

“What do you mean a Zooamorphisis is in my city?” Drunken Noddy.

“He has eaten many that live in South Gate,” General Elfred and hoped the creature did eat his king who kept sending him to Pittar Patter who now owned his wife, his twenty girlfriends, his sixty children and rowing boat so could not afford any more bribes to stay alive.

And was so unimaginative he could not see Pittar Patter had done him a favour, why had given him a second chance at life again so should be grateful to The Chief Executioner. He was free to visit Filthy Big Bertha's every night instead of weekends only.

And did not tell his loathsome king whose breath curled your hair as it was 100% XXX, that Haliput had taken a shine to Christina with the pretty ankles.

He and the twenty million fairies that lived in the city would keep it their little secret. Twenty million plus those about to be born for fairies knew how to spend their time wisely.

“Here my King breakfast,” General Elfred and gave Noddy cheap green stuff that had fallen off a wagon the night before.

“Gad I am dying,” Noddy being used to Champaign for royal XXX’s drink upper class XXX for breakfast.

“I will marry Christina and have palaces not a run down town house and a galley and not a rowing boat,” Elfred and should have made sure the king was dead by poking his eyes and stomping on him, but he was drooling over Christina’s pretty ankles because he was a man and men think of nothing pure.

“Off with his head,” Noddy recovering and lit a cigar so there was a loud explosion and still Noddy was standing and proved the saying correct, XXX makes drunks rubbery so when they fall off a sky scraper they bounce away and drink another day.

And a singed General Elfred was led away to the chopping board muttering Christina my love where Art Thou? So, perhaps had played ambition in a rose garden with Tootanfoot?

And all about him the mob was rioting to make Christina queen and Harry was wrath for it was a jolly excuse to loot his shops.

And eat his pies and keep the vermin population down.

“That will teach them and will recoup my loses as I own many Funeral Parlours,” that man who sells you plastic thingies.

And a lit tobacccy was dropped by someone fleeing for his life and was Conan. So never saw the dangerous thing roll away into a stable filled with straw.

“FIRE,” the mob screamed.

And Womba bending down to tie up his leggings was kicked into the stables and the doors kicked shut.

“Enaw enaw,” the donkey responsible then eyed up a horse.

“Blink blink blink,” the horse blinking an invitation and was Old Nag who thought the donkey the sexiest thing ever seen.

“Enaw enaw,” the donkey making a run for it.

Shame and double misery that poor horse only wanted some attention; cruel Tootanfoot in his donkey suit.