

## Womba

## Haliput City

Now once upon a time there was this road sign full of arrows and a skull was at the bottom.

“Haliput

Thou stinks,” and yes was Satirextex who needed to be taken to school and given basic lessons in literature. *“But is what the plebeians want, rubbish, jingles to jingle with my gold marks deep in my pockets,”* a greedy whisper.

And beggars line Haliput streets with tin cups and mangy dogs more nasty than Cur ready to bite those not giving; and monkeys in funny hats holding tin cups to jump on them too and pull all your hair out by the roots. Monkeys who get a bag of peanuts and the beggar 5% of the Harry Bros. PLC wigs bought by new customers.

And behind the beggars limbs hastily hacked off to match the beggars signs, “Was a soldier in the Duke’s,” so pennies given; and more pennies if the limbs were hacked off in front of an adoring crowd plus the nasty dog more nasty than Cur was dancing with the monkey with the tin cup.

“What about the thingy above the leg,” some joker hoping.

“I don’t replace those, how lowly you think of me so am deeply hurt and offended,” an oily whisper and thought about carrots as every story these days needs a bit of XXX to paste over the boring paragraphs.

So quirts of tomato sauce went everywhere and the crowd got in the mood for fish and chips with vinegar too.

“Hack him good lads,” a one legged man with a parrot on a shoulder and the crowd did and the beggar what’s his name was famous for his bits and thingamajigs were stuck on pikes in all the major city gates of Ball.

“Great show,” the sailor with the parrot.

“What was his name?” A posh woman holding a scented hanky.

“Beggar Fred,” another beggar claiming the now vacant spot and kicked the nasty dog away so got ripped down to interesting bits. Then the parrot flew down and pecked the nasty dog to crackers and my these isn't pets you did like to introduce to the girl friend, but the mother in law definitely.

And King Noddy encouraged such hackings as it was a form of population control.

And those that did not hack themselves where thrown in the back of a wagon, “Army Recruitment, come and see the world,” and found themselves amongst the ten thousand so fermented strikes and were not grateful they could afford waitress service at Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha’s and catch illnesses.

“And I hope a million Fiendish arrows find Duke for he is a relation with an army and might object along with the citizens to my sitting in a rose garden, spying on Lord Tootanfoot,” Drunken Noddy, “and here pick my nose and eat what I find and order lobster in peanut sauce. They say I am mad as a March hare but I am just lovingly different.

Ha he ho he ha ho.

Did they call Cleopatra dim when she bathed in ass's milk? I want a hundred asses in my bath for continuous milk supply for I am a nut.

And asked a night watchman what was in his canvas bag?"

"An asp," as the idiot emptied the snake out and it crawled into my milky bath and the hundred asses got out.

"Fetch it or else," King Charles who is Drunken Noddy and pittar patter was heard as The Chief Executioner ran along the corridor to the royal bath room.

"I am bitten," an unhappy night watchman and hated his king.

"Majesty?" The Chief Executioner.

"Chop off his head," and the night watchman got to see bird's eye views and had long conversations with beggars spread about on pikes; but at least the snake didn't get bite him again.

And Haliput hated the royal drunk and royal fleas jumped on his sclerosis swollen liver and had a bite.

"Arg," and was a royal moan as the king scratched away and made his liver red and raw.

"And have fitted trap doors in every royal room for assassins to fall in and get shredded by wild beasts below.

Ravenous wild beasts as there was so many trap doors the king forgot where they all were so never fed them.

And only pittar patter the chopper loved his king for he took bribes not to chop thingamajigs and stick them on pikes at city gates to have a long conversation with a night watch man.

Yes he was a corrupted bum who had two axes, a sharp one for them that paid to get a clean job and a blunt one to draw the chopping out all afternoon for skin flints.

“I didn’t chop up the royal steward as I needed a serf on my olive orchard and olive and citrus fruits are rave since The Mage stopped the rains and Grand Marshall Wotanic still lives for he bribed well; for now I live in his town house of 60 rooms and 4 swimming pools and he still pays for the staff and many waitresses needed to serve the guests soup,” the Chief Executioner all smiles.

“I am going to complain to The Brotherhood,” Wotanic about the Brotherhood not assassinating that royal drunk Noddy so Wotanic thought up some lies which comes easy to aspirers for they dream big.

“Noddy is coming to arrest you Big Ears,” for one of the brothers had enormous ears.

“He will stuff us all in lions,” Big Ears snatching his socks back from a waitress.

“Yes many lions need stuffing,” some idiot swinging from the rafters while a waitress practised circus acts.

“We must get The Duke to join us or we are tinned cat food,” Wotanic adding, “I sent a carrier pigeon with a message saying Christina has joined us in The Brotherhood so bring the army quick,” but did not mention he would marry the princess and still feed lions with them for not only was he an aspirer but a bum.

“You must be our leader,” Big Ears and Wotanic was happy, he did lead them all to pittar patter and win his town house back.

So led the Brotherhood along the Haliput road to meet The Duke.

And the other army come out of Haliput was under Barbarousa, the place guard Noddy had foolishly entrusted with these words, “Save me and you can marry Christina with the pretty ankles.”

And Barbarousa would marry her anyway, of course after hacking everyone else to shreds.

For that is how they got rid of the opposition back in them good old days.

And The Mage and Garrison were on that road too and Isisnaphut and what remained of the Fiendish host after falling off the bridge into the fetid moat.

And in the sky the red planet happy war was coming. It was smiling as it was the comic relief.

“Gee up, mustn’t be late, souls to collect,” a drunk swigging meths and fell back into his wagon to sleep it off.

“Howl,” a red eared hound stuck under him.

“Enaw enaw,” his mules and had a carrot break.

“Crack,” a carrot being broken in two and was covered in chocolate.

Yes it was a something break?