

Womba

Treasure Island

And the fishy tentacles of Harry Bros. PLC bought land land land, fresh water and salt and where coconuts, tore them down using those who owed marks after shipping them out as engine cogs as they could not afford passage, and fed them lashings of Bull Whip; and had them plant rubber palms where the coconuts once dropped and when the price of coconut matting went up, lashed them all into digging the rubber out and planting brand new coconuts.

That made Apes happy.

“Ook.”

Then gruel was added to the lashings to encourage hotels built, swimming pools for tourists, aquariums with orcas, penguins for orcas to rip up, dolphins to loop fiery loops and sharks to shred the dolphins to the cheer of the blood thirsty tourists, and then mermaids to made the tourists think of visiting the sleazy hotel bars.

Yes Harry knew how to keep his gold marks and make the marks have heaps of ancestors in his deep pockets.

And along the beaches of Treasure Island sponge divers and millionaire yachts and fat fins.

“Yes this is the best thing Womba ever did for me,” Blackhood viewing all from his Plaza suite at the top of the Mangrove 5 Star Hotel on a future Treasure Island.

About him grovelling minor relations and floozy girls all expendable of course bribed from the beaches for a chance to meet the millionaire Blackhood known for his generous spontaneous diamond ring gifts.

“Womba, now my great great great great great great great great great smiling expendables there was a Burke, and now the truth about Treasure Island for your ears only,” Blackhood again in the future forcing himself not to howl.

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“Stuff this,” What’s his name the mate leaving Charles Drunken Noddy to row to find a place to sulk as men do when they don’t get their own way.

And What’s his name cuddled his stuffed parrot to forget the nightmarish voyage.

And found a rug to crawl under.

“Here what’s this?” What’s his name kicking the snoring rug and then pulled it over himself by its nose.

“Can’t a Dwarf hibernate through a nightmarish sea voyage?” Dwarf butting What’s his name left good knee which made the mate lean down.

A precarious thing to do.

“Can’t a Dwarf dream of gold mines?” Dwarf butting what he could reach so What’s his name groaned loudly.

Then the rug not liked being pulled by the nose ROARED and savaged the mate up real good.

“Yikes,” came first then, “groan.”

“Come on Grisly Bear let’s go topside and see what’s cooking,” Dwarf and the vicious rug followed and What’s his name went back to rowing.

“Where’s the hula-hula girls,” the Burke from the forecastle seeing Treasure Island.

“Maybe the natives ate them?” Conan spitting tobacco at a fin and the fin died just like that. “But it isn’t the missing grass skirts you should be worrying about but that ship yonder with the Skull and Cross Bone Flag.”

“Let them come, Grisly can handle them all with one paw tied behind his back,” Dwarf not asking the astonished worried bear for an opinion.

And Conan sighed; his retirement dream of smoking tobacco with his feet snuggled up in a bear rug was approaching fast.

And that What’s his name overheard below and deserted much to the annoyance of the single oarsman left.

“What is What’s his name up to sergeant?” Tom pointing at What’s his name waving a flag from the crow’s nest.

So Womba consulted Book for there was a section on signals so shouted, “A banana in it Apes if you do that fairy?”

“Ook,” Apes saluting and his salute slapped the Taskmaster Whipthemhard overboard.

“Splash,” and “eek,” and “where’s that jolly little rowing boat?” As fins were about you know?

“Better look Tom,” Conan spitting tobacco into the wind that would carry it towards a jolly rowing boat so “Yuck,” was heard.

“Made it now Wotanic won’t be lonely?” Tom and Conan had a look and yes there was Wotanic trying hard to keep his little rowing boat to himself, the selfish man.

“And that reminds me, was that Drunken Noddy manning the engine?” Conan.

“It was Corporal,” Tom and beamed with pride that he knew important things.

“Better leave him there and not a word to Womba, or might ask for volunteers,” and spat tobacco onto a crack in the deck over the engine so, “Yuck,” was heard below.

“Splat,” as What’s his name landed at Conan’s feet.

“Ook,” Apes wanting his juicy banana.

“I am sure that Apes meant to hit me with the mate?” Womba.

“Ook grunt chatter monkey sounds and raspberry,” a rude Apes thinking he was smart and funny.

“Just for that no banana,” Womba.

Why Apes landed in front of Womba snarling with fangs wanting to rip Womba to pieces showing; of course with ketchup added first.

“Mummy,” Womba hurriedly searching his pockets for fruit and peanut shells and started running for one does when an angry dastardly ape wants to meet you.

“Pirates ahoy,” Dwarf and manned the bolt thrower and sent a bolt pinning Red Beard by his beard to his ship Malicious's wheel which was unfortunate as he was on a collision course with the war galley.

“Scurvy scum,” Red Beard in a frenzy ripping his beard free.

“Eeeeeek,” he swore as that was sore.

Then the two ships collided and ran aground on Treasure Island and in the kitchen of Victorious a cauldron of hot devilled pork splashed across Alicadabara.

“I am going to fizzle someone good for this and I forgot ouch that was hot,” Ali.

“Here point the wand out the window at the pirates Ali,” Offaltrex and led a steaming wizard to the kitchen window and “Poof” as the wizard’s wand frizzled pirates.

And boarding planks became tissue paper so pirates fell into the sea and lucky for them the sea about the beach was shallow, for they had to battle Wotanic in his jolly little rowing boat and Cutyagizzardout and Whipthemhard in the apple barrel, not forgetting the fins of course.

“Away you scurvy landlubbers,” a pirate swinging in the kitchen window and landed in the Devilled Pork and remained numb for the mustard was extra hot.

“Ruined ruined he’s ruined it,” and with a wooden spoon beat the daylights out of the pirate.

So the pirate jumped out the window he came in.

“He has left a red legging behind, all ruined,” Alicadabara and with Offaltrex emptied the cauldron of Devilled Pork out the window.

“Judas Priest,” and “what idiot emptied that hot food on me,” pirates and “delicious food at last,” from Wotanic.

Meanwhile in the kitchen; “Watch my good friend number one ship’s cook,” Alicadabara and since they were calling themselves friends and being cooks something else seems cooking than food.

So Ali waved his wand and the cauldron boiled with sea food as if there wasn't enough.

And outside Red Beard saw an Ape chasing a big fairy his way and then the Ape was swinging the fairy against pirates sending them overboard to join pirates fighting to reach the beach and one, actually made it since this book isn't about gore, fins, sword fishes and giant octopuses living in the waters of Treasure Island.

And a mean homicidal ape of course.

Then Captain Moronicus and his Lost Patrol ran this way and that trying to keep out of the fighting and look like they were fighting and chopped this way and that about Red Beard so "Groan," and "watch it mate" was heard often and "I am finished being a captain," and "finished living."

Red Beard saw 'MARINES' stitched on their backs; "Very nice," he said from his prostate position then saw stars but was rudely awakened by a Dwarf riding a bear on him.

"Gee up Grisly," Dwarf and sank his spurs in so Grisly reared and clawed and ripped here and shredded there so "Oh isn't my lucky day," was heard from underneath them.

And an occasional "Moan."

Then they was gone and Red Beard saw his chance to escape so standing saw a big hairy fairy being chased by an ape coming his way.

"Not again?" The only logical thing to say.

Then this Burke was being beaten by an ape on him so, "Groan," was heard from the Burke and Red Beard often.

“Who are you lot?” Red Beard knowing he should never have eaten that albatross.

“I am Womba,” the Burke and them,” Garrison and that is Conan and sweet innocent Tom stealing your treasure chest from your pirate ship that is sinking for The Mage is using magic to sink it. “

“I have read ‘Tales of Garrison on the River Bank’ by Dog Publishers so who is the bear and little person?” For Red Beard did not want to annoy Dwarf for being shredded by a grisly bear once is enough for anyone in a life time.

But Dwarf was curious for he thought Red Beard said, “I know where a gold mine is,” so had to interrogate using Grisly of course.

“Please don’t throw me overboard?” Red Beard hanging from the jaws of Grisly watching fins multiply in the sea below like clothes hangers in a cupboard.

“Why not?” Womba asked free of Apes having thrown a juicy Mango towards the rigging.

“I know where diamonds the size of sheep are buried for this here is Treasure Island and you must keep me safe warm and cosy and not associate me with fins,” Red Beard using too many big words so Womba did not understand apart from diamonds, so wondered away thinking what he could do with diamonds the size of sheep?

“Diamonds is like gold, they can me mined,” Red Beard hoping to get Dwarf to open Grisly’s mouth so he could escape.

“What do I want with diamonds the size of sheep for? I want gold nuggets and be fooled by ‘FOOLS GOLD’,” Dwarf and walked away so Grisly opened his mouth and Red Beard fell out.

“I am free of these idiots at last,” Red Beard dusting bear fur off his shredded clothes and that’s when Apes swung down for more juicy mango or else so bumped Red Beard overboard.

And lucky for him an albatross flew across the sky and a wave brought a jolly little rowing boat under his flight path so, “Blooming hell what the blazes,” Wotanic screamed as Red Beard landed on him.

“Ook,” Apes lying for it was not an accident.

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Now Garrison gathered on the warm tropical beach where no sharp broken bottles, dead sea gulls, plastic bags, lumps of coral, hamburger wrappers, bikini tops and the bag left behind by the husband off with what was in the bikini top lay about.

“Grovel slurp grovel please don’t give me to that dwarf and bear act,” Red Beard grovelled as he spoke of spot X where the treasure was buried.

“His savings that are ours,” Conan.

And above in a coconut the sole pirate who had swam ashore clinging to a coconut that better not break and fall with him clinging to it, for a nut of a dwarf and nasty bear was under him?

Waiting for someone to shred to bits!

And the sole survivor was learning for he had big ears, big ones full of wax for he never washed them.

Was that treasure not his pension for years of looting and ravaging passengers and pets while serving Red Beard his captain who got all the fame and glory; yes the treasure was his by Divine Right.

Yes and was all lies for this was his first trip and was a minor relation escaping from the Blackhood for that relation was domineering and paid you with promises?

And he was a student of Haliput's School of Architecture.

Give a Archicteturalex was his name.

Another aspirer dreamer schemer who polished the gold throne where Blackhood sat lording it over him by wiping his dirty shoes on him. And at the eating table Give a Archicteturalex sat at the far end watching Blackhood and the others eat hot steaming soups full of crusty crustaceans and croissants and because he sat at the far end got the shells and empty soup bowls to lick.

"I want noticed," Give a Archicteturalex.

And here was his chance so shinned down the coconut tree so "Eeeked," much and when down ran through thick bamboo forest that twanged him so, "Ouch," often and gathered spades and shovels and because he had only two hands dropped them so, "Yikes," and "XXX," he complained but got to spot X and dug it up all by himself under the blazing sun so, "Gasp I need a drink gasp of cold water gasp."

And shifted the real spot X and threw the shovels and spades over a nearby cliff.

Emptied his deep pockets a give away sign a Give a Harry is about, and littered the place with broken green cheap meth bottles, crisp packets, bubble gum and a fan club badge of Mickey Jacksonscream on the sand, and put a false spot X nearby.

Some inebriated god on a wagon from below did get the blame.

“Gasp,” the sound of Give a Archicteturaalex collapsing under a bush dreaming of the hotels he did build, quick food chains, sleazy bars for tourists and him to visit he did build here with his treasure.

“No I am betrayed,” Red Beard seeing visions of Dwarf and Bear visiting him behind bushes.

Garrison was not amused; the walk up this hill in this heat was something else.

“Apes,” Womba and Garrison parted to reveal to Red Beard Apes foaming at the mouth snapping sticks in his hands.

But Dwarf was jealous and Grisly always wanted what Dwarf had so Red Beard got lots of attention that Give a Archicteturaalex wanted and explains why Red Beard sailed over that nearby cliff where spades and shovels had been carelessly tossed over.

And missed them sticking up and landed on something soft scurrying below instead.

A sleep walker dreaming of hotels and waitresses in sleazy restaurants that every sleazy bar has?

“Give a Archicteturaalex is that you?” Red Beard.

“Yes,” the minor relation wide awake just like that another Give a Harry feature, able to cheat and swindle at short notice.

“Why are you here?”

“Breaking your fall captain,” Give a Archicteturaalex lied for a sleep walker had dragged a treasure chest with him.

“You can have the job of cocktail mixer at the poolside of my 5 Star Mangrove Swamp Hotel, why just think of the floozy pirate girls there so drunk they will think you the most handsome pirate ever,” Give a Archicteturaalex lied for he did feed Red Beard to his pet giant Pacific Octopus in his fish tank that all good hotel owners keep for emergencies.

“Why you?” And Red Beard grabbed the little sniffing twerp by the throat and throttled away.

“This yours?” Womba at the cliff edge above and dropped the spot X over.

That with a loud “CRACK” landed on someone?

WHO?

And the little sniffing twerp kneed that someone so someone groaned more.

“That Burke has saved my life, I must reward him or the Snake god will want me as an offering,” Give a Archicteturaalex leaving a penny on the sand for Womba and carried the treasure chest to a little jolly rowing boat the tide had brought to the shore.

And twice Give a Archicteturaalex had to beat fins off him, sea crocodiles under him, jelly fish wanting to cover him and expose delicate skin to sun burn to reach that jolly rowing boat, for “Am I nuts leaving a penny behind, the Snake god can have the Burke,”.

Such the stuff the Harry’s are made off?

And why Womba was alone for Red Beard had said, “Within an inch my treasure chest until?”

“Then a Gvssaimp drops X.” Conan and spat tobacco on Womba who began to smoulder.

“A Burke indeed?” The Mage who dusted magic towards Womba who suddenly was covered in smelly painful carbuncles.

“Yes a Burke,” Alicadabara getting on in the act and with his tiny wand fizzled so Womba was made to taste the sea soup in the cauldron first just in case it tasted vile.

“Lovely,” Womba when he should have gagged so Garrison set upon him and Apes beat him with a coconut that split in two on Womba’s head.

“Ook,” Apes tasting what was in the coconut so left beating Womba black and green to find more coconuts to crack on Womba before they had to be nice again.

“I deserved that,” Womba sitting on an empty turtle shell.

“Maybe you did but I am a captain,” Red Beard next to him for it was a big turtle shell.

“You are pirate scum so me and you are now engine cogs and if you want to complain go ahead,” Womba hoping he would for Womba had a dark nasty streak that loved to watch bear fisted boxing fights and women wrestle in mud filled with spiders.

“I am mate What’s his name and I aren’t scum.”

“I am Boson Cutyagizzardout and I am not scum.”

“I am Taskmaster Whipthemhard and isn’t scum.”

“I am Red Beard and is scum.”

“Engine cogs needed,” Conan and behind him a homicidal ape in a too small sailors uniform just wanting an excuse to shred scum.

So aboard HMS Victorious shredded scum sat at the oars.

“Row faster scum,” Conan the new Task master and whipped scum good so,
“Blooming hell,” and “bloody heck,” and “a little more please,” came from the engine room.

And Womba was not whipped for he was Garrison so was treated special; he got a cushion to sit on as he rowed.

“Squawk,” the stuff parrot not likening the whip.

“One beat two beat three beat we dip oars.

And get whipped hard oh lovely lovely.

So row hard scum.

So pass the meths.

Row row row the boat.

We are the jolly rowers.

See how fast we row,

So row hard scum and the sound of a whip was heard.

“Ook,” also just in case any scum had any ideas of rushing the Task master.