

Womba

Whispers

And these whispers were on the wind, amongst white clouds, behind trees and brick walls spread by fishmonger wives, beggar woman, cooks boiling old rabbits and bored females in general.

And men like chefs chopping mint, the watch before its afternoon nap and whipped rowers on royal galleys.

“The Mage is a thousand years old? He bought a time share in his tower and drove neighbours out by littering the place up with old sinks, bath tubs, rubbish bags, loud music and his bat Bat Wing’s untrained habits on the grass.

“What a pong,” his neighbours.

And the driven could do nothing for they did not want turned into fleas by him.

So he got their properties cheap.

And cleaned up by tossing everything into the fetid moat.

Why Cur hates him for after that mange spread all over the nasty dog that was ugly and now uglier for warts grew places.

And he spent gold marks on wallpaper and a feather goose pillow for Bat Wing; as encouragement to fly in all weather and under his bed a whip the bat had not met.

A Roman Bath in the basement for both, and allowed Garrison Men and that dog to lick clean the empty lobster shells from his table; as encouragement to guard the bridge in all weather.

And under his bed their pay packets just in case they refused.

And he brewed foul potions for all knew the meanest tasting medicines did you the best of good, and a salesman who got about sold them in Haliput, at inflated prices of course.

Medicines full of bat thingamabobs, snake venom, dust and the dust mites swept up, spiders from never swept rafters and the sweat of Garrison Men collected from their bandanas.

"I am a respected medicine salesman," Harry whispers and let's loose a plague of infested rats with these words, "To encourage business for I own an undertakers."

Yes The Mage was the son of a three thousand year old mage who had partied weekends at Filthy Big Bertha's and he did not see why he could not live longer.

"Give me the secret of long life too," Conan had begged.

"We can't all live forever son, some must die and some who knew the secret of the Fountain of Youth potion will not," the selfish mage and added, "Look we can't have thousands of your types living to three hundred years for imagine all the babies and the nappies needing changed, the abandoned women wanting maintenance.

Think of Womba living that long and all the babies looking like him?"

And Conan knew The Mage was right.

But The Mage had a rival, The Leopard in Black Spots as Alicadabara was known in wizard circles.

The wizard who replaced his mirror with a cauldron that filled with socks and worms to ask if he was the best wizard ever.

“No, The Mage is,” the cauldron and in a temper he emptied it out and filled it with iced water.

And the cauldron knew this was to be expected from the son of a fish monger who had joined the College of Black Arts and after turning all the teachers there into plastic dinosaurs for a salesman to dispose of the evidence fled through a rip; for things were not greener on the other side but mean, smelly and made of things that boys are made of.

And every full moon did sneak across disguised as a were-wolf and throw magic at The Mage who threw magic back so became a constipated were-wolf every full moon.

And Cur the dog hated them both for he grew a poodle’s tail.

And Alicadabara found the other side had Prince Ahmenton in pink pantaloons so festered the youth’s mind with ambition and we know the rest.

A prince who changed his name to Isisnaphut and was thinking of ways to change Alicadabara into an albatross so the nasty wizard could glide away and never come back. What do you expect of a fairy Fiend that wears pink pantaloons? For Isisnaphut had bought a book, “How to get rid of evil wizards,” from a salesman who gets about.

“I sell that book under another name, ‘Aunty Fairy’s Guide to Healthy Eating.’”

“I am content and drink warm beer from my tower,” The Mage before the tower was reduced to rubble.

“I am mean and unhappy for I want to rule the world and own Christina,” Alicadabara.

“I already rule this part of the world so am content,” The Mage coming out of Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s.

“I drink potions to make me strong and handsome but give me warts instead,” Alicadabara not understanding boys are already full of warts and everything nasty so was only encouraging them to appear and why he would never be like The Mage, clean cut and handsome and the spitting image of Clerk Gable in a white beard..

“For I click my fingers and Garrison Men sweep my floors, wash my clothes and pore my baths but do not cut my hair or shave me with sharp thingies for they are vengeful mean and dark; so employ a waitress at Big Bertha’s to do that.

“I have no friends for I eventually see they are happy so turn them into fruit flies for a laugh,” Alicadabara.

“Ha he ha he,” The Mage having a good laugh over the other’s misfortune.

And there was a hidden factor that would decide the fate of both wizards; something born years earlier, Womba Ordinary.