

Womba

Secret Weapon

And The Great Salesman knew he did have to disappear before complaints started and this was his secret too long life.

“But I must show them my ‘Ultimate Sale’, the ultimate weapon against Fiends in numbered bitties.

In easy to follow instructions.

So don’t be frightened by the thousand bits needing gluing.

It can carry volunteers into the midst of Fiends who did never know they were there and volunteers did never know they were in perilous conditions.

Enough room for an innocent boy, a decrepit barbarian, some sort of ape with a wiggly bottom thingie, definitely Womba, a driver experienced in magic as the thing don’t run on air and a foul mouthed princess as navigator to turn mean when trying out a new scent just bought.

And plenty room in the tail for a nasty dog.

Yes a salesman’s life is full of risks and I have been more successful than my rivals because:

They don’t care about customer’s needs.

They don’t beat a quick retreat like me.

I give my rivals a good time in Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s Guest House and as they sleep it off sell them to Fiend slavers.

Why I passed Virginotrex nailed to a tree and there wasn't much left of him after the crows, blue tits and silver fish had finished; because he had sold them pies and some mean oily salesman had told customers the pies were full of mole meat and a year old.

"So what?" The rural customer's.

"My mistake, it was rat," so nailed Virginotrex and in the trade one never informs on a brother salesman so one rival less he ha he ha.

Anyway: These Garrison Men have no idea what to do with the Ultimate Sale apart from erecting it as a piece of modern art with a Viking begging in front.

"Sticking Harold out there with a tin cup beats robbing temples guarded by hundreds of Amazon soldiers armed with razor sharp swords.

"But will the thing work," Christina showing there is always one.

"Why you just throw Harold in it with a nut and roll it into the midst of Isisnaphut and he jumps out and beats Fiends up good," Harry and did not explain they were in it too.

And thirty thousand Fiends would do them good back.

"Then what?" Womba proving life could be dangerous.

"Your nights won't be boring as you can pull it to pieces and rebuilt it, even throw away the instructions and build from memory," Harry lying.

"I could drive it," Tom beaming pride so Conan nudged the volunteer into the moat and quick as a flash Harry takes from a pocket a ladder and saves him.

"Let the driver try the motor," Harry pushing Tom in and, "Conan you could hide in it as it is drives into temples for you to rob and Womba fight dragons and rescue princess from it," Harry with utter gibberish.

“Only idiots would believe such tripe,” a princess asking for a short life so a salesman threw a scent bottle in the moat hoping she did jump after it.

Woof,” and threw a doggy chew as well.

And without doubters Harry sold Garrison his secret weapon, a DIY build it Wooden Gastropod.

“Here just to show my customers no hard feeling here is some free candy,” and gave them rock covered in goose lard and sugar and The Mage looked at the Fiendish camp fires and knew they did be famous like those in the Wooden Snail of Troy.

“Womba, consult Book about volunteers,” The Mage ever so quietly as to not frighten off volunteers.

But they heard.

“What about my donkey voice,” and The Mage cured Womba for glory.

“Now where are others?” For volunteers had bolted.

And saw rabbit ears sticking up from under the bridge where a dog that had slipped in the moat was drying itself canine style.

“Gad leeches,” a rabbit and was poofed just like that into the wooden snail,

And the dog into the tail.

And a peanut was thrown into the snail and “oink” was heard as something ugly went after the nut.

“I want to impress and win medals so walk into the snail proudly,” Tom because he was innocent of life.

“I feel there are a hundred eyes leering at me from that wooden snail so want to burn it to a crisp,” a princess fed up being leered at.

“Poof,” so she joined the snail where she could be leered at from inside and keep volunteers happy.

“Who needs woman?

Volunteers do.

Macho humans?

And dogs too.

And women.

Women?

To practice the art of woman.

When they stick fingernails in man.

And claw women.

So brother kills sister.

Son his mother.

The baby sitter.

The volunteer's father.

All for a leer.”

Satiretext and he and his third rate poetry should be thrown in the moat.