

And the Fiends attacked the defenders until some Fiendish hero slipped on tobaccy and crashed into the bridge railings, went through them, hit the timber supports below, supports riddled by termites, so all fell and landed on Mistress Beautricianix floating on a plank below, a plank riddled by termites also.

*“Them insects is my gold mine,”* a whisper belonging to Harry.

And from underneath flew the long eared bats that lived there doing what they do best, getting in the hair of Fiends so they screamed, “A rabid untrained bat is in my hair,” and fell off into the moat because they were extras.

And not a single bat got into the hair of the defenders for they were the good guys.

And all the centipedes, earwigs and silver fish left as well and crawled up the legs of the Fiends about places they should not be so more Fiends fell into the moat.

And magic from The Mage and evil Alicadabara fell amongst the Fiends only because Alicadabara needed glasses and refused to admit it so more Fiends fell into the moat.

“Volley fire lads,” Womba encouraged his men as the words had got stuck in his mind.

“Splat,” as more slippery tobaccy fell amongst the Fiendish feet so more Fiends slipped into the fetid moat and there was lots of tobaccy to chew for tins of it lay about a dinosaur stall at last years Xmas price.

*“Still making a profit even if it is mixed with tea dust,”* an oily whisper.

“Splat,” as Tom threw Ladies Foundation found at a dinosaur stall so it got into Fiendish eyes so they could not see and fell into the nasty moat.

“Splat,” as Harold threw empty cauldrons lying next to a dinosaur stall and they had price tags on them, but Harold didn’t notice that. So Fiends’ splatted as the cauldrons was made of cast iron and fell into the microbe infected moat.

“Splat,” as that horrid dog lifted its leg after drinking many bottles of fizz found lying next to a dinosaur stall and they had sale prices on them.

“Splat,” as Womba in a panic threw Book at the Fiends and threw it so hard he knocked them down like skittles into the frothing moat. Never mind Harry had many copies of Book for him to throw at inflated prices.

“Somebody save me,” Christina screamed as that is what a terrified princess is supposed to do.

“I am going to afford that white galley with a swimming pool in it with all these sales,” a certain salesman so full of excitement he became temporarily incontinent and asked, “Here this isn’t supposed to happen to a smart salesmen?”

And whoever was writing the story had Apes catch Harry and drags him to the top of The Mage’s tower and tied him to the flag pole there for Apes was a revengeful primate that remembered a sack of banana skins.

And magic was about so Harry grew elephant ears.

And mooed at the end of his words.

And his trouser bottom split as a monkey tail grew there.

And heard an ape snigger.

“I will sue the story writer,” Harry promised so his nose became red and enlarged.

And below: “Reinforce men,” Captain Moronicus wanting to impress the princess and when all the Fiends were dead rescue her and become a handsome prince so added “please.”.

But his men looked the other way pretending not to hear him and saw Apes coming down the tower towards them so fought the Fiends to try to get away from Apes so Moronicus did not have to add, “with strawberries,” and humiliate himself further.

And all that weight on top of wood infested with termites was too much so with a mighty roar the bridge collapsed sending Fiends into the treacherous moat but not a single Garrison Man.

For Fiends are made of worse things than boys so got what they deserved.

But not the fairies made of less harmful ingredients for they are fairy boys.

So Womba hung onto the last plank with groaning fingers that groaned because Conan hung to him by his belt and Tom hung to him but not from his belt.

“Shriek,” was heard often and, “let go you fool.”

And Harold hung onto Tom’s medals so they pinged off into the moat.

“For my collection? How kind,” King Arawan very happy for business was brisk.

And Cur did not have fingers to grasp thingies so used his teeth on Harold so “Oink,” was heard much and, “Let go idiot I needed seven hundred corn flakes tops for that medal,” and then swore a lot but that is censored for Tom is portrayed as a sweet innocent lad who sells toffee on street corners.

“Hey this fairy is wearing Superman printed unmentionables?” Captain Moronicus admiring what Harold wore as he clung to whatever Harold was.

Then added, “Shriek let go off those,” as his Lost Patrol clung to every part of his anatomy for the moat was below.

“Ooooooaaaaaaaoooooaaaaoooooh,” was the call of a female Tandoori Forest Household Gorilla and was Mistress Beautricianix wobbling on her plank as she stamped on Fiendish fingers trying to get the plank from her to save themselves. Selfish Fiends for not trying to save a delicate painted woman first.

“Ook,” Apes replied and swung down Womba and stuck his massive toes places so Womba screamed, “Yikes that isn’t a banana,” for he was afraid for he knew primates ate bananas.

So Apes ignored Christina with the pretty ankles for she was bland compared to the new love in his life so rescued Mistress Beautricianix.

“When I am queen that ape will visit a taxidermist,” Christina peevd.

“This ape has fleas,” a member of the Lost Patrol and just like that the fleas were biting and everyone needed a good scratch and lots of flea powder.

“I am finished,” Womba managed to gasp, “Gasp,” as his fingers stretched so those at the bottom dipped into the swirling moat waters.

So all scrambled to the top over him.

Poor Womba Ordinary was just a ladder to everyone and not a fairy with ambitions, feelings, needs and nightmares, yes just a ladder as uncut finger nails clawed places; and

many boots dug places so, “Gad almighty,” was heard often and, “Have pity on me so let go,” but the claws were not fooled for the dark deep moat was below.

“Gurgle,” from the deep moat water.

But not too worry Alicadabara just for spite threw one last magic spell at Womba and missed for a breeze was on the air and hit Harry.

So he turned into a Dwarf Tandoori Forest Household Mountain Gorilla with a monkey tail.

“Ook,” Apes holding Mistress Beautricianix up for closer inspection and was horrified to see the mascara had smudged, the red lipstick smeared, the dye run from her hair, the foundation had finger prints in it, her hair needed a shampoo to untangle the million knots and clumps, her clothes were ripped and covered in nasty looking stains and the rose water smelt of something bad so Apes said, “Ook,” which meant “Harry again.”

And unable to look upon the haggard woman tossed her to the elements, but not to worry just before she hit the moat snatched hold of something.

“Oh sweet mummy not again,” Womba shrieked.

And Womba was not the only one shrieking for Mistress Beautricianix had put on weight eating all those strawberries and oysters on holiday; and with a “Splash,” all hit the moat water.

Perhaps it was the rose water but the moat spat them out, except for the Fiends for they are the bad guys.

“Saved,” Womba groaning lying flat on the embankment and should not have lain still but sought cover for what is spat out must come down.

“Marvellous, who were the actors?” A member of the regular army drinking warm beer at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s in a deck chair.

“Retreat,” Isinaphut with his accountant beside him who had told him, “All those war pensions needing paid so no more midnight swims in swimming pools full of Champagne and floozy Fiend girls.

And Lord Tootanfoot coming up the rear of the Fiendish army was muttering, “Why does no one love me?” “Is it my big ears?” “All I want is to rule the worlds seen and unseen, is that asking to much God?” So never heard the Fiend army screaming coming his way, “No more hacking today boys,” “Line up the XXX at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s,” so trampled all over he who was muttering, “What the blazes?”

“Hi ho hi ho off we go making souls out of muck,” King Arawan sang happily nearby tossing Fiendish souls into the back of his wagon.

“Enaw,” his mules nibbling carrots bought from a salesman so after a few nibbles spat them out for they were nasty tasting Brussel Sprouts dipped in orange paint.

*“Is not the season for carrots,”* a lame reply from someone on the wind and jingled his sporran protectively.

“Ook,” a furious primate who hearing the jingle thought of Xmas and presents bought from a travelling salesman and the boxes where empty.

“What does an ape know about presents, the time needed to remove what was in the boxes, the hours spent wrapping the boxes in Xmas paper? It is after all only an illiterate thingy?” Harry who did not whisper and since he was in the arms of Apes was heard so got battered real good and for good measure Apes ripped a sporran off.

“Shriek,” as the sporran almost took away something else for sporran’s hang in dangerous places.

And not only did the greedy salesman get battered he got his chips too for the magic wore off so Apes saw it was Harry.

“Blooming heck wish Apes did hurry up and fry that salesman,” a soldier buying a Fiend a XXX at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s.

“Maybe I can go home now,” the Fiend seeing there was no bridge left to fight over and showed the army man his photos of his green wife with 49DD breasts, the seven kids with fangs and the pet crocodile wanting to eat you.

“These are my lot,” the army man showing the Fiend a picture of a dancing girl then six more of the same but they were not wife.

And Alicadabara bit his nails to the core in nervous frustration so screamed when he bit into bone and added, “They didn’t teach me this at The Black School of Arts? They told me evil always wins so I want refunded.”

And Isisnaphut in a royal rage stamped on all his snails so would not get his supper that night. “Never mind there is a table reserved for me at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s where Fiends are not judged by the colour of their horns but by the jingle in a sporran.

And it was all because of termites and a greedy salesman that won the battle at the bridge.

“How can I get Satirextex and Sampenciltrex turn ugly bulbous white insects into heroes kids need reared on?” Harry and in his pocket a Chartered Surveyors report to the last nail how much King Charles did have to pay to rebuild the bridge.

“And at no extra cost can rebuild it in a night,” and added, “that ape is on a one way ticket to a zoo, all I need is volunteers to get it there?”