

Now Harry owned Dog Publishing House that churned out stories all about heroic fairies and nasty humans; just the stuff readers liked to read so bought.

“Jingle,” the cash in Harry’s pockets.

And Satirextex wrote the stories while sitting in the out house on the back of loo paper squares, when the nights where long and cold and the writer full of colic for he had been eating pies bought from a vendor and foolishly swallowed the ringed tails.

A vendor chain owned by Harry that did not sell plastic dinosaurs but meat pies. And at the back of the stall empty cages where vermin caught the night before had been eating cheese.

“My meat is all fresh,” Harry defending his health and safety record.

“And the gods chose you Harry to spread their fame for could you imagine Womba running your publishing business empire?” And was a whisper steeped in meth fumes.

“Choke,” Harry reaching for a light to clear the air.

And Harry was now afraid for he did have to give royalties to the gods which he had not been doing.

“Millions you owe us Harry, why where do you think Satirextex gets ideas about a purple other world and a doorway to it covered in branchy purple trees from? Why the bum is unfit to call himself a poet and should be left in the outhouse,” King Arawan knowing how to be nasty.

So Harry threw a match and there was a mighty “Poof,” as meth fumes ignited.
Followed by shrieks of course.

“There is more gods than Arawan over here?” And the voice was stern.

“Who are you?” Harry sniffing to see who he was speaking to but the air filled with butterflies and harp music so Harry trembled so his innards sounded like bagpipes.

“Daghdha the Boss so grovel Harry grovel,” and Daghdha was surrounded by floozy goddesses feeding him grapes so Harry was illuminated about the other side. “Fairies have simple minds Harry so all Womba Ordinary’s believe what Satirextex writes. Just as well because you don’t?” And was an accusation and the god added, “For when you shout, ‘I don’t believe in gods a god gets a chest pain,’ and ‘then drops dead.’”

So Harry stopped trembling for he knew this god was an idiot to tell him that secret and took a deep breath to shout ““I don’t believe in gods,” and then saw all the floozy goddesses were admiring the silks in the back of his wagon pulled by mules.

So shouted: “All at sale prices,” he just couldn’t stop himself so the gods bought for they knew if their floozy Goddesses weren’t happy they did be shredded by sharp tongues and nail files goddess keep in handbags.

“Here Apes a banana in it if you carry the loot,” and Apes carried a heavy sack with LOOT in red stitched on it.

Only a fool would rob Apes and the fool was named

Harry.

And the deities were so happy with their glass beads they lent everyone transport, chariots pulled by cats and goats that squabbled amongst themselves and scratched anyone foolish enough to try and say “Gee up,” and the muck was something else.

And a boar vanished as Harold belched so Garrison being quick thinking and afraid of Daghdha stuck Harold next to the other boars to pull the chariot for he was so ugly the god would never realise a boar was missing.

“Oink,” Harold so perhaps the god might.

“What’s this?” Christina asking Harry.

“I have enlightened the gods in commerce, that is your higher purchase agreement, 5 gold marks a day for the chariot,” Harry’s replied and did not tell her the gods had loaned the chariots to them for nothing; for a salesman is an oily greedy thing.

“And if you want a chariot give me my enlistment papers to shred?” Harry holding out a salesman hand that remained empty for Womba would not let him be discharged.

“For once I am proud of him,” Conan remembering all the tobacco smoked and suspected its ingredients that did horrid things to his insides.

“You should have this?” And Tom pinned one of his Corn Flake medals on Womba for he remembered Harry ordering him about, “Go and clean the outhouse for Satirex has been there all night so hated Harry who was only an eight class private.

“Woof,” and the nasty dog lifted a leg on Harry for it remembered Harry booting it somewhere to take his stress out on a poor defenceless doggy just needing a cuddle.

So Womba gave Cur Harold's rubber chicken for Harold would not need it with the boars being boring so Harold gave Womba a filthy look for the boars where not house trained.

"Walk then," and Harry meant all of Garrison.

And the road to Haliput was not a road but a track through brambles and stone so the Garrison was heard to, "Gasp," and "pant" to keep up with the chariots.

"Rip up his enlistment papers," Conan wheezing.

"Shred them well," Tom finding his nights sleeping at Common as Mucks Filthy Big Bertha's had not prepared him for exercise of this type.

"Woof," and the nasty dog showed how nasty he was and bit Womba good.

"Oink," a boar fed up being a boar.

And Christina felt pity for them for she was a good pretty princess till she read a cleaning charge for any trash found on her chariot so trash walked.

And the chariots distanced themselves from the trash for out of mind out of pity.

And a pile of dough rode Christina's chariot by her ankle so was happy for the ankle was attached to a pretty long leg.

And the dough was The Mage remember waiting to be turned back into himself.

"There is nothing I can do, Book says he is enlisted and that is that," Womba obviously liked being bitten, have plods of earth thrown at him and ridiculed behind his back for there was a strange perverted streak in him that needed a dentist to remove; without an anaesthetic of course.

And the soldier in question wanting discharged rode the chariot pulled by boars so used the whip a lot on one boar for he suspected it was one of them, Garrison.

“Oink,” the boar in question pleading for the enlistment papers to be shredded.

“Never,” Womba, “Whip away.”

“Oink,” a terrified boar.

And Harry was happy; it was fast approaching the time when he would be awarded the ‘Top Salesman of Ball’ trophy that he won every year.

And he was not going in Garrison uniform that was just rags sold to them from a wagon pulled by mules that followed The Duke's men who threw away their green pantaloons and felt hats.

“There is none like him

Thank the good god Daghdha.

Who has the last laugh, he ha he ha.

Harry made on a flimsy whim.

And Harry deserves this award.

A gold \$vase with his name inscribed on it.

And sent Apes out in a drunken fit.

So all the competition is in hospital wards.

For the price of a banana.

And he sold his parents.

Their swine he took as rent..

The swine troth he gave to the waitress Anna.

So kept the farm yard clean.

“Cash not a troth I want.”

The troth is for Garrison who can't

Pay so leave them lean.

And HE hires urchins to push his barrows.

To catch fresh meat.

So keeps the plague down in the summer heat.

Yes there is none like Harry,

Thank the good God Daghdha,” and Satirex wrote this one night he was in the out house longer than usual for he had eaten three pies with meat taken from a cage.

And Harry knew he would be discharged soon for in his deep pocket he had a secret weapon; it was an eraser to rub away his X.

“Oh my corns,” he heard Conan.

“My blisters,” he heard an innocent boy.

“Woof,” and then “shriek” as Womba got bit.

“Oink,” as Harry gave more whip and was happy for he had just put the price of the secret weapon up.

“Oh boys look what I have,” and a cruel grin spread across a salesman.

“Give me give me,” Conan but the eraser was just out of reach.

“Nothing is cheap in life, twenty gold marks,” Harry so his gold fillings dazzled.

“Son of a circus flea,” Conan replied but dust answered him as a boar being whipped put on speed.

“Shred it never, it is army property,” Mr Ordinary so plods were replaced by stones and one bite was replaced by a savaging.

“Ping ping,” also as a portion of rubber chicken kept bouncing off the back of Womba’s head.

And Womba saw the mouth of Cur was green and slimy and feared the hacksaw.

“I have to buy a vile potion of secret ingredients from the salesman to cure my bites,” Womba but the salesman shouted back, “Forty gold marks for the eraser and sixty for the potion,” to be mean.

“Ping,” as a ping vibrated through Womba’s empty bit where sweetmeat should have been as he heard Tom snigger with the malcontents.

“Woof,” one of the malcontents.

“I will never volunteer again,” Womba heard Tom so became depressive.

“Eraser?” And was Harry from the back of his chariot pulled by boars.

And Womba bought on I.O.U. and Harry was happy for Womba did be wiping the soles of Harry’s boots clean till the end of time.

And not a single Garrison sniggered for they were not totally heartless fairies.

But friends again for they clapped Womba on the back with these words, “The rounds at Big Bertha are on you pal,” Conan.

“Woof,” and his bites were licked by a mouth never washed but Womba was not afraid for he had drunk the potion of Harry’s.

“Oink,” a boar wanting freed.

“I will polish Book,” Tom being really sickening.

But they was Garrison again and sang,

“We are off to that wonderful city of Hal.”

“We are off we agree,” the chorus.

“Off to Drunken Noddy.

We are his loyal fairies see.

Hi ho hi ho,” they sang.

“We are indeed off,” the chorus added.

“And none did disagree.

Woof.

We are Moronicus’s mules.

We beasts and boars of burden.”

“Rubbish we are Ballenese,” the chorus correcting.

“Woof.

Loyal to the king.

Hi ho hi ho.

And to the gods.

Hi ho hi ho.”

“Not ruddy likely only loyal to Bertha,” the chorus.

“ We got pox.

Ticks and fleas,

Love warm beer.

Gruel.

And weevilly biscuits.”

And got lice too,” the chorus.

“Woof woof.

We fight dragons.

Ravage princesses.

We are Ballenese Garrison.

And proud of it.”

“Fairies,” the chorus.

“Woof.

We eat anything moving.

And not moving.”

“For they are Ballenese,” the chorus.

And just who was the chorus?