

Annals of the Naked Rowdies #3

by Shelagh Power-Chopra

It was a dire and dun-colored year when groupies wept and autograph seekers put down their pens. The Naked Rowdies were on a sated sabbatical.

Roddy had a bum leg or so the press was told, and who wanted a gimpy and bloated guitarist up on stage, throwing soiled crutches at fans anyway?

Behind the dressing room doors, the real picture was pretty grim; Roddy, on his way home after a clumsy threesome with two cousins and a candystriper, had been attacked by a roving band of aesthetically minded hobos.

The homeless, tired of being stereotyped as drab dressers (woeful holey wingtips and soiled raincoats) had banded together to form a new "aesthetic". Their fresh look; jackets and shoes made from discarded Hermes shopping bags. They were often seen crawling the alleys, naked, save their orange, slipshod attire.

Old Roddy, sulking on the dark streets that night, stumbled over a rather glamorous bunch sleeping near a dumpster. They swarmed over him like a pack of dingos on a baby.

Liam found him the next morning, striped, filthy and trembling over a pile of his own stool. Buck up Roddy, them bums may be more naked and rowdy than us but we still 'ave the name.

