

“Gee up lazy slug eaters, brothers of worms,” for Daghdha knew how to encourage his chariot pullers with words and by his side the longest whip ever just in case words failed.

So his chariot crossed the purple sky of the other world for he sought he who sold glass beads, beads that fell off and splintered so glass went into the god’s bare feet lacerating them something bad.

“You have customers Harry,” Conan combing Cur’s matted fur.

“What can I sell you?” Harry bowing and smiling.

So Daghdha pored the beads down Harry’s mouth for Daghdha kept it open and the beads were dry, for there was no gravy to wash them down.

“Give me water,” Harry pleaded as Conan drank from a leather pouch. And Conan drank and belched and showed mercy, for there was one last drop of water left that went “Plunk” onto Cur for a comb should be wet when combing matted hair.

“Greedy swine,” Harry with a dry throat.

“Burp,” Conan for his feet had many blisters from running while others rode chariots.

And Morrigan threw one of her cats onto Harry’s back who now knew what it felt like when a cat with long sharp claws shreds you.

“Help me Cur,” Harry begged but the dog cocked a leg instead.

“Mage help me help me with strawberries please,” Harry being sickening.

“Can’t do, this is the business of the gods,” The Mage remembering unmended tower steps and no refund given.

“Womba pal?” Harry.

And the Ordinary picked off the snarling ferocious cat and gave it back to Morrigan with these words of charm, “Yours?”

Of course with a big smile that would disarm any woman but not goddesses and princesses so Morrigan was livid and would turn Womba into a mouse, a lethal occupation since a snarling ferocious pussy cat was on the loose.

“Forgive him Great Queen of the Heavens, he is a Gvssaimph,” The Mage and Womba beamed pride.

So Daghdha squirmed for he made Womba.

“Drunk were we at the time?” Morrigan asked so Daghdha whistled, “Humpty Dumpy had a fall,” as he stared at the sky counting passing crows so never saw the back of her hand but did disappear over the side of his chariot with a “Thud.”

Then as he opened his black eyes the crows let loose their unspeakables.

But it was OK it was the mistress not the wife who had back handed him.

“Get Harry,” Morrigan shouted and Harry did not like these words but a true salesman to the end kept his smile as Morrigan removed his chest hairs handfuls at a time.

Not a squeak passed the salesman’s lips.

And the gods shredded Harry’s clothes so he was naked and still kept his smile

and the gods felt ill looking at him for he was lumpy and moley and his unmentionables were pass me downs from a regular army man.

And still Harry kept his smile for a sale might occur at any time and he knew the customer is always right unless wanting a refund.

And the gods ripped up the chariot hire agreements and stuffed those places so Harry cried for he loved the jingle of cash that would not jingle any more.

And no Garrison helped for this sensible reason, "We do not want his fate."

"Give me water," Harry begged and the gods smelt meths so let Harry have a drink for the gods are not cruel.

And Daghdha ordered Arawan to take his drinking buddy to level 9 hell and roast him.

So the deities left chuckling for they knew what happened when the swine was heated up in swill.

But Harry was a true salesman to the end even if drunk and knew how to turn the cards and get a sale.

"Poker," he cried out and opened a deck of cards and a crate of meths from the back of a wagon pulled by mules.

"Lovely," Arawan breathing in the fresh air and almost passed out for the meths was cheap meths made at roadside pools as crows passed over.

And Arawan got so full of meths he was a danger to the others and Conan was banned from smoking.

"I don't like this game," Arawan complained as he lost his shirt that Harry put on

as it was silk and “Very soft to skin mauled by a ferocious cat,” Harry and gave the god a 4 Leafed Clover for luck.

“There are sixty leafs on this clover,” Arawan his vision spinning for cheap meths has that effect when drunk by the bottle.

So Arawan passed out amongst the empty bottles that Harry was throwing onto the back of his wagon for he knew shops that gave 2 pennies an empty glass bottle, and took Arawan’s trousers and his unmentionables for the gods had shredded his hand me downs.

“Yucky, those unmentionables are stained?” Conan fearing his might be seen.

“Yes, Arawan has no washing machine,” Tom being innocent and a salesman noted a future sale, a wooden tube and many Chinese launderers promised a laundrette if they did wash Arawan's thingamajigs and a soul is a soul so Harry did never have to pay them.

Anyway: “Very nice, all velvet, even the boxers,” Harry and lit Conan’s pipe to be nasty for a shredded clawed salesman never forgets so Arawan disappeared in a flaming “Poof.”

And Garrison fled for they did not want to be near Harry when Arawan woke up singed.

And The Mage raked his brains for the spell to make them invisible and return them to the world of Alicadabara and sanity.

And away from nasty gods and vicious cats.