

Womba

The Wrath of the Gods

who was chorus....Moronicus, fiends, princess???

“When I dream of you

Daghdha.

Riding the sky in your tartan chariot.

Daghdha.

Eating your boars,

Daghdha.

And want some too.

Daghdha.

When I have nightmares,

Daghdha.

I see Morrigan

Daghdha.

Riding here chariot,

Daghdha.

Pulled by cats.

Daghdha.

Alley cats too,

So get shredded good,” of course such awful poetry can only belong to Satirextex attempting modern verse; and is an inscription under a statue of Daghdha sculptured by Sampenciltrex, and is cast in brick made from stuff collected from the fields and dried, for a salesman was paying..

And Daghdha is holding a scroll of the law.

‘Don’t cheat on the wife.

Don’t cheat on the mistress.

No murdering unless a merchant.

No stealing unless it’s free.

No lying unless it’s to lie.

No patronising orgies unless you get away with it.

Don’t speak to travelling merchants unless to spread gossip.

Don’t lick the bottom of cauldrons unless you are alone.

Leave sin to the gods,

And always read the smudge.’ and Daghdha made Womba to scourge fairy kind.

“For making him I will ignore your pleas till the end of time,” Daghdha’s wife so the god hated Womba.

So Daghdha sought solace with his mistress Morrigan and bought her beads from a merchant.

“You louse, I am good enough to dance with but cheap enough for plastic beads,” and kneed Daghdha somewhere so he groaned for floozy woman are used to diamonds.

And lighting hit the skies so fairies knew a woman was at work in the heavens;
working on a poor defenceless god.

“Fetch me the roach Harry,” for he knew the merchant’s lowly origins for he made his ancestors out of clay.

“I want him spitted till he is goose crackling,” Morrigan swinging a laced up black boot with a foot in it so there was a shriek from Daghdha.

Also the sound of many teeth falling to the floor but Daghdha did not mind for the leg attached to the boot was very pretty, now if it had belonged to the wife, that would be a different matter for they forget to shave that bit for they have beads not diamonds.

“And I want his head so he can see himself cook,” for Morrigan was a nasty bit of stuff for mistresses usually are for they are, “That other woman,” “Scarlet woman,” “That bitch,” so are nasty as hell.

And since Daghdha was prostrate she trod all over his fingers and he did not mind for from down here he could see up her leg; the pervert god and she knew he could for she was a calculating other woman thinking of diamond tiaras he did buy for privilege.

“I want hell,” she hissed and Daghdha who would not give the wife a new mop said, “Anything you want Babe,” the cheating miscreant and, “I will give you Harry who sold you the cheap beads,” and saw a way to get rid of a certain drunk who always had a bucket next to him, smelt of meths, loitered chip shop corners begging for pennies to buy more meths, mugging them who did not give pennies and staggering home to hell singing, “Ba ba black sheep.” And in case you don't know who, Arawan that binging alcoholic.

So Daghdha crawled after his bit on the side with these words, “Hell is yours Babe, trust me for I love you more than I do the wife,” for he knew the wife was busy elsewhere changing smelly diapers'

“No more fun if you don’t,” she replied twisting his ears till he was on his belly.

“Groan,” and was not his cauliflower ears making him dribble but her belly button where he could see her diamond pin he gave her. ‘I can get it back any time,’ the fool thought.

And Morrigan reading his dribbles beat him up good with these words, “Lousy Indian giver,” and she got away with it for she was not the wife whose belly button was covered in stretch marks put their by the god's sixteen children.

So Daghdha hit a brass gong and assembled all his warriors and told them to mount their dead mounts and follow him, but did not invite the wife who was delousing the sixteen kids for lice get about children.

And sent a bottle of meths with a note in it for Arawan inviting him, especially him to come along.

“Unless you are torturing souls.”

But the meth was good vintage so Arawan came hoping for more.

And Daghdha got in his spare chariot pulled by a representative of every living thing except Harry for the salesman was unique.

So Daghdha blew his carnyex horn and went hunting and some dough on a chariot remembered magic so “Poofed” itself back into The Mage.

“Please remove you teeth,” and Harold did for he found dough without sugar unappetising to eat.