

Womba

Heave Ho a Rowing we will go

And HMS Victorious now a museum piece were minor relations exchange tickets for your mark then sell you cool fizzy drinks and pies with ringed tails sticking form them.

“Buy here quick models of this here ship,” a vendor in a mini Blackhood for only the oily whisper wears a full Blackhood, “free gum if you buy,” and kids bought for the gum.

Harry PLC knew how to look after its customers.

HMS Victorious where lucky rowers sweated it out to visit exotic ports and wine beautiful waitresses. Yes the rowers had the time of their lives sun tanning on the ship’s decks.

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“Hoist sails.” Admiral Wotanic.

“ER admiral sir, this is a war galley, we don’t have sails,” What’s hisname the mate.

“What do you call that?” Wotanic pointing at a single sail all nicely rolled up.

“A sail sir,” What’s hisname rubbing the stuffed parrot perplexed, this admiral was going to be bothersome, a slippery accident needed arranged for a fin was somewhere following jolly rowing boats. “It has never been used.”

“Why?” Wotanic not using his imagination seeing rowers losing weight at the oars.

“Too pretty to unroll; besides this is a galley and that sail is a luxury, perverted thing it is, no place here,” What’s his name and did not mention rats had eaten a hole in the sail’s middle.

“Well let’s have this luxury for I isn’t rowing to hell and back,” Conan and spat tobacco straight into What’s his name mouth so he gagged.

“Well said there hurrah hurrah,” the Lost Patrol gathering about Conan.

“Order in the ranks, back to the oars you scurvy sea anemone,” Captain Moronicus hoping to impress the admiral for aspirers don’t know when to quit.

And none went back to the oars for it was dark and dingy in the engine room and besides they all wanted to look for a scurvy sea anemone for none had ever seen one.

Then a little hairy boson cracked a whip over their heads until a huge hairy hand took it away from him.

“What’s your name mutinous scum?” What’s his name addressing the huge hairy hand.

“Womba, he is Garrison,” Wotanic feeling ill for Garrison never washed and did it on purpose to offend them with silks.

“Oh err, Womba the hero, glad to have you aboard,” What’s his name lying good.

“Ook,” this Womba replied then wrapped the whip about the boson Cutyagizzard’s out neck and produced a banana behind What’s his name right ear.

“How you do that?” What’s his name before a banana skin slapped his face with these words, “Ook.”

And the owner of the huge hairy arm swung off to the rafters to eat his fruit alone and savoured every mouthful.

“We are all Garrison,” the real Womba and a cheer rose and was carried to a far off open window where sat Christina listening to popular street music below.

“We are rid of them,

Garrison.

Eaters of meat pies with ingredients.

Away as fin food.

Hurrah hurrah goody,” Satirextex.

And Christina missed the scum Garrison so cried and sent for scribe Scarabink.

‘You are pardoned, return at once Garrison.

Christina the Great Illustrious.’

“Now send this to HMS Victorious Scarabink,” Christina and behind her Pittar Patter in a muzzle.

And Scarabink found a messenger behind the stables playing dice, drinking cheap stuff from green bottles and helping himself to tarts.

For his sort are always handsome and the daughters think they are marvellous.

“You will do and to help you sober up I kick here and stamp there and now get a horse, find a saddle, give Womba this message,” Scarabink for he was a little man with several warts on his face and a potato growing between his ears so his attack on the handsome worthless messenger with handfuls of tarts was pure jealousy.

Meanwhile aboard HMS Victorious, Wotanic at the rail finding the gentle sea unsettling while an ape carried What'shisname above to unruffle the sail.

And What'shisname did a good job considering he had only a terrified stuffed parrot to help him, one eye and one leg; and for encouragement a huge ape sat near him snarling and breaking matches.

"Oh bother," What'shisname seeing a fin circling in the sea.

"Croak," the stuffed parrot paralysed with fear.

"Look Womba rockets," Tom smelling of roses for he was innocent.

"Yeh wonder what happens when you light one," Conan with evil intentions for he had been jilted by a princess who had sent him on a cruise.

So sent a distress rocket that landed in bales on the docks.

"Dockland is burning," a beggar behind the bales and added, "Oh bother so am I."

"This ship isn't moving?" Wotanic still at the rails; so Womba consulted Book but this was the navy so put Book away.

"The anchor," Conan whispered.

"Hey Apes come down here and hoist the anchor up," then remembering whom he addressed added, "a couple of juicy fruit in it for you."

"Eeeek," What'shisname as Apes swung down.

Fortunately for him he missed the fin but hit the deck peg leg first and got stuck, and no one bothered to help him for he was just

What'shisname.

And lucky for him The Mage at the rails drinking tea had changed the weather, and
with another click The Mage filled the sails and the ship lurched into an adventure.

And Wotanic at the rails lurched too and splashed some place.

Immediately the fin zoomed to him as Wotanic zoomed towards a little rowing boat
dragged at the stern; where he hauled himself up as a mouth full of teeth missed him.

Here Wotanic lay still fearing to breathe for the fin was big and he could see it
circling his jolly little boat; so was terrified and mortified.

And here he lay in the blazing sun getting heatstroke listening to the rowdy sea
songs coming from his only ship in the 21st Fleet.

And another was submitted to the horrid sea songs for he was chained at an oar.

“Shut them up and give me meths,” Drunken Noddy and this is what he heard.

“We are sea rats,

With bottles of rum.

We eat tacky Albatrosses,

So have no luck.

As got a wife in every port.”

A popular sailor’s song by Satirextex.

And the songs carried to citizens waving goodbye at the docks.

“Sort of miss The Mage,” Bat Wing.

“Yeh, even if Womba’s a Burke,” Old Nag as the pair of beasts sat on their hunches
waving goodbye.

Meanwhile a handsome royal messenger stripped off at the quay to the admiration of ladies present. Now the messenger posed in body building stances and wearing leopard skin trunks dived in and splashed his way out to the Victorious and met a fin and never delivered the message. Now an Aslop fable here, 'Vanity beware vanity less Arawan's wagon run you over.'