

“I warn you I am a cheap back street wizard,” Alicadabara to Brethren wanting to shred him into shreds.

“Fizzle,” is all that came out of Ali’s stomped upon wand.

“I warn you I was top of the class for spell casting, go away or I will turn you into flies,” and was the wrong thing to say as many Brethren wanted to be flies and land on royal knees and such for they were those types mummy warns you about, the fishmonger that offers you kippers for a smile, the baker who offers you a pasty for a wink, the ice cream Brethren who offers you a wafer and cream for a scratch.

“Buzz,” and there was a plague of flies swarming about Christina.

*“Fly swatters, I will be mega rich,”* an oily whisper amongst the buzzing.

Then the log pushers were really afraid, Garrison was just ahead. Didn’t Dog Publishers say Garrison foamed at the mouth, slept in coffins and didn’t think decent like ordinary fairies?

“Hallo Alicadabara and Womba lifted Ali to his feet for there had been many Brethren wanting to be flies.

“Moan,” came from Ali.

And a royal finger twitched and those naked barbarians ran out with chains and Womba tossed them aside for , “A galley needs him.” And thought nothing about the

shocking naked barbarians that shocked fairies so royal tax collectors fleeced the pockets and then the shockers were gone and when you came out of the shock, “Hey I swear I had ten gold marks in this pocket with no hole in it?”

So there is a moral in this somewhere, ‘clothe the barbarians.’

“That Burke has sent us somewhere nasty,” Conan warning Tom as he sneaked away and Conan could not guess where?

“An example must be made of him,” Wotanic meaning Womba and Christina had memories of Womba and Garrison.

*“A war galley needs oarsmen,”* and she repeated the words for an oily whisper was in her ears and he who spoke would tear his last hair strands from his head when he realised Garrison were his best customers. Where not the pockets of his black hood full of I.O.U.'s? So did not jingle with cash but rustled with loo paper for Garrison used those squares for everything imaginable.

“Here Christina they might be Garrison and we don’t want them as neighbours?” The Mage shouted up forgetting whose side he was on; but had he, was this not the dirty old man loitering mistletoe grooves with a sickle so should be locked away some place? Perhaps he was slightly schizophrenic and hated Garrison so much he wanted them on a war galley.

*“The crowd will back him and pull you off your log throne, quick send him to the war galley,”* that whisper again forgetting where he got his vile potions to make him live forever from?.

“Woof,” and that nasty dog made a big mistake for it lifted its legs on the logs.

*“Exterminate it, it has vermin ancestry,”* that oily whisper.

“Woof,” Cur pleaded but saw stern royal authority that replied, “I am not amused,” so Cur was muzzled and dragged off to a war galley.

*“You don’t need to worry about that arthritic barbarian and indecent boy Tom they have sneaked onto a war galley to hide from you,”* that whisper.

“Oink,” Harold crawling up her logs.

*“It needs quarantined on a war galley,”* that hellish oily whisper.

“Ook,” and Apes swung up the logs.

*“Quick leave a trail of bananas to the war galley and keep it away from me,”* that whisper that had experience of Apes first hand.

But Christina was basically a good girl whose judgement had been clouded from getting rent from eight floored overcrowded slums to replace the four story present slums and card board boxes.

*“Remember the profits of one family per ten square feet,”* that whisper and she repeated it for the whisper wanted her unable to think just dream of cash and more cash and the means justified getting it.

“They are my friends,” Christina and saw Conan ravaging a priestess of the sea god Mann so they could expect tidal waves sweeping dockland clear of ship rats and floozy girls that gave girls with pretty ankles a bad name.

There was Tom the innocent sweet boy sneaked off the ship and lifting up an orange sellers skirt to see her ankles and knew he was definitely Garrison.

And saw Cur shred a teddy bear belonging to a little cuddly girl with blonde hair and big blue eyes now filled with tears for teddy had a name, “Hen,” for teddy wore skirts and bras.

*“Without them you can build new schools and charge the poor kids entry, think of the new hospitals filled with patients wanting Harry Cures PLC that you have shares in, and shares in Diseases PLC that think if new germs to spread about,”* and the whisper was louder for it had gained confidence.

“That poor man,” Christina watching Cur scrambles up Conan to stop sinking in the mud that was the road.

*“Them types foul your pavements and need dog wardens paid to round them up, just throw it in a war galley and send them all away on a long cruise to foreign lands,”* the whisper worried Christina was not infected with greed enough.

“They were my friends,” Christina remembering the past.

*“A great queen has no mates, just a royal finger and Mr Pittar Patter,”* the whisper pushing luck.

“Hey wait a minute I am your friend,” and was Wotanic and did the whisper a favour for Christina saw in Wotanic many aristocratic desires centred about her and was ill.

“Send him to the war galley,” and her finger went crazy so naked barbarians dragged the aspirer away screaming, “Dearest does this mean our engagement is off?”

And Brethren noticed their new leader was now the queen so dropped and did a hundred press ups and was disgusting as was grovelling at the extreme, for a nasty dog

had passed, so had three hundred mummy's changing nappies, and since it was a parade all the school kids had been present waving flags and eating ice cream.

Yes it was sickening and Christina felt good that others were squirming so an Aslops moral here, "Royalty never changes like a leopard never changes it spots?"

"Meow," and was the first warning Morrigan was here.

The second as cats used the Brethren as scratch poles.

"Lovely," the Brethren the best grovellers about.

"I want Garrison for ruining my plans, send them to Arawan now" Morrigan.

"No one tells me what to do apart from Harry who is now known as Blackhood," and the whisperer gloated with pride.

"Your roses will be covered in green fly," Morrigan.

"I have many soldiers."

"I will fill your bath not with milk but leeches."

"I have Brethren to take my place."

"Crocodiles will leave the sewers and eat your citizens, beggars first."

"No one tells me what to do."

"Carbuncles will visit Haliput."

"Guards arrest this goddess,"

And an empty crisp packet floated by.

"*Give her Garrison,*" the whisper changing its tune.

"I want more shares too."

*"Look at your citizens filled with the plague of FEAR Garrison gave them,"* that whisper up to something?

And citizens appeared from hiding places and nodded agreement.

"Do as Blackhood advises, give me Garrison."

And a nasty dog took hold of the black smock and there was a ripping sound so Blackhood was exposed, all pink and hairy for it was hot under that smock.

"Hello Harry," Womba waved.

"When cash is at stake there are no mates, gone the days of selling plastic dinosaurs, now I own a queen," Blackhood hurrying away for a replacement hood.

"To the war galley with them," Morrigan commanded for that is all she wanted to do, show which woman was in charge.

"We were going there anyway, I don't understand Conan?" That sweet innocent boy so perhaps he was innocent for nothing existed between the ears.

"Pack your alligator bags," Morrigan to be busy like any woman is.

"It means only one can have pretty ankles and get worshipped by men," The Mage using magic to get ants to carry his luggage to the war galley. He also tried a sneaky "poof" on the goddess but because she floated about clouds all day his magic just went "Poof."

"Send me a post card boy," that mean wicked bossy goddesses stroking her savage cats feeding them sardines.

Sardines she had helped herself from a Blackhood stall.

“A wise salesman knows when to give away a tin of sardines,” Blackhood knowing Aslops fables.

“Glad we weren’t down there,” Bat Wing to Old Nag on a nearby hillside.

And a bag of snails began to scream as Harold ate his way through them so long strands of rancid butter sauce splattered everywhere.

“Missed me,” a royal snail in the bag.

“Manacle that one, it has long hairy arms so perhaps is some sort of monkey,” Morrigan not recognising Harold.

“Here what have you done to my snail?” Harold annoyed as he had been pushed this way and that so the snails in his pockets were a mess and showed his annoyance when the tomato sauce sachet burst and threw his captors into the open sewer so fins chased them.

“Meow,” the sound of cats near Harold and Morrigan peered closely at him and used these words, “A Garrison.”

And it is said Morrigan’s hair became snakes and her eyes hot coals.

“I am off,” Harold wisely and fled with these words, “Oink oink.”

“Eat bananas,” Morrigan annoying Harold.

“Ook,” Apes jealous he was not invited so swung down from a log and threw Harold towards his mates going off to a war galley.

“Ook yummy,” Apes enjoying the free fruit and never noticed he had been chained and was being carried towards a war galley.

Now it takes an aspirer to survive so Wotanic hid behind one barrel of herring then another till he was at the bottom of the log throne.

“For you dearest,” and waved flowers he had bought at Christina, and she ignored him, a bad sign.

*“Take these, they are roses not weeds like his,”* Blackhood behind her throne and gave her roses, freshly cut by minor relations sent into a royal rose garden. And the relations had been given fresh clothes from beggars found with plague for Harry wanted them to go to the grave with their employer’s name a secret.

“Handouts, the relations should be grateful I clothe them,” Blackhood.

And Brethren had been stamped on their unmentionables so Harry would not be blamed.

“Here these are my flowers?” Christina knowing each flower by name.

“And some have Wotanic tagged on their stems, his guilt is there for all to see,” Blackhood revealing his evil genius for he knew there must be one power in the land, him.

“Dearest please?” Wotanic grovelling licking the soles of royal shoes, sickening for what had Christina been standing in earlier?

\*

And in the future: “And here the Knights bridge Peoples Shop of Offaltrex Purchtrix, wonderful women’s clothes at affordable prices,” the tourist guide bribed by Offlatrex's descendants legitimate and illegitimate but all with his long nose.



And in the distance a dry docked war galley, a museum piece run by Harry Bros. PLC, but in the harbour a brand new galley with a seat reserved for the bribed guide who would not be welcome any more at the table where Harry did his howling.

And Offaltrex had been in his city house hiding in a cupboard during the Great Fire for the wife was after him with a chopper.

“I told his wife everything to teach the cheap bum never to take me on a Harry Tour again,” Beautricianix at the front door.

“He told me he was going to a conference on yellow bath ducks, I will chop him into little breadcrumbs to feed the ducks in the local open sewer,” the wife and added, “Get me Cannymindtrex the lawyer,” and because she was enraged and the wife, a servant ran for the lawyer.

“Get me Cannymindtrex,” Offaltrex tipping another servant with a gold mark who said, “I isn’t running half way round town for a gold mark,” so went to the local where waitress service existed for those wanting watery onion soup..

And the little minded man Cannymindtrex appeared

“Two women, one chain of shops, divide by two gives fifty fifty to the girls and none to you,” Cannymindtrex.

“Bananas I will be broke,” Offaltrex.

“Bananas you will remain Managing Director on a hundred thousand marks a year,” Cannymindtrex without emotion for he wore a red lawyers robe.

“I will seek my friend ImasleepasIambored of the Session Court to send you to the galleys with the women,” Offaltrex screamed.

Except never saw his friend for Offaltrex was too scared to come out of the cupboard.

“Sign,” Cannymindtrex slipping the settlement papers under the cupboard door.

And Offaltrex heard the pittar patter of heavy feet in fluffy pink slippers and trembled as the floor groaned from the wife’s weight.

Then a chopper split the door and a big hand took his hair. Worse she gently said, “Cupboards where things that go bump in the night live.”

And Offaltrex was afraid of the bumpers so signed his life away.

“Now take this and go,” the wife giving Offaltrex a paper bag and in the bag; toothpaste and toothbrush for the wife was not cruel, a change of unmentionables and socks the same colour for she did not want any come back form other divorcees. And a yellow duck for a memory. An onion and blue cheese just in case he sneaked away to Beautricianix!

Under his right arm pit Ba ba his teddy and only friend that comforted him against the night bumpers.

And a tear ran from teddy and splashed the pavement.

“Where can I go? How can I live on a hundred thousand gold marks a year?” And turned at the bottom of the long avenue to his stately house and saw the wife, Beautricianix and Cannymindtrex thrashing out his empire at a candle lit window.

And a moth flew past and sizzled in the candle for moths are not bright.

“Of course eureka I am Managing Director and will sack Cannymindtrex and call a shareholders meeting and bribe a no confidence vote in the wife and mistress and get

everything back,” and dribbled and foamed at the mouth and teddy was happy for teddy wanted back to the drawer it slept in, on silk hankies.

“I am Offaltrex Purchtrix and Blackhood hasn’t a patch on me, ha he ha he, and will send Cannymindtrex to a war galley,” and was happy but in the meantime wanted a bed.

“I will not pay for clean linen when I must save my coppers,” and sought cheap bunks at an inn in dockland. “I will share the bunk with one tick, three fleas and a waitress so they can share the bill,” for he was a cunning mind and competitor of Blackhood. “I will live free for I will complain about the fly in the watered down parsnip soup, the dirty itchy linen, the waitress that snores, the lack of mint in the warm beer and 10% service charge, and complaints always are quietened by giving them what they want.”

Yes Blackhood who was Harry under a black hoodie for fear of being recognised and hacked to death by a slum tenants had much to learn from Offaltrex.

So Offaltrex found the War Galley Inn, a bed, watered down carrot soup and not a fly in it but a swimming centipede. And he had a phobia about these long legged nasty biting insects.

“Yeek,” and jumped off his seat, spilt his soup and the centipede found refuge up his sleeve.

So he danced wildly casting his clothes away for he felt many legs moving on him, then down his spine to a place that cannot be mentioned.

So he feared.

At first the cut throats, pimps and distant relations were amused until he dropped his leggings.

“Disgusting, throw him out,” they shouted sickened by hairy legs.

So axes and spears where sent at Offaltrex and all missed for he danced and jumped so many blood feuds were started.

“I am charmed,” Offaltrex.

And the centipede was shaken onto a man with an eye patch, one leg and stuffed parrot on his shoulder. “Mummy,” he throwing it off and a melee worse than the blood feuds started up.

“Thinks he is clearing off does he?” The man with the stuffed parrot and was the mate of a war galley needing volunteers.

And Offaltrex went up the shaky stairs with a waitress seen better days for none of the pretty young girls carrying soup wanted near his hairy spindly legs.

“He will drink that meths and wake up next to me on a war galley, he is a walking Albatross, has he not survived a dozen spears and thirty axes thrown at him? And that centipede never bit him and the cheese wire about his neck went on the wrong neck so we need a new cook too. What luck he will bring the ship,” the mate and the parrot nodded agreement and was why the bird was still about, it never nagged.

And the mate stuffed a cracker into the bird’s beak and then straightened it out for he wanted it looking smart for he had business with the Landlord.

“The admiralty pays twenty gold marks a volunteer for a war galley,” the mate.

“A deal,” the landlord and took the marks.

“Here something not right here,” the mate looking for his share of marks.

And a centipede crawled from the landlord back to the mate for it must like him something.

“Judas I am stung somewhere because my luck has run out for that Albatross isn’t here,” the mate swelling places girls should not look.

And upstairs on a bunk that sent splinters into Offaltrex so he screeched and moaned, “This is the life to compensate being good all the time,” as the past it waitress helped him jump up and down and get more splinters in his places so he screeched louder; for like kids they were jumping on the mattress so there.

“Listen to that Albatross, what stamina,” the mate below.

“I attend temples and buy criminals for sacrifice to the Snake god, kick beggars for a laugh and help them hack their limbs off, swindle customers and dream of Blackhood going broke so am allowed this distraction from all my hard work, besides the wife threw me out and mistresses doesn’t want me.”

And the past it waitress pored bottles of meths into him so soon he saw three of her, “Three women in a bed for the price of one,” Offaltrex happy and then he was ill so never saw her open the door as a one legged mate came up the stairs.

“Plunk plunk,” the sound of his wooden leg.

So the shadow of a parrot fell across Offaltrex who said, “Cough ga cough ga,” as cheap meths made him see the press gang as sailors come to drag him to a war galley and a jolly little rowing boat waited for him at the docks.

And was thrown into the jolly rowing boat and fins followed hoping the drunk did stand up for a pee and fall overboard, but he was all tied up so reached a war galley; then was thrown down the ladder to the engine room.

“Cough choke I know you,” Offaltrex sure that face was on a gold mark.

And on a hill Bat Wing said to her new friend the old horse, “Glad we aren’t part of them any more, they let respectable folk down.”

“What do you expect, they are fairies,” Old Nag.

“And I am smarter than that idiot Offaltrex for Cannymindtrex never said one hundred thousand gold marks, he just said one hundred thousand marks, the cheap kind that we rich folk throw at beggars heated in a fire, copper ones and I am not the one going on a cruise,” the Blackhood hoodie.