



**RS Archer** @archer\_rs Tue Sep 15 05:16:43 +0000 2020

Mad woman and her partner are standing outside my gates holding candles.

I talked to them, seems they are "bearing witness to the suffering of your dog". As said dog was at that point sleeping off a large breakfast I'm not altogether sure there was much suffering but as I said to them,

"Whatever floats your boat". They then called me a Fascist.

They have started playing drums and chanting. The witch woman has tied some leaves to my gates, it's possible I'm being cursed.

My wife is pulling on her wellington boots, this does not bode well for them.

My wife is currently adding green food dye to the water tank on the jet washer. She has adopted her determined look and has tied her hair up.

I think I see where this is going.

So, mad women now soaking wet AND both bright green from head to toe.

Both women attempted to climb over our gates - big mistake. On the first occasion the jet wash was set to the lower pressure level, this time my wife went to the full 11.

They are screaming with anger. I'm not helping by laughing.

A small crowd has gathered.

Our dog pretty much looks like this <https://t.co/gTLydiO8Qj>



There was another ill advised attempt to climb the gates once again repelled by wife with jet wash.

The mad woman is shouting she is going to sue us, the witch is cursing us with what I think is a chicken bone she had in her pocket. The crowd continues to grow.

Regular readers of my posts will be pleased to know my friend Jules and his wife are among the crowd. He gave me a cheery wave and a thumbs up. He wife blew kisses.

Henri and a Police colleague arrived, mad woman immediately ran up to them and demanded my wife and I are arrested. She pointed to her clothes and screamed,

"I have been violated, I have been assaulted" Henri said,

"Bonjour madame, did you fall in the river?"

She actually stamped her foot, not once but twice and then screamed,

"I have been assaulted by that woman, she attacked me"

"Did you attack this woman" said Henri to my wife

"Non"

"Well that seems clear enough then, I suggest you and you friend go and dry off somewhere"

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"Are you going to do nothing?" she said with incredulity.

"I am going to have lunch madame, that is not nothing" giving her a small salute. The crowd appreciated this and gave Henri a round of applause, regretfully this only antagonised mad women further. She slapped him.

There was a collective intake of breath from the crowd, they are French, they understand the consequences of hitting a Gendarme, they all looked at each other. My wife and I looked at one another, the dog looked at the cat.

The crowd emitted, as one a long low groan of delight.

Henri for a big man can move fast. He grabbed her wrist and pulled her arm behind her back, at this point the witch ran over with a view to intervening but Jules was there with a well placed foot, she tripped and fell into a rather attractive Viburnum bush I have by the gate.

Henri's colleague helped her up but she was not going quietly. Waving her chicken bone she cursed him, us, the crowd and at one point I think President Macron (not sure why). She attempted to kick Henri but his colleague physically lifted her up and carried her to the van.

At this point she was screaming at the crowd (many of whom were filming the scene) that she owned all copyright of images of her according to the "Articles of Confederation". One wag in the crowd shouted,

"Have a good one Kermit"

The first attempt to get them into the police van did not go well. In a scene reminiscent of two leopards being stuffed into a rucksack there was a mad flurry of arms, hair, legs all sprinkled with a light shower of green water however the crowd urged them on....

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... with supportive cries and at one point a spirited rendition of La Marseillaise by a local patriotic farmer. Mad woman did at one point make a minor break out but she was quickly gathered up and the Police Renault Van rocked with their outbursts. The crowd cheered.

With a congratulatory blast of its horn the police van departed. The crowd slowly dispersed and I helped my wife pack away the jet washer. She took my arm as we walked into the house, our dog trotted on next to us.

"Some lunch I think" she said, "and a drink"

<https://t.co/gaeTBZQiGX>



Henri called, he has asked me to come to the station and make a statement. While we were talking I could hear the witch woman shouting in the background,

"You cannot do this, I do not recognise your authority, I am a free woman of the land, your laws do not apply to me"  
Am at the police station. It is utter bedlam here. Both women are screaming incoherently. The witch is threatening to, 'Evoke the powers of mother nature upon you all"

Mad women is attempting to speak French. When i say "speak French" I mean she is speaking English but has adopted a French accent.

She has spotted me and our dog. The reaction was volcanic, it took two to hold her back. I waved and our dog gave her a cheery bark of recognition.

Just as an aside the lady from the Mayor's office (she of the new dress) is here. She said,

"I had heard and knew it would be a good time"

Her first question was in the circumstances an obvious one,

"Why are they both green, is it an eco protest?"

Quick update. They are both being held overnight in the cells. Later on I will post the transcript of the conversation.

I should add the British woman is called Eileen and so waiting for the apposite moment I at one point gently coughed and said,

"O come on Eileen"

She asked me my name. I couldn't resist it, I knew I shouldn't say it but my vocal cords had a life of their own and it was quite involuntary. I smiled, I winked, I took a breath,

"You can call me Al"

Our dog is standing by the gates with a hopeful expression. I think he misses them.

As promised yesterday this thread will cover the conversation last evening at the police station. I was asked to attend to give a statement and as soon as I arrived it was clear the two women were (is there a nice way to put this?) as mad as a box of frogs.

Here we go.

For the sake of brevity I shall refer to them as MW (mad woman) and W for witch. MW is British W is American. MW claims psychic powers and an ability to talk with animals, W professes an ability to "read the aura of all living things" and can, if provoked "curse people"

I took our dog along as he loves a ride in my car when the roof is down but with hindsight that was a mistake, as soon as the women saw him it only increased their agitation. MW immediately started wailing and saying our dog was in pain. She claimed the dog hated me.

Our dog somewhat contradicted this by leaning against me and happily wagging his tail. When I sat down, he rested his head on my knee as he often does. Meaning so far

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W then claimed she could see all around me an,

"an aura of absolute evil". Henri did not help at this point by saying,

"that's just his aftershave". The chief of police clearly trying to reestablish a sense of proprietary and due process asks me what had happened.

I explained about dog swimming with me some mornings and how MW had objected to this, accusing me of cruelty for forcing him to do it. The policeman interjected, asking MW with a look of some surprise,

"You think he forces his dog to swim in the river?"

"Yes the dog hates it"

The police struggled with this.

"Have you ever owned a dog ? Look at him, do you seriously think anyone could force that dog to swim in the river if he didn't want to. My experience is that it's harder to keep them out of water!" She was adamant

"I have a deep spiritual link"

I didn't help at this point by saying,

"I don't think you have a link to reality" She swore at me. the dog barked, Henri laughed. MW began to tear at her hair and shout,

"I must rescue this dog, it is calling to me from another plane"

The police chief attempted to drag the conversation back asking me,

"What happened next?"

"Well, they both followed me home and then attempted to abduct the dog" I said

"RESCUE ! RESCUE! NOT ABDUCT" MW shouted. W eagerly agreed and began to chant while shaking her head.

"They had some meat with them and they tried to entice him through a gap in our fence to go with them" I said.

W stopped her chanting at this moment to say,

"That's when your wife attacked us with garden tools, she should be arrested, she is a danger to all living things"

I then went through the events of the day, the attempts to climb our gates the defence of our property and well being by judicial use of the hose and the unfortunate oversight of ours with the green food dye. Henri giggled but he received a stern look of reproach from his boss.

During this rendition both MW and W interrupted me with repeated claims my wife had assaulted them and how they intended to sue everyone. W also kept saying that the laws of France did not apply to her, she is a 'Sovereign Citizen' but this buttered no parsnips with the police.

The chief of police clearly somewhat insulted at this attack on the dignity of France replied,

"The laws of France apply to everyone even those too stupid to understand them" W clearly didn't like that and demanded to speak to the American embassy.

MW at this point launched into an off key rendition of, 'We Shall Overcome' which our dog thoroughly approved off and he joined in with howls of delight. The noise by now was deafening and good order had broken down.

Through the window I saw the lady from the Mayors office. she was bent double with laughter. I led the dog outside and asked her to look after him for a while, she happily agreed and they sat together to observe events. Meanwhile MW and W demanded the dog is returned because..

.. they "needed to maintain the psychic link". They were ignored.

The conversation (such as it can be called one) veered between recrimination, accusation and objectification. I am it seems an "animal Fascist" and a "threat to all women". My wife "a traitor to the sisterhood" and a "product of the Patriarchy". No word on the dog.

I think in the end the police chief just got bored. He told the women they would be held overnight pending more detailed inquiries and I was free to go. This did not go down well, there was shouting, there were threats, there was an attempt at an escape. W cursed everyone.

MW bit Henri so he took his revenge with a well timed slap around the face. W cursed him some more including what sounded like a quote from Pirates of the Caribbean but I may have been wrong. As I walked out I could still hear them shouting from within. I collected our dog.

I returned home and we enjoyed a BBQ. This morning I phoned Henri to ask how it had been. He said they were still shouting and kicking the cell doors at 4am when he had left. They were discussing what to do today but he said they will probably be escorted out of the region.

At the time I thought that would be the end of it.

I was wrong.

At 12 noon today they were back, they are there now with new candles holding their vigil for our dog.

They both still have a tint of green.

I spoke to the police and they have offered to send a patrol but I said not to. They have been told they must leave the town by today or charges will be pressed.

We shall see.

They are still there. I had an Amazon delivery just now. I opened the gates the gates with an expectation of them rushing in instead they just gave me the skunk eye and mumbled a little.

Well they have gone, will they be back ?

Who knows.

O now this is funny. They have gone around right to the other side of our land and are clearly going to try and enter from the far side of the house. I am sitting in my study watching their hilarious attempts to get through a large spiky blackberry bush.

Wait until they discover the dog is not here. My wife took him with her about ten minutes ago for a shopping trip (not hats) I called the police because tempting though it would have been to greet them with both barrels from my shotgun there is a right way to do things. The lady at the police station said,

"O God, not those two again"

Right now MW is completely stuck in the middle of the bush. Her arms are cut and now her clothes are caught on so many thorns she can't move. Meanwhile W is attempting a flanking manoeuvre around to the left through the walnut trees. She is about to discover the small river.

W has fallen into the river. It's not that deep but deep enough. She is now up to her waist in water and trying to scramble up the muddy bank.

MW is stuck solid in the bush and calling for help.

I turned the sprinkler system on.

W fell back in the water while trying to get out of the river and is now fully soaked and is muddy. I laughed so hard I fell off my chair.

MW is getting periodic 'rain' from the sprinkler system and is getting more and more angry. I can't hear her but I can see her shouting.

Henri has arrived, seems he was nearby and got the call. He's sitting here next to me having a coffee and watching the CCTV. I asked what he wanted to do,

"Watch for a while" he said.

W had another go at getting out of the river, she was really close this time but slipped and fell in again. Henri has asked for a copy of the video,

"for everyone at the station"

Henri just asked,

"Did you turn on the sprinkler after she was trapped?" I guiltily admitted I did.

He high fived me

W is finally out of the river, she is wet and covered in mud. She is now walking over to where MW is still stuck in the blackberry bush. I have briefly turned of the sprinkler.

I will turn it back on when she's well into the field.

Henri applauds this wise tactical decision.

Sprinkler back on, we heard the scream from the house.

Henri has said (reluctantly) that he will have to call the 'pompiers' these are the Fire & Rescue branch here in France to extract MW. I asked if he wanted to do that now,

"Maybe just another ten minutes"

Pompiers called. Probably just as well because now W is caught in the bush as well. I turned off the sprinklers and Henri and I are off to go and speak with them.

They are still stuck. No sign of pompiers, probably because Henri told them

"Not urgent, take your time"

It's 2130. The pompiers have just arrived.

Mad women are demanded I feed them

It's now 0540 and they are finally leaving. Going to bed now.

Had a brief sleep, now some breakfast. I will later today post the events of the night.

We had quite a time of it.

It was around 2130 when the pompiers finally arrived. We accompanied them to our field and presented them with our 'guests'. Their leader took his time before asking the first of a series of questions, some professional, some more I felt for his personal entertainment.

For example:

"Are you in pain, do you have any injuries, can you breath ok?" but also,

"How did you get there, do you often do this sort of thing, why didn't you use the door?"

MW didn't help by shouting that one of the fireman was "leering" at her.

At this point W shouted that we had an obligation to give them some food because they were on our land, this is seems were their 'human rights'. My wife told her they should expect nothing but she did offer coffee to the pompiers. This did not go down well, screaming ensued.

The screaming did not have the desired effect because all the firemen burst out laughing.

MW then once again called us all 'Fascists', this is her default accusation for anyone she disagrees with but the effect was somewhat reduced by her right arm being held up by a branch.

It was obvious at this point that they were well and truly trapped. MW and W demanded that the bushes were cut back to free them, the fire chief said this was an option and asked if I approved that as the bush was my property.

I refused.

There was a period of reflection and sucking of breath through teeth followed by the fire chief saying in that case they would need to build a frame to lift them up. He said it would take several hours as they would use it as training. MW shouted "NO!!"

"Fine by us" I said.

My wife appeared at this point with a tray of coffees and some cake. MW said it was their 'right' to have some as well. My wife said there wasn't enough for them.

W said we were infringing their human rights.

MW did not appreciate that the fireman all stopped building the frame but sat down and enjoyed their coffee and cake. She was shouting,

"Do your job"

"Do your job"

"Do your job"

"Do your job"

I would have to say it didn't motivate them.

They took their time and then over the course of several hours they conducted an extended training course for the team on how to rescue a person from an inaccessible position. At was at this point MW said,

"When this is over the dog comes with us, we are rescuing him"

I tried to reason with her (mistake No1)

"Our dog is happy, healthy and well cared for, he does not need rescuing" She dismissed this with a small wave,

"I have established a psychic link with him, he hates swimming, he hates you, he hates being here. He told me"

I tried to make clear the law in these circumstances (mistake No2) and pointed out the dog belonged to us. Here W had a say,

"We do not recognise your laws, we are free sovereign citizens, your laws do not apply to us and furthermore ownership of animals is a form of slavery".

I will admit to being somewhat brusque at this point,

"A slave ? You stupid woman, he lives a life of bloody luxury. You've seen him. Don't tell me he is anything but happy". She shook her head,

"I have ways of communication you are unable to understand"

Henri was still with us and he asked,

"Are you intending to steal this man's dog when you are released?"

"LIBERATE, NOT STEAL" shouted MW. Henri made a note in his pocketbook.

The evening was becoming late and my wife asked the firemen if they would like some food. They did and a large quantity of croque-monsieur was produced.

"What about us?" shouted W

"Eat blackberries" said my wife.

It was around 0430 when they were finally extracted, it was not an elegant sight and any dignity they once had was lost as in turn they were winched into the air. Expectations of thanks were short lived as MW shouted at me,

"You bastard, give me that dog"

My wife kicked her.

It was not a light kick, it was to the shin and MW dropped to the ground screaming at Henri,

"Did you see that, she kicked me, that's assault that is"

Henri was calm,

"I saw no assault, I saw no kick, you must have fallen over"