

“What’s that racket?” A pot bellied female victim of the fire stuffing cream buns into her mouth. And she had just been woken up after being asleep for ten minutes. And like many had crawled out of a cardboard box and was lucky The Mage had changed the climate to California where grapes and grape fruits labelled Arnie Schwarzenegger grow in sun drenched valleys.

“I am the Terminator,” could be heard up and down the Jolly Green Giant gardens.

“We will complain to the landlord,” a skinny man who did not get any cream buns for that woman ate them all and the landlord was elsewhere but his heavies returning from a monkey where about to silence complaints.

“There’s the racket,” the pot bellied woman and thought the gods upon them for musicians led a procession where task masters cracked whips on a hundred sweating convicts pulling a throne on twenty log wheels, while maidens sunbathed on platforms flicking grapes at red eyed pot bellied victims just crawled out of cardboard slums.

So got really red eyes as grapes got stuck in them.

And on the throne a stunning woman with lots of lipstick and two naked barbarians fanned her, they had to be in invisible clothes for effect of course for movies without skin don't sell.

At her feet courtesans blowing her kisses.

“Don’t look dear,” the pot bellied woman covering a little man's eyes. And he peeped through the fingers so screamed as the wife clubbed him with a plastic dinosaur saved from the fire.

So he fell forward just as a hundred Brethren marched over him, then logs rolled over him so never saw the six panthers that sharpened their claws on him, one tiger that gnawed him and two lions that played jump on him, or the duck that laid an egg on him, or the two elephants that walked on him and did something strong on him.

Then behind the litter on logs a hundred horse men and the horses did what horses always do on parades.

“Hey look it’s The Mage,” and wasn’t surprised mushrooms grew from him.

Then a single black horse reared on him and heard, “Hey it’s that fink Wotanic.”

Then heard “It’s the Duke,” as a white horse cleaned its hooves on him and the ten thousand marched over him wearing brand new spiked shoes Harry had just sold them.

“I want a divorce,” the poor man moaned.

“What was that, why you ungrateful swine after I gave you the best years of my wife,” that wife again and stomped what was left of him.

And the maidens sang,

“Christina the Great, make way for her,

Fall on your face for her,

Bend the knees for her,

Adore her.

Look not upon her.

You are not worthy of her.

Grovelling worms for her.

Unclean fairies for her.

Welcome your queen because she is her.”

And then repeat if all for her.

So lots of victims fell on the faces just where the husband was for a new Pittar Patter could be heard coming up the rear of the parade.

‘Chief Executioner was written in yellow on his T shirt and red paint had been splashed on for effect; and the night before had been a beggar eating out in royal trash cans.

And in Christina’s hand a note, an offer of shares from Harry to buy into Harry Bros. PLC and Christina was angry for if anyone was fleecing her city it was her.

And because she was fuming did not read the smudge that said the shares where Morrigan's for Harry hoped the two would do each other and he did be free of two domineering females, free to poke his nose in public, free to wind and let the breeze spread it elsewhere; for he was a swindling oily fairy.

And the procession turned a corner and halted for it had met Garrison fighting Fiends, a goddess in a chariot and her savage cats.

“Fall flat upon your faces,” the maidens and trumpets blared.

“I love her,” a Burke throwing Fiends back in the open sewer.

“She’s my girl,” Conan spat tobacco and the wind carried it to a man flat on his face with divorce papers stuck some place; who was fed up moaning and groaning and accepted life’s free latest blessing for he liked a good chew.

“What legs,” Tom that sweet innocent boy ogling places for his mind was warped from being Garrison so perhaps was not sweet like we think but someone you would not want to escort your daughter home?

“Oink,” Harold opening his mouth as grapes were thrown in.

“Woof,” a dog and shook the cats off its back.

“Enaw enaw hello sweetie it’s me Tootanfoot,” a donkey and Alicadabara cursed the mule for drawing attention to him.

And he bowed low for he was an aspiring twinging wicked evil wizard.

“Lost Patrol salute,” the other aspirer and his men gave him strange finger signs ruining his aspirations for Christina could never marry a man who could not rule a platoon?

And a big juicy ugly blue bottle flew off something floating in the open sewer and buzzed happily to a royal finger; and in case you want to know what the something was, it was a yellow homeless ducky so there.

“Chop its head off,” a courtesan and Pittar Patter had his first customer.

“Buzz,” the customers last words.

And Christina had vision, she wanted suspension on the logs, hanging flower pots on the throne and incense burners for the open sewer stank.

And perfume sprayers for Garrison was about.

And as crowd control alligators on leads.

And a cockerel crossed the royal shadow to ogle and chat up a grape eating hen.

“Off with its head,” a courtesan and Pittar Patter would be eating roast chicken tonight, the perks of the job.