

Womba

Counter Attack

Now remember The Mage went away as a fly scouting Flat Worlders, so was swallowed by flamingos, stung by bees, trodden by cows, soaked in a rain storm, hit by lightning over a golf course, then reached enemy lines.

“Buzz,” somewhat on the dishevelled side.

Now somewhere a really brave fairy and not the other kind led Garrison men against the Fiends in a counter attack for Book had given Womba the wrong advice.

There were about thirty thousand Fiends left.

“Here nice barbecue stick,” and shows a mean streak in Womba as he made sure Cur kept ahead.

“Woof,” so cursed the night he was born a dog and added, “howl,” for effect.

Now a certain barbarian knew of Womba’s cruelty and was distanced from fairy and beast for he was a volunteer.

“That is why I have a rope about that barbarian’s neck and he can’t protest as I am 7’ tall and he is shrivelled up with arthritis,” Womba giving a new name to bullying.

And Womba smiled and Christina was ill. “I will cover my face with false moles and put him off,” Christina but was ill so did not follow her plan up.

“I feel responsible for that smile for I sold Womba whitener. Do not ask me the ingredients apart from there is no chalk hereabouts.” Harry’s voice carried from his stall on a whisper.

“Listen Tom, we got to steal that Regulation Book of Womba’s and throw it in the moat and any second this rope will be off me and that fool will be one volunteer less,” Conan and proves the point that when you think of someone they turn up **just like that**; so “Shriek,” as Womba pulled the rope tighter for psychiatrists knew it was his resentment at being an Ordinary wanting to come out, that was OK and to be encouraged.

“Oink,” one of the roped.

“Here I will tie the rope to a stick and the fool will never now it isn’t us for see, the stick sticks in that hole and Womba tugs as he thinks it is us resisting, ha he ha he,” Conan laughing the way a retired barbarian can.

“What did the rabbit say, turn right,” Tom and he did and pulled the volunteers into the River Eiderdown.

“Fetch,” Womba throwing a stick over Fiends and Cur chased it.

“Woof,” a dog with a nasty streak cursing this day.

“Kill kill kill,” the Fiends objecting to Cur’s presence.

“Woof,” the cunning dog disappearing with a Fiendish lunch of roast goose, roast potatoes and greens to keep Fiends healthy and shiny and shows no one likes Garrison men for their rations are weevil infested biscuits.

Weevils instead of greens to keep the ills of Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House away.

“Here that dog is getting away from us lads, here nice doggy come to me,” Conan worried he did not get a crumb of goose for Garrison are a greedy bunch.

“Woof,” a greedy dog eating all the goose, roast potatoes and healthy greens just like that.

“I will do something nasty to that heinous dog,” Conan.

“Buzz,” and was The Mage and flew about Womba who reading his Book had flattened himself so all the hungry peeved Flat Worlders would not see him; but see the other volunteers for he was reading, ‘Field craft’ from his Book,

“Here where is the rest of Book, it can’t end just like that? And what is this an order slip, ‘From Harry’s Bookshop volume 2,’ here I need to know what to do next?” Womba for he was thick as steak chips and needed to think for himself and remembered Conan’s words of advice, “Never volunteer Tom, a general sends an officer who sends a sergeant who sends a corporal who sends Tom but since I like you lad tell Harold I need him.”

“Oh Harold where art thou?” Womba sweetly.

And was a mistake for lying flat had been hidden from the Fiends who now were attracted to his sweet voice.

And he pulled the stick to bring Harold up who he would volunteer but because he did not have volume 2 did not know what to volunteer him for?

For Womba was a thick potato.

“Here I am all alone apart from this stick with no volunteers on the end of it?”

Womba and stood up frothing and mumbling disbelief in these words, “You blooming selfish miscreants.”

“Woof,” and a dog with vermin blood in him ran between Womba’s legs with a rope that wound about Womba for the nasty dog knew what it was doing. A dog bred with cunning but not looks for it had a face like a rat.

“Buzz,” went the fly and flew away not wanting to see a grown man get nasties done him by thirty thousand hungry peeved Flat Worlders Fiends.