

Womba

Professionals

They sang happily, “We are Duke’s ten thousand,

Marching up and down hills.

For we lack imagination.

Sometimes run too.

Away from fiends

As that comes natural;

So isn’t imagination.

And count sheep to sleep,

For marching is knackered.

And eat sheep too.

And have a union.

So strike when cities burn.

For we leave fighting to Garrison.

Yes we are the Duke’s ten thousand,” and the regular army staggered down the Haliput Road to fight Fiends. “*They are making a remake of Indiana Jones so are looking for extras,*” and was a whisper and a lie spread by a certain you know who to make them buy mascara and laddered pantaloons for a merchant we know was wanting a new pink wagon with the latest mules; and that costs cash, preferably yours.

“Face them with a stiff upper lip,” the Duke at the front of the ten thousand and hoped he would get the leading role as Mr Jones.

“Ha ha,”

“We will right the wrongs the Fiends done our wives,” The Duke who could afford many wives.

And the ten thousand did not think of their wives who bore them litters of squealing children so were plump cigar smoking women wearing aprons as a baby sucked away; the Fiends could have them, it was their girlfriends they would fight for, girlfriends who took all their pay in silk stockings and Belgian chocolates.

“There is Isisnaphut,” the Duke who could not tell Apes apart from Isisnaphut for Apes was driving Arawan’s wagon.

And because there were ten thousand men they charged the handful of Garrison coming towards them.

The silly fools so was a Bonsai charge.

“Womba form a thin red line,” The Mage who had seen too many movies.

“With what?” Womba sarcastically.

“Here are spare keys to that cage where a zoo sits on your men,” Harry and jingled them in front of Womba who bought so put his X to parchment agreeing to sweep Harry’s stables clean at 5a.m. daily for the next three years for keys do not come cheap. And Womba knew he was lucky for at 5 am. the mules were fast asleep so no cleaning needed.

“Wait till he sees my new stables in Haliput home to a hundred mules,” that horrid whisper again.

“Captain Moronicus get your men and join the thin red line,” Christina showing she was good at her job of ordering those below her about.

But The Lost Patrol got lost in nearby bushes.

“You will need these not them,” that whisper and Harry showed Womba many padlocks and chains to chain Garrison together into a thin grubby line.

And Harry sold them to Womba for 100 gold marks that Womba did not possess.

“An emergency situation requires Garrison to defend rich salesmen like me, so make allowances and after they are all killed will come down and get the padlocks and chains back,” Harry the miserable swine.

And Book told Womba to throw away the keys and then flew away into nearby bushes for Book was a girl and The Lost Patrol was men.

“I can see everything from up here,” Harry on top of the cage and prodded down at Zoo with these words, “Look plenty of food for you,” hoping the zoo did fight and get skinned for Harry wanted a trophy on his wall so could boast, “I shot it in East Afrika.”

But Zoo was not daft and stayed in the cage and to show Harry it did not like being prodded with a stick ate the stick and spat the shavings at Harry.

“Ouch my Adams apple,” the oily merchant and said ouch a hundred times as he pulled a hundred slithers out.

“Count me in lads, no Dwarf ever missed such good odds,” Dwarf joining Garrison.

“Thinks he can do everything without asking me, well I am joining too,” the silly Grisly Bear.

“We are Ballenese

And proud of it.

Fools more likely.

Volunteers,” Garrison sang and Christina on top of the cage shed tears for she was proud of them.

And beside her The Mage made himself invisible and was tempted to ask her to join for remember he had a dark side to him and should be ashamed for he was old enough to be her great grand daddy.

And Bat Wing crawled under the wagon and found herself next to mules and Old Nag and was the only female so enjoyed all the presents and attention.

“Charge,” the ten thousand as they got really close to the grubby thin red line that needed a wash and stopped; so only those not looking back ran up to Garrison and seeing they were alone apologised and went back to the ten thousand.

“We are on strike,” the ten thousand seeing the thin red line was dangerous.

“Oh its uncle Ducky,” Christina and waved.

“Why its Little Butterfly,” the Duke waving back.

And The Lost Patrol appeared with Moronicus and waved a standard and snarled and spat like soldiers do.

And Harry sold Duke a long table and with a click produced waitress service and all were invited except for Garrison for they smelt of wet dog for Cur was with them, and

since they smelt didn't mind Dwarf with them for twenty years filing without bathing sure as hell leaves an essence. And Grisly Bear stank of Zoo for he had been a pillow for twenty years.

"Pass a biscuit," Conan and Tom that sweet innocent boy gave him a ration weevil.

"Pass a biscuit Little Butterfly," The Duke and she passed a chocolate Éclair.

"Some were born winners like me," Harry sipping tea from best china and "some like them were born volunteers," as volunteers drank their tea from plastic mugs.