

Womba

Petitions

And Harry made his relations write petitions.

“Crack,” was heard often and, “Oh my aching arm, perhaps I can hire a minor relation for this whipping job with the promise of a burger,” Harry Blackhood and used the whip so, “Eek,” and, “Shriek,” filled his ears and was soothing music to the miser.

And selected a skinny minor relation to use the whip and thought these selfish thoughts, “He wont last the night, but long enough to get the petitions written and I will eat the burger myself for I am partial to a treat.”

“Oh Great Queen, Apes is swinging about the rafters of the rooftops and makes finger language at you with raspberry sounds; for the primate is cheeky and wants to be King of Haliput by marrying you.

We the pie makers beg you send the gorilla to a far away forest full of snakes that might bite the nasty banana eater. An ape that eats all our pies without paying so your citizens go hungry and riot,” and was copied by a hundred relations and pie maker became a hundred complaints.

And Christina remembered Apes as wanting to marry Harry Blackhood and thought it wise to send the monkey away just in case it became a relation sent on jobs. Jobs requiring muscle and a brain the size of a peanut; trained as a Ninja monkey to get rid of her.

“And here is the bill for forty thousand bananas.”

“Oh Great Queen whatever Harold is he costs you cash for he never has any money when he dines out and sends the bill to you. Whatever he is has a stomach that devours a hundred courses in a night, not mentioning breakfast and lunch or tea and muffin with

waitress service,” and many minor relations, “Eeked,” as they wrote this complaint from many restaurant owners for Harry was jealous for he ate a rubbery burger; while that whatever it was ate pies with ringed tails all washed down in gravy. So kicked the skinny runt of a minor relation out of the way, took the whip and whipped the writers to shreds.

“Oh blazes I need more minor relations to take the writers places,” Harry and shuffled away into the shadows for relations.

And Post Script was added, “So send whatever away before we have no customers for he eats with his trousers about his ankles, belches and winds and picks his nose and eats what is found.”

And included were many restaurant bills for fifty thousand gold marks.

“He ate the furniture,” was added as an explanation.

And Christina knew Haliput would lose the Title of City of Culture if Harold was not sent away.

“Shriek,” was heard for atmosphere as quills dipped into ink pots and wrote more minor relation lies:

“Oh Great Queen Womba your intended visits every tailor in town and has had a thousand suits made from golden silk and here are the bills,” and it came to a million gold marks and, “He has set a date for the marriage.”

And Harry shook all over for the lie was genius and when he recovered booted the skinny relation for not giving out enough whip.

“Oh Great Queen Conan has looted the Temple of Nerthus and ravaged the priestesses and put up pictures of Morrigan for worship, and we know how Nerthus feels about her?”

And Christina feared Nerthus might come visiting then noticed a bill attached to the

complaint, “A Hundred thousand gold marks will compensate the priestesses.”

And Christina looked at her money chest and saw moths flying away for it was empty.

“Oh Great Queen Tom is not so innocent for he ravages all the daughters he can find and demands closed sewers for the open ones smell something and the cost of his damage is twenty million gold marks for Haliput is full of daughters and do you want to know the cost of covering the sewers?”

And Christina grew faint.

“Oh Great Queen that nasty dog Cur chases oxen pulling circus wagons and Marty’s cousin thirty times removed is driving uncle the crossed eyed Burke loses control and the wagons have blocked the open sewers; and the rats living in the sewers are using the wagons as ladders to reach the streets, why your palace is **now** rat infested, and Give a Pied Piper Harry wants ten million gold marks to trap them,” and Harry had a fit over his lie and because he foamed and shut his eyes the skinny whipper took a break.

A short break for Harry Blackhood was known to sleep with an eye open.

And Christina shook and had a fit herself but never mind a petition about The Mage was waiting to be read when she awoke.

“The Mage rides Bat Wing turning citizens into newts and toads for he needs them for ingredients that he sells to citizens to grow warts who then must buy ingredients to get rid of them, and the toad and newts are suing you for damages,” and for effect a minor relation had enclosed a toad so Christina screamed and threw the thing out a window and it went down a citizen's back so he screamed all the way home.

“Who threw a toad down my shirt?” He asked everyone he met and they all replied, “Hello warty face,” for we all know what toads give!

But Christina kept numb for the complainer was seven feet tall and all muscle.

“Oh Great Queen Captain Moronicus and his Lost Patrol billet where they please and the homes they leave are no longer fit for fairies to live in for they are not house trained so send them away fast,” and Christina saw a PS ,” Moronicus don't forget wants to marry you, think of the cost of all the newspaper you must put down on the floor.”

“Oh Great Queen, Alicadabara with his two inch wand turned the night watch into donkeys to keep Lord Tootanfoot company and boasts he will marry you and don't forget he is a Fiend, ugly and carbuncle ridden with itchy feet to lie in your bed and cuddle into you on your wedding night.” And the many wives of the night watch and suing for maintenance and their girl friends too.

“Loan Terms,” she read and threw the petitions at Cannymindtrex disappearing in red robes with these words, “I will marry none of them lawyer.”

So Christina summoned her sedan chair and improperly dressed dancing girls for they were young and full of flirtatious ideas for they were not married and tied down with sixteen kids and stretch marks places.

And the chorus appeared and sang, “Fall down and worship her with the pretty ankles.”

And the naked barbarian fanners stood beside Christina and the crowd gaped when they should have shut their eyes; *for the fanners were all minor relations of Arnie something from Austria so the gapers were in for a thrill of a life time.*

And Christina sought Garrison in the gutters where they slept for they fell there full of XXX the night before so were covered in them rats queuing up to run up circus wagons to escape the life of the sewers..

And Garrison when found Christina sent Sprintex from her high Sedan chair to empty the petitions at The Mage's feet for he was a secret alcoholic so was in the sewer

with his boozing pals.

“We are illiterate,” Conan bragged.

But deep down Garrison were happy they was getting the bung for it meant they were going home to a moat that stunk worse than the open sewers.

Where Womba's socks called, “Where art thou, come get us on,” from the bottom of the moat.

And happier they didn't have to pay any bills, just leave a gnawed chicken bone as a tip.

And because Harry Blackhood was rubbing his hands and salivating never noticed Offaltrex buy out the wife and mistress's shares in his shops.

“He was a down and out ship's cook so why should I have noticed him?” Harry Blackhood.

And Offaltrex never let on he was getting rich and more rich and even filthy rich in case someone said, “You are one of them, Garrison.”

And did not paint his name over the shops just in case he had to pay Garrison bills and so he held no grudges against the wife and mistress so gave them night porter jobs and a tied house out the back, pig pens with these words, “More than what they gave me,” and hugged his teddy and added, “Many fairies living in cardboard boxes will envy them.” And bought teddy silk pyjamas for bed time.

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And Bat Wing and Old Nag spent many a happy month above Haliput breathing in its essences so were ill often; so never got around to the interesting stuff in a relationship but did speak these words of wisdom: “Our holiday is over thanks to them lot.”

And a hundred years later stalls opened up on them hills and other hills as the

owners did not want to admit their hill was not the hill these two creatures sat and messed the place up for there was no facilities; and the stalls sold plastic dinosaurs.

“Everyone would leave my restaurant and go eat at the restaurants at the top of his hill were these fabled creatures sat, and worse eat more cheaply and healthy,” Blackhood so erected signs on every hill claiming it was the spot of the creatures and had the stalls sell noodles too.

Harry's Chinese Restaurant and sold sweet and sour calve trotters and noodles.

Harry's Kebabs and sold spicy noodles.

Harry's Tea and Cakes and sold strawberry flavoured noodles.

And shops with revolving restaurants belonged to him, Offaltrex the opposition and yes the pig pens still existed round the back and tourists paid to see where the wife and mistress lived out their years.

“Garrison is getting the bung, looks like the Burke will want to sit on my sagging back,” Old Nag devising ways to buck Womba off into the sewer.

“Yes that arthritic dirty old man who turns fairies into newts will want to fly about on me,” Bat Wing devising ways to buck The Mage off a thousand feet up.

“I will straighten my back and turn my face to him, then snarl just before I bite a chunk of flesh out of him and he will be so surprised he will just fall off just like that,” for Old Nag knew his days as a star attraction Bucking Brunko was over; so was forced to resort to nasty methods.

“My hero,” Bat Wing sighed and rubbed her neck against the horse's neck and her scales cleared much fur so thingies were seen, ticks and nits that live on a horse never brushed and left to fend for itself.

And was a lie for Bat Wing as she sighed thought of another hero, a big red and black dragon with soot stains and sighed again and Old Nag felt good he could make a

girl sigh twice.

“We can find a hill at The Bridge and sit on our haunches watching them,” Old Nag cheerfully.

“Yes as critics and do nothing as we have done throughout this story,” Bat Wing and knew when the old horse was away she did be flying about with that dragon or worse, in his cave looking at his pressed flower collection!

For bat Wing knew the fiery hot dragon could make a girl sigh three times.

And here an Alsop fable, “Do not throw away the black address book.”