

Womba

Haliput

And Garrison fled the gods on blistering feet for the chariots were gone and the road full of nettles and thistles waiting to rip you to shreds.

“Eureka,” The Mage shouted and made the shredded jump higher.

“I need the crest from a newt, rock bat droppings, horned toad extract, and jumping cobra fangs and then we shall be in Haliput just like that, any volunteers to get the ingredients for the magic spell?” The Mage and all looked at Harry and thought The Mage a ratter for not remembering sooner a spell to whisk them away on an 'Easy Magic Carpet Flight'.

“The newt crest causes green spots for a week,” the princess knowing she could not be a volunteer for then all would not have something pretty to ogle over and dribble saliva and bump into each other when they should have eyes to the front.

“And bat droppings cause drooping mouth for a week,” Conan fearing for his rabbit ears were a reminder of the venom of mages.

“And then toads make your hair stand up for a week even if they are tasty to eat,” Harold unintentionally offering his services as a volunteer.

“And when that snake bites you die,” Womba trembling.

“No, Womba just triple vision so you will see three princesses for a week to ogle,” The Mage knowing he had a volunteer.

“Book,” Womba wanting to ogle over three princesses and Garrison looked in Book as well for there are always legal loop holes when a smart expensive lawyer is hired for lawyers make the law; but they cost money and we are dealing with Garrison I.O.U.'s.

“I think this is the page you want?” The Mage dryly.

“Splat,” as Conan spat tobacco at the page to destroy it.

“Click,” and “Splat,” as magic sent the vile tobacco juice back to the chewer who gagged.

“The page says you must help a mage when he needs help,” The Mage and did not add, “Under a full moon and be rewarded,” for The Mage was a cheap skin flint.

And The Mage did something unkind, he SMIRKED and The Lost Patrol smirked for they had Moronicus by the shirt with rubber swords pressed against him if he volunteered to aspire to be a prince.

And no one was sure if Apes smirked as he was eating bananas and making a real yellow mess.

“Don’t fear I can sell you lucky charms like this eagle egg,” Harry and from nowhere a wagon pulled by mules.

“Stinks like it died a thousand years ago,” Conan.

“Yes a thousand year old pickled eagle egg to ward off lice and when you are hungry you get to eat it,” Harry polishing up the egg and added, “gem necklaces to dazzle the cobra so it bites the bugger next to you” and there was silence as all the buggers next to Garrison where Garrison.

“Lucky chop sticks to pick up poisonous bat droppings?” Harry showing plastic ones made in Gung Zhou Province, “chop sticks you can use again at any Harry’s Chinese Takeaway vendor,” and to show how accurate they was at picking up small droppings, Harry from his wagon took a dish of special fried rice and ate single grains of rice.

“Wow,” a stupid innocent boy and Harry knew he had them.

“Dried Siberian Yak bitties that newts love to chew and while they are chewing you catch them for the thingamajigs will make them bloat and harmless,” a no good salesman who was not a volunteer.

And sold to the Garrison buggers all these wonderful lucky charms and threw in a rabbit foot each that hadn’t been lucky for the rabbits.

And Womba lined up the volunteers who mumbled horrid unprintable words.

And cursed their enlistment day.

But they were volunteers.

“Jingle,” the sound of cash in a salesman’s deep pocket.