

Womba

Barricade

“I was happy the mantle of leadership had landed on me,” Womba a delirious guardsman at the bridge.

“Wow,” and in case you forgot it was Tom showing his innocence that was becoming annoying and to be annoying back did you know he slept with a plastic dinosaur under his pillow and sucked his thumb.

And Cur dragged twigs to the barricade the guardsmen were building and Guardsmen were not happy for thirty thousand fuzzy wazzy Fiends was heading for them.

“Fetch,” Garrison men and threw sticks in the moat for they trusted the nasty dog not for it was not house trained and it remembered all the boots from them. So brought the sticks back for it was a dog, so the barricade builders were forced to keep one eye on the beast; and it was those eyes that saw thirty thousand fuzzy wazzy Fiends heading for them.

“Put your backs into it lads,” Womba giving orders from Old Nag for he knew generals never lifted a thing and on a horse could flee faster than them on foot that would naturally slow the Fiends down.

“That idiot thinks my papa will reward him with my hand in marriage,” Christina whispering to the dog; for dogs are the friend of man so say “Woof” all the time..

“Woof,” the dog with a nasty streak and sniggered to prove the point.

“I will throw my silk handkerchief in front of the barricade just as the Fiends reach it and knowing Womba will pick it up and have no marriage worries,” Christina confiding in Cur for she knew dogs never spoke so her secret was safe.

And the dog giggled this time and Christina must have it in her rose garden as an added attraction in her frog pond sitting on a lilly.

But did not tell the nasty dog this who thought it was going to live a life of royalty in the kitchens. And here an Aslop fable: Dogs that have learnt to giggle should go a step further and learn to read.

Anyway, “Come on Conan show us how many logs a barbarian adventurer can carry,” and Womba did not add at the same time so Conan had three on each shoulder for he was Conan, slayer of dragons and one of those types who had to prove it.

“Now where did that dog go?” Christina.

“Woof,” Cur speaking to The Mage who had a jolly good laugh about Womba.

And here the bit that fell off the last fable, “Trust not stray dogs that giggle.”

“Puff poof wheeze,” Conan taking a breather filling his body full of fresh tobacco smoke as he, “puff poof gasp” on his clay pipe. “Here Harold,” and let the Viking see a tasty peanut,” for you when you carry them logs here, understand?”

“Oink oink,” Harold the retired Viking and had a jolly good laugh and tapped his head.

But they did manage to build up the barricade for The Mage knew without magic it would not be built before the ospreys returned to nest at the moat.

And a wine barrel rolled out of the ruined tower of The Mage for it was his best wine and the tap was correctly pointed in the direction of the defenders for all this work was thirsty work. And the tap flew off when a stone was met and the wine poured into the moat.

“Burp,” was heard often from fish and Garrison men who knew the XXX would kill off anything nasty the moat had filled their water bottles.

“The miscreants why I will turn them into missionaries,” The Mage to be cruel to alcoholics.

And Womba grinned at the princess and showed yellow teeth for the word dentist did not exist in his mind. Fangs flipped over his lips that advertised everything granny said about were-wolves lurking in neighbourhood trash cans true; that they had lustful thoughts towards girls with pretty ankles.

And the lass knew he was in love with her, and the question that raced through her mind, “Why me?”

She also realised from that smile Womba was a Burke. Mind you his men knew that for years but no one ever asked their opinion. Why they did tell you Womba was fearless, brave and drunk most nights at The Bridge Inn and popular for he bought rounds of XXX and then it didn’t matter if he was a Burke.

“And lucky for me The Mage never saw me roll that barrel out of his tower, why the last time I got on the wrong side of that fool he gave me rabbit ears for a week,” Conan and “puffed poofed puffed” on his clay pipe.

“Click,” and Conan never heard that and never noticed a floozy bunny in a field giving him a wink for he was refilling his water bottle with moat water full of someone's wine.

And The Mage clicked his fingers again.

“Poof,” the magic variety and a trench filled with moat water in front of the barricade and there were crocodiles in it wanting to get out, but The Mage always thought ahead so made the sides steep so they were stuck in the dirty brown water.

Don't worry, no cruelty was shown the many crocodiles for the water was mixed with The Mage's best wine so soon many crocodiles saw pink Fiends approaching spinning for they were drunk reptiles.

*“I must bottle that water and sell it at my stalls as 'Harry's Colic Cure,’”* an oily salesman whispers hiding behind a plastic dinosaur.

And Garrison was not happy for them types of crocodiles swallowed fairies whole so could not refill their water bottles again for they had the alcoholic shakes that only more XXX can cure. So hated The Mage something out of this world.

“Poof,” again as The Mage turned himself into a fly and went scouting.

“Wow,” Tom showing his innocence for he wanted to be a magician too and take bunnies out of hats and have a floozy girl take it away for the pot and share the supper with as the sun rose over a flamingo filled lake. To be a magician to turn Freddy Rex his plastic dinosaur into a soft cuddly dinosaur with a slit for a hot water bottle so Tom could love it more, hug and warm his pyjamas on. And magic to give it a voice so when hugged it would responded with, “Goodnight handsome boy.”

Anyway: “Buzz,” a fly passing.

“Woof,” which means snigger.

“Nice ears corporal,” the princess passing him and Cur giggled.

“Buzz,” went the fly with a nasty streak.

And Conan winked at the princess and she read that wink as meaning he was a dirty old bugger that meant to marry her. Was he not Conan of the legends, was he not the same man as a freckled teenager she had allowed to sneak into her rose garden and pick green fly with her.

*Yes there is a monster in Loch Ness?*

But he was no longer handsome and fit to climb the steep wall of the garden; he was just a rabbit now that floozy rabbits in a field hopped over to wink closer at him.

And he spat tobacco at her red shoes. “Sorry princess,” and he bent down and wiped it up using a sleeve.

And he had a mirror on a ring so deserved the foot placed where one makes sounds.

And horrified she was for she realised the black sleeve was not clothe or leather but unwashed skin and the rabbit seeing that too hopped away to find a boyfriend who washed.

And something pinged onto her, a hungry ping thing. Perhaps it was a butterfly but more likely a nasty blood sucking flea.

“Kill kill kill,” the thirty thousand Flat Worlder Fiends chanted heading their way heading their way and should have been at the barricades ages ago, but they was Fiends and needed encouragement to “kill kill kill,” so had stopped for tea and muffin a nearby

establishment; and because there were thirty thousand of them Filthy Big Bertha managed to pay of her mortgage with Harry Bros. PLC..

“Life will be short here, let’s boggy girl while we can?” Conan remembering picking green fly long ago.

“Daddy,” Christina squeaked but daddy was them type that preferred a cheap bottle of meths to a daughter with pretty ankles. .

“Isn’t here, only Garrison,” he replied.

“And rabbit.” “What do you mean?”

And now is the time to give a secret away? Yes Cur the dog had a bad streak, encouraged to be mean and revengeful for when The Mage returned late from Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House full of XXX he sent giant rabbits after innocent Cur. Hilarious so The Mage went to bed without nightmares but the dog whimpered in the common bed in the Garrison hut so woke all up.

So Cur was thrown out the shut door but don't worry the moat ensured a soft landing and Cur knew how to swim so the alligators and leeches never had him for supper.

And being wet shivered and sneezed as flue bugs were about and crawled back into the hut to sleep warm and cosy amongst Garrison clothes for these fairies never hung or folded their clothes to go to bed. So see a happy ending for Cur who laughed in his sleep dreaming of the day when The Mage would get his innings; from a dog.

A dog who had devil and an angel on his shoulders. A devil that should be called Gnasher for it had many teeth and with these words, “Woof,” encouraged Cur to be mean and vicious and bite The Mage when ever he could and lick his thingamabobs

then lick you. To jump on your girl friend's leg and ladder her silks of course. And worse the devil had a tail and looked like a wolf under a heroes red cape.

And on the other shoulder an angel that looked like a pink dyed poodle under a Barbie plastic white cape and with these words, "Woof," encouraged Cut to be good and angelic and fetch sticks.