

Womba

Ambitions

“Hello, remember me I am that beautiful princess Christina with a rose garden where I play Ambition with Lord Tootanfoot and snigger behind his back, “There goes that ugly idiot Tootanfoot,” and give him strange finger signs and pull faces.

I want to be queen and not for selfish reasons but for the servants, a royal galley rowed by those I dislike, my own handy man the Chief Executioner for odd jobs, the dishes of Wild Condor Eggs sprinkled in deep sea star fish dust decorated with Great White Shark poached eyeballs.

Of course I feel for those collecting my food, but look at the exciting career opportunities have created for those who make strange finger signs behind my back.

And have some strange friends like Tootanfoot and Isisnaphut and am afraid of Womba for he is not my type. I fear he never washes just switches his unmentionables with revelers from Filthy Big Bertha's.”

“I am Womba and know Christina is my type. I love her because she is a princess and can give me a palace and hundreds of servants to change unmentionables with.”

“I am Conan and want rid of these rabbit ears then visit Common as Muck Big Bertha’s Guest House and get waitress service with my curry fish head soup. Get full of XXX so I can eat those fish eyes, and never change my clothes for the exertion might give me the shakes and always undermine Womba to save Tom.”

And want to save Tom because of a dream that Tom is the product of a temple deep in a jungle that had a thousand priestesses to the swamp goddess that needed ravaged?

“I am Tom and want to a sergeant like Womba who is my role model in life.”

“Oink, I am Harold and fit for nothing and love peanuts covered in rancid butter sauce.” And was fit for nothing except to be a creepy crawly extra for the story.

“Woof,” which means “I am Cur and want bones and more bones preferably the bones of The Mage.”

“Buzz,” “I am The Mage and want rid of them all.”

“I am Lord Tootanfoot who people give strange finger signs too and want to be king and own a deep coal mine and send them who laugh, “Here comes that idiot Tootanfoot,” there without a union card so must work twenty hours a day.

“Isisnaphut and want to conquer the world, a common disease amongst leaders.”

“And we the voices of thirty thousand Flat Worlder Fiends chant, “Kill kill kill anyone who is not a Fiend.”

“I am the travelling merchant Give a Copper Harry who owns that depilated dinosaur stall and can’t please all my customers who scream, “Here these dinosaurs are just bits of plastic bottles stuck together,” but by such devious means shall become the richest and greatest salesman ever,” and perhaps sell you a water bottle for winter?

So ambition temporally ends.