

Flowering Aphid house was covered in green fly, and buzzed to the sound of insects. Why butterflies flew over the manicured lawn and in the garden pond water snakes ate frogs.

The shrubbery was jungle as Confucius was one these types that let nature to do its thing, so was the source of the water snakes; the venomous type.

And over the pond he built an ornamental bridge where he could stand to meditate and watch the snakes eat the frogs.

And Confucius showed his unwashed guests the bridge and here one sat down motionless to fish for the carp Confucius liked to watch.

“If I move the fish won’t bite,” Harold explaining to you and the mosquitoes loved a target that stayed still, big mosquitoes carrying yellow fever and malaria.

And Cur seeing thingies slithering in the undergrowth of the uncut jungle went instead into the house and chewed expensive rugs to shreds.

For the dog needed training and a good beating.

“Come Mage I will show you a book how to get the better of the good god Daghdha,” and Confucius took The Mage to his library and was the last time he ever saw his house because Garrison where in it.

“Here this reminds me of my young days,” Conan stuffing Middle Kingdom vases down his leather trousers for he was stealing for barbarians never change their spots.

“Here this white stuff reminds me of Filthy Big Bertha,” Tom remembering waitress service for perhaps he was not as innocent as he seemed to be. And he and Garrison drank many bottles of rice wine so were violently ill on the walls that had beautiful paintings on them, of cranes, ducks and mountains.

Then staggered about the house falling through paper walls and kicked a stove over and the house burnt down just like that.

“Glad we got out in time,” Conan.

And in the library, “You must sacrifice a thousand crocodiles, twenty thousand cobras, a hundred ugly virgins,” Confucius and began sniffing the air for he smelt smoke.

“Ugly?” The Mage.

“Daghdha has a wife,” Confucius, anyway, a thousand gallons of wine, and a ship to burn and possibly ask him to keep Dim Sun,” Confucius.

“There must be a cheaper way?” The Mage.

“There is, make an appointment to see Daghdha and hope he is in a good mood,” Confucius.

“How do I make an appointment?” The Mage.

“I have prayer bells.”

“Anything else?”

“Send him Womba.”

“And?”

“Try saying sorry on bended knees.”

The Mage had a lot of options and the Womba option was the most attractive the cruel nasty mage.

“Let us go back to the Flowering Aphid for I smell cooking?” Confucius and the first thing he said was, “Where is my house?”

And because he was in shock never saw The Mage sneak away and forgot to charge him for his advice and never gave a book away too.

And an Aslop moral here, “Don’t put your trust in fortune cookies.”

“If anything can restore the harmony of a disturbed brain it is watching relaxing carp swimming,” Confucius and went to his bridge and saw fish skeletons for Harold was always greedy.

“Raspberry nutter,” Confucius doing a nutter on himself.

“Never mind readers I am a powerful mage and will restore his house to itself,” The Mage and clicked and just like that the pond was full of stickle backs, toads and midges. The house made of wood and the trees oaks and firs.

“I want Confucius Land house and carp,” Confucius and did another mental adding, “I hate you Garrison.”

And a toad croaked and hopped and Confucius started watching it and so did a water snake and toad got eaten; yes toads was just as relaxing as watching carp swimming.

And on the road a hurrying mage wondering how to do Womba, but Womba was big and hairy and likely to object to being done.

“Sorry Daghdha, I am sorry,” The Mage going for the easy option.

Some say What'shisname lost his leg while marooned on a desert Island to cannibals.

Marooned but in an empty beer barrel the pirates had thrown over the pirate ship.

"Business deals have we?" Red Beard as fins fought over What'shisname in the barrel.

"50 50," What'shisname screamed up haggling over the price of rowers.

"Can't hear anything can you lads?" Red Beard asking Cutyagizzard'sout and task master Whipthemhard who nodded and whistled.

"Help," What'shisname as a fin ate the bottom of the barrel he was in.

"95 of the profit to me," Red Beard feeling greedy.

But no reply.

"OK 99% to me and not a penny more," Red Beard and

SILENCE.

Red Beard knew he was being generous. "Take it or Cutyagizzard'sout becomes new mate?"

Then he looked over the side, "Blooming heck what's that in the barrel?" So hauled the barrel up for dinner was in it, a fin with an extended belly.

"Slit her open me hearties," Red Beard speaking pirate fashion for effect.

And Cutyagizzard'sout was disappointed for his promotion vanished as What'shisname rolled out.

Minus one leg.

And the stuffed parrot was still stitched to his shoulder.

And What'shisname the son of a night soul collector had run away to sea and had a wife in every port and tattoos showing the way to each; just in case he forgot one for a woman whose birthday is forgotten is a nasty piece of work.

And he was riddled with scurvy, malaria, gout, pox and usual ticks and fleas picked up in every port in every Inn in every port he sailed into.

And should have died but was a living germ himself who dreamed of being captain of a luxury cruise liner.

And Cutyagizzard'sout was the boson and got his name from cutting chicken stuff out in markets and allowed the name to stick for he was thick.

A son of a beggar with no ambition.

And no one knew anything about Whipthemhard apart from he whipped skin off volunteers and the one engine cog.

"All the faster to make them rowers row fast so I can meet Red Beard and spend my share of crew sales on good looking pixie women," Whipthemhard getting excited.

And Red Beard was the son of White Bread the son of Black Beard and all pirate scum captains.

And was fulfilling to be the most feared pirate captain of all time by throwing volunteers to fins.

"Fins don't want buckles and shoes but I know a certain salesman in Haliput who does he ah he ha," Red Beard going for a cheap imitated pirate laugh, "He arrrrrcough cough."