

And citizens demanded Garrison get the bung and The Mage promised they would when The Wagon was built?

“What wagon,” it just takes one someone.

“This wagon,” The Mage showing them a blueprint, “a four wheeler convertible, hundred boar power.”

“Buy one?” Another just takes someone in the angry crowd.

“Cheaper D.I.Y.,” The Mage and the crowd agreed for they must be relations of Egor.

“One wagon?” One of these gormless maybe relations of Egor and the angry crowd quietened down for they were plain curious.

“Built just like that.” The Mage and was a lie.

And some ones whispered amongst themselves and asked again, “One wagon?”

“I promise,” The Mage.

“Agreed then, then you clear off right?” Another thick citizens.

“Of course,” The Mage looking at a diner menu from a nearby classy restaurant for Garrison would be sent away to chop down a forest and in a week drink many pubs empty of XXX and at the end of the week a wheel 20 feet in diameter finished.

And always a seller of flowers nearby in a large black hoodie for it was Harry's new spy who doubled as valet, mugger and cook, Egor for Harry was rich because he saved on wages.

And Egor brought news there was to be a royal wedding so Harry Boss Blackhood put on his finest black hood fresh from a laundry and went to the palace where a new

guard replied to his demands to get in with these fruit smelling words: “Ook.”

“Eagor,” Harry screamed offended, “fix that chimp.”

“Ook,” Apes and crushed nuts in his fingers for he had been insulted.

So Eagor took hold of the nearest thing to mangle between his fingers to show off his strength.

And it was a black shiny hoodie fresh from the Chinese laundry.

“Come on hit me if you dare?” Eagor.

“Ook,” the reply.

“Right on the jaw monkey.”

“Ook,” the reply.

And as the two giants threw insults at each other Harry Boss Blackhood limped into the palace unopposed proving that Eagor did indeed come in handy.

“Here just what I need?” Womba grabbing the black robe no longer fresh from a Chinese laundry; and rubbed Old Nag down for Old Nag had been rolling in straw covered in horse stuff.

“It was Tom Womba,” Conan, Harry heard as he went between Old Nag's legs.

“Only a lad too?” Womba cleaning Old Nag's bottom with the rag.

“I taught him well,” Conan as Womba dipped the rag in a bucket of disinfectant and then wrung it dry and tossed it aside to Cuttyagizzard'sout and Whipthemhard his best friend.

For Womba saw the shiny rag was no longer black and gleaming but green and smelly so did not want it any where near Old Nag who only deserved the best rags.

“Just what I need to wipe my daggers clean,” Cuttyagizzard'sout and did.

“You hear it was Tom?” He asking Whipthemhard.

And Harry thought a razor sharp dagger passing his bitties was worth it to learn

more.

“When will it be?” Cuttyagizzard'sout giving the cut up rag to Whipthemhard for whip practice.

And Whipthemhard whipped the rag many times.

And the old torn smelly green rag never shrieked once.

“There be a crow moving about that discarded rag?” Whipthemhard told his friend Cuttyagizzard'sout.

“Croak croak,” Harry Blackhood seeing if he could imitate a crow there did be deliverance for crows where lucky birds to pirates so Satirextex wrote.

“Then whip it to death for all pirates know crows bring bad luck,” Cuttyagizzard'sout and Harry swallowed hard and hated Satirextex.

And the rag was whipped to pieces so it jumped this way and that.

“Mummy,” the rag.

“Whip it harder friend for the bird speaks Ballenese so must be a were-rag,” Cuttyagizzard'sout advised and comforted himself with a ration of rum.

“Well it has stopped withering so give me some of that ration as whipping a crow to pieces is thirsty work,” Whipthemhard and the two pirates left the rag.

Then Red Beard appeared with Scarab the royal scribe.

“Soon I will complete the Stories of Womba and friends,” Scarab said.

“Yes then the citizens will love us again,” and Red Beard drew his two cutlasses to stab the dirty shredded rag and although a little breeze the rag blew about here and there so Red Beard missed it.

“Did you hear?” Scarab.

“Tom, yeh a lucky boy,” Red Beard and the rag stopped fluttering to hear the better so got jabbed many times by Red Beard who said, “For a minute I thought I had lost my

aim.”

And so left the rag to slither to any exit to escape these people but met Moronicus and The Lost Patrol.

“Look a rag blowing on the wind, spear men practice time,” Moronicus who never bothered about practice time in his life but just felt lucky today.

And the spear men did so Moronicus shouted, “Monkeys could do better,” for the rag made sure not a spear pierced it for it was quick.

“We are the guard of honour and must do better if we are to protect Tom and you know who?” The Lost Patrol, and the rag stopped to hear the better so got many spears in it.

And the Guard of Honour took their spears and left.

“I must escape this asylum,” the rag spat and caterpillar fashion sought an exit.

So met Wotanic and Drunken Noddy who stood upon the rag and wiped their mailed feet on it for their was much donkey stuff in the yard.

And the rag stopped withering to hear better: “I hate Tom and know she loves me,” Wotanic complained.

“Maybe she wont come back from the honeymoon and I can be king again,” Drunken Noddy and drank much cheap meths and spilled much and as they moved on, a thrown away lit barbarian tobaccy floated onto the rag so, “Wosh,” and the rag jumped this way and that into a bucket of water to put the blazing meths out.

“Oh look a bit of leg sticking out of that rag, must be a beggar's spare,” the pirate What'shisname everyone forgot and tried hard to rip the leg off the rag but failed.

“Nasty selfish dirty rag,” What'shisname and booted the rag much till the leg stopped groaning.

Then as he left a half donkey came with a stomach like a goat so chewed away on

the tasty rag.

“Ha he ha he,” the rag who liked being tickled and donkey did a tantrum for it did not like its food to talk back.

“At last I am out of this hell house,” the rag meaning the palace as he slid to the steps that led to the courtyard and town.

And rag crawled to Egor sitting sharing peanuts with Apes for they were friends.

“Look a filthy disease ridden rag,” Egor.

“Ook,” Apes agreeing.

And a passing flock of crows saw the rag as a hawk in disguise so pecked it good.

And the crows numbered one hundred and all had a peck so rag stayed airborne twenty minutes.

Then rag floated down just as a circus passed driven by Marty the crossed eyed cousin of someone and there where thirty elephants, three dozen covered wagons, many careless fire eaters, tight rope walkers and lions and tigers with long talons. Not forgetting chimps with no nappies.

And Egor and Apes watched the rag get done real good eating peanuts.

And the rag was kicked into the open sewer where fins left it alone for it stunk bad.

So floated home with these words, “Egor will wish he was never born.”

But Egor with these words had left with his new friend, “We are out of nuts, lucky my master pays me a penny a month so I can buy more nuts, and we can share them at my house,” Egor for he was thick as bananas and about to wish he never was born.

*He ha he ha a sort of maniacal laugh.*

“Help me Egor,” the filthy rag crawling out of the open sewer so Apes took fright.

“I will broom this talking disease ridden rag to save my new friend,” so Egor broomed the rag.

“Ook,” and Apes bit it some for good measure.

“There there there friend have a nut,” Eagor and soothed his new friend and behind them a rag rose from the dusting and Apes shrieked and threw Harry's big table at rag and fled.

“Nasty rag,” Eagor and threw hundreds of minor relations eating at the big table at rag and ran after his new friend.

And that night Doctor Leecherex left Harry Blackhood's house minus three dozen leech jars and ball of cat gut.

And because Dr. Leecherex had left Harry stopped moaning and groaning.

“What did Tom do?” Harry Blackhood asked himself for he had learnt this by heart

“I know Boss,” and was Eagor come out of the shadows so gave Boss a heart attack.

“I will pound his chest as I see Dr. Leecherex do,” Eagor and pounded Harry good till he was pounded out of bed where he crawled under the bed where he asked Eagor, “What tell me please did Tom do?” And hated Eagor and knew it a waste of daylight to beat the daylight out of Eagor for Eagor had no daylight in his skull just cobwebs.

“I have no one to blame for I hired the idiot for a relation needed shelter, perhaps I can send him to Offaltrex as a gift?” Harry the Boss under the bed next to the chamber pot Eagor had not emptied in weeks for he doubled at other jobs so never had time to empty Harry's potty.

“Cur what a stink, if I crawl out there that idiot will do something nasty to me I know it but I can not stay here so must risk it,” Harry Blackhood the Boss and crawled between Eagor's legs and what he thought was fresh air, but Eagor had eaten too many leeches that had fallen off Harry so suffered an attack of wind.

“Where am I?” Harry unable to think.

“Oh Boss let me pick you up and show you where you are,” Eagor and with willing

hands held Boss high so a head cracked a ceiling and there was a moan and thud.

And a second thud with these words, "Oh dear I think I have killed Boss," as he had dropped Boss and Boss had sprang off the bed springs and hit a nearby bedroom wall with a "Splat."

"Just tell me what you know Eagor then go and wash out the pig pens out back where the minor relations live rent free," Boss and Eagor was so relieved he was not a murderer plum forgot what he was supposed to remember.

"Is he a minor relation of Womba? For he has warts like him, habits like him, and hates me like him?" Boss asked watching Eagor skip away to the pig pens.

"Tra la la," Eagor went skipping away happy thinking of his new friend the chimp or was it a monkey?