

Womba

Free Gifts

And Harry knew he had dissatisfied customers because he was the Great Salesman. “See my testimonials from King Charles complaining about clothes bought that were invisible because they were.

For King Charles could only see pink elephants.

And my chain of barrow stalls made a killing selling them for what is good for the king is good for the court; so my employment agency made much profit hiring road sweepers for elephants are not house trained. And knew I had dissatisfied customers for the pink paint ran in the rain so said Offaltrex made the paint so he got battered.

And here I am again with a wagon full of red frilly knickers, garters, stockings, a pair of woolly socks, three spiked maces and four whips studded with nails for the adventurous. For I have many strange customers and they are defending the bridge now. The sons of fairies and the son of a thing and a dog with vermin blood.

Why where there is exotic taste there is cash and I am full of cash and can lie myself out of hell and will when I get sent down there.

Always blame the manufacturer which is me and never tell the angry customers that and resell them the boil caused by candy ingredients under a different name such as, ‘A cure for boils.’

And buy for they can’t resist reduced prices for the bottles were dented so sell hundreds and cause a plague of boils needing my medicines. Medicines made from ingredients freely given from nature as long as I have mules and nearby graveyards.

And run a canvas sack business to support my Funeral Director and operate a pay up scheme for canvas sacks cost money.

And a popular DIY stitch your own canvas sack scheme for I am greedy.

A salesman must watch the interest rates,” and did not add his rates and knew he was safe with these dissatisfied customers ahead for he had a secret weapon in the wagon. Why the secret is the **suspense** waiting to see what was under the blankets in the wagon.

“And have a case of imported garlic snails for Isisnaphut in case I have to change sides in a hurry for Harry gets around.”

And his wagon came to a stop with an, “Oink”.

“Here watch it Jimmy?” Conan pulling Harold free and caressing wheel ruts out of him.

“Oink,” which means thanks.

And the salesman smiled for he knew success lay in making your customers happy.

And a nasty dog gnawed his legs and gnawed extra deep.

“Nice dog,” and Harry knew to give customer’s dogs a biscuit and kiss their babies.

“Hello everyone I am back,” and threw back blankets to reveal more blankets and threw a dog biscuit amongst a thorn bush for extra good measure.

The suspense was horrific apart from the squeals.

Squeals? Yes for Harold had been rutted and Garrison now knew the whatever ancestry of him and looked closely at Harold's bottom for the wiggly thingie; for they

were fairies. Of course only when Harold was looking the other way for it is rude to look at bottoms.

“Howl,” the nasty dog amongst the thorn bush where a biscuit had been thrown for good measure. And the nasty dog would remember who threw the biscuit. For nasty dogs have memories like elephants so Harry beware.

“Throw the nasty dog a sock,” Conan fed up of the squeals and howls and added, “I feel like a bacon sandwich,” so the squeals ended not to draw attention to the squealer..

Then Harry pulled the blankets back to reveal his secret weapons he knew the boys *needed to keep him alive*; AND ALL AT SALE PRICES.

And Conan saw the largest sword ever and heard a sing song voice in his head,
“BUY ME BUY ME BUY ME.”

And Tom a tin of ‘Best armour polish ever’ at discount price.

And Womba a book, ‘The True stories of Prince Charming, Dragon Slayer,’ and as much as he looked his name Ordinary was not in the index under Princes?

And The Mage a jar of the dried nose bristles of the ‘Red Crested Yellow Spotted Rain Forest Newt, male, newted,’ needed for pile potions before winter set in, and if any drops left made stew gravy.

And Harold a tin of juicy steak with red onions, mushrooms and fabled yellow toadstools. ‘Add water and tuck in,’ the label read so added water and the foam went every where not to mention the hot gravy that splashed the eyes.

And no one knew the effects of eating yellow toadstools as Harry never stayed long enough to find out for a salesman must be wise to live a long and happy life.

And Christina smelt the purple decanter deliberately left open by Harry. ‘Rose salts,’
 “I must have them for Garrison Men have strong essences.”

“Woof,” and a dog saw a dinosaur bone so big and gnawable and only Harry knew it
 was from one his plastic models at the stall.

And all the goods had bright fluorescent tags, ‘1/2 price, Xmas sale, buy quick while
 stocks last.’

The tags were big too.

And no one was interested in the secret weapon but these were the secret weapons.

Was Harry not honour bound to sell them first before he sold them elsewhere?

“BUY ME BUY ME BUY ME,” the sing song voice inside Conan.

And Conan did to the jealousy of his word ‘Arnie’ that decided to go on strike.

And his new sword was tin and the jewels glass beads so was cheated ha he ha he.

And Conan liked the smell of manure wafting from Christina as it reminded him of
 home sweet home where barbarians rode horses all day, slept with their woman on
 them and brought up their kids on them and set many horses alight as they cooked on
 them too.

Yes the horse was important to a barbarian adventurer, a source of mince in times of
 famine when Conan would use up jars of Horse Radish.

And Tom found the polish scourer so ruined his armour so was wrath.

“And Harold took a turn of violent runs and visited the moat often and illustrates
 how dangerous a moat is to swim in.

And The Mage discovered his newt was a female so would still suffer the piles in winter so was wrath.

And a dog lost a tooth on hard plastic and knew where to sink the remaining teeth.

And when all Harry's customers were seeking him, he emptied their cash into a chest that smelt of money because it was full of money.

Then slammed the lid and locked it, "I trust no one not even the mules pulling the wagon. The world is full of thieves and not honest traders like me. Just complaining annoying customers wanting refunds. But their money is mine mine mine and concluded all customers are liars. Yes if only the world had more of my kind in it it would be a safer place."

And Conan's new sword went PING and became dust.

"I will kill Harry," Conan and a reply was on the breeze, *"Lovely compliments."*

"I will make Harry drink this rose water," and a reply on the breeze, *"I don't drink before sunset."*

"I will scour his bottom pink," Tom and a reply on the breeze, *"You can scour the dirty dishes."*

"I will curse him with piles," The Mage and a reply on the breeze, *"I have rabbit feet and a chain of garlic so do your worst ha ha he he."*

"Woof," and a reply on the breeze, *"I know where to boot a dog."*

"Oink," and a reply on the breeze, *"I will sell whatever it is to a local zoo and own more cash."*

“Yes I am The Great Salesman and beam pride as I see happy customers and jingle their cash in my deep pockets.”

“Jingle.”