

Womba

Zanzibar

They did not ask to go to tropical Zanzibar; it was Tootanfoot desperate to be changed back into a fairy was told Alicadabara must do that as it was he who made him a donkey'

And here another Aslop fable; "How can a donkey be made a donkey?"

"Mmmm," Alicadabara fingering his little wand, "Let's try this?" And waved arms heavenward for he was very theatrical, "By the weather, crushed newt kidneys, burnt bat tails, dragon's blood, let Tootanfoot be fairy," but forgot please so only the top of the donkey changed.

"Hey this isn't fair?" The donkey desperate to meet a half donkey girl princess.

And the crew did what any no good lazy fairy crew would, sun tanned and Womba showed genius by drawing up a drinks waiter rota, and Apes and Grisly put on aprons to carry cups of crushed oranges.

And where Bear went so did suspicious Dwarf so hid behind a grass skirt.

And Apes flashed eyelids at members of the Lost Patrol hoping for a romantic sea voyage and when ignored foamed and frothed and sulked up in the rigging.

Even the engine was brought topside.

"Fresh air, thank you oh generous ones," for the engine cog did not want returned to the dark damp engines where he had to row so was practising grovelling.

“No hard feelings Drunken Noddy?” Womba and handed him crushed ice mixed with crushed what ever Apes had been crushing before sulking which explains the strange things in the ice.

“When I am king again I will make this Burke row and what am I drinking gasp I have been poisoned gasp,” Drunken Noddy falling to his knees and was ignored as Garrison wanted to soak up the sun.

Now Zanzibar has lions and chimps and Morrigan is there behind seven silk veils flashing her eyes and whatever at the Sultan Rideemcameltrix for she wanted Garrison still.

And snakes crawled about ceilings and tree branches and crocodiles swam the harbour. A harbour Garrison just sailed in and Alicadabara and Offaltrex made yummy crocodile stew and Offaltrex stored many bales of crocodile leather with these words, “I am rich,” and “wait till Harry hears the jingle in my pocket he ah he ho ha he will have a sudden chest pain and I will be the rightful Boss.”

Anyway: “Who are these hairy fairies?” Rideemcameltrix.

“Vikings,” his Chief Advisor lost for anything else to say.

And Rideemcameltrix looked up the FTS index on slave prices and said, “Invite them ashore,” planning to turn them into public harem attendants.

“I have never asked for anything,” Morrigan lying for her vest was covered in rubies given her by Rideemcameltrix for he understood hip movements, the wiggle of a bottom and was a man whose brains were in his thingies somewhere.

“What is it my dove?” He asked opening himself to be mugged.

“I want those Vikings,” for she knew it was Garrison.

And Rideemcameltrix sniffed for he saw no profit in this transaction unless; unless and he moved closer to Morrigan who shoved him away after letting him breath in her perfume and get dizzy of course.

“An armful of Heaven,” he croaked and sent for his guard to arrest the hairy Vikings.

Now at the docks The Mage asked the guard this, “Why?”

“Ours is to obey orders blindly” the guard captain and saw Garrison approach him, why there was an ape riding a bear and a dwarf riding the ape.

And a dog foaming at the mouth and the hairy Vikings carried giant axes and what was this ship, The Marie Celeste?

And out the stern window Wotanic escaped with these words, “I hate this lot.”

“He will be back,” The Mage seeing Wotanic splash in the sea and a fin appear.

“Oh mummy a fin someone nice save me,” the aspiring faggot shouted.

“I am safe,” Wotanic climbing onto a log that was bigger than the fin and added, “here why am I moving,” for the log was the biggest salt water crocodile ever and took Wotanic for a tourist ride.

“Help oh someone please help me,” the unwanted loved one shrieked.

And at the far end of the harbour he jumped ashore and ran into tall grass and stood on a lion; so got mauled a little.

“Help someone someone send the marines,” the ugly spotty man.

Then recovering ran on and stood on an elephant trunk that beat the living hell out of him.

“Why doesn't anyone want to save me?” The twerp asked the heavens that ignored him.

“Ga,” Wotanic staggering into the arms of cannibals with these words, “At last civilisation, I am saved.”.

“Manna from heaven” the cannibal cook and slammed the lid down on the pot with Wotanic in it for he needed flints.

“I am off as I am no one’s bacon,” Wotanic and fled and stood on a snake that bit him so he puffed and staggered dazed into the arms of slavers.

“Save me I am snake bit,” Wotanic hoping Christmas was early.

“We can sell this skinny one as a toilet attendant,” a salver and took Wotanic to Harry Bros. PLC Zanzibar Slave Market and let the snake stuff swell Wotanic three times his size so buyers did think he was athletic and buy buy buy.

“Is that meths I smell?” Morrigan frustrated Garrison had done bad things to the guard, “I did go to hell to be rid of Garrison.”

“I will take Garrison,” Nerthus suddenly appearing behind Morrigan who was looking out a palace window high up in a tower. And Nerthus was the wife remember and was wearing big black boots with studs.

And kicked Morrigan out the window and she fell into a wagon pulled by mules.

“My petticoats,” Morrigan pretending to be a good girl and attempt to pull them down but in fact she was helping them billow out to show off her legs.

“Hi ya honey,” Arawan not able to believe his luck that a handsome woman had joined him, so spat on his hands and wetted his hair and forgot to pull up his zip and tuck in his jerkin.

“Arawan unhand me,” Morrigan as a drunk intoxicated with her beauty wanted a cuddle.

So Arawan was slapped here and kicked there so groaned and moaned as his wagon creaked off to hell.

“What is this mess I have landed on?” Morrigan for Arawan had been ill.

“Enjoy your visit in hell,” Nerthus who knew hell with Arawan was meth fumed.

And in Zanzibar Apes had eaten many fruits from vendor stalls with Harry Bros. PLC above them, eaten things that the tide washed up.

*“Natures ingredients are always best and free,”* a cunning whisper from a fairy who wears a black hood.

So Apes rolled in the gutter clutching his tummy. Rolled this way and that and rolled down the stalls.

*“That ape must be caught and stuffed,”* that cunning oily whisper again horrified at mounting repair bills.

And The Mage bought all the stuffed green mambas, scorpions, pickled chameleons and crocodile suitcases to carry them back to the ship for potions and might explain why in the future Harry howls under a full moon.

And the Lost Patrol got lost and Conan went to find them but ravaged temples instead for habits die hard.

And Cur found love in a dog called Getlostrat and knew the days of bliss where limited for his ship would sail and leave behind an ugly litter and the reason why he did never write.

“Here these Vikings are showing us how to live, not to pay taxes and do what we want any time,” the citizens of Zanzibar and looked at the hovels they called home, and the palace the Sultan called his hovel, so threw Rideemcameltrix off the quayside and made a beggar who could not read or write the new sultan just to be different.