

“And Fiends worshipped gad Gastropodicus,

And Isisnaphut hid his rancid butter sauce,

For Gastropodicus wanted the circus,

A circus a bubble on the moat in the shape of a face.

Marty’s cousin thirty times removed is driving

So sent Garrison.

Amongst his Fiends who were hip hopping.

For Garrison used a whip belonging to Harrison.

So Fiends were seen flopping and popping.

Someone give the Gastropodicus a clown,

Whip Fiends pleaded.

Coming a salesman knowing the clown had flown.

So a lion he would give for Fiends needed bled.

Dragging that lion has made me blown,” Satirextex again; is there no way to silence  
this poet?

And the great wooden snail stopped amongst Fiends and was silent.

Inside fairies sweated in fear Harold’s worms did complain and expose them; why

Conan had a hand over the mouth of whatever Harold was.

And that stupid primate Apes saw the great wooden snail and wanted to hug and cuddle it and led the Lost Patrol straight too it.

And Conan whispered, "Why are Fiends that carelessly throw sharps spears about and who are as thick as sausages not fleeing?"

"Overdone sausages perhaps but thick never for they saw the humour in sending them a wooden sail," The Mage writing out a will.

For the Fiends unlike the brave Garrison Men sweating inside had read books a merchant that got about sold them, 'The Wooden Pig of Troy,' so knew what to expect and were building a fire underneath the wooden snail.

"They are putting out cutlery Mage?" Conan worried.

"How have I allowed Harry to send me to the pot in a wooden snail? I am a brainless sheep, ba ba," The Mage banging his head on the inside of the snail, "Deluded by glory," he added and foamed at the mouth too and sought bandages in his deep pockets.

And Cur peed from that part of the wooden snail's anatomy to be nasty on the Fiends below.

"We eat that bit too," the Fiends shouted up so Cur whimpered, shame.

And Isisnaphut arrived with a cauldron of bubbling rancid butter sauce to smear on the wooden snail to help digestion.

And inside the snail Conan wished Harold was left behind for the smell of that rancid sauce was making whatever Harold was move; so was heading for that part of the anatomy where thingies exited for the salesman Harry had put in a door there.

“Let us worship Gastropodicus and thank him for this snail,” Isisnaphut kissing his god’s imaginary boots for Gastropodicus was a giant snail remember who might take offence snails were on the menu.

And none really knew what Gastropodicus looked like for visitors never returned to say what he looked like; perhaps he was King Arawan in drag?

And then Womba saw Lord Tootanfoot and something dark twiggled in his mind as he remembered this was he who had sat next to his fiancée in the carriage.

Fiancée?

So Womba drew Conan’s sword Arnie and fell out the place Harold was being held back by Conan from jumping down into that cauldron of rancid butter sauce.

Lucky for Womba he went out sword first and pierced ninety nine Fiends before he landed on a red ant hill.

“Wait for me,” Tom who idolised Womba for he was innocent.

And Conan did the sensible thing, he pushed Harold into the bit were Garrison Men had left blocking it.

“Why are you looking at me?” Conan asking The Mage who saw reflected there his own guilt.

“Better off without them?” The Mage.

“Sure,” Conan wiping a tear away.

Then the smells of snails in rancid butter sauce wafted through the wooden snail for Fiends outside were basting it so Harold went nuts and burst from that place Garrison Men had exited as heroes and fell amongst the Fiends with this sound, “Slurp.”

So the awful sound of barbarian teeth grinding together as Conan realised he would have to follow the idiots to hell and glory. “Mates who needs them,” he complained as Fiends were coming in through that place to escape his mates below.

“Where is Arnie?” Conan fumbling for his sword.

“Take this,” The Mage handing Conan something just before he slipped on rancid butter sauce and fell out.

Leaving Conan to beat Fiends with a flower for The Mage had a sense of humour.

“Bye handsome,” Christina not wanting to stay at the deserted spooky moat nor inside the overcrowded wooden snail filling with Fiends for she had a sense of survival and knew a flower would wilt when Fiends were using axes and daggers.

So departed from that place to see Captain Moronicus and said, “What a handsome fairy,” and got butterflies and forgot all about IT stuck in a red ant hill.

“I am in love,” Moronicus proving fairies were all the same and he was another Womba; perhaps a distant cousin for cooks did waitress jobs at Filthy Big Bertha's on Halloween when it was extremely busy, full of were-wolves, ghouls and Garrison Men so cooks were seen as sexy witches for the rooms were smoky and jammed full of drunks.

And Apes saw Christina and being short sighted swore she was a chimp escaped from a zoo and fell in love. It was the fault of her petticoats billowing as Christina departed for Apes had seen a girl floozy chimp ride a bike in a circus so she was a chimp and that was that. And if he had glasses would see the chimp on the bike was

Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving doubling for the real chimp was ill;  
eaten bananas bought from a certain scourge of a salesman.

"Ook," Apes in love.

*"I always get the blame."* that certain salesman ordering minor relations to throw  
blankets over crates on a wagon pulled by mules. And in the crates bananas, black  
skinned and mouldy, *"They fell off the back of a wagon,"* that salesman and the  
question was when?