

And after dinner where King Isisnaphut ate Cottage Pie with salad and washed it all down with iced lemon tea he went and sulked on his golden throne, a giant snail crafted by craftsmen but Fiends was supposed to live in grass huts so they must have stolen it from fairies who knew how to make such things.

“All I know he is welcome here any time,” Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha jingling for he pays in gold not I.O.U.’s like some broke Garrison Men.

“And he tips well,” the waitresses adjusting their strap thingamabobs as they jingled the gold nuggets he gave out as tips and juggled other thingamabobs.

And the heavy golden throne was carried on poles by sweaty pole bearers the criminals of the Fiend world so don’t feel sorry for them.

“What a weight?” A bank rubber moaned.

“Can’t he fall off and have an accident?” A white collar swindler hoped.

“Yes the smell down here is overpowering?” A mugger overcome by unhealthy essences.

“We get gruel to eat while he gets waitress service,” a Fiend dwarf miner who ran off with the mine now scraping gold flakes off the gold poles.

“Gee up,” the task masker and sent the whip in; a thirty foot long one to reach hidden places.

“Yikes,” the Fiendish criminals and jumped to it.

“Blast I dropped the gold flake,” the Fiend dwarf miner.

And Isisnaphut was going to meet Alicadabara and tell him what he thought of his magic that did not work; perhaps not a wise move?

And Alicadabara was fuming in bandaged feet holding his wand glued back together for he had stamped on it something, a wand carved in cobra mouths, open mouths with sharp fangs. And because it was a magic wand the fangs had been full of nasty venom so explains why Alicadabara was covered in boils and red spots and seeing triple.

And beside him Lord Tootanfoot sitting on a red spotted toadstool and we know what is said about them, 'Don't eat toadstools, especially that variety.'

“I am in a thousand bits and my plans of toppling Drunken Noddy and becoming King of Ball are in tatters because his magic doesn't work,” a foolish unloved Tootanfoot.

“He needs a diet,” the toadstool once a Fiend but there had been so much magic lately? And that should have been a cue for an unloved mangled broken up lord needing the emergency ward quick; but don't worry even if the whole Fiendish army had retreated over him as this is a grown up fairy story where no one really dies, so all that magic healed all Tootanfoot's million broken bones and squashed thingies inside him.

“Zap,” Alicadabara fed up of the complaining unloved lord and sniggered. What spell had been used? *“Find out in a later instalment when buying chapter 36 at no extra cost of course,”* that salesman hoping for a sale.

Anyway: “Who is Womba, is he General Womba, where did he come from?” Lord Tootanfoot carelessly promoting Womba.

“Half my army in the moat, calls himself a wizard, why if I was green apple pie covered in green slimy custard I could work better magic than Alicadabara,” Isisnaphut from his gold throne.

“We will see about that,” and was a deliberate mutter so heard and a broken wand moved and all the labourers carrying the throne became green slimy custard.

“Needs cream,” a certain Lord who was one of those types that loved his puddings.

“We have no bridge; we need a merchant to sell us a D.I.Y. easy assembly bridge?” Isisnaphut not noticing the colour of his pole bearers.

“Delicious,” a certain lord that loved cook’s apple pies.

“Hello,” and Harry tied up his mules for a successful merchant must have good hearing, be fearless when dealing with disillusioned customers and carry a Fiendish dictionary in his pocket.

And in a flash Harry had shown them in the back of his wagon the best ever packaged D.I.Y. Bridge with a garage on the upper level for mules.

“I can’t afford that?” Isisnaphut being a difficult customer.

“Yes it should be free for all those rotten planks you sold us?” Tootanfoot on his last slimy custard pole bearer.

“For you,” Harry giving the dangerous customer cream on the house, cream that was the white froth lathered on his mules' coats for Harry knew speedy mules got him places first, and first meant no competition for the competition groomed their donkeys and horses and fed them oats, and when cold put blankets on their beasts of burden and gave them names, “Goldie Locks,” “Bananarama,” “Sir Oliver,” and such tripe;

whereas Harry used the whip and named them all “Glue bags,” the horrid man and in cold nights sold their blankets to cold frontiers people living near the bridge.

“I can click a bridge out of the clouds,” Alicadabara in the huffs still so “Gee up,” was Harry’s reply as he left the wizard to it.

“Wait, bring it back, I will give you anything for it,” Isisnaphut using the wrong words to a salesman, so was Alicadabara's fault Isisnaphut bought without bargaining for:

“Sign here,” Harry and the king signed 'X'.

“Gee up,” was heard in the distance as Harry crossed the moat in a hurry with these words, “No mouldy hay tonight for you Glue Bags if you don't hurry.”

“How did he do that?” Alicadabara amazed but was a salesman secret for those that owed him had prostrated themselves across the fetid moat so his mules and wagon could cross, in a hurry of course; for they hoped he would let them off a month's H.P.

But it was Harry the greatest salesman ever they were dealing with and just as well he sold splints and bandages as his wheels rutted here and broke and squashed places.

“Oh ah,” was a moan from Conan needing a splint in an important place.

“Eeek,” Womba shrieked and might shriek for ever.

“Ga,” Harold as a wheel rutted his mouth so did not “oink.”

“Woof,” and was the last woof for many an hour.

“I will be innocent for ever and never know adulthood,” Tom and was a lie.

“Should know greedy salesmen are greedy salesmen,” an Aslop fable drifting by.

So them who needed bandages hated Aslop as well as the salesman for his smart words.

And the Fiends began to assemble their shiny new bridge. And the instructions where in Chinese and Harry had not sold them a Chinese dictionary for they had no money left.

And across the fetid moat another Council of War as The Mage and the defenders figured out what to do. And they held their talk in Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's so were distracted often by the waitresses so never saw Harry jingle his cash.

"We won, we actually won, here baby come sit on my knee," Conan knowing war and shared difficulties dissolved social barriers so pulled the princess to him. But he was wrong for they were at peace again, the war was past so she splayed his face so hard his lips hit the opposite wall with this sound, "PING."

"Just what I like, a woman with spirit," and the lips puckered up for a kiss but Womba full of rage beat him good with these words, "Ugly runt, pensioner, touch her again and I will beat you, understand," and beat Conan good to make him understand but he was Conan of the Legends so did not lie down so stood up as fairy men do so got beaten up good again so was beaten up good three times.

"Click," and The Mage turned them into butterflies so he could have peace to read The Times.

"What children," Captain Moronicus pulling Christina towards him now the Ordinary was a butterfly so was slapped good.

So his lips hit a distant wall too and the customer there was offended, so beat Moronicus black and blue and stuffed blue cheese places for he had been eating cheese and crackers. So the two of them would be ignored by the waitresses for that cheese stinks.

“Oink,” Harold swinging from the rafters as Apes was curious to see what made such attractive noises and Harold swung fast for Apes was swinging behind him.

So banana skins fell upon the Lost Patrol playing a certain card game with the waitresses so were happy the skins covered places now bare.

Yes it was a Council of War for Tom was no where to be found but giggles and titters came from behind the wooden ceiling. Being innocent he must have been swapping marbles or trading Marvel comic picture cards?

And Common as Mucks Filthy Big Bertha’s pedigree poodle was no where to be seen either and nor was that nasty dog Cur.

“Hello all,” Harry entering and from a bag gave all trinkets, free of course, for he was rich from the bridge sale so knew it was Fiendish money that bought these gifts; gifts he needed to pacify these good fairies with or nasty things did happen to him, for he could remember Apes.

And the trinkets were that, collected from the bottom of Corn Flake boxes but the fairies were happy for fairies liked free thingies.

“What peace?” Harry but his customers did not hear him as they were laughing and all excited as they played with their toys.