

Womba

A Pushing We Go

“Oh wondrous metal beastie,
Shining black,
No termite finds you tastie.
Pure Ballenese railway track,
Erected by fairy sweat.
In freezing snow.
So with much fret,
As fairies froze you know.
As they made a beastie upside down.
For Fiends don't read Chinese.
So Isisnaphut wore a frown.
“Why wasn't it written in Ballenese?”
So cleared off to Common as Muck,
To have his hot chocolate of course,” Satirextex who has escaped assassins and
giant rat traps to write again.
And all lies for a salesman knows the general public loves to believe lies.
“Heave ho a pushing we go,” Fiends shoving the DIY Bridge towards the bridge and
Garrison Men lost in thought as those about to die do.

“I am Conan and feel the wind of the steppes in my blood and want to run and tame wild horses there but the stripes on my arm make me responsible for Tom that innocent boy and Book needs burning and Womba gagged?”

And Womba had a copy of Book in his back pocket and had no idea what to do for the writer of Book had written Book drinking hot chocolate and eating dried toast. So all Womba could do was parade his men when seeing fifteen thousand fiends pushing a steel bridge towards him; should run and plant mushrooms somewhere, marry a freckled framer’s daughter and have twenty kids to do farm chores as you take it easy.

And Cur was gnawing at the string Womba had tied him to a peg in front of them all, for he knew the dog was selfish and would not lay down its life for friends, so would bite any Fiend foolishly enough to get near.

And Harold was happy for he was half blind for a certain merchant had sold him glasses that where designer sunglasses so could not see any Fiends coming so was happy eating pork pies. Strange pies with ringed tails hanging from them.

“The spaghetti bits,” a lying salesman throwing a blanket over traps in his wagon. Pork pies thrown in free if glasses bought. Pies fit for the bin for they was green and the salesman knew if he ever met Harold again he did need to sell Harold proper glasses to see Fiends with as they were getting close.

False teeth as Harold didn’t have any but a salesman knew the crusty puff pastry did wonders for gummy gums hard as steel.

A hearing aid to hear the better the wondrous items for sale on a mule drawn wagon.

Mules of course as kids love to give them sugar cubes and say “Nice horsie.” Sugar cubes bought from a salesman.

And a bottle of purgatives to get rid of any pie left and no guarantees it would work as only Harry and the mules knew the ingredients.

"Neaw Enaw," but sugar had been added for taste and a sprinkle of cinnamon for aroma so it was an expensive bottle of purgative.

“Come and get your just deserts Alicadabara,” The Mage at the top of his tower. And Alicadabara would like many deserts for he was fond of lemon pie, apple pie and chocolate sponge pudding and lots of ice cream and custard.

And behind the Garrison Men the Lost Patrol behind their oval shields with spears bristling for Moronicus had read their minds so told them poisonous worms lived here and attacked anyone walking; so they stood still listening for the grass to rustle for it does when a worm appears so they could stamp on the poisonous worm and send it to Arawan below.

Poor cuddly worms.

“These fairies are too used to riding horses on goose feathered saddles, of eating fine food at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s, of having waitress service and this time will fight and I will be noticed by King Charles who will give me Christina in marriage,” Moronicus illustrating why he was called Moronicus.

And was all lies apart from the good waitress service.

And the wooden oval shields and spears had been bought from Harry made from planks infested with termites.

"We don't want shields and spears to last a life time but replaced at a decent price,"
and was a whisper from you know who?

"Is the princess worth my horse to flee to safety?" Moronicus who wanted to flee for he was a selfish self preservationist. Beside Apes had got fond of that horse as riding beat walking.

"Listen kid go get me some chewy tobaccy," Conan and Apes knew when a stripe sent the kid to the rear things must be bad.

"Ook," Apes swinging off to find a wet warm Tandoori rain forest and floozy girl ape to make heaps of nasty gorilla babies with tremendous strength. But saw Mistress Beautricianix and Offaltrex Purchtrix arguing with Harry and Apes remembered banana skins so screamed: "Eeeeeeeek ook," and the Fiends heard that savage shriek and stopped but the Fiends behind kept pushing forward shoving them in front into the boiling moat.

Kept pushing for Alicadabara was behind them turning them into butterflies and worse, was riding a giant black bat cracking a bull whip to make Fiends shout louder, "Kill kill kill," when all the Fiends wanted was to go home to the wives and sixteen kids and read the Sunday newspapers.

And up front The Mage was turning those Fiends there into runny treacle as Arawan had sent a message to him: 'Need molasses for my jam sandwiches.' For The Mage was influencing Father Time perhaps to adjust his own sell by date to meet Arawan!

Then Womba thinking hard knew what to say as the fiends was piling up the moat allowing Fiends behind to cross and hundreds of butterflies too.

“Retreat,” he shouted.

“About blooming well time?” Conan and spat chewy tobacco at Womba to show his appreciation.

And Tom was not there to salute Womba for he was long gone from listening to Conan.

But Cur was for he had gnawed his way to freedom so bit Womba somewhere so there was a loud “Shriek”; to show his admiration for his sergeant.

“Oink,” and something big and fury swung over Womba and unable to see did Womba good in case Womba was a Fiend and being deaf did not know what Womba had shouted so was empty of appreciative thoughts apart from where to find peanuts and a Viking ship to row away to Greenland and retirement for there was none here?

And Womba lay where he was floored admiring all the butterflies above him just as the Lost Patrol took a chance and ran across the grass and across Womba for everyone was heading to The Mage’s ruined tower for it had many levels to hide in; so perhaps the Fiends would not see them and “Kill kill kill,” them.

“Gee up,” Christina on Apes’ horse and galloped over Womba and one Fiend said, “It is the famous Bengal Lancers,” and it only takes one and the Fiends were in full retreat and were so numerous Alicadabara could not turn them all into butterfly’s quick enough so made some flies.

“Buzz,” they went away home to be swatted by the wife.

“The Fiends became afraid.

For they thought which was dangerous,

For they were soldiers and worse fiends,

So fled,” Satiretext words inscribed on the spot Fiends became winged insects. And near this plaque a hot pie vendor for Harry knew tourists liked Scots Hot Pies and was also into vermin control. *“A lovely hot pie full of minced pepper meat and runny gravy and only me, the hunter and them vermin and the butcher knows what ingredients are, and almost forgot the mules but a glue factory is nearby,”* a Harry whisper but sales in purgatives are good.

Is this the future we glimpse where the world is controlled by Harry Bros. PLC that sees the world as a sale?

And across the bridge a toll house and a Harry cousin selling tickets to ‘Garrison Men Theme Park.’

“Mine mine mine all mine,” Harry when selling Harold a rubber chicken covered in gravy so became his motto. Yes all the pennies were his and there was a hundred pennies to a gold mark and all his. “For a salesman needs to think ahead,” and with his disgruntled customers he needed too. “I accept I.O.U.’s for they are valued behind the veil and will pay for my green pixies dancing about in tights for they are floozy pixies that never made it to that other nicer boring place.

I will run hell and feed Arawan meths so he sees pink elephants always and not me taking bribes to open the gates to leave with my maps. Maps showing the road to the other place but is the rear exit to hell. They don’t know that but I do as He who runs the other place does not want my cash so cannot be bribed.

So send Him cakes stuffed full of floozy devils but He sends them back. What is wrong with Him? Money makes the world round and have already bribed the fates so all fate lines come to my stalls.

Yes I know how to make money and these Garrison Men don't know how lucky they are to have me as a friend.

Now what do I see? Womba has got to his knees and a thousand Fiends are in front of him. I can't look but will; perhaps I can sell the Fiends an axe sharpener?"

And all the Fiends thought Womba crazy not to flee with the rest to The Mage's tower and wondered why he was not afraid.

"Ga," escaped Womba for he was not with this world for he ached something after being trampled all over.

"He is not afraid because that is General Womba," a Fiend and only takes one so the Fiends tip toed past Womba afraid that if they slithered him his ghost did come back and haunt them.

So Fiends counted how many Fiends bobbed up and down in the moat as they went by. And just then Christina appeared on Apes' horse and threw Womba across her saddle.

"I don't believe this, that puny little delicate girl lifted that Ordinary onto her horse?" Alicadabara and pulled hair from his head so was bald.

"Hi ya baby," was all Womba was allowed to say before he was dumped at The Mage's tower door just next to where a spoilt dog did its unmentionables so he was not pleased. And he was not happy as Christina urged her horse to enter the tower over

him. Then misery set upon him for Conan to save Tom from Womba's corrupt influences shut the tower door.

On the side where the Fiends had recovered their composure and where chanting "Kill kill kill."

"Here let me in," Womba pleaded banging on the door.

"When do I get paid?" Tom replied pretending not to hear.

"That's the spirit," Conan.

"Kill kill kill."

And a spear parted Womba's legs so he trembled for the spear was high up near thingamabobs.

"This is more like it," Alicadabara getting happy.

"If you want in pass Book through the letter box," Conan and was immediately popular and a nasty dog waited under the letter box for dogs know what to do with the mail and newspapers.

And another spear thundered into the wood above the last spear so Womba afraid pushed Book through the letter box.

"Stop that, that is army property," he heard Christina and hope rose in his heart. "I love you princess," and well she did not hear him! And she saved Book not for Womba but because she was afraid there was no discipline amongst the Garrison Men apart from her riding crop that Garrison men always wanted to polish.

Yes strange things occurred with waitress service at Filthy Big Bertha's it seems and perhaps were taking horse riding lessons and not how to improve your knitting.

And Book was pushed back to Womba tattered and bruised and then the door opened and Apes took hold of Womba and swung away to the rafters, and here shook him upside down to see if any pennies fell out; but it was a Garrison Man he was mugging so dropped the penniless thing from six floors up.

“Here why are you looking at me like that?” Conan asked Christina.

“And why is Harold picking mushrooms off my back?” Tom worried.

“Woof,” and a dog scratched a potato off its head.

“Ga,” Womba managed trying to get up and that was some loud thud he hit the floor with.

“Here I am not captain to vegetables?” Moronicus as the Lost Patrol sprouted them.

“Ook,” Apes panicking as onions grew on his bottom.

“What has that idiot done?” Conan forgetting whom he addressed going after The Mage.

“What a sweet old man, how I love white beards,” Christina lying but knew how to grovel as she went after The Mage also and, “The nice old man has put a wall of magic about us and any Fiend that gets too close becomes market produce,” and plucked one off Conan with these words, “Minestrone soup tonight boys.”

“No one makes soup out of me,” and was Conan’s last words as he was on the steps a salesman never repaired so hit the wooden dining table below and bounced off a rubber chicken Harry had sold Harold so his fall was broken, lucky fairy.

So helping hands pulled the chicken off his head as Fiends fell down the stairs for The Mage had opened the trap door to let dinner in. Tomatoes for every one, to be added to omelettes or eaten raw.

“I have had enough,” Conan and sat down to smoke his tobacccy and Christina asked for some and surprised he gave her and together clouded the room up.

And his fury arm oiled its way about a princess for any girl that could smoke his tobacccy was meant for him.

And he was wrong, for any girl that could lift Womba onto a saddle knew how to deal with fury oily arms.

“Come on girl, untie me,” Conan begged as Christina knew how to make knots out of burly fury oily arms.

And Conan saddened for any girl that could make mince of him was his girl, a girl to ride next to him never washing so they did pong the wilderness trail together.

Yes the Fiends could have the bridge and Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s as well and Womba thrown in as extra; Conan was coming out of retirement and thinking of The Mage’s Bat Bat Wing and escaping with his girl.

A girl that could make mince of him, smoke his tobacccy and was full of other tricks but not the type Conan expected.

Yes he should have asked her if she wanted to escape with him.