

Throughout Haliput vendors pay Blackhood safety money so heavies will not do to them what was done the monkey.

“And I allow it for it keeps public order,” Daghdha trying to think up a good excuse to leave the wife for Morrigan was in town.

And the vendors pray Harry and the Snake god for help to send heavies to their competitors.

For fairies are nasty bunches.

“I am frightened of the wife’s mud pack and know there are deities above me that created me, and cannot remember who they are, which frightens me so let Harry and cyclones and earthquakes that send fairies as offerings to them just in case they want them.

I want loved by these heavenly unseen beings that left me to the Ballenese, and hide behind the name Good god?

So I give the fairies impossible laws to follow knowing they will all be sent to hell ha he ha he ho ho,” a god in hysterics.

And was the laugh of a demented boy grown up into a demented god because his parents did not love him!

“He haw he haw,” the laugh showing the god was paranoid and in his fingers steel balls were played with.

And the laugher gave fairies laws such as

“Thou shall not kill except in war, land, women and song; he haw he haw.

Thou shall not have more than one wife; he haw he haw sob bo ho,” for Morrigan was in town.

“Thou shall not steal; he haw he haw for I made fairies, thieves from birth.

Thou shall not lie; he haw he haw for I made Harry Blackhood.

And Blackhood has it in for me for he tells stories about me that the gods don’t exist?”

*“To encourage all the vices and have fairies covert my plastic dinosaurs,”* that oily whisper.

“I must teach that salesman to respect the gods especially me, I will send a carpet of newts across the land,” Daghdha.

*“Sales of amphibian traps will increase, I will be laughing all the way to the bank,”* the whisper.

“That salesman thinks he can outwit me by spreading stuff like, ‘Every time you say “I don’t believe in gods one dies,”’ well I will send a swarm of flies to darken Haliput,” Daghdha and clutched his chest as fairies said, “I don’t believe in gods.”

“Soon that god will be forgotten and Harry’s Swinging Night Land Disco’s will be full as fairies throw away their inhibitions and I will jingle cash all the way to the bank,” the salesman not whispering any the more the more.

Then drooled for he saw sales of Aspirin rising.

Then shook as he saw sells of XXX going up.

Then collapsed as he saw sales of nappies going up.

“Hey wait a minute I don't own Aspirin PLC or Panther XXX or Brand Ajax Nappies the Cheapest in Town,” so clutched his chest in despair as he heard Offaltrex, “I do.”

“He haw ha ho he haw,” a god laughing in the clouds.