

And Captain Moronicus Wondrous spent hours sitting outside the throne room everyday for he aspired to marry Christina before anyone else.

“I have expectations for I brushed my gums up and down to make them pearly white,” Moronicus and had reduced his gums to bleeding sores.

“And shaved with a sharp razor so a shiny shine,” so his chin was covered in bandages.

Hair wetted, not a louse to be seen, uniform pressed, breast plate polished so was a reflection of his mind, boring.

“It is only seconds away till I am promoted king,” an example of boredom and stupidity.

And a bin out back were daily his flowers went and the bees there where nasty.

And in his hand a poem by Satirextex he had paid ten marks for.

And Wotanic who was hanging about on a thread for Christina wanted him off on a cruise, “Doesn’t that man take a hint?” She shouted at her maidens and naked barbarians who still hadn't been clothed for this princess hoarded her pennies.

And Wotanic noticed Moronicus and said, “I will deliver the poem for you,” for at ten marks must be excellent stuff.

And behind closed doors he entered and climbed up the steps to Christina's throne.

“Majesty,” Wotanic knew when to grovel, “please sign here to increase your shares in Harry Bros. PLC,” and Christina softened and relented toward him.

Perhaps there was some goodness in the man after all?

“Sign here also goddess with a pretty nose,” the sickening courtier.

“What?” And her royal lips actually moved as no petitioners were present, like Moronicus they were on the other side of the closed doors.

“An order to provide poor houses and workshops for the poor,” Wotanic and did not tell her it was cardboard boxes and nettle soup and she was increasing his salary.

And dancers whispered, “She thinks she is building more slums but has signed to be guarantee for his overdraft.”

“I will silence them when I am king and fund a dynasty as I can live with her for she has a pretty nose,” Wotanic and gave Christina the roses Moronicus was to give her, roses picked by minor relations in plague ridden rags taken from beggars.

“A poem from my heart to you my beautiful queen,” and Christina read:

“Your soft flesh reminds me of swine.

You blond hair plucked wheat.

Your white teeth long walrus tusks.

Your voice monkey chatter,” and did not finish.

What could Wotanic expect? Moronicus had only paid ten gold marks!

“She trembles with emotion for me,” Wotanic so proposed and puckered his lips for kissing.

And because the roses had his name tags on each she went to check if that rose was indeed Pinkie and that one Porky?

“You will get a reply,” his intended promised.

“Soon I will be King of Ball and have many Mistress Beautricianix’s for they are scarlet women and not boring like the wife,” Wotanic shaking at the knees at the prospect.

Then fear entered him for he heard Pittar Patter but sighed with relief when he saw it was a child with a message from his fiancée’.

“You are now Admiral of the 21<sup>st</sup> fleet, Ball awaits your victories over the pirates,” xxx and the xxx were in small print not large.

And because he was in shock allowed Pittar Patter to push him into a cart and here a poem awaited him.

Then all his household possessions where thrown in the cart.

“Ouch,” was heard for each item thrown in.

“OUCH,” for the big items like grand piano.

Then an Admiral’s black felt cocked hat was stuffed down HARD on his ears and the pullers of the cart told to make haste to the harbour for a war galley was setting sail.

And Moronicus believed he had been promoted to a captain of a ship and find fame, to defeat pirates and be a hero. But first he must find the illusive pirates to let others defeat so he could return and marry Christina.

“She has given me this chance to prove I am worthy to be king,” Moronicus so illustrating there were two Womba’s about.

“No Apes mentioned,” Moronicus checking the crew list so went happily to join his ship.

And Wotanic was not happy, he knew the Admiral of the 21<sup>st</sup> had one ship and it was a war galley in the harbour.

It also had a one eyed mate with a stuffed parrot who was paid twenty gold marks per volunteer he got to row the galley.

Volunteers that mysteriously disappeared so the war galley never sailed.

And fins always circled that ship.

“The ship leaks so is not sea worthy,” a whisper belonging to the mate who added, “bad luck follows the ship, it hits reefs, the boson can’t see, it never has a captain trained to navigate, it is infested with rats, spiders and gout.”

And the one eyed mate was crazy for he fed a stuffed parrot crackers.

And worse the parrot ate them.

And Wotanic read the poem.

“What idiot gave my intended this,” he frothed at the lips.

And at the quayside a certain one eyed mate blew a whistle and shouted, “Crew line up for the admiral.”

“Okay dickey,” a stuffed parrot replied with a cracker in its mouth.

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And Apes slept mornings so he could play an organ nights to buy erotic imported fruits and green bottles to drink then eat.

For he liked CRUNCHIES.

And a barracks with unmade beds for maids refused to work while he lived there.

“Ook,” Apes which meant he missed Moronicus and ear bashing and so read  
brochures the Lost Patrol left.

Harry World Tours.

A sunshine sea holiday.

For you

APES

Look at the guests full of xxx with Topless fairies.

See someone walking the plank.

What fun?

PARTY NIGHT.

Look guests firing catapults at clay pigeons.

WHAT FUN?

Harry World Tours PLC.

Come and be fed grapes from maidens.

It could all be yours

APES.

Look guests rowing?

Sweating off calories.

BOOK NOW

And visit the lands where bananas come from.

And Apes saw at the bottom palm trees with monkeys swinging about in grass skirts.

“Ook,” Apes excited and on knuckles went to the nearest Harry World Tour outlet.

“Ook,” Apes showing the terrified clerkess the pamphlet.

*“Let me deal with this customer,”* and was an oily whisper and Apes was happy he was getting dealt with by the Boss.

“Sign here,” Blackhood before Apes could change his mind.

And produced the biggest banana ever with these words, “From Banana Land.”

“Gobble,” the greedy ape.

“There is a small rowing boat waiting for you at the harbour, quick swing and terrorise the citizens on the way there, quick go before you never visit Banana World,” he under the Blackhood and added, “bananas a metre long,” and Apes drooled on the Blackhood, “quick save me from this sticky stuff,” “mmm banana flavoured drool.”

“I want a rise for this?” The terrified guide showing a black garter to entice Apes to the docks where many garters waited for the heroes of a war galley.

“Ook,” Apes dreaming of those chimps in Banana Land in black garters.

“Come with me for stock valuation is needed, cough,” for the urge to be like a rabbit had set upon the oily one.

And here as Aslop fable, “See the power of a garter, any colour will do.”

“Rubbish, my lawyer is Cannymindtrex and will sue Blackhood till his last penny,” the girl for the urge to be a rabbit was not upon her but the urge to fleece a dirty old oily salesman was.