

Womba

Eagor

A stirring of straw in a kitchen corner and from it a large hand with bolts in it reached for a dog bowl.

“EAGOR” was on the bowl not Rover.

So his large fingers groped finding blue cheese once cheddar on Black hood's long table.

Searched on finding a gnawed mutton bone and quickly pulled it into the straw.

And Eagor was happy for he remembered what Tom did and his master had thrown him the bone as reward. Was he not lucky Boss gave him straw to sleep in sheltered from the elements? And rose after breakfast sniffing warm air flowing through the doorless coal shed and stretched.

“Master wants me to do Tom.”

And Eagor put on rusty mails and belted with rope, sheathed a blunt rubber sword, put a cauldron on as helmet and wrapped a hide around his shoulders.

“Dressed through the kindness of Boss my Master Harry Blackhood.”

So sought Tom to do.

“And my parents paid Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving's circus to take me away and feed me quietly to the big cats; but my name is Give a and serve the long table were my relations eat. And taste my master's food and lock the doors and sleep with the keys under me.

I can't read for the circus people said a thlicko needn't worry about that, as long as I didn't drop the elephants I carried on my shoulder on the tight rope with no net.

But was rescued by Boss who cares for me for he whips daily and not hourly like the

circus folk.

And for Boss will bash Tom's lugs,

Pull his nose.

Make a V and poke his eyes,

Tie his fingers in knots and see if he can untie them?

Then throw him to the ground and jump on him heaps.

Then do something nasty but can't think that far ahead but know if I bash Tom and
 “Cut off his long bits,” as Boss wants, Boss said, “Birthdays come yearly and love mine
 for relations must give me presents, and no one knows yours so you never get a
 birthday; but when Tom is shredded I will give you burnt toast spread thick in lard and a
 candle and get the relations to sing, “Happy Birthday Eagor.”

So must cut off Tom's long bits that must be his hair,” and Eagor dreamed of his
 birthday treats.

“And I have paid back Assandeadlyknife for finding Eagor in the circus,” Harry
 Blackhood.

*

And Harry lay amongst gold marks heated from below as minor relations kept a
 furnace burning.

“I will heal quicker without these,” and pinged off leeches out his grilled window
 onto passing folk so, “Eeek,” was heard much. “A royal wedding is planned between
 Tom and my intended and the only consolation is selling tea mugs with their faces on
 them, and will make his ugly like Eagor.”

But Eagor was pouring hot water into a bath for Boss to soak in and heard what he
 was.

“Bo ho I am ugly,” Eagor and poured more boiling water into the bath.

“And own these seats that royal watchers must sit on along the wedding route and charge inflated prices. The pomp of marching soldiers needing polish for their boots and I own the polish factories where ten year old relations work sixteen hour shifts to make me rich. Eagor is my bath ready? And get my book 'Occult; from the library,” Boss and slipped into silk bathing trunks for he was bashful. Black trunks with gold \$ printed on them.

And Eagor who had been preoccupied crying that he was ugly had forgotten about adding cold water to the bath; and because he went in search of a library with these words, “Bo ho I am ugly and what is a library,” never heard Boss scream as he lowered himself into the bath.

A Boss too weak from a good leeching and a Boss that sat on the slippery soap.

A Boss that found he knew how to curse Eagor good with these words, “I hate you ugly thingamajig,” and Eagor didn't know what a thingamajig was so ignored Boss.

“Master needs me to scrub his back,” was the sort of servant Eagor was and returned to Boss and was happy to see Boss so lively splashing about the bath as he tried to get out.

“Scrub a dub dub,” Eagor sang happily as he scrubbed red the skin behind Harry Black hood's ears.

“I must get a book on the occult to get rid of Eagor,” Harry foamed as soap bubbles left his mouth for Eagor knew a mouth needed a good washing too,

Or the breath did smell and Boss's always did of gold marks he kissed and sucked and cigars he coughed on for image counts.

BUT BEHOLD.

Haliput's betting shops raised the stakes whether it did be a boy or girl.

“He's a commoner like us,” a pie maker boasting.

“Lucky boy,” a hunter dreaming of pretty ankles he only saw when he grovelled and looked up as Christina passed on her sedan.

And was a dangerous thing to do as if them naked barbarian fanners caught you ogling, they beat you with them fans.

Then dragged you under the feet of the chorus girls to make sure you never peeked again.

“It happened in that rose garden,” a washer woman and bought a pie.

“But will she wear white?” The hunter with many cages of rats in a wagon for everyone was in such a festive mood sales of pies with ringed tails were up.

So had bought himself the newest mule wagon painted navy blue with a horn too.

And a war galley had been watered down and disinfected and painted pink and made ready for honeymooners and its crew given sailor uniforms.

“See this tattoo, Tom did that for me,” Whipthemhard and sold that tattoo to the highest royal artefact collector but forgot the tattoo was attached to his skin; for pirates weren't the brightest lot.

“See these lashes, done on the Victorious,” Cuttyagizzard'sout and the bidders knew they did sneak up on him as he slept XXX off in the open sewer and Dr. Leecherex did be one and skin him good for the royal artefact.

For he was just a drunken pirate no one loved.

And royal collectors stole everything they could, the royal loo seat, the whips, even Sprintex for a while till he sprinted away.

“What will you give me?” Christina asked and was happy as the collectors gave her back her loo seat.

“Click,” The Mage producing a diamond ring for magic lets you take thingies from expensive jewellers without paying.

“For me,” Christina and swooned so The Mage would have to catch her and he did and drooled over her pretty ankles; but she knew what she was doing, a peek and drool was worth a ruby ring at least.

“I am needing brass buttons and a new robe and perhaps a replacement for Egor,” and was a jealous whisper.

And Womba gave Christina Old Nag; “To carry you and Tom into the sunset,” and deliberately gave them the horrid stubborn horse to buck them into the first open sewer the happy couple passed, for he suffered sour grapes. “If I didn't have this wart?” He cursed the thing on the end of his nose.

“I will sell the beast to the knackers yard,” and was a cruel whisper originating from a Black hood.

And Tom had ideas that went to his head and sneaked into Christiana's privy to wash her pretty ankles and was booted out with a scrubber, violently with these words, “I like a soak in the bath not annoyed by a boy,” so he knew who was his BOSS.

“From Daddy,” and was a note stuck to a crate of cheap meths and half empty for daddy was a drunk.

And Tom never saw a single bottle but heard raucous laughter and giggles when Christina and her cronies gathered behind closed doors; but felt the empties as they threw them at him when he sneaked in with these words, “Honey its me Tom,” and these her words, “This is only a marriage of convenience so boy get back to scouring the pots and pans,” for she was contemptuous of innocent boys.

So Tom fled saying, “Another twenty years and I will be an adult and wear the pants in this marriage.”

And Moronicus was forced by his men to give from his own pocket, for they knew he was a generous chap with a bag of marks, his last pay for they did not want Christina to

send them on another cruise with Garrison for being miserly did not wish to spend their own cash. Cash bought waitress service as well as dinner.

But did not watch Moronicus who bought cheap thread and a basket of silk worms instead with these words, "I will tell Christina they spent their pay in Filthy Big Bertha's so have them sent on that cruise and be free of them at last."

"And I will give him his present back in the dark royal dungeons to sew a wedding dress for her when I marry her," an ugly twisted whisper from him under the hood again.

"To you to ward off barbarians full of XXX and no sense," Conan and gave a wedding present of garlic and that whisper floated by, *"I will steal that as Egor needs warded off and his cooking has no flavour."*

"Woof," and Cur licked her pretty ankles so was booted away with these words, "To the pound."

"I will have it plucked and feed it to Egor who will suddenly turn purple and die and be free of the monster," that dastardly whisper again.

"Ook," and Apes in formal pink ballerina dress gave Christina a bunch of bananas.

"Why thank you very much, just what I always wanted," and gave her gloved hand for Apes to kiss and slurp over.

"For you honey," Tootanfoot giving her his engagement ring for he still intended to marry her.

"Fetch boy," Christina and threw a carrot off her balcony and the donkey could not help itself and leaped after it with these words, "Enaw help."

"Thud," was heard from below.

"I will get Egor to make banana cake for he is a survivor," the hated whisper adding, *"the ring will save me buying one,"* for Harry Blackhood Boss was tight and

then ordered Eagor to bath for, “You body smells are offensive,” and was a lie for Eagor used rose water to wash in when he awoke, rose water he found in crates in sheds belonging to Harry.

“The water is still boiling, now I must get my occult book and summon a new servant for Eagor will be broiled to death ha he ha ho,” Harry the evil genius.

“What a lucky duck you are to have me to play with?” Eagor who was happy he had a new friend to splash in the bath with.

“He is not even beginning to toast?” Harry disbelieving what he saw. And saw Eagor in his silk trunks stretched to bursting and the rest of what he saw made Harry violently ill.

“Eagor will clean it up,” Harry between gasps of air and being ill never realised Eagor was thick as toast so was too thick to broil and covered in warts and carbuncles and mould and fungus was better clothed than naked.

“And what will you buy Christina for a wedding present Boss?” Eagor washing his duck friend that went “Quack,” when it was squeezed.

“Nothing and fetch me ingredients now,” Harry and Eagor thought Harry mean and wicked and cruel and loathsome for not wanting to buy the happy couple just NOTHING; for Eagor had never gone to school so could not spell.

And dripping wet and naked went out to get ingredients for Harry. And good citizens seeing him screamed, “A monster is coming,” for the men were envious and woman peeked with these words, “Someone throw the zombie a lion clothe,” and Eagor was happy for they had not called him ugly.

And ingredients were: one custard pie but Eagor could not tell what a custard pie looked like for he just got mutton bones to gnaw from the table so got a pie with a ringed tail.

One adder and a vendor sold him a giant worm for Egor thought all wiggly thingies snakes.

And the vendor belonged to Offaltrex for he had heaps of minor relations as well just as greedy and ambitious so here an Aslop moral: “Never trust relations who own nothing.”

Two silver fish so Egor bought two smelly rotten fish from a vendor who saw him coming for Egor stood out in a crowd.

One fresh vulture egg and Egor bought an ostrich egg from the local fair for he knew a chicken egg was small and a vulture egg big so this was a big egg.

The fin off the back of a fin and a Chinese restaurant sold him dried jerky with these words of assurance, “Wa ho hey ding do ah,” which translated means stupid European Burke.

A jar of molten larva and Egor was happy for he just followed Cur to where doggies go and make a mess and had his jar of baby larva.

A single nose hair from Filthy Big Bertha and Egor knew this was dangerous for this woman took tantrums with him for frightening her waitresses so Egor just ran straight up to her, grabbed her hair so she stretched at a silly angle and pulled a handful of hairs out of her nose.

“Boss will be happy I have brought extra, perhaps he will give me another birthday for the thick lard was nice and stuck to my teeth, yummy,” for Egor was thick as toast and no relation of mine.

And some mercury, and Egor had seen horror movies and knew mercury was arsenic and all things bad so surprised Cur and dunked the dog in an open sewer then wrung the dog dry, so every drop of poison was not spilled.

“Now I have my mercury that will kill anything, I hope Boss is not planning making

me drink this?" And Eagor drank some to sample just in case Boss wasn't giving him any.

"Mmmmm, strawberry flavour," and encouraged Eagor to eat one of the silver fish that tasted of rotten kippers and encouraged by these exotic tastes sampled all the rest.

"I better get more ingredients and did much to the annoyance of Filthy Big Bertha who screamed the house down with these words, "I can't catch you but just wait till your Boss comes visiting, will he get it."

And Eagor to buy these goods crossed barbed wire fencing boundaries, swam piranha infested sewers, beat up many muggers who wanted his ingredients, was hit by lightening thrice, and risked his life hiring Marty's cousin thirty times removed is driving and his coach pulled by short sighted mules to get back to Harry just before midnight like the fairy tales said.

Then remembered he had not bashed Tom till he was pulp or cut his long thingies which was his hair with these words, "I will tell Master I have as not too upset him for I love my kind caring master very much.."

Perhaps Eagor belongs to you, maybe fell off the roof rack when he was a toddler and you kept on driving?