

Womba

A story begins.

FUTURE

“We slander IT,

Rowing galleys,

Whipped by IT

And marching in fog lost in wellies.

Some idiot beautified IT.

IT intercedes with our gads.

To scare away Harry Bros. PLC centre of all IT.

Pigeon droppings on statues of our gads.

While malicious drunks burned statues of IT.

We are blessed.

For Womba Ordinary was IT.

A fairy with attitude and completely messed.

He had true IT.

A Garrison legend.

IT.” Satirextext the poet as the Brotherhood hung anyone in hoods from trees for hoodies hide spots and baby growth. For wearing hoodies was not normal for normal

citizens needed to believe Womba still rode his piebald Old Nag in the clouds, waiting to be summoned by their nervous laughter to save them from Harry Bros. PLC shops. Stores that charged inflated prices and blamed the weather.

“Is the weather man they always get it wrong,” a Harry Bros. spokesman.

And the citizens forgot they threw Womba out of their city, Haliput.

So here an Aslop fable, “Time is like a monkey with so many nuts to eat it forgets what the bright gold walnut tastes like, so gets colic again, serves it right; greedy thing.”

For this was Futurism with a difference?

And who was Aslop?

A citizen hermit living on locusts, honey combs, ants and drank from pools full of liver fluke; spoke to imaginary thingamajigs and went advertising 'Doomsday,' so was a nutter.

“Crank,” good citizens called him and crossed the road and then threw bricks with deadly accuracy to chase the almond away.

Yes the Bros. was the enemy of those in dark moth eaten smocks, the Brotherhood who tip toe through streets full of broken bottles, exotic takeaways, snoring drunks and canine unmentionables for this place found it could save money sacking road sweepers. A bad mistake but a wise move for it gave councillors cash to go on holidays with secretaries and not the wives. A holiday was not a holiday if the wife and sixteen kids tagged along; that was hell. A wife with curlers, an apron and fluffy slippers seen better days; a wife who had been a pretty secretary and needed replaced.

And the kids blamed their behaviour on dad with these words, “You are not a model parent so we model ourselves on Harry Bros.” So kids saved hard to take their floozy dates on holiday and not the girlfriend who was destined to have curlers and sixteen kids.

And Womba hearing the nervous laughter of citizens would waken and fall off his cloud seeking justice for Ball, Mowpell, Fairyland, for these citizens were fairies, living ones that you could pinch to see if you were dreaming and they did scream.

Walking about in multicoloured pantaloons and some pantaloons were too tight and showed too much and belonged to the greasy hair fairies that loitered chippers at night. Them that threw chips at you then beat you black and blue with these words, “We wanted to protect ourselves.”

And all had fluttering wings.

“Flutter,” the wings and some had 'Hells Angel' tattoos so was best to let them throw all the chips they wanted.

So how did Womba become IT?

PAST.

Once it rained a million toads, several thousand frogs, two newts, four dogs, an orange cat and green salamander while Womba rested Old Nag on The Rift Plains watching the pink sky becoming a doorway to the Fiend Flat World beyond.

“I am about to earn my pay,” he salivated while his dog Cur dreamed of rabbits, cuddly white rabbits that don't bite back, of shredding them to pieces in fields, and of Womba's leggings that reminded him he needed to sniff places then lick Womba's face; yes of eating unmentionables then being ill on Womba spreading worms for he was a

nasty DOG but still a dog that boys need to play with for boys are made of pepper, sour cream and worms of course.

“I have seen little RIPS allowing one Fiend into our fairy world,” Womba mused for fools can muse. “Then we picnic eating sweetmeats, boiled tripe, red cabbage, gherkins, potted meat and all washed down with lovely warm mint beer and before we leave, hunt the Fiend down and throw him in a cauldron.

“Hurrah for Womba's Garrison boarder patrol, hurrah and three cheers," the frontier folk and slept well knowing fiends would get a boiling as Womba was on guard.

But this RIP was different because those salamanders and toads sort of thingies raining down hitting you left red welts the size of melons, and the mess of an amphibian fallen from Heaven and them under you feet “squelched,” and “popped.”

The word was, “yucky.”

It was stuff witches threw in cauldrons, while fiends sat shivering behind outhouses for fiends were excluded from what goes on in outhouses waiting to come through the RIP, afraid of the future. So out of sight out of mind and the cauldron lid was good and heavy and kept the fiendish screams quiet.

“Hurrah and three cheers for Womba,” the fairy frontiers folk and went back to bed with their milk maids and not the wife who got up at 4am to milk cows then churn the milk into buttermilk. Then make breakfast for sixteen kids and fall asleep feeding the cows so never saw the milk maid sneak away.

And Womba was Ballenese and ordinary because he called Harry, “Brother,” “Friend,” and as said earlier watching the RIP widening, “I am about to earn my

pay," and he was right but being Womba didn't know it.

And the RIP was near the spot of the last big RIP druids said happened four thousand years earlier. A spot marked by a Give a Copper Harry stall selling plastic dinosaurs to unwary tourists like you. Unwary as the stall sold tea from an urn and uncovered fancy cakes where flies buzzed, flies related to those that know how to get in a bakers shop and litter a butcher's window.

"Croutons are extra?" The greedy meat man and guess what the croutons where?
 "Blame mother nature she provides," the butcher again who is the meat man if you don't have a thesaurus.

"An extra blob of whipped cream and the citizens will think the crunchy bits nuts," the grasping baker.

*"Plastic green dinosaurs are vogue at the moment," Harry's reasoning he who the Brethren hate, **he who made Harry Bros. PLC.***

And near the spot a bridge guarded by brave Garrison border patrol fairies.

"Flutter," went their wings and "flutter," too emphasise "flutter."

"Here isn't that King Isisnaphut in that pink carriage coming this way as isn't that his rhino crest?" One of the guardsmen and spat his tobaccy so long strands of brown runny stuff splattered on one of them two newts that had rained down.

"Splat," it splatted.

But in the carriage a woman and seeing Womba screamed for she had never seen such an ugly fairy. So King Isisnaphut next to her looked to see what was the irritation?

It was Womba who seeing her mumbled, "I am in love, a love to let my friends guarding the bridge be heroes," and did not ask his friends for they knew what happened to heroes. They ended up as forgotten volunteers in unmarked graves.

But he was Womba and excited.

"Was she a princess?

A lord's foot warmer?

His mistress?

The chamber pot heater?

A cook?

A fruit?

The floozy of Captain Hook?

A floozy with lots of suit?

Red haired and freckled?

Blond and curvaceous?

Big chested and bespeckled?

A thingamajig from the Cretaceous?

No just a pretty ankle.

Handed down from Uncle Frank?" And yes this was another Satiretext ditty slipped in by accident of course.

"Come on Cur," and Womba rode to her rescue for he was in love.

"Woof," Cur and knew Womba was something?

And behind the coach an army of fiends loitering poking their noses, and worse

eating what they found for they were hungry.

So belched and made much wind noises for they had no manners as not brought up by nannies.

“Flutter.”

Then Womba was amongst them for they were fiends so deserved to be tramped under Old Nag.

“Hey watch my corns,” and “You fat slob get off me,” was heard often from them.

And at the carriage Womba with massive hairy dirty hands that had even dirtier finger nails reached out for the polished door handle.

And the woman’s eyes froze watching in slow motion the dirty massive hairy hand; so saw her life pass before her eyes with these words, “What is IT?”

And Womba grabbed her out of the carriage and threw her across his saddle and she here saw moving creepy crawlies amongst his chain mail and faded plaid pantaloons so was mortified.

She had met Womba close up like when you are ill with XXX and forgot to pull the loo chain. A common complaint amongst the alcoholic Garrison guardsmen the friends of Womba.

And yes if you are interested she began to scratch for the creepy crawlies fancied eating exotic.

And Womba rode into the pink sunset before King Isisnaphut could eat a snail which incidentally was his favourite snack.

“I have Gaulish ancestors,” Isisnaphut hiding his nose.

And “My hero,” Womba waited from her red lips.

“Do you mind not staring?” She instead as she was aware he could not take his eyes off her bottom most parts that stuck up in the air; and worse the horse was looking too; and the ugly thing and horse, well their tongues were out.

And drooling.

And Womba’s mental confusion was great for Harry told him girls want to be rescued by a handsome tall dark stranger, preferably a prince.

But locals whispered behind Womba’s back,

“Warty face.

And worse he needed hosed.

And shaved for perhaps he was not of the fairy race?

And the stubble on his chin washed.

“The girls love it Womba,” Harry told him lying.

“His chain mail squeaked for to clean it was a sin.

And made sounds like an animal baying.

Or perhaps that was Womba rummaging in a bin?

And Womba's teeth bright yellow.

And his hands big and hairy.

And his boots were chain mail and definitely Stilton cheese.

So his toes showed and were curly.

Big hairy like unwashed vegetables.

And he had a hole where he sat.

So showed his unmentionables that had a hole too.

“Pink daffodil print fit for a prat,” Satiretext that poet again; when will his tortuous verse follow Pompei?

“The girls love you Womba,” Harry for he is a salesman so explains that.

And Womba did not regard cauldroning fiends cruel for he knew fiends had no nervous system so felt no pain. A Fiend was something smelly a child could not hug like Roger Teddy. No a Fiend would shred the child and eat her all up just like that. Yes in that rancid butter sauce they smeared their snails in and garlic too for they believed garlic freshens the breath; but never bothered to smell it, that was left to you!

“We all have Gaulish ancestors,” Isinaphut who spread garlic on his toast.

A lot of miserable things can be said about Fiends like they are lovers of XXX, poke their noses publicly and wind too to clear queues at the discount store so they can be first in line.

Yes Womba knew what to do with Fiends caught on his side of the RIP, throw them in a cauldron preferably a druid’s for fiends had interesting thingamabobs more prized than dried newts to cure nasties caught at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s Guest House.

And Womba’s King Charles Army Regulation BOOK told him just how many Fiends per cauldron too; and at the back a conversion page from Imperial measure to metric. Even a of packet of stamps and strange sea side postcards to write home to mum on.

A BOOK Womba consulted and told him everything is true and BOOK had

interesting pictures and one's he pasted on, like pictures of the waitresses at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's Guest House; oh what an illumination! So everything in Womba's life was done by numbers for BOOK was army and volunteers needed reminding how to count. My when he visited the outhouse you could hear him shred the Ajax paper by numbers for he was a volunteer.

So Old Nag thundered to the bridge where a Fiend desperately tried to remember why he had volunteered? A nervous Fiend for beside him Womba's highly polished cauldron and under it fresh tinder and matches.

"Mummy," the Fiend moaned as volunteers do when they remember why they volunteered; and volunteered because they were soldiers needing medals to impress the waitresses at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's Guest House for, 'WELCOME' was on the front door mat.

And when Womba breathed as he must vile stale beer wafted over the beautiful girl who whispered, "An industrial plant has me?" For the girl was into cleaning up toxic waste and had a prize rose garden where aphids were protected.

And it was Old Nag the horse that knew the way blinded folded back to the bridge for Womba was gawking and ogling and salivating all over the beautiful girl who grew to hate him each second.

"Flutter."

And up ahead Cur imagining rabbits dangling from a stick in front of him, for encouragement to run for Womba had told him Fiends ate feral dogs.

So, “Old King Isisnaphut the snail eater is here,” Womba shouted as he passed tourists.

“Nutter they laughed,” as they did not take him seriously so gave him strange finger signs and were never seen again as the Fiends caught them up and owned polished cauldrons too.

Now Isisnaphut wanted the woman back and since the Fiend volunteer at the bridge was hiding shaking like a leaf under the bridge so ruined the heroic atmosphere of the story; so Isisnaphut sent a dark rider on a winged dragon that landed on the Fiend side of the bridge. This was to livening things up for now was the time for gallons of red squirting stuff and shrieks and yells to get the story going.

And he who rode the winged beast was a **Fiend** Flat Worlder and more ugly than Womba.

And he was nervous for he could hear singing at the other end of the bridge as the Garrison border guard sang,

“Mr Womba Ordinary stands ten feet tall.

Ordinary is a lie.

Giant ape and built like a wall.

And loves to eat Fiend pie.,” a Satirextex ditty so the Flat Worlder Fiend was worried as he was only a metre tall, so shook violently with these words, “I was full of XXX when I signed up.” *They all say it, for they signed up to see the world and floozy Pixy girls then come back and marry your daughters; plural of course.*

And Womba was riding towards him so mud splattered from Old Nag's hooves and Womba had let go of the reins for,. “She might fall off,” which explains where his hands were and were not holding the reins? Perhaps holding a cream bun?

Yes Old Nag was old so trottered and did not gallop and ate fresh yellow daffodils and mushrooms and one purple toadstool with green spots. Now eating this had an effect upon the creature as it would upon you for flames shot from some place so it really did thunder towards the bridge.

Flames that reminded Womba a place down below existed, a hot place for the **Fiend** at the bridge was waving a big two handed axe in the air. And worse he had a green Mohican haircut and tattoos on his arms so at once we know what sort of **Fiend** he is?

So Womba saw life flash by like how mummy sent him up cliff faces to steal sea gull eggs then sell to Harry, that *middle aged salesman* who owned a stall selling plastic dinosaurs at the bridge.

And with the cash earned mummy deposited them in a Harry Bank Account. And then mummy went bank to working at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's Guest House as cook.

And because Womba was unusual never told him her surname or his daddy's name. So all his lonely life asked, “Am I Womba Son of Cedric the Dragon Slayer?” or “Son of Aelfric Champion of Jousting?” or “Carlsberg the Brewers son?”

“Fat chance honey, just Womba Urchin so get too like it,” his busy mother cooking all those meat pies in Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's Guest House or by its respectable name, ‘The Bridge Inn.’

“I am Womba Urchin and with a name like that my daddy must have been a hero of quests in dark witch infested forests,” Womba and beamed, shame; and asked mummy, “Do I have a middle name?”

“Listen Burke mummy's busy, can't you see the rich gentleman wants to try my sea gull eggs in mayonnaise, so go catch a fin so I can make fin soup.” So Womba not only beamed but glowed, his middle name was Burke.

“Whatever honey, now I have clients waiting for some pie since you haven't caught a fin,” his busy mummy. And the four year old grew into a ten year old and Harry the salesman got a bit older for he was seen plucking grey hairs from his head with these words, “Ouch.”.

And Womba was a hideous ten year old but don't worry he was so big was never bullied. “Why are you bullying freckled faced Brogan with the head full of red hair and buck teeth?” He did ask the bullies and because they were bullies and numbered ten were brave and silly. Silly because Womba was not ordinary but huge and strong and did horrid things to bullies. He breathed on them for starters so they fainted so he easily got the better of them stomping here and standing there.

And was freckled faced Brogan pleased he had saved her?

“Mummy mummy a Fiend wants to hug and squeeze me,” the little girl ran home.

And Womba knew girls hugged and cuddled those who saved them so ran after her.

But this is a happy story so freckled face Brogan got home.

“Damn,” Womba and sulked away into the shadowy undergrowth.

And here a pool so Womba decided to look at his reflection and a passing

woodcutter all tanned with blond hair trailing behind, carrying his axe with bulging muscles passed the pool just as Womba looked in.

“How handsome I am with my blond hair, never mind, it must have been a Fiend lurking in the shadows that scared freckled Brogan away for I bought this potion of beauty from Harry for he sells other things at his stall apart from plastic dinosaurs,” Womba and skipped away with these words, “Tra la la boggy boggy ,” and picked flowers to sniff for he was happy and bees there stung him.

So as he passed the bullies used them as footballs till he bored for he was no longer happy with these words, “See how you like being stung by a bee?”

See we told you this was a happy story fairy tale for that made Womba happy again.

And: “Drink this whole bottle when the moon is full and you hear wolves howling,” Harry had instructed Womba, “then go and kiss frogs at the pond for one is a princess waiting to marry you.” And were lies but a middle aged salesman never turns away a sucker's penny.

But a cloud covered the moon so Womba kissed toads. And we are all told by our mummy's, except Womba's for she was busy cooking at the Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's Guest House House, “Never kiss a toad.”

“Here where have all these warts growing on my face and hands come from?” The poor boy asked so was more hideous looking than ever before.

“I feel somewhat responsible for this so have allowed him to use my mirror, soap

and hair brush for a small fee of course, and see Womba looks handsome and sold him new clothes from cash taken from his bank account with me,” and “there is no more money,” and another lie, and “if you work for me for six years I will buy you a horse to go with your new smart appearance,” and was a cheap trick to get free labour so sent Womba chimney sweeping so Womba was more dirty and fearsome looking than ever before.

And his other duties included picking up the litter left at the dinosaur stall. It was dangerous work; some fairies left their broken XXX bottles to cut poor Womba’s shoeless feet to slithers.

“He has no cash in his bank account to buy shoes,” the wicked salesman Harry.

Do you believe him? Yes? No?

So six years passed and Womba grew bigger but his clothes did not. And he got some education for Harry apart from sending him out in all weathers to takeaways for exotic foods let Womba learn the menus by heart.

“I can speak Hindi, Chinese and French and other languages,” and Womba beamed.

And after six years Harry grudgingly gave him a horse, Old Nag.

“I have shares in the glue factory and a promise is a promise, so a horse I have given Womba,” Harry the evil middle aged salesman for every story needs a wicked witch.

And Womba left to find fame and fortune and at twenty joined the guards at the bridge here and because he did everything by numbers according to King Charles’s Army regulation Book rose through the ranks to sergeant.

And now his men waited for him at the other end of the bridge and the **Fiend** waving the big axe waited for him at his own end.

And his men were fairies, real ones not the other type.

“Flutter.”

Harold Gormless, private fourth class, all wrinkled and a real blond. A Viking he was and not happy for all Vikings know a man needs to row a long boat twenty hours a day to be blessed.

And because he was a Viking walked with huge knuckles in puddles for the roads of Ball are muddy, water soaked and full of leeches

“Yes Womba’s our sergeant and there is none like him,” Harold rolling his dice.

“And I am Corporal Conan, retired barbarian adventurer and ravisher of women.

My hair patchy black.

My face a scar.

My knuckles walnuts.

My nose broken twenty times.

But I have teeth for I had the sense to shut my mouth while I got done.

And own the sword Blade Runner.

You can see my blood red shot eyes,

Are full of XXX from that respectable eating house The Bridge Inn.

And see Womba approaching so ignore him and roll dice.”

“Sixes,” Harold taking the opportunity to turn the dice by hand so not only did this fairy know how to lie, but too cheat so can straight away deduct he is a thief, murderer, blasphemmer, womaniser, drunk and thick as toast.

“Yes, the fool Womba is riding hard,” Conan and wheezes, “for my chest aches for a sword nailed it so I retired to this easy job at the bridge, look Harold a Fiend with an axe waits for Womba, what should you do?”

And Harold had too look so did not see Conan change the sixes to ones for Conan was a cheat too so straight away we deduct he sells exotic dangerous pets to unsuspecting kids.

And threw his own dice and they had lead in them so came up sixes and Harold knew he had been done for it takes a cheat to know a cheat.

“The pig is mine,” Conan for they had gambled for it.

“Oink,” a pig nearby waiting for a cauldron without a Fiend in it so would wait long and have many grand pig children and retire to a nearby pigsty at a ripe old age.

“Here what is that scream?” Harold for sure the **Fiend** had screamed for his waving antics had made him loose his balance and fall off the bridge into the moat under the bridge.

Moat water, very unhealthy so explains why the **Fiend** was screaming.

“Clatter clatter,” the noise of Old Nag crossing the wooden planked bridge.

“War, war with the Fiends,” Womba having taken his eyes of a bottom now knew what to shout.

“Flutter,” went Womba’s wings for don’t forget these men are fairies.

And Mage Pee Wee Bat Wing attracted by the noise looked out his tower nearby.

“I am The Mage here and control Housing Building Applications and explains why everything is built near the bridge and more correctly Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House.

And here an Aslop fable: “Beware the true intentions of zoo planners and where to place the monkey house?

And I wear white for I am a good druid and respectable and rid Womba of some of his warts for I have many potions.

Potions a salesman would like to own but wont sell him just to be annoying.

And don’t like our capital Haliput but do hear a blow dart blown. A blow dart aimed at Womba by the **Fiend** in the moat water and will be the last thing he blows as anacondas live in that water; as well a hundred alligators, six hundred crocodiles, who knows how many fins and three hag fish.

“Judas what is eating my feet?” The **Fiend** and splashed some water into what was eating him up eye's; and then added, “mummy,” as the eyes of a hundred alligators, six hundred crocodiles, who knows how many fins and three hag fish glared back at him.

And the woman across Womba’s saddle has petticoats billowing in Womba’s face.

“Womba have you stolen a cook from Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House? Who is this pretty thing across Old Nag?” The Mage shouted taking an interest in frillies so straight away we take down the washing, well certain things in the washing.

But the hiss of vaporising cold air on a dart travelling at 1000m.p.h pulled his attention away from things an old man is past looking at; sunsets and passing butterflies so: “Warthogs abracadabra,” The Mage shouted from his tower trying to be different.

And did the billowing skirts save Womba from the dart? No the hundred alligators, six hundred crocodiles, who knows how many fins and three hag fish did for they ate the nasty **Fiend** all up except his sandals made of cheap plastic that cause constipation.