

Womba

Long Hike

And The Mage stepped out of the tower's front door after clicking of course to change any lingering Fiends into lingering mushrooms. Behind him roaches carried his expensive canvas overnight bag; expensive because it was signed 'Johnny Walker.' So we know what was in the bag.

And he began to plod along the way to Haliput with Bat Wing behind him with tears in her eyes. In her paws a red scale plucked off a red dragon with snoot smudges.

And no one else in the tower followed for they saw Fiends snoring on the lawn.

Licking cauldrons clean.

Seeking latrines for what they had eaten was Garrison food.

And others digging for grubs to dip in chocolate fondue cauldrons.

And many others staring aimlessly at their feet having counted their toes now waited for excitement and only takes one to find it.

"Here gobble wobble cluck cluck," which is Fiendish for here look a stall selling plastic dinosaurs.

"I will put an end to this dinosaur looting," and was Harry enraged and so stuffed a \$10 dollar gold mark bill in someone's back pocket. A pocket that had a rip in it; a \$10 bill attached to a string.

And Womba put Book away and Conan saw him and feared the Ordinary had read it.

“It says in Book we must protect businesses, so volunteers needed,” and he got them for he was using a big baseball bat with knots in it.

And in his bag pocket a shiny \$10 gold mark bill.

So the volunteers did not line up outside amongst the visiting Fiends but ran after The Mage and the Fiends would know what to do with Mr Ordinary.

“I have paid you to protect my dinosaurs, protect or give me back what is mine?”

Harry in the shadows. And Womba found his bribe was gone and so was the string and in the shadows a \$10 bill was being stuffed next to it's cousins, \$100 bills in a greedy salesman's wallet.

“It will take you ten years working in my hot plastic factory with the dwarfs doing sixteen hour shifts to pay me back my \$10 dollar gold mark piece,” Harry now under a table but still in the shadows.

“Ha ha,” I will not pay you and there is nothing in the world you can do to make me pay, so there, rasp,” Mr Womba Ordinary so sure of himself he made a rude sound.

“I will tell Garrison I bribed you to risk them protecting my plastic dinosaurs,”

Harry now under Womba but in Womba's shadow for he did not want exposed to the glorious sunlight; for perhaps Harry was a were-thingy, or vampire needing a coffin or just perhaps his head was so singed from magic so now needed one of his wigs. Also he had cauliflower ears where Apes had pulled them and his clothes tatters, and he smelt of spilt rose water.

“Ha ha so the little smelly twerp thinks he can tell me what to do?” Womba towering over the little salesman twerp who suddenly stood aside and behind him

muscle men hired from a passing circus wagon driven by Marty's cousin thirty times removed is drivings uncle once removed is driving.

And while one kicked Womba in his ordinary shins so he shrieked another kicked him that place elsewhere so he shrieked louder. And a louder shriek came when another boxed his ears and the loudest shriek was when one poked his eyes.

And because he had fingers in his eyes never saw Harry open the tower door so his hired help could push Womba towards his plastic dinosaur stall and Fiends.

And Womba went and used the knotted baseball bat on the Fiends at the stall except that was what the other Fiends where waiting for, some excitement as counting your toes gets boring after you done it a hundred times.

So Womba was done all over so he ran screaming after The Mage with these words, "Help help."

"Him as well?" The Mage just coming to terms he was not travelling alone so clicked and a 10 foot brick wall grew in front of the Fiends so they ran into it. So did Womba but fear had him for Fiends were piling up on him and they had not bathed; and why Womba used them as a ladder to get over the wall

So Womba grovelled as he kissed The Mage's feet so did not see Harry gently stroke the stressed out \$10 dollar gold mark bill; a bill attached to a string.

"He did only spend it in Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's but now I can spend it there," Harry leaving the tower and added, "Here what do you burly circus men want?" Hoping they had become confused and believed they had lost their wages to sort Womba out.

“Polanski? “ Which in Magyar where all good circus horsemen come from means
 “Wages mate or else?”

And The Mage did not help Harry when Harry shouted “Help help,” for he
 remembered stairs never mended.

But sighed as an object thrown through the sky landed in front of him.

“Harry’s here,” The Mage and walked over Harry on the road to Haliput.

And so did Garrison walk over Harry and Apes left a banana skin for Harry to slip
 on for the Ape was mean.

And Harry with a yell slipped on it and Apes threw another and after six slips Harry
 asked, “Here where is everyone?”

“Invisible Harry, I made them invisible,” The Mage replied.

“What about me, them Fiends can see me and think I am crazy talking to myself,” a
 disturbed Harry needing the funny farm.

And a banana skin wrapped about his face as an answer.

“To think I left the wife for you,” Harry heard a voice from nowhere and was
 Offaltrex Purchtrix about to die.

“I turned down a waitresses job at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s to holiday
 with you,” Mistress Beautricianix just before she burst into tears so all the invisible
 Garrison men and The Lost Patrol comforted her.

“That woman would make me a good wife,” Harry seeing she could fleece anything
 in trousers and as the husband he would be legally entitled to spend her riches.

But forgot she was legally entitled to spend his.

And Christina too show she was kind gave Beautricianix the rose water she got from Harry so pretty soon Beautricianix was left alone with Offaltrex Purchtrix who began to “Eeek,” and “Yikes,” quite a lot for she was bigger than him.

“At least I am not alone in my misery,” Harry cheering and he was correct for behind him Fiends had followed the trail of banana skins to an invisible Ape just in front of Harry.

“At least I am not alone in my misery,” Offaltrex Purchtrix cheering at the sound of many Fiends plucking some more hair from Harry so the singed bald patch got larger. His ears too as Fiends pulled them 6 metres out and then let go so they twanged back. Oh the nasty Fiends how could they do this to their friend Harry who sold them rubber swords?

“Go and help him Womba?” The Mage becoming tired of the sound of “Shrieks” and “yikes” from behind.

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“The army is composed of

Generals to privates sixth class.

And a mascot called Apes who fell off,

A stool seeking a ballerina chimp lass .

And a nasty dog.

But no merchants.

For they hid in the fog.

“We are monks,” they chant.

So can't enlist.

Unless they sign the dotted line.

By mistake in the mist.

Thinking it free shares in a gold mine.

For Ordinary is a cunning recruitment serge.

So enlist for thirty years with Ordinary," Satirex who escaped the vets so still has a deep Fiendish voice.

And Womba showed Harry the enlistment papers and a quill to sign them with; and when signed he could become invisible.

Now Harry might be singed and having Fiends examine where his tongue began but he was not enlisting.

"Stuff the quill up your hairy nostrils mate," the foolish merchant.

But would sign for night was coming and the Fiends had got bored kicking him to see how far he could jump and where bedding down and cooking mushrooms; and snails in rancid butter sauce and one was boiling a rubber chicken to see if that would tenderise it.

And the aroma's reached Harry whose stomach gurgled with juices wanting to digest food. Food that was invisible but smelt of roasted pheasant for it was shooting season, and the aroma of Xmas pudding for many are always found at the back of cupboards, and the aroma of boiling tripe for Harry's gums were tender and the bad Fiends had taken all his teeth so needed that and some watery gruel.

But out of deep pockets he produced a new set of teeth, gold crusted and a silver spoon and forks to eat with.

“Sign here,” Womba answering the digestive juices of the merchant who was showered in plastic dinosaurs from where no one knows?

“Never, do you know who I am?” Harry so was not made invisible so heard merry laughter from those feasting and cracking jokes at his expense. And it was at his expense for a certain supply wagon had arrived at the exact spot in time when The Mage had made them invisible; so there was plenty of tobacco and rose water to go about.

As for the plastic dinosaurs, well no one wanted them which explains who threw them. And the supply wagon belonged to Harry but because it was invisible couldn't see it so was spared a tantrum.

And Harry felt the night chill and shivered with these words, “I am a poor unloved merchant who just wants a cuddle and warm cup of milk, can you help me?” And help was at hand for he spied a public latrine on the road to Haliput so sheltered there.

“Food at last,” Harry eating the flies he found.

“Warm at last,” Harry wrapping layers of scratchy Ajax loo paper about him.

“Hello my name is Harry,” Harry speaking paper fairies he made. “Stuff you then,” Harry shredding the paper fairies he made when they didn't reply.

“Bo ho sob now I am lonely,” Harry putting it on so don't feel sorry for the miser.

See a centipede crawling from the wooden seat onto Harry so now Harry isn't alone.

And when the sun came up he was thrown out of the latrine by Fiends so got no breakfast inside his hiding place.

“Let me in,” he begged Womba and The Mage replied, “You sold Isinaphut the DIY plans for a bridge, go away Harry.” And Harry smelt the kippers in hot butter and went bananas so the Fiends came over to see what was up and some slipped on banana skins and fell in the loo that was a thunder box.

“Gobble wobble,” the Fiends screamed in Fiendish which translated means, “Gad.”

And Alicadabara came also for banana skins do not come out of the clouds you know? Maybe of the back of a wagon with an ape on it.

Anyway: “That foolish swindler will expose us all in our invisible world, it is about time to send him as a crispy offering to King Arawan and be done with his plastic dinosaurs,” The Mage revealing his nasty side. You see all because he had a fluffy white beard and wore a white smock tied at the middle with a large leather belt and sandals with a sickle don’t mean you are all white and made of sweets. And the truth is in the original Red Riding Hood there was no wolf but a Mage.

A dirty old mage in a grubby white smock trying to get a sweet little girl to turn his kitchen into a fitted kitchen on the cheap.

“Spare him; enlist him as private eight class and this is how to do it?” Christina with butterflies coming out of her mouth with each word showing she was pretty and pretty inside too.

“Here Book says there is no private eight class in the army,” Womba showing he was a man of regulations.

“Silly Womba, didn’t anyone point out you have the old version of Book and when we get to Haliput you can buy one in gold print,” The Mage and tweaked his cheek and spoke to him as if he was a Gvssaimp which me was.

And so Womba offered the papers and quill for Harry to sign.

“Stuff it up somewhere,” the nasty merchant’s reply.

“Trust me he will sign,” the beautiful princess who was all good inside apart from when lost that time in her rose garden with Tootanfoot and Conan and many other times.

“Oh dear perhaps I spoke in haste,” Harry about to regret for:

1....”Suit yourself then,” The Mage.

2....”Ah ha,” and was Alicadabara puffing up recognising Harry as he who sold him the dude plans.

3.....A red dragon with snoot smudges appeared also and Alicadabara ordered it to find out who Harry was speaking too.

4.....And an army of Fiends was ready to give Harry cauliflower ears again and stretch his lips and steal his new set of teeth with the gold crusts.

And if his teeth had been left alone Harry would have talked but shut his mouth.

“Eat him,” Alicadabara just like that to the red hungry dragon that unlike Harry had not been eating flies.

And still Harry kept his mouth shut as he was taken to a lofty tree top to be eaten by a ravenous dragon who liked plump merchants.

But the Snake god of salesmen favoured the dinosaur seller for his unmentionables tagged a branch and stretched mighty far and wide and with a twang sent Harry at the sound of speed through the sky.

“Where my dinner,” a ravenous disappointed red dragon with snoot smudges.

So Harry landed miles away in a ditch beside a road and read a sign post.

“Haliput this way weary traveller.”

“Kiss kiss kiss,” Harry kissing muck as he kissed solid ground.

“Oh snake god of salesmen I will sell more Harry’s Prayer Books to the customers so they pray for discount but actually pray to be ripped off, for you grow fat on complaints up there in the clouds and give you my word as a vendor.”

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“Here he didn’t enlist?” Womba vindicated over eight class and there was booing.

“Who cares, he has gone?” The Mage and there was cheering.

“Wait and see Womba,” the beautiful princess who could do no wrong and there were sighs.

“Sigh,” and it was a long lonely sigh and from Bat Wing for that red dragon with snoot stains was about and The Mage knew a vet was needed if that dragon was going to date his pet; especially one with unsure pedigree.