

Womba

The Pan

And while Victorious sailed home, Nerthus visited Queen Christina. Did not all virgins pray to Nerthus for nine months of hell and a ruined figure? And the question was what had been going on in that green fly infested rose garden?

And Nerthus had a duty to answer her devotees prayers and knew what husband Daghdha and Morrigan had been doing in the back seat of a chariot.

For the wife always knows, for she finds the others unmentionables stuck in a pocket, the diamond tiara under the pillow with these words, 'Happy birthday sexy,' and then she gets a Xmas card with Birthday scored out and a single chocolate square full of wiggling thingamabobs.

Yes the wife knows.

So told Christina she would bring Garrison home because Daghdha hated them so would be good for his indigestion and gout.

“Why are you telling me this?” Christina suspicious of selling her shares in Harry Bros. PLC.

“I want the 1st May my remembrance day when the young shall dance the May Pole and frolic behind the barn,” Nerthus predicting a population boom.

And Christina sighed for that part was easy AND SHE SHOULD KNOW.

“Also the streets littered with dandelions and a million roasters released to ravage chickens behind haystacks, and to feed the energetic a million boars sizzling and a weeks holiday for everyone to recover,” Nerthus wanting a statue built to her.

And Christina lost her smile, Blackhood had been teaching her accountancy.

“That sweet man Harry Bros. PLC shall pay dearest because he is a man,” Nerthus

and Christina smiled.

“How will you get the miser to pay?” Christina was relieved her shares were safe.

“In bandages,” Nerthus then saw her husband in another dimension.

“Oh dearest,” Nerthus her voice full of honeycomb.

“Heck its the the bag,” Daghdha taken by surprise.

“I don't like how you are treating Garrison,” and did not add “nor being likened to alligator suitcases.”

And Daghdha ignored the wife as he played with the oracle innards of a chicken to see what the weather would be like Tuesdays am.

And one never ignores the wife, especially one armed with a heavy frying pan.

“Cheating worm,” the wife hitting him on the head, “I know you play bingo with that floozy in the back seat of a chariot,” and hit him again but somewhere in the front so pearly white teeth littered the floor.

She was some woman scorned and wanting her husband useless for the opposition so hit him many times here and there and stamped there and there again and again. Oh it was messy and horrid and said, “half your kingdom I am entitled too and half I will take, and alimony for the kids that will be brought up to hate you. And if you forget their birthdays I shall visit you with this,” and brought a broom down on him and swept him up into a ball which she played football with; and guess what the ball screamed and yelled something.

What a scorned woman Nerthus was?

“So you like black sexy suspenders,” and tightened one Morrigan's about his neck.

“Ga,” Daghdha.

“And frilly knickers,” and stuffed his mouth full of those she had found in his pockets.

“Yucky,” Daghdha naturally thinking they was the wife's.

“Like the whip do we?” And whipped him good.

“Ga ga,” as the god's mouth was full of frillies.

“And the rack while she paints her toes?” And threw a rack at him so he disappeared under it.

“Ga ga ga,” and managed an extra ga.

“Like rich food do we?” Nerthus throwing a cauldron of lobsters at him and worse alive and biting.

“Why don't you leave me?” It was a squeak and full of hope.

“And allow her to become Queen of Heaven, you nuts or something,” and made him polish her boots with his tongue.

“Yuck,” he slurped.

“And would she wash your smelly unmentionables? And lie awake when you snore? No I am not moving out to sleep in the chariot. And bet she has never stuffed a boar with sheep or have to put up with your windies? No its the Chinese takeaway for her?” And attacked the good god with renewed vigour and eventually hit him so good he went to Peter Pan Land.

What a lesson this woman is teaching jilted women the world over?

Oh yes, “Eeek,” was heard before he visited Peter and woke up much later.

“Is that nutter gone” His first sentence then noticed a prayer stuck to his feet.

“Sorry,” and was from The Mage.

“I will shred it to pieces for he is part of Garrison I loath so much because Morrigan the floozy bit hates them,” Daghdha then saw another note pinned to a heavy duty frying pan.

“Answer it,” and was from the nutter so Daghdha trembled.

“I will ask Mahannan the sea good to give Victorious currents to bring it home quickly, and Tanaros to fill the sail with wind and add this note, 'Nerthus has gone to see your wives?' So they did as they were bid.

And Christina was picking green fly from her roses when news was brought to her of Victorious's return. So summoned her crowd clearers, her naked barbarian faners, her musicians and went to the docks for she had read about the Aztecs and gold and was hoping?

And make Garrison pay a treasure tax, a berthing tax, a drop anchor tax and a right to Breathe tax and Blackhood knew the taxes would come to him for he was the nasty chancellor that thought them all up.

Bad Blackhood let's hope he eats a peach like bad King John and chokes on it.

Blackhood had many charities to support and his minor expendable relations were them.

And he lied telling Christina her X built schools when it built sweat shops for street urchins to knit his designer T shirts.

And Give Archicteturalex was back and told Harry all about Treasure Island for he was a boaster and idiot.

And never noticed Harry's lips quibble as fangs fought to flop out and an urge to howl overcome him for even now at this early stage, he was drinking The Mage's vile potions for longevity.

And at last Archicteturalex no longer sat at the bottom of the thousand seater long table for relations were like rabbits; he now sat next to Harry.

“Treasure Island will make me rich,” Archicteturalex and never saw Harry smile to hide his true intentions that were murderous and explains why Archicteturalex was an idiot about to meet The Fairy Maker in the Big Sky.

1. And down at the docks an ape was swinging about the rigging without nappies in a sailor uniform.
2. And a dwarf was at the ship's wheel.
3. And a bear was in the crow's nest throwing rose petals about.
4. And the crowd swore that was Drunken Noddy at the oars and serve the drunk right.
5. And the Lost Patrol in polished breast plates waved at the sight seers on the docks and because the real Garrison were hiding the crowd forgot what Garrison was?
And Christina forgot what Womba was too for Dog Publishers owned by Harry churned out lies, Womba was blond with blue eyes and extremely handsome and well equipped places; just what any girl wanted on HP.

For Harry knew ugliness and truth would not sell so Woman would be renamed Swatter.

"I have spilt The Mage's wine on his carpets so I could sell them at discount so don't want him back," knowing The Mage did want his money back or else? Why Archicteturaalex could pay for soon that minor relation did be upside down in a private dungeon reserved for too ambitious relations so all his cash did jingle out off upside down deep pockets.

"I have substituted Harold's food with a rubber chicken and sold his supper to a beggar just to get the beggar's takings," and knew Harold was still happy with the rubber chicken that seemed to last for ever so must stay away.

"I have sold books to Womba that are pure rubbish about princesses and dragons," and knew Womba would not do him for Womba could barely read so must stay away.

"I told Conan about temples full of priestess wanting ravished and were full of pythons and tigers but by luck a passing circus wagon driven by Marty's cousin thirty

times removed is driving uncle had arrived full of circus workers waiting to be ravaged so Conan must definitely stay away.

“I sold Tom nothing so am safe with him too,” Blackhood but knew Apes would shred him, “I will give him a free mango and that will settle the score,” and what about that Dwarf and crazy bear? “I will sell him a map to a gold mine in Siberia and the bear will follow him.”

So Blackhood knew he was safe from Garrison in the docks or was he? Garrison he knew liked HP agreements for they tore them up behind your back while giving you strange finger signs.

Yes Garrison was better quarantined at the docks; he did have too look to minor hooded relations crazy enough on the promise of a free dinner to sink the Victorious and all who sailed her.

But Archicteturaalex said there was Aztec gold on the ship and the tax inspector didn't need to know about it. But I can believe for I am the tax inspector for all gold marks and copper pennies are mine by Divine Right.

He ha eh ha slurp dribble,” and was the sounds of a greedy merchant and felt no remorse at wanting Garrison drowned, of course after he had emptied the ship of its Aztec gold.

Why Garrison had him to thank for their fame, his Dog Publishing House churned cheap paper backs out on their adventures and as long as Satirextex employed that monkey to write he did make Garrison more famous, of course after they were at the bottom of the harbour for Harry the Black hooded one knew lies made him money.

“Womba meets Robin Hoodtrex,” and “Harold marries Tazanantrex of the chimps,” were best sellers and all lies.

Why the sales of grapefruit was up because fairies believed his lies that the sour fruit

improved your vitality.

Why the sales of bitter Brussels sprouts was up because he lied saying the green cured constipation when every child knows they cause it so will not eat it.

Why the sales of prunes was up for he said prunes kept away vampires.

And incidentally toilet paper sales was up.

Yes Harry knew lies kept him in power and floozy fairies at his poolside while you soaked in your bath in cold water with a floozy yellow rubber duck.

“I must visit Christina and tell her the Victorious is full of poisonous spiders that can only be killed at night, then send in my brave relations to empty the ship of gold slurp dribble cough,” as he tended to choke on his long dribbles. “Where is that girl, time means interest and money lost.”

And heard, “Fall down and worship she with the pretty ankles.”

“Yes she has pretty ankles,” Harry watching her at the docks waving to GARRISON aboard ship.

“Froth dribble froth,” the sound of an angry merchant choking on his own foam, “She must go, I will arrange bad land deals by making her buy the best land out but get the National First Fairy Bank to call in the mortgages for I am the Bank President. She will be broke and borrow from me and then I will sack millions of decent people working for me to raise inflation and make the gold mark worthless so she must borrow more from me.

And send out my greedy relations who feed at my long table for a thousand, send them to brothels, public baths, massage parlours, footballs matches, stagecoaches, lap dance venues; anywhere where two fairies meet to spread slander about Christina so the fairies of Haliput will riot, and send her to? MMMM, the war galley I am about to sink, just where can I send a queen with pretty ankles needing worshipped, perhaps those

ankles might make me marks, two gold marks a peek, mmmm, slurp dribble choke,” the Blackhood, was nothing safe from his greedy oily visions?

“I will tell her to marry me or else 'See that cage over there, there you will perch so worshippers can see those ankles,' yes and she will choose me for I have infected her with greed.

Why in the bottom of every fairy heart greed lurks and breeds sending signals to fairy brains to buy luxury yachts, Cadillacs, jet planes, mansions and shares in pop idles and must borrow from me so I will own their greedy souls he ah he ha slurp dribble,” the mean twisted demented Blackhood.

So because he was choking on his dribble could do nothing to stop Womba laying his cloak over a puddle for Christina to cross and board the Victorious.

“I must hurry or she will see the pirate treasure chests,” Harry Blackhood and ran leaving a trail of saliva he had dribbled and added, “gasp my heart, all those pheasants and geese eaten at my table gasp pant dribble,” but made the puddle that Womba had taken his cloak away so Harry Blackhood disappeared for it was a hole that led to a fin below the pier.

“Splash,” was heard and, “Goodness gracious me someone save me,” from below the pier as a fin opened its mouth.

And there was a poof of magic as Morrigan afraid without Harry's direction her shares would be wiped out. Of course she should have left him to the fin for he was swindling her out of every penny she had invested in Harry Bros. PLC.

“I am soaked, not to worry for I can smell gold and its warmth will dry me out,” Harry Blackhood and made his way onto Victorious leaving a slug trail as he went.

“Here is your share Christina,” Harry heard The Mage and hurried forward and saw a treasure chest opened, many chests opened so had a fit and was unable to stop Christina

sending her naked barbarians down the gangplanks with many chests that dropped ruby rings so dock hands who worked sixteen hours a day for Harry Dock Labour PLC picked them up with these words, “At last I can feed my family of ten kids and three wives,” and threw their brooms and barrels this way and that and many landed on the deck of the Victorious just where Harry Blackhood lay foaming and fitting.

And Womba saw it was cruel to let Harry Blackhood see so much gold so shut the chests.

“I am tax inspector so where is my share?” Harry Blackhood and with shaky fingers opened a chest and got his stubby fingers about a diamond tiara so he shook like jelly.

“Apes come remove this jelly from our ship,” The Mage for Harry was shaking so much he had become incontinent so stunk something bad.

And Apes took him away at arms length of course and above the chimney tops of Haliput asked, “Remove where?” And getting no answer from his apish brain just dropped Harry Blackhood just like that and there was a:

“SPLASH,” below as Harry Blackhood went into an open sewer where real spiders lived.

And Harry was afraid of those hairy legs spiders always have so, “Eeek Eeek,” was heard from the sewers and rats the size of footballs lived there too, hungry fats that saw a fat merchant Xmas come early so, “Ouch stop biting me was heard,” but no help came as every fairy knew Harry lied so, “eeek,” actually meant “Oh lovely,” and “ Ouch stop biting me,” meant “ha ha that tickles.”

And as Harry fought his way to his home that no one knew where to sit at the top of a long wooden table, The Mage gave Apes a small ruby to take to the Tax Inspector to keep things legal.

“Ook,” Apes taking the ruby and a bunch of bananas The Mage had given to keep the

ape busy and away from the ship. For Apes was dressed in a sailor uniform with no bottom.

“Ook,” Apes and “Sniff” as Apes had no idea where Harry Blackhood lived then luck was with him, Ape's saw minor relations in lines coming out of the shadows and going into the shadows as they headed to the long table where gruel waited.

Not that Harry Blackhood slipped that watery stuff, he ate the lobsters and duck at his end.

“Ook,” Apes asking one relation he caught and getting no answer shook him good till he was holding jelly again.

“Ook,” Apes grabbing another luckless relation and snarled at the relation's so he went white and shook with terror.

“Ook,” Apes and took another and “SLAP,” for not all the relations where made of spiders and salt but perfume and roses; so “Eeek,” was added to Ape's vocabulary as this relation knew how to defend herself against gorillas that frightened little girls in black hoods in shadowy alleys.

So Apes sat there battered and bruised scratching his head wondering what was wrong with these relations then he noticed something; they were all going in the same direction so he followed them.

And noticed something else, they were all in black hoods so Apes grabbed another relation and there was much, “Eeeeeek,” as the relation being a modern Goth relation had just blackened his skin with shoe polish and studded himself with pins; very daring indeed but sharp to Apes.

So Apes took another relation and “RIP,” for the hood was too small and “Eeek,” came from the relation as Apes wasn't careful, what he ripped?

“Ook,” Apes and “Ooooooh,” as Apes doubled as some relations wore mini skirts

under their hoods and remembered what granny had taught them about dirty old gorillas wanting to give them sweets for a peek under the black hood?

So Apes sat down scratching his head wondering how he could get a black hood for disguise and then saw a washing line, why on that line the biggest blackest frilly knickers ever.

At least Apes was in black.

And as the relations entered a dark tenement Apes came through the sooty stained windows, for effect of course.

So “Eeek” and “I am done,” was heard from the table as long glass splinters rained down and “Eek,” from Apes as glass splinters got close to important bites.

Never mind these Give a Copper's bred like rabbits behind haystacks and in barns so don't get worried.

“Oh by the gods it is that homicidal gorilla again,” Harry fearing the worst and not a relation tried to stop Apes as he tried to get Harry to understand the ruby was the taxes and that was it, no more. And because even the sight of a small ruby got Harry dribbling Apes knew Harry did not understand so took all night to drum it into Harry no more taxes.

“Ook,” Apes repeated many times and “slurp,” was heard from the table as relations drank their gruel.

Minor relations who hoped the ape would finish of greedy Harry for they dreamed and aspired to his place at the top of the table, where Birds of Paradise was stuffed with horse meat covered in butter sauce.

But they were out of luck for at midnight the town clock went ding and Apes knew he must return to the ship or turn into a pumpkin on wheels drawn by blind mice and Harry he knew did sit in the pumpkin coach and rub out hot cigars on him.

So Apes fled out the front door this time as the stained window was busted up and outside he said, “Ook,” which meant I am lost.

So The Mage got his wish, it took Apes till the next morning and many drunks to tell him where the docks was.

And at a long table, “Half rations of gruel for the lot of you,” Harry Blackhood for he knew his relations wanted him sent to King Arawan and his hell for ever and ever.

Then spend his cash on floozy women and blue painted yachts to cruise the seas with more floozy women sunbathing the decks with these words, “He will never be back, good riddance and more lobster and stuff the gruel.”

Yes Harry Blackhood was loved by his minor relations.

And nightly Haliput's vermin was kept awake by billboards going up advertising, “Womba wrestles fins in open sewer, tickets bought at,” and Blackhood found a look a like minor relation that resembled Womba, threw a hood over him so none could see his face and threw him in the sewer, of course when all the tickets had been bought.

Too bad the fins won but the crowd knew Womba always came back the next day alive, and there were many look a like relations available at a certain table eating gruel.

“And besides my relations must pay their keep and ambitious they are so need putting down a bit for I am the only BOSS,” Blackhood and dribbles over his power and behind him a new barrow full of old Garrison unmentionables and shredded socks that Garrison collectors did pay a fortune to own.

“They like the essences,” Blackhood jingling cash and salivated over his pointed shoes.

And the millions boars he paid for the holiday of Nerthus were stuffed with piglets stuffed with yoghurt for they had been cooked in a nearby Indian.

And antelopes were stuffed with elephants for they were big antelopes.

And crows were stuffed with pigeons to answer the pigeon problem, you know pigeon pooh on the head and statues.

And a pie maker and hunter grew rich for the million gallons of wine needed soaked up the greasy pies with strange ringed tails sticking out of them.

And no one minded as there was warm beer to wash down the tails.

Yes a great May party and Nerthus was happy for with so many drunks about there was a population boom and Nerthus sagged with milk and smelled the clouds up with baby stinks.

"I must pull my hood down and sell pies also, there is money to be made from vermin," and sent his minor relations out instead, "BOSS never takes risks," and some relations ended up as pie ingredients as a pie maker and hunter objected to competition.

"Our pies are exactly six inches wide and must have at least one rat and tail and be three inches deep full of rich gravy and a whole onion to hide the flavour of rat," the pie maker and the hunter added, "We don't take kindly to these new traps these minor relations are using that catch a thousand rats a go, why even them randy rats can't make enough rats to replace them caught, and I will be out of a job," the hunter and about his waist a belt with scalps hanging, scalps from minor relations who were not careful and turned their backs on a hunter and pie maker in a dark alley.

And now were ingredients, "The onion will hide their taste," the pie maker.

But Garrison wanted home to a moat where Womba's socks called from the bottom of the moat, "Womba were art thou come back and get us on," but home was ash for the fiends had burnt the place up.

Ah nasty foolish fiends but left Filthy Big Bertha's alone, sensible fiends.

"Please stay here," Christina hearing of Garrison's home sickness.

"With you?" Womba hoping.

“No,” it was blunt.

“I understand I never rescued you from a dragon so never made the grade of prince,”
Womba.

And The Mage said, “Quite fool,” and Christiana saw in Womba all that was
Garrison and needed quarantined.

And wondered how Garrison won?

And the answer was obvious, they had Womba who had Garrison.

Then Conan slipped a hand under royal petticoats and squeezed a royal knee hoping
he did get to stay in the rose garden, no one need know; he did dress as a gnome.

But the official food taster saw, he whom Blackhood hated.

And the food taster clicked a finger and the whole chorus appeared from behind
curtains and sang,

“Worship and adore her,

she is a goddess,

She is divine.”

“I am sorry Conan I cannot ride into the sunset on your back and be ravaged,” and
wanted a mile away from his tobaccy breath.

And tobaccy splattered over the food taster who shouted, “Yikes.”

“I want home,” Tom and cried for he missed the waitresses.

And Cur howled and cocked its leg on the food taster who shouted, “Yucks.”

“Yes I miss my tower,” The Mage and added, “we shall go but never fear we shall
return when needed and beware he in the black hood,” The Mage and Christiana had
made up her mind never to invite them back for they stunk something bad.

”You mean Harry?” Christina.

“Ssssh, he has spies every where,” The Mage as the food taster leaned down with a

hand over his ear.

And as citizens bought liver salts from hooded minor relations the next day Blackhood watched a snail somersault and do gymnastics.

“Sign here,” Harry Blackhood shoving a saucer of rancid butter sauce forward so the snail signed his X.

So Isiniaphut signed his kingdom away and cursed the day he crawled out of Harold's deep pocket. Now he was just a tasty snail.

“Now I own the flat world, what next? Harry foaming and pushed his chair aside and went to his accounts room to him was what dad's did on attics with train sets, toy boats in baths and Garrison with waitress in Filthy Big Bertha's.

And seeing his accounts in the black did not cheer him for, “She is not mine mine mine,” and shut his eyes to sleep and count woolly £ and Kashmir \$ jumping over a gate and did not fall asleep. So annoyed Isiniaphut by dropping him into the rancid butter sauce and then heated the sauce up, oh what a cruel Blackhood this was.

But Harry Blackhood had heard his tummy rumbling and was just playing with his food.

“Did I hear gastric juices,” Isisinaphut weakly and tried to slime his way off the table with these words, “surely he will not eat me,” as he attempted freedom.

“What a large rubbery body you have?” Harry stirring the hot sauce and flicked a few drops at the snail.

“I eat well,” the snail at the table edge.

“What long eye stalks you have?” Harry letting a long strand of saliva fall onto the snail as it went over the table edge.

“All the better to see with,” the snail answered from the table leg allowing Harry to know where it was; silly foolish gastropod.

“What a long tail you have?” Harry adding chopped shrimp and watercress to a bowl of noddles for Harry knew watercress was good for Black hoods for he watched Pop Eye the Sailor films so knew it was full of iron.

“Not a bit of fat,” Isisnaphut boasted just reaching the floor and freedom.

“All mine mine mine even the shell on his back can be crushed as manure,” Harry Blackhood and dropped the snail onto the noodles and pored rancid butter sauce on it.

And Isisnaphut eased Harry's pains and here an Aslop fable: “Let noodle never show their customers what is in the noodle.”

*

Harry feels the pluck

“Hallo Harry dear,” the sweet female voice floated through broken stained glass revealing a Cockney accent; and Harry opened one closed eye Apes had previously closed.

Always looking for a gold mark or the contents of a piggy bank.

“Why dearest been a naughty boy have we?” Nerthus.

“A goddess come collecting,” Harry coughing up teeth.

“Could say Harry darling,” Nerthus meaning he was a dastardly swine.

“Cost a lot this stained glass window?” Nerthus pinging shreds out.

That fell on him so he shrieked and knew this was not a social visit.

“Eeek,” he moaned.

“Your Christina is making May Day my remembrance day,” Nerthus informed him plucking hairs off his head as his black hood was down.

“Ouch,” he replied.

And knew the bottom line was near as he felt gold marks crawl deeper into his pockets.

“Dearest Harry you look ill,” Nerthus gloating and plucked faster.

“Ooooooh,” was heard often.

And she drew his tongue out to check for spots and he was amazed it stretched three feet.

And more amazed at the speed it withdrew when released with a splat.

“Groan,” was heard.

“Guess who's paying?” Nerthus sweetly so Blue tits appeared and sang summer chirps.

“I refuse,” he could not help himself even knowing he had committed suicide, a mark was an adult penny and his by Divine Right.

“My loose teeth?” She pulling three without aspirin to kill the pain and there was much of that for she wanted his gold filings.

“I am sure Haliput will be grateful eating a million boars and millions of gallons of wine dearest? Don't you??” And floated above him and clicked royal fingers and he floated up too..

“Amazing?” Harry trying to see ways of turning halfings into pennies for that is what he paid the cleaners who missed much dirt, and the obvious answer was too “SACK THEM and employ minor relations for free.

“Here honey pie just X here?” Nerthus and Harry grimaced for he knew about X.

And his hand shook as he signed because Nerthus was booting him, from behind of course for she did not like to watch swine suffer.

“And I will make sure I get my share of boar for I am ravenous,” Harry Blackhood.

And Nerthus read his greedy thoughts so dropped him from thirty feet with these words: “What a darling you are?”

“Pregnant cow of Heaven,” he muttered as his face was six inches in the cement

floor. Yes it had been a messy landing with lots of cracking sounds.

And she heard and replied with a royal click outside the broken window.

“Pittar patter,” the sound of a thunder storm above his head.

“Thank you very much,” he spluttered.

And she replied with a tornado of newts and toads to make warts.

And smelt his rump on fire as lighting hit it and was grateful for the rain for it put out the fire.

“Thank you,” he spat.

“Think nothing of it dear,” the goddess lying for she meant it all.

And worse an earwig came out and bit him for these insects have large mouths and it spat him out for he was bitter.

Then a centipede bit unmentionables and died. The black rat bit him and got rabies and jumped out the broken window and a cat ate it and so spread rabies everywhere.

Then a ravenous cast away pet, a dog wanted to eat him; but cocked a leg instead.

Then the rain stopped and the insects and beasts had a rest and Harry said, “Thank you very much pregnant cow of Heaven,” for he thought she had gone.

“I heard that Harry,” and Nerthus threw a weasel amongst the insects and beasts so Harry shouted, “ARGH, my thingamajigs.”

And then “Help help help,” but Nerthus was gone just as well.

*

And citizens had their books on Garrison for Satirextex whipped the monkey to write faster' and Sampenciltrex fed the parrot more crackers to chisel statues so the parrot became obese.

Garrison was FAB.

So Harry Blackhood saw his bank account rise for he was mega rich.

“My first born will be called Ordinary,” a beggar with no hope of marrying for he was ugly and leprous and worse, broke.

“I will have Conan tattooed on my huge chest,” a washer woman and showed them to blind innocent boys like Tom.

“Giggle,” the innocent boys behind bushes.

Remember they were fairy lads.

“This fad will pay for the May Day holiday and them million boars,” Harry gloating.

“We want our Garrison heroes who sailed off the edge of the square world,

We want streets and sewers named after them,

Our milking cows,

Their scalps to keep,

And the skin off their backs,

For Garrison is FAD,

So will wear their unwashed unmentionables,

As long as it is Garrison FAD,” beggars and washer women agreed then did throw Garrison mugs, wall posters and thingamajigs stolen from Garrison while they slept into the bin

But for the moment as long as Dog Publishers was making cash jingle in a Blackhood pocket they was Fad..