

Womba

Faggots

And through graveyards a thing picking Wolf bane.

“He loves me, he loves me not,” and ended with, “he hates me,” which made the horrid creature covered in bolts in its neck wrath, so smashed expensive gravestones, round barrows and heaved a weeping willow over the cemetery wall onto elopers taking a breather from their pursuing parents; but never mind no one complained as the monster was so big and ugly.

Ugly a word it was advised to never use in its *fugly* evil looking presence or else.

And the thing was Eagor.

Out to fox Tom somewhere in the palace and cut off his long bits.

“A mistake lad,” Conan spitting tobaccy that the wind blew onto pursuing parents so stopped them dead.

“You taught me dad?” Tom.

“Dad?” Conan looked closely at the innocent boy, no there were no big ears or beaked nose or drooping chin, why the boy was handsome so could not be his.

“It's a mistake because after you see her pretty ankles all ankles look the same and you will turn to warm beer and saddle Old Nag and loot temples before the rest of us do in May Day Holiday,” Conan advised.

“So I will ride into the sunset a rich boy,” the boy had learned well.

“And on Old Nag?”

And the boy thought hard but some of Womba had rubbed off so could not think well.

“It's my fault, I bought you that cod piece with a trap door and let you into the rose

garden,” Conan wishing it was him marrying into riches and famous relations to sponge off. “Maybe you can get further on Bat Wing?”

“But I will be king and ravage lots of servants,” Tom and if Conan didn't know he was innocent would have distanced himself for Tom had not identified what sex he would be ravaging.

“Leave it to the kid to grow up into that royal world, you are Garrison and Filthy Big Bertha is laying on a special for your coming of age party, lots of French waitresses dishing out your favourite, onion soup,” Conan seeing if the boy didn't come he could have more for himself for Blackhood had rubbed off on him.

“Gee tell me,” Tom and Conan ordered more warm beer and charged Christina's account so never heard Eagor groan, “Master hates me and flowers never lie.

Bo ho;

And wants Tom fixed.

Bo ho and hates me and must do Tom for I love Master that calls me ugly bo ho.”

So stopped in a royal rosary to see if the first flower lied so ignored the temple bells ringing for a hurried wedding.

And Tom lurched over his table spilling XXX and feared that if he missed the wedding bells he did be an engine cog; never mind the pink elephants and rats spinning in front of his eyes cheered him up.

“Drunk as a newt but have saved his life burp,” Conan who being a barbarian saw pink horses and temples gyrating in front of his eyes.

“I want to be king not an engine cog,” Tom and was ill all over Conan who minded a lot for he had a wedding to attend for he had an idea, to replace Tom at the alter so sought a bit of uncrowded sewer where washer women weren't washing clothes.

“I will be clean in no time,” but saw pink fins coming so ran screaming into a wall

with this sound, “THUD,” and fell asleep.

“Where is the faggot?” Tom's intended at the alter.

“Never fear oh great queen we will find him,” Womba putting Book away for Book just told him what royalty did to faggots. “We must save him Mage.”

“We?” And added, “What for?” For he knew what happened to accomplices.

“Because because,” but Womba didn't know for he was Womba.

“Where's my slice of wedding cake,” Harold dribbling over The Mage's sandals.

“That's why,” Womba triumphantly but was short lived.

For The Mage sighed which meant volunteers needed.

And Egor in a rose garden knew what the last rose there said, “He really does hate me,” and “I must go fix Tom who never hurt a fly.”

And just then a royal page attracted by the sound of shredding rose petals looked in and quickly averted his eyes, for in the brilliant sunshine a thing with bolts in its neck, and carbuncles the size of melons the result of sleeping on unchanged straw for straw costs money.

“I am Tom are you Tom?” Egor thinking he was funny for he had no idea what Tom looked like for Boss never paid him so could not buy a souvenir mug with Tom's face on it.

So the page ran and ran this way and down way sideways and through coal mines but made it to Christina's.

“The boy did what to my roses?” And all saw Christina move her fingers and heard Pittar Patter coming.

“Flee flee flee,” The Mage not wanting to meet him.

“Are you Tom?” Egor asked many bit none would say for they heard Christina scream, “The engine cog did what?”

\*

“Never here when you need her, typical woman,” The Mage and here an Aslop fable.  
'If women were there when needed aspirin sales did slump.'

“Book says nothing on the subject except bribe Pittar Patter for a quick clean job,”  
Womba but had no cash for Blackhood took it all in H.P. Payments and Filthy Big  
Bertha the rest in alimony payments for Womba knew many waitresses.

“Sod them,” The Mage and disappeared in a green poof.

But Womba was saved from Pittar Patter for Apes crashed through the priceless  
palace stained glass window with these words of fame, “Ook.” Then threw Womba over  
his shoulders and smashed through another priceless stained glass palace window.

Apes liked the sound of tinkling glass, it reminded him of Xmas and bananas stuffed  
with sage and onion, and presents and his birthday was soon so was making sure Womba  
did not forget.

A banana with a candle stuck in it and a holiday to the Congo would do nicely or  
else?

Then Apes remembered Womba was always tapping him for cash earned at street  
corners dancing to an organ grinder as a monkey; so threw Womba back through another  
priceless stained glass window.

“Ook,” Apes bugging off.

“Surprise surprise,” Christina entering with Pittar Patter in slippers so he was not  
heard. And saw the glass everywhere and a peanut and knew Apes was involved.

“Tie the Burke up for he can join the faggot as kindling,” for she was wrath.

And Womba dropped Book as he was set upon and was dangled from a pole so did  
not know what to do but said without Book these words:

Wait for it nice sweet smelling words that pretty ankles like.

“For you I sought,

The fairest bud,

Not from fear,

But from respect.

So feared harming a petal.

That is your body most dear to me.

My queen.

I adorest,

For thee I fight dragons.

Without thought.

The bud I love most,

My queen.”

And Pittar Patter and guards and courtiers cried and worse his queen was amazed  
prose was uttered from him for she knew him as a Burke.

“Satirextex?”

“Womba.”

So Christina sat.

And a green mist spread from underneath her.

For The Mage was already sitting there invisible.

“What pretty ankles,” The Mage for he just couldn't help himself.

“Take them all, engine cog them in rancid butter sauce,” for she was really wrath.

“I isn't with them,” The Mage lying.

“They are fags,” she screamed.

“Less insults please,” The Mage.

“Broil them alive,” her royalness.

“I will be tough,” The Mage.

Then Eagor appeared at a broken window and she screamed louder for he was ugly.

And an orange slime spread from Eagor with bits of custard pie in it for atmosphere and effect for Harry Blackhood was making an entrance. Custard pie the remains of the ingredients Eagor was sent for.

But then smelt the meths and trembled.

“Your ingredients were off, where was the silver fish?” Arawan from green sulphur asked.

“Eagor?” Harry asked immediately knowing it was a mistake to send Eagor for ingredients. And Harry felt one wiggling in his pocket so ate it to get rid of the evidence.

“If you want THING released from hell to help you one must replace THING for a year,” Arawan hoping for Christina.

“One,” Harry for he wanted rid of just one monster.

“Is THING obedient?” Harry.

“As long as you feed it.”

“I will give you Eagor for a year and you feed and keep him too.”

“I knew he hated me bo ho,” Eagor and sobbed.

SHAME.

“You get THING for six moths,” Arawan.

“Why?”

“Not enough custard pie.”

“So?”

“I love custard pie.”

“OK,” And Harry put his X down.

There was a puff of smoke and the orange mess shrunk.

“Eagor can wipe it off,” then Harry realised Eagor wouldn't be around so cackled and had a fit of heaven.

“Er what's your name,” Harry asked THING.

“THING.”

“Well THING wipe this orange mess up.”

“Can't do.”

“Why not?” Harry going for the whip he used on poor Eagor whom he hated.

“Not in the contract which is to fix Tom.”

So Harry whipped THING so found himself dangling from a rafter with the whip stuck somewhere.

Then Harry fell with a thud for Eagor was not there to catch him, hug and crush him.

“You are supposed to be obedient?”

“I am but whipping isn't in the contract.”

“What then?”

“I work an hour a week and get paid 168 gold marks. And I don't like my sleeping quarters, where is your bed Harry?” And THING encouraged Harry to tell him by seeing if Harry could stretch like rubber.

But Harry couldn't of course so there was much snapping and moaning sounds.

“When is working hour?”

“Midnight Tuesdays,” THING.

“Today's Tuesdays,” Harry seeing Garrison and Tom fixed tonight then get Cannymindtrex the lawyer whose surname was Give a to look into this contract.

And only six hours to midnight.

“Er what do you eat?”

“Steak ten times a day,” THING stuffing Harry down the loo till a gold mark

showed, then rolled Harry down the palace stairs and out a window into a barrel of swill on a passing wagon.

Then THING went to bed and ate his supper and was a messy eater to wait till midnight.

And a miracle happened, Arawan did not take Eagor for, “I can't look at him, every mirror in hell will smash. Judas that man is plain ugly, I can't take him, he can stay with the living,” and Arawan left Eagor in a broom cupboard to surprise the cleaners for Arawan had a sense of humour.