

“Come and get it?” Someone shouted.

Womba opened a swivelling eye to find the disturbance, and then opened his other eye. Behind him the shadow of a chameleon stretched and yawned. Lost Marines watched and spread it about Womba was ugly because he had lizard in his ancestry but was just nasty lies. And because spies are everywhere a splash was heard, some healthy shrieks as fins were about; but spies are tenacious thingamajigs so Christina greeted the lies with these words, “Womba can be kept in a fish tank and fed flies and one Garrison less.”

Anyway: There stood Offaltrex in chef’s hat, except the white was all red stuff, green dyes and a chicken’s rubber head hung from a pocket.

“Cock a do da do,” the head croaked for it was advertising ‘Offaltrex Batteries last longer?’

Worse, the chick was smirking for it died laughing as it clucked, “You can’t catch me.”

“Offaltrex, what are you doing here?” Womba rising, decided navy XXX was strong stuff and collapsed with a moan.

“Not sure, but being cook beats rowing. I even got hired help, Alicadabara’s here.”

“Coming boss,” Alicadabara and upon his crew cut his battered wizard’s hat and around it a string of sausages.

“Well look what crawled out of a snail?” Conan smirked and spat tobacco over the side, and the wind carried it splattering Wotanic behind in a rowing boat, the jolly type. And he almost fell out gagging as a fin brushed his small boat and he was afraid for he had seen Teeth, Teeth’s 2, Teeth’s 3, Teeth’s 4 and Teeth’s Revenge and seen a spy swim for it.

Then sat still as the smell of bacon, eggs, fried potatoes, black sausage and red spotted toadstools and mugs of What’s his name coffee wafted upon him.

“They can eat what they like, I see heaps of sea anemone on the boat’s bottom so don’t care,” Wotanic lied and turned his face and “sob sob.”

And aboard ship Alicadabara happily showed a few inches of wand, “It can wash greasy dishes, cut onions without a tear, score pans, dice carrots and at a click produce Singapore Fish Head Curry.

I am your servant,” Alicadabara and he was a bigger liar than Wotanic but knew grovelling had its rewards for he got to lick the pots shiny clean.

And the smell of the greasy fry up made the crew run for the rails and the wind carried stuff to an unhappy rowing boat.

“Bo ho,” was heard from the unhappy rowing boat.

Except for real Garrison that could eat anything in any weather.

“Gobble gobble,” and the sound of bacon rashers devoured made Wotanic pull his hair OUT so, “Eeeek,” was heard often.

And no one remembered him below manacled at an oar doing all the rowing who was jumping up and down trying to free himself. “Give me greasy fry up,” he ranted and was in luck for Alicadabara spilled hot cooking oil down the deck’s planking.

“Delicious,” Drunken Noddy getting third degree burns.

Then the tempest came:

“Leave rope for me,” Alicadabara to Offaltrex as they tied themselves to a kitchen bulwark.

“Looks like we will be eating fish broiled, roasted and baked in beans,” Offaltrex joking as a wave left squid, flying fish, stingray, barracudas, fins, baby ones of course, and several green meth bottles with messages in them and an apple barrel.

“Tie me as well,” the apple barrel spoke to them.

“Wash away Cutyagizzard’sout, wash away,” one cook and his helper replied and a wave did exactly that to the barrel.

“Marvellous Ali, don’t forget the onions,” Offaltrex not wanting to cry.

And Ali knew if his wand was long and strong, he would change his spots and become Alicadabara the rotten. Yes the wind blew the single square sail to more shreds.

“Go up there Apes and hold the sail together, we must have power to ride this storm out,” The Mage barely able to see through the lashing rain.

A good thing for Apes who went below decks and hid in a swinging hammock that crashed into one wall and the next.

“Ook,” Apes each time he cracked into the walls and lumps grew where no lumps had been before and Apes saw spinning lumps not stars nor bananas.

And above deck The Mage seeing no banana skins fall from the rigging realised he had been APED. “We must have power; I will wave my finger and make the tempest go away.

“Click clicky click,” The Mage till his fingers were red and swollen and above him two chariots where Daghdha and Morrigan stood laughing at the ship and crew at the rails and when they saw Wotanic went into hysterics. Here an Aslop’s moral, “Don’t put your faith in toads.”

“Are you happy my chick ado?” Daghdha being sickening.

“Yes, but what about some lightening, they must be cold,” Morrigan full of toadyism?

“Tanaros,” Daghdha shouted, and the Thunder god was busy having waitress service at Filthy Big Bertha’s for her French Onion Soup was famous so did not appear in a divine sulphuric poof.

“Oh well I am the Chief god so can do it my self,” and Daghdha burned his fingers and saw the disgusted look on Morrigan’s face and she said, “I am not amused,” so he panicked and sent lighting bolts into Taoist nunneries, theatres, soup kitchens, and frizzled a Buddhist monk good; here another Aslop moral, “Never get involved with scarlet women.”

“This is the work of the gods, we must have a fairy aboard that is cursed with bad luck, we must man the oars and reach land QUICK,” The Mage seeking volunteers.

“Volunteers,” Womba and saw What’s his name still pegged to the deck so grabbed him and threw him down to the oars so now there were two rowers.

“Row or else,” What’s his name forcing his stuffed parrot to row so now there were three rowers.

“Poly wants a cracker,” the parrot complained.

“Curse the day I got this shower for a crew, my partners the pirates will never forgive me,” What’s his name prophesied.

And the pirates were amazed at the sudden storm for they had not eaten the following albatross and here another Aslop moral, “Eat while you can.”

And so the pirates believing Tanaros the Thunder god hated one of their number started to throw many of their number to fins below.

Until Captain Red Beard called it a day and got straws and who drew the shortest be catapulted into the sky a peace offering. But first tarred and feathered to be mean, and as the catapult twanged, a burning torch would set the offering alight just to be meaner.

For seafarers are a superstitious lot.

And the burning lit the sky and all saw land, so HMS Victorious and Malicious the pirate ship headed there, Treasure Island.

And the storm abated for the offering collided with two chariots.

“”You will wish you were never born,” Morrigan putting off the offering on her and Daghdha hoped she did use spurs too.

And in a rowing boat Wotanic was kept amused by Cutyagizzard’s out beating fins away from his apple barrel.

And on a burnt hill in Haliput two friends waited for Victorious’s return. “Wish we had gone,” Bat Wing said dreaming of sun tanning in a bikini.

“I know, boring without them,” Old Nag still on its haunches now suffering cramp dreaming of ogling himself ill ogling Bat Wing in a bikini. .

Postdate: “*I must have Alicadabara's wand and breed it to sell to tired house wives who wear rubber gloves to scour greasy frying pans clean,*” an oily whisper from under a black hood.