

And the Other world is a mirror of the real world and the gamblerholic gods created fairies to bet on and all the ingredients in the real world were nastier than those in the mirror world of the other world.

Just something The Mage neglected to mention to the volunteers.

“A pond,” Tom innocently.

“And is that an amphibian basking on that rock?” Conan terrorised.

So the terrified drew straws and the shortest went.

“Bullocks,” Womba and Cur smirked as the buggers stood back to distance themselves from what he caught.

“I will eat all the Siberian lucky charm bitties,” and the crumbs he gave to Cur and just like that threw a stick at the newt and Cur chased the stick.

“Oh jolly brilliant,” the other Garrison spectators and clapped.

And the newt caught the stick and Cur caught it.

And Womba expected his friends to return but they did not but pointed at his feet, bare feet for his shoes had holes in them for he was a poorly paid Garrison Guard.

“Woof,” a friendly dog wanted patted for returning the stick and horrid newt.

And Womba saw great big green spots on the places mange had rotted away on Cur’s matted fur and was afraid for the lucky crumbs had not worked, so ever so gently picked the newt up to drop in a canvas sack.

And Cur being playful chewed Womba's feet so he felt much pain but not as much pain as he squeezed the newt.

A newt with sharp spines on its crest so he shrieked loudly.

And knew he had green spots for he heard one burst and the smell was vile.

"Woof," a happy dog no longer alone as a leper in the cruel world of fairies.

"That's what I like about you Womba, you share the hurts of your men," Conan lying for he thought Womba a nerd and geek.

"Three straws left," Womba showing an insane smile and kicked his dog now and again to show he was mean and the dog bit him back for no one kicked him.

And to be safe the men distanced themselves from these two, and then the blessed Siberian lucky thingies took effect and there were no latrines so distance was made further.

And later they came upon a cave and smelt bat droppings for the wind was from the cave so blew the essence of Womba and Cur away.

So curses and groans were heard in the valley down wind below.

"I can say something stronger than Bullocks," Conan with the short straw, "just nothing to it; I just scoop the bat droppings up with these lucky Chinese Chopsticks."

Except Harry had not sold him the instructions how to use chop sticks and that was extra besides.

"Whoops," Conan dropping droppings in his boots and just for good measure many bats flew out the cave and did things all over him.

"I am done," his stoic thinking.

So Conan as hard as he tried could not spit tobacco juice so swallowed it and would cause colic and there was no latrines nearby.

And just across the way the cobra waiting to bite a volunteer.

“Hiss,” the creepy crawly snake.

So Tom clutched his lucky gem necklace that was beads made from melted down plastic dinosaurs.

And Harold ate the smelly eagle egg that tasted like the pickled eggs at Fifthly Big Bertha’s because they was.

“Cur is that an elephant?” For The Mage had not told them these toads are huge.

“Here lad, let me do the snake and you get the toad and do an old Viking a favour?”

“Bugger off,” from the innocent boy.

“Eeee’s leaaaaaaarning,” Conan as his jaw swung dropping.

And Harold put on glasses bought from Harry and saw he could see nothing for there was no glass in them; so with determination stumbled forward as his mates sat on a high rock eating weevil rations.

“Hurry up Harold we are bored,” the mates.

“Woof.” a dog laughing.

“That toad is the size of two elephants,” the mates also to encourage Harold to be quick.

“Woof,” a dog sniggering.

And being bored Tom threw a weevil infested biscuit and hit the toad some place.

“Snnnnnorthiss,” the toad sort of snorted and jumped up and down on Harold.

“Ouch,” Womba said for Harold.

And Harold in an effort to get from under the lazy toad that was just sitting on him passing wind plucked a horn free and still his mates would not come and help him.

So the buggers played poker while Cur dozed under sun with a tongue reaching to the grass for it had been coiled inside in secret organs a nasty dog has.

And the limbs of Harold stopped twitching.

“Better help him then?” Womba.

“Help who?” Conan.

“Him under the toad,” Womba fearing he might have to get the horn.

“What toad?” Conan knowing he was to get the horn.

“Here is a volunteer?” Tom showing true intuitive as he held a sleeping dog’s rat like tail.

“Swing him like this and then let go like this,” Womba swinging Cur this way and that and the dog hit the toad in the eye a biscuit had made sore.

“Looooook thereeeees Harooold,” Conan swinging his jaw and indeed all saw Harold for the toad was coming at them snorting and gnashing teeth.

“Blooming hell fire,” Garrison running for it and added, “Bloody dog, always causing trouble.”

And the toad landed upon Tom’s spear and a horn pricked Conan.

“Oh bloooooody heck,” because Conan had a dropping jaw.

“A toady soul is a soul,” and Arawan appeared and, “Help me Womba,” meaning too throw that toad in his wagon and Wombs got pricked for only an idiot would help.

“Oh blooming hell and more Bullocks.”

So the toad fell off and pricked Tom.

“I never hurt anyone so why me?” The innocent lad but was a lie for he had broken many hearts amongst the waitresses for he just wanted free mushroom soup.

“Woof,” as a horn raked Cur and all thought it Harold’s fault who just lay there allowing Arawan’s wagon to rut him as it went home.

So the mean Garrison men used all the lucky charms and ingredients got and did Harold good.

“Hiss,” the cobra that Daghdha the good god had made really long and mean.

As it waited for a volunteer.

“Your turn lad,” Garrison as they shoved Tom forward with swords and axes and “hiss,” went the nasty snake waiting too bite Tom good.

And the bad snake leapt through the air and bit Tom and one of its fangs snapped off and pricked Harold.

So all Garrison went rabid and stuck each other with fangs and horns and ate bat droppings and sang:

“We want hame.

Back ta da bridge.

Wis cash buys respect some.

Wer were-bugs live.

An Filthy Berta.

Girls who like greeny spots.

Drooooooping jaws.

An lots a cash.

Wid lice and nits for ya.

Bit is hame,” and they was all Garrison afflicted with green spots, drooping jaws and hair that stood straight up and saw everything in triple vision.

And they sought The Mage who had remembered he had given them the wrong lucky charms and being volunteers would come back with ingredients.

Of yes the effects lasted three weeks, never mind The Mage was sure for the sake of the Fairy Land they would be proud to wear their aliments.

But he was wrong?

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“Here is the spot The Mage led Garrison out of the other world back to Ball,” a futuristic tourist guide.

“Mama it’s a swamp,” a little boy not wanting to be guided through the mosquitoes.

“Look sunny, its costs money to drain the swamp, plant date trees, build swimming pools, not to mention the golf courses,” the guide.

And there was no imagination required to imagine Garrison popping out here for nothing had changed:

“Get ost,” for Conan could not pronounce the L for his jaw swung as he shouted at midges that lived in the swamp. All female mosquitoes needing his veins to satisfy their blood lust so they could lay baby midges.

Baby midges that did not wear nappies but knew how to bite.

“Dey bit,” Harold and being slow in shutting his swinging jaw a trillion midges flew in and all heard “Crunch slurp belch,” and a satisfied smile spread across the Viking’s face.

And the midges wizened up so ignored him and ate everyone else.

“Help dear God I can’t stand it,” Womba and leaping here and there jumped into a bog; the quicksand variety. “Help I am sinking,” he shouted so someone kicked Cur to him. What a shot, right on Womba’s head Cur pinged.

“Old the rat’s ail,” Conan having difficulty with his words and that’s when he pushed Tom forward to hold the part with the teeth and the idea was for Womba to use Cur as a plank to crawl over to reach safety.

“‘ere I am not olding this en?” Tom complained.

“I got stripes so yee is,” Conan throwing rank.

And then Apes arrived, just what was needed, a strong friendly chap to pull them all to safety.

“One banana in it for you OK?” Conan bribing the primate who took the fruit and ate it and wrapped the skin about the stripe’s face. Then being an unfriendly chap shook and vacuumed Conan upside down and seeing no more bananas tossed the barbarian to Womba.

“Ook,” Apes disappearing which meant bananas to you.

“That wasn’t nice?” The Mage missing the volunteers for he was sure many exciting adventures would require them.

“Snarl,” the unfriendly ape about to shred the druid but seeing a wand begin to stir fell to the ground and kissed The Mage’s sandalled feet.

Cleaning them so they sparkled.

And The Mage shook his distant ancestor off so Apes jumped onto Moronicus for Apes did not like the squelchy swamp mud running between his long toes. And leeches ran up his fury legs and attached themselves to a place no other would look at, a big gorilla bottom.

And Apes was so panic stricken he thumped Moronicus who slowly sank into the swamp ooze so a little cute green frog with yellow spots jumped into his mouth.

And the yellow spots spread from the cute green frog to him.

So he looked really horrid.

And since Offaltrex was stuck in mud Mistress Beautricianix came out of swamp mist and fleeced his pockets and to make sure he did not call for help, she used this sign post on him:

“No swimming SHARKS.”

“Thump thump,” the music behind a black fin in the sinking sand so those in the mud trembled and shrieked and The Mage knew he did better use some magic and cure them of drooping jaw sickness so they could speak correctly or they did drive him nuts, and you did not want to be a nut about when an ape was near by!

And Christina shook many creepy crawlies out of her petticoats so Harry was peeved for they were the ingredients The Mage needed to summon Garrison out of the sinking sand; ingredients he hoped to sell The Mage.

But Apes made up for lost sales in bugs for Harry sold him a jar of miraculous ointment to scare away midges. And Apes bought many and signed his X to a labour contract to carry Harry across the swamp for he had no money as gorillas never do.

So “Ook,” and Apes bought sixteen jars and covered himself in swamp mud, mud full of medicinal leeches so even Harry decided to walk in case they wanted him.

Never mind a sign in the swamp mist said and pointed, “Haliput oh weary travellers this way, good luck,” and a grinning skull lay at the bottom of the sign whose luck had run out.

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And Alicadabara knew Garrison was ahead for banana skins, girl magazines, hair curlers and The Times with a filled up cross word puzzle littered the road.

“Attack kill kill kill,” Alicadabara shouted at the Fiends who did not.

“Sorry is muffin time,” Isisnaphut and all Fiends know that they must stop what they are doing in the army mobile latrine and go eat snails, and while chewing the chewy bits meditate on the snail god Gastropodicus.

“Pass the cream old boy,” Isisnaphut to Alicadabara who fumed and cast a spell for Fiends to kill fairies stuck in a bog and throw Isisnaphut there.

“Hiss,” was all he heard as god Gastropodicus was annoyed for Fiends must meditate on him so threw Alicadabara and any near him into the bog.

Don’t worry the fin needed company as The Mage had rescued Garrison and now Ali’s magic wand lay next to Ali, slowly sinking in the quick sand, and behind it the black fin and a mouth full of teeth.

“Mummy,” Alicadabara.