

Womba

Corpse

There is no X at the spot where the gods discussed business.

For in the future Give a Copper Harry wanted it secret, he who sits on a gold throne while relations huddle the long table slurping up tasty watery gruel.

For in the future Haliput is ruled by a dead thingy whose hands get hairy under a full moon and Harry's relations feed it vile potions, a most dangerous occupation so why Harry sits on a gold throne, for he is the one full of potion.

And a creature under the moon howled for more vile potion and was Harry.

"Yes we the relations tremble for look fangs have flipped out behind those rubbery gums."

And Harry in the future had a shaky voice for he was old so squeaked, "Never repeat what the gods said or it will undermine our rule over the puppet boy king. The gods that met in the Sparrow Inn because there was waitress service available while their wives were at Bingo , and they drank and ate Coffin Pie thinking Haliput was burning away but Womba was out there with cauldrons, making me safe to breed and carry on the Harry lineage,"

\*

"What is Womba up to?" Morrigan next to Daghdha at the table and the good god patted and squeezed her knee under the table for Nerthus the wife was present, sucking

the claws off a chicken foot for the wives had returned unexpected for Bingo was cancelled. Never mind the husbands were delighted to see them back early.

“Lovely,” Nerthus as she sucked away, “Coffin Pie lovely,” and next crunched away at a cow’s foot.

“Judas,” Daghdha going red as Morrigan not to be fobbed off had skewered a certain hand with a fork under the table.

And Morrigan's cats that pulled her chariot scratched the blazes out of Tanaros's goats that pulled his chariot, who went nuts and kicked the stuffing out of the boars that pulled Daghdha's chariot, who needed something to tusk so did the green stags that pulled Cernunous's chariot he being the Green Man here and in the melee completely demolished South Gate.

And there was no rain a pity as the fires might have been put out for some Mage had given Ball a Californian climate .

And saved all those tenements with nappies drying on string from burning, saved wives cooking pasta on hot stoves from running a mile from the fire, saved kids playing football in the narrow streets from playing it in green fields once the fire burned the place down. Saved Harry the trouble of repairs but not the cost of building new slums.

Now Morrigan went for walkies as Daghdha tried to explain what a fork was doing in his hands to the wife.

And Morrigan was happy thinking of doing Womba and then noticed the fires out and empty cauldrons about and the stench of sea anemone out of fresh sea water for too long.

*The smell of a stagnant sea that leads one to the fishmonger.*

“Hi honey,” and Morrigan smelled meths as burly hands threw her into a wagon where a red eared hound waited to gnaw her.

“A soul is a soul,” Arawan croaked and was the last croak he croaked in many a night as she beat the flames out of him. “What have I thrown in my wagon,” and shrieked as Morrigan pulled him places.

“Well boys we put the fire out,” Womba looking at a pile of exhausted Garrison that wanted him away from them.

And one of them threw a cauldron at him but missed and hit Morrigan, lucky for Womba as it was made of brass and not cast iron.

“I smell Garrison and now a war galley is moored in Dockland,” Morrigan rubbing her head.

And the creak of wheels made her look and see saw a coach pass by on its way to Dockland.

And Dockland was named that because docks and ships could be found, and jars of cockles and mussels and jellied eels and gutters full of snoring sailors full of XXX.

“Here,” and Morrigan threw the cauldron back just as Womba was bending to pick up a penny.

So hit Garrison who staggered away muttering things such as, “My legs are broke,” “My arms are twisted,” “my wooden leg has fallen off,” but where all lies for they had seen who threw the brass cauldron so were sneaking off playing possum; sneaking

towards a war galley that had no oarsmen at the moment or sea dog to gnaw rowers to get the speed up.

“Here I don’t believe you,” Womba knowing any fairy with a broken leg couldn’t walk so stood laughing the Burke.

Then Morrigan about to beat the living daylights out of Womba sniffed him for Womba smelt of rotten fish and socks and unmentionables for he did not know what the word ‘bath’ meant.

“Daghdha can sort you out, I am off,” Morrigan and poofed away in a sulphur cloud for she was nasty not good, so no chirping sparrows or sunshine about her, just smells that wafted from Womba.

“I am going to be sick,” she was heard to complain in the green mist and “Does he never wash?”.

“I am out of here,” Womba worried she might be ill over him and then the princess did think he never washed.

“Here wait for us,” Conan grabbing Womba’s belt so was dragged behind for he was feeling lazy.

“And me,” Tom that sweet innocent kid grabbing Conan by his left foot for Garrison could not afford to buy new shoes often.

“Oink,” Harold and sat on Tom and urged him to shriek and moan as the excited retired Viking beat Tom’s back with his massive fists.

“Oink,” the arthritic Viking being reminded of snow boarding in his home land.

“Ook,” Apes swinging down on Harold attracted by the drum beat on Tom.

“Banana and you friend,” Harold and was sickening as Apes replied, “Ook” and Apes took the banana and started to beat Harold who replied, “OINK,” and kicked Apes away for retired Vikings who say “oink” are a tough greedy bunch..

Then a nasty dog jumped on the top of Ape’s head so Apes could see nothing and Cur ate the banana to see what the fruit tasted like.

“Woof,” the hitching hiking dog which meant, “better in ice cream and chocolate sauce.”

And Garrison never saw the coach stop at the docks and the soldiers on it held out hands for gold pennies that had Drunken Noddy's head stamped on them, pennies in the hands of the press gang paying the soldiers. For a certain war galley at harbour needed two hundred rowers and at the moment had none.

So the coach door opened and the smell of cheap XXX wafted then Noddy rolled out and kept rolling off the pier so he dropped into a jolly rowing boat below.

“Crunch,” the sound of wood breaking so the little boat sank.

“The captain needs rowers and he is one and I isn’t,” the press gang leader so kicked his men below so they screamed in the water where fins lived to save the drunk below and put him into another jolly rowing boat.

“Here were is the sailors to row this drunk out to the war galley?” The press gang leader and then suggested, “We better row or we will take his place,” the foolish fool for a war galley needs two hundred rowers and with the drunk and them would then have ten.

“What I have told you never tell anyone,” Harry in the future then howled for more vile potion? Was he the one who let fangs flip out from rubbery gums? What was Harry in the future apart from the greatest salesman ever and just what was in those vile potions that let him be in the future when Garrison was just plastic statues with pigeons sitting on them doing pigeon things.

Vile potions made especially for nasty boys that grew into oily salesmen bought from Mages who lived three thousand years.

\*

And in the future a poet sat in candle light thinking of fine poetry that did not come for he was dim witted.

“Oh Haliput under the rainbow.

A rainbow of vice,” for Satirextex was at work.

“How do your citizens sleep?

For the streets are full of bugs,

Vermin,

Muggers and drunks.

And dinosaur vendors,” and Satirextex threw a cracker at a parrot chained to a bird perch and the parrot put down a quill and ate the cracker and gasped for water.

“Another twenty lines for a glass of water?” Satirextex giving away the secret of his horrid poetry and when the lines where finished pulled a cord and an urchin appeared fresh from the street below.

“Deliver this to Dog Publishers,” and gave the boy a slice of lard as payment.

“Yummy,” the boy and ran as fast as he could for perhaps then Harry who owned Dog Publishers did be so impressed he did spare some salt and pepper on the lard to make it tasty.

And nearby a spider monkey put down a chisel and stood back to admire its work, an armless woman called Armless Venus.

“Catch,” Sampenciltrex throwing it payment, a nut that it missed and the nut rolled away into a dark corner, “never mind when you finish David over there I will give you two nuts.”

And the spider monkey being ravenous went to work on the statue of David and made David nude for the monkey was thinking nuts, walnuts, almonds and Brazils, any nut as long as it was a nut.

And Satirextex and Sampenciltrex saw Harry as a philanthropist who built slums for the poor to breed in and demand slums for their children to live in. Yes without Harry they did be two unknown relations begging, of course after using a hack saw on the legs to get the crowds sympathetic.

“Personally I don’t understand all the fuss about a picture with parrot droppings on it?” Harry soaking in a bath of gold marks. “Or why fairies want to buy statues of some sailor at the top of a column?” And Harry made sure all the gold marks in the bath with him got a good wash so he could see them sparkle.