

Womba

Waiter

“A pot of iced tea please,” a tourist at a tea stall near the bridge under the hot Californian sun The Mage created when he banished rain and muddy roads from Ball.

And the tourist was with Harry World Tours PLC about to watch a re-enactment of The Battle of Haliput Road played out by the Haliput War Gamers Club.

Fairies in steel suits running about fluttering wings at each other.

Of course a stretcher lay on the grass nearby for even Harry’s bendy swords went places.

And the day was hot for Harry’s relations organised the battles on the hottest days to make sure plenty of iced tea was bought.

“No cash no tea,” and the sibling jingled the ice cubes that melted so He that great salesman did be furious for he liked his ice tea with a slice of lemon.

And the battle was always late for those inside the metal armour were not daft and were waiting for the cool sunset. So starving tourists bought cucumber sandwiches.

“Here this sandwich is green?” A complaint.

“That is cucumber,” the sibling in a waitress outfit and was a lie.

“This bread is green, and the Canadian steak slices are moose steaks and the moose tastes like the cat for we Ballenese know what to eat when a harvest fails, and the sour cream floating on the coffee is really sour and full of germs to give me the runs,” the complaint and was all truthful statement.

“Look at the others tucking into their lunch and because they are eating get this free sachet of brown sauce so complaints wanted what was free so ate.

And he used the sachet of brown sauce and very soon had to run for the outhouse where other diners were queuing and passed a piggery and the swill was brown and nearby orphans filling sachets of brown sauce.

“I have many siblings and relations to feed,” Harry explaining he must use what is available as there is a recession and shares have collapsed.

“Oh my tummy,” complaint lying on the stretcher but there were no stretcher bearers.

“That means extra wages,” Harry sternly.

And much earlier in time Womba put Book away for Book was refusing to open for Book did not want shredded with arrows.

And Conan spat tobacco at Womba's bottom and stained it brown.

Tom gave Womba strange fingers as he counted butterflies.

Harold was eating grass for he had two stomachs.

Cur was gnawing a stick that had a name, “Womba.”

“Parade shun,” for Womba could think of nothing else and used a whip hidden in his back pocket to get Garrison too parade.

This is the first manoeuvre of the Battle of Haliput Road.

Then a messenger from General Barbarousa of the Palace Guard arrived demanding the arrest of Christina.

“Her with the pretty ankles, you must be almonds,” The Mage answered as Christina flashed an ankle at him for pretty girls know how to diamond tiaras.

“Barbarousa wants to ravage me in his tent and proclaim himself king,” Christina and sobbed and threw herself on The Mage’s chest and he was a male fairy so was affected so clicked a finger and made a carnation grow on the messengers nose.

The first hostile action of the battle.

“Not to glittery I hope,” Christina adjusting the tiara in a pocket mirror all girls keep to see who is ogling them from behind.

And Conan spat tobacccy and hit the messenger in the left eye so it swelled and went green and black and was horrid.

And so the enemy filled the air with arrows and a passing flock of geese and ducks saved Garrison but not themselves so Harold dreamed of many roasts.

“Thank you Snake god,” Harry filling his wagon with duck and geese to sell the hungry Garrison men. “Someone must pluck the feathers and clean the innards out and baste them with goose lard, and that costs times,” Harry defending his stealing of the manna.

“Here Womba I am not standing here because there is no more ducks and geese to stop them arrows,” Tom and inched away and Conan was proud of him.

So Womba looked at Book and Book felt sorry for the Burke so opened its pages and was shredded with arrows; so should have remained shut and uncaring.

So Womba was wrath and Garrison inched yards away for he was PREDICTABLE.

And had tied Old Nag nearby for that horse was PREDICTABLE also.

And Womba mounted his unfaithful horse and drew his sword and shouted

“Gvssaimph.”

And disturbed a flock of starlings that flew overhead just as enemy arrows came so more food fell at Garrison's feet.

"I must collect those as well for Garrison eats anything and can sell the rest as Dwarf Chicken to the ignorant of Haliput," that greedy salesman again for he knew fairies weren't found of starling roasted or broiled.

"Who is that?" Isisnaphut.

"Womba again," a reply for the Fiends knew Womba well.

"Send in the champion," and a mighty warrior was given a donkey to ride and the donkey had fairy wings for none had turned Tootanfoot back to his original self.

"He was so annoying as a fairy, at least as a donkey he can do useful things like carry the kitchen and drums of cooking oil, the firewood needed to cook the cauldrons he carries as well, and not to mention all the food needed cooked and eaten by us," Isisnaphut wanting you to agree and not feel sorry for the donkey who "never gave a child a ride on any beech."

And to make sure Tootanfoot went the right way a parsnip was attached to a stick and waved under his nose.

"Enaw," Tootanfoot trotting towards Womba and "this parsnip isn't washed," he complained.

"Ha he ha," and was Wotanic watching and then a bee stung his mount and he was off to meet Womba also.

And the bee belonged to a swarm of bees that just flew amongst the archers so no more arrows fell upon Garrison except one fired last, and it landed in the bottom of a greedy salesman who shouted, “No discount for whoever did that, for ever.”

“Can’t wait to stuff them in my lions,” Barbarousa who kept hungry lions as pets and fed them anyone who annoyed him, so his lions were well fed, fat and lazy so Garrison could out run them any time.

“My men will strike,” The Duke so sat in his deck chair and sipped cool fizzy drink.

“And we are sitting on the grass drinking cool fizzy drink also,” his ten thousand who knew what was good for The Duke was good for them.

“I am rich, ten thousand soft fizzy drinks and in this hot day they will want more, my there are many customers out there,” Harry and organised his supply line of cool fizzy drink from a nearby pond.

“Here there is a tadpole in my drink?” One of the ten thousand.

“A free toy,” Harry and threw extra cinnamon into the pond and caramel for colour.

“He is heroic after all but so ugly,” Christina warming to Womba on Old Nag.

“Aren’t you going to help him?” Dwarf watching the Brotherhood swarm about Womba with pitchforks and machetes.

“Help who?” Conan and pretended to look for someone needing help.

“Him,” Dwarf as Barbarousa led his men into the swarm of Brothers with spears and long Halberds.

“You mean Tom, why no he is big enough to choose his own waitresses,” for waitresses had appeared to serve muffin cakes to those buying cool fizzy drinks with toys in them.

“Where is he?” Dwarf no longer able to see Womba for Isisnaphut’s champion was jumping up and down on Womba with these words, “Enaw enaw.”

“All right I will help,” Conan and was alone for Garrison had vanished.

But not to worry he bought a banana from a waitress and threw it amongst the bodies about Womba.

“Ook,” and an ape swung down from vines and soon sorted the bullies on top of Womba out for the banana was in amongst them somewhere.

“Eanw enaw,” a donkey getting the bung by Apes.

“Here this isn’t fair?” Barbarousa finding Apes bigger than a lion so was stuffed by the primate needing that one banana to fill the hole in his tummy.

Now it wasn’t all due to Apes Womba was saved; it was due to Conan leaning on a latch that opened a cage where Zoo was. A Zoo who was hungrier than a primate for bananas never filled any tummy, why fairies covered in gravy was needed and there were many about.

Even Fiends in rancid butter sauce sounded tasty.

“Here is that Apes sailing through the air?” Offaltrex who being a merchant let others do the fighting.

“Is that King Isisnaphut Apes landed on?” Mistress Beautricianix seeing Apes in the corner of a mirror as she smeared on layers of Foundation for a floozy woman must have full red lips always.

“Here we are never invited for any fun, come on Grisly Bear,” and Dwarf dug in his spurs to make sure Grisly Bear jumped in amongst the Brethren Brothers.

“No one asks me if I want to play?” Grisly knowing this was not fun; fun to a bear was being part of a circus act jumping through flaming hoops, diving off the tent pole a hundred feet up into a barrel of water, of being lashed to a spinning table so he could see the knife thrower throwing axes at him blinded folded. Yes that was fun, not tearing limb from limb Brothers with pitch forks and machetes.

So Grisly Bear was not happy so took his anger out on anything within reach.

“Hallo lads,” Womba now clear of nasty people wanting to shred him.

“Have some tobaccy?” Conan hoping he wouldn’t as tobaccy cost money and a merchant we know stood near rubbing his hands in anticipation of tobaccy prices going up.

“My hero,” Christina and shut her eyes to swoon in Womba’s arms for she did not want to see what held her for Womba had long hairy warts.

And because her eyes were shut did not see Zoo eat till he was bloated and could not move.

Lucky for Womba because his men were walking off to South Gate Haliput where many inns waited for them that had cousins of Common as Muck Filthy Big Bertha living

there and a girl on every corner with these lines, “Hi handsome, want to drink iced tea with me?”

“Where are you going without me?” Womba wanting home to The Bridge and thingamabobs. “Cowardly Zooamorphisis’s that is what you are, reptiles with scales, “the foolish sergeant who was too busy opening his mouth to see Zooamorphisis was offended at being likened to Garrison that was unwashed and unclean and ate anything.

So was annoyed and jumped out the cage and did another misdemeanour on Womba.

So even Fiends thought a rowing trip healthier and followed the sneaking tip toeing Palace Guard of Barbarousa to South Gate, “Sssh, let that Burke deal with Zooamorphisis,” they whispered.

And the sneaking became a rout and routed all over Womba and Zoo, lucky for Womba yes.

Why Zoo was flattened flat and could not eat Womba for Zoo was seeing stars and spinning ketchup bottles.

“Gee up,” a king on a wagon swigging meths.

And lucky for Womba King Arawan threw him in the back of his wagon and headed for South Gate for he got a lift; because the king was blind drunk and didn't know where his mules were going.

“Here you are Garrison you isn’t welcome here,” the City Watch at South Gate afraid of Garrison who it was said were trouble makers, stole your women from under you, ate your supper while you visited the out house, bought thingies from a certain merchant and charged your account while you were at the movies so Garrison was unwelcome.

“Here lads, they are heroes, the crowd wants them,” the merchant wanting thingies bought and charged to who was at the movies.

“Gee up,” and all made way for Arawan.

“Hello,” Womba wakening up at the wrong moment and was recognised by the Haliputians as the worst trouble maker ever so set upon Garrison but not Barbarousa who was a hero for trying to stop Garrison entering Haliput.

Nor The Duke whose men because they had wages were welcome to ravage their daughters and drink too much XXX and be ill on the pavements where you did slip the next day and incur an expensive doctor’s bill for the leeches used to cure your broken leg.

Even the Brother Hood were welcome in their hoodies so were not recognised as they loitered markets holding machetes and pitch forks looking for monsters.

“Fiends this way,” an entrepreneur who knew Fiendish gold was as good as Ballenese gold and Harry showed them certain houses down at the docks to hide the Fiends away and fleece them at the same time.

“Matches anyone,” King Arawan giving away free boxes to the crowd for Garrison was not welcome.

“He is indeed an ugly thing but so muscular and big,” that daft princess who should be dyed brunette and stuck in a tower to grow her hair long! Was it she who saved Garrison from a roasting?

“Ook,” Apes swinging amongst the crowd so Zooamorphisis would not find him? So did Apes rescue Garrison?

“Belch,” Zooamorphosis arriving in the crowd looking for Apes but then saw Womba who had likened him to Garrison and then saw Garrison sampling pies bought from a pie vendor so must have some pies too.

“Lovely, a soldier marches on his stomach,” Conan licking the gravy off his fingers and then saw Harold eat his third meat pie and there was a ringed tail sticking out of the pie.

“Without my pies the streets of Haliput did be overrun with rats,” that man again who jingles your cash.

So who saved Garrison from a roasting?

Was it Zoo ill from eating a hundred pies with ringed tails sticking out of them?

Perhaps it was the hundred rats running loose without tails?

Who saved Garrison?

Was it you?