

Womba

Dwarf and Bear

There is a statue of a dwarf riding a bear in a park in Haliput and a great favourite with the kids and pigeons for Dog Publishers makes millions of gold marks from selling cheap matinee paperbacks, illustrated by Sampenciltrex of course as kids cannot read anyway, just as well as Satirextex writes the stories. All lies to make kids see Dwarf as the 'Lone Ranger' and Bear as 'Silver' his furry horse.

"And where Dwarf goes so do I for what is good for a squirt dwarf is good for a Grisly," and explains why this mobile kitchen rug got into all sorts of trouble for Dwarf was born anti social.

Why when Dwarf was at the bar with only hands showing holding a coin was ignored because he wasn't seen. So climbed the bar and beat the publican blue. So Grisly had to join in too so the publican was torn to shreds.

"Oh my ancestors oh my corns," the publican did eek as he was shredded.

'NO PETS ALLOWED especially dwarfs', a sign Grisly ignored.

So the watch was called and ended with Dwarf riding Grisly into the sunset shouting, "Yaheeeeeee," for Dwarf had rebel ancestry.

And when Dwarf bought pies from that certain pie maker he didn't pay for them, not because a tail hung from the pie, but because Dwarf reckoned the world owned him twenty years filing on that chain when Grisly just snapped it like that.

Dwarf had problems topside.

And what Dwarf ate Grisly ate and went bananas when he found Dwarf staring at the tail hanging from his mouth.

A ringed tail.

Then the watch was called and Dwarf rode Grisly into the sunset shouting, “Gee up you ugly flea ridden bear,” and for once Dwarf told the truth.

And happened every time and was loud for Dwarf wore spurs that he dug into the ugly flea ridden bear to make Grisly rear on his hind legs.

“Neeeee,” something Dwarf wanted so much for Grisly to sound like a horse.

“Grrrrrrr rrrrr,” Grisly instead and tore up some expensive gardens for them spurs were sure sharp.

So Haliput stayed awake one night knowing gold painted nuggets would trap that horrid stupid Dwarf.

‘Free gold tankards and free gold painted pickled eggs to every XXX lover tonight,’ was advertised over the pub a centipede had got loose and the pub was chosen as a lucky albatross had once stayed there.

“Gold all mine and none for that greedy bear,” Dwarf guzzling mugs back at the bar for a bench had been erected just for him to stand on.

“If he can drink this stuff so can I,” the stupid bear.

Then the pair fell flat on their backs as the shadow of What’s his name fell across them; him needing a war galley crew.

And explains why Dwarf and Grisly were sleeping it off on a jolly rowing boat with fins following as all headed to a war galley.

And What'shisname knew the time was right to sell the volunteers to the pirates; why they did pay good for the dancing bear and dwarf to be shot out of a canon that any circus with Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving was driving the wagons dearly needed; and the ape was the trapeze act without a net a hundred feet up: then he could buy that thatched cottage and an aviary out the back for the stuffed parrot for What'shisname did retire.

"Deliverer this message to the pirates," What'shisname stuffing the message in the stuffed parrot's mouth.

And the parrot flew away to deliver the message and knew otherwise about selling the crew, the crew was Garrison.

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And because none saw Zoo all thought he was on a Harry World Tour excursion. But they were wrong for having eaten twenty beggars and never had it so good had slept the disease ridden steaks off amongst the red hot embers of a house.

"Central heating, fantastic," Zoo and fell asleep.

Then water splashed about from cauldrons of sea anemone got up his nose so he awoke wanting breakfast.

And it was dark and the streets full of revellers going home, the nosey type that scream and wake decent sleeping citizens up.

"A fried egg with them would have been a real treat," Zoo so that night decent citizens got good night sleeps in their cardboard boxes.

“I want Garrison,” Zoo and found them not but a tunnel that all the open sewers converged into so it stank just like his old cave.

“Home sweet home,” Zoo and moved in.

And from here terrorised those nosy XXX lovers on the way home and one night the watch found him eating without washing his hands first.

“We will tell no one for no one will believe us anyway,” the captain of the watch, “if they do they will send us in there to end up as bad breath in a Zooamorphosis mouth.”

But the watch had many loose tongues that told waitresses so Christina heard from courtiers for waitress service existed amongst them too.

“Fall down and worship your pretty queen,

Grovel before her.

Throw your bodies across road ruts.

So your queen can have smooth roads.

Look not upon her ankles,

She the gods chosen,

So remember what the gods do to rutters?

So start rutting them road holes.”

So citizens found beggars Zoo had missed and threw them in front of the logs as the mobile throne rolled over holes.

“Yeek,” and “moan,” was heard often and explains why Christina’s musicians played really loud.

Now at the tunnel a royal finger twitched and a gong bearer appeared and hit a gong so he vibrated often.

So was Zoo when he emerged and did a nasty thing, he ate the gong bearer out of spite at being woken up like that for he had been dreaming of a holiday in Disney World where he walked about unsuspected for beside him Mickey Mouse and Goofey and behind him dinner remains.

“Definitely you will leave Haliput,” Christina allowing her Master of Ceremonies to speak for her.

“Why?” Zoo and scratched his bottom, picked his nose and winded something bad so “Cur what a stink?” Was heard much.

Why a royal finger twitched and a hundred archers appeared out of the sewer mist.

“I must think about this?” Zoo and went inside to look for a wok for stir fried archer seemed spicy and exotic; and shows Zoo was worse than Womba for those archers did deflate Zoo something quick.

But Zoo never thought about those minor little irritating things.

“You are bad for business Zoo; no one is buying my land for sale,” Blackhood emerging from the tunnel shadows. I can give you a modern cave on the Haliput road, wall to wall carpet, central heating, the newest gas oven and all the tourists will flock to see you and buy from my vendors roast whole sheep to throw at you. Think about it but be quick there are other monsters I could stick in that cave,” and Blackhood thought Garrison.

“What must I do to get this cave?” Zoo.

“Move out”and“secondly eat her outside.”

“Thirdly X here.”

“She has many soldiers out there,” Zoo hoping to haggle for Sky TV.

“Allow me to worry about your touring engagements,” Blackhood guiding Zoo to put his X on a parchment, “think of them roast sheep, roast sheep yummy yum yum,” and Zoo did not get SKY for he allowed his stomach to X without a haggle.

And Zoo went out and snarled and roared and was soon following Blackhood disappearing in the darkness of the tunnel.

“Ouch,” Zoo as he put his feet down all covered in arrows.

“This way,” little smiling hooded relations of Blackhood; the expendables of Harry PLC and Zoo was hungry as he was always for Zoo had worms and never seen a vet.

“Feel better now?” Blackhood waiting for Zoo at the end of the tunnel.

Zoo belched.

And Blackhood showed him his new cave, a mine that a dwarf had dug looking for gold nuggets while Grisly slept not knowing Dwarf if he found gold would replace Grisly with many barrels of XXX, waitresses and the latest songs.

“Your name outside in flashing neon lights; famous Zoo because I am your friend,” Blackhood and added, “You better have my doctor Leecherex pluck those arrows out.”

And Zoo looked at Leecherex who said, “I am safe, he belches on a full stomach and no expendables have emerged from the tunnel.”

And Blackhood left Leecherex to worry for him with these words, “This new employer of the master has indigestion so suffers from greed, I better hurry before I end up gastric juice like the expendables,” and Leecherex covered Zoo in leeches that almost sucked the monster dry. “Good the terror is exhausted for a single leech can suck up a pint of monster blood just like that, and I put a hundred on him for good measure. A lucky thing for I work with long needles and a mile of cat gut without pain killers and finished so I must leave in a hurry before Zoo recovers and shakes the leeches off onto me.”

“No one can stop me, I have many smiling expendables,” Blackhood in the mist.