellar Bar' to see Miss Raven's band The Bomo Swing. Excellent music and beer, but with Gary and Mrs Mitchell there I had to behave myself. However, as Jane Austen wrote, *'upon leaving we came across a most distressed Miss Prickle. The omnibus not arriving she had missed the curfew for St Tiggiwinkles. Luckily Mr Hedgehog was*



on hand to escort her to his abode, where I am certain Mrs Mitchell ensured his servants were able to make her up a room and ensure all due propriety was observed'. Yeah...

Anyways, in ‘dry Januray’ (no, I don’t know what it means either), I dun [‘Livewire Live’](#) on [‘Hope FM’](#) again With Gaz, Miss Raven and Birdie Cockerill, who has great hair for a human. Great laugh. Back again in Feb wiv ma mate Jezza on [‘Livewire Live’](#) on [‘Hope FM’](#) and Gave as good as I got when patronised by humans. On March’s [‘Livewire Live’](#) on [‘Hope FM’](#) I earned praise – yes ME! for restraining Jezza after he was driven to make a very personal attack (not political but physical) on another guest – local MP Tory Marginal. It got very nasty and poor Jezza got thrown out – just for expressing his political disapproval via physical violence. What’s the world coming to, eh?



Anyways, a few days later I was in the new ‘Outback’ bar in Southbourne with Kitty Prickle, when some bird called ‘Jane Austen’ (made up name?) expressed her disapproval on ‘anti-social media’. *‘Since meeting Mr Hedgehog Miss Prickle has had her nose pierced and wears a*



Jeremy Corbyn tee-shirt. We begin to fear for her place at St. Tiggywinkles’. Rubbish! For those of you that don’t know St T’s is a girlhog’s college at Bournemouth University; where I went to take ‘media studies’. Well, Kitty has had her political consciousness raised by me and Jezza, and if she wants to spend her student loan buying us all beer, that’s up to her. Right?

Easter 2018

I was pleased to get an invite from Kitty to visit her family home in Hogfordshire, over the Easter festivities. This was then retracted by her parents, who – apparently - disapprove of me. Can you believe *that*? No doubt their prideful prejudice has been persuaded by this ‘Jane Austen’ broad. Poor Kitz had to go – her grandmother is sick ~~and is about to croak and leave her a huge amount of beer money~~. I do hope the old lady gets well soon. Anyways, no sooner had I received this epistle that I went with Gary, Mrs M and his muso daughter Olivia to see Miss Raven’s band [‘The Bomo Swing’](#) at [‘Chaplins’](#). A great time was had by all.

That was Saturday. Now it’s Monday – and I read on the feed – again posted by this ‘Miss Austen’; *‘Colonel Prickle has been obliged to cut his daughter Kitty’s allowance. Upon her return to Hogfordshire, for the Easter recess, she embarrassed herself in church by insisting upon wearing to divine worship her shameful nasal piercing, and additionally insulting the local Tory MP, Sir Kitchener Scumhog, by wearing her abominable radical blouse and – horror – denim jeans and NO BONNET. The good Colonel has also been obliged, in all good sense and sensibility, to forbid Kitty to associate further with disreputable wastrels and radical rodents...’* I think she means me and Jezza.

I shall not be slandered... I am a hedgehog of swashbuckling action! Stay tooned...

April 2018

‘Dialectic materialism on the nuts’ Miss Raven suggested a solution on [‘Facebook’](#). Mmm... Now, as you know, I’m a hedgehog of action... Robin Hood and Han Solo rolled into one. So, hitching a ride with a helpful trucker (importing camembert before it’s banned by Brexit) I made my way to Hogfordshire. Eluding the guard dogs, I was able to break into the Prickle family manor – shin up the drainpipe like James Bond and rescue poor Kitty from her repressive father and crazy mother (who has a signed photo of Theresa May and a full collection of Osmonds records - QED). Kitty was, naturally, anxious not to upset her parents – but we knew then it was them or me! What care I – a poor orphan from the wrong side of Bournemouth (i.e. the side

nearest Poole) for her parental disapproval? For it was then I resolved to plight my troth or - should she deny me - join the French Hedgehog Legion and swelter in the desert with ration of *vin rouge* and *pain au chocolat*...

Needless to say that busybody 'Miss Austen' soon stuck her beak in on antisocial media... *'All of Hogfordshire was agog at Kitty Prickle's elopement with the disreputable Mr Hedgehog'* ('disreputable – moi?'). *'Colonel Prickle called upon his contacts to rouse the Militia – but alas – military list. All of society feared for poor Kitty's reputation and prospects – for such scandal would most assuredly lead to her expulsion from St Tiggywinkles, her concomitant failure to graduate as a qualified media student, and the eschewing and ostracisation of her by all polite society.'*



Many fretful hours were spent until it was ascertained that – far from imbibing copious alcohol in a squalid Boscombe dive named after a deceased silent comedian – Kitty had in fact fled, post-haste north, with Mr Hedgehog, to Gretna Green where – under Scots law – a maiden hedgehog of her tender years (not yet nine and ten summers) is still able, by way of devolution, of her own volition, to marry upon production of but old-style pink passports; symbols of the oppression of the hated Bonapartist European Union. I cannot tell from the reputation of the witnesses, save they appeared to be locals, no doubt bent upon the excessive consumption of cheap whisky and the destruction of the sacred Union between our lands. And the minister appears in his dotage... But, it is a truth universally acknowledged, that whom God has put together no hedgehog may put asunder. For better or for worse (for so scripture has it) Miss Kitty Pickle is now Mrs Kitty Hedgehog. How the good Colonel will make his peace with his new and unwanted son-in-law I

know not; nor if he shall – for it is understood the newlyweds intend migration overseas to Brownsea Island, where the Bolsheviks rule sway, and where abominations to common decency are a daily occurrence’.

Yeah – cheers – thanks for that ‘Jane’. Kitz and I are indeed gonna live on Brownsea, and will there help Jezza and his mates in their plan to peacefully slaughter (in their beds) the bourgeoisie and all other class enemies and traitors; and then to establish a worker’s republic. With this in mind Kitz wants me to go to the Job Centre on Monday and get a job to pay for it all. As Jezza says, ‘if you don’t work Baz, you won’t have no money to help me fight your being oppressed by the employing class...’ Logic, eh? ‘Dialectic materialism on the nuts’ indeed!

So, I’m now a married bloke...

Summer 2018

Back again in May on ['Livewire Live'](#) on ['Hope FM'](#) to do show – first time with ‘the wife’. Now, Kitz is her own hedgehog, so *doesn’t* use my name, so is still ‘Kitz Prickle’. So, I now work as an accountant to pay the bills... whilst she finishes her course and plots the Revolution with Jez, and the downfall of capitalism. I (apparently) am bringing the system down from within.... It’s a hard job, but I guess someone has to do it... Back again in July on ['Livewire Live'](#) on ['Hope FM'](#) – so I really do have to get out more, despite the job...

Anyways, on 8th July - amid World Cup footie fever - Kitz and I went to see Miss Raven do a gig at ‘Chaplin’s’. Bit embarrassing as Gary got made to turn his England football shirt around. Censored for saying what the kidz really think. Not bad for an old git of 59! Anyways, very good Miss Raven was too with her trademark percussive guitar. I also found myself in a bit of a ‘role-reversal’ situation *vis-à-vis* ‘the Wife’. Before I knew it I’d had occasion to utter the immortal phrase, ‘leave it Kitz! She’s not worth it!’ I consider it my ‘*EastEnders*’ audition piece...

The incident once again concerned that busybody 'Miss Austen'. As there a liable laws I repeat from her blog on antisocial media, it being a truth, universally acknowledged, that all you good people and hedgehogs out there can read between the lines...

'...to attend dear Miss Raven's musical recital. Imagine my surprise when, also present, was the Prime Minister, Mr Pitt. Mr Pitt and I have long been formally introduced, and whilst he was unable, for reasons of national security, to discuss current arrangements far waging merciless war upon the Corsican ogre and his EU minions, we passed time pleasantly, as trusted friends innocently do.

Regrettably Mrs Hedgehog was also in attendance, and publicly took great exception to my prior innocent comments regarding her elopement with her now husband, subsequent expulsion from St Tiggywinkles College, and Corbynista radicalism. Mrs Hedgehog, it seems, is not a 'lady' - if one might be permitted to use that definition for a carnivorous spikey mammal - to forgive a perfectly innocent slight. A 'scene' erupted before Mr Hedgehog could entreat and prevail his errant spouse to desist. Mrs Hedgehog made the foulest accusations concerning my alleged hypocrisy. Mere idle gossip, dear reader. The relationship between Mr Pitt and myself is in no less proper than one would expect between a bachelor Prime



Minister, weighed down by the cares of high office, and a maiden novelist, weighed down by the cares of publisher's deadlines and book promotion with Mr Graham Norton, the celebrated Hibernian broadcaster, upon the televisual wireless telegraph. I refute Mr Pitt and I have ever attended so-called 'port parties' to over-consume said liquor, nor that I have ever improperly stayed at Chequers, indecently unchaperoned. The 'incident' at Miss Bronte's party - much reported in the gutter press - has been frequently and tirelessly explained as being caused by a random failure of illumination, whilst the gentleman in question was assisting me locate my cloak in the cupboard under the stairs. Furthermore, as I am much given to country walks for my health, it is unsurprising that, upon occasion, I might encounter the similarly minded Mr Pitt. Furthermore it is a truth, universally acknowledged, neither of us can be considered responsible for the subsequent exaggerated and intrusive drawings of newspaper paparazzi, whose sense of sensibility is notoriously woefully lacking; nor for the thinly disguised 'pulp fiction' of Miss Catherine Meadows, which purports forty-and-ten shades of greyly unseemly endeavour.

So, I say now, Mrs Hedgehog was fortunate indeed for her husband's intervention - and Mr Pitt's graciously urging the restraint of my righteous indignation - for, had matters indeed proceeded to 'Chaplin's' celebrated garden, she would have discovered that I am a most formidable adversary. As it is, the pen is mightier than the sword...'

Apart from that - good night out, right? Miss Raven should take up music seriously, after her 'O' Levels...

Autumn 2018

Back again in October on ['Livewire Live'](#) on ['Hope FM'](#) to do show with 'the wife' (Kitz) and my mate Jezza. I've also been doing a lot of recordings and re-mixing recently for Gary M and others, but now the job is paid for might have some more time free. We shall see...

Summer to Winter 2019

Well, no rest for the wicked, but I'm back now having spent the winter and spring 'balancing the books' for top corporation United Money. 'Money laundering' and 'offshore accounts' are such demeaning terms I think, aren't they? I really do prefer, 'creative accounting', and Jezza's plan to destroy international capitalism by having them place all their money in his 'inshore account' on Brownsea Island is certainly a sure fire winner.

In the meantime me, 'the wife' and Jezza have been producing material for top comedy outfit ['Ravnhell'](#). Their record is called *'Anne Bronte's Beach Party Anthems'* and in August we'll be back on ['Livewire Live'](#) on ['Hope FM'](#) to talk about stuff, which we all was on the 14th. Then, part from work, not a lot until back on December 18th and back on ['Livewire Live'](#) on ['Hope FM'](#) for their last ever show at their Westover Road studios.. Very poignant...

Winter 2019 +

Well, of course, the Covid pandemic hit the humans pretty bad. Me, 'the wife' and Jezza have been producing material (new and archive) for comedy outfits ['Ravnhell'](#), ['Radio Boscombe'](#) and ['Angela's Tortoise'](#). Luckily we were able to 'lockdown' under an off-licence. The human they call 'Fat Boris' seemed to think it was all over by January 2022, and we were back briefly on the wireless for the phoenix-like re-launch of ['Livewire Live'](#) on ['Hope FM'](#) on January 5th 2021. We've aged better than Gary and Tim, am I right or am I right? Back the next week too – and thereafter whenever Gary needs help flying the desk.



In August 2022 we met up again with Dame Kimari Raven, after her wedding to the fearsome Chris The Viking. She's still a very popular musician and very clever. For a human...



That's all for the mo. Keep on trucking - Cheers

BAZ T. HEDGEHOG