

“Haliput this way,” a dented sign being read by Garrison and under the sign a skeleton of a horse, not any old horse, but of those that pulled Arawan’s soul wagon and died dancing for they had been drunk.

“Old Nag dear where are you, nice juicy carrot in it?” Womba tired of walking but Old Nag saw the glint of spurs so was no where to be seen. “Here monkey a banana in it for you?” Womba for his boots where not made for walking!

“Ook,” and the primate took the spurs and stuffed them some place.

“Cur blimey,” Womba shrieked.

“Walking are we?” Conan to be sarcastic.

And Bat Wing landed on the sign and did what pigeons do for it was a bit confused.

“Cur throw a sack over it,” Conan and added, gasp give me air,” and bought a peg for his nose from a salesman.

“What a stink,” Tom and bought two pegs from salesman.

“Blooming unhygienic should be put down,” Womba and had no cash so bought no pegs so added, “please lend me a peg?”

“No,” a cruel salesman.

“Oink,” and whatever Harold was got a peg.

“It might turn vicious if I refuse,” that oily salesman.

“Woof,” that nasty dog.

“Animals to the back of the queue,” that salesman and the nasty dog turned viscous.

And The Mage jerked a thumb indicating he wanted a lift and the bat since the fling with a certain dragon knew about independent living; so bit him on the nose.

“If you turn it into a taxidermist’s animal we will not trust you for you might turn us into plastic dinosaurs to be sold at a vendor’s stall?” Conan and Garrison nodded agreement so The Mage did not click and spared the modern woman in Bat Wing.

“Walking are we?” Conan to be sarcastic.

“Hi ho hi ho,” Garrison and the rest joined in except for The Mage who was in the sulks.

“Oh to Haliput we go.

Where bargain sales exist.

Stir fry smells.”

“Latrine essences,” Conan to be sarcastic.

“Where rose gardens and princes exit,” Christina throwing cold water on Womba.

“And expensive lawyers,” Beautricianix and Offaltrex trembled.

“Hi ho hi ho,” Garrison chorused.

And The Mage knew when they entered the South Gate at Haliput he did sell Bat Wing where a local restaurant knew how to make Bat a la’ king, and he did reserve a table for himself and then see who had the last laugh about one night stands. Oh what a mean druid he was, meaner than Alicadabara who wanted to turn everyone here into snails in rancid butter sauce; so there must be a moral here and it is, “Don’t trust

wrinkled old men needing a haircut. I mean old men waving wands about muttering strange sounds; perhaps needing to be put away in a local asylum?

But The Mage could dream: and Womba dreamed of King Charles promoting him to a prince so he could marry Christina and live happily ever after on a pension from her daddy.

For Womba had no trade, was unemployable and a Burke and worse; Garrison but he could dream and his king to make sure his type stayed away from Christina would send Womba to a war galley.

And Tom the innocent boy dreamed of helping Conan stand at a bar getting full of XXX and then going upstairs with a waitress for a private meal of fish and chips.

And the bar would collapse as it was full of termites so Harry was in their dream as well selling the land lord termite infested wood to make a new bar.

And upstairs the waitress would pore XXX into poor innocent Tom who did stink of XXX. "Gorgeous," Tom would slur as he was a future alcoholic and gorgeous had curlers in her hair and a moth eaten bodice and no longer slim but shall we say, nicely plump and as he admired her assets a shadow behind Tom got nearer and nearer and then STARS and Tom woke up hours later in the gutter, mugged.

That should teach him but he was a future fairy man so crawled back into the establishment that provided soups and waitress service so the Town Watch would be called to get rid of him and send him to a certain war galley.

And was a dream and Haliput had many such restaurants waiting for innocent Garrison boys.

And Harold dreamed of the other type of restaurant that served steaks and provided false teeth in jars to eat the steaks with.

Steaks big and juicy for they were stuffed with salmon slices stuffed with chicken cubes stuffed with ducks from the pond stuffed with rats plaguing the alley out back, for the bins were not emptied regularly.

And for desert mango laced with cream that should have been given to the rats; “is sour cream,” the waiter wanting a tip.

And Harold did wash it all down with warm XXX and being on Garrison pay could not afford such stuffing’s so the Town Watch was called and he was dragged off to a war galley at the docks.

But were dreams and the stuff of nightmares.

And Conan had nightmares for he knew he did be caught horse stealing while stealing Christina to ride away into The Wilderness Trail and be sent to row a war galley slowly finding an engine.

And all war galleys need a mascot so Cur was thrown down where the bilge is to make sure there were no store a ways and rats.

“Woof,” the dog woofing as it was a nightmare when he should be dreaming of chasing white rabbits and Red Riding Hood..

And Captain Moronicus and his patrol would be sent as marines as King Charles feared aspirers.

“Ook,” Apes dreaming of bananas and someone shouted, “That ship is full of mangoes,” and Apes loved mangoes more than he loved bananas so found himself in the crow’s nest. “Ook,” he did say to passing crows but it was just a dream or was it?

“A passage to the Americas too escape daddy’s spanking,” Christina and fled aboard the war galley and took over the captain’s cabin for she sprawled upon its double bed.

And The Mage was not popular for the Ballenese missed the rain that turned their roads to mud where newts and salamanders crawled out and up your leggings. “I must seek passage out of Haliput before assassins are sent from The Assassins College to do me permanently. At least a sea cruise and tanning in a deck chair will inspire me to remember the spell to make rain again,” The Mage dreaming of future adventures that involved Garrison so was ill.

And Harry saw possibilities with the sunny climate, valleys full of grapes to provide rot gut XXX for innocent Toms to loose their innocence. And would Harry dream of joining a summer cruise on the high seas? No he dreamed of Harry Bros. PLC that owned all sales in the land so he could live in a mansion with a heated swimming pool; while you lived in a tenement he owned. A tenement over run with vermin and leaky lead water pipes and roaches in your food for after paying his rent the roaches were the dinner.

And Harry did charge tourists a gold mark for the privilege of to be guided around his palace. Surely this miserable Scrooge must be sent out of Ball on a war galley?