

The Wondrous Adventures of the Sergeant

Peppers Noggin Platoon

Written by D.B. Williams

Copyright © 2011 by D.B. Williams

***The Wondrous Adventures of the Sergeant Peppers Noggin Platoon***

Written by D.B. Williams

Illustrations by D.B. Williams

A free online version of A Weekend in the Saddle can be found at [www.paintmywords.com](http://www.paintmywords.com)

Printed in the United States of America

ISBN: 978-1-257-84020-5

**Notice of Rights:** All rights reserved solely by the author. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the permission of the author. The views expressed in the book are not necessarily those of the publisher.



## Dedication

This book is dedicated to my wife Lindsey Willis Williams. Her forgiveness, complete support and inspiration make life magical enough to laugh over absurdities.



# The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

Alfred sat uneasily with his tail end hinged on the lip of a wooden chair. He was not entirely committed to the act of sitting. He wanted to rise from the chair, but he knew the futility. There was nowhere to go, nowhere else he could sit, nowhere else to hide but out in the open. A cigarette tangled uneasily behind his back, hidden only from ones sense of view. Its uneven hand rolled end smoldering from inconsistent hidden puffs. His mind raced frantically forward in an attempt to find calm – breath in the coal miner watches the empty carts go in, breath out the coal miner watches the full coal carts go out. No inner peace was found, instead, Alfred’s mind was fraught with concerns of an onslaught of crab grass. It had been four weeks since he had sprayed the edges of his yard with weed killer. Sprigs of green were beginning to reappear in the brown corridor of death separating Alfred’s lawn from the wilds of suburbia.

Alfred was a man of tall stature and slight frame. His shoulders were not broad and even less so given his propensity to roll his shoulders forward. His legs however were extraordinarily long, to the point of making his gait ungainly. When Alfred walked he did so with a slight stoop, in effect shortening his height and making him appear smaller than he in fact was. If you saw Alfred without his shirt on, you would notice his sharply pronounced ribs jutting forward from his chest. Alfred’s frame held a remarkable resemblance to a half dried banana – wrinkled and stooped. He wore his hair close cropped conforming to the style of a bygone but sweetly remembered era. Sadly, his one saving grace in appearance, he was blessed with luxurious tufts of rich silky black hair. Unfortunately, instead of from his head were it should have been seen; it erupted out of his neck collar in the bulbous tufts, the manifestation of a bow tie. He had to trim strands weekly from his ears and nose in order to keep his face looking neatly trim. No home for sloppiness could be found there. The knuckles of his hands and toes were covered in small fur like gloves of hair. Alfred as you can imagine was a virulent man. His face was adorned with a well managed and trim mustache, which he never allowed to stray from its facial confines – half an inch above the mouth, never extending past the lips edges, and never full reaching the nose. One never found a stray bit of food stuck in the bristles of his whiskers. His sideburns on the other hand were never a point of personal pride having not existed since his youthful teens. They were always trimmed neatly to the point where his upper ear met the side of his face.

Today, Alfred happened to be wearing a green outfit inclusive of pants and an oxford style shirt. It was not his, thus the clothes fit a bit looser than he would have preferred. Alfred

preferred to wear his clothes fitted to form. He liked his pants to allow for full motion without restriction. His shirt was tucked neatly into the green pant bottoms. He could find no belt, so instead he used a bit of twine. Normally, Alfred preferred to wear a polished steel belt buckle fastened tightly around his trim waist. He liked for the hem of his pants to line up with the belt buckle which in turn lined up with the brass buttons on his shirt. Alfred always wore Oxford style shirts when they could be had. They granted him a feeling of control and authority that he found comforting. Alfred looked down at his belt and sighed audibly to an empty space. The shoes that he was wearing were a bit too large for him. They were almost comical resembling the ensemble of a circus clown. He knew however that his attire was the best that he could do with the situation at hand.

Alfred's leg's were crossed in the male fashion of course with ankle resting over knee cap, although when no one was looking Alfred personally found it more comfortable to rest with his legs crossed in the style of a woman with back of knee over front of knee. He liked how it stretched out his hips. He had a small pipe in his mouth now having worked through the last of his rolling papers and was slowly puffing away at it, more in nervous thought than actual conscious enjoyment of the smoke. Occasionally, Alfred would tilt the front legs of his chair backwards slightly off the ground, only to let them rest on the ground again. Alfred was restless. On his lap sat an open leather bound journal. Alfred had it opened to the front page. The book had rested in that spot without being moved for some time. He picked up the book and thumbed through its pages. All the pages were filled with hand written ink. With disdain, he noticed a few small sketches spattered throughout the pages of the book. The pages were well worn as if the book had been often used during its construction. The cover was bound in brown recycled leather and the pages bound with thread. Sullenly, Alfred returned the book to its resting place on his lap. Its cover remained open and he read the first page.

To Whom It May Concern,

This is the true story of Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

Signed below this five names appeared.

Udo, Anna, Keith, Nancy, Doug

# The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

Alfred looked up from his reading. He noticed that no one was watching him from within the room. He decided to keep on reading and flipped the page. What else was there to do he silently mused?

The next sentence read, “We are all scared for our lives. I’m not so much as scared for myself as I am for the others. It is hard seeing such daily torture.” Alfred frowned, but continued reading.

“He thumped me today, the beast, he did, I swear it. He took his big hairy knuckled fat forefinger, and placed it on his thumb, pulled back, and then all of a sudden whack, his finger came crashing into my forehead. I didn’t even get so much as a warning. The brute, that is Sergeant Peppers as he calls himself, did this for nothing more than his sheer delight. He squealed with pleasure, when he saw me knocked to the floor. There I was minding my own business, cleaning up after our breakfast, and he attacked me. Some wear their bitterness on the inside, others like Sergeant Peppers display it for all to see. We were having cat food, all five of us that is the Noggins. Sergeant Peppers has been on this spree lately where he only buys us cat food. It is the cheapest form of meat he says that he can afford for us, and as is, we are no bigger than cats he says, so it should suit us well. Every soldier should eat meat he says. If we don’t like it Sergeant Peppers says, well then there will be no food for us at all. Thus, we eat it. I am not a picky eater. I have been here long enough to know to take what is given to me. When Sergeant Peppers says that’s all that you Noggins are getting, I have learned to take him at face value. Some of the other Noggins however haven’t been eating much lately, much to their physical detriment I might add. Cat food does have a fishy flavor, and its texture is less than appealing. Have you ever had Duck Pâté? Its consistency is like that. It squishes in your mouth, and slides around viscously, before gliding down your throat on its own accord. I remind myself that it is at least wet cat food. Dry cat food would be utterly dreadful. We don’t have glasses for water, so chewing up dry food would be awful. Sergeant Peppers has outfitted our aquarium with a hamster water feeder. We all share the same water feeder so when one of us gets sick, we all get sick. To drink, we mush suck on the long end of a metal tube siphoning out water as if we were some giant rodent. I am not personally, fond of this. One creature comfort of being human, after all is drinking out of a glass is it not? It is torturous to be forced to suck water from a tube, especially, when

the water in the feeder is never changed. We have been drinking from the same bottle for the last two weeks, and the water has started to smell musty, but what can one do, we are only Noggins? We can all eat at a table and pretend to have some sense of dignity.”

Alfred stopped reading for a second and stretched out his arms wide overhead and yawned lazily. He flipped the page carelessly, and continued to read. His face frozen in an expression of boredom.

“My name is Udo. You could say that I am the oldest of the Noggins. Not to say that I am the oldest in age, but I have been a Noggin for the longest period of time. I had a lovely childhood being born in the English countryside. Imagine if you will the heath of a Thomas Hardy novel. I was a child of small nature, in fact so small, that I could fit in the palm of my parents’ hands for many years of my youth. The doctors told my parents, that I had a hormone deficiency of the pituitary gland and being as lovely parents as they were, they never viewed this as a defect of my character. Instead, they treated me as if I were a normal child. For instance when we went fishing, my dad would let me bait the hook, being smaller that is, I could fight with the worm which would tangle all around me, as I tried to push him through the fish hook. Oh it was such lovely fun. Now of course, Pa would have to take any fish we caught off of the hook, them being the same size as me of course. Ma was a gorgeous woman with golden flowing curls always smelling of sunshine and summertime. Her eyes however were sadly failing from years of reading in low light, so whenever she needed help seeing, she would plop me on her shoulder and have me be her eyes for her. I would whisper the words of the book into her ear sometimes the two of us falling asleep together snuggled in a reading chair. We would walk to town for instance, all the while, me calling out which direction to turn, or the price of some produce for sale as we passed a stand of fruit for sale, or even the name of a business sign hanging above a building. My parents were grand folks. They understood my special abilities, that is of being of a small stature and used it to all of our advantages. They found work for me that was meaningful, and I in turn was glad to contribute my fair share towards the household earnings. I lived this way, with my parents from boy hood all the while into my earlier adult life at which point a terrible event occurred. My parents were driving to the market one day, having left me at home to continue decorating a surprise birthday cake for a neighbor. Having such a small stature and delicate hands, I was very adept at decorating elaborate cakes, it was my specialty. My parents, to my

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

dismay were struck on their way to the market, by another automobile and ever so sadly died before I had a chance to say good bye. I was quite grief stricken for some time missing my parents and having no idea what to do with my life. In my grief and half crazed mind I saw an ad which struck my adventurous side so heartily that I decided that I must follow through with it; having no family to speak of in England and hence no responsibilities or ties to the land. The ad read, "Theatre actors of small stature needed for Hollywood Productions. Be a famous movie star! Acting skills not required. You must be less than one foot tall. Pay is lucrative \$\$\$\$. Recruitment for the Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon is highly selective. Applications only accepted in person. For questions please call the number below." Fancying myself an actor, having never acted before, but the confidence of youth can often be unfounded, I boarded a boat by scampering up a rope when no one was looking and traversed the great Atlantic acting the part of a stow away on a great ocean liner. Upon arriving in California, I pulled out my ad, and located Sergeant Pepper's telephone number in the bottom of the advertisement. I called the line and heard the following.

"Sergeant Peppers speaking, how may I help you?" The voice was gruff, manly, deep but refined. The man did not slur his words and appeared to pay particular attention to his pronunciation.

I responded, "Good Morning, Sergeant Peppers, I am sorry to bother you at such an early hour. My name is Udo. I read your advertisement for the Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon, and well, I would very much like to interview for your acting crew. I fit what you are looking for pretty well, you see I am an energetic eleven inches tall Sergeant Peppers."

Sergeant Peppers, responded rapidly with great excitement, "My dear sir, you sound perfect. Are you able to travel on your own? Can you meet me at La Petit Rue Apt 204D in an hour?"

Sergeant Peppers continued to give me directions to what I would later find out to be his home, and even offered to pay cab fare for me seeing as I had no money of any kind on my person. My parents had been quit poor and had left me very little upon their unexpected death. I was anxious to leave you see as in England there were a number of very angry bill collectors who had the

pestering habit of knocking on my parents door at all times of the day and night, but well, that is another story. I thus, hailed a taxi cab, the driver of course being quite shocked by my size. After explaining that I was in fact looking for transit, and giving him the address, we eventually got moving. Thirty minutes later there I was, standing at the door of my future employer. The building was old, a brick tenement with a faux classical façade, composed of non-weight bearing columns and plaster window ornamentation. It was showing signs of disrepair, namely from streaks of minerals caused by acid rain, which marred the surface of the white washed bricks and columns. I located Apt 204D and rapped on the door with my foot, not being able to reach the doorbell. Immediately, the door swung wide open. A man tall in stature wearing what I assumed to be a military sergeants outfit and insignia greeted me at the door. His boots were well polished, his belt buckle well aligned with his pants zipper. He looked to be trim and neat, not an actor at all, but instead a man of stern discipline.

He looked down at me and said, “Why you must be Udo?” He patted me on the head, and said “I’ll be right back”. Off he bounded to pay the cabbie.

I noticed that he spoke to the Cabbie a bit; I couldn’t hear the words exchanged, but I did see him pass my fare to the man. Sergeant Peppers tapped on the roof of the car, and off the cabbie went. He came bounding back to me, with boyish excitement. There was none of the military professional in his walk that I would have expected from his outfit. I thought, what an intriguing man. When he reached me Sergeant Peppers without a word much to my utter disbelief and horror, picked me up by my shirt collar at the nap of my neck, lifting me off of the ground, and carried me inside the doorway. I struggled to break free, but was unable to lose myself from his grasp being of such a small stature. He carried me to what appeared to be a living room all the while continuing not to speak. The room, was well lit, appearing clean. It had white walls, a large full size double window on one wall, a brown leather couch, a seemingly large television on one entire wall, and rather strangely it had an entire wall devoted to displaying Sergeant Peppers gun and knife collection. Upon seeing this I began to worry. While, the weapons immediately caught my eye, I missed one other strange object in his living room, which perhaps I should have been even more frightened of. In the center of his living room, Sergeant Peppers had an ornately decorated, extremely large fish tank. Its walls and lid were solid glass. The base was dark mahogany colored wood, and it sat three feet off of the floor. It was located in such a spot within

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

the living room, that all contents of the tank could be seen clearly from any spot in the room. The tank itself was roughly eight feet long by eight feet wide and two feet tall. I wondered why it was empty, and why it was in the center of Sergeant Pepper's living room. Within it, there was a water feeder like one would find in a hamster cage, there was a treadmill, and there were a few smooth rocks dispersed amongst sand and pine straw. To my utter horror we appeared to be walking closer to this seemingly empty prison. Sergeant Peppers, still not saying a word, picked up the lid with one hand, and in the same motion with his other hand which contained me dropped me into the empty tank. I noticed that as he did this, a smile creased his face. Throughout this ordeal, I had not ceased crying for Sergeant Peppers to put me down. He had ignored these pleas until dropping me in the aquarium after having ensured that the lid was safely locked.

Sergeant Peppers said, "Welcome Cadet Udo, you have been selected for service in the Sergeant Peppers platoon. Revelry is at 0500. We will begin our first day of training tomorrow morning. You have been enlisted and should enjoy your last hours of freedom."

I was not in control; I was a prisoner. Sergeant Peppers produced a large black cloth. He proceeded, to drape this over the fish tank such that only a minimal amount of light crept in through gaps on the bottom. For a time, I continued to scream, but I soon realized the futility of even this. No one else must be living in the apartment I decided, or if they are, they are in cahoots with this maniac. Throughout the remainder of the day, as I knew that it was still day from the small amount of light creeping in, I heard the television blaring for some time, which sounded like Sergeant Peppers was listening to the military history channel. Presently, I heard what I assumed to be Sergeant Peppers yelling. I heard objects smashing against the wall or the ground, and I heard a bottle break. Sergeant Peppers seemed to be giving commands to someone, but I couldn't tell to whom. I hadn't heard the doorbell ring, so I surmised that he must be talking to himself. The noises, or better yet, the chaos outside of my blackness subsided and all was silent. I didn't sleep that night. How could I, after having been a free man all my life, and suddenly finding myself imprisoned, it was hard to find restful slumber. Match that with the fact that I had no bed to lie on other than straw, and I was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger having not eaten since the morning that I got in that ill fated cab.

I was roused abruptly the next morning, not having slept much, with the cacophonous

noise of a tooting trumpet. This tooting was not in rhythm with taps, but instead the arrhythmic unskilled bleating from a pseudo horn. Sergeant Peppers yanked the black lining of off my new home, as if he were clearing the table cloth from a dining room table. The trumpet swayed in his hands attached to his puffed out red cheeks. I noticed that he seemed to be enjoying himself. One of us was having fun at this ungodly hour. The clock in Sergeant Peppers living room read three thirty AM.

“Seargent Peppers” I said interrupting his musical interlude. I intended to discuss with him, like any sane reasonable British citizen would, my unlawful and unwarranted imprisonment. Perhaps, this was just a misunderstanding I thought.

Sergeant Peppers responded, “Maggot, you will not speak until spoken too.” Specks of spit came out of his mouth when he said this. I noticed that his eyes were bloodshot from what I assumed to be caused by drinking from the night before. His hair, black and meticulously cropped short, was more disheveled than it had been the previous day. His clothing was the same as the day before except, it had yet to be ironed showing wrinkles from having been slept in. The house was in disarray with fallen chairs and misplaced items strewn about the room.

The conversation, at least from my perspective degenerated from there. Sergeant peppers continued to berate me as If I were a new cadet. I realized that I was not interviewing for a theater company. I was instead an active participating albeit non-enlisted but drafted member in boot camp. I was a member of what would become known as the Sergeant Peppers platoon.

The first few days and night were the most difficult. My lot in life had changed so drastically the last few weeks that it was hard to cope with the additional stresses of having to interact with and be imprisoned by a man who I would later learn to be psychological unstable. I didn’t notice this character flaw at first as I was more focused on my personal freedom rather than any trait of Sergeant Peppers, but in time, I came to study him, after all, my freedom relied on manipulating him. I realized that he was not quite sane when he took me out on what he described as a grand military adventure. We were going to battle he said. We were going to take part in a mock drill session.

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

“Udo now keep quite he says” as he shoves me into the bottom of a golf bag. He then proceeds to pock and prod with his gulf clubs sticking them above my head, as I am stuck in the bottom of the bag avoiding each large metal pole as it comes lunging towards my head. I notice that Sergeant Peppers also sticks what appears to be a small air rifle in amongst the golf clubs. Now mind you, I can’t see it at this point being in the bottom of the bag, but I do know what the trigger of a gun feels like. Sergeant Peppers, picks up the bag, with me stuffed in the bottom, and proceeds to walk towards what I assumed to be a golf course. My suspicions were confirmed when he begin to talk quietly as he walked regarding the course of action for our battle.

Sergeant Peppers said, “Now Udo, I have been training you for the last two weeks. Mind you, I haven’t charged you a dime for room and board – yet. Now my comrade Udo, you need to earn your keep. This is your test to be part of the Sergeant Peppers Platoon. This is where you will earn your claw of courage. If you fail, well, I can always fill that fish tank up with piranhas. You don’t want roommates do you?”

I listened in horror as his muffled voice continued through the leather of the bag, “Do you remember the artillery training that we practiced in the living room. Of course you do, I tied you up and made you hold those target signs and then shot the targets all the while trying to ignore your crying and blathering about how you didn’t sign up for being shot at. Well it is now time to put to use what I have taught you, what your Sergeant has taught you. You my platoon leader, will be in charge of artillery fire today. Yes you heard me right, we have another cadet on her way to the house now, I expect her any day you will be the platoon leader that is if you succeed today.”

Sergeant Peppers dropped the golf club bag, and I along with the clubs landed unceremoniously on the grass. Sergeant Peppers pulled out the gun and the clubs, pulling me along with them. He did this as I was hanging onto the end of the nine iron with both hands. Seeing me appear dangling from one of his clubs, Sergeant Peppers continued divulging his plan.

“Udo, do you see those combatants on the hill yonder” said Sergeant Peppers.

I looked and saw three men, all wearing golf attire, overlooking a large golf green. The men wore plaid striped shirts, khaki shorts and appeared to be enjoying a lovely day in the sun. Beside them rested a golf cart, and what appeared to be a cooler on the back of it. I noticed one of the men the taller of them, walk to the cooler and grab a 12oz can of beer from its depths. He chewed on a cigar for a bit in his mouth debating whether to continue both indulgences, or to simply enjoy one. He eventually decided that he could smoke, drink beer and play golf simultaneously. He puffed on his cigar, opened the beer, took a sip, than put the beer down, grabbed his driver and after placing his ball in the ground drove the ball forward down the fairway.

Sergeant Peppers continued, noting that I had observed the golfers, “These combatants have been a real problem for this community Udo. They have been bombarding our buildings with rubber bombs. These white missiles do not explode, but they can maim and kill if you are hit by them. They have been slowing down our traffic with their vehicle crossing the road thus causing massive economic disaster. Their clothing is an affront to the honest citizens of America as no moral man would wear such a flashy outfit.”

I noticed that Sergeant Peppers was wearing a scarf today. The material was silk, and the scarf had a paisley pattern. The weather was not hot. As he spoke he got more and more excited, his face reddening.

Sergeant Peppers continued, “Udo you must steal their getaway vehicle. Therein lies the weapons, the drugs, and their escape route. You take the cart and I will cover your retreat with defensive fire.”

I replied, “But how can I do that Sergeant, I can’t even see over the steering wheel”

He replied, “A good recruit will find a way, to follow orders. And furthermore, don’t even think about not following orders and trying to escape. I’ll have this gun trained on you in the case where you try something funny.”

Sergeant Peppers pushed me on my way towards the golfers with a swift kick in the rump, his foot lifting me two feet in the air. Luckily, I landed feet first five feet away on a soft mound of

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

grass. I crept slowly towards the golfers. Not being much larger than a cat, I wasn't too worried about being seen by them. They appeared to be distracted with the game at hand. When I was within twenty five yards of them, I crouched low and crawled on my belly hiding my approach behind their golf cart. On my walk there I had formulated a plan. I could wedge a golf club on the carts accelerator, and steer the machine by standing in the seat. Fortunately, the cart faced downhill, so I would get a quick start with an assist from gravity. My main concern was getting the golf cart moving, as quickly as possible once the engine started. Sergeant Peppers hadn't explained exactly how he was going to help me with his covering artillery fire; however I assumed that perhaps, he would distract the golfers with a few shots of his pellet gun aimed at their soft rumps. If he stayed well hidden behind a tree, chances were they wouldn't be able to see where the bullets were originating. Oh, how I wish my assumptions had been true. I had crept within five feet of the golf cart when I heard a loud buzzing zip past my head. The brute was either way off target or was shooting at me! My fears were confirmed when upon climbing into the cart, I heard a loud ping as a BB lodged itself into the plastic bumper of the cart. The golfers either didn't hear this or thought nothing of it. Only one turned upon the sound, but after seeing nothing of interest returned to his game on the green. I stayed well concealed behind the wheel of the vehicle remaining unseen. Not knowing precisely where Sergeant Peppers was shooting from, I was wary to come out from my sheltered hiding spot. I decided though, that if I didn't want Piranha's as house guest, and knowing that Sergeant Peppers would delight in that exercise that I had really no choice. So, I rushed as quickly as I could, lodging a gulf club on the accelerator, starting the carts battery with a key turn and jumping vertically to see over the wheel. Upon hearing the cart start, the three golfers turned and ran towards me and the cart attempting to stop it from rolling down the hill. I assume they couldn't see me from their vantage point with my head barely clearing the steering wheel column. All the while, bb's continued to wiz mere inches from my person. Thankfully, Sergeant Peppers aim, was a bit off target, or his angle wasn't the best. Most of the bb's bounced harmlessly from the back of the cart. Before the golfers could reach me, I had their cart, along with their cooler and clubs, heading down the green. Upon doing this, I realized that this was my chance. I was free; I could ride the cart to safety. Unfortunately to my surprise and consternation, I saw Sergeant Peppers coming astride me in a gulf cart of his own. He pulled beside me, the bb gun in his lap, motioning me to pull over with the tip of his gun. I slowed to a stop. Sergeant Peppers left his golf cart and took over the driver's seat of mine push-

ing me aside with his rump in the process. He had a large smile on his face.

“You did good Udo”, he said. “You aren’t bleeding anywhere are you? Boy I hope that none of that covering fire hit you out on the field today, I was trying my best.”

I didn’t respond negatively to this statement verbally fearing a physical reprimand, however I did glare back with the beady blacks of my eyes responding in time, “No sir, I was unharmed by the enemy.”

Sergeant Peppers then, picked me up by the nape of my neck shoved me back into his empty golf bag and drove the cart back to his house. When we arrived back at the house, he hid the golf cart that he had stolen from the park in his apartment garage, and carried me back to my prison. He then carried his true prize into the living room for the counting of treasures. He unloaded what appeared to be two dozen cold lager style beers in the middle of his living room. In glee he cracked the caps of three open, immediately pouring the light golden liquid down his throat. The remainder aside from the fourth which was opened and set aside for enjoyment he stored on the shelves of his fridge for consumption later that night. I knew that I wouldn’t get much sleeping in that night.

Sergeant Peppers approached my cage and said, “Udo, you have earned your insignia today, upon which he took out a large red pen, picked me up, and rather absurdly and violently wrote, “PL” in big red letters across my one and only shirt.

He said, “You have earned your insignia now Udo. You are a Platoon Leader. As a reward, I have decided to give you, and your room mates who should be trickling in any day now, some room upgrades.”

With that exclamation, a feeling of dread swept over me. What roommates did he have in mind? What evil concoction was this megalomaniac dreaming up now? Fortunately to my great relief, I saw him grab a pillow from his bed, one of the older ones well worn, and smelling of palm aid. He lifted the lid off my cage and dropped it into one corner of the aquarium.

# The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

Sergeant Peppers said, “You will sleep well tonight won’t you my Noggin?”

He had that maniacal smile on his face again, which made my spine quiver. I just knew that he had some diabolical intention in mind. He produced a usps box from behind his back. He picked it up and rattled it around, its contents I assure you shaking violently inside. I could hear them knocking against the side of the box. I wondered when he had brought this in from outside. I assume that it was left outside of his house by the postman when we were out on our golfing trip.

Sergeant Peppers asked, “Now Udo, what do you suppose I have in here?” Asking rhetorically for I already knew. I had heard screams coming from the box when he shook it. They sounded to me as if they were from a woman. My heart sank upon hearing those cords.

Sergeant Peppers picked up a knife from his side table, slitting the box casually open as if nothing inside could be hurt by the callous blade of a knife. He reached inside, grasping the dark interiors of the box, producing when his hand came up from its depth a limp half dead woman, a circular tube of cardboard and the half eaten remains of two very large pickles. The woman was perhaps 10 inches tall, a bit shorter than me. She had short cropped brown hair, elongated features, and smooth white skin. I noticed that the postage read “Australia” from her carrying box, so I assumed that was her location of origin. She was in no shape to speak, barely breathing. I would imagine that the heat and miserable travel arrangements had not helped her condition. Her face was pale and waxen. Her lips had no paler.

Sergeant Peppers laid her gently on the pillow in my cage and said, “Now be nice to your new roommate, her name is Anna, and she’ll be part of our Platoon. Eventually, once I have enough of you we will begin working towards the theater production which I promised in my advertisement. But, for now, we must work on discipline. When Anna, wakes make sure to tell her that we will have to begin her boot camp training in the morning. I am closing you guys out in black again tonight, so if you want to get frisky with her, well, oh don’t give me that look Udo, than be my guest, but save some of her for me, I may want to marry this one.” He grinned a disgusting lecherous smile and than lowered the black cloth over the aquarium. The time could not have

been past perhaps two or three o'clock in the afternoon, so I was not tired. I sat for awhile in disbelief, and then rushed to the poor girl who had been dropped on the pillow. Her name was Anna I reminded myself. I tried to arouse her, but to no avail. She had a terrible fever, and appeared to be on the verge of death. I heard Sergeant Peppers open another beer, the carbon dioxide escaping out the cap. More beers popped. Eventually, the house well that is, the house outside of my aquarium, lit up like a Christmas tree. Sergeant Peppers was having a one man party I surmised. Disco music blared through the night, and strobe lights beams could be seen pulsing through the cracks in my black canvas. All the while Anna slept.

These are my earliest memories of Sergeant Peppers and my first few weeks in his house. I have been trapped here now, in this hell for over a year, reliving the same exhausting, manipulative experiences day after shoddy day. There are more harrowing tales of depravity, but my first weeks here, and meeting Anna have shaped my thoughts the most. The way in which she was brought here, barely alive, convinced me, that something must be done. We have found a way, possibly, god help us if it doesn't work.

Alfred sat up from reading the journal. His face was waxen. He was a bit thirsty, but unwilling to move. He wondered what time it was. He wondered how he would spend his day. He readjusted his pants, he wasn't wearing any underwear and the pants chafed his skin where they bunched up making contact with the wood of the seat. He continued reading, having no other way to fill his time.

My name is Anna, 2nd platoon leader of Sergeant Peppers Noggins. I am a 24 year old female from Sydney. I was born with the rather amazing genetic trait of being very small. I am healthy in every way, well biologically speaking of course, but my body is only at most ten inches in height. The doctors said that I had an unfortunate genetic mutation. Hogwash, being small is a blessing. You can feel gravity pulling down on your big bulk of humanity now can't you. Well guess what, I cannot. Being small, is so much better for ones joints, and well my family has always had bad joints, but mine, my joints that is, they rotate like they are filled with honey. I am as healthy as a butterfly. Well, I was as healthy as a butterfly until I had the misfortune to meet Sergeant Peppers. I read an ad in the Sydney Observer paper, asking for dwarf recruits for a theater company in Hollywood. The recruiting office, was local, so I called and received

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

an appointment. I thought it a bit strange that the office was located in the warehouse district, but chalked my concern up to pre interview jitters. Well, boy was I wrong and man oh man was my intuition right. As soon as I opened the door to the office, a large man, with olive complexion and curly hair grabbed me, giggling and muttering something in delight. Hoisted me up, dropped me in a cardboard box after stuffing me in a large cardboard roll with pickles on the end for nourishment and water like some bird in a traveling toilet roll. The brute than shook the box frantically laughing all the while asking if I was ok and comfortable in there. I let out a loud scream, I cried for hours, but to no avail. The man than took me to what I assume to be a mailing depot, paid the fair, and shipped me off to Sergeant Peppers. I spent an awful three days, without food or water to speak of other than pickle juice. Thank goodness the man shipped me priority post express or I would have died from dehydration. I arrived half dead, in an unfamiliar home, located on a stinky pillow with a man I didn't know cooing over me asking me if I was ok. This man, Udo, I would later find to be my best friend. He gave me the back-story of Sergeant Peppers.

Udo said, “Anna, I have some bad news for you. We are prisoners of a mad hatter. I'm not sure how you got here, but we have to get out. This man Sergeant Peppers, he is insane. He will kill us. We must escape.”

Udo told me his tale of how he had come to be imprisoned, and reassured me that we would be ok. We spent the night praying together and cuddling in reassuring warmth. Udo and I wept silently in our embrace. I think that he was happy to have a friend with him. Udo had been trapped by Sergeant Peppers by himself for some time before I arrived. The next morning, we were awakened by Sergeant Pepper's tooting a disharmonious horn. The time however was no 0600 revelry. Judging by the light streaming in through the window, it was easily past noon.

Sergeant Peppers said, “It is spring cleaning time, Noggins, and a military base must always be clean. We have some work to do to clean up from last night.”

Sergeant Peppers handed me a tiny scuba suit taken off of what I assume to be an action figure and a well used toothbrush. “Noggin Anna he said, you are in charge of the latrine toilet. Pla-

toon Leader Udo, you are in charge of the floors, the bathtub, and the walls.”

He picked us both up, by the back of our shirt collars, as if we were kittens and carried us to his apartment bathroom. What I saw astounded me. This bathroom was destroyed. There was mildew growing in the shower, the floors were covered in beer cans and shards of broken glass and other debris, and the toilet to my horror was filled with an iceberg of human feces. I wondered in horror at the utter futility of my “scuba suit” and the sheer inhumanity of having to dive into that mess. My stomach revolted and I vomited. Unfortunately, I had no choice.

The brute, Sergeant Peppers, picked me up stating, “welcome to basic training” and dropped me in the toilet before I had time to fully get the plastic face mask on. He stayed for awhile to make sure that I was actually cleaning his filth with the toothbrush that he had provided and long enough to ensure that Udo was actually scrubbing the mildew from his shower. Upon seeing that we were working, we really had no choice, he filled a dish with Clorox commenting on how much he liked the smell, placed the dish on the floor, and then shut the bathroom door removing any hope or possibility of escape. The smell of Clorox drifted through the room, and intermingled with the smell of filth. My first day as a noggin, I passed out from nausea twice.

In time, I came to learn from Udo and from what I could glean from Sergeant Peppers that Sergeant Peppers had been a private in the military. He had never served overseas, although he had enlisted voluntarily to serve in Vietnam. He had been discharged dishonorably I found out during one of his late night escapades. He re-enacted in thorough life like detail for Udo and I how he had stolen a tank from the military base and driven it through the nearby town pretending that he was shooting at what he termed a rampant infestation of “lepers.” He did not put the black cloth over our aquarium that night, so we watched in awe as he drunkenly rocked and rolled across the house in remembrance of his golden days as an officer. I learned that Sergeant Peppers received government cheese, his monthly allotment of disability money, and that it was that very money that he had used to procure me from a Bangkok slave trader. I also learned that Sergeant Peppers was an addict and an alcoholic in need of help.

I am afraid for my life. One day when Udo and I were the only Noggins, before Keith became imprisoned with us, Sergeant Peppers decided that he wanted to take us all out fishing as a reward for our “good behavior”. In truth, we were only behaving well so as to not be further

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

tortured. I let my hopes rise at the thought of fishing, mainly as I hoped it would provide an opportunity for escape, but also, because I had yet to leave his house and had been trapped within its dark confines for over two months. Udo had at least been able to breathe fresh air on his golf outing.

Sergeant Peppers said, “Udo, Anna, wake up” as he shook our cage deliberately forcing us both to fall from our pillow into the loose straw of our aquarium.

Sergeant Peppers said, “We are going hunting this morning to catch some fish. Real warriors should be able to live off of the land.”

As was his custom, he grabbed both Udo and I by our shirt collars, and shoved us both into his large tackle box. I was stuck between a sharp barbed fishhook and a 6 inch long fake fish. Poor Udo, was crammed between two shelves and a series of deceptively sharp hooks which with every bump in the road poked into his skin. Presently, after perhaps a thirty minute drive, we arrived at an ocean pier. I really had no way to determine time so I’m only guessing based on my own intuition. Sergeant Pepper’s house was located within walking distance of Huntington Beach, Ca, and he had simply ridden his golf cart to the pier at a time of day when traffic on the roads was minimal. It was still dark out, perhaps three AM, perhaps a bit later. Sergeant Peppers proceeded to wrap both Udo and I up in wound coils of string. This was a shock to both of us. I personally, had thought that we were being rewarded. Udo told me later that he suspected treachery from the start. Unfortunately, for both of us, there was no one else on the pier to observe this monstrosity of callous human nature. He encircled each of our bodies with twine trapping us so that only one of our hands were free and stringing us each up onto a separate fishing pole. The brute had brought two poles to double his pleasure and hence our torture.

Sergeant Peppers said, “It’s early in the morning, the water is cool, now is when the fish are biting. Do me proud Noggins, let us bring home some shark for dinner.”

I gulped as I looked over at Udo whose complexion had begun to pale. Sergeant Peppers gave us each a “spear” for our one free hand consisting of a metal toothpick for defense and a

water bottle in case he told us “we happened to need air.” He attached a weight to each of our feet by strapping a one pound dumbbell to each of us and dropped us over the railing as if we were nothing more than bait fish. I hit the water and panicked instantly. How could I breathe I thought. I flailed with my one arm reeling in the air, screaming for help. This was to no avail. I could see Sergeant Peppers laughing in a drunken stopper over head from the heights of the pier. I fortunately remembered the water bottle air canister that had been tied to me via twin and grasped onto this with all of my strength. The weight attached to my feet was pulling me down along with the bottle. Udo was to my right. I could see him vaguely on the rise of each wave crest. I noticed cleverly that he had affixed the tube in his bottle jutting from its cap into his mouth as if it were an oxygen tank. Following his example, I fortunately did the same. I could breathe again, albeit slowly. The weight pulled me under perhaps four feet under the water surface. I was able to breathe through the bottle floating on the surface, sucking air through the tube with my mouth and evacuating spent air in my lungs through my nose. The water was quite cold, perhaps too cold for any fish to bite, thus our lives were spared. Neither Udo nor I were attacked by any sharks, or dolphins or large fish while we dangled on the end of Sergeant Peppers lines. Sure, a few blue spots nibbled at my legs, but a sharp jab to the eye with my toothpick kept them at bay. I dare say that my toothpick would have been less useful against a larger foe. What I was scared of was the larger fish, and thank god, none of those came near me. After some time, seemingly endless time as time near death seems endless, Sergeant Peppers pulled our half drowned bodies out of the ocean. He seemed rather dejected to have not caught anything and told us so.

“I paid good money for you Anna”, he scolded as I still dangled from his line midway between the ocean and the salvation of the dry pier.

Sergeant Peppers continued, “I expect to get that money back. I was hoping for shark steak or tuna breakfast. Well I guess you will just have to earn your keep some other way. And furthermore, Udo, I expected more from you as well a Platoon Leader of all people. You should have sacrificed yourself so that Anna and I could have eaten well tonight.”

It was after the fishing escapade that I made up my mind that something had to be done. Even if it meant that I killed Sergeant Peppers. It was either him or me, and I didn’t want it to be me. A

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

twenty four your old is too young to die I thought. It wasn't long before Udo and I began scheming ways that we could work towards escaping. We would cuddle at nights on our worn pillow, comforting each other as best we could with thoughts of revenge.

Udo would hold me and stroke my hair as I wept. "We'll get that witch Anna, some day, we'll get him, and we will make him do everything that he has made us do."

Udo would say. "Do you remember when he put us in a cage with that giant monstrous bird, and gave us a nothing for self defense. He sat back with a bucket of popcorn and a beer, watching us race around the cage for our lives, all the while the bird pecking at us until Sergeant Peppers called time out. Do you remember when he put a snake in our cage and told us that he was our new roommate for the next week until his friend came back to town to pick the beast up? If we hadn't tied a belt around that reptiles mouth neither of us would have survived through the week. Anna, we will get Sergeant Peppers back, I promise." Udo said with all sincerity.

In my misery, I was unable to even focus on an escape plan. Fortunately though, there were other Noggins to come, who would take that burden off of my shoulders. It was not long before Udo and I were augmented with the addition of another prisoner of war. Keith showed up one day, wrapped in a bow so to speak, and he had an idea for how to escape within the first week of being trapped. Keith you see is not a man for confined spaces. He is really a genius, and if you put a genius in a confined space, and give him all the time and incentive to escape, he will find a way to escape.

Alfred noticing that the writing style of the journal was changing yet again paused for a moment. He shook out his legs. They were really quite stiff. He had been sitting for some time. He wondered what time it was. There was really no way to tell. The curtains in his house were all drawn shut as normal, and every light was on. He wanted a beer desperately. He was very thirsty, but the water he had in his small apartment wasn't quite to his liking, and getting a beer, with the circumstances that he was in now, would be rather difficult if not impossible. He chewed his lip a bit, considered taking a nap, to pass the time, and decided against it. Alfred thus, kept on reading.

I am a religious man by birth, but I'm a scientist by nature. You could say that the religious nature of my past is what got me into this situation. My friends call me Doctor K or just plain Doc, but if you are looking for my formal name, well than you can call me Keith Woodrow Baker. I was born into a large Mormon family located in a small town, about thirty miles outside of Salt Lake City. I won't bother telling you the name, you wouldn't know it. The town's not even on a map. Our whole community the church that is, just up and bought some land one day and we all moved with them. We didn't tell the authorities or nothing, other than well the normal transfer of property of ownership for the land. Well, what I mean to say is that no one in the world knows that on that piece of property there are one hundred and seven families living, and each family is very large often times consisting of twenty or thirty members. I had twenty seven brothers and sisters that is the last time that I counted; new ones are always being born. My family the Bak-ers, had five moms I really never did know which one was mine, but I did have my suspicions. Now my dad, was a mean old coot so I won't dignify him, by giving you all his name, but what I will tell you is that he and his religion is the reason I'm in this mess. He saw an ad in a local paper for a theater company in California. Now this ad specified that the actors must be extremely small. It just so happens, that due to a matter of my genetics that I happen to be extremely short in stature. I'm so short, why that if you weren't watching when you walked down the street, you might just happen to kick me aside with the toe of your shoe, or worse yet, squish me. Oh, don't worry; I know you are a kinder soul. It is for that very reason that I never walk on the sidewalks unescorted. Like I was saying, my dad viewed my height, all thirteen inches of it from toe to hair as a disgrace to the great name of Baker. He said and I quote, "No man of god, no man from the house of Baker has ever been shorter than four feet nine inches, thus you aren't from the house of Baker and you aren't a man of god." There is no sense in trying to explain to my dad the fallacies in his logic, believe me I tried.

Thus, behind my back and without my knowledge, my dad contacted a man whom I would later learn to be my captor and tormenter, Sergeant Peppers, with the hopes of riding himself of my company. My dad didn't care if I was an actor, or a school bus driver, or a politician. What he did care about was getting me out of the house as quickly as he could so as not to be an embarrassment to other families in the church. So he packed up my science equipment, my tubes and my beakers, my scales and my particle separators and my thingamagigs. Mind you, my equipments is all built to scale custom for me; quite tiny and very precise. He made me put on

# The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

my best outfit, a green and white bow tie, a black suit, and polished black shoes. I always look dapper in the bow tie, trust me the ladies love it. He bought me a bus ticket, mounted my trunk of equipment and clothes on wheels so that I could drag it behind me and gave me an address.

Dad said, “Now son, this man will help you be a scientist of sorts. He is putting on a production, and needs a scientist to help with some of the techno jargon. Now remember son, change your name, you are no longer a Baker, but a Bakersfield. Good luck.”

He shed no tear, as a sadly walked away from my home. Knowing not where to go or where to turn, and still trusting my dad, I decided to call upon the address he had provided. It read, Sergeant Peppers, La Petite Rue 204D, Hollywood California. Before long, I was at the theater masters door, bow tie and all, I put on my happiest of smiles and rapped on the door with the toe of my shoes disregarding the fact that it scuffed up the tip of my boots.

A man in the persona of a great Sergeant opened the door, his hair neatly trimmed his buckle aligned with his tucked in military green camouflage outfit. I wondered what world I had stepped into. Sergeant Peppers strangely enough did not greet me, but stuck his large proboscis out the door eyeing left and then right making sure that no one was looking. He waved to me graciously saying “come in come in my dear friend make yourself at home.” As I walked through the door, he grabbed my trunk and rolled it through the opening as well, shutting the door behind him once we were both inside. To my horror upon entering I saw displayed in the center of the room, a large fish tank, perhaps eight feet by eight feet wide, with two little people like myself inside. They were both screaming and waving frantically. Before I had time to dart out the door, Sergeant Peppers had me in his talon like grasp.

He picked me up using the nap of my neck and said, “My dear boy, where do you think that you are going Keith. We have big plans together. He grinned and looked at me and then my equipment.”

I rather quickly overcame my shock. Granted, I was scared shitless, but Anna and Udo filled me in on the details, the routine, the mood swings, the deadly escapades. I was just another one of the Sergeant Peppers Platoon Noggins. Another toy in his collection, well at least dur-

ing the day, but when the lights were off and the black curtain pulled over our home, well that's an entirely different story. I knew that I wanted out as soon as I was caught. Let me remind you I'm a scientist, I'm not an actor, and I'm certainly not a man to be held captive. I wasn't going to stand for this mistreatment. You want to know about the mistreatment I'm sure. Well I didn't mind too much the occasional name calling, such as four eyes, or bulbous head, or even brainiac, but what I hated was the diminutive passive aggressive plainly just sick charades that Sergeant Peppers would have me participate in.

There was the Mormon wedding where, he had Anna, Udo and I all dress up in black duct tape pretending to be in tuxedos. He certainly wasn't going to sew clothes for us. He had us draw on ties, and cufflinks and even the white collars of our shirts with a white out marker. Duct tape is hot stuff to wear. He had us all line up and take marriage vows with him as the man. Did I mention that Udo and I had to wear wigs? He then, had the audacity an hour later to say that he wanted to annul the wedding. The Mormon church he said wouldn't allow its members to smoke pot and get this, he didn't just want to smoke pot he wanted to marry it. So he had us all dress up again, after we had spent the last hour pulling duct tape off of our skin, all of us red and raw to make us dress back up in the black duct tape, for a new wedding ceremony this time with us as the bridesmaids and groomsmen. He had an entire mason jar full of marijuana, the sticky icky, the good greens lined up in front of a stereo blaring some phish music. This wedding ceremony of sorts was interrupted periodically, so that he could take large puffs of his massive joint, at which point, after inhaling he would blow the smoke towards our faces, making it almost impossible for Udo, Anna or myself to breathe. I threw up three times during that ceremony. The entire time, Sergeant Peppers seemed to be having the grandest time, rolling about on the ground and laughing uncontrollably. If he had not taken the precaution to chain our legs together and to the table we all could have escaped. What really got my fire going was when Sergeant Peppers decided to have Bible Study with us. I'm a scientist, but I still believe in god, but when that psychotic bipolar binge drinking human being pulled out the good book after having spent the entire night smoking pot and drinking two dollar chuck my blood boiled. I noticed that Sergeant Peppers was using my bible, the one that had been missing from my luggage upon arriving; I had wondered where that was. He had constructed the facsimile of a pulpit using cardboard and duct tape. The words Pastor Peppers was painted haphazardly on the front of the construction and concluded with the addition of two exclamation points. He for some reason, found it necessary to bring along an AK-47 assault rifle for his presentation. I can't say that it was loaded or that it

# The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

was even a real gun, but what I can say is that periodically throughout his sermon that he would glance over at it ominously and then stare directly at us with the black beads of his eyes.

After setting up the pulpit, Sergeant Peppers turned to some seemingly random page in my copy of the bible. I looked closer as he was reading and saw that Sergeant Peppers had inserted a piece of handwritten paper in the sleeve of the page that he had opened.

Sergeant Peppers said, “This; what I am about to read is from the word of Hesus Noggins, I say Hesus and not Jesus pronounced with an H instead of a J, as the Hesus that I know was not white. There weren’t white people living down in that part of the world than Noggins. You know what that means, it means that he was Mexican, and from what I know people from Mexico say Hesus. King James, must not have traveled outside of England.”

He than shouted at me, “Keith, get that smile off of your face, or you’ll have nothing but dry cat food for dinner, all of you.”

I complied by staring forward with a sheepish attentive look on my face. I was terrified of what would come next.

Sergeant Peppers read from the sleeve of paper inside his bible, “This is the holy word of Hesus, Noggins, pay head or be damned to hell. God will look at you as we would a filthy spider hanging over a fire pit.”

Sergeant Peppers read, “Exodus 21:20-21 If a man beats his male or female slave with a rod and the slave dies as a direct result, he must be punished, but he is not to be punished if the slave gets up after a day or two, since the slave is his property.”

Sergeant Peppers, made a loud whacking sound when he finished reading this statement as his hand came down loudly on the outside of our aquarium. He continued to read.

“Anna, this verse is especially for you,” he said.

‘When a man sells his daughter as a slave, she will not be freed at the end of six years as the men are. If she does not please the man who bought her, he may allow her to be bought back again. But he is not allowed to sell her to foreigners, since he is the one who broke the contract with her. And if the slave girl’s owner arranges for her to marry his son, he may no longer treat her as a slave girl, but he must treat her as his daughter. If he himself marries her and then takes another wife, he may not reduce her food or clothing or fail to sleep with her as his wife. If he fails in any of these three ways, she may leave as a free woman without making any payment.’ (Exodus 21:7-11 NLT)

Sergeant Peppers grinned with a complacent look on his face and turned to me and said, “Now Keith, I know that you came from a Mormon family, but in this house, under my roof you will live by my rules. We are all good Pentecostal Christians here aren’t we Udo?”

Udo gulped.

Sergeant Peppers continued, “Oh come now, you remember that snake don’t you Udo, that was part of our religious ceremony. We are good Pentecostals here.”

Seeming satisfied without a response from Udo, Sergeant Peppers left us, leaving us to our own devices.

What kind of scientists am I you wonder? I’m a geneticist of sorts. Sergeant Peppers had granted me access to my scientific equipment under the guise that I was to produce for him narcotics, opium, amphetamines or any other drugs that I could. I had promised him, that within one month that I would have a wonderful concoction of the most viscous drugs imaginable to man and animal kind prepared for him. He had specifically asked that animal be included in the clause that I had signed. Oh boy was Sergeant Peppers excited when I told him that I could produce such a drug, but I made it clear that it would take one month and that I may need some help in procuring a few chemicals that I couldn’t make myself. I would make him a drug I promised that would send him literally flying through the sky.

After telling him this Sergeant Peppers, exclaimed, “you better because if you don’t I’ll dress Anna and Udo up like school children and rent them out to catholic priests as trouser prostitutes. I’ll make them practice choir duets proclaiming the dexterity of their nimble hands and

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

wee voices. Their bit size stature will make them the perfect companion for any lonely priest who must endure hours of worship on end. They would fit right into the front or back pocket of any robe. I have a few priests in mind right now. You don't want that to happen to Anna and Udo do you Keith? I hope not for their sake. Oh, and don't get any funny ideas about slipping me poison as I'm going to make you and the rest of the Noggins test rats for your magic pill first."

I fattered at first with this monstrous task asked of me. After all, how was I going to procure sassafras, and petroleum ether and marijuana, well strike that the marijuana wouldn't be too hard, Sergeant Pepper practically ate the stuff for breakfast, but well the point being, I knew that I was going to need some serious chemicals to keep Anna and Udo out of the trouser ho business. Then the spark hit, like baseball bat to the forehead. I had an idea. The thought had been creeping in slowly from my lower brain stem working in the background, until suddenly all the ideas fermented to completion and connected; neurons fired and I knew what needed to be done, no what must be done. We were going to escape, and I knew how.

Alfred looked up from his reading. He said aloud, "Those Noggins, the clever devils are trying to make a Sherman Tombstone of Sergeant Peppers. They want to leave nothing but the burned out shell of a chimney standing in their wake. He stroked his face in discontented contemplation feeling the effects of a day's worth of growth. He wanted a razor but didn't have one. For the first time in his life Alfred wanted to caress a rosary. He hadn't held a rosary since his twelve birthdays, but he craved one now. Having nothing to comfort his hands, and nothing else of interest to occupy his mind, Alfred kept on reading.

The hypothalamus is responsible for fleeing, fighting, feeding and fucking. I'll let you guess which three action my hypothalamus pursued the day I met Sergeant Peppers. I was born in the Ukraine to a small farming family. My mom and dad had a modest plot of land which they used to grow grapes for export wine. It was rather cheap wine, as the land was terribly ridden with pockets of clay. I helped out on the plot where I could, however being that it was only one acre there really wasn't much work to be done. By age nineteen, I left home and after two years of wondering the streets unable to find a job, not having an education to speak of, I decided to pursue another course in life. I was to be an international bride, a woman for hire, a woman of

trade, a woman available for the highest bidder on the internet. Now, for most women this happenstance of life presents complexities of its own such as leaving a family or child behind, none of which affected me. The complexity if you could call it that would be my stature. I like to think of myself as a vertically enhanced woman. When wearing heels my total height reaches a cumulative total of 9 and ½ inches. I need a man who isn't scared of my stature. I need a man, who can appreciate the fact, that I eat less, I take up less space and that my clothing costs less. I thought that I had found that man. I set up an account online through RussianSingles.com and within twenty four hours had hundreds of responses. Most of these men who contacted me were frankly perverts. They wanted to know well, I hate to say it, but they wanted to know if my down there, was up to snuff. They wanted to know if I could handle them. Well let me assure you that I can, I won't tell you how I know other than to say that while I was on the street I was living in the French quarter of Stalingrad.

I received an offer from a seemingly nice Sergeant in the American army living in Hollywood California. He offered at least through his phone calls and emails a seemingly lovely home in the hills of California. He said that he had orange trees and lemon trees dripping with fruit. He said that he had a large house, with no kids, but he wanted kids, and that he had a steady job with a good income. He never once asked about, my down there, but he was especially interested in my stature. He wanted to make absolutely certain that I was all nine and ½ inches that I had promised in my advertisement. He said that he wanted to get everything ready for my arrival by shortening the front steps on the house and building steps for me to get into the bed. He even told me that he was going to construct a special seat for me so that I could sit with him at the table and eat breakfast while we read the newspaper together. The idea of living with Sergeant Peppers sounded so lovely that I couldn't pass up the opportunity. He bought me a plane ticket to the LA airport and promised to meet me there upon arrival. The plane flight was uneventful other than the fact that a man not seeing me, tried to squish me by placing his large rear end in my seat with me underneath. I let out a squeal which sent him reeling in the other direction. I gather that he was from Texas, as he didn't even so much as apologize instead, choosing to antagonize me regarding my size speaking with a slow southern drawl, and mentioning how where he's from "they don't grow em that small". I let him have a piece of my mind. I can have a fiery temper when I want to. I am a lady so I won't repeat the words that I said however after I spoke up, the man didn't say a word the entire rest of the flight, his red puffy face staring silently out the circular window.

# The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

As soon as we landed, I excitedly skipped out the gateway looking for Sergeant Peppers my lover from afar. I saw a man, well dressed in military garb, insignia on his shoulder with a white sign which read, “Nancy I love you”. I ran towards this man in adoration, but before I could even wrap one arm around his legs, I was picked up much to my dismay by the nape of my neck and stuffed like a piece of clothing into my own luggage. The brute had picked up my luggage already from the luggage carousel and was using it to transport me and my belongings. This action, rightly so I might add, is when I began having doubts about Sergeant Peppers. It was a bumpy ride to his house. I nearly suffocated, locked in my suitcase, sandwiched between all my worldly belongings. The rear of a car, the trunk that is, is not nearly as comfortable as being transported in the seat of a car, let me assure you. When we arrived at Sergeant Peppers house, my dread and disappointment fermented into real horror and fear when I saw my fate. After the beast pulled me out by my hair from the suitcase, I was able to survey my surroundings. In the center of his living room, there was a large aquarium with three people of my own height seemingly trapped inside its walls. I couldn’t hear their voices fully being muffled by the walls of the cage, but I could tell from their eyes and gestures, that they were all kind. I noticed also that half of their living quarters seemed to be devoted to some form of science experiment as it was filled with beakers and tubes and all kinds of strange devices that I had never seen.

Sergeant Peppers set me down in front of the cage without saying a word to me directly but instead directing his attention to the occupants of the cage.

He announced loudly, “Udo, Anna, and Keith my Noggins, I would like you to meet Nancy.”

He paused for a second before continuing. “I have brought her here all the way from Russia at my own expense I might add so that we can discuss something that has been weighing heavily on my heart lately. What I want to talk about with you all is Sexual Harassment.”

My heart sank at these words, what had I gotten myself into I thought.

Sergeant Peppers looked at me and said, “Nancy, this is for everyone’s good. Will you please take off your clothes. This demonstration will work better if we don’t have those in the way.” I was in a helpless situation obviously overpowered by this lunatic of a man. I didn’t protest as

he held in his hand a large cane which he continually thudded against the side of the aquarium. When he said those words, he dangled the cane directly over my head. Not knowing what else to do, I stripped down into my underwear

While I was removing my dignity Sergeant Peppers continued to speak, “Udo and Anna” directing his gaze towards them “I have noticed how close you two have become and I don’t like it. Keith must be feeling left out don’t you think. You should all be like husbands and wives to one another. I have brought Nancy here to help even out the female to male distribution, but I want to go over some ground rules first of how you should and should not treat a lady.”

Sergeant Peppers looked with malice towards Keith and Udo with the word “lady”.

He then said to my utter astonishment, “Noggins, Sexual Harassment is when you do something to a lady that she wants done, but that she won’t admit that she wants done. And let me stress ladies that men can’t be sexually harassed. For instance, if you want to compliment a lady and show your affections for her, you can say such things as come here sweet cheeks or my you have some pretty tits or even better I love every bone in your body, especially mine. These comments will work on some of the ladies, but a few need a bit more forceful flirting right Nancy.”

Sergeant Peppers than proceeded to poke and prod me, by thumping my rear end and commenting on the jiggling affect, by fondling between his thumb and forefinger my breasts and by trying to touch my down theres. Let me assure you that as soon as he moved his finger to my down theres I brushed his hand away by slapping him as hard as I could with my fist. Sergeant Peppers let out a squeal of pleasure like he was enjoying himself.

He continued speaking, “You see Noggins, what you have to do with the female creature is caress them in such a way by slapping their butts, or tickling their tits, or snapping their bra or some other such contrivance, so that they know that you are interested in them. Now, don’t worry if they yell or squeal that just means that they like it and want more.”

As if the lesson was complete, Sergeant Peppers wrapped up the conversation by saying, “I’ve appointed Nancy as the Sexual Harassment officer, thus I require all of you to practice your

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

Sexual Harassment skills with her. We won't have any single Noggins in this household. I want some baby noggins. The more that she squeals, the harder you all must persist Noggins in enticing her to bed with you. I expect you all to be Sexual Harassment experts by the end of the week. If you don't pass the test that I have planned, there will be repercussions. I do so enjoy live bait fishing."

Sergeant Peppers picked me up, half naked by the nape of my neck. He dropped me into the cage with Anna, Udo and Keith. He tapped on the glass a few times laughing all the while and put a black cloth over the cage noting that it was getting close to bed time and that he no longer wanted to be disturbed by us. Keith, who had long black hair with a soft kind complexion, comforted me first by hugging me and telling me that everything would be ok. Anna and Udo joined in once I had calmed down. They told me their stories and how they had come to be trapped by Sergeant Peppers and all the evil things that he had done to them. Then, they told me the best news in the world. They had a plan for escape. It wasn't finalized and there was still much work to be done, but they had a plan.

Keith is a brilliant man. He was never formally trained as a biochemist but he managed to teach himself and become an expert in the field. By the age of nine he had mastered organic chemistry; by the age of twelve he had mastered molecular biology and biological engineering. He is a prodigy of such caliber that the work he produces is a decade ahead of other leading scientist. His mind is one of such brilliance that like Einstein his contemporaries laugh at him, because they can't understand the genius. Unperturbed Keith persisted in his scientific endeavors. Keith's brilliance was our only salvation. He promised that within one month's time that he would create a drug of such potent psychedelic and euphoric properties that it would make Sergeant Peppers feel as if he were a god on earth blending reality with other realms, a kind of metaphysical drug, where the user's actual soul traveled outside of his body into unexplored realms and universes. This of course, was all hog wash that is the mud caked water sprayed from the body of a pig. Keith had no such intent of producing such a drug. Keith while living in his small town focused most of his early research on his own physical condition. He wanted to know desperately what caused him to be of such small stature. Everything of his physical appearance was in the same proportion as a normal man, unlike a dwarf, who may appear stockier

in nature with broader facets of the bodily frame, however Keith was proportionally the same as a normal six foot man, only shrunk down to one sixth the size. Keith wondered how this was possible. Before his father packed him away, disowning him from his family, Keith had come very close to finding the answer. The postulates, theorems and forums were all completed; he had not however had time to test his theory with actual science.

What Keith discovered is that his body had a unique combination of genes which affected the cellular level of his body. Within a normal cell, much of the space, 90% in fact is devoid of cellular components such as the nucleolus, endomorphous reticulum, and ribosome's. This space is occupied by water which is an extremely fluid medium which allows normal cellular activities such as enzyme reactions and communication between cells to take place. The water within bodies' cells allow for various compounds to move within and between cells allowing for communication and processes to occur. Cells within a body are held together by a lipid based cellular wall. Lipids that is, fats do not mix with water and water does not mix with fat, hence cell walls serve as a barricade against molecules which are soluble in water and which desire to pass through the cell for a particular process. The water despite the vast amount of space that it takes up is necessary in order to allow for the appropriate alignment of cell wall, cell protection and cell communication. The great discovery that Keith uncovered was that his own cells lacked the 90% water to cell component ratio. His own cells were almost entirely devoid of water instead using a lipid based medium for cellular communication. The lipid base medium being more soluble with the cell walls, allowed for a smaller and hence more compacted total cell size; the size of the cell being reduced by exactly 1/6 of a normal cells size. Hence, Keith uncovered why he was diminutive in stature. His DNA had a mutation, which allowed for the cells that the DNA and RNA produced to be smaller and hence more efficient than the cells of a man of normal stature. What he had been working on before being sent away from his home was a way to transform his DNA and hence his cellular structure to allow for the normal proportion of water dispersion within the cells. When he met Sergeant Peppers however, that plan of action changed. Keith quickly became much more interested in copying the gene which allowed for the smaller cells and finding some way to produce that gene within a pill such that when a user ingested that pill, a transformation would occur on that user's gene thus shrinking them. Keith planned to shrink Sergeant Peppers. We the Noggins would then give him a taste of his own medicine. I upon hearing this plan was splendidly delighted. After all of the horrors that I had heard from Keith, Anna and Udo, the idea of giving back to Sergeant Peppers what had been done to us,

# The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

seemed like such a grand and magnificent idea.

The last two weeks have been marvelous. Keith and I have been working nonstop on what we like to call the Napoleon Pill. I have been moving beakers, measuring out weights, and most difficult of all pleading with Sergeant Peppers whenever we need some new chemical. Sergeant Peppers likes the fact that I'm willing to dance half naked in the aquarium. I'll do this for baking soda, or petroleum ether, or agar, if I have too. The fool thinks we are making a drug for him so that we aren't mistreated, and I'll let him believe that until it's too late.

Alfred unbuttoned the top button on his shirt collar. He could hear noises inside of the house. People must be stirring he thought. Perhaps it is breakfast time. He flipped through the remaining pages of the journal. There was only a handful left. He decided to finish. He already knew how the story would end, but having nothing else to occupy his mind with, he continued reading.

“To be, or not to be: that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by opposing end them?” Shakespeare's Hamlet.

You can call me Doug. It is not my birth name, but it is the name that I prefer to be called. There is an unpretentious quality in the name Doug don't you think? It is a name for the boy next door, it's the name for the guy who sits next to you in class, and it is your office mate. Doug, it simply rolls off of your tongue does it not? I am a theatre actor. I am not your average run of the mill commercial stand in or Hollywood actor; I am an actor of the theatre, an actor of Shakespeare. However, one must eat must not one? One day while reading the LA times I saw an advertisement offering a paying and I would like to highlight the word PAYING role in the Sergeant Peppers Platoon theatre company. I had never heard of such a company before, but convincing myself that perhaps it was a new company and that the position offered seemed specifically suited to my particular circumstances that I should at the very least audition for an available role, particularly a starring role. Granted, I'm a hard fit for most plays. More often than not, I'm portrayed as the lecherous leprechaun, or the timid midget, or god forbid the

animated and personified house pet, but my dreams are higher than those of a glorified clown. To be quite honest though, times have been tough lately. My stature, all thirteen inches of it that is has proven to be quite a detriment to me in my desire to break free of the role of supporting actor. I wish to be a Shakespearean star on Broadway, and with such intents knocked on the door of Sergeant Pepper's house in hopes of finding a path towards future stardom.

We had spoken on the phone before, and he promised me a paying role in Hamlet. That was all that I needed to hear. Before ten am that morning, I had a bus ticket, an address, and glimmer of hope in my eye. My hope however was quickly shattered after having met Sergeant Peppers. I knocked on his door with the rap tap tap of my foot hitting his front steps. He plucked me up from the front stoop, without so much as a word, and carried me like a kitten with his fingers pinched on the nape of my necks. He carried me inside and set me outside of a large acrylic aquarium.

Sergeant Peppers than said, "Noggins, I have procured a theater coach for you all. Your basic training has been completed. You will all begin theatre training immediately. I have an appointment scheduled with NBC producers, did you all hear me, NBC producers two weeks from now. I expect you all, to be as good as Doug if not better than him within two weeks. I need star performers by then. The producers have promised \$100 dollars per day per head for miniature actors, and I need every one of you in tip top shape. For those of you that aren't ready, well I hear that the medical clinic is paying ten dollars per finger for a rectal exam experiment. I'm sure they would be glad to sign you up on their roster as participants. At ten fingers a day, well we could atleast break even." With that announcement Sergeant Peppers opened the lid and dropped me into the cage without so much as another word.

Anna, Udo, Keith and Nancy all introduced themselves to me in a very polite and dignified manner which greatly reduced my stress. Having been a free man no more than thirty minutes before I was in quite a shock so much so in fact that tears poured down my face when they all introduced themselves to me. Throughout my first night, each one in his or her own way comforted me in my troubles. Anna came first, than Udo, than Keith and lastly Nancy, each one telling me their tale of woe. But, there was hope, they had a plan. Keith was working on a concoction and a miraculous concoction at that. Don't ask me how it works. I just know that it does. This

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

concoction of chemicals due to Sergeant Peppers the day after our rehearsal is supposed to be the most blissful concoction of drugs available to man; a concoction of drugs that would literally send man into alternate realities. However, what Keith was simultaneously developing in his laboratory was much more visceral than any drug. His laboratory took up half the space of our cage, but no one complained b/c of the power that it would eventually give us. The drug that he was producing would have the power he said to shrink a man to 1/6 his size by the action of reducing his cellular water structure by an equal ratio. I don't know the science, but what I do know is that I have hope. This man, this Sergeant Peppers, this quote unquote leader of our platoon is a lunatic. Why the other day, he distilled alcohol from god knows what in his living room, and told us that it was his Popeye medicine that it would make him as strong as the sailor Popeye. Have you ever seen Popeye drunk? It's not pretty, I'll promise you that. Popeye, can throw some god awful hissy fits on the floor of his apartment.

Two weeks later and our day of audition arrived. I won't bore you with details of Sergeant Peppers exploits as I know that the other Noggins already have. I can't describe the monstrosity of a Sergeant Peppers style vodka sheet cake party it's just unbelievable. I can't describe the terror of being driven around an apartment by Anna on a remote control car while Sergeant Peppers continues his target practice, using me as the target of choice. Was Anna glad when I lived through that? It is hard to describe the disbelief that I had when watching Sergeant Peppers dress up as a woman and tell me that he was going to the college science library to pick up a med student chic. He brought me along for the underwear panty shoot at the ground level.

What I will tell you about is the irregularity of our rehearsal for Hamlet. Sergeant Peppers carried all five of us to the movie studio, using his suitcase, as if we were worth no more to him than his shirts. He stuffed us in unceremoniously telling us that this was our one chance at freedom and that we better not mess up. He then carried us while walking. I felt myself being stuffed into a car. We all yelled at this, but were quickly stifled by a few swift swipes to the outside of the case. We learned not to yell. I felt myself being carried again. Anna's face pushed painfully against my right thigh. I could feel her warm breath on my leg. I heard Sergeant Pepper's talking; I heard deep voices rumbling through suitcase cover.

After what seemed like an eternity but only proved to be eighty nine minutes, we were let out from our insufferable torture chamber. Anna, Udo, Keith, Nancy and I found ourselves dumped into the sink of Sergeant Pepper's bathroom. We were back home. The interview must

not have gone well I thought, shit. We all clambered upwards grasping towards the ledges of the sink so as not to fall towards the drain. Sergeant Peppers glared down at us. He had the water turned on in the sink and there were droplets of water on his face. He wore dark glasses today, so as not to show his pupils to the executives. No doubt that they were dilated as always.

Sergeant Peppers than spoke, “Look Noggins, this is our chance. This is where we can make it big. They, NBC, FOX, CBS, the whole lot of them, want you. They started a bidding war right there in front of me when I told them that CSPAN was interested in you as well. I would have pulled you out of the suitcase to show them, but I wouldn’t want them to think that you all are mistreated in any way. They love the idea of munchkins teaching children. They think that the idea of five grown men shorter than a hat, smaller than a cat, tinier than a mailbox is such a hilariously funny idea that they want you all to go live. Don’t mess this audition up, or I’ll have you all scuba diving in my toilet after I’ve eaten fried chicken for three meals straight. Do you hear me Doug? You better have trained my platoon. Udo, have you managed your Platoon and kept order? I want this money. They are offering seventeen thousand dollars per show. That’s better than my government cheese bitches. I’ll cut you up if you don’t get this right.”

We all gulped at the expression of malevolent excitement on Sergeant Peppers face; the wrinkles of his skin tightening to show the weathered look of an aging greedy man.

Sergeant Peppers continued, “we will all be returning to the studio suite tomorrow to shore up the movie deal. You all better be ready. We will audition tomorrow.”

I gulped as I knew my parts, but well frankly Keith is not an actor and he knows it. He has been spending more time, as he should be, on developing his retroactive dis-enlargement vaccine than he has been spending time on studying his role in Hamlet.

My part in the role of escape is to be as follows. Sergeant Peppers is to eat the darker blue pill. We found out long ago, that the poor man was color blind, when he described, Anna’s cheeks after a particularly nasty comment as brown. Thus, Keith is developing two pills one a bit darker than the other. The red pill, well that is the pill for us, the Noggins. It is or so I’m told a marvelous pill able to expand the cellular structure of one’s own make up, allowing for the creation of more water within the cells, thus expanding the size of the person by a factor of six. A one foot man would become a six foot man. But well, the purple pill, of the same color hue that

## The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

is as the red pill, will mind you to Sergeant Peppers look the same as the red pill, well that pill is special in a very different way. It can shrink a man, or so I'm told from the size of six foot down to one. You can speculate where I am going can't you.

We, Keith, Anna, Nancy, Udo and I are going to shrink Sergeant Peppers, all the while fooling him into thinking he is having a drug based fantasy. We are going to feed him the purple pill and simultaneously eat the red pill ourselves. The key to all of this of course is that Sergeant Peppers eats the small pill before us, and that we have access to the purple pills. You may want to know what happens if Sergeant Peppers takes the wrong pill, and the answer is that we don't know. It's tragic, but we must take the chance. Keith speculates that Sergeant Peppers would grow by six fold, but that is only speculation. Let us hope that that reality never occurs. You also may wonder why we are waiting to take the purple pill. To be quite fair, Keith just developed the pills today, and they have yet to be tested. We know that as the stomach will have to dissolve the pills that it will take atleast an hour before their affects can be seen. The grand idea in all of this is to take the pills at the same time as Sergeant Peppers or shortly before him, thus ensuring that we all change sizes around the same time. We want Sergeant Peppers to think that he is having a drug induced ecstatic travel into a different realm. Sergeant Peppers keeps an AK47 close at hand and all of us would hate to be mowed down by a blaze of bullets.

Sergeant Peppers has been titillating with excitement since his initial success with the movie producers and seeing as today is the 30th day of Keith's task. Every five minutes he bangs on the cage asking if the pills have been completed, to which Keith patiently responds "shortly" or "just one more drop and I'll be done." I must close this entry, my job being the theater lead, I must convince Sergeant Peppers of the drugs wonderful properties. Sergeant Peppers must not suspect the falsehood of the medicine, but instead must believe that he has been transported out of his mind into other realms and realities.

Alfred looked at the watch in the corner of his cage. He had eaten a blue pill or at least what he thought was a blue pill. He didn't remember any other colors, certainly not a red or a purple pill. He wondered how long it had been since he had eaten that pill. He wondered, with a worried look on his face, how long this drug would take to wear off not wanting to believe the exposition he had just read. He wondered how long until he returned to his reality and continue managing his Noggin Platoon. He had long ago gotten over being disappointed about the eu-

phoric promises of Keith's drug. He would get more excitement he thought when he returned to his normal size and could find some devious way to pay Keith and the Noggins back.

A large porous fleshy hand came from nowhere disrupting his silence. It lifted the cover off of Alfred's aquarium cage. Five huge people stood glaring with discontent at Alfred. One reached out and tapped on the cage. Alfred thought that the face looked similar to Keith's only with more ruts and crevices.

Alfred heard from the large female, "Udo, Anna, Keith, Doug, what should we do with Sergeant Peppers today."

Keith responded, "I've got a great idea, let's challenge Alfred to a game of hunt the rabbit."

Udo chirped in, "how about we give him an unnecessary appendectomy?"

Nancy quipped, "No No, lets add some roaches to his cage as house mates!"

Doug tapped on Alfred's glass and spoke, "How does that sound, Sergeant Peppers?"

Sergeant Peppers standing with a slight stoop, his eyes beaded with rage looked out at his captors in horror.

# The Sergeant Peppers Noggins Platoon

---

