



**RS Archer** @archer\_rs Tue Nov 16 11:25:59 +0000 2021

I have not been posting today as from early morning we have been having a kerfuffle with a family who had camped (without permission) on my land last night in their tent and this morning claim they were attacked by,

"your dangerous little camels"

Thread

As might be expected we were somewhat bemused by this but the woman in particular was very angry and claimed her children's lives had been at risk and she wanted compensation. I made clear we owned no camels, little or otherwise but she was not satisfied so I agreed to go..

..with her and her husband (a weasly individual with shifty eyes) to investigate. As we walked on the road she repeated her claims for compensation saying we must pay them "many Euros", we arrived at their tent

It seems the "camels" they were referring to were our Alpacas...

..I of course forgave this confusion in translation and asked how the 'camels' had attacked them. Here she was a little vague, in fact downright evasive.

I offered suggestions. Had they leapt from their enclosure and savaged their tent, perhaps a coordinated stampede.....

...or possibly the larger male had come at them with a flick knife ?

The, possibly mute, husband offered only grunts and a curious whistling sound as his contribution to proceedings but the wife repeated her demands for "many Euros" and "you must help us, as it's fair"....

..realising now I was dealing with a fairly obvious shake down I decided to have some fun so I said that the 'camels' were in fact a rare breed of Ecuadorian giant fighting rabbits so I understood her fears. I asked if they had provoked them by wearing green or humming off key

..she looked at me with the classic slack jawed yokel face of bewilderment,

"what is humming off key?"

"O it's very dangerous when one is around Ecuadorian giant fighting rabbits. They can go for the jugular if provoked" I made a slashing motion with my hand,

"instant death"

She put her hand to her throat and glanced toward her husband. He warily backed away from the Alpaca field gate, the herd by now as usual standing quietly in contemplation as they do in the presence of all humans. I nodded sagely

"Look at them, killers everyone, I tell you"

"Anyway" I said, clapping my hands, "tell me all about it, which one attacked you, was it Tyson there?" I pointed to possibly our most docile animal. He sensing the moment glanced up and broke wind in a self satisfied manner.

"Yes, yes, that one - he attacked children"

I adopted a pose of intense pride,

"Ah yes, Tyson, what a beast. Three years undefeated across two weight categories. and you should see him leap - can clear a rugby post with just three steps"

Now she just stared at me,

"We want money, euros, we have compensation now"

I pretended to be confused,

"I'm sorry but Tyson doesn't have any money of his own, fighting rabbits don't believe in bank accounts. They live in an anarcho-syndicalist commune. I like to think they take turns to be a sort of executive officer for the week..."

She looked at me blankly,

"What?" I went on,

"but all the decisions of that officer have to be ratified at a special bi-weekly meeting of the herd by a simple majority in the case of purely internal affairs but by a two thirds majority in the case of."

She screamed,

"MONEY"

At this point her husband regained the use of his vocal cords and grunted,

"Give us money or else there will be trouble" I replied,

"Well I understand there may be trouble ahead, but while there's moonlight and music and love and romance. Let's face the music and dance"

One of the larger female Alpacas, always friendly and named "M" by my daughter because she says it resembles Dame Judy Dench had walked up behind the man.

She licked the bank of his neck.

He screamed, his wife screamed. I shouted,

"Run, it's going for the throat, it will kill us all"

They ran, I ran, exhorting them to ever greater pace,

"Keep going, for the love of god don't stop, they've got the scent now and they're hunting as a pack."

As we rounded the corner and drew level with the gates to my drive there stood my old friend Henri. 120 kilos of solid French muscle, rugby player and a Gendarme

"Everybody stop!" I stopped, the woman stopped, the man ran into Henri - it was as though he had ran into a wall.

He bounded off Henri and fell to the floor, Henri took a pace forward and looked down,

"You appear to have fallen over, get up"

He turned to me,

"What is happening here?"

"These people claim they have been attacked by my Alpacas" His eyebrows rose, his mouth twitched..

He adopted gravitas,

"I see, how did this attack take place." The woman at this point made her key mistake,

"We camped last night on that field next to the animals"

Henri interrupted her, "The field with the signs saying 'Private - no entry"

"Yes, that one"

She realised her error the moment the words left her mouth. She attempted to correct herself but made it worse,

"But my husband removed the signs"

"I see" said Henri reaching for his notebook.

"No, I mean they fell off"

"I think you should all come to the station with me"

This they were not keen on especially when I said,

"That's a very good idea, you can take everyone's details and check us on the police database. Shall we leave now?"

The couple began to back away,

"We have to go, we are very late for important meeting"

Henri said,

"Be careful, there is one of the animals behind you"

I laughed, our dog barked, the man screamed, the woman fainted. Henri turned to me,

"What do you want to do?"

"Give them a warning please and tell them to leave the area" He gave me his customary small salute.

.. he walked them back to their car and supervised while they packed up their tent and then escorted them from the village. He told me afterwards over a coffee they asked him to watch the Alpacas as they packed in case they attacked.

Peace has returned to the Archer estate