

## Womba

## Greatest Event Since Sailing off the Square World.

Billboards advertised Garrison sailing into the sunset never to be seen again.

“Hurrah hurrah,” the crowd for it hated Garrison that was to them a stray dog they had befriended that weed in your best China as the priest came by, and left unmentionables with a strong pong on your 'Welcome' doormat for the priest to stand in.

Not to mention it chewed the carpet too shreds for the priest to trip on and and scream as he hit the chewed lamp stand that now fell on him, and since the candle was lit set him on fire so he ran screaming from your house.

“And we donated the balloons to make a party atmosphere,” Blackhood, “let this be a lesson in economics,” and choked on a big cigar and added, “I will get used to it, the image counts,” and dribbled for he knew balloons led to XXX and a baby boom and nappy sales would go up.

And a thousand minor relation heads coughed on small cigars and nodded and dribbled saliva and had fits just like him for money was visualised.

“The image counts,” they all agreed.

“Assandeadlyknife my distant relation, you will burst the balloon that is to take Garrison away, just as it floats over the fin infested sea.”

“How Boss?” Assandeadlyknife for he was thick as thick toast.

“Do you own a knife?”

“Yes Boss,” and Assandeadlyknife showed Boss his sharp knife and soon red stuff was squirting from his fingers for he was ever so careless as well as thick as thick toast.

“Just be in the balloon OK,” and Boss Harry Blackhood ran for a bucket and

coughed these words, "Cough cough the image counts," then was ill for he was allergic to tobacco.

So once upon a time then an assassin as thick as thick toast sneaked under trampolines and ropes to get close to Garrison.

"Here I bet you don't have a ticket to see Garrison?" A minor relation whose job it was to catch those sneaking under trampolines to see Garrison and then beat them up good with a crowbar.

"Eeek," was heard and "Ouch."

Then the black and blue thick as toast assassin crawled under tables and had to crawl fast for horrid things was done his legs; for here under the tables his fingers got stood on and those above some had too much XXX and relieved themselves on him for the latrine was too far away; and others stumped their cigars out on him and rats fought him for scraps here too. And some full of XXX and the ingredients of Coffin Pie were ill on him. And some were tittering Geek girls in heavy laced up boots that were attached to jerking legs so went places and he could not "Eeek," for he knew assassins never did.

And so unable to use his legs and fingers and stinking and smouldering something the assassin crawled and moaned away and passed floozy women who giggled and then used their parasols on him; for no one understands the mind of floozy women; then bored of this and in a hurry to reach the drunks at the tables and get their gold marks for presents ran all over him, and their stiletto shoes went in his eyes as well as important places.

"Shriek," and "cur blimey that hurts," was heard but no one took any notice but some did say, "My something stinks?" And sprinkled more perfume about that sprinkled into his sore eyes so made them puff worse.

And being unable to see crawled into the thunder box and out again covered in loo paper. "Something stinks?" The park attendants then seeing the escaping loo paper beat the stink up good with brooms and mops for this was a 5 Star Park.

Yes his name was Assandeadlyknife and bumped his head into the big balloon that was to carry Garrison over the sea.

"Here this old rug must be Cur's to sleep on?" Womba and threw Assandeadlyknife onto the balloon.

"Up here I will wait and use my sharp dagger so the balloon drops to the hungry fins," and cut himself again so really did some medical help; but he was an assassin and trained to be deadly tough.

Assandeadlyknife was his name and bled all over the top of the balloon and they say fins can smell blood ten miles away.

And the balloon basket was filed with picked snails in jars, bananas and a flock of geese, a herd of cows and treats like gingerbread fairies spread in black molasses.

Yummy and sticky too.

And a portable army loo for they did need one.

But what about him hiding in the balloon above with a red stained dagger, what was he too use.

Never mind assassins were trained to hold it in for days and longer.

"Goodbye citizens," The Mage, "We are sorry to leave but must go home."

And millions nodded agreement and he above in the balloon wished The Mage did hurry for he had been last in the training class and wanted a latrine quick.

But he was an assassin and had a job to do.

"Yes I have a job to do, curse," and crossed his legs and used a piece of string.

"Hurry up and go," the crowd shouted back.

“Ungrateful fairies,” Conan and Apes agreed with an, “Ook.”

Then Sprintex arrived from Christina with a note.

“Our pardon,” that Burke Womba.

“Mage be a dear and give me a goose that lays golden eggs?”

And The Mage a fool for a pretty ankle that was showing at the top of a nearby sedan chair agreed.

And Sprintex ran back and Christina greeted the goose with these words, “Hurry and lay a gold egg or it's goose orange tonight girl.”

“Quack,” the goose and laid a hurried egg and was a miracle for it was a boy goose.

“Here were is my egg?” A bar owner whose bar Dwarf and Grisly had demolished.

“And mine?” A pie maker whose pies Harold had eaten and not paid for.

“And mine?” A waitress in a slit dress for Tom had never paid for the service for he was just an innocent Garrison boy and did not know his ABC.

“Hurry to the palace,” Christina and left the rioting mob and The Mage had the fire under the balloon lit so the balloon filled with hot air; and because the rioting crowd made so much noise no one heard the gasps and screams from the balloon as Assandeadlyknife cooked.

“I must see what all this noise is about?” Harry Blackhood emerging from his house and saw indeed a rioting crowd coming down the narrow street and behind him a thousand minor relations so he could not get back in his house.

And some say the minor relations deliberately pretended to be stuck in his doorway for giggling and “his chips are in,” was heard by them in the crowd that ran over Harry Blackhood mugging him as they went.

And muggers know what to do to victims so soon even the moans and groans coming from the flattened black hood stopped.

“Messy wasn't it?” Old Nag still on the hill top.

“Yes,” Bat Wing but her mind was on a red dragon with soot stains.