

## Womba

## Shufflers

And tourists file through King Charles throne room admiring his wooden throne and have free menu pamphlets from Harry Bros. PLC the only thing free.

‘Charles the XXX lover who taxed his citizen fairies gold marks to drink more XXX and ate from plastic plates for he drank your gold marks. Sat on a wooden throne for he fermented your gold marks. And because he gurgled your gold marks he had stewed rabbit and vegetables between emptying barrels of XXX while you could only afford them pies with tails hanging out of them.

See the hammock King Charles swung in snoring with his twenty six wives and they were your wives on a rota.

See his loo, wood and splintered and was a lie, he stripped it of its gold plate to buy imported Afikan XXX made from bananas.

And you had to use an out house and deep hole that you often fell in.

For out houses don’t have electric switches.

See his loo paper, leaves so you can imagine what your ancestors used?

See his daughter’s rose garden and the hundred skeletons of suitors who could not find their way out of the maze there, a maze she tempted gardeners in to play dominoes while your,” but the guide became afraid for Christina was a popular memory for a hundred films has been made about her ankles; so the guide whispered in true Harry

fashion, *“while your ancestors read tax demands as they walked the open sewers that were the old streets of Haliput before Harry Bros. PLC laid down roads.”*

A future where the roads were not laid down where weeds grew and monkeys threw fruit at you from window guttering. So Harry had to make the past gruesome for the future was hell come to Haliput.

A future where a weak puppet king sat on a wooden throne while Harry's descendants played C ludo till the night there would be no Muppet King?

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And skipping back in time Christina skips into the throne room followed by Wotanic and others who had a vital interest in staying away from Pittar Patter.

A bottle of cheap meths rolled at the feet of Drunken Noddy.

“Snore,” from the royal drunk; so Christina because it was daddy pulled his feet so the snorer rolled down his steps that led up to the cheap wooden throne.

“Who did that?” The head when it stopped bouncing.

“She did,” for the others in the room feared Pittar Patter.

And the drunk went nuts and spanked his daughter good so the others in the room fell to their faces and shuffled backwards covering their ears hopping not to be recognised.

Like Mr Salomatrix who sold fish in the slums so Noddy was not his customer ever.

Or Mr Plaguetrex whose bread never rose and was full of baked roaches and Noddy never bought from him.

Or Mr Veilo the butcher who bought ingredients from a hunter and since Noddy had no friends except a green bottle never ate his meats with tails.

But the others could not help themselves looking for Christina was being spanked and they were a bunch of dirty old men deserving Pittar Patter who could be heard in the corridor outside.

“Pittar Patter.”

“You shouldn’t have down that daddy?”

“Why not?”

“I am a big girl now,” and did not mention she had a black belt in Kung Fu so Noddy screamed some as Christina did a mental number on him.

“Ga,” was the ending sound as she made him swallow the glass beads he gave to her mummy but she stashed the diamond tiara he had bought for a waitress in her pocket.

“Business will be brisk,” Pittar Patter outside looking at a catalogue of new yachts.

And the shufflers stopped amazed.

“When he wakes up we are chopped,” and it takes one shuffler so they all shuffled backwards at great speed right over Pittar Patter trying to decide what sailor hat to buy from his bribes to come.

“Here what happened?” Noddy coming too.

And the shufflers being curious stopped to listen better.

“This?” Christina and showed Noddy.

“What was the answer?” The shufflers shuffling foreword again over a prostrate Pittar Patter.

“Gee up,” was heard in the corridor and a strong smell of meths as a certain king approached for a Pittar Patter lay peaceful with a dozen axes in his back, three dozen cheese wires about his neck, sixteen knives in his chest, yes there was a murderer amongst the shufflers who had it in for the Chief Executioner Pittar Patter.

“Long live Queen Christina,” Wotanic suddenly behind the throne and showed the shufflers he was a cringing twerp of an aspirer.

“Sniff,” Christina realising he had down much shuffling himself so smelt bad under the arms that were held high holding the crown.

And in hell Pittar Patter was plucking arrows and axes from his legs when he heard “Revenge baby,” from many past clients he had used blunt axes on for they had not bribed him enough and many, “have we got a surprise for you sweet heart,” from those who bribed and being a lazy Chief Executioner had not used an axe but just opened the lion cages so he could have a long lie in being a weekend execution.

Bad executioner whose clients expected the best from you, a sharp axe not sharp teeth gnawing the wrong places.

And Arawan was a king who listened to his subjects for he did not want a revolution so turned his back and did not hear the screams as he slurped and gurgled from a green bottle of meths.

See even amongst fairies there is Karma at all levels of society, what goes round comes round.

“Refreshing stuff this meths,” Arawan and gurgled happily away sucking the vile stuff out of a baby bottle. “Suck suck,” he sucked.

Now mention of a fairy must be made whose military upbringing made him fearless of shufflers.

An utterly selfish man and a survivor.

And worse, ambitious, Wotanic is his name a son of a general the son of a general; the son of a mule Skinner.

“My kingdom for a mule,” Wotanic still believed was good advices for kingdoms come and go but a good mule is hard to replace.

And that ends that unwanted interruption about this unloved unwanted creep of a fairy man.

Now mention must be made of Dwarf who rides a Grisly Bear so that explains a lot for a start..

I mean would you or me ride a ferocious Grisly Bear?

And Dwarf sees bears as flea circuses and hates them especially this Grisly who wants in on all the fun Dwarf is having so Dwarf uses extra long sharp spurs.

And Dwarf believes gold is under Haliput and needs him to dig it out. Why he is the son of a gold miner and inherited that cave and was seeing gold in the dim candle light in the cave when Zoo arrived.

“I will chain him up without a fuss,” Zoo and he was right for Dwarf was sure he was digging for gold nuggets that only existed in his mind.

So traded his pick axe for a mop and apron and became Zoo’s Personal Assistant.

“He is bigger than me so must do what I am told,” Dwarf sensibly so washed up thirty years of dirty dishes and when he dusted the pillow well, it was Grisly and is to horrid to describe what happened next.

“I hate that bear,” Dwarf's last words.