

Womba

Dough

“Ta governor,” Womba said to King Arawan.

“Stay with me and be cool,” Conan advised innocent Tom.

“Look into my eyes for CBN news,” Arawan replied to the lot of Garrison.

“I have one minute to gaze or will become baker’s dough,” The Mage seeing Arawan had cast a spell.

But “Tick tock,” came from behind The Mage who said, “You blooming chimp you have eaten my watch?”

“Here a quick sale, an egg timer with one owner,” and Harry flashed a red timer upfront with a horn to squeeze and make sounds.

“Give me,” the silly Mage.

“A thousand gold marks and just X here and pay monthly and will be cheaper than your monthly phone bill,” the salesman.

“X.”

And Harry snatched the X away for the egg timer had 4 owners and a hole in the bottom cup.

So The Mage trusted foolishly the grains of time or whatever?

“As every salesman knows gold marks buys one out of the army as I am not putting up with an Ordinary shouting at me,” Harry but till he got his marks Womba made him do a hundred press ups as Womba stood on his salesman’s back.

*And in Womba's hand a potato peeler for the wagon full of potatoes needing peeled. "A Womba never forgets a book sold to an Ordinary."*

"Sweet blue bells," Harry swore for Womba had tacks in his boot soles.

"And here are my customers to buy me out of the army," Harry seeing Garrison about him counting his press ups; "all I need is something to sell," and he had 1penny naughty postcards strapped to his back, and lots of change in his deep pockets and a wind me up viewing machine glued to the lining of his coat and it took 1shilling pieces.

But he could dream for customers queued so he dreamed of the thunder god Tanaros's chariot pulled by goats, goats that would eat his gold for cash to goats was tin sent from Heaven to fill their tummies.

And suddenly a ball of baker's dough for The Mage had trusted the grains of time in a holed 4 owner egg timer.

"Slurp," Harold licking his lips.

"Fetch," Christina throwing a cinnamon coated stick towards the moat so Harold chased it for she knew The Mage was dough so saved him; for his spells were needed: mushroom soap was on the menu tonight.

"Gobble wiggly," the fiends for they had heard The Duke's regular boys had come to an agreement over pay and now wanted a fight on over time rates.

*"Never," The Duke a capitalist swine believing over time was done out of loyalism.*

So the regular army left Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha's and believed Lionel Mathews all were dead, the idiots for their were many fiends out there chanting, " Kill

kill kill,” for Lionel not wanting to be disturbed puffing a Havana cigar in the bath as a waitress served him mushroom soup had lied to be rid of the army boys.

*The bigger the lie the bigger the tip as every waitress knew.*

And lies were the in scene as Isisnaphut had sent strike agents to prolong the strike but seeing all the lovely mushroom soup served by waitresses had gone on strike; and now lay across wooden tables singing, “Oh what a lovely war,” as gastropods crawled over them in rancid butter sauce but they was too XXX to devour them.

So the gastropods escaped.

And The Mage saw all but he was a piece of dough so was unable to help.

And that’s what he gets for trusting an egg timer with more than one owner.

And a salesman who sells plastic dinosaurs.