

And because South Gate was ash and the watch messy thingamajigs on the road because Zooamorphisis had passed by, so Fiends said, “Hey boys there is no guard at the gate,” which even for Fiends could make for one answer only, “Does that mean fish suppers tonight?” The Fiendish soldiers hungry and afraid they did meet Garrison again.

And Isisnaphut thinking this a jolly idea agreed so Fiends sneaked into Haliput in single file; and were a very long line for they still numbered hundreds.

“Why why why do I work for these snail eaters?” Alicadabara stamping his wand again, just never learns that lad so shrieked.

“I make that three hundred and thirty Fiends sneaking by,” Conan bored of watching Harold fight the fin in the open sewer.

“Three hundred and sixty,” Tom proudly showing his arithmetic workings to Conan who replied, “A barbarian doesn’t need to know how to count just how to burn cities to ash.”

“Ook,” Apes appearing handing Conan bananas to count with.

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Now a plastic statue was built where Womba lined his volunteers into a Saxon Shield Wall and was made by Sampenciltrex without Harry’s permission.

“I was drunk so out of my mind with waitresses so had no memory of making it,” Sampenciltrex.

“An empire must have authority and discipline or supermarkets will open next and I will not own them,” Harry so sent heavies down to Sampenciltrex.

“It was the monkey that chiselled the statue,” Sam so the sweet little cuddly monkey wished it was never born.

“Phew,” Sam, “that was quick thinking.”

“Ook,” the monkey disagreeing.

So that explains the statue and it was based on true events:

“Paradshun,” Womba

looking at Book so Garrison knew they were volunteers.

“I don’t care if you turn me into a snail we are going home and going through that open sewer to sneak back out of Haliput, a Zooamorphosis is about,” Isisnaphut telling Alicadabara who was King and Boss.

“Ha he ha he,” Alicadabara having come this far to marry a princess and become a tyrant king wasn’t having any of this squeaky stuff.

“Squeak,” Isisnaphut adding effect.

“We are not carrying this throne in that muck?” A pole bearer and there was puff as Alicadabara turned him into something that could swim.

“Quack.”

And he did it to be nasty and was warming up for the final.

“There is a fin in there?” Isisnaphut terrifying his army.

“And a snail on the throne,” Alicadabara and did not lie for he had turned squeak into one.

“Plunk,” Alicadabara dropping the snack into a canvas bagful of snails for Fiends knew what to eat on the move.

“Slurp,” was heard as the snail sank through layers of rancid butter sauce.

“Enaw enaw here come Garrison,” and it only takes one donkey that could speak.

And Alicadabara lifted his wand and saw a mangy dog.

“Ha he ha he,” he laughed thinking a dog could not do nasties to him, the great wizard of Rip.

And Cur ripped him up good for he was a nasty animal having learnt to fight dirty in the alleys and in a hut full of Garrison.

“Oh good the brute has stopped gnawing me,” Alicadabara standing up looking for his wand to turn the nasty dog into a cat so it could be gnawed by a passing nasty dog.

“Meow,” and was several feline sounds as a chariot passed and the cats pulling it could not resist sharpening their claws on Alicadabara.

“Judas,” Alicadabara complained.

“Baaaaaa,” the goats having a go at Alicadabara for these animals eat any rubbish.

“Help,” Alicadabara getting butted here and there.

Then the boars wanted to be nasty for as all Safari Parks know boars should be behind fences.

“I am finished,” Alicadabara lying as he was still breathing.

“Enaw,” a donkey putting the hoof in for revenge for being poofed into an ass.

And in front of Alicadabara Garrison were coming behind a solid wall of shields; four to be exact.

There was Womba, Conan, Tom and Harold and behind them a huge ape throwing rotten fruit at Alicadabara.

“I am off,” a donkey.

“For medals and beer,” Womba.

“We mash fiends up,” Garrison.

“We don’t like that bit,” Fiends.

“And I own 50% of Harry Bros. PLC,” Morrigan pulling her cats off Alicadabara not wanting to be in the middle of this punch up, she had manicured finger nails to worry about so took her kittens to eat Burgers filled with sardines from a vendor nearby who must be a Tartan Army supporter for he had a red wig of hair and a tartan cap, worse a red moustache and beard needing trimmed..

A vendor she did not recognise but one that had oily hands and smelt of cash? And was too small to be Harry but those ears, like mini cauliflowers, and that nose, long and narrow like a rat, and those hands, skinny like vermin, and those feet long and big like pet rats, and that tail? So Morrigan rubbed her eyes, had she been eating too many strange pies with ringed tails perhaps?

Yes the minions of Harry get about for the Boss knew many floozy Give a floozy girls wanting silkies and chocolates. Was whoever under the tartan cap one?