

Womba

Greed

And Give a Copper Harry who is Harry was about to know fear for he had met Mistress Beautricianix and she smelled of the moat, had a squid down her cleavage that Harry being a man did not fail too notice and her wet billowing skirts showed off her curves which was another thing Harry noticed with a grin.

“Slap,” the sound of a female surrogate’s hand.

“Yikes,” the sound of a male chauvinist.

And even as one hand slapped the salesman the other put an ‘X’ on a Harry sebaceous oily paper. An oleaginous oily business document that had cost Offaltrex four hundred thousand gold marks for the other women always has a spare set of keys to the family home, a set for the town house and a set for the house bought for her, keys for the newest carriages with flower boxes and more importantly keys to the secret safety box the wife doesn’t know about.

So Offaltrex when doing his Month End balance sheet seeing spider webs only in his secret safety box would scream, “My heart gasp,” and do it silently just in case his scream attracted the wife.

And Beautricianix had bought from Harry a ‘Document of Immunity For Crimes of Passion’ issued by Judge ImasleepasIambored of the High Court of Session Haliput the fairy capital.

And the mistress remembered the squid down her cleavage because of a Harry World Tour and did not blame the poor coachman Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving who did not know his left from right and was driving over the speed limit.

But blamed Harry and stuffed in her red garter a dainty sharp razor waiting for rich boyfriends wanting to return to the wife.

And Harry could not keep his eyes of the red garter and breathed heavily and drooled; then saw the dainty razor and still sold her the legal document for if there was brass to made from muck he was there' for he was The Greatest Salesman ever and a man who like other men did not think with their brains but other anatomical interesting thingamajigs.

So deserved what was coming for he was the muck.

Besides he trusted the smudge all documents have; a smudge that said:

- 1) Immunity was conditional as it must be a crime of passion.
- 2) Committed under the 7th full moon when raining newts and frogs.
- 3) There must be an eclipse.
- 4) A were-wolf seen.
- 5) An army of Fiends coming through a rip.
- 6) A duck sitting by the moat on an egg.
- 7) Something alive rise from the moat.

And ImasleepasIambored wrote the document before anything had happened at the sleepy bridge where Garrison Men stayed every night they could at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's for that nasty dog was flea infested so infested the Garrison hut

where they slept. And infested Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's but for a penny extra a waitress would scratch your bit places so there.

Now Harry saw Apes carrying Christina and The Mage riding the Great Wooden Snail and Womba, Tom, Conan and whatever Harold was and Cur running fast as Fiends was behind them so fulfilled 5.

And Harry saw the Lost Patrol carrying Offaltrex Purchtrix and with these words, "Lazy bugger," threw him into the fetid moat as they was in front of the other Fiends so wanted out of the way quick, besides the merchant was over weight and slowing them down: so partial fulfilled 7.

And saw a singed Alicadabara throwing fire bolts, wolverines and all things nasty at The Mage riding the wooden snail.

So saw The Mage reply with his own magic puffs of flowers and squirrels and all things spring so the two magic's combined and made a were-wolf.

"Howl," the were-wolf seeking cuddly floozy waitresses to rip and shred as that is what they do so fulfilled 4.

And in the blinding puff of magic's saw Christina running lifting up her skirts so saw her pretty ankles and was happy, as it took a fairy's mind off dying.

"And Offaltrex rose from the moat," Beautricianix reading 7.

"Quack," and some duck was in the right place at the right time.

Then remembered there had been an eclipse today so fulfilled 3.

“I am safe for it has not rained newts and frogs,” Harry wiping nervous sweat from his forehead using Beautricianix’s billowing skirts for a salesman always keeps his handkerchief in his breast pocket for show.

And a mage and an evil wizard dancing about were doing a rain dance so somewhat fulfilled 2.

And Harry saw the clouds part and behold the brightest full moon ever that a werewolf was howling at so 2 was completely fulfilled.

And then felt the prick of a dainty ladies razor kept in a red garter for emergencies and found himself looking into beautiful eyes ImasleepasIambored did forgive; but at the moment were full of blameworthy intent and he knew he was going to the great salesman in the sky.

“I am too smart for my boxer shorts,” Harry still ogling the red garter thus proving he was a fairy to the end.

“Woof,” and knew fulfilments had thundered into him.

“Ook,” Apes carrying Harry away for Tandoori Household Forest Gorillas have memories like elephants and remembered Harry was the bum that sold him a sackful of bananas and was just banana skins.

“It was dark when I was filling the bag,” Harry on Apes shoulder.

And Beautricianix was knocked into the moat.

“To the barricade,” The Mage and didn’t need to shout as all were going there.

“What barricade?” Conan putting a damper on things for a certain salesman that got around had sold the barricade off as planks to certain Fiendish commando teams.

So Fiends got on the bridge, “Kill kill kill.”

And it was Harold that saved Offaltrex floating in a cauldron in the moat for the smell was tantalising.

“Oink,” whatever as Harold pulled the cauldron ashore licking his lips.

“Oink,” a disappointed “oink,” as Offaltrex was in the cauldron.

“Oink,” an angry “oink,” as Offaltrex was thrown away.

Poor Offaltrex that no one wanted unlike Harry who was loved as the creator of those plastic dinosaurs that *‘Was the in thing to have.’*

Because they were bright green and had a mouth full of teeth so you could shout,
“Grrrrrr I am a dinosaur,” for fairies had strange urges,

Anyway: “Click,” as The Mage put the Great Wooden Snail on its side as a new
barricade.

“It is full of holes? Where is that ape?” Conan seeing termites in the snail for a
merchant made sure his planks got around.

“My card,” and Harry’s card was a list of prices at inflated prices for he knew the
termites would not go away without him.

And Womba did something without Book; “Line up for volley fire.”

And Conan spat tobacco juice at Harry who ducked so fired the first shot so Fiends
charging and ranting foul words on the bridge slipped on his yucky and fell into the
moat and became bubbles on the fermenting surface.

“And Tom threw his tin of Brasso at the Fiends and the stink of the stuff made Fiends
grab their noses and fall off the bridge and gurgled away on the surface.

“Oink,” a whatever it was throwing nuts so Fiends clutched their eyes and fell into the moat and become whirlpools then vanished.

“Grrrr,” and the nasty dog lifted its leg so Fiends complained before falling obligingly into the moat for they were extras and paid to disappear.

And Christina rolled up her skirts so Fiends no longer shouted “Kill kill kill,” on the bridge for they were all male fiends so dribbled at the mouth and instead of jumping on the snail and hacking it into fire wood stood still so more Fiends crowded into them, salivating, drooling and ogling of course.

Then she took off her red garter and pinged it at the Fiends who instead of hacking and swearing productively at the enemy hacked themselves over ownership of the red garter for they were behaving like normal Fiendish men.

“Here that isn’t fair,” a retired barbarian and charged the Fiends doing nasty’s to themselves.

“Here he isn’t stealing my red garter,” an innocent boy who knew what garters were for the waitresses at Filthy Big Bertha’s wore them to make you buy more carrot soup, so kicked Fiends out of the way.

“Oink,” the retired oarsman and swung off the snail to swing about Fiends.

“Woof,” a jealous dog and ran amongst the Fiends biting them in important places where it could have bitten them on the leg, arm or even bottom, but we are dealing with a Garrison Dog, a psychopathic thing if ever with a vicious streak so bit them important places.

And a were-wolf fed up howling at the moon jumped on the Fiends with these words,
 “Yummy howl.”

“Ook,” that ferocious beast Apes as it throttled many Fiends looking for the red garter to wear for Apes was not the every day Household Tandoori Forest Gorilla you know but something that knew what red garters were for!

“At them men,” Moronicus leading his men onto the bridge to rescue the red garter and give it back to the princess for he was a grovelling aspirer.

And his men waited till the bridge was depleted of Fiends now floating bubbling gurgling dissolving in the moat before they stepped foot on the bridge for they had many wives in every army town needing a red garter for soldiers get about.

“I don’t believe this?” King Isinaphut seeing thousands of Fiends in the shark infested moat.

“I don’t believe this,” Alicadabara watching rabbit ears grow on his head as magic gets about.

“I don’t believe this,” Womba watching a red garter float past his eyes as he filled a cauldron with Fiends.

“Mine at last,” The Mage using magic to steal the red garter and smoked a pipe full of ‘Condor’ so said, “Satisfying,” and added, “Wheeze choke gasp,” for he was a none smoker but a stupid old man for he knew the image counts, “Cough gasp.”

“Madam, look at this?” And Harry from a deep pocket opened a pink brief case and Christina had to buy all the garters there, all the lacy stuff as well so with a “Click click click,” of her fingers directed at The Mage waited for his credit cards and knew she

would get them; because he was of the same race as everyone else here, male for males live in a world full of bad improper thoughts for they are made of everything nasty, chilli, curry leaves, wet dog fur and what mice drop.

Whereas girls are made of toffees, candy floose and cream and princesses royal double cream, butter toffees and giant whipped cream in a wheel barrow.