

“The Grand old Duke of Haliput.

Had ten thousand men.

And were called the Duke's Halibut.

And had names like Ben.

Marching to the drum.

This way and that.

Up hill and down hill full of army rum.

All XXX prats.

So needed The Fairy AA anonymous..

But preferred Big Bertha's.

For the waitress service was fabulous.

Especially from Martha.

So the Grand old Duke of Halibut and chips,

Never had ten thousand men,” no not Satirextex again?

An inscription from a stone edifice at the bridge read by tourists two hundred years
later.

And a messenger headed for Garrison in bright clothes and, “I am not a parrot,” so ripped the clothes off and that is why a salesman had wagons behind the Duke’s men for he was in the Rag Trade.

So there was a naked messenger running about the countryside giving country folk a bad name.

“I love the Duke for he is senile and sell him what his men throw away. Why look at these million red gymnies needing feet, and those purple felt hats with yellow feathers in them, and these pink pantaloons needing fairy legs to prop them up, and all these flower printed boxer shorts, yes my mule wagons are full and is an never ending cycle and need not own a single Mill or pay a thousand Mill workers and spinners and weavers,” and Harry dribbled as he jingled the cash made from the Duke and his naked men.

Naked men he sold chain mail taken from all these bashed up Fiends lying about, and sold the Duke all the swords needed to fight Fiends with too.

Swords he sold to children at his dinosaur stall for they were rubber.

“How are we supposed to kill kill kill Fiends with these?” The Duke’s men asked.

“You beat them with them,” Harry’s voice drifted to them from a safe distance.

And why they found their way to his wagons where Fiendish Double crossers were for sale those three headed maces for basking three heads at once. And the weapons did the Fiends no good either for they bought them from a certain salesman who got about.

And Lionel Mathews the naked messenger saw the bridge and heard the screams, “I am not going down there to give a message to something Ordinary and I need cuddled

and wrapped up in warm blankets and given hot chocolate to drink to calm my nerves,” so headed for Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s for he had not thrown away his sporran where he kept his pennies for the sporran covers important places as this is a family story.

“Deliver your message son,” King Arawan hoping he did fall in the fetid moat; but he was drunk so Lionel ignored him as that is what you do to annoying drunks, especially one’s that smell of meths and relieve themselves in public.

“Only the dead can hear my message and they are dead and so can’t hear anything so my message is delivered,” Lionel Mathews the bad naked fairy messenger and entered Bertha’s where giggles and raucous laughter drifted out the windows and doors.

And King Arawan sitting on the driver’s seat of his own wagon full of collected souls, in this case all Fiendish cursed his luck, “Meths is cheap burp,” and his white red eared hound bayed and all heard and knew Arawan had escaped the moat so trembled.

And wanted a certain salesman to sell Arawan something for that dog’s constipation so it would stop baying.

“Hooooooooowl,” the bunged up hound bayed.

“I will not go near the vicious brute but have a wagon full of cotton balls to stick in ears,” a Harry whisper and as the breeze carried the whisper was free advertisement.

And any dog baying like that needed a nasty name.

But priests said Arawan’s mind was dim with meths so had forgotten the dogs name. Others said they heard him call, “Red ears come here,” just before they died and

Arawan threw their souls in the back of his wagon singing, “Hi ho hi ho collecting trash hi ho hi ho another soul for hell’s fires,” while others heard “Flea bag,” “Filth come here,” and “Mange,” or “Dribbler,” “Gnasher,” all heard on the their death beds, some at the end of a poppy addicts mugger’s dagger, some under the wheels of a drunken mule wagon driver, perhaps Marty’s cousin thirty times removed is driving before he went in the moat? Others frozen to death in a bad winter for they had been evicted by a certain salesman for rent arrears in the slum apartments he owned. You see to hear Arawan you must have a Near Death Experience.

And you never forgot it, the sound of that nasty bunged up dog baying, the creaking of a wagon needing goose lard and the smell of meths was overpowering.

And “Everyone’s dead,” Lionel Mathews sent a message to the Duke from Big Bertha’s while drinking chocolate for he knew they could all go home then. “Here wait a minute, what do I want to go home for? I have a wife who after giving me sixteen kids has lost her figure and these waitresses prefer me not to wear clothes drinking my hot chocolate.”

Yes whether fairy Fiends or dogs the male race had a one track mind; how to win the lotto.

“Men, now is the time for glory, go sell your lives dearly,” The Duke upon hearing Lionel’s message for dead Fiends could not fight back.

“Here wait a minute; someone said there are thirty thousand Fiends down at the bridge chanting, “Kill kill kill so am staying right here, where is the trade union?” A

soldier just bought scratchy furry trousers from a merchant who knew how to turn scratchy furry door mats into trousers to sell naked soldiers feeling the cold.

“Put my tent up here,” The Duke ordered and the strikers obliged for they were civilised strikers and busied themselves digging latrines and did not man the pickets for the smell of hot chocolate had drifted to them.

And a sweet little rose scented waitress was seeing delivering hot chocolate to The Duke in his tent. “Pizza delivery,” she lied.

And Filthy Big Bertha made all the fairies and Fiends in her house swear not to slither each other for cash was cash whether from a fairy or Fiend, it paid the heating bills for the place had many naked guests for some reason; and waitresses needed lots of expensive rose water and pizza.

“I am rich,” Harry filling glass bottles from the latrines and sprinkling some rose petals in them.

And neither Isinaphut nor Alicadabara knew about the hot chocolate for such an establishment was below them.

And Lionel Mathews wrote in his diary:

“I scouted seeing Fiends,

Charging stout defenders.

I reported to Duke.

That swarthy warrior.

Who immediately ordered trenches dug?

And stakes sharpened to stick Fiends’ places.”

And his battle of the account of the Battle at the Bridge was stolen and given to Satirextex to inspire national pride amongst fairies: so they did buy Harry's plastic gnomes that looked like Womba.

To buy Harry's cauldrons whose handles looked like Harold's mouth and the brim his teeth?

Or medals with pictures of Tom on them.

And cute pink poodles that was Cur.

And mantle piece stallions called Old nag.

Made by Sampenciltrex that artist responsible for culture in Ball. And clay swords you wind up to hear 'Arnie' sing but turned to rubble instead.

And jars of 'Eat a bit of Isisnaphut' for they were pickled snails and ingredients were too small too read but Harry had nets outside the latrines to catch flies.

And models of all of the characters of the battle whose limbs fell off and eye balls pinged out so the kids would scream in terror.

And the Christina look a likes disappearing into Harry's Cactus Jack's Casino nearby with tourists.

Yes dart boards with Tootanfoot's grinning face as the Bull's Eye. Mugs with Lionel Mathews face on them drinking Harry's bedtime chocolate.

'Harold's Bags' of peanuts with something apish on it and cuddly Ape soft toys for kids to rip the arms off for all knew Apes deserved what was coming.

And square toilet squares with Alicadabara's face on them.

Yes it all could be bought at the dinosaur stall.

“Gee up,” King Arawan heading for the bridge as Red Ears bayed and in his hand the message someone never delivered.

“Help is coming.”