

Womba

Reinforcements

And Conan said, "I am badly outnumbered six thousand to one and there's a slim possibility I can be killed," and thought of army rations which made him fight harder to escape across the bridge. But, "There are six thousand Fiends wanting to slither me good over there so eating army rations can't be that bad," so fought his way back across the bridge to Garrison Land.

And because he was near to death had a Near Death Experience and saw the temples he ravaged, the priestesses he did unmentionables to, the temple treasures he looted and sold to Harry who gets around, the cities he burned too ash and populations he sold to Harry for Harry knew many galley owners; and Conan should be a rich man, "But I am a barbarian and drank and womanised it all away boo hoo sob."

And thought of his horse 'Whitey' for it was white and how it ran up scaffolds and kicked the hangmen places and carried Conan into the sunset.

"Whatever happened to that horse?" He pondered blocking a Fiendish axe, "Oh yeh it was a bad winter and them horse steaks in onions certainly got me through to spring, and a salesman got the scraps for glue."

And wished he had a son as a Fiendish sword slid between his legs and knew one of them twenty thousand women he had ravaged must have had a baby Conan?

"Did they call their daughters Conan after me? And can't visit as all those babies need maintenance. Isn't life hard on me?"

And smiled wickedly when he remembered the Princess who when patting Cur had asked, “What is that breeze?” And straightened her masses of petticoats for a barbarian must be quick to remain undiscovered.

“Maybe there is a little Conan about to grow up a prince?” Was he not Conan the son of Conan the son of Conan as long as there had been a Conan riding the Wilderness Trail causing havoc?

So realised little Conan needed some reinforcements if he was to grow up a prince and keep him in a life of luxury.

“Where is the regular army then, never about when needed?” He shouted.

“You call me corporal?” Whatever Harold was asked holding two Viking axes dripping red slippery ketchup *for effect for this is a family story.*

“You call me corporal?” Tom dropping a Fiend at Conan’s feet all covered in mashed red cherry stuff as this is a family story.

“Woof,” a nasty dog cocking its leg on the Fiend and dropped a Fiendish hand at Conan’s feet and the hand was covered in red dye as this is a family story. And the hand was made of paper mashie of course as this is a family story

And he could not help himself for Conan plucked the diamond ring off it before the nasty dog could see for a barbarian must be quick.

And above a darkened sky as Fiendish arrows blocked out the sun and thudded into a shield Womba hid behind.

“Mummy,” he mumbled.

And Conan thought of the plundering amongst the dead and the dead owned you as hacking was heavy work. Yes there were many diamond rings out there.

“Who needs the regular army then?” He asked the dog and fairies for Conan was a retired barbarian adventure riddled with arthritis and wrinkles, warts and bad wind attacks so was not as quick as he thought for, “Woof,” from the nasty dog expecting a share of a diamond ring.

“Hello Conan,” and was Tom wanting a share of the ring.

“Oink,” and was Harold wanting some cash.

So forgot all about his little prince needing kittens, puppies, ponies and pet dragons bought, and all the birthday parties were hundreds of celebrities needed fed, and the schools for rich kids needing paid, yes he forgot all about them twenty thousand ravaged woman and Christina patting Cur.

“I am sure that blur was Conan?” Christina wanting a share proving Conan was no longer THE Conan of legends.