

Womba

A match was lit

“And we got Harry Bros. PLC to thank for these fine tenements built after The Great Fire of Hal 945,” a tourist guide in an open wagon while an usherette sold candy to loose tourist teeth on; and the tourists were not impressed for the fine tenements looked like the slums they lived in.

And a chimney pot fell off and silenced the guide and the tourists were immediately happy.

“Let’s party,” one tourists and fizzy drink was opened and hip hop music was beat out of a plastic dinosaur.

“My dinosaurs have many uses and why are so popular,” that \$ whisper again.

And although the Harry’s might control what you bought they could not control Haliput’s druids so did not control history.

And sometimes a white rabbit jumped out of Harry’s pocket or he grew bat ears so showed he was trying and an H letter would illuminate the city at night as a search light roamed the sky; give the miser his due he was trying.

And the truth of history was that a watchman lit a match and handed it to the crowd who wanted to roast Garrison.

“Out,” was heard often as the match was passed around.

“Fire,” some fairy and “why are you breathing on it?” Another as Arawan breathed on it 100% meths so the fire spread quickly.

“I must organise a mincer to work a sausage machine,” and it was Harry from his black book seeking addresses of minor relations.

“Hot dogs one mark,” a minor Harry relation pushing a mobile steamer and swinging in buckets under the barrow dash hounds and on the barrow not a Napoleonic guillotine but a mincer.

“Everyone will thank me, why sausage dogs are fit for nothing except being carried,” Harry defending his hot dog sales..

Anyway: “Isn’t this cheating?” Conan as Garrison was left as all the citizens had run away with their beds and mistresses but left the wives as the fire spread. Never mind the wives ran away with the savings.

“Certainly not,” and Arawan handed Conan a paper and Garrison pretended to read it before it was snatched away.

“A mandate from Daghdha the good god to clean up this city,” Arawan.

“We can read,” Tom.

“But not that for it was in picture s,” Conan.

“The language of the gods,” Arawan.

“It had pictures of us,” Womba.

“Oh you noticed,” Arawan and shuffled his feet guilty so Garrison was worried. Then all Garrison plus the eyes of that nasty dog glared at Arawan who became a shuffler. “Look but it isn’t important,” and he lied for he knew Daghdha had grown fond of Garrison who were brave and never spoke with a forked tongue so had spared them the flames and wasn’t cricket as Arawan had been after Garrison for years.

Harry as well for he wanted paid.

Yes Arawan could scream his disappointment but the meths was sharp so couldn't, and his imps ran between his legs with flaming torches setting him on fire; by accident of course for he was the cruel Boss.

"Pardoned?" Tom wanting rid of his innocent boy next door look.

"Pardoned," Conan glad he was granted more time to ravage.

"Pardoned," Womba and was not surprised as he never did anything wrong.

"Pardoned," and Harold roasted mushrooms off Arawan who was jumping about as he did not like what he dished out to others.

"Woof," and was doggy for "Pardoned," so Cur bit the mutton out of Arawan while he could.

"Ook," and Apes stuck two bananas in two eyes for he was mean and nasty and liked to act big and tough for the primate was.

"Gad my eyes," a natural response from Arawan.

"Here what is good for some flea bitten chimp is good for a dwarf," and Dwarf got Grisly Bear to do 'The Mashed Potato' dance on Arawan.

"I am mashed," the only reply from Arawan and sought comfort in meths.

"Here wait for me," Moronicus running after his Lost Patrol who did not want to be drafted as fire men for that was heroic work and these marines were selfish, slobs, suffered from colic for they ate with their fingers as never washed the fingers after a visit to the out house.

"I never forget the bottom of a boot," Arawan knowing they did meet again one day.

“Haliput is on fire, better put the fire out lads,” and was a whisper fearing his ware houses full of plastic dinosaurs might catch fire.

And Womba had no idea what to do until he saw Book on the back of Arawan's wagon lying next to dead Fiends and crisp fairies so stole it and stuck it down his trousers. And still had no idea what to do for he had not read a page.

“Use the cauldrons full of sea anemone to put the fires out,” the whisper as a ware house exploded and showered plastic dinosaurs down.

“Here those idiots aren’t supposed to do that?” Morrigan the Queen of Heaven as she drove by in a chariot pulled by cats.

And Daghdha was worried for it had been his idea to spare Garrison that was now putting out the fires with cauldrons of sea anemone.

There were many cauldrons with sea anemone put out for Zoo so there was no need to fill the cauldrons with moat or open sewer water that might have caused the fire to spread as Arawan used those places as little boy places and Arawan was pure meths.

Which explained why eels and carp floated on the surface quite dead from XXX poisoning?

“Here what have I done?” Harry realising he should let Haliput burn to the ground so his builders could cram more slums into the cleared areas. Why the empty parks did be ware houses, the museums sweat shops behind a cultural façade, the schools places that taught children how to sew and become cleaners so Harry was not happy with himself.