

And is easy to guess what plod means? And the above is taken from a sign post pointing the way home; perhaps Garrison Men might never go home? Who would have them? Smelly things that did eat the shirt on your back; so deserved no home.

And Womba watched a Fiend struggling to carry a mattress out of their hut door and scratch at the same time; so Womba showed he had a malicious side for he smirked for he knew what lived in the mattresses found in that hut.

Bugs got angry when sleeping off their meals so all those Fiends thinking they were smart looting and pillaging were taking thingies back to Fiend land far away behind the rip in the sky.

“They are stealing my biscuit boxes,” and Tom was wrath and wanted to “Kill kill kill,” but let Conan hold him back for in those boxes his medals and coupons for more medals from Corn Flake makers.

And Christina felt pity for the innocent lad and hugged him and slapped Conan so did not see the smirk on innocent Tom’s face. He was Garrison and had a corrupt side to him for he drew waitresses for he was an artist so paid for Garrison at Common as Mucks Filthy Big Bertha’s. Did not his posters cover bedroom doors illustrating what was on the menu behind?

“I will sneak into Filthy Big Bertha's and rip them down and sell them in a gallery,”
an oily voice.

“There will be a loud shriek if I catch that miser in my establishment for he sells us strange meat with ringed tails,” Filthy Big Bertha's

“Oink,” and Harold was wrath and jumped up and down on nearby mushrooms as Fiends ate his walnuts and took back to their lands highly contagious germs; never mind they was just Fiends and the only good Fiend was a dead one.

“In those flames is my freedom away from this place,” Conan and grabbed Christina to head for The Wilderness Trail but she was disappointed for she had not been ravaged; so kicked him hard somewhere so he doubled up and did not see Cur cry as it watched its new toy a rubber chicken get bitten and stretched between Fiendish teeth on the way back to their lands, a rubber chicken covered in doggy saliva and germs picked up where doggy mouths go, everywhere. Never mind soon be no living Fiends in Fiend Land?

And Cur cried too because he had no where too call home and needs you to adopt him, please?

He knew he was just VAGABOND now.

Like the Garrison Men already were!

And the Lost Patrol saw Fiends pushing Harry's army supply wagon back across the rip and were happy for the wagon was full of surprises, rubber swords.

“They sell like hot cakes at my dinosaur stall amongst the kids,” a certain whisper needing gagged.

Then all moaned for they saw a long war ahead and lots of marching up and down hills in soggy rain when they wanted waitress to serve them mushroom soap.

And “Ook,” as Apes mashed a banana between bugling knuckles wondering if he did ever see a floozy girl chimp again?

Never mind Marty’s cousin thirty times removed is driving uncle once removed is driving a circus wagon with a chimp dressed in a flower print bikini and goes round the spectators selling banana flavoured candy floss. If Apes could only get a ticket to the circus? But no one told him a circus was nearby so missed the chance to get rid of the murderous beast.

“If I can bribe Harry to get Satirextex to write poems that the Fiends are retreating because Captain Moronicus defeated them, King Charles will by popular demand give me Christina,” a Moronicus who did not have enough pay to bribe a salesman; perhaps even buy the last plastic dinosaur as a collector’s item?

“I am certainly going to flay him alive,” Mistress Beautricianix looking in a pocket mirror for every floozy girl worth her salt carries one, and she meant Apes for he had given up undoing her corset and now it was just a knot and Beautricianix added, “I will knot him and throw him in the moat,” she could dream, this was Apes she was on about.

And Bat Wing beat her chest which then hurt something for she missed a handsome red dragon with soot smudges.

“I just want rid of them all,” The Mage and gritted his teeth.

“This is my entire fault,” Christina who was a good girl at heart, really she was and added, “I should be spanked,” and Conan and The Mage being worldly came forward to offer their services.

“I wanted rid of Drunken Noddy my daddy and be queen and have my subjects adore me and return their love with good government,” And Womba was happy seeing his love returned and Conan spat tobacccy at him and Cur lifted a leg on him.

“But things went wrong for Alicadabara and Tootanfoot who want to marry me and bring in extra racks, electric chairs and gas chambers,” and Moronicus was gagged by his men.

“I am broken hearted for Book says I must be loyal to King Charles,” but cheered for The Mage shut Book.

So ogled Christina who too be an annoying flirt lifted her petticoats so Womba shook but these were not ordinary fairies apart from one, for Cur shook violently so fleas went onto others so they scratched. And Harold could not pronounce “Oink” for the sight of pretty ankles had rejuvenated parts that XXX usually don't.

And Conan recovered seeing slim ankles made to throw Christina on his shoulders and run to The Wilderness Trail but got kicked somewhere important so doubled up again. “That man just won't learn,” Christina observing all men.

“Ook,” and the gorilla shook first from the sight of silken flesh then from seeing what happened to Conan so changed its mind about swinging off to the rafters with the princess.

“Wow,” Tom showing he was innocent.

“I am off to pack and leave,” The Mage.

“Leave when there are millions of fiends wanting to kill kill kill everyone one of us?” Conan asked.

“Why not?” The Mage and went to stuff teddy into his overnight case.

And Conan spat tobacco at his shadow but because of his weakened condition the breeze blew it upon Apes who with these precious words, “Ook,” went bananas on Conan.

“It is 5000 plods to Haliput and home,” Christina seeing the sense in getting away from this place, a place with no scented baths, no hundred chefs to cook breakfast, no credit card facilities and no handsome millionaires looking for a sweet little freckled girl to shower with expensive presents.

Yes 5000 plods to Haliput and the patter patter of the Chief executioner to get rid of horrid Garrison.