

Womba

The Great Snail Rolls Forth

‘And the Great Snail rolled,

Nostrils steaming,

And inside fairies all boiled.

So fairies were minking.

Outside crisping hapless Fiends.

And the snails wooden udders needed milking.

So squirted Greek fire on any who was not a friend.

For god Gastropodicus was hungry.

Isisnaphut their king as well.

For Gastropodicus ate his subjects when angry.

Who called upon him to save their shell.

And punish the fairies,

But Gastropodicus ate them just the same,

And choked on the bits that were hairy,

So Lord Tootanfoot was to blame,

For the donkey was doing the cooking.

So Gastropodicus put a carrot somewhere, ” Satirextex who should perhaps change his profession to a lavatory attendant? Then be flushed away forever ha he ha he; a laugh borrowed from a Bolly Wood horror movie.

And Offaltrex Purchtrix should not have whipped coachman Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving who then would not have whipped the mules to run recklessly and so missed the Great Wooden Snail creaking and swearing profusely across the bridge as the timing was out.

They also might not have being going so fast.

'5 mph' the road sign in faded red lettering, faded is it was written in ink and a primate with a perverted liking to ink had been seen in the neighbourhood.

"Ook," from a nearby out house.

But Offaltrex never read signs or obeyed them.

And Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving swore the words, "Your blind," also, "You deaf bugger Harold," or, "I said steer right," come out the snail's mouth.

So Harold steered the snail into the mules, and the terrified animals went further right and trod air for the bridge was not there.

"I am done," Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving watching the fetid moat water rise to meet him where hag fish waited for him

But was a true coachman to the end for he kept whipping his mules to the finish.

And inside Offaltrex cringed for Beautricianix gave him a look.

And a whispering chill blew across the bubbling moat that popped forth bloated frogs.

"Croak," the bloated frogs.

"Hold on, I am here," the voice of King Arawan of the Underworld coughed as the moat's suction tried sucking his rising body back down.

And an orange peel hung from his mouth.

And an amused rat sat on his wet hair.

And only the greedy merchant Offaltrex saw hell for that is Arawan, for it was his appointed hour to roast.

And so a pale hand reached for Offaltrex who looked into death's grey face who feeds well on sins giving him free labour to cook his hot meals; and fling coals into boilers so always a constant supply of hot water as he walks about moaning, "It is hot down here."

And Death's hands are pale for the movies always have it so; for atmosphere of course.

And Offaltrex saw himself powdering sulphuric salt with a huge mortar, and then filling bags labelled, 'Harry's Sea Salt.'

For a certain greedy salesman got about.

But Arawan who was Death and Hell liked the meths and saw triple so took Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving. A man innocent of greed but Arawan didn't care; a soul was a soul and was sure a man who had been an extra in a 007 film must have done something naughty.

So horrid popping sounds as Arawan vanished and Offaltrex rubbed his eyes disbelieving and a bubble rose and burst with these words, "Next time sunny boy," and Offaltrex was amazed a king could live in a moat that never emptied so stank.

My a whole passing circus had gone down it as a certain brother to Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving who had a beaked nose and cross eyes too led his

elephants along the short cut to Common as Muck's Filthy Big Bertha's famous pottery classes, into the moat and all the other circus coachmen followed and were never seen again, and lucky for the wobbling Garrison Men and dog they did as they was on the bridge waiting to be run down; so were saved for the story needs them but not Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving or his elephant driver brother. They are extras so can be trod on, jumped there and kicked here and elsewhere and not complain so go hire some as stress dolls.

And the moat is alive and is The Mage's fault for he is not green minded as dumped his unwanted potions there and did his laundry there, brushed his teeth and cleaned his plates too there; *but a whisper* it was his slave white bunnies he conjured up out of hats that did that as The Mage knew how to abuse his magic power. *Perhaps revenge was at work for sure it was or why else would the nice cute bunnies use moat water?*

Anyway: Offaltrex, "That's what I have hirelings for; goodbye Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving. But the merchant's smile faded as the coach was sinking so he scrambled up it like the vermin he was and met death here for Beautricianix had him.

"Woman first chum," she said tossing him away.

"What goes up must come down," the wise merchant's words.

And the Fiendish commandos feared him as he headed towards them on their wooden planks as they sneaked silently across the moat.

"Row row your planks," their rowing song with, "splash grunt splash grunt," for effect.

Yes feared for the planks had a name upon them, 'Harry Timber Yards.' And the wood was snapping as for it was full of termites, wood taken from the rubbish heap behind Big Bertha's thrown there to keep Apes happy; for apart from ink the nasty rotten primate had a fondness for termites and might explain why it was in a vicious mood; all them soldier termites in side his bowels nipping and living it up.

Yes Harry had taken away the wooden planks and sold them to a Fiendish commando squad to cross the fetid moat with these words, "You have my personal guarantee."

"Bubble," the fetid moat as King Arawan waited for Fiendish souls.

"Yes blame me," Harry and added, "I left some termites in Big Bertha's to spawn termites so I will be asked back to get rid of them. Oh how lovely a circle is that never ends, termites at one end and a deep pocket at the other," and gave a maniacal evil wicked laugh, "He ha he ha grunt," sort of laugh for atmosphere.

Yes the rotten wooden planks snapped just before Offaltrex landed on the Fiends and used them as stepping stones to reach the safety of the bank.

"Phew lucky for me I landed on them Fiends," Offaltrex and never thanked his Maker who would not forget.

Why he landed on the wrong bankful of Fiends with sharp spears chanting, "Kill kill kill," and whose cousins forty times removed you used as stepping stones."

"Oh my Gad," Offaltrex and Gad would not listen for Gad never forgot; like Filthy Big Bertha's customers who did not tip the waitresses and were seen running across the

deliberately planted nettle fields pulling up their pantaloons, *shrieking as they went for a waitress not tipped is a dangerous woman.*

And a bubble appeared and had Offlatrex's name on it in red; “You can’t cheat Arawan,” the bubble popped.

And Offaltrex was ill as Fiends tossed him up and down like tossed salad for he was salad too them so they took him to Isisnaphut who said, “An escaped piggy, throw him in the pot along with the carrots, Macedon vegetables and curry leaves,” for the Fiends liked spicy food and Isisnaphut knew it was not a piggy and he was eating fairy so was a big fat liar with strange tastes he tried his hardest not to reveal to the press.

“Isisinaphut eats fairy, gay rights movement takes to streets in protest,” the tabloids would print and be responsible for riots where mules would be freed from overloaded wagons to mess up where they liked. And after the riots the rioters would be given shovels or else sent to a certain war galley needing rowers.