

Womba

No Evidence

“The balloon,

Fairies attempt to reach the stars.

Poofed just like that.

And bunged Garrison.

To fins below.

Waiting for the mealy mouthed parachutes,

That was Garrison coming down,” Satirextex.

“That poet certainly comes cheap,” Harry Blackhood.

So a plastic statue was modelled by Sampenciltrex and his monkey. In dockland it stands and seafarers throw pennies at it with these words, “We know Garrison is still amongst the clouds so give us fare winds and no following fins for many of us fall overboard when doing our abolitions in the stern,” and explains why sea fairers never eat prunes and suffer constipation.

And here Aslop advice, “Beware then what is in a ship's apple barrel?”

And at night when sea fairers sleep it off in gutters and at Filthy Big Bertha's Sailor's Home scores of black hoodies appear and collect the pennies and take them to Harry Blackhood.

“I am rich drool cough dribble,” Harry Blackhood and “must smoke one of these as the image counts cough wheeze pant.”

But here the truth about Assandeadlyknife in the balloon cooking on slow heat.

“I must use my dagger and destroy this horrid balloon before I am casserole,”
Assandeadlyknife.

So he looked out of the balloon where the heat comes up so was toasted some more with these words, “Where is the jam?” And seeing no sea or fins below knew he must get the balloon to the sea where ever it was but how? And had no idea for he was thick as thick toast.

“That is why I sent him,” the BLACKHOOD HARRY dribbling and coughing on a cigar as he read how much he had insured Assandeadlyknife.

And as Assandeadlyknife crawled back inside the balloon his dagger fell out of his pocket and pricked the balloon.

“Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiisssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss,” went the balloon.

“Oh dear what have I done?” Assandeadlyknife for he was thick as thick toast.

So rushing air sucked him into the hole he had made so never heard The Mage.

And the rushing air was so loud no one heard what The Mage said too.

But What'shisname thought he said throw unwanted stuff out to lesson the weight or perish.

“So help me Cutyagizzardout,” Whipthemhard and together threw Lord Tootanfoot out of the balloon.

“Enaw,” Lord Tootanfoot in mid air with no air to stand on.

“No one wants a half donkey anyway,” Cutyagizzardout the nasty animal lover.

And a lucky thing it was a half donkey thingamajig as it had hands to grab a trailing rope.

“We need volunteers to go up and stitch the hole in the balloon,” The Mage so volunteers gathered at the opposite end of the basket away from him and counted seagulls nonchalantly.

So the wicker basket tilted and “Help,” was heard as members of that lazy no good disease ridden Lost Patrol fell out.

And none perished for they all held onto Alicadabara some place so he shrieked and begged them to let go so pulled him out to.

And not one did let go for they had just air to walk on.

And crawled up Alicadabara lengthening something so he shrieked louder and fainted a good thing too for they stuck their toes in his eyes and mouth so gagged him, just as well for his shrieks were ear piercing and sore.

And clung to each other's chain mail and when that was ripped away clung to unmentionables and when that was ripped away just as Alicadabara awoke he shrieked again at what was in front of him; Tootanfoot who was grabbed by the Lost Patrol so cheer up, none fell to the fins below.

So the these hardy naked marines clung to their mates hairy chests and legs till the fur was ripped away.

Yes fur for these are members of the Lost Patrol whose mothers danced the Dance of The Maypole under full moons in an effort to get husbands for they had warts and moles from drinking vile stuff to attract husbands. And did not know they was better off being single.

And anyway: when the fur was gone there was your mates long curled up black toe nails to hold onto so “Yuck I isn't clinging to those,” was heard then “Yikes,” for there was nothing else to cling to except Alicadabara again who clung to a donkey man.

“Enaw,” was also heard in a high pitch for Alicadabara was not careful what he clung too.

“Volunteers,” Womba as he clung to The Mage to stop himself joining the clingers outside.

And why The Mage helped him, for he did not like Womba that close for strange things lived in Womba's clothes, things that made you scratch.

“Banana here Apes,” The Mage and Apes did not get his banana for, “Ta very much,” Womba and ate the fruit and went up the balloon with a needle and thread. But never got there as Apes was peeved off about the banana so jumped Womba who had no option but to drop the only needle and thread.

That explains why The Mage was all boggled eyed for he had foamed at the mouth and pulled his long white hair out at the roots.

So writhed in agony now.

“Throw the Burke off,” members of The Lost Patrol urged the ape.

“Here that Burke is our sergeant,” Conan being a barbarian always wanting a punch up for he had watched to many John Waynetrex movies; so jumped the marines and shred more fur.

“Order in the ranks,” Admiral Wotanic and was thrown over board.

“Not me too?” Captain Moronicus in his navy feathered hat.

“This is a mutiny so walk the plank,” a marine.

“There is no plank,” Moronicus saved.

So threw him overboard just like that.

Then Captain Red Beard told the marines he was a pirate and one of them but the marines knew what a captain was so tried to throw him overboard.

And did but he took many of them with him for he was big and muscular and exercised with weights daily and ate his cereals and greens.

But the idiots fighting below undid the balloon's harness so WOSH away it went out to sea where fins waited.

“I am rich,” Harry Blackhood clutching the insurance papers and dribbled so it ran from his gums to his feet, “that is why I sent Assandeadlyknife for he is thick and knew he did assassinate himself he ah he ha,” the greedy BOSS using a telescope for fairies

were not a backward lot, jut fairies.

“Now I can marry Christina and own Ball and be called King Blackhood.”

Anyway: As Cutyagizzardout tried to cut Whipthemhard gizzards out The Mage clicked and scratched for Womba had been close to him, and Old Nag found himself outside the wicker basket attached to it by harness.

“Well at least it isn't me,” Bat Wing and went back to dream of a red dragon with soot stains but The Mage had not forgotten her so she pulled the basket too.

And more clicks passed so The Mage was left all alone smoking Conan's clay pipe with satisfaction across his face, for the scratchy thingies did not like tobaccy smoke.

“Chirp tweet tweety,” fairies chirped pulling the basket next to a horse and bat.

“Bird sounds to soothe nerves, wish Confucus could be here,” The Mage and a pity Harry Blackhood was watching a balloon amongst fins so did notice the basket or stalls selling out of stock goods.

“Don't return with them shoddy goods or else,” the minor hoodies remembered so gave them away to Offaltrex and his minor relations for no one would buy them.

Why Offaltrex had sent his minor relations out with baseball bats, bigger ones than Harry's minor relations carried under their black hoodies to impress the minor relations.

“I will sell his goods and let him know how I got them and Harry being a stressed out workaholic merchant must have ulcers that will groan and pop and send him to hell,” the merchant Offaltrex and here an Aslop fable, “Tinker sailor soldier cobbler airman but never merchant will I be.”

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“Lay an egg you feathered roast,” Christina soothing the goose to make it lay a golden egg; and since it refused stroked its long neck between her hands.

“Bo ho ho what have I done?” After she had strangled it of course.

“I presume Madam has savings,” Sprintex always ready at her side to sprint.

“How much have you?” For Christina had learnt much from Harry Blackhood and was to hit a gong to summon Pittar Patter.

So Sprintex swallowed hard and squeaked, “Twenty thousand gold marks,” for he was a hoarder saving for a rainy day; and behold it was raining newts and frogs just like that.

And Christina hit the gong and took his savings.

“Put not your trust in princesses,” Sprintex as he heard Pittar Patter the Chief Executioner coming for him.

“Ha ha just joking,” the wicked princess with pretty ankles.

“Gasp pant I am so relieved your majesty,” Sprintex and wisely did not mention the names he thought to call her.

And a hearse stopped at the palace gates where guards looked the other way for they had not been paid.

And Harry Blackhood stepped out of the hearse as a mist enveloped him.

“Eagor,” Harry shouted and Eagor doubling as driver, coachman, valet, bouncer, messenger jumped down for he was huge and gormless and worse a minor relation.

And went on all fours so Master could ride him into the palace.

So Eagor added atmosphere.

So Christina gripped her throne as mist rolled in under the throne room door that suddenly opened to eerie music and there was Eagor with Harry who wore gleaming spurs.

And the door slammed into Pittar patter who would not be chopping for a while for he was moaning and slithering on the floor; and here his head cracked Eagor's chin just as Harry used his gleaming spurs to make Eagor rise up on his hind legs.

For effect for Harry always wanted an entrance like that out of the cowboy movies.

But Harry Blackhood was a miser not cow hand so fell off Eagor with a thud.

“Where am I?” Harry as he staggered and tripped over Pittar Patter so his head went into a Confucius Willow Pattern vase and stuck there.

“Boss where art thou?” The gormless monster Eagor and picked up the vase and threw it hard against a wall to save Boss.

So the vase split open and Harry saw many queens and did not know which to demand marriage from?

And because he was in a spin never saw a wicker basket pulled by Garrison at the palace balcony.

“Ga,” Eagor for he clapped his hands for there was a chimp there he could play with for Eagor had no friends; and by the way Eagor could not tell a chimp and ape apart.

“Take the basket full of golden eggs Harry and my debt to you is clear,” Christina loosening her senses and Harry dribbled all over the place so slipped on his saliva and landed in the wicker basket. And it was painful for hard gold eggs were there so he moaned and shrieked a little.

“And take the lousy goose too,” Christina added and threw the goose on him.

“All mine mine mine,” Harry Blackhood still seeing many queens,” and never saw The Mage click a finger so all the eggs became chocolate eggs that started too melt for Harry sat upon them.

And the real golden eggs floated away to a treasure chest and Eagor never saw where they went for he was offering a big chimp a banana to play Hop Scotch for Eagor had no friends.

“Ook,” Apes for he had no friends either so shared the banana.

“Ga,” Eagor happy.

“Sign here?” The Mage handing Harry Blackhood a quill to sign away all debts owned him by Christina.

“Apes come here or else?” The Mage and showed Apes a vision of a circus where Apes would be jumping through flaming hoops and swinging as a trapeze monkey with no net below.

“Ook,” Apes hurrying over no longer interested in Eagor as a friend.

“Take Harry home,” The Mage and Apes did just that threw the wall so Harry being delicate shrieked.

And Eagor shouted “Ga,” to his departing friend begging him to write and cried too.

“Ook,” Apes on top of the Empire State Look a like Building and couldn't remember his orders for he had a peanut in his hand and head.

“Now my head has stopped spinning so where are the eggs?” Harry Blackhood noticing the receipt for debts cancelled. So was wrath and threw the basket away and demanded Apes take him down; but Apes realised now he needed two hands to shell the peanut so let go of Harry who drifted away in the breeze.

And Harry gyrated all the way down to an open sewer that was full of toads and newts for it had been raining recently.

But luck was with the miser for Harry hit the grass so did not catch warts from the toads.

And Eagor followed the fluttering black clothe to the open sewer where he saw a basket with a goose in it so grabbed it with these words, “Ga,” for he was huge and gormless thinking Boss would be happy now he had these goodies.

“Shriek,” Boss under Eagor's feet for Eagor was disaster prone and stood and kicked Harry his Boss now a black clothe into the sewer where warts waited for a home.

“I must do something about Eagor?” Harry Blackhood crawling out of the sewer and Eagor was so happy to see him he hugged and threw Harry up and down and being gormless forgot to catch Harry when he came down.

Never mind it was supper time so Eagor quickly carried Harry home for watery gruel waited for Eagor at his position at the long table; and Eagor knew Harry could remember where that was? And don't feel sad for Harry for blighters never look skyward for Heaven is there, so look at the pavement for Hell and Arawan are there so feel safe warm and cosy; and Harry found many pennies on the pavement so was content.

Anyway: “What brought you back?” Christina glad but outside the palace an angry crowd for they could see Garrison in a wicker basket.

“No homing instinct,” meaning the fairies were useless map readers.

“We want Garrison broiled quartered and hung,” the angry crowd.

“Time to leave Princess,” The Mage who took the opportunity to lean down and kiss her pretty hand and saw further down her pretty ankles.

For The Mage was a dirty old man and real lucky Christina never felt his saliva dribbling onto her feet or The Mage did feel something kick him pretty hard some place.

“My heroes,” was what the blind princess said for she was light headed from being rescued from Harry when in reality it was Garrison essence that had fainted her.