

Womba

Orphan Boys

Malice has it Tom and Harold are orphan boys who wondered into the Garrison Hut at the bridge. Hungry, naked, struggling through strawberry fields and the owners of them strawberries.

“Eat our fruits without paying? We will see about that and set upon the poor unloved orphans with pitch forks.

“Eeek,” and “yikes,” the unwanted orphans.

And when they ate what was called ration packs carelessly left about were set upon by Conan and Womba and bitten all over by a cruel dog that should have welcomed licking them.

That they had not slept in a bed for months and when shown their wooden planks knew they never would again; they had enlisted.

They would get their own ration packs so would not be beaten and bitten good again except by fleas and bugs and them vermin living in their hut.

Let’s face it no respectable Viking did have Harold back. Did he not steer left instead of right for he did not know what leeward and starboard meant and was deaf anyway so wouldn’t matter?

Now needing a safe place for Vikings never forget who sank their ship and he was safe here for no respectable Viking did hole up as Garrison. And now he was better off for he didn’t have to eat sea sprayed biscuits for the biscuits here at Garrison were dry

and the weevils nice and crunchy. The plank dry and did not roll left or right and when cold that nasty dog cuddled into him.

“Oink, is that you teddy,” Harold and “Slurp,” Cur licking his face of course after licking its unmentionables for it was a dog.

Yes now Harold was supposed to guard the bridge and collect toll fees from smugglers, tourists and Harry but all crossed the bridge and did so by slipping past Harold lying on the grass sleeping. So no toll charges were collected and no pay rise given.

So the rest of Garrison hated him and if could write did send postcards to the Vikings telling them Harold was here.

And Tom was supposed to take a turn guarding but was sleeping on his plank in the Garrison Hut so no toll fees collected and no pay rise given.

“I just love these guardsmen,” Harry whipping mules and to slip past the sleepers.

So the rest of Garrison hated Tom for being useless and planned to sell him to slavers if any ever came.

And Conan sleeping in the water trough so no toll fees collected so no pay rise given.

And a dog sleeping on his plank so did not wake any of the guards.

And where was the sergeant to muster his men and collect toll fees, well asleep of course.

For they were guardsmen who were mates that sang nightly and drank swill in Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's.

And just left The Mage to hate them and spend a lot of cash on Harry buying bear traps, trap doors and poisoned weevil infested biscuits but Garrison always missed them for they were too busy sleeping.

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And as an epitaph, “I wish papa was like Womba then I would have grown up like Womba,” Tom and Conan replied, “A boy should be ravishing princesses not listening to turnips so is my duty to save Tom.”

And because the turnip never mustered the men never got a pay rise for their names were not on the pay slips, just Womba's for he was onto a good thing.