

Womba

Soap, Towel Bath Please?

Now after the fire the remains of the classical public baths was a swinging door for fairies believed in unisex for they were a little above human fairies?

Why Conan treaded hot embers to find a clean bath for it was his yearly bath time.

And Harold said, "Oink," and swung to the top of the swinging doors that Garrison left till he fell down with a splash into a bath full of soap, water and soot.

"If you clean up a bag of nuts in it?" Womba lying.

And Conan found a bath full of sooty water and said, "Lovely, all I need is to dip my toes in it and the soot matches my clothes."

"Woof," a dirty dog needing bathed in flea shampoo and found none so jumped in with Womba.

"Cur I am been eaten to death," Womba as fleas sought refuge on him and they would have been safe till he thought of Christina smelling of roses and nice things girls are made off?

So sank in the soapy water and drowned the flea circus on him.

"Hear princesses love smelly barbarians living on the back of a horse to ravage them," Conan and was a misconception the idiot believed in because he was a barbarian idiot.

“Here you can’t come in here without paying,” and was the bath attendant wearing a Job Worthy Cap from the days of Ester Ransom when those who obeyed the smudge on the bottom of the page wore a cap.

So he was a mighty big fool for this was Garrison that paid for nothing except for waitress service for them girls knew these magic words, “No credit giving.”

“Move buddy if you want to live,” Tom and was this the Tom we know?

And Womba flipped a penny towards the attendant who knew he did get a farthing from it and Harry the rest for Harry Bros. PLC had many tentacles.

Slimy oily tentacles needing chopping off.

And as Garrison washed none of them noticed a hooded figure slip into the baths and rub a dub dub himself with soap.

“Here that smells of coin I recognise?” Conan being a ravaging temple looter knew what coin smelt like.

“Yes like the coin the waitresses give me to come upstairs and play SNAP with them for I am so handsome and innocent,” Tom and was so sickening.

“Yes like the wages we never get?” Womba giving his nasty dog a good soaping.

“Woof,” the nasty dog biting Womba and translated means, “That is Dirty Harry PLC?”

And it was him come to collect the penny given the attendant.

*“These baths will be built to Olympic size so can harvest more pennies,”* that greedy whisper.

“Moan,” from the attendant not wanting to hand over the penny he hid in the soap but the hooded one had sneaked up to the penny holder and grabbed his ears and boxed them good till the penny came out the attendant’s nose.

“A cheap magic trick,” the hooded one we know as Harry.

And the penny being soapy slipped from his grasp and fell into soapy water.

“Oink,” from him who stood in the soapy water?

“What am I to do?” Harry fearing to be near the retired Viking oarsman.

“Ook,” an answer from the rafters as Apes sought bananas from he who had a wagon pulled by mules.

“Here fetch,” Harry throwing a banana amongst the soap.

“Eeeek,” Apes as Harold thought a retired Viking woman had joined him for them that live in those cold freezing climates must be hairy and big too withstand the cold?

“Eeek,” Harold realising his mistake.

“I will always wear a black hood as I see the potential of disguise,” Harry always after a free penny said. From now on unless you lock up your wives they will not be safe, for BLACK HOOD was about.

Beggars begging will be mugged for they are easy prey to BLACKHOOD.

Your washing stolen from washing lines as an easy prey to BLACKHOOD.

The washer women vanished as an easy prey to BLACKHOOD.

Chinese Laundry owned by BLACKHOOD.

Chinese rail workers siphoned off by BLACKHOOD.

“They make the best washer women,” BLACKHOOD.

“Also rail workers,” BLACKHOOD.

Yes a howling would occur in the future as BLACKHOOD wanted to stay young and breed like vermin.

For he was a salesman so explains why there are many HP agreements waiting to entrap your descendants in the future for BLACKHOOD was not taken to the vet!

BLACKHOOD brown sauce a must to squirt on greasy sausages.

BLACKHOOD HP agreements to divert your wages.

BLACKHOOD political Party to make sure his puppet king remained a Muppet King.

BLACKHOOD tomato sauce to make sure Harry stayed rich and you poor.

BLACKHOOD was fab.

And Blackhood was about to be screwed for a lot of pennies for Daghdha awoke with a sore head that follows the XXX so screamed, “Aspirins quick,” and Morrigan knowing he would never divorce the wife Nerthus pushed his head down so it bounced off the goblet he had drained of XXX the night before.

“Lovely,” he moaned but if it had been the wife that had down such a thing?

“Here where am I and whose silkies are these?” Daghdha before he realised the wife was lying next to him holding garden shears.

And quick as a comet across the sky stuffed the silkies onto Tanaros whose girlfriend Aphrodite would find them, never mind as long as they weren’t found on the good god Daghdha?

“Garrison put out the fires,” Morrigan and since the wife was still asleep adjusted her brassiere so Daghdha gaped drooled and salivated and was disgusting but it was OK he was macho divine.

And Morrigan let his nose get so close then let go the elastic so a nose was caught somewhere.

“She,” meaning “wife,” might wake up?” A terrified god for garden shears lay close by.

“I own 50% of Harry Bros. PLC and planned new temples and baths and lots of slums for rent,” Morrigan letting more than cleavage slip, “now because of Womba the fires are out and Harry has bought me out because he had lawyers who are afraid of him, and are you afraid of me dearest?” Morrigan so squeezed Daghdha’s nose and pulled his ears then stamped places and got away with everything because she was not the wife who had born Daghdha the good god twenty kids so showed it.

“Who will rid me of Garrison?” Daghdha the good god showing some gods are not good. For all Daghdha the good god could think of was the melons his face was pressed up against, the dirty old god.

“Who will rid me of Garrison, draw, hang and quarter them,” the good god Daghdha asked again.

“A war galley needs volunteers and Womba loves to volunteer and I will rid you of Womba but in return Haliput is mine for two hundred years,” and was not the wife but Morrigan the stuff on the side wanting what she could out of the miserly ugly beast before she ran off with a Tom Boy.

For some wrinkles had appeared on Morrigan and rolls of lard on Daghdha.

And Daghdha looked at her and compared her to the wife, the fertility goddess Nerthus, with bosom swollen with milk and ten babies wanting fed from them, and the stink of nappies was rotten, and her hips the size of a walrus for child bearing and her blond hair in pleats and and and, “agreed,” the good god for he knew Morrigan would give him the last dance for he had made her happy.

And Morrigan had essences of expensive perfumes, the invitation of silkies and the alour of wink wink wink about her.

“Volunteer Womba shall,” Daghdha drooling at the mouth.

“Hear wipe it,” the wife giving him a hanky and he did with these words, “Yucky,” for Nerthus being so busy with ten kids hanging from her chest forgot which was nappy and which was hanky.

And Morrigan gave him a look, “Who wears the pants?”

“And tuck your woolly vest in, don’t forget to use hair gel on the hair, blow your nose clean and take some salts to settle the wind and don’t be late tonight,” Nerthus suspicious another woman existed.

“Oh sorry,” Nerthus tripping on Daghdha’s feet so she dropped the hanky on someone who represented howling on full moons, lies, cheating and dungeon racks and no was not that salesman but Morrigan.

And Morrigan said nothing for gods were present and all regarded Nerthus as “mummy.”

“Later I will stuff that nappy some place,” Morrigan hissed doing snakes justice.

“And take those hands from underneath the table?” Nerthus and fed up and disgusted Daghdha could just sit there and do nothing; but maybe if Morrigan had her hands on the table he might think clearly and act.

“Here love of my hearts,” and Daghdha pushed a diamond ring towards Nerthus and Morrigan fumed.

A diamond ring taken from one of her cats that wore diamond leather gear for the gods always gave Morrigan gifts; for she was that sort of girl and they those sort of gods.

“Cheap bum,” Morrigan knowing Nerthus had won coup and coup she would on Daghdha when next she met him privately. Hot tongs and cement about the ankles for starters till she extracted many diamonds out of the good god.

“Meow,” the nice pussy cats that pulled her chariot looking forward to ruby and emerald tiaras for cats must look their best all times; tabby mangy ally cats might be ogling them from behind garbage bins!

And as Nerthus showed off a diamond Daghdha tried to follow Morrigan out into the night.

“What is that sound?” He asked.

“Garrison,” Morrigan threw back in the wind as she cleared off to find a kind Sugar Daddy without a wife.

“Rub a dub dub and keep still Harold,” Womba as Garrison fed up of the smell of unwashed Viking unmentionables held him in an open sewer with soap and towel they had took from the Public Baths.

So being preoccupied did not hear the 'thump thump' music as a fin parted the sewer water.

"Hiccup gee up," a drunk splashing about the orange peels and Andrex Rolls floating in the water.

"I will beat them black and blue," Daghdha and fumed and strode down to where Garrison was and "Splash," for in dark nights the open sewer is not a place to go fuming.

And landed on the fin just as it was about to eat Harold all up.

"Let go of me Arawan," Daghdha warned as the drunk seeing double thought Apes had come back to him so planned a church wedding.

And in the distance a war galley creaked and at a single oar a drunk slept it off and dreamed of servants pouring a bath, of feeding him kippers while he was scrubbed down by a waitress that was the servant, of a cord to pull at any time to summon Pittar Patter who he did not know had met a slimy end.

And when the drunk woke with a mighty headache and screamed, "Aspirins," silence did greet him for he was the only one aboard ship; a lonely engine cog.

"Squeak," and was a rat who being the only rat aboard and lonely did squeak away night and day till Noddy went insane.

"Squeak."