

Womba

He let him in

In South Gate Haliput a statue of a camel and not any camel, this one has vampire teeth, ears of a bat, a dragon's face and muscular body, a devil's tail protrudes from some place smelly and smoke drifts from the mouth; and of course the feet are hooves.

"My finest work," Sampenciltrex and none did disagree for they knew that certain salesman paid his wages.

A plastic plaque made from melted down dinosaurs read,

"Zooamorphosis," and was the only lines needed from Satirextex thankfully.

And the artist forgot the rat tail Zoo liked to hide for vermin are secretive beasts.

"Women faint over vermin tails," Sampenciltrex hoping too catch a few.

"And never was a vampire?"

"Women need their necks bitten by handsome vampires," Sampenciltrex hoping to be that handsome Dracula, in his dreams maybe?

And decades earlier Zooamorphosis had demolished most of South Gate for he was inside the city while he should have been locked out.

"It was Garrison's fault and explains why they are hated," Harry experimenting with a cigar, for the image of course. "Cough wheeze gasp, why am I smoking this horrid thing, oh yes the image."

And the city council was paying ten thousand to fight Fiends and in negotiations over wages so was broke so borrowed from Harry Bros. PLC to rebuild burnt houses and Harry built slums with out houses hanging over canals that emptied into the breezy sea.

“Fish for sale,” a fishmonger.

“It smells,” a slum tenant.

“Do you know what fresh fish smells like,” the vendor.

“No.”

“It smells like this fish,” and obviously had to be a relation of you know who?

“We will charge a toll at the new gate to pay Harry off,” a yuppie councillor hoping to impress Harry and get a job on the board of Harry Bros. PLC.

And Harry charged and took the money and demoted the yuppie to the new job of toll collector.

“Bright minds are dangerous so must be swatted quickly,” Harry explaining his ways.

And Harry was so rich he did not have to work but knew everything was his by divine right. Why the kids playing with the pigs in farmyards needed his management and cures for Swine Fever.

And Common as Mucks Filthy Big Bertha’s at The Bridge was his and would evict that muck out and give her job to Cousin Dominatrix and her customers would be those that had lots of cash to throw away in his direction.

“Slurp,” Harry overcome with greed and embarrassed wipes drool of his mouth.

And Sampenciltrex would chisel gargoyles on every street corner so all fairies did know who was watching their every move.

He who looked like the gargoyles, he who made slurping sounds over his cash.

And the slurper gazed at the stars and saw the future, the new gate would collapse as it was made of paste and paper mashie and the new loan to the city would have strings attached.

Strings that made him mayor and a key to the city cash box.

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And Apes was blamed for letting Zooamorphosis into the city but the banana eater was not to blame.

Once upon a time General Elfred was for the chop and bribed pittar patter to let him have a leak with these words, “I need the other business as well,” and was lies as we all know everyone for the chop goes to the out house first as not to disturb the proceedings of chopping.

And General Elfred with maniacal giggles found Zooamorphosis out side South Gate and held up a sign in big red letters for Zoo to read.

“THIS WAY,” the sign but Zoo couldn’t read but came anyway wanting to tear Elfred limb from limb and eat him all up.

So Elfred seeing the foam at Zoo’s mouth cleared off quick and melted away in the crowd waiting to be torn limb from limb by Zoo entering the city.

“That demon from hell will eat Drunken Noddy and I will be king and marry Christina and if she has pretty ankles her knees mustn’t be knobbly but pretty too,” the pervert Elfred.

“Where is he, it doesn’t take anyone that long in the out house?” The Chief Executioner fed up waiting for Elfred to return and get chopped.

“Honey I will marry you and be king,” Elfred a mile away explaining things to Christina whose face slowly curled up so Elfred began to wonder if her digestive juices weren’t working.

“Never fear sweet heart this book I bought from Harry the merchant says a Zooamorphisis favourite meal is a cauldron of sea anemone and the beast has reason and if promised regular meals of sea anemone will be obedient,” but Christina wasn’t listening for she had joined Garrison nearby.

“They can join the sea anemone for my princess is too high birth to walk with Garrison,” Elfred and went and found two slaves and a cauldron.

“They are star fish but he has never seen a star fish or anomie,” a fishmonger who would give Harry the Boss a cut of cash later.

“Here nice beast, a cauldron of sea anemone your favourite dish,” Elfred.

“Snort snort,” Zoo sort of went for he hated sea anemone but loved slaves so ate them before he ate Elfred who believed everything he read.

But Harry’s book was the only one on the subject so sold a million copies over night and Satirextex was up all night copying and went through a packet of crackers for the parrot.

“Here can I have a tea break?” The poet huddled under a candle and when that went out in moon light for candles cost pennies.

“Crack,” the answer as Harry ate Coffin Pie from a table but knew how to use a whip as he ate a chicken’s head; never mind the entrails were next and some thing's toes, a lost thingy for vitality and the pie was only fit for the strongest souls, those who could sell you a plastic dinosaur; but it was Coffin Pie and guaranteed to put you in one..

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“You set fire to our city,” a man selling garters shouted at Garrison.

“Does he work for me?” Harry attracted by the shouting.

“Caught it in the moat,” a woman shouted who took a break from washing unmentionables.

“A Chinese laundry with her the washing machine,” Harry dreaming.

“Now no one will buy my meat pies as sea anemone is the craze,” a pie seller and Harry noted he must do something to increase the rat population to make his pies wanted again.

“And that pie seller is not one of mine, slurp,” for cash was being mentioned.

And the pie seller threw one of his unwanted pies with a tail sticking out of it and a man caught and swallowed it tail as well and was Harold always willing to try a free supermarket sample.

“How much for your rats?” The pie maker asking a nearby hunter.

“A penny each as no one wants one,” the hunter.

“Make it a penny for two,” the pie maker and bought a sackful.

“He does not work for me either,” the slurper visualizing one Guild for all workers and anyone working needing a licence and as mayor he would get his cut; and those that

didn't join, there was a cauldron of sea anemone waiting for a diner. "And for just now must send in hired help to make those with loud voices join my new Guild."

And the hired help knew what to do with the hunter's legs for he needed them to run after rats, and they knew what to do with the pie maker's hands that he needed to make pies with. And the washer woman they did not know what to do with so just threw her in the moat with cement.

"Splash," and a big splash for washer women are always big with lots of wet petticoats.

And because Zoo found beggars with hacked off limbs nearby who could not run as fast as the other fairies he ate them. And because the rats had nothing to eat now they bred and crawled up your legs when you sat in the out house; and worse got in your bed when you thought your luck was in with the neighbour's wife.

So the rats had too go and since sea anemone stank lying in the bottom of cauldrons fairies desired meat again, with ringed tails.

"Coffin Pie is selling well," that greedy merchant "as the tails aren't noticed amongst all the gore," that miser Harry and "Coffin Pies sell well because fairies want a bit of everything so everything goes in except the best cuts of meat, and who's too notice with all them tails swimming about under that pasty?"

"Buy Coffin Pie," soon became a popular jingle.

"And wiggle a tail," and yes was Satiretext earning his keep.