

Womba

The Wasp

“In Ball a bush,

No flowers for a perfumed potion.

But lots of purple creeping mush.

Caterpillars doing the motion.

Caterpillars that are nasty and mean.

No leaves on the Yum Yum shrub.

Just salty beans.

All Blackbird grub.

And why the caterpillars are abominable.

Its boiled roots taste tarry.

And why 'Yum yum' is so hateable.

So only Cows like it for their tongues are big and furry.

But this Yum Yum tree is famous.

It's in the tourist guide to the bridge,” Satirextext that green Flat Worlde suffering boils who wrote cheap poetry about the, ‘Stupid fairies on the other side of the rip, vegetables with no nervous system that cheated evolution because the gads had been drunk at the Big Bang.” So this is Satirextext's ancestry? A Fiend in disguise and here an Aslop fable, “Beware the hooded salesman?” Is that slithery middle aged salesman meant? He who leaves a trail of London fog behind him and dreams of Ferrari.

Womba

And malcontent Tom fishing in the bridge's moat, a place where sinks and latrines float.

And woolly things Womba's feet had worn.

Said, "I caught a fish," to give an idyllic fishing atmosphere and at his feet a basket full of fins and hag fish.

And wasps are silent so deadly because they quietly fly up and sting good heaps to be mean: where as the bumble bee is a honey maker so is sweet and yellow and a friend to the gardener and only stings once. And silently a wasp found the Fiend minding his own business in the moat fighting off a million leeches.

Anyway: "I am stung," the Fiend assassin in the moat just before he vanished under anacondas, a hundred alligators, six hundred crocodiles, who knows how many fins and three hag fish. "I am stung," the Fiend again as wanted some attention before he was erased. And the wasp stung him again for good measure.

Now The Mage had wanted to interrogate him, you know hang him from the ceiling over hot coals, let hungry rats loose in his unmentionables, poke him the eyes with V shaped fingers and what else, stuff a hot poker somewhere.

Oh nasty and this supposed to be a happy fairy story?

And almost forgot Womba's polished cauldron was ready for army food is full of weevils for weevils get about.

And all agreed Fiends didn't feel pain for they listened to Womba who mouths, "They scream they are fairy cousins so I won't simmer them with onions. And got

wings to buzz with, wings they glued on with super glue,” for Womba knows all.

And the assassin as said got all eaten up by anacondas, a hundred alligators, six hundred crocodiles, who knows how many fins and three hag fish, except his nose that the wasp clung to stinging the blazes out of; for wasps are psychopathic unstable disturbed insects that sting the blazes out of you for fun.

“Its war, “ Womba posing on Old Nag with his tangled locks splayed out behind him as the girl planed bad things for his future on his saddle.

“With whom?” The Mage putting down his garden plastic dinosaur for it doubled as a garden gnome.

“Them,” Womba fluttering his wings in triumph.

Was his surname not Ordinary and his middle name Burke?

“Wow,” Tom watching the dust of a mighty army with banners jostling the sky and can be forgiven for he is the Garrison sweet innocent young recruit who has butterflies above his head. Black ones with a skull on their wings just in case you was thinking them yellow butterflies; this is a Garrison sweet innocent boy? A boy with a Brill cream jar and comb in one back pocket and a packet of empty protectives in the other? *Is this sweet innocent boy taking your daughters to a movie this week?*

Anyway: “Plastic dinosaurs going cheap,” a middle aged salesman at his stall.

“Kill kill kill,” the Fiend army chanted which was worrying.

Now Tom: “The Apprentice guard and fourteen. I joined to see the world, to get good pay, cuisine and soft bed and Womba lied so hate him and listen to Conan now.”

“One brass Halfling for his X on the recruitment paper,” Womba and the Halfling

was attached to string for Womba had many commitments to pay Harry.

And Tom joined Garrison that never left here, shared a wooden hut, rotten mattresses, ate army biscuits full of weevils, and spent evenings at Big Bertha's.

Perhaps catching ideas about settling down with a nice frontiers girl, perhaps one of your daughters you wanted married off?

And dog Cur is listed private sixth class whose pay goes to Womba.

And so Womba is a thief, them types that lurk under Blackhoods selling plastic green dinosaurs.

"I am not I just get ideas how to be a millionaire," Womba defends and is a common idea amongst the Ordinary and Burk's and adds for he has another idea, "I don't know what that word thief means so am guiltless, besides waitress service doesn't come cheap."

And a fairy poor lair.

Anyway: "And who is this?" The Mage watching the slim girl stuff herself back into petticoats now Womba had stopped on the fairy side of the bridge.

Had filthy Big Bertha remembered The Mage's birthday which tells us something about the goings on hereabouts?

"What a pretty little nose?" The Mage also, "What pointed ears?" "What soft cheeks?" .

"I am Christina daughter of King Charles The Incarnation of god Ball, Defender of all fairies, Slayer of Flat Worlders, Invoker of Magic Realms."

"What idiot brought my king's daughter here?"

And the idiot remained silent.

And The Mage, “Why did I stay at Filthy Big Bertha’s, why am a drunk?”

“Off with his head,” Conan to be annoying.

“A real princess?” Womba

“Wow,” Tom and put on his innocent boyish look so disarmed the girl.

“Grrrrr,” a nasty dog and tore her petticoats to shreds and not a fairy stopped the dog.

“Kissing frogs is out, now I want a dragon to rescue her from and my future secured,” Womba for see he was a Burke.

Did not Harry who is called Give a Copper Harry tell him this to get rid of him from his dinosaur stall for Womba was so hideous customers looked the other way and went to that other stall, an Offaltrex stall selling strange pies and drinks to the tired tourists.

“Recipes handed down from Granny Offaltrex,” Offaltrex so knew his pies were made of everything that a possum was made up off.

And the fairy with black wings fluttered for worrying about the opposition causes much wind and bowel complaints. “That is me and everyone but Womba knows dragons don’t exist,” Harry.

“But I saw one coming out of the rip.

A big yellow one spitting fire.

With flat feet,” Womba insisted to be annoying for dragons eat fairies..

“So the Fiends have broken in,” The Mage looking at the dust cloud with contorted face and everyone looked at him with respect and didn’t know his mind was empty.

“And I demand to be taken home,” but a magic finger click silenced her; no royal

sounds such as, "I am annoyed."

"Wow."

And Harold salivated as his intestinal worms demanded notice. This was no lie as Garrison men are prone to them. For those who make possum pie get licked by Cur the dog and use the out house and Filthy Big Bertha's and never wash their hands.

"My cooks wash and the gravy is hot and a little soap goes a long way," Offaltrex defending his hygiene record.

And Cur the dog admitted the girl was pretty by licking her good.

"Go away," the princess pleaded but the dog did not but jumped on her right leg.

And The Mage looked at his Garrison friends then at the stable, saw Bat Wing who hadn't flown in years his flying bat mount.

Either had he, "I am afraid of heights and fairies are supposed to fly. And doubt if the bat can carry me and the princess to Haliput.

What friends? Conan the cheat, Harold who rummages for grubs under my tulips? Tom who worships Womba and needs putting down;" but The Mage was wrong, Tom kept a Womba dolly in his secret place, full of pins for, "He lied to me when I enlisted."

Womba whose name is Ordinary Burke Urchin?

"Oh yes the dog? A dog that lurks behind bushes while I stagger past coming home late from Filthy Big Bertha's, then lurches at my feet and before I can remember how to click has gnawed me here and there.

Goodbye," and The Mage walked away and Harold thought he heard him say he

was off to supper vented bad wind out of jealousy as Garrison men eat unhealthy food.

For they are army men and proud volunteers.

Now where had The Mage gone?

To Bat Wing amid the sound of ZAP and ZOOM and VROOM and penguins complaining.

“And the bat would not wake up, even when I stamped here and kicked especially there, “Wake up,” I screamed and pulled up an eyelid and saw XXX.

So was doomed to stay and be a volunteer and defend the bridge,” The Mage..

“Looks like them thirty thousand Fiends are closer,” Conan just to be annoying.

“Who needs bats when broomsticks can do, where is that salesman Harry?” The Mage knowing a true salesman has many deep compartments selling thingamabobs fallen off wagons.

But the salesman was no where near just an empty stall and not a plastic dinosaur souvenir to be bought for all was packed away.

“Never fear brave guardsmen, my father King Charles will hear of my plight and come save me,” Christina the girl whom Womba had rescued from Isinaphut the Fiend King just in case you forgot; and did not include saving Garrison.

And all understood King Charles would rescue her and not them for they was army volunteers; expendables.

“My kingdom for a broom,” The Mage fuming turning mushrooms into ugly toadstools out of meanness for he was desperate to flee.

“When you get one can I come with you?” Harold showing big sad knowledgeable eyes of an orang-outang understanding its forest home is about to be destroyed by Fiends.

Now The Mage might like pretty ankles and have a collection of magazines under his bed but he was really a decent old man. “How can one turn him into a toadstool?” So calmed down and looked at Garrison as fond memories flooded him..

And that nasty dog Cur peed on The Mage’s left foot and then was gone.

Just what had The Mage done to that poor defenceless animal to make it so horrid to him?

“Wow,” Tom in anticipation of the dog becoming a rabbit so it could chase itself.

The wand rose, Womba held up pleading hands and a ball of sulphuric green smelly yucky landed on The Mage’s tower which had rose vines growing up it, and tulips along the pathway to the front door which had once stood where a tower had once been. Well it was sort of still standing, bits; my you could see the loo and the tin copper bath. And all The Mage’s printed shorts were fluttering about on the breeze; and them magazines he kept under his bed; magazines on home economics would you believe?

And all the fairy wings went “Flutter” and Garrison said, “It wasn't us but them Fiends,” that came from years of passing the bucket; for they knew a wand would turn many Fiends into cross eyed newts so was on best behaviour.

“They have a powerful wizard in their ranks and he has my number, now that makes me annoyed and see the Fiend has done me a favour for see vermin leave my tower?” For

the Mage had it in for cuddly vermin and he was right, mice and rats carrying luggage where filing down the garden path.

“Wow,” Tom and pointed at a picture, a valuable portrait of a woman with a funny smile carried on the back of a rat. And all had heard about The Mage’s collection of art by masters and suspected he obtained them by the wave of a wand, where others had to pay to see them in a museum.

It was the perks of the magic trade see.

Now The Mage softened for this was his home, why he saw a picture of mummy now upside down where a crack now ran down a wall. Yes this was his home and the sad eyes of whatever Harold was bored into him. Who would feed Harold his nuts and bananas?

“Ook,” Harold appreciatively.

And a dog with a bad streak silently went behind The Mage and silently left a bad smell.

Will The Mage ever tell us what he did to that dog to make it so mean?

“Click,” and “howl,” for an invisible boot from nowhere booted the poor dog.

“Grrrrr,” the nasty dog hating The Mage just waiting to chew the wand too bits. A wand Cur hated but why?

“Well, “ The Mage looking at the guardsmen who seemed to look like discarded toys fit for the rubbish bin, “I am staying, and you Womba will defend the bridge.”

“Yes Womba, you stay and defend the bridge,” Conan making sure ‘you’ was emphasised.

“What brave heroes,” Christina and was a foolish thing to say for Womba now knew he was a hero and that she did love him and her papa King Charles would promote him to general and give him his own yacht for his honeymoon with her.

It also awoke a devil on The Mage’s right shoulder.

“Listen chum, look at them, you owe them nothing, go give the bat a taste of the whip and get out of here, just think of Haliput and the many Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest Houses under other names there! Remember Common as Trash Julia’s Tea Rooms for weary travellers and Rosemary’s Infirmary for cold seamen and,” but an angel with a whip on the other shoulder appeared and “Crack,” and “yikes.”

“He is in the gutter for he is gutter snipe. Do what he tells you and The Mage upstairs will send you to The Mage downstairs where it is really hot, understand?” The angel that looked like a Cindy Doll in white frills so The Mage really wanted to go up.

“We will fight their Fiend king and be song about,” Womba screeching.

And The Mage remembered their king was covered in pimples and suffered bad breath so had no friends apart from Teddy who never called him anything for Teddy could not speak for Teddy was stuffed and had buttons as eyes.

And Cur never told anyone about the Fiend he had seen in the carriage Womba had snatched Christina from. Was it because of the nasty streak, no because he could only say, “Woof, grrrrrrr, rrrrrrr, howl,” sort of thing.