

“It’s a stove mummy,” a kid with chicken pox complained.

“But not any stove sunny?” The guide of Give a Copper Harry PLC as he pulled out a baking tray, “a nickel per baked cinnamon soul kid, ask mum while cheap?” And made sure the kid saw and also the paints nearby to buy to paint the cinnamon ginger bread man, and war gamers rules and a catapult to use on the ginger bread men to smash them to crumbs.

And then buy tickets for holidays into Arawan’s Burning Department, where girls wear naught for it’s so hot and wicked, level nine hell and sweat so much for anti deodorant isn’t available; so the word is stink not sweat.

Holidays were singles are catered for, pensioners and family groups.

And the fairies booked for they could not resist such holidays of a lifetime and because fairies just can’t resist buying bargains like plastic dinosaurs.

“Ha he ha,” King Arawan for there were no return tickets and laughed like a penguin.

Anyway: “That gingerbread man isn’t Womba as the guide at the gates of the pearly other world sold me a gingerbread Womba angel so Womba can’t be down in level 9 hell,” the smart chicken pox kid.

“Listen son, this guide have red hair and freckles?”

“Why?”

“That is my cousin Give a Copper Harry Liar thirty times removed and tightened his oily arm about the kid so the kid went purple.

“Mummy,” the kid and “wheeze.”

“Hiss,” the guide, “and for a penny will tell you your future and the true story of Garrison in Level 9 Hell, hiss,” the guide as his legs wrapped about the boy.

And mummy paid the price and used her handbag on the guide so the oily limbs fell away off her chicken pox son.

“Madam do you mind hiss,” the guide at mummy's feet and mummy used her stiletto heels this time so there was no more “hiss.”

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“This is not my doing even if I added an extra drop of Cobra venom,” The Mage as he could admit his mistakes publicly as he had a magic wand to silence complaints.

And Conan carried Cur for the dog was cooking and hissing steam and the barbarian was not all cruel and did not like his dog overcooked for he was a man of The Wilderness Trail.

And Cur kept quiet as fur fell away and the tail exposed was truly a rat's.

“Yes it is your fault, you clicked us here with a promise we did be in Haliput,” Offaltrex Purchtrix the idiot not knowing when to keep silent.

“Sue the druid,” Harry infected by greed and was mealy and dribbled at the mouth as his fingers worked his calculator.

And there were two poofs and rabbit ears appeared on fools

“The mage is correct,” Arawan from no where,”welcome home boys.”

“Who do we sue then?” Offaltrex needing a bunny tail to match his ears.

“Him,” Arawan jerking a finger at Alicadabara swimming in hot vindaloo.

And beside the wizard Lord Tootanfoot baying as a donkey kicking fiends into the pool.

And Arawan swigged from a bottle and breathed out and his breath ignited and singed Cur something bad so the air smelt horrid.

“Howl,” the poor nasty dog.

“I fear you sweet heart,” Offaltrex as Mistress Beautricianix neared.

“You have nothing to fear honey,” she lied for a red imp behind her had given her garden scissors.

And a wagon stopped next to Offaltrex and a yellow imp drove it and the wagon was full of dead fiends in curry sauce for hell is a hot place you know.

“My dearest what do you want?” The merchant.

“Everything and the garden sprinkler,” Beautricianix and the imp added, “the gnomes too.”

“Then I want the clothes you wear,” Offaltrex for the yellow imp was advising him.

And Beautricianix being into voyeurism threw them at him.

“Woof,” a dog too young to be out late.

“And I want the gold fillings in your teeth to buy new clothes from that vendor,”

Beautricianix and her imp yanked the merchant’s teeth out so he yelled terribly.

“Help me,” he begged the vendor Harry but Harry shock him off for Beautricianix held garden shears.

Very long ones that glinted in the heat.

And Offaltrex fell at Ape's feet begging help and offered him a banana.

"Ook," Apes wondering where the juicy yellow fruit had gone for he had eaten it and was thick.

"What's this?" Offaltrex reading a note Apes had handed him, "a year's supply of bananas," and signed when garden thingies landed between his legs.

"So shred her," Offaltrex to Apes but his happy mood changed to wrath as Apes swung over to Beautricianix and she signed him up to a two year supply of bananas from the vendor Harry for she owned everything Offaltrex owned so could afford it.

So Apes the swindler landed on the shadow of Offaltrex who had fled into the sulphuric mist of level 9 hell screaming "Eeeek."

And behind him Conan spitting dry tobacco gagging, and behind him Womba was eating Book page by page so Book screamed "Mummy," and behind him Cur was eating his tail to hide the evidence of his ancestry, and behind him Harold was drinking a whole pool of madras sauce and shouting "Help me help me I am hot oink oinky oink."

And not a Garrison did help so The Mage poofed but his thumb caught fire instead and so did the nine others next to it.

"I will save you," a Burke and Womba jumped in to pull Harold out but was in fact wanting to satisfy his greed so slurped happily away.

“The seven deadly sins have us by the brass monkeys,” The Mage as Arawan bumped into him spilling half a bottle of meths on him so he went Poof loudly and was lucky it hadn’t been a whole bottle of flammable meths wasn’t The Mage lucky?

“Dance dear,” Arawan asking Christina who accepted for she was full of lust and BRAZINESS so flashed her ankles and worse undies. Clean undies for celebrities always keep a spare tucked in the red garter for emergencies.

And Harry was not infected by lust as he was full of greed anyway and either was the other cunning mind The Mage for cunning minds never are.

And a band appeared from a hot geyser and soon Christina was doing the Can Can and kicked the Lost Patrol everywhere.

And Apes drank many bottles of meths carelessly left by an adult drunk and ate the glass too and soon imagined Arawan as a female Tandoori Forest Gorilla and Arawan went along for the joke.

For this was hell level 9.

And the other cunning mind stopped the music for it saw a chance to make gold marks; even pennies would do as long as it jingled.

“Watch me,” this other cunning mind full of arrogance and boast.

And The Mage sighed as his magic was useless against a god.

“Grrrr,” Arawan’s red eared hound.

“Chase,” Harry and threw a rubber chicken portion into the madras and two hounds chased for Cur could not help it.

“Bbbbbbbuuuuuuurrrrrgggggeeeerrrrroooooffffff,” Apes warned Harry to stay away from his dancing partner and fiancée.

“Fruit fetch,” Harry and threw a banana into the madras and Apes could not help it and dived in.

“Gasp,” the big hairy ape wanting water and got none.

And Harry produced a pool table and leaded balls from a salesman’s pocket and from the wagon more vintage meths.

“What stakes,” the alcoholic gambler.

“Why all of us,” Harry smiling and needed volunteers to get chairs, bags of crisps, green lamp shades and ash trays for the players.

“Where do I get that from?” Womba in charge of the labour.

“Use your imagination,” The Mage but forgot Womba had none so Harry sold them a map to guide them to a general store, ‘Give a Copper Willy’s General Store,’ just a distant cousin who was waiting for them for he smelt them a mile off.

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“Don’t worry lads, we won’t freeze down here,” Womba as he carried bags of crisps on his back naked for Give a Copper Willy was a fleezer.

“Isn’t here I am worried about,” Conan and spat tobacco on Womba’s rump and stained it brown for soon Christina would be appalled at a grown man needing nappies.

And what had happened to their clothes?

“Such good customers get free invisible clothes and I get their rags to sell to Harry who will sell them back to Garrison at inflated prices as is supply and demand and

demand will be big he ah he ah ho,” and was an insane salesman’s laugh only a Give a Copper could laugh.

And Womba proved he had imagination and he could see the shiny boots on his feet and silk trousers fit for a prince, why Christina did be happy to have the Burke next to her when she met daddy.

“We are five idiots,

We are Garrison,

Brave and imaginative.

Naked as babes.

Someone gave us Womba.

Our fairy serge.

Please do him good.

We are five idiots,” and sang to the Disney “Hi ho hi ho off to work we go.

And Harry rushed to sell them fig leaves to show they had no imagination and clothes must be haggled for.

“We have no money?” Conan the heat fizzling the hair on his knees.

So Harry pointed at the giggling women so accepted I.O.U.’s at 2 gold marks per fig leaf for front and bottom and some goose lard for the fizzled hairs.

“And I am not heartless and will let them work off a gold mark in usherette outfits selling crisps and kebabs,” Harry jingling cash.

But Cur did not get any fig leaves but some unmentionable long Johns to cover his purple skin and Harry sold the first rags from Willy his cousin; rags that had been Womba's closest thingamajigs to him so Cur was ill.

"Let's play," Arawan winking at an usherette with knuckles dragging behind him for Harold's looks had been improved.